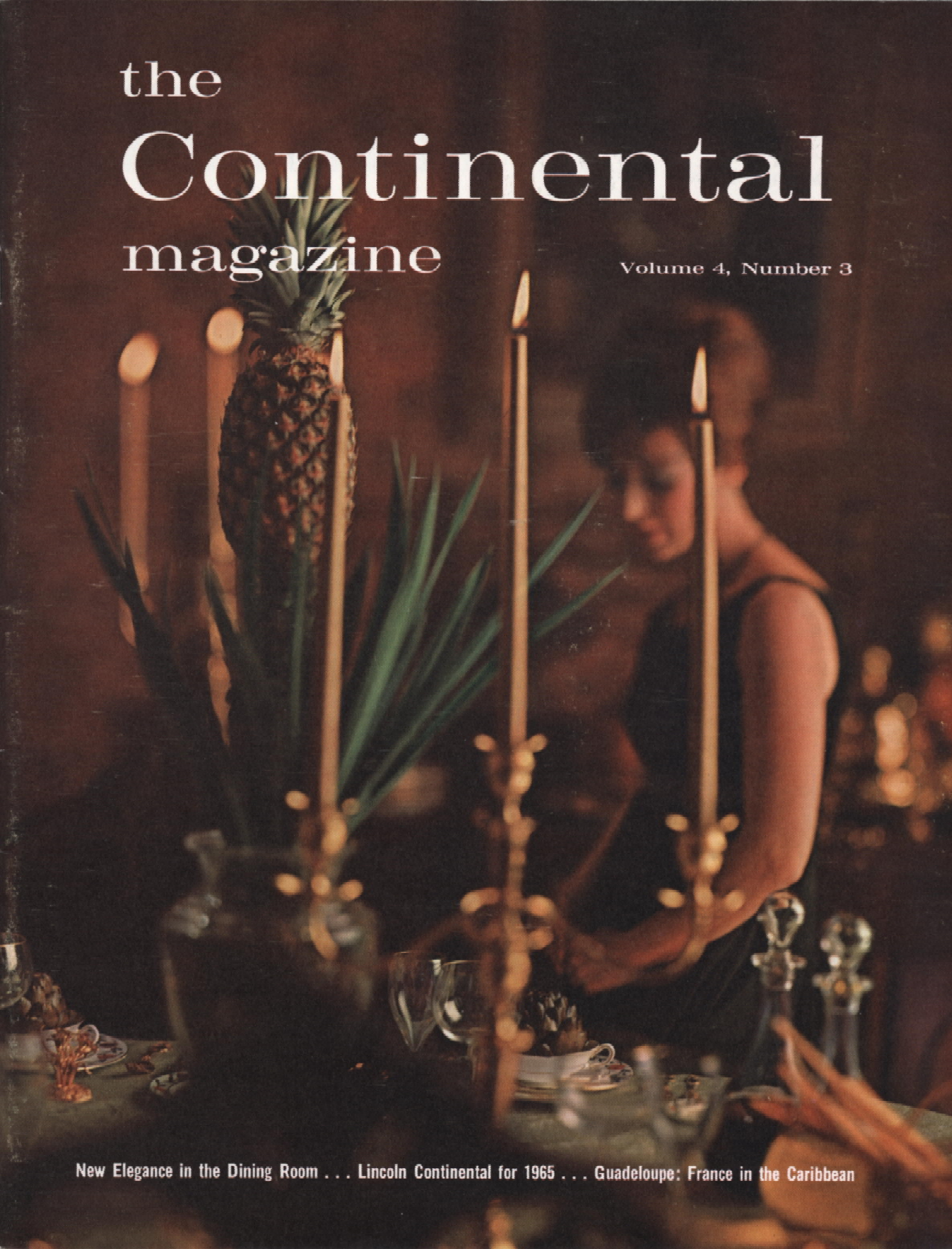


the
Continental
magazine

Volume 4, Number 3

A woman in a black dress stands behind a dining table. The table is elegantly set with a centerpiece of a pineapple on a tall, ornate brass candlestick. Several other tall, lit candles in brass holders are scattered around the table. The table is also set with glassware, plates, and a small bowl. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting an indoor dining room setting.

New Elegance in the Dining Room . . . Lincoln Continental for 1965 . . . Guadeloupe: France in the Caribbean

Memo to our Readers:

AS A GENERAL rule, readers are not aware of what goes on backstage when a magazine is being readied for publication. Being neither writers nor editors, they don't know that more often than not articles have to be chopped, shaved, and edited to fit the available space. The result is that a lot of words and pictures end up in the wastebasket, sometimes to an editor's deep chagrin and pain.

This sorry condition prevails as much with us as with other magazines, and we are bringing it up now because of the article on page 6 about Guadeloupe. The author, who tells us that every word he writes is the distillation of at least two words of research, confined his story entirely to Guadeloupe itself, but he wanted to call the readers' attention to some offshore islands which are the last word in Caribbean isolation.

"Guadeloupe," he says, "will be a discovery for many people, but anyone trying to get lost should inquire about boat schedules for the Iles des Saintes, Marie-Galante, and La Désirade. They can be seen from various parts of Guadeloupe, and if solitude-in-the-sun is your wish, these are the islands to try."

Still on the subject of chopping, shaving, etc., MARJORIE MANN WARFIELD (a pen-name, by the way) tells us that if we had the space to let her be thorough, she'd use a whole issue of the magazine to tell what she knows about the old New England inns. She has not even named them all in her story, but she hopes the inns themselves will take the suggestion she makes on page 3. So do we.



The author of our Rio Grande sport story, JAMES ERICSON, is 27 years old, a graduate of Northwestern, possessor of a master's from the University of Iowa, and a teacher of English in Brownsville High School. He does occasional magazine articles to keep body and soul together and loves writing, hunting, and fishing—*not necessarily in that order.*

If POPPY CANNON says that elegance is returning to our home dining rooms, you may be sure it is. She has had a strong impact on the American way of eating, via books (ten at last count), radio, television, and the lecture platform. Gastronomic researching has taken Miss Cannon across the world, many times to the Caribbean and Mexico, and to all parts of Europe and Africa. She is one of the few American women to be honored in France with the decoration of the Chevaliers des Taste-vins, the renowned society of Burgundy wine tasters.

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FRONT COVER—With the help of Tiffany & Company, who provided the settings, William Ward of New York photographed this symbolic dinner scene. It represents visually the return to an Age of Elegance in home dining, as heralded on page 5 by Poppy Cannon.

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Rediscover New England's Country Inns

Motorists with a taste for the cozy and authentic are seeking out lodgings that are as Yankee as the rock walls and the maples

by Marjorie Mann Warfield



The rockers, the colonnaded porch, and the yellowing maples provide an unspoken, though eloquent, welcome

NO ONE WHO sets out to make acquaintance with the best of New England can possibly claim to have done a complete job if he hasn't spent a night or two in one of its old country inns. To do so is to add a dimension to the classic New England pilgrimage of rock walls, alleys of maples, old homes, and the timeless hills. The inns rank with them all as symbols of an enduring past but they aren't as easy to find, for there aren't many of them and they rarely shout for attention.

The authentic New England inn has been in business for a long time—long enough to have accumulated and refined the skills of hospitality. It is obviously an old place, dating back, more often than not, over 150 years. Usually it sits well back on a huge lawn shaded by venerable trees. Its rooms, both public and private, reflect a gentility that can be acquired only with time.

Its host and employes treat their guests as if good service were its own reward. Its food is sometimes elaborate, sometimes simple, but always good and always honest. It doesn't need to advertise comfort and quiet: those qualities are built right into its frame. In its overall atmosphere it says, "Peace has prevailed here for a century or more and will for another." Can any other kind of American lodging make such claims?

For a while it looked as if the old Yankee inns would wither on the vine. Many did, as a matter of fact, when the railroad all but destroyed their original function as stopoff places for travelers using horse and coach, but a number survived. Now the old inns are actually returning to favor, and the wise tourist finds them speaking as eloquently as ever for a nearly vanished era.

The Waybury Inn at East Middlebury, Vermont, can easily represent the New England inn at its best. Situated on a country road in the foothills of the Green Mountains, it has been a haven for travelers ever since it was built in 1810. Every conceivable touch of authenticity distinguishes the Waybury, beginning with its setting on a generous expanse of lawn dominated by magnificent sugar maples. Hand-hewn pine beams support its ceilings and twenty-four-inch pine boards form the wainscoting in its public rooms. The walls are hung with Currier and Ives prints, part of an enviable collection of 110. The spaciousness of its rooms is enhanced by the antique furniture and the ticking of old clocks.

Harold M. Curtiss, Jr., and Robert C. Kingsley are the present owners of the Waybury and because of their good taste and respect for tradition it is now probably

in its finest hour. A sensible blending of old beauty and new comfort is, after all, unbeatable. Moreover, the Waybury's kitchen is a worthy one, offering a menu where, typically, the guest can find poached trout or flank steak in a wine sauce. Finally, its cellar is also noteworthy, featuring burgundies with such labels as Pommard and Pouilly-Fouissé.

The White Cupboard Inn in Woodstock, Vermont, is another classic in the true sense of the word. First, the town itself is one of the prettiest in New England—a treasure trove of colonial architecture at its loveliest; and the White Cupboard ranks with any building in town. Once inside it you may think you have wandered into a museum of New England antiques, so perfect are the tables, lowboys, highboys, and beds.

The person who greets you, however, is no museum director, but Allan Darrow, as affable an innkeeper as you will ever encounter. Once on the staff of a 2,000-guest New York hotel, he has made a superbly cheerful adjustment to the old White Cupboard (built in 1794), where he is responsible for the comfort and well-being of sixty. Such adjustments are sometimes fraught with headaches, especially when you are trying to introduce modern conveniences into a beautiful inn whose beauty mustn't be tampered with. "You should see the plumbers and telephone men," says Mr. Darrow, "when you tell them you want to run pipes and wires through thick colonial beams."

The holes were drilled, needless to say, and the White Cupboard offers its guests uncompromising ease amidst its first-rate colonial furnishings. It is open all year, in winter for the hordes of skiers who come to tear down the Suicide 6, in summer for the country roads and a Robert Trent Jones golf course nearby, in fall for the color, and in spring for peace and quiet and the smell of maple sap boiling not far away. That's how authentic this bit of New England is.

Sometimes an old inn will move a little off its original course as a place for bed and board. The Ferry Tavern at Old Lyme, Connecticut, has well-furnished rooms for weary wayfarers but in recent years it has become more of a restaurant than an inn. The reasons are two: it's in tidewater Connecticut with access to marvelous seafood, and its owner, Joe Viveiros, loves food.

The Ferry Tavern is really a reflection of Joe. Sort of raffish, hardly chic, eschewing the discreetly New Englandy overtones of most other Yankee inns, it bends its efforts to be appetizing. In this it is a smashing success, not only because the food is marvelous but because it is just plain fun to eat there. The guests are largely the executive class around Lyme.

Some of Joe Viveiros' fish comes right out of salt water in front of his inn. His lobsters are also trapped nearby and what happens to them in Joe's hands under the name "Stuffed Lobster" is worth recounting. First he takes some cooked lobster meat, shrimp, and crab and combines them with sherry. Next he sautés bread

crumbs and chopped onion with paprika, thyme, salt, pepper, and saffron. Then he combines all this and uses it as stuffing in a whole broiled lobster. It is a delectable dish and it proves an adage that Joe lives by: "The way to everybody's heart is through his stomach."

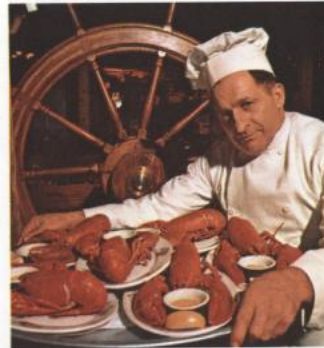
The Old Riverton Inn, on the banks of the Farmington River at Riverton, Connecticut, returns us to a more classic vein. It was first opened in 1796, and though much enlarging and remodeling has brought it up to the present day, it has retained its early character. Once again we have hand-hewn beams in the dining room—narrowly spaced four-by-fours that make dining very cozy. For summer dinners there is a terrace room with a floor made of old millstones.

George and Mildred Zucco preside at this inn and cast a very warm glow over it. Their rooms are spacious and tasteful and their kitchen prepares excellent American cuisine, including home-made bread. An extra attraction in this town is the Hitchcock Chair Factory, just across the river from the inn. It has daily visiting

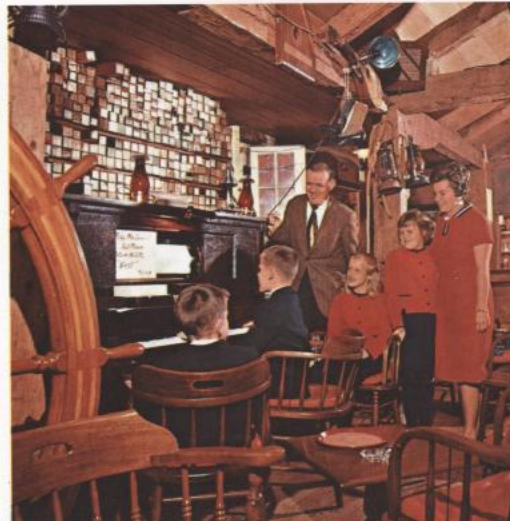
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE BURNS



The classical proportion of the Waybury Inn's exterior is matched by the coziness of its rooms



First, Joe Viveiros stuffs his Ferry Tavern guests with superb seafood, and afterward many of them divert themselves at his player piano



hours for the many who want to see the place that wrote such a large chapter in the history of American furniture.

The New England inns ought to hand together in an association and publish a map showing where they are. How else would you find out about the Dublin Inn at Dublin, New Hampshire? It is another old place that understands the best of the past. Or the Wake Robin Inn at Killingsworth, Massachusetts, the Weekapong Inn at Westerly, Rhode Island, the Stowe House at Brunswick, Maine?—the list could go on. It would have to include, incidentally, the Newfane Inn at Newfane, Vermont, which was mentioned in this magazine recently as a great off-the-beaten-path restaurant.

Seeking these inns out is a worthwhile objective on a New England trip. When you find one you find a kind of easy-going hospitality. Its bedrooms are like bedrooms at home, with tie-back curtains and wallpaper and braided rugs on the floor. It asks for tie and jacket at dinner. It asks for time. And it pays back generously in warmth and the good, though simple, life.

The Old Riverton Inn is hospitable to diners and lodgers alike. It faces a bridge spanning the Farmington River



The tester bed with the fluted posts is only one of a hundred prized antiques at the White Cupboard Inn. This is Allan Darrow, the inn's owner.



Elegance Returns to the Dining Room

The tuxedo and a certain amount of formality were once the rule at dinner parties. Now they're coming back

by Poppy Cannon

Photograph by William Ward

FOR A YEAR OR TWO now there has been a move back to traditional paths in many aspects of American life. We find, for example, that not everybody wants to decorate walls with abstractions any more but that once again we are favoring older paintings, or modern ones based on realism. Our interior decoration, too, is shifting away from the angularity of the postwar years toward color and design that express warmth. We find the word "baroque" being used to describe likings and trends.

One of the manifestations of this new attitude is the comfortable dinner party. We are returning to the elegance of an older day, except that now it is based on self and not on servants. At the last few dinner parties I attended, the meal was enjoyed in quiet, leisurely, sit-down fashion at tables set splendidly but not ostentatiously. The number of guests never exceeded eight. The chairs were deep and wide. And obviously the hostess had placed the table settings according to the rule of our grandmothers' day: "Not more than eighteen inches between plates, not less than twelve."

All this encouraged conversation in which the guests shared equally. As a matter of fact, I suspect that the guests were chosen with conversation in mind, and this, I'm sure, is characteristic of the new elegance in dinner parties. Moreover, the guests were dressed, meaning that the men wore dinner jackets, the ladies dinner gowns. Needless to say, these dinners were pleasant in the extreme. They were among the more civilized dinners I have attended in the recent past. I don't miss the overcrowded room and the guests standing to eat.

Returns to elegance have been

heralded at one time or another during the past twenty years, but somehow they never took. I think many hostesses were yearning for the best of dear departed days, but somehow we weren't quite ready. Now, in my opinion, elegance is really returning. The trend has caught on. More power to it!

I am convinced that the paper-plate-in-the-lap kind of dinner is coming to an end; that the catch-as-catch-can buffet has begun to pall; that it is no longer smart to mate a drippy green salad with a sour cream beef stroganoff on the same plate; that the paper napkin is now becoming taboo and that a real Age of Linen is upon us, including tables that, like the women sitting at them, have taken to long skirts that sweep to the floor.

Menus are becoming more sophisticated. I think that the appalling ham decorated with pineapple and maraschino cherries has seen its time and that oftener and oftener we will find chafing dishes on the side table containing French, or French-oriented, food in them—wines used discreetly and confidently in the sauces, garlic used subtly rather than in gobs, dishes that suggest that *Larousse Gastronomique* and the *Gourmet Cookbook* and Samuel Chamberlain are at the ready on the kitchen shelves.

One of the best dinner parties I attended recently was organized like this: The table, large and round, had been pre-set with eight place settings. The food was on a sideboard where bowls and casseroles were kept fire-hot all through the meal with elec-

trically heated trays and an alcohol lamp. When it came time for salad, the plates were brought in cold from the refrigerator. There were no servants—we served ourselves and sat down—but at the end there was a maid to help clear.

Let me tell you about the plates. They were vermeil (pronounce it ver-mil if you like, or *vair-may* if you want to be authentic). Vermeil is gilded silver and it has been in use for 2,000 years by kings, marquises, emperors, empresses, and cardinals. It was developed in France. Thanks to Tiffany's in New York it is enjoying a revival that works hand-in-glove with the return to elegance in dining. The manufacture of vermeil was outlawed in France in the early 1900s because the old process of making it ruined the eyes of workers with mercuric poisoning. Tiffany & Co. experimented with a new process and has been completely successful in reproducing the silver-gold glow of Louis XV vermeil. Oddly enough, it is not as expensive as one might suppose—not much more than good sterling.

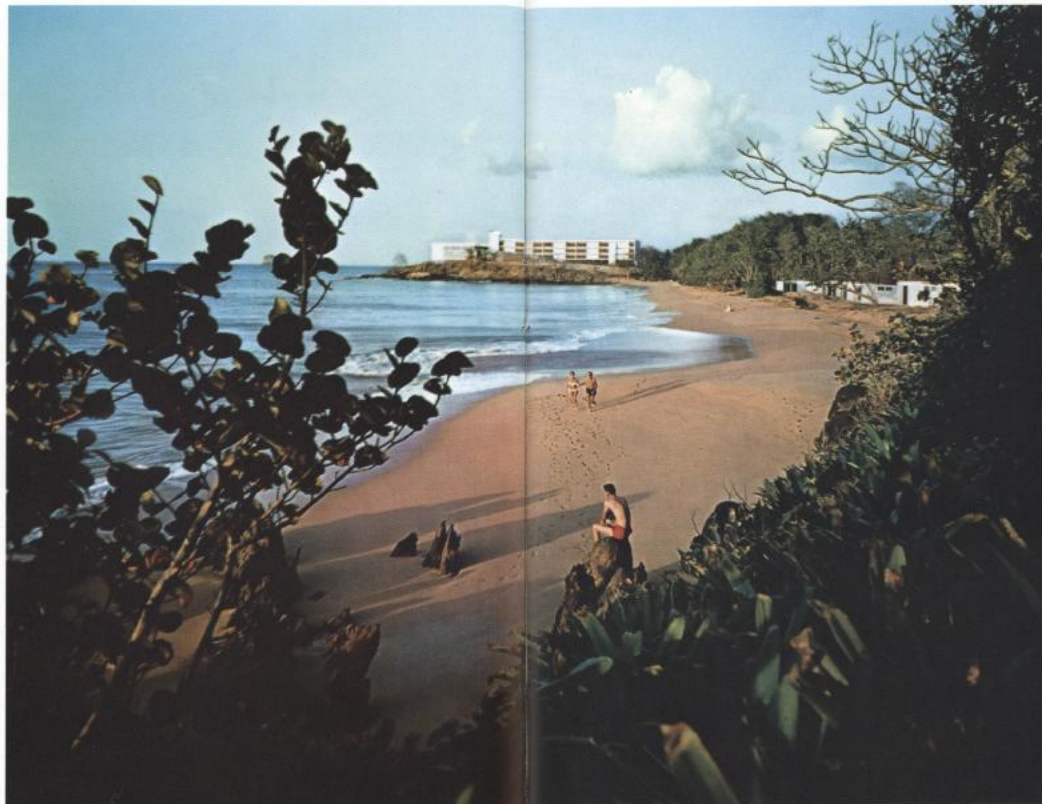
Anyway, this particular dinner party was marvelous, partly because of wonderful nobility of the table setting, the choice and small selection of company, and the food. And do you know what fine, old-fashioned custom was observed after we had finished the dinner? We ladies went into the hostess's bedroom to relax and fix lipstick and the men went to another room to have coffee, brandy, and cigars.

Yes, an age of elegance is back.

Where to Find France in the Caribbean

Almost as Gallic as Paris, Guadeloupe acts like the mother country, but with a tropical accent

by Robert Martin Hodesh



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOMMY WADELTON

YOU DON'T often meet people who know Guadeloupe. Even experienced island-hoppers of the eastern Caribbean turn out to have merely touched down at Raizet Airport and then flown off, usually in quest of little places. Compared with Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, whose trumpet calls have been heeded by hordes, Guadeloupe has hardly been recognized. Her sister island of Martinique is better known, perhaps because it has been more aggressive and because Josephine, the love of Napoleon's life, was born there.

With a quarter of a million inhabitants, Guadeloupe can't be described as undiscovered. Rather, it has been overlooked. Yet it is one of the best places in the Caribbean for visitors who want to be based in impeccably chic headquarters while they venture forth on the island in search of the primitive, the amusing, the sun-drenched, the grand, and the foreign.

Like most people who indulge in palm-tree fantasies while poring over maps of the Caribbean, I had known Guadeloupe only as a butterfly shape (two outspread wings with a river separating them). Then last Spring the island got into the newspapers, first because a mag-

nificent new hotel has been built there, second because De Gaulle visited there, and third because the airport restaurant imported two chefs from Maxim's in Paris. (No American who has dined at Maxim's will take the latter fact lightly.)

Finally, I met a lady explorer of warm islands who said, "Guadeloupe is wonderful. I've been to many Caribbean islands, always with a smile of anticipation, but Guadeloupe is the first island that ever smiled back." So I went.

The basic source of the smile is the fact that Guadeloupe is very French and very youthful. It is as much a part of France as Hawaii is a part of the United States, and more than half its inhabitants are under twenty-one. It has no "natives"; everyone is a full citizen of the French Republic. It speaks French, acts French, thinks French. It scorns Puritanism. It dances. It has as many holidays as work days. It knows how to have fun.

Even my taxi ride from Raizet to the new hotel was French, for Guadeloupe has imported from France the national highway game of chicken: just drive like hell, lean on the horn, seize your advantages, and give no

quarter. Driving in Guadeloupe is fully as mad as in the Place de la Concorde in late afternoon or in a Mack Sennett traffic scene.

Something else will strike the visitor to Guadeloupe: the attractiveness of its residents. The men look uncommonly handsome, often in a devilish sort of way. The women range from pretty to gorgeous and they all have an aristocratic bearing. And this is true not only in Pointe-à-Pitre, the biggest city, but in little out-of-the-way villages where the arrival of a car is still an event.

The taxi rushed away from the airport through cane fields and banana groves toward the town of Deshaies (day-hay), site of the brand-new Fort Royal Hotel. On the way we passed busses named *Ma Chère* and *Cesibon*.

Even roadside signs were French, with tropical overtones. Where the sign for a slippery road in France reads, "Route glissante," its equivalent in Guadeloupe reads "Mélasse," meaning molasses, or watch out for patches made slick by crushed cane stalks that have

The new Fort Royal occupies a spit of land with a Caribbean beach on either side

Waterside scene in the harbor of Basse-Terre



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRITZ HENLE

fallen from the back of trucks or ox-drawn carts.

We sped into increasingly remote country, skirting the sea and hugging a winding road that swung up and down the hills. By contrast, the Fort Royal, uncompro-misingly modern, was an astonishing sight. Like many Caribbean luxury hotels, it has no front door—first the wide sweep of drive, then the overhang, and just inside is the front desk. My room, its table decorated with tropical fruits, looked out from a wall of movable glass to a sea that crashed only fifty feet away.

The Fort Royal is worth more than a word. It serves superb French food and it has a dining room which the guest reaches by descending a broad flight of stairs in full view of the other diners. In order to dine there one makes a regal entrance, which establishes a great air of grandeur.

As much as any island of the Lesser Antilles, Guadeloupe is a wonderful place to go driving. The variety of its scenery and people is very broad, and a tour of the Basse-Terre half of the island is a memorable experience. It can be done in a full day and ought not to be tried in less, since it covers at least 150 miles—200 if you like

to poke into every nook and cranny. The island invites poking. Offering much more than sun and surf it beckons the traveler who shuns the superficial.

I had the good luck to circle Basse-Terre with an enthusiastic Guadeloupean who knows every inch of the island—Rupert Maynes, concierge of the Fort Royal. He is completely bilingual—English and French—or trilingual if you include Creole, the more or less private language used by Guadeloupeans when they don't care to let strangers in on the joke. The driver was Theophile Haguy, a mustachioed youth who loves to drive cars and could probably earn a name for himself at Le Mans.

We went counter-clockwise, starting south from Deshaies on a road that was first-class blacktop all the way and very curvy. All day on our right were the beaches and bays of the Caribbean and the Atlantic, seen sometimes from water level, sometimes from the heights of hills that plunged directly into the sea. On our left most of the day were the tropical jungles or fields of sugar cane stretching away to the mountains, which are dominated by La Soufrière (the Sulphurous One), its top nearly always lost in scudding gray clouds.

We made many stops and saw much that was tropical, or French, or a combination of both. In the shade of a large tamarind tree (tropical) we saw a tall crucifix (French) under which Guadeloupeans had placed bouquets of hibiscus (tropical) in empty cans of Esso Extra motor lube. At the town of Bouillante a pith-helmeted gendarme (tropical) came up to shake hands (very French). A rut of a road in the town of Vieux-Habitants bore the grand name Avenue Georges Clemenceau. In one of the towns the movie house was playing "La Chute de la Maison Usher," and all along the way the stately women of the island carried their baskets on their heads.



Delicious and vivacious—the market at Basse-Terre



Every day of the week, Guadeloupean women use the mountain streams for an open-air laundry

On we curved between sea and jungle, through Pigeon and its mineral hot springs, through Marigot and the little fishing villages, now and then crossing bridges over rushing mountain streams where invariably island women were washing clothes on the rocks and occasionally diving into pools to swim. We stopped, altogether too briefly, in the town of Basse-Terre, Guadeloupe's second city, which has a marvelous tropical market—that is open seven days a week.

From Basse-Terre we started north toward the interior of the island and the volcano. As the road ascends, increasingly astonishing views of the town, the hills, and the sea unfold beneath. Slowly the vegetation becomes less lush and the temperature falls. After a while the blacktop ends and a dirt road takes over. Soon this expires in rubble, and at 4,000 feet ends altogether. So does the driving. Workmen are extending the road. They wear oil slickers because the clouds are usually at that level and it rains constantly. Fog streaks across the mountain moors like demons, the temperature is about 55 degrees, and the endless wind brings choking gusts of sulphur. It is possible to hike the remaining 1,000

feet to the peak, but a guide is absolutely necessary. A stranger could be lost in the gray and mysterious savanna, and this could be a serious matter.

We drove back down, back to tropical warmth, to the town of Matouba, which is populated mainly by East Indians. By then it was getting toward mid-afternoon and here Maynes chose to have lunch. "I have something up my sleeve," he said, and indeed he had. It was a restaurant whose sign read: CHEZ PAUL—REPAS SUR COMMANDE. Paul is an East Indian who has adapted French cuisine to Guadeloupean ingredients.

First he brought on a punch made of old rum, cane syrup, and lime juice, well iced, which we stirred with an eighteen-inch swizzle stick. It was delicious and effective. Then came a platter of crusty French bread (the flour comes from France), with excellent unsalted

butter, followed shortly by a bottle of red wine and the first course, a large clamshell in which sautéed crabmeat had been baked with a mixture of butter, bread crumbs, and some herbs Paul declined to identify (sometimes French chefs are annoyingly secretive). Next came a broiled fish known locally as *tazar*—either *tazar batard* (wahoo) or *tazar franc* (Spanish mackerel)—I didn't learn which. It couldn't have been more perfect. This was followed by chicken roasted with cloves and garlic and a few other secret condiments. The lunch ended, an hour and a half after starting, with Camembert and island coffee. It was *cordon bleu*.

The remainder of the afternoon was quite leisurely, probably because of the lunch—we should have been napping, not driving. We were now going north on the Atlantic side where the surf is always more active than on the Carib side. At Sainte Marie we paused to pay homage at the statue of Christopher Columbus, who discovered the Caribbean and whose name pops up more often than Washington's in our country. The return to the Fort Royal was by way of Vernou, where wealthy people from Pointe-à-Pitre are building handsome homes in a style of architecture that could be called

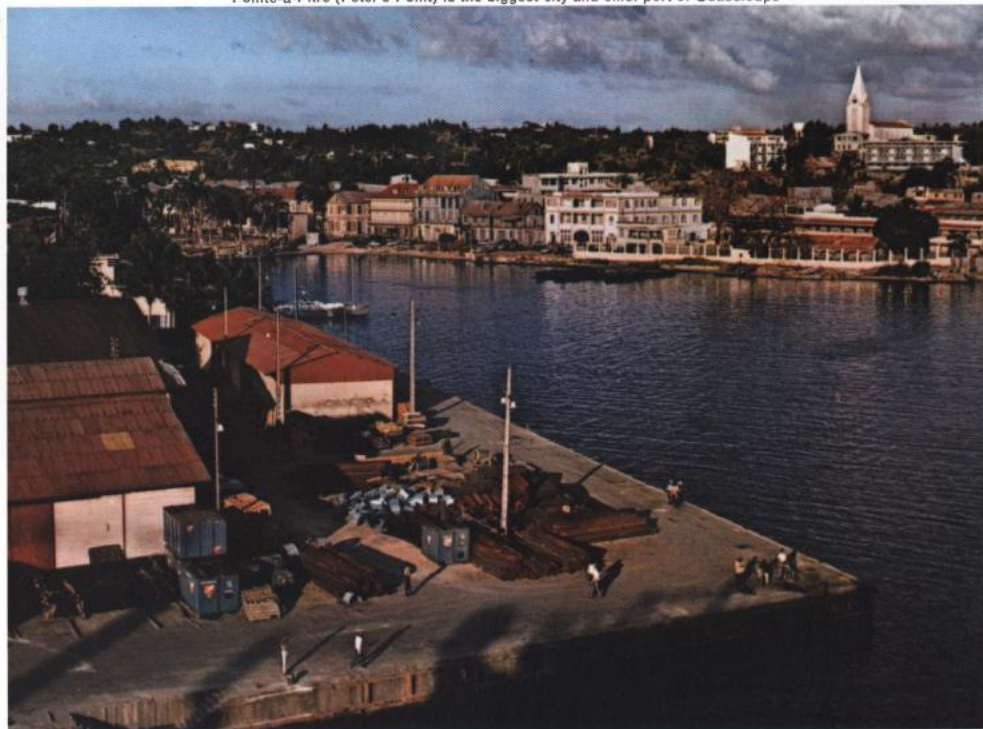
European contemporary—generous use of colored stucco rather than façades of glass as in our new homes.

All the while we drove that day, Maynes and Haguy, both lovers of island produce, were gathering things from field and jungle. At one place they stopped to pick mangos from a tree. At another they clambered through brush to a field and came back with fresh pineapples. Item by item they added cashews, hibiscus, bougainvilleas, and sapodillas. On a mountainside they dashed into a jungle and emerged with a blossom called *bali-sia*, a red flower resembling the claws of boiled lobster. They picked coconuts, bananas, breadfruit, and guavas. In Pointe Noire, Maynes stopped for a string of dried fish. By the time we reached the hotel we were a rolling cornucopia. Late that afternoon some of the fruits, now beautifully arranged on a platter, appeared in my room with knives and napkins.

The next day I took a brief look at Guadeloupe's other half, Grande-Terre, which, despite the name, is not as mountainous nor quite as interesting in terrain as Basse-Terre. However, its beaches may be more attractive. At least, they were better decorated with bikinis, and this may be the chief difference. Grande-Terre has Guadeloupe's other top luxury hotel, La Caravelle, an inviting

Continued on page 21

Pointe-à-Pitre (Peter's Point) is the biggest city and chief port of Guadeloupe



PHOTOGRAPH BY DANA BROWN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BALTAZAR KORAB

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL FOR 1965

Hewing to its classic lines, it adds still more to its comfort, driving ease, and beautiful styling

by Burgess H. Scott

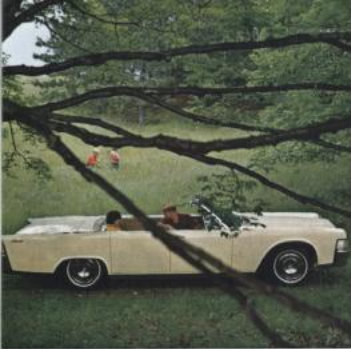
CONNOISSEURS of fine cars know that new models of the Lincoln Continental are not introduced with splashy announcements; understatement is natural with a car whose changes are evolutionary rather than revolutionary. When the Continental in its present classic styling was pre-

sented to the public in 1961, it established itself immediately as the last word in automotive taste and elegance. These qualities never shout.

Now the 1965 Continental is being introduced and, like its predecessors, it is not radically altered but subtly improved. What has been a magnifi-

cent motor car is still a magnificent motor car—even more so—in its styling and in its behavior. And there are still only two models: the sedan and the convertible—the only four-door convertible made in the U.S.

It is, of course, instantly recognizable as one of the most beautiful cars



ever designed; nothing presented in recent years either in this country or in Europe is so indisputably in the classic tradition.

Essentially the same in its basic styling, the 1965 Continental shows styling refinements at both front and rear end. The front end has a clean, crisp, new grille with new parking and directional lights that are visible from the side. The rear reveals new bumper applique, a new deck lid molding, and taillights styled to match the new lights in front.

Also new in 1965 are disc brakes on the front wheels, where most of the braking action occurs. This type of brake dissipates heat quickly, reduces fade, and resists the effect of moisture or even a dousing in water. Combined with drum-type self-adjusting rear brakes, the disc brakes make an ideal arrangement.

Here are other improvements and refinements in the '65 Continental:

- The radio antenna is completely retractable. In the down position it can't be seen.

- More stainless steel has been added to the muffler.

- Power windows have a new bypass switch that allows opening or closing windows without the ignition key.

- There is a new power steering gear that operates more smoothly, quietly, and precisely.

- The steering wheel has been redesigned for more comfortable grasp and easier steering.

As in the past, standard equipment in the new Continental includes fully powered brakes, steering, windows, and automatic transmission. Its power plant is still America's largest—430 cubic inches with horsepower to spare.

One way to improve an automobile over the years is to improve it the way the Continental is improved: bit by bit, avoiding abrupt and wholesale changes. This doesn't offer any year-to-year drama but it does result in a car that can claim superiority without risk of challenge.

An excellent example of the way in which past improvements are continued in the 1965 Continental is its increased room. Last year, the Continental's headroom, shoulder room, knee room, and legroom were increased. The changes were significant—they made the car easier to get in and out of and more comfortable to ride in. These changes (along with larger trunk space) are continued in the new Continental. Its roominess is a pleasure to the back seat and front seat passengers.

The theme of continuity in developing the Continental is illustrated in the testing techniques that have been developed over the years to enhance Continental quality. The 1965 Continental, like previous models, is built at a rather deliberate pace—slower than most lickety-split assembly operations—and then each and every unit must answer the tough summons of a 12-mile test drive. This

is the longest pre-customer test run conducted by any American car builder. Compressed into it is the testing of 189 items by highly skilled driver-technicians.

The Continental's body must provide both added protection and luxury. To accomplish this, engineers chose unitized construction as the best means of fabrication. In a unitized body all parts are welded into a single unit (there is no separate frame) and underbody structural members are welded directly to the floor. Thus, every part of the body becomes a structural member contributing to its overall strength. Continental is the only American luxury car enjoying the solid foundation of this one-piece body. The result is greater durability, better control of road sway, and improved strength and safety.

In sum, this is America's most distinguished motor car. All the deep pleasure sometimes worn out these days because car ownership is now so wide-spread—is revived with the 1965 Continental. It represents a step up in the world. In effect, when you buy a Continental you gain membership in a special club comprised of successful people, tasteful people, envied people.

But even if these considerations mean little, you would still be getting a great automobile, a vehicle engineered and built to be a masterpiece of comfort and reliability.

New Comfort— and then Some

The comfort built into the Lincoln Continental is the sum of hundreds of carefully planned details throughout the car, plus its basic platform of sound automotive structure. Following are some of the many steps to assure that comfort is blended throughout the car:

- The five and one-half inches of foam rubber used on the seats has small holes cored into the edges where more rigidity is needed, and larger holes providing increasing softness toward the center.
- The new parallel-pleat upholstery design is padded with special laminated foam rubber that permits free air circulation.
- The standard six-way power seat

provides more positions to combat driver and front seat passenger fatigue during extended traveling.

- The front coil spring suspension is completely rubber-isolated, with 26 rubber insulators.
- Front and rear shock absorbers are largest in the industry to assure maximum ride control. They have new seals to reduce friction by more than 30 per cent.
- Optional air conditioning has outlets integrated into the instrument panel, and the same unit provides both cooling and heating.
- Wide folding center armrests in both front and rear give comfortable support to occupants' arms.
- Contributing to the exceptional quietness of the passenger is the use of 150 pounds of the finest

insulation material available.

- Entry to, and exit from, the roomy interior is helped by the car's center opening doors.
- An extra-comfort option is individually adjustable contour front seats and padded console.
- The Continental optional speed control device has been improved with an automatic re-set feature that brings the car back to the pre-selected speed after passing a car.
- *For the last word in automotive comfort, an Executive Limousine is available—a custom conversion of the Lincoln Continental sedan by Lehmann-Peterson, an independent custom coachbuilder in Chicago. The Limousine is 34 inches longer than the Continental sedan and accommodates eight, including the driver.*



WATERCOLORS BY MILTON WEILER

There's Wonderful Winter Sport on the Rio Grande

If you want birds in your gunsight and room for hunting, try the Magic Valley of Texas

by James C. Ericson



AT THE EXTREME southern tip of Texas—where Padre Island begins its northward, sandy run to Corpus Christi, and where the blue-green Laguna Madre shelters more game fish than you would care to catch in a lifetime—are three locations where I would consider building or renting a winter home. Assuming you like to hunt and fish, I am certain that you would not question my choices. Each location is within thirty minutes of the country clubs in Brownsville and Harlingen, and the night clubs (good food, gin, vodka, and rum; not-so-good bourbon and Scotch) of Matamoros, Mexico.

Conjure this from imagination: November, damply cool in the evenings, warm by day, the hardy grass of the salt flats turning red like a northern oak. There are miles of surf, ocean, and bay to fish for channel bass, weakfish, snook, tarpon, sailfish, and marlin; the sound of geese at night, the backwaters punctuated with

almost every known species of duck in North America. Now keep going, gun in hand: doves pitching erratically into maize fields, their direction always uncertain, then unfathomable as you swing into the lead; in the mesquite country the dusty tracks of quail by water tanks, and at the extremes of day deer browsing in the brush openings, the sudden grunt and scurry of javelina.

A subtropical area bordering on the Rio Grande, South Texas is often called the Magic Valley, but this is Chamber of Commerce talk. It is not magic but unique; a small part of America with an ingrained Mexican culture, an agrarian concept of life where merchants consider small talk, the courtesy of remembering your name, a part of business.

My first choice for homesteading would be Bayview, a small, charming, beautifully landscaped town fifteen miles northeast of Brownsville. You enter the town between rows of palms; the houses, without exception, are well-kept, the lawns meticulous, the people friendly. This is orchard country and the grapefruit and orange trees are well pruned, the ground weedless beneath them. Bayview is a town of lakes. Palms and ebony and mesquite dip weighted branches into the water, making picturesque pockets where you can cast for the bass that have a long growing season.

Bayview is ten miles from the Gulf, five miles from a large wildlife sanctuary. Superb duck shooting is found on the lakes and potholes, and in the early morning and evening the geese from the refuge come to feed in the grain and winter vegetable fields. The quail shooting is also excellent, and there is enough brush and grain to attract large concentrations of doves and whitewings. Obtaining hunting privileges generally involves only a courteous inquiry of landowners.

There are many beautiful lake-front lots available in this quiet town, priced quite modestly from \$1,500 to \$2,000 an acre. Homes to rent are few, but there is an excellent hotel where efficiency apartments may be rented for \$65 a month.

Since this is excellent farming country, especially for citrus, land is a good investment. Many of the lots for sale come with mature ruby-pink grapefruit and thin-skinned navel orange trees. Fly again into imagination and picture this: a pleasant lake that keeps your front lawn lush, citrus trees by your kitchen window, geese in the maize fields, neighbors that remember your name and home town, the postman carrying sunny postcards to your bridge partners up north.

My second choice for a winter home would be Laguna Vista, a beautiful and fairly new development on the Laguna Madre. Two hundred yards from the bay-facing homes will put you in fishing water that reaches its peak in January and February, when big yellow-mouth weakfish move into the flats with high tide and can be caught readily and with relish by wading and casting a gold spoon. During the winter the bay is covered with the largest concentration of redhead ducks in the country.

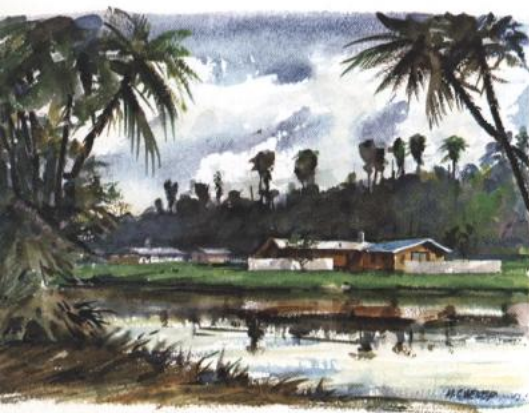
Although a rather small development at present, Laguna Vista is increasing in popularity with snow-



fleeing Yankees. The homes of Laguna Vista are generally functionally elegant, obvious care is taken with the lawns and shrubs, and lots, depending on size and location, run from \$1,300 to \$2,500. It is strictly a residential area; there are no stores, gas stations or taverns, and supplies must be purchased in Port Isabel, five miles to the east.

My final choice for a winter sanctuary would be the Arroyo Colorado, a river of little economic consequence, that flows into the Laguna Madre. Thirty-five miles northeast of Brownsville, the Arroyo cannot, by any standard, be considered a boom area.

Homes are spaced along the west side of the river for two miles, built cliff-dwelling style on the water's edge where in the winter months weakfish by the tubful can be caught with a white bucktail under the lights of the boat docks. On the other side of the river is the arid



wilderness of a game refuge and the King Ranch.

On the backwater lakes near Arroyo I have shot ducks and geese in eighty-degree weather, kneeling short-sleeved in the marsh grass, picking only the fat drakes. All day and every day the gadwalls, widgeons, redheads, black mallards, and pintails work between the Laguna Madre and the shallow lakes where they feed. The quail and dove shooting is also excellent, and there are some deer and javelina, a few turkeys. Hunting privileges are easily obtained from farmers if you promise not to shoot their cattle.

I would suggest coming to South Texas in mid-November when the average temperature is in the sixties. Stay in the north for the South Dakota pheasant season and the flights of mallards on the Mississippi, then follow the ducks south to the Rio Grande Valley. Once you reach the banks of Pecos Bill's river, you may want to contact the private country clubs in either Brownsville or Harlingen. Special rates are available at the private clubs for tourists; the Brownsville Country Club, for example, charges twenty-four dollars a month (this includes greens fee and use of the pool).

In the latter part of November the duck and goose seasons are at their peak and the deer and turkey seasons are open; the quail season does not generally start until December. Hunt the Texas side of the Rio Grande through December, then go south to Mexico where the seasons are generally more extended. Just south of Matamoros is excellent dove, duck, and quail shooting; within two hundred miles of the border are jungles full of deer, turkey, rattlesnakes, and jaguar.

A gun permit and license for Mexico costs about \$40, depending on whom you see. My suggestion would be to see a local sporting goods dealer for the best and most convenient approach. Game limits are only slightly more liberal than those in the States.

To fish in Mexico involves a license which can be purchased for a nominal four dollars. There are several excellent fishing camps between Brownsville and Tampico that should be taken advantage of. Arrangements can be made in Brownsville, then the party is flown to pleasant accommodations in the coastal jungles where tarpon, snook, and channel bass may be caught and jaguar, deer, and turkey hunted. A typical trip would be to the Saint Andres Camp on the Saint Rafael River, 200 miles south of Brownsville. A package deal, including air transportation both ways, room and board, guide, boat, and motor for three days costs \$135. It is a trip well worth the money.

No, South Texas is not magic. If you want night clubs and the likes of Frank Sinatra, the dogs and ponies, occasional glimpses of movie stars, then South Texas is not for you. If, however, you enjoy cuisine of different countries, hanker to discover what bull-fighting is all about, appreciate the rousing sound of *mariachi* music, Spanish guitars, and dancing to Latin rhythms, then South Texas may be your winter El Dorado.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM C. EYMANN



In this sampling of books from the "little presses" you see two of their distinguishing hallmarks: beautiful bindings and noteworthy illustrations



THE GROWING American passion for the acquisition of objects classifiable as fine arts has so far confined itself largely to paintings. There are several reasons. One is that there are a great number of painters today turning out a torrent of paintings to satisfy an evidently insatiable public. Another is that painters and paintings are very much in the news—painters because they are often colorful and newsworthy personalities, the paintings because of wide interest in art and the attention all paintings get when some of them figure in spectacular robberies. A third reason is the fact that astute collectors have invested in them and realized handsome appreciation of value.

There are, however, tasteful collectors working in other fields: prints (on which an article will appear in this magazine later), old books, jewels, and even such specialities as medieval armor. One of the most satisfying of these fields, and one of the least known, is the contemporary books being turned out in various parts of the country by a small, dedicated band of printers.

These makers of books are actually a good deal more than printers. They are often a combination of type cutter, paper maker, typesetter, book binder,

Scattered throughout the U.S. is a band of dedicated craftsmen turning out beautiful—and potentially valuable—volumes

Collect the Books of the Little Presses

by Richard McLanathan



Jane Grabhorn hand-binding a book as it was done 400 years ago



Two publications of the Allen Press

The Peter Pauper Press produced these



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM C. EYMAN AND MARTIN J. DAIN



Volumes from the Gravesend Press

A miscellany printed by the Spiral Press



Robert Grabhorn making a final correction before type is locked

and press operator. What distinguishes them from the commercial printing business is their strong literary motivation. They select the finest literature of past and present, sometimes famous works, sometimes forgotten ones, but always writing that is prized by readers of exceptionally cultivated tastes. Often they work with celebrated artists (if, indeed, they are not artists themselves), and the results are among the finest examples of the book-making art in the world today.

Some of these books have been put out for as little as three or four dollars, most of them are higher in price, and a few reach into the high hundreds. A good example of the latter is "The Enchanted Isles," by Herman Melville, with six drawings by Rico Lebrun cut on wood by Leonard Baskin. It was published by the Gehenna Press, of Northampton, Massachusetts, with which the celebrated contem-

porary artist and sculptor Baskin is associated. Hand-set on sheets of heroic size (about nineteen by twenty-five inches), "The Enchanted Isles" comes boxed in a stout slip-case of buckram with leather labels. One hundred and fifty copies were made. The first five, with a second set of woodcuts and an original drawing by Lebrun, were priced at \$1,000. A subsequent group, with a single set of woodcuts and the colophon signed by Lebrun and Baskin, were priced at \$180.

The Grabhorn Press at 1335 Sutter Street in San Francisco, considered by many to be the archetype of the quality printers, is one of the best known, having been operated since 1915 by the Grabhorn brothers, Edwin and Robert, who now have a list of 585 titles. Their masterwork is a massive folio of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," printed in 1930 with wood engravings by Valenti Angelo. It was

issued at \$100. At a recent New York auction a copy was sold for \$225.

Situated in a mountain-top house in Kentfield, Marin County, California, are Lewis and Dorothy Allen, who since 1939 have operated the Allen Press, another distinguished member of the group of quality printers. They have produced twenty-eight books so far, setting type by hand and printing on a flatbed press. Their most recent title is "A Venetian Affair," by Byron. It has thirty-five full-page copper engravings and is priced at \$40. One hundred and fifty copies were made.

In 1962 the Allens produced 130 copies of "Four Poems of the Occult," by Yvan Goll. It is illustrated with work sent to them by four famous French artists: Yves Tanguy, Jean

Arp, Fernand Léger, and Picasso.

The quality printers are found scattered in surprisingly remote parts of the country. James Lamar Weygand, one of the most respected of the group, operates The Private Press of the Indiana Kid in Nappanee, Indiana. William G. Haynes is master of the Ashantilly Press in Darien, Georgia.

One of the great printers in this category is Victor Hammer of Lexington, Kentucky. An elderly man, now virtually retired, he left his native Austria when the Nazis arrived and finally found a congenial setting in Lexington. Two of his books are held in especially high esteem: "Samson Agonistes" by Milton, and the poems of a nineteenth century German Romantic, Friedrich Hölderlin, of which he printed 100 copies at \$100. They are now worth \$250. Influenced by Hammer's instruction, other small printers have set up shop in the Lex-

ington area. Lexington, in fact, is now a small enclave of quality printing.

Conditions of these books are always small (the sheer physical labor of producing one sets a limit on the number) and after the press run they are out-of-print books, ready to become collectors' items. To have such volumes is to feel something of the pleasure and satisfaction of the artist-craftsman who created it. Books of this kind are never cold, impersonal objects; in every detail they reflect individual choices, from the choice of text to type, paper, size, format, and illustrations and the color and material of the binding. In fact, these books really represent an added dimension of interpreting the texts they contain.

Those who appreciate such things

enjoy sharing their interests. Among them are J. Terry Bender, Librarian of the Grolier Club in New York, and Herman Cohen of the Chiswick Book Shop in New York, both of whom cooperated in supplying material for this article. The Chiswick is especially well informed on the work of the small presses, and a visit to it, as well as the Caxton Club, the Roxburghe, the Zamorano, and the Rowfant, all in New York, is rewarding. The prospective collector can also get on the mailing list of the various presses—and incidentally the mailings themselves are often small gems of the printing art.

The collector who keeps himself informed on new books in this field will find himself pretty much on the ground floor. It is a field practiced avidly but not widely, and the possibilities of acquiring objects of beauty, whose value will undoubtedly grow, is limitless.

Ford at the World's Fair: A Magnet for Celebrities

Ever since it opened in April, Ford's Wonder Rotunda has been host to statesmen, royalty, and personalities of the entertainment world.



Willy Brandt, Mayor of West Berlin



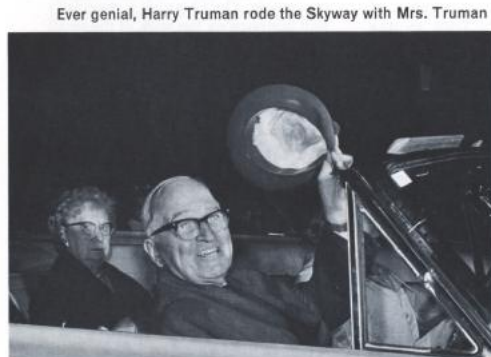
Irene Dunne with a Ford pavilion guide

BY THE TIME the New York World's Fair closes its first season on October 13, about six and a half million people will have visited Ford Motor Company's exhibit. They were lured to it in the first place because it promised great entertainment (Walt Disney, after all, designed it) and then they were delighted with it because its famous Magic Skyway ride through prehistoric times and its International Gardens—charming representations in miniature of city and town scenes around the globe—paid off on the promise.

For the most part, Ford's guests have been the Average American Tourist out for a good time. They have come from all the Dubuques, Oshkoshes, and Kokomos across the land, plus a number from other countries and other continents. Surprisingly, though, a large number of Ford's guests have been celebrities. The photographs shown here were selected from a sheaf that has grown daily since the Fair opened.

To name only a few noted visitors in addition to those pictured here, they have included Henry Fonda and his daughter Jane, Adlai Stevenson, Jack Dempsey, Perle Mesta, Helen Hayes, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Darryl Zanuck, and Pat Nixon.

Whether you are famous or not, if you missed Ford's Wonder Rotunda this year, you have another chance: it reopens on April 21.



Ever genial, Harry Truman rode the Skyway with Mrs. Truman



George Romney, Governor of Michigan, was obviously pleased



Burl Ives ran into Jinx Falkenburg



Donna Reed boarded a tractor

France in the Caribbean

Continued from page 9

pleasure dome with a pool and a handsome stretch of Atlantic beach.

When you go to Guadeloupe you will want to wander around its principal city, Pointe-à-Pitre, a busy and joyous place. Its streets are narrow and crowded and bursting with action. Balconies hang over the sidewalks—there is a strong hint of New Orleans.

While in Pointe-à-Pitre you should buy a map of Guadeloupe because it will give you a good idea of what a lark life on the island is. For every community of any size it notes the patron saint day. For example, Sainte Rose: *F. P.: 30 août*, which means *Fête Patronale, August 30*.

There are twenty-five of these holidays on Guadeloupe, each accompanied by parades, fireworks, speeches, beauty contests, concerts, and dancing. Thus, life is a round of parties, finishing off with a *grande fête* before Lent, except that instead of ending with Mardi Gras, it spills over into an uninhibited Ash Wednesday. And then, as if Lent were too much of an ascetic burden, there is a ball in the middle of it called *Micarême*.

During the days of celebration the dancing includes the quadrille, a stately square dance deriving from the French court. At night, the big dance is Guadeloupe's own, the *beguine*, a combination of Calypso and merengue. Cole Porter wrote a nice song, but he didn't tell all. The *beguine* begins conservatively enough, but it builds to a red-hot climax.

If you don't happen to hit Guadeloupe during a holiday, you will find the *beguine* readily in one of the nightclubs, such as L'Ajoupa and La Tortue. Should you be traveling with your mother, and she happens to be anything like Whistler's, tuck her in bed before sampling the night life. One really must be in tune with the French-cum-island way of looking at things.

Taken all in all, though, Guadeloupe has a wide spectrum in which night life is only one detail. It has beautiful and numerous beaches. It has days and days of sunshine interrupted by the brief and capricious showers of the tropics. Its food is everywhere touched by the magic of France. It is a happy place where happiness rubs off on visitors instantly. And it smiles at you.



Continentially Speaking

by Cleveland Amory

Grand Old Parties

IN THESE INTENSELY political days we shouldn't bring up "Grand Old Party" without making it clear that we aren't referring to a political party but to a certain type of lady. She isn't necessarily Society, like the Mrs. Astor or the Mrs. Vanderbilt or the Mrs. Potter Palmer—all forbiddingly prominent figures.

Usually she is a grandmother or aunt of great charm, strong opinions, offbeat ideas, or sometimes eccentric actions. She is the kind of lady the family tells stories about. She is lovable in life and lovable in legend. And, alas, she is rather rare and getting rarer. It's a pity, too, for she has always given the American scene a lot of zip it wouldn't otherwise have.

Looking back, one is struck by the fact that Grand Old Parties are where you find them. Some are well known, such as Boston's Mrs. Jack Gardner. She even provided for remaining well known. In her will her heirs were summarily instructed to attend church services at least twice a year—on Christmas and on her birthday.

Some, on the other hand, are anonymous—as witness the legendary lady from South Carolina who, in her 80's, was once told by her grandchildren of their trip abroad and in particular of the awe of all the tourists at the sight of Whistler's Mother in the Louvre. "But why?" asked the old lady gently. "After all, she was only a *McNeill of North Carolina*."

As that Grand Old Party took "*family*" seriously, however, at least one other Grand Old Party, in the person of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, did not. At one of Mrs. Fish's most famous dinners, Newport Society bowed low as her footman stentorously announced, "Prince del Drago from Corsica." Then, looking up, they saw, attired in full evening dress, a chimpanzee.

One of the greatest of latter-day Grand Old Parties was undoubtedly the late Mrs. Hamilton McKowan Twombly, last granddaughter of the original Commodore Vanderbilt. In 1935 she decided to attend the wedding in California of her grandson and Miss Flobelle Fairbanks, niece of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. But how to go presented a problem. Mrs. Twombly was already in her 80's and a plane trip was out of the question. Nor, since the passing of her private railroad car, would she consider a "public" train. Driving, too, presented its hazards. There was always the chance, during those dark days, of being recognized in the back seat of her limousine.

She finally decided on the perfect solution. For six thousand miles, going and coming, Mrs. Twombly's maid, dressed as Mrs. Twombly, rode in the back seat of her limousine, and for six thousand miles, going and coming, Mrs. Twombly, dressed as Mrs. Twombly's maid, rode in the front seat.

Even the present day has not been without a Grand Old Party. Take Proper Boston's own Mrs. Malcolm Peabody, the wife of a retired Episcopal Bishop and mother of the present Governor of Massachusetts. By her trip to St. Augustine last spring, she not only electrified the whole country but also supplied the controversy with some badly needed humor.

Told by St. Augustine's Mayor Shelly that she would be put in jail if she came, Mrs. Peabody replied that perhaps it wouldn't be so bad—for as long as she could remember, she said, she had led a "sheltered life." And that first evening, when the police were actually committing her, she was asked if she had any "last" requests. "No," she replied, "but do tell the turnkey I don't want to be disturbed until breakfast."

But the South has been no slouch in the matter of Grand Old Parties—in fact Mrs. Peabody finds her Grand Old Southern counterpart in the person of Miss Charlotte Noland of Middleburg, Virginia. "Miss Charlotte" is a charming 82. Founder and great grand mistress of Foxcroft School, she has taught some three generations of America's First Family girls. Not long ago we had a talk with Mrs. Walter Paepcke, one of the school's most distinguished graduates. "Miss Charlotte gave you," Mrs. Paepcke says gently, "a reverence for things—for God, for your country's history, for what constitutes being a lady, for responsibility and for sportsmanship."

Miss Charlotte has had many signal honors—among them the fact that she was one of the few "private persons" whom Queen Elizabeth II on her last visit to this country had expressed a wish to see. And, some years ago, when Columbia University saw fit to award Miss Noland an honorary degree, the citation read like something which might well serve as the perfect definition of a Grand Old Party. "To Charlotte Haxall Noland," it read, "who today, president rather than headmistress, retains still the self-imposed duties of 'Professor of Character'."

PHOTOGRAPH BY BALTAZAR KORAB



Owning a Continental is one way that people of taste and success speak for themselves