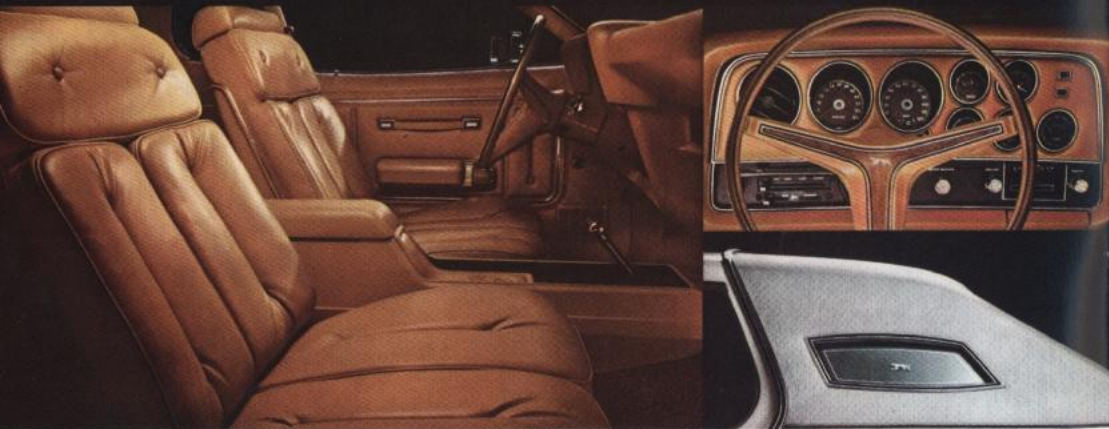




THE
CONTINENTAL
MAGAZINE

Winter 1973-74

Sun Valley—Mellow and Elegant
America's Wonderful Country Hams



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THE CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE

Vol. 14 No. 1

Winter 1973-74



An airborne skier soars between the camera and a brilliant sun at Sun Valley, Idaho. Photograph courtesy Sun Valley Company

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Sun Valley

—the Grandest Lady of the Rockies

Founded because of her superb slopes, she now has four-season elegance. As Shakespeare said, "Age cannot wither her"

by William O. Johnson

Photos courtesy Sun Valley Company

THERE IS AN UNMISTAKABLE air of genteel self-containment and genuine self-contentment at Sun Valley in the winter. It is a kind of land-locked Idaho pleasure island, full of its own special sense of elegance and venerability, the oldest ski resort in the American West and, to nearly all knowing skiers, quite simply the grandest ski mountain on the North American continent. Sun Valley seems to come devoid of bite or chill in winter, a stunning combination of the ragged, looming Sawtooth Mountains smiled upon by the softest of suns; some winter days those stony old peaks seem as radiant and balmy as a beach on the Caribbean Sea.

Because of the richness of its appointments and the fame and wealth of much of its clientele, Sun Valley is often compared to the world's most aristocratic resorts: St. Moritz, Deauville, Palm Beach. Perhaps it should be ranked with them in some ways, but unlike those more formal vacation spots, Sun Valley maintains a fresh Western down-home friendliness which sets it apart from jet-set centers—as well as apart from some of the more impersonal ski resorts of New England and even some of the more sprawling big-business areas of the West.

Perhaps the special geniality of Sun

Valley was best synopsized when its owner, William Janss, a relaxed and casual former Californian, said recently, "You know, I like the three-seat chair lifts here better than the others because they give more people a chance to chat and mix and make friends while they're going up the mountain. Skiing is a friendly sport and that's the way we want it at Sun Valley."

The former silver mining village of Ketchum, which is barely a mile away, and Sun Valley itself are the fastest-growing municipalities in Idaho. This is due almost entirely to the boom in recreational enterprises in the region. Yet there is nevertheless a profound sense of wilderness tranquility in the area which no amount of human expansion can really disrupt. The snow lies deep and silent along the Wood River Valley where Ernest Hemingway once hunted and fished, and the snow reaches high into the Sawtooth peaks, spreading grandly over Bald Mountain, the dowager queen of skiing in America, and over the lower, gentler, slopes of Dollar Mountain.

At the queen's feet lies the resort itself, a clean and sumptuous expanse of condominiums, homes and fine shops, with the famed old Sun Valley Lodge as the centerpiece. The lodge was built in



Left: Elkhorn at Sun Valley, latest expansion of the Sun Valley complex, consists of handsome condominiums in a broad valley. Right: Two young skiers off in early morning to catch a bus to the slopes





Left: Picnickers have been helicoptered to the top of Bald Mountain for some elegant fare prior to the downhill run. Below: An instructor oversees children's classes on an easy slope (Photo by Steve Marks)



Left: Cross-country is now very much a part of the winter sport scene at Sun Valley. Below: Buses with special ski racks make frequent trips to the slopes and back



Skiing is of course the first of Sun Valley's winter diversions, but there are also platform tennis, skating (with instructors for those who need them) and rides in sleighs drawn by horses bedecked with bells



rooms in the more modest Challenger Inn (\$19 to \$32), or one of the superbly designed condominiums (\$27 to \$105) almost all of which come replete with fireplace comfort and stunning views.

Sun Valley has been gradually growing and changing in recent years, but this season there is something startlingly new under the Idaho sun: Elkhorn at Sun Valley, actually a separate but equally impressive expansion of the original community. It is about a mile away and as one drives over a small rise, Elkhorn suddenly appears in a dip of the valley. At first it appears to be a lovely Camelot-like Alpine village nestling there. It has its own arched town gates, a central square (with canopy-covered skating rink) surrounded by shops and restaurants, as well as a clock tower which chimes the time each hour. Elkhorn is a surprisingly attractive combination of antique-quaint and graceful contemporary architecture—a style which its creators call "Fun European." There are now 226 living units

there, ranging from studio apartments for \$20,000 to four-bedroom layouts for \$70,000.

The Sun Valley-Ketchum region retains much of its 19th-century mining-days aura and the restaurants are reminiscent of that rich and raucous past: the Ore House, the Glory Hole Mining Company, the Pioneer, the Alpine Cafe, the Cross-Buck Cafe. In general, the cuisine is hearty and well-prepared. Superb prime ribs and good French red wine make a fine Idaho meal, but excellent omelettes and gorgeous fresh-fruit desserts can be found readily enough. At the Sun Valley Lodge, the Duchin Room is sumptuous and delicate; one specialty is a magnificent dish of oysters Rockefeller. The Duchin Room is an original showpiece of Sun Valley and the rich gleam of good crystal and fine silver is reminiscent of the palmy old days when the lodge employed one man full-time to do nothing but polish silver, and two men

(continued on page 25)

1936—along with the original chair lift in the United States, a single-seat apparatus that was immediately nicknamed "Chairway to the Stars."

The founding institution for Sun Valley was, oddly enough, the Union Pacific Railroad. W. Averill Harriman, then president of the railroad, had skied a good deal in Europe and New England and had envisioned a fine ski area in the West as a way of luring new passengers onto his trains. Almost immediately Sun Valley attracted an uncommon number of celebrities and society personalities. At first, this happened in large part because of the public relations genius of Steve Hannagan, a flamboyant Hollywood individual known as "the prince of press agents." It was Hannagan who devised the term "snow tan" and caught the attention of millions by advertising Sun Valley with a celebrated photograph of a bare-chested young fellow skiing on Bald Mountain. He also imported flocks of bathing beauties and galaxies of movie stars to put Sun Valley on the map. But Hannagan shenanigans are no longer necessary to keep this splendid resort alive and booming.

Condominiums have been spreading like sagebrush across the floor of the valley; there are 344 units with a full range of architecture and living styles with purchase prices from \$20,000 to \$127,600. Within the resort complex itself there are fine restaurants, elegant clothing stores, even a movie theater (the original Opera House) which regularly replays the nostalgic cinema gem which brought early fame: *Sun Valley Serenade*, starring Sonja Henie, Milton Berle and the Glenn Miller Band. Housing accommodations for Sun Valley guests are tasteful and diverse: suites in the lodge (\$26 to \$65 a day),

BRONZE STATUES, immensely popular in the middle and late 1800s, were largely dismissed by serious art collectors of the 20th century until recently. In just the last four or five years they have again attained favor—for reasons of taste and economics—and their rapidly rising prices reflect this new surge of interest among veteran collectors and bargain-hunting amateurs alike.

Despite the rising prices and increased scarcity of very good pieces, bronzes represent for the wise and wary collector a source of enormous pleasure (and, incidentally, good investment). They are, for one thing, easy to live with, in small or large groups or in solitary pedestalled splendor; they are fun to look for; and they require no small degree of knowledge on the part of the collector, which opens a Pandora's box of research, study, and *looking*—in galleries and museums—to sharpen the eye and educate one's taste.

For a beginner, the question, of course, is where to begin. Here are some

figures of animals, improving his knowledge of anatomy at zoos and animal fairs. He established his own foundry and the school of *les animaliers*, which included, most notably, Emmanuel Fremiet, August-Nicolas Cain, Georges Cardet, and Pierre-Jules Mene. Their work is easily recognized for its wealth of fine detail, the realism and vitality of the animals (cruel scenes—a horse attacked by a lion, a stag with two hounds at its throat—are often depicted), and, in early examples, by the fine quality of the castings and the patinas.

As the *London Times* points out, the *animalier* market in general suffers from an enormous number of modern casts in circulation. Beginners may need expert advice to distinguish original castings from modern recasts. Those made in the 1920s are generally stylized and smooth; modern casts are slightly smaller than the originals, and heavier—foundries used to cast hollow bronze thinner than they do today.

Along with this caveat it should be

Photographs by Edward Peterson

Bronze Sculptures Come Out of Eclipse

answers: With browsing in art libraries. With hours in museums, noting differences in period and style, the important sculptors and the particular hallmarks of their work, differences in the quality of casting and patina. Exploring reputable, registered galleries and comparing the quality and prices of the bronzes available. And establishing a budget, which can be less than a thousand dollars for a few "starting" pieces, or be virtually unlimited, but from which the first expenditure should be a few definitive books on the subject.

One of the best is Jane Horswell's *Bronze Sculpture of "les Animaliers": Reference and Price Guide*, published by the Antique Collectors Club of England. (Price Revision Lists are included annually). Though prices are quoted in sterling, they reflect comparable values in the American market.

Horswell concentrates on *les animaliers* (sculptors of animals), currently the most sought-after group and certainly one of the most interesting in terms of artistic merit and collecting possibilities.

Founder—and most important—of the *animalier* sculptors was Antoine-Louis Barye (1796-1875). Apprenticed to a goldsmith, he began modelling small

noted that, just as important bronze sculptures are getting more expensive, so are the lesser items one finds in obscure antique shops and country auctions across the country. Not everyone is looking for collectors' items — not everyone can afford them. But there are pieces of less than museum quality that have certain appeal—and this appeal is also being rediscovered. There may not be a Barye in rural Nebraska (on the other hand, there *may* be), but that non-masterpiece of a lion or elk or fox, laughed at by the sophisticated until a few years ago, does have something—a kind of naive charm and integrity that entitles it to a place in someone's scheme of decoration.

One of the best collections of fine bronzes can be seen at the George Schwartz Gallery on Madison Avenue in New York. It is based on a collection begun as a private hobby over 20 years ago, and includes French, Russian and American bronzes. All illustrate that price is determined not by size at all but by quality, scarcity, or the popularity of a particular artist. A foot-long Barye lioness, not a perfect cast, was priced last fall at \$520; a three-inch Barye lizard curled perfectly on its

Until recently a neglected art form, they are being dusted off and brought forward in galleries and antique shops

by Bodil Nielsen



Top left: "The Dancer," by Edward Field Stanford; top right, "Rhapsody," by Harriet W. Frishmuth; bottom left: (larger work) "Young Faun and Heron," by Frederick MacMonnies and "Cossack with Camels," by Eugene Lancere (bronzes courtesy George Schwartz Ltd.); bottom right: "Bronco," by Gordon Phillips (courtesy Kennedy Galleries)



Top: "Walking Lion," by Antoine-Louis Barye; center: "Troika," by Alexei Petrovich Gratcheff (George Schwartz); bottom: "Two Dogs Flushing Out a Rabbit," by Pierre-Jules Mene (bronzes top and bottom courtesy Abrahams' Compass Antiques)



Among Schwartz's rarer and more costly pieces is a superb group of 19th-century Russian bronzes, notably those by the great Eugene Lancere (1848-1886). Lancere's grandfather emigrated from France and settled in Russia—hence the French name. Lancere studied law and sculpted, self-taught, at first as a hobby. Later as a full-time artist he became extremely popular and valuable to Russian collectors in every walk of life, and won several government art awards. In all, there is a record of 400 Lancere pieces (as with almost all bronzes, there are few records of how many of each were cast.)

Another of Schwartz's rare Russian sculptors is Alexei Petrovich Gratcheff (1780-1850). His pieces include portraits of famous personages in descriptive scenes; he is particularly acclaimed for his "Four Seasons," presumably portraits of Czar Nicholas and his wife Alexandra.

A visitor to New York will also find bronzes at the following places: Abrahams' Compass Antiques, 1076 Third Avenue; the Findlay Galleries, 984 Madison Avenue; the Kennedy Galleries, 20 East 56th Street; and Marie Bevilacqua & Company, Inc., 1048 Third Avenue. Among them you will find signed pieces (most good bronzes were signed) ranging from as little as \$125 for a small dog to many thousands for large and complex works by Barye. Mene and the Americans Remington and MacMonnies.

The next question, of course, is *how* to live with them. One well-known interior designer, Julia K. Gosliner, A.I.D., who lives comfortably with her own extraordinary and eclectic collection of antique furniture and accessories, offers particularly useful advice to the beginning bronze collector. "Live with them, don't just display them," she advises. "Put small pieces alone (or in groups) on tables, or small chests, for example, not on pedestals. Keep scale in mind. Small pieces should not be out-weighted by over-important display cases. Vitrines should suit the scale of the collection." She might put them on the shelves of an antique secretary, with subtle down-lighting, or even on a desk being *used*, as beautiful paper-weights. The important thing is not to be pretentious—not to have a collection shout at visitors, "Look at us!" If they can have some function, she advises, use them.

Several country hams are shown in an old-fashioned kitchen along with foods traditionally associated with this meat. The photograph was taken at Clinton Inn, Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan. Photograph by Don Rockhey



Hail the American Country Ham!

In an age when gastronomic quality is having a tough time, it's nice to know that honest backwoods smoke-houses are still happily at work

by Evan Jones

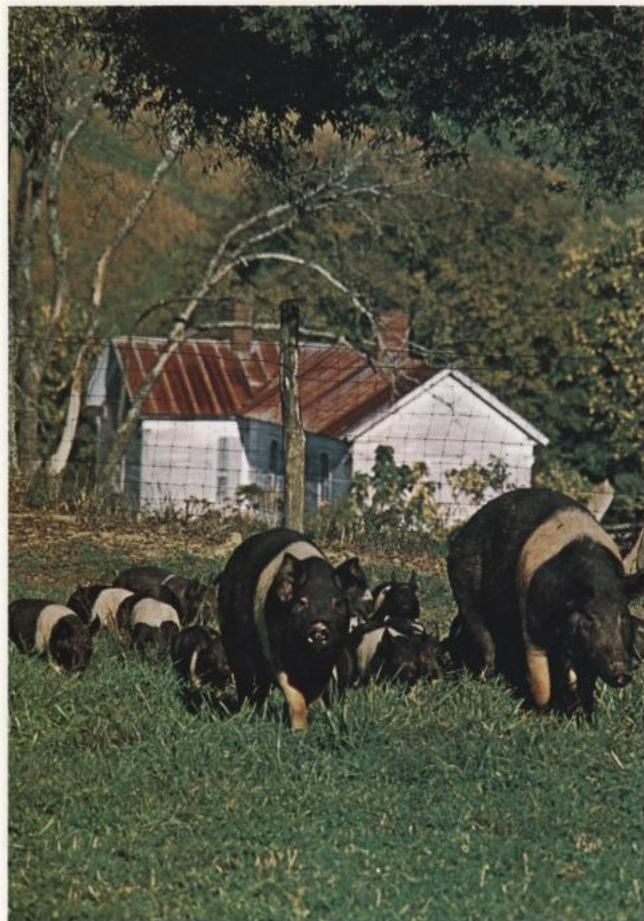
COUNTRY HAM is a slice of Americana. Some of the earliest visitors to the colonies considered Virginia's hams superior to those of England, and that tradition of excellence distinguishes hams that are products of patient craftsmanship in many parts of the U.S. today.

A genuine country ham is tender without being tenderized, salty of character, and assertive in flavor instead of bland. It is never pale pink in color, but is a shade of rich red mahogany. It has a coat of fat that gives it juiciness when properly cooked, and it is long in the shank. A country ham in thin slices tucked between layers of homemade bread makes a sandwich that restores one's faith in tradition. And a thicker slice, frying in an iron skillet with farm-fresh eggs, helps to compound one of

the great American breakfasts.

There are hill villages and back-roads farms turning out country hams in New England, New York, the South and the Ozarks, to name only the regions best known both for hogs fed on grain or peanuts and for smokehouses from which rises the fragrance of slow-burning fires. Of these the most famous, of course, is the small town of Smithfield, near Virginia's James River estuary, which became a center of ham production in colonial times.

Smithfield's prestigious reputation is the result of a pork-curing process that transforms fresh meat into an aged ham almost black on the exterior and mahogany red inside—dry, slightly crumbly, seemingly wine-flavored when properly cooked. There are three long-established



Smithfield firms supplying an international market, and a law was enacted by Virginia's legislators to limit the use of the Smithfield name to those hams "from peanut-fed hogs, raised in the peanut-belt of . . . Virginia or . . . North Carolina . . . cured, treated, smoked, and processed in the town of Smithfield . . ."

I'm aware of no legislation enacted by other states, but I've known certain Southern pig chauvinists to maintain they admired this pride of Smithfield but believed it was the peanut-fed hams of the Georgia-Florida border country that were endowed with "the finest flavor of any in the world." That was just one dissent. From Cadiz, Kentucky, the center of production for highly touted Trigg County hams, a dealer named Pollard White some time back described what he called the genuine Kentucky ham as "the most delicious morsel of food that

has ever been discovered for human consumption." "The world," wrote Martin Rywell, throwing down another regional gauntlet, "has yet to discover that the world's finest ham is from East Tennessee." A lovingly tended Missouri ham, on the other hand—according to the syndicated columnist Inez Robb—"is food for the gods."

Or if you are in New England, climb a Vermont road from Caspian Pond that eventually swings right at the East Hardwick general store; turn in at an unmarked building where a taciturn Yankee named Levi Cole runs a food locker. Here you'll get fewer words than the number of pounds you purchase weighs, but chances are good you'll head toward home with one of the best hams prepared in the traditional old-fashioned American way.

Such genuine country hams have es-



Left: Corn-fed Hampshire hogs on the Farrar farm in Flat Creek, Tennessee; above, Jim Farrar and his son Joe weighing hams; right: split-rail fences surround feeding stations on the Farrar farm. Photographs by Leonard P. Johnson

aped the modern factory cures that end in flabby meat subjected to chemicals and commercial processes. Some of them may be fed on corn instead of peanuts, but they differ not so much because of hog diets as because of the way they are treated during the curing and during the months in which they are aged.

Smithfield hams are selected for their special size and shape, hand-rubbed with dry coarse salt, set aside for a few weeks during which they are carefully rotated in their white beds to maintain a sort of Smithfield profile. When the salt has penetrated they are coated with black pepper and left to mature before the long slow process of smoking over green hickory logs begins. More black pepper and molasses is rubbed in before the final period in the aging sheds.

These hams, ready to be soaked and boiled, can be ordered from these firms in Smithfield: Gwaltney, Inc., V. W. Joyner Co., Smithfield Packing Co. But they also are available so well cooked they need nothing more than a sharp knife when they are bought by mail from Thalhimers Fine Food Shop, 7 Broad Street, Richmond, Virginia. The hard, black, greasy surface has been scrubbed away, the ham has been soaked in water overnight, then is drained and covered again with cold water and simmered 15 to 20 minutes to a pound. After cooling for hours in its own liquid



such a Richmond cooked ham is trimmed of skin and excess fat, scored, spread with brown sugar mixed with sherry and mustard; it is glazed in an oven and wrapped in cellophane for shipping.

Virginia hams from other parts of that state are also cured in ways that cause laymen to think them almost identical to those from Smithfield, and one of the best of these can be ordered from the Jordan Smoke House, 1431 East Cary Street, Richmond. But some contemporary Virginians do not smoke their hams at all, curing them only in salt, sometimes with sugar, for about six weeks, then wrapping them in paper and in muslin bags to hang in the meat houses to age as little as six months or as much as a year and a half.

A variation of this method is used at his Wolfstown place near the Blue Ridge by Jim Kite, Jr.—a former baseball player who will tell you he used to be with the Yankees when Ralph Terry was there. Jim's secret formula that includes salt, sugar and pepper results in a ham that can be soaked overnight to reduce its resolute saltiness but is really at what I consider its best—i.e., showing strong, saline character with an underlying taste of sweetness—when it is simply baked slowly, 20 minutes to the pound, in a big roaster containing 12 cups of water.

Individual technique counts in producing old-fashioned hams, whether or

not they are smoked. Albert Wallace, who has spent half a century devoting himself to maintaining the reputation of Trigg County products, stresses the importance of smoking over slow-burning hickory from which the sap still oozes until the fat of the ham turns cherry red. In Levi Cole's part of New England, however, the same care is exercised in burning corn cobs or mixtures of fruit woods, and in the Ozarks the smoke may sometimes have the aroma of sassafras logs. At Spring Hill, in central Tennessee, Erskine Early uses the methods he learned from his father and keeps a slow fire going for about six weeks until the pork is golden brown.

Uncooked, most of these American-style hams can be bought by mail at a price of less than \$2 a pound, and housewives consider them worth every penny. Around Harriman, in the Cumberland country, Tennessee cooks often order a ham from C. D. Henderson (6 Davis Circle, Pine Hills 33748) and boil it in ginger ale in lieu of champagne, as was common in plantation days; for others the boiling mixture may be as many bottles of cola as it takes to cover the ham—or plain water acidulated with vinegar modified by sugar and various spices, including red pepper. They then remove the skin from the ham, score the fat and spread it with crushed pickled peaches, basting during the ensuing baking with

peach juices. In Maryland the old-fashioned way with hams calls for a little wood ash to be rubbed into the meat before curing.

I keep my eye out for regional nuances whenever I'm in new territory. My wife is the kind of cook who says that every well-run kitchen should always have ham on hand, because it keeps so well, among other attributes. In fact, an uncut ham will keep indefinitely without refrigeration if hung in a cool dark place, like a closet or cellar, wrapped in paper and a cloth bag. In a plastic bag after it has been cut, it keeps several weeks in the refrigerator.

My wife uses these tangy American hams much the way she uses spices, as an accent. The flavor of the country-cure—whether from the small town of California in Missouri, from piedmont Virginia, or from the Cumberland—adds much to a breast of turkey casserole, or a dozen other good American dishes. And a whole ham, tenderly simmered or baked, feeds a lot of party guests. We know. When the end of summer comes in Greensboro, Vermont, we again make that trip to East Hardwick. With a lot of friendliness and a minimum of talk, Levi Cole gets one of his hams out of the storage room, and we bake it with a coating of Vermont maple sugar for a party in the barn. It makes a fitting way to wind up everyone's vacation.

The Mid-Year Continentals:

A High Mark in Self Expression



Continental Mark IV



Lincoln Continental Town Coupe



CONNOISSEURS OF FINE CARS know that in a fine car, changes aren't made for the sake of change. So when mid-year entries come along it is worth special note. Such offerings appear on these pages—the special 1974½ Mark IV and the 1974½ Lincoln Continental Town Car and Town Coupe.

As you can see, these new offerings—special luxury decor options to help further personalize Continental Town Car, Town Coupe or Mark IV ownership—add further distinction to these magnificent motoring cars.

In the now famous "Silver Mark" tradition begun in 1973, comes the new Saddle and White Luxury Ensemble for Mark IV. And like its predecessors (the Silver and Gold Luxury Group Options), this Saddle and White ensemble is another high mark in self expression in the motoring world.

Open the door to sumptuous, rich white leather with saddle vinyl trim interior. The leather seating surfaces appear to be plush white pillows mounted in a deep saddle vinyl

foundation. Further complementing the interior are unique saddle and white door trim panels and extra-thick saddle-colored 25 oz. cut pile carpeting throughout the car, including the luggage compartment. The gleaming white exterior is highlighted with a distinctive brown levant grain vinyl roof.

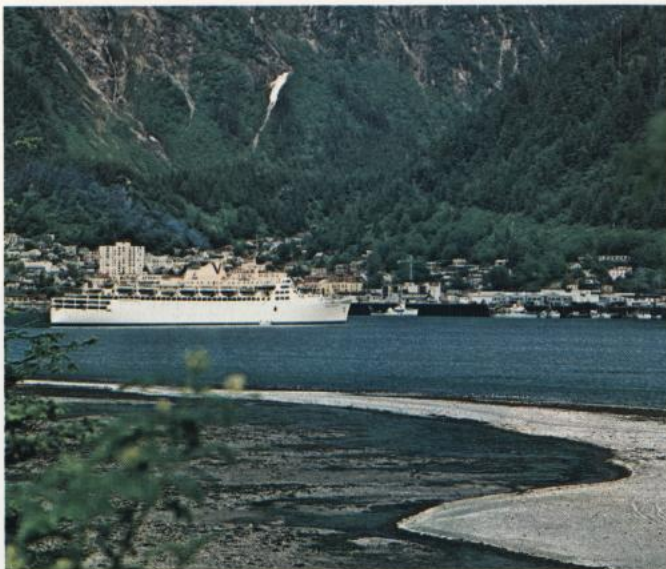
A second very special mid-year entry brings the popular Mark IV Silver Luxury Group Option to the Lincoln Continental Town Car and Town Coupe.

This luxurious option attests to an owner's excellent taste. It includes a special Silver Moondust exterior paint complete with a silver vinyl roof in high luster levant grain and a sumptuous interior that offers rich dark red velour cloth or dark red leather seating surfaces. There is plush dark red cut pile carpeting inside the car and in the luggage compartment, too.

The Continentals with these special luxury groups will be in dealer's showrooms in March.



Top: TSS Fairsea at anchor in the port of Juneau, where the passengers may relax, shop or stare at the stupendous mountains; below: A cadet officer has invited a cruise passenger into the wheelhouse to view the scenery through field glasses; opposite page: The ship moves slowly amidst the awesome sights of Glacier Bay



Photographs by Dan Guravich

CRUISING THE INSIDE PASSAGE

Here's a thousand miles of sheltered Pacific Coast for pampered sailing through magnificent scenery

by Bern Keating

FOR THOSE WHO PERUSE most cruise brochures with a jaded eye, I have a suggestion: a voyage up the Inside Passage to Alaska. The traveler who does this lives simultaneously in two utterly different worlds: One is a landscape as savagely beautiful as any on earth; the other is the exquisitely organized world of the pampered passengers.

On my first cruise to Alaska, aboard the cruise ship *TSS Fairsea*, I reveled during daylight hours in the tremendous seascape. Strains of a seductive mamba leaked out of the Seaward Lounge, but for once I was unmoved, fixed to the open deck by a pair of 8x30 binoculars that showed me an eagle stooping on a hapless ground squirrel, a herd of moun-

tain goats grazing a snowy mountainside, and a humpback whale surfacing to blow a hoarse blast like a rheumy bugle.

Inside, despite my pleasure in the austere landscape, I was equally pleased to find in full celebration a typically non-austere shipboard cocktail hour, familiar to a sea cruise buff like me as part of the hedonistic life organized by cruise pro-

moters. The tinkle of glasses, the murmur of conversation, the couples dancing to an Italian combo—the whole scene was lifted intact from any of the half-dozen tropical cruises I've enjoyed.

That change of scenery, I believe, explains the growth of the cruise industry up the Inside Passage to Alaska. During the short 1973 season, 108 cruises carried 38,000 passengers through the northern fiords. Maiden voyages of luxurious cruise ships entering Alaskan summer service have become commonplace as promoters notice the rush for reservations and early closing of bookings on existent lines. My own cruise with the *Fairsea* was a maiden Alaskan trip for ship, officers, crew and cruise staff, so even the professional sailors aboard were not blasé at their first sight of whale, seal, bear, iceberg and glacier.

The *Fairsea* is one of the big ones—indeed, in most dimensions, the biggest ship currently on the full-season Alaska run. To serve 850 passengers on the two-week round trip from San Francisco, it carries an all-Italian 490-man crew. If demands of passengers strain the service, the chief purser cables the company to fly in squadrons of the cooks, waiters, sommeliers and cabin stewards always kept on standby in Italy.

The special aura brought to a cruise by an Italian staff was impressed on me at our first dinner at sea. A comely table partner gazed about the Dorchester Dining Room with such a bemused expression that I asked if something was wrong. "Quite the contrary," she said. "Believe me. Look at these Italian men and try to imagine what it would be like for you to sail on a ship staffed by Gina Lollobrigidas and Sophia Lorens."

Checking the expressions of the matrons seated about me, I detected that same ladylike but appreciative appraisal. (Later in the voyage, whenever the captain allowed visitors, local teenage girls swarmed aboard, armed with Italian-English dictionaries to improve relations with sturdy young sailors.)

With those of us indifferent to physical charms, the staff ingratiated themselves by an almost motherly concern that we be well nourished. The captain of our team of waiters wheeled out a cart carrying a huge chafing dish. He tossed into a copper pan a miniature mountain of *fettuccine* and soured it down with slabs of butter as big as a cantaloupe, pints of whole cream, a dozen or more raw eggs. The mind reeled at calculating the calories per serving, but nobody turned him down when he circulated among the tables offering a huge dollop as appetizer to the adventurous. On succeeding nights, the same captain cooked unpredictable special dishes according to his whim; we learned not to order dessert till we had discovered what flaming fantasy his mood produced.



Passengers can disembark and come within close reach of Mendenhall Glacier. Right: On a cruise there are stewards, waiters, service at every turn

Far from being annoyed at my special demands, our waiter Alfredo was professionally gratified when I asked him at breakfast to remove a Camembert and an apple from the refrigerator and to serve them at dinner at room temperature, in the European style. He set my plate aside to warm and guarded it all day against raids by his fellow waiters.

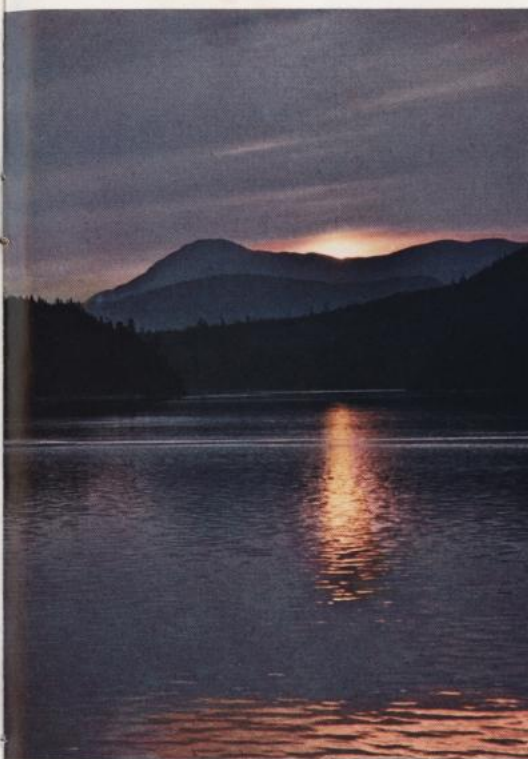
The first night out, the sommelier discovered two wine enthusiasts at our table. For the rest of the cruise, he popped up within seconds of the placing of dinner orders to discuss gravely the question of a suitable bottle.

During the two weeks of the cruise, the crew and cruise staff offered sauna baths, massages, gym sessions and calisthenics classes, dance lessons, trapshooting, lectures, bingo, unexplainably popular races by cardboard horses and movies in a two-level theater. Cruise ships are probably the last stand of the variety performer and the *Fairsea* offered four excellent night club turns. Cocktail parties for special interest groups brought together singles, Southern California residents, or any other combination the cruise director thought suited to the passenger list. Masquerade parties and talent shows brought out the ham in half



the passengers for the entertainment of the other half.

All most amusing, but for me cruise fun begins after those side shows quit. Like many another child of the Depression when, perforce, we provided our own entertainment, the dance is for me still the most gracious and exciting social activity. With shrewdness born of earlier cruise experiences, the first night out I sent a drink to the 12 musicians. They soon discovered my taste for Latin. Other passengers were probably puzzled by the heavy programming of cha cha, rumba and tango that followed that opening night gambit.



Left: It's one beautiful sunset after another in the north—this one at Discovery Pass; above: trapshooting on the fantail of TSS *Fairsea*

Early on, I discovered that the usual after-dinner liqueurs overheated a stomach already strained by the prodigious feasts routinely consumed at dinner and they rendered a would-be dancer tangle-footed and weary. But a bottle of Moët and Chandon champagne, well chilled, lasted a long time, kept the brain and feet more merry than befuddled, and, above all, gave the evening that cachet, that festive air, that goes with black tie and cummerbund, that touch of elegance a cruise dance demands.

A band of us dance fiends nightly followed the orchestra as it shifted from lounge to lounge, finally closing the South Pacific Lounge aft just before the musicians collapsed. Sunrise at that high latitude is just past midnight, giving us a delightfully sinful feeling about closing a party with the sun already high.

The port stops jerked us out of the epicurean cocoon and thrust us back into geographical reality. At Vancouver, snow on the mountains enhanced the city's graceful skyline. Shoppers on Robson Street found three blocks of import houses; in Gastown, a once-decaying and now-restored quarter, they explored antique shops, art galleries, tex-

tile vendors and specialized restaurants. The Pacific Northwest coast is littered with totem poles, but the most moving are clustered in Saxman Village at Ketchikan, Alaska.

A plane flight over Taku Glacier at Juneau is an excursion into a frozen and sunblasted world more savage looking than any moonscape, so ski tracks of scientist-explorers on those slopes are as astonishing as those TV shots of footprints in the lunar dust.

Sitka, czarist capital of Alaska, remembers its Russian heritage. Orthodox priests walk the streets, a Russian import shop sells antiques and bibelots, the orthodox cathedral houses a superb collection of ikons, and a local troupe performs Russian folk dances for cruise passengers.

At Victoria, an outpost of England almost aggressively English, the shoppers almost lost control. At the Gallery of the Arctic, collectors found a superb show of Eskimo art. At Carnaby Square, lovers of the exotic bought frogged silk robes and sheepskin coats from Afghanistan, antique Moghul miniatures from northern India, jewelry from the Middle East, Chinese wall hangings. The Scots (and

would-be Scots) bought kilts at the Tartan Shop and bolts of tweed from London Silk. The boulevardiers among us enjoyed the half-forgotten aroma of authentic Havana cigars, long forbidden in the U.S. Late in the afternoon, some of the shoppers filtered into the Empress Hotel, a bastion of colonial decorum, for a spot of tea.

Advice to travelers on the Inside Passage?

Take a sweater and windbreaker jacket; the wind off the glaciers can occasionally be biting. Even more than in the tropics you need good sunglasses, for the glare from icefields can be blinding. (The tax-free shop aboard carries sunglasses if you forget yours.) And don't forget binoculars—the better quality and the more powerful the better.

If you have a taste for North American native art—Indian or Eskimo—or for English luxury goods, cut down to half your cruise wardrobe and bring an empty suitcase to fill in the shops of Vancouver and Victoria.

However memorable your loot, your memory will linger for a long time, as mine does, on the wild scenery around the ship and the serene comforts inside.

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CONTINENTAL MARK IV

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



A Man's Guide to Shopping by Mail

There's treasure in the lesser-known catalogs—rare woods, scientific equipment, hard-to-find tools.

by George Renfrew

Photographs by Don Rockhey and Leonard P. Johnson

FORMERLY A RURAL SOCIETY that kept itself supplied by mail and express deliveries, America has never lost its mail-order habit. If anything, the habit has grown stronger. There are thought to be around 7,000 mail-order catalogs published in the U.S.—so many that we even have a book called "The Catalogue of American Catalogues," published by Random House (\$10). With its 272 pages it can't begin to list them all, but it makes a very good start.

The variety of our mail-order catalogs is bewildering, ranging from feeding-station bird equipment to exotic coffees to free government land to silkscreen posters to rare books on the occult to kits for making rugs to harpsichords to honey from bees confined to buckwheat—and on and on.

Here are some catalogs of special interest to men: The Brookstone Company, Peterborough, N. H. 03458, publishes "Hard-to-Find Tools" (50 cents). Within the 68 pages of its first 1974 edition are such ingenious and useful items as a tube bender that can put an arc in a tube without crimping it and a three-way clamp for a hobbyist with a complex glueing job. Elsewhere in this fascinating catalog is a set of 12 files called rifiers with which a hobbyist can do work impossible with ordinary files. Brookstone does marvels with miniaturizing and offers the craftsman tiny rasps, tiny drills and tiny screwdrivers.

Items shown here are in the catalog of the Brookstone Company of Peterborough, N. H. Included are a jointmaster with a 10-inch backsaw and a unique metal identification kit for permanent marking of home items





There is no better way to please a boatsman than to send him a catalog of marine products. Not only does it show him items he might not find in his local boat shop, but he'll browse happily through the pages on winter days when his boat is out of the water. One of the catalogs is from West Products, 161 Prescott St., East Boston, Mass. 02128, another from Schaefer Marine Products, New Bedford, Mass. 02745, a third from Land's End Yacht Stores, Inc., 221 N. Elston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60614. All are free.

The West Products booklet is 48 pages, many in full color, with items ranging from the very practical (superb rope which the company manufactures itself; their own flotation equipment) to the somewhat diverting (tough jigsaw puzzles based on marine maps, nautical neckties, clothes for stylish deck life).

The Schaefer catalog deals exclusively in yacht hardware and is angled to the sailor who goes in for serious sailing, including racing. Its pages show picture after picture of blocks classified by length and type of boat; boom vang for competition sailing; clew outhaul slides of various sizes; and jib furlers. Sprinkled in with this array of sailing gear are little nuggets of advice ("Do not use your jib partially furled").

Among the several catalogs of particular interest to the woodworking craftsmen are those of Albert Constantine and Son, Inc., 2050 Eastchester Road, Bronx, N. Y. 10461, and Craftsman Wood Service Co., 2729 S. Mary St., Chicago, Ill. 60608. Each costs 50 cents.

The hobbyist with an eye for the unusual finds it a thrill merely to read the lists of woods in these catalogs: Mexican kelobra, Hawaiian koa, Brazilian tulipwood, Indian teak, Honduras rosewood and French walnut, to name a few among a hundred. Included in the catalogs are many veneers and the tools required to work with them.

Going far beyond lumber and related products, these catalogs disclose a

From the catalog of Land's End Yacht Stores in Chicago comes this dockload of sailings items, among them a colorful blanket in a plastic container, moccasins with none-slip soles, sailing gloves, navigation equipment, a grill for deck cooking and ship hardware

whole world involving wood. For example, they offer a kit for making a clock with wooden gears. Want to try the old-fashioned craft of whittling? Here are plans for making animals of many kinds and in several sizes. They will send you a block of wood and a pattern for carving an American eagle.

Perhaps of equal value are the many books on subjects connected with wood. The Constantine company has a book called "Know Your Woods" (\$10). And there are books on upholstery, furniture, cabinetry, wood finishing and instruction in veneering.

In these days of women's liberation

it may be risky to ascribe certain interests to men rather than women. Nevertheless, yachting and woodworking are still predominantly men's activities. So presumably, is beekeeping. The Walter T. Kelley Co., Inc., Clarkson, Ky. 42726, will send a free 66-page catalog on getting started with honey.

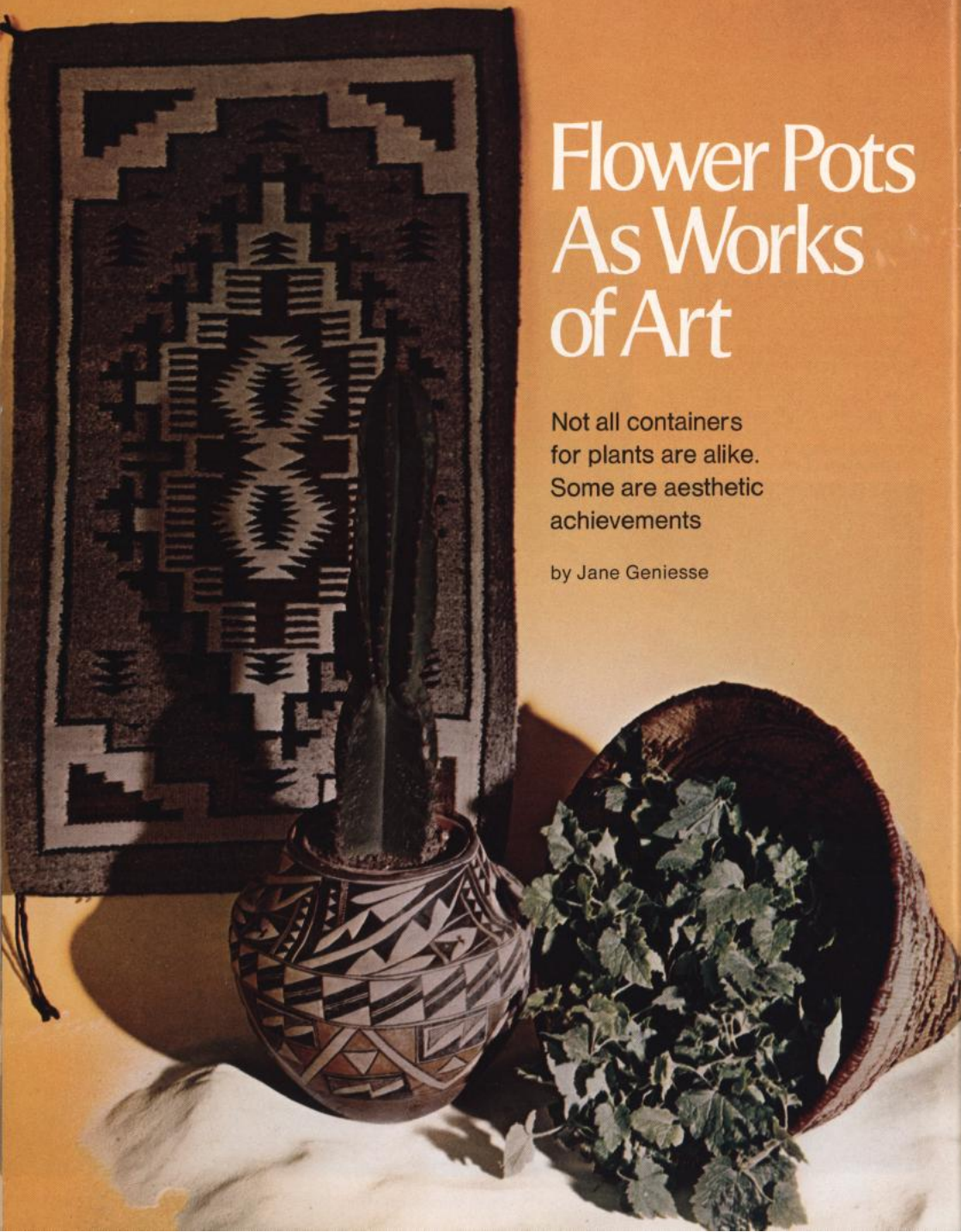
Items shown here are in the catalog of Craftsman Wood Service in Chicago. They include special veneers, caning, sofa legs, wood inlay borders, lazy susan bearing, a veneer saw, a kit for a dulcimer, wooden clock works, a swiss music box movement, special hinges and picture frame moldings



Flower Pots As Works of Art

Not all containers
for plants are alike.
Some are aesthetic
achievements

by Jane Geniesse



Photographs by Tom Geoly

A PLANT IN A SIMPLE CLAY POT is lovely just because plants themselves are beautiful. There is no reason, however, to think we can't add a little to nature's own charms. If we don't gild the lily itself, we can at least spruce up the look of its container.

It is possible to make a holiday out of even the most run-of-the-mill house plant. Take an ordinary bronze chrysanthemum. It doesn't have any pretensions. Yet put it in a K'ang Hsi tureen (circa 1700) and you have created your own little spectacular—a celebration of color and vitality that panders neither to the dignity of a \$4200 dish nor heeds the humility of the chrysanthemum. It is merely a brilliant combination.

Start thinking unusual pots and you are bound to enrich your life as a plant fancier. (We are here using pot interchangeably with *cachepot*, the French word for a container in which you hide another pot.) The lazy ones among us might even remember to water their plants if they first invested a little time and energy in the pleasant business of giving their leafy companions some out-of-the-ordinary atmosphere.

There is no reason in the world why you should feel compelled to stick rigidly to classical shapes. Unusual and exciting possibilities exist to grace a plant and lend distinction to your home. No matter what part of the country you hail from, a browse through the local department store will frequently spark ideas. Specialty shops, which may offer anything from Indian artifacts to valuable antique silverwork, are usually the best source for striking items that an imaginative eye can translate from their original use into distinctive containers. Whether you live in Des Moines or Spokane, keep a lookout for the unexpected.

The following is a sample journey through New York shops.

In midtown, near Tiffany's, is Mrs. Virginia Mapel's wicker and greenery arbor, called the Gazebo, 14 East 57th Street. Nothing gives Mrs. Mapel greater pleasure than producing the proper container for a plant or flower arrange-

Left: Two unusual American Indian containers, one pottery, one woven, from Reservations Creations, 928 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10021. Right: The Gazebo, 14 East 57th Street, N. Y., N. Y. 10022, supplied the hand-painted wicker basket for paper flowers and the off-white American crock for dried autumn flowers

ment. In addition to traditional *cachepots* like the scalloped-lip pot in spring green and white for \$49.95, there are some new Chinese wares—reproductions of blue-and-white Ming chrysanthemums—and turn-of-the-century sap buckets from Pennsylvania farm country circa the early 1900s.

Enthusiasts for Indian handiwork should go to Reservations Creations, newly located at 928 Madison Avenue, to look over the possibilities for planters from the American Southwest. There I saw burial pots unearthed from sites over 800 years old. One was a somber gray pottery bowl shaped like a flying pigeon with a yawning beak for \$195.

As for baskets, this Indian craft outlet had several tall multicolored shapes by Choctaws at \$125 as well as a little sweet grass basket for \$4 whose gentle scent evoked thoughts of the plains tribes and grazing herds of buffalo.

To change the scene from old to new, I stopped in at Design Research, 53 East 57th Street, a shop that personifies the best in contemporary functionalism. There I found a faultlessly conceived

planter by "Arabia" in white or black matte-finished ceramic. A straight-sided, tubular bowl fitted hand-in-glove into its saucer in one unbroken line. You could actually plant right in it, as a drainage hole was provided. It was a neat eight inches high, including the saucer, ten inches in diameter and refreshingly priced at \$16.50.

Terrestris (409 East 60th Street), a jungly indoor arboretum high on top of an unassuming warehouse, is noted for its tremendous variety of plant and tree specimens—all robust, all well-priced. Kent Hunter, the owner, is interested in saving rather than spending on containers, and believes he has found a solution. He offers a high-density polyethylene container that has the same wide-mouthed tubular look as Design Research's, that also comes in black or white, but is very lightweight. It feels a bit like styrofoam, so the ceramic pot purist might not be too happy unless he reminds himself of the money he is saving. For \$16.50 he will get a huge 19-inch tube that would cost \$60 if it were fiberglass and more if ceramic.



If one were determined to have terracotta, but insisted on an earlier flavor, Country Floors at 300 East 61st Street would provide heavy relief earthen pots for indoors or the garden. A rectangular planter (10x35 inches) with an appealing frieze of frolicking angels (reminiscent of Renaissance sarcophagi) sells through a decorator for \$45.

With no worry whatever about winter furies, you could turn to the large garden pieces sold at the Erkins Studio, 8 West 40th Street; they are offered in either Italian limestone or in Spanish

Clockwise from lower left: Rectangular and round pedestal earthenware containers from Country Floors, 300 East 61st Street; K'ang Hsi tureen with chrysanthemums from Chait Gallery, 12 East 56th Street; white ceramic planter from Design Research, 53 East 57th Street; Italian hand-painted low container from Carole Stupell, Ltd., 61 East 57th Street; and small green and white hand-painted container from Richard Ginori, 711 Fifth Avenue (all New York City)

"cast stone," which is a solid combination of marble dust and cement. For over 60 years this studio has been making sculptured ornaments, and it is famous for fountains that bring instant romance to the back lawn. Slipping past cupids and draped muses, I settled on a four-foot-high marble planter. In typical Adam period style, it was a ram's horn urn festooned with fruited swags. Hand-carved, it cost \$1450. There were Pompeian and late Roman reproductions, and an especially engaging hexagonal English cloverleaf tub, 14 inches across and nine inches high.

Nearing the end of my quest, I stopped in at Richard Ginori's, 711 Fifth Avenue, long established as a maker of fine Italian porcelain. Ginori offers the traditional shapes in three sizes to go with his dinner patterns. Nothing could be more delightful in a prominent spot in your living room (or even just standing by itself) than the famous "Italian Fruits" pattern of randomly scattered flower sprigs amid strawberries, melons and pomegranates, for \$67.

Finally, and not to be missed, is an exquisite little shop in the upper sixties: Diane Love, at 851 Madison Avenue, which offers beautiful fabric blooms. Diane Love has an artist's sense of color and balance. Furthermore, she well knows the importance of a suitable container. Wood or ceramics, French faience or English tin—her imagination wings to every possibility. I noticed a ceremonial Japanese brocade box opened and planted as freely as a garden with burnt orange liliun and maroon iris. The copper-and-black silk box and arrangement together were \$85. With equal originality she uses anything from an antique steel strong box or leather hat case to copper tubs and pottery brandy kegs. Her Japanese baskets, each a work of art in itself, were especially striking foils for her splendid conceptions.

There are many, many ways to pot a plant. With a little work, a little imagination, a little humor it can be clad in something much more exciting, more unusual and more beautiful—albeit more expensive—than just clay.

Sun Valley

(continued from page 5)

were kept occupied from morning till night with no other assignment than to sculpt centerpieces in ice for the tables.

Of course, it is the adventure of skiing which draws most people to Sun Valley. But one needn't be a sheer-drop expert to enjoy the sport there. Dollar Mountain, a gentle slope, is maintained expressly for beginners. Even magnificent old Baldy has miles of runs which novice skiers find manageable, yet unbelievably thrilling. And unlike a majority of American resorts where skiers queue up for as long as an hour waiting to board lifts up the mountain, Sun Valley is singularly free of maddening delays: The lift capacity is 15,000 an hour, but the average traffic is less than 2,500 per day.

Now if one prefers to get his snow tan in more relaxing environs than the mountain slopes, there are three large heated outdoor swimming pools in Sun Valley and Elkhorn. Or there is skating. Or there is cross-country skiing, the newest booming winter sport in the U. S. On long, light, wooden skis one can spend days gliding placidly along the snowy valley floor, in serenity and solitude below the Sawtooths. It is a sport one can enjoy—indeed, almost master—in less than an hour. And for one of Sun Valley's finest offerings in its winter feast, no one should miss the bi-weekly torchlight cross-country ski trip over twilight-tinted snow from Sun Valley proper out to the excellent restaurant at Trail Creek Cabin where the end of the exhilarating trek is a candle-light dinner before a roaring fire.

The enjoyments of Sun Valley and Elkhorn are by no means a matter of snow-and-ice only. This is a year-round resort and there is excellent fishing in the rivers and high-mountain lakes, plus fine hunting for anything from big-game elk to quick little quail. Sun Valley in spring, summer or fall has a grand array of recreational pursuits. There are golf courses, dozens of tennis courts, and stables full of riding horses. There are guided tours of ghost towns, raft trips on mountain rivers and back-packing camping trips high into the Sawtooth Range. In spring the valley is alive with wild flowers, in autumn the aspens on old Baldy turn a lovely shade of ochre.

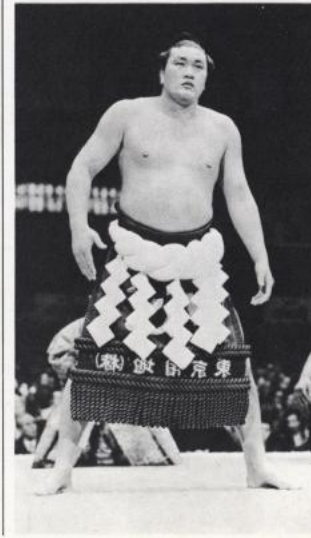
Season in and season out, Sun Valley is a lavish and lovely resort, resplendent with natural beauty and replete with the finest creature comforts man can supply. But winter is its specialty, and even as it grows and changes and expands over more terrain beneath the warm sun, this Idaho island retains its long-time reputation as the dowager queen of ski resorts in America.

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

WHEN 25-YEAR-OLD Hiroshi Wajima achieved *yokosuna*, the highest rank in sumo wrestling, at Japan's summer tournament last year he earned a double distinction: He was the first college-educated sumo wrestler ever to be promoted to grand champion, and he accomplished this only 3½ years after turning pro. But after his crucial match Wajima merely scratched his 14-day beard—left unshaven for luck in defiance of sumo tradition—and muttered, "I guess I was just born under a lucky star."

Like most virtuosos, he began young, showing an interest in sumo at the age of three. In junior high he launched his career seriously. As a high school freshman he won the sumo competition in the National Athletic Meet. At Nihon University he captured the all-Japan college sumo championship. He made his professional debut in January, 1970. Six feet, one inch tall and weighing 265 pounds, Wajima is somewhat taller and lighter weight than most sumo wrestlers, who tend to be under six feet and over 300 pounds.

Wajima obviously enjoys the perquisites of being a national idol in Japan's most popular spectator sport. He recently appeared on a TV program garbed in an 800,000-yen (\$2,300) kimono, the gift of admirers. He owns not one, but two, white Mark IVs.



LATE IN THE 1930s young Arthur Whittmore arrived at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, to study organ, and young Jack Lowe arrived to study violin. By the time they graduated both had switched to piano and they had decided that four hands were better than two.

That was the beginning of one of the world's most brilliant classical piano duos. After much barnstorming, along with minor stints like their own radio show on Pittsburgh's KDKA at \$14 a week apiece, they bravely arranged their own debut at New York's Town Hall in 1940. They were a smash, and have been ever since. Each fall-and-winter season they criss-cross the U.S. for 68 concerts, trundling their two 9½-foot Baldwin grands along with them.

In a field where talent and technical excellence are taken for granted, something extra is needed for such sustained popularity. Showmanship, of course, which these artists have in abundance. But they also have an extraordinary rapport with their audience.

To the rather meager two-piano compositions of the old masters Whittmore and Lowe have added the works of such moderns as Max Reger and Francis Poulenc, and were among the first classical artists to include popular music in their repertoire. Thus a single program may range from Reger's ultra-difficult "Variations on a Theme by J. S. Bach" to Ravel's "Bolero" to the country and western favorite "Honey."

The proprietors of Crazy Ophelia's Cafe in Key West, Florida, once asked them to give a free concert for the local young people. "Well," they hedged, "if you can get them in . . ." (referring to the pianos). Husky volunteers tenderly eased the Baldwins into the cafe; barefoot, long-haired listeners squeezed into every other available cranny and hung in the windows. When the 90-minute performance was over and the walls trembled with applause, Whittmore leaped to his feet. "You're the greatest audience we ever had!" he shouted.



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