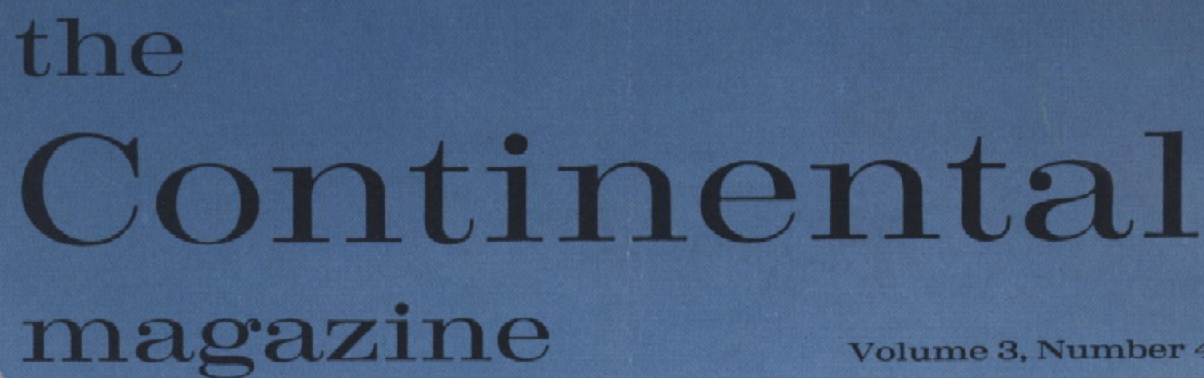

Volume 3, Number 4

Hospitality at a Scottish Castle

Why Women Like the 1964 Continental

The Boom in Desert Living

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the Continental magazine

Volume 3 Number 4 *November-December, 1963*

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FRONT COVER—A view of the lands around Invercauld from a turret of the old Scottish castle. Photograph by Carroll Seghers II.

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Lincoln Continental sales during October, 1963, totaled 6,902 units, an all-time monthly high for the car. This gratifying response from America's most discriminating automobile buyers is another indication of Continental's growing strength in the fine car field.

e Nobles

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a historic clan

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

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Invercauld is centered in the loveliest part of the Highlands, ninety-one miles north of Edinburgh, adjacent to Balmoral, the summer residence of the British royal family (the present Farquharson's great-grandfather sold the famous Caledonian pine forest of Ballochbine, which is now an important part of Balmoral, to Queen Victoria). Around Invercauld is some of the best sport in the world: fishing for salmon on the River Dee; stalking red deer on the wild, unspoiled mountains; and hunting the beautiful moors for grouse, ptarmigan, black cock, snipe, woodcock, partridges, and pheasant.

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The Castle of Invercauld and, in its main hall, the Chief of Clan Farquharson and his lady

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They Live Like Nobles at Invercauld

The fortunate few who stay at this Scottish castle share old traditions and wonderful sport with the chief of a historic clan

by Kay Lang

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

NOT EVERY American gets through the Walter Scott novels of his schooldays without forming some sort of affection for the splendid life described in them. But the life has disappeared, and so the dream of living it remains a dream—except for a corner that has persisted into our times in the Scottish highlands. The corner is a 200-square-mile estate called Invercauld. It is owned and administered by the Chief of Clan Farquharson, and is one of the few large remaining private estates in Britain.

Invercauld is centered in the loveliest part of the Highlands, ninety-one miles north of Edinburgh, adjacent to Balmoral, the summer residence of the British royal family (the present Farquharson's great-grandfather sold the famous Caledonian pine forest of Ballochbine, which is now an important part of Balmoral, to Queen Victoria). Around Invercauld is some of the best sport in the world: fishing for salmon on the River Dee; stalking red deer on the wild, unspoiled mountains; and hunting the beautiful moors for grouse, ptarmigan, black cock, snipe, woodcock, partridges, and pheasant.

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The Castle of Invercauld and, in its main hall, the Chief of Clan Farquharson and his lady

way of life while it still exists, and guests from other countries bring in the excitements and flavors of the outside world. Moreover, a flow of people across the Atlantic helps to make and keep better Anglo-American relations, and this was the Farquharsons' early motivation for taking strangers into their home.

Only an extraordinary couple could mold so many diverse elements into a pleasing entity, and the Farquharsons are, in a way, masters of good living. Mrs. Farquharson, an American who was born in Seattle, is a slender, lively, charming woman, always on the go as she runs the castle, or her uniquely varied Scottish crafts exhibition, or her own theater, music, and drama festival. Her genius, however, is in being a hostess, and in this she is unique. Her ability to make strangers feel at home comes from her deep affection for people and her infallible instinct for the delights of living.

Captain Farquharson is a tall, sandy-haired, blue-eyed Scotsman who inherited the estate through his mother's father. He takes care of the vast complex of farms and forestry projects that will keep Invercauld green and fertile for future generations, and has charge of the sport at the castle.

Dinner at Invercauld is a dress occasion . . . breakfast is informal and hearty

Perhaps it is because the castle is well lived-in and well loved that it exudes so much warmth. This is in spite of the fifty to a hundred rooms (both Captain and Mrs. Farquharson are apt to be vague about the exact number) and its Victorian Gothic exterior, an array of towers, turrets, wings, arms rooms, gables and stables. Inside, there is a clutter of memorabilia: muskets, armor, porcelain, trophies, maps, and Oriental rugs. The walls are a maze of red deer antlers plus a collection of portraits of Farquharson ancestors.

The bedrooms are light and airy and are wallpapered in delicate floral prints. The bathrooms are, for the most part, splendid, with bathtubs so enormous that while the water pours hotly into one end, it is cooling off at the other. While they may be adjacent, none directly connects with a bedroom because of the problem of boring through walls that are several feet thick. There is no central heating, but the fireplaces blaze in the reception rooms and there are electric heaters and many mohair shawls to make you feel cozy.

Since the castle is in no sense a hotel but a private home, one lives by the routine of the laird and his lady. Breakfast is at nine, around a large refectory table, and everyone comes down for one of those British breakfast feasts of steaming porridge, eggs and bacon, kippers, haddock, scones, shortbread, and heather honey. Luncheon is at one and tea punctuates the day at five.

Dinner at eight-thirty is a grand party each night. Candlelight and enormous silver candelabra radiate soft light over the wood paneling, the table silver, and the china. Everyone dresses—the men in dinner jackets, the women in evening dresses. The butler keeps the wine glasses filled and the

food is delicious: salmon steamed lightly in its own juice, grouse with rowanberries, venison, all simply and marvelously cooked. After dinner, the party moves into the library or drawing room for coffee and liqueurs. Conversation is the only entertainment here and it flows freely. At about eleven, people drift up to bed.

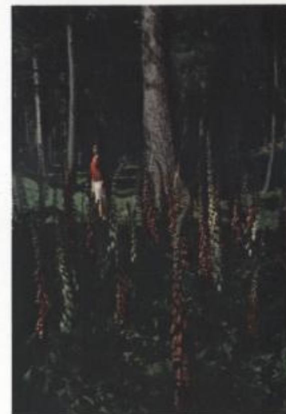
One castle guest room: a study in elegance.

Just to stay at a castle like Invercauld may be enough to beguile women, but it is sport that lures men—and in this wild, wonderful country, the sport is supreme. During the day, the women who are not inclined toward sports may go off to look at beautiful gardens, shop for Scottish handicrafts, go antiquing, or visit other castles. The others join the men in fishing, shooting, or hunting.

There is, first, the River Dee, on which the estate owns the fishing rights for twenty-four miles. One beat (a term for a stretch of fishing) is only a mile away from the castle; the other is a twenty-minute drive by car. (In this countryside, a car is essential and guests should rent one.)

Each fisherman is accompanied by a ghillie, a guide on the estate whose knowledge of river and land is encyclopedic. He puts up the rod, ties on the flies, teaches you the subtleties of landing a salmon on the Dee, and stays at your side throughout the day. The fishing is normally done from 9:30 to 5:30. Those who fish close to the house come home for luncheon if they wish; those on the lower beat take a picnic lunch.

While it is not a law of the land, Captain Farquharson permits only fly-fishing on his waters and has outlawed spinning rods or bait. Salmon taken from the Invercauld stretch of the river (some 800 a year) usually weigh eight to ten pounds. The largest fish ever taken from the upper Dee, over forty pounds, lies in the window of George Smith's sporting goods store on Bridge Street in Ballater, a short drive from Braemar. This shop, which incidentally supplies Balmoral Castle, is the place to pick up such flies as Hairy Mary, Blue Charm, Logie, Kenny, and Sir Charles, for which the Dee's salmon seem to hunger.



A wooded corner of the castle lands

The river is fished with a heavier rod than Americans usually use: thirteen feet, double-handed. One always fishes from the banks or by wading, and while the wading is comparatively easy and the waters of the River Dee crystal clear, some pools have large rocks and a wading stick is a help. (If you come without rod or waders, the Castle will rent them to you.) The season closes September 30, and the best month on the Invercauld water is May. Since in Scotland, and indeed all of Britain, the demand for good salmon fishing greatly exceeds the supply, you must make your reservations by the first of January if you plan to fish in the spring.

The grouse shooting season opens by law on August 12, always called the "glorious twelfth," and lasts at Invercauld for four weeks. Captain Farquhar-

son himself organizes the shooting parties and accompanies them on the moors. About 12,000 acres are used by the castle for tracking down the red grouse, a bird found only in certain sharply-defined places in the British Isles, and the bag usually runs from five hundred to a thousand brace a year.

For the first part of the season, the birds are "walked up," that is, a party of guns walk in a line across country with dogs for retrieving fallen birds. In late August, the grouse are driven and a party of guns will place itself in butts over which the birds are driven by a line of beaters.

The essentials for a visitor interested in grouse are his own gun (the normal one is the double-barrel 12-gauge, although 16- and 20-gauge are also successfully used), a pair of exceptionally sturdy boots, well broken in, with soles that will provide a strong grip on the long smooth stems of the heather, and a game license, which the Castle will arrange before your arrival.

Enormous salmon inhabit the private stretches of the River Dee near the castle. Below, Captain Farquharson is among those crossing the moors in search of red grouse

The third major sport of Invercauld is "deer stalking"—creeping up on a red deer, the largest wild animal native to the British Isles. It is an extraordinarily wary animal, with a keen sense of smell and sharp eyesight, and the skill of the sport lies in approaching it closely enough to make a clean kill. This is not easy and every "rifle" (hunter) must go out accompanied by a keeper or stalker (who guides him as to which stags he may shoot and which not, when he may shoot and when not, at what range, etc.) plus a pony and pony man.

After the stag has been killed and gralloched (cleaned), it is loaded onto a special saddle on the pony's back and brought down off the hill. Stalking is rough on clothes, for you must sneak up on your animal by crawling in the heather, over a bog, or through sticks and stones. Bring clothes, therefore, that blend into the landscape. If you wear red or yellow your chances of taking home antlers are slim indeed. Other necessities are a pair of binoculars or a telescope and a high-velocity sporting rifle, .275-mm or .303-mm, with soft-nosed ammunition. In practice, the stag season opens when the antlers are "clean of the velvet," which is in September, and closes by law not after October 20.

If you're interested in sharing the good life at Invercauld, start a correspondence with Captain Farquharson to see if something can be arranged. When you write (Captain A. C. Farquharson, The Castle of Invercauld, Braemar, Aberdeenshire, Scotland) tell something about your interests. It's worth any effort to make your preparations carefully, for you'll be starting a long-lasting love affair.

Once seen, the Highlands and Invercauld linger in the mind. Here, where one is surrounded by ageless beauty and an almost forgotten grace of living, our century with its burden of anxiety seems very far away.

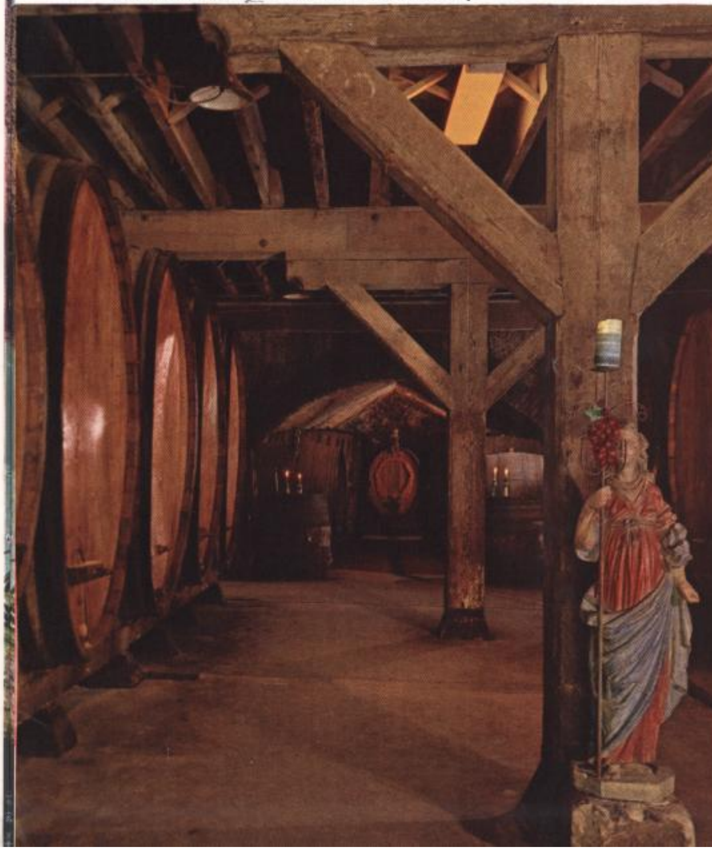
Gentlemen Vintners of California

Ambitious hobbyists with educated palates are producing native wines that have no peer in the world by Frank Cameron

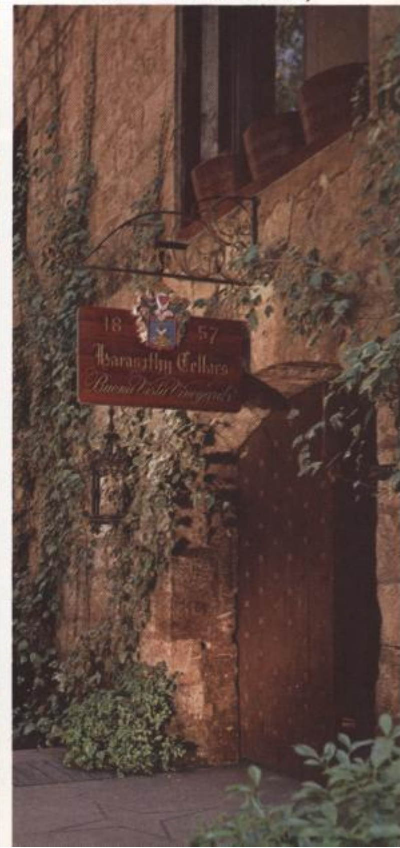
The estate vineyard, common abroad, is an American rarity. In California's warm world of the vine and the grape, and most of the country's best-known wineries, there is a tiny cluster of private wine-makers who, with their hearts and their skills, are producing custom wines as good as or better than some of Europe's best. To these gentlemen vintners—and sometimes their wives—few things are more satisfying both to the palate and the ego. The bottled results can hold their own in taste tests with proud imported vintages.

Perhaps the most colorful of these estate vineyards is that of Frank H. Bartholomew, chairman of the board of United Press International, and his wife, Toni. Set in the Valley of the Moon, north of San Francisco, the Bartholomews' Buena Vista winery is drenched in sun, history, atmosphere, and romance. From these 500

The huge casks and the patron saint of grapes are in the main fermenting room at the Buena Vista winery

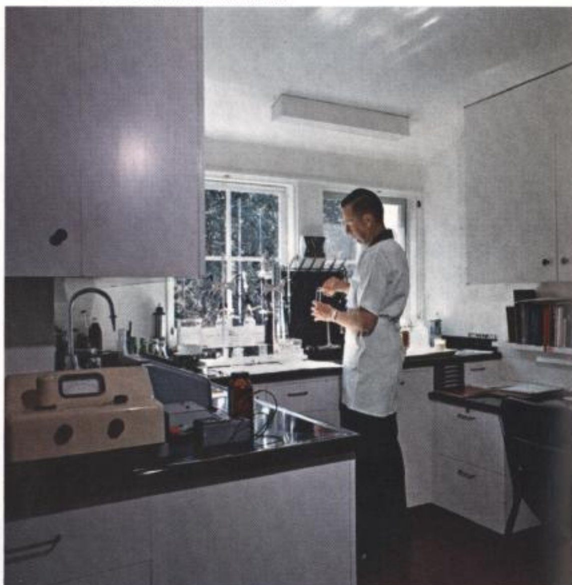


Haraszthy crest tops the sign at California's oldest winery



The Hanzell façade is a replica of France's Chateau de Clos Vougeot. Below, the Hallcrest winery, designed by its owner

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM C. EYMANN



This is Hanzell's fully equipped laboratory

Tasting room in a limestone cave at Buena Vista winery

Chaffee Hall surveys his sixteen-acre vineyard

acres come nineteen fine wines that are fermented from thirteen varieties of grape that last year produced 15,000 cases, of which 12,000 were rationed to hotels, restaurants, and retail outlets with a good-living clientele. Thus distributed, Buena Vista wines have beguiled some notable palates, including those of Charles de Gaulle, Nikita Khrushchev, Herbert Hoover, and Astronaut John Glenn.

To American wine-lovers, the sainted name that attaches itself to the Bartholomews' Buena Vista is that of the Hungarian count, Agoston Haraszthy. He not only built its wineries and stocked some of its fields, but is revered as the father of modern California viticulture—a not inconsiderable art and industry.

Although few things about wine making, from the vine to the label, are open to easy generalization, there are some differences between California and European wines that can be quickly stated. The quality labels of Europe often identify wine by region, village, vineyard or vintage year in a fashion whose full understanding is reserved for a very few experts. California wines, less jealous of place and of time, have labels more easily grasped. In its extravagant range of topography from the Sierra to the sea, the state can produce any *type* of wine found elsewhere in the world. Moreover, because of rainless summers, California grapes yield an annual sugar content and degree of tartness that is relatively constant. A stable product, therefore, seldom makes the year of vintage a matter of consequence.

Generally, California wines are grouped in five types, all made under the strictest supervision: appetizer (e.g., vermouth), red table, white table, dessert (e.g., port), and sparkling, which includes champagne.

Perhaps ninety-five per cent of California wines are mass produced. Most of these are well advertised and the quality is generally good to excellent, far better than the ordinary wines of Europe. The remaining five per cent are considered premium wines, made and usually bottled in smaller wineries whose special pride is their appeal to the connoisseur. Among these, in a special niche, are the private wineries.

At Buena Vista, along with a few of Haraszthy's original roots, are his two stone wineries built in a hillside beneath oaks and eucalyptus. In their cool, dim depths, picked out by Chinese labor so long ago, the wines placidly mature in huge, ancient casks of Limousin oak and Circassian walnut that know neither nail nor rivet. On the face of one appears the winemaker's universal philosophy:

Back of the wine is the vintner,
And back through the years his skill,
And back of it all are the vines in the sun
And the rain and the Master's will.

To this mystique, Buena Vista adds a legend. During some forgotten earthquake, one of the limestone tunnels in the smaller winery caved in on 30,000 bottles of champagne and one unfortunate Chinese worker. If there is nothing in the records to verify this casualty, there is at least the evidence of the ruined tunnel which to this day the Bartholomews refuse to restore. Legends, like good wine, should mature undisturbed.

The Bartholomews' ownership of Buena Vista goes back to 1943. During a wartime interlude (he had been covering the Pacific war) they were driving through the wine country when they came upon the Buena Vista estate, idle and neglected since Prohibition days. Indeed, the place was to be sold at public auction the next day.

"We dumped our bank accounts, war bonds and piggy banks," Bartholomew recalls, "borrowed all the money, marbles, and chalk our friends would lend us and made a sealed bid." Their winning bid made them owners of what today, through their own restoration program, is California Historical Landmark No. 392.

The Hallcrest winery of Chaffee E. Hall, a lawyer, and the Stony Hill vineyard of Frederick H. McCrea, advertising executive, are so private they can be visited only by appointment. Few except connoisseurs are familiar with their wines, for the output is as choice as it is small. At Stony Hill, in the Napa Valley, the grapes are crushed by hand. At Hallcrest, near Santa Cruz, Lawyer Hall is his own vintner. Not far away Dan Wheeler, an electronics executive, and his wife Bette (a former New York model) produce superlative wines from their small Nicasio vineyards. They themselves cleared much of the land, planted the vines, and began digging the tunnels in which the winery is located.

There are other estate wineries in California but perhaps the jewel of them all is that of James David Zellerbach, the late board chairman of Crown Zellerbach Corporation and former Ambassador to Italy. His dream, well on the way to achievement at the time of his recent death, was not only to match some of France's finest, but actually to surpass them—a goal most European experts would find presumptuous. Nevertheless, in 1952 Zellerbach built the Hanzell winery near Sonoma, employed a biochemist as winemaker, installed the finest equipment, and applied strict scientific methods to tradition.

Zellerbach chose to concentrate on only two kinds of grape: Chardonnay, for a white table wine, and Pinot Noir, for a red. Both are "shy bearers." At one ton to the acre (vs. four to eight for the average California grape) they are the lowest producers of all the wine grapes. Although the Pinot Noir, still maturing, had not been released at the time of Zellerbach's death, the Chardonnay had already been received as "a wine of world stature" and serves as a monumental tribute among gourmets to its vintner.

Nor is its reputation confined solely to this country. Not long ago a diplomat invited four connoisseurs to a dinner in Paris. Here a blind taste-test was made on two fine white wines to determine which was French and which American. To Zellerbach's amusement and delight, the selection considered so superior that it *must* be French was his own Chardonnay, back of which was an American vintner and his skill; back of these the vines, the sun, the rain; perhaps, too, the Master's will.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

Abraham Rattner: *Job #2.* Recent abstraction by an older artist long known as a powerful expressionist; the brilliant color and rich impasto are typical

Building A Notable Art Collection On a Limited Budget

How an astute New York couple turned $50 a month into a fine home gallery of celebrated American artists

by Richard B. K. McLanathan

THE INSTINCT to collect seems to be almost universal, and can express itself in the pursuit of every sort of object from buttons to Rembrandts; but though many of us collect something, few of us feel that we can afford to collect works of art, an activity usually regarded as exclusively for millionaires.

For twenty-five years a distinguished physician and professor of medicine, Dr. Milton Lurie Kramer, and his wife, have been quietly but conclusively disproving this notion, not by talking about it, but by actually doing it. They began by setting aside fifty dollars a month for acquiring art, and many of their purchases have been made on the installment plan. "In the beginning," Mrs. Kramer recalls, "we had little money to spend on paintings, but they were and still are included in our budget of essential living expenses."

It all started with a wedding present, a painting by Stuart Davis, one of today's outstanding artists, entitled *Place des Vosges,* an excellent example of his work before he embarked on the lively abstractions for which he has become so well known. From this the collection grew steadily. The Kramers have limited it primarily to American contemporary art, as an expression of their feeling of involvement in the cultural currents of their own time and place, and a vital aspect of the world in which their personal and professional lives are so actively spent.

They have haunted museums, visited art galleries, talked to artists, and read widely. Though they have sought advice from experts, among whom they are especially grateful to Mrs. Edith Halpert of the Downtown Gallery in New York, an enthusiastic and knowing proponent of American art who has assisted them from the beginning, their purchases are always made from conviction. The results, thus express their own individuality. After twenty-five years they have achieved a collection admired by museum directors and artists, as well as by fellow collectors, as a model of its kind.

The list of artists represented reads like an honor roll of American art for the last thirty years or so: Arthur Dove, John Marin, Max Weber, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Ben Shahn, Abraham Rattner, Jack Levine, Charles Sheeler, Georgia O'Keefe, William Zorach,

Continued on page 21

Julian Levi: *Robert.* A sensitive portrait (and a painting of quality) showing the Kramers' son at the age of six

Yasuo Kuniyoshi: *Charade.* The tiny gouache, in the high-keyed but delicate palette of this artist, has both gaiety and mystery

John Marin: *Sea and Beach.* A solitary man, Marin loved the Maine coast and celebrated all its moods in the vigorous and lyrical style shown here

On the Robsjohn-Gibbings credenza are (left to right) horses' heads of the Han Dynasty, a bowl of the Ch'ien-Lung Period, and a contemporary vase by Louis Mendez. On the wall are a Pascin drawing, Arthur Dove's *Alfie's Delight,* and a Morris Graves watercolor

Henry Moore: *Recumbent Woman.* This small bronze by England's leading sculptor embodies a concept that evolved into a monumental stone figure for the UNESCO building in Paris

Georgia O'Keefe: *Pink Hills.* Abstract forms are natural to the austere landscape of the American desert

Max Weber: *Cabalist.* One of the pioneers of modern art captures the spirit of mystic contemplation as an underlying aspect of religious experience

Can a Man's Car Suit a Woman?

Although distinctly the mark of a gentleman's success, the Lincoln Continental is also outfitted and equipped for ladies who expect the utmost in comfort and the finest in décor

by Burgess H. Scott

Word has come to us from a Lincoln Continental dealer on the West Coast about a couple (may their tribe increase) who bought their first Continental a few weeks ago and then got into a cheerful domestic squabble on what they liked about the car.

The husband, a highly-placed business executive, summed up his pleasure with the phrase, "It's a man's car," while his wife, after she had driven around a few days, entered a somewhat contrary view when she said, "The Continental is wonderful. I think it was designed for me."

Her comment started us thinking about the Continental from a woman's

Above: Wonderful comfort option is the vertically adjustable steering wheel. Left: 15.5 cubic feet of usable luggage capacity in the sedan trunk. Below: Master control on the armrest for all windows and side vents

Left: Greater interior spaciousness and luxurious appointments are '64 Continental hallmarks. Below: Control panel incorporates four ducts for optional air conditioner. Right: Another '64 option—front power seats individually adjustable six ways

point of view—a somewhat new train of thought for us, because previously we had considered the car mostly a man's, manly in its classic styling, masculine in the vast but controlled power under its hood, and engineered with the integrity that appeals to men.

Not that these characteristics don't appeal to women also, but there are still plenty of reasons why a woman might think of the Continental as exclusively *hers*. One factor is the extent to which the car is automatic—almost completely so. As a Continental advertisement says, "All you turn is your key and the corners. Your Continental does all the rest."

This turn of the key, besides starting the Continental engine, causes a whole group of servants to snap to attention—a full range of automatic equipment, nearly all of it standard. The only effort needed to put these servants to work is the touch of a finger or the pressure of a toe.

For example, the most casual movement of a lady's left forefinger will enable her to adjust the driver's seat to her liking—nearer the wheel or farther from it, higher or lower, and angled the way she likes it, six ways in all. If she has chosen the movable steering column option she can add still more to her driving comfort by moving the steering wheel and shaft up or down to its most comfortable position.

Moreover, the effortlessness of power steering will enable her to turn the tightest corners without relinquishing one iota of her femininity.

From the master control panel on her left armrest she can raise or lower all the windows and even swing the powered side vent windows in or out. A switch on her instrument panel locks every door. Another switch raises or lowers her radio antenna, and still another switch adjusts her sideview mirror. Her Continental brakes, also, are power-equipped and the slightest pressure of her toe stops the car smoothly.

If she (or her husband) decides to make the extra investment, she can

Wherever style and good taste are evident, the 1964 Continental fits into the scene

have a servant in the form of her own built-in weatherman: air conditioning. It will turn winter to summer, summer to spring, and when she enters the parked car on a hot day her weatherman will lower the temperature in seconds. Then she can drive with the windows closed and much of the noise of traffic and wind shut out.

(Incidentally, no one should depend entirely on wind noise for a clue that the Continental might be creeping up over the speed limit. The car is too well sealed for that. Equipped with the biggest engine in an American passenger car, a 430-cubic-inch V-8 that develops 320 horsepower at 4,600 rpm's, it will cruise so effortlessly that an occasional glance at the speedometer needle is recommended.)

Two other mechanical conveniences are standard in the Continental and both have special appeal to women who prefer not to bother their heads with details. One of them releases the parking brake automatically as soon as the car is put in gear when the motor is running. The other is a warning light that comes on when the gasoline is down to between three and four gallons.

On the non-mechanical side, the stylists who developed the interior of the 1964 Continental had women's tastes very much in mind. The inside of the car reflects the elegance and refinement that are coming back into favor in American design, a trend that is readily apparent in the advertising seen in our best magazines.

Within the 1964 Continental you find a disdain of sharp contrasts, harshness, and angularity. Instead, the feeling is of ease, gracefulness, and simplicity. The way in which the design of the seats and the door panels has been integrated is an expression of this.

The colors of the leathers and fabrics are appealing to women, first, because they are in superb taste, and second because they are flattering. Being expensive-looking and magnificent, they belong in a car of high quality and would look out of place in a car of lesser distinction. There are a total of thirty-seven different interiors available in rich fabrics including broadcloth and "breathing" leathers.

And a lady who knows the meaning of the best is not likely to overlook such things as the cut-pile nylon carpeting, the lighted cigarette trays, and the always needed vanity mirror.

Finally, she is bound to be impressed with the generous interior room of the 1964 Continental, a new spaciousness that makes it easy for her to get in and out of the car without a threat to any glamorous hat she may be wearing.

A look in the trunk of the Continental sedan just about caps a recital of the car's attractions, for it is a cavernous receptacle for luggage, 15.5 cubic feet of usable luggage capacity.

Thus the obvious answer to such a question as whether a man's car can suit a woman is easily answered by the 1964 Continental. It is an emphatic yes.

Christmas Entertaining Made Simple

A famous hostess applies common sense to a Yuletide cocktail party and the buffet supper following it

by Virginia Stanton

I AM NOT A cocktailer by preference, but when a cocktail party is called for—especially around the holidays—I like it to be crowded. My only claim to distinction is that I have learned how to entertain a big crowd without tears and tribulation.

One weary evening, while clearing away the remains of one of those hit-or-miss suppers that have to be whipped up for the benefit of cocktail guests who stay on and on, I saw the light. Next time, I promised myself, I'd telescope all this hysterical snack-

A well-decorated festive board makes the party gayer

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYNARD PARKER

getting into one big, glorious, *continuous* party. I'd ask the guests to come for cocktails and be prepared for those who stay for supper.

Since this is buffet, you can't serve anything that has to be cut with a knife, unless you can provide everyone with a table. And besides, the meat must be the sort of thing that can be kept hot indefinitely, for some of the guests may delay their supper for one more wassail.

The Menu

Cocktails (simplified by serving them in a punchbowl)
Hors d'oeuvres
Chafing dish of pork de Chimay
Green salad or hot Brussels sprouts
Hot French and rye breads
Cherries and almonds
Cookies *Coffee*

The pork dish being rich, go light and easy on the hors d'oeuvres. I'd suggest: Cheese tray with salami; popcorn or salted nuts; smoked oysters; and hot clam supreme.

If the party is to be on Saturday, start your preparations the Tuesday before. Usually I begin by ordering the meat for Thursday and the perishables for Friday. On Monday I set to on my pet project of all—the Della Robbia ice cake for the punch bowl.

Della Robbia ice cake

You need fresh apples, oranges, lemons, and grapes. Order extra fruit to put around the outside of the punch bowl.

This is a dazzlingly beautiful conversation piece—a block of ice frozen around the brightest and best fruits. Its function is to chill the Fish House Punch which is going to take the place of cocktails. But actually it will do more to dress up your party than a ton of tinsel and so is worth every minute's effort you put into it.

You need also a 2½-gallon paper ice cream container. Measure this by putting it in the punch bowl before you make the ice cake, so you'll be sure the block will fit the bowl.

Put a layer of fruit at the bottom of the paper container. Pack ice cubes over it. Arrange another layer and add more ice. Continue this procedure until the container is nearly full. Now fill the container with cold water and place in the freezer. About an hour before the party, take it out of the freezer and allow it to defrost slightly. The cardboard container can then be easily peeled off. Put ice cake in the punch bowl with grapes draped over it.

I fill the bowl with Fish House Punch, made from any good recipe. This famous brew pinch-hits beautifully for more routine cocktails.

Buffet for Those Who Stay

Before giving you the main recipe, I want you to have the picture of the finished dish, for it really is quite exciting. In the center of the chafing dish is one large red baked apple, inside of which is an egg-shell filled with burning brandy. Around the apple are tiny whole white onions which have been delicately browned in butter. Around these is thinly sliced green celery with chopped parsley, and on the outside are red baked apple halves, which are also burning.

Chafing dish of pork de Chimay

10-pound tenderloin of pork or 10 to 15 pork loin chops 2" thick
Marinade for the pork
12 apples, baked
3 cans small whole white onions
3 cups celery, thinly sliced
Parsley
½ egg shell
¼ cup warm brandy
1 or 2 cans clear chicken broth

If you use chops, get the heaviest so you will need fewer chops. Have the butcher cut the bone at the bottom of the chop—not completely off, but severed so that you can get the meat off easily. Allow 1 or 1½ chops for two portions. It must stand in the marinade for twenty-four hours before cooking. This recipe serves 20.

Marinade for pork

3 large cloves of garlic
1 or 1½ bottles of good red Burgundy
10 sprigs of parsley
6 celery tops (the leafy parts)
3 bay leaves
2 large onions thinly sliced
6 carrots diced
1 scant teaspoon cracked pepper
2 teaspoons salt

Before you put the pork in the marinade, trim off all excess fat. Use a big enamel or earthenware pan, and in the pan crush the garlic. Lay in the pork; cover with the onion rings and carrots; scatter celery, bay leaves, salt, and pepper; and then pour in the wine. The marinade should be 1½ inches deep around the meat. Cover with wax paper and foil in the refrigerator. For the first few hours, turn the pork with tongs every hour or so. Then let the pork sit on one side until late in the evening. Then turn it once more for one last, overnight drink of marinade.

Friday morning carefully remove the pork and put it in an earthenware casserole. Pour in the marinade. Allow the vegetables to remain on top. Remove all but one bay leaf and then add one or two cans of chicken broth. The pork should be covered with liquid.

Cover the casserole, put in oven at 275°F. and let it remain for, say, three hours. Take the casserole out and check the meat. When it is literally falling off the bones, let it cool in its own liquid.

Saturday morning skim off pork fat very carefully, lift out the meat, and discard the bay leaf. Take the liquid with the vegetables and whiz it up in an electric blender until you have 10 cups of sauce. Mix ¾ cup of water and 6 heaping tablespoons of flour in the blender. Then add it carefully to the sauce. Set aside until half an hour before using.

Prepare the meat when it is cold by cutting it in bite-size pieces or slices. Return it to the remaining liquid.

Now we are ready to "dress the platter." First, take the large, beautiful red baked apple and put it in the center of the hot chafing dish. Then pour about half an inch of bubbling thickened meat sauce over the bottom of the chafing dish. Heat the succulent hot pork and gently lay it in the sauce. Add a little of the thick sauce to barely cover the pork. You don't want the onions to sink away.

Surround the large center apple with onions. Spoon the celery over the top of the pork around the onions. Sprinkle the celery with plenty of chopped parsley.

Then lift the apples from their baking dish and make a ring of them around the celery.

When you are ready to serve the chafing dish, take off the cover and fill the center eggshell with the brandy. Light it. Then spoon the warm brandy over the hot apples on the outside ring and light these. It is a most glamorous dish and well worth the effort.

Editor's note: The above was adapted from two chapters in Virginia Stanton's "Guide to Successful Entertaining," published by Wm. Morrow and Co.

Camelback Country Living

Twenty years ago the Scottsdale region belonged to jack rabbits. Now it offers some of America's finest desert living

by Joseph Stocker

The pool at Mountain Shadows

The desert gives way to swimming pools

SOME VERY interesting things have been happening lately in the neighborhood of an impressive desert eminence in Arizona called Camelback Mountain. Two factors can be said largely to account for these occurrences: (1) The universal hankering after the good life, and (2) the almost perpetual sunshine that prevails in this particular part of the Southwest.

Easily the most remarkable occurrence has been the rise of Scottsdale. Situated off the southeast slope of Camelback and just east of Phoenix, Scottsdale was a handful of nondescript buildings and a few hundred people when the Second Great War blew itself out. Today it has 40,000 people living in a corporate area of seventy-two square miles, which makes it as big as Tucson in size and Arizona's third largest city in population.

A freckled, ruddy-faced man named Tom Darlington probably had as much to do with "discovering" Scottsdale as anybody. He was manager of an aircraft plant in Phoenix during the war and also owned a piece of one of several elegant winter resorts that ornament the hem of Camelback Mountain. It would be a nice *divertissement* for guests at the resorts, thought Darlington, if there were some out-of-the-ordinary shops to be visited in the vicinity. And so he bought a building in Scottsdale that had been a grocery store and then an ice plant, had it prettied up and invited a half-dozen artists and craftsmen to establish themselves therein. They turned out fine and expensive things in leather, silver and ceramics and called themselves Arizona Craftsmen.

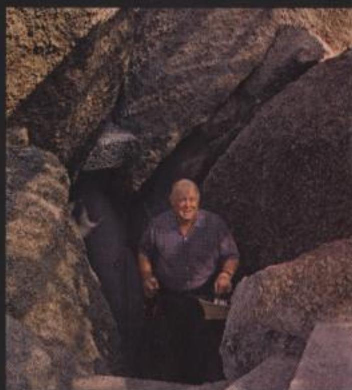
After them came more artists and craftsmen, plus investors, plus other entrepreneurs, plus quantities of just plain people. Scottsdale boomed, and the boom has become a veritable western legend. A Phoenix hotelman who built a new hotel in Scottsdale remarked to some visitors, "People used to try to sell me land in Scottsdale for $400 to $500 an acre. I said it was too much. We finally paid $11,000 an acre for our hotel site and thought we got a bargain."

Boom or no, Scottsdale has retained many of the original allurements that brought in both money and people. And it has added more. There are, besides the nearby Camelback Mountain resorts (Mountain Shadows, Jokake Inn, Camelback Inn, *et al*), a number of fine hotels within Scottsdale itself (Valley Ho, Executive House, Safari and Ramada Inn).

And there are the shops, scores of them, offering everything from fine, hand-crafted Indian jewelry to a bronze ladle from Thailand with handle made from the horn of a water buffalo. Most of the shops are owned by people who came from somewhere else, attracted by the Scottsdale mother lode. Erné Wittels, from Minnesota, custom-blends perfumes and after-shave lotions to individual taste (or would it be individual smell?). Lloyd Kiva, part-Cherokee Indian from Oklahoma, specializes in original fashions with an Indian motif. Dick Seeger, from Iowa, does designs in plastics for home and office decoration. (He designed the interiors of twenty-nine jets for a major airline.)

One of the oldest and most unique shops in Scottsdale is the White Hogan. ("Hogan" is Navajo for "house.") It is owned by John Bonnell, a former Pennsylvania shipping clerk, and two Navajo silversmiths, Kenneth Begay and Allan Kee. They turn out quality items in silver and silver-and-ironwood. You can get a pair of silver-and-ironwood cufflinks for $20 or an all-silver evening bag for $250 or a set of dominoes in silver-and-ironwood for $1,200. "It takes 384 hours to produce a set," says Bonnell. "We make one set a year. We're now on set No. 5."

The most expensive thing in the shop is a silver-and-ironwood chess set that took Begay ninety-four days to make. It's insured for $5,000 and isn't for sale. It has been exhibited in twenty-nine museums, and the White Hogan has had inquiries about it from as far as the island of Martinique.



Tom Darlington, one of Scottsdale's "discoverers," emerges from his natural stone wine cellar.

Carefree's cactus-bordered golf course.

The unusual rockbound pool is Tom Darlington's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HERB AND DOROTHY MCLAUGHLIN

Scottsdale, having established a reputation as a town of shops, unique and otherwise, is now acquiring another reputation—that of a minor mecca for the epicure. It wasn't always so. For years Scottsdale could offer not much else than the Lulu Belle (Gay Nineties décor and a piano player with sleeve garters) and the Pink Pony (ample steaks plus caricatures on the wall of well-known Scottsdalians and visiting dudes). To them now have been added Chez Louis and Etienne's, with estimable French cuisine; Enrico's (equally estimable Italian cuisine); Dale Anderson's (try his *petit filet* in wine sauce) and the ubiquitous Trader Vic's, to mention a few.

The extravagant growth of Scottsdale has been accompanied by the no less extravagant growth of Paradise Valley, a Bel Air of the desert lying to the north and northeast of Camelback Mountain. Until the war it was populated largely by jack rabbits and pack rats. Today the creatures are fewer and it counts 6,000 or more residents, sorted out among some 1,400 homes, few of which cost less than $35,000.

Recently, to protect its one-house-to-the-acre zoning and ward off the more uncouth forms of commerce, Paradise Valley incorporated as a town. It has few of the customary amenities of a town—no fire station, no street department, no garbage department. It does, however, have one of the best golf courses west of St. Andrews—the Paradise Valley Country Club. And it has a number of citizens whose renown extends well beyond the town limits of Paradise Valley. Among them are Walter Winchell (his winter home is at the north foot of Camelback), Wayne King, Clare Booth and Henry Luce, Mrs. Vincent Astor, and Senator Barry Goldwater. On one of his visits home, some months ago, Goldwater went looking for Paradise Valley's city hall and never did find it, which was not surprising. City hall is a room in the home of the nonsalaried city clerk, Mrs. Helen Marston.

The mayor of Paradise Valley (likewise nonsalaried) is Jack Huntress, who fled the buttoned-down, ivy-league life of a merchandising manager for an automobile company in Detroit to live

on the Arizona desert. "My wife and I fell in love with the climate," he says. "We felt that if we didn't go ahead and make the move then, we never would." His new business is somewhat removed from merchandising automobiles. He owns the Sugar Bowl, an opulent Scottsdale confectionery which offers "Camelback Sodas," "Pinnacle Peak Sundaes," and a "foot-high parfait" that sells for $1.50 a copy.

North from Scottsdale, in a cluster of low-lying mountains just beyond the upper edge of Paradise Valley, sits Carefree, the newest addition to "Camelback country." It's a six-year-old community founded essentially for the purpose of avoiding the mistakes Scottsdale made. Scottsdale just grew and is thus a bit untidy in spots. Carefree is a Town With a Plan.

The main ingredients of the Plan are one- and two-acre homesites, a golf course threading through a forest of cactus and palo verde, a carriage-trade winter resort (to open in December) and a $600,000 restaurant (open and doing quite well). The street names in Carefree are self-consciously quaint—Languid Lane, Never Mind Trail, Long Rifle Road, etc. In spite of this (or perhaps partly because of it), some thirty-five homes have been built in Carefree (they average out at around $60,000). And about three-fourths of the homesites have been sold, to a list of buyers that reads like a roster of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

"I think," said a Carefreean, "that Carefree will become Phoenix' Palm Springs. The scenery is beautiful without being overpowering, like the Grand Tetons. It's something you can feel at home with. And you can drive into Phoenix for a concert or a play and when you get back, you're liable to see a mountain lion crossing in front of your car and there may be a deer drinking from your bird bath."

"Camelback country" is like that—a mixture of the untamed and the tamed, the rugged and the luxurious, the sophisticated and the primitive. If you chance to visit this halcyon bit of Arizona desert, you'll sense those qualities and, doing so, you may then—as has many another—decide to settle down and stay.

A model wearing a leather shift displays one of the hand-screened prints designed by Lloyd Kiva

Robert G. Harris, an ex-illustrator, is shown in his Scottsdale studio working on a portrait of Mrs. Joseph Chambers

The Second Career of John R. Davis

A retired automotive executive turns his hand to the hotel business —with handsome results

by Robert Upshaw

THE MOST ACTIVE innkeeper in the fashionable region around Harbor Springs and Petoskey in Michigan's Lower Peninsula is a retired Ford Motor Company vice-president who, until a few years ago, didn't have any more to do with hotels than to rent rooms in them once in a while.

He is John R. Davis, a man so gifted with energy and ideas that when the doctors told him to quit the strenuous job of directing Ford's sales and advertising programs, he went to his summer home and in a short while had carved out a second career for himself as a sort of Conrad Hilton of Little Traverse Bay.

A first career in the marketing of cars bears no close relation to a second career in the development of hotels and lodges, but Jack Davis has been a success in both because of a trait and a principle. The trait is an immense and infectious conviction that what he is selling is the best, and the principle is to make sure it *is* the best.

Talking about Davis a short while ago, one of his business colleagues said, "When Jack was at Ford he was a perfectionist. He was obsessed with taste, design, and quality in cars. Now that he's in the hotel business he's still obsessed with the same qualities."

John Davis began to work for Ford in 1919 just before getting his law degree. A combination of talent, likeableness, and ambition sent him up the ladder through nearly every position in Ford's sales organization. He still found time to get into some important community ventures, such as heading the United Negro College Fund, steering the Greater Detroit Hospital Fund, working with Boys Republic and the Detroit League of the Handicapped, and serving as the last general chairman of the Community Chest before it became the United Foundation. He was also president of the Detroit Athletic Club and the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club.

He became acquainted with Little Traverse Bay nearly thirty years ago when he bought a summer place there. The region is a very beautiful one, and it has been a popular summer area with people from Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis for more than half a century. The thought that he would some day have a hand in making it a more attractive place for people who appreciate the best never crossed his mind.

Jack Davis dipped his toe in the hotel business just before his retirement when he and a colleague at Ford acquired two-thirds of the stock in a private club called Hidden Valley at Gaylord, Michigan, not far from the scene of his present operations.

The club, also known as the Otsego Ski Club, was started in 1941 by a group of Detroiters who liked to ski together. As a skiing place it is unique in that it has no mountains, but rather the reverse of them. You approach the main lodge on flat land and wonder how in heaven you're supposed to ski there. But then you enter the front door, go through to the back, and are suddenly presented with an astounding drop-off right at the dining-room window. The skiers crouch and swoop downhill right there, and then use the tows to come back to the buttered rum and the fireplace.

Davis and his associate have expanded the facilities, building additional living quarters in the form of Swiss chalet lodges and developing a great 18-hole golf course, one of the finest in Michigan. They have also built a heated swimming pool, flanked by a pair of saunas, for summer members and recommended guests.

Davis first entered the hotel business when he invested in the old Colonial Inn, a somewhat frayed and neglected hostelry that stood on the bay just outside Harbor Springs. Under Davis'

The Perry-Davis at Petoskey

aegis it has become worthy of its setting. It is white, elegant, dignified, charming—so much so that guests have compared it to the Lodge in Colonial Williamsburg. With its private dock, its nearby golf, its comfortable quarters, and its pointed appeal to people of taste, it is one of the loveliest places of its kind in Michigan.

Second, Davis acquired the old Perry Hotel in Petoskey, virtually tore its insides out, rebuilt it according to his own standards of excellence, and ended with the Perry-Davis, a hotel that will hold its own against any in a resort area. Its rooms, rather than being just bedrooms, are really living rooms. Its new cocktail lounge is very cozy and the restaurant fronts on the bay with a view of blue water and flashing sails.

Third, Davis bought the Birchwood Farm Lodge, on the road leading north from Harbor Springs, a restaurant and inn combined with a 1000-acre working farm where he has a commercial herd of Herefords. (In the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia he also has a 1000-acre farm for a breeding and show herd of Herefords, including a register of merit bull named T. A. Advance Heir 1st.) Davis has enlarged Birchwood, given it the authentic touch of quality, and installed a fine chef. Like his other places, it exploits a view of the bay and has a patio for dining outdoors when the weather permits.

The hallmarks common to all three places are taste, a real sense of style, and a very sure grasp of what sophisticated people like in the way of food and accommodations. Harbor Springs and Petoskey have been decidedly spruced up because of what Jack Davis has done.

Moreover, he is not likely to stop at this point. He has a philosophy that eggs him on. "I don't believe in retrospective dreaming," he says. "No rocking chairs for me. I believe in accepting the challenge of new endeavors. This keeps me from having a bored life—and a bored wife."

Driving home from Petoskey in the late hours last August, he was forced off the road by a pair of nighttime dragsters and ended up against a tree with some broken bones and lacerations. Three days later he was joking about it in his hospital bed.

When a visitor said, "Jack, *now* are you going to retire?" he laughed.

"Hell, no. I may not be pitching for a while but I'll be right there coaching from the sidelines."

Remodeled Colonial Inn at Harbor Spri

New pool at Birchwood Farm Lodge

Winter scenes at Hidden Valley, the country club-ski club at Gaylord

They encourage young collectors

Continued from page 8

Stuart Davis, Morris Graves, Leonard Baskin, Reuben Tam, and many others. And among those others appear the names of young and often yet unknown artists. Dr. and Mrs. Kramer enjoy seeking out and encouraging new talent and they are convinced it can be discovered without the benefit of press-agentry.

All the works reflect the collectors' interest in realist, expressionist, and abstract art, but not in abstract expressionist art, nor in such recent fads as pop art. They show a selectivity which demonstrates the Kramers' independence of taste. Works are in various media—oils, water colors, prints, drawings, sculptures, ceramics.

All are consistently high in quality and all are of moderate scale. In a day when size is too often equated with significance, the Kramers have recognized that one has nothing whatsoever to do with the other; that, in fact, smaller works may embody a more immediate, complete, and exciting expression than is often achieved in larger or more monumental ones.

The result is a very personal collection, entirely appropriate to its setting —a home, not a museum. It is a collection made to provide, as the Kramers say, "the happiness which comes from living with works of art, for the feeling they give of movement and color, so necessary in a home, never superfluous and tiresome as mere accessories eventually become, but always, in their vitality, a stimulus to the imagination."

Remembering how their own collection started, the Kramers have often given works of art as presents. Their advice to beginning collectors is simple: look at art, read about art, talk about it with those who share an interest in it, amateurs and professionals alike; go to reputable dealers, and get the best expert advice possible, but buy only those things which have a strong personal appeal.

There is exciting activity in the world of the arts today, and the satisfaction of being a part of it, with the resulting heightened awareness and enrichment of experience — what the great critic Bernard Berenson called "life-enhancement" — which only a close association with the arts can provide, is, they believe, open to all who follow their example.

Continentally Speaking

by Cleveland Amory

On the Nature of Fame

Late this fall, under our editor-in-chieftainship, Harper & Row will publish the new *Celebrity Register*, subtitled "An Irreverent Compendium of Quotable Notaables." It runs a wide gamut—from the Kennedys to Captain Kangaroo, from the Astronauts to the Astors, from General MacArthur to Sergeant Shriver, from Henry Kaiser to Sid Caeser, from William Black to Whizzer White, from Senator Eastland to Mae West and from Shirley Temple to Linda Christian.

Some are big frogs in little puddles and some are little frogs in big puddles, but all of them, from Robert Trout to Newton Minow, have met the board of *Celebrity Register's* criteria for selection—recognition of the "name" fame beyond one's own field. Authoritative but far from "authorized"—no one has paid to get in or, for that matter, to get out—these biographies are no mere listings but complete with pictures, and pro (and con) files written without fear or favor and with no holds barred.

We know from past experience that a book like this makes few friends. We recall the story of the late legal celebrity Joseph Choate who was once asked to contribute to a fence for a very social cemetery, but refused to do so. "No one who is out," he said, "wants to get in, and no one who is in wants to get out."

This book is the opposite. There are people who are out who want to be in, and there are people who are in who want to be out. And, if this were not enough, we are faced with a far more general dissatisfaction. "There's always something about your success," Mark Twain said, "that displeases even your best friends." And Somerset Maugham put it even more firmly: "All of us like to see our friends get ahead," he said, "but not too far."

H. L. Mencken once defined a celebrity as a man with an unlisted phone number. On the other hand, a man in Detroit, who had been listed in the telephone directory for twenty-five years, sued for being, mistakenly, delisted; his friends, he contended, thought he had acquired an unlisted number to avoid them.

Our own definition of celebrity is a name which, once made by news, now makes news by itself. Once upon a time the word "celebrity" was used only impersonally—a person might be said to *have* "celebrity" or fame, but it would have been as meaningless to say "a celebrity" as it would today to say "a fame." But the change in the word is by no means modern. And, since the new *Celebrity Register* includes a large proportion of business celebrities as well as "show business" personalities, it is interesting to note that as far back as 1836 the *American Quarterly Review* spoke of John Jacob Astor: "From an obscure stranger he has made himself one of the 'celebrities' of the country." And by the turn of the century, as witness a 1908 article in *Harper's Bazaar* entitled "The Dinner Party," the word was in full flower:

> If one wishes to invite the Van Aspics in order to impress another guest, one must first find someone to impress the Van Aspics. One must find a celebrity.

But *Celebrity Register* is not a "Blue Book"—it is, rather, a "Do" book. To be sure, there are half a hundred well-known "Society" names, but as American Society has itself changed from "How Do You Do?" to "*What* do you do?" so the whole basis of Celebrity Society is not who somebody *was* but who somebody *is*.

Neither is it a "Who" book. Unlike *Who's Who*, for example, it has allowed the biographee no control whatever about his or her biography. Unlike *Who's Who* also, it has no fundamental regard for worth. We have great respect for *Who's Who*, but we do not believe it is possible to measure worth. Fame, yes—a man's clippings can be weighed—but worth, no.

Indeed the *Register* does not even have a high regard for "names." For just as the word "Society" in our hitherto "Social Society" came something of a cropper, so the word "Society" in our present "Celebrity Society" covers a multitude of sins. "Celebrities" are by no means necessarily the real "do-ers." They are, rather, the "be-ers" sometimes almost entirely due to press agentry. And a celebrity can be an extremely transient commodity. In fact, to go back to our dinner party again, let us quote John Collins, the great English critic. "The world, like an accomplished hostess," he once said, "pays most attention to those whom it will soonest forget."

Translated to modern show business terms, the story becomes that of Kim Novak arriving in Paris and being driven by a chauffeur who proudly informed her that he'd had many other celebrities in his cab. "I have driven Gloria Swanson," said he, "and Cary Grant and President Coty. I have even driven *your* President."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Novak delightedly, "*Harry Cohn!*"

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