the Continental magazine

Volume 6, Number 2

HAWAII: New Resorts on the Big Island   Great Private Art Collections   Dining by Appointment

the Continental magazine
Volume 6 Number 2 June—July 1966

Contents

Hawaii: New Resorts on the Big Island.....1
Richard Tregaskis

Three Great American Art Collections.....5
Leona Rubin

R/x for Atlantic Salmon.....8
Paul Stewart

Lincoln Continental–the Car Time Treats Gently.....11
Burgess H. Scott

Spas Are Back in Favor.....14
Helen Papashvily

Distinctive Dining by Appointment...18
Charles Zurhorst

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners.....21

Editor-in-Chief C. H. Dykeman
Editorial Director Frederic W. Fairfield
Managing Editor Robert Martin Hodesh
Art Director John C. Weigel
Art Editor Franklin J. Lent
Technical Editor Burgess H. Scott
Women's Editor Nancy Kennedy
Editorial Consultant Edmund Ware Smith

Editorial Board
F. E. Zimmerman, Jr., Chairman Herb Fisher
T. G. Daniels C. Gayle Warnock
William B. Warner

FRONT COVER—The sailing ships and motor craft are tied up on the Kona coast of Hawaii, the "Big Island" of the Hawaiian Islands. Its mood and new resorts are described in the story starting on the opposite page. Photograph by Fred Lyon.

Editorial correspondence should be addressed to the CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE, Room 960, Central Office Building, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

For subscription information, write to the Continental Magazine, P.O. Box 658, Detroit 31, Michigan. To change address, send your new address together with name and old address, exactly as shown on back cover, to the Continental Magazine at the same address. The Continental Magazine is published by Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company. Copyright © 1966, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved.

Memo to our Readers:

It would be interesting to find out how many sports writers practice sports; probably not all of them. PAUL STEWART, who wrote our piece on salmon fishing equipment, is a conspicuous practitioner. At the age of eight he hooked a Delaware River bass on a plug he made himself, but lost the fish on a sand bar. After that, his sports career was uneven. At Dartmouth he swam the fifty-yard dash in 26.3 seconds on a dinner of spaghetti and beer. Last year he made two parachute jumps just to see what it would be like.

After college he wrote newspaper obituaries for a while, then quit to be a ski bum in Colorado for a year. Later he joined *Sports Illustrated*, where he now works as a writer-reporter, doing articles on winter sports, such as the luge (sled). This winter he competed in the first North American two-man luge championships in Montana and finished ninth in a field of nine.

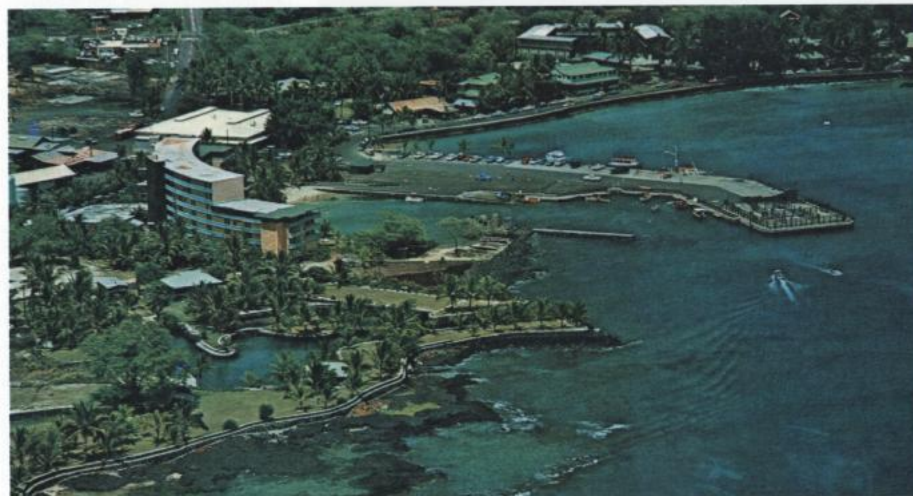
RICHARD TREGASKIS writes enthusiastically about Hawaii because he feels that way about it. In fact, he bestowed the supreme accolade on the islands by going to live there. Graduate of Harvard (he worked his way through as a door-to-door salesman), he was a correspondent in both theatres of World War II and earned his first fame as the author of "Guadalcanal Diary." Since then he has written novels and contributed many plays to the screen and television. His most recent book is "Vietnam Diary," which won the George Polk prize for hazardous reporting.

The story on spas is one result of a coast-to-coast trip HELEN PAPASHVILY undertook with her husband last year in which they visited nearly every spa in the country. Collaborating with her husband, who is a sculptor, she has written six books, the most celebrated being "Anything Can Happen." Last year she wrote a biography of Louisa May Alcott, and she has written articles for *Holiday*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Gourmet*, and other magazines.

LEONA RUBIN's interest in art, as the photograph shows, is more than academic. She has exhibited her own paintings at the Longy Museum in Cambridge, the New York City Center, and a number of galleries in New England. Pursuing both the practical and scholarly side of art, she studied at the University of Florence. A writer also, she has published articles and fiction in several national magazines, among them *Esquire* and *Coronet*.

HAWAII: New Resorts on the Big Island

The western edge of the 50th state's biggest island is becoming the most glamorous coast in the Pacific



The jewel of the islands is Rockefeller's new Mauna Kea Beach Hotel *Photograph by Fred Lyon*

by Richard Tregaskis

Too many visitors to the fiftieth state these days sing a familiar refrain: "Overcrowded—a concrete jungle." They are referring, of course, to Waikiki, that suburb of Honolulu, with its high-rises and tourist jams. In spite of this, the visitors keep coming because Waikiki also means good hotels, fine restaurants, nightlife, and a fascinating parade on the beach. And the beach at Waikiki is still one of the world's best.

But Waikiki is not all there is to the Hawaiian Islands. One hundred and fifty miles south and east of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, is the island officially called Hawaii but better known as the Big Island. It is biggest of the seven Hawaiian Islands, more than six times the size of Oahu and bigger than Rhode Island and Delaware combined.

Along the northwest and west coasts of the Big Island some of the most luxurious, beautiful, and tasteful resort developments in the Pacific Ocean are taking shape. Although the Big Island has been attracting vacationers in greater or lesser degree for decades, it is only in the past year or two that it has begun to burgeon as *the* vacation island of the Hawaiian group—less crowded, more "in."

It began when Laurance Rockefeller, whose resorts in the Caribbean and Wyoming are world-famous models of how to use beautiful land for recreation, took a long lease on the Parker Ranch on the island's northwest corner. The Parker Ranch is the second biggest in the United States (the King Ranch of Texas is first) and it includes the two most beautiful beaches on the island. Here Rockefeller built and recently opened his Mauna Kea Beach Hotel. It has no peer for superb living in magnificent surroundings.

The attractions of the Big Island, and

Photographs by R. Wenkam

more particularly its sunny west coast, are unique in the Hawaiian Islands—or, for that matter, in any islands. An old settler said this to me once:

"We have lots of space—more than on any other Hawaiian island. We have plenty of good but lonely roads. It is like the Southwest on the mainland. And variety—everything from beaches to snow. And volcanoes. It is the only place in the U.S. with volcanoes. It has deep-sea fishing, the best in the islands and some of the best in the world. And it has rodeos, because it is cow country."

When my wife and I set out to visit this new Eden we took the 45-minute nonstop flight from Honolulu, landing at an airstrip in open country that looks like West Texas. The strip is 2,800 feet up on the slopes of the Big Island's great volcanic mountain massif, a bulwark crowned by the two celebrated peaks, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. The spreading, gentle cone of Mauna Kea, wearing a dazzling beanie of snow, soared 13,796 feet high to the east of us above a white collar of cumulus clouds.

Above: Another of the splendid resorts on the Big Island is the Kona Inn; this is its Mauna Loa wing

At left and below are some of the diversions of the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel: a Robert Trent Jones golf course; informal but elaborate lunching; and a hotel shop which has gathered many of the finest clothes and crafts of the Pacific Ocean

We picked up a car at the airport and started down through the town of Kamuela, past general stores and cowboys lounging around in Levis and ten-gallon hats. These cowboys might surprise the mainlander. They bear little resemblance to the overgrown, rangy types seen on TV. They are smaller and darker, being a blend of Hawaiian and Japanese or Chinese.

A blacktop road leaves the center of town and we followed this westward toward the ocean, the beaches, and the new Rockefeller resort, the Mauna Kea. The old houses on the outskirts of Kamuela look like transplanted bits of New England, which in fact they are: graceful wooden frames painted white, spaced out on immaculate green lawns, reflecting the fact that John Palmer Parker, founder of the ranch, was a ship captain from Massachusetts. The king of the islands gave Parker 300,000 acres in 1813 as a gesture of friendship, and Parker elected to use it as a cattle ranch.

As we wound our way steadily down the hill to the Pacific shore the vegetation grew drier and drier until it was mostly mesquite and cactus. Then, almost at the water's edge, we reached the smooth Bermuda grass hills of the Rockefeller golf course, emerald green and slick as silk. A gardened boulevard led us to the hotel, which was wearing a necklace of palms like long-stemmed flowers.

Anyone familiar with other Rockefeller resorts will recognize instantly the characteristic touch of this master builder of resorts: splendor, luxury beyond compare, and the encouragement of nature. Some of the effect can be summed up with statistics, although they are a poor substitute for an eye-to-eye confrontation with the Mauna Kea. For example, the development cost around $15,000,000 and has 154 rooms. This averages out to nearly $100,000 a room, said to be a world's record. The hotel accommodates around 280 guests and has 340 employes. Finally, despite the fact that this part of the island is like a desert, there are flowers and greenery everywhere in and around the hotel because a million gallons of water are laid on each week by automatic spraying machines.

The doorman who greeted us was dressed as opulently as a maharaja—a long tunic coat with a gilded gauze overlay and on his head a Tahitian-style *couronne* of plumeria blossoms plaited into an open-topped hat. On the way to our room, after we were welcomed by a Polynesian hostess in a floral printed pareu, we passed two gold Bodhisattva statues, shiny Indian temple kettles, pendant Japanese carp figures, Indian toys, Papuan aborigine carvings, brocaded Japanese kimonos—a veritable museum of Asian art objects.

Most charming, however, is the profusion of plantings. The three-deck structure of the hotel has an open, breezy

The only place in the United States where a visitor can see volcanoes is Hawaii Volcanoes National Park. This is Kilauea Iki in full flame

On the Big Island of Hawaii, which is much like the American West, there are huge cattle ranches and many opportunities for guests to ride horses

heart. It is a garden, with tall coconut palms bending among frangipani and bird-of-paradise flowers, ferns, oleanders, and hibiscus. A roof can be cranked out over the atrium in rainy or windy weather, but otherwise all is open to the sky. The Rockefeller zeal for natural beauty is such that he keeps twenty gardeners at work here constantly.

Later we went down to the beach, a quarter-mile crescent of soft white sand. When I had been here once before, in the pre-Rockefeller days, the water was delectable, but the beach itself was a mess of juniper and mesquite shrubs reached by a primitive road. Now all this has been bulldozed away and there are floods of bright tropical flowers and ferns and tall palms. The beach is a manicured garden, an arresting blend of Versailles formality and South Pacific lushness, made all the more arresting by the snow-capped peak of Mauna Kea rising behind it.

The beach is a marvel for sunning, swimming, and skin diving. There are paddleboards with built-in viewing windows so that the guest can study the amethyst water corridors of the sandy cove and the bright coral and Technicolor tropical fish of the nearby rocky point. Rockefeller has even leased part of a neighboring seashore, Hapuna Beach. It is all marvelous swimming water. One slides over the sandy ripples, wondering how far down the shiny sand is, reaching out to touch it, diving—and finding it is thirty feet below!

After we had basked in the splendor and beauty of this place, we started southward along the Big Island's west coast to look at resorts that have followed in Rockefeller's path. One of them, a deluxe seaside establishment twenty-five miles south of the Mauna Kea, is the Kona Village, which was just barely completed at the time of this writing. It is a collection of fifty Pacific-style cottages with thatch roofs, a boat harbor, and a small beach hemmed in on both sides by old lava flows. This modern vacation settlement is on the site of an old and abandoned Hawaiian hamlet called Kahuwei, and when you walk from its cottages to the Long House which is the dining room you pass petroglyphs chiseled into the rock walls.

The Kona Village is best reached by plane or boat, but if you happen to have access to a vehicle with four-wheel drive you can get there by land. Johnno Jackson, a former Texas welldriller who owns this anchorite hotel, charges $100 a day rent for a couple in a cottage. Having had to fly workers and supplies into the area to build his dream resort, Jackson guards its isolation zealously and is concerned at the moment with a new state road which may be built six miles away. Still, even when the road is finished, the hotel will be reachable only by plane, boat, and rough-country vehicle.

Farther south, toward the town of Kona, two other new inns, with a golf course which they share, have recently been opened: the Pacific Empress and the Kona Plantation. Near them, big shovels nudge the earth, clearing the way for a new Hilton which will have 200 rooms, and so be even larger than Rockefeller's Mauna Kea.

Then one passes into Kona itself, a sprawling town of medium-price hotels, restaurants, and even coffee houses. It has no beaches worth mentioning, but this is the center of the best deep-sea fishing in all the Hawaiian Islands. Here several record fish have been caught by amateur fishermen, including the largest blue marlin ever landed.

In accordance with its fishing fame, sunny climate, and spectacular scenery, Kona now has more than 600 hotel rooms. And five miles farther south, the Bishop Estate, one of the principal landholding trusts of the islands, is starting on a vast complex which is expected to include apartment buildings and 2,500 hotel rooms, a golf course, and some new beaches.

We followed the highway southward to the village called Captain Cook. On the rocky shore nearby, a stone monument commemorates the fact that the discoverer of the Hawaiian Islands, Capt. James Cook, was murdered by Polynesians. The area remains a legal enclave of British territory in Cook's honor.

On this trip, my wife and I didn't reach the live volcanoes on the east slopes of Mauna Loa, a hundred miles farther along the blacktop. And we haven't glimpsed the famous rodeos at Kamuela, Honokaa, or Naalehu. Nor have we explored the famed hidden valleys of the island.

One needs a lot of time to see the Big Island. Its excellent roads have seen little traffic yet. It is varied and filled with all sorts of marvels to be discovered. And despite the new hotels and the new visitors, it will be a long time before anyone complains that the Big Island is crowded.

Three Great American Art Collections

These paintings and their owners teach beginning collectors a lesson: study art, learn to love it, and take your time before buying

By Leona Rubin

Gone is the world in which financial giants like the Mellons and Morgans spent millions gathering the paintings of Raphael and Rubens and Rembrandt. Zeal for owning masterpieces of art is not gone, though—it has multiplied a thousand times and created collectors all over the country.

Instead of Old Masters there are newer masters, and the collections are no longer the exclusive province of the kings of the financial world. Today the ever-growing ranks of art collectors encompass our more familiar world of "doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."

For instance, Roy Neuberger, a New York investment broker, has a collection that fills his home and his Wall Street offices, and still he accommodates with ease the dozens of requests from museums and international exhibitions for works on loan. He has never sold a painting—he gives them away to museums and schools while he continues to buy additions to his own collection.

"In order to make intelligent purchases today," he says, "you have to look, read, and study, and buy from unknown artists who are good." That's how he began when his school years in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and his education in Paris of the twenties were behind him. It was in Paris that he determined he would buy the work of living rather than dead artists.

Although his collection includes a variety of works from other times and places, it is mainly committed to the faith that America produces art equal to that of any other country in the world. Probably every important artist of twentieth-century America is or has been in his collection, which starts early in the century with the first American pathbreakers like George Luks and Maurice Prendergast.

The collection moves through a variety of American developments: the first modernists; the figure painters of the twenties and thirties, like Edward Hopper and Yasuo Kuniyoshi; social realists, such as Ben Shahn, Jack Levine and Philip Evergood; the "hard edge" painters like Lyonel Feininger, Georgia O'Keeffe, Charles Sheeler and William Demuth; and on through Mark Tobey and Andrew Wyeth to the "new abstractionists" like Hans Hofmann, Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning. Larry Rivers was one of the artists Mr. Neuberger bought as an unknown.

To the dozens of famous artists are constantly being added those whose names are not yet familiar. "But I would never buy anything I didn't like, no matter who did it," he says. "One gets the

Roy Neuberger and Hopper's "The Barbershop"

Lee Ault with Rufino Tamayo's "Wild Animals"

May Walter with a Picasso at her shoulder, Gris overhead, and, at right, large MacDonald-Wright

greatest gain in art from a genuine love of painting and sculpture."

With the same philosophy but a different starting point, Lee Ault, publisher of the magazine *Art in America*, began to think about collecting while he was a student at Princeton in the 1930's. He "was hooked," he says, at a Renoir exhibit. He bought his first painting when he was twenty-one, a Picasso from the artist's realistic "rose period," for which he paid $2,000. It is now thought to be worth $50,000.

In his earlier collecting Mr. Ault bought Degas, Renoir, and Cézanne, but he has sold most of them. "I'm not sorry," he says. "There are times when I feel I've gotten all I can from a picture, so I trade it or sell it. My collecting energies now go into contemporary painting and sculpture."

In his apartment overlooking the East River in New York, at least half of his collection is older works. He no longer buys them, however. "They've become too expensive," he says. "Things are very expensive today, and even bad things are pretty expensive. It's better to buy prints and drawings that are good than paintings and sculpture that are no good."

Mr. Ault, who was one of the first to buy Nicolas de Staël, Rivera da Silva, and Rufino Tamayo, has more recently acquired many paintings by contemporary South Americans. He is among those who feel that a number of talented artists are working in South America today.

Paralleling Mr. Neuberger's advice to new collectors, Mr. Ault says, "It's important to be exposed to good art to develop taste before buying anything—and to take your time."

Miss May Walter, another aficionado of collecting, is executive vice-president and co-founder (1931) of the Mutual Buying Syndicate, characterized as "the world's largest independent buying organization."

Her present collection began to take

The Neuberger collection: in the photograph at the left are (from left to right) "Into Spring" by Ippolito, "Country Brook" by Avery, "Red Snow Cloud and the Sun" by Schueler, and "Samoan Venus" by Eilshemius. Above is "Time Out," painted by Keith Boyle in 1964

Above, at the left, is an untitled abstract work by Morris Louis; in the center is "Sunburst," a construction by Harry Bertoia; on the rear wall, at right, is "Merry-Go-Round," by Norman Carton. The large work at the right is "Florentine Landscape," by Marcia Marcus

The Ault collection: in the photograph at the left are (left to right) a landscape by Soutine and "Canals in Holland" by da Silva; below, the large picture is "Woman with Mandolin" by Braque; the others are an interior (top) by da Silva and "Fishermen" by Fernand Léger

Below, at the left, are "Portrait of a Choir Boy," by Modigliani, and "Plongeurs," by Léger; at right, the two large works are "L'Etoile de Mer" by Braque and a hanging sculpture by Mastroianni; the smaller works are a Picasso (at the top) and "Seated Figures," by Moore

The Walter collection: at the left, mounted on the terrace of a Fifth Avenue apartment which overlooks Central Park, is the bronze sculpture, "Rosa," by Henri Laurens; below is "Rg—Signs and Configurations" made of oil, sand and tar, from the futurist period of Miró

Below, the large pictures from left to right are an abstract entitled, "Father, Mother and Child," by Sozan; a watercolor, "Bateau sur la Mer," by Raoul Dufy, and a drawing by Marc Chagall, "La Branche." At the right is a Spanish madonna, in wood, from the thirteenth century

Photographs by Richard Saunders
Scope Associates, Inc.

shape only in the past ten years, but it changes all the time. She started before that with realism and went through various stages to geometric and now cubist and futurist works, such as those of Braque, Chagall, Dufy, Klee, and Miró. Speaking of her present-day purchases, she says, "The field is extremely challenging. You see, work is very scarce in it because of the shortness of the period."

Miss Walter used to buy unknowns but doesn't any longer unless they're exceptional. Her collection is displayed all over her Fifth Avenue apartment in New York and her country house, because she doesn't believe in storerooms. "Paintings are to look at, not just to keep." As for the meaning of what may seem obscure in some of the works, she points to a large black and white Miró and says, "One shouldn't think what it's all about, but just get pleasure from it."

In her business travels Miss Walter has collected a wide variety of other kinds of art that is scattered among her rare antiques and modern furnishings—a thirteenth-century gothic Spanish Virgin and Child, for instance, and a Tibetan Buddhist "Litany" which she bought in Nepal.

"Some things grow on you, and others you find yourself not responding to ultimately." The surplus thus created she often gives away, which is why friends who head art institutions occasionally look over the collection and put a future claim on what they fancy.

Although these three collections all include plenty of avant-garde art, there's a marked absence of gimmickry. These collectors, like the great majority of their confrères, are leery of fads in art. Mr. Ault says, "Vogues are manipulated. Certain artists suddenly become stylish and prices go sky high. Even the museums are inclined to be too lenient. Nobody can be sure what will wear well."

Even so, as Roy Neuberger put it for all of them, "A collector's a collector until he dies."

Photograph by Marvin Newman

℞ for ATLANTIC SALMON

by Paul Stewart

The winner in the battle with the noblest fresh-water fighter is the fisherman with the finest equipment

IN THE SPRING, the Atlantic salmon returns to spawn in the waters where he himself was spawned a season or two before. Restless after a winter's feeding in the North Atlantic, he swims up the Miramichi and Restigouche rivers in eastern Canada and to the famed Malangsfoss pool on the Maals in Norway—in fact, up hundreds of rivers in North America and Europe. The same instincts that drive him against the currents also make him the king of fresh-water game fish. Pound for pound, no other fish has quite the exuberance and spirit of a spawning salmon.

To land the salmon, a fisherman needs a supple rod, a powerful reel, and a lure that will provoke the fish. Among those who fish for Atlantic salmon, the Orvis rod, the Bogdan reel, and the Coffey fly are almost as renowned as the fish itself.

The Orvis Company of Vermont has been making fishing rods since 1856. For fly rods, Orvis craftsmen use Tonkin bamboo from the Chinese mainland. Since the last shipment arrived at the end of World War II, Tonkin bamboo—the only variety suitable for fly rods—is getting scarcer by the season. Orvis says it probably has a fifteen-year supply. Some manufacturers urge customers to use fiberglass rods, a thought that shocks the Orvis people and their customers.

Although he knows fiberglass rods are stronger and more durable, any fisherman worth his waders also knows that bamboo has more life, more snap, and more backbone. "I can cast better with a bamboo rod," says one man. "I can play the fish better," says another. In short, fishermen believe they can catch more salmon with bamboo rods. And, like trout fishermen, salmon fishermen are notoriously cranky about their gear.

At Orvis, the man who decides to buy a custom salmon rod—that is, one designed to his personal specifications—must decide upon the kind of action he wants in his rod-to-be: stiff, limber, or medium; whether he will need a light or heavy tip; what length of rod; what shape of grip; and so on down to positioning the reel seat. The size of the rod—and the size of the line, for that matter—is determined by the size of the catch-to-be: Atlantic salmon in Norway, for instance, run a good twenty pounds heavier than those caught in North American rivers. For bigger salmon in faster currents, a larger rod is required.

The company makes up about 400 salmon rods a year, and handles everything from shaping the bamboo right down to machining the metal joints or ferrules. All Orvis bamboo rods, whether designed for fresh- or salt-water fish, are treated with resins to seal the pores of the bamboo. "It waterproofs the bamboo, making it more durable," says Wesley Jordan of Orvis. For fourteen-footers with double handles Orvis charges up to $230. Along with a full complement of rods, the Orvis catalogue (write to the Orvis Company, Manchester, Vermont, for a free one or stop in at the factory) lists the famous Bogdan salmon fly reel.

At far left are the famed Bogdan reel and Orvis rod; at left is a fisherman displaying a prize he has taken on the Sand River in Norway

"As long as I am making fishing reels, I am happy," says Stanley Bogdan of Nashua, New Hampshire. "Why, I think I would make reels even if I had to give them away." A quiet and a modest man, Bogdan will make only salmon fly reels (they are also used for tarpon fishing, Bogdan admits); he will not make an ordinary fly or spinning reel.

"Years ago," Bogdan explains, "when I was a machinist, I decided to make reels, but I knew I couldn't compete with mass-produced fly or spinning reels. So I picked salmon fishing as my specialty. It is an expensive sport and I felt salmon fishermen would be able to buy my reels if the reels themselves were good enough." (It might be well to explain that to fish for Atlantic salmon in the good Canadian rivers, you either have to lease part of a river like the Restigouche or belong to a private club that does, like the Moisie River Club, which has eight members; one Canadian angler estimates that salmon fishing can cost up to $1,000 a fish.)

The Bogdan reel is a gleaming, anodized aluminum affair. It is as simple as Bogdan can make it. "There are no frills, no nonessentials. My reel can be taken apart with a ten cent piece," Bogdan says with pride. "I design the reel, I mill the parts, and I assemble it." There are just three screws that hold the Bogdan reel in place.

Why are fishermen ecstatic about the Bogdan reel? "It is the braking device that is unique," says the man who designed it. "Until you hook a salmon, the reel is of no importance. Once you hook the fish, you must hold him." In the reel, two spring-controlled brake shoes work against a central drum—operated by a single lever on the outside of the reel. "It is a little bit like a car's braking system," he explains. There are ten different positions on the Bogdan reel, corresponding to different amounts of drag or tension.

Bogdan makes many of his reels on a custom basis. As with the Orvis rod, Bogdan must know where the reel will be used. For larger fish and faster currents, a fisherman needs a larger reel with more line capacity and a more powerful braking device. Rod, reel, and tackle must balance each other. "The reel must be capable of handling the tackle," Bogdan says. If you are left-handed, Bogdan will make a left-handed reel for you.

A Bogdan customer is always right even when he is wrong. "If I feel someone has ordered the wrong reel," Bogdan says, "then I'll send him two and let him make up his own mind." For this kind of solicitous treatment salmon fishermen pay up to $137.50 for a stock Bogdan reel—he has seven models. Write to Stanley Bogdan at 33 Fifield Street, Nashua, New Hampshire, about custom orders. Don't try to call him—he doesn't have a telephone in his shop.

Even when a man is armed with an Orvis rod and a Bogdan reel, he still needs to find a way to lure the salmon to the hook. One solution is to buy salmon flies from Bill Coffey in Montreal, Canada. Here, ten flights up in an office building, Coffey hand-ties salmon flies, the only way it can be done. Consider the witch's brew used to make last year's fly of the year, the Rusty Rat. Coffey uses peacock feathers in the tail, rusty silk floss in the body, peacock about the neck, black and white animal hairs on the wings, and a hackle or collar made of grizzly-colored rooster feathers.

Whether to fish with a dry fly or a wet fly is a decision every salmon fisherman must face. Since spawning salmon do not feed on flies, they snap at man-made lures out of pique or orneriness. At the moment, famous flamboyantly-feathered flies like the Rat-face McDougall and the Jock Scott are slightly out of favor. There is a trend toward more haired patterns. The Rusty Rat, a haired fly, came on strongly last season as the favorite. "Just wiggle the tip of the rod, and the wet animal hairs will pulsate in the water. This annoys the salmon and he will snap at the fly," says Coffey.

A Coffey salmon fly starts at eighty-five cents and a catalogue is available. Write to Bill Coffey, Room 1004, 485 McGill Street, Montreal. Where does Coffey fish for salmon? He doesn't, and what's more, never has.

"Too expensive," he says.

Some of the Coffey wet and dry flies for salmon are: **1.** Rat-face McDougall. **2.** Rusty Rat. **3.** Gray Palmer. **4.** Casseboom. **5.** Silver Rat. **6.** Jock Scott. **7.** Brown MacIntosh. **8.** Orange Blossom

Photograph by Baltazar Korab

Photograph by Duane Fouraker

At left is the Lincoln Continental convertible, the only four-door convertible among American cars. It is automated to an unusually high degree—even tucking its top into its trunk and closing the deck at the movement of a lever. Above is the four-door sedan, the paragon of American luxury cars. In any of its three body styles, the Continental is conceived as a car whose investment and resale value are backed up by classic design and superb engineering

Lincoln Continental–the Car Time Treats Gently

Styled to stay in style and engineered to the highest standards in the world, the Continental is a wise automotive investment

by Burgess H. Scott

To say that time treats a Lincoln Continental gently is to express its underlying philosophy. In looks and in operation, it stands the test of time. It is designed to be permanently attractive—to defy the whims of mere fashion. And it is engineered to perform magnificently—to be so well built as to respond to good care with years of dependable operation. The idea, in short, is to produce a fine car whose qualities contribute to its long-run market strength. This philosophy applies to the 1966 Continental but, equally important, it will apply to the 1967 model and those which follow.

Because these principles have guided the manufacturer of the Lincoln Continental, its buyers have been rewarded with a sound automotive investment, a luxury car that retains its value remarkably well. The result has been the Continental's sales success, which has been noted in many newspaper stories in the past few months. Since 1960, not only have more Lincoln Continentals been sold each year than the year before, but with the 1966 model sales have reached the highest peak in the forty-six years since a car named Lincoln has been on the market. These sales are not based on a capricious public reaction to automotive beauty but on a steadily growing realization that the Continental is a true luxury motorcar.

When the Continental in its present form was introduced to the public in 1961, its buyers were largely a discerning spectrum of leaders in industry and the professions. The spectrum has widened continuously. This year—owing in part to the fact that a two-door Coupé has been added to the line—ownership of the Continental has broadened. More and more, its buyers include those who might be described as "young affluents," people just entering the luxury car class who want their first fine car to be beautiful, long-lasting, a sound investment, and, quite frankly, a status symbol to which their position in life clearly entitles them.

People choose the Continental for several reasons. One is that its beauty is never smothered by next year's model. The car's appearance doesn't undergo revolutionary changes. Born a classic, it remains one. Changes occur rather slowly, but when they are introduced it is solely for improvement. A 1964 Continental is as strikingly contemporary as a 1966—and the 1967 Continental will continue the tradition.

Mere handsomeness, however, if not supported by engineering and manufacturing excellence, will not enhance a car's reputation. Beauty that is skin-deep is only a mask. Here the Continental's superior quality comes into the picture.

No car is more stringently controlled during its assembly or more rigidly tested afterward. Each of its component parts is produced with an almost obsessive care. Each step in the careful process of manufacturing is watched over with hawk's-eye vigilance.

The single most important procedure in Continental manufacture is testing for quality. A good example is the attention given to the engine. Before the car is delivered, the engine has been run for 500,000 revolutions —the equivalent of 250 miles of careful new-car driving. After this break-in run, it is taken down and inspected. A dentist's mirror is used to examine cylinder walls, and if the slightest scratch is detected, the block is sent back for reworking.

Continental styling suggests both elegance and power

Only through such extraordinary attention to detail can a motor car be created that will inspire confidence in its ability to perform for long periods of time with a minimum of care. It is one of the reasons why the builder of the Continental has been getting letters from buyers who have watched the odometer of their car turn over 100,000 miles and begin again with zero. It is also one of the reasons why buyers of a new Continental are, with increasing frequency, buying a second one, even a third, when the time comes to trade.

Another reason that owners of Continentals are loyal is the lengths to which the manufacturer has gone to provide a silent and comfortable car. Its running gear is isolated from the passenger compartment by rubber, and its steering gear box and driveshaft are also cushioned in rubber. Two stainless steel mufflers, two resonators, and a tailpipe of double thickness reduce the engine sound to the most discreet kind of whisper. As a matter of fact, with windows raised the loudest sound a driver may hear if his speed slips past the maximum is his wife saying, "Slow down."

In addition to the comfort induced by silence, the Continental has the comforts induced by a careful attention to the *feel* of quality. The driving controls are designed for a "comfortable heaviness"—that is, they are rounded for a pleasant feel on the fingers and they provide just enough resistance to assure the driver he is doing his job.

In a car like the Continental, comfort and luxury are almost interchangeable terms, and in the Continental the list of standard luxuries is impressive. This is an impressively automatic car. It is delivered with power steering, power brakes, power windows (six of them), and automatic transmission. In the average Continental there are twenty-six electric, servo, vacuum, and hydraulic motors to perform various functions. If the Continental is ordered with optional air conditioning, there is a special valve to produce coolness at idle speed without overheating the engine.

Inside the Continental there are eight lights for reading, or working crossword puzzles, or knitting—including a map light that goes on at the press of its lens. There is a light that warns if a door is ajar, another that warns if the fuel is low. There are lighters in each ashtray.

The options extend further the range of luxury one can have with a Continental. These include an AM-FM radio, speed control, stereo tape, illuminated compass, roof-mounted ski carrier for the sedan and Coupé, an adjustable clothes rod, a television set, and a two-way radio.

It is in the basic car, however—the way in which it is built and tested—that owner loyalty and soundness of investment value have their deepest roots. Consider, for example, treatment of the body metal. It receives three coats of acrylic-base enamel. Even *one* such acrylic coat will survive body metal bend tests that many coats of ordinary paints will not. Under the acrylic coats are primers rich in zinc because that metal resists rust. And every Continental body first goes through a complete submersion tank in which an electronic plating process draws a rust-inhibiting solution deep into tight joints that soaking alone would not reach.

Each Continental, including the convertible, goes through a storm-spray of treated water. An inspector sits inside the car with a black light which causes any leak to glow. The tiniest glow sends the car back for correction. In the case of air-conditioned cars, an electronic "sniffer" checks the cooling system with accuracy that can detect a refrigerant leak of one ounce a year.

All this is part of an incessant search for perfection that begins with the careful design and testing of all the car's parts, the endless testing and examination that goes on during the building process, and the final twelve-mile road test given each finished Continental during which 189 functions are tested and corrected if necessary. These are the factors on which owner loyalty is based and are the bedrock on which a luxury car's resale value rests.

Whether a person buys the four-door sedan, the four-door convertible (the only such body style available in an American car), or the two-door Coupé, he gets an absolutely magnificent automobile weighing more than 5,000 pounds and powered by the biggest (462-cubic-inch) V-8 in the industry. But he also gets a motorcar that is timeless in its beauty and impeccable in the attention paid to its long-lasting quality as a classic among automobiles.

All the points outlined above will apply equally to the 1967 Continental. Dedication to investment value will continue to be a prime consideration on the manufacturer's part. Exterior changes—that is, styling changes—will be minimized to heighten the car's resale value. Improvements in the mechanical functioning of the car, however, will be made—as they always have been. Nothing less could produce the kind of luxury car that buyers will take as seriously as they have taken the Continental in the past six years.

Driver Education Aids from Ford Motor Company

SEVERAL DEPARTMENTS of Ford Motor Company offer materials aimed at improving driving performance. These include booklets, motion pictures, and film strips designed for use either by individuals or as aids to classroom teaching. Most are available without charge, some on a loan or purchase basis.

Among the materials designed for reading is a booklet called "How to Earn the Keys to Dad's Car," which offers young drivers a series of safety tips, driving hints, and pointers. Another is "The Eyes Have it," which details the importance of the good seeing habits needed for safe driving.

There are four film strips aimed toward helping driver-education teachers to focus on specific driving situations, such as freeways, passing, and intersections.

The 16-mm sound motion pictures, varying in length from eight to twenty-two minutes, have such titles as "City Driving," "Highway Driving," and "Driving Under Special Conditions."

For a free pamphlet listing Ford's driver education aids and how to obtain them, send your request to: Traffic Safety and Highway Improvement Department, Ford Motor Company, The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.

Increasingly favored by "young affluents," the Continental is the automotive expression of success

Photographs by Baltazar Korab

Spas Are Back in Favor

Not long ago, the "waters" were out of fashion, but now Americans are flocking back to drink them, soak in them—and boast of better health

by Helen Papashvily

A SPA, AS ANYONE who ever read a nineteenth-century novel knows, was a place half resort, half hospital, wholly elegant, situated near a source of natural mineral water. To such establishments the rich, the royal, the famous, the beautiful, the well, and the gouty repaired periodically to gamble, flirt, promenade, scheme, and matchmake while soaking and drinking their way to new health and spirits.

The continent was—and still is—dotted with spas, many of them established by the Romans or their predecessors, for hydrotherapy is as old as man, and every European who could afford it "took the waters" as a pleasant form of health insurance.

In North America, with its isolated communities and poor transportation, an annual trip to the "springs" was a social as well as a clinical necessity. Whole families—including children, servants, and pets—went to Old White, Saratoga, French Lick, or any one of more than three thousand other resorts to meet old friends and relatives, arrange marriages, and exchange news.

There was no state or territory that did not possess some kind of spring, river, well, or lake with healing properties. Gout, gravel, sterility, senility, cancer, consumption, gun-shot wound, gum boot poisoning—everything, so they thought—could be cured with mineral water.

The very extravagance of the claims produced skeptics who demanded proof. Once scientists, using the best methods then available, had analyzed most of the important mineral water, the "magic" was reduced to a few simple chemicals—"ten cents' worth of sulphur in a bath tub was the equivalent of a trip to the springs."

Europeans, despite those revelations, never quite lost their faith in water therapy, and the Bads, Bains, and Aixs continued to attract a loyal clientele. But in the United States, sophisticates found new cures (and afflictions to match them) and "taking the waters" was demoted to a folk remedy. Gradually the American spas became ghost towns, their great hotels stood empty, their famous springs reverted to mud holes and were forgotten, and so they remained until, in relatively recent times, a new generation of scientists, armed with improved techniques, equipment, and concepts, re-examined the composition and action of mineral water and arrived at some surprising conclusions.

Using the spectroscope, the electronic microscope, and the electronic beam, they revealed that some mineral waters do indeed possess "magic" properties in the form of important trace elements whose presence and value were unrecognized by earlier investigators. In other words, it was not the obvious ten cents' worth of sulphur that had produced the cures in those who drank from the Goiter Well, but the relatively infinitesimal amount of iodine, hitherto unnoticed in that water.

Improved laboratory methods and

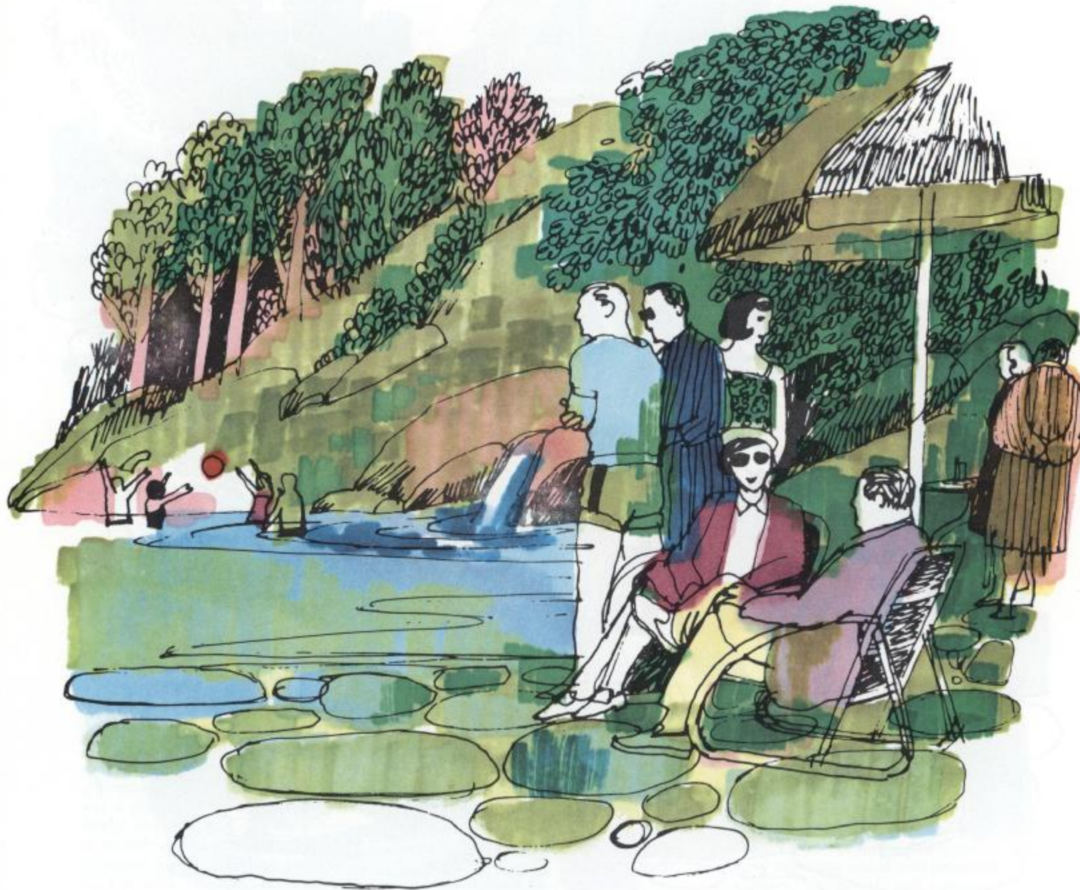
equipment also permitted a fuller examination of the mechanical, physical, and pharmaco-dynamic effects of mineral water on the body. Tagging certain elements in mineral water with radioactive isotopes, for example, demonstrated that during a mineral bath a number of dissolved chemicals *did* enter the body through the skin. As a result of much extensive and highly technical research, a new concept of hydrology has evolved that gives spas new status.

This does not mean there should be a rush to the "waters." Spa therapy is *not* a cure-all, *not* a specific remedy for any affliction. However, used externally or internally, the "waters" can produce desirable changes in the body through their thermal, mechanical, or chemical action.

Baths, for example, not only relieve certain skin conditions, but are used in reestablishing muscle power and control. Certain mineral waters, taken internally, can improve metabolism. Obviously, any serious conditions can be treated only by a physician who is thoroughly familiar with both the individual patient and the particular spa.

However, spas also offer many general health benefits that can be self-prescribed: a change of scene (and by consequence, often an escape from certain pressures), rest, relaxation, attention, proper diet, exercise, baths, and medical advice—a regular regimen in a pleasant environment—are delightful remedies and practically guaranteed to produce a blissful sense of well being, just the way a vacation is expected to do.

There are presently about seventy places scattered through seventeen states where a health seeker can take the waters in everything from a mud hole to a marble pool. Spa and mineral water facilities are owned and operated by corporations, individuals, state, local, and federal agencies, railroads, doctors, and Indian



tribes on a profit and nonprofit basis. Services, accommodations and prices vary greatly. A very few are listed and described below.

Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas. Thanks to Thomas Jefferson, who sent scientists to test the medicinal value of the waters, the Federal government purchased and has since controlled the forty-seven springs that provide a million gallons of steaming (143°) radioactive water daily. Baths and massage are available at several hotels and at seven charming nineteenth-century bath houses set along a magnolia-bordered promenade. The Libbey Memorial Physical Medical Center* therapy program accepts out-patients only, with referral through a federally registered Hot Springs physician required. Therapies and waters aside, this is a fine part of the country for all manner of outdoor recreation. The region is modestly hilly, with many hiking trails, three lakes, and six golf courses.

Palm Springs Spa Hotel, California. It has almost overwhelmingly opulent gardens, colonnades, loggias, lanais, pools indoors and out, baths of all kinds, cubicles for resting and reviving, and a corps of skillful attendants dedicated to making the clientele feel young and beautiful, or at any rate, cherished.

Hidden Valley Hot Springs, California. Part of the delight here is the great natural beauty and the unexpected isolation. The springs are tucked away in a pocket valley eight miles south of San Luis Obispo not far off U.S. 101. Guests can either soak in baths or dive into a hundred-foot, year-round outdoor thermal mineral pool set in a garden. Although motor traffic in the immediate area is heavy, few people ever notice the sign that directs one to Hidden Valley and the plunge is never overcrowded. On a bright day, to bask in the 85° water and watch deer browsing on the surrounding mountainside is true serendipity.

Safety Harbor Spa*, Florida. Once a spa and little else, this place has lately blossomed into a true resort with golf, a theatre, a gymnasium, entertainment, and fine food. Safety Harbor, near Tampa, offers resident guests a general hydrotherapy and recreational program as well as preventive and curative treatment for specific disorders by a staff of physicians. All this is optional, of course. Most guests are content to treat Safety Harbor as they would any other first-class resort—just taking it easy amidst a full array of luxuries.

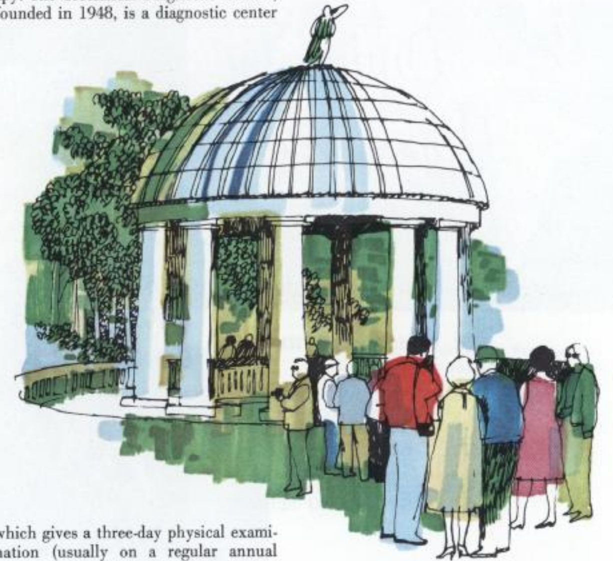
Boyce Hot Wells Health Resort, Louisiana. This is a simple place, owned and operated by the state. It is situated a few miles northwest of Alexandria, which itself is about 115 miles northwest of Baton Rouge. There are mineral baths and limited therapy. One finds accommodations in the immediate region.

Virginia Hot Springs*, Virginia. The Spa At The Homestead (its official title) is among the more celebrated of the springs resorts. Besides all the appeals associated with a good resort, including splendid accommodations and service, the Homestead offers guests of the hotel a variety of baths—steam, whirlpool, tonic, still tub, and Scotch (water under pressure), as well as massage. The Zander Gymnasium has apparatus ingeniously designed and beautifully constructed for exercising and reactivating almost every muscle in the body. Full spa therapy under medical supervision is also available.

Berkeley Springs, West Virginia. This great thermal mineral spring, discovered by George Washington and presented by his employer, Lord Fairfax, to the state, was once the gayest resort in the colonies. It still has the charm and tempo of an earlier day. Mineral water gushing from the mountainside is used in Roman baths and a swimming pool (summer only), and in tub baths available throughout the year in the state-operated bath house in the old park.

A Roman bath, by the way, should not be confused with the conventional kind found in homes. These at Berkeley Springs hold from 300 to 400 gallons of water. There are fourteen such baths here, as well as many of the better known variety.

White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Affectionately known as "Old White" throughout the South, White Sulphur is perhaps the country's most famous spa. At the Greenbrier, the present hotel set in the old grounds, guests may enjoy sulphur baths, massage, and, with a doctor's prescription, physiotherapy. The Greenbrier Diagnostic Clinic*, founded in 1948, is a diagnostic center which gives a three-day physical examination (usually on a regular annual checkup basis). Guests using the center stay at the luxurious hotel, get tests in the morning, and have the rest of the day free for varied recreation and many social activities.



Thermopolis, Wyoming. Said to be the largest mineral spring in the world, the Big Horn Spring, gushing from the foot of a mountain, produces 18,000,000 gallons of water a day—enough to ease every aching joint in the nation. Years ago, a chemist analyzed its waters and found them to be almost exactly like those of Carlsbad, Czechoslovakia. The town is at the junction of U.S. 20 and State 120 at an altitude of 4,326 feet amidst grand mountain scenery. There are baths, massage, and limited therapy available. Gottsche Rehabilitation Center* provides full spa therapy.

Author's note: Only the places with asterisks are spas in the truest sense of the word, that is, establishments developed around natural mineral waters where a full diagnosis and course of treatment is available under direct medical supervision.

Dreamwold Inn, Carmel, New York, tastefully blends a number of European influences in its furnishings but is totally French in its cuisine. Photograph by Carroll Seghers

Distinctive Dining by Appointment

The reward for arranging dinner in advance at these restaurants is great French food, privacy, and extraordinary attention to service

by Charles Zurhorst

THREE UNUSUAL AMERICAN restaurants are described here: Coventry Forge Inn, Pottstown, Pennsylvania; The Postilion, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin; Dreamwold Inn, Carmel, New York.

Not connected with one another in any way, disparate as to geography, they nevertheless hold in common a number of virtues calculated to inspire the respect of people who regard dining as a serious matter. Each is French in cuisine. Each insists on reservations so far in advance that it is like making an appointment for dinner. All understand perfect service, privacy, serenity, and attention to detail. And like all restaurants where these qualities are uppermost, they are not very big and their owners abhor the idea of expansion.

(It should be noted here that these restaurants are not the only ones in America with the above-described qualities. We know of one in Los Angeles and have no doubt that in or near other big cities—let's leave New York out of this—there are others. If our readers know of any that fit the qualifications we would like to hear about them. They might make the basis for another article in this magazine.)

Despite the sharing of attributes that make dining in them memorable, the three restaurants are distinctly different in mood, owing both to the history of the building in which each is housed and to the décor. The first presents the warmth of colonial America; the second the charm of France; the third the elegance of aristocratic England.

Above: Coventry Forge Inn, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, emphasizes colonial America in its use of pewter and eighteenth-century pine paneling. Epicurean groups dine there and praise it lavishly. Photograph by William Rittase. Left: The Postilion, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, "a small corner of France," serves its guests haute cuisine—here a platter of lobster *en croûte.* Photograph by Hans Keerl

Coventry Forge Inn, thirty miles west of Philadelphia, occupies a home which dates from 1717 and which, from 1758 to 1817, was operated as the Rising Sun Inn. In 1954 it was bought by Wallis Callahan, who restored it completely and opened the present restaurant.

Amid authentic furnishings of colonial America, and in front of a vast fireplace, cocktails are served in an informal tavern room paneled with the original eighteenth-century pine. There the dinner order is taken. When Mr. Callahan is not busy preparing meals, he

joins his guests at the bar to discuss the evening's menu.

First the guest orders a main course from a card that includes Crabe Wallis, Ris de Veau au Madeira, or Poulet Coventry Forge, and wine from one of the finest and most completely stocked cellars in America. There is a wait while the meal is prepared. (Most people lose patience during restaurant waits. Not at Coventry Forge. It is part of the pleasure, calculated in advance and rewarded by perfection.)

Guests are then ushered across floors of 200-year-old planking to one of the inn's two dining rooms. The first is a small, intimate, pine-paneled room seating no more than ten; the second is an enclosed porch at the rear of the house, overlooking rolling pasture land and the inn's own extensive herb garden.

Antique pewter service plates grace the tables and add to the air of colonial charm which, itself, is enhanced by the magnificent cuisine. It is no wonder that such epicurean groups as the Commanderie de Bordeaux have stood and applauded one of Wallis Callahan's dinners at Coventry Forge Inn.

Described by its owner, Mme. Liane Kuony, as "*Un bon petit restaurant français*," The Postilion occupies the century-old Darling house, sixty miles north of Milwaukee on Pioneer Road in Fond du Lac. It became The Postilion in 1949, and is the most exclusive of these three restaurants in that no more than twelve guests, or two groups, are served in any one evening, with each group having its own private dining room and waitress.

From the outside The Postilion is a square, elegant, nineteenth-century Midwestern house, but inside it is a charming bit of old France. Entrance is into a foyer with a Venetian blown-glass candlelit lantern, a red carpeted stairway, and a Baccarat ruby overlay newel post, where wraps are placed until removed by a maid. The dining areas, with their white walls, blue woodwork, and French cretonne print draperies are tastefully furnished with many French antiques, and there are always fresh flowers.

At The Postilion, guests often leave the menu entirely to Mme. Kuony. A native of France and a chef with an encyclopedic knowledge of all that is great in French food, she takes great pains in the personal planning of meals. Given enough time, she will prepare, for example, lobster *en croûte*, which even in the finest restaurants is not available on a moment's notice and which is one indicator of true French genius in the kitchen.

The Postilion is the kind of place that has a great reputation among persons and groups with a true love of the best and time and money to indulge in it. For example, Mme. Kuony once received a call from the president of a large corporation in Chicago asking her to prepare a dinner for a party of ten executives. He left the menu to her judgment but told her that his company's airplane was in Brussels and that if she wished she could have any ingredients of her choosing flown to her.

Needless to say, it was an extraordinary dinner, as well as a remarkable expression of confidence in Mme. Kuony. The principal course was beef Wellington,

Mme. Liane Kuony, chef and proprietor of The Postilion. Native of southern France, she studied under chefs in Switzerland. Most of her guests are regulars

another example of *haute cuisine* and a dish one simply does not encounter casually, since it requires the skill of a master chef. That particular dinner included asparagus and strawberries flown from Europe as well as poached nectarine flambée topped by *crême Chantilly Grand Marnier*.

Most of The Postilion's guests are regulars who return time and again. In this there is no wonder, for, so excellent is the preparation of its food, chefs come from all over America to attend Mme. Kuony's Postilion Culinary Arts School which she manages to operate in addition to her restaurant.

Fifty miles north of New York City, on Gypsy Trail Road, in Carmel, New York, is the Dreamwold Inn. Open daily except Monday and Tuesday, Dreamwold is a magnificent English Tudor mansion, situated high on a hill in the midst of fifteen beautifully landscaped acres of gently rolling land overlooking the clear blue water of a wooded mountain lake. It is the most formal of the three.

In an artful amalgam of French, Spanish, and Italian décor, and an offering of such dishes as crêpes à la Reine, tournedos Rossini, and coquilles St. Jacques, all of which are served with an incomparable old-world elegance and graciousness, each diner is made to feel like the personal guest of Jean and Peter Mazurek, who own Dreamwold and oversee every function of its kitchen.

Through careful planning and delicate manipulation, the Mazureks manage to keep each dining party separate from others. While one may be having cocktails personally served in the Bombay Lounge, with its hand-laid Italian mosaic tile floor and alabaster fountain, another may be having dinner behind the delicate black French wrought-iron gates that give the dining room an air of intimate seclusion, while a third is being served coffee and brandy in the formal drawing room and leisurely observing a pair of original Piranesi prints, signed letters of Napoleon and Josephine, and a French Welte-Mignon grand player piano.

Built in 1925 at a cost of over $2,500,000 with the materials and the workmen imported from Europe, Dreamwold was a private estate until purchased by the Mazureks in 1963. It had long been their dream to find just such a setting for their vision of dining splendor. As with the other two restaurants of distinction, Dreamwold's superb cuisine has been praised and applauded by gourmets from all over the world.

Prices at all three restaurants are on the expensive side, but justifiably so. Dinner for two would start at approximately $25. But where would one find such distinctive dining, be served unsurpassed culinary delights, and attain an almost magical escape from the rush of a modern world for less? In fact, where else at any price?

Note: Some readers will undoubtedly be moved to investigate the possibility of dining at one of these restaurants, provided they live near enough or are sufficiently moved by the prospect of such food in such surroundings. In that event, here are the telephone numbers: Coventry Forge Inn (215) 469-6222; The Postilion (414) WA 2-4170; Dreamwold Inn (914) CA 5-3500.

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

Although **Mrs. Audrey K. Kennedy,** of Brookline, Massachusetts, and Southern Pines, North Carolina, is petite and fragile-looking, she has an astonishing talent for getting things done.

During World War II, the Red Cross in Moore County, North Carolina, needed an executive director. Mrs. Kennedy accepted the challenge at the salary of one cent a year. She's still on the job every weekday and in emergencies—and at the same salary. In fact, she is the only unpaid Red Cross executive director in the Southeast.

In 1948, with Michael G. Walsh, who formerly trained show horses for her in Massachusetts, Mrs. Kennedy organized the Stoneybrook Race Meet at Southern Pines. It has become one of the top social and sports events of the Carolinas, and she is still active in it. Proceeds go to St. Joseph of the Pines, a Catholic hospital. Mrs. Kennedy is also a founder of the Women's Guild for St. Joseph, although she herself is an Episcopalian. She explains her interest with characteristic directness and simplicity: "The hospital needed help."

She is also on the executive committee for Penick Memorial Home, an Episcopalian residence for persons over sixty-five—whom she affectionately calls "the kids." Each spring when the gardens are in full bloom, she invites them to spend a day at her spacious North Carolina estate, "Seven Stars."

With all these activities, Mrs. Kennedy still found time to serve as president of the Central Carolina Girl Scout Council.

Since she comes from the Boston area, Mrs. Kennedy is often asked if she is related to the late President. The answer is no. Born Audrey Kennedy, she married another Kennedy—the late William J.

In 1950, the Sandhills Kiwanis Club of Southern Pines awarded her its "Builder's Cup" for outstanding, unselfish personal service to the area.

"I was born to work," Mrs. Kennedy explains, with a smile.

As writer, editor, publicist, and public official, **Vrest Orton** of Weston, Vermont, was in the vanguard of city-hardened men who, a generation ago, escaped to the country. But in his case, it was a return of the native, for Orton was born in Vermont and it was his background, both sentimental and historical, that inspired him to revive the old country store of his grandfather and father.

The Vermont Country Store is a nationally known institution. This is because it is a remarkable mail order house and because its twice-yearly publication, *The Voice of the Mountains*, is one of the most interesting and charmingly written of its kind anywhere. Both the store and the booklet reflect, with good humor, a concern for practicality, common sense, and taste. The result is that Weston and the Vermont Country store have become top tourist attractions in New England, visited each year by thousands of travelers.

Mr. Orton is devoted to American history and was first president of the American Association of Historic Sites Officials. He also had a hobby of collecting classic cars, including Rolls-Royce, Bentley, and Pierce-Arrow. When business interfered with that, he sold the collection and transferred his love of fine cars to the Continental.

"It is not just history or aesthetics that compels me to drive a Continental," Mr. Orton says. "We live an hour's drive from the nearest automobile dealer and cannot afford a car that demands frequent service. For this reason the Continental is the least expensive machine I have ever owned, and, since it is a convertible, it contributes to the happiness of my wife—not, I assure you, a factor to be ignored."

Louis Auguste Benoist, a native of St. Louis and a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, is president of the Almadén Vineyards of California, producers of celebrated varietal wines, champagnes, sherries, ports, and brandy. He is also president (since 1943) of the Lawrence Warehouse Company, largest field warehousing organization in the country. After Annapolis Mr. Benoist served as a naval officer for several years before entering the business world. He was first associated with the Illinois Power and Light Company in Chicago, later resigning to join Dillon, Reed and Company.

The Almadén Vineyards, which Mr. Benoist and some friends bought for a hobby in 1940, date back to 1852, when a Frenchman from Bordeaux planted cuttings from his native land in his vineyard along Guadalupe Creek near Los Gatos, California. Benoist chose the name, "Almadén," because of the quicksilver mines in the Coastal Range in central California. Almadén has widened its land holdings to one of the largest vineyards in California, including those at Paicines in the rolling foothills of the Gabilan Mountains, in San Benito

Photograph by Jean Raeburn, N. Y.

County. It also has three wine tasting gardens in the area.

Civic leader, sportsman, and patron of the arts, Louis Benoist is a prime contributor to the California Legion of Honor in San Francisco, and a member of its board of trustees.

One of his proudest stories is about the time the Secret Service borrowed his Continental for Lyndon Johnson when he came to San Francisco in 1965. The car had to be serviced; a small dent was removed; and Mr. Benoist was "checked out" by the Secret Service, all in a matter of hours—and on a Sunday afternoon.

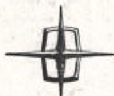
LINCOLN CONTINENTAL Ford Motor Company
P. O. Box 658, Detroit, Michigan 48231
Return Requested

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
DETROIT, MICH.
Permit No. 7804

04 0042771
FRANK WISKOWSKI
567 MEL AV
PALM SPRINGS CAL

Photograph by Duane Fouraker

Two-door Coupé, introduced in 1966, broadened the opportunity for ownership of a Lincoln Continental



This magazine is sent to you
with the compliments of
your local Lincoln Continental Dealer.