

the
Continental
magazine

Spring/Summer 1967



Montreal—First Cousin to Paris

San Juan and the Puerto Rico Countryside

The Fishing Lodges of Maine Anglers

the Continental magazine

Spring-Summer 1967

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COVER—No full-fledged city under the American flag reaches farther back in history than San Juan, Puerto Rico. Its earliest section—Old San Juan—is rich in a variety of charms, among them the restaurant called Barrachina, much favored for chic luncheons. Photograph by Ray Manley.

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Memo to Our Readers

Our reporter on Montreal, Bern Keating, has summed himself up more concisely than we ever could, so here he is in his own words: "Born May 15, 1915, in Fassett, Quebec. Graduated from high school in Cattaraugus, New York. Higher education, New York University and University of Arkansas. Police reporter and relief city editor, Palm Beach *Post-Times*, and news editor, WIBX, Utica, New York. Communications officer, destroyers, World War II. Magazine photographer, twice around the world, sixty-four countries. Free-lance writer six years: *National Geographic*, *Holiday*, *Reader's Digest*. Married to a magazine photographer. Son at Bowdoin, daughter at Tulane. Curliest moustache in Mississippi." He lives in that state, in Greenville.



It's hard for an editor to deal with Margaret Bennett ("Little Gem Restaurants of Los Angeles") because she just doesn't exist—well, she does, but not in an easily manageable form. She's two people, named June Biermann and Barbara Toohey, who have worked as a writing team since 1959, using the Bennett name for supposedly feminine subjects like food, and calling themselves Tony Swain when the subject is obviously



masculine, like wine or automobiles. They have actually contributed to *Road & Track* and to such diverse periodicals as *Gourmet*, *Saturday Review*, and *House Beautiful*, among many others. The picture shows them in Japan. They travel around a lot.

There isn't any abbreviated biography that could do justice to Edmund Ware Smith, Editorial Consultant to this magazine since its inception, and author, in this issue, of the story on Maine's fishing lodges. He fits to a T the romantic notion of the writer—hell-raiser in youth, school dropout (he was booted from at least six), cowpuncher, Appalachian Mountain Club guide, Maine fishing guide, cabinetmaker, author of more than six hundred stories and articles in national magazines, lecturer in the art of the short story at Harvard and Smith College, and inventor of an alcoholic drink which he named "Smiling, the Boy Fell Dead." He lives in Damariscotta, Maine, plays good poker, and has about 20,000 friends.



Montreal after dark. Sophisticated and Gallic in its outlook, the city is "pleasure-a-go-go" from dusk to sunrise

Montreal— First Cousin to Paris

by Bern Keating

Long celebrated for its special French-Canadian joie de vivre and its epicurean delights, the city is preparing to lure the world to its fair—Expo 67



Note to Expo 67 visitors: remember this street for shopping in exclusive boutiques

WHAT is the largest French-speaking city after Paris? Not Marseilles, the second biggest city of France, but Montreal, with a metropolitan area population of 2,400,000, two-thirds French speaking. It has twice the Gallic population of Marseilles.

And Montreal shares with France more than a language. Gallic *joie de vivre* and love of beauty show everywhere about the Canadian metropolis—in crowds of chic women spending their mornings fitting and primping in smart boutiques and their afternoons gossiping at elegant restaurants, in flocks of teen-age girls in mini-skirts, in tables of convivial busi-



Above: Some of Montreal's finest shops are in the new underground complex at Place Ville Marie. Below: Each station of the city's new subway has a color scheme designed by a different artist. Right: Seen a few months ago during construction, Expo 67 takes shape on a man-made island in the St. Lawrence



Above: One of the truly cosmopolitan cities of North America, Montreal shows the costumes of the world's nationalities. Right: The up-to-the-minute and well-stocked boutique, Le Chateau, owned by Francine Loyer, 22, who designs everything from mini-skirts to mini-purses



photo courtesy Expo 67

nessmen washing down gargantuan luncheons with classic wines, in art galleries, in bustling theatrical and musical worlds, in roisterous night spots that rival any in the Place Pigalle—in everything that makes a city a city rather than a mere collection of buildings and people.

The Frenchness of Montreal is a triumph of stubbornness. Founded in 1642 on an island near the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, Montreal flourished for 118 years under French rule. In 1760 the city was taken over by the British after the defeat of a French army at Quebec. Nevertheless, the *Canadiens* have clung to French language and customs.

Today the eavesdropper must grapple with more than two languages, however, for Canada has had an immigration

acres of islands in the St. Lawrence River. Ile Notre Dame was almost entirely man-made for the occasion, and Ile Ste. Hélène was almost doubled in size, largely with rock and dirt excavated to build the new subway. (This is itself a sight worth seeing; each of the twenty-three metro stations was designed by a different artist so Montreal can out-swank Moscow in underground décor.)

The amusement complex at La Ronde is modeled after Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen and Disneyland in Los Angeles. During daylight, the Garden of Stars at La Ronde is for children, with a terrace where parents can cool their aching feet and still watch over the youngsters; in the evening, teen-agers take over for their tribal rites; at night, cabaret stars from participating nations stage adult entertainments.



A World Festival of the Performing Arts will bring the world's principal ballet, chamber music, opera, symphony, and theatrical troupes to the Place des Arts, a three-theater complex in downtown Montreal. On the fairgrounds, the frequent free shows staged daily will be held to thirty minutes so they do not cut into fair sight-seeing time.

Officials estimate the city will have to offer more than 21,000 rooms nightly. An organization called Logexpo has classified and computer-programmed every available bed so that requests for reservations will bring quick response. Cables will link kiosks on highways approaching the city with computers in central offices so motorists can reserve shelter the last minute before arriving.

boom. Saris and turbans are commonplace sights and large colonies of Italians, European Jews, and Greeks guard their national customs. Foreign sailors add their transient color, for Montreal, though a thousand miles from the open sea and icebound in winter, receives 6,500 ocean and inland vessels a year. Three million visitors annually add their flavor to the cosmopolitan ragout.

To those three million will be added ten million other visitors expected during the six months of Expo 67. Commemorating 100 years of Canadian confederation, the fair opens April 28 and closes October 27. More than 70 nations will participate in pavilions on a thousand

Montreal's millions of visitors support some of the smartest hotels in North America. Though a half-century old, the Ritz Carlton on fashionable Sherbrooke West reigns as dowager queen. It is the place you take your wealthy maiden aunt for high tea to impress her with your gentility. Near Dominion Square downtown are the hotel giants—the 1,200-room Queen Elizabeth, a Hilton-operated "city within a city," the 1,000-room Sheraton-Mount Royal, and the Sheraton Laurentian. So new that its character is not fixed, the 620-room Chateau Champlain rises on the Place du Canada over a French-Canadian-style shopping center and an open skating rink.

Royalty stays at the venerable Windsor, so by reserving the Royal Suite (two bedrooms, two sitting rooms and a dining room, all giving on Dominion Square), a person may boast that he once slept in a queen's bed.

Montreal summers are reasonably warm—between 74° and 78°—but the sensitive visitor will not venture into downtown streets in shorts and Hawaiian shirt. It isn't done. Even in hot weather, visitors are socially more comfortable if men wear ties and jackets and women wear summer suits or street dresses.

In winter, of course, nobody has to tell the visitor to dress, for the snow lies deep. And yet, paradoxically, just because the climate is harsh, winter visitors who dislike the cold can dress in light woolens, stay indoors, and still ramble a large part of the city. City planners have built two vast connected underground shopping complexes at Place Victoria and Place Ville Marie, housing more than 70 shops, movie houses, a legitimate theater, bars and restaurants. Though snow does not daunt most natives, a few bold prophets predict that eventually all Montreal shopping districts will move underground for winter protection.

Even so, adventurous voyagers will still go out into the winter to hire a horse-drawn sleigh and jingle through the crackling cold air, snug in warm furs.

And Montreal is the place to buy those furs. For three centuries Arctic and sub-Arctic Canada have provided pelts for Montreal's master furriers. The almost polar climate of the Canadian interior gives even ranch skins a density and gloss lacking in pelts from the south. That hard climate also makes fur more a necessity than a luxury, so fur in itself carries little prestige. The chic *Canadienne* insists that her fur garments be personally styled so that she will not meet herself coming down a snowy street.

The *Canadienne* demands that same individual style in all her shopping. Along Sherbrooke and St. Catherine's in the West End, modistes do a brisk business with fashion-obsessed customers who shun mass-produced clothing. West End galleries and antique shops, dominated by the Dominion Galleries, offer shoppers one-of-a-kind art objects and furnishings so that no two smart salons in the city need look alike. On the hunt for bargains in art and antiques, visitors prowl the East End, the Old Montreal quarter where French is the

only tongue of many shopkeepers, but a clutch of dollar bills still talks a universal language. (If you exchange American money for Canadian at a bank or hotel you gain six or seven per cent.)

A dozen charming French restaurants are scattered through the old quarter; the shopper lunches well at Le Petit Havre, À la Catalogne, Au Pierrot Gourmet, Au Lutin qui Bouffe, and their like. At the day's end, the visitor's dilemma is choosing from 5,000 restaurants, 100 of them honestly French, many more French-Canadian, and dozens in twenty other national cuisines.

Chez Desjardins probably enjoys the best international reputation, rivalled by that of Cafe Martin, but dozens of small neighborhood French houses offer the adventurous diner a chance to make his own off-the-beaten-track discovery. Le

Paris on St. Catherine's Street near St. Mathieu is a good place for a neophyte gourmet to start exploring. Anybody who does not like the *civet de lapin* there, washed down with a fruity *vin d'Alsace* for instance, had better go back to Mom's home cooking. Or he can try A la Crêpe Bretonne where every dish is made of a square yard of paper-thin pancake wrapped around eggs, sausage, cheese, ham, bacon, lobster, shrimp, salami, mushrooms, or any combination thereof. Some Montreal diners fill up elsewhere and go to the crêperie for a dessert of a pancake wrapped around ice cream or a praline, or soaked in Calvados and set aflame.

Large sections of Montreal do not even come to life until after dinner. Many restaurants and hotels set aside sedate dancing space, but jazzier discotheques

flourish and the music swings till the eastern sky is light. Night club shows range from stately extravaganzas in the 900-seat Royal Follies to the eyebrow-raising creations of the so-called Harlem shows and the belly dancers who enliven the Middle Eastern clubs. At the hour when Parisian night spots are putting up their shutters, Montreal is just warming up. In fact, as anybody who has tested the after-hours frolicking of Montreal and Paris can testify, the Canadian city, in that one department, is the first French city of the world.

Travel agents have full information on housing in Montreal and the Exposition itself. Or write to: Administration Building, Universal & International Exposition of 1967, Montreal, Canada.

Emulating Paris in its respect for cuisine, Montreal is adored by epicures. This restaurant is Le St.-Amable



You, Too, Can Own a Racehorse

A thoroughbred is no longer the property of the wealthy alone. Owning one has become the avocation of thousands all over the country

by Paul Stewart



illustrations by Robert Taylor

THERE IS a special excitement about the hard, furious charge of a powerful racehorse and its jockey in the stretch that brings the grandstand crowd to its feet with a resounding roar, race after race. It was this magnificent uncertainty that first attracted the royal bloods of Elizabethan England to horse racing long ago, and now is making the sport a pleasurable and profitable avocation for thousands of doctors, lawyers, and business executives all across America.

For, unlike merrie olde England where the royal groom would saddle up two steeds at a moment's notice for a match

race, thoroughbred racing today is a horse of a far different and more popular color—green. With a paid attendance of hundreds of millions and a betting handle of \$31 billion, there are more races, a longer racing season, and more and vastly richer purses to be won. Because of the new opportunities in racing today, a man need not be a multi-millionaire to enjoy the prestige and profits of racing a horse.

For example, a person who races a \$3,000 horse shares the same track stables, paddock privileges, club memberships, and the unquestioned status of

running a horse under his own racing colors as the owner of a great racing stable. All that is necessary, the Thoroughbred Racing Association says, is a willingness to approach the sport as a part-time business. Although it seems like putting the cart before the horse, the Association urges the potential stable owner to seek expert counsel before even looking at a horse. In horse racing, this means finding and hiring a good trainer.

How to find a good trainer? Basically, use horse sense. First, ask the secretary of the local racing association for a line on several reputable men. Then, see how

well their horses perform in actual races. As a last precaution, visit these stables, and watch an early morning workout. In its own way, a racing stable should be as well run as a doctor's practice or an insurance salesman's office. For example, a trainer with more than thirty horses probably would not have enough time to devote to the care, feeding, and racing of your potential Derby-winning horse.

With a knowledgeable trainer, you are at least on the right track to winning the Kentucky Derby and its \$100,000 purse. But first, as any good trainer knows, you must spend some of your own money. Just to race a horse for a year, an owner must spend between \$3,000 and \$5,000 for training, feed, veterinary services, and entry fees. Depending upon where you are racing, training fees vary from \$12 to \$18 an hour. In addition, the trainer gets ten per cent of any purses won. Of course, he pays for exercise boys and stable help.

Assuming a prospective owner has a trainer and \$10,000 in working capital, he can buy a horse at an auction, claim one in a so-called "claiming" race for a predetermined price, or simply buy one privately. For all practical purposes, breeding your own horse—while it is

fascinating—is a bit complicated for the neophyte.

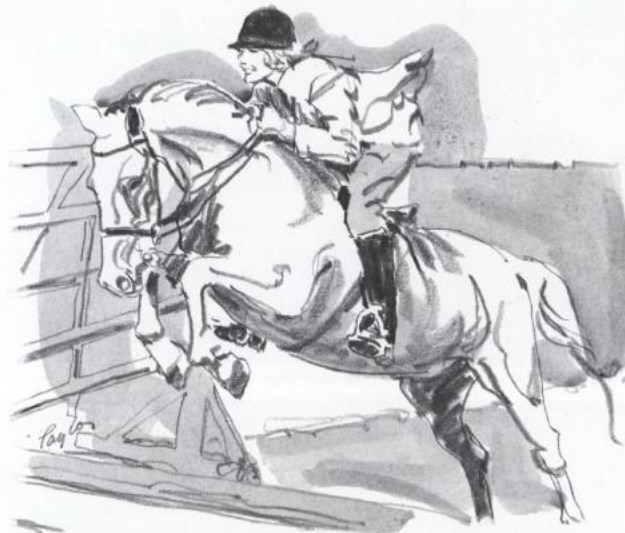
Throughout the year, there are several major yearling and "two-year-olds in training" auction sales. The Fasig-Tipton Company of Elmont, Long Island, conducts auctions in New York, Maryland, Florida, and California. The Breeders' Sales Company of Lexington, Kentucky, holds several important auctions every year at the Keeneland racetrack. In addition, the Florida Breeders' Sales runs winter auctions at Ocala, Florida. Write these firms for information and sales catalogs.

Although bidding is generally steep at the major auctions (last year's top price, an all-time record, was \$177,000 for a filly by Sailor out of Levee), a knowledgeable person can sometimes spot a champion at a reasonable price. Alsab, which sold for \$700 at auction, earned \$350,000 as a racehorse, and as a stallion at stud. More recently, at a yearling auction for trotters in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a group of Brooklyn housewives and their husbands bought a horse named Romeo Hanover for less than \$10,000; it went on to win trotting's premier event, the

Little Brown Jug, ending up as the trotting horse of the year. Trotting, while obviously a far different event and world from traditional flatracing, is very much the same business.

For the man with limited amounts of capital, claiming races offer the best and most economical way of buying a racehorse. In this case, you buy a performer, a horse who is racing, and, it is hoped, winning some of its races. Every horse is for sale at the price for which he is entered to be claimed. Basically, claiming races provide a system of class and competition—the higher the amount of the claiming price, the tougher the competition. Interestingly enough, more than sixty per cent of all races in America are claiming races designed for the benefit of the small stable and for the improvement of the breed.

To claim a horse, you must first own a horse. The beginner usually begins by buying a share in a horse with a trainer or someone else who already owns one. Some trainers, like James I. Quigley of New Jersey, specialize in "claimers." Last year Quigley raced and won with three such horses, picking up \$40,000 and national fame to boot. Hirsch Jacobs, the famous trainer, made himself famous



by claiming the great Stymie for \$1,500 from the King Ranch, and went on to win almost a million dollars with the stallion.

If flatracing and trotting are bustling businesses, steeplechase racing is the ne plus ultra of old-world equestrian elegance. For the man who prefers to race his horse for sport and sport alone, the United Hunts sponsors a spring-fall

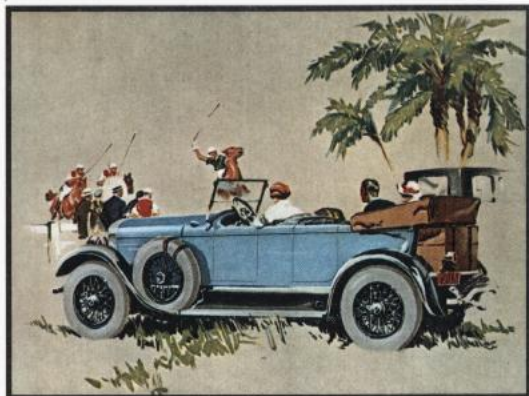
schedule of meets that move each week, according to the season, through the fox-hunting country of North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, winding up in Massachusetts. Purses here are small and limited, scarcely enough to cover expenses. Five major eastern tracks also offer steeplechasing events on their cards. All in all, there are several hundred steeplechase races

in America every year, with a total purse of around a million dollars. Generally speaking, horses for this event are purchased privately and abroad.

Whether his horse is running in the Maryland Gold Cup over timber or on one of the more than 150 trotting and flatracing tracks in America, the owner should and must operate his stable like a proper business, according to the Internal Revenue Service. And, like a business, a stable must show a profit one year out of five, or else its expenses cannot be considered income tax deductions. The racehorse, though, can be depreciated once it reaches racing age.

But all this talk of taxes, trainers, and fees merely represents problems which are easily solved and are, in fact, vastly overshadowed by the gratifications of racing. What matters most is having your own colors (almost like your own coat of arms), being a member of a select group, hobnobbing with other owners and with trainers, talking knowingly of horses and racing, watching your own horse thundering along the track, exhorting it at the top of your lungs to cross the line first—and then, glory, joining the winners' circle. There is no exhilaration like it.





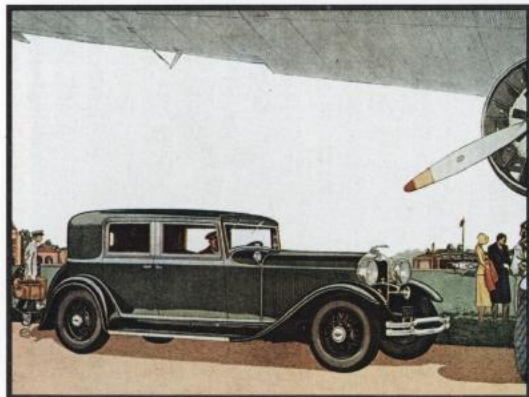
Early Lincoln ads trace the Continental life. Above, 1924 touring car at . . .

Lincoln Continental Is a Way of Life

*Nearly fifty years ago, Lincoln
set a standard for practical elegance.*

*Its direct descendant,
the 1967 Lincoln Continental,
maintains that standard today*

. . . polo field; below, 1931 chauffeur-driven Town Sedan and pioneer fliers



THE THEME of Lincoln Continental advertising this year—"Come live the Continental life—'67 style"—is a new one, but the thought behind it is not. For nearly half a century now, a car bearing the name of Lincoln, or Continental, or Continental Mark II, or Lincoln Continental, has been part of the American luxury car world, and during all that time it has implied a way of living just as much as it has represented the best in automobiles.

The Lincoln car appeared in 1920, the product of a stubborn perfectionist named Henry Leland, who had no particular interest in style but who wanted to create an engineering masterpiece. In this regard he was successful and from the very start Lincoln was a respected name in high-quality motor cars. Two years later, Henry Ford acquired the Lincoln Motor Company in order to enter the luxury car field himself, and, aided by his son Edsel, determined to marry Lincoln's engineering superiority to styling superiority.

From that time on, the Lincoln was an exalted car that kept exalted company. It was seen at theater openings, at polo matches on Long Island, at docks where blue-water sailing ships were kept, at motion picture premieres, at meetings of successful people in government, industry, and finance.

To a large degree this still applies, except that in the present day the gaps between economic levels in our society have narrowed and the Lincoln is not solely a motor car of American "royalty." In its first three decades it was pretty much an exotic car, often with a custom body made by a custom coach maker. It was owned by Grace Moore, the Prince of Wales, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, the actress Vilma Banky, W. C. Fields, Babe Ruth, and Princess Elizabeth, to name a few. Regardless of their role, they personified individuality, and so did their cars.

Today the Lincoln Continental is enjoyed by a much wider spectrum of individuals, people who would rather be known for their good taste than their wealth. It is still an expensive car, but not as expensive as many other luxury cars that offer much less in luxury transportation. While just as much a sovereign automobile, it is found in surroundings that are not necessarily super-sophisticated. In families where the son or daughter rides horses—and many families now enjoy riding—the Continental is a natural part of the setting. It is seen at public and private tennis clubs. It is owned by people to whom a 3,000-mile jet flight for a vacation is not extraordinary and also by people whose vacation ideas are much more modest.

Lincoln has figured in some of the most illustrious chapters in the evolution of fine cars in this country, but probably its benchmark as an exclusive, limited-edition car came between 1939 and 1948, when the first Lincoln Continentals were made. They were based on a design of Eugene T. Gregorie, then head of Ford's styling staff, under the guidance of Edsel Ford. As Mr. Gregorie now tells the story, the creation of the classic Continental was almost an accident.

He was asked by Edsel Ford to design a personal car to use on a vacation. Taking a sketch of a Lincoln Zephyr, which was then a Ford production car, Mr.

photographs by Ralph Poole



The evolution of a great automotive classic: a 1941 Continental Mark I in mint condition; below, a 1956 Mark II . . .



. . . also as perfect as the day it was made. At the bottom is a 1967 Continental Coupé (photograph by Korab), one of three present-day body styles. These profile views illustrate continuity of styling through twenty-five years



Gregorie executed some deft changes with a pencil in a few minutes, turned the picture over to some clay modelers, and shortly was able to show Mr. Ford his new car in three dimensions. It was accepted instantly and a working car was built by hand. When Mr. Ford returned from his vacation, he brought with him reports of tremendous acclaim for the beauty of the car's styling. On the basis of this, as well as a number of firm orders, the car was placed in production. A total of 5,322 Lincoln Continentals of the Mark I vintage were made.

This achievement in styling led to the formation of the Lincoln Continental Owners Club. The purpose of the club is to encourage the preservation of classic Continentals, of which some 2,000 still remain (this figure in itself is astonishing for a car whose latest model is nearly twenty years old). When the Continental Mark II appeared in 1955, following an exclusive announcement of the fact at the LCOC meeting in 1954, it was recognized as a second stage in the

each year to the owners whose Continentals are best restored and kept up in faithful adherence to the original state.

Although neither these cars nor their noted predecessors are practical in terms of mass production for modern times, the spirit that resulted in them is very much present in today's Continentals. The idea is to build the best and most beautiful luxury car possible. (In a poll conducted last year by *Fortune* magazine among its subscribers, the Lincoln Continental was judged the best looking and most desirable automobile in the world.)

A significant factor in public attitude toward an automobile is the loyalty of its owners. In this area, Lincoln Continental has cause for pride. During the year prior to the introduction of the Continental in its present concept, some 20,000 were sold. During the six years since then, *Continental sales have nearly tripled*. The reason is the appeal and integrity of the product,



At left is the exclusive Lincoln Limousine. Designed to accommodate every conceivable automotive convenience, it is available on special order and continues the tradition of a luxury car for those who use a chauffeur. At right, above, is the 1967 Lincoln Continental sedan, one of the great motor cars of modern times. Below is the lineal descendant of the old touring car, the Continental convertible, the only four-door convertible made in America. The two pictures on this page were taken at the Carefree Inn, Carefree, Arizona



evolution of classic Continentals and is now included among those cars singled out by the club as worthy of preservation.

At the meeting of the LCOC last fall, Mr. Gregorie was the principal speaker. It was the first time he had ever addressed the group whose existence is based on the car he created. He is one of the first to admit that the creation of a lasting automotive design is not easily predictable. Now in retirement in Florida, he was not even aware until a few years ago that a club had sprung up around his classic design.

This year, the LCOC will meet at Denison University, Granville, Ohio, June 24-26. The location of the meeting alternates each year between the East Coast and the Midwest in order to enable members to attend in the two regions where the greatest concentration of these cars is found. Ford Motor Company encourages this reverence for its great classic by adding its own prizes to those awarded by the club itself. The awards are made

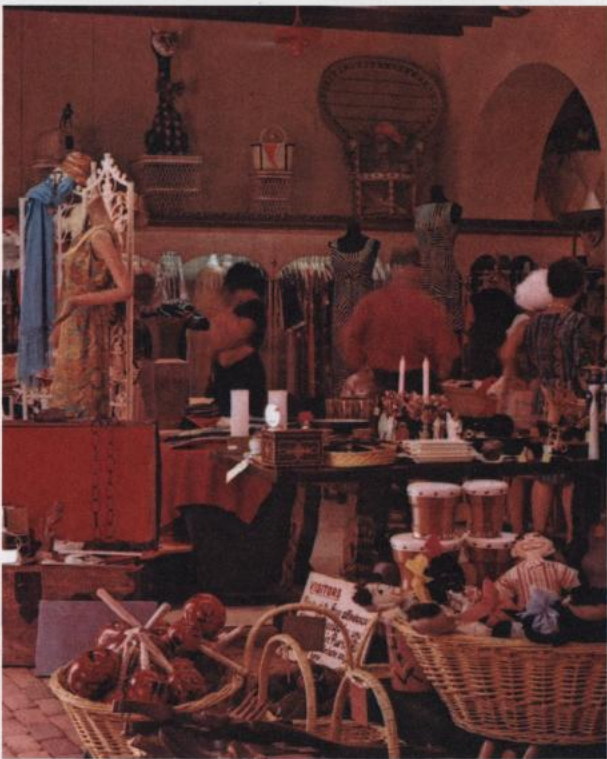
which has led owners to buy a second, even a third, with some repurchasing each year. In addition is the fact that owners of other luxury cars have been switching to Continental in steadily increasing numbers.

This success is based, of course, on an illustrious name that stays illustrious because of the superiority of the car it represents. Purposely, the styling is changed little from year to year. However, from the engineering and manufacturing point of view, improvements are made constantly. The car is built of components subjected to rigid quality control. The building process is tightly supervised. The engine and the completed car are operated and tested, tested and operated, before the buyer ever sees them.

The car is intended to be symbolic of a high quality of life—and so it is. When you are invited to “live the Continental life—’67 style,” you have every assurance that the automotive aspect of it is the finest in contemporary luxury automobiles.



Left: The boats are Saifish, available to guests at the Dorado Beach Hotel, twenty miles west of San Juan. Right: Blue cobblestone street in Old San Juan



Some of Puerto Rico's modern shops, like the Casa Cavanagh, are in Old San Juan

Puerto Rico: San Juan and the Country Beyond

*All visitors find the capital,
but how many know the other
3,500 square miles waiting
to be explored?*

by Robert Martin Hodesh

Now, will everyone who has been to Puerto Rico and ventured more than five miles out of San Juan please raise his hand? I thought so. Not many. And I suspect that most of those whose hand went up haven't done much more than take a day's trip to the rain forest to vary a diet of suntanning, sightseeing, and indolence in the city.

Commendable as the rain forest is, it barely dents Puerto Rico's 3,500 square miles and it doesn't begin to account for the things that Puerto Ricans are proud of. An islander once said to me, "Everyone comes to San Juan, but who comes to Puerto Rico?" The fact is, hundreds of thousands of vacationers have flown to our great commonwealth in the eastern Caribbean, taxied to San Juan, lived it to the hilt, and, when the time was up, flew back to the mainland with hardly a backward glance at the green and beautiful and mountainous island.

This can happen easily (it nearly happened to me), and if the visitor is to blame, so is San Juan, for San Juan is a fetching city. The sun and the trade winds can't be more dependable elsewhere, nor the hotels more anxious to please. There can't be better beaches or nearer ones. Nightlife can't be more exorbitantly varied. "Why fight it?" one thinks. "I'll stay until they call my flight."

And so one surrenders to San Juan's essential character—namely, that it is simultaneously an old and new resort city, one part as modern as Manhattan, the other firmly rooted in a gracious Spanish past. The modern part is the high-rise hotels fronting on the ocean in the



Coco Falls adds to the sound of water heard everywhere in El Yunque, the rain forest

photographs by Ray Manley

Condado area, the historical part Old San Juan—*El Viejo San Juan*. The two personalities do not conflict, but complement one another, and the distance between them is a dollar by cab.

A mainlander in need of surf and sun, I based myself at the Condado Beach Hotel, a perfect place to take a city's pulse. It has long experience in hospitality, its own beach, its own restaurants, and that special fillip of glamor provided by the fact that a celebrity or two is usually registered there.

From here, according to whim, I began to investigate Old San Juan, one of the most fascinating places in North America to stroll in, dine in, shop in, and spend an evening in. The balconies that reach out over its narrow streets remind one of New Orleans; the air is languid, the tempo slow, and church bells ring.

Behind the four-hundred-year-old arches are contemporary art galleries and bright shops like Martha Sleeper's and the Cha Cha, Caribbean headquarters for chic tropical fashions. Lunch in the courtyard of Barrachina is stylish, dinner in the vaulted dining room of El Convento absolutely aristocratic. Antiquity is all around.

As in all resorts where there's nightlife, the mood changes with darkness. In my own hotel there are the tense excitements of gambling; elsewhere it is the message of Cugat or Sammy Davis, or whoever is around. In Old San Juan, where some of the clubs don't open until midnight or close until eight, it is Louise Ogilvie's revue at El Convento, smartly punching holes in our pretensions, or Danny Apolinar explaining love at "A Spot in the Sun."

I would have forgotten Puerto Rico and let the days and nights drift on, but one day *El Mundo*, the big Spanish-language newspaper, sent a party invitation. The guests were mainly professional people from all over the island—journalists, lawyers, industrialists—and when they learned I was a continental (the island word for mainlander) they fell on me in the typical manner of crusaders.

What had I seen? Only San Juan? Not Ponce? The radio telescope at Arecibo? The view from Maunabo? Did I know about Operation Bootstrap? Was I aware that Pablo Casals lived there? Had I seen the atomic reactor at Rincon?

These are not questions one expects to hear in the tourist Caribbean. I failed most of them, which shook me out of my laziness, and the next day I checked out,

rented a car, and was on my way in a clockwise direction around the island.

Driving eastward toward Fajardo, I was on a new four-lane superhighway. Civilization thinned out. On my right the mountains came closer, revealing their perpetual, wild encounter with the clouds. My destination was El Conquistador, the celebrated and majestic hotel at Las Croabas. It commands an imperious setting on the ocean facing the Virgin Islands and is more aptly named than any hotel I've ever seen. Situated very much away from it all, El Conquistador entertains its guests in unusual ways. It has bowling greens, for instance, and it operates a catamaran in the harbor to take guests for picnics on offshore islands.

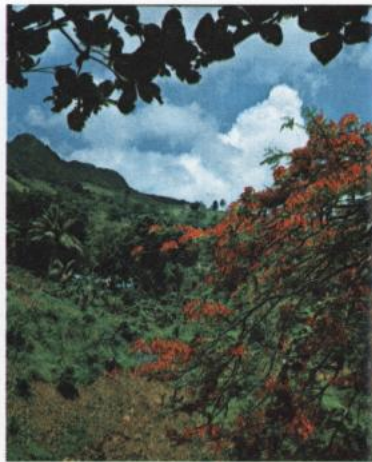
Next I sampled the interior mountains of Puerto Rico, first driving through the rain forest. Along its narrow and twisting roads one crosses bridges over mountain torrents, drives through sudden downpours that are a mixture of rain and sunshine, and sees at various lookout points astonishing views of distant seas.—both the Caribbean and the Atlantic.

The deeper one gets into Puerto Rico, the more foreign it becomes. There are towns where even the police speak no English. Esso's famous slogan becomes ¡PONGA UN TIGRE EN SU TANQUE! A business establishment carries the name "El Rancho Cash and Carry." The traffic signs are in Spanish, and it is well to know in advance that PUENTE ESTRECHO means narrow bridge and that A LA DERECHA CON LUZ ROJA means right turn on red light.

Ultimately, after nervously negotiating roads meant only for drivers from Colorado, I reached the island's south shore and the city of Ponce, the Boston of Puerto Rico—old, noble, perhaps haughty, certainly rich. This is the site of the celebrated new museum filled with great paintings by European masters, and even if the city were not interesting on its own, this handsome, modern, intelligently conceived and lighted building would be worth a journey.

Westward I went to Parguera and its small hotel, the Villa Parguera, which is headquarters for game fishermen and where visitors less interested in battling tarpon and barracuda can snorkel among the off-shore rocks for *langosta*, the Caribbean lobster, and have their catch served from the hotel kitchen.

At Puerto Rico's farthest western point is the Sea Beach Colony at Rincon, a collection of guest houses on its own beach, with a talented cook named Ida, and a tropical garden that includes African tulip trees, bougainvillea, cruz



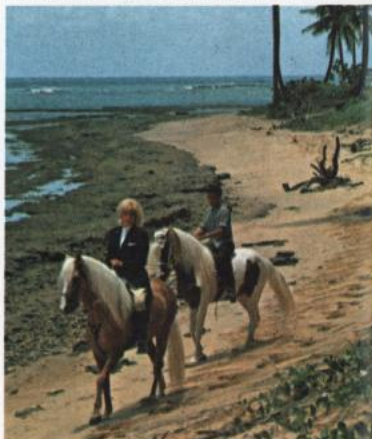
Flamboyant trees in the mountains of Puerto Rico

de malta, and yellow trumpet vines. Physically and spiritually it is as far as you can get from the stylish hubbub of San Juan.

On a Sunday I drove eastward on the north shore. As usual, it was a beautiful day. In the small towns there was the most fervid sandlot baseball one could hope to see, both among the players and the spectators. "¡Estas ciegos!" the latter would scream at the umpire—"You're blind!" And I made a last stop before

(Continued on page 21)

Riding *paso fino* horses near the Dorado Hilton



Above: Deep-sea fishing off El Morro, San Juan; below: El Barranquitas Hotel, in the mountains





Little Gem Restaurants of Los Angeles

They don't have menus, they are small, and the reservation list may be long, but these are the "in" places for epicures on the Coast

by Margaret Bennett

THE City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels has many a jewel of a restaurant in her crown. The brightest of them are Perino's, Restaurant La Rue, Chasen's, Scandia, the Tower, and the Villa Fontana. Any evening, you can find Californians of taste, affluence, and fame perusing the flawless and many-faceted continental menus of these justly renowned establishments.

Along with her dazzling jewels of gastronomy, Los Angeles is studded with some little gems which are less well-known but equally cherished by the local in-group of discriminating diners. These are the four distinctive *menuless* dining houses—the Coolibah, the Rubaiyat, Eve's, and Papa D. Carlo. In each of these restaurants not only is the food an adventure, but you can thoroughly relax and enjoy it, because you are relieved of all decisions. Without your having to so much as glance at a menu or ponder over your choices, you are simply brought course after delightful course, just as if you were a guest in the home of a really superb cook. As a matter of fact, you *are*, since the chef is also the owner.

In all four restaurants, cooking is not so much a business as a fine art. The owner-chefs respect their art, and they require that you do the same. They serve no hard liquor. They book each table only once a night, so there is no nervous nudging you on to make room for the next herd of paying customers. You are free to linger over and savor your meal in a leisurely manner and in an unharried state of mind.

But, as we all know, there is no freedom without responsibility. You must make a reservation in advance—in some instances as far as a month or two in advance. If it's absolutely impossible for you to do this, don't give up hope completely; these restaurants sometimes have last-minute, act-of-God cancellations and they may be able to fit you in if you sound wistful and worthy.

Now, after this caveat, here are Los Angeles' four

decision-free dining houses—each featuring a different style of cuisine and décor. The menus may vary slightly from time to time to take advantage of seasonal delicacies, but the standard remains constantly high.

Coolibah (classic) 19655 Ventura Boulevard, Tarzana. Phone, 342-6403. Closed Monday and Tuesday; \$9.00 to \$10.00 per person exclusive of tax and tip but including wine.

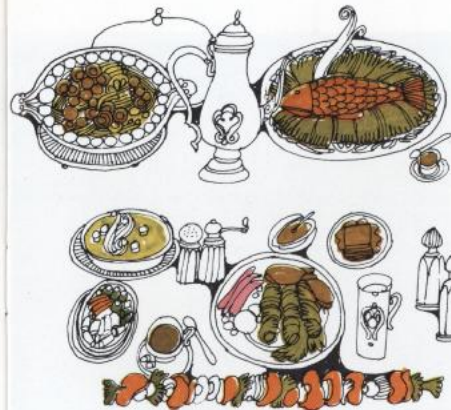
Classic is, indeed, the word for the opulent, fresh-flower, silver-crystal-candlelight atmosphere and the magnificent cuisine of Sam Kovich's establishment. Mr. Kovich wishes to serve only serious and knowledgeable diners. In fact, if you don't feel you fit this category, it would be an act of kindness to stay away. The menu:

- Smoked pheasant soup
- Lobster tails and (in season) oysters Rockefeller
- Pheasant-filled crêpes
- Rack of lamb, chateaubriand or beef Wellington (tenderloin *en croûte*), rice, mushrooms
- Green salad with imported cheese wedge
- Crêpe flambée
- Nuts, fresh fruit, cake squares
- Coffee Cigars

Mr. Kovich carefully selects the wines that accompany each course, and although they vary slightly from time to time, it is, in general, Lorraine California champagne for the *apéritif*, a German Rhine wine with the fish courses, and a French Bordeaux or Beaujolais with the meat, and more champagne with the dessert.

Rubaiyat (Armenian) 7324 E. Florence Avenue, Downey. Phone, TO 1-2315. Closed Monday; \$7.50 per person, exclusive of tax, tip, and wine.

In this royal-blue-carpeted converted California



illustrations by Dave Johnson

cottage Ted D. Avakian puts a touch to his native dishes that renders them as poetic as the verses from the restaurant's namesake that decorate the walls. To the background of Middle Eastern "yana ynaa" music you will be served:

- Hors d'oeuvre composed of *besturma* (a smoked meat), string cheese, Greek olives, various pickled vegetables, accompanied by Armenian wet bread
- Sarma* (seasoned rice rolled in grape leaves, served cold)
- Shovra soup* (creamy chicken, vermicelli, egg, flavored with lemon), Armenian crispy cracker bread
- Potlijon* (baked eggplant tomatoed and sauced)
- Dolma* (grape leaf stuffed with ground meat and covered with sauce, served hot), Armenian rolls
- Lamb shishkebab
- Baklava* (many layered, paper-thin pastry fraught with walnuts)
- Ice Cream
- Thick Turkish coffee

Fair-sized wine list, but the best buys are the house wines: Krug Chablis and rosé and zinfandel at \$1.25 for the small decanter and \$2.00 for the large.

Eve's (French) 11675½ San Vicente Boulevard, Brentwood. Phone, 479-2251. Open Wednesday-Saturday; \$9.00 per person exclusive of tax, tip, and wine.

The tone of this petite basement restaurant is one of down-keyed elegance—rich wood paneling, tables clothed in deep red, miniature fountain splashing in the corner. Eve, the one female chef on our list, is the

descendant of a long line of chefs from Bordeaux, and the centuries of inherited skill shine through all her creations.

Here is her menu:

- Vast hors d'oeuvre tray including pâté and caviar
- French onion soup
- Snails Frog legs
- Vol au vent* filled with sweetbreads in béchamel sauce
- Rock Cornish game hen Montmorency
- Chateaubriand with potato balls
- Cointreau-glazed carrots, artichokes, *basse provençale*
- Cheese tray French pastries
- Coffee

Excellent but rather expensive wine list; you may bring your own, paying \$1.00 per bottle corkage.

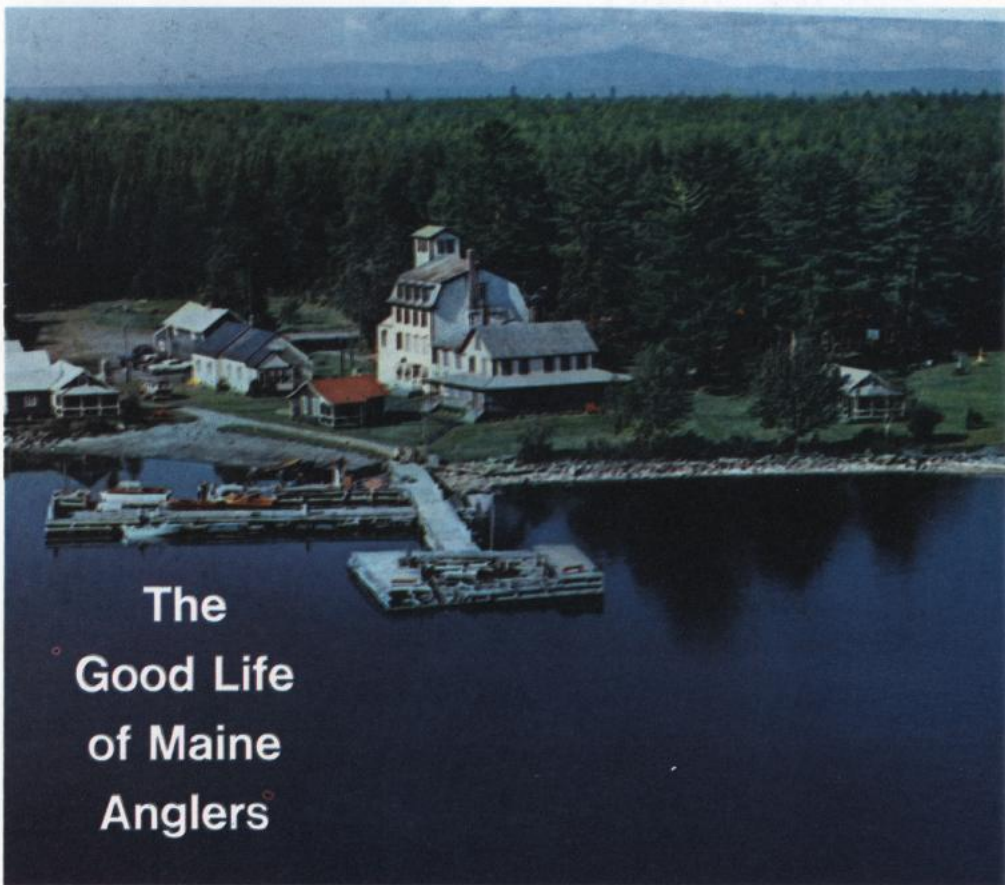
Papa D. Carlo (Italian) 1221 West Manchester. Phone, PI 8-7643. Open Wednesday-Saturday; \$6.50 per person exclusive of tax, tip, and wine.

Here the atmosphere could be described as ostentatiously unpretentious—Formica tables, thick china, asphalt tile floors. All guests are required to wear a bib throughout the meal and to take an appetite-recharging stroll about the patio halfway through. Both of these requirements turn out to be practical necessities for those locked in savory battle with Papa's flamboyant grand opera cuisine composed of:

- Wine marinated grapes
- Minestrone accompanied by hot, *soft* bread sticks, cheese-topped toast circles
- Artichoke with *salsa agrodolce* (sweet & sour sauce)
- Antipasto including puréed spinach with pine nuts, batter-fried carrots, eggplant parmigiana
- Lobster tails in raisin sauce, stuffed clams
- Veal scallopini à la marsala, green beans, pasta of the day
- Hot cheese-filled crêpes
- Marinated orange slices
- Fresh, hot Italian doughnuts
- Gelati*—three flavors of Papa's own ice cream and sherbet: tangerine, licorice, and tortoni plus a frozen cannoli cookie
- Coffee

Good wine list; especially fine are the Soave and the Valpolicella.

The next time you dip into the Southern California gastronomic treasure chest, make it a point to select a few little gems along with the rare jewels. You're sure to have a truly scintillating string of culinary experiences.



The Good Life of Maine Anglers

The sporting camps of the Pine Tree State evolved specifically to serve the lucky people who fish for salmon and trout



This is the Thursday buffet at Kennebec Lake Club, near Rangeley. Club is celebrated among purists who come to fly fish for salmon and trout. Photograph from Kennebec Club

by Edmund Ware Smith

WHEN AN ANGLER goes to Maine—and those who haven't gone are dreaming of the day—the odds are heavy that he will make the acquaintance of a Maine sporting camp. Number One host to trout and salmon fishermen, and their families, the sporting camp is a Maine institution. Its western equivalent is the dude ranch, which it antedates by an estimated sixty years.

The sporting camp idea was born in a Maine lumber camp, around 1840, when fishermen began dropping in for shelter, potluck, and the latest tip on where the salmon were biting. Presently, the visiting anglers began hiring woodsmen for guides, using tent camps for bases.

Left: An air view of Wilson's Camps, near East Outlet Dam on Moosehead Lake. A family favorite, Wilson's has been operating more than ninety years. Below: the Camps' docks. Photographs from Wilson's



One of these guides, name unknown, built a cabin on a lake shore and took paying guests, men only. Host and guests were both rugged. They had to be. Rum for breakfast. Fixed menu of moosemeat, beans, and fried eggs. Wall-to-wall dirt floors. The bed was a horse blanket and a pile of straw. The plumbing, when it existed at all, was prehistoric. Such was the original sporting camp.

Today's comfortable and well-furnished sporting camps, now often called "lodges," or "clubs," bear little resemblance to their ancestor. Immaculate, highly organized, and sometimes sumptuous, they are to be found throughout the state—an important part of Maine's economy. Sporting camps, or lodges, are invariably situated on a lake

shore or river bank. There is a grouping of separate cabins, or cottages—sleeping quarters for guests. The dining room is in the main lodge.

Many of the best sporting camps are owned and operated by husband and wife combinations. For example, in the northwest corner of Maine, near the village of Rangeley, you will find Mr. and Mrs. Bud Russell's famed Kennebec Lake Club, where the fly fishing for trout and salmon attracts the purists. At the weekly lobster dinner, or around the Thursday night buffet, you will hear academic discussions on the effectiveness of such esoteric flies as the Grannom Nymph and the Gold-Bodied Gray Variant.

Severance Lodge, on Lake Kezar, near the town of Center Lovell, southwestern Maine, is owned and operated by Harold and Lucile Severance. Its twenty-five cottages along the lake shore are luxurious. While Severance Lodge is not noted particularly for its fishing, it is

they, nor their ancestors, ever saw a fish hatchery.

Kidney Pond Lodge specializes in silence. Outboard and inboard motors are prohibited. So is the pontoon airplane. There is nothing more silent than a motorless canoe, and there are fifty or more of them at Kidney and outlying ponds. Wildlife is abundant. You are almost certain to see moose, black bears, deer, and a variety of smaller creatures.

In the central dining room of the lodge—and probably nowhere else in the world—the table tops are made from sections of the late Eitel Barrymore's bowling alley. The Colt family, of Hartford, into which Miss Barrymore married, once had a lodge here. Roy Bradeen, one of the early owners of Kidney Pond, bought the lodge and moved it to its present location, bowling alley and all. The idea of using the alley as a dining surface was Mr. Bradeen's. The late Miss Barrymore's piano is in the lounge just off the dining room. Many a nostalgic chord has been struck here.

No Maine fishing tour, however brief, is complete without a visit to Moosehead Lake. This famous lake, forty miles long, is New England's largest. According to authorities, it is one of the nation's ten best fishing spots. What with this rating, and the beauty of its surroundings, you are not surprised

to find on Moosehead's shores some of Maine's finest hostels for fishermen and their families. Sporting camps are numerous. One of the most celebrated is Wilson's Camps, located near East Outlet Dam, where the Kennebec River begins. Wilson's has been in continuous operation for over ninety years, a favorite among fishermen all over the country.

It would be unthinkable to depart from Moosehead Lake without a look at two of Maine's most famous hostels, the Mount Kineo Hotel and the Squaw Mountain Inn. Though both invite fishermen and their families, they are not sporting camps or lodges; strictly speaking, they are luxury hotels.

The Mount Kineo is located on the tip of an 1,150-acre peninsula jutting into the lake from the base of Mt. Kineo. It is reached only by boat. You leave your



According to the author, Kidney Pond Lodge, near Mt. Katahdin in Baxter State Park, "specializes in silence." Here the guests fish for speckled trout, known in Maine as square-tails. Photograph by Mary B. Smith

rocky headland grown to Norway pines.

Your host and hostess are Stanley and Barbara Leen, and their hospitality is renowned. The fishing is for landlocked salmon and squaretail trout. At nearby Big Lake, there is excellent smallmouth bass fishing. But most guests at Leen's are content with what they find right at the lodge. This is understandable. The long reach of Grand Lake is at your doorstep, and its coves and islands, glacial boulders and secluded beaches are endlessly enchanting.

The cabins are built of cedar logs, pine-paneled inside, and are furnished handsomely. Everything is in order, from your bedside light switch to the thermostat. And the cabins have been placed with a view to privacy.

The dining room's spacious windows look out on the lake. The food is delicious, the service pleasing. There are cookouts at the lodge's private coves and beaches, and at these Stanley Leen serves a daiquiri of his own design. A cocktail of surpassing taste and authority, it is known as the "Hook-'n'-Hunt Daiquiri," and is justly famous.

In the main house, the Leens entertain their guests in an immense living room, circular in pattern, with half of the circle outdoors in the form of a sun deck. From the elegantly furnished inside half, with its upholstered chairs and banquettes, and its expanse of rug, you step onto the deck, virtually into the wilds of Grand Lake.

Leen's Lodge is a creation anticipating the needs of the most fastidious guest, whether casual tourist, ardent fisherman, or a family in search of a superior vacation spot.

For detailed information on the lodgings mentioned in this article, write to the following addresses:

- Mount Kineo Hotel, Kineo, Maine
- Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction, Maine
- Wilson's Camps, Rockwood, Maine
- Kennebago Lake Club, Rangeley, Maine
- Severance Lodge, Center Lovell, Maine
- Kidney Pond Lodge, Millinocket, Maine
- Leen's Hook-'n'-Hunt Lodge, Grand Lake Stream, Maine.

car in the hotel garage at Rockwood, a few miles north of Greenville on Route 15. There you are met by the Mount Kineo's cabin cruisers for the one-mile water trip to the hotel dock.

The setting is spectacular, the accommodations sumptuous. So is the varied bill of fare with its accompanying wine list. For the cocktail hour, and for dinner, jacket and tie are required. For other meals, informality is the custom.

If the fish aren't biting—it happens even at Moosehead—there is a scenic, nine-hole golf course on the hotel grounds. After fishing, or golfing, the new championship-sized swimming pool is tempting. Maid, chauffeur and sitter services are available. What with these and other appurtenances of well-being, it is hard to imagine a more luxurious base for fishing operations.

The Squaw Mountain Inn, though slightly less formal than the Mount

Kineo, is similar in tone and appointments. Like Kineo, this famous inn has a mountain for a background, and a nine-hole golf course at its door. You reach Squaw Mountain by car via Route 15 to Greenville Junction. This route is part of the new highway to Quebec.

The American plan meals are excellent. So is the service. The cocktail lounge is located strategically just off the golf course's ninth green. Cookouts on Moosehead's islands and cruises aboard the Inn's motor launch are featured. Guides, tackle, new power boats, and advice are in abundance.

Returning to the sporting camp, perhaps an ultimate refinement of this Maine institution is Leen's Hook-'n'-Hunt Lodge, near the sport fishing village of Grand Lake Stream, twelve miles from Princeton, which is on U. S. 1. Leen's Lodge, reached by private road, is on the shore of Grand Lake on a

Puerto Rico

(Continued from page 14)

San Juan by dropping in at the celebrated Dorado Beach Hotel. Like other resorts under the Rockefeller aegis, it is an autonomous duchy dedicated to pure luxury. Its spaciousness, its pool, its beach, and its golf courses have no peer in the Caribbean.

Back in San Juan I tried to relate the drive to the earnest entreaties of the guests at the *El Mundo* cocktail party. Seen in the light of their crusade for Puerto Rico, there is nothing jarring about optical laboratories, superhighways, and industry in a tropical paradise. The paradise is there, but beyond the surface pleasures is something far more profound—an island without an island psychology, not an island at all, but a country with all a country's pride in progress, working to become a nation of teachers, technicians, managers, and scientists. And yet, paradoxically, the pride that has prevented Puerto Ricans from settling for tourists' tips as their sole way of life, makes it possible for them to accept tourists' tips with better grace and cheer than the people of many another Caribbean island.

Should a vacationer be chided if he won't lift himself off the beaches to find Puerto Rico? Probably not; what's a vacation for? He should know, however, that the island is filled with people who are grateful when a visitor adds the deeper knowledge to his payment for sun, ocean, and luxury.

Final evenings in *El Viejo San Juan*. It was pleasant to walk the blue cobblestones of the hilly streets. In the Plaza de Armas a television set has been hung in the laurel trees and men are sitting around on orange crates watching the young John Wayne. He says something like, "Abremos brecha para alcanzarlos en la baranca"—"Let's take the short cut and head 'em off at the pass."

A few blocks away is La Mallorquina, San Juan's oldest restaurant and one of its finest. Two couples come in, obviously *San Juaneros*: elegant dress, black hair, and rings in the ladies' pierced ears. There must be a charity ball on tonight—San Juan has dozens each year and anyone can buy a ticket; it's a perfect way to meet residents.

One of the men raises a toast: "*Salud, dinero y amor, y tiempo para disfrutarlos*"—"health, love and money, and the time to enjoy them." The Spanish language has beautiful sentiments.

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners



ANYONE WHO THINKS the Horatio Alger story is dead should consider the life of Calvin H. Johnston. An orphan at six, he was a millionaire at twenty-nine. Today, thirty-two years old, he heads Property Research Corporation, a leading land investment house in Southern California.

Mr. Johnston was raised in a Masonic home for children. Entering the University of California as a pre-dental student, he had to try some money-raising projects and was so successful that he switched to business management. "I finished with a low C and a high bank account," he recalls.

After graduation, he entered the Air Force and was stationed at Edwards AFB. Surrounded by nothing but land, he turned his thoughts to land investment. He tried several ventures before his discharge from the service and each turned out well. A recession hit the land market soon after, however, and

That Mrs. Marcella Perry of Houston has achieved distinction in the male-dominated field of banking would be remarkable enough, but it is even more astonishing when we learn that banking is actually her third career. She was first a professional dancer, her successful career ushered in by a debut in Carnegie Hall. Later she conducted her own studio of the dance for a number of years.

She made the change from dancing to financing, she says, when her father, the late Judge James G. Donovan, began to need help in his financial interests. The characteristic zeal with which she attacked this new challenge has led her in little more than a decade to recognition as a top-flight banker in her own right.

A major portion of Mrs. Perry's work day now is given to her duties as president of the flourishing Heights Savings Association. She is often out, however, on other banking responsibilities, for she is a director of Reagan State Bank of Houston and, rarest distinction of all for a woman, chairman of the board of directors of First Pasadena State Bank in nearby Pasadena. She is a regional vice-president of the National Association of Bank Women; in this position she is in demand for speaking engagements throughout the Southwest.

These banking interests would be more

he took a beating, but it taught him that a hit-and-miss approach was unwise. He realized the need for scientific methods of selecting and evaluating land investments.

This led to Property Research Corporation, which is based in Los Angeles and has clients all over the world. It employs fifty persons and manages \$50 million worth of land, although not owning any itself.



than enough for the average woman, but Marcella Perry is not average. Her philanthropic, cultural, and civic interests are many. She helps with the Houston Lighthouse for the Blind, serves on Mayor Welch's Municipal Arts Commission, and has recently been appointed by President Johnson to the Houston-Harris County Committee on Economic Opportunity.



Continental sedan—a key to the Continental life, '67 style. Photograph by Baltazar Korab



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with the compliments of
your local Lincoln Continental Dealer.**