



the
Continental
magazine

Volume 5, Number 3

Fishing Discovery in British Honduras
Antiques in Rural Quebec



For 1966, Lincoln Continental responds to public demand and broadens its invitation to ownership by introducing a two-door hardtop, known as the Coupé

Memo to our Readers:

ANY READER familiar with the world of the sportsman will not be surprised that George X. Sand brings us news of a new and exciting fishing ground in the waters off British Honduras. He is usually in the vanguard of those who cast rods where few have cast them before, and subsequently he writes about his experiences and illustrates his stories with his own pictures. He is also a writer on hunting, and he is a natural-born adventurer. He once accompanied an intrepid Frenchman who was trying to swim 114 miles across the Gulf Stream from the Bahamas to Florida, Sand's job being, in addition to taking notes, beating off sharks with a cane pole. During the past fifteen years as a photo-journalist, he has sold hundreds of pictures and articles to a very long list of magazines, including *True* and *Field & Stream* and also the finest general magazines in the country.



GERALDINE RANGER was born and educated in Montreal, where she did a brief stint as a newspaperwoman (*Montreal Gazette*) before going into advertising and sales promotion. Before her marriage three years ago to a French Canadian investment dealer, she was fashion director of Dominion Textile, wrote and taped a radio show, and appeared on television. She has been a free-lance writer for the past year, and has obviously found the time to roam through French Canada for antiques.



Our authority on good places to golf along the roads to Florida is Charles Layng, who sold his first piece when he was 15 to the old *Strand Magazine* of London for two guineas. This, he says, "was more decades ago than I care to think about." He has been writing and selling ever since. In one year, in various categories, his short stories were mentioned three times in O'Brien's anthology of the best short stories of the year. Formerly a foreign correspondent who spent many years in Europe and Asia, he now confines his travels mainly to the American continent, with home base in Florida.

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Volume 5 Number 3

October-November, 1965

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FRONT COVER—A collection of fishing rods on the deck of a boat off British Honduras, and just beyond them the sea-worn, weather-worn face of Bo Randall, a Florida sportsman and maker of some of the finest sporting and fighting knives in the world. Photograph by George X. Sand.

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1966 Continental sedan—newly styled and clearly the classic of American cars

Lincoln Continental for 1966

Unmistakably new, yet unmistakably Continental—this luxurious motor car is now available in the three body styles shown on these pages



1966 Continental convertible—America's only four-door production convertible



Boatman gaffs a heavy cobia just caught off the Turneffe Keys

Great Fishing Discovery in British Honduras

*An American
light tackle pioneer
is leading
the way to amazing
reef-and-river angling
in a neglected corner
of Central America*

*story and photographs
by George X. Sand*

NOWADAYS it isn't money alone that will buy you the best fishing. Competing rods flail the air on all sides. One of every four persons encountered anywhere—in the mountains, at the seashore, even outside the country—is a fisherman. (Or woman. The ladies frequently outdo men in chalking up world-record catches.) More than ever, an angler must seek out relatively new areas. And if he should manage to find a place that also appeals to his wife, whether she fishes or not, so much the better.

I recently returned from such a combination site: Belize, British Honduras, Central America, 700 miles from Miami or New Orleans. This poor but quaint tropical city offers American tourists a sort of backyard Hong Kong for shopping and sightseeing. A couple dozen miles offshore are the Turneffe Keys, over a hundred beautiful little mangrove islands that dot the brilliantly colored, fish-filled shallows and channels of this world's second-largest barrier reef. (There is good river fishing on the mainland, too.) The keys are strewn among 200 square miles of creaming scarlet-gold-purple reefs, roughly oval in shape, that protect the shallow lagoons inside.

I have stared in disbelief as schools of 500 and more bonefish advanced brazenly toward me across the jade shoals. In years past I had fished the Florida Keys, Bahamas, Isle of Pines, and other choice bonefish waters in their heyday, but never had I seen the usually wary bones as abundant or as unafraid and easy to catch as these.

Tarpon, snook, permit (a swift silver fish that resembles a pompano and is several times faster and stronger than the better known bonefish) as well as a variety of bottom species—snapper and grouper included—were also available to us here. On a previous trip I had been startled to see a 75-pound gray snapper swim beneath my skiff.

Also, a bare cast in the opposite direc-

In the background is one of Vic Barothy's houseboats for two couples; the middle foreground shows a Carib Indian in his handmade dugout



tion from the shoal, the reef drops off abruptly to more than a hundred fathoms. This meant I could fish for sailfish and marlin almost without moving! Large queenfish (wahoo), cobia, and kingfish swam in the deep water. The keys attain the unusual weight of a hundred pounds.

Some friends and I were guests of Vic Barothy, veteran American fishing guide who pioneered light tackle sport in Michigan. Later he moved to the Florida Keys, then the Isle of Pines (Cuba) before opening up these practically virgin British Honduras game fishing waters

on a similar basis in 1960. Today his Barothy Caribbean Lodge (P. O. Box 459, Belize) offers what I think are the best light tackle fishing facilities between Florida and Panama. Only one other light tackle guide is operating in this large area of the Caribbean. He is Emmett Gowen, an American who moved down from Cozumel Island, Mexico, a couple of years ago to lease land for a tent campsite near Barothy's headquarters lodge. (The two guides are friends.)

We had arrived at the capital city of Belize nonstop by DC-6 from Miami (TAN Airlines). Vic Barothy met us and

drove us directly to a 40-foot boat waiting with three-man crew and supplies at a dock in the busy harbor. Barothy operates a fleet of four of these comfortable, diesel-powered craft for guests wishing to charter them to fish the barrier reef. Each boat sleeps four, provides ice, good water, and food (homemade bread at every meal), but no showers or private baths. Incidentally, lovers of seafood will find crayfish so numerous they can be picked up by hand. Rates vary from \$40 to \$64 per person per day, depending upon whether four or only two persons make up the charter party. It is a convenient arrangement for two couples.

By the time this appears in print Barothy will have completed a spacious new three-building camp, built right out on the reef, that will insure women guests all the privacy and comfort they wish. It will no longer be necessary to live aboard one of the 40-footers to

enjoy fishing in this remote area. The new lodge will be on Turneffe Key, and, like the Barothy lodge on the mainland, on a bank of the Belize River half a dozen miles west of the city, accommodations will be topnotch: twin bedrooms with private baths, excellent food, top guides. Mahogany and red cedar, common as pine in the States, are used for building in British Honduras, which results in a pleasant, spicy odor permeating the buildings.

Your first night spent on this sweeping 190-mile-long reef, be it afloat or ashore, becomes something to remember. The four brilliant stars of the Southern Cross seem to hang low enough to be plucked from their velvet showcase overhead. Soft trade winds rustle in palm fronds, and all the stars, in fact, shine in the black sky more brightly than you may ever have seen them. You seldom encounter other fishermen, except for an occasional weather-darkened Honduran handliner lazing past in his dugout canoe. These splendid glass-clear shoals and abrupt azure

deeps remain far from the common path.

British Honduras has only 174 miles of coastline with a maximum width of 68 miles. Lumbering is its main industry (mahogany, lignum vitae, rosewood, and the trees from which chicle, vanilla, and sarsaparilla come). Citrus, bananas, coffee, rubber, and sugar cane are grown. The little crown colony is a mixing pot for Mayans (it is the site of their ancient civilization), Orientals, Mexicans, and other Latins.

Awaiting exploration by the visitor are rivers that pour down from the Mayan Mountains, winding through great mangrove stands at sea level. Air plants and orchids grow on the massive tree limbs that hang over waters in which are heavy-shouldered snook and tarpon considerably larger than those out on the reef. Still farther upstream are pine ridges where one may hunt white-tailed deer, collared peccary, jaguar, the turkey-like great curassow, and doves and ducks.

Hordes of green parakeets and other exotic tropic birds sing and flutter in the

branches of crowding trees that grow outside the windows of the Barothy mainland lodge. One bird repeats over and over an attention-demanding whistle that invariably turns your head. A jungle girl-watcher, no less.

Barothy's main lodge sprawls comfortably atop a cool height overlooking the Belize River. Vic's wife, Betty, is a capable hostess, well-traveled and read, who generally knows everyone and everything of interest to visitors, especially the ladies, in whom she invariably takes a personal interest. She will quickly tell you where in Belize to purchase the best handcrafted wood items, and the best buys in cloth and perfumes.

Some are real bargains. I return each time with enough fine English fabrics to have two suits made up at home. The cost is about \$20 U.S. per suit. If you stay in Belize long enough to take advantage of the good English tailoring you can have your suit built to fit for an additional \$22. Don't overlook the opportunity to purchase a gorgeous natural

pink pearl at a bargain from one of the conch fishermen.

The British Honduras climate is warm and pleasant, with constant trade winds save for the fall rainy season, at which time the Barothys close their lodges and travel themselves. Anglers need lightweight clothing, rubber-soled shoes, one warm jacket or sweater, and rainwear. Ladies do not wear shorts in B.H. Skirts are customary in the city, although slacks are acceptable. Also bring suntan lotion, insect repellent, and your own tackle and guns. Light spinning outfits using 8- or 10-pound monofilament work nicely for the inshore fishing, as do 15-pound casting outfits. Fly rods should be 9½ feet with matching GAF line to handle bonefish, permit, snook, and tarpon. Use the same lures for this light fishing as you would in Florida or the Bahamas. Likewise, the same heavy tackle should be used for offshore

billfish, cobia, wahoo, and barracuda.

U.S. currency is freely accepted in B.H. The exchange rate is \$1.40 for one U.S. dollar. English is the language spoken. To enter the little country your voter's registration or birth certificate will serve as ample proof of U.S. citizenship. A passport is necessary only if you intend to travel elsewhere in Central America. For additional sightseeing and shopping, connecting airlines ferry you in three hours or less to such places as Mexico City, Kingston, and Mérida.

Do not confuse Belize and British Honduras with the refined elegance of the Caribbean islands. It hasn't reached that stage. It is relatively poor and there is no indication that Hilton even cares, although there are a couple of modern and comfortable hotels in the city. A visit requires an incurable love for real fishing and a willingness to face up to the primitive without flinching. The reward is great sport, great adventure, and the probability of being among the first on the spot.

Characteristic island scene on one of the Turneffe Keys



Islander with guest's bonefish



A typical bonefishing site off British Honduras—and the fish itself, barely edible but a great fighter

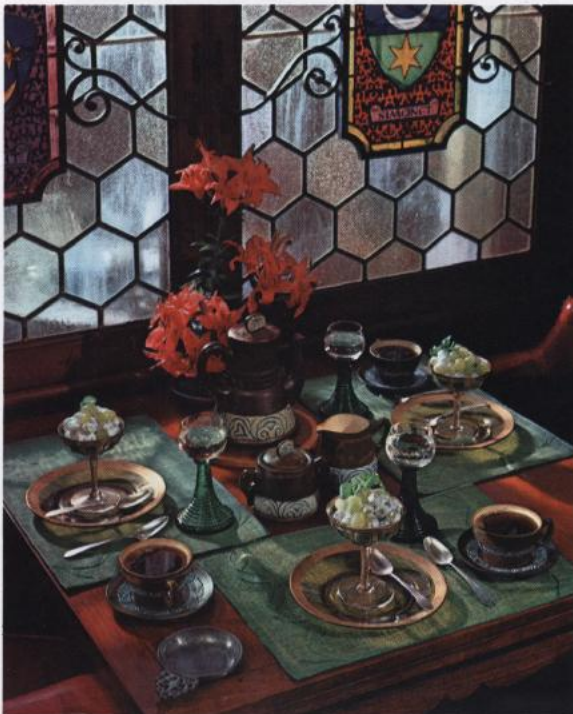




At left are the main dining room and a table setting of the Restaurant La Caverna in Mexico just over the border from Nogales, Arizona. Photographs by Baltazar Korab

Good Restaurants Are Where You Find Them—II

Second installment of a report on some fine American dining places away from our biggest cities by William Kemsley



Left: Final courses of dinner at the Lowell Inn, Stillwater, Minnesota (photograph courtesy of Better Homes & Gardens). At right, the dining room and a few of the items on the menu of the Chalet Suzanne, Lake Wales, Florida. Photographs at right by Lionel Murphy.



IT is a cliché to say you need never leave New York City to find the nation's top restaurants. I would confine it within even narrower limits. In the three quarters of a square mile of land on Manhattan's East Side between 48th and 61st Streets you can dine in a different restaurant of top caliber each night for several weeks without repeating yourself.

By the standards of this quarter, this grand duchy of gastronomy, the rest of America is frequently considered a desert. There are, nonetheless, champions of *cuisine extraordinaire* such as Antoine's in New Orleans, La Vieille Varsovie in Dallas, Los Angeles' Perino's, Ernie's in San Francisco, and Pigall's in Cincinnati that offer a delectable challenge to the East Side culinary duchy.

Like any other art, great cuisine relies upon a sizable population of wealthy patrons. Thus, when you leave the nation's primary centers of affluence you have more difficulty appeasing the refined palate. Still, there are fine restaurants scattered about this vast continent of ours, where—though they may not readily whip up all five thousand dishes of the classic French cuisine according to Escoffier—you can enjoy good cooking and gracious dining.

IN Florida there are at least six outstanding restaurants in the major cities up and down both coasts. The Chalet Suzanne at Lake Wales, however, is an unusual find in the central part of the state. It is actually an inn situated a short drive from both the Bok Tower and Cypress Gardens. When approached at night it is a fairyland of soft lights twinkling from its myriad towers, patios, gates, and doorways. Inside it is a Cinderella palace of furnishings from faraway lands—Spain, Persia, Egypt, France.

Mrs. Bertha Hinshaw, the proprietor, and her family have personally collected these exotic items on their world-wide travels. They have tastefully woven them together into an enchanting potpourri motif. The dining room of the Chalet

Suzanne sits astride stilts over Lake Suzanne. Meals are served on delicate china and silver. The menu is made up of secret recipes Mrs. Hinshaw has gathered on her many trips around the world. Chalet Suzanne guests particularly like her broiled grapefruit with chicken livers. This is also the kitchen that puts up Chalet Suzanne soups, now sold in gourmet shops in many cities. There are fourteen varieties of these soups, including watercress, romaine, cucumber, and broccoli, all with mysteriously delicate flavors. These soups have been distinguished by the Gourmet Society Merit Award.

Spring Lake Restaurant is another southern lakeside gem. It is situated just a few miles south of Harrison, Arkansas, in the heart of the wild and beautiful Ozarks. This is not very likely territory to find piquant East India curry or a Chinese dish, but give the proprietors, Ed and Faye Waddell, a day's notice and they will enjoy preparing one of their exotic specialties to your order. The menu regularly features country ham and a regional dish, fresh catfish. The Waddells are particularly proud of their desserts, and their chocolate angel, a frothy crème on angel food cake adorned with vanilla ice cream, is a calorie-extravagant way of ending a meal.

Of course, travelers can eat tooth-somely in the great cities of the Lakes states. Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Madison all offer fine selections. Not so easy to find, however, are the out-of-the-way dining treasures. One little gem is at Stillwater, Minnesota, on the St. Croix River. Appropriately, the Lowell Inn is situated on what has been dubbed the "Rhine of America." The Inn is luxuriously furnished in colonial antiques. Swiss morelles, sautéed sweetbreads, and brook trout freshly dipped from the nearby streams are served on elegant antique china and silver.

Perhaps because of Hollywood bad guys, Mexican border towns are usually associated with various types of

nefarious traffic. The tourist does not generally seek fine restaurants in them. The Restaurante La Caverna is a light-hearted exception. You have to cross the Mexican border for this one; it is situated down Sonora way across from Nogales, Arizona. Its romantic setting is a cave once used to incarcerate errant citizens and drunken cowpokes.

The \$4.25 special at Restaurante La Caverna begins with fresh Guaymas shrimp, followed by Guaymas green turtle soup. For an entrée you have a choice of wild doves, broiled *cabrilla a la Veracruzana*, or Homer squab; and on the dessert list is fire plum pudding. It is grand, wonderful service, marvelous food; a fun place with strolling mariachis, orchestra, and some incredible acts in the winter months.

D. H. Lawrence once said, "I think the skyline at Taos the most beautiful of all I have ever seen in my travels around the world." Many other artists and writers have also thought so, and probably the first or second artists' colony in America outside Greenwich Village was founded in this tiny town of 2,163 population on a high plateau between the Rio Grande and Sangre de Cristo Mountains of New Mexico. Among the artists who have colonized this village are some culinary masters, and particularly good is the chef of the Casa Cordova. From April until November little sauces raise incense to heaven from the pots of his kitchen. Casa Cordova has a lovely peaceful atmosphere, with white damask and fresh cut flowers on the tables; a fireplace; and an old square Steinway. The menu is small, with never more than five select entrées, like beef Burgundy and broiled top sirloin with spinach Rockefeller. But the artists and writers of Taos will speak most rapturously about the onion soup and the chocolate mousse.

A truly fine restaurant has good food lovingly prepared, by an excellent chef, with fine service and a pleasing atmosphere. Both Las Vegas and Reno have superb nightclubs, and possibly the best roster of entertainment anywhere in America. Moreover, there are a good many restaurants that serve excellent food in luxurious surroundings at moderate prices. It is not a very likely place, however, to expect dignified dining away from the gaming tables. Eugene's in Reno is the exception—and an extraordinary exception at that. Once you have tried them, you will long remember Eugene's chicken Cynthia or dover sole Véronique as concocted by the chefs, Raymond Capitain and Rene Jacquemin.

Most Easterners find it difficult to

imagine that there are better than 700 road miles between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. There are no large metropolitan centers in between. It is a beautiful drive, with magnificent scenery, no matter which route you take, but hardly a stretch on which to find gourmet havens. Medford, Oregon, in the Rogue River Valley near Crater Lake provides a culinary Eden, though, about halfway from either end. In spite of the fact that it is a small lumbering and cannery town, Medford claims epicurean distinction for two reasons. Its pears: Comice, Bartlett, Winter Nellis, Bosc and D'Anjou are known throughout the country. Also at Medford, the Mon Desir Dining Inn offers continental atmosphere in a house set appropriately in a pleasant garden. Chef-proprietor Julie Tummers keeps a wine cellar of the finest Santa Clara Valley vintages and offers an enticing *brochette de filet* as a house specialty.

Between Seattle and Minneapolis there are no major metropolitan centers except Spokane, the hub of a rich, booming "Inland Empire." Several good restaurants are burgeoning in there, among them the Ridpath Roof atop the Ridpath Hotel. Its floor-to-ceiling windows overlook an impressive panorama of city and mountains; and the menu features such standard, though nonetheless appetizing, items as steaks, salads, and breast of capon amandine.

If it resembles pointing out coals in Newcastle to point out restaurants on the California coast, we have the excuse that the Timber Cove Inn, some ninety miles north of San Francisco, is quite new and is situated in a part of the state that hasn't yet had too much attention from tourists.

Even before you reach a dinner table, the Timber Cove Inn will make an impression. It is extremely contemporary in its architecture, its decorative sculpture, its photographic display by the great California photographer, Ansel Adams, and its rock wall swimming pool, but it is classic in its food. A Swiss chef turns out such dishes as abalone Giovanni stuffed with crab, breast of chicken Château with cognac, and veal *cordons bleu*. The kitchen here aims for the stars.

There are many of these gustatory oases luxuriating in scattered locations across the nation. They are an especially refreshing treat simply because you do not easily find this kind of perfection outside that little duchy of gastronomic splendor on Manhattan's East Side. ■



Guests in the beautiful dining room of the Lowell Inn in Minnesota

Lincoln Continental for 1966

Eminently the classic of the fine-car world.

its lines have been refined

and a two-door hardtop has been added



The Coupé, Lincoln Continental's new two-door hardtop for 1966

THE fame of the Lincoln Continental, a fame which has been growing without interruption for a number of years, rests on the unflinching determination of its manufacturer to build the finest automobile in the U.S. Ever since the car was introduced in its present form in 1961, it has come to be universally recognized as the standard by which beauty of automotive design, integrity of manufacture, and ceaseless pursuit of quality are judged.

The 1966 Continental, just now being shown to the public, while redesigned, remains unmistakably Lincoln Continental, and was created with the same philosophy in mind—the search for excellence. The car is new internally and externally, but it is still clearly the Continental—the recognizable classic among American cars.

Besides having a new and larger body with crisp and elegant lines, the Continental for 1966 adds a two-door

hardtop, known as the Coupé, bringing the number of models to three (the four-door sedan and four-door convertible are the other two). Also available on a special order basis is a Lincoln Continental Limousine. In addition, the Continental has an all-new power train . . . a new 462-cubic-inch engine rated at 340 h.p., and a new Twin-Range Turbo-Drive automatic transmission.

Perhaps the major item of news connected with the 1966 Continental is the decision to broaden its appeal among a larger segment of the luxury car market. Creation of the Continental Coupé was a major step in this direction, for it presents to the fancier of the traditionally luxurious two-door hardtop a Continental reminiscent of the original Lincoln Continental and the classic Mark II. And, while maintaining the Lincoln Continental standards for styling, performance, and engineering

excellence, the Continental Coupé is being offered within the same price range as other two-door luxury cars.

In fact, persons interested in fine cars will be pleased to discover lower base prices on all Lincoln Continentals for 1966. These lower base prices are possible because certain equipment that was formerly standard is now optional. This permits the purchaser a greater range in Lincoln Continental appointments and a wider selection in tailoring his car to his own liking.

In short, for 1966, Lincoln Continental broadens its invitation to ownership to more fine-car buyers than ever before. You will be surprised to discover that with the addition of the Continental Coupé and the greater selection of optional equipment, the manufacturer's suggested retail prices for Lincoln Continental start at less than \$5,600 (F.O.B. Detroit).*

Among the new options available to buyers of all three models, two are of special interest:

- An advance-design, automatic temperature control system that maintains the selected temperature regardless of changes in the weather outside.
- A stereo tape system using tape cartridges with four-speaker sound; it is coupled to AM radio.

None of the changes have been at the expense of quality in manufacture. The Continental is still made in a single plant created solely for the purpose of building a luxury car to the most exacting requirements. Each Continental is still road tested for twelve miles before it is released for sale and the driver must prove it out on 189 points.

Being a larger car, the 1966 Continental also has more usable space. For example, luggage space in the Coupé and sedan goes up from 15.5 cubic feet to 18 cubic feet. There is also more legroom and shoulder room—in fact a generally more spacious feeling for all passengers.

In just five years the Continental has doubled its sales; yet it has retained its exclusiveness through its extraordinary group of owners—people of discernment and accomplishment in business, diplomacy, government, and the professions.

With a new Coupé added to the traditional four-door sedan and convertible, with new beauty, and with its strict adherence to the principle of quality, the 1966 Continental will undoubtedly still further enrich the lives of its owners and, in turn, reinforce its reputation as "America's Most Distinguished Motorcar."

Lincoln Continental Safety Features

Rear seat belts and emergency flasher have been made standard equipment in the 1966 Continental. Other safety equipment that continues to be standard in the Continental are back-up lights, windshield washers, remote control outside rear view mirror, two-position non-glare inside rearview mirror, front seat belts, and padded instrument panel and visors.

*Optional equipment, state and local taxes and fees, if any, are extra. Price includes delivery to Detroit dealers.



The interior of the 1966 Continental shows added elegance and a conveniently slanted instrument panel. The exteriors of all three bodies are newly styled—but distinctly Continental





Reclaimed from deterioration in a section of New York City called Turtle Bay, this garden is one of an entire block of gardens joined by a communal path. The Turtle Bay Association was formed to promote neighborhood beautification

Once a light-well to illuminate a kitchen, this San Francisco Bay garden has been transformed into an outdoor dining area that admits light to the house and adds an intimate "room" for open-air meals

Little Gardens in Big Cities

When a talented urban gardener faces the test of a small space, the results are often wonderful

THE TEST of success for the city garden is the extent to which it solves the problem of limited space—that is, challenges a small plot of ground (and often a meager amount of sun) and masters it with both ingenuity and taste.

The challenge comes up with increasing frequency these days. For one thing, various forms of urban renewal, both publicly and privately financed, are opening up opportunities for gracious living in formerly run-down sections of cities. Coincidental with this is a new interest in city living, particularly among couples who went to the suburbs to raise families after the war and, now that the families are raised, are giving the city a second look.

As they find apartments and small houses to remodel smack



Except for avocado tree (upper right) everything in this West Coast garden is growing in containers

A corner of France in New York, this garden is so rich in foliage and flowers it is called an "Aubusson rug"





Cool and secluded, this view is seen through living room doors. The trees—with a redwood in the center—dictated a background of tree ferns, with potted flowering shrubs for accent

in the middle of our larger cities, they may also find the little square or rectangle of land that will test their skill to make something out of it. The gardener who has come from a suburban or country garden where bricks and mortar do not rigidly circumscribe his elbow room will have to make adjustments—in fact, adopt a new point of view, which will be applicable not only to city gardens but to small gardens anywhere.

First, he must adjust to a different visual scale. Everything must be *less*, for the major pitfall is the temptation to compensate for crowded city conditions by growing too much of everything. He must visualize in advance that three hyacinths in the city in spring do as much as a clump of them in the country, and that a single rose can illuminate a corner in the city where it would be hopelessly lost in the country.

Even as he strives to avoid clutter, the city gardener must remember to plan in terms of foreground, middle distance, and background no matter how small the garden is, because that's the only way to achieve the illusion of having created a real garden rather than just a haphazard flower bed.

On these pages we have chosen some examples of small gardens that meet the requirements for success. As all small gardens should be, they are pretty rather than gorgeous, tidy but not overly concerned with a passion for neatness, and calculated to promote one quality above all: charm.

The pool is both aesthetic and functional: before overflowing to become a formalized stream it starts from a brick fountain (upper right) and is perfect for swimming



Antiquing—country style—at the Misses Elliotts' barn in Danville, Quebec

Antiques in Rural Quebec

Rewards await
the antiquer
who scours the
reaches of Montreal
and Quebec City

by Geraldine Ranger

THE COLLECTING of antiques is becoming an increasing frustration in the U.S. While the number of persons interested in acquiring them grows explosively, the number of pieces available—and places to find them—shrinks, until the lover of antiques finds that he (or she) must have either unlimited money or unlimited ingenuity to succeed. Only the sheerest luck or a lifetime of patience is likely to yield a colonial chest or table in New England or anywhere else in the States today. The alternative is the antique shop—and the top dollar.

There remains one happy hunting ground for antiques in North America: rural Quebec. Because so many of the early settlers came back and forth between the U.S. and Canada, one frequently finds pieces of American origin tucked away in the most unlikely places. Close to an exit from the Trans-Canada Highway about eighty miles northeast of Montreal is the town of Defoy in Arthabaska County. This is by far the biggest clearing center for antiques gathered from all over the province. Dealers—both Canadian and American—come with their trucks and find old spinning wheels, commodes, pottery, or apothecary chests. Anyone can go; in fact, almost every house and barn in the village handles antiques.

Just a casual glance can turn up a Salem rocker for around \$10 which might sell in New England for anywhere from \$75 to \$125. One barn is filled with nothing but chairs, another with church ornaments, another with old carriages and spinning wheels, another with glassware. It is all well organized and

arranged, but you need to be astute to tell the really good pieces from the mediocre.

Should you be there when the pickers' trucks return from the countryside (and some pickers even go to the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland seeking out treasures) you are in luck. Although confusion reigns, you may be as lucky as one New York dealer who picked up an original print of Paul Revere's "Massacre of Boston" from René Beaudoin of Defoy Station for \$10. It was eventually sold for \$10,000.

Again, there are many descendants of United Empire Loyalists in Canada who had early American furniture and accessories. These pieces occasionally turn up, as one lady from Nova Scotia discovered. She had a highboy (chest on chest) from the eighteenth century which was made by Goddard of Rhode Island. Realizing it was valuable, she still felt fortunate to sell it for \$3,000. At the New York Antique Fair in 1964 it sold for \$12,000.

In the past few years Canadians have grown more aware of the beauty and

appeal of early furniture, and antiques has become much more popular than ever before. Certain families have been collecting for some time and have acquired truly exquisite pieces made from broad trees, free of knots. Because Quebec was settled in the seventeenth century there are many remembrances of the past to be found by the connoisseur.

There are really two kinds of Quebec furniture. The primitive, or "cottage," type has a charm all its own, with warm, mellow tones of pine, maple, birch, and butternut lending distinction to the simple and functional pieces the early settlers made. This is still very plentiful in the province. The other type is finer, more elegant, and almost indistinguishable from French furniture made during the reigns of Louis XIII, XIV, and XV, but made of Canadian woods which have not suffered from termite damage as European furniture of that era has. This is much more difficult to find, but some

excellent pieces can still be purchased.

If you are planning a trip to Quebec you would be well advised to make either Montreal or Quebec City your headquarters. Good accommodations are available and within a radius of eighty miles from these cities you have the best hunting ground for treasures. It is still practicable to knock on people's doors to see if they have old furniture for sale. However, most farmers and *habitants* are now aware that their old furniture, china, pictures and cutlery (even if it has been stored in an attic or barn for years) may be of interest to someone, since there are always pickers in the area who roam the countryside on behalf of local antique dealers.

By American standards prices are remarkably low. For example, it has been possible up until recently to obtain an eighteenth-century pine armoire (wardrobe) for \$100, an 1840 bucket bench for \$35, tables from

\$10 up, and lots of old ironware, pottery, dough-boxes, and miscellaneous hardware from \$2 to \$15.

If you start in Montreal don't overlook the antique dealers in the city. They cater to a sophisticated clientele and have won a reputation for honest dealings and solid knowledge. The old section of the city, commonly called the Bonsecours area, is excellent. La Galerie Cartier on St. Paul Street East, located in a wonderful old house, is the finest shop specializing in French Canadian antiques. Bonsecours Antiques on St. Claude Street and Charles de Chartres on St. Paul Street West are both good. Greene Avenue is another good section of the city; don't overlook S. Breitan Antiques. There are over fifty antique dealers listed in the Montreal directory, specializing in different collections.

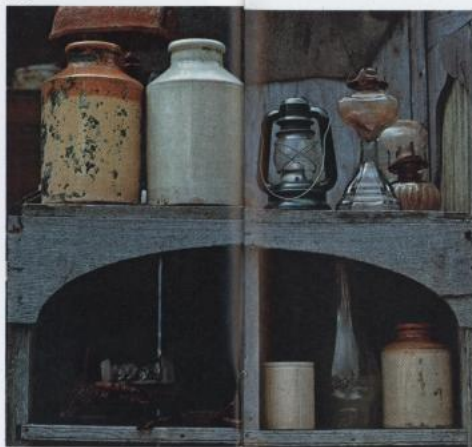
Astute dealers from the Midwest and New England buy at these shops.

Now, for a day's antiques in the country: one excellent area for antiques is the Eastern Townships, a long-settled district southeast of Montreal. You can start at Danville, at the Misses Elliotts' marvelous barn, where you can be lost for days. Stops at North Hatley, Knowlton, and Sweetsburg are worthwhile. On your way back to Montreal, visits to antique dealers in Chambly and Laprairie may prove rewarding. Each shop has something different to offer.

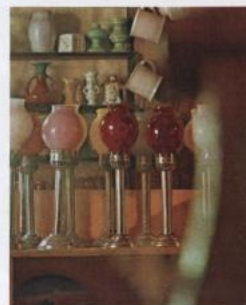
The thrill of the chase adds much excitement and pleasure to your safari. A happy hunting ground is Napierville, about thirty miles south of Montreal along Route 9. At Ron Thompson's people have found a Welsh dresser (also called a *vaiselier* in French Canada) for around \$85 which could be worth \$300 in the States. Another excellent area is St. Scholastique near Lachute and Hudson Antiques at Hudson Heights, each an hour from Montreal. Driving along secondary roads, you obtain a feeling of

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Left: Red *coq*, symbol of Quebec, seen in unrestored building in Old Montreal; center: examining old maps and prints at La Galerie Cartier, Montreal; right: diligent search in country barns will turn up crockery and lamps.



Photographs by Paul Gelinas,
Black Star Publishing Company



Top left: European pine antiques and New England spatterware; far left: votive lamps from churches; left: horse's head hitching post (now rare)



Illustrations by Frank Wagner

How to Golf Your Way to Florida

Here's an itinerary for the south-bound motorist who takes his clubs and seeks the best courses and resorts on the way

by Charles Layng

THE BEST way to travel south—for those fortunate enough to be migrating by car just when the birds are doing it by wing—is to organize the trip around a central interest and then select the stop-off points that satisfy this interest best. This story is based on the idea of golfing one's way southward. There are many ways to do it, but the first criterion here is quality—quality of golf, of food, and of living quarters. The journey provides for fairly easy stretches of driving, punctuated by stops at some of the finest resorts in eastern America, where one can tarry for a day or two or three and ease oneself into Florida for the season.

Motorists coming down from the Great Lakes states may find themselves in the mountains of northwest North Carolina on the first or second day out. If so, the town to spot on the map is Blowing Rock, one of the most picturesque in the state. A short distance from town is a new and splendid resort called the Hound Ears Club. Though barely a year old, it is already a gathering place for people who appreciate a combination of the comfortable and the rustic.

Hound Ears, whose architecture is mostly Swiss chalet, has an uncrowded golf course on which a guest may play thirty-six holes a day. Though the resort



is up in the mountains, the course is not steep but has rolling fairways in a beautiful upland valley. While making no pretense to elegance Hound Ears is still a decidedly sumptuous place. Moreover, it is a club, and even though it accepts some reservations from travelers it is not the sort of place the average tourist can drive up to without advance notice.

An ardent golfer with a somewhat poetic vocabulary has used the word "ineffable" to describe the Pinehurst-Southern Pines area, 150 miles southeast of Blowing Rock. On a brisk, clear winter's day in the sand hills, with a few pars or birdies under one's belt, it's not

at all difficult to agree with him. Few, if any, places offer golf with such a lavish hand. There are nearly a dozen courses, all of championship length and caliber, within a few miles' radius. In fact, from the air the entire area has the appearance of a solid golf course, miles in extent.

Golf, though, is not all there is to the sand hills. This is also horse country—steepchases, horse shows, and miles and miles of bridle paths. It is also dog country, and the field trials, with the silken bird dogs at work under the supervision of expert handlers, are of such beauty that they frequently lure even

the most ardent golfer away from the links for a short time.

Of course, nighttime comes here as everywhere else when, unfortunately, it's not possible to play golf. By that time, however, the wine-like winter air will have whetted your appetite to the point where food is definitely indicated. Like the golf, the horses, and the dogs, Pinehurst-Southern Pines is prepared to offer something very special. The resorts mentioned here have notable kitchens, but for at least a few meals gravitate to the quaint center of Pinehurst to dine at the Maison Henri or perhaps at the Gray Fox. A range of from three to about



eight dollars will not merely satisfy the inner man but pamper his taste as well.

As to stopping places—Pinehurst has the traditional Carolina, and it's an extremely lovely and well-maintained tradition. The lobby of the Carolina, on any winter evening, affords perhaps more good golf talk, more good horse talk, and more good dog talk than almost any other place. The Holly Inn, another fine establishment, is located right on the village green and rejoices in an extremely pleasant and well-stocked taproom.

Over in Southern Pines, just a few miles away, the Pine Needles Lodges and Country Club is a little jewel of a place (it uses a Continental as a courtesy car for guests), with a golf course about which a visiting golfer commented: "It's even a pleasure getting out of a sand trap here!" One comes away from Pinehurst-Southern Pines feeling the truth of another famous golfer's statement: "There's golf and there's golf—but there's only one Pinehurst-Southern Pines."

Comparing golf courses in the sand hills is something like comparing the Kohinoor with the Hope in diamonds. However, a round or two at the Country Club of North Carolina is mandatory—and stay over long enough to try out the beauties of Whispering Pines. These two will add pleasure to anyone's golfing memories no matter what his score is.

Another easy day's drive (about 250 miles), with plenty of time for viewing the ante-bellum residences in some of the South Carolina towns en route, brings one to Hilton Head Island, where

the Sea Pines Plantation Company has built not one, but two adjacent and beautiful resort hotels right on the beach of the Atlantic: The Adventurer and the William Hilton Inn. The latter was constructed with literally tons of redwood to withstand the occasional buffeting winds laden with salt water. In addition to the hotels, the Sea Pines Company offers delightful houses nestled in the dunes or along pine-fringed golf fairways for rent on a short-term basis.

At either of the hotel dining rooms one dines in the old, graceful Charleston manner. The chef, George Bryant, is a master of the art of she-crab soup, known only to the Charleston vicinity. Made from lumps of white crabmeat found in perhaps one of fifteen crabs caught, it is a consummate soup that should be sipped slowly and reflectively.

The golf course here, hacked from the primeval jungle, is well on its way to becoming what the Sea Pines people meant it to be—the Pebble Beach of the Atlantic. The famous fifteenth hole, leading from the dense woods directly to a high green on a dune overlooking the ocean, may require anything from a No. 3 iron to a No. 3 wood, depending upon the direction of the wind.

Not much more than a hundred miles south of Hilton Head is an impeccable resort, The Cloister, with an equally impeccable golf course. The clubhouse at this twenty-seven-hole island layout

has just been remodeled at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. Here houses may be rented as well as hotel quarters and one finds a decorum and a quality of service rare on the American resort scene. The cuisine and the cellar are not only excellent but meals and drinks are served in a variety of delightful places that add zest to the taste. Like Hound Ears, it is semiprivate and reservations must be made ahead.

The golf course was built on the Retreat Plantation, where the famous Sea Island cotton created many millionaires until "the boll weevil and the Yankees came." The renovation of the clubhouse has made it one of the most outstanding in the country. In deference to the increasing interest in golf on the part of women, the ladies' locker room is beautifully appointed, with dressing tables that could grace the finest homes.

Twenty miles southeast of Jacksonville, Florida, and also directly on the Atlantic, is the Ponte Vedra Club, with a wide variety of accommodations and a game preserve that will delight any hunter. At Ponte Vedra, everything is within walking distance and a particularly fine place to walk to is the main dining room at the Inn. The atmosphere of older days is preserved despite the fact that the Cape Kennedy launching pads aren't too far away. The three nine-hole courses may be linked in different patterns to round out three or four different "eighteens." The course features an island green surrounded by five sand traps on the ninth, and the world's most awesome bunker on the third.

Deeper into Florida, of course, the choices widen immeasurably and the resorts become not so much stopovers for rest and golf as the very places where one may spend the winter. The Port St. Lucie Hotel and Country Club on the east coast below Fort Pierce is one; it has 250 houses for rent, most of them flanking the golf course. Short-term memberships afford the privileges of four different courses with a total of sixty-three holes.

Directly west on the Gulf at Longboat Key is the Colony Beach Club, where the swimming pools and superior cuisine vie for attention with the nearby Arvida golf course, every hole of which requires a shot over water or is bounded by water.

This golfing tour to the south traverses all terrain from the mountains to the sea. It includes nearly a dozen courses that are of consummate beauty both from a scenic and a golf standpoint. It also answers every reasonable demand for comfort, privacy, and sophisticated tastes in food and drink.

Antiques

(Continued
from
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the people and of their culture. Who knows but that the old gentleman rocking on the front balcony may be the one to lead you to that hidden treasure?

You can always ask a shopkeeper, filling station attendant, or the curé in any of the small villages if he happens to know anyone in the locality who has old furniture for sale. Sometimes this results in an unexpected bonanza. Frequently, on Saturdays, country auctions are held. These offer an opportunity to acquire pieces for little more than a song—and you can be entertained as well.

If you go to the Laurentian resort area (the ski hills north of Montreal where there are wonderful little lakes and delightful inns) be sure to stop at St. Sauveur, Ste. Adele and Ste. Agathe. You will find an assortment of precious furniture garnered from the surrounding area and often the history of each piece will be known. One charming shop at Ste. Adele is the Pine and Tweed Shop where you might be sidetracked into looking at fashions that go beautifully with the patina of aged, oiled pine.

The area of Quebec City is worth investigating. The atmosphere there is even more French than Montreal's and because it is the oldest city in Canada, you can find several first-rate shops, among them Vieux Temps Antiquités at 48 St. Louis, and Gilbert Antiques on St. Valier Street. L'Île d'Orléans in the St. Lawrence River has many old farmhouses and its parish churches are famous for their altars, sculptures, benches, candlesticks, and lamps.

Whether the visitor has antiques on the mind or not, Quebec is a pleasure. It has age and character and—well, old-world charm. It also still has what we fondly remember as old-world prices, (aided by a favorable exchange rate for American money) and these apply to food and lodging as well as to the antiques one may be searching for.

NOTE: Most objects predating 1830 are considered antiques by U.S. Customs and are not subject to duty. Also, almost all sellers of antiques know how you can get a bulky purchase crated and shipped—also at rates lower than in the U.S.



Continentially Speaking

by Cleveland Amory

Man's Best Friend

WE JOURNEYED to Washington recently and attended some hearings on the Resnick Bill (Congressman Resnick, Dem., N.Y.) to outlaw "dogsnapping" of pets to laboratories and to make the transportation of stolen animals across a state line a federal offense. The hearings were very interesting. For us, however, the highlight was the reading of a speech made many years ago by a man named George Graham Vest at the State Supreme Court in Warrensburg, Mo.

During the Civil War, George Vest was a member of the Confederate Congress and later he became a member of the U.S. Senate. He had, as a friend described him, "a tremendous intellect in a body small and emaciated," and even in his old age an adversary in Congress would characterize him as "still half the brains of the Democratic side of the Senate."

Senator Vest would be forgotten today but for the fact that, on the evening of October 28, 1869, an obscure farmer named Hornsby ordered a caretaker to shoot a dog which had come into his yard. The man shot the dog—a black-and-tan hound named "Old Drum"—whereupon its owner, a farmer named Burden, demanded satisfaction. Thus began a case which, from involving two obscure farmers, ended up involving some of the most important and powerful people in the state and became perhaps the most famous law case in the state's history.

Before the issue was finally settled, there had been five court actions. The first jury disagreed, the second awarded Burden \$25.00. Hornsby then changed attorneys, retained two members of the most powerful law firm in the state, appealed the previous decision and, in March, 1870, won a verdict. After that Burden changed lawyers, appealed again, and this time retained the next most prominent possible counsel, a man named Phillips—and George Vest.

Vest had been attending the Circuit Court to look after another case, and had only taken the case of "Old Drum" at the last moment—for ten dollars. He lounged in the courtroom and contributed nothing to the examination of witnesses, the cross examination, or even to the summation. Finally, another of Burden's lawyers asked if he did not wish to speak to the court. "I do not," Vest replied, "I feel this case is being tried about as well as it can be tried." At this the other lawyer declared that if Vest did not speak, he might have

some difficulty collecting his fee.

Vest considered this for a moment, then suddenly rose to his feet and, with no preparation, began:

Gentlemen of the jury, the best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter whom he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us may become traitors. The money that a man has he may lose. His reputation may be sacrificed in a moment. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world—the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous—is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

When Vest finished, many members of the jury were crying openly. Afterward they deliberated only a moment or two and then awarded Burden damages, not of the \$50 asked for, but \$500. A short time later Hornsby appealed for a fifth trial, but the force of Vest's speech was still powerful and his appeal was thrown out of court. And today, almost a hundred years later, the speech is still regarded as perhaps the most moving tribute ever delivered by man—to man's best friend.

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