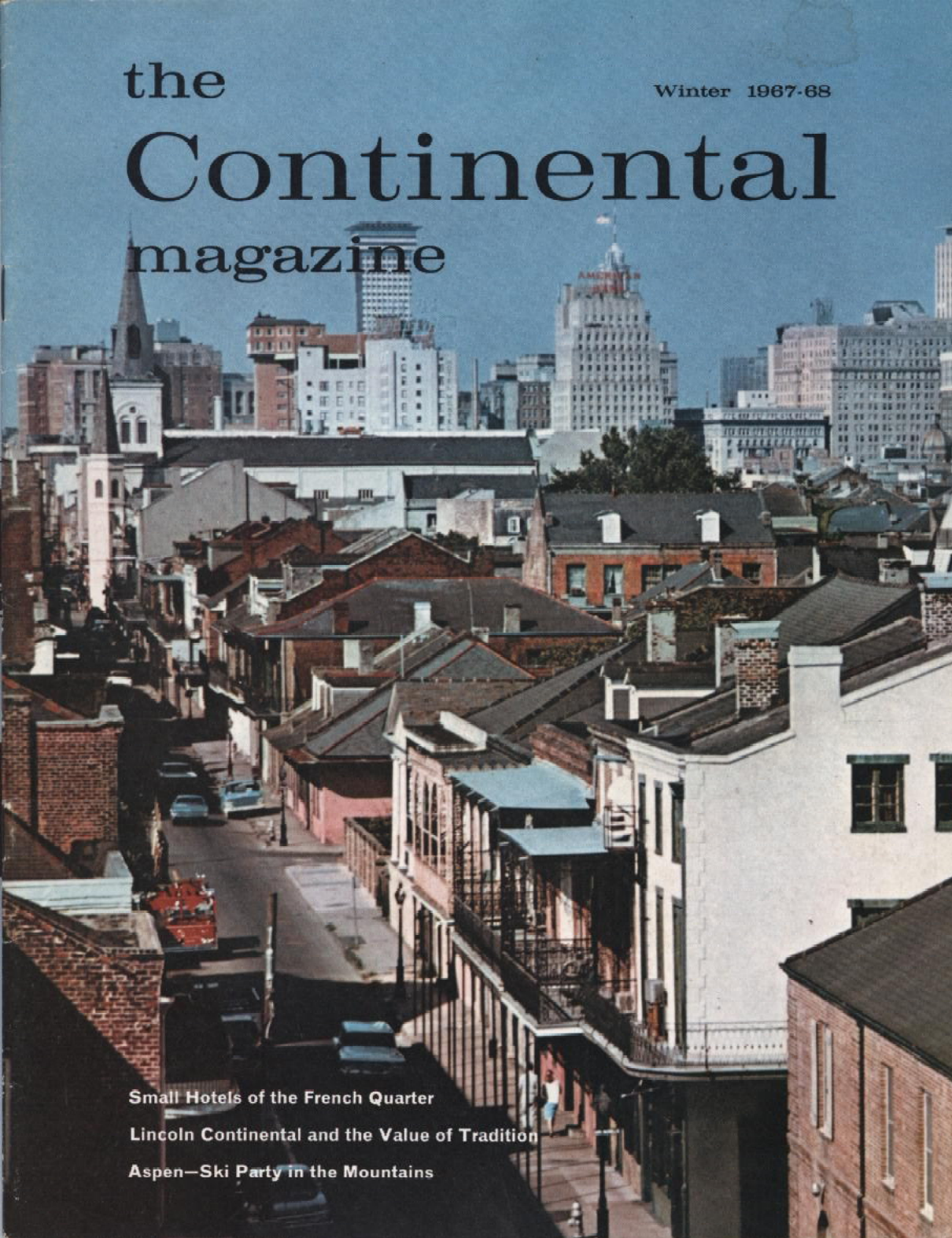


the

Winter 1967-68

# Continental magazine



Small Hotels of the French Quarter  
Lincoln Continental and the Value of Tradition  
Aspen—Ski Party in the Mountains

# the Continental magazine

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Vol. 8 No. 1

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COVER—The camera is ranging along Chartres Street, picking up some of the French Quarter as well as the backdrop of modern New Orleans. On page 5 we have a story on small and charming hotels in the Vieux Carré. Photograph by Dan Guravich.

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## Memo to Our Readers



The story on Aspen results from an outburst of enthusiasm by Angela Adduci, who arrived in the mountains a year and a half ago, having seen pictures of the town and deciding on the spot that it was her scene. All she left behind was a job in an art studio in Chicago and some memories of having been a chorus girl at the Palmer House and in Las Vegas. These may seem odd vocations for a girl who now loves camping, hiking, hunting for ghost towns, and combing through dumps in mountain towns for antique glass, but that's what happens when people become attached to the Rockies. She skis, of course, and helps run the Norway Lodge, near Lift No. 1 at the foot of Aspen Mountain.



The Aspen photographer is Robert G. Hadden, another refugee from Chicago who is first and foremost a fine artist and who went to Aspen two and a half years ago because he wanted to use the mountains as subjects in his paintings. He had had television experience, however, and so it was natural that he should keep a camera at hand, just in case. Thus we are able to acquire his fine photographs of Aspen and its slopes. His actual job is commercial art but he also does paintings on order for people who want art that clearly represents what it's supposed to. He skis, his wife skis, and he has a six-year-old son who skis because one of the subjects in the Aspen public schools is skiing.

Although Craig Claiborne, author of our story on cookbooks, is himself the author of several books on food, a sense of fair play prevented him from mentioning the fact. We feel no such proscription, however, since Mr. Claiborne is well known as a superb amateur chef, as the food editor of *The New York Times*, and as an author in the best-seller class. His titles include "The New York Times Cookbook," "The New York Times Menu Cookbook," and "An Herb and Spice Cookbook." Several food authorities consider them among the best and most explicit cookbooks available today.

It should be added that after making the acquaintance of Mrs. Rombauer's cookbook in his Chicago days, Mr. Claiborne found himself in Europe at the end of the war and took courses in cooking in one of the major schools, the Professional School of the Swiss Hotel-keepers Association in Lausanne, Switzerland.

# Life On the Sailfish Coast



painting by Ray Prohaska

THE ATTRACTIONS of a winter climate I have always escaped me. Brought up in the rawest of northern mountains and later the occupant of a sooty garden apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue, I long ago journeyed to Palm Beach to stay. What makes this seaside sanctuary a unique environment to me isn't the wealth of those who live between Worth Avenue and the Gulfstream polo field but rather the elegant simplicity of indoor-outdoor living.

Palm Beach is isolated from the Gold Coast on a narrow island fourteen miles long. The 9,000 residents and the usual 20,000 visitors are essentially water oriented. The Good Life here is tied to the sea as securely as the summer clouds that drift across our winter sky.

Shortly after Christmas the sailfish form schools north of Palm Beach near Stuart, then wheel south on a nor'easterly wind amid giant sea turtles glinting in the morning sun. At times the northerly shift beats against the northbound current of the Gulf Stream, and the ships lurch and their screws bite air in the hobbly-gobbly chop. As the wind goes 'round the card, vast legions of king mackerel invade the coast. But between shifts, and always from the nor'west

*It's a happy coincidence  
that when the great  
gamefish are jumping  
offshore, life on Florida's  
east coast is diverse  
and appealing*

*by A. J. McClane*

to the sou'west, the sea gentles, the air sparkles, and that heady atmosphere of a semitropical climate overpowers the senses—the night smell of jasmine, the purpling of bougainvillea and the lapping of waves on the reef.

An ideal way to begin a day in Palm Beach is to leave the Colony Hotel early in the morning and drive out to Bonnette's Hunting Preserve, which is only a half hour north, near Jupiter. A day's hunt, at \$45, allows you a choice

of eight quail, four pheasant, four chukkar partridge, or a wild turkey; there is a small extra charge for additional birds over the preserve's daily bag. Everything is supplied, including a guide for driving around the extensive covers, the bird dogs, the guns, and ammo. You can lunch at Bonnette's new lodge, then have an afternoon swim at the Colony pool (the adjoining patio features a daily fashion show) before walking over to Worth Avenue to brace the mainmast in Chesler's. There is ample time to make the Royal Poinciana Playhouse—one of the most beautiful theatres in America—and enjoy a late supper at the Celebrity Room.

There are countless variations of this: you can golf right in the center of town on the short but well-trapped Breakers Golf Course. Or you might devote the morning to trolling on the Gulf Stream (a half-day charter), then, after docking, return to the Palm Beach Par 3 and shoot a few holes in the greensward before preparing to troop your colors with a martini.

Resident Palm Beachers still favor the Old World tradition of dining at home. While the sit-down dinner for a hundred guests is not as common as



Above: Dawn at a Palm Beach marina and (below) action as the light grows



photos by Max Coon

photo by McClane from Photo Researchers

it was in the old days of the rich (I treasure a local recipe book with an entry that begins, "Take 12 dozen lobsters, 100 doves and 10 suckling pigs . . ."), most hostesses feel that "you eat out but you dine at home." Nevertheless, amenities are observed in gracious style at Hy Chesler's, at Costanzo Pucillo's Petite Marmite and at Jim Peterson's Ta-boo, all on Worth Avenue. Joseph Tankoos, Jr., runs a classic dining room at the Colony Hotel and has the most distinguished wine list in town.

The obvious electives on less athletic days, like shopping on Worth Avenue or in the Royal Poinciana Plaza, or visiting the various art galleries, such as Findlay's, the Galerie Juarez, the Thieme Galleries, or the Norton Art Gallery, run ad infinitum. After dark, there are diversions like greyhound racing at the Palm Beach Kennel Club, jai-alai at the Fronton in Mangonia Park, and frugging on the launching pad at Trudy Heller's Patio in Palm Beach or across the street at Vince O'Hara's.

Even the most devoted adherent to Palm Beach life wants to escape from the crowd on occasion (some people even think this is a logical reason for a vacation) and often they do this by spending a day in the Everglades. An anomaly of Palm Beach is that despite its manicured splendor, you are within a two-hour drive of a trackless wilderness where the white ibis rises in hovering legions and darkstained streams flow over sawgrass plains and the few inhabitants are, in name and in fact, *se-mi-no-lee*, or wild. Much of the country is as primitive today as it was in 1836 when an American general went in with a force of 8,000 men to subdue the Indians and after three months had succeeded with only four of them.

The way to see the Everglades is with a competent guide. One of the best is George Espenlaub, who is a blood brother of the Seminoles. Besides knowing every bird, plant, fish, and creature in the 'glades—including their Latin names—he brings early Florida history to life through campsites and Indian burial mounds far removed from the beaten path. Although a "swamp rat" by his own definition, Espenlaub has been a consultant to many scientific institu-

tions and universities. He conducts his trips in balloon-tired swamp buggies.

With his machete he can trim a cabbage palm and produce the making of a delectable heart of palm salad in three minutes flat. He will help you see rare burrowing owls and sandhill cranes and detect the sounds of bull alligators and wild turkeys.

Espenlaub's jumping-off point is the Clewiston Inn at Clewiston, where there are fine accommodations. If you find it possible to linger an extra day you will be able to make the most of the town of Clewiston, which fronts on Lake Okeechobee, whose 700 square miles are celebrated for bass fishing. There are numerous camps and boat liverys along the lake shore and the peak angling period is from January through March.

When Henry Morrison Flagler created Palm Beach in 1894 by simultaneously linking the Florida East Coast Railroad to nearby West Palm Beach and completing the gigantic Royal Poinciana Hotel (the dining room seated 2,000 people), he intended it as a retreat for millionaires. The pivotal character here was the legendary Addison Mizner, a pudgy cologne-lashed ex-gold miner turned designer. After building the fabulous Everglades Club, Mizner created more than \$50 million worth of the resort "cottages" which undeniably make Palm Beach the most beautiful town in America. Twenty-car garages, private zoos, and at least one private theatre (with a capacity of 500 people) give the lie to statements that the colony does nothing with its wealth but sit on it.

It is not true that Palm Beach children are weaned on vintage champagne or that we send them to school in Brinks trucks. But it is true that the short-pants set practically cut their teeth on a rod or gun, and that there are more fishing boats, both private and charter craft, in these waters than in any other port in the U.S.

Palm Beach is the hub of Florida's Sailfish Sector, which extends roughly from Stuart to the Keys, and while allegiances vary it is here that the annual Invitational Masters Angling Tournament takes place each January 5th to 10th with fifty of the world's most expert anglers afloat.

Some idea of the quality of the fishing off Palm Beach is reflected in the fact that around 185 to 195 sailfish are caught and released during the contest period. However, more than a thousand sails are boated by visitors and these vie for honors in the Silver Springs Derby, which is open to the public and runs through the winter season. Palm Beach is also headquarters for the International Woman's Fishing Association, which sponsors several tournaments for lady anglers. In effect, the tide marks of Palm Beach's society are the windrows of sargassum weed drifting with the Great Blue Stream.

Tourists can charter boats at the West Palm Beach City Docks (just across the Royal Poinciana Bridge) or at the Sailfish Center on Palm Beach Shores. All the major hotels (the Colony, the Breakers, Palm Beach Towers, and the Biltmore) are within minutes of the fleet. Palm Beach offers more diverse facilities than Stuart, but the latter is uniquely an angling town with excellent family-style accommodations at the Port St. Lucie Country Club and Villas.

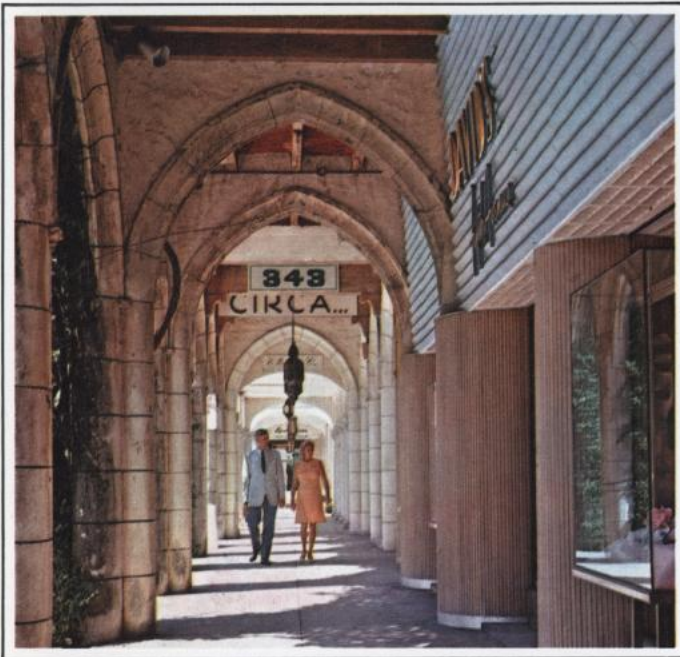
The club's two 18-hole golf courses—the PGA-famous Saints and Sinners—plus skeet shooting, tennis, sailboating, horseback riding, and guided hunting tours are among its many assets. Port St. Lucie's one- to three-bedroom villas are modestly priced and few resorts can match the cuisine and wine list found in its \$600,000 clubhouse, which is a short drive from the Stuart docks.

Due to the proximity of the Gulf Stream to Florida's coast in the Sailfish Sector, the fishing hours begin almost immediately after you leave the inlet at eight a.m. and continue to a reasonable period after four p.m., allowing sufficient time for your skipper to make port before dark.

The standard rate for a day is from \$100 to \$125 depending on the crew and type of equipment offered. Many tourists fish on "make-up" charters in which the cost is prorated with other anglers who want to share a boat. All craft can comfortably fish two people at a time, and as many as four if, for example, two couples want to split costs. Make-up parties are arranged with the skipper, and for information on charters you can call the West Palm Beach Fish-



At Bonnette's Hunting Preserve and (below) window-shopping in Palm Beach



photos by A. J. McClane

ing Club after you arrive.

Trolling and drift-fishing are the principal techniques for catching sailfish. Instruction and the correct tackle are supplied by the charter boat. Your chances of raising at least one sailfish per trip are good, and ordinarily you will get several strikes on an average day. During peak periods, notably in mid-December when the fish are schooling, and later in February, catches of five to ten sailfish per boat are not unusual, and a few experts have billed as many as thirty in one day. The fish run six to eight and a half feet long and weigh 35 to 90 pounds. Sailfish are strong light-tackle fish (12-pound test) but are no less acrobatic or powerful against the 20-pound and 30-pound lines spooled by most charter skippers. On occasion both white and blue marlin come to sailfish baits in this area.

Sometimes business requires that I venture into winter climates and I must admit it's briefly invigorating to slosh about in the snow, but this is no alternative to the feel of warm sand underfoot. Then I miss the sounds—a roostertailing forty-footer running wide open for the inlet at last light, the whistling flight of rising quail, the food talk of mallards settling over the decoys, lobby noises on opening night, a thundering chorus of bullfrogs as you make camp in the Big Cypress, and the wail of a reel as the rod pulls tight as an archer's bow.

And I miss the parade of seiners crawling across the horizon like ants on a wet road, an old buck deer playing hide and seek behind moss-draped oaks, the soft velvety red of a Clos de Vougeot held before a candle, and the silent world on the reef, not 200 yards from my desk. Perhaps the Gold Coast euphemism is right; no alchemist could combine a more unlikely number of elements and produce an unalloyed ingot.

One of the most charming courtyards belongs to the Maison de Ville on Toulouse Street



## Small Hotels of the FRENCH QUARTER

*The places to stay  
in the Vieux Carré  
of New Orleans  
are the hotels  
scaled to the intimacy  
and charm  
of the surrounding  
neighborhood*

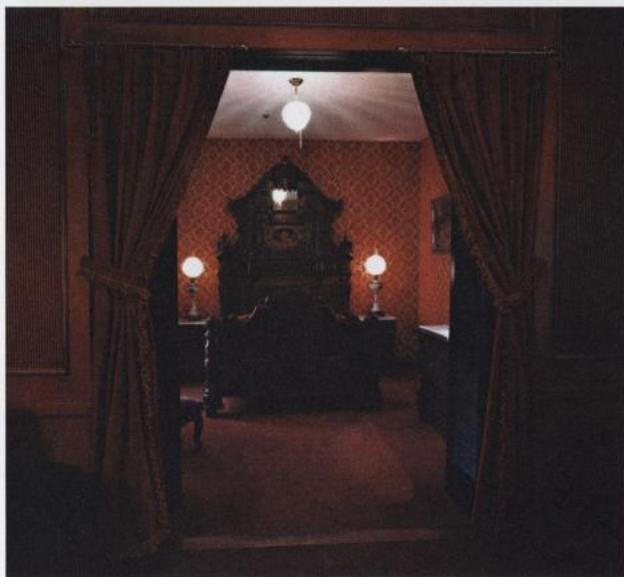
*by Bern Keating*

**B**ILLBOARDS ADVERTISING New Orleans hotels along the roads leading to the city invariably mention the distance from the lobby to the French Quarter, that 100-block area of Creole colonial village left from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries when France and Spain ruled the Mississippi Valley. Since the start of the New Orleans tourist boom about 40 years ago, much of a hotel's desirability has been measured by its distance from the delights of the Vieux Carré.

And yet investors and innkeepers unaccountably have avoided building hotels inside the Quarter itself. Possibly the strictures of a watchdog commission, appointed to guard the area's architectural character, discouraged builders



Above: The swimming pool is the only contemporary note in an otherwise classically New Orleans setting at the Royal Chartres Guest House in the French Quarter. The guests are welcomed here with a bottle of champagne. Left: The Basin Street suite in the Prince Conti is characteristic of that hotel's lavish furnishings. Below: All visitors sooner or later get to the French Market, around the corner from the French Quarter Maisonettes



with hidebound ideas of what a hotel's façade should be.

Recently, however, imaginative innkeepers have built or are building more than a dozen Creole-style hostleries, ranging from the glittering Royal Orleans to diminutive guest houses sheltering only a few couples at a time. In keeping with their intimate nature, most of the small hotels serve continental breakfast and at least one, the Royal Chartres Guest House, greets the arriving guest with a bottle of chilled champagne.

Of the new places to stay in the Quarter, seven others are worthy of mention because of location, architectural and decorative charm, or sympathetic management. All are small by big-city standards, and are deliberately held small in keeping with the village charm which lured their guests to the Quarter in the first place.

Probably the most plush of these is the Prince Conti at 830 Conti Street. Housed in a restored Vieux Carré building, the Prince Conti's rooms and suites are lavishly decorated in an extravagance of motifs. The Prince de Conti Suite is so French, for instance, the bathroom fixtures include a bidet. The Basin Street Suite has a wild décor of flaming red flock wallpaper and gaudy Victorian furniture and fixtures. The Lafcadio Hearne Suite's bed is of enamelled iron decorated with Japanese scenes, honoring the one-time New Orleans poet who died a Japanese citizen. The Hong Kong is, naturally, Chinese, and the Taj Mahal is Indian with imaginative use of wicker furniture and oriental brass. The downstairs piano bar imitates a Paris bistro, but after dark men must wear jackets and ties.

Like several other Vieux Carré motels, the Prince Conti will furnish a television set on request, but does not upset the decoration scheme with it. The reasoning is that anybody who spends nights in the Quarter looking at the Late Late Show has something wrong with him.

Similar in motel style of decoration and service but more conventional in design are the Place d'Armes at 625 St. Ann Street, just off Jackson Square, the Chateau at 1001 Chartres Street, and the Provincial at 1024 Chartres Street. Though they occupy old buildings and have been restored and altered

to suit the special needs of an innkeeper, the atmosphere within the Creole-style walls is more motel than Mardi Gras. The swimming pools, wall-to-wall carpeting, art work, and expensive but indeterminate decorating style will be soothingly familiar to travelers who prefer luxurious comfort to architectural surprises.

More characteristically Creole are three other small Quarter hotels. The Maison de Ville, oldest in the Quarter, is at 727 Toulouse Street. Built 180 years ago, it was once the home of A. A. Peychaud, a pharmacist dear to American memory as the inventor of the cocktail and of a brand of bitters still considered by connoisseurs of fine liquors as the indispensable ingredient of a Pink Gin.

One of the owners, a former interior decorator from Chicago, has furnished each of the 12 rooms in a different style, making lavish use of American antiques. Ten of the rooms give on a patio adjoining the restaurant at the Court of the Two Sisters, so the soft Louisiana night is made cheery by the tinkling of china and crystal and the party-time laughter of diners.

The other two open on an iron lace-work balcony over the sidewalk. These streetside rooms are prized perches for watching the madness of Mardi Gras. But at all seasons guests can watch the mad comings and goings at two jazz joints across the street. Guests who abhor typical motel swimming pools but who nevertheless enjoy a late afternoon dip have pool privileges at the nearby Royal Orleans Hotel. They splash about a crowded pool till pleasantly tired and retreat to the Maison de Ville's quiet patio to sip a restorative julep, thus savoring the best of two worlds.

The second of this trio is the French Quarter Maisonettes, 1130 Chartres Street, which Mr. and Mrs. Junius Underwood run like a private apartment building. The host meets arriving guests at an iron gate closing off a porte-cochere leading into a tropical patio with a tinkling fountain. After unlocking the outer gate, Mr. Underwood turns the key over to his guests so they can let themselves in and out at all hours.

There is no lobby, no reception desk, no cigarette or soft drink machine, and above all no swimming pool. For the

incurable athlete, Mr. Underwood suggests Acapulco. If the new guest requires it, Mr. Underwood politely supplies him with a television set without comment. If the new arrival has come to the Quarter for sounder reasons, however—to seek adventure and the epicurean joys of a bygone self-indulgent age—Mr. Underwood chats for a few minutes to sense the visitor's character. Satisfied that he has learned something of the newcomer's foibles, he breaks out a pamphlet, printed especially for him and listing most of the city's interesting restaurants, night clubs, cruises, tours, and promenades. With red pencil he checks off those particular attractions he thinks are best suited to his guest's tastes.

Only an incorrigible hairsplitter would exclude the Lamothe House from the Quarter's most pleasant small hotels just because its address is 621 Esplanade Avenue, across the street from the Vieux Carré's downtown boundary. Historically, architecturally, and spiritually it is part of the Creole village, perhaps the most Creole in spirit of all the small hotels.

The house was built in 1803 by the Lamothe brothers, sugar planters who had fled to New Orleans from the slave rebellion on their home island of Santo Domingo. Open only from September 1 to May 31, the Lamothe House is run more like a genteel plantation mansion than a hotel, perhaps because the hostess, Mrs. Gertrude Munson, spent her youth on a sugar plantation in the bayou country.

Lamothe House has only 14 rooms, but the dining table seats 30. At breakfast, served from eight to 11 a.m., guests are irresistibly drawn into conversation with the irrepressible Mrs. Munson and deftly maneuvered by her into conversation with each other. At occasional soirées, she presides over the confection of a huge bowl of *café brûlot*, a Creole infusion of strong coffee, spices, orange peel, and brandy. In an accent that is the quintessence of Southern gentility, she reveals the spirit that links her to the jazzy Vieux Carré despite her location outside its bounds.

"My guests ask me why my *café brûlot* is better than the kind they serve in even the best restaurants. The secret is simple.

"Go easy on the coffee, hit them hard with the cognac."



photograph by Dick Saunders

The author in his own kitchen, just starting a *navarin*, or French stew

## My Basic Cookbooks For Home Cuisine

*Celebrated as a fine amateur chef  
and professional food writer,  
the author names and describes  
the books he considers  
essential for the best home cooking*

by Craig Claiborne

WHEN I WAS asked recently to outline the books I would recommend for a basic cooking library, I remembered that my own career as a writer on food began in a brief and decisive moment when someone gave me the cookbook that I still consider the best.

The year was 1946 and it was Christmas. I was living in Chicago at the time on the small salary that came with my first job in the public relations office of a radio network.

Until then my cooking had consisted largely of grilling hamburgers, turning the crank for a freezer of

Sunday ice cream, and basting the family barbecue at home in Mississippi.

I had gone home for the holidays and, as I recall, I grumbled considerably about the food in Chicago. This it must have been in the spirit of artfully conceived sympathy that my sister gave gifts that year. I returned to Chicago in the middle of a blinding snowstorm carrying under my arms two wild ducks, a new chafing dish, and a volume of Irma Rombauer's inspiring tome, "The Joy of Cooking."

For the next several years the book was my kitchen Bible. I was soon whipping up a hollandaise with considerable authority, making a béchamel sauce with even more dispatch, and turning out tortes with what I considered admirable élan. As I recall, I became rather famous in the neighborhood for my Koenigsberger Klops, Mrs. Rombauer's German meat balls.

Today I own three editions of "The Joy of Cooking," each subsequent edition revised and enlarged, and I would rate any of the three as the finest basic cookbook available. My favorite, however, continues to be the first one, which, with the yellow pages and battered spine, still rests on my library shelves.

The more recent volumes, written in collaboration with Mrs. Rombauer's daughter, Marion Rombauer Becker, are far more detailed and comprehensive. But some of the homespun charm is gone and, sentimentally perhaps, I miss it. For example, Mrs. Rombauer recounts a delightful anecdote told her by Konrad Bercovici: "Madame Schumann-Heink, the great opera singer, was sitting in front of an enormous steak. Caruso passed her table, and seeing the huge portion of meat before the singer, he said: 'Stina, you are not going to eat that alone!' 'No,' Schumann-Heink said, shaking her fine old head. 'No, not alone. With potatoes.'"

This cookbook is studded with anecdotes, cheer, and amusing observations. Many cookbooks approach food with solemnity, but this one lives up to its title completely. It has gusto. The very first chapter is on cocktails, and it starts as follows:

"The chief virtue of cocktails is their informal quality. They loosen tongues and unbutton the reserves of the socially diffident. Serve them by all means, preferably in the living room, and the sooner the better."

If there is a bride on your list or a bachelor with a lean and hungry look on his birthday, there could be no better gift than any available edition of "The Joy of Cooking." These books are inspired, and for a neophyte's purposes, all-inclusive.

Wherever I've traveled in search of recipes—and it has involved several thousand miles gathering material for a book on an American regional cooking—people mention cookbooks to me. Some say they relish cookbooks while others declare they devour them. Many is the individual who avers that he or she uses them as bedside literature in lieu of a good mystery or fiction.

I am very much of a cookbook peruser both as a matter of professional and private interest. I can spend hours thumbing my way through odd volumes (to choose random examples) on Mediterranean cookery; Ada Boni's definitive book on Italian cooking, "Il Talismano della Felicità" (never properly translated into English); such staple works as Ali Bab's "Gastronomie Pratique"; and, of course, "Larousse Gastronomique." One of the nicest books for perusing with pleasure is also one to which I would give high marks indeed for a basic in any cookbook collection. It is "The James Beard Cookbook" and happily it is available both in hard cover and paperback.

This book is written with great clarity and taste, and it is basic without being condescending. I have long enjoyed the author's recipe in his foreword for boiling water, and he may be the first and only authority to give such a recipe.

Then he gets down to the serious business of detailing recipes, and he can bring style to the kitchen without hitting the cook over the head with a wooden spoon and without boring him or her to death. To show the scope of the book: the recipes range from brownies to brioche and mashed potatoes to Anna potatoes. There are also such sophisticated and admirable dishes as coquilles St. Jacques (scallops in the shell) to an exceptionally good *navarin* or French lamb stew, lentil casserole, and chocolate mousse.

Let us call Mr. Beard's work volume number two on the basic list.

My third recommendation would be the one that I wish I myself had written. It is the superb "Mastering the Art of French Cooking" by Simone Beck, Louisette Bertholle and Julia Child. Praising the volume at this late date, of course, is like rooting for motherhood, but it would be essential in my list of books for a serious library. The recipes of "Mastering the Art" are outlined in great detail and the volume as a whole is an incredible compendium of French cooking. Anyone who has truly mastered its details and put them into practice honestly has a good understanding of *la cuisine française*, classic style. This is by far the greatest book on French cooking ever written in English.

These, in sum, would be my choices for a basic library. Other than that the recommendations become random and specialized. For example, I would unhesitatingly recommend any of Ann Seranne's books. Some of her best (she has many to her credit) are "The Complete Book of Desserts," "The Complete Book of Home Baking," and "The Complete Book of Home Preserving." They are excellent. In the same specialized category I would place both of Paula Peck's estimable volumes, "The Art of Fine Baking," and "The Art of Good Cooking."

But keep Mrs. Rombauer in mind. If you cannot cook with her volume at hand it may be best to stick to the charcoal grill.



## Lincoln Continental and the Value of Tradition

*More than ever this luxury car symbolizes quality in motoring and quality in ownership*

CONTINUITY of the Lincoln Continental tradition has come to be one of the more dependable aspects of the automotive world. Each year since the car first appeared in its present form, subtle touches of refinement in its styling have added to its reputation as an automobile of enduring beauty.

This philosophy of progressive design and styling, coupled with integrity of engineering and manufacture, has enabled the Lincoln Continental to carve a distinctive niche for itself in the world of luxury cars. During the relatively few years since the classic tradition was made a part of Continental styling policy, the car has widened its owner group immensely. An expensive car (though not as expensive as some in the luxury class), it has nevertheless tripled its sales and is continuing to make new friends constantly.

While expanding its popularity, the Continental has come to be associated with a high quality of life as much as a high quality of motor car. It is a symbol not only of luxury but of taste. Its owners are those special people who have distinguished themselves in the professions, in government, in industry, in finance, and in entertainment.

Their choice of motor car is only one aspect of ways in which they have established their position. Their vacations may range from a ranch in the Rockies to an island in the Caribbean. They are likely to know a yawl from a ketch when they see one—and often they own a sailing craft of some sort. They play tennis in clubs or on courts of their own, they ride horses, and they are as much at ease in the great restaurants of the world as they are in their own dining rooms. To put it more simply, they hold tickets of admission to the finer things of life.

This year, Lincoln Continental, through its styling and engineering, holds to the same tradition. As connoisseurs of fine cars have noticed since the car was introduced last fall, it has changed very little outwardly. The four-door sedan has the same lines. The two-door Coupé, which is the only other production model, has a somewhat more formal roof than it had before. The positioning and design of some of the exterior lights have been made more integral with the fenders and panels and there is fresh appeal in the instrumentation and in the luxurious interiors.

There are also changes and improvements in a number



In the pictures on these pages are some of the details as well as the general outlines of the Lincoln Continental for 1968. At the left is a driver's-eye view of the instrument panel, which is almost completely new this year. A rich walnut design sets the tone of the interior. The instruments themselves have been redesigned and there is a new wide-view mirror. The steering wheel has deep padded spokes and hub covered in vinyl, while the upper half echoes the walnut of the panel. The view of the right front of the car reveals the wraparound parking lights, which now are integral with the styling and are a safety feature because they can be seen from the sides. The other two pictures show the lines of the car—in settings appropriate to such automotive distinction



of operational aspects of the Continental. The automatic transmission, which is standard, has firmer, crisper shifts. Refinements in the throttle pedal and shift lever linkage have made them quieter. Improvements in the steering linkage area reduce road shock and vibration, which increases passenger comfort.

The Continental power plant in 1968 has not been changed. It is the same magnificent, pre-tested 462-cubic-inch V-8, one of the most dependable, responsive, and flexible ever used in an American luxury motor car. This engine is now equipped with a new emission control system which uses precision carburetion, breathing, and ignition to burn fuel more completely and reduce exhaust emissions.

The full complement of safety features in Ford Motor Company vehicles is standard in the Lincoln Continental. A new safety feature this year is an energy-absorbing steering column and a steering wheel designed to collapse under severe impact.

The list of standard features in the 1968 Continental is as impressive as in previous models. It includes power front disc brakes, power steering, power windows, power seat, and many kinds of interior lights that add convenience or communicate important information (map, reading, door ajar, low fuel, seat belt reminder, and a number of others).

There are, of course, a number of features that can be installed at extra cost. One of the new ones is a rear window defogger in which a three-speed blower, operated from the instrument panel, sends a column of



air across the window and keeps it clear.

The optional temperature control systems in the Continental are highly sophisticated. To put it simply, one sets the controls for the temperature wanted and it stays that way even though the car may be driven through various kinds of weather.

Other optional features include an automatic ride leveler which keeps the car at the proper level regardless of how much weight there is in the rear seat or trunk; a tilt steering wheel which makes it easier for the driver to get in and out; a transistorized headlight dimmer with a long range that is not readily affected by roadside lights; and a reclining passenger seat with power adjustable headrest.

Among the most sought-after options are the ones that turn the Continental into a rolling concert hall. There is an AM radio, an AM/FM radio, a combination of AM radio with stereo sonic sound system, and an AM/FM signal-seeking radio that includes a stereo jack to enable a dealer to install a stereo radio adapter. The

sound comes from four speakers—two in front and two in the rear.

When this superb automobile has been assembled—and this process itself is much more deliberate than on most assembly lines—it is subjected to all sorts of critical scrutiny in addition to that given the parts and the assembly steps. The most important of these tests is a 12-mile drive that is given every single Continental. The driver who takes the car out has a list of nearly 200 items on which he checks it, and he is under orders to be a demanding and tough "customer."

Out of all this comes the Lincoln Continental, indisputably a great automobile. Looked at when parked or whispering along the highway, it carries with it an aura of power, quality, and beauty. Attractive as this aura is, it expresses something that is more than skin-deep. It speaks for a motor car that has integrity engineered right into it, that is meant to stay beautiful regardless of the whims of automotive fashion, and that lives up to the extremely high standards set for it.



EVERYONE WHO has ever been to a ski resort knows that skiing is more than the sport itself. It is almost total commitment to a way of life in which skis and slopes are barely more important than fireplaces, nightlife, sophistication, fashion, roaring good times, and romance.

Aspen, among all the places where one skis in the U.S., stands as a model of what a ski resort ought to be. More like a European ski resort than any other we have, its foreign and American accents, plus the people who come, establish its total-ski atmosphere. Besides every kind of Western European, we have every kind of American and pretty nearly every kind of person: millionaires, college kids, many plain citizens, ski bums, Hollywood figures, social aristocracy, divorcees, a sprinkling of hippies (not many), and—oh, skiers—all blended into a homogenous democracy that couldn't exist elsewhere.

Most of the people who come to a ski resort bring skis and it is reasonable to assume, despite the night clubs, bars, cocktail parties, fireplaces and short- and long-term liaisons, that skiing is the primary excuse for planning a trip to Aspen.

Until last winter, we had three ski areas, this year we have four. The three are Aspen Mountain, Aspen Highlands, and Buttermilk Mountain. The new one, opened only within the past few weeks, is Snowmass-at-Aspen. Taken together they have more than 200 miles of trails and runs—sufficient variety to satisfy every degree of skiing expertise.

There are certain differences between these areas. Buttermilk has beginners' slopes, long and graceful, good for recreational and family skiing, on which a *sitzmark* is neither unexpected nor a cause for shame. Aspen Mountain rises from the town and people staying there can catch a lift by walking. The slopes are all-purpose—that is, they have challenges as well as runs that won't frighten novices.

Aspen Highlands, two miles out of town, is skied less than the others, and while it fits the description of Aspen Mountain in being a cross between intermediate and expert, it isn't crowded and there is rarely a wait for lift lines.

Snowmass, the new one, is the mountain for the top-flight demons of the



# ASPEN Ski Party in the Mountains

*One of the finest double  
features in the Rockies:  
the powdery slopes by day and  
the merry lounges by night*

*by Angela Adduci*



Left: Shelters at Aspen Highlands; above and below: typical winter days on the slopes

photos by Robert G. Hadden





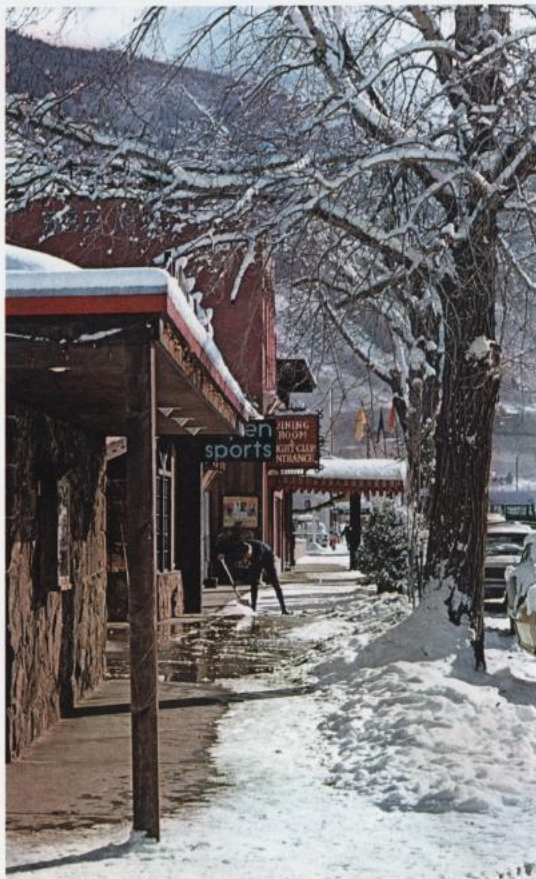
Above: Aspen's early architecture is Victorian; below: Cooper Street and the canopy of the Red Onion; opposite page: the Maroon Bells in the Snowmass Wilderness Area

hills. The highest point from which a skier can jump off is 12,720 feet up on Baldy Mountain. From there he can sweep down to the village at 8,400 feet, hissing across bowls a mile wide, plunging down three-mile trails, and snaking through wooded canyons that have all the bumps, jumps, sharp turns, and harrowing drops that a true skier feeds on.

There are many other details, of course, in Aspen's hard-based, powdery world, but suffice it to say that there is a hill for every degree of skill whether a person is on the boards for the first time or is a natural athlete who has been sliding down mountains all his life.

Next to the skiing is the all-important matter of where one stays. There are some 75 lodges in the Aspen complex representing 7,000 beds and costs ranging from \$16 to \$60 a day per couple, but the variety is even greater than this implies. For example, no ski resort is without some sort of facilities for college kids who love to ski, don't have much more than a dime, and contribute much to the cheer and charm of the scene. Right in town there is the Little Red Ski Hostel, which is really somebody's house with rooms in which three or four persons can bunk together for something like \$4.00 a day, including coffee and a roll for breakfast.

We have a brand-new spot at Butter-milk, an elegant country inn called the



Pomegranate. It has a heated pool, hot therapy pool, billiards, and—listen—only 20 rooms, each with its own fireplace. Another splendid place is the Snowmass Inn, with its ice rink and paddle tennis courts and a situation which makes it possible for a skier to swoop down Baldy Mountain, cross the right side of West Village, make a sharp stem christie, and end up with his ski tips right at the front door.

Over at Aspen Highlands is the Chateau Kirk, which looks as if someone had taken an Austrian chalet apart and put it together in the Rockies. Outside its entrance is a heated swimming pool and inside is the huge, roaring fireplace.

Among the inns of Aspen there are about thirty with outdoor, heated swimming pools. The tans to be picked up around them are as deep and satisfying as any provided by the Caribbean.

Do you want to know if you can get something good to eat in Aspen? You can. The celebrated Copper Kettle, built on the site of an old ore-crushing mill, has a continental menu and turns out first-rate French, Scandinavian, and Eastern European dishes. The Four Seasons is another restaurant in which gastronomic skill is very evident.

Not everybody takes eating seriously while on an Aspen skiing vacation, despite the Chart House's teriyaki sirloin,

the Red Onion's very tender veal, the Golden Horn's fine wiener schnitzel, and Guido's cheese fondue. Lots of people think of the interval between four p.m., when the lifts shut down, and two a.m., when the night spots shut down, as the cocktail hour, and sometimes dinner is fitted in and sometimes it isn't.

Needless to say, our night life meets all the tests, inasmuch as it allows both for people who think sleep is important to serious skiers and for those who feel a ski resort should resemble a European film festival. The night clubs range from standup comics to youthful rock-'n'-roll,

(continued inside back cover)



# FLOWERS & SHRUBS BY MAIL

*One way to achieve distinction  
in your garden is  
to search out the mail-order  
places that go in for specialties.  
Here are some of them*

*by Joan Lee Faust*



The distinctive, unusual blooms on this page are from the bulb specialists in South Hamilton, Massachusetts, P. de Jager & Sons. At top left is Anemone St. Bavo, which comes in a wide range of coloring; top right: Crocus speciosus, which flowers in autumn and increases freely in shrubbery and woodland; at bottom left is the narcissus named Personality, which also increases and blooms freely. Opposite page: a perennial border of ageratum, Shasta daisies, daylilies, and phlox. (photo by John P. Roche, Caldwell, New Jersey)

**S**UPERMARKETS make shopping so easy that store managers are beginning to sell plants and bulbs along with detergents and frozen foods. Before long, who knows, American housewives may be putting philodendrons on their shopping lists.

If all gardeners shopped this way, all gardens would soon look alike, for there is little variety in selections. But, like the cook with a particular palate who turns from the supermarket to the gourmet shop, the discerning gardener can turn to the plant world where the rare trees and old-fashioned flowers are found. These specialty

shops are the quality nurseries which display their wares in mail-order catalogues.

"The Garden Book" of White Flower Farm, Litchfield, Connecticut 06759 (\$1), is particularly delightful reading. More than just a listing of plants, its pages are filled with sage remarks on the proper ways to manage a lawn or how to plan a perennial border. Among the special gems offered are the sweet, tiny, French wild strawberries, *fraises des bois*. A dozen plants make a good fall or spring planting. Listed here, too, is the rare dwarf Korean lilac—an unusual plant that grows

only as high as three feet.

Probably one of the most beautiful catalogues published today is from Wayside Gardens, Mentor, Ohio 44060 (\$1). It is lavishly illustrated with full-color close-ups of plantdom's finest perennials, trees, and shrubs. Wayside is noted for its introduction of many English perennials and shrubs. It carries a full list of the famous Allwood Brothers carnations and dianthus (pinks) developed at Hayward's Heath, England. Wayside has also brought to American gardens such fine shrubs as the dainty daphne Somerset, highly honored



Wisteria vines grow slowly and have a rather brief period of blooming, hence are not often seen, but the gardener with patience and taste is rewarded with beautiful clusters of blossoms and, in many varieties, a rich fragrance. This is the Royal Purple wisteria of Wayside Gardens, Mentor, Ohio.

rarities as the pitcher plant, marsh marigold, and turtle-heads which frequent boggy lands and are excellent for planting in wet woodlands. The famed native azaleas and rhododendrons of the mountain region can also be obtained at Ashford or shipped from there.

Midwesterners can find many of their local wildlings at American Perennial Gardens, 6975 Dover Street, Garden City, Michigan 48135 (25 cents). This catalogue also includes seeds of many native plants like silenes, monardas, penstemons, and gentians. Out on the prairies entirely different plants grow. Prairie Gem Ranch, Smithwick, South Dakota 57782, can supply seeds of such treasured wildlings as wild blue flax and shooting stars.

In the Northwest, there is Lamb's Nurseries, E. 101 Sharp Avenue, Spokane, Washington 99202. In addition to native wildflowers, Lamb's has old-fashioned kitchen herbs and the hardy chrysanthemums developed by Washington State University. For bonsai enthusiasts there are "baby" evergreens for pot culture.

Scaled-down houses and gardens require the dwarf, slow-growing evergreens which are difficult to find. At Mayfair Nurseries, R. D. #2, Nichols, New York 13812, is a bountiful quantity of the delightful miniature junipers, spruce, and pines, perfect for intimate gardens and rock gardens. Mayfair also lists many heaths and heathers. In Connecticut at Oliver Nurseries, 1159 Bronson Road, Fairfield, are some of the dwarf conifers as well as those enchanting dwarf rhododendrons such as Ramapo, Purple Gem, and keiskei which grow about one foot tall. In contrast are the giant-flowered rhododendrons which flourish in the Northwest. Comerford's, P. O. Box 100, Marion, Oregon 97359, has the magnificent Loderi rhododendrons.

There are special nurseries for backyard putterers who just like to concentrate on one special plant. If it is sempervivums (hen-and-chicken plants), MacPherson Gardens, 2920 Starr Avenue, Oregon, Ohio 43616, lists nearly 100 different kinds. Or if it's primulas or saxifrage, they can be obtained from Sky-Cleft Gardens, Camp Street Ext., Barre, Vermont 05641.

Many nurseries can supply hardy bulbs, but some of the "blue chips" can be obtained from De Jager, 188 Asbury Street, South Hamilton, Massachusetts 01982. They specialize in the small early daffodils, tulips, scillas, and other species. John Scheepers, Inc., 63 Wall Street, New York, 10005, are specialists in the tulip and daffodil world.

With the use of the foregoing suggestions, the home gardener should be on the road toward individuality in his array of plants and shrubs.

by the Royal Horticultural Society, and the very fragrant hybrid *Viburnum carlcephalum*.

Many roses of legend and history still exist. Joseph J. Kern Rose Nursery, Box 33, Mentor, Ohio 44060, includes a great number of them. Dating back to 1596 is the famous "rose of a hundred petals," *Rosa centifolia*, the cabbage rose. Kern's also can supply the true Damask rose (*Rosa damascena*) which was introduced to Europe during the Crusades and the old-fashioned sweetbrier, *R. eglanteria*. This nursery has modern roses, too, but the famous old types fill eight pages.

Page upon colorful page of but three perennials—peonies, tall-bearded iris, and daylilies—fill the handsome catalogue of Gilbert H. Wild and Son, Inc., Sarcocixie, Missouri 64862 (50 cents). Scarcely any well-established variety has escaped their knowledge. Special prices are given for recommended hobbyists' collections or group selections.

Once a gardener has mastered mowing and hoeing, he may want to venture on his own and raise some native plants either from seed or seedling plants. This can become an intriguing hobby and can give a yard great individuality. Whenever possible, native plants should be obtained from nearby sources.

Persons in the Blue Ridge area have a fine opportunity to obtain plants of their region from E. C. Robins, Gardens of the Blue Ridge, Ashford, McDowell County, North Carolina 28603. Here may be found such

## Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

### ASPEN

(Continued from page 17)

including danceable music, in the old-fashioned sense, although not every skier is up to it after a hard day on the hills.

Here's a brief run-down on the shopping in Aspen: Stein Eriksen, the skier and ski teacher who is held in reverence wherever there's skiing, has a boutique both in Aspen and in Snowmass, and of course he can be depended on to have the latest and the best in ski fashion and equipment.

The House of Ireland has, naturally, great sweaters and great tweeds. Bethune and Moore, in the old railroad station at the foot of Red Mountain, has superb imported glassware, and house furnishings. At Paraphernalia, the adventurous find miniskirts and the daring find micro-skirts. Wax and Wicks devotes itself to the romantic subject of candles. The town is becoming a Victorian Greenwich Village in the mountains.

There are times, however, when I can put aside the frivolous world of the town, the shops, the *après-ski* ceremonies, the dashing, German-accented ski instructors (those demigods of the slopes), the snowmobiling, skating, and sleigh-riding that are available, even the special style and grace of skiers, who are very beautiful people—I can forget all that when riding chairlift No. 1 from the base of Aspen Mountain.

The chair sways slightly as it scoops me up into a silent universe of snow. The town spreads out below. I lean back, prop up my skis, and surrender my face to the Colorado sun. One chair transfer and a suntan later, up near the top of the world, I lift my skis to a vertical position, slap them down quickly on the ramp, slip off the chair, and glide over to the sundeck.

At ease with one hand around a cup of hot chocolate, I survey the mountains, the town, the sun, the snow. Here, when you come right down to it, is the essential Aspen, the marvelous moment before you plant the poles down and prepare to glide away and meet the wind, the turns, the rush, and the town below.

If Mrs. Frank Pyle, Sr., of Huntington, Indiana, isn't behind the wheel of her Lincoln Continental, the chances are she's in the cockpit of a Piper Aztec. In her modes of transportation she has some real distinctions. First, she hasn't driven anything but a Lincoln for a decade and a half; second, she holds both a single-engine private pilot's license and a multi-engine license.

Mrs. Pyle became a pilot very casually. Stopping in at Baer Field in Fort Wayne to get an idea of what piloting was like, she found herself fascinated and went on to get her single-engine license last year. When her husband purchased a multi-engine plane for his company, Utah-American of Huntington (electronics), she felt she had no choice but to fly it.

Now she flies for the company, of which her husband is president. Active in the business, she is director, vice-president, and assistant corporation secretary. Her three sons are also associated with Utah-American. The Pyles use their plane for pleasure as well as business.

Besides her duties with the company



and as a housewife, Mrs. Pyle pursues a hobby of collecting figurines. In her home northeast of Huntington she has about 120 Hummels from Germany and a large number of Royal Doultons from England. She also helps in church and charitable activities.

Mrs. Pyle has developed a fine local reputation as a pilot. Just recently, she was invited by the Piper Aircraft Corporation to go to Muncie to fly the Piper Navajo, the company's newest twin-engine airplane. She was the first woman to take it aloft.

When a person orders a glass of milk in southern Florida, the chances are better than even that the cow it came from is owned by a young dynamo of the dairy industry named Charles McArthur. The herd to which this cow belongs now numbers 4,200—said to be the second largest privately owned milk herd in the country.

The story of Charles McArthur and his dairy business is the kind that warms the heart of people in a business-oriented economy. Charles McArthur Dairies, Inc., is actually four different dairies under central management, but the chief executive is only 30 years old. He studied business administration as a student at the University of Florida, from which he graduated in 1959, and immediately joined his father, Bivian McArthur, who started dairying in Florida in 1936 with 20 cows.

At present, the entire four-dairy operation is being centralized in a single location. Last spring it moved into a \$500,000 dairy facility a few miles east of Okeechobee on a tract of 4,000 acres. The milk sales of the company for 1967 are expected to reach \$4,000,000 and

the present rate of growth indicates it will be \$5,000,000 by 1970.

In keeping with accepted business practice, Mr. McArthur is expanding and diversifying. Within the industry he is starting a calf-raising operation that will supply him with dairy cow replacements and reach \$2,000,000 in sales within a few years. He is also going into real estate and banking.

Mr. McArthur actively directs all his enterprises, and he also serves as a member of the board of the Okeechobee Hospital and the board of the Okeechobee Methodist Church.



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The Continental profile tells the story of enduring style wedded to good taste

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