



the
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Volume 4, Number 4

Discovering the Virgin Islands... Greatest Chefs in America... The Luxurious Fishing Resorts of Baja

Memo to our Readers:

Lower California has been RALPH POOLE's photographic playground for four years. He first discovered that strange and lonely peninsula in 1960 when he and a friend sailed down the Gulf 1,400 miles, a voyage that later became a book,



The Sea of Cortez. He has just finished another cruise of the Gulf, this time on the mainland side, for another book.

A photographer since World War II, he has made a specialty of cars and racing and Mexico (his favorite country). One reason for the latter opinion is an adventure that happened while on our Baja assignment. His taxi from Mulegé to the airport near Santa Rosalía (30 miles) broke down on one of Baja's worst roads. The chances of making the plane were nil—and not another for two days. Along came a truck with three Mexicans. They stopped, unloaded a lot of boulders being used for ballast, took Ralph and his gear to the airport on time—and would accept no money, just a round of beers for friendship's sake.

DONALD HALL researched the story on buying antiques in England while living in Thaxted, Sussex, on a year off from the University of Michigan, where he has been Associate Professor of English since 1957. Native of New Haven, Connecticut, and graduate of Harvard, he has completed three collections of poems, the newest of which, *A Roof of Tiger Lilies*, is to be published by The Viking Press this November. He has contributed articles and poetry to *The New Yorker*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, and other magazines, and has written an autobiographical book, *String Too Short To Be Saved*.



When a chef of the stature of CLEMENT GRANGIER commits himself to naming other chefs he holds in respect, it is time for epicures to listen. Grangier is executive chef at Le Pavillon in New York, one of the greatest restaurants in the world. Native of France (of course), he studied at the School of Bordeaux, cooked in many fine Paris restaurants, and on the boats of the French Line (the most illustrious floating restaurants in the world). He came to New York in 1948. In the past fifteen years he has won ten high honors, any one of which would be a lifetime prize for a practitioner of culinary arts.

JAMES NORMAN is an indisputable authority on Mexico. Born in Chicago, he has lived below the border for fourteen years, writing books and articles about the region. He edits *Terry's Guide to Mexico* from his home in San Miguel de Allende and has been published in the *Atlantic*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and *National Geographic*.

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
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FRONT COVER—Ralph Poole, the photographer who covered the fishing resorts of Lower California for us, took this sunrise shot from the veranda of the Hotel Cabo San Lucas overlooking Chileano Bay.

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New Way to Discover the Virgin Islands

Many Americans have found that they can learn about the best resorts, the finest shopping, the most fun by listening to other travelers

by Robert Martin Hodesh



PHOTOGRAPH BY WOLF A. DEVALETTE

Resorts all over the world spend huge sums of money every year to advertise their wares to vacationing Americans, but for all the pretty pictures of pools and palm trees they buy, it seems a possibility that they get just as much publicity free from people who spread the news to one another by word of mouth. Advertising may start the ball rolling, but personal enthusiasms keep it in play.

Meet an American at the eastern edges of the Western world—let's say the Aegean—or the western edges of the Eastern world—let's say Tokyo—and soon he'll be telling you where he's been, what he liked, where he's going next—and you'll be reciprocating in kind.

It's a diverting form of friendliness and a very informative one. Much of what I learned about that particularly lively corner of the Caribbean, the American Virgin Islands, I learned in

just this way: noting down random chats in airplanes, on boats, in customs lines, at parties, and in the islands themselves.

By and large, my notes and I agree, but not always. One person's amour may be another's anathema, so it's wise to be your own final judge. Take an island like St. Thomas, for example. Right now a lot of people are saying, "The Virgin Islands? Yes, but not Charlotte Amalie. It's too commercial." I dissent. I was in St. Thomas three times while island-hopping and formed my own opinion: Charlotte Amalie is fine.

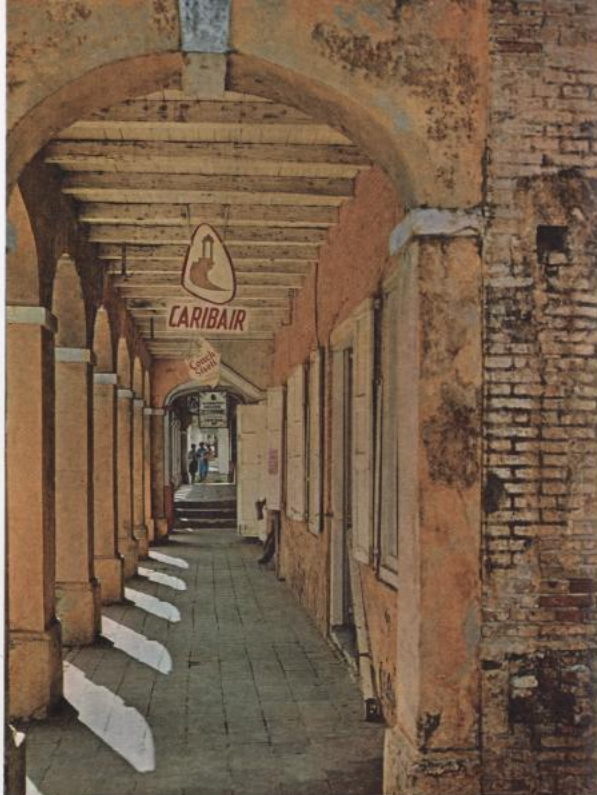
Too commercial? How can a city avoid being commercial? That's what a city is for. Besides, commercial in this case means Chanel No. 5 at \$12.55 an ounce, Haig & Haig Pinch at \$4 a fifth, and the best Spode at \$3.75 a dinner plate. And Charlotte Amalie shops, such as the Maison Danoise and

A. H. Riise, are the most beautiful anywhere between Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix.

I was sitting on a beach a hundred miles from St. Thomas when I met up with a traveler who said, "Charlotte Amalie is the only city I know where shopkeepers will offer you a drink." So they do, and one of them owned, of all things, a liquor shop. Can you imagine the proprietor of a Stateside liquor shop offering you a drink?

The place is called The Liquor Locker, a combination of retail shop, bottle club, informal saloon, clearing house for island gossip, resting place for the weary, and incidental general delivery post office. Like many Charlotte Amalie shops it has arched ceilings and a brick floor—the shops were originally warehouses. You walk in, sit down in a wicker chair, relax, and if the genial owner, Garth James, is around, he'll probably offer you a nip.

Now a modern shopping alley, this St. Croix walkway passes the childhood home of Alexander Hamilton. Photograph by Ray Manley



Many restaurants and resorts in St. Croix offer sumptuous outdoor dining. Photograph by Bradley Smith



Snorkelers in various poses of work and rest at the underwater trail, Buck Island, St. Croix. Photograph by Fritz Henle



Life at The Liquor Locker, St. Thomas' all-purpose home away from home. Photograph by Miles Raymond

On one wall is a bulletin board with notices (house for rent; babysitter available) and postcards, which have been sent in care of The Liquor Locker to friends temporarily in St. Thomas; sooner or later the addressees will drift in to pick up their mail. (Nice thing about the Caribbean is that the only mail you ever get is first-class—no flyers from the supermarket.)

On another wall is a rack of bottles with people's names on them. You buy a bottle, have a snort, and if you don't want to carry the bottle out, Garth puts your name on it and stows it away until you return. Now, *that's* the way to run a liquor store.

There's plenty more to say about Charlotte Amalie before going on. There is the fascination of its shopping alleys, with their bewildering display of beauty and bargains. There's the native open-air market and its typically tropical meleé of laughter, coaxing, and haggling, and its enticing array of produce. There's the swinging night life at places like the Jungle Club and Calypso Joe.

"Take my word for it," said a lady food editor from New York. "you can eat well in the Virgin Islands." I took her word for it and had chicken with artichoke hearts in a fine restaurant

called The Left Bank and first-rate snacks in a crowded little place called Andy's, the only delicatessen in the Caribbean, run by a jovial, jazz-loving Irishman who also sells the finest French wines.

And there is the marvelous look of Charlotte Amalie from the dozens of vantage points in the hills above it. One night a taxi driver said to me, "Tell your friends from the mainland that one of the prettiest sights they will ever see is the well-planned city of Charlotte Amalie laid out on the hills tonight." Well-planned or not, it is a pretty city.

It is not, however, the whole of St. Thomas. Especially interesting is the north shore, fronting on the Atlantic across the high east-west mountain ridge that divides the island. It is a series of scallops and bays, each separated from the other by rocky points, some affording the inviolable isolation that lovers of hideouts dream of, others occupied by word-of-mouth resorts and beach clubs.

From hastily scribbled notes I cull these items:

Dorothea Beach Club. Set in grove of coconuts near surf; seven cottages now (more being built), dark blue fieldstone, redwood beams, interstices to admit sun, moon, stars, sky. Seclusion with comfort. Fifteen minutes from city over adventurous mountain road. Amazing bathrooms: arboretum in each shower—ferns, cactus, orchids. Great idea. Great architect.

Pineapple Beach Club, northeast end of island. Run by Jim and Jane Pepperdine, nice young couple from Philadelphia. Attracts families with children. Dining terrace on private beach. Casual. Friendly. Cement cottages shaped like igloos. Pool. All meals.

Here are some word-of-mouth small hotels close to town but not in it:

Villa Santana, up on Denmark Hill. Within walking distance of Charlotte Amalie down steep hill. Run by Jim and Muriel Douglass, grand people, fun to be with. Villa once private home, built in 1853 by the Mexican bandit, Santa Ana. Old-fashioned rooms but complete comforts. Incomparable terrace overlooking harbor. Breakfast only.

Mafolie, Mediterranean villa in the Caribbean. Attached to side of high hill on Carib side. Twenty rooms, none alike, each on different level. You need legs here, but what charm!

Harbor View Manor. Ten rooms. Made to order for people who like to dress informally. Wonderful porch

with memorable view. Dine under open sky.

Perhaps this doesn't do justice to Bluebeard's Castle and the Hilton, which, though hardly word-of-mouth, serve a necessary function in that they are self-contained places, with their own entertainment, three meals a day, and even shops, so that a visitor could go there and, by sticking to his own ground, visit St. Thomas while in effect avoiding it.

Now we come to St. Croix, forty miles south of St. Thomas, and a paradise of another mood. "It's a tranquil island," someone told me, and so it seems to be. Vast stretches of nearly unoccupied land separate its two cities, Frederiksted and Christiansted, neither of which is as large as Charlotte Amalie or as given to commotion.

This doesn't mean that St. Croix is dead. Outside a restaurant in Christiansted I saw this sign: "Breakfast now ready. Bloody Marys and beer." Thus it would appear that sometimes a Cruzian needs the morning-after cure, but perhaps this is not any different from Fremont, Nebraska—only franker. St. Croix also has certain calculated pockets of excitement, like the Hideaway, where a heroic Calypso singer named The Mighty Sparrow often takes charge, but nevertheless, the tempo of the island is *andante*.

Prior to my going to St. Croix, a friend ticked off the following items of advice: "Stay at Grapetree Bay, lay off the island run before noon, drive on the left, keep your sun tan lotion ready, and eat at Barbara McConnell's." I followed all these instructions carefully.

Grapetree Bay, an autonomous republic at the far east end of the island, is managed by Jack Burgess and his wife Lee. They're the kind of people who act as if they're running a house party, not a hotel, whom you thank when you check out, and to whom you send Christmas cards later on.

Grapetree sits off by itself with a row of airy, deluxe cottages flanking the surf. The main building (bar, dining, dancing) is dominated by a tall row of staffs flying flags that spell the name of the place in marine code. It has a salt pool by the salt sea, and the entertainment, cuisine, and company are the very best.



The dining terrace at Mafolie, above Charlotte Amalie and the harbor. Below, Barbara McConnell and her guitar in her restaurant at Frederiksted, St. Croix. Photographs by Miles Raymond



From this happy home base I ventured forth on St. Croix to check opinions and look for more. One of the most reliable enthusiasms anyone ever relayed to me was the one about Barbara McConnell's restaurant at the west end of the island in Frederiksted. It's a rickety sort of place, occupying the second floor of an old Danish house—offbeat, like its owner. A sign on the bar reads: "While in this house speak in a low and soothing voice and do not disagree with me in any manner."

Here is Barbara's menu:

Rare Stateside Roast Beef

A Fat Little Luncheon Steak

Baked Ham with Drunken Beans

Her recipe for "drunken beans" is worth noting: canned red kidney beans, drained; sliced onions ("A hell of a lot," she says); thyme and brandy; bake in oven for two hours at 350°. On occasion she serves a baked red snapper with herbs that she pounds in her own mortar and pestle.

The food is good, but what makes the place the prize it is, is Barbara. She has a smile that can light up half of St. Croix. She also plays the guitar and has a fine voice, and when the mood is on her she'll entertain her guests beautifully. To hear her sing "As Time Goes By" is to acquire a beautiful memory of the island.

There are, however, other dining places in St. Croix. In fact, the island is fairly distinguished for food. For example, there is Estate Good Hope,

one of the superb Rockefeller places of the Antilles, a great resort in its appointments and indulgences, and endowed with an island cook named Agnes Williams, who does turtle steaks better than anyone else and comes up with delicious oddities, like peanut butter soup. And in Christiansted, there is the Cafe de Paris, where a gifted French chef turns out international dishes, such as lobster blini.

Fully as much as St. Thomas, St. Croix has its little hostleries that one learns of by word of mouth:

Cruzana. Another old Danish plantation house. Terrace, pool, sugar mill, very islandy under palm and mahogany trees. Thick walls keep it cool.

Village at Cane Bay. Five house-keeping cottages on the northwest coast. Exactly half way between the two cities. Beach two minutes away on foot.

Diamond Fancy. Faces Caribbean on north shore. Very informal. Dinner three nights a week. Salt pool. Sprat Hall. Great place for the

sports-minded. **Horses.** Best fishing on island. **Jim Hurd, manager, knows St. Croix fishing inside out. Twelve-room Danish house near Frederiksted. Fronts on the sea with its own beach.**

St. Croix also has the only hotel in the world that guests reach by row-boat. It's the Hotel-on-the-Cay, in Christiansted harbor. The boats leave from King Christian Wharf all day and night.

A pleasant aspect of St. Croix—and a strong factor in its tranquil mood—is its close association with nature. People who come to the island for a quick immersion in salt water, sun, and shops don't always bother about Creque's Dam Road but it's the best way to see the island's tropical interior: the silk cotton trees, the liana vines, giant philodendron, the fragrant blossoms of yellow cedar, the dangerous manchineel tree, worse than poison ivy (from which rises the island ditty "Don't Sit Under the Manchineel Tree with Anyone—Least of All Me"), the almonds, and the breadfruits, and the attractively mysterious mood of dark, leafy places.

The other bit of nature is the snorkel trail off Buck Island, a U. S. national park. It is close enough to Grapetree for Jack Burgess to use it as part of his entertainment program, and Jack's sailor, Llewellyn Westerman, an amphibious young native of the island of Nevis, sails the guests out on the Grapetree sloop, guides them on the trail, and, while under water, feeds ham sandwiches to fish he has befriended.

According to the dedicated, Buck Island is the greatest snorkel ground in the world. For a novice, like me, it was a strange and unforgettable experience, lying face down, breathing easily, looking at this luminous, beautiful, silent world where man is a stranger, and marveling at how tasteful nature is.

Coral that seems at the finger tips is twenty feet down. Fish of dazzling colors watch you. A group of blue fish appear in the face glass, moving slowly, as if blown by a gentle undersea breeze. Then a school of red fish dart by, as if someone had thrown a handful of rubies. Living jewelry.

There are wonderful shops on St. Croix. King's Alley, where many of

Continued on page 21

Greenhouse or Living Room?

In the past only the wealthy practiced horticulture at home. Now the conservatory is fast becoming another room—inside the house



Enoch Fay Jones, professor of architecture at the University of Arkansas, designed this home in El Dorado, Arkansas, for a botanist. The two pictures show views of a hallway-living area connecting two wings and skylighted to encourage a variety of greenery

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BALTAZAR KORAB



In Professor Jones' home, his study is carved out of rock, with varied plantings close by

One of the really interesting chapters on the American way of life is the one on American homes and their relationship to the outdoors. For all practical purposes, the chapter begins right after World War II.

Prior to the war, we pretty generally thought of a house as something that kept the indoors in and the outdoors out. Living as we did in a country that was still hard-working and rugged, we hadn't yet explored all the implications of the leisure concept.

But following the war a new horizon of wealth, and with it a new horizon of relaxation, came before our eyes. Immediately the patterns of our daily life began to change. One change was the enlargement of the weekend as a social institution and as a time for leisure. And the weekend, in proper season, took us outside.

Thus began the era of the patio and the terrace as widespread possessions and widely used places in which to live. We moved chairs, tables, and cooking equipment outside. We began to extend our area of habitation out under the open sky. We moved the indoors outdoors. That took care of summer.

Now, what would we do about winter, if we didn't have quite the money or four months off for Florida and the warm islands? Simple. We would bring the outdoors in.

The idea of growing flowers and certain fruits in-

side had, of course, been known for centuries. In our country, the greenhouse was an established accessory of the rich, who sometimes called it a conservatory. By and large, it was an out-building, constructed away from the house and devoted solely to fulfilling a purely horticultural and agricultural function.

The newest trend goes this one better, for it finds the greenhouse becoming a living room, the living room becoming a greenhouse. It is a cross-breed that varies in its elaborateness—sometimes modest, sometimes extensive, but always an appealing part of a home.

Proliferating throughout the East and Midwest, where the winter weather invites it, the new room is created in one of two ways. Either one knocks out the south wall of an older house and builds the glass structure onto it, or one builds a new home with the greenhouse as part of the basic architecture. Whichever way one does it, one finds his October-through-April days enlivened by a room in which tomatoes and orchids can grow, which has the agreeable humidity of a Florida forest, which (if it has any size at all) contains chairs, table, and sometimes the apparatus for cooking.

Two of the principal builders of these rooms are Lord & Burnham of Irvington, New York, and Turner Greenhouses of Goldsboro, North Carolina. Both are highly experienced and able to offer sound advice.



Viewed from the outside, the greenhouse appears to be a pleasant attachment to the house, but inside it is revealed as a warm and ample room for dining, relaxation, and the cultivation of greenery



To a handsome older home in Greenwich, Connecticut, a greenhouse has been built half-in, half-out of the south wall



The executive chef of *Le Pavillon*
nominates nine colleagues
whose cuisine he considers
the best in the country

Nine Restaurant Chefs

Forgive me if I sound egotistical but we at Pavillon are perhaps the only ones in America who uphold the traditions of *grande cuisine*. When Pierre LaMalle, inspector for the Michelin guide, was on his unofficial tour of American restaurants a while back, he said Pavillon was the best in the country—in the same league with the five best in France.

Being best is difficult. People are very critical; they are much more tolerant if they think you are second best. But M. Soulé, the proprietor of Pavillon, will not tolerate second best.

It is Soulé who creates the setting in which a chef works and without which he cannot be an artist, no matter how gifted. He is a perfectionist. His perfection, moreover, encompasses everything—chefs, waiters, captains, meats, vegetables, wines, caviar, crystal, linens, even the flowers.

Any good chef must be a good *cuisinier*; that is, he must be able to cook all the dishes—even the most difficult, like *lièvre à la royale*, which is wild hare and is cooked very slowly for two days with lots of goose liver and truffles and is so expensive that it is rarely ordered.

But a good chef is more than a cook. He is like a symphony conductor: he must direct the work of many artists to produce the masterpiece. At Pavillon we have thirty-five people in the kitchen—sixteen of them cooking chefs. They all have the sensitivity of artists and it is not easy to keep artists giving their best performances day after day.

Today many of the best chefs do not work in restaurants. The greatest master of them all was Joseph Donon. He was the private chef for

Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt. Before he retired M. Donon won more than fifty honors and awards for his cooking.

Other fine chefs, like Robert Audelan, the executive chef of Essex House, direct the kitchens of leading hotels. Some fine artists, like my brother, Raymond, are chefs on ocean liners. Some are at resorts; one of the outstanding chefs in the country is Herman Rusch at the Greenbrier Hotel. Some are in private clubs. And some, like Antoine Gilly, work only as special food consultants today.

Though there are only a few top restaurant chefs in America, it is still very difficult to say who is the very best of them. But I don't think anyone will ever dispute my saying the nine I have selected are tops in their fields.

Roger Chauveron, Cafe Chauveron, New York

Anyone who knows Roger Chauveron's background knows that he had to become a great chef. His family has produced chefs and restaurateurs for three centuries now; Roger was about the first one to leave their native Périgord, the province that has made goose and truffles famous. Roger makes no pretense to preparing the *haute cuisine* and he will hotly argue with you that his own *cuisine bourgeoise* is superior. Follow his recipe for:

Chicken Au Champagne

Cut and sauté chicken in butter; when lightly browned, season, cover, and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Remove pieces and make a sauce of ½ cup of champagne and 1/6 cup of brandy in saucepan. Add four to five tablespoons of Béchamel sauce and one cup of

fresh, thick cream. Cook over hot fire four to five minutes, stirring constantly. Butter the sauce with good butter. Do not boil any more; season highly. Place piece of chicken on dish; cover with sauce; place small bundles of asparagus tips, sautéed in butter, all around.

Roger Parizot, Chateaubriand, New York

Though the name of his restaurant would seem to imply that his specialty is Chateaubriand, that is not all. Roger Parizot is an artist of the classic cuisine; and he is especially unsurpassed in the preparation of the dishes of his native Dijon in the Burgundy region of France.

Parizot prepares Chateaubriand the same as we do at Pavillon—and as it has been prepared by all good chefs ever since it was created by Vicomte de François René Chateaubriand's chef in 1822. It is not difficult but I have personally been asked by many people about this dish. Recently Alfred Hitchcock asked me if there was some "Hitchcock mystery" to it. So, I wrote him the following instructions:

Chateaubriand

Cut a five- to six-inch thick steak from the center of the filet. (Now comes the "Hitchcock mystery.") Wrap a towel tightly around the filet and then flatten it down by tapping it lightly with the bottom of a pan until it is two-thirds this size. Now spread both sides with oil; season with salt and pepper and cook for about ten minutes on both sides. Serve with *pommes soufflées* and sauce Béarnaise.

Maurice Gorodesky, Pigall's French Restaurant, Cincinnati

Maurice Gorodesky is one of the

truly great chefs of the United States. He is one of my confrères in the very exclusive Académie Culinaire de France. Maurice set himself the monumental task of following the exacting rigor of classic French cuisine when he opened his restaurant in Cincinnati. He is doing a remarkably delicious job of it, as anyone would agree after sampling, for example, his *Coq au Vin au Vieux Bourgogne de Chevaliers en Casserole*, in which wine, shallots, chicken broth, brandy and many other ingredients are used to elevate chicken to a very high level.

Albert J. Stockli, Forum of the Twelve Caesars and the Four Seasons, New York

This man infuriates purists of the traditions of Escoffier. The reason is that Stockli is an iconoclast; he does not treat the tradition of *haute cuisine* with the respect we give it. He takes liberties with the classic dishes. But as a kicker-of-traces he is undoubtedly the best. He deserves laurels particularly for the splendid research and study and the glorious homage he has paid to the cuisine of ancient Rome on the menu of the Forum of the Twelve Caesars. Heretic or not, M. Stockli's game dishes baked in clay "under the fiery ashes," as he puts it, are delicious works of art. I asked him to give me a recipe for the home preparation of one of these dishes especially for Continental magazine readers. Here it is:



DRAWINGS
BY
ADELE
BICHAN

I Call Great

by Clement Grangier

in his exact words (and spelling!):

Country Chicken Baked In Clay, Pliny's Favorite

Lightly season a 2½-lb. eviscerated chicken. Rub in 8 tablespoons garlic butter and sprinkle with 2 tablespoons brandy. Wrap the chicken in aluminvm foil then seal in sculpting clay. Bake in preheated oven at 400 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes.

John Daigle, Antoine's Restaurant, New Orleans

A fine specialty chef who has spent thirty-six years in the kitchen of Antoine's learning his art, Daigle was tutored by the late Jules Alciatore and Camille Averna, the creators of the menu at Antoine's which has not changed in fifty years. Of course, they were the men who invented the famous Oysters Rockefeller. They keep their recipe a dark secret, but any good chef will tell you that the following is very likely what it is:



Oysters Rockefeller

- 36 freshly opened oysters on the half shell
- 6 tablespoons butter
- 6 tablespoons finely minced raw spinach
- 3 tablespoons minced onions
- 3 tablespoons minced parsley
- 3 tablespoons minced celery
- 5 tablespoons bread crumbs
- Tabasco sauce
- ½ teaspoon Herbsaint
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Melt butter in sauce pan. Add all the rest of the ingredients except

the oysters. Cook, stirring constantly, for 15 minutes, or until soft. Press through sieve or food mill. Cool. Place rock salt in pie tins. Set oysters on half shell on top and put a spoonful of sauce on each oyster. Broil under medium heat until sauce begins to brown. Serve immediately in pie tins. Serves 6.

Andre Soltner, Lutece, New York

Here is a young fellow winning great honors for his rendition of epicurean dishes. In last year's Culinary Arts Show alone M. Soltner won gold medals from both *Tourisme Suisse* and the Académie Culinaire de France as well as the coveted prize of honor of the Culinary Salon for his display; it was beautiful.

Here is his recipe for:

Mousse of Quail

Braise four quails in Madeira, then let them cool in their juices. Drain the quail, then bone them completely.

With the bones and the trimmings, prepare a brown "chaud-froid" (a sauce that jells). Place meat in a mortar and pound with pestle until very fine, adding quail livers plus three ounces of foie gras, and four tablespoons of "chaud-froid"; strain mixture through a fine sieve.

Place mixture in earthenware bowl; stir lightly over ice, adding a tablespoon of cognac, ½ cup of firm clear aspic and ¾ cup whipped heavy cream.

Taste the mixture and season according to taste.

Coat the inside of a mold with clear aspic—decorate with diamonds made of egg whites, truffles, and beef tongue.

Fill inside with quail mixture, then place in refrigerator for at least an hour.

Remove from mold and serve.

Roger Fessaguet, La Caravelle, New York

Fessaguet is one of the few young men who still devote themselves to the old-school edict that the most important thing is the will to improve something that seems already perfect.

Two of his finest works of art are leg of lamb *en chevreuil* (with chervil) and *Quenelles Lyonnaises à la crème* (fish dumplings in a cream sauce). In the former, he prepares a marinade of red wine, oil, and wine vinegar, and a mixture of onions, shallots, thyme, coriander, marjoram, peppercorns, and a number of other condiments and soaks the lamb in it for two or three weeks before roasting.

For the *quenelles* he uses three pounds of pike, bones it, and grinds the meat with a *panade* of milk, flour, and butter, adds salt, cayenne, nutmeg, and eggs, and poaches the mixture in salted water after shaping it into *quenelles* with a spoon. Later he heats them in a covered iron pot with a cream sauce and serves them with rice pilaf.

Marcel Gosselin, L'Armorique, New York

When Marcel Gosselin opened his own restaurant in New York he gave it an old name for Brittany, and decided to specialize in the fish dishes native to that region. L'Armorique is a tiny intimate dining room; Marcel himself, white toque upon his head and apron about his waist, takes his guests' orders before supervising the preparation in the kitchen. He pays

superb tribute to such dishes as *le homard flambé à l'Armoricaine*, *les quenelles de merlan truffées*, *sauce cardinal* (fish dumplings of whiting in a light lobster sauce); and he has created a few delicious dishes of his own, like *aiguillettes de poulardes Ma Mie* (filet of chicken in a game-like sauce),

entrecôte de bœuf Charolais, and *crêpes Normandes* (Norman pancakes), which do honor to the most sophisticated palate.

Chérie Anton, Fleur de Lys, San Francisco

Chérie Anton is the best woman chef I know in the restaurant kitchens of America. She learned her mastery of the classic French cuisine from the chef of the great French statesman, Georges Clemenceau.

Madame Anton also offers some delightful interpretations of her own: *huitres champagne Ann* and *tournefos de feuilletées Klaus*.

Author's note: Some of the above recipes may be tried at home, but generally speaking they are meant for restaurant chefs with great experience and skilled assistants. Even to describe their preparation fully would take much more space than is available here.



Distinction Has Many Faces

The Continental motor car's elegance goes deeper than good looks. It rests on the bedrock of sound construction and quality materials

by Burgess H. Scott



Such words as "distinctive," "distinction," and "distinguished" crop up constantly when a motor car like the Lincoln Continental is under discussion. We use them in these pages from time to time, and one of them is even being used in the advertising campaign for the 1965 Continental: America's Most Distinguished Motor Car.

Usually the words are associated with the most obvious aspect of the Continental: its styling, or appearance. For example, someone recently wrote to us as follows: "One thing that makes the Lincoln Continental distinctive is the fact that it is both timely and timeless."

The writer, an architect, then went on to say that while the two words might seem contradictory, they were actually an accurate definition of beauty. "A house, a painting, an art object, an automobile can only be truly beautiful if they are beautiful the moment they are created and beautiful as long as they last."

Because of this distinction the Continental automobile is called a classic, an accolade rarely conferred on a current model. The Continental is accustomed to it. It was a classic when created in its first form in 1939. It was a classic when recast in its second form in 1956. It is still a classic in its present form. Such distinction has not been accorded any other contemporary car. "It's interesting," a new Continental owner said not long ago, "to think that one's car may some day end up in a museum."

The theme of distinction can also be carried to another aspect of the Continental's appearance: its size.

With the possible exception of the ugly London taxi, there isn't an easier car to get into, a more comfortable car to ride in, and an easier car to get out of. Last year, the Continental was enlarged somewhat so that both in front and in back it has the kind of legroom, knee room, seat room one associates with the comfort of a luxurious living room. Enter any one of its four doors and you notice this immediately.

It gives an impression of size—of spaciousness. So does the newly sculptured styling of the hood, which emphasizes the length. So do the forward thrust of the new grille and the massiveness achieved by the new rear bumper design.

But here's where distinction makes itself felt: the Continental is not a long car. *It is shorter than any other true luxury car made in America.* Thus, for all its appearance of grandeur, size, and magnificence it is an eminently maneuverable car for city parking and city driving. And with the power steering that is standard on every Continental, you have a luxurious car that incorporates the best in-city characteristics of a compact.

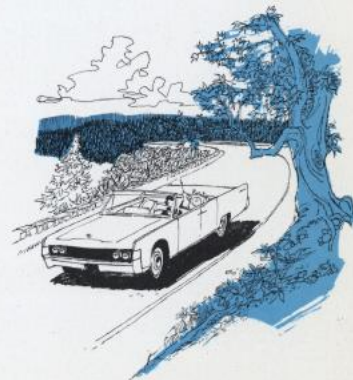
This distinctiveness in the 1965 Continental would be a superficial matter if it didn't rest on the bedrock of sound engineering, uncompromisingly tough standards of manufacture, and materials of highest quality. This is how real distinction is created. It can't be skin-deep. It has to go to a car's very core.

And even before the car begins to

take shape on a drawing board, it has to be backed up by an ideal. In this case, the ideal is a dedication to the continual pursuit of the perfect automobile. The ideal is then given substance by unequalled standards in planning, research, design, and production.

The production of the Continental is realized at a manufacturing plant unique in the automotive world. Its machinery, its men, and its methods are a benchmark of quality—a new level of perfection required to build a car that is purposely meant to be the world's best. Its manufacturing system combines precision equipment, handcraftsmanship, and testing to set new marks for automotive greatness.

The plant where Continentals are made turns the abstract idea of distinction into reality by teaming the finest machine work with the finest hand work. For example, machines make, hone, and polish one part of the transmission to one one-millionth of an



inch. Machines match each individual piston to each individual cylinder.

Hands stitch fine leather seams. Hands inspect carefully for the slightest flaw. Hands spend time on work that machines cannot do and which lesser cars cannot afford.

While the Continental is taking shape on its unhurried assembly line it is pampered. Its pistons are capped with plastic to protect their tolerances. Plastic bags keep engine components spotless during their stages of assembly. Even the men responsible for the car's finishing touches cover their uniform buttons and reverse their belt buckles to protect the enamel finish before it hardens.

Finally, the Continental is tested as no other car is tested. Its quality is maintained by more than 2,000 tests.

Its engine is broken in — run three hours, then partially disassembled, then carefully tested again.

When the Continental has at last completed all the steps that are set up against easy manufacture, it undergoes the distinction of a 12-mile road test—more than is given any other car—and it must pass this on 189 counts. The men who do this final testing are not easy marks. They act as if they are passing judgment on a car they themselves may buy. They are picky men. They aim at nothing less than perfection.

This is all an expensive business. There are certainly cheaper ways to build a car. It might even be a car that looks as distinctive as the 1965 Continental, but it wouldn't be. Distinction isn't created through "cutrate"

techniques. That is why the Lincoln Continental is "America's Most Distinguished Motor Car."



Handling Ease

The remarkable handling ease of the 1965 Continental is traceable to many advances achieved by thorough engineering, such as those cited below.

- Good steering is the essence of handling, and Continental's standard power steering is even smoother due to a new gear and power cylinder.
- An optional vertically adjustable steering column can add to a driver's comfort by increasing ease of entry and exit and by permitting changes in driving posture.
- Continental's velvet suspension is aided by the largest shock absorbers in the industry.
- Continental's Silent-Strut, rubber-isolated front suspension includes an anti-dive feature, and a provision for the front wheels to "give" slightly rearward in addition to their up and down motion to reduce road shock.
- Its long, seven-leaf rear springs, isolated in rubber, are part of the suspension system used in the rear, and help to account for the easy, smooth ride.
- The car's 430-cubic-inch engine, America's largest, has power to spare.

The primary barrels of its four-barrel carburetor are centered on a specially designed manifold to improve fuel distribution for normal operation. Baffles balance distribution when all barrels are in use.

- There is an automatic choke that never goes on unnecessarily; it is activated by engine coolant rather than outside air. This means the engine doesn't push the car at a fast idle during a short cold-weather trip. A slight opening has been allowed in the carburetor to improve warm-up acceleration.
- An adjustable vacuum control provides smoother upshifts and downshifts of the standard twin-range Turbo-Drive automatic transmission. There are two driving positions, one for normal, over-the-road driving, the other for slippery pavements or sand when a slightly slower revolution of the wheels is called for.
- Even with its large interior, Continental has smaller outside dimensions than other U.S. luxury cars, hence is easier to park and maneuver in close places.
- Contributing to Continental's handling ease are the prominently sculptured front and rear fender terminations, giving the driver precise orienta-

tion of the car's four corners.

- The new steering wheel has a slimmer silhouette and its textured hand grips permit a firm hold for all driving conditions.
- The specially designed tires improve cornering, braking, traction, and tire life, and provide a smoother, quieter ride.
- An optional Directed Power Differential transmits power to the rear wheel having more traction. This helps when the car is stuck in snow or any other slippery surface.
- The new power brake system — standard disc brakes on the front wheels and drum-type brakes at the rear—is standard on all Continentals. It provides for practical freedom from fading because disc brakes do not fade the way drum-type brakes do. It also makes water effect negligible because water is thrown from disc brakes by centrifugal force.
- The optional speed control now has an automatic re-set device which returns the car to a selected speed after passing another car.

The best way to prove the Continental's handling ease is to drive it yourself. Your dealer will be glad to arrange for a demonstration drive.



JOHN V. MARA, president and owner of the New York Giants, is one of the pioneers of professional football. His father, the late Timothy J. Mara, founded the club in 1925 and Jack joined him in 1933 as a youthful lawyer just out of Fordham Law School. In his enthusiasm for football, however, Jack soon put the law aside and poured his energy into making the Giants a going concern. Under the reign of the Mara family, the Giants have emerged as one of the most successful operations in all the sport world.

When Jack isn't following the fortunes of his team, he can usually be found at the Winged Foot Golf Club in

Mamaroneck, New York, or at the New York Athletic Club. He serves many civic groups with great zeal, among them the New York World's Fair. He is also a trustee of the Pop Warner Football Conference, which has a hand in developing new football players.



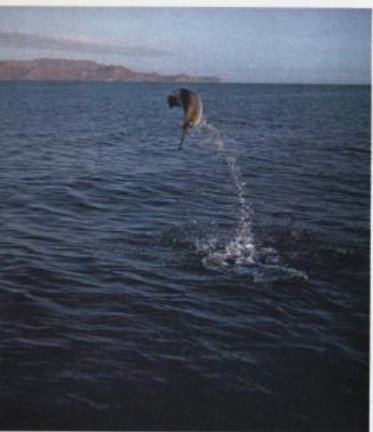
WENDELL W. FERTIG (Colonel, U.S. Army—Retired) is one of the world's top authorities on guerilla warfare. He was in the midst of a highly successful career as a mining engineer in the Philippines when American forces surrendered there in the spring of 1942. Rather than go into captivity,

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

Fertig chose to disappear into the jungle and for nearly three years he lived behind enemy lines.

With a handful of Americans who also refused to surrender, Fertig led thousands of Filipinos in war against the Japanese. There have rarely been greater odds against success. Yet despite the lack of ammunition and communications, and despite the constant presence of despair and threat of rebellion, when American forces returned to Mindanao they found Fertig commanding an army of 35,000 men and heading a civil government virtually controlling the island.

The story of his incredible feats has been told by John Keats in a book called "They Fought Alone."



The Wonderful Fishing Resorts of Baja

Lower California, terra incognita for most vacationers, has some of the most lavish and exclusive resorts on the continent

by James Norman

Photographs by Ralph Poole

The southern part of Baja California is one of the few gems of isolation, serenity, and comfort still prevailing in the world. You can't reach it by car. Thus it continues to be an end-of-the-world retreat blessed with magnificent spring-like weather, deep-blue fishing waters, bluer skies, tucked-away green oases, and mauve deserts.

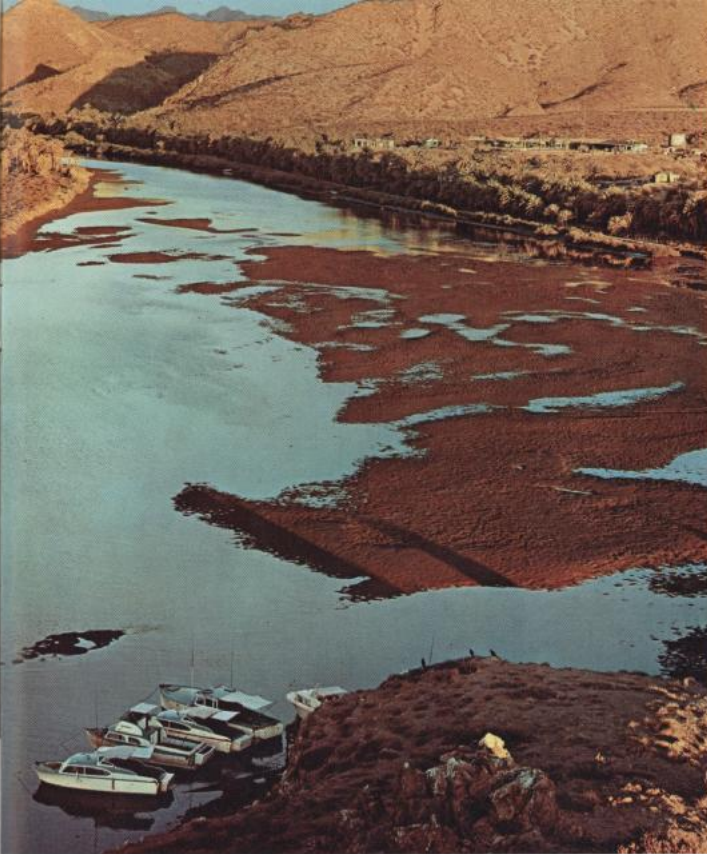
For the moment this nearby isolation is secure—but not for long. In another decade a paved road (now only a rugged jeep trail) will lance down the 800 miles of fascinating wilds making up this Mexican Peninsula. While the solitude lasts, Baja's holiday pleasures are superb.

Top: guest hooks a marlin ten miles off tip of Baja; middle: a playful porpoise leaps from the waters near La Paz; bottom: Ray Cannon, fisherman and writer, has boated a dolphin

There is year-round swimming and snorkeling, exciting fishing in the Gulf of California, horseback riding to ghost towns and old missions, and relaxation in spacious resort-retreats of sometimes astonishing luxury.

The ideal holiday season in southern Baja California is winter and spring. The days are pleasantly warm, the evenings balmy. Lightweight sport clothes are all you need, though you might bring along a touch of finery. At several of the hotels men don lightweight jackets for dinner and women like to dress up a bit.

Since the southern region is practically roadless, charter planes, boats, and regularly scheduled airlines get you there. Mexico's international airline, Aeronaves de Mexico, flies from Los Angeles, Tijuana, Guaymas, and Mexico City, making several stops on the peninsula. Some of the hotel-



The estuary of Mulegé at dawn, with charter boats of Club Aereo Mulegé at rest

retreats have their own air service for bringing guests down from the States.

Despite Baja California's isolation one need not worry about communications with home. There is good telegraph, radio-telephone, and airmail service. The region also claims to have more small planes per capita than any other area in the world.

The best holiday areas, finest fishing, and safest swimming are on the lee or gulf side of this long rugged arm of land. Here, also, are the tucked-away Shangri-Las. Six of these superb places are described below. The region has others, some in the same areas, and all pleasant. These six impressed us as being exceptional. We begin near the midriff of the peninsula, moving southward.

Club Aereo Mulegé

Mulegé is one of the most breath-

takingly beautiful hideaways in all of Mexico, a picturesque tropical village in the Mulegé River valley. Shangri-La Number 1 is the Club Aereo Mulegé, a hotel-resort situated on an eminence near the river's mouth. It has a magnificent view of the wild palm forest filling the valley, the inland mountains, and the azure Gulf of California. There is a fine swimming pool, broad lawns, putting green, and cool veranda-corridors over which great bougainvilleas spill down like waterfalls of liquid flame. Here you can lounge with a tinkling Tom Collins and sample the seafood cocktail of scallops and fresh lime that Tom Yee, the chef, concocts from the shellfish you've brought up from the beach.

Fishing is fabulous. The big game—marlin and sail—flock here during spring and summer then move toward



Swimming pool and (below) the dining veranda at the Hotel Cabo San Lucas



Observation deck at Club Aereo Mulegé





This is a new landing strip about ten miles south of Santa Rosalia

the tip of the peninsula during the winter. But throughout the year there is no lack of valiant game—yellow-tail, dolphinfish, roosterfish, bass, sierra, and pompano. During one check made over a six-hour period, 1,907 species of fish passed the underwater observers.

Within view of the hotel is the entrance to the narrow, 25-mile-long La Concepción Bay, a beautiful estuary. In its shallow coves you can dive for scallops and sift Pismo and butter clams from the beach sands.

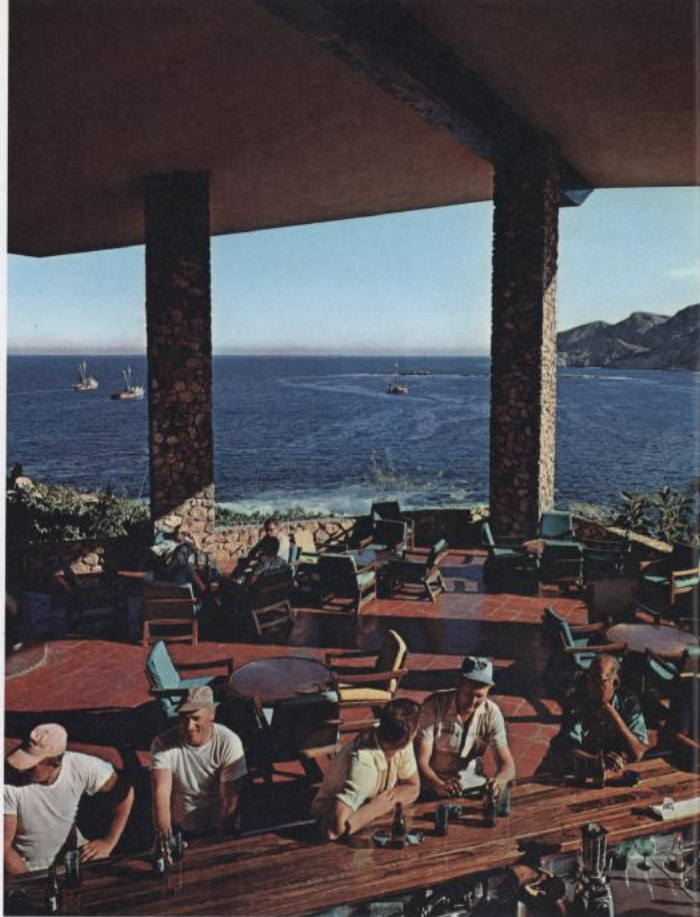
Fishing boats range in size from outboard skiffs (\$25 per day with guide-skipper) to large cruisers equipped with ship-to-shore radio, bar-refrigerator, and all the finest comforts. The cruisers, which accommodate four fishermen, three extra guests, and crew, cost \$60 per day.

Rates at the Club Aereo are \$17.50 single, \$30.00 double, American plan. Reservations should be made through Club Aereo Mulegé, P.O. Box 558, South Gate, California. You get to Mulegé via the three-times-a-week flights of Servicio Aereo Baja from Tijuana, or via the regular Aeronaves flights to nearby Santa Rosalia. Check locally for exact hours.

Flying Sportsman Lodge at Loreto

Loreto is Baja California's oldest city, former capital, and mission headquarters. It is another oasis-town located on a flat alluvial plain right at the edge of the Gulf. It is handsomely clothed with wild date palms that edge right down to the beach. A large airstrip receives scheduled Aeronaves flights both from Tijuana and Guaymas.

The Flying Sportsman Lodge is a charming garden spot facing on the beach and surrounded by extensive



The bar at Hotel Cabo San Lucas and tuna clippers moored for the night. At right, stained glass windows filter the sunlight for diners at San Lucas



lawns and jungles of vivid flowers. Its host, Ed Tabor (assisted by, when we were last there, a puckish tame doe named Bambi), helps to set the genial, happy-go-lucky atmosphere of this retreat. The dining room serves some of the most delicious food in Baja California, delectable seafood from the Gulf as well as prime meats flown down from the States.

Fishing out of Loreto is great; so are the yarns you hear in the bar at eventide. One guest related how a pelican had slid down his line after the live bait while he was shore-fishing. The hooked bird tried to fly off with the line but was reeled in. A small Mexican boy, who had been watching, captured the pelican, stuck his tiny elbow into the bird's boat-shaped beak to wedge it open. He busily freed the fisherman's hook, then rummaged in the pelican's pouch. Finally, with an unhappy smile, the boy said, "He is bad thief. Everyday he steal somebody's bait."

The all-inclusive rate at Flying Sportsman is \$13 a day per person. Ed Tabor flies his own trim, white, fourteen-passenger plane, picking up guests at Mexicali who come on package holidays. The rate for the package, including transportation from the border, meals, lodging, and two days' fishing, is \$145 per person. For information write Tabor Travel Service, 9456 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

The Shangri-Las at the Cape

The resorts thus far described are quiet introductions to the other-worldly lavishness and utter serenity of the resorts at the end of the peninsula where the desert shore curves west in a dramatic climax.

To reach these dream-like hideaways you first go to La Paz, sun-and-history-drenched capital and chief port of the southern territory. Daily Aeronaves DC-4 flights and a new ferry from Mazatlán on the mainland serve La Paz. Charter planes or a long, colorful journey by taxi take you the rest of the way to the cape.

Hotel Los Cocos is certainly the pleasantest place to stay at La Paz. However, once you've seen the cape and its enticing retreats you'll never want to dawdle anywhere else.

Hotel Las Cruces Palmillas

Baja California's tip, Cape San Lucas, is extravagant with scenery,

atmosphere, and resorts. The first is Hotel Las Cruces Palmillas, five miles west of the village of San José del Cabo. This Arabian Nights palace, surrounded by vivid greenery and situated on an otherwise barren point of land fingering out into the ocean, is the fanciful brainchild of Abelardo Rodriguez, Jr., son of a Mexican president. Everything is unusually comfortable: the princely rooms and suites, the breeze-bathed dining room, flagstone pool, the crescent-shaped beach where fishing cruisers bob in the early morning sun.

Even the big-game fish—marlin and sail-loiter here during the winter and spring when they retreat from the gulf waters. Rates at Las Palmillas are \$20, all-inclusive. Four-place fishing cruisers with all the amenities, including radio-telephone, rent at \$50 per day. The hotel has its own private airliner for picking up guests at La Paz. A seven-day package holiday costs \$270 a person and includes nonstop air passage to the hotel from San Diego, California. For information write Las Cruces Palmillas, Box 1775, La Jolla, California.

Hotel Cabo San Lucas

Ten miles beyond Las Palmillas is an even more improbable retreat—a place for the man or woman who has been almost everywhere and now seeks the ultimate in isolation and comfort. It is called Hotel Cabo San Lucas. Perched on split-levels upon a rocky point in the sea, its delightful lounge and spacious, well-appointed dining room command magnificent views of beaches where the surf resembles bolts of lace flung along the sand. After a day's fishing or swimming the lounge or bar invites you with sounds of guitars while you contemplate vivid sunsets and watch the surging Pacific swells pour through the arching gaps in the huge rocks at the tip of the peninsula. A fanciful artificial waterfall within the hotel tumbles from bar level down bold rock masonry to a swimming pool below. The hotel's thirty-foot cruisers are especially designed for marlin fishing.

Rates at Hotel Cabo San Lucas are somewhat higher. Everything is flown in. But the \$25 a day, lodging and food per person, is well worth it. As one Mexican fisherman told us, "It is a fine place. It is for the *alta gente*—the great people." For reservations write Hotel Cabo San

Lucas, 521 La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Hacienda Cabo San Lucas

Situated on a wide beach facing the final rocks of the cape is a newly opened luxury hotel, Hacienda Cabo San Lucas. Its atmosphere is a bit less sporty than that of the Hotel Cabo; it is more of an exclusive family retreat. The comforts are similar to those found at Las Cruces Palmillas (it is under the same management). For information check with Las Cruces Palmillas address at La Jolla, California. Rates begin at \$15 per person.

Palmilla is the oldest of the elegant fishing resorts of Baja, California



How to Buy Antiques in England

London, the center of today's world of antiques, offers beautiful objects and—for astute shoppers—some real bargains

by Donald Hall

photographs by David Steen

The selection includes first editions of Dickens



Window of a country antique shop



Interior of Mallet's of Old Bond Street, London, where royalty buys antiques. An American tourist is seated, talking to F. L. Egerton, chairman of the company



On occasion, antiques are displayed outdoors



Silver auction at Christie's, one of the world's leading centers for buying and selling objets d'art



American tourists of forty years back came home with predictable souvenirs, including a slimmed figurine of the Venus de Milo and a Beefeater doll. Their more knowledgeable descendants, who travel more than the citizens of any other nation in history, are bringing back the *real* treasures: the fine old furniture and silver of Europe.

There are any number of good reasons. A spectacular piece of furniture—say, a William and Mary chest of drawers, made of yew and inlaid with panels of foliate marquetry—will be a focal point in any American house. It is the perfect souvenir of a trip to Europe, and of one's adventures in shopping for it. And it is always useful; it is not the sort of memento which ends its days in the attic. To buy it, the traveler does not need to curtail his trip: a bureau like the one I mention sold recently at a London auction for \$168.

And ten years from now, it will be worth a lot more. The buyer of antiques who loves old furniture for its own sake—its good design, its solid construction—can be certain that his aesthetic taste will lead him into profitable investment. Besides, there is another sense in which *all* antiques are bargains. For example, a fine 1790 English commode, made of satinwood and mahogany, sold last year for \$1,400. When it was built it cost forty pounds, or \$112, at the present rate of exchange. But cabinet makers now get twenty-five times what they were paid at the end of the eighteenth century. Multiply the \$112 of 1780 twenty-five times and you get \$2,800. At \$1,400, the commode was half its original price.

London is the antique center of the world, and its dealers have built up a reputation for fair dealing. The American walking around in the West End meets shop after shop which entices him by its splendid windows: rows of nineteenth-century jewelry, Sung funerary vases (a thousand years old), Jacobean chairs, early Victorian china—everything you can think of. At J. Parke's, near one end of the Burlington Arcade, you may find a George III tea and coffee set, with creamer and sugar bowl, lined with gold and in perfect condition. "All one date and maker," says the label—and of course the silversmith's marks make identification absolute—\$1,700 for an heirloom both beautiful and enduring.

The American's best guide to antiquing in England is the *List of Members of the British Antique Dealers' Association*. Here the 550 members—not all the dealers in England by a long chalk, but the most prominent ones—are listed by locality, and, in separate list, by their specialities. If you are in London and are interested in porcelain, you have a choice of sixty-six shops; if in Bath with a free afternoon, this handbook tells you about eight antique dealers in Bath. The *List of Members* is an annual publication, and may be purchased for a dollar, including postage, from the Association at 20, Rutland Gate, London, S.W.7.

Since travelers are always short of time, it's wise to prepare yourself in the U.S. before you leave. There are five magazines which cover the field of English an-



Still-life of antiques gathered in Cornwall, including Minton plates (\$11.20 each)

tiques: *The Connoisseur*, *The Antique Dealer and Collector's Guide*, *Apollo*, *Burlington Magazine*, and *The Antique Collector*. In them you can read articles about the English market and peruse advertisements and notices of important auctions.

There are auctions every day of the week in London. You can find them listed in the *Times* and *Telegraph*, especially at the beginning of the week. Christie's and Sotheby's are the most famous auction rooms, and well worth a visit; a Rembrandt may go for half a million dollars one day, and an oak chest for \$65 the next.

Phillips, Son & Neale is a house where you can find an auction at eleven in the morning nearly every weekday of the year. You arrive at 9:30 or 10, buy a catalogue for four cents, and snoop around among the numbered items. Maybe you take to Item 25, a pair of small baroque chests, probably late seventeenth century, that would be just right for your guest room. And maybe you also take a shine to Item 28, a George III mahogany bow-front chest. You listen through the early bidding, nervously awaiting Item 25. It begins; you decide that you'll go as high as a hundred pounds, \$280. The bidding starts at twenty pounds: "twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, a hundred, hundred and ten." You are out of the running in thirty seconds, and the pair of chests goes for five hundred and eighty pounds, or \$1,624.

Auctions can be depressing! By the time you have

recovered, the auctioneer has reached Item 28, that mahogany chest you liked so much. You decide not to listen, but you can't help it. "Eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, eighteen, eighteen, twenty" and it is your voice bidding! "Twenty-two." "Twenty-two, twenty-two, twenty-two," and it is sold! "Name please?" You are the owner of a George III chest.

It is also fun to hire a car and scout around the countryside. Naturally you are less apt to discover big and expensive pieces—they find their way to the showrooms of London—but there is many a fine small piece that is languishing in a little shop in a Suffolk village. When you travel antiquing, you see the countryside in an intimate way, and strike up conversations with people who seldom meet Americans. It's a choice between fishing a stocked stream or a stream so remote that it may have been overlooked. In one tiny Essex village, a lucky American found a superb highboy of about 1760—with beautiful rosewood veneer—for only \$312, and a charming small table of mahogany, with narrow bands of satinwood inlay, for \$33.60!

Wherever you do your buying, you have to arrange for transport home. Several prominent firms exist for the sole purpose of shipping antiques and works of art. The cost of shipment is based on a combination of distance, cubic footage of the package, and fragility. To ship a George III silver coffee and tea set might cost as little as \$15, including insurance. A medium-sized secretary with glass doors, on the other hand, would run about \$170. It's usually not cheap, but whatever you spend on transport simply becomes a part of the value of the item. A \$100 chest, which cost \$70 to transport, is worth more than \$170 in the U.S. Be sure that the dealer gives you a detailed invoice of your purchases, to accompany the furniture. For one thing, an object is an antique only if it was made prior to 1830; as an antique there is no duty on it.

Your reward at the end is the sight of your discovery in your own home, no matter what price you paid for it. And it is possible to buy some outstanding things at lower prices. Oak furniture tends to be cheaper than other hardwoods, and bigger pieces of furniture are proportionately less expensive than small. People buy now to furnish apartments and small houses; that was why the two small chests went up to \$1,624 at the auction. If you have high ceilings, an enormous front hall or living room or dining room or bedroom, you are in luck. You can buy a large and excellent piece for less than you would pay for a small piece of comparably antique value.

If you shop for old things in England you are mostly in luck anyway. There isn't much chance of being cheated in England. You can understand the language—at least most of the time—and no reputable dealer will refuse to set down, on an invoice or bill of sale, the description he has given you in his sales talk. If he says it is George III, he will write it down for you and sign it. His invoice is your guarantee of authenticity—the pedigree of your thoroughbred furniture. And it is something to hold onto, for yourself and your heirs.

Virgin Island Discoveries

Continued from page 4

them are, is as charming a place as you'll ever find—brick steps up and down, flowers and trees. (Incidentally, there is a King's Alley Hotel, owned by Victor Borge, Steve Lawrence, and Edie Gorme, whom you may very well see if you hang around.)

Here is the merest sample of shops: Mary O'Neil's for china and alabaster, Royal Frederick for clothing and perfume; Ports of Call for Lurestan bronze, which is metal from pre-Christian times.

If the shopping is hard on your feet, St. Croix has some great solutions. It has a pub called the Stone Balloon, where you can listen to old Glenn Miller records, have whiskey and hamburgers, and play chess. Or you can drop in at the Mahogany Inn and have its own rum-punch, which is made of 160-proof island rum. This produces a mood, you can be sure. It doubles your love of St. Croix and everything on it.

I had no chance to go to St. John, third of the three Virgin Islands, and was warned that omitting such a huge island from the story might cause a "ruckadoo"—islandese for an argument, or fight. Hence these notes:

"St. John a must. Least populated. Sought by true lovers of solitude. Huge national park. Fine small places to stay, one big one: Caneel Bay Plantation, one of Rockefeller's great Caribbean resorts. Mountains, sailing, camping, encouragement of Robinson Crusoe in all visitors."

All of which is inviting, but who can do everything?

My last night on St. Croix I was listening to The Mighty Sparrow belting out his censorable songs when someone at the table said, "There's a good American musician on the island. The only Stateside musician in the Virgin Islands, in fact."

"Who?" I asked.

"Vivian Hamilton," he said. "She's out at Grapetree Bay."

So later I went back and listened to Vivian, as I had every night at Grapetree. She sang and played her own songs, including a beautiful one called "Love Me or Leave Me," and then I listened to the surf for a while and ended the evening on my private terrace, enjoying the beveled edges of the tropical winds and counting stars in the bat-black Caribbean night.



Continentially Speaking

by Cleveland Amory

Self-Made Men

In this model republic, the land of the free—

So our orators call it, and why should not we?—

'Tis refreshing to know that without pedigree

A man may still climb to the top of the tree;

That questions of family, rank and high birth,

All bow to the query, "How much is he worth?"

So runs a poem attributed to the late Horatio Alger, Jr. Historian John Toppel, in his recent book, *Rags to Riches*, has declared that Alger survives because he "symbolizes the individual's hope, his dream of rising to be somebody." And, adds Professor Rychard Fink, of N. J. State College, in a recent preface to Alger's works, "It is dangerous to ignore a man whose ideas hang on so stubbornly."

The poor, in other words, are not the only ones always with us. So, too, are the self-made rich—the latest evidence being a book by Charles Soppin, *Money Talks*.

In this book, even a man like Martin Ranshoff, producer of *The Beverly Hillsbillies*, who denies Alger, still ends up striking the familiar Alger note. Concludes Ranshoff, "Most of the young people get their start as messenger boys, chorus boys, janitors, garbage men—anything in the studio. You've got to get the smell of it and feel of it."

Such a statement could, of course, be taken two ways—but no matter. One way or another the men all owe something to Horatio. Take John Ballard, who started at \$4 a week working for the Bulova Watch Company and went from office boy to president. Then, when at 65, he "ran into a problem Horatio Alger never had" and had to retire, he promptly moved over to become president of Bulova's rival, Gruen. To do so, he had to forfeit a Bulova pension of over \$40,000.

San Antonio's Louis Stumberg, of frozen food fame, was Horatio all the way. When he and his father and a brother and one secretary started out, they purposely had only one desk between them. "Pa said," recalls Louis, "that if we didn't have a desk we wouldn't sit down so cotton-picking much." Today he defines being a success simply. "It is," he says, "a matter of satisfying yourself inside."

Almost all the self-maders believe that the two great troubles nowadays are gov-

ernment harassment and modern youth. "Today," says William Lear, of Lear Electronics, "you not only have to meet the payroll but also withholding forms, licenses, taxes and all the rest of it." Lear admits he once said, "If I ever catch anyone going to the washroom on his coffee break, I'd give him \$100,000." Yet, he declares, "originally that was what the coffee break was supposed to be." As for modern youth, "I'll tell you plain," says John Ballard. "They're just lazy."

Chicago's William Riley, of Riley Management Corp., believes that his own Depression youth was good for him. He actually got his start, he recalls, handing utility workers ice water. They, in turn, would give him, at the end of the day, scraps of lead, from which he made toy soldiers to sell at street corners. Today he owns, with his wife, 95% of a company that this year he thinks will make a million-dollar profit.

How do they relax? Well, one relaxes by punching away at Puncherino—an inflated ball attached by a rubber band to a pair of goggles. Another, at 70, does calisthenics. "I dress on one foot," he says. "I put my socks on with one foot up in the air and I tie my shoes on one foot."

Finally, at least two millionaires are firm believers in prayer. "The first thing I do when I get to my desk in the morning," says perfume man Sagona, "is to say a prayer. In business you are really shooting and you are getting shot at by the enemy all day long. And I am just making a short prayer that will help me to make the right decisions."

Wallace Johnson, housing man of Holiday Inns fame, recalls exactly the prayer he prayed in 1948. "God, please, oh please," he prayed, "let me build 2,000 units this year, and if it be in accordance with Thy divine purpose, let us accumulate \$250,000 in cash during that time."

So, to other would-be self-made millionaires, the message is clear. If you want to be a modern-day Horatio Alger, get going between 30 and 40, punch a Puncherino, dress on one foot and pray that, among other things, you won't put your foot in it. And it might even be appropriate to remember another poem ascribed to Horatio Alger:

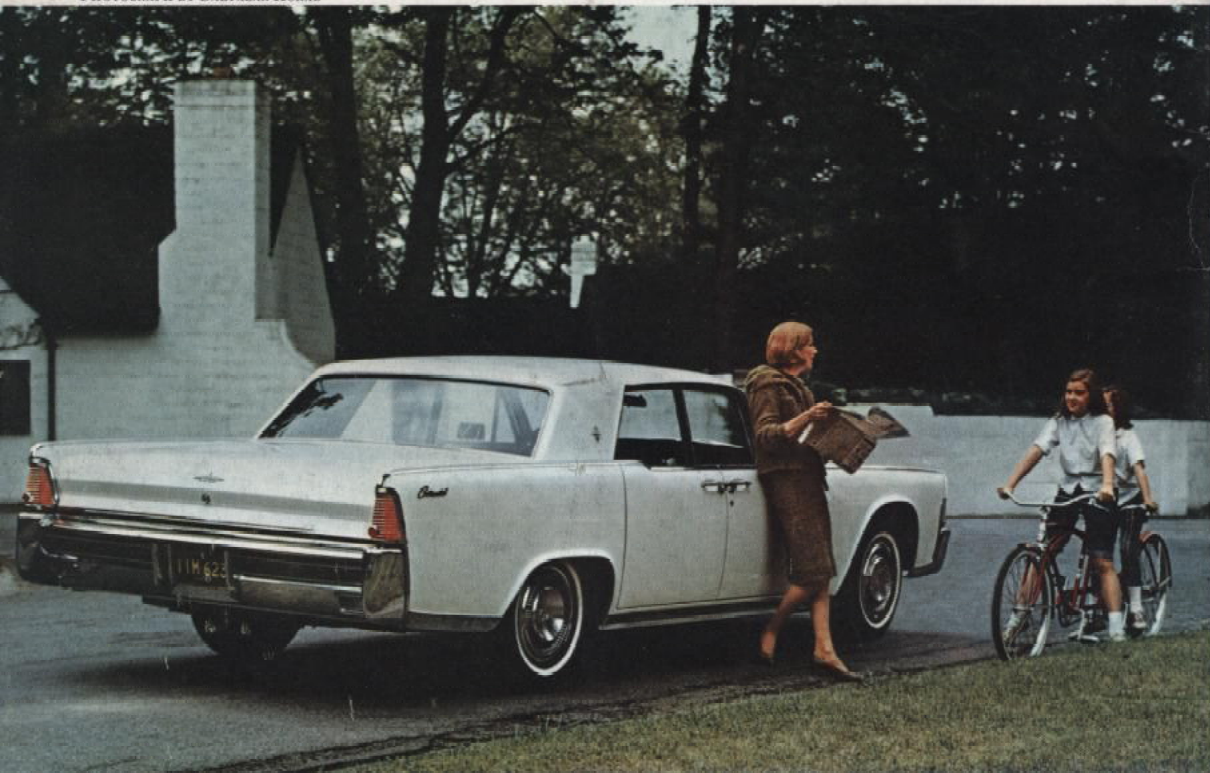
Though men have made money, and will do so again

There never was a case known where money made men.

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