

A photograph of a sunset over the ocean. The sky is filled with clouds, and the sun is low on the horizon, creating a golden glow. In the foreground, the silhouettes of four people (two adults and two children) are standing on a beach, looking out at the water. To the right, a sailboat with a large, dark sail is visible. The overall mood is peaceful and scenic.

The
Continental
Magazine
Fall/1968

Florida: South From Sarasota
Try a Hunting Preserve

The 1969 Cars from Lincoln Mercury

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COVER—the picture was taken at Marco Island, near the Everglades, deep in jungly southwest Florida. Not long ago it had little habitation, but now it is bursting with costly residences and condominiums—and leisure. Photo from Alpha Photo Associates.

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*Memo to
Our
Readers*

We are particularly pleased by the way in which Gloria Jahoda has written about the lower west side of Florida—Florida, the state pawed-over by a thousand writers a year and rarely emerging so well-observed and interesting as in this story.

Mrs. Jahoda was raised in a Chicago suburb, did her undergraduate work in English at Northwestern, got an M.A. in anthropology, and had begun on a Ph.D. at the University of Wisconsin when she met her husband and was, as she puts it, "saved from a dissertation on 'The Changing Chippewa Woman.'" She taught at Wisconsin and later at Fairleigh Dickinson in New Jersey while her husband was getting a doctorate at Columbia, and then she quit teaching in 1957 to go into writing full time.



Her first two books were "Annie" and "Delilah's Mountain," both novels. Last year Scribner's published her third book, "The Other Florida," about the north of the state. Since the latter's debut she has been startled to see its catchwords and phrases on Florida real estate billboards.

Mrs. Jahoda has had a lifelong interest in music—classical, Dixieland, modern—and has written a biography of the English composer Frederick Delius, which Scribner's will publish in the spring. She is a pianist and once played professionally to earn tuition money.

Mr. Jahoda is a professor at Florida State University and the two live on a quiet Tallahassee street in a garden full of oleander, magnolia, coral vine, and bananas—perfect for a woman who describes herself as "a one hundred per cent unashamed romantic."

When not writing books and magazine articles, Mrs. Jahoda prepares radio and television programs on the music of Delius and the lore of Florida.

Our other contributors are mostly old friends. Mary Augusta Rodgers, who once reported for us on luxury hotels in the national parks, has written on paddle tennis as an insider. She plays a wicked game between writing fiction and articles for just about every major magazine in the country.

Jim Ericson (another graduate of Northwestern) teaches school in Brownsville, Texas, and hunts and fishes and writes magazine articles about both.

Bern Keating recently reported for us on the small hotels of the French Quarter and now he's back in New Orleans telling about the less celebrated restaurants that dedicated gastronomes (like himself) seek out in that city.



Where is everybody? Somewhere else, but not on this beach near Naples

Florida: South From Sarasota

*Not densely settled, slow in tempo,
the west coast between Sarasota and the
Everglades is for vacationers who prize
culture as much as sun and gamefish*

by Gloria Jahoda

BECAUSE I LIVE in Florida, cynics sooner or later ask me, doesn't paradise pall? Doesn't there come a time when tournament-sized gamefish, shaggy palms along sugary beaches, and sun-flecks frolicking on green water all cease to be enough? Maybe a few restless souls do get disenchanting. Now and then I suppose a complainer wanders even into heaven. But most Floridians love Florida with uncompromising ferrency.



One of the best-respected theaters in the South is the Asolo, in Sarasota

The lower west coast is one of the proudest stretches in the state. Full of vocal but dignified enthusiasts, it begins at Sarasota and continues for 180 miles down to the tiny communities of Everglades City and Chokoloskee Island, enchanting mixtures of 'twenties boom, sprawling shacks, mangrove bays, and a sprawling Rod and Gun Club. The fish, of course, are everywhere along these 180 miles. So are game animals and birds: deer, turkeys, ducks, wild boar, quail, and doves.

But southwest Florida doesn't depend on its natural attractions alone. Vacationers can lose themselves in a changing round of activity without touching a rifle or a fishing pole. This coast is given over to leisure, which includes the leisure of a working population. Spare time means courses in oil painting, subscriptions to Mozart festivals, and attendance at the state-sponsored Asolo Theater, which was brought from Italy to Sarasota and restored to its original 18th century grace in the Ringling Museum complex.

Retirees mingle with artists and tourists. Fishermen flock after hours to chamber concerts. Beaches, yachting, sailing, golfing, water-skiing, and dining and dancing are at hand when they are wanted. The hallmark of southwest Florida is urbane and rarely crowded

style, and the style is serious.

Sarasota, the entry into this haven of coconut palms and concertos, is classical Florida in many ways. There are the towering casuarina trees, the tide pools and shells, gardens of seagrapes and multicolored croton hedges, white causeways and gleaming high-rise cooperative apartments called condominiums. Sarasota golf courses, if flat, are ingeniously trapped. Sarasotans have their choice of eight clubs, which offer privileges to visitors.

Bars range from rock to dusky intimacy. Restaurants run the gamut from Armenian to Filet Mignon. At the Far Horizons Inn on Longboat Key, Danish pastries and soufflés are presided over by the former inspector of the Hotel d'Angleterre in Copenhagen. All this is delightful. But in Sarasota you can also see five different plays in three days during an Asolo Theater festival. Richard Fallon, its director, premieres new work even as he polishes Shakespeare, while New York critics watch and make notes. The Florida Gulf Coast Symphony has recently accepted the challenge of Beethoven's Ninth.

If seclusion is what you want, the Colony Beach Club resort on Longboat has it. Cottages are private; only the

pool, the Gulf, and the gourmet fare are communal. But not far away on adjacent St. Armand's Key lie temptations: the Yankee Traveler for casual clothes, the Casa Encantada for offbeat Mexican jewelry, and the Oehlschlagler Galleries for major American painting: Bohrod, Burchfield, Homer. Sarasota is no shorts-and-handana town. Shorts stay home or in resorts. Linen sheaths and blazers go to the Ringling complex for a Rubens collection, a circus museum, Ca D'Zan, the Italianate palace of John Ringling and his wife Mabel, and New College, which emphasizes an experimental tutorial system. If art is stylish, it is also worked at.

Not that the spectacular wilderness of south Florida is missing. Seventeen miles east of Sarasota lies the Myakka River State Park, a refuge of sawgrass, palm hammocks, and moss-festooned water oaks. For the Sundown Bird Rookery tour, make your reservations in advance and bring binoculars. As the hot light of afternoon dims you will hear hundreds of wings beating gently over your head: wood storks, egrets, herons, and ibises flying in to roost. The Myakka River's fragrance is a mixture of sweet marsh grass, distant salt spray, and the heady tang of Florida slash pine. At night, a "safari truck" probes the darkness with powerful searchlights to



Nowhere can you find more gorgeous exhibits of exotic birds than in Florida. This white peacock was seen in a sanctuary near Naples. Below: The leaping horses are signatures of the Ringling Art Museum, Sarasota



There are a dozen places between Sarasota and Naples where this scene could be repeated

discover roaming deer, boars, and armadillos. Alligators bellow restlessly and surprised possums freeze in their tracks. Commercialism and gimcrackery are absent; the Myakka River is a wilderness not to be "done" but to be absorbed.

The southwest coast of Florida is almost seasonless. Summers are hot and damp, but not much hotter and damper than summers anywhere else in the United States. The Gulf beaches are always cooled by brisk winds. In winter, the Gulf stays warm enough for northerners to swim in. Floridians shake their heads at such insanity; in sunlit temperatures in the seventies, they wait for what they call spring. During the autumn hunting season bland days alternate with crisp nights.

The fishing, naturally, is hard to resist; it is everything it is supposed to be. Summer is silver tarpon time; in fall the king mackerel run. The first frost brings redfish and speckled trout into sheltered coves and rivers. You can charter a boat with captain and crew or you can rent a runabout and be self-sufficient. If you catch your own pompano by day, you may migrate after dark to eat other people's *en papillote* at Sarasota's Buccaneer Inn.

Sarasota has two circus museums, one state and one private, but Venice, to the south, has the circus itself each winter.

The Ringlings have recently sold out to a Texan, but he has promised to leave the circus in Florida, to Venice's relief. When rehearsals begin, Venice is full. In summer it becomes a tranquil community of tasteful homes and sparsely populated but dazzling shores. Below it, Englewood and Punta Gorda Beach are quiet retirement communities of sand roads and palm groves. Marsh and shore birds have accepted human residents with surprising tameness.

An Englewood friend recently told me: "I trained a great blue heron to eat fish from my hand. Then he started coming to the back door at ten o'clock in the morning. I thought it was clever. Every day he came earlier. The last time he banged on the jalousie windows with his bill at 5:00 A.M. I shoed him away; he never dared to come back."

"What a shame," I sympathized. "Shame!" She was indignant. "I gave that bird an inch and he took a mile. Herons routing you out before dawn—you can't have that, you know!" Elsewhere in America, you usually don't.

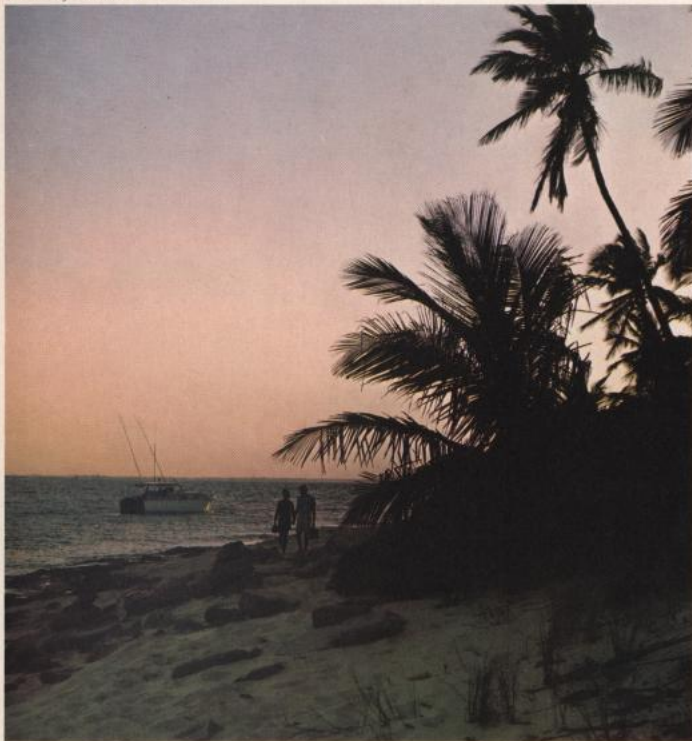
Boca Grande, on Gasparilla Island, is a retreat which has been described as a mixture of Pago Pago and Beacon Hill. The not-quite-mansions of Bostonian Amorys and New Jersey Engelhardts are reticently shuttered. In bygone years the social fortunes of sojourners were

made and broken in the wicker-chaired lobby of the Gasparilla Inn. The understated elegance lingers, but today the Inn is more democratic. It is engagingly and anachronistically spacious, full of talkative Southerners in the summer and more laconic New Englanders in the winter. Boca Grande has everything but night life and a cemetery.

Where the Peace River empties into the Gulf the turquoise expanse of protected Charlotte Harbor is superb for sailing. Further inland, at the Eagle's Nest Hunting Lodge on the river shore, sportsmen fly down each winter for the quail hunting. A third of Charlotte County is state game preserve.

Today pelicans flap their wings over the water, and mullet flash against its ripples. Houseboats cruise neighboring creeks which lie soundless in white-gold sunlight and patches of piney shade. The get-it-done bustle of art-centered Sarasota seems leagues away; but it is less than an hour. Nearby, a health resort called Warm Mineral Springs is reminiscent of the German custom of "taking the waters."

For many years the most celebrated winter resident of Fort Myers was Thomas Edison. He planted the city's long avenue of soaring royal palms, and his house is a treasure-trove of ingenious lamps and unpretentious dignity. Only on Fort



Romantic fadeout: A picnic hideaway near Siesta Key

Myers' back streets can you find the City of Light's shadier corners, the saloons which cater to Florida backwoodsman from nearby swamps: "THERE WILL BE NO FIST FIGHTS ON THIS PREMISES BY ORDER OF THE SHERIF AND THE BEVERAGE AGENTS."

Among palms on the Caloosahatchie River nestles a large yacht basin which berths everything from 15-footers to air-conditioned Chris-Crafts that sleep ten. Arrangements for yacht rentals must be made in Miami, 128 miles east, or in Fort Lauderdale. But southwest Florida's protected waters and mangrove islands are favorite cruising haunts, and so is the Caloosahatchie River itself, bordered by thick forest hung with wild orchids.

West of Fort Myers, Sanibel and Captiva offer some of the most superb shelling beaches in the world. Pirate José Gaspar named the first island Santa Isabella for the Queen of Spain; at the second he kept the women he captured on his raids. Today terns wheel over the shores. The sea water which washes them has the clarity of pale emeralds.

On Captiva, which is connected to Sanibel by bridge, head for the remoteness of South Seas Plantation, even if only for an array of fine wines, a tureen

of cold vichyssoise, and iced stone crab claws. Until 1930 South Seas was a working coconut and key lime plantation. Portions of both groves remain. The dining room was a mess hall for field hands, who slept in the now remodeled cottages.

The Captiva Island Company, when it took over, built a golf course on the edge of the Gulf and a pillared modern hotel. All buildings are tiled, carpeted, and air-conditioned, but modernity never obtrudes. Tennis courts and a marina and a swimming pool do nothing to detract from the sheer luxuriance of the tropical vegetation: mangoes, sapodillos, and banyan trees. To stand at the edge of the coppery Gulf at twilight and watch a Florida sunset from South Seas Plantation is to savor a gigantic cliché; but what a cliché!

The last time I had dinner there, under crystal chandeliers, my waiter turned out to be a cousin of the writer Erskine Caldwell earning tuition money, and we talked about 20th century fiction as well as my stuffed flounder. Afterwards, in my room, I turned off the air conditioning though it was summer. I wanted instead to open tall French doors and sit on a windswept balcony overlooking

Pine Island Sound, where channel buoys were blinking palely in the soft darkness and their faint bells clanged.

Naples calls itself "a refuge from resorts." It is—if you think of resorts in terms of social directors and dance bands. But hotels and beach clubs come with attached golfing and tennis and boat slips. The municipal fishing pier extends far out into the Gulf; it has yielded tarpon and snook of respectable size. For a change of pace, Third Avenue South is a shoppers' mile where you can get everything from handscreened fabrics to Louis Quinze chairs. The Piccadilly Pub echoes its London counterparts, but subtly, and its fare is plain but perfectly prepared. During the winter a Naples theater, staffed with professionals who like the climate, offers repertory, and touring orchestras give occasional concerts.

At Naples' Caribbean Gardens, an overwhelming collection of equatorial plants presents acres of bloom. A little troupe of performing ducks does everything from riding in boats to playing toy pianos, and it is impossible not to lose your heart to them. The veteran Audubon Society guide and author Alexander Sprunt leads bird tours from Caribbean Gardens into the Everglades. You can also take your own Everglades tour at the Audubon refuge of Corkscrew Swamp, which provides a booklet to help you. Corkscrew lies west of the vegetable-farming town of Immokalee; it is a green labyrinth of dark water flowing under winding boardwalks.

From Naples on, the Everglades dominate. There are the pinewoods of Estero, the long miles of bald cypress in the Fakahatchie Strand; there are thickets of buttonwood trees and mangroves along roadside creeks. In patches the mangroves are leafless, token of hurricanes. Marco Island, once an empty beach, is now a gargantuan development of residences and condominiums; but it is still dwarfed by the trackless immensity of the Everglades at its very edge. From Marco a state road leads back to the Tamiami Trail; Seminole Indian chickees

(Continued on page 21)



This antique shop is housed in a double building that was a coaching inn in the nineteenth century. It is in New Market, Maryland, between Baltimore and Washington, and is one of twenty-two antique shops lining the main street of the town

photographs by M. E. Warren

Antiquing Through Maryland

*Throughout the year—
and especially on
weekends—connoisseurs
scout the quality shops of
the Eastern Shore and
the reaches of Baltimore*

by Landt Dennis

THE SEARCH FOR antiques grows more competitive each season, more urgent as buyers grow more numerous and items more rare, and more profitable for the few who spot things at the right price or can sense a trend. Antique buffs know that it is well nigh impossible to acquire anything on Third Avenue in New York except at very high prices and that it is becoming increasingly difficult to buy in New England, although not impossible.

The way it is done is to drive farther and farther afield. A popular area now is Maryland. People come all the way from New York on weekends to root around in Baltimore and outlying towns for antiques whose prices are not yet out of sight. When it comes to antique furniture from Europe, the costs are noticeably lower than in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston.

Shops vary considerably in what they have to offer. Specialization is seldom found. Dealers explain that because of the large number of travelers from all over the United States who come to Maryland every year and because of the variety of antiquing interests expressed by these visitors, shops must be prepared to cater to all tastes. Everything from a



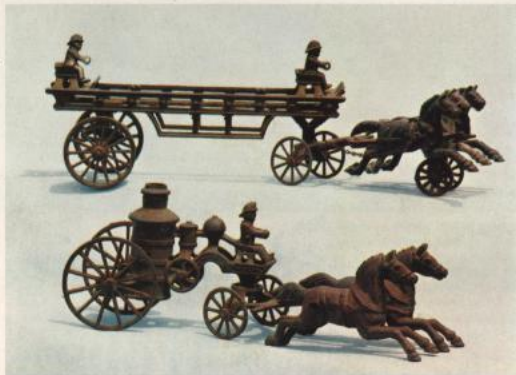
Left: English Crown Derby is avidly sought by collectors, and a complete 66-piece tea service like this one is not often seen. It was found by Read's Antiques of 899 North Howard Street, Baltimore, and had been used for generations. Above: The porcelain bowl, filled with sprays of boxwood, came from Perham's in New Market. It is 18th century English. Below: Toys are increasingly important to collectors. These 19th century iron firetrucks are from Annapolis

Victorian shaving mug to Empress Josephine's dinner service is available. Besides, persons who used to be browsers are now buyers. An increased knowledge of antiques and an insistence on fine quality have had their inevitable effects. Antiques are as powerful as blue chip stocks and real estate as a hedge against inflation.

Ruth's Antique Shop is in Funkstown, in the western part of the state. Principally a wholesale place, its owners also sell to the public. Together with some exceptionally beautiful pieces of Irish and English Chippendale, collectors will find 19th century Japanese Imari porcelain for sale here. The barn also offers the finest collection of grandfather clocks and desks in the state.

Headed toward Baltimore from Funkstown, the traveler will want to pass through Urbana, which offers a "just-about-everything" category of antiques. Mrs. H. A. Pickering's shop has long been in existence and the owner speaks proudly of the fireplace fender which she sold to The Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson in Tennessee, and of the 16th century cannon purchased by Colonial Williamsburg. Items of special interest in Mrs. Pickering's shop today include a Philadelphia Chippendale chest owned for seven generations by a Main Line Philadelphia family and a portrait of Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

Also in Urbana is Ye Olde Stockpile, owned by Sue Williamson. Her shop is one of four located in the town's former schoolhouse. Mrs. Williamson specializes as much as possible in American pressed glass, which was first made in this country in 1825. The original factory was in Sandwich, on Cape Cod.



Other factories soon came into existence throughout the country, bringing mass-produced glass to housewives for the first time. American pressed glass is now bringing extraordinary prices.

The Portland Glass Company in Portland, Maine, manufactured a particular glass pattern known as The Tree of Life. The designer's name was Davis and on occasion his name is found on a particular piece of glass. A Portland Tree of Life compote, signed by Davis, was sold for \$25 in November, 1967. In March, 1968 it sold for \$75, and might today bring \$125.

Baltimore is where the collector with the capital to invest in truly fine period antiques will want to concentrate. It is interesting that most of the antique dealers find their best supply is right in the city. "I don't have to go to Europe to buy," says Sody Salabes of Read's Antiques. "I know when one of the great Baltimore houses is being broken up and

then I buy from the estate auction. Our sources in Baltimore have a long way to go before they dry up."

When residents of Baltimore refer to Antique Row they mean Howard Street. For over 100 years antique shops have been clustered in this area. Read's is an excellent source of crystal and porcelain. A 66-piece set of Crown Derby is an outstanding item recently available there. Note to collectors of this colorful porcelain made in England in the 18th century: the price tag is, or was, \$650.

For those interested in flat, patterned silver, Golden's at 863 North Howard Street should be visited. Mr. Jacob Golden keeps a record of his clients' particular wants in the patterns of such American silversmiths as Reed & Barton, Gorham, and International. Customers from throughout the U.S. find his mail-order service an ideal way to fill in pieces missing from their collection.

The London Shop, 1500 Bolton

Street; John Schwarz, 2015 North Charles Street; Norton Asner, 843 North Howard Street; and Mathews, 8 East Franklin Street, are also well-known Baltimore shops. All of them have a good inventory of European antique furniture, especially 18th century English.

One of the best towns in Maryland for antiquing is New Market. It is the destination not only of local collectors but of an increasing number from out of state who have learned of its reputation. On a sunny weekend when the majority of shops are open, it is not uncommon for over 1,000 visitors to appear. An old coaching stop on the road west to Cumberland, this town of 22 antique shops is 45 minutes from both Baltimore and Washington on Route 40.

Many of the shops along both sides of its Main Street are located in former taverns. Nineteenth century Americana is what the visitor will find for sale—pine sideboards, old apothecary jars, and painted Pennsylvania Dutch hope chests.

Cynthia Fehr, Stoll Kemp, Franklin Rappold, and Perham's Corner are the four antique shops in New Market where imported antiques from Europe are the most likely to be found.

Bethesda, Maryland, a few miles from downtown Washington, is the location of William Blair, Ltd., whose specialty is the sea. Customers from all over the U.S. and Canada beat a path to this particular shop. Collectors of marine antiques are a determined group, and Blair's, with its ships' barometers, ships' cannon, and ship models is a well-known source.

Many of the models were carved in bone or ivory by French prisoners held captive in England during the Napoleonic Wars from 1794 to 1814. A five-figure price for a fine example of a prisoner's artistic talent is not unusual in today's market. Brass, pewter, and copper metalware, and Early Queen Ann walnut furniture are other items to be found in this shop.

Motorists who include Maryland's Eastern Shore on their itinerary will want to visit Annapolis. This state capital is an unspoiled 18th century seaport of appeal both to seafood enthusiasts and to sailors. For the collector, Luttrell's, at 44 Maryland Avenue, near the Naval Academy, offers a fine selection of glass, chinaware, and paintings. Some wonderfully curious antique children's toys are also available: cast steel, handpainted fire trucks, trains, and trucks that remind visitors of the day when plastic had not yet been discovered.

Also on Maryland Avenue are Anne Arundel Antiques and The Ditty Box. Both stores offer a wide variety of items: an early print of the Place de la Concorde in Paris, a wicker baby buggy of early



Left: The English secretary (18th century) with a fall front and bookcase, was seen at Ruth's Antiques in Funkstown. The shop finds important period pieces on frequent trips to the Continent. Above: Restoration is important at Rappold's, in New Market

vintage, and a fine Hepplewhite dining table. Outside of town at 2011 West Street is Finkelstein's. A local landmark which offers a unique opportunity for the person with a particular item in mind, the shop's inventory includes everything from a pair of moose antlers to a copper bed warmer.

Once over the Chesapeake Bay Bridge, the motorist has entered the famed Eastern Shore of Maryland between the Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. Great 18th century plantation houses lie along the banks of the many rivers and inlets which honeycomb its Bay coastline.

The unofficial capital is Easton, where a visit should be made to Anna Buck's Antique Shop, across from the Tidewater Inn. Mrs. Buck is especially knowledgeable on the subject of duck decoys. Referred to as "a Jim Glenn," "a Madison Mitchell," or perhaps "a Jim Currie," the decoys are identified by the names of their carvers, almost all of whom were from such nearby towns as Havre de Grace and Chestertown. The industry died off with the introduction of mass-produced plastic decoys, and today the race is on. A hand-carved duck decoy that would have brought \$6 eight years ago brings \$10 today.

Other shops in Easton include Walter Comegys, 10 South Street, and Yeardeley Elder, 2 South Harrison Street. Both stores have a selection which includes

antiques, sample materials, and gift items. At the rear of Clara and Ben Stewart's house at 402 Goldsborough Street, is a barn filled with inexpensive small antique items: cups, saucers, silverware, prints.

Mrs. Nelly Kemp of Trappe, near Easton, is a local legend at all the country auctions and her shop is filled with the results. Carnival glass is an item which Mrs. Kemp is always on the lookout for. The price for these pieces of brightly colored household glass, originally given away to breakfast food purchasers, has soared. A water pitcher and six glasses which sold for \$15 ten years ago is worth \$50 today.

As a conclusion to his antiquing expedition to Maryland, the motorist will want to visit Oxford, eleven miles from Easton. A well-preserved waterfront town, Oxford attracts overnight visitors to the 18th century Robert Morris Inn. Both the Browsey and the Candlelight Shop offer a selection of local antiques. There is a branch of William Blair, Ltd., in Oxford.

The antique shops of Maryland have this much in common with antique shops everywhere: a great range of items with an equal range of prices, many items of museum quality, and the virtual certainty that if you covet something and don't act quickly the price will be higher the next time you see it.

Off-the-Path Restaurant Discoveries in NEW ORLEANS



Few tourists have heard of these but they maintain a standard of cuisine that ranks with a great city's greatest story and photographs by Bern Keating

EVERY GOURMET who is true to his snobbery knows that there are only three U.S. cities worth eating in: New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans. Within these cities there are special groups of restaurant aficionados who make it a life's work to seek out, dine in, and discuss the little places that no one ever hears of.

A New Orleans epicure talks lovingly of dining but he considers it bad form to dwell on the Big Four of the French Quarter—Brennan's, Antoine's, Galatoire's, Arnaud's—though he can, and undoubtedly does, eat at these great dining rooms. Even Commander's Palace, in the Garden District, and the superb buffet at the Caribbean Room of the Pontchartrain Hotel, are too well known for a serious snob to mention. He needs the unpublicized place, the checked tablecloth, and the owner who does his own sauces.

I am one of those gastronomic name-droppers. For thirty-five years I have been exploring the city's charming little restaurants that are patronized almost exclusively by native connoisseurs. Here I list some of my favorites.

ELMWOOD PLANTATION. It was built on

the Mississippi River Road in 1762 in a twelve-acre park shaded by thirty-two magnificent live oaks (but not a single elm). The house is surrounded by a low colonnade providing shade for those who prefer al fresco dining. The last time I was there, Joe Marcello, the co-owner, plied me with his favorite menu. It opens with a sazerac cocktail and spinach appetizers, bits of aromatic stuffed veal roll on a toothpick. Then comes oysters Mosca (named after the chef and other co-owner Nick Mosca), a hot casserole strongly flavored with fennel. Showing a rare knowledge of wines, Mr. Marcello served not an ancient white of prestigious vintage but rather a superb young Puligny-Montrachet.

For the main course, I had a whole cage-grown quail with wild rice and candied yams accompanied by a splendid Chateau Haut Brion of the classic 1959 vintage, one of the greatest bottles of my dining experience. Dessert was brandied pudding over white grapes.

PASCAL'S MANALE. The address is 1838 Napoleon Avenue, but it is always entered via the side door by the In Crowd who stop at the oyster bar for a snack before entering the dining room.

Like Sardi's in New York, the walls are covered with pictures of celebrities, many of them race horses that have been kind to the management. A prize combination on the luncheon menu: First, remoulade of lump crabmeat and small shrimp, smothered in home-whipped mayonnaise heavily laced with dry mustard and blessedly lacking in sugar; second, a two-pound pompano so fresh and succulent the chef holds back the sauces and serves it broiled.

But the real specialty which makes the place a native favorite is a platter of enormous whole shrimp swimming in melted butter dark with black pepper. Diners don a bib so they can peel the dripping shrimp and slosh crusts of bread in the sauce. Such sturdy fare calls for something stronger than the traditional white wine, usually a full-bodied burgundy or even a Chianti.

MASSON'S. It faces Lake Pontchartrain. The quiche lorraine outranks any I ever ate in Lorraine itself. Unlike the usual quiche, here the filling of the open-faced cheese and bacon pie stands up fluffy and moist like the famous cheesecake at Lindy's in New York. With oysters Albert, an anise-flavored casserole, I had a side dish of *cèpes* (French mushrooms) and a bottle of robust Pouilly-Fuissé 1964. Dessert was a sabayon custard flavored with sherry.

TORTORICI'S. Situated at the corner of Royal and St. Louis streets in the French Quarter, it is near Brennan's and Antoine's. In the early 19th century, the building housed an apothecary where a Creole named Peychaud supposedly invented the cocktail. For fresh table bouquets daily, the management grows its own flowers keyed in color to go with the Italian red, white, and green of the waiters' ties and sashes.

A typical menu begins with shrimp sautéed with wine and garlic and glazed with béarnaise sauce followed by baked manicotti made not of the ordinary pasta sleeve but of a French-style crêpe cooked in brandy and rolled around ricotta cheese, pork, and anise.

Scattered about the city are: The GUMBO SHOP at 630 St. Peters Street, where you can eat well for very little; TURCI'S AND MAYLE'S on Poydras Street, DELORNO'S on the Metairie Highway, LA CUISINE on West Harrison Street, ETIENNE'S at 7638 Maple Street, all of which serve an admirable table; CASTILLO'S on Conti Street, which serves better Mexican food than 90 percent of the restaurants in Mexico itself.

TUJACUE'S. At 823 Decatur Street. This former drover's restaurant serves plain peasant fare, a welcome relief occasionally from the imaginative but debilitating



Opposite: The setting at Elmwood Plantation is sheer elegance, the menu sheer delight



saucers of fancier places. Dinner typically opens with a remoulade of tiny shrimp, the smallest and possibly the best flavored shrimp served anywhere in town. A sturdy tomato-vegetable soup follows and afterward comes a separate plate with a huge slab of the soup meat accompanied by a fiery horseradish sauce on the side. Pot roast and vegetables, a fresh succulent fish broil, or a simply roasted chicken make the main course. Dessert typically is a cream-filled mouthful of pastry. Coffee is served in old-fashioned liquor glasses and is strong and hot enough to make Satan sit up and ask for seconds.

Throughout the meal, veteran waiters keep the table supplied with crusty bread and chilled butter. A carafe of tablet wine costs little and rounds out the truly French quality that permeates this strange little place. You don't order, incidentally; you just sit down and let the waiters start serving because if you don't want what everyone else is eating, dinner is already over.

I have saved my favorite for last.

THE BON TON CAFE. At 322 Magazine Street. Originally a luncheon hangout for businessmen of the neighborhood, this place was discovered by gourmets a few years ago and they have almost crowded out the old clientele. The red checkered cloths, zinc bar, dim lights, the aroma of wine and spices, the low-keyed conversations around crowded tables (almost all of them about dining), inevitably recall the typical Paris bistro.

The proprietor is not Parisian, however, not even New Orleans French, but a Cajun from the banks of Bayou Lafourche. Despite his Anglo name of Alvin Pierce, he speaks English with Cajun French accent, and his cuisine, presided over by Mme. Alzina Pierce, offers only dishes based on Cajun family recipes. Mme. Pierce prepares buster crabs in their own fat which other cooks throw away. Her chicken gumbo is based on the dark-brown Cajun roux and is fleshed out with pungent sausage slices and steamed oysters. Chilled Vouvray white wine flows throughout the meal with a *mousseux* (sparkling white Vouvray) to go with the dessert, which is bread pudding soaked in whiskey—an improbable sounding dish, but don't knock it till you've tried it.

The list of good little restaurants of New Orleans is almost endless, while this article is not. So the visiting gourmet can start with these and move along to his own exploring.

Above: You can arrive at Tortorici's—or leave it—in a horsedrawn buggy.
Below: The interior design of the Bon Ton Cafe is pure New Orleans
belle époque

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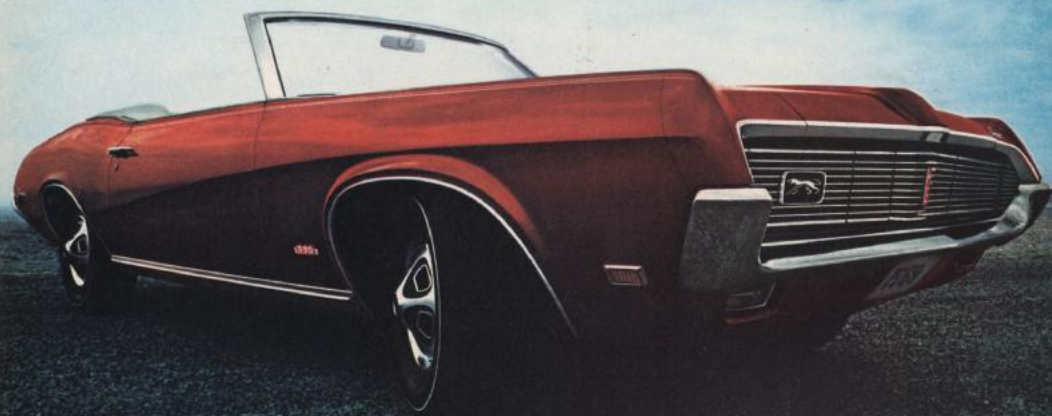
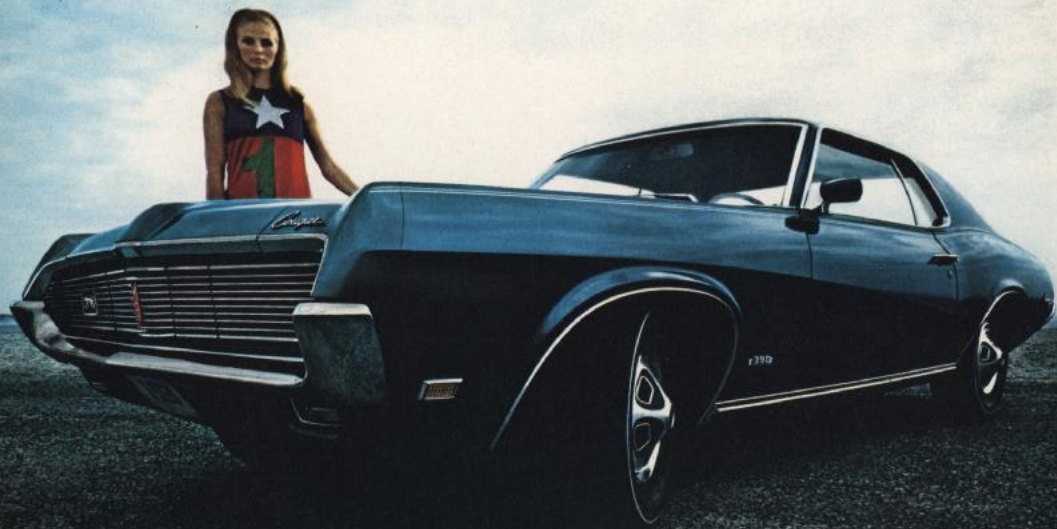
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Here Comes Paddle— No, Platform Tennis

When string racquet players need a change of pace, they now turn to a game played with a paddle on a wooden stage

by Mary Augusta Rodgers

THE DAY WAS BLEAK—cold, dark, with a sharp wind. Two couples who had spent the afternoon playing mixed doubles on a platform tennis court were trying to explain to friends what the game is all about.

"It's such a great game," one of the wives said. "And what else could you do on a day like this?"

This is the essence of platform tennis—a sociable, slam-bang game that is played outdoors, in any weather, on a wooden platform enclosed by wire walls. The platform is hinged at the bottom, making it easy to shovel snow off the court, and players are challenged, not dismayed, by the worst that winter can do.

"It's for people who like to keep active during the cold months. But it doesn't involve all the effort—time and equipment and worrying about snow conditions and all that—of going skiing. You can get up a game any time you have a free hour or two."

The game is scored like tennis, the major difference being that players get only one serve each point, and the ball can be played off the wire walls. The official season is from late fall through early spring, and platform tennis is the official name, although 99% of the players persist in calling it paddle tennis. The American Platform Tennis Association hopes that this confusion will eventually be corrected. In the meanwhile, the term "paddle tennis" can be



considered an acceptable, affectionate nickname.

In the last few years, the game has experienced a sudden surge of popularity. Interest was originally confined to a small group of enthusiasts in the commuting communities around New York City ("Paddle tennis," a society editor said ecstatically, "used to be so In, nobody had ever heard of it"), but there are now an estimated 1,000 courts around the country, and 146 teams competed in last year's National Men's

Doubles championships. Most of the present courts are on country club grounds, or are privately owned—you can have one built in your back yard for about \$6,000—but there are a few public courts, and plans for more. Clubs like paddle tennis because the initial expense of building the courts is balanced by the low upkeep and the fact that it provides a reason to keep the clubs open on a year-round basis.

Once a court is available, equipment is simple and inexpensive. Players need only short-handled wooden paddles and rubber balls colored red or orange to show up against snow. Rules of dress are dictated only by the platform surface, which calls for tennis shoes, and the weather. Players tend to express themselves exuberantly in the way they dress—anything goes, from sleek ski outfits to baggy corduroy pants and old college sweat shirts. Raccoon coats and derby hats are not unknown. One player insists on wearing what he calls his "good luck sweater"; knitted to order by his wife, it bears a simple motto: Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better.

Paddle tennis, like its parent game, is highly vigorous and competitive and not for contemplative types. The one-serve rule speeds up the game. But, more important, the rule allowing shots to be played off the wire has the effect of diminishing force as a factor. The Big Game doesn't dominate in paddle tennis.

"You know how it is with the power

players in tennis—boom-boom with the serve, the put-away at the net, and that's it. But paddle doesn't work that way. An overhead smash doesn't put the ball away; it usually gives your opponent a good shot off the wire and you're lucky if he doesn't send the ball right back down your throat."

A good game of doubles is full of action and excitement, with sharply angled shots and long rallies—a rhythm of advance and retreat, as players charge the net and are driven back by lobs deep to the baseline—and a constantly changing advantage.

Singles usually turn out to be a dull game and are seldom played. There's no law against it, you understand—but the last singles tournament in paddle tennis was held in 1937.

Since paddle tennis neutralizes the power play, it becomes an unusually good game for mixed doubles—not too strenuous for women, and vigorous enough to keep men interested. Clubs with paddle tennis courts find that the mixed doubles tournaments and "scrambles" are immediately popular and well attended. In fact, all paddle tennis tournaments seem to be popular and well attended. Someone picks up a paddle out of curiosity—and two months later, he's entered in a tournament.

The game draws people. For one reason, it's an easy game to learn—especially for those who have experience with any other racquet sport—and it doesn't take long to become reasonably competent. Tennis is much more demanding. "In tennis, you have to have good ground strokes and a good serve, and that takes some doing. It's not that hard to get by and enjoy yourself playing paddle. Of course, to be really top-flight is the same as in any other sport—a major accomplishment."

The sociable aspects of paddle tennis

are considerable and they are enhanced by the cozy get-togethers that naturally evolve when players are waiting for a court, or warming up afterward. It is officially suggested that courts have some sort of shelter nearby, where coffee, hot chocolate and possibly other refreshments are available. These, and other matters, are discussed in *The Official Guide to Platform Tennis*, published by Durrell Publications. Here is an excerpt from the chapter titled, "How To Run A Tournament": *The Chairman can host the semi-finals for luncheon at his home, thus allowing the finalists a chance for a shower and change of clothes. Ball shots (vodka and beef broth) are traditional on this occasion. Be sure to invite the Finals Umpire to lunch . . .*

A new book about paddle tennis, *Shots and Strategy*, will be published by Durrell in mid-October.

The history of paddle tennis begins in 1928 when two fervent tennis players in Scarsdale, New York—James Cogswell and Fessenden S. Blanchard—tried to devise some sort of game to play after the end of the tennis season. A wood platform, they reasoned, would keep them out of the mud and mire, and perhaps they could play badminton there, or deck tennis. So a platform—its dimensions somewhat accidentally determined by an immovable ledge of rock—was built on the Cogswell property and experimentation began. It was discovered that the weather was generally too windy for badminton—and deck tennis, to be properly enjoyed, seemed to require the deck of a ship. Then James Cogswell found some small, short-handled bats, and some sponge rubber balls, in a sporting goods store and learned of a game called paddle tennis, which had originally been developed for use in city playgrounds and gymnasiums.

After trying out the paddles and balls on their wooden platform, Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Blanchard decided to enlarge the court measurements to 44 x 20 feet (the size of a badminton court) and raise the height of the net. This seemed to solve most problems except the one posed by the backstop, which did not allow the player room to swing his paddle at deep or sharply angled shots. So it was decided that balls hitting the backstop, after first striking inside the court, could be played off the wire.

There were some stirring moments during those early games. Mr. Blanchard describes one occasion when the ball stuck in the two-inch mesh of the backstop. Nothing daunted, he jumped off the platform, ran around to the back, gave the ball a solid swat with his paddle, and saw it sail over the net and into the opponents' court. His partner managed to keep the ball in play until he got back on the court and they eventually won the point. Or so they claimed. Their opponents had a good deal to say on the subject.

Within a few years, the platform was lengthened to 60 x 30 feet (now the standard size), and the backstop had evolved into walls 12 feet high, made of one-inch mesh, carefully braced.

The first tournament took place in December, 1931, with finals held at the Cogswell court. Earle Catchell and Fessenden Blanchard were the winners. "They Paddled Their Way to Victory on Dry Land," said a headline in the *New York Times*. Paddle tennis was on its way.

Now, all predictions point to bigger and better developments for the game. The United States Embassy in Moscow had indicated interest in building a court. Almost all that remains is for George Plimpton to take up the game—and write a book about it.

photos by Bob Borum

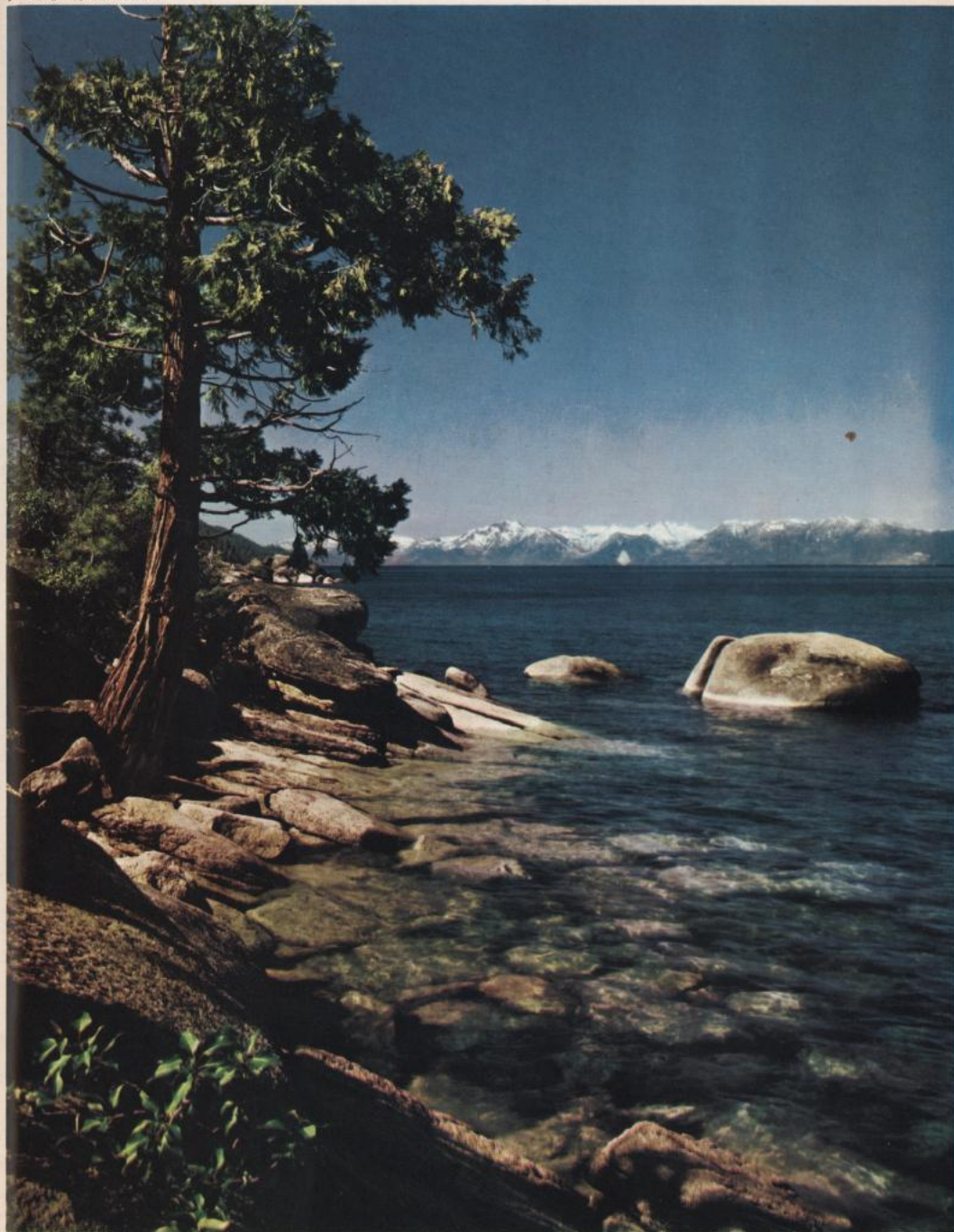




The Upper Falls of the Yosemite River emerge from a notch in the mountains near Yosemite Lodge and drop 1,430 feet

A cedar grows on the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe. The snow-capped mountains on the opposite side are in California

photographs by David Muench



The Sierra Nevada Out of Season

*Be patient—
after a
while the tourists
go home
and leave this
beautiful, mountainous
world to
hikers and motorists*

by Kenneth Lamott

A GOOD ARGUMENT CAN be made that the Sierra Nevada, the great mountain range that rises like a wall on California's eastern border, provides the grandest touring country in the West. Another argument can be made that the fall is the best time of the year to visit the Sierra. The colors are on the trees, the air is soft, and there is a sense of leisure over the foothills and the mountain valleys. The summer vacationers departed with Labor Day and the skiers will not arrive until after Thanksgiving.

I started from San Francisco in the late morning and was in Sacramento in time for a lunch of baked ravioli, a splendid green salad, and a half bottle of Zinfandel at Antoninas, a pleasant restaurant in a rehabilitated Victorian mansion near the state capitol. Sacramento, a city of a quarter-million, is rather attractive in a bucolic way. Its frame houses and spreading shade trees recall a prosperous town in Kansas or Iowa. Coastal California, where I live, is evergreen country and it was not until I was driving through eastern Sacramento that I suddenly became aware of the bronze and gold of the autumn oaks and maples.

Not far outside of Sacramento, Highway 50 began to rise. The golden foothills gave way to a great evergreen forest as I climbed toward Donner Summit, and then I descended from 7,240 feet through the old railroad town of Truckee into the glacial saucer that held my first destination, Lake Tahoe.

There are at least two worlds of Lake Tahoe. The first, and oldest, is an exclusive mountain resort that has been the favorite of San Francisco society folks for a hundred years. Their substantial houses, which serve as cottages in the

summer and ski lodges in the winter, are hidden in the ponderosa and sugar pines on the western, or California, side of the lake. The second world of Tahoe is much newer and much more visible, for it is made up of the neonlighted high-rise casino-hotels that cluster just over the Nevada line at the northern and southern ends of the lake.

Happily, a third Tahoe appears to be in the making along the still unspoiled eastern shore of the lake. I discovered many encouraging signs when I stopped at the Lake Tahoe Hotel, a new and thoroughly admirable resort among the pines on the shore at Incline Village, a residential development that also encompasses a tennis club, an 18-hole golf course, riding stables, and, in season, ski slopes. The hotel itself offers both standard rooms and a selection of exceedingly comfortable suites in cottages along the lakefront.

I lingered over a dinner of mountain trout *amandine* and a bottle of white wine as I looked out over the lake in the light of a full moon, and then tried my luck in the small casino whose elegance is marred only by a long file of slot machines. Alas, it wasn't my night for either roulette or dice, and I was obliged to chalk up my losses as a modest tribute to the evening's entertainment.

Before breakfast, I walked down to the sandy beach. The air, touched with fall crispness, was clear and sparkling, not a boat was on the lake, and not a single work of man was visible across the glassy deep-blue water. Instead, I could see only the dark green forests of the far shore, rising toward 9000-foot peaks, and I was reminded of Mark Twain's judgment that the prospect of Lake Tahoe "must surely be the fairest picture the whole world affords."



There are several alternatives when one decides to leave Tahoe and move on through the Sierra. One of the most adventurous is to drop down to the 4500-foot sagebrush desert around Carson City (Nevada's capital) and then work one's way past briny Mono Lake back up the steep eastern wall of the Sierra to the 10,000-foot-high Tioga Pass entrance to Yosemite Valley. (It is worth considering a side trip to Virginia City, the capital of the Comstock Lode, whose gold and silver mines bankrolled the Union treasury during the Civil War. For lunch or dinner, try Edith Palmer's Country Inn, a small hotel with a celebrated restaurant located in an old wine cellar.)

From the summit at Tioga Pass, a

good motor road descends almost five thousand feet through the wilderness of the High Sierra to the valley floor, passing through the great Tuolumne Meadows, golden-brown at this time of year, and along the shores of Tenaya Lake (rainbow and brook trout).

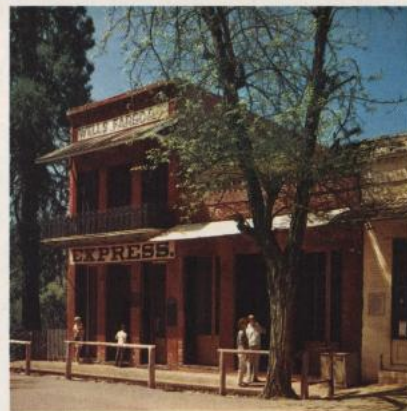
After the middle of October, however, it is a little late to chance Tioga Pass, where blizzards have been known to strike with alarming suddenness, and, besides, I wanted to drive through the Mother Lode country, with its relics of the Gold Rush. I left Tahoe by Echo Summit and then descended to the 2000-foot level and drove south toward Yosemite through the foothills on Route 49.

Strictly speaking, the Mother Lode is

a ledge of goldbearing rock almost 200 miles long but only a mile or less in width. There is a nice contrast throughout the Mother Lode country between the boisterous directness of the Forty-Niners and our modern gentility. Placerville, which was the first Gold Rush town on my route, was known by the miners as Hangtown. Similarly, El Dorado was called Mud Springs, Melones was Slumgullion, and Ione was at various times called Bedbug and Freezeout. For all its charm, the Mother Lode is not a capital of gastronomy, but while I consumed my modest lunch of a hamburger and a chocolate malt, I reflected on Hangtown's illustrious past, when Mark Hopkins owned the local grocery, J. M. Studebaker built wheelbarrows for



Left: An early winter sunset warming the flank of Moro Rock in the Sierras, with fog shrouding an infinity of foothills that lead down to the San Joaquin Valley. Above: A solitary patriarch of the mountains, this Jeffery pine dominates Yosemite's Sentinel Dome; to the right of the tree is Half Dome; to the left Mt. Hoffman. Right: One of the best-known landmarks in the Mother Lode Country of the Sierra Nevada is the old Wells Fargo building now preserved in Columbia State Historical Park. Below: Fog again, this time adding mystery to the feeling of awe that visitors get when they first grasp the immensity of a redwood. The scene is Sequoia National Park.



the diggings, and Philip Armour ran the butcher shop.

The towns between Placerville and Yosemite Junction are quiet these autumn days and pleasing to the eye. Their patron saints are Mark Twain and Bret Harte, but the number of claims made on their behalf are as suspect as the number of inns in which George Washington is said to have slept. In any case, there are many examples of genuine Gold Rush architecture to be seen in the two-story porticoed frame houses and the solid fortress-like blocks built of dressed stone with massive iron doors and shutters that once guarded the Wells Fargo Company's gold vaults or even the local general merchant's warehouse. Although some of the settlements off the main road are now literally ghost towns, Columbia, a mile off Route 49, has been painstakingly restored and is worth a couple of hour's visit.

I chose to enter Yosemite through the more rugged of the two western entrances, the Big Oak Flat Road. After

crossing the lip of the valley I paused at about 6000 feet and was rewarded with a tremendous spectacle as the great granite monoliths of Half Dome, Sentinel Rock, and Cathedral Rocks rose before me, standing 3000 feet and more above the valley floor, brooding and mysterious in the twilight.

Yosemite is not only the first of our national parks—Lincoln signed the law setting the land aside—but is also one of the pleasantest to visit. The Ahwahnee Hotel is no tourist hostel but a grand old dowager, comparable to the best anywhere. The towering ceilings of the public rooms, supported by forty-foot-high stone columns and massive tree trunks, reflect a commitment to a way of life that is happily echoed in the standards of food and service.

The Ahwahnee offers swimming, tennis, a nine-hole mashie course, riding, afternoon tea, and dancing after dinner, but most of all the grateful sense of unwinding in an establishment where unwinding is a well-known art. After a dinner of tournedos and a good California Pinot Noir I watched a family of half-wild raccoons edge food from guests at the edge of the pool and then went for a walk. The valley lay quiet in the moonlight, there were hardly any cars on the roads, and in the campgrounds the tents stood far from each other. As I walked back to the hotel an eight-point buck, two does, and a fawn stood unafraid in my path. As I walked around them, it occurred to me that fall may not be merely the best time to visit Yosemite—it may be the only time.

Besides the scenery of the granite-walled valley, which at this season is filled with the gold of the big-leaf maple, the pink of dogwood leaves, and the browns and yellows of the black oaks, Yosemite possesses a noted grove of giant sequoias, waterfalls, seven hundred miles of foot and bridle paths, and good roads that are open in the fall but may be closed early in winter. An easy mid-day trip can combine the Mariposa sequoia grove and the splendid view from Glacier Point with a stop somewhere along the way to open the picnic lunch and wine which the Ahwahnee is happy to provide. (A booklet called *Self-Guiding Auto Tours in Yosemite National Park*, which can be bought at the hotel gift shop, is a model of its kind.)

When I had to set out for home, I followed the easy grade of Route 120 down the gorge of the Merced River, picked up the freeway in the San Joaquin Valley and, four-and-a-half hours from Yosemite, crossed the Bay Bridge into San Francisco. The buildings of the city were silhouetted against the twilight sky but, fond as I am of San Francisco, it seemed at that moment, after the silence of the mountains, to promise just a little too much in the way of city lights, city noise, and city people.

A FINE SHOTGUN—the straight grip stock, the mellow, oil-finished burl walnut, the sidelocks intricately engraved—stands unused in a rack. A hunter thumbs an outdoor magazine and beyond the window the sounds of fall—leaves rustling dryly across the lawn in a sharp north wind—promise a good morning for ducks. Morning will come, however, and the gun will still stand—a cleaned-bored monument to inaction.

Time, posted signs, and the urbanization which has crept over a great deal of good game land, have turned many hunters into mere consumers. Hunters purchase millions of dollars' worth of guns, hunting coats, and sleeping bags, but much of it will be stored with grandmother's wedding dress.

There may, of course, be hurried trips to Ontario or Mexico for waterfowl, South Dakota for pheasants, and Georgia for quail. But these are mere binges, and when the two weeks are over another year of planning and purchasing, of nights of recollection and anticipation, remain.

Hunting, at its best, is a mood thing; it must be taken in small, delicately-savored moments. The best hunts are those planned on a Friday night and consummated early Saturday morning with the pointer in the back of a station-wagon on the way to good quail country. Fortunately, Yankee ingenuity has made such trips possible in the commercial hunting preserves.

The preserves result because there are more hunters and less huntable land. Despised by many *aficionados* of field and stream as just one more example of 20th century materialism, the preserves do, in all fairness, provide many very functional services. On one hand they offer the instant success that any father wants who is interested in making a hunting companion of his son. For the woman who likes to hunt but dislikes the cold, early duck mornings or the ten-mile jaunts for a broken covey of quail, the preserves are the ticket.

Even more importantly, however, commercial preserves can often mean the difference between hunting or just another weekend raking the lawn and going over reports that could wait until Monday. It is for the man without the time to scout every rumored flight of ducks or cock pheasant last seen during corn picking that the preserves best satisfy a need. With the preserves increasing yearly (over 700 of them doing a tidy 15 million dollars' worth of business), the man who enjoys the outdoors and guns that are like old friends is seldom more than a day's drive from some fine hunting.

The preserves run from the modest to luxurious, and in size from a few acres to the 800-acre Mill Shooting Preserve near Bakersfield, California, and on up to the 70,000-acre Y.O.

Ranch in Texas. While most of the smaller preserves are designed only for day shooting, many, like Callaway Gardens in Pine Mountain, Georgia, and Wags in Bounerdale, Arkansas, offer complete accommodations. Here in the South the quail is king, chicken is still Southern fried, and the pointers have blood lines going far back.

Wherever he goes, however, the hunter will find the shooting much the same. With guide and dog included, quail will average \$2 a bird; pheasant and chukar may be had for \$4; and ducks—fat, pen-raised mallards—will cost \$5. All the hunter needs is a few hours' time, some extra cash, a steady, smooth swing. Many preserves can even provide a gun if necessary.

The birds, purchased from commercial breeders, are released earlier in the day. The cover is as it was in grandpa's day. Knowing that the birds are there, the

but might decide that some duck shooting in March would be pleasant. With spring just around the corner and the wild ducks back on their northern breeding grounds, the hunter may drive to Spring Harbor on New York's Long Island; Reiss Game Preserve at Cuba, N.Y.; Les Blancs in Little Falls, Minnesota, or any number of preserves where March duck shooting is not something outside the law.

Considering the duck situation of the past ten years—poor breeding conditions in the north, small limits, hunting spots difficult to find—preserve duck shooting, at \$5 a bird, is a bargain. Sitting in a blind between a release cage and resting area, the hunter tries his luck at the most difficult target in all wing shooting—passing waterfowl.

Sometimes hitting 40 miles per hour, crossing at from twenty to forty yards, the average shot will burn considerable

Land All Posted? Try a HUNTING PRESERVE

From coast to coast there are thousands of private acres, some luxuriously outfitted, where a hunter can shoot for a fee

by James Ericson



hunter's expectation runs high as he follows a shorthair pointer across a stubble field. The dogs are very business-like and occasionally do not hide their scorn for the man who has left his gun on the rack too long or for the women who often accompany their husbands.

With seasons nearly double those for wild game, the hunting preserves also serve those men who have sufficient time to hunt during the regular season

ammunition for twenty birds. He may well decide after five ducks that his shoulder will not stand another fifteen; but will head for home, with the birds professionally picked and cleaned, where he will stuff them with celery, onions, and green peppers, season heavily, and then cook at 450° for thirty minutes. With a nice dry wine, the bird tender and moist, the shoulder pleasantly sore and the face red from the sun and



Opposite page: Aoudad sheep, native to North Africa; Above: Axis deer, from grasslands and light jungle of India (both photographs by Hal Swiggett). Below: Hunters on the 1,000-acre quail preserve at Callaway Gardens, Georgia. Fees reasonable, no bag limit



photograph courtesy of Callaway Gardens



Above: The cabin is named after Davy Crockett and is one of several buildings carefully restored by the Y.O. Ranch in Texas to accommodate the many hunters who come for guaranteed sport. Below: Interior of the Sam Houston cabin at the Y.O. Its magnificent stone fireplace is characteristic of the masculine furnishings and decor that complement the hunting at this preserve (both photographs courtesy of Y.O. Ranch). Right: A lady gunner takes aim at a pheasant that has just broken from a hunting preserve field. (Photo by Charles Dickey)



March winds, what you have is a very contented preserve hunter.

It is in the field of big game hunting, however, that the preserves have accomplished something which ten years ago would have been considered impossible. Offering wildboar and several species of exotic deer and antelope, the money involved for the owner is considerable—



initial stock of animals, three to four years' maturity time for trophy animals, and deer-proof fences that can run as high as \$2,500 a mile. And yet the acceptance of commercial bird hunting has shown that preserves do have a definite appeal. Thus, for the fraction of the cost and time involved for a safari, the hunter can fly to Texas, the

center of exotic game hunting, where he is guaranteed a good trophy animal.

There are several ranches in Texas offering exotic hunting, including the Guajolote and Rickenbacker. Possibly the best known, however, is the Y.O. Ranch at Mountain Home. Long famous for its whitetail shooting (8 point buck or better for \$150), the Y.O. started in the exotic game business some ten years ago.

With animals purchased from zoos and game importers, then growing with local reproduction, exotic animals on the ranch now number better than 1,500. Roaming wild with the whitetails and turkey, available to the hunter all through the year, are the blackbuck antelope, sika deer from Japan, fallow deer of Southern Europe and Asia Minor, the axis deer from India, aoudad sheep from North Africa, and the wild Corsican ram of Sardinia and Corsica. In future years the hunter will not have to go to East Africa for the oryx or eland, to Siberia for the Siberian ibex, or to Asia for the nilgai.

The Y.O. is still a working ranch, running sheep, Angora goats, registered angus, and one of the largest remaining longhorn herds. The hunter eats with the ranch hands, serving himself of the fine ranch cooking—heavy on the pinto beans and meat—and stays, for \$30 a day including meals, in reconditioned and modernized historic cabins that are tastefully masculine, with the log walls, hand-hewn furniture, and the deer heads and other exotic mounts. A hunting trip for father could nicely double as a short vacation for the entire family.

Each hunter is provided with a guide and vehicle, and morning finds him traveling the graveled ranch roads, moving down-wind through the brush that the heat and lack of water keeps stunted. A trophy animal is guaranteed, the finest, to my mind, being the blackbuck antelope and axis deer. The flat-shooting, fast-moving, .243 is plenty of gun for any of the exotic game.

With a price of \$400 for the exotic deer and antelope, \$300 for the Corsican ram, with most trophy animals killed within a day, the exotic game of the Y.O. and other Texas ranches provide a unique hunting experience. There is no market price for the pleasure that comes from being away from it all in a country where on a clear day a man can see until vision gives out and the air smells sharply of cedar.

For most hunters, of course, the commercial preserves will never provide the skill and anticipation, the rewards and disappointments that wild game, in a domain unfenced where most of the advantages are with the hunted, has and will continue to offer. As a substitute for natural hunting, however, the preserves have no equal.

South from Sarasota

(continued from page 4)

begin to dot the highway, and the royal palms grow taller and more frequent.

In Everglades City the Everglades National Park's western headquarters provides boat tours. The venerable Rod and Gun Club offers accommodations in its original frame inn, complete with shaded verandah and rocking chairs, or in new wings with caged porches. A waterway lies at the front door; fishing guides abound and they guarantee results. Arrangements can be made for airboat trips.

Once Everglades City was a boom hope. Now its red-roofed railroad station has been converted to a restaurant serving Everglades Iced Spiced Coffee. Sportsmen use Everglades City as their headquarters for the Ten Thousand Islands where snook, tarpon, redbfish, trout, snapper, and mackerel share the waters with forty-two other kinds of fish, and natives boast that a man can fish the islands for a lifetime and never go to the same place twice.

Chokoloskee Island, say discreet signs on a curving bridge a few miles distant, is Florida's last frontier. Certainly it is one of them, and in the stilted wooden island store, still a Seminole trading post, there is a stock of Dr. Pierce's Golden Liniment, Tincture of Arnica, and Syrup of Black Draught. Island pioneer Ted Smallwood's daughter runs the store and post office too. Her brother, another Ted Smallwood, will take visitors deep into Chokoloskee Bay thickets while he talks of the primitive Florida he knew as a child: Seminole medicine men and bygone outlaws. Amenities have opened his world but not violated it, and it is still something to come on a flock of delicately pink roseate spoonbills feeding among the mangroves around a watery corner.

If anything makes the southwest coast of Florida special, it is its dedication to beauty, tangible and intangible. This is an oversimplification, perhaps, but such dedication links great natural sanctuaries with symphonies, and egret rookeries with art galleries. Elsewhere in Florida the dedication exists too, but it is not as concentrated or as traditional. It is true that along the Tamiami Trail a few horrors have been perpetrated by real estate speculators. But from Sarasota down to Everglades City and Chokoloskee Island a fundamental respect for natural as well as manmade loveliness binds inhabitants and travelers alike. Awareness and creativity, people believe, are normal conditions when they are developed, and the leisure in men's lives is meant not only to be a diversion but a spiritual resource.

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

THIS WILL INTRODUCE Gene Riegler of Greenville, Ohio, one of the top figures in American harness racing. For 23 years Mr. Riegler has been practicing this kind of racing, which is deliberate and genteel and seems old-fashioned but isn't.

Gene was a young man of 17 when he first entered a harness race. It was at the Great Darke County Fair in Greenville, where his father was a race driver and was scheduled to drive in the second heat but had to drop out because of an injury. Gene climbed into the seat behind a horse named Victory Dale and won.

He has been winning ever since. In 1953 he won five races in one day at Northville Downs in Michigan. At one track in 1963 he won four races in a row, starting with the fourth race. Last season he won the driving championship at Scioto Downs in Columbus. During all his years of racing, Gene has been below the .300 mark only twice. Ranked number nine among harness drivers, he is in the company of such well-known drivers as Stanley Dancer and Billy Houghton.

Just as Gene took over from his father, who was a raiser, breeder, and trainer



as well as driver, he is also a raiser and breeder of pacers and trotters and has two sons ready to fill his shoes. One son, now 20, has begun driving; another, 14, is beginning his horse education in his father's stables. His wife and two daughters practice their racing enthusiasm from the rail when Gene is driving.

Besides owning a Mark III, Gene has 23 standard bred horses, standard bred being the kind used in harness racing. This season he has entered two of his own in the Little Brown Jug, the top race for pacing horses.

As almost everyone knows, a great many good causes in this country are financed by chocolate—specifically, a long bar, shaped somewhat like a gold ingot and bearing the name World's Finest Chocolate. The president of the company is Edmond Opler, shown here with a 25-pound block of his chocolate, which he presented to the Garfield Park Conservatory in Chicago for growing the cocoa tree against which he is standing.

Mr. Opler, now 72, went into the



chocolate business 57 years ago when his brother, a candy salesman, gave him some samples and sent him out to sell. Now his chocolate bars are seen on candy counters in fine restaurants, private clubs, and the better hotels all over the U. S. and Canada. The company, named World's Finest Chocolate, Inc., has 400 employees and turns out a million pounds of chocolate every month.

Mr. Opler's connection with charitable causes began decades ago when a school hand in Zion, Illinois, first asked him to make a candy bar to be sold to raise money for a trip to a band contest. Since then World's Finest Chocolate has been sold for funds to support a Bible school in Indonesia, send a Boy Scout troop to Germany, aid orphans in Korea, and send a choir to Australia. Thousands of bands have raised the money for trips to the Rose Bowl and other athletic events in the U. S. and Canada by selling Mr. Opler's bars.

The company now has 150 salesmen calling on groups all over the country to suggest the use of chocolate bars as a fund-raising device. Although no precise figures have been kept, Mr. Opler thinks that in the past fifteen years, the sum raised for various causes by his chocolate is close to \$50,000,000.



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