the Continental magazine

Winter 1966-67

New England's "International" Antique Shops   Luxury Fishing in Florida's Keys   Now Clambakes Come By Jet

the Continental magazine
Volume 6 Winter 1966-67

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COVER—No longer confining themselves to regional antiques, New England shops are now selling items gathered in other areas and other countries. Among the new-style antique shops is the 1800 House in Granville, Massachusetts, which specializes in European Provincial furniture. Photograph by Ivan Massar.

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Memo to our Readers:

IF ANYONE were to say of A. J. McCLANE that he knows as much about fish and fishing as any man around, it is unlikely that an objection would be raised. He is the editor of "McClane's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia," a volume of over 1,000 pages in which there are answers to (and illustrations for) just about every conceivable question one could ask regarding the fresh- and salt-water worlds. Besides that he is Fishing Editor of *Field & Stream* and contributor of hundreds of articles to that magazine and many others, including *Esquire*, and *Gourmet* (he also writes with ease and love about cuisine).

Al McClane grew up among the trout streams of the Catskills and now lives in Palm Beach, but at any given moment he is as likely to be found in Tierra del Fuego or New Zealand or rural France or Labrador, checking up on fish and food. He once had a syndicated newspaper column, wrote and directed radio and TV shows, and acted in some movies.

We have commented before in this column on Bodil Nielsen, who has contributed articles on subjects relating to home furnishings, but in this issue she collaborated with DELANCEY CONVERSE (left) on antiques. Native of St. Louis, Mrs. Converse is an adopted New Englander, lives in a 1735 house in Massachusetts, has restored an old farm house in Vermont, and has roamed the Yankee country roads in search of antiques. On her way to her present avocation, she studied at the Art Students League in New York and spent many an hour in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Arts.

Since 1949, RICHARD SAUNDERS has been a freelance photo-journalist whose work has appeared in *Fortune*, *Life*, *Woman's Day*, and other major publications. He has been all over the world on assignments for large American corporations and for branches of the U. S. government. A native of Bermuda, he has a home there and returned to take the picture of custom sport clothes on page 19 and to be photographed himself at the edge of the sea.

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High shot of that paragon of top-flight Keys resorts—Cheeca Lodge

Luxury Fishing in the Florida Keys

Ashore and afloat, here are some resorts where the greatness of the sport is matched by the quality of the surroundings

by A. J. McClane

THE MAN STOOD in the bow with his shooting line looped on the deck and watched the crystalline water. Through his polaroids he saw a parade of brilliantly colored angelfish, snappers, and grunts ghosting along with the fast-flowing tide. It was a world apart from his New York City home—a flat world of mangroves and sandspits that stretched from horizon to horizon.

The guide leaned on his pushpole in the stern, separating in his mind's eye that far-off ripple made by the wing tip of a feeding ray, the cutwater mark of a cruising shark, and the recurrent catspaws of a vagrant breeze. Countless signs of life occurred in each passing minute, and any of these could become the telltale ripple of tarpon coming into the flats.

"Am I supposed to do anything?"

"Just wait," the guide said. Twenty minutes passed and the man was fighting boredom by wiping suncream on his neck.

"Get ready," the guide commanded. The man saw nothing but the smooth face of the sea.

"They're at two o'clock and coming fast." Then the man felt the first shock wave of tarpon fishing. A dozen pale shadows became horny-scaled monsters as they veered toward the boat.

"Cast!" said the guide. "*Cast!*" The

In the true spirit of all fishermen who have won a battle with some deep sea creature of respectable size, this guest of the floating fishing craft, the Yachtel Cassamar, has hoisted up for the camera his prideworthy catch—a 57-pound barracuda

man executed the movements he had practiced as though he was using somebody else's limbs. When a six-foot-long fish struck at the feathered fly, more than a hundred pounds of twisting silver flashed over the water, pulling line out as if it were tied to a passing truck. That night over frosty glasses the man was David after the battle with Goliath.

To an angler, there is nothing like the Florida Keys, a 130-mile archipelago that stretches like a bared backbone between the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. Over 300 species of fish roam the pale green and blue sea, offering, among other specialties, the greatest tarpon fishing on our continent, the only bonefishing in the country, and the finest of that rather rare sport, permit fishing. Being so uniquely blessed, the Keys have responded to the needs of sportsmen by providing all kinds of accommodations from Key Largo to Key West, as well as the guides and boats that are necessary.

The Keys have not enjoyed a renaissance in half a century, but if the rebirth is now in flower the blossom stems from Islamorada, the oldest inhabited village on the islands. This is the site of Cheeca Lodge, which has become a sanctuary for visitors who want supreme comfort.

At Cheeca Lodge there is a variety of rooms, beginning at $30 a day next to the pool and going on up to the ultimate of a double bedroom suite in a beach cottage at $120 a day, including a sweeping view of sand and crystal sea. The plan is modified American, which adds $10 a day for breakfast and dinner.

The basic menu is an indigenous variety of seafoods, such as red snapper (a poached filet with *sauce Marguery*), hot or cold stone crabs, poached fresh pompano *Véronique*, lobster curry, and several Keys specialties. *Paella a la Valencia*, brochette of baby lamb *à l'Orientale*, chicken sautéed in wine sauce with artichokes and mushrooms, and the planked sirloin steak are typical alternatives. Cheeca also has a small but excellent collection of wines.

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Above: When Cheeca's guests get ready to challenge the lordly tarpon, they cruise out to promising waters in boats like these. Left: Cheeca pays attention to its guests' comforts right out to the edge of the sand—woven rattan chairs for indolence and refreshment under the thatch-roof shacks, and pretty little sailboats just for the fun of it. Below: This little boat, designed especially for fishermen to stand up in, is provided by Cheeca Lodge for less heraldic but more refined forms of fishing, such as fly casting

The dining rooms are spacious and the bar offers music and dancing after dark. Between engagements with the tarpon you can while away the hours in a fresh- or salt-water swimming pool, on the tennis courts, or a putting green, a driving range, or a private golf course. Address: Cheeca Lodge, Islamorda, Florida; telephone: (305) 644-4651.

Buccaneer Lodge, at Marathon, is another popular resort for anglers who want the best in creature comforts. Sprawled along the shore of Vaca Key, the lodge has sixty units, including efficiency cottages for two, two-room villas, and three-room villas (which include two bedrooms, two tile baths, a living room, full kitchen and a screened patio facing the water). The prices vary according to the season. A three-room villa, for example, costs $62 per day in the peak December into April period; $52 from April to May; and $33 from May to December. But a one-bedroom efficiency runs from $14 to a peak season price of $27. Dinner is by candlelight and on clear nights the ceiling rolls back so you can dine and dance under the stars. Fresh- and salt-water pools, tennis courts, beach parties, and other diversions are available during non-fishing hours. Address: Buccaneer Lodge, Marathon, Florida; telephone: (305) 743-5511.

Angling is a form of muscle flexing that can be pursued at any age, and guests at Cheeca Lodge or Buccaneer Lodge have a choice of exercises. Offshore trolling from a 40-foot cruiser for sailfish, king mackerel, dolphin, and the occasional blue marlin is abundantly successful even for the uninitiated. You can also explore the "back country" or Gulf-side flats from a large skiff. Bonefish, barracuda, red drum, ladyfish, mackerel, spotted sea trout, and a variety of other game fish are abundant in this area at all seasons, but from April through June the lordly tarpon is supreme.

Tarpon can be pursued in various ways, but clearly the most challenging form of angling is with the fly rod. The intricate pattern of channels and flats that forms the Keys is uniquely suited to light tackle fishing because tarpon cannot be sighted easily or played readily in deep water. When the giant silver acrobats come into the fast shallow banks, it is not unusual to see a thousand fish in a day. The actual fishing is accomplished by stalking. The guide either sights a moving school and poles his boat within range or, relying on his knowledge of the banks that tarpon frequent, he stakes out and waits to intercept them.

On a glassy morning hundreds of silvery specters appear over the sand bottom. They can be so awesome that neophytes have been known to "freeze" and let the schools pass without making a cast. A fly rod, even a heavy nine-footer suitable for beating Persian rugs, somehow feels puny at the moment of truth. When hooked, a tarpon may jump ten feet into the air and clear almost twenty feet horizontally.

The Atlantic permit, which as a trophy ranks along with Afghanistan's Marco Polo sheep, is also common to the Gulf flats. One of the world's authorities on this slab-sided gamefish is Captain Johnnie Cass who can be contacted on the Yachtel Cassamar (phone the Radio Marine Operator for a shore-to-ship connection, or write to P. O. Box 40, Summerland Key, Florida, for a reservation). Equally removed from the Overseas Highway and the Gulf of Mexico, the Yachtel Cassamar goes nowhere but serves as a secluded base already on the fishing grounds. Your jumpoff point from land is Cudjoe Key, which lies twenty-six miles north of Key West. Here you will be met by Captain Johnnie for a thirty-minute run out to the houseboat.

The Yachtel Cassamar might be described as a float for fishing except that its luxury and services make it much more than that. Its interior (above) resembles the best kind of hotel or motel

Photographs courtesy John Cass of Yachtel Cassamar

This seventy-foot floating fishing lodge is a unique operation in Florida. The regular appointments, from staterooms to lounge, are peerless. Whenever you feel like fishing, your guide and skiff are as handy as the gunnels.

First permit or last, you will never forget your bout because nobody catches enough to become blasé. Here again it's a game of stalking your quarry with a guide at the pushpole. A flighty, snub-nosed fish ranging from twenty to forty pounds in weight, the permit is not an aerialist; when hooked it charges over an aquatic obstacle course of sea fans, sponges, and coral heads. As a rule, the permit has to be followed a half mile or more at breakneck speed before it even slows down. With any luck you will boat a twenty-pound permit in thirty or forty minutes.

During the two best months of the year, February and March, Captain Johnnie has sighted from 1,000 to 2,000 permits in a single day. To hook a half dozen per outing requires some luck, and to whip *one* demands considerable skill. Captain Johnnie supplies eight-pound test spinning tackle rigged the way it will do the most service. If fly fishing is your forte, bring a nine-foot saltwater rod with a GBF or GAF floating line. Trolling tackle and spinning tackle can be supplied by your guides throughout the Keys, but with few exceptions the more customized fly tackle is a personal elective—bring your own.

The edibles on the Yachtel are plucked from the sea: meaty stonecrab in mustard sauce and the flakey yellowtail snapper sautéed *amandine*. The mundane (charcoaled steaks and chops and kindred delights) is always available, even for breakfast. Should you choose to skip lunch aboard the Yachtel (and nearly everybody does), the boxed viands stowed in your skiff are a veritable treasure chest when opened on a remote island. As Captain Johnnie is distinguished for his angling prowess, his wife Ann wears the high hat of her culinary office with commensurate skill.

While there is nothing else like the Yachtel and nothing quite equal to Cheeca and the Buccaneer in their appeals to indulgence, there are a number of resorts in the Keys among which the fisherman can make choices. But the places discussed here are, in the writer's view, the finest, and the fishing they make possible is on the same level.

Shopping New England for the World's Antiques

The lucky discovery in a Yankee cranny is no longer possible, but in today's elegant and formal shops there are beautiful antiques from all over

by Bodil W. Nielsen and deLancey Converse

Above: entrance way of the George Considine Antique Shop, Faunce Corner Road, North Dartmouth, Massachusetts. The display shows several examples of weather vanes. Below: interior of the Abraham and May shop, Route 57, Granville, Massachusetts. The Worcestershire tea set in English orange and gold sits on a Chippendale pie crust table dated around 1760. Bottom: Persian brasswork box, made about 1850, showing intricate detail and unusual feet. Photographed at Good & Hutchinson, Route 57, Tolland, Massachusetts

LITTLE MORE than a decade ago, "antiquing" in New England constituted a simple outing. Carloads of neophytes from nearby cities slowed up traffic on country roads on Sunday afternoons while their occupants searched for "Ye Olde Antique Shoppe." The shoppe owners often offered little more than the gleanings from an overstuffed attic—knickknacks of uncertain origin and even shakier quality.

The booming antique market has changed the New England scene considerably. The sophisticated acquisition of antiques is triggered not only by esthetic trends, but economic ones; antiques of good quality are exceptional investments, and soaring prices virtually guarantee profitable resale. The supply of

Photographs by Ivan Massar, Black Star

genuine articles is obviously dwindling, with the result that buyers and sellers alike have acquired a much more professional interest, and an increased awareness of quality and condition. A competitive scramble for the remaining treasures was inevitable. Knowledgeable connoisseurs have replaced the attic-emptiers in Yankee shops.

If anything, however, the soaring market has made New England antiquing finer sport than ever. The new rural shops, far more elegant and formal, are in themselves a delight. Many are beautifully restored Colonial buildings, and their wares are not only "Early American" but the finest examples of furniture and *objets* from all over the world, particularly England and France. Prices vary from state to state—Massachusetts is more expensive than Vermont, for example—but all are lower than city prices, and the reputable dealers can save the novice from expensive blunders.

1. Pair of black hanging lamps from The Overflow, Marion, Massachusetts

2. Philadelphia highboy photographed at Abraham and May. Made of mahogany around 1775, it is unique in that American craftsmen built it at a time when most furniture of high quality was still imported from England. Well designed and built, it was probably available only to the wealthy

3. A typically New England American wing chair, made around 1790 and quite rare because of its curly maple base. From The Barretts, Groton, Massachusetts

4. Early American cherry desk photographed at Good & Hutchinson. Like the desk, other items in the room are of museum quality

5. Convex mirror with exceptional eagle finial. Made in New England around 1810, it is rare because the gilding, glass, and candle holders are original. Photographed at The Barretts

6. Eighteenth century French woodcarving of a rooster, from Good & Hutchinson

7. English saddle chair in dark wood, from The Overflow

8. English secretary bookcase from The Barretts. It is made of mahogany and is dated 1770-80. On the shelves are silver resist jugs (about 1810), one with rare robin in reverse on each side, one with polychrome decoration, another with a Masonic emblem

Massachusetts claims the lion's share of elegant shops. A forty-mile strip of Route 57, between Springfield and Great Barrington, has mushroomed with expert antique dealers offering a dazzling variety of wares. One of the oldest shops on this stretch is that run by George Abraham and Gilbert May in West Granville. They specialize in Americana, notably furniture and glass. They also show the enormously popular miniature furniture.

Good & Hutchinson, whose shop in nearby Tolland is a meticulously restored seventeenth-century residence, also specialize in Americana. They show paintings and primitive objects, along with a fine collection of eighteenth-century furniture and accessories. And one of Route 57's most attractive shops is owned and run by a New York dealer, David Lawrence Roth. His 1800 House in Granville, Massachusetts, specializes in European Provincial furniture.

The well-known dealers find their stock on regular shopping excursions of their own to Europe, or in private collections in the area. Auctions, too, provide them with a great deal of their stock, and often require considerable traveling. An antique chest from Philadelphia, for example, at Abraham and May's, was bought at an auction in Florida. Incidentally, collectors find that objects bought at local auctions, surprisingly enough, often command higher prices than comparable pieces in the shops.

One of New England's best-known antique shops is that of George Considine—a beautiful, well-stocked barn in North Dartmouth, Massachusetts. Considine deals in a variety of antiques—American, English, and French—all of exceptional taste and quality. He is quick to point out the inevitable defects in many antiques—warpings of wood, cracks in china, new finishes, or new hardware—which greatly affect furniture prices. The original finish, in good condition, is the buyer's and dealer's dream—and is priced accordingly.

Another beautiful example of elegance is Barrett's, a large, beautiful old house in Groton, Massachusetts. The furniture collection here is particularly commendable, with prices going up in the thousands for a single piece. But a wide range of tastes is catered to by different types of shops. Prouty's, in Manchester, Massachusetts, features some unique architectural items salvaged from old houses, such as marble mantelpieces, marble sinks, wooden columns, even tall Victorian windowframes. The Overflow, in Marion, has a wide price range and widely varied stock—from English saddle chairs, at less than $50 each, to an Early American doll's bureau in pine.

Antiquers in search of simpler wares, and commensurately lower prices, are best advised to head north on leisurely country rambles. Vermont's rural landscape still houses a goodly number of the smaller, less pretentious antique shops of yesteryear. Some of the less expensive items will appeal particularly to do-it-yourself converters and refinishers. Small washstands, for example, abound—and when their layers of old paint are removed, can be turned into attractively proportioned night tables or book stands. Corner cabinets, too, in varying stages of disrepair, offer considerable challenge to the home workshop.

Wigren and Barlow, in Woodstock, Vermont, carry a fine supply of north country furniture, some in excellent condition. Other fine Vermont sources include the Old Mill, in Starkesboro, a first-rate emporium of Americana, and M. Hatch's, in Hartland, which not only offers beautiful furniture but provides interior decorating services as well. Informal shops include Irene Fecteau's Everybody's Attic, in the Sugarbush resort area, which shows a melange of household goods from furniture to old glass and china.

China, incidentally, represents an even more skyrocketing market than antique furniture. Sets in good condition command princely sums: a group of Lowestoft platters, for example, is priced at $300 to $400. Canton, which is extremely popular in New England, has virtually quadrupled in price in the last two or three years.

Still, the many pleasures and perils of the New England antique foray should not be considered the exclusive province of the affluent. The prices in this rich market are fair and competitive among the many reputable dealers, and any sound purchase can automatically be considered a can't-lose investment. Small objects or large pieces—all have their charms, and appeal to very different tastes. Browsing can be a real treat in the beautifully restored shops of today. And in the corner of some barn—there *may*, of course, be one of the fabled "bargains"—an undiscovered treasure worth thousands and brought home for a song.

Clambake by Jet

An enterprising lobsterman and fast planes have joined to turn the celebrated bake, authentic to the last detail, into a moveable feast

by Edmund Ware Smith

FOR MILLIONS of people in this country—and for countless Americans everywhere in the world—the New England clambake is practically synonymous with homesickness. Anyone who has ever taken part in this gastronomic event remembers it with longing and pleasure. It is the great American feast—swept by the excitements of the ocean, vibrating with health, conducive to the most profound camaraderie, indescribably delicious, and, alas, increasingly difficult to reproduce the farther one gets from the Atlantic shores.

It remained for Edward A. Myers, founder of Saltwater Farm in Damariscotta, Maine, to tie the clambake to the jet airplane and thus put it within reach of everyone—movie moguls in Hollywood, oil sheiks in Kuwait, clubs, corporations, all who want their guests to be deeply impressed and forever grateful. Saltwater Farm will bring by jet a genuine, full-scale, all-course, Maine clambake, and proceed to bake it at the appointed place and time before the eyes and under the nostrils of the celebrants. It is not only a moveable feast, but a noble one.

To stage a jet bake for two hundred guests, a crew of four Saltwater Farm experts flies to the scene and goes into action, the bake ingredients and equipment having preceded them to the arena. Ed Myers heads the crew and commands the operation. He delegates command only when there is more than one bake on the same day. This rarely happens, but it did one day last summer.

While Ed Myers and his crew put on a bake to celebrate the launching of a new automobile in Michigan, Saltwater Farm's president, Bradley Lamson, did likewise in Connecticut for the launching of the new nuclear submarine, *Pargo*. At the same time, experts from Maine's Sea & Shore Fisheries conducted a jet-flown Saltwater bake for the opening of a seafood exhibit in Germany.

As all seafood devotees know, Saltwater Farm has been shipping live clams and lobsters nationwide and overseas for years. Ed Myers originated the idea, along with the special container and icing system which keeps the delicate shellfish in sea-fresh condition. Each container carries instructions for a do-it-yourself, in-the-home clambake. (There are many combinations of packages, such as eight lobsters for $20 or sixteen lobsters and a peck of clams for $39.60, plus air freight charges.*) The idea of staging large, outdoor clambakes, and transporting them by jet, crew and all, is the latest Saltwater Farm original.

The per capita price tag for a feast for two hundred people seven hundred miles by air from Damariscotta (enplaning at Boston) is approximately eighteen dollars. As the distance increases, and/or the number of guests decreases, the tag mounts. Two weeks' notice is required.

The logistics and mechanics of mounting a jet clambake are impressive. Exclusive of the four-man crew, the ingredients and equipment for a bake for two hundred guests weigh in at three thousand pounds. This includes four hundred pounds of rockweed. All-important to the baking, or steaming, process, this seaweed is plucked by hand at low tide from Maine coast rocks.

**For the seafood lover who wants to prepare a feast for family and friends at home, Saltwater Farm has a booklet listing all the prices and combinations and naming other delicacies available from the Atlantic Ocean. Write for it to: Saltwater Farm, Damariscotta, Maine 04543.*

Everything in the jet bake curriculum is from the land or the salt waters of Maine—lobsters, clams, potatoes, sweet corn, eggs, even to the dessert of apple turnovers supplied by Damariscotta's County Fair bakery. If toothpicks happen to be on the manifest, you may be sure they were manufactured in the town of Strong, Maine, the toothpick capital of the world.

The bake leaves Damariscotta by Saltwater Farm truck for Boston, where it is loaded aboard the jet plane destined for, say, Detroit, or Phoenix, or Mason City, Iowa. When it arrives at the scene of the bake, Ed Myers and his crew go to work before the assembled guests. Ed has noted keen interest among the feasters in the actual construction, or build-up, of the bake. It goes, with minor variations, as follows:

Over a charcoal fire goes the bake plate—a four- by six-foot metal sheet. Next, rockweed is evenly spread over the plate. On top of the rockweed goes a wooden frame, or tray, its bottom a sheet of half-inch mesh hardware cloth. And now, over the tray, a layer of clams, the fragrant juices of which aid in producing steam. Then comes the *pièce de résistance*—the lobsters. Potatoes, sweet corn and eggs are next. Finally, over all, tarpaulins are spread. The tarps hold in the steam.

The baking, or steaming, process takes about an hour from the time the fire is hot. The climax comes when Myers and the crew sweep off the tarpaulins, thus releasing a huge cloud of savory steam. This is the clambake's grand moment, the instant of the "Ooo—ah-h-h-h!"

Donning canvas gloves to protect their hands from the heat, the crew serves forth the succulent shellfish and other delicacies, and the feasting begins.

The occasion is gala and informal. It is almost impossible to eat a lobster and maintain an attitude of austerity. What with shells cracking and flying, and juice juicing, even the sternest corporation vice-president tends to become one of the boys.

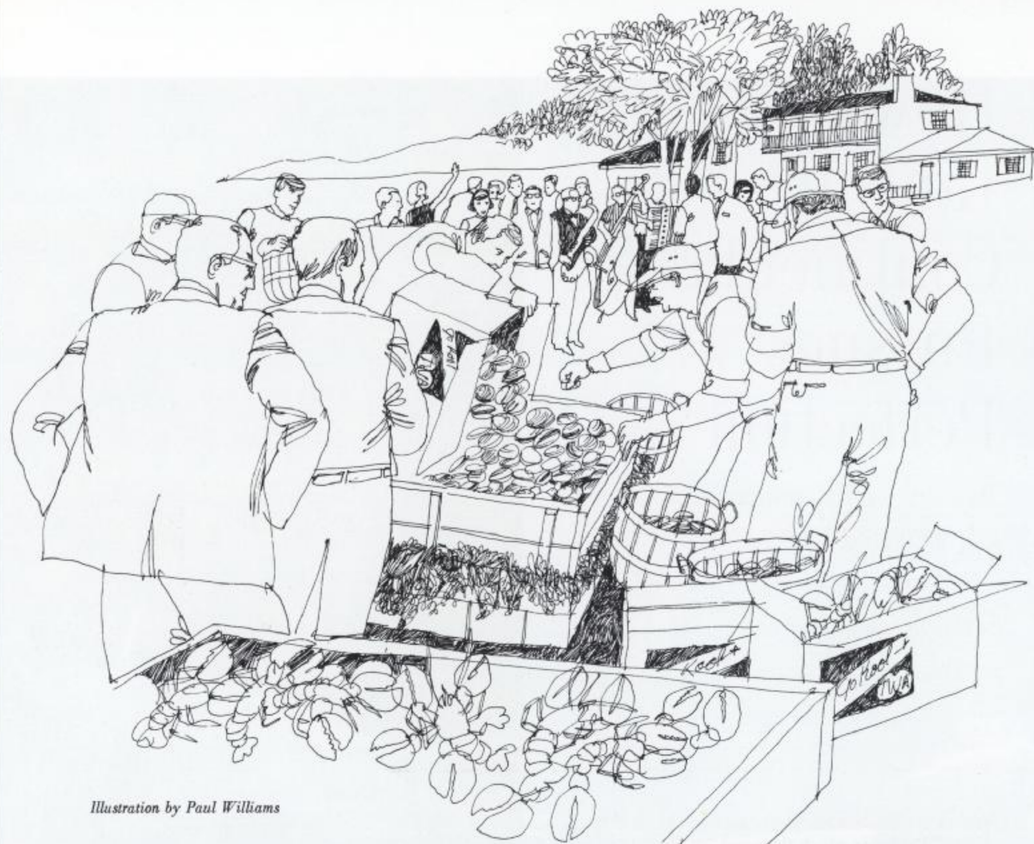


Illustration by Paul Williams

Ed Myers, in his L. L. Bean duck-hunter's hat and his net shirt, is ready with advice and assistance in the method of eating his viands. He is supremely versed in the history of catching and eating lobsters from the time of James Rosier (1605), back to the Red Paint Indians of the Damariscotta River, and forward to the immediate clambake by jet. He has midwifed so many ideas on the subject of shellfish that he has been called a "lobstetrician." He even has an answer for the recurring question:

"Why—when lobster is the main ingredient—do you call it a 'clambake' "?

Ed's reply is:

"It saves a syllable."

But Edward Myers, at heart, is not a syllable saver. He has a star-studded vocabulary acquired through much reading and education at Phillips Exeter Academy and Princeton University. After graduating from Princeton in 1938, his business experience included sales training with the Vick Chemical Company in New York.

From 1942 to 1949, he was executive secretary of the Princeton University Fund; assistant secretary, the Graduate Council; and associate director, Princeton Personnel Index. In 1949, he left Princeton for Maine, and there went into business on his own with the creation of Saltwater Farm. The Farm's mail-order literature, written by Ed himself, has made Saltwater Farm famous—and, in the process, raised the Damariscotta post office to first-class status.

In 1961, when Ed received an honorary degree of Doctor of Business Administration from Portland University, the citation read in part as follows:

"—resourceful businessman and citizen of quality, it is no exaggeration to record that Edward Allen Myers is the world's most articulate licensed clam digger and lobsterman."

Now nudging fifty, Ed Myers has dark hair, crew cut, with a few flecks of gray which, presumably, represent problems in transporting shellfish over the world. He gets respite from these problems by sailing the Maine coast in small boats with his wife, Julia; duck shooting with his small daughter, Felicity; playing the piano and bull fiddle; and, finally—just to keep his hand in—by occasional family clambakes on a Maine Coast island he owns.

The clambake by jet comes as a crowning Saltwater Farm performance, with Myers and the bake crew in leading roles, and the steaming bake itself the stageset. All were smash hits. It seems likely that the clambake by jet has a bright future in the field of large-scale entertaining.

How Lincoln Continental Pursues Perfection

By setting lofty standards and watching over them with vigilance, the manufacturer attains automotive excellence

THERE IS PROBABLY no luxury automobile made in the world today in which the quest for silence and ease of operation is pursued so relentlessly as in the Lincoln Continental. Both qualities are part of the car's very concept and both are constantly in the foreground from the initial designs of the car to its owner—and even beyond.

As everyone who has read these pages knows, there is a lot more to a Continental than meets the eye. True, it is a beautiful car, descended in its styling from the most revered classics of automotive history (see page 20), but underneath its beauty is a car built with exceptional integrity, constructed of components of the highest quality, and tested, tested, and retested every step along the way. This is one of many reasons why Continental has achieved a commanding position in the luxury market.

Although each Lincoln Continental is built at a deliberate pace that leaves time for constant vigilance, it is not dismissed as soon as it is completed. On the contrary, once ready for the road it actually takes to the road, via an unusual twelve-mile drive during which a driver-technician checks it out to make certain it is everything a Lincoln Continental is supposed to be,

Automotive Safety and Reliability Are Inseparable

A NUMBER OF FACTORS are involved in the safety of an automobile, and one of them is its reliability. Because this is so important both in safety and in customer satisfaction, Ford Motor Company has opened a multimillion-dollar laboratory devoted to testing this aspect of its automotive products.

This new facility expands our over-all testing capabilities with emphasis on two test areas vital to high vehicle reliability: recreating road conditions so that a whole car can be tested in the laboratory, and determining the useful life of chassic components.

Sophisticated beyond any test facility formerly used by Ford, the laboratory makes it possible to speed up many of the over-the-road functions of a vehicle, discovering in a brief time what might take days, weeks, or even months on the highway. One brake dynamometer, for example, puts the equivalent of a year's customer usage into a one-week test. This laboratory includes electronic measuring, recording, and monitoring devices for implementing the testing operations for which it was designed. This equipment is an integral part of the entire computer complex at Ford. It resembles a typical government installation for tracking satellites.

from the sound of the clock to the sound of the engine, from the ease of opening a window to the ease of tuning in a radio station.

When the test driver sets out with his newly manufactured Continental, he takes with him a clipboard listing the items he is to check. This board is in turn based on a thirty-four page document which itemizes most of the car's functions and instructs the driver on the strictness and tolerances of his examinations. The document is filled with references to silence and ease of operation. It is, in fact, an illuminating behind-the-scenes glimpse at the concern for quality of which the Continental owner is the ultimate beneficiary.

Here is a random sampling of items tested and the demands made in testing each:

Air conditioning. The optional automatic temperature control, which enables the driver to hold the temperature he wants whether he drives five hundred miles north or five hundred miles south, is put through all its operations and checked for the speed of each function (a time limit is specified) and any excessive noise or vibration.

Radio and stereo. Tone control, rear seat speakers, and quality of sound are tested. The amount of effort required to rotate the knobs and to push or pull the station-setting buttons is noted (a limit is set on this effort).

Speed control option. The driver first stabilizes his speed at 30 mph and checks for a tolerance of plus or minus two mph. A tolerance of four mph is the maximum allowed at speeds over 40 mph. All other functions of the device are checked, including its release at a touch of the brake pedal.

Four-way flasher, turn signal, lane changer. All are tested simultaneously. The turn signal must cancel itself correctly. Turn signal and flasher lights are checked by using a mirror system.

Stop lights. They must work with a maximum effort of four pounds of pedal pressure and without audible sound from the light switch.

Windshield wipers and washers. Wipers must cover a very large, specified area of the windshield; spray must hit the windshield at the right place and blades must make several sweeps after washers are turned off (Note: Lincoln Continental wipers exert very heavy pressure on the glass).

Brakes. These are applied during various speeds, at various pressures, and on various roads; they are tested for pull, chatter or roughness, and shudder (none are permitted).

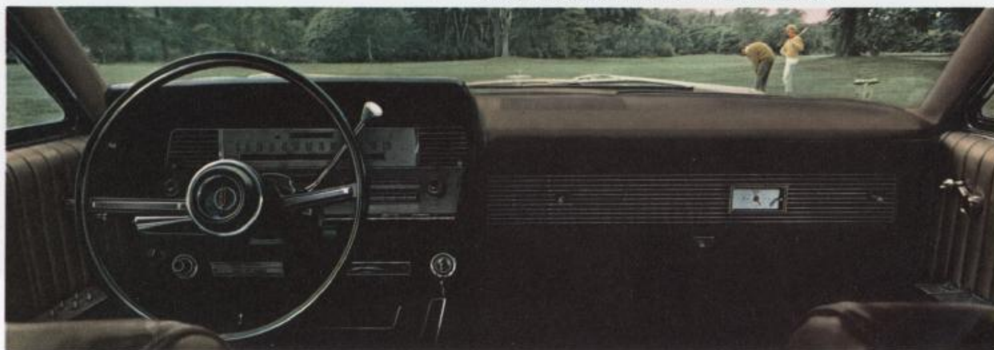
Cigarette lighters. When pushed they must pop in twenty seconds or less and the noise must be audible but not objectionable. The sockets must be tight but not too tight. If the tester suspects the force to push or pull them is too great, he has a gauge to measure it.

Among the other items tested for noise are the engine (at various speeds), speedometer, and suspension. Even noise from loose ash trays is tested—and here, also, none is permitted.

The manufacturer who tests so thoroughly after the car is made is running a risk, of course, unless he has built a really superior vehicle. In the case of the Continental, the testing that comes after manufacture is an expression of confidence placed in the car by its builder. The Continental is designed with quality and endurance in mind. The stainless steel in the mufflers, the tough acrylic exterior paints, the rust-inhibiting primers in the underbody metal, the unitized body, the obsessive attention to the engine—all are part of a singular philosophy of striving for perfection.

The result is a great luxury car in which the buyer can have confidence both for its reliability and its worth as an automotive investment. Moreover, it is a natural complement to "the Continental life—'67 style" because it goes hand in hand with all the tasteful pleasures of life—sailing, riding, and vacations to distant places.

The standards by which the Continental life is lived are very high and so are the car's. Its beauty, quiet, and ease of operation, and its engineering quality, have earned it the title of "America's Most Distinguished Motor Car."



Above: Among the comfort options in the 1967 Continental are individually adjustable contour front seats, each with power controls plus power adjustable headrest and recliner for passenger. Below: Control panel, covered with more padding than ever, is arranged to be convenient for hand and eye

This Continental device enables you to dial your own weather and retain it automatically regardless of outside temperature. Once on, it works totally by button

The pictures above and below show the AM radio and its combining Stereo-Sonic tape system which delivers four-speaker sound from easily inserted cartridges. Those who prefer an AM/FM radio can order a separate stereo unit, which also uses the speakers to create a concert hall effect

Photographs by Dennis Cipnic

This contemporary free-form cast metal wall fountain was designed by Lin Emery, a sculptress in New Orleans. It combines motion of metal with motion of water. The forms nod up and down as they fill with water pumped up through their supports and then empty through their "mouths" to the pool below

Water as an Ornament in Gardens

Pools, fountains, and water in motion help to establish subtle touches of variety

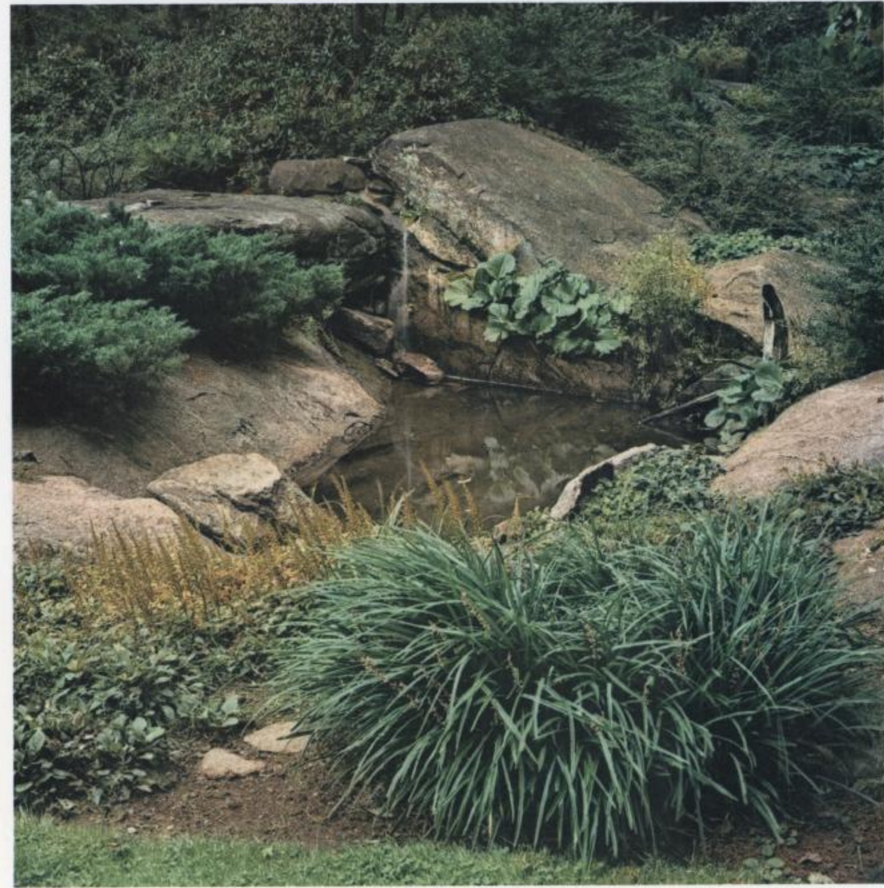
by George Whitney

THE ARTFUL USE of water has long been a factor in the architecture of the outdoors. Placid water that nurtures lilies and reflects the banks that ring it, waterfalls large and small, fragile brooks that barely wet the stones they flow over, small fountains, heroic torrents that arc over heroic sculpture—all have played a role in adding interest and beauty to their surroundings.

There were fountains and pools in Greece and Rome—both in public places and in the homes of the rich—around which people gathered because water so often is a natural attraction. The fabulous gardens at Versailles have long, wide, green alleys at whose intersections there are monumentally complex and fascinating fountains.

At the opposite end of the scale, the Japanese, with characteristic talent for miniaturization, devised fountains in

The versatility and artistic range opened up by the recirculating pump is illustrated by these two uses of water. At the top is a welded metal abstract dolphin fountain by Lin Emery. The forms are articulated, and as the water flows over them they are in constant movement, porpoising up and down. This type of fountain can fit an area 4 by 6 feet and is suitable for gardens as well as the indoors.



The woodland pool was formed by the removal of the large rock on the left now partially hidden by low-growing juniper bushes. The small waterfall in the center is fed by a pump concealed behind the driftwood stump at right. Situated some distance from the house, the waterfall can be turned on or off from the terrace. Water for the pool is supplied by rain or a garden hose

Photograph by Carroll Seghers II

which bamboo tubes are rocked gently by falling water as an element in the aesthetics of their gardens. And, of course, for centuries they have used pools ranging in size from puddles to ponds and set with pebbles or rocks in patterns that have been carefully thought out according to philosophic principles. (In the second century B.C., in Alexandria, there was a complete miniature theater operated by the action of water—dancers, changes of scenery, and sound effects.)

In the western world, including the United States, water has until recently been used in the outdoors chiefly for spectacular effects. There have been exceptions, of course, in the case of people fortunate enough to have a brook or a pond on their land and the aesthetic sense to use it aesthetically. By and large, though, it has been corporations, estates, and large parks that have tied water to landscaping or architecture.

Within the past few decades, however, the invention of the submersible electric recirculating pump has freed people from dependance on gravity and a limitless water supply (both were necessary for aqueous displays in the past) and made it possible for average people to give even a tiny plot of garden new dimension through the ornamental use of water. From static pools for goldfish or greenery they can go to small brooks, water screens, bubbling springs, water-powered sculpture, waterfalls, and even scaled-down versions of intricate fountains from royal history.

In a manner of speaking, almost every plan for using water as decoration in a garden is a do-it-yourself project. It can be as simple or elaborate as skill, space, and budget will allow. In most of today's gardens, however, the simple note is probably the one to strive for. Perhaps a small fountain or brook or rain screen, restful to the eyes and pleasant to the ears, may do all that is necessary to add a bit of charm and beauty to a portion of the outdoors.

At left is a classic Roman corner fountain. It is available in stone or metal at prices from $80 to $150. Below is a lily pond fountain by Lin Emery. Water spills from level to level over forms cast from waterproof cement which gradually acquires green mold and blends with foliage

The red shapes are another of the Emery Sculptures, "Flower Fantasies." The individual flowers revolve on their stems as water flows over them. Using little space, they are ideal for atriums and foyers. At left is a classic dolphin wall fountain. It occupies only twenty inches of lateral space and is perfect for narrow areas. Porousness of cast stone facilitates growth of moss

Custom Clothes for Sportsmen

Those who take their recreation seriously know that its pleasure increases when the shoe, the jacket, and the gear fit perfectly

by Paul Stewart

Photographs by Richard Saunders

Charles Nelson Weatherill, director of Weatherill's, Inc., the famous civil and sporting tailors in New York City, looks on while a customer is fitted for a red hunt coat. The gentleman with the tape in hand is his cousin, Wingrove Weatherill

Anyone who has hacked a horse, flushed a pheasant, schussed a ski slope, or stood on the heaving deck of a sailboat knows the inestimable value of sports clothes made to individual order. It was the nineteenth-century English gentry who first put their tailors to work on the problems of custom-made sporting clothes. There was, for example, the ingenious Duke of Norfolk during the 1880's who, tired of jackets that bagged and sagged under the weight of cartridges, devised his own shooting jacket. His invention—the Norfolk jacket—has extra strips of fabric sewn down the front and back to support generous shell pockets.

Few custom tailors know and care more about Norfolk jackets and riding habits than Bernard Weatherill, Inc., the famous civil and sporting tailors of New York City. Here, upstairs at 595 Madison Avenue, are the quiet, dignified showrooms of Weatherill's.

Charles Nelson Weatherill, the jocose 75-year-old director of the firm, is responsible for the sporting flair of the establishment. He is one of seven sons of James Weatherill, a tailor of Buckinghamshire, England, and he learned how to shape a sleeve of a hunt coat with a goose iron and sleeveboard at the age of fifteen.

Although he came to America in 1923 to set up a tailoring shop, he is still adamantly British about a few things. Riding breeches, for example. "Any self-respecting horse should throw a man with improperly-fitted breeches," he says with a trace of a smile. "Even a tiny wrinkle at the knee in a pair of breeches can cause a gall on the rider's knee."

Like most Britishers, whether American transplants or not, Charles Nelson also believes in heavyweight fabrics. "Breeches are made of cavalry twill which weigh in at about 20 ounces to the yard," he says. "Our shooting suits are also made of a 16- to 18-ounce tweed or whipcord. Not only are these warmer, but they are practically thornproof, a worthwhile attribute for hunting in the brush and brambles."

For his services, Weatherill's prices are appropriate: Shooting suits, of tweed or whipcord, start at $325, jackets are $225; pink hunt coats are $315; a pair of riding breeches, $125; a tattersall plaid vest, $70; and a three-piece business suit about $325.

At these prices, a Weatherill customer is assured of fit, durability, and individual attention. Each customer has two fittings, and a "finished" fitting for minor adjustments.

Most people take the fit and longevity of a custom-made garment almost for granted, but they are oblivious of the real reason for such a tailor—the individual attention a patron receives. It is nothing for a custom tailor to make sleeve buttonholes that actually button (a status symbol on Wall Street and Madison Avenue), a throat latch to

enable a sport jacket to button up at the collar, extra pockets, special linings (one man had part of his wife's old mink coat sewn into his overcoat), and even a rubber-lined game bag for a Harris tweed sport coat.

Although his clothes are as flamboyant as Weatherill's are conservative, Jules Andre, 21 W. 56th Street, the tailor to skiers and sailors, has much the same philosophy about individualism in sporting gear. "My customer can select the style he or she wants from a rack of sample parkas and pick out one of our fabrics," he says. "Then we'll make it up in about two weeks." He carries literally hundreds of textures and patterns, including such unlikely candidates for the ski slope as silks, tapestries, and drapery fabrics, as well as tried-and-true nylons and sealskins.

"Once we select the parka and the fabric, it is nothing for me to put in an extra pocket or two," Andre points out. He can also stitch in a fur lining, make a hat to match the parka, and, of course, coordinate or match the parka to a pair of ski pants made to fit your legs, bowed or otherwise.

Fashion, frippery, and whims aside, ski pants made to measure by Andre are a worthwhile investment for any skier. Andre is a fanatic about the proper fit. "They should follow the contours of the legs exactly, riding on the hips, and cut high in the crotch." Furthermore, only a skiing tailor knows how to make a footpiece that is comfortable in a snug ski boot and yet will not slip. The skier has dozens of shades of fabrics to choose from—all of them made with a small percentage of Lycra, the superstretch fiber that makes ski pants practically bounce off the floor.

In the spring, Andre's fancy turns to boating parkas. He specializes in black, navy, orange, red, and yellow shades. Women, of course, can pick any of the exotic ski fabrics, and have it made into a boating parka.

For the serious offshore sailor, though, Andre has two basic designs. "For the foredeck sailor who has to scramble to work the sails, we make a fingertip-length coat," he says. "The man at the helm needs a longer coat to protect him against the splashing of ocean waves."

All sailing parkas by Andre are coated with Reevair, a waterproofing that is breathable to an extent and effective.

Prices at Andre's are reasonable: ski pants (which can be ordered by mail) are $55 for ladies, $59.50 for men; parkas start from $30 and run to hundreds for exotic furs; sailing parkas are $30 for the foredeck coat, $40 for the longer, helmsman's, version. Caps, hats, gloves, and the myriad accessories for skiing are stocked here, too.

When Canada's Nancy Greene, the international ski champion, wanted a custom ski parka made of Canadian timber wolf, she wrote to Alaska-Arctic Furs of 1433 Fifth Avenue, Seattle, Washington. Within ten days, these experienced furriers had followed Miss Greene's instructions to the last stitch.

For hunters and skiers, Alaska-Arctic recommends parkas made of wolf ($395), Norwegian hair seal ($700), or wolverine ($850)—all are durable, snow-shedding furs. Naturally, the firm offers a multitude of trims and linings. Caps and mittens to match cost from $27.50 up. Write for Alaska-Arctic's catalog; it lists the assorted fur parkas, robes, and rugs.

Gerry Mountain Sports of Boulder, Colorado, another cold-weather specialist, deals with the problems of mountain climbers. Since mountaineering is essentially a survival sport, the climbers are demanding customers for Gerry, always asking for unusual details or fabrics.

Gerry is renowned for its workmanship in clothing and sleeping bags filled with goose down, the warmest insulation known. Goosedown gear, for example, is used by Everest climbers, Arctic hunters, and almost anyone who spends much time in subzero cold.

Fit is not a problem with down-insulated gear—it is designed to fit loosely. Gerry customers do ask for such things as camera pockets ($20); frost-shedding wolverine ruffs ($20); special collars for ski parkas ($25); and blood-proof game bags ($30). One customer even asked for a sleeping bag for his shivering dachshund. Gerry obliged, sending back a hamburger-bun-shaped bag, filled with goosedown. It cost $35.

"We are willing to try almost anything, provided the customer will pay for it," says Gerry Cunningham, president and founder of the firm. With this

(*Continued on page 21*)

Skin diver in the foreground is wearing a neoprene outfit and accessories from Sea Suits of Costa Mesa, California. The girl in the red slacks wears a jacket from Alaska Arctic Furs of Seattle; it is made of natural hair seal from the U. S., with a hood of wolf from Russia. The jacket worn by the man in the black ski pants is also from Alaska Arctic Furs, the fur being natural wolf from Russia. The girl is wearing a ski suit made by Andre in New York with boots by Henke. The mountain climber's blue parka, grey suede leather knickers, climbing boots, blue cable-stitch hose, and mountain axe are all from Gerry Mountain Sports of Boulder, Colorado

The Ancestry of Greatness

The ten Continentals this Pennsylvania architect has owned comprise a "Burke's Peerage" of the automobile

When the Lincoln Continental Owners Club held its annual meeting in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, last fall, among the members driving a revered car to the event was Dean Kennedy, who during the past fifteen years has owned ten classic Lincolns. At the moment he owns four—those shown in the picture on this page.

Mr. Kennedy, a practicing architect for the past thirty years, first became interested in Lincoln Continentals when one of them appeared with a band playing for a dance on the campus of Pennsylvania State University. In 1950 he acquired his first one—a '48 cabriolet (convertible), which was in a rather bad state of neglect and which he restored through intermittent work over a period of two years.

As the opportunities presented themselves, Mr. Kennedy bought other Continentals, some of them classic older models for restoration, some of them current. In this way he always had several at once to provide him with a well-rounded collection of beautiful and serviceable vehicles.

In all, he has owned two '48 cabriolets, two '40 cabriolets, a '41 coupe, a '48 coupe, a Mark II ('56), and '61, '63, and '65 Lincoln Continentals of the present series. One of his '48 cabriolets was on hand for the first meeting of the Lincoln Continental Owners Club, and one of his '40 cabriolets, which he restored completely, was awarded the Ford Motor Company trophy for the best prewar car at the L.C.O.C. meeting in 1961.

In addition to being a member of the L.C.O.C., Mr. Kennedy is a member of the Classic Car Club of America and the Antique Automobile Club of America. In both the latter clubs, also, his Continentals have won awards for excellence of restoration.

None of the cars he has owned belong purely in the decorative or hobby class. They all function and are maintained not only for classic car meetings, but for transportation needed in business. Mr. Kennedy does his architectural work in a radius of fifty miles around State College, Pennsylvania, where he lives and has his office. In three decades as an architect he has designed schools, religious buildings, banks, industrial buildings, hospitals, and homes.

The meeting of the Lincoln Continental Owners Club this fall was the thirteenth in succession. Two hundred members attended, bringing with them about fifty cars, among them a handmade model (one of the first three Continentals ever built) and a Continental once owned by the late Frank Lloyd Wright.

There are approximately 1,000 persons in the club, each dedicated to caring for the ancestors of today's Continental as zealously as naturalists watch over the whooping crane. Membership is not confined to owners of Continentals, however, but is open to all who respect this great automotive heritage.

Information on the club may be obtained by writing its president, Alfred W. Holmes, Jr., 200 Bamboo Lane, Palm Beach Shores, Florida.

A rare assortment of distinguished motor cars—the four Continentals now owned by Dean Kennedy of Pennsylvania. In the back row are (left to right) a 1940 cabriolet, a 1941 sedan, and a 1956 Mark II. The car behind Mr. Kennedy is a 1965 Lincoln Continental

Continentally Speaking
by Cleveland Amory

THE PERILS OF CROQUET

Last summer an American croquet team went over to England, where croquet was invented (and where it is called "crokey"). We were beaten, but the event was widely heralded in croquet circles as indication of a boom in that Grand Old Game.

It arrived in America about 100 years ago, being first played in Norwich, Connecticut. By 1898 it had become a veritable rage—indeed an article in the magazine *Living Age* raged about it:

"The ingenuity of man has never conceived anything better calculated to bring out all the evil passions of humanity than the game of croquet. As each player goes through the first hoop, he undergoes a moral metamorphosis. One pushes his ball to a more convenient position. Another declares an illegal roque. Another is adjusting a hoop for his advantage. The last is claiming untruly to have hit the peg. The antagonist becomes a creature too vile for language. The decency of womanhood has disappeared by the third hoop."

During this period the shot that gave croquet its bad name was this same "roquing," or driving the opponent's ball off the course. Male and female players went off the course together to look for these roqued balls. One English husband, on finding his wife engaged in such a search with a young man, was dissatisfied—even after the young man had quickly explained that they were only playing croquet. "It may be croquet, sir," said the husband, "but is it cricket?"

Ironically, in view of such incidents, croquet was, in the early part of the century, branded a "sissy sport," and the game fell into disfavor. Then in the twenties there was a spirited revival—led by such roguish stalwarts as the late Vincent Astor, Herbert Bayard Swope, and Alexander Woolcott. Swope's earnestness about the game knew no bounds—nor, as a matter of fact, did his croquet field. It extended, according to legend, from Sands Point, Long Island, to Sandy Hook, N. J.

As for Woolcott, not the least of his abilities on his course was his mastery of the perfect croquet insult. He once reduced the late George Kaufman to virtual immobility in a crucial match by characterizing the way Kaufman held his mallet as "that of a morning glory climbing a pole."

On one occasion, however, Mr. Woolcott was bested. His guest, Harpo Marx, in order to win a game, had to hit Woolcott's ball. Woolcott, however, had skillfully shot his ball so that a tree stood between it and Harpo's. At this, Harpo croquettishly called for time out while he dug a trench around the offending tree and then repaired to a nearby garage. Here he procured an automobile tire and sawed it in half. Returning to the field, he laid it neatly in the trench. When play was resumed, he gently tapped his ball—which rolled serenely around the tree and struck Woolcott's.

The late Moss Hart brought modern croquet to Hollywood. Samuel Goldwyn built a course which covered two square blocks of Beverly Hills, and Darryl Zanuck replied with one which not only enveloped Palm Springs but also had a water hazard and lights for night play. Stakes ran as high as $10,000 a game and a single game often took as long as eleven hours.

Among the game's all-time great players was Averill Harriman, who, when he was ambassador in Moscow, once asked the Soviets to set up a course for his use—a request which baffled the entire Comintern.

With any of these players you can get into a full evening's argument on rules alone. Today, for example, after hitting an opponent's ball, the old-fashioned foot-on-one-ball and whacking the other to less green pastures is not only frowned on, it is not permitted. Nor do modern players countenance the old mallet's head distance and then taking *two* shots. And finally, today even the most savage distance-covering split shots are performed, like all shots, with your feet well apart and the mallet held between your legs with both hands; gone with white flannels is the old-fashioned one-armed sideswipe.

Strategy sessions on today's courses are, to the uninitiated, wondrous indeed. In one recent game, for example, I heard the following conversation:

"I've got to leave you. I'm dead on everybody but my wife."

"Yes, but I've got to get out of the way of that rover. He's not dead on anybody."

"All right, but if you go for your wicket, and don't make it, you'd be better off if you waived your shot."

"Okay. I waive. If I'm going to be destroyed I'd rather be destroyed here by my husband than over there by him."

No wonder those 1898 boys were worried. Talk about a moral metamorphosis and the decency of womanhood disappearing by the third hoop! These modern women don't even give two hoops.

Custom Clothes

(Continued from page 18)

in mind, write Gerry at Box 910, Boulder, Colorado, about special requests. Ask for a catalog, too—it lists an enormous array of down-insulated gear, lightweight clothing for rock climbing, sleeping bags, tents, backpacks, and hardware for the Sunday hiker as well as the Mt. Everest veteran.

Just as Gerry insulates the mountaineer against the rigors of the top of the world, Sea Suits of Costa Mesa, California, another specialist in custom sports gear, deals with the problem of keeping warm at the bottom of the sea.

To protect skin divers from the chill of submersion, Sea Suits designs and manufactures "wet" suits of neoprene rubber. A wet suit is designed to allow water to seep inside at the neck, wrists, and then circulate throughout the body. This trapped water is then heated by the body, and acts as insulation.

To ensure proper fit, Sea Suits utilizes twenty-three body measurements in hand-cutting a custom suit, a process which takes about two weeks from receipt of a mail order. "We will use only black neoprene—the colored material deteriorates," says Jack Bradley, a former skin diver and now a partner in the firm. The U. S. Navy, Sea Suits' biggest customer, insists upon black neoprene.

To make a diver more visible in the shadowy depths of the ocean, though, Sea Suits does add bright safety stripings of yellow, green, orange, red, and blue (take your pick) over the seaming. As a concession to current styles, jackets can be embellished with team stripings of one sort or another.

"We have a complete range of neoprene sheetings for the different water temperatures of the world," says Bradley. "Skin divers in the warm Hawaiian waters use lightweight ⅛-inch neoprene; East Coast and northern California sportsmen require ¼-inch thickness; and professional divers need heavyweight ⅜-inch rubber."

Custom wet suits cost $65 to $75, while stock models run $10 to $15 less. Sea Suits has dealers generously sprinkled over America, but if there isn't one in your area, write them directly at 825 West 18th Street, Costa Mesa, California, for Catalog No. S-1, showing an extensive line of vests, jackets, and one-piece suits of neoprene for surfers and water skiers—all, incidentally, available on a custom basis.

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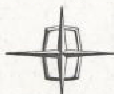
America's most distinguished motor car—complement to the Continental life—'67 style



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