

The  
**Continental**  
Magazine  
Spring/Summer 1969



**Luxury Comes  
To the Ozarks**

**Houseboats Hit Their Stride  
The Pleasures of Dining on Cape Cod**

CONTENTS

**Luxury Comes to the Ozarks** ..... 1  
*Hal Higdon*

**How To Judge Oriental Rugs** ..... 5  
*Marvin D. Schwartz*

**Houseboats Hit Their Stride** ..... 8  
*A. R. Roalman*

**The Pleasures of Dining on Cape Cod** ..... 14  
*Robert M. Hodesh*

**Pacific Salmon: Prince of the Northwest** ..... 16  
*Anthony Netboy*

**Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners** ..... 20

COVER

Is this Acapulco, where divers leap from cliffs? Or the Rhine, where the Lorelei sings from rocks to lure sailors? Neither. It's the Ozarks of Missouri, where such scenes were completely unknown a few years ago and have become common all summer now. Photograph by Zack Zehr

EDITORIAL STAFF

*Publications Manager*, Richard Morris; *Editorial Director*, Frederic W. Fairfield; *Managing Editor*, Robert M. Hodesh; *Art Director*, John C. Weigel; *Art and Design Editor*, Leonard P. Johnson; *Designer*, Franklin J. Lent; *Technical Editor*, Burgess H. Scott; *Women's Editor*, Nancy Kennedy; *Coordinator for Lincoln-Mercury Division*, John L. Solsbury

Editorial correspondence should be addressed to the CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE, Ford Motor Company—Room 960, The American Road, Dearborn, Mich. 48121



For subscription information, write to the Continental Magazine, P.O. Box 658, Detroit, Michigan 48231. To change address, send your new address together with name and old address, exactly as shown on back cover, to the Continental Magazine at the same address. The Continental Magazine is published by Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company. Copyright © 1969, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved.

Memo to  
Our  
Readers



We have experts in this issue of the *Continental Magazine*. HAL HIGDON is expert in writing and running. He's a freelance in both, earning a living with the former, and doing the latter as time permits. At Carleton College he was captain of the track and cross-country squads. After graduation he ran all over Europe, and in 1964 entered the Boston Marathon in which he finished fifth—the first American to finish in the race that year.

Last fall we sent Hal to the Ozarks to report on what's new there. One Sunday he took time out from research to enter the Heart of America Marathon in Missouri and he won. He's won so many races he can't even count his trophies, and sometimes he doesn't even pick the trophies up.

In between all his running, of course, he's writing. Besides magazine articles, he has written five books, the latest called "Pro Football U.S.A." He and his wife and the three children live in Michigan City, Indiana.

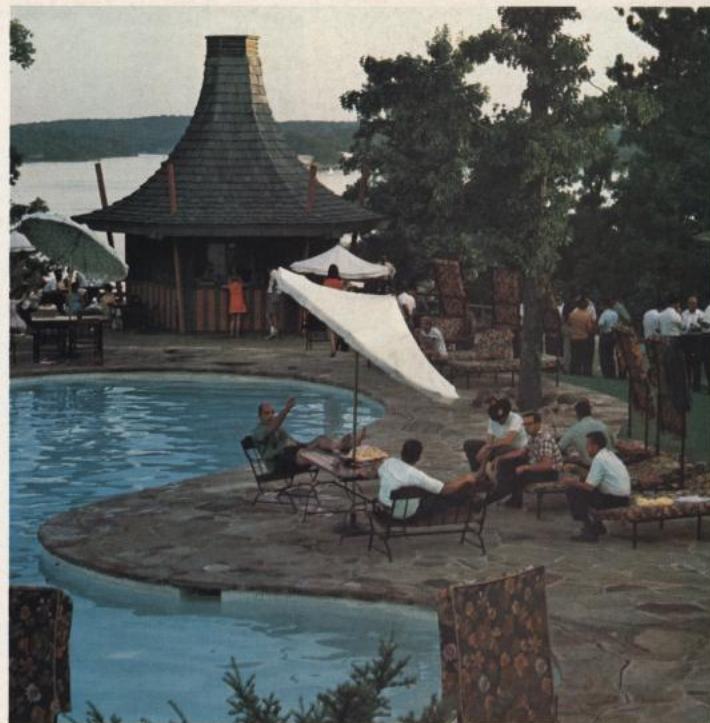


Our next expert is ANTHONY NETBOY, who is expert in salmon. A professor of English and teacher of writing and literature, Mr. Netboy is self-taught on the subject of salmon. Last year he published *The Atlantic Salmon: A Vanishing Species?* (Houghton Mifflin Company), which was highly praised by reviewers, conservationists, and fishermen. He is now writing his third book on salmon. A few years ago he was invited to lecture on Britain's salmon problems by the prestigious British Trout & Salmon Association, of which the Queen Mother, a salmon fisherman, is a patron.



Finally, we have the expertise of MARVIN D. SCHWARTZ, who knows a great deal about Oriental rugs, antique American furniture, art, historic houses, ceramics, enamels, and almost anything you can think of in the field of fine arts. He writes a weekly column on antiques for the *New York Times*. He studied at the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University, has taught at the City University of New York and at Hunter College, and has worked in the Detroit Institute of Arts and the Brooklyn Museum. He has been a consultant in the restoration of many historic houses. As a result of furnishing period rooms in many museums, Mr. Schwartz has learned a good deal about rugs. He also learned about them in furnishing the 1897 house where he and his wife, four children, and a semi-beagle reside in Larchmont, New York.

Pictorial proof of the high style that has blossomed in the Ozarks: at right is a poolside scene with a snack bar in the background; below is a guest room, complete with fireplace and, beyond the curtains, a glass door that leads to the pool (photographs courtesy Lodge of the Four Seasons)



Luxury  
Comes  
to the  
Ozarks

*Once the butt  
of hillbilly jokes,  
these midcontinent  
hills have become  
the site of some  
of the country's most  
splendid resorts*

*by Hal Higdon*



THE IMAGE many people have of the Ozarks has been clouded perhaps by a lifetime of exposure to Li'l Abner. Sure, you can wander back into the hill country of Missouri and Arkansas and encounter wooden shacks with barefoot people living in them who are not hippies. Hillbillies and home brew and rev-e-noo-ers still exist; that's part of the legacy and charm of the region. But recently the good life has come to the Ozarks.

For example, on at least one Ozark island sits a resort where the bathrooms

have gold fixtures. The furniture is hand carved and imported from Spain. A chateaubriand dinner (served by the maitre d' himself) begins at \$14. Such a paradise is Eden Isle on which is situated the Red Apple Inn. Though unique, the Red Apple is not alone. Mushrooming luxury resorts and numerous other fine motels and lodges are transforming the once mysterious and isolated Ozarks into an incomparably splendid resort area.

The reason is the dams. The many streams rushing between steep limestone bluffs provided natural targets for hydro-

electric engineers. So one by one, beginning four decades ago, dams started to appear on the Osage, the White, the Norfolk, and the Little Red rivers. The waters rising behind the concrete walls formed deep, clear, finger lakes and soon came boaters, fishermen, water skiers, and then motel and restaurant owners.

A proposed dam on the Little Red River attracted Herbert Thomas in 1962. "I had never done anything like this before," says Thomas, founder of the Red Apple Inn. "I spent my life in insurance and banking. But I'm project-minded. I

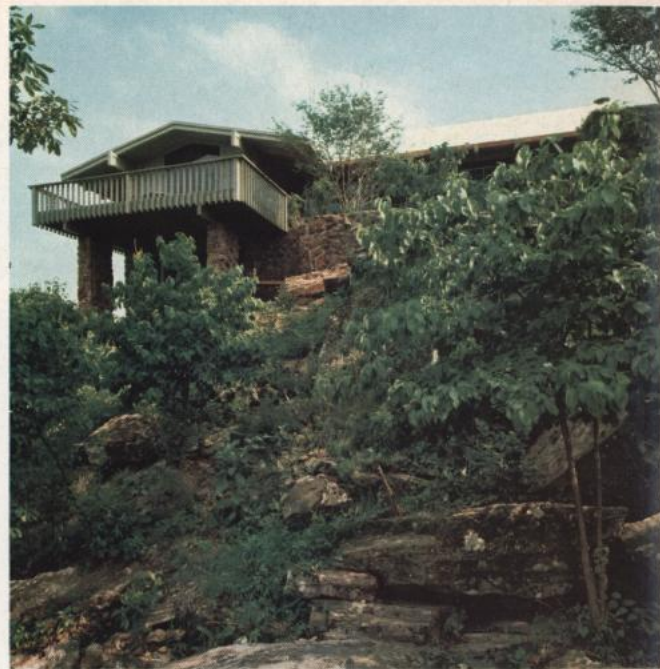
decided that with all the beautiful lakes the government left us we ought to have better resorts." Thomas selected what was then a cornfield near the town of Heber Springs (about seventy-five miles north of Little Rock). After construction of the dam, the backed-up waters transformed the cornfield into an island. Thomas named it Eden Isle.

The Red Apple Inn serves as a country club for owners of estates in the contiguous retirement community as well as a luxury hotel for visitors. When asked where he got the name for his inn (arriving guests find a pair of red apples in a basket in their room), Herbert Thomas smiles impishly and says: "What better name for a hotel in the Garden of Eden?" Perhaps that explains the attraction his lodge has for honeymooners.

The original Garden of Eden was never so sumptuously appointed. Water bubbles from several fountains near the main lodge to cascade over moss-covered rocks into the wading pool next to the swimming pool below. Flowers and ferns frame the picture. The lodge, built of redwood, western cedar, and native stone, blends into the hillside almost as though camouflaged. The interior décor ranges from Spanish in the delicately carved chests and bedposts within the rooms to modern in the abstract paintings gracing corridor walls. During construction, the architect, traveling in Spain, discovered a sixteenth-century wrought iron gate once owned by the governor of Seville. When the gate arrived it proved to be three feet too high for its intended setting at the entrance to the private dining room, so the architect had the floor lowered three feet. Thus, to move from the bar to the private dining room you must go down, then up. The effect is worth the effort.

The Red Apple Inn's main appeal comes from peace and quiet. It is a relatively small place, capable of accommodating only about one hundred guests a night, and Thomas expects to keep it that way. "We don't want a large resort," he claims. "We never want our guests to be bumping together elbow to elbow. We have people come here from the big cities and they say, 'My God—no traffic!' Well, that can either be a criticism or a compliment."

Farther up into the Ozarks, straddling the border between Arkansas and Missouri, is Bull Shoals Lake, the result of damming the White River. To reach it from Heber Springs, you can either take U.S. 65 or follow a series of back roads that roller coaster down into creek beds then up again and over the crest of the next hill. "Roads Steep and Crooked for the next 22.1 (or 11.9 or 15.3) miles," say the highway signs. But trees sur-



Above: Beautifully landscaped rock wall below the lodge of the Red Apple Inn Country Club. Right: A glass-covered walkway connects the Red Apple lodge and its dining room (photographs courtesy Red Apple Inn)



round you on both sides, and from the heights you can look out over a progression of ridges shading from green to blue in the distance. With such scenery, who wants an expressway?

The dam forming Bull Shoals Lake went up a half dozen years earlier than the one near Heber Springs, and thus the surrounding area swarms with six years' more accumulation of motels, resorts, and lodges. None of them possess sixteenth-century Spanish gates, but then, the reason for visiting Bull Shoals is not for quiet, but for fish. "If you lived on the East Coast and caught a seven-inch trout, you'd think it was tremendous," says resort-owner Jim Gaston. "Here we'd probably throw it back." The biggest trout caught on the White River below the dam weighed twenty-five pounds.

Gaston's Resort, near Lakeview, Arkansas, serves as a mecca for fishermen visiting the area. The pink-sided cabins stretch along a meadow bordered on one side by the White River and on

the other by his airstrip. A fair percentage of his customers arrive by single-engine planes. Some fly in early in the morning, go float fishing all day, then fly home at night.

Jim Gaston is a licensed pilot, but his hobby is archaeology, not aviation. In his spare time he and his wife travel the back hill country exploring caves and digging for remnants of the Bluff Indians that inhabited the region a thousand years ago. "You can hardly plow a field without uncovering arrowheads," he explains. "As mountain ranges go, the Ozarks are quite old.



Above: On the shores of Lake of the Ozarks is Tan-Tar-A Resort. Left: Happy House, the Tan-Tar-A dining room, its architectural theme Chinese, its roof open. Below: Room for dancers during dining (photographs courtesy Tan-Tar-A)



That's why the tops of the hills appear so round."

The French arrived in the eighteenth century and named the area "Ozark" after the French word for hunting bow. But even by 1900 few roads penetrated the wilderness. Like the Indians, the French used the many rivers for transportation as well as a source of food. By the 1930's float fishing had developed into a respectable sport.

The boats are long, square-ended vessels that guides used to control by paddles or poles. In addition to a guide, the boats seat up to three fishermen (in comparative luxury in canvas-backed chairs). The guides now use outboard motors instead of poles, but the principle remains the same. You begin just below the dam and move with the current. Anchored facing the bank, you bait your

hook with pieces of corn, or worms, and cast downstream into the likely fish hole. *Hit! Hit! Hit!* The trout practically battle each other for the privilege of flopping into your net. The day ends, eighteen miles down river, with a truck ride back to the resort.

Because the temperature of the dammed river remains fairly constant all year, trout limits (six per fisherman) are caught from March through October. Float-boat fishermen also test the nearby Buffalo River for smallmouth bass. (Above the dam they seek bass and catfish—once the water skiers disappear after Labor Day.) Even for someone who doesn't particularly like fishing, the scenery encountered on a float trip makes the day spent on the river worthwhile. Back at the lodge you can have your day's catch cooked at the restaurant for

a small service charge. Few gourmet restaurants anywhere can match that sort of meal.

Farther north and up into central Missouri is Lake of the Ozarks, formed by Bagnell Dam. Partly because its dam dates back to 1931 and partly because of its easy access from two large metropolitan areas (Kansas City and St. Louis), Lake of the Ozarks ranks as champion among the man-made lakes in numbers of both resorts and guests. Bagnell Dam serves as a focal point of activity with so many amusement centers, night clubs, and tourist shops nearby that it reminds you somewhat of an Atlantic City without boards. But there is also luxury at places such as Tan-Tar-A and the Lodge of the Four Seasons.

Like the Red Apple Inn, Tan-Tar-A resulted because of the visions of a

single individual. Burton Duenke, a housing developer from St. Louis, in 1960 found a driftwood-scattered beach and built the present 300-room super-resort on it. Tan-Tar-A's brown-shingled buildings sprawl in all directions and at all levels atop its hilly peninsula. For the convenience of winter guests, covered corridors bridge the main buildings. Down below, smaller buildings of two to six units containing kitchens and wood-burning fireplaces sit next to the lake.

If the Red Apple Inn's forte is peace and quiet, Tan-Tar-A swings. Louis Armstrong, Woody Herman, and Tony Martin played one-night stands at the resort in 1968. An orchestra plays dance music each night in the Cliff Room, the main dining room. Across the hall is Der Krug, a more intimate spot that features small combos, drinks, singing, and perhaps the best food in two states. In addition to swimming in any of three pools (one of them indoors), Tan-Tar-A guests can bowl, shoot pool, play golf, ride horses, take a sauna and massage, or even exercise by lifting weights. At the marina there is water skiing, sailing, and a rental cruise boat capable of

accommodating private parties of several dozen.

"We cater to family groups," explains sales manager John Gilman. "You don't have to leave your children home if you come here." Indeed, there are movies twice a week, dances with rock combos for the teenagers, and trips by boat to the Floating Clown, a hamburger joint built on a raft where instead of feeding pigeons you can feed the carp. Counselors take groups of children to dinner and entertain them until 8:30 in the evening, or after their parents have finished eating.

If you want more privacy, larger accommodations, and additional luxury, rental houses are available (at prices between \$75 and \$150 a day during the summer season) at the Tan-Tar-A Estates, separated from the main lodge by a foot bridge. These are private homes whose owners rent them through the lodge office.

Tan-Tar-A's main rival at Lake of the Ozarks in terms of luxury is the Lodge of the Four Seasons. While Tan-Tar-A happily sprawls in all directions, Four

Seasons more closely resembles a Miami hotel dropped into the hill country. George Gobel, the Glenn Miller orchestra, and Jonah Jones performed there last summer in an outdoor pavilion, formerly the Parker Pen exhibit building at the New York World's Fair.

It's a tall man's hotel: all the beds run six inches longer than average. The rooms contain Spanish furniture, the average cost of building and decorating each room being estimated at \$34,000. Guests staying at the resort can charter a 74-foot cruise boat named the *Season's Queen* which accommodates as many as 174 passengers for cocktail parties. It rents for \$175 for the first hour, \$50 for succeeding hours. But even if you don't stay overnight at Four Seasons, it's worth a visit just to walk through the resort's Japanese gardens.

The Ozarks have other attractions—caverns, waterfalls, state parks, spring baths, even a mockup of Li'l Abner's Dogpatch—but it is the man-made lakes that serve as centers of both activity and luxury. Plan ahead if you hope to visit the Ozarks during the busy months of July and August. In the fall the crowds are fewer and the leaves are golden. Spring is a season of awakening, and as the name of the Lodge of the Four Seasons indicates, there are activities in the Ozarks even through the winter. Tan-Tar-A, for instance, has ski slopes utilizing artificial snow. This provides little more than a gentle slide and won't satisfy true ski buffs, but everything else in the Ozarks is man-size.



A spacious and speedy launch tows a pair of water skiers on Lake of the Ozarks (photograph by Jack Zehrt)

## How To Judge ORIENTAL RUGS

*Because of their value as central items in interior design, they are growing in popularity and price—and in investment potential* by Marvin D. Schwartz



The rug is a Turkish Oushak, its colors accented in the silk braid trim of the curtains and the upholstery of the furniture to create a room of formal framework and casual atmosphere (photograph from William Pahlmann, F.A.I.D.)

ANTIQUE ORIENTAL rugs make about the best and most attractive floor-covering, but finding them takes determination these days. They are handled almost exclusively by small dealers who make rugs the object of their passion, but occasionally they show up in estate sales. Despite their rarity, fine old examples are often no more expensive than the best contemporary carpets.

To be called antique a rug doesn't have to be over a hundred years old, as furniture does. A hand-knotted, traditionally patterned rug made in the Middle East will be classed as an antique if it is fifty years old, and as a semiantique if it is younger than that but aged.

What many informed buyers are looking for is some mellowing to tone down the bright colors the weaver used. In many cases it is difficult to distinguish the recent old from the very old because rug-weaving techniques in the twentieth century have not changed from those of centuries earlier. Rugs that have been aged artificially by harsh chemical washing to soften the colors and then painted to reinforce what is left should be avoided because these are apt to wear badly.

The antique rugs available today date from the late eighteenth to the early twentieth century. The kind that appear in the rug books, the fifteenth- to seventeenth-century examples, don't often

appear on the market. Nonetheless, to add to a prospective buyer's confusion, some dealers refer to relatively late examples by the names of early types because the patterns may be traced back that far. Value is based on a combination of quality, age, and rarity. Although magnificent early examples may be priced in the tens of thousands, any number of handsome, serviceable rugs bear price tags of less than three thousand dollars. For the person with limited knowledge, the best way to ferret out desirable rugs is through a reliable dealer. The field is too small for the innocent to fare well in competition with the dealers at auction.

For the shopper interested in furnish-

ing a single house, learning the names of rugs is an almost futile task. Rugs are named for the town or district where they were made or traded. The patterns that weavers employ in making rugs generally follow local traditions which result in a family resemblance between rugs made in the same area. Weavers combine a strong sense of tradition with an assurance that allows for freedom in working out details.

Within any category there is great variety. In recent times, when weavers have worked closely supervised under factory conditions, they have had to follow patterns as set down and to repeat designs many times exactly the same



The Turkish rug "answers" colors throughout the handsome, traditional room (photograph from William Pahlmann, F.A.I.D.)

way. Enough ideas were exchanged, influence felt, and just plain copying done to make it difficult to be sure of the exact origins of many examples. Even the experts argue about where a rug might have been made. For the enthusiast who knows he does not have the time to become a specialist, it is enough to be sure of the broad categories and the general approach to design. The man who enjoys playing one-upmanship might remember a name or two, just to impress his guests and hosts.

Rugs were designed to bring the beauty of the garden into the house. They are most frequently conceived as gardens with the flowers and all the rest simplified into flat ornament. Designs were developed with two ideas in mind. First, each motif had to be appropriate to the texture of the pile of the rug in which it was woven. Then, each pattern was worked out to be suitable on the floor.

Following these essential rules of the game, two broadly differing approaches may be discerned. Persian craftsmen simplified with greater elegance and more realism than the Turkish and Central Asiatic weavers, who worked bold, geometric designs. Although it is sur-

relate to the bolder, larger designs of Spanish and Italian furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The collector has to decide whether he wants to be consistent in design or provide striking contrasts.

The range of colors in rugs of both areas is broad enough to afford no problems. Most rugs have a variety of color and often it is possible to ignore color because somewhere in the pattern there are the right colors. Rugs, like chameleons, mysteriously take on the proper coloration of the environment they inhabit.

The vast majority of antique rugs available today were made in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Many were made originally to be used in the Middle East and were acquired with some wear. The original wear, caused by feet walking over them without shoes, only added a sheen and did little to remove the nap. Early exposure to sun softened the colors.

The finest rugs do not have the deep pile demanded today by many buyers. Sinking into a carpet may be a thrill, but a relatively short, fine nap is a better field for a woven pattern. Antique rugs that have been treated well have a longer life expectancy than most of the new examples.

The naturalistic Persian rugs have floral designs that are either small motifs in overall patterns, or worked into central medallions with accompanying small floral motifs. One of the categories in which impressive designs featuring central medallions may be found is the Sarouk, which was made in and around the Iranian city of Sultanabad. These are finely woven rugs with a short pile. Large-size Sarouks were not made until after 1900. Sultanabad is the name given to a coarsely woven rug in the overall floral design. Kashan, another Persian type, was made best between 1900 and 1930. Finely woven of merino wool, Kashans were expensive as antiques as well as new. They are hardy and handsome and come in a variety of floral designs, from the small overall to central medallion types.

The bold geometric patterns were used by weavers in northern Iran and central Asia as well as Turkey. One popular Caucasian rug is the Kabistan or Kuba (the names cover the same category). This is a short-napped, finely woven rug that was made as recently as the 1930s. The basic geometric approach is used for a variety of patterns, some of which have geometric simplifications of Persian flowers. Backgrounds are frequently light, and sometimes white. Bokhara is a name applied to some of the handsomest bold patterns. The older examples have interesting variations on the abstract motifs characteristic of Turkestan and Central Asia.

There are endless possibilities in



antique Oriental rugs. To find the most suitable it is important to establish some standard of shopping, and to see what is most appealing. The interested dealer is aware of the fact that no rug looks the same in the home as it did in the shop. He will allow his customers the privilege of trying what they want and he also will be generous about trading, since values are fairly secure. In other words, it is very unlikely that the bottom will ever drop out of the Oriental rug market.

1. Tekke Boukara rug, made by one of the Turkoman tribes of Central Asia. It is 4 x 6½ feet and dates from the late 19th century. The geometric pattern is typical of a Tekke rug.

3. Sarouk, a Persian rug from the 1920s, 4 x 6 feet, with fine weaving and delicate design. (These rugs photographed by Helga Studios courtesy of Kerekin Beshir, Ltd., 1125 Madison Avenue, New York City.)

2. Kazak, a Caucasian rug, 6 x 8 feet and made early in the 19th century. Within this particular pattern, a popular one in Kazak rugs, one may discern stylized animals.

4. Feraghan, a Persian rug from the early 19th century, about 4' 3" x 6' 4". This is a finely woven example. The ivory background and dominant medallions often characterize Feraghan.



Above: The skipper opens up his 40-foot River Queen on a summer afternoon when his guests are enjoying the top deck. Right: The interior of the River Queen reveals the comforts and space of home (Borkowski Advertising, Inc.)



The aerial view shows Northernnaire Floating Lodges at International Falls, Minnesota. Island-dotted Rainy Lake is the base for Northernnaire, one of the largest houseboat rental agencies in the country

# Houseboats Hit Their Stride *More spacious and polished than ever,*

*these floating homes are winning favor among vacationers seeking peace, comfort, and privacy*

by A. R. Roalman

IN THE BOATING world, an enormous world in this country, the houseboat has become something to reckon with. No other kind of craft is gaining popularity so fast. As recently as five years ago, only about five hundred of them were built in a single year. The figure this year will be more than ten times that number. There are around forty houseboat manufacturers, and there is a national magazine devoted to this subject alone.

The idea of a house on the water for the fun of it (not out of necessity, as in

the harbor of Hong Kong) has always appealed to people. Those who have stayed on a modern houseboat or voyaged on one always speak of the experience with pleasure. It's like a studio apartment or a cozy cottage that floats and moves about on its own power.

Is it too cramped? Not if you accept the normal limitations of a boat. It isn't J. P. Morgan's *Corsair*, after all, but neither is it a cabin cruiser in which everyone is elbow to elbow. Besides, waterscapes have a way of altering one's concept of room. Once a houseboat has

slipped its moorings and the shore begins to recede, the sense of space grows and grows. Before long, the nearest neighbor is half a mile away. Shortly after that, the neighbor may be invisible altogether.

Houseboats are practical craft. They provide more living and recreational area per square foot than any other boats afloat and they offer the space for the least amount of money. Their practicality comes from their simple, classic design. Most of them are oblong and box-like and they are covered by a long, flat roof, perhaps with a raised section

over the pilot house. A graphic way to illustrate how a houseboat provides space is this: a 35-foot-long houseboat has the same deck room and cabin space as a 50-foot conventional cruiser.

The history of houseboats reaches far back into the past and can only be surmised. Rafts were undoubtedly being built in the dimmest reaches of history and simple shelters were being erected on them so that ancient people could live by the riverside or near an island. They didn't have power, of course, and were probably tied up. Even today, many

people in Florida and around Seattle (as well as Pacific Asia) live in floating houses—rather crude, barn-like structures that float but go nowhere unless towed.

Today's true houseboat is quite another matter: a sophisticated craft that carries enough of the comforts of home to be comfortable, and a motor—or motors—to get you to whatever island or distant shore looks inviting. Recent advances in the design of inboard-outboard engines have given the manufacturers more power to work with, so that

they have been able to build houseboats that are much bigger than they were less than a decade ago.

Houseboats have now become so elaborate and home-like that they are shedding the special marine terminology that men have always applied to boats in the past. It's not necessarily the galley anymore, it's the kitchen. And head is rapidly giving way to powder room. Old salts may mourn this, but an old salt isn't likely to think that a cruise on a houseboat is an honorable way to travel on water anyway.

Primitive conditions are gone. A houseboat can have two staterooms. It carries electrical appliances of all sorts. It has a hot-and-cold-water pressure system, clothes closets, showers, electric or gas refrigerators, bathrooms, paneled walls on the fancier boats, comfortable

# Continental is more than America's most distinguished car. It's America's most distinguished two cars.

Continental now offers a choice. After all, no two people see things exactly alike. No matter how discerning they are. On one hand: The new Continental Mark III, the most authoritatively styled, decisively individual motorcar of this generation. On the other: Lincoln Continental, now more than ever America's most distinguished car.

The Continental Mark III

If smoothness of ride is your criterion, both cars will distinguish themselves unmistakably. Performance? Both cars are powered with the industry's most advanced 460 cubic inch V-8 in a great new, deep-breathing design. Don't be unduly concerned about the decision. There is no wrong answer.

Lincoln Continental for 1969





These pictures sum up modern houseboat life. At left is a houseboat party in its beginning stages. The owner (or captain) is surveying the scene and checking his list, while the guests take their ease on the deck. Soon they'll take on the food, fuel, water-skis, and whatever else is needed for a leisurely day on the lake.



At far left is a Drift-R-Cruz, a houseboat capable of considerable speed but here slowed to a halt in a Florida boat channel so that the passengers can make friends with some swimmers. At near left is a Carri-Craft, shown here in full tilt on the water; this fiberglass catamaran cruiser has outstanding standard equipment and many options.



At left we see two River Queens, possibly racing, possibly not, but definitely headed away from shore for a rendezvous at an inland lake island. (Photographs by Ralph Poole and S. Sanford Bacon and Borkowski, Advertising, Inc.)

furniture, and carpeting from wall to wall.

The average houseboat today has sleeping space for either four adults or for two adults and three or four children. The kitchen table usually does double duty: during the day passengers eat at it or play games on it; at night it lifts out of place and is stowed in a crevice between the kitchen benches which thus become the base for a bed. Bench cushions are then turned into mattresses, over which the tenderer sort of houseboater lays a second mattress, usually inflatable.

The water best suited to today's houseboats is, first, large rivers and lakes; second, small rivers and lakes; and finally, inland waterways. Most houseboats are not designed for open ocean cruising, except under carefully controlled conditions.

Generally speaking, one doesn't associate houseboats with speed. The boat has a frankly cumbersome look more often than not, and this appeals to a certain kind of person, the kind who naturally gravitates toward the placid and thinks of five to 10 mph as quite in keeping with what he wants from a vacation cruise.

Nevertheless, speed has entered the picture. Some manufacturers are producing boats with enough power to go 25 to 30 mph and some have even reached 45 mph. On July 13 in Fort Lauderdale there is to be a houseboat race, an event that would have seemed ridiculous only a few years ago, like turtles in a 100-yard dash. Why anyone should want to race a houseboat is open to question, but a race is no longer considered absurd.

If all this arouses your curiosity, the place to look at houseboats is a boat show. The bigger shows will display at least half a dozen of the better known models. The boat show season may have passed your way, however, so the next best thing is to write to the National Houseboat Manufacturers Association, Box 610, Jeffersonville, Indiana 47130. It will send you literature and information about rental units.

Unless you're a loner, don't consider a houseboat, either for rental or purchase, of less than 26 feet. Anything smaller just doesn't provide enough comfortable living area to make it appealing for long. Try for at least 32 feet, and don't end up with something that is only 10 feet wide. Go for the 12-foot-wide variety. The 64 square feet of extra area that comes with a 12-foot-wide model (as opposed to the 10-foot-wide version of a 32-foot-long boat) can spell the difference between being cramped and being comfortable.

Houseboats come with all sorts of power options, with inboard-outboards, straight-outboard versions, and with combinations of the two. No houseboat

operator should venture away from areas where ready assistance is available unless he has two engines. Minimum requirements are a main power plant, plus at least an auxiliary outboard hanging high and ready to be dropped down in an emergency. Remember, you can't paddle a houseboat.

When you rent a houseboat, you generally get all necessary equipment except your personal bedding and the food necessary to keep you going for the duration of your trip afloat. You must also buy your own gasoline. Rentals for four-to-eight-person boats range from \$250 to \$550 a week, depending on size. The really big models can cost as much as a thousand dollars a week or about \$400 for a weekend. (A houseboat can be bought for as little as \$8,000 new, but a truly luxurious number like the Carri-Craft, fully equipped, could reach \$60,000, and there are custom-made models that run as high as \$150,000.)

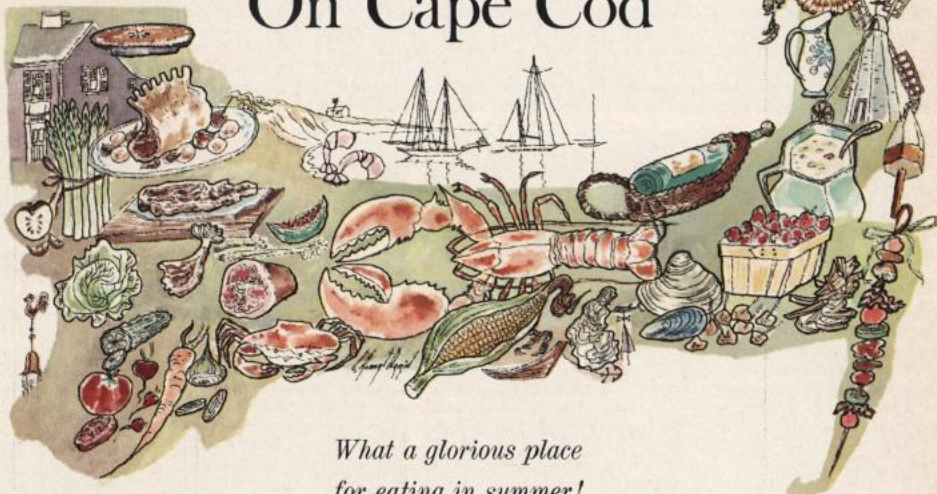
Houseboats are relatively simple to operate. Not much experience is required—certainly less than you would need to operate a sailboat or a conventional power boat. They have an uncomplicated starting, forward, and reverse gear system that allows almost anyone to maneuver them easily after an hour of instruction. However, you should learn basic rules of the water before taking a houseboat away from its dock. The Coast Guard Auxiliary near you can recommend some easy literature that can provide, during a few evenings of reading, all you'll need to know before you begin operating on the water.

In increasing numbers one spots houseboats in lakes, coves, and rivers where the water is dependably calm. Not only are people vacationing on them, but some, especially in Florida, are buying them as retirement homes. They live at a marina instead of in a trailer park and they start the motor and chug off as the spirit moves them. The aforementioned magazine on the subject is called *Family Houseboating* (a quarterly with offices at 10143 Riverside Drive, North Hollywood, California 91602) and it is filled with ideas on how to use the craft. The magazine also sells a houseboat rental directory; the cost is 50 cents.

The freedom of houseboating is quite a heady experience for a modern mainlander. It's such an easygoing life. You leave the pier with friends, a load of groceries, and plenty of refreshment. You move out slowly with no hard-and-fast plan, just a dim idea of an island a day or a week away. You move to a shore for the night, drop anchor, and fish a while. The next day you hoist anchor and do the same thing all over again. The boat rocks gently. There isn't much noise, maybe none at all. You take it easy. That's living.



# The Pleasures of Dining On Cape Cod



*What a glorious place  
for eating in summer!  
Many of its restaurants  
are wonderful, a few  
are even great*

by Robert M. Hodesh

WOULD YOU LIKE to hear the results of a biased survey of restaurants on Cape Cod in the summer? Of course you would. The results show that the Cape has a distinguished collection of restaurants and that three of them are in the top class: Giro and Sal's, Mediterranean, and Chillingsworth.

I call this survey biased because it wasn't conducted scientifically. It represents the personal opinions, not of a significant survey group, but of two persons only: the author and his wife. Both, it should be noted, favor French food that is touched with elegance and Italian food that isn't, and both adore superb cooking whatever its nationality.

In the first category is Chillingsworth in East Brewster, a superior restaurant that would be held in respect even if it were found in New York or Paris. It is situated in a dignified house on the site of an older house that was built by one Chillingsworth Foster (hence the restaurant's name). Large carved pineapples, traditional colonial symbols of hospitality, adorn the posts on the front steps.

There are two dinner sittings, the first at 6:00, the second at 8:30. Each accommodates eighty guests. No one—no one—gets in without advance reservations. The chef is a Swiss who is

probably the only French chef working on Cape Cod. This restaurant is the most sought-after and the most exclusive on the Cape. It will be in its fifteenth year when it opens this season sometime after mid-June; it closes around Labor Day.

A hop, skip, and jump through a typical menu will give you a very good idea of Chillingsworth's quality. For hors d'oeuvres: *pâté maison* or *flageolet niçoise* (bean salad in vinaigrette sauce); there are eight items in all. For a soup course: *champignons noirs* (black mushroom soup); there are four soups. For a main course: *filet de sole Metternich* (sole poached in white wine) or *mignonnettes bordelaise* (slices of beef filet, sautéed) or *carré d'agneau persillé* (marbled rack of lamb); there are eleven. For dessert: *mousse verglas* (frozen chocolate mousse)

or *flan aux fraises* (strawberry tart) or *dacquoise* (layers of meringue baked with powdered almonds and mocha-butter cream); there are thirteen.

Needless to say, Chillingsworth is very dignified. Jacket and tie are mandatory. Service is fine. Prices run from \$8.50 a person to \$15, all table d'hôte. Everyone dining there seems to take gastronomic superiority for granted—as an utterly normal everyday fact of life. No one appears to be enraptured by the treasures from the kitchen. But if, like us, you have been eating standard American roadside fare, you will recognize this as a marvelous experience.

Our next restaurant is Mediterranean in North Truro, whose cuisine may be best described as continental, which means it has a French accent but lists the best of Europe and America. Mediterranean is also situated in a house, quite a Victorian place, with tables in the various rooms. It doesn't pretend to any elegance in décor, but its guests are elegant, even though they are admitted without ties if that's the way they happen to show up. The common denominator is a love of fine food. No one takes this menu for granted. The guests eat with gusto and with forks in the left hand.

The reason is instantly evident. One hors d'oeuvre is shrimp remoulade, another a *pâté* of duck livers seasoned with cognac. One main course is roast duck with Burgundy sauce, another is mussels *portugaises marinière*, still another chicken Raphael (made with a *velouté* and lemon juice). Dishes such as homemade cannelloni, paella, and a Greek moussaka give an international character to the menu.

Beside each main course on the menu are numbers referring to recommended wines (a very welcome service) and among them are such unreservedly noble labels as Romanée Conti among the red Burgundies and various years of Château Latour among the red Bordeaux. The desserts include delicacies like *coupe aux marrons* with *crème Chantilly* and *cascos de guayaba con queso*.

Prices are à la carte and dinners range from \$6 to \$12.50 with wine. The owner and chef is George Beiers, a Boston architect in the winter, who runs his restaurant all summer in a most relaxed and informal manner. He bakes his own bread (absolutely delicious) and has a little herb garden out front (sorrel, tarragon, chervil, and thyme) which he is proud to show to guests who care. He has every right to be proud and he has many guests who care.

And now Giro and Sal's, off a little narrow street in Provincetown, with a garden outside to sit in while waiting for a table. A charming place!—low ceiling, Chianti bottles all over, crowded tables, happy confusion. The guests are actors, actresses, writers, artists, musicians, couples in love, Broadway producers, beautiful girls—all the people who make up the Provincetown scene in summer.

This, as I said earlier, is not elegant, but that's not the point. The point is that Giro and Sal's is about as joyous a setting for dinner as you could find

anywhere, and the food matches it beautifully. Like all Italian food, it is for people who are very, very hungry. It comes in big portions, it is imaginative and marvelous, and it is accompanied by that delicious Portuguese bread they make in town and which is one of the greatest breads in the country.

Here are some characteristic main dishes: *saltimbocca alla Romana* (thin veal cutlets rolled around prosciutto, flavored with herbs and garlic, and sautéed in butter and Chablis); sea bass broiled with clams; *vitello angelina* (thinly sliced veal rolled in gorgonzola and chicken liver *pâté* and baked in herbs and wine); and *pescé misto* in *barcheta* (crabmeat, mussels, cherry-stone clams, and fish blended with shallots, butter, and wine, served in a casserole).

Giro and Sal's is no place for Puritans, hermits, or dieters. Unlike most Italian restaurants, it even has a creditable dessert list. It has good coffee. Its music, if you can hear it, is classical. It isn't even expensive—you'll walk away completely satisfied for as little as \$6.

Telling you about other Cape Cod restaurants is no easy matter. During the summer there are nearly 300 of them, and that doesn't even count the snack and lobster roll shacks. Except along the mid-Cape Highway, you can hardly drive a quarter of a mile between the Cape Cod Canal and Provincetown without seeing a place to eat. For our purposes (and our limited space here) there are about half a dozen that must be mentioned.

One of them—and it has a huge number of friends—is the Coonamessett Inn in Falmouth. It's a spacious and dignified place. There's a great deal of room between tables, as if the proprietor placed a high value on people's privacy. The guests, in turn, look as if they appreciate it. They have reserve. Manners of the conservative kind are very much in evidence here.

The food is best described as very good. It depends more on first-rate ingredients than on any sallies of adventurousness in the kitchen. You'll never taste a better broiled swordfish. The grilled sweetbreads are excellent. The lamb chops are thick. The deep-dish apple pie is rich and homey. The blueberry pie is delectable. The inn stays open all year, by the way.

The Columns, in West Dennis, is probably the most beautiful restaurant on the Cape. Its portico consists of four two-story Corinthian columns supporting a deeply curved, handsome roof. The house is white and beautifully proportioned.

Food at the Columns is on the order of broiled scallops *au beurre noir*, *coq au vin rouge*, striped bass *amandine*, and

Cape seafood done in various ways, and all sorts of beef. This is to say that the food is of a high order indeed.

More or less in the same fine company and occupying a handsome, shingled captain's house dating from 1809 is the Christopher Ryder House in Chathamport. Architecturally fascinating and situated on a vast lawn, it also has a fine menu: paella Valenciana, lobster à la nage (swimming in a lobster sauce), chicken crêpes (thin French pancakes rolled around tender chicken and flamed in cognac), and a number of other out-of-



the-ordinary dishes.

The Nauset Inn in Orleans is a great big sprawling place that has several handsome rooms and a terrace for dining outdoors if the weather's right. Its bill of fare runs from clams Rockefeller through halibut Marguery and beef and veal to a wide variety of desserts. Fine, just fine.

The Wequassett Inn at East Harwich, its large dining room facing Pleasant Bay and fleets of sailboats, is another place that sets much store by generous space between tables, dignity, and a menu that includes bluefish and curried veal. I love it.

Aesop's Tables, in Wellfleet, bathes you in *recherché* music like the Brandenburg concertos while it serves delectable dishes such as chicken breast stuffed with ham and asparagus spears. Most unusual and really wonderful.

Will that do for, say, two weeks on the Cape in summer? I think so. It did for us and it demonstrated a truth that is pleasant to discover, pleasant to test, and pleasant to pass on to others—namely, that Cape Cod, true to its reputation as a wonderful place to spend the summer, holds cuisine in high regard.



# Pacific Salmon: Prince of the Northwest

*The beauty of the waters it lives in, its vigor as a battler, its renown on the table—all are part of an angler's ambition and pleasure*

by Anthony Netboy

BY COMMON CONSENT of anglers as long ago as the days of Izaak Walton, the salmon has been regarded as the prince of game fishes. This leaping giant not only offers a great challenge to anglers but its pink flesh is highly desirable, and has been for some 15,000 years, for the cavemen in Europe are known to have appreciated it—probably as much as we do.

In Europe, where the runs have been greatly depleted in some countries and exterminated in others, opportunities for taking salmon are limited. We are far luckier in the United States and Canada. There are hundreds of well-stocked salmon rivers emptying into the Pacific Ocean. They are accessible to the public, accommodations are extensive, and one can get into the action with little or no advance planning.

No fish I know of takes you into more spectacular country. Salmon may be caught all the way from Glacier Bay, Alaska, where the sub-Arctic sun provides 20 hours of daylight in summer, to Monterey Bay, California—in cold fjord rivers flowing from melting glaciers, in estuaries backdropped by mountains covered with snow even in July, or in mountain streams that flow through steep, boulder-strewn canyons.

Offshore salmon fishing is now one of the most popular outdoor sports on the Pacific Coast. Last year, it is estimated, about a million Americans went in search of salmon. On any summer morning in such small towns as Ilwaco or Westport on the Washington side of the Columbia River, or Warrenton on the Oregon side, there is a stir and hustle long before the sun rises. The slippery docks are jammed with fishing boats. The screech of seagulls mingles with the rattle of tackle boxes, the sound of motors starting, and the buzzing of excited voices.

By 5:30 or 6:00 the entire fleet is heading towards the treacherous Columbia River bar, and soon little boats, with fishermen dangling their lines from the afterdecks, are rocking from side to side, their bows rising and falling with the swells. Over their radios skippers are communicating in staccato voices, telling each other where the fish are being caught—and where they are not.

Chinook and coho are the main species of Pacific salmon sought by sportsmen. Chinook, also called king, tye, or quinnat, often attain massive size. The average fish is between 15 and 25 pounds, but the exclusive Tye Club of British Columbia does not even bother to enter into its records any specimen under 30 pounds—and its members consider the day's fishing a failure if they do not hook one that large.

The present record in tidal waters is an 82-pound chinook caught in British Columbia in 1952. Commercial fishermen sometimes take even larger specimens. No year goes by without the reported capture of many 60-pounders by sportsmen, and during the salmon derbies held by some West Coast communities reports of trophy fish of 40 and 50 pounds are fairly common. The coho, or silver, is smaller, weighing generally from five to 15 pounds.

Salmon are now caught by sportsmen mainly in tidal waters or out in the ocean as they return to their native rivers to spawn after spending several years in the sea. The most popular angling methods are trolling and mooching. In trolling the fishermen pays out a line with artificial or natural bait behind a boat. Mooching is a modified type of trolling in which the anglers use lighter tackle but no flasher (a device that attracts the salmon). They drop the bait, (a strip of frozen herring or anchovy) into the water with a heavy sinker, stop the boat, and drift with the current, letting the bait trail along.

It is possible to fish for chinook with ordinary casting and spinning tackle, but the sportsmen trying it may lose much gear and many fish. The recommended rod is 7½ to 9 feet long with a large butt and a grip above the reel seat. It may be bamboo, glass, or steel, and have some spring, but not too much, and about 100 yards of 30- to 45-pound-test line. An expert angler who prefers light tackle can handle the chinook on a 12- to 20-pound line if he has plenty of room to play his fish.

To succeed in salmon fishing one must be aware of the fish's habits. In the sea it feeds voraciously, highballing through

schools of small fish, mangling as many as possible, then picking up the stragglers with ease. Salmon spoons and lures are therefore designed to resemble crippled fish. The flasher is used because under water it looks like a flashing fish and hence attracts salmon. When the chinook or silver comes up from behind the flasher it finds a herring or anchovy on the hook, or a lure resembling them.

When a salmon is on your line you can expect plenty of action. A large chinook may take off like a sailfish and keep going until the line snaps. The coho usually runs fast and far up towards the surface and jumps madly into the air, sometimes throwing the hook. Many



anglers seeking coho use light rods which give the fish the best chance to show its mettle—and also test the fisherman's skill. Salmon fight furiously, but usually the battle is short.

Salmon fishing on the West Coast generally starts late in May, peaks in August, tapers off through September, and is limited only by the tide and weather conditions. The best time is early morning and when the sky is overcast, although charter boats go out at all times of day, and some anglers of my acquaintance insist that one can do quite well in the fading light of evening.

The daily bag limit for salmon is three fish 20 inches or over in California,

Left: Fisherman nets a tye that weighed in at 31 pounds (photograph by Dan Guravich). Below: Congregation of sportsmen at the foot of Willamette Falls in Oregon during chinook spawning run (photograph by Ray Atkeson)



Oregon and Washington, and four in British Columbia. Since the runs, especially of coho, have been excellent in recent years, your chances of getting the limit are quite good, at least in the ocean.

Many sportsmen prefer to seek these leaping fish in the rivers rather than the ocean, as in the Willamette in Oregon, which flows through one of the loveliest valleys in the West, or the Deschutes that waters the gray desert of central Oregon. River fishing, whether from a boat or bank, is most successful with light spinning tackle. Salmon do not feed in fresh water but they strike at baits and lures, probably in anger or as reflex action. Personally, I prefer trolling for salmon in the ocean because the sport is more exciting and the chances for success considerably better.

Washington and British Columbia require no license for salt water fishing,



Above: Cleaning salmon at Cape Kiwanda, Oregon, after catching them half a mile offshore. Below: Typical morning fog dims the salmon fleet at Westport, Washington, before sportsmen head out into the Pacific (photographs by Ray Atkeson)



but in California and Oregon you must have a license to take salmon; it costs \$5 per year for residents and \$10 for non-residents. However, you can purchase a one-day tag for only \$1.50 in Oregon with \$1 additional for a punch card which the angler is expected to send back to the Oregon Game Commission. Licenses are provided by charter boat skippers for the day, or they may be purchased at sporting goods stores.

In many ports there are facilities for cleaning and packing your catch and sending it home—fresh-frozen, smoked, or canned. The fish you hook one morning on the Pacific Coast can be in your home freezer the next day if you live in the Midwest or East, provided you ship it by air. Canned or smoked fish take longer for delivery. There is no restric-

tion on exporting sports-caught salmon from Canada to the United States.

Since sport salmon fishing is enjoying a tremendous boom on the Pacific Coast, anglers have a large number of bases to choose from. Arrangements for boats, guides, and tackle may be made through many of the resorts, motels, and hotels conveniently located near the fishing grounds. Novices are advised to use charter or party boats, where the skipper is usually an experienced salmon fisherman.

In California, Monterey Bay and San Francisco Bay are the most popular centers for salmon angling. Chinook, here called king, are more numerous than silver, with good runs in July and August, and lesser runs in March and April. I can think of no greater pleasure than spending a vacation in San Francisco, concentrating on fishing during the day and sampling the gay night life in the evening. Party boats can be found at Fisherman's Wharf, or in Sausalito, a romantic little port across the Golden Gate Bridge, at \$10 to \$12.50 per person. Northern California has a few good salmon fishing centers, notably in Humboldt Bay and around Crescent City off the Smith River.

There are a dozen deep sea fishing ports in Oregon, from Brookings near the California border to Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia. The entrance and estuary of the mighty river, one of the world's most productive salmon streams, supports a tremendous sports fishery. Most of the fishing is seaward from the new Astoria Bridge along the Washington side and out through the jaws between Point Adams and Cape Disappointment, then coast-wise north or south of the broad river.

Oregon's coastal rivers are now yielding heavy runs of salmon, thanks to a massive program of planting hatchery-bred fingerlings by the Oregon Game Commission and Oregon Fish Commission. Newport and Depoe Bay are favorite centers and get a big play. Newport has a quaint and colorful waterfront and Depoe Bay is a small cozy haven. Large fleets of charter boats operate during the season from both places.

Many people who like to fish from these ports stay at Salishan Lodge at Glendale, 20 miles north of Newport, the Oregon Coast's outstanding recreational center. Here is a wonderful complex of restaurants, golf course, miles of sandy beach, a legitimate theatre in summer, and other amenities of luxurious living. Newport and Depoe Bay have good motels fronting the rock-studded, often turbulent sea. Neptune's Wharf, a restaurant in Newport, offers a limited but intriguing French cuisine. Winchester Bay is one of the liveliest fishing areas on the coast, and has probably the best small-boat harbor in the Pacific Northwest. A large charter fleet is berthed at Salmon Harbor, and the

## There's Salmon in Michigan, Too

**F**ISHING FOR SALMON on the Pacific—and on the Atlantic as well—is an ancient activity; it reaches deep into the Indian past. Today, as every sport fisherman knows, there is a third salmon coast in America—the Great Lakes, or more specifically, the eastern shore of Lake Michigan.

Here, as the result of a spectacularly successful program of stocking coho and chinook, there have been three seasons of salmon fishing, each better than the last. The fourth, coming this year, is expected to exceed all the others.

Some salmon fishermen with a sense of tradition tend to snort at all this. To them, the sport is something more than the boating of a fish. It is the salt water and the beautiful islands and the mountains which, in our Pacific Northwest especially, are among nature's more satisfying sights.

Be that as it may, the salmon fishing on Lake Michigan is not to be discounted. The fish are large and with each year they grow larger; 20-pounders were not unusual last year, and 50-pounders are expected this year. They fight well and they are delicious. Visitors have come to Michigan from almost all over the United States to get in on the sport.

Salmon caught Michigan unprepared. There were not enough motels for the fishermen, not enough boats, and not enough knowledge. All of this is being remedied. At the moment, we can offer two specific suggestions to a sportsman who wants to try for salmon in Michigan:

1. Call the Moonlight Motel in Manistee (616-723-3587) and ask for Mrs. Davenia Lewis. She is assembling a fleet of boats big enough to carry four to six anglers out to the fishing grounds and she is signing up the captains as well. She has a marina and her motel is right there. Moreover, if you get a salmon and can't wait to taste it, Mrs. Lewis will have it prepared for you—poached in white wine and herbs.

2. Call either of these numbers in Ludington: 616-843-2669 or 616-843-3407. They will put you in touch with the Stearns Motor Inn or the Ludington Sport Fishing Club, respectively. Both are headquarters of an organization known as the Coho Navy, a group of a hundred fishermen, boat owners, and motel operators with experience in Michigan salmon fishing. They will tell you where the fish are hitting, how to get boats, and where to stay.

traffic is heavy during the season.

At the mouth of the Columbia on the Washington side is Ilwaco, now probably the hottest spot on the Pacific Coast for salmon trolling, easily reached by charter boat from Westport and Ocean Shores. In 1967 about 250,000 salmon were caught by sportsmen in the waters of the Ilwaco-Westport area.

There are many popular fishing spots in the mazy waters of Puget Sound. Hope Island just east of Deception Pass, Point-no-Point and Possession Point produce fairly well. Shilshole Bay and Elliott Bay in the Seattle area, Tacoma Narrows and the south shore of Anderson Island are all thronged with fishermen during July, August, and September. Actually, salmon are taken from Puget Sound the year around but in the off-season only by experts who usually use specially tied jigs or "coho flies."

Nearly all the fishing in the Sound is done by private boats, but there is one charter operator, Chinook Charter Service in Tacoma and Seattle, which has the most modern and luxurious fishing boats I have ever seen. Each is 65 feet long and is powered by three engines

and each has an electronic fish finder, 150 feet of rail space for fishing, sleeping accommodations, lounges, galleys where food and drinks can be ordered, and trained and courteous crews, including sea-going hostesses.

Neah Bay, an Indian village just inside the Strait of Juan de Fuca, is the prime favorite of many aficionados, and La Push, on the coastal strip of the Olympic National Park, with its dozens of glaciers and rain forests, offers such attractions as the sight of Indians tending their nets from dugout canoes, sea stacks, and rocky islets on which the booming surf endlessly expends its fury—in addition to the glorious mountain backdrop.

The best salmon angling in British Columbia is in the Strait of Georgia. Campbell River, where the well-known Canadian-British fishing writer, Roderick Haig-Brown, lives, is a reliable center, and a place where many big fish are landed. So is Comox and very often the Parkville-Qualicum area. There are numerous inns and hotels in all these centers, usually run on the British pattern that bespeaks charm, courteous service, and often elegance.

## Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners



THROUGHOUT THE 250-year history of the double bass (also called bass fiddle, and string bass) there have been only three acknowledged virtuosos on the instrument, and one of them is GARY KARR, twenty-seven years old. He lives in Plainfield, New Jersey, and is setting the string-instrument world on its ear. Last summer, *Time* reviewed a recital he gave and said, "In the hands of Gary Karr, the bass sings instead of croaks, and it sings with all the richness of the cello, the warmth of the viola, and the agility of the violin."

Mr. Karr, native of Los Angeles, came from a bass-playing family—his father, grandfather, two uncles, and three cousins were bassists. He began studying when he was nine, an age when a person hardly has the strength or size to do much with so cumbersome an instrument. While still in his teens, he appeared on one of Leonard Bernstein's concerts for young people and was so dazzling that he was plunged immediately into a life of concert performances and recitals.

Because not much has been written for the double bass, Mr. Karr has transcribed music for other instruments to his own and has had works written for him by contemporary composers. In addition to concert work, he teaches at the Juilliard School of Music, the New England Conservatory, and the University of Wisconsin.

A young man of wider intellectual interests than most musicians have time for, Mr. Karr collects antiques (musical ones among others), reads a wide range of literature, and corresponds with members of the International Institute for the String Bass, which he founded. He is a bachelor and lives in a coach house with a 30-by-30 living room in which he plays chamber music with other instrumentalists. Not confining himself entirely to classical music, he also dips into jazz and rock when he feels like it.

Mr. Karr carries his bass with him in the capacious trunk of his Lincoln Continental. It is an Amati, made early in the seventeenth century and valued at around \$20,000.



of Scottsdale, Arizona, an internationally celebrated diving coach. The diving team that represented this country at the Olympic Games in Mexico City last summer was coached by Dick Smith. He also coached the U. S. diving team in Tokyo in the summer of '64.

Many a young person who dreams of himself poised at the end of a diving board, ready to leap into a reverse flying one-and-a-half somersault, has Dick Smith's advice behind him—or wishes he had. Hopeful divers have come to Dick from all over the country and from such distant places as Brazil, New Zealand and the Orient. And since 1960 they have been gathering the most prestigious honors in the diving world.

Dick Smith was born to be a diver. As a youngster in Phoenix he slept with his legs braced and forced together by roped wooden planks in order to straighten out a somewhat bowed effect—southwestern cowboy legs. Then, early in his teens, he had an accident on a high dive and ended up, after a long convalescence, with partial paralysis and a fear of water. The doctor ordered a quiet life for him—forever.

It simply wasn't in Dick's nature to accept this. He defied the medical advice and practiced diving in secret. His parents knew nothing of his efforts until one day, when he was sixteen, they saw a newspaper report of how their son had won the junior and senior springboard title in the Arizona state champion-

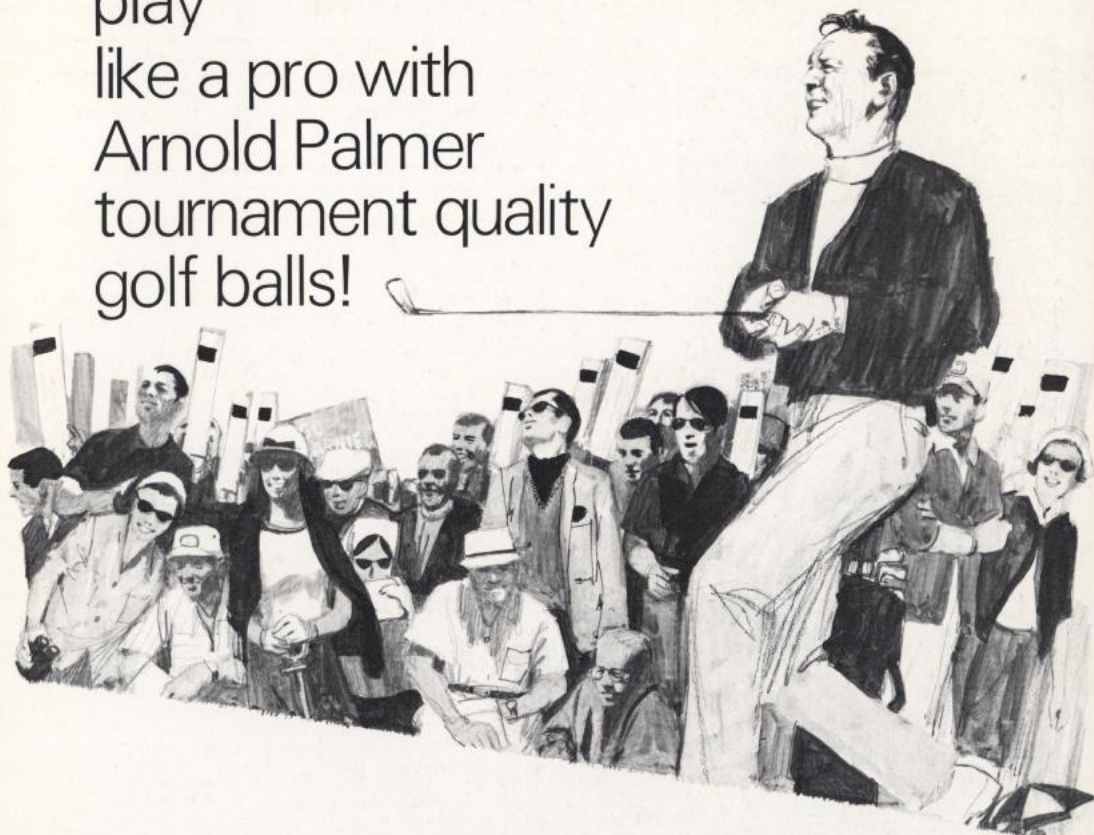
ships. The personal struggle for Dick had paid off.

Here is the briefest sort of list of his honors: For the past seven years running, the Arizona press has named him one of the five top Arizona Coaches of the Year. For the past five years, the State Department and the AAU have sent him on coaching tours of Asia, Africa and Mexico. Past and present divers on Dick Smith's teams have held a total of fourteen berths on Olympic teams. His divers have won thirty national and twenty-six international championships. Five have been on Pan-American teams and six have taken Olympic medals.

The center from which much of this aquatic prowess comes is the Dick Smith Swim Gym in Phoenix. It is a school specializing in swimming, diving, gymnastics and judo. Dick devotes some of his time to investigating the therapeutic value of swimming for persons handicapped by muscular illnesses and for this has been honored by Arizona civic groups.

Some time back, an Arizona bank used its newspaper space to honor Dick when he was named Arizona Citizen of the Year. The first sentence said, "Dick Smith has focussed international attention on our state through his outstanding contributions to the world of athletics and sportsmanship." The rest of the tribute proved this with a very long list of accomplishments.

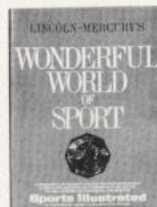
# play like a pro with Arnold Palmer tournament quality golf balls!



**EXCLUSIVE OFFER FOR CONTINENTAL  
MAGAZINE READERS. ONLY \$6.95 A DOZEN!  
REGULARLY A \$14.75 VALUE.**

What's in a name? Plenty! If it happens to be Arnold Palmer and it appears on a supercharged 90-compression golf ball! These are the same balls that normally cost \$1.25 each. As an exclusive offer to *Continental Magazine* readers, these top-quality balls are now only \$6.95 a dozen—a saving of \$7.80! Use the Form and order a dozen or more today.

If you're an all-out sports lover, Lincoln-Mercury is also offering the exciting "Wonderful World of Sport" by the editors of *Sports Illustrated*. 324 pages of the most memorable events in sports as reported in *Sports Illustrated* over the past ten years. A great addition to any sports library. Order yours for only \$4.95—priced at \$19.95 in book stores.



Gentlemen: Please send the quantities of Arnold Palmer Golf Balls and/or "Wonderful World of Sport" books I have checked below:

\_\_\_\_\_dozen Arnold Palmer golf balls @ \$6.95 per dozen\* Total \$\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ "Wonderful World of Sport" books @ \$4.95 each\* Total \$\_\_\_\_\_

\*Michigan residents add 4%  
Grand Total \$\_\_\_\_\_

(Make checks payable to: Ford Motor Co.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Mail your order to: SPORTS OFFER  
P.O. Box 1955  
Dearborn, Michigan 48121

Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.



Continental Magazine

P.O. Box 658  
Detroit, Michigan 48231



R C LANE  
1821 MAIN ST  
RIVERSIDE CA 92504

1-69



The Lincoln Continental Coupé. Now more than ever America's most distinguished motorcar.