

The
Continental

Magazine

Fall/1969



*The Florida Keys—
Greatest Skin Diving in America*



Introducing the 1970 Cars
from Lincoln-Mercury



1970. Announcing the first altogether new Lincoln Continental in nearly a decade.

Now America's most distinguished motorcar introduces a new measure of room and luxury.

The new Lincoln Continental is unusual among luxury cars; the rear seat is as roomy as the front seat. The ride is smoother than ever because the wheelbase is longer and the stance is wider.

Power front disc brakes are standard. And you may wish to consider a computer-controlled, anti-skid braking system. Sure-Track is the most advanced automotive brake system in the world.

Flow-Thru, a totally new ventilation system, provides continuous fresh air, even when the windows are closed.

The engine, 460 cubic inches in a great deep-breathing design, is unrivaled for its responsive power.

Yet, for all its generous new proportions and performance advances, Lincoln retains the unique qualities that have always distinguished Lincoln Continental from all other luxury cars.

For 1970, the new Lincoln Continental is, as always, every inch a Continental.



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*Memo to
Our
Readers*

If an editor suspects a composite when he gets a split-level shot like the one on our cover, who can blame him? We examined the picture under a glass for the tell-tale underwater-overwater splice, but there was none, and later we learned that not only was the shot achieved with a single snap of the shutter, but that the person who snapped it also designed and built the camera.

He is COLES PHINIZY, whose lifelong love of the outdoors and the sea has had a parallel in his fascination with cameras and lenses (he holds patents on some of his discoveries). Asked to explain the technology of our cover picture, he gave us all sorts of mysterious words like diopeters, penta-prisms, neutral density filters and refraction and diffusion (or is it refusion and diffraction?). Native of Georgia and graduate of Harvard, Phinizy was a charter member of *Sports Illustrated*, of which he is now a senior editor.

He added this note on scuba, the subject of his story in this issue: "I find the depths a decent place, provided one maintains an attitude of caution and skepticism. It will always produce the unexpected. Once while snorkeling in three feet of placid water I was bitten on the leg by a cocker spaniel."

Living as busily as everyone else and not being addicted to great hikes (neither has tried to walk from Maine to Georgia on the Appalachian Trail), AARON SUSSMAN and RUTH GOODE estimate that in the past ten years each has walked about 15,000 miles—all for pleasure and all fitted into their ordinary working and vacationing lives. (By way of filling out the statistics, Mr. Sussman says he started walking at the age of two and has covered at least 50,000 miles since then, including sleep-walking.)

Mr. Sussman is partner in an advertising agency and the author of a classic book on amateur photography. He has contributed to many publications, including the *Saturday Review*. Mrs. Goode, a staff writer on the medical magazine *MD*, has been author and co-author of many books in the fields of medicine and psychiatry.

JEROME B. ROBINSON and HANSON CARROLL are a writer-photographer team with a special interest in recreation and sport. Hunters and fishermen, they range from the tropics to the Arctic, combining vocation with avocation and stopping off at their respective homes in Vermont between trips to turn notes into stories and film into pictures.

Trained as a chemist, HAROLD W. BERG was headed for a job in the oil industry in 1934 when he was offered a job in a winery and decided on the latter, partly because wine is a lot easier to clean off glasses than oil. In 1949 he joined the University of California at Davis in order to expand his knowledge of wine and he is now in its department of viticulture and enology. He also consults with the wine industry and has toured all the world's wine-making countries. At present his researches are devoted to improving wine-making practices and finding out what makes red wine red.



THE MARVELS of Scuba IN THE KEYS

*Below the surface
of Florida's island chain,
the diver finds an
incomparable world
of silence, shadow
and adventure*

*story and photographs
by Coles Phinizy*

JUAN Ponce de Leon, the first European traveler to look upon the Florida Keys, called them "The Martyrs" because, from his vantage point, aboard a clumsy ship standing cautiously outside the offshore reefs, the distant islands looked like suffering men. The impression that any strange land makes on a traveler depends, of course, on the traveler's point of view and the reception he receives. Ponce de Leon had been seeking a fountain of youth and had found nothing but trouble.

Today, he wouldn't have so hard a time. Thanks to our recent advances in technology, the Florida Keys that were once a chain of terror for all navigators have in a certain sense taken on some rejuvenating powers.

All sorts of land-bound owls and pussycats are safely roaming their waters in boats, and all sorts of duffers



Nothing in man's natural world is as strange and beautiful as scenes near the floor of tropical seas. The fish here are wrasses, drifting easily among gorgonias and sea fans

are frolicking underwater around the ragged edges of the very same reefs that the gallant Spanish Almirantes of yesteryear dared not approach. Because that special breed of sportsman, the scuba diver, has proliferated so in the past ten years, the reefs once dreaded are now considered an asset, a wonderland to be enjoyed.

An acquaintance of mine named Ernest Robinson is a one-man case history of how the beautiful waters of the Keys are able to penetrate the working and thinking parts of a land-oriented stranger. After having worked prosperously for 40 years in Kansas and the Dakotas, Robinson wandered down through the Keys a few years ago. It was his first contact with any part of the sea. For the first three days of his visit he sat around a motel pool, fretting, sweating, mopping his brow and insisting that the air in the Keys on a bright sunny day was damper than the rain back home.

Despite his dislike of moisture, in the next two weeks the Keys water got to him. He went fishing three times on a charter boat, catching barracuda and billfish. He learned to waterski and to sail a centerboard sloop and to scuba dive. As a result of his affair with the Keys he returned home with a bad sunburn and coral scratches on his shins. He also took back an underwater camera and a part interest in a motel. "I really never thought I would enjoy being marinated," he told me enthusiastically. "I came for a rest, but I'm not rested. I am marinated—100 per cent, totally and absolutely in love with that beautiful water and all those fish."

My own case is similar. Eighteen years ago, when the sport of scuba diving was novel, I helped dig in the wormy ruins of an old Spanish ship that lay a few miles inside the reef line of the Keys. In the first hour that I spent below with

a tank on my back, I was a poor wreck-digger. There were simply too many diversions. Before I had used up my first hour-long tank of air, I had met three different species of clown-colored angel fish and two kinds of grouper. Wherever I swam there were grunts and snappers and wrasses dancing to soundless music in the frittered shafts of sunlight. A moray eel stuck his head out of his home in the coral and opened its mouth wide enough to show me his fine array of teeth. A spunky, spangled damsel dashed out of its coral home to nip my leg, scaring the wits out of me until I turned around to find that my assailant was a mere three inches long.

Today when I re-examine all the pleasures I have extracted under water, I think the greatest far and away has been the privilege of moving freely and lingering in an environment that was not meant for me. There simply is no wilderness above water that allows a man to live on such intimate terms with alien species. Many divers now feel as I do. The guides in the Keys tell me that although some of their clients still want to spear fish, a far greater number are taking a camera below.

On a typical sun-filled day, when the greenery of the Keys stands out sharply against the variegated colors of the sea, anyone traveling over them finds it hard to believe that such quiet islands have ever known an ugly moment or a day of grief. But the Keys have had their troubles. Indeed, there are not many similar swatches of land that have been so badly scourged by ill winds or suffered such freakish ups and downs.

LIKE most island chains sitting in a crossroads of the sea, the Keys have attracted a variety of entrepreneurs. Before the turn of the century, they sup-

ported a million-dollar sponge industry as well as a thriving colony of fishermen. Disease wiped out most of the good sponge beds and the Keys fishermen lost a large part of their market to fishing colonies better situated on the mainland.

Eighty years ago the city of Key West had a prosperous population of 18,000, the largest community in Florida. Back then the fortunes of the city were tied up largely in a multimillion-dollar cigar industry, which suddenly collapsed. Some of the factories were wiped out in a city-wide fire; the remainder were forced out of business by labor strife.

However, World War I and the rip-roaring '20s brought the Keys a new wave of prosperity. By the end of the war the Key West Naval Station was a major installation. In addition, Key West and the lesser communities eastward along the island chain enjoyed a mellow and somewhat illicit association with neighboring Cuba. When peace returned, affluent Yankees, oppressed by winter up north, would ride a Pullman all the way to Key West, then take a short boat trip across the water to Cuba, the land of throbbing nightlife and legal liquor. In the same decade the 18th

Amendment proved to be a windfall for Keys seamen, and rum-running became a respectable, clandestine livelihood.

When the national bubble of prosperity burst during the Depression, no region took a harder drubbing than the Keys. The government closed down the naval station. And if such cutbacks were not grief enough, the 18th Amendment was repealed. By 1935 the population of the Keys had dropped from 25,000 to about 14,000. Of those people who hung on, more than half were on relief. The city of Key West was bankrupt and became a ward of the state and federal governments.

Someone in the state government—the particular prophet is now lost in the pages of history—concluded that the greatest hope for the Keys lay in tourism, an industry that could be promoted with funds furnished by the New Deal. Starving artists were attracted to the Keys and were subsidized to promote the virtues of the islands with palette and pen. Manual laborers were brought in to build a highway alongside the railroad.

But in the fall of 1935, Mother Nature fetched the Keys a devastating wallop. A run-of-the-mill hurricane mov-

ing toward the middle Keys suddenly became a monster. The barometer hit a low that stands as a record still. Winds that were expected to peak at 100 miles an hour gusted as high as 180. A thousand or more people died, most of them laborers who were building the new highway. It seemed like a death-blow.

However, although several sections of the railroad were carried away by the storm, never to be rebuilt, the highway was completed, and from then on the Keys started a slow rise from the grave. About 60,000 people now live there, and about a half million visit annually and wish they could stay. The Keys are a tourist success primarily because they are the only part of the U.S. proper that can cater the year around to active water lovers of modest competence, particularly the growing throng of power boatmen and divers.

The Keys are surrounded by extensive shoals fronting on an oceanic deep. It is in such areas—where there is an easy exchange of clean water between the seabed organisms and the littoral—that the most lush undersea growths, the widest variety of fish and the most interesting wrecks are usually found.

Below: Ingrid Nilsen (also shown at the sea bottom on page 3) has flown out to the Dry Tortugas in a Grumman Goose. Native of Norway, where she was the first licensed lady diver, she now lives in Key West. Right: Two divers are establishing rapport with a school of fish as they float above coral and sea fans



This couple, with their diving gear assembled, are waiting near the shrimp fleet wharves of Key West for the boat that will take them out for underwater exploration

Recognizing the increasing worth of the underwater wonderlands that lie off the Keys, the U.S. government and the state of Florida have taken sensible steps to help conserve the asset. At the easterly end of the Keys, the state has set aside a stretch of offshore reef 21 and a half miles long and three and a half miles wide called Pennekamp Coral Reef Park. Within the limits of the submarine park, spearfishing, coral collecting and all other forms of trophy hunting are forbidden. The Dry Tortugas, at the extreme westerly tip of the Keys, are similarly protected.

ALTHOUGH there is good diving guide service in every major community in the Keys, my choice of a jumping off spot is Key West. Most of the towns strung out along the island chain are given over to tourism, but Key West has managed to retain a good deal of its essential character. Along the wharves where once there were sponge luggers and fishing boats, there is now a handsome shrimping fleet. The town is a happy mixture of the red-hot present and the equally anxious past.

A good bit of the town's old architecture remains. In one block you can find edifices of stucco—the Latin influence of the Cubans who filled the town in the cigar-making days. In another block there may be a mélange of Greek Revival and New Orleans French, and in still another, the plain, treailed wood houses built by seafarers of New England blood. By this day the Latins and the cockney-accented Bahamian migrants of the last century have pretty much been absorbed and Americanized, but still, in the spirit of the city, in its music, and in the food in the best restaurants, visitors can detect some of their exotic flavor.

When I am in the Keys there is really only one thing that saddens me: the large number of visitors who never go below water, thus missing the best show that the area has to offer. Too many people still feel that scuba diving requires a great deal of technical know-how and physical prowess—and this is not so. Indeed, of all the sports born in this century, scuba diving is perhaps the easiest to learn. Beyond modest competence in the water, all that is required is instruction in basic physical principles and in the use of simple equipment. The best favor anyone anticipating a trip to the Keys can do for himself is to take a scuba course from any of about 1,200 certified scuba instructors spread across the U.S. If he does not have time for that, he can take a short course from the certified instructors who operate diving shops in the Keys.

Fifteen years ago diving in the Keys was a hit-or-miss proposition for novices. In that day some of the guides ran their businesses in a slipshod manner—they

loved diving and were deluded into thinking that love alone was a sufficient credential for anyone who wanted to serve as a guide in the new world below. By contrast, the guides operating today are professionals who subordinate their own love of the sea to the proposition that the novices they take below must have a safe and satisfying experience.

One of the guides, Carl Gage, who instructs novices and operates a diving service in Key Largo, has had more than fifteen years' experience teaching professional divers and working with submarine engineering companies. Similarly, Ray Høglund and Art Hartman, who operate diving services in the town of Marathon, farther down the Keys, are both accomplished engineers with a dozen years of experience teaching diving in the Midwest. Still farther down the line, at the Key West Diving Center, a sport-diving novice can get instructions from William Wright, a Navy U.D.T. veteran who also teaches advanced diving techniques to the military.

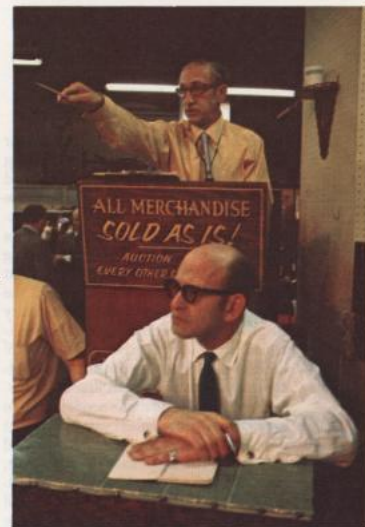
In addition to learning scuba techniques, there is one bit of discipline that I feel every novice should enforce upon himself: he should not try to conquer the whole underwater world on his first dive. After mastering the fundamentals of scuba in a swimming pool, too many beginners make their first descent to a reef encumbered by an excess of ambition and equipment. They descend for the first time burdened with cameras, spears, depth gauges, compasses, knives and other gadgetry.

On his first few ventures a diver should take only the equipment necessary for existence—a mask, flippers, weight belt, tank, regulator, snorkel and safety vest. The first half dozen hours should be spent simply getting accustomed to the unnatural environment and the essential equipment. The person who goes underwater in too much of a hurry, burdened with excess baggage, is usually the one who gets into trouble. The novice who travels light has the most enjoyable and safest experience.

Ray Høglund tells me that of all the 2,200 divers who went on his boat last year, the most interesting was a brain surgeon from the Midwest. While other divers flipped about underwater, pursuing one kind of wonder or another, the surgeon would simply find a comfortable spot on the bottom near an interesting reef and sit there, barely stirring. He would use four hours of air a day simply sitting and letting the action come to him. "I'm not trying to conquer that world," he told Høglund, "but simply enjoy it."

This is the kind of intelligent accommodation with the Keys that will give the visitor the deepest enjoyment and most rewarding memories.

Scout Manhattan's Auction Houses for Treasure



They house a dense concentration of wonders. Just bring knowledge, cunning, a sharp eye and luck

by Howard L. Katzander

At smaller houses, such as Fischer's (both pictures above) and Tepper's (right) dress may be casual but the drama is as intense as at the greatest auctions

photographs by Vernon Smith

HIGH among the joys and pleasures of shopping New York's auction houses is the anticipation of discovering a priceless piece of porcelain or a painting by an obscure Dutch master or a Louis XVI upholstered armchair with the name of a master cabinetmaker stamped on the inner seat rail. The knowing collector enters a pre-sale exhibition at an auction house convinced that he and he alone will spot and identify some priceless treasure which he and he alone will presently bid on and acquire for a mere song.

Cynics will tell you scornfully that you never find anything really good at a cheap auction, but they are wrong. You do. It is those occasional discoveries that keep the discerning collector going back week after week to the auction houses in Greenwich Village, the West Side, and elsewhere off the beaten track. Sometimes he will spend no more than five minutes, other times, a couple of

hours to check the pieces that interest him, turning them over to look for identifying marks, searching his memory for the identity of a particular style or detail of workmanship that he has seen illustrated somewhere in the past.

Not all the stories about lost masterpieces being found in barn lofts pan out, but auction history records many such happy incidents as occurred not long ago to Julius H. Weitzner, an American art dealer. In a place comparable to an off-beat New York house, Mr. Weitzner saw a painting which was catalogued as "of the Siense school." He bought it for \$6,410. When he had a chance to examine it and consult other experts, it was found to be the work of Duccio, the great fourteenth-century Siense painter. The British government bought it for the National Gallery for \$360,000.

This is admittedly a rare event, but what does happen often enough to make auctions a gold mine is the appearance



Most inhabitants of the seas—striped wrasses and parrotfish included—accept human visitors in a friendly way, with a small amount of curiosity and caution

of a few pieces of good porcelain, or fine Georgian silver, or a piece of T'ang or Ming porcelain, or even an unsigned picture that is clearly identifiable to an educated eye by its style and brushwork. Any of these items might go for a fraction of its worth on today's booming art market. Among the other items that turn up with surprising regularity at the lesser auction houses are 19th century English and French furniture, well-styled copies of Georgian and Louis XV or XVI pieces, and early American furniture and artifacts of all kinds.

This writer once made a single bid on a narrow, rectangular wooden object described by the auctioneer as an old piano, and found himself the possessor, for \$125, of a John Broadwood pianoforte, made in London in 1794, with all its works intact. Not having been to the exhibition—a serious mistake—I had not examined it and it might well have been gutted and lined with zinc for planting. But as an old piano in restorable condition, it was certainly worth several hundred dollars more than I paid. It was restored by an English expert for \$500 and would bring on today's market perhaps \$2,500.

UNHAPPILY, the great auction houses like Parke-Bernet in New York deny us the pleasure of the real find. So thorough is their research, so certain their expertise, that they can tell us the arms on a George II silver quiche (a shallow, circular silver bowl) are those of Campbell quartering Thompson, and that Dulcimer Thompson, daughter of the Rt. Hon. McNeil Thompson, married Colin Campbell on February 17, 1760, the occasion for presentation of the piece. Their staffs are made up of potential museum curators steeped in the lore of their own limited fields, and where they are uncertain, they call on the museums themselves or the most expert dealers for an opinion.

Thus the opportunity of finding something of great value that has been overlooked by a major auction house is slight. But it does happen. Take the case of the Lady with Flowers, an engaging piece of stucco statuary, that was bought at a Parke-Bernet auction by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for \$225. It was catalogued as a "polychromed stucco bust . . . after Verrocchio."



A few days later, the piece was on the front page of *The New York Times*. Edward Fowles, former owner of the Duveen Galleries, described it as a work either by Verrocchio himself or by Leonardo da Vinci, worth \$500,000. Mr. Fowles reported he had purchased the piece in 1920, as European agent for Duveen's, for either \$40,000 or \$50,000 and the gallery had sold it for about \$200,000 to the first wife of Dr. A. Hamilton Rice. The second Mrs. Rice, now widowed, sold the piece, apparently ignorant herself of its history.

Now the Metropolitan Museum has come forward with the results of three years of study and research to announce the final verdict on the piece. It is, says a Metropolitan expert, a plaster cast made from the marble original in the Bargello Museum in Florence, and finished with a thin layer of stucco. The piece is believed to have been cast in the studio of Verrocchio, probably about 1475. It is the expert's opinion that the Bargello marble is by Leonardo, rather than Verrocchio, and implies that the sensitively moulded stucco surface of the Metropolitan's cast may be from the hand of Leonardo himself.

Nonetheless, such finds are still more likely to turn up in the smaller auction houses which do not have ready access to expert opinion. These houses take on consignment or buy for resale whole estates, running through them at a sale at a rate of 100 lots an hour. The items

The road to a great find begins at the exhibition, or preview, not at the auction itself. The preview provides an opportunity to look around, note the . . .

in the sale are listed but the most that is usually done to catalogue them is to touch a piece of silver with acid to determine whether it deserves to be listed as "S.S. (for sterling silver) engraved tray" or "S.P. (for silver plated) engraved tray." The fact that it might be George III, with the hallmarks of Paul de Lamerie, doesn't concern the auctioneer.

This is not to be taken to mean that just anyone can sally into the Tepper Galleries, on 61st Street off Central Park West and come out with a Louis XV desk from the hand of B.V.R.B. (Bernard van Riesenburgh, a great 18th century craftsman who always signed his work with his initials). The auction shopper must always allow a margin for error (usually his own) and be willing to take a chance on his own taste and judgment.

There are rules to be followed and clues to be sought. For instance, a recent edition of *The New York Times* bore an advertisement of the Cathedral Galleries, Broadway at 12th Street, in Greenwich Village, announcing a noon Saturday sale. In a list that includes the inevitable "curio cabinet," a bronze-mounted French desk, a collection of insects and various other exotic items, one item stands out—a collection of old glass. It could be carnival glass of the late Victorian period, but then again it could be 17th or 18th century English glass, a single example of which may



. . . signature on paintings (at left is the pre-auction display at Fischer's), put your scholarship to work and find the tell-tale signs of quality that others may miss. Once the auction is underway, there is pressure and haste, which could lead to mistakes about Chinese figures (above) or French clocks and slant-top desks (below)

now sell for more than \$1,000, or old German glass which can be even more valuable.

Whether to go there or to the Coleman Auction Galleries at 525 East 72nd Street, which also has a noon Saturday sale, can be decided by attending their exhibitions in advance. The Coleman gallery advertisement includes the tempting statement that it is selling an estate offering American, French and English antique furniture, (how antique will be for you to decide), as well as paintings by American and European artists. The rapidly increasing interest in American works of art makes an exhibit of this kind a must for the collector.

Also well worthy of the collector's attention are the Plaza Art Galleries, at 406 East 79th Street, which frequently sells primitive art from Central America, Oceania and Africa, as well as fine art and antiques, and the Savoy Art and Auction Galleries, 18 East 50th Street. Savoy holds many sales of graphics, as well as fine art and antiques. In the Village area, there are Fischer's on Lower Park Avenue at 12th Street, Lubin's at 25th Street and Third Avenue; Winegarden's, on 12th Street off University Place; Lawner's at 81 University Place, and Astor Galleries, 754 Broadway.

Any of these can produce surprises—sturdy, well-designed 19th century re-

productions of English and French furniture, occasional rare porcelains, good lithographs and paintings, and even fine silver. Astor Galleries recently sold a splendid collection of Georgian silver, including a pair of tazzas (ornamental bowls) by Paul de Lamerie that brought \$31,000. A \$31,000 "bargain" may be more than most of us can afford, but to the uptown dealer who bought the lot it



was a real buy at that price.

As for the rules, by all means go to the exhibitions before bidding at a sale. You can pick things up, feel them, examine them for marks, use a magnifying glass, even moisten a tissue with your tongue to try to bring up a signature on a painting that catches your eye. You might even be able to check a porcelain mark at the public library in advance of a sale to confirm your memory and judgment.

Once you are satisfied that you want to try to buy a piece, put a limit on what you are willing to pay for it. Never forget that you may find yourself bidding against a dealer who also has spotted the item and his limit may be higher than yours because he may know more about current values than you do.

So try to inform yourself, perhaps by doing a little comparison shopping in antique shops or galleries. Then, when you are satisfied that you have arrived at a fair price, within your budget, stick to it as your limit. If the bidding sails right past your figure and it seems to be coming from men in the back of the room, you can be pretty sure they are dealers and you have undervalued the object. Pursue the bidding if you will, but remember the risk is yours.

If you want to keep informed about current values of art and antiques there is no better source than one of the publications that report on the results of auction sales, publishing prices paid for pictures and objects of all kinds. The only American publication in this field is *International Art Market*, a 24-page monthly published at 3 West 71st Street in New York. It covers the major U.S. and foreign auctions and also lists important furniture sales here and abroad. It costs \$20 a year.

One final word of caution. Most auction houses will accept no responsibility beyond the description of an item in their catalogues. In the case of the smaller auction houses, this amounts to complete abdicance by the rule of *caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware. If you do make a mistake, you have only a limited choice of alternatives. You can leave the item with the auctioneer, who will be happy to resell it for your account at the next sale. It may bring more than you paid for it—or it may bring less. In any case, the auctioneer will take his fee, which may be as high as 25 per cent of the selling price. Or you can live with it, which might, in the end, be the best solution. Because as long as you live with it, you are not likely again to bid blindly. And the bidder with his eyes open seldom gets fooled.

SOMEWHERE in the files of every real estate broker who does business on the coast of Maine is a letter—in fact, it's on his desk right now because the mailman just delivered it—that reads something like this:

Dear Sir:

We saw your advertisement in a New England magazine and would like to look into the possibility of a summer home on the Maine coast. We are not in a position to invest a great deal at present and would be satisfied with around five acres. The house should be a remodeled colonial with five or six bedrooms, large fireplaces and modern conveniences. Since we like privacy we don't want to be too hemmed in by other places, but we don't want to be so isolated that we can't ask people in for cocktails on occasion. We are sailors and will need a protected anchorage. Please send particulars.

Sincerely yours,

The real estate man sighs—his sighs grow deeper with the years—and he

sends off a reply saying that he doesn't have a listing at the moment for the place they want, but once in a while something like it does show up, although at a rather high price. However, he happens to have some places on a tidal cove (this means no water at low tide) which might suit them very well while they look around for something more to their liking. He invites them to come to Maine and perhaps do their own searching. He will lend them every assistance.

The story of what is happening in Maine is like the story of every desirable stretch of real estate in the country: it is getting harder to find and its price is rising insanely. Early in the summer of 1968, a widower living on Penobscot Bay decided he couldn't cope with winter and upkeep any longer. He mentioned this to a real estate man, who arrived the next morning to look the property over—fifteen acres, ocean, colonial home, a meadow, the whole dream.

"What did you pay for it, George?"

"As I remember, \$6,000. That was in the 30's. What can I get for it now?"

"Oh, I'd ask thirty-five and let her go for thirty-two."

By this time, George had had a change of heart. Leave that beautiful place? He couldn't bear to.

"I'm not so sure anymore," he said. "How about keeping them away with fifty thousand?"

Two days later, to George's regret and the real estate man's astonishment, the property was sold to a New York attorney for \$50,000. And that's not the end of the story. In the spring of this year, one of the attorney's weekend house guests offered him \$60,000.

This may sound like an extreme case, but it isn't. A wealthy Bostonian bought a choice point on a Maine island for \$10,000 in 1947; its value is now \$200,000. A couple from Oak Park, Illinois, bought a parcel of land on Isle Au Haut for \$4,650 three summers back and sold it for \$6,900 a year and a half later. Land that cost \$4.50 an ocean front foot in 1963 sold for \$25 a foot in 1965 and was worth around \$60 in 1968.

(continued on page 23)

LINCOLN-MERCURY LEADS THE WAY INTO THE '70'S

For a Summer Home on the Maine Coast—Hurry

*Dreams of a cottage by the sea can still come true.
And if the price seems atrocious today,
it'll be a steal tomorrow*

by Robert M. Hodesh



(A HIGHLIGHT VIEW OF THE NEW MODELS FOR 1970)



From majestic grille to emerald-cut taillamps, here is dramatic elegance you would expect only from the makers of the fabulous Mark III. The 1970 Marquis offers as standard many features available only at extra cost on most cars. Concealed headlamps. A big 429 cubic inch V-8 engine. Select-Shift transmission (you change gears manually or automatically, at your choice). In the Marquis Brougham (shown) even Twin Comfort Lounge Seats are standard. So is one of the quietest rides you've ever known, limousine smooth, library quiet. The magnificent Marquis—yours in a choice of seven models, from convertible to four-door hardtop!

Now you can be both value-conscious and luxury-minded at the same time! Monterey and Monterey Custom (shown) offer big news for the '70s: all-new grille, new headlamp theme, new taillamp design, an exciting new look coming or going, and inside with elegant new interiors. Luxurious in power, too, with the big 390 cubic inch V-8 as standard. Full 124 inch wheelbase for a luxurious ride carefully insulated to hush road noise and wind. A beautiful entry into the '70s!



From the top of the line to the bottom, comfort is standard equipment on Montego. The Montego MX Brougham has concealed headlamps, luxurious interior, deep-loop nylon carpeting and rich teakwood vinyl on the instrument panel. You can order a 302 cu. in. V-8 engine or go all the way up to a 429-4V. Four Brougham models (4-door hardtop shown) including a Villager station wagon with yacht deck paneling and Dual-Action tailgate (below). For elegance at a still lower price, five more models in Montego and Montego MX series. Nine models in all—priced and powered for every pocket. Pass the word!





Cyclone GT, the street machine that looks all muscle—one of three all-new Cyclones for '70. With a unique Cyclone grille, flanked by amber running lights. Concealed headlamps. Sporty hood scoop. Hi-back buckets and dual racing mirrors. A 351 cubic inch V-8 standard, with options up to a Super CJ 429 four-barrel V-8. Want all-out performance? Two other Cyclones available: an unusually low priced Cyclone model with the big 429-4V V-8 as standard. And a competition-ready Cyclone Spoiler (shown below) with aerodynamic spoilers front and rear, CJ 429 Ram Air V-8 and four-speed Hurst Shifter®. If action's your thing, pass the word. It's Cyclone!



The mood is upbeat. The spirit is untamed. The car is Cougar. For '70 the look is new. Longer line. Sleeker silhouette. A sportier flair everywhere. With standard features that make it, pound for pound, dollar for dollar, the best-equipped luxury sports car in America. Hidden headlamps . . . sequential rear turn signals . . . big 351 V-8 . . . Hi-back bucket seats . . . fully carpeted cockpit. The hand-tooled look of European GT's (as in the elegant XR-7 shown at right); the hardcore high-performance look (as in the "Eliminator" below). Cougar—top cat for the '70s!





It's a sporty road car with the room of a luxury car, a car of high distinction at a surprising low price. The Marauder X-100 (shown above) fully qualifies as an all-out road machine with its 429-4V V-8 delivering 360 horsepower and standard Select-Shift transmission. Fender skirts. Luxury wheel covers. Tunnel rear window. And just as exciting inside!



Maine Real Estate
(continued from page 10)

There is no need to belabor these case histories any further. They are facts and they could be duplicated time and again along the 3,000 miles of Maine coast from New Hampshire to Canada. Facts—but what is also a fact is that the situation is by no means hopeless. People who fall in love with the coast of Maine are possessed of an emotion that doesn't take defeat easily. There are ways. They may have to discard their illusions, but with persistence and patience they may win.

In the first place, when the real estate man says to come up and take something less than perfect—even renting for the summer—he is offering sound advice. Discussing this recently, one of them said, "It is important to be on the site. Choose the part of the coast that appeals to you and use all your spare time looking around and making friends. Much of the success of finding property around here is based on personal contact. Go to church suppers. Support the American Legion show. Make it known that you want to be a summer resident and would like to buy such and such a piece of property.

"If you find some desirable land without a house on it, buy the land anyway. As an investment it is probably a blue chip and perhaps after a while you can build a reasonable facsimile of the colonial house. Or—and this has happened many times—you may find the old house somewhere else and have it moved."

One couple—he was an advertising man in Philadelphia—achieved their ends by sheer force of personality. They became acquainted with some members of a New York banking family which for four decades owned large tracts of one of Maine's choicest islands. They were a marvelous couple, full of wit, charm and fun. At the end of a summer, the landowners offered them a few acres on a cove with a glorious view of the Atlantic. This sort of happy event won't come everybody's way, but it's something to think about.

Once the first battle is won—the land has been found and a decision reached on whether to build a new house or remodel an old one—you will discover there is a great shortage of plumbers, carpenters and electricians on the Maine coast and it will take all the patience in the world to see the job through. You may even repeat the experience of a Boston couple who found some wonderful acreage on the coast, had an architect design a house and departed in the fall with instructions to the builder, who was to have the house ready by next spring. And it was—but instead of facing the ocean, it faced the road. The owner was dumbstruck and the builder couldn't understand why.

"What would they want to look at the ocean for?" the builder asked. As an islander he was only interested in who went by on the road.

That's another advantage in scouting the coast and getting to know the people before making a move—to find out how to talk to them. They go in for the kind of circumlocutions that are at the heart of Yankee folklore. Here is an example of dialog that an out-of-stater might well be involved in once he has learned the rules of the game.

"I see you've got a sign up on your land down at the point. Is it still for sale?"

"Well, I was figurin' last fall I might sell."

"You still going to?"

"Well, I don't know now. Thought maybe I'd pull the sign down last week, but I didn't get around to it. Why? You thinkin' of buyin' a place?"

"I might if the price was right. What do you reckon that land is worth to you?"

"Hada'n't made up my mind. What would you give for it?"

"Well, I had in mind about \$4,000."

"You don't want my place. Be hard to dig a well and you'd have to clear a piece to build anything."

"How about \$5,000?"

"I couldn't let her go for less than \$6,500."

The deal is closed at \$5,750, which is what the Maine native had in mind

illustrations by Richard Kranz



in the first place, but part of his fun in life is to bullyrag the crazy people who come from big cities, pay crazy prices to live next to the ocean and do such crazy things as swim in the icy sea.

Are they crazy? They know they're not. Living on one of the truly beautiful and dramatic stretches of ocean, they consider themselves among the most fortunate on earth. While the radio tells them of insufferable heat waves in the cities, they sit before their fireplaces and enjoy the coziness. They sleep under blankets because the nighttime temperatures are in the forties. By day they sail along that craggy coast and among those rocky islands. They have bought the silence, the dignity and the beauty of Maine. Their persistence and patience have paid off.

Great Sport:



Goose Hunting on Arctic Tidewater



The solitudes of James Bay are far away, but the gunner's reward is a unique experience and a superb bird

by Jerome Robinson

photographs by Hanson Carroll and Erwin Bauer

THE small plane pointed toward the Canadian north, flying over a world as fascinating for its own stark beauty as for the geese we sought—flat muskeg in every direction, broad rivers meandering toward the Arctic, an occasional Indian tent that only emphasized the emptiness, a lone canoe, a wisp of smoke. It is hard to imagine a land more desolate and solitary.

This is the tidewater region of James Bay, an appendage of Hudson Bay. Here, during the fall months,

An Indian guide (far left), familiar all his life with the sounds and habits of geese, imitates the cry of the bird, which soars across the hunters' blinds. The sport is not as easy as it looks

more than a million blue geese and snow geese gather to rest and feed halfway between their nesting grounds near the Arctic Circle and their winter quarters on the Gulf of Mexico. Hunters take some 50,000 of them: Indians who have shot geese since guns first came to the north, and sportsmen from all over the world who began to come 35 years ago when the region was opened up by the bush plane and a railroad.

Five commercial sporting camps have been built in the heart of the goose country, so that sportsmen can live in the comfort of heated cabins and spend days hunting with Indians extraordinarily skilled in getting geese. Typical of these is the Hannah Bay Goose Camp, operated by the Ontario Northland Railway near the mouth of the Harricanaw River. It is a rough, strong, working camp on high ground above the level of the spring floods. It was built by men who knew that in the northland nature forgives few mistakes.

From the air, the Hannah Bay Camp has a jaunty appearance. A Canadian flag whips at the top of a tall flagpole. Below it a double row of sturdy cabins, a long cookhouse and dining building, storage sheds, outhouses and a sauna cabin stand in a clearing hewn from the bush. Across a tiny brook is the Indian camp, two dozen white canvas tents where the guides live with their families. Pulled up along the shore of the wide river are the long 22-foot Rupert House and Chestnut freight canoes, standard transports of the northland.

To such rugged outposts as this come sportsmen of widely varied background: business executives, foreign dignitaries, writers, film actors—anyone with the means to indulge in a sport that is far from commonplace. They come mainly for the shooting, but they are lured also by the chance to turn back time and find relaxation in a land where the solitude is broken only by the drone of a bush plane delivering fuel and food, and the spine-chilling sound of the geese that sweep in on the incessant north wind.

Whether the sportsman arrives by train or by plane (there are no other ways), he will travel to a sporting camp by air from Moosonee, which

Cabins of the James Bay hunting camps are not the last word in elegance, but they serve for hunters whose interest is fine sport in a new setting



is on the edge of James Bay at the end of the rail line. The mud flats at low tide stretch several miles from the water's edge to the beginning of the muskeg. Hundreds of thousands of geese, startled by the noise of the aircraft, whirl over the flats like scattered leaves in autumn. Flight upon flight of them swarm up from the gray waste and far ahead thousands more rise in flocks so huge they appear to be low dark clouds on the horizon. The lesser snow goose, white with black-tipped wings, and the dusker blue goose, which is a color phase of the same species, have made southern James Bay the main concentration point along their southbound migratory route. There they feed on the short grass and sedges that grow in a wide belt along the tidelands.

From James Bay this incredible mass of birds commonly flies non-stop to the wintering grounds on the western Gulf Coast. While gathered in James Bay the birds are subject to considerable hunting pressure from Indians and a limited amount from nonresident sportsmen. Having little fear of man, the young birds are particularly vulnerable. To protect them from being overshot the Canadian government has established three Federal and two Provincial sanctuaries. Sportsmen who travel into the area are not allowed to kill more than fifteen geese during the season, which lasts from mid-September to early December; ten geese and ten ducks

are permitted for shipment home. At the commercial camps Indian women pluck them and pack them in dry ice, or, if the hunter prefers, he may have them smoked.

A typical shooting day begins at eight o'clock after a hearty camp breakfast. Hunters depart two to a canoe, with a guide and boat boy whose job it is to keep the canoe out of sight and prevent its being stranded on the flats when the tide recedes. Each hunter is provided with a box lunch; liquor is not permitted in the blinds.

Once on the shooting grounds, the guide cuts a bundle of willow sprouts, driving the pointed ends into the hard glacial sand to construct a large four-sided bushy blind for his two hunters. Off to the side near where he will place his decoys, he builds a small blind where he will crouch alone, calling the geese vocally through cupped hands.

The decoy set will be fifty yards downwind from the shooting blind, so that birds turning into the wind to land will fly directly over the guns. In the traditional manner the guide will axe up a dozen clods of dark turf, shaping them like the plump bodies of blue geese. At the head end he drives a short willow twig into the sand and wraps it with white paper. From a little distance the primitive decoys look surprisingly like the dark-bodied, white-necked blue geese.



The guide then constructs half a dozen white snow goose decoys. Some guides make these by merely placing white plastic bottles on short sticks driven into the sand. Others elaborately fold white paper around clods of earth. Our guide was particularly proud of his snow goose decoys. He made them by wrapping pieces of white cloth around the doubled-over end of a bushy willow sprout which was stuck firmly in the ground. The wind caused them to move like feeding birds.

Regardless of the primitive methods used, a remarkably convincing field of mixed blue geese and snow geese is the result. The guide slips into his blind and begins his yelping vocal call as a flight of birds approaches downwind. For some hunters the thrill of hearing the Indian converse with the geese and the sight of the big birds being talked into landing with the primitive decoys exceeds that of the shooting itself. Nevertheless, hunting is central to the visit and from here on the hunter is on his own.

This part of the day ends at four o'clock. By five the hunters are back in camp in time to wash up and gather for cocktails before dinner. Hunters entering Canada are limited to carrying fifty rounds of ammunition per person into the country. Ammunition may be purchased in Moosonee and the sporting camps stock the standard load. Other duty-free import limits are 50 cigars, 200 cigarettes and 40 ounces of liquor. Liquor is not sold in the camps. The last government liquor store on the route north is at Cochrane, 186 miles south of Moosonee.



Shotguns are permitted to be brought into Canada without difficulty, but along with cameras, binoculars and other valuables they should be registered with Canadian customs for ease in returning them to the U.S. Revolvers, pistols and fully automatic firearms may not be taken into the country and, as in the U.S., pump or automatic shotguns must be plugged to take no more than three shells. Nonresident hunting licenses may be purchased in the camps for \$21, plus \$2 for a Canadian Migratory Bird Permit valid in all provinces.

The outstanding unpredictable in a James Bay goose hunt is the weather. In September it is not unlikely to have summer temperatures in the afternoon and driving sleet by morning. Hip boots or waders, an insulated parka and a waterproof poncho are absolute necessities.

As for the geese, there's nothing unpredictable about them. Once the north wind begins to blow steadily, they'll be there, thousands on thousands, and the sky will ring with their chilling calls. You'll have birds to take home and memories of superb sport in a strange land.

Note: A travel agent can book you into one of the five commercial camps on James Bay and explain how to get there. Air travel involves two lines, of which the smaller goes from Timmons, Ontario, to Moosonee twice a week and at a very early hour of the day. If wilderness railroads fascinate you, take the Polar Bear Express north from Toronto. It covers the 700 miles in a day and a half.



On the opposite page and at the top of this one are indications of what hunting is like on James Bay: the bounty (birds around the hunter's neck), the scenery and the Indians who guide and retrieve. Immediately above is a hunting camp kitchen, where geese are roasted for dinner or iced or smoked for shipment

A Guide to California's Noblest Wines

Known as varietals, they are made in limited quantity and are often vintage-dated. Connoisseurs seek them out and praise them to the skies

by Harold W. Berg

THE great wines of California, like those of all wine-producing countries, are few in number. Only a few varieties of grapes and small, specially-favored areas combine to produce them. And, then only in certain years. In California they number five whites—Gewurztraminer, Semillon, Sauvignon blanc, White Riesling (Johannisburg Reisling) and Pinot Chardonnay; and three reds—Zinfandel, Pinot noir and Cabernet Sauvignon.

It is not by accident that only certain varieties of grapes are grown in each of the world-renowned wine districts. Over many years, trial and error have disclosed those varieties best suited for a particular climate and soil. It is this interaction that is responsible for wines of distinction.

Technically speaking, any wine made from a single variety of grape is a varietal wine but, by common usage, the term is only applied to wines made from grapes of truly distinctive character. Of the some 5,000 known varieties of grapes only a small handful

produce varietal wines, and a still smaller number produce "Limited Edition Varietal Wines."

What distinguishes the truly great varietals from their lesser brethren? Perhaps these can best be answered by describing what the discerning person looks for in a wine. The first feature he notices, of course, is appearance. Great wines must be bright and almost sparkling, ranging among the whites from a light greenish-yellow to a deep gold, and among the reds from a deep amber to those with more than a hint of red.

Second—the "nose," or fragrance. It must be distinctive, comprised both of the grape's recognizable aroma and the subtle bouquet resulting from the combination of barrel and bottle aging. It should not offer a single overpowering note, such as that of the muscat.

Third—and most complex—the taste. It must be balanced, with the proper degree of acidity in the whites, and both acidity and astringency in the reds. The taste of the grape must be easily dis-

tinguished, and, in some whites and most reds, a subtle taste of oak as well. The harmonizing changes and increased complexity wrought by bottle aging must also be an integral part. Finally, there must be a whole procession of impressions in the aftertaste.

Thus, the chief attributes of a great wine are balance, distinctiveness and, above all, the complexity which comes only from aging. This ability to gain complexity and improve with age is what truly distinguishes the superior wines.

Gewurztraminer, a Rhine wine varietal, is the most aromatic of California's five great whites. When young, it has a pronounced spicy nose that becomes subdued on aging. Among the Gewurztraminers, Almaden's is a full, musky, almost lush wine, while that of Louis M. Martini is spicier and drier. They present an engaging contrast, and a revelation of how much effect Cali-

fornia's "little climates" can have on grapes and the wines that come from them.

Two grapes that go together into Sauternes and Graves in France usually stay separate in California wines, as Sauvignon blanc and Semillon. Of the two, Semillon has a broader, fruitier flavor best described as fig-like, while Sauvignon blanc has an aroma faintly reminiscent of a fine cigar. The wines from each of these can age for years and benefit from it—Wente's Semillon at eight years has proven to be fruity and full of life. The Wente Sauvignon blanc is dry, but Beaulieu and Robert Mondavi make slightly sweet ones.

White (or Johannisberg) Reisling is a wine of pleasing acidity and a full flowery nose. Because it is full-flavored, it has some capacity to age. Some of California's tiniest wineries—Stony Hill, Heitz and the like—produce Johannisberg Rieslings of unusual quality. Souverain's, with a rich and even perfumed fruitiness, often comes close to a German Rhine style. Paul

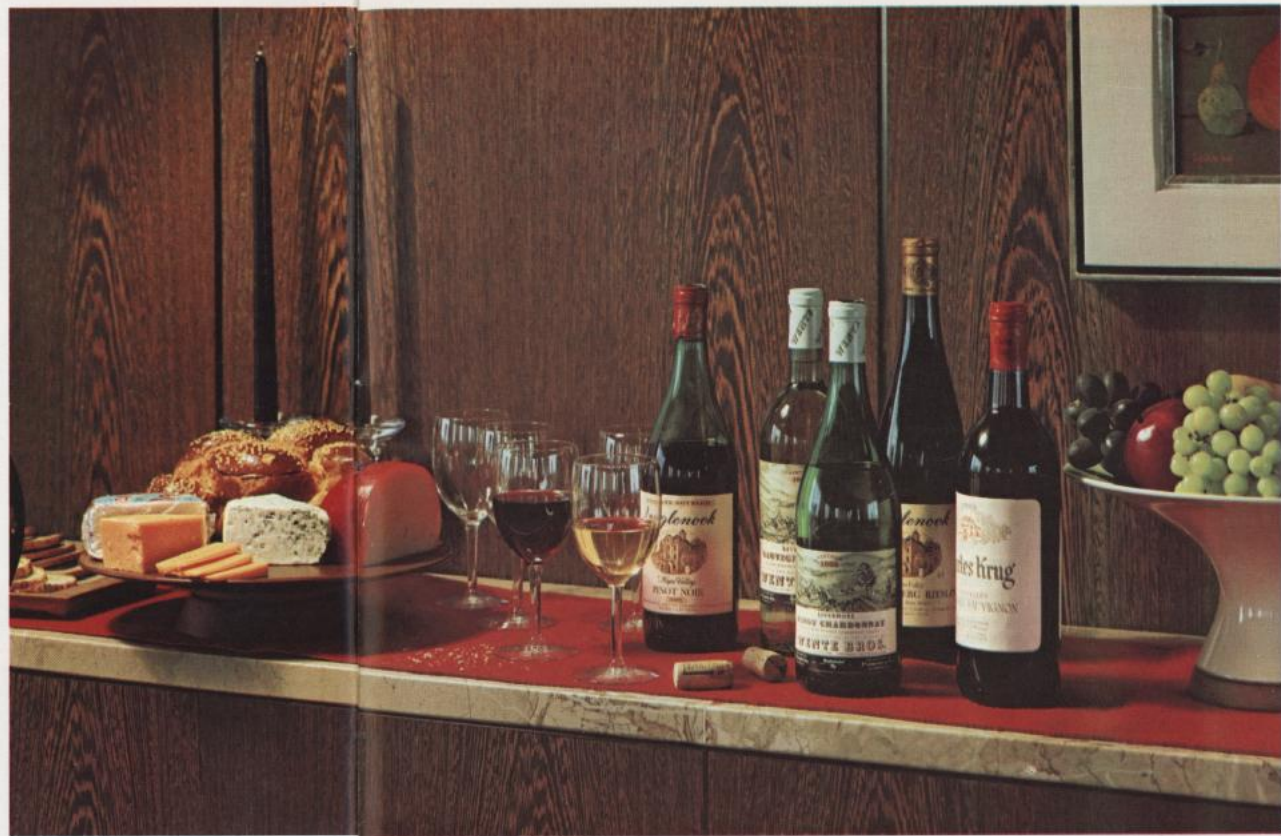
Masson, Mirassou and other Santa Clara district vintners achieve a leaner and brisker quality, while Concannon, in Livermore, has a White Riesling of delicate softness which seems exclusive to that district.

We come to the last of the whites—Chardonnay or Pinot Chardonnay, a chablis varietal. The characteristic fruity flavor of this grape, among the most predominant of all varieties used in California white wines, is instantly recognized by the full-bodied taste sensation it produces in the throat. Genuinely full wines from this grape, while delightfully rich and fruity in their youth, will age eight or more years and be soft and graceful. A word of caution, however: the variety of Chardonnays is wide enough to thwart choice. Charles Krug, Beaulieu, and four quite small wineries (Hanzell, Stony Hill, Llords and Elwood and Heitz) appear to aim for Chardonnays which benefit from longer aging. The others—there are many—attempt to go a bit lighter, for earlier drinking pleasure.

Of the three reds, Zinfandel is the most versatile and amenable to the winemaker's art. It is unique to California. With certain wine-making practices this grape produces a light, fruity, aromatic wine with a raspberry-like nose having its greatest appeal in its youth. But when the practices are altered, it is to produce a wine usually requiring at least eight years of aging and possessing a complex character similar in many respects to that of a claret. The Napa Valley Zinfandels of Martini, Krug and Souverain are usually of the slower-aging variety. Mirassou, Almaden and San Martin prize the lighter body and fruitiness which seems to be accentuated in the Santa Clara Valley.

Pinot noir, California's grape of the classic Burgundy family, diverges widely from its French counterpart. The wine from it is lighter, and in many ways subtler, with a fine bouquet. It ages very nearly as well—up to eight years

(continued on page 32)



WHEN we wrote "The Magic of Walking," the book that became a "walkaway bestseller" a few years back, some people accused us of being anti-automobile. Nothing could be further from fact. True, walks sometimes originate near home where a car isn't needed, but much more often we use the car to get to an attractive takeoff spot. It's for this reason that cars have helped Americans rediscover the joys of walking, turning us from walkers by necessity to walkers by choice.

Walking is its own reward, to be practiced not only because it's good for you—a fact to which all doctors testify—but because it makes you *feel* good. It's great for helping you solve problems, keeping your weight down, getting the anger out of your system, insulating you from people and telephones that bother you, sparing your heart (giving you, in Dr. Paul Dudley White's own words, a "second heart"), thinking and even *not* thinking.

One of the best things about walking is that you already have all the essential equipment: shank's mare, your own two legs. Besides, it is the least expensive and the most available of all the sports. Anyone can do it, practically everywhere. And it isn't work, like jogging and running.

Now that walking has become fashionable again, walkers by the thousands

have stepped up and confessed their secret addiction. Today when you admit you walked a mile or two to get somewhere, you're not greeted with that shocked "You mean you walked?" Habitual riders are beginning to realize that walking is easy, goes well with riding and can even be fun.

People all over the country are investigating the great old trails, like the Appalachian, the Pacific Crest and John Muir, the C. and O. Canal towpath out of Washington, the Long Trail in Vermont, the beautiful trails in national, state and county parks, and countless local trails in their vicinity. They are agitating for the rehabilitation of old trails and the creation of new ones along old aqueducts, abandoned railroad rights of way, beaches and national seashores. When they go traveling, they go out and walk around the cities they visit—how else can you see things? When they are at home, they take a mini-vacation by driving to a park or woodland preserve or the nearest country dirt road, and go walking—liberated from desk, telephone, household chores, the work brought home from the office, the letters waiting to be answered.

For most kinds of walking, you need only take account of the seasons, the weather and the terrain and you draw on a normal city-country wardrobe for clothes to match. It is true that if you haven't got a pair of shoes in which you can walk for a couple of hours without noticing that you have feet, your first walk had better be to the shoe shop. There is one other exception, and that

Return To the Magic of Walking

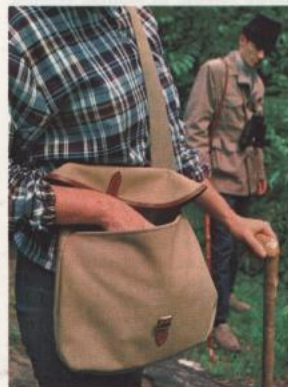
Two authorities on two-legged transportation tell us that by equipping ourselves wisely we'll get the most out of an amble, a ramble or a hike

by Aaron Sussman and Ruth Goode

photographs by Vernon Smith



Below: If you're walking a distance, a free-hanging bag is important for carrying something to drink, for toiletries or for a nature guide. Right: The hat is essential—ventilated for coolness and brimmed to keep the sun out



These walkers are intelligently outfitted from head to foot, including jeans to guard against scratches and sun, canes for balance and shoes both light and supple



is the special kind of walking called hiking. But the hiker's requirements are still based on comfort. He enjoys the challenge of long distances, rough trails, hard climbs—and the splendor of the view of the top—but he wants no pack whose strap will carve a groove in his shoulder, no sock that will lump and blister his heel, no shoe that will wet through in a few steps across soggy ground. All walking, whether long or short, rough or smooth, on city pavement, country road or forest trail, should be pleasurable, and that means it must be comfortable.

To take the season first: for a summertime walk you naturally think of being cool, which suggests as much bare skin as possible. However, that would be a mistake on at least two counts. It is not comfortable, nor even healthy, to expose large areas of skin to the summer sun for the length of a good walk. And it is not even cool—again because of the sun.

Far cooler, and more protective against over-exposure to heat and ultraviolet, is a thin layer of light, absorbent clothing. There is no better material for this than honest cotton knit, a T-shirt for the lady as well as the gentleman walker, and a cotton kerchief loosely tied to protect the back of the neck. The ubiquitous turtleneck is handsomer but it can be warm, and unlike

the kerchief it cannot be shed easily.

For the lower torso, walking shorts or, for girls, an A-line skirt or culottes, not mini-length, will protect against sunburned thighs. But for woodland trail or crosscountry walking the legs need cover all the way down against brambles and insect predators, and again the classic is best; in this case blue jeans or, for really rough going, corduroy or tough cotton twill. Granted they will be warm, but on a good walk a good sweat is inevitable anyway and in fact it is nature's perfect cooling system. If the walk is at the shore or in the mountains, sling a lightweight windbreaker through your canteen strap. (A canteen is advisable on any long walk in the wild.)

Head covering is also wise for summer walking; the sun, so beautiful in the morning, is relentless by noon. Many walkers are content with a peaked fisherman's cap and many women wear a kerchief. Our own choice for both male and female is a broad-brimmed farmer's or Caribbean fisherman's straw hat, well ventilated and with a high crown that has the insulating effect of an attic in a house. With such a hat, sun glasses are unnecessary except for beach or desert, and its broad brim makes the neck kerchief superfluous too.

For cooler seasons, fall or spring, lightweight clothes are still best, but we add layers. Over the T-shirt goes a sweater and under the jeans may go ski

underwear or stretch tights, or the skirt is exchanged for the classic country tweed. In the mountains or at the sea, the jeans are changed for a corduroy or leather jacket. A cap (or kerchief) is now for warmth, ditto a scarf for the neck and gloves for the hands, for when the extremities are kept warm the middle can go more lightly clad. The principle of layered clothing holds true for winter cold and doubly true for windy weather. We call it the laminated wardrobe, providing warmth by insulation between the layers and capable of being peeled off at need if the day—or the walker—grows warmer.

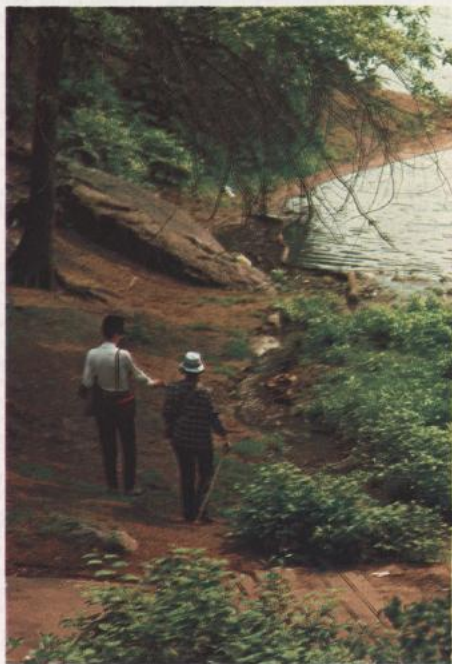
Pockets are important to walkers, who will go to great lengths not to carry anything that interferes with the free-swinging, evenly-balanced, rhythmic stride, a prime pleasure of walking. Our favorite outer garment for both male and female wear is a bush jacket with four accordion pockets, two of which are big enough to carry lunch, a favorite bird or nature guide, even a book of verse for reading underneath the bough. For coatless weather, a pouch bag slung crosswise from the opposite shoulder balances the canteen. Long-distance hikers and weekend walkers who carry toilet necessities and changes for overnight have a choice of lightweight shoulder packs.

The old-fashioned walking cane is enjoying a revival, and it does add to the swing and rhythm of a good walking

stride. There are two kinds: the country stick and the city stick. The country type is rustic, usually made of natural woods like white or gray ash, unshaven cherry wood, Irish blackthorn (the shillelagh) or Madagascar vine. It is sturdy and can take a beating.

The city cane, on the other hand, is light, sleek, flexible, but strong enough to lean on. The ideal wood for this purpose is the brown or mottled Malacca. It is prized for its smooth, hard bark, its flexibility and its strength. Another good wood for city use is walnut, favored because of its strength and the beauty of its grain. Still another fine wood for city use is ebony. This is a hard, durable wood, much heavier than the Malacca, and it often doubles as a country cane.

WE have left shoes for last, paradoxically, because they are of first importance. Serious walkers, of the ten-or-more-miles-per-day persuasion, prefer sturdy hiking shoes with protective toe counters, strong support at the arches, and ridged, nonskid bottoms. For the more casual walk on a country road, a beach or a well-cleared woodland trail, many walkers are happy in yachtsmen's sneakers with ridged soles, soft glove-leather shoes with cushion insoles and crepe soles and heels, or Hush



Puppies. In any case, they should be comfortable, sturdy, waterproof and, if possible, scuff-proof. Whatever the shoes, socks are important, usually a combination of thick and thin: a thick or textured outer pair, a thin inner pair of cotton lisle or silk, but not nylon, which is constricting and non-absorbent (some part-nylon mixtures overcome both these disadvantages).

Gentlemen city walkers have never had any trouble with the normal business-day costume, though their shoes should be well-soled and rubber-heeled (leather or worn-down heels are hard on your spine). But for the ladies who like to fit a walk into their business day, the fashions were unkind until very recently. Now they have come dramatically around to a variety of comfortable and functional designs. In a walking suit with a skirt short and wide enough, shoes with low, wide heels and broad toes, foam-cushioned sandals, or best of all, boots, the woman walker today steps out in the height of fashion, matching stride for tireless stride with her favorite walking companion.

Have we complicated the simplest sport in the world? That wasn't our intention. We only want to make it more comfortable. We know from experience that walking puts you on good terms with yourself and the world around you. Go to it.

California Wines (continued from page 29)

with ease, and longer on occasion—but the end result is specifically Californian and bears judging on its own merits. Paul Masson, Korbel, Weibel, Cresta Blanca and the Christian Brothers all produce the wine without a vintage date, choosing to blend different vintages before bottling. In contrast, Beaulieu, Inglenook, Louis Martini and Wente Brothers practice vintage-dating; Almaden does both. Tasting pairs of these wines can be instructive—and can consume all of a longer winter's eve.

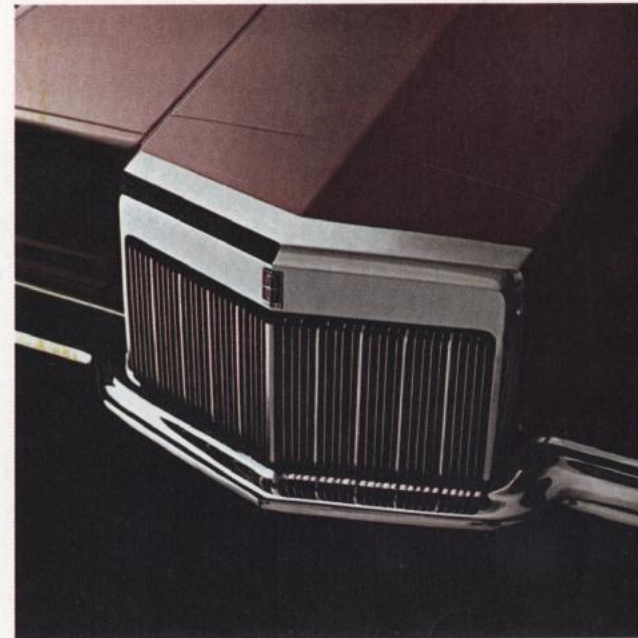
Cabernet Sauvignon, of the Claret family, ranks as California's biggest, longest-lived red wine. Depending on personal conviction, the wineries either blend aged wines and young ones, or hold vintage-dated wines for appropriate aging. Cabernet Sauvignon has a distinctive, fruity, full-bodied flavor—about it, less changeable from district to district than a good many other varieties. The differences are subtle and lie more with style, with the personal imprint of the winemaker. Along with Zinfandels, a great many people make Cabernet Sauvignons, and each of them merits your tasting to find which appeals most.

WHAT years should you look for on your dealers' shelves? There are indeed vintage years in California, at least in the sense that each year produces variables in the wine. At present, most of the vintage-dated white wines on merchants' shelves are from 1966 and 1967; the reds are from 1964, 1965 and 1966. You will need individual persistence to build a cellar which spans the years; you must generally buy your wines young and age them in your own cellar. It may not be an ideal system, but it lends interest to the hunt and yields great rewards to the foresighted.

If you are lucky enough to track down properly cellared Pinot noirs from 1946 or 1947, or Cabernet Sauvignons from those years or 1949, 1951 or 1955, you have a good chance of opening a beautifully mature wine. More recently, the 1958's and 1961's of both varieties show signs of being able to age for a great many years. Chardonnays of 1960, 1962 and 1965 are showing good aging capacity too, although the 1960's are at their peak. The red wines of recent years are harder to judge, but some 1964's and 1966's show promise.

Even a cellar that starts with all current bottlings will, after ten short and pleasurable years of building and sampling, be the envy of many. If patience is a virtue for the winemaker, it is also for the collector.

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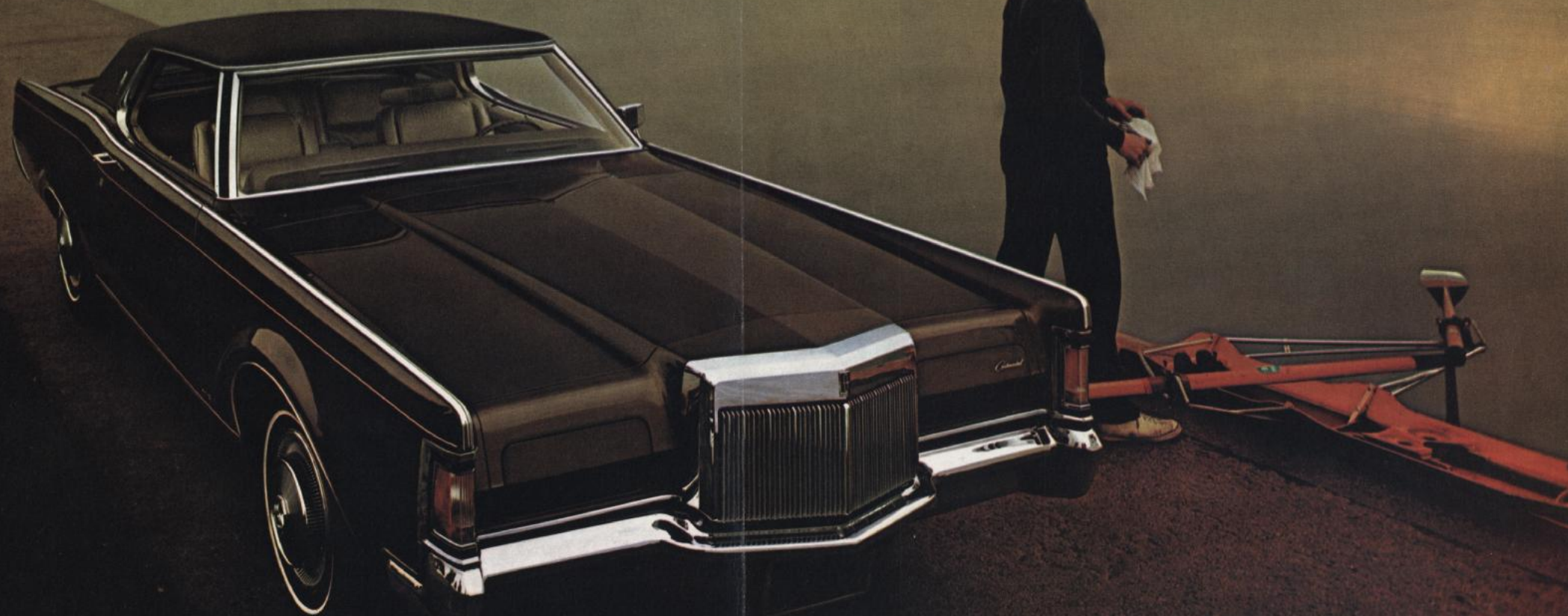
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