

The
Continental
Magazine

Winter 1968/69

STOWE

By Night and Day—
Classic Colonial
Ski Town

The Pacific: Playground of Southern California • A Gymnasium Inside Your House

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COVER

Stowe, Vermont, on a winter's night. The photographer got a ski operator to start his lift for an after-hours picture of this handsome Yankee town where, at the very moment, thousands of skiers were unwinding at fireplaces or in restaurants or on dance floors. Photo by Peter Miller for Photo Media Ltd.

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Memo to
Our
Readers



The story on Stowe, which starts on the opposite page, amounts to a skiing biography of its author, ROUL TUNLEY. Inasmuch as he does other things, here are some additional facts about his life: After graduating from Yale, he worked for a year as a reporter on the late New York *Herald Tribune*, then taught English at Yale, and a year after that sold a short story to *Cosmopolitan*. Delighted by the ease with which he earned his fee (it took four mornings' work), he quit teaching and began writing full time. Alas, selling fiction was not that easy, so he drifted into nonfiction where, because he is essentially a reporter, he was much more comfortable. He has been freelancing ever since, except for some editing stints on the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Seventeen*. His name has appeared in nearly every major magazine. He has written three books, is a bachelor, and lives in a modern house he built high over the Delaware River near where Washington made his famous crossing.



Another freelancer and contributor to most of the major magazines of the country is JOSEPH N. BELL, a resident of Corona del Mar, on the Southern California coast he writes about in this issue. Native of Indiana, graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, Navy pilot in World War II, and director of public relations for the Portland Cement Association for seven years, Mr. Bell turned to magazine work in Chicago in 1954. He is now a half-time member of the English department at the University of California at Irvine. Mr. Bell says he is a living rebuke to California statistics in that he and his family have lived in the same house (near the Pacific) for eight years and that he has been married for more than twenty-five years.



SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER says he started gardening at the age of five when "my father let me plant a row of radishes. After weeks of impatient waiting, I pulled up a radish, wiped the dirt off on my shirt, and bit into it. The radish bit back." Nevertheless, the gardening bug had bit and he has been a victim ever since. He has written five books on gardening and has contributed articles on the subject to many periodicals. Among the total of seventeen books he has written are two mystery novels. He says he doubts that he'll ever write a gardening murder mystery because "daisies never tell."

Morning, Noon & Night at STOWE

The ingredients of this memorable ski resort are a classically perfect New England town, stylish people, and powder on a hard base

by Roul Tunley

THE MANAGER of the Toll House Inn at Stowe, Len Shetler, was saying with simple directness how it happened to him: "Skiing is an addiction." Four years ago he and his wife had casually tried skiing one weekend in the Poconos. That was it. Len quit his insurance job in Philadelphia, looked for an opportunity in the skiing industry, and found it there in Vermont. He has been in Stowe ever since. Today, at 33, he says, "I don't know anybody I'd change jobs with."

His words fell on sympathetic ears. I know for a fact that the ski virus can strike at any age. A quarter of a century after getting out of college, I happened to see a ski movie and was moved to

photograph by Stowe News Bureau



Left: Into the sides of Mt. Mansfield are etched some of the finest—and most challenging—ski trails in New England. Above: After a day on the slopes, skiers relax over tea in one of the homey rooms of The Lodge at Smuggler's Notch

photographs by Peter Miller



Not that the slalom isn't an energetic event when caught with one snap of a fast lens, but here the photographer doubled the excitement of a downhill run at Stowe by doubling his exposure

sign up for a two-weeks' trip to Switzerland. I went to Davos, enrolled in a beginners' class, and one crystalline morning showed up on the "idiot slopes" in rented skis and boots. The three-foot incline looked like an Alp. But by the end of my stay, I was skiing down the Parsenn, the famous 10,000-foot

mountain that looms over the village. My style was hardly elegant, but I was intact.

That was six years ago. From then on, I went over every year for a two-weeks' stint. For several years I never skied anyplace else; I didn't want to change my luck. Then I decided to try Stowe. Now I am a Stowe regular.

This celebrated Vermont village charmed me as much as Europe had, but it is completely American and of

course easier to reach. All the requirements for a good winter resort are there: deep valleys, high mountains, dense forests, lovely inns, good food, a long and dependable season of snow, and the right kind of people. Basically a simple town in the New England tradition, it has attached the title "Ski Capital of the East" to itself and has developed the breadth of personality so necessary to the real International Resort.

For example, its rustic general store

sells chewing tobacco along with Dior stretch pants. Its status hotel, the Lodge at Smuggler's Notch, is as fast with a bottle of Dom Perignon (\$24) as it is with a pitcher of maple syrup. The skiers can find dorms with beds for 50 cents a night and there are "cottages" that rent for \$100 a day. The bartenders do not blanch when someone asks for Campari with a twist. The wooded slopes that surround the lifts are as wild as anything in the Appalachians, but they are also marked by trails as groomed and pampered as poodles. And the scents are not only of wood smoke and snow but such wickedly expensive perfumes as Bal de Versailles.

The famous come here, along with the less-than-famous. So do the wealthy and the less-than-wealthy. The young come, as well as the middle-aged, and (by skiing standards) the elderly. There is both elegance and sloppiness—a good deal more of the former than the latter. The human species are handsome and in plentiful supply.

It is claimed that the ski bums at Stowe are the finest in all skidom. No dictionary, evidently, provides a ski-slope definition of the word, but when it does it will be the only meaning of bum that doesn't suggest something derogatory or vulgar. To be a ski bum is to be a good skier and a ne'er-do-well and to be physically attractive—and to have the insouciance or nerve that lets you get away with it.

Whether the Stowe ski bums are indeed the best would be hard to prove, but they are there, both boys and girls, and no ski resort would be worth a hoot without them. They add sauce to the scene. The boy bums make women skiers happy and the girl bums make single men skiers happy. It is a charming arrangement.

Stowe provides ample proof that skiing is not for the young alone. Energetic people in their fifties who refuse to grow old are on the Stowe slopes. Among them, starting five years ago, was the then governor of Rhode Island, Dennis Roberts. He hasn't missed a season since. I saw one man taking his first lesson at 72 while attending a conference at the Lodge. Afterwards, he skied down to his car with the joyous air of a youngster who had just discovered the yoyo. Not all the seniors streak down the 2,000-foot Nose Dive in Billy Kidd's time, but for them the scenery is just as breathtaking, the air just as heady, the motion just as exhilarating.

Moreover, not everybody comes to Stowe to ski. A stem cristie? Some have only the haziest idea what it is and couldn't care less. They take walks, go snowmobiling, or ride up the lifts just for the view of the pretty New England town captured in glassy air, silent as a



No sportsmen take their ease in the snow (and the sun) with such obvious pleasure as skiers. Here is an easy-going group having an al fresco lunch at a Stowe inn after a big morning chasing one another downhill

painting. Or they go on sleigh rides under the moon, avoiding the roads, just gliding over silver fields and frozen creeks, and through dark woods.

A few come to watch girls. In Stowe, where the girls are as invigorating as the setting, this is a spectacularly satisfactory preoccupation. One devilish watcher claims to have perfected the art to the point where he tries to guess if the girl in the skin-tight stretch pants has a coin in her back pocket (provided the pants have pockets)—whether it's a dime or a nickel, and—so help me!—what the date on it is. It's an innocent form of mischief.

With such places as the Black Gull and Sister Kate's, Stowe offers a bouncy night life, though how people who have been on the slopes all day can stay awake is hard to understand. There is also the Shed, a converted cider mill that draws just about everybody for "shedburgers" (beef marinated in beer), mulled wine, and fondue. Kenny Strong, the ski instructor who started the place, has had to hire a doorman to keep the crowds from crashing into it.

Lastly, there are the non-skiers who come solely for the rest—and the food. Barbara Harris, the Broadway star of "The Apple Tree," arrived at the Lodge at the end of last season just for that. The snow was almost gone and so were the visitors. Barbara found herself the only guest in the dining room on her first night. In order that she not be

completely alone, Peter Aebly, the young Swiss manager, and his wife asked the access to join them.

It was a memorable French meal—ably assisted by one head waiter, two captains, seven waitresses, two bus boys, one bartender, a wine steward, one cocktail waiter, a chef, four assistant chefs, a salad lady, and one piano player. "That dinner cost \$1,500 to cover expenses," sighed Herr Aebly later, "but it was worth it."

Before the days of actresses, diplomats, presidents, TV personalities, and business tycoons, Stowe was just a village near Mt. Mansfield and Smuggler's Notch. In 1936, however, the Mt. Mansfield Ski Club decided to tap the growing interest in skiing by throwing a lift up the side of the mountain and bringing over Sepp Ruschp, a young Austrian skier. Sepp had grown up in the Austrian Alps and was obsessed with the goal of starting a great ski resort because in that way he could combine his three primary interests: skiing, business administration, and engineering.

He came to the U.S. as the club's ski instructor and in 1938 became winter manager of the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Company. Under his supervision, the

original Mt. Mansfield Toll House was built and operated as a lodge and ski shop combined. The Sepp Ruschp Ski School became one of the most celebrated in the country.

From the time he arrived things were never the same. The village has grown from 1,500 to 10,000 in winter, and to its few hostleries have been added 60 or 70 others, including such well-known ones as the Alpine Motor Lodge, the Edson Hill Manor, the Golden Eagle, Logwood, and Green Mountain Inn. Now the Mt. Mansfield Company itself owns and operates five restaurants, three ski shops, the Lodge, the Toll House Motor Inn, and the ski school, which has 50 full-time instructors.

DESPITE international renown, Stowe has never lost its head. Yankee common sense and understatement have guided everything. Surprisingly, there are no zoning or planning regulations in Stowe (no one dares tell a Vermonter what he can or cannot do with his property), but good taste has always had the upper hand and there are no neon signs, no architectural excrescences, and no vulgar hard sell.

French starts in the fourth grade. The great thing is that in winter the schools close down half a day each week while the students take to the slopes for free ski instruction. One of the products of the system is the aforementioned Billy Kidd, a local boy who is the first American to win a silver medal in Olympic skiing competition.

To the joy of innkeepers and merchants, Stowe has been blossoming as a summer place, owing in part to the Trapp family and the fantastically popular movie, *The Sound of Music*. It has been estimated that one out of four summer visitors goes to Stowe because of the Trapps and the family. Except for Maria von Trapp and one son, Johannes, however, all the Trapps have scattered, but the Baroness still runs her chalet-guesthouse with all the panache that enabled her to stir the world's imagination with her story.

A few months ago when I returned to Stowe to see what it was like in summer, the Baroness was away but Johannes, now 28, was there. A rangy, personable giant of a man with a sensitive face, he has become understandably shy before the demands of living up to the legend of his family.

He said to me, "Guests who arrive for

hill skiing, you don't need lifts, and conditions are usually perfect—there's no ice in the woods, no lift lines, no trails to maintain, and you can choose a different route every time you go out. You know, in Norway when people talk about skiing they really mean cross-country skiing."

Later that evening, Johannes and I escaped the Trapp Family Lodge guests and toured the night spots, ending up at the Den to hear a talented Swiss pianist, Horst Thomke. When we entered the room, Horst broke into something he calls "The Trapp Family Anthem," a hideously offkey version of the score from *The Sound of Music*. This touch of musical murder was a joke between the pianist and Johannes, who doesn't find it easy to play the role of a movie folk hero in public.

EVEN though the Trapps and their music have added to Stowe's charisma, there is little doubt that the town would have made it on its own as a ski resort anyway. It has the mountains, the scenery, the trails, the lifts, and—most crucial of all—the snow, which can be counted on into April.

Moreover, Stowe is always updating itself by creating new facilities that help insure its pre-eminence in the eastern ski world. Just last month, for example, it opened up one of the most modern ski lifts in the world—an automated four-in-a-gondola type that whisks skiers to the top of a 2,200-foot vertical drop at the rate of a thousand skiers an hour. In addition to providing two new and fine restaurants—one at the bottom and one at the top—the lift opens up four new trails on a part of the mountain never before skied on.

Other lifts carry skiers up and over Mt. Mansfield, some to a new area—Madonna Mountain—being developed by Thomas and Arthur Watson of IBM, both of whom maintain houses on the Stowe side. The town has also added a night skating rink so that tireless people don't have to stop exercising when the sun goes down.

Not that these fine facilities have necessarily eclipsed the state's other resorts. Far from it. Sugarbush, 45 minutes away, is often jettier. Mt. Snow, farther south in the state, has more lifts. Bromley, Stratton, and Killington all have their devotees.

But Stowe isn't concerned about new, or old, resorts. In fact, it's inclined to adopt a the-more-the-merrier attitude towards its rivals.

"We don't care if people visit other places," says George Rigby, the cook who owns the Hob Nob, one of Stowe's leading restaurants. "Sooner or later they end up at Stowe—that is, if they want the best."

the first time still expect the whole family to jump out of the woodwork and start singing." Johannes was much more comfortable talking about cross-country skiing, a sport he hopes to popularize this winter at Stowe. He is bringing over two Austrian experts to help.

"It's a wonderful sport," he said. "The wild young skiers of 15 or 20 years ago are just beginning to discover it. The equipment is less expensive than down-



Along toward sunset, one lone skier flees toward the floor of the valley for the final run of the day before the ski patrol sweeps the slopes

The town is conservative, but it's no fossil. It has a wonderful school system, with a teacher for each eleven children. Though there are only 580 pupils in the public schools, there are two fulltime music teachers, and conversational

illustrations by James M. Crabb



Little FRENCH RESTAURANTS in Manhattan

Often resembling bistros, always a joy to sophisticated palates, these places are authentically Gallic in size and cuisine
by Maurice Osteroff

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED to me one Sunday afternoon last year when I went out in mid-Manhattan to find dinner. I wandered into a restaurant named La Grillade, at Eighth Avenue and 51st Street, having been told that French chefs often eat there on their nights off; this is a recommendation that no lover of food can afford to ignore.

Entering, I saw what appeared to be a private party, but no one stopped me at the door, so I sat down at a small table in a charming room that had a map of France and scenes of cows and peasants on the wall. A red-cheeked waitress, whose English was heavily accented by French, immediately delivered a bottle of what proved to be a beautifully dry and musky Beaujolais.

A small orchestra was playing—accordion, bass, and drums—while couples danced country style and family groups clapped hands in time with the music. The place was noisy with laughter. Everyone spoke French. I have encountered scenes exactly like it in France.

Like the wine, the food came without my ordering anything. First there was a *pâté maison*, quite garlicky and made, I think, of game steeped in brandy. It was accompanied by French bread newly

out of the oven. This was followed by a duckling roasted with an orange sauce and flavored with herbs and spices. It was all simple and delicious.

When I asked for a check, the waitress seemed insulted. "Oh, monsieur," she said. It was a private party after all—French chefs and their families. I have been back to La Grillade several times since then. There was no orchestra and no dancing (on Sunday afternoons it opens to the public at 5) and there was a check, but not a large one. This is a



fine French restaurant, open for dinner every day and for lunch every day except Saturday and Sunday.

Scattered throughout Manhattan, somewhat like the dimmer stars in the firmament, are a number of similar French restaurants that get into the conversation when out-of-towners impart their discoveries and native New Yorkers are in the mood for food that is French and not overly pretentious. Sometimes they have only half a dozen tables and rarely have room for more than seventy-five guests at once. Their menus are often hand-written and cranked through an old-fashioned mimeograph machine.

They resemble small restaurants in France and there are always a few tables of French people eating—employees of French businesses in New York or French government people or visitors from France. They are not lofty (and expensive) Lucullan temples like La Grenouille or Lutèce or Le Pavillon. If the latter are among New York's supreme restaurants, these are slightly down the scale—less chic, less elaborate in cuisine, but tasty and indisputably authentic.

The entire area encompassing the 40's and 50's, on and just off Eighth Avenue, appears at a quick glance to be

nothing but one solid mass of little restaurants (much like parts of London's Soho district)—and two out of three, so it seems, are French.

On Eighth between 55th and 56th streets is Coq au Vin, a cozy, all-red place in the small-bar-up-front-dining room-in-the-back school of restaurant design. This place, like most of the others in this category, is family-owned and family-operated. (Competition is keen among these places—the prime reason, I suspect, for the generally high quality of food.)

Usually a good bouillabaisse Marseillaise can be found on Coq au Vin's carte, as can a properly crisp-skinned, flavorful duckling bigarade. Also a bargain for the price are two of the restaurant's appetizers: the traditional (and ever-present) *escargots bourguignonne* and *champignons à la grecque*.

Another restaurant area is 56th Street between Fifth Avenue and the Avenue of the Americas. Practically every doorway opens into an eating spot of every variety from Italian to Korean—and is fully represented in the "little French place" category. One of the finest in the block is La Petite Marmite at number 53. Well-lit, with an informal air about it, the service is friendly and the cuisine a buy. Dinners are table d'hôte, and the house *bouchée* (mixed seafoods, lightly sauced, served in a flaky pastry cup) is an admirable appetizer. The classic petite marmite (beef and chicken consommé) is the soup to have; then hope that one of the daily-changing entrées is sautéed chicken Monselet (white wine thickened with veal gravy is the sauce) and that the fowl is accompanied by artichoke hearts and truffles.

One of those I prize is Brittany du Soir, at Ninth Avenue and 53rd Street. It's a busy little gem in which the odors from the kitchen are right in the dining room, meaning that you are set in the proper mood by things being cooked in wine. The décor includes tiles that depict the costumes of various French provinces. Tables are close together, and because everyone seems to know someone there, you are often caught in a crossfire of French dialog.

Courses I've eaten there and remember fondly are asparagus vinaigrette and *escargots bourguignonne* for appetizers, *tournedos aux champignons* for a main course, and *crème renversée* (caramel custard) for dessert. This sounds like standard French fare, but in the well-lit surroundings of Brittany du Soir and in the company of happy strangers—well, it's among the enduring pleasures of the table.

I am a strong partisan of Pierre au Tunnel at 306 West 48th Street, not named for the nearby Lincoln Tunnel, but

simply because it's a long, narrow room. Rather dark and relatively small, it is exactly the kind of restaurant one might stumble on in an average French city.

The last time I was there I had a large bowl of *moules marinière* (mussels in a white-wine broth) that equalled anything I can remember. After sopping up the juice with excellent French bread I went on to strong coffee and a *tarte aux fraises* (fresh strawberry tart) and then just sat in a sort of glazed, happy state. Sitting near me was a man whose

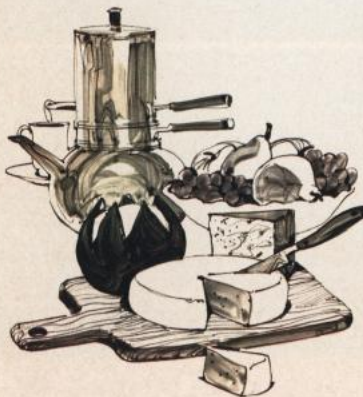


lunch consisted entirely of a double order of Brie and a half a bottle of red wine. He looked happy. The quality at Pierre au Tunnel is very high and the prices remarkably low.

Most reasonable French restaurants of quality are something of a madhouse for lunch, their sparkling atmosphere and light food being especially appropriate to the midday meal. Annette's Le Petit Veau (Second Avenue near 49th Street) is like that, and a reservation is strongly urged. The place has already been discovered by many magazine executives and sports writers who lay claim to certain booths, so perhaps the time to do is come for dinner.

Annette's appearance (the restaurant, that is, not the estimable lady who runs it), would not attract anyone looking for fine French cuisine. At first glance it is just another bar and grill, with tile floor and tin ceiling and pictures of celebrities on the wall. But the food! The brook trout maitre d'hôtel is boned, tender, and flowing with juices. If you come on a Wednesday you'll find a superior veal Tetraxini with wild rice and on other nights there will be a veal à l'Annette that is far above average.

Le Vert Galant at 60 West 48th Street



in the Rockefeller Center area is another place where it's bedlam at lunch and during the pre-theatre dinner hours. After that it settles down into the warm, friendly bistro mood. The cuisine here is also admirably prepared, but best of all is the French onion soup: grand'mère in Provence could not do better with this remarkable dish—an excellent stock, loaded with onions, transferred to individual crocks and laden with grated cheese. The dish is then slid under the broiler until the golden crust formed indicates that the cheese underneath is piping hot and stringy. The soup is served in this manner and is a superb meal in itself.

Other dishes here are well above par for the price and bear investigating. Le Vert Galant's *escalope de veau chasseur* (simply sautéed in butter, white wine, shallots and mushrooms) and the house scampi (langoustines, broiled with a pungent garlic butter) are two of the better entrées available.

Another excellent example is Mont d'Or at 244 East 46th Street. This is the type of place you can (and I did) walk past for years and never know it existed. This restaurant is better than a generation old, and has received practically no publicity in its long life, nor does it need any—a steady and happy clientele have been coming here for years. A short flight of steps up off the street bring you into a tiny, almost spartan atmosphere: white walls, brightly lit, décor provided by large black and white photo-murals of the Puy de Sancy and other members of the Mont-Dore mountain group.

Five-course dinners are available at ridiculously low prices, and I find I return here whenever and as often as possible for two of the entrées, filet of beef Wellington and breast of chicken Mont d'Or. The former (which usually isn't very good in most similar restaurants unless it is a "daily special" or ordered in advance) is prepared with an excellent quality of beef and paté; the chicken is boned, breaded, baked, and

served with a delicate bechamel sauce.

Yorkville, always associated with Middle Europe, and more often than not referred to as "Germantown," is undergoing vast changes like all of New York, and little French restaurants are coming into their own in that schnitzel-banking neighborhood. Two excellent examples are Cafe du Soir and Un Coin de Paris—both on Eighty-Sixth Street between Second and First avenues.

Cafe du Soir, at number 322, is like the others: auberge-y in décor, the usual rows of tables, the usual crowds, the usual traditional (and good) offerings. What makes this restaurant special in the winter months is the venison that is to be had—and a recent venison steak in particular: fork-tender with an excellent *grand veneur* sauce (a basic brown one, with gooseberry jelly added, and used primarily for this meat and other game).

Au Coin de Paris, at number 310, is an absolute charmer. There's a large upstairs room and a summer garden, but the most-used area is that just off the street—not many more than a half-dozen tables. Offerings here are classic, but extra-special are the *soupe au cresson* (watercress, served hot in cold weather, cold in warm); a coquilles St. Jacques (available as an entrée, and prepared with fresh seafood); and a leg of lamb—a Saturday night specialty—that is so good it borders on the indecent.

I will note, all too fleetingly, several other little French restaurants that appeal to me. One is Du Midi, at 311 West 48th Street. As its name implies, it is French provincial in cuisine, which means that a commendable *poulet chasseur* or *boeuf carbonnade* is often on the menu. Of all the bistros in the midtown area, this is one of the most cheerful and the one most likely to send your cousins from Des Moines into raptures.

Les Pyrenees, 251 West 51st Street, is a country-inn sort of a place, with copper on the walls and a relaxed atmosphere. The *coquilles maison* and the *crème de volaille* are surprisingly fine.

Finally (and this is a discouraging word in subjects like this), there are Le Biarritz (325 West 57th Street, west of Eighth Avenue), and Le Bistro (827 Third Avenue). They are small and ultra-French. Each will provide such delicacies as veal Marengo or roast chicken with tarragon. Each is a delight.

The foregoing makes mention of but a few restaurants. There may easily be ten times that many in the class of good, bistro-like establishments in the same general part of New York, which may be good news to persons planning to spend the remainder of their lives researching the little French restaurants of New York. I am one of them.



by Joseph N. Bell

BEYOND THE RANGE of mountains that cup the Los Angeles Basin and the smog that sometimes envelops it lies the Pacific Ocean. It frequently belies its name by dispatching huge breakers that crest higher than a man's head a few yards offshore and thump resoundingly on the sand, cascading a misty spray over unwary beachwalkers. But when the tides recede, it is placid, leaving behind tiny colonies of marine life for those curious enough to look.

Whatever its mood, the ocean, with its broad expanses of beach, its open-handed invitation to swimmers, divers, surfers, waders, beachwalkers—yes, and poets—remains the relatively unspoiled centerpiece of the good life in southern California. The visitor who remembers this can never be more than a few minutes' drive away from any activity that fits his mood—from watching a magnificent sunset behind Catalina Island to challenging the sea in a scuba rig or snorkel.

This is the secret of visiting southern California: the constant and comforting knowledge that off there, not very far, is always the ocean and the spacious beaches that flank it all the way from Santa Barbara to San Diego. The mood, the image, the color, even the character of the Pacific will change from day to day and mile to mile, and you can adapt it to your mood or let it shape yours, as you see fit.

If you're an experienced diver, you'll find that the waters off southern California—particularly around Catalina Island—offer some of the finest diving in the world. The Japanese and California currents meld in this area to form a life-giving, pollution-free eddy that provides a perfect climate for undersea marine life of all kinds, from fields of



waving kelp to entire cities of lobster. This is the promise that has attracted some 300,000 scuba divers—and upwards of twice as many skin divers—to the southern California area.

Clint Denn, a lean, tanned athlete who oversees water recreation activities for Los Angeles County, says with earnest conviction: "Southern California is a mecca for aquatic enthusiasts. But you don't have to be an expert. You can just lie in the water almost anywhere along the coast and see a wonderfully diversified bottom life."

The divers, of course, see considerably more. But because scuba diving can be a rather dangerous business, requiring considerable expertise, the southern California diving shops require some proof of skill—a demonstration to prove the diver knows what he's up to or a card from a certified scuba instructor—before they will sell air to visitors. Snorkel equipment for skin diving can be obtained more easily, although all of the dive shops urge that newcomers dive in pairs

and attend at least one instruction class to brief themselves on local diving conditions and special skills required.

Dozens of good diving areas can be found all along the southern California coast, and a call to the Los Angeles County Recreation Department will pinpoint the nearest diving area and equipment shop. If you want to venture further afield, there are 22 diving boats—some with remarkably luxurious appointments—operating out of Long Beach and ranging as far from port as the lee side of Catalina Island, about 35 miles distant. An underwater world of remarkable variety and beauty awaits the diver, often at depths of less than 30 feet.

Should your tastes—or your skills—be less exotic, the Pacific will accommodate you. Most of the beaches along the southern California coast are suitable for swimming—provided you observe two notable precautions. The water is cold, seldom warming beyond the low 60's, even in midsummer, and the surf

Jim Pond photograph for Shostal



photographs by David Muench

The PACIFIC: Southern California's Limitless Playground

Life keeps crowding its shores, but to swimmers, waders, divers, surfers, and lovers of sunsets, the ocean is an endless source of pleasure

Above: Among the world's finest scuba waters are those off Southern California.
Right: Sometimes not a soul disturbs the coastal scene, unless it's a roving photographer, while at other times, when the waves are to their liking, the surfers practice their beautiful sport

Shostal photograph



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The Continental Mark III

Lincoln Continental for 1969





Above: The surf fishermen are probably paying attention to their casting, but what a beautiful and endlessly fascinating surf to be casting from! In this case they were rewarded by half a dozen rock perch in a short time. Right: The tide has receded, leaving unusually tilted strata in which the youngsters are poking about for shells and sea creatures while yachts take part in the Sunday regatta sailing by in the background

(and the undertow that often goes with it) can be dangerous to the incautious who wander out beyond their swimming abilities.

I always enjoy watching the startled, near incredulous look of newcomers to the California beaches when they first experiment with the water, then back off hurriedly, mouthing the inevitable words I can read without hearing. "It's like ice!"

But once the first shock of the cold water has been absorbed, the swimmer can find great sport in the capricious surf. Body surfing takes no equipment and requires no special skills, as long as you are willing to risk getting knocked about a bit for the exhilaration of riding a breaker into shore. The body surfer simply wades out to shoulder-deep water, awaits a large wave, begins swimming



hard slightly ahead of it, then curls in the fetal position or stretches full length and rides to shore. I've been bounced on my head a few times, but the sand is resilient and the sport exciting enough to be worth that risk.

Perhaps the most rewarding of the beach activities—and one of the least strenuous—is beachwalking. On almost any strip of sand the visitor chooses from Santa Barbara to Mexico, the receding water will leave delightful, and often improbable, surprises in the shallows. The best tidepools, however, are formed in moderately rocky coastal areas where the landlubbing marine explorer can put on sneakers and very old clothes and crawl about on rocks that provide a home for a fascinating assortment of marine life.

Three of the most accessible and well populated tidepool areas can be found at Santa Monica's 20-mile-long Picture Postcard Bay, and at Corona del Mar and Laguna Beach (the latter about fifty miles south of Los Angeles). When the tide recedes at Little Corona Beach, it lifts the shades on the homes of tiny starfish, a myriad of shellfish, and even an occasional baby octopus. A few miles further down the coast, rock holes along the cove that dips into the Laguna Beach art colony are crowded with luminescent starfish, sea urchins, and colorful anemone. At dusk, when the waves are lapping gently far offshore and the sun is dipping into the sea, the magic of the beach and the mystery of the tidepools seem to encompass all of reality.

These tidepools are used as natural laboratories for the school children of the coastal towns, and it is always exhilarating to watch small hands pluck a treasure from the ocean floor, hold it aloft in wonderment, and shout, "Hey, looka here what I found." Older explorers, willing to risk wet feet, can find the same sense of wonder. And if you don't care to walk, if you simply want to sit and look, the southern California ocean front will oblige with a variety show guaranteed to please almost any taste.

Take surfing, for example. Surfing is not practiced solely by adolescents—as legend persistently and erroneously has it—but it is difficult to master. One lesson will give the athletic novice enough information to enjoy himself on a board in mild surf. But no lessons are necessary to observe the surfers, and they are surely one of the most graceful sights anywhere.

The Pacific coast highway hugs the shoreline for several hundred miles, and it is easy to spot the surfers from the road, silhouetted against the sky as they balance precariously atop their boards. There are several dozen prime surfing spots along the Southern California

coast, and when the surf is up and the surfers are gathered, I love to pull off the road and watch them battle the often turbulent ocean.

If you stop and talk—and surfers love to talk about their avocation—you'll probably need an interpreter. Leaning on his board, one is likely to tell you that "the surf's out of sight, the kind that will give us a tunnel ride or we can skeg out on"—which, translated, means the surf is so large that the skilled surfer can ride inside an enveloping wave or so high that his "skeg" (rudder) is clear out of the water.

Surfing is only one of the acts on the coastal variety show. There are the bikinis and musclemen on the craggy beaches around Malibu; the rugged cliffs and the magnificent view at Palos Verdes; the docks and the ocean-going ships—including the newly refurbished, landlocked Queen Mary (of which her new skipper, Rear Admiral John J. Fee, says, "The general public is going to see a good deal more of the Queen Mary than her passengers ever did.")—at San Pedro and Long Beach.

Pushing on south, we see the huge pier and the surfing colony at Huntington Beach; the magnificent yachting harbor, fishing fleet, and impressive homes at Newport; the artsy-craftsy folk and their work on display in Laguna; the seals lazing off the cliffs and beaches of La Jolla; and the posh resort atmosphere of San Diego's Mission Bay—a spacious series of seven swimming coves, sailing waters, fishing grounds, speedboat courses, water skiing bays, golf courses, picnic areas, and the Sea World Oceanarium, served—in addition to several dozen motels—by such fine bayside hotels as the Islandia, Vacation Village, and the Hilton Inn.

Quality accommodations and food are generously distributed along the southern California coast, from the Biltmore and Ming Tree in Santa Barbara to the dignified, patriarchal, richly appointed Coronado in San Diego, so much a part of the tradition and culture of the area that it has become a state historical monument. Such fine hostels as the Surf Rider Inn in Santa Monica, the Portofino in Redondo Beach, and the Newporter in Newport Beach abound between Santa Barbara and San Diego. There are fine restaurants, too—notable examples being the Pierpont Inn in Ventura, the Five Crowns in Corona del Mar, Victor Hugo's in Laguna Beach, and the Twin Inns near Oceanside—that often combine a panorama of ocean view with excellent cuisine.

And if you want to take a brief and rewarding oceangoing side trip, there is

Catalina Island, a 20-minute plane ride or two-hour boat ride from Long Beach. Once open for exploration, most of the island is now off limits to the casual land traveler, who is restricted to the immediate area around Avalon, a quaint, anachronistic village that seems to belong to another time. There are water tours to be taken from Avalon to other parts of the island, and the 40-minute trip in the Catalina glass bottom boats mirrors a profusion of marine life—including the world's largest flying fish—that can be seen in few other spots. Fishing, skin diving, and spear hunting are prohibited in a stretch of ocean just off Avalon Bay, and an exotic assortment of fish—Garibaldi perch, sheephead, ratfish, candle fish, Indianhead—dart about through the kelp, seeming to sense, somehow, that they are protected here.

The two-hour boat junket from Avalon to the Catalina isthmus offers a succession of secluded coves, promontories, and views of sea and bird life. There is also a four-hour inland motor trip that will take you through the rugged mountainous interior of Catalina and perhaps provide a look at the buffalo and wild bear that roam the countryside.

Oddly enough, the southern California coast has become almost exclusively a summer place for visitors. The thousands of motels that hug the shore and provide accommodations—usually complete with heated fresh-water swimming pools—throughout the year are likely to be crowded only in July and August (the weather is usually cool and clammy in southern California in June). California remains an undiscovered winter resort. Although the nights are decidedly crisp, the winter days along the southern California coast are much like the summer days, sunny and with temperatures in the high 70's. But there are few "No Vacancy" signs on motels in the winter months, and I have often explored an expanse of beach in Newport or Laguna on a magnificent winter day when I was the only human being in view.

On a comfortable day's motoring excursion from Los Angeles, you can see the plush homes and watering places of Beverly Hills, Brentwood, and Bel-Air, the missions and Spanish artifacts and bustling harbor of San Diego, the Joshua trees and abandoned gold mines and unexpected splashes of color in the desert, or the breathtaking vistas from the rim drive that winds up into the mountains that stand sentinel over the Los Angeles Basin. But when these drives have been exhausted, you'll return to the Pacific. This, in the end, is where you find the soul of this country. Or maybe you'll find it first and never leave it.



A study in textures—beach pebbles around lava, with low juniper and rhododendron in background



A blending of the casual with the formal: multi-level, with concrete to hold the pool against rock, and a pebbled walkway

Stone Adds Beauty to Your Garden



A charming use of brick wall to surround a rock garden in which ivy and junipers soften the stone and azaleas add to the color. Right: Contoured Ohio sandstone surrounds patio area where annuals are sprinkled among evergreens

photographs by Leonard P. Johnson



Here are artful ways with pebbles, boulders, and concrete benches to enhance the character and depth of the home landscape

photograph by Roche



by Samm Sinclair Baker

"He makes sweet music with th'enamell'd stones/Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge . . ."

—Shakespeare, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*

THROUGH THE CENTURIES poets have written of the glory of stone in nature. Longfellow and Emerson separately told of "a blossoming in stone." The latter also stressed how "the conscious stone to beauty grew." Yet many gardeners haven't been aware of the very special loveliness with which stone in many varieties—not just rock gardens—

can enhance even the small home landscape. A noted landscape artist says, "Without stone I couldn't make a garden."

There are many ways for you to think of stone to beautify your property, and you'll be thrilled with the artistic beauty you've added quite easily. The natural patterns of stone catch the shifting shadows of changing light through daytime hours, and at night if you add outdoor lighting. You may have thought of stone décor as primarily for formal Japanese gardens or estates. Not so; stone in all its forms, from sand to boulders, natural or sculptured, is being used in modest American and English



Left: A Bonsai garden on a native ledge rock base, with examples of Bonsai on table and on shelves of surrounding poled wall. Above: Lake Superior rocks and paving brick contrast with birch clump, ferns, and feverfew. Below: Serpentine wall informally separates and yet ties neighboring gardens



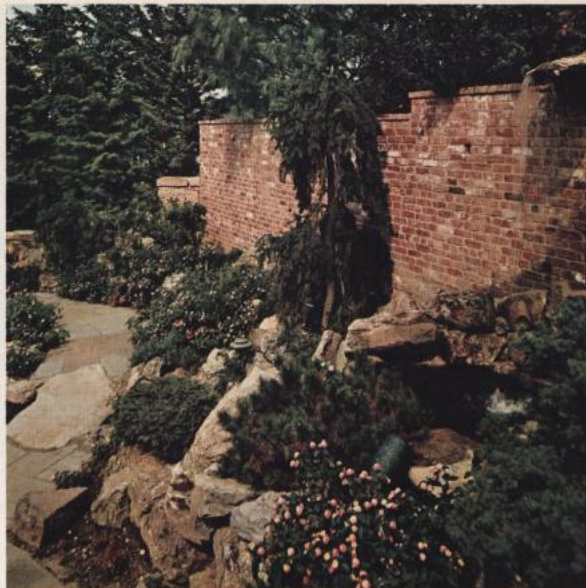
gardens, in fact all over the world.

A sensitive observer states, "To me, stone gives a garden substance. It lends even to fleeting annual blooms an element of immortality, of endless life, that they don't have by themselves. Stone, used sparingly and wisely, takes a garden out of the class of the ordinary and invests it with special depth and dimension. I think of stone as an element of architecture that adds to the pleasant shaping, variety, and individual artistry of a home landscape."

Take a walk around your property, modest or sizable, and think of where and how stone could improve it and add to the pleasure of yourself, your family,



photograph by Donald F. Pollitt for Gottscho-Schleisner, Inc.



Left: Achieving the casual—boulders blending the multi-levels and pebbles strewn on the step landings. Above: Elegance meets informality in a rock garden with a terra cotta wall and sandstone walk

and guests. Think small in terms of pebbles, gravel, stones big as your fist and larger, set into small gardening spots and paths. Think bigger—of stone steps and terraces, decorative rough-hewn slabs, a rock garden featuring a huge boulder. Consider enjoying the artistry of stone sculpture, a shaded bench, a shapely pedestal carved from stone or fashioned from concrete.

Think creatively, for "creativity," a leading psychologist affirms, "is in each and every one of us." Here are some starter suggestions with stone:

- Add variety to a flat, too-even area with a sloping rock garden, a mound, a wall rock garden. Most any good gardening book will tell you how to build differing types or rock gardens, how and what to plant so that soft greenery and colorful blooms contrast exquisitely with the solid textures of rocks. Your primary guide is that a rock garden must *not* look like a refuse pile; space plants carefully as an artist paints to create a picture of beauty.
- Plan one or more stone walks to add grade and lovely design. Decorative possibilities include stone slabs as stepping stones in rough rectangles, ovals, natural curves . . . smooth concrete squares in a stretching bed of white gravel . . . pebbles and stones pressed into wet concrete for texture, or use of red marble chips, colored stones, smooth beach pebbles and rocks that you collect yourself . . . slate slabs bordered with small stones fixed in cement . . . gray granite

squares snaking through rich green grass . . . white limestone edged with gleaming black pebbles. You can create artistic combinations of endless variety.

- Consider a stone wall along a side of the lawn to add seating space, and behind it a bed of enchanting blooms. Build a small lily pond, only a couple of yards across, in a graceful curving border of stones, with colored pebbles on the bottom glimmering up through the water. Dig a shallow dry well circling a large tree, with brilliant, low-growing flowers bedding the ring formed by vari-shaped, vari-toned rocks held by cement.
- Seek out stone sculpture that pleases you, as you might select a painting for your living room. Artistic stone decorations need not be costly. Stop at stone cutters, quarries, country antique shops. You may find a stone bench, chipped but somehow lovelier for that; a stone figure or animal; a rugged, graceful bird bath carved from rock; an ornate sundial; an old stone well-head that may become a decorative outdoor planter; a carved Japanese lantern saved from a dismantled estate.

The possibilities and pleasure are endless if you'll give a little thought and time to "sculpting" your landscape with stone. You'll add new dimensions of enduring beauty to your property, and you'll agree with poet William Davies who sang of "the power to make a stone a flower."



photographs by Vernon Smith for Scope

Joggers who don't live in jogging territory or are confined by bad weather can get the same results with an indoor treadmill; this one is designed to make you run uphill all the way. The lady is pedalling for all she's worth and getting nowhere—except that she's putting her thighs in shape and keeping them that way

Shall We Move the Gymnasium Home ?

*The courts and courses,
the jogging routes
and the pushups have
served us well so far.
Next step may be a
gym room in the house*

by Paul Stewart

THE AMERICAN enthusiasm for physical fitness is obviously without bounds. Each year for several decades it has grown bigger, and each year when the statistics prove it, the skeptics scoff and say it's a fad. Then the skeptics apologize, and the enthusiasm rolls on. Tennis (indoor and out), golf, swimming, Canadian Air Force exercises, Aerobics—none shows any sign of abating.

Last year jogging came to the front of the pack. Joggers must be a whole new class of health seekers, since none of the other forms of muscular exertion appeared to be diminished by their appearance. They are now to be seen loping across every bit of open land in town and country.

It is not surprising, therefore, that talk has been heard lately about making access to exercise easier than ever. The talk is about building gymnasiums at home. Some people have already done it. Whether this actually turns into a trend is not certain at the moment, since a home gym takes room and money. But the initial elements of a trend are clearly visible. The equipment that would constitute a well-rounded gymnasium in the home is being sold in ever-increasing numbers.

Morris Samuels of Beverly Hills, California, is a home gym pioneer. Lean, darkly-tanned, 50 years old, he has discovered the fastest way to get in shape: walk down a hall to his own gymnasium. "I love sports," says Samuels, who was a semi-pro baseball player as a young man, then became

a handball enthusiast, and now is a 5-handicap golfer (he has built two California golf courses). "So I asked our architect, Harold Levitt of Los Angeles, to design a gym for our new home."

The gym measures 20 feet by 20 feet and has glossy hardwood basketball flooring. Its athletic inventory includes barbells, a press bench (used as a platform for lifting weights), a massage table, a bicycle exerciser anchored to the floor, and a ping pong table.

Samuels merely has to step through a door into a tiled steam room to unwind from, say, a long ride on his exercise bicycle. "The steam room is large enough to hold 10 people comfortably," says Samuels, who customarily invites a few friends to work out with him. The

steam is produced by splashing water on rocks heated electrically. From the steam room, it is only a few steps more to a shower, or outside for a few laps in the pool that necessarily adjoins a Southern California home.

The Samuels' architect reports that he has designed several home gyms for his California clients. Some gyms are quite elaborate, with all kinds of heavy equipment; others are simple. He believes the concept of a home gymnasium makes a great deal of sense to the modern American concerned about his health. With a gym in your own home, you are more likely to use it regularly. You save a lot of time simply by not traveling to a health club on the other side of town, says Levitt.

Although the idea of a home gym seems to be just catching on with the more freewheeling Californians, interest in home exercise equipment is not limited to one part of the country. And with the new home exercise units, anyone can transform a cellar, a garage, or an attic into a home gym complete to a luxurious steam cabinet.

Abercrombie and Fitch, the famous sporting goods store, reports that people are not just jogging, but *sprinting* to buy such equipment. "Our bestseller at the moment is a simple weighted belt which is strapped around the waist," says Lou Campani, the manager of the sporting goods department. "When you play basketball, run, or bicycle, it makes you work harder and burn more calories." This Tone-O-Matic weight belt comes

with three-pound wristlets and three-pound anklets. A special model designed for women has an eight-pound belt, two-pound wristlets and anklets. The entire set costs around \$20.

"Not surprisingly, some teenage basketball players wear weighted anklets when they practice," says Dick Pearson, sales manager of AMF-Voit's Whitley Division (29 Essex Street, Maywood, New Jersey 07607), which distributes the Tone-O-Matic set.

"The kids believe they will then jump higher in games without the ankle weights. It's similar to what Ty Cobb used to do. He wore weighted baseball shoes before a game to make him feel light-footed during the game." Cobb, for the record, was one of the most successful base runners of all time.

There is even a new device designed to help the skier improve his technique and stay in condition for skiing the year round. AMF-Voit offers its Ski-Way, a unique gadget which looks somewhat like a car rack. The skier slides from side to side in simulation of a skier's motion. Sales have been excellent, reports Mr. Pearson. "Our Ski-Way is endorsed by Stein Eriksen, the famous Olympic skiing champion, who incidentally is a great believer in year-round physical fitness." The Ski-Way costs about \$40. There is a new attachment that enables the skier to realistically "edge" or angle his feet to the side (the braking motion used by a skier to help carve out a turn).

Whether it is for rainy-day jogging or for use as part of a home exercise program, the treadmill is a popular item with today's home athletes. The Battle Creek Equipment Company (Battle Creek, Michigan 49016), reports its treadmills are selling at an all-time record clip. "They are really moving," reports one company representative. The treadmill is a continuous belt running over a series of hardwood rollers. The belt is angled to provide the feeling of running uphill. Battle Creek makes two models: a deluxe version with chrome-plated hand rails for \$278; and a standard one for \$242.

"We advise no more than five minutes a day until one feels ready for the longer distance," says Roger Lewis, the company's retail sales manager. After a five-minute workout on a treadmill, most deskbound men feel as though they have run the Olympic marathon.

Another home exercise device that is pulling ahead in the sales race is the rowing machine. Battle Creek makes two models: a deluxe version for \$278, which is considered to be a full-body exerciser since the seat moves as the rower pulls against the hydraulic resistance built into the unit; a simpler one moving on rollers costs \$160.

Riding the platoon of exercise bikes available, the home athlete might just

think he is spinning wheels—but, on most bikes, you can dial the pressure, from just easy coasting along to something roughly the equivalent of a climb up Pike's Peak. Battle Creek makes two stationary bikes at \$75 and \$85 with which you provide the go power.

The T. J. Thomas Company of 164 Walabout Street, Brooklyn, New York 11206, makes motorized bicycle exercisers for those who want to get in shape fast. "There is quite a difference," remarks Ben Liebstein a representative of the firm. "On a motorized bike, the seat, the handlebars, and, of course, the pedals move," he says. Although it sounds like a mechanized bucking bronco, it does, according to Liebstein, provide exercise for more parts of the body than a non-motorized version. Of course, you do have the option of turning the switch, and doing some old-fashioned pedaling. Prices on such Vita-Exercisers run from \$289 to \$469.

THE exercise may help you unwind from the pressures of business, but what about relaxing after a good workout? According to Drew Frazer, sales manager for Viking Saunas, 101 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016, members of the New York Jets and the New York Giants football teams take saunas to unwind after a big game. "We offer both pre-fabs (which we can assemble in one hour) and custom models. A three-by-three mini-model starts at \$800; a custom job might run to \$3,000, depending upon such extras as stereo," says Frazer. "Our saunas utilize stainless steel stoves to produce a dry heat ranging up to 180 degrees or more. It is a form of passive exercise. It forces the heart to push blood to the extremities."

One spends about five minutes in a sauna, then comes out for a cold shower, and repeats the process once more. In Scandinavia, the general idea is to run out of a sauna into an icy lake. "It's invigorating," says one Swedish girl. "It wakes you up."

Vapor cabinets, reports Mr. Lewis of Battle Creek Equipment, are becoming hot items. "We make four models for home use ranging from \$200 to \$600. All are made of fiberglass and conveniently run on household current. Vapor cabinets are really an effort to strike a happy medium between the old-fashioned steam bath and dry sauna heat."

And so it goes. The question of just what constitutes a gym is subject to interpretation. If you have a rowing machine in the TV room, you can call it a gym if you want to, but it wouldn't seem so to the person who has asked his architect—as many builders of new homes are doing—to design a specific room as a gymnasium.



Left: Long an item in home phys ed, the rowing machine has lately become more elaborate. This one has adjustable tension in the oars and its seat moves back and forth with each pull. Below: An actual home gym in California. Given a room equipped like this and the time to use it, a family should be able to stay in condition without stepping outdoors

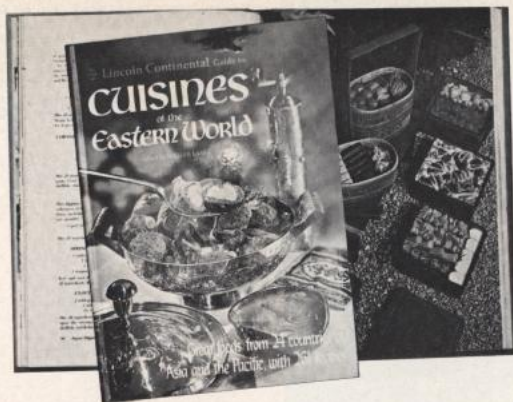
photograph by Ralph Poole



Top: Healthful as jumping rope is, this is more than that; the jumper has special weights at ankles, wrists, and belt. Bottom: Ski-Way will condition the skier all year

The exercise craze shows no sign of fading away. (For Father's Day last year, Lord & Taylor announced an \$18 jogging suit for the father who takes his jogging seriously.) Whenever a phenomenon like this takes hold, the sociologists move in with high-sounding talk about the moral value of exercise, about the way it assuages the Puritan conscience in an affluent society, etc., etc.

Nonsense. We're all discovering it makes us feel good and live longer.



CUISINES OF THE EASTERN WORLD is the definitive book on the culinary arts of the countries that lie between Hawaii and Suez, including Japan, India, and the South Pacific. Beautiful and useful, its 192 pages (8½" x 11"), 261 recipes, and 80 full-color photographs comprise an invaluable guide for both cooks and hostesses.

The book, originally published at \$10, includes valuable items of history, insights into the hows and whys of the Eastern gourmet, sound advice to party-planners, superb color pictures that show the hostess what her dish and table are supposed to look like, and information on where to buy ingredients. \$5.00 each, postpaid.

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Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners



BERNARD M. BARENHOLTZ is executive vice president and cofounder of Creative Playthings of Princeton, New Jersey, an 18-year-old firm that has become one of the world's largest suppliers and manufacturers of toys and materials for early childhood education. Creative Playthings doesn't go in for pure frivolity in the matter of children's toys. It brings intelligence and psychology to bear on the way a child's mind works, and the result is games, blocks, puzzles, and other things that not only fascinate young people but cause them to learn something useful.

"A good toy," Mr. Barenholtz says, "has discovery built into it. The child learns something he didn't realize before. With children you can't separate learning from play."

Wooden blocks were the first item marketed under the Creative Playthings label, but the company now produces school furniture, sculptural playground designs, and learning aids for the classroom. Before the firm makes a new item it considers the effect on a child's learning process.

For Mr. Barenholtz toys are a vocation, but for him and his wife, the former Edith Friedman of St. Louis, toys are also an avocation. Together they are constructing a "mini-museum" on the grounds of their Princeton home to house their huge collection of antique toys and early American folk art.

A graduate of Washington University in St. Louis, where he earned a master's degree in psychology, Mr. Barenholtz is a trustee of Goddard College in Vermont, the Vanguard School in Pennsylvania, and the Family Service Association of America. He has been associated with the New York Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, and during World War II served in the Italian Theater as a field director of the Red Cross.

Mr. Barenholtz is now taking a look at babyhood. He feels that a baby lying on its back without anything to look at, touch, or listen to, is wasting its time.



ALTHOUGH many persons in this country restore or rebuild antique cars on occasion, there are only a few who do it as a profession. WALTER HEATER of Detroit is a professional. He restores antique and classic cars on commission from museums and private collectors. The 1930 Lincoln dual cowl phaeton that you might see in the Western Reserve Car Museum in Cleveland or in the Rockefeller Museum of Automobiles in Arkansas could well be the work of Mr. Heater and his staff.

For Mr. Heater the business began with reminiscence. He had fond memories of a 1924 Model T roadster that he owned at the time of his marriage in 1926. Thirty years later he decided to bring such a roadster back to life. Unable to find one, he settled on a '24 touring car.

It was the sight of that car rolling the streets of Detroit that sent people to Mr. Heater with restoration work. Soon this became a regular part of his business, which was the machining and distribution of parts for car fleets, and now it accounts for 75 per cent of it.

A walk around his shop reveals a leisurely pace in striking contrast to the noise of today's garage. One workman quietly stretches a fabric top on a long, cavernous 1917 Locomobile touring car while another pleats the upholstery of a 1901 French De Dion Bouton. A 1904 Model B Ford stands to one side, fully restored, with an engine that was built entirely within the shop.

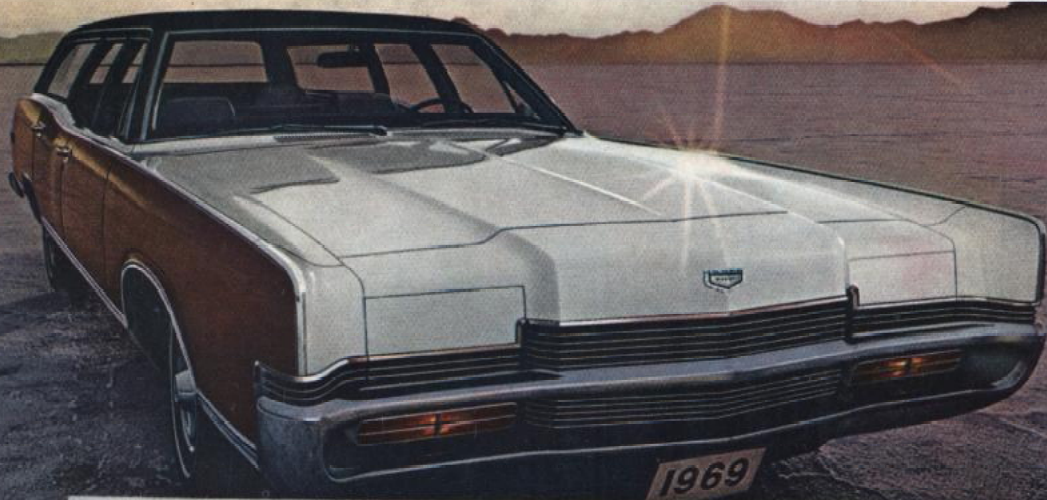
Mr. Heater uses original parts when they are available or buys replicas built by supply firms. Fabric companies make up materials to match the top and upholstery fabrics made in the old days. Paint companies supply formulas so that body colors can be matched. The wooden bows for tops of roadsters, touring cars, and phaetons are made by an Amish buggy works in Pennsylvania.

Although Mr. Heater may retire soon, the business will go on. His son, also Walter, is now in the company. Nostalgia never dies, nor does a love of old cars.



Continental Magazine

P.O. Box 658
Detroit, Michigan 48231



If Lincoln Continental made a wagon this would be it.

The fact that the new Marquis Colony Park wagon bears a family resemblance to the Continental is no accident. They both come from the same car maker. It's the only wagon in its class where you

don't have to open the rear window to open the rear door—a further improvement on our famous dual-action tailgate. (The center-facing rear seats, shown, are optional.) It has concealed headlamps,

new simulated yacht-deck paneling, and 96.2 cu. ft. of storage space (plus 9.1 cu. ft. below-deck in two-seat models). Wagon enthusiasts swear there is nothing like a Colony Park. You will, too.

Lincoln-Mercury leads the way with the new COLONY PARK.