

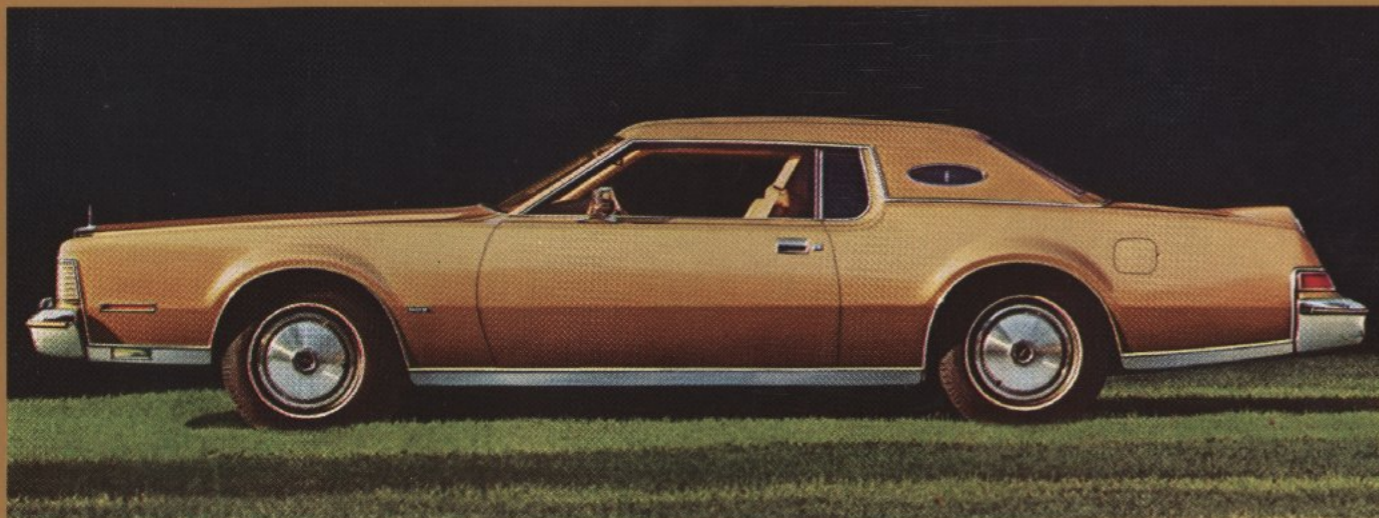


THE
CONTINENTAL
MAGAZINE

Spring-Summer 1974

Rocky Mountain Dude Ranches
Living in Spanish Castles

The 1974 gold
Continental Mark IV.
A new standard.



For 1974, at slightly higher cost, the gold Continental Mark IV will be a new standard by which all American personal luxury cars will be judged. Rush for it.

CONTINENTAL MARK IV

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



THE
CONTINENTAL
MAGAZINE

Vol. 14, No. 2

Spring-Summer 1974



At Shepp Ranch, on Salmon River in Idaho, packing amidst spectacular scenery is an every-day event. Story on Rocky Mountain dude ranches begins on page 14
Photograph by Leonard P. Johnson

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Everyone's Castle in Spain



Left: A hallway in the Parador El Emperador, Fuenterrabia; right: Parador San Francisco in Granada; below: a corner of the lounge at El Emperador

It's not only their low cost and their amenities, but these hotels are among the most interesting in Europe

by Robert M. Hodesh

Photographs by Oscar Buitrago and Loomis Dean

THERE ARE HOTELS and hotels throughout the world where people travel but none are so lastingly impressive as the *paradores* owned and operated by the government of Spain. *Parador* is a Spanish word for inn, but an inn is a modest place and the definition doesn't do justice to these establishments. Spain has more than fifty *paradores*, nearly all of them remodeled from a castle, a palace, or a convent. Except for a very few built recently, all reach back centuries into the Spanish past. Though modernized with every convenience that technology has devised, their glory is intact—their old stone, their buttresses, their towers, their architectural integrity.

The *paradores* are scattered all over Spain, although for the most part they are away from the big cities. Invariably they are situated close to the things a person goes to Spain for. Some open out on the Atlantic, some on the Mediterranean. Some face the snow-capped Sierra Nevada. One is at the heart of a great achievement of Moorish culture. Some have the Renaissance at their doors. Some, themselves medieval, are in the center of medieval monuments. They have a number of characteristics in common, of which one of the most important is that they are interesting.

Administered resolutely from Madrid, they adhere to very high standards. Service is superb, amenities ample, attention to detail punctilious. Anyone who has had a little experience with home improvement must bow his head admiringly at the Spanish determination that has put electric wires and perfectly functioning plumbing through six feet of limestone wall. However much they have in common, no two *paradores* are



alike, but a few are selected here to represent the chain.

Anyone driving from the southwest of France to Spain should make every effort to include the town of Fuenterrabia, which is just across the border from the French resort city of St. Jean de Luz. This is the site of the Parador El Emperador, a Gothic castle overlooking the Bay of Biscay. The signs pointing the way to the *parador* (signs for the nearest *parador* are on all the roads of Spain, with the distances in kilometers) end in a charming old square elevated above the city. From the outside El Emperador is not impressive—hardly more than an old blank wall—but once inside the visitor finds himself in the Middle Ages.

El Emperador has only 16 rooms. They are reached by a complex and fascinating route—into the central courtyard, through a narrow door, up a flight of stone stairs, left turns, right turns, mysterious corridors, barred gates at the head of broad staircases, great granite arches. The visitor might imagine himself a character in a Gothic novel, but the room he reaches is warm and modern. Its lights and plumbing work to perfection; immediately below its narrow medieval window are flower beds, and in the near distance is the sea.

One of the fine features of this *parador* is its cuisine, which is distinguished because this is the Basque part of the country, the Basques being among the finer cooks of Spain. In particular, this *parador's* dining room does wonderful things with seafood. And the guest should wander around the square. Among the unusual places is an antique shop, in which, last year, there was a carved wooden cradle made in the shape of Basque dory. It was as unique as its price was low.

The most popular *parador* in Spain

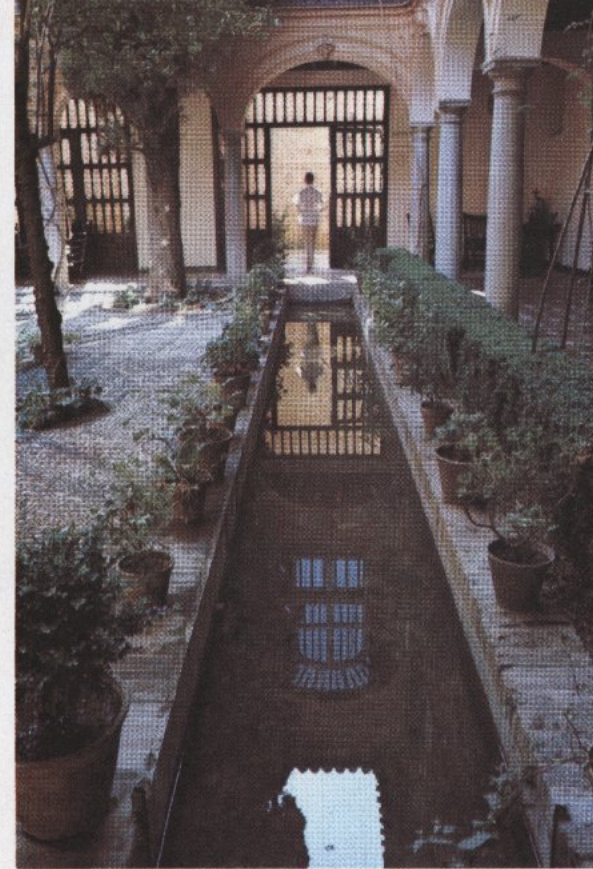


is San Francisco, in Granada; it books reservations two years in advance, and only luck will get the visitor in if he isn't expected. The reason is that the *parador*, once a convent, is part of the Alhambra, the greatest tourist attraction in the country. The road to it climbs up out of Granada, through an arch and into a dense elm forest crowded with nightingales. The building itself is simple, even a little stark (why should a convent be anything else?), but its eight double rooms are spacious and luxurious and its beautifully lighted dining room a credit to Spanish hospitality.

From the doors of the Parador San Francisco all the wonders of the Alhambra are within walking distance. Books have been written about this, the most



Left: the Moorish courtyard of San Francisco; below: San Francisco's dining room



Top: part of the bar in the Parador Condestable Davalos in Ubeda; above and right: dining room at El Emperador (waitresses in Basque costume) and the bar of El Emperador, with flags of heraldry hanging from the ceiling

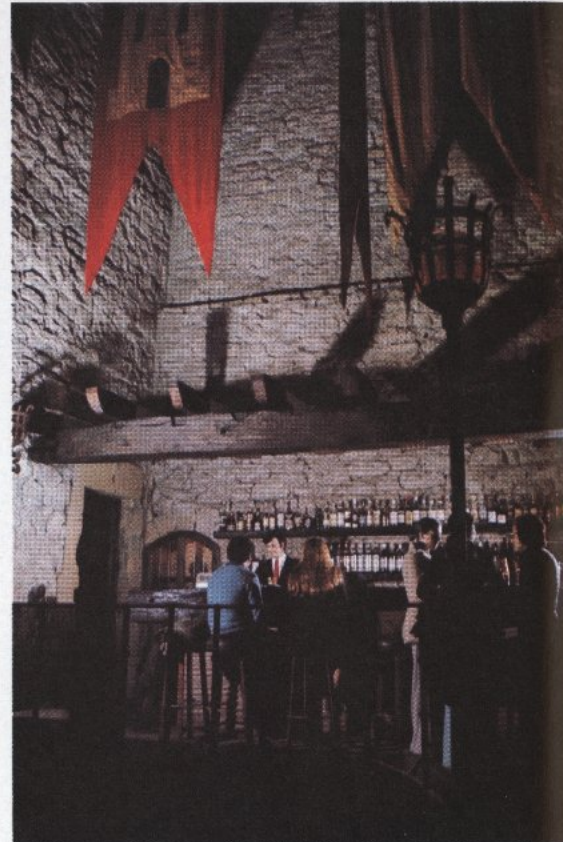
wonderful legacy of Moorish culture in Europe—the exquisite gardens that are one outdoor room after another with their careful balance of blooms and green, the sheer genius that went into planning the proportions of these rooms, the sounds of fountains everywhere, the sensitive architecture of the buildings, the delicacy and restraint of the decorations, the feeling that only a veil separates the visitor from caliphs, harems and perfumed languor.

In mood it is a far cry from the Alhambra to the Parador Castillo de Santa Catalina, in Jaen, some 200 miles south of Madrid. Situated on a mountain top, it is an exciting place to reach. It goes back to medieval times and is absolutely awesome, with sweeping stone stairways, compound vaults in the ceilings and majestic arches. The setting is so impressive that guests tend to whisper.

Santa Catalina is a good example of unexpected pleasures that may occur in a visit to paradores. In the main hall there is a display case containing embroidery done by ladies either at the parador or in Jaen. Not long ago a visitor bought a large linen tablecloth, six dinner napkins and six luncheon napkins, all hand

worked with extremely fine and beautiful designs, for a little more than the equivalent of \$30. It was of a quality that makes heirlooms.

Jaen is a central location for trips into nearby hill towns. A drive to Ubeda, some 30 miles away, goes through the beautiful Renaissance towns of Baeza and Andujar. In Ubeda is the Parador Condestable Davalos, a 16th-century palace in a quiet square. Open fires burn in its huge fireplaces, and on the walls of the main rooms there are paintings of more than passing quality.



Not all the paradores are steeped in antiquity. A visitor who has been staying at the old ones may at first be disappointed with the Parador la Arruzafa, in Cordoba. It is a recently built hotel of 56 rooms—efficient, spacious, hospitable, but not of a kind that will inspire romantics.

It isn't long, however, before this impression is dispelled. Should the visitor arrive in late April or early May he will be overwhelmed by the fragrance of orange blossoms coming from the large orange trees planted on the patios out-



side the main floor. Shortly afterward he may notice that the balconies of all five floors are engulfed in hanging geraniums. There is still another revelation: each room, even up on the fifth floor, has its own outdoor terrace with grass and shrubs. Anyone who orders breakfast in his room and has it served on his own private terrace in the warm Spanish sunshine in view of Arruzafa's gardens and the city of Cordoba in the distant valley, will have an experience he is not likely to forget.

But the main point about Arruzafa,

really, is Cordoba, one of the treasures of Spain. Here again the greatness stems from the Moors. The principal attraction of the city is the mosque called La Mezquita, a monument made of more than 800 beautiful pillars, each one different from the others. It was begun in the year 786 and was still being worked on nearly three centuries later. When the Moors were ousted by the Christians in 1236, a cathedral was built inside the mosque, and this is attractive in its own way.

The old quarter of Cordoba also in-

cludes the gardens of the Alcazar, further evidence of the Moorish gift for flowers and fountains. The heritage of this old quarter, though, is Roman—narrow alleys, tiny gardens, green leaves, cool stone.

A visitor who starts a trip in Madrid will find that the easiest parador to see is the Conde de Orgaz, in Toledo, only 40 miles from the capital. The parador sits on a high flank of the hills above the Tago River and the old city, which, after Rome, is the most important center of the Catholic world. The parador itself is not old but it fits its setting perfectly. Toledo is a museum city; not a cobblestone can be moved without government permission. It has hundreds of buildings that date back five centuries, and a thorough exploration of its fascinations would take weeks.

The paradores are not advertised except by those who visit them—and the visitors are usually very voluble. Nowhere else have old buildings been used to such stunning advantage, and nowhere else does the Spanish character reveal itself more clearly, for Spain is perhaps the finest stronghold of cordiality and hospitality in Europe. And there is no better way to become acquainted with the thunder of medieval Spain, the grace and intelligence of Renaissance Spain, the voluptuousness and delicacy of Moorish Spain.

Inquiries about the paradores of Spain should be sent to the Spanish National Tourist Office, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.



Photographs by Don Rockhey

Left: Two rare books—an illuminated manuscript of "The Book of Hours" lying on Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," photographed at the Watkinson Library, Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. On this page: a private library with examples of Limited Edition books from the Cardavon Press, Avon, Connecticut

Books in Limited Editions

The very opposite of best sellers, they have great aesthetic value and capital gains potential

by Lois Sabatino

AMONG THE COLLECTORS OF THINGS, bibliophiles think of themselves as a breed apart—better. A book lover establishes an intimacy with the things he collects that can rarely be matched in other fields. Those who collect pictures run the risk of being overwhelmed by them—as who wouldn't be if he has acquired a Corot at auction or stumbled on it in an obscure shop? The collector of Oriental rugs who manages to buy an 18th-century Oushak will stare at it in awe as long as he has it, but it will

dominate *him*, not he it.

But a collector of books usually has something he can hold, something he can admire at close range, something whose message he can make a part of himself. The chance that he might have to come to terms with a book on the order of a Gutenberg Bible or a Shakespeare folio is virtually zero. The book he can realistically hope to acquire might be said to have simplicity, so far as his relations with it are concerned. Only persons who collect prints are in the same class.

The world of the bibliophile is a big one, and very few collectors encompass all of it. A youngster who has carved out a field in comic books is obviously not in the same class as a scholar looking for more substantial intellectual achievements. Like paintings, books require specialization, some of the categories being author, period, subject, bindings, typography, or some combination of these. One of the specialties most often cultivated is the rare book, rare because of its age or because it was printed in a limited edition.

The bibliophile who can afford it usually moves in this direction. He may have his heart set on such far horizons as Audubon's "Birds of America," which is now worth a quarter of a million dollars, but on the way he is on the lookout for George Eliot's "Silas Marner," published not under the author's pen name but her real one, Mary Ann Evans. Or a first edition of Henry James' "Roderick Hudson," his first novel, or of Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," which, in top condition, sells today for around \$300.

The question of whether a bibliophile is born or made is hard to answer, but it is safe to say that he started early in life as a dedicated lover of reading. When he combines this love with an appreciation of type, bindings, illustrations and a working knowledge of the field of book collecting he becomes a true bibliophile. If he has latent feeling for the field and only a smattering of knowledge, there are standard books which can broaden him and kindle a dim interest into a true passion. Among



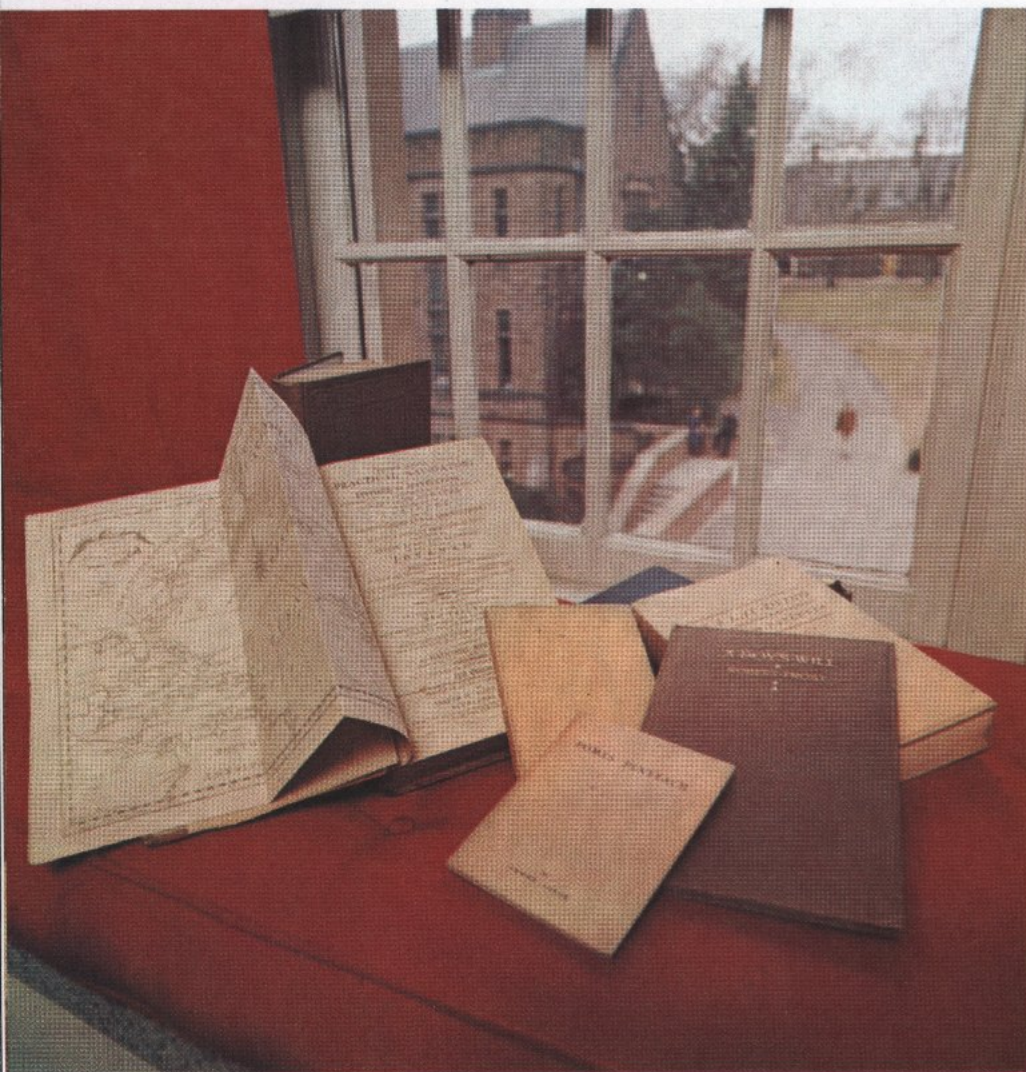
the books are "The Amenities of Book Collecting," by A. Edward Newton; "How to Start a Poor Man's Morgan Library," by Norman Strouse; and "Modern Book Collecting," by Herbert F. West.

Inevitably, the matter of book collecting as investment comes up, especially in days like these when cash doesn't always behave dependably. Whenever a collector buys or sells anything he is involved with investment—or ought to be. A person buying a rare or limited-edition book becomes a potential in-

vestor; when he in turn sells he becomes the investor in fact. A distinction has been made between bibliophiles, who slowly buy books of indisputable quality that can't help but appreciate in value, and "bibliomaniacs," who jump at apparent bargains and sometimes get burned.

Neophyte collectors have other sources of information available to them. One is "The Book Collector's Handbook of Values," by Van Allen Bradley. Another is "The American Book-Prices Current," which appears

An arrangement of first editions at the Watkinson Library. It includes works by Nathaniel Bowditch ("New American Practical Navigator"), Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rupert Brooke, Faulkner, Frost, James Joyce and William Carlos Williams



every five years and lists the prices of all books sold at auction and their condition at sale. Also, all antiquarian book dealers and appraisers are prepared to help collectors—that's their business.

It is important for the collector, however, to know what he wants. Since he can't cover all of such an enormous field, he must carve out a niche for himself. Whatever it is, according to the sound advice of seasoned bibliophiles, he should cover the field completely. It might be first editions of 18th century novels. Or, considering certain present-day interests, it might be early books on

mysticism, exorcism and the occult.

Collectors will find some of their greatest rewards in looking not for books that are old but brand new—books being produced by a variety of small, private presses throughout the country. Among these presses, for example, is the Bird and Bull Press in North Hills, Pennsylvania. In its adherence to a policy of publishing what is unique and beautiful, it goes so far as to make its own paper. Collectors are especially fond of its "Old Ream Wrappers," by Henk Voorn, and "The Passionate Pilgrim," by Norman Strouse.

Other private presses include the Allen Press in Kentsfield, California, which once published "Christopher Columbus," by Nikos Kazantzakis, in an edition of 140 copies. Until recently there was the Gehenna Press, in Northampton, Massachusetts, which printed limited editions in soft cover of such things as an obscure essay on gardens by Francis Bacon and poems by the contemporary Anthony Hecht. Part of the distinction of this press is that many of its books were illustrated by the celebrated modern artist Leonard Baskin. Whatever the prices of Gehenna books—and they were high—they are even higher now.

One of the most prestigious of book-makers for bibliophiles is the Cardavon Press of Avon, Connecticut, and its Limited Editions Club. Each month this club produces 2,000 hand-numbered copies of a major classic in literature, all signed by the respective artists. Some of the world's leading craftsmen are commissioned for the printing, illustrating and binding of these books. Limited Edition books cost around \$30 but almost invariably their resale price is higher. Copies of their "Journals of Lewis and Clark" now go for \$100, of "The Living Talmud" and "The Grapes of Wrath" for \$125. In an auction their "Ulysses" was sold for \$780—an astonishing appreciation in value.

Those interested in trying the bibliophiles' equivalent of panning for gold should go to the Whitlock Book Barn in Bethany, Connecticut, where the Whitlock brothers have turned three barns into a treasury of one of the world's largest collections of used books. Some 750,000 used books are sold there each year. The place has a delightful informality—you wander through stacks catalogued by subject, find your book, note its price, check a sales-tax list, put your money in the slot of a wooden cash box and are off.

Not all book collecting is as simple, but the end result is the same. You are part of a group that derives enormous pleasure and reward from the field. You are a bibliophile.

A Sampler of Beautiful Swimming Pools

Look how far we've come from the pond and the old concrete oblong!

THERE ARE MANY WAYS in which an American expresses his personality. One of them—increasingly so—is via the home swimming pool. This is a result not only of having the means but also of a genuine passion for getting into water and swimming. When the nation was largely rural we were dog paddlers. That was when the old swimming hole became part of our folklore, both because we loved horsing around in the stream or river and because doing so was usually forbidden by our parents.

The swimming pool and the art of swimming developed more or less simultaneously. Swimming, as distinct from paddling or bathing, first appeared on our West Coast, where American interests and life styles usually originate. It came about because of Japanese and Polynesian influence. The people of the Pacific have always been as gifted as fish in water. Californians seized on



this with avidity, and before long we had become a nation of swimmers.

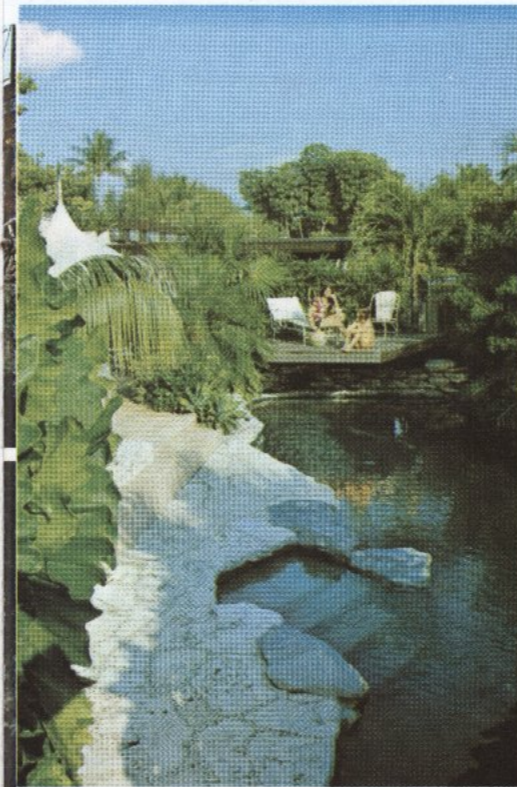
This led quite naturally to the pool. Sometimes we dammed up a stream for the main purpose of swimming. We also began to pour concrete, usually in rectangular shapes, in our backyards. By and large, this has been a phenomenon of the post-World War II years. The pools were purely functional, providing the owner and his family the means to cool off, get exercise and entertain guests.



Preceding page: California desert pool at residence of Arthur Elrod, Palm Springs, California (Don Rockhey photograph). On these pages: three pools designed by Jonathan Seymour, A.S.L.A., Miami. Left and above: a 92-foot pool resembling a stream flowing through the residence. Top right: pool on front lawn of a Coconut Grove home, with high plantings for privacy; right: enclosed free-form pool with two elevated areas

Aesthetics have a way of imposing themselves on function. Tiring of our look-alike swimming pools, we began to build in what is called "free form." The curve entered, the kidney shape, the oval, as well as other designs. On occasion there was a burst of exuberance, as when Liberace built himself a pool in the shape of a grand piano and the owner of a Miami hotel once ordered a pool in the form of a cat because this related in a way to the owner's name.

Given the wherewithal and the taste,



we can have perfectly beautiful swimming pools. More often than not, a pool looks best when it is sited at the lowest level of the property, because that's where water would flow naturally. On the other hand, if the house is on a hillside, the pool must be approached differently, sometimes with spectacular results.

One of our philosophies expressed in the pools on these pages is a back-to-the-old-swimming-hole idea. Through the adroit use of greenery and various

plantings, the old-fashioned look of a blocked-off stream is created. Thus, one way to achieve sophistication is to go backwards, not forwards.

If a shortage of gasoline causes people to stay home more than they did, there may well be an increase in the number of private swimming pools. Some of them, of course, will be as alike as cookies from a cutter. But others, as we have shown here, will be the consequence of a strong desire for individuality and beauty.

The Pleasure of Continental Motoring

THERE'S SOMETHING about owning and driving a Continental that lifts the spirit and gives life a special kind of pleasure.

The enjoyment of Continental motoring begins the moment one enters the car. The reassuring sound of the closing door bespeaks security and quality. Inside, one luxuriates in spaciousness and comfort, surrounded by the tasteful elegance of soft seats, distinctive upholstery and deep cut-pile carpeting. At every hand is evidence of the precision craftsmanship and meticulous attention to detail that makes the Continental a very special kind of car.

Within finger-tip reach an array of thoughtfully positioned controls stands ready to respond to every command. A turn of the switch and the dependable precision-crafted V-8 engine springs to life with a reassuring sound of power. A touch of the automatic transmission lever and the car glides away—smoothly, quietly and authoritatively.

Here is true driving pleasure—unlike anything the average motorist experiences. The quietness and smoothness of the ride, the almost effortless ease of maneuvering, the eager response of the engine—all combine to create a truly unique driving experience.

Power steering, power brakes, power windows, steel-belted radial ply tires, automatic temperature control, and a

host of other engineering devices add their particular magic to this unique driving experience. And in the Continental these items are designed and crafted with care so as to respond dependably. The superb manner in which the car obeys your slightest command supports this view.

As one owner wrote recently, "Distances are not measured in miles when you own a Mark IV, they are measured in minutes of sheer delight . . . time seems to evaporate."

But the pleasure of Continental motoring derives from more than the car's precision craftsmanship and the mechanical excellence of its performance. It comes also from the pride of owning a car that stands out from the ordinary and identifies its owner as a person who appreciates fine quality and has the means to possess it.

The quest to achieve and maintain Continental's high quality standards involves not only constant research and painstaking care in design, engineering and manufacture, it also requires a careful ear to the expressed needs, requirements and wishes of fine car buyers.

Concern over providing these motoring pleasures is one reason why, in the evolution of the world's fine motor cars, the 1974 Continentals stand as a distinct achievement.

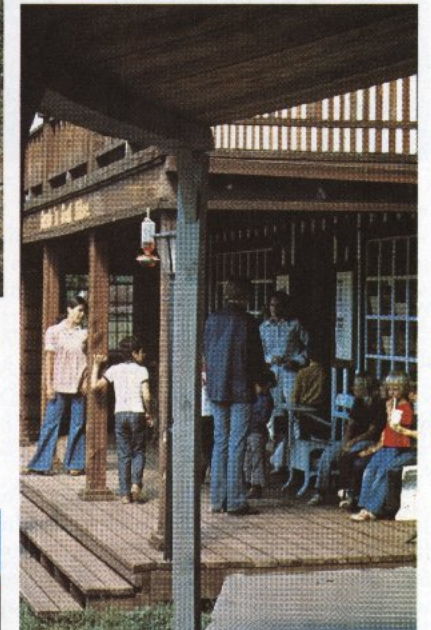
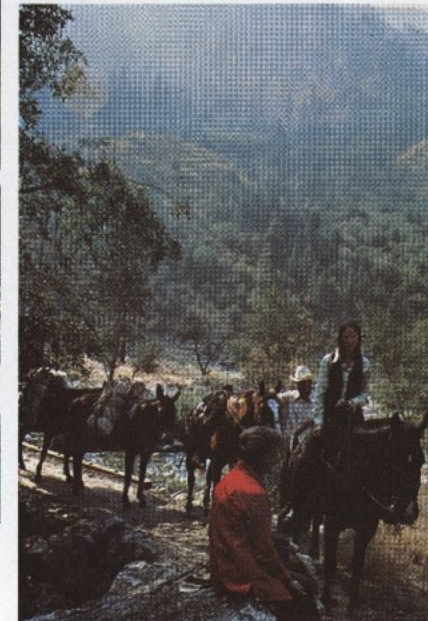
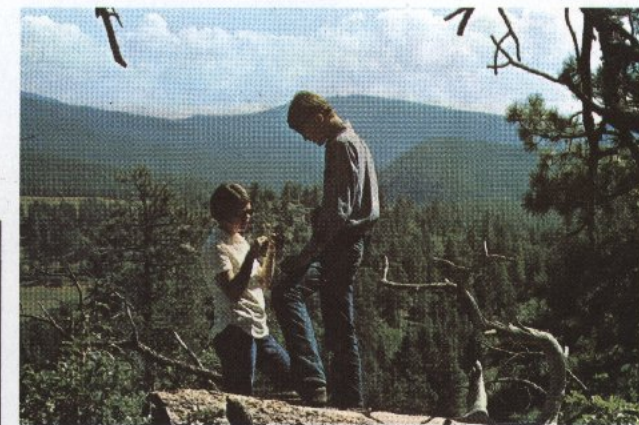
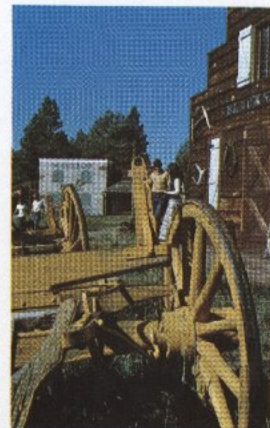


Rocky Mountain Dude Ranches

by Mary Zimmer

Photographs by Leonard P. Johnson

Photographs for this story were taken at Colorado Trails Ranch, Durango, Colorado, and Shepp Ranch on Salmon River in Idaho



These Western spreads are deceptively simple—rustic but devoted to your well-being at every turn

FOR SHEER RELAXATION and a sense of well-being, few vacations can be matched by those at a well-run Rocky Mountain ranch. These resorts are dedicated to several principles, among them privacy, small numbers of guests, superb service and often a certain chic disdain for luxury-hotel comfort.

And they are very American—not only because they are in the heart of America but because the combination of horses, cattle, streams, great mountains and great distances is not duplicated anywhere else.

Very possibly Walt Whitman was enjoying the 19th-century equivalent of a dude ranch when he announced: "I loafe and invite my soul." Ranch sojourns provide a kind of time-out from problems and frustrations, and invoke the serene, long-forgotten security of childhood: Everything will be all right because somebody else is minding the store. And if the guests have brought their children along, somebody else is

minding *them*, too.

The surroundings promote soul-inviting. These ranches generally run to broad green meadows surrounded by towering mountains . . . to clear streams alive with wild trout . . . to dark, aromatic forests and rocky high places. There is the exhilaration of riding a responsive horse, the choice of good companionship or solitude, or both. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, efficiently but unobtrusively, the management has thought of everything that will contribute to guests' comfort and contentment.

Ranches are, of course, geared to those who love to ride. But there are plenty of activities for non-riders—always a swimming pool, miles of paths for hiking, pastimes like archery, badminton and shuffleboard, and usually tennis. There are comfortable places for getting a tan, and pleasant lounges for reading or socializing. Expert chefs produce meals that are in the simple Western tradition—but superb.

Barbecues and cookouts are frequent. Usually there's no bar, but guests can bring their own, with set-ups cheerfully provided. To give parents a complete vacation, a full program of activities for children five to 12 is provided, supervised by counselors—often from breakfast to bedtime.

Somewhere in the tangle of mountains called the Rockies is a guest ranch for every taste. How to find it? State tourist bureaus and dude ranch associations publish lists that provide factual information, but that elusive ambience that answers a personal longing can rarely be expressed in a few lines of type. The best source is a knowledgeable travel agent. Betty Chapin, vice-president of Adventures Unlimited (Abercrombie & Fitch's travel service) adds up the essentials like this: "A guest ranch should have a lot of acreage and not very many guests. It should be a working ranch—else why go there? Most of all, it should be run by people





who know what they're doing."

Though basically alike, dude ranches differ widely in their emphasis. To a great degree they reflect the life philosophy of their owners. The five ranches described here illustrate this: they are alike, but different.

Colorado Trails Ranch lies in the San Juan Range, 12 miles from Durango in the state's rugged southwest corner. Its 500 acres for guests and its 700-acre working cattle ranch adjoin the San Juan National Forest. To preserve a person-to-person relationship, guests are limited to 75. The cabins here are modern, with electric heat and carpeting. Activities are typical: riding all day and every day (with instruction), pack trips, tennis, trout fishing, riflery, archery and swimming in a heated pool. Not typical is the water skiing, on nearby Vallecito Lake. Programs of square dancing and staff-staged variety shows are held every evening. To lure early-season guests the first two weeks in June are tennis-oriented, with pros in residence. Similarly, September is for adults only. Two outstanding attractions are nearby: Mesa Verde National Park and the day-long narrow-gauge train excursion to Silverton.

At the southwest corner of Rocky

Mountain National Park and 8000 feet up in the Rockies (near Granby) is the C Lazy U, which combines all the classic guest ranch attractions with certain agreeable additions: It is one of the few ranches with golf nearby, and it has a cocktail lounge. Travel agents consider it tops, and it is one of a handful of U.S. resorts that Mobil rates five-star. Its 1600 acres accommodate 135 guests; an adjacent 3000-acre working ranch raises Herefords.

Riding is the prime activity, with four graded rides (children's, slow, medium and fast) twice a day, six days a week. Three large mountain lakes nearby invite fishermen, boaters, sailors and waterskiers. There's also stream fishing. For swimming, it's back to C Lazy U's own heated, wind-sheltered pool where lunch is served every day.

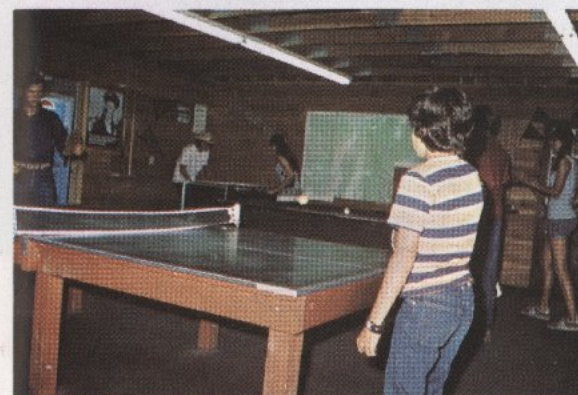
C Lazy U closes in late September but reopens for the Christmas holidays, offering winter horseback riding and other sports. It has its own cross-country trails; Winter Park Ski Area is 30 minutes away and Berthoud Pass is 45.

Much more isolated is Valley Ranch, which nestles in a cul-de-sac of the Absoroka Range off the southeast corner of Yellowstone National Park. It's at the end of a 40-mile road that angles

southwest from Cody, Wyoming, 10 miles within the Shoshone National Forest. The South Fork of the Shoshone splashes through it, and the fishing is good. A working ranch, Valley has welcomed dudes for almost 60 years in an atmosphere of studied simplicity: Though the cabins and lodges are unpretentious log or frame buildings, guests are quickly aware of a pervading excellence in the cuisine, service, horses and surroundings, plus an extraordinary respect for privacy.

Besides the usual activities for children who accompany their parents, Valley offers two month-long summer sessions for 14- to 16-year-olds under the direction of counselors, including a 10-day pack trip into nearby wilderness areas. The ranch is open the year round, with bird hunting in September and autumn pack trips into the high country for stalking deer, elk, moose, bear, big horn sheep and antelope with camera or gun.

Lion Head is a working ranch with a distinction: it raises Limousin cattle, an excellent French beef breed. Guests can observe, and even help with, the spring branding and fall round-up. Ranching on this site in south-central Montana dates back to the early 1900s, but the



guest operation is only three years old. Travel agents call it "absolutely deluxe." The 11 guest houses are new and elegant (maximum, 101 persons). Open the year around, Lion Head encourages conferences and conventions in the non-summer season.

Lion Head's 7000 acres adjoin the Galatin National Forest. It is 26 miles south of Big Timber, the seat of Sweet Grass County. Ten miles farther south the road dissolves into the wild country on Yellowstone's northern boundary.

Riding is the name of the game here, with an optional overnight pack trip every Thursday. The Boulder River runs through the ranch, 4 1/2 miles of it reserved for fly fishing, while nearby streams accommodate those with spinning rods. Expert fishing guides help

guests find the big ones, and guide fishing pack trips to the high country lakes. Boat floats down the Yellowstone River, following the Lewis and Clark route, can be arranged. Hunting begins with an early bow season, goes on to upland birds and waterfowl and to trophy mule deer on Lion Head's own acreage. In winter, skiing is within driving distance at Bridger Bowl and Grizzly Peak.

Probably the ultimate in wilderness-with-comfort is to be had at Shepp Ranch in Idaho. Its 136 acres occupy an alluvial fan where Crooked Creek joins the Salmon ("River of No Return"), in a canyon deeper than the Grand. Surrounded by thousands of acres of national forest land, Shepp is accessible only by plane, jet boat or river raft. Once it was a working ranch—briefly

and disastrously; there was no way to get cattle to market profitably. Since 1951 it has been host to steelhead fishermen and big game hunters.

This year for the first time Shepp Ranch offers summer vacations for couples and families. A \$375 six-day package (\$325 for children under 12) includes transportation by plane from Boise or by jet boat upriver from Riggin, a 2 1/2-day pack trip into the mountains and a day-long jet-boat tour of the Salmon's rapids, plus days at the ranch for riding, swimming at a sandy beach along a back eddy of the Salmon, and just relaxing.

Among several variations of this plan is a \$495 10-day package that includes four days of rafting downriver to the ranch from eastern Idaho and a four-day pack trip, with rest-days at the ranch. In September guests may combine steelhead fishing with partridge shooting; in fall there are hunting pack trips into the high country for elk and big horn sheep.

At any season, there are never more than 15 guests at a time at Shepp, because that's all the dining room table can seat. The cabins are comfortable and modern, and are shaded by cherry trees planted by the first settlers and deeply scarred by marauding bears. Glimpses of wild animals and uncommon birds are frequent, because this is wilderness. And at night, the stars were never so close.

Walt Whitman would have loved it.

* * *

For More Information

Colorado Trails Ranch, Box 848, Durango, Colorado 81301. Phone (303) 247-5505.

C Lazy U Ranch, Box 518A, Granby, Colorado 80446. Phone (303) 887-3344.

Valley Ranch, South Fork Star Route, Cody, Wyoming 82414. Phone (307) 587-4661.

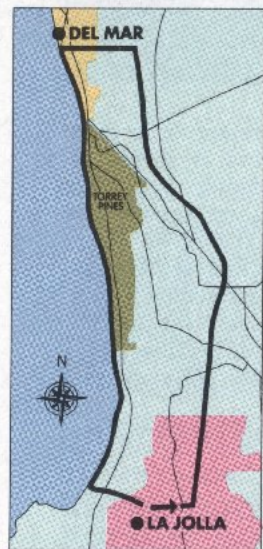
Lion Head Guest Ranch, Box 357, Big Timber, Montana 59052. Phone (406) 932-3216.

Shepp Ranch, Wilderness Ranches, Inc., Box 232C, Cambridge, Idaho 83610. Phone (208) 257-3410.

(Summer rates generally run from \$200 to \$300 per person per week, which includes the use of a horse but not overnight pack trips. Lower rates apply for children under 12. The higher rates mentioned for Shepp Ranch include transportation by plane or jet boat, as well as pack trips.)



In a test of riding comfort and driving ease, a Lincoln Continental just beat the other make of luxury car. The judges: 100 owners of the other leading make of luxury car.



At LaJolla, California, 50 husbands and 50 wives recently took an unusual test.

All of the couples owned America's biggest-selling luxury automobile, the fine car that for many years was thought of as the standard for automotive prestige.

Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute asked each husband to drive a new 1974 sedan of that make from LaJolla to DelMar and back again, with his wife riding as a passenger.

And they asked him to make the same drive in a new 1974 Lincoln Continental.

The 50 wives were asked to drive each car on the test circuit as well, with their husbands riding as passengers this time.

Each husband and each wife logged a total of 56 miles—more than enough to evaluate and compare the two cars.

And they were asked to rate them for riding comfort and driving ease.

These were the official scores:

- 72 out of 100 owners of that other luxury car said the Lincoln Continental had a more comfortable ride than their own make of luxury car.

- 66 out of 100 said the Lincoln Continental was easier to drive.

A separate nationwide survey projects that more than 25,000 drivers of that other luxury car have switched over the last two years to the Continentals: Lincoln Continental and Continental Mark IV.



Judge your car by our car.



Illustrated: Lincoln Continental Town Car with optional Twin Comfort Lounge Seats, luxury wheel covers, and bodyside molding.

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THE SOUTH AT TABLE

Everyone knows the phrase "Southern cooking," but how many are aware of what culinary delights it implies?

by Evan Jones

Photographs by Don Rockney

SOUTHERN COOKING IS THE TASTE of the past. Its elegance is not as Gallic as that of New Orleans' *Vieux Carré*. Its earthiness is not as unadorned as that of soul food. It is an American cuisine redolent of antebellum days of plantation hospitality when tables were laden with bounteous choices of meat, poultry and seafood, with vegetables deftly seasoned, with hot breads of several kinds, and desserts that often look as rich as they really are.

Like charity, Southern cooking begins at home, where cooks still turn to recipes preserved through generations that may trace back to English cavaliers or French Huguenots. They are recipes that turned corn and sweet potatoes and other foods of the Indians into rich corn puddings, succulent pies, lavishly whipped "she-crab" soup, and shrimp and lobsters and oysters given nuances of peppery flavor by intuitive black cooks.

At the same time, baked country ham and fried chicken are mainstays of the South, and it is around such food that nostalgia clings for anyone whose heart belongs in Dixie. For Mark Twain, a man who had no kind words for the cuisine of France—or, in fact, for any foreign cookery—the best part of a trip abroad was coming home to meals "cooked in the old Southern way."

At the end of a European tour in 1878 the humorist turned serious when he wrote down a list of dishes for which he pined and put fried chicken near the top. He dreamed of "Southern style apple puffs and peach cobblers, hoe cakes, hot biscuits, egg bread, soft shell crabs, green corn cut from the ear and served with butter and pepper," as well as "canvas-back-duck, from Baltimore."

Mark Twain equated Southern cooking with excellence in the kitchen, and so do thousands of others who know less about the meaning of the phrase. Yet so much bad food has been attributed to Southern cooking that an important truth has been obscured: Today, as yesterday, the style characteristic of



the Old South distinguishes many of the finest of American dishes.

It is rarely if ever to be found in commonplace restaurants with signs that boast of "Southern cooking," for the cuisine of the South, like all culinary triumphs, requires no little patience and a good deal of art. Much the best of Southern food is to be found only in those homes where the tradition of hospitality that goes back to Colonial days is still maintained. Like the mint julep, and the punch bowl, the sideboard laden with delicious things to eat has not been entirely outmoded below the Mason-Dixon line.

Affluent Southern hostesses still consider bounty the hallmark of hospitality.

Clockwise, from right foreground: Fried chicken, stuffed country ham, green beans with country ham hock, black-eyed peas with hog jowl, glazed sweet potatoes, she-crab soup, beaten biscuits, tray with stuffed summer squash, stuffed eggplant and green rice, and barbecued loin of pork. In center are two trays, one with corn pone, the other hot dinner rolls



Top: Mint juleps in silver cups; below: hors d'oeuvres trays include chicken salad in pastry cups, cheese spread on bread squares and hot seafood canapes (crab meat and shrimp)

ty. One of them who lives in a white-columned house south of Winston-Salem made a list of dishes she and her cook prepare for a buffet dinner. It included baked country ham (sliced paper thin), baked wild turkey, leg of venison, molded chicken salad, salmon mousse, brandied peaches, pickled okra, preserved watermelon rind, homemade chutney and molded salads of various kinds. Hot dishes included fried chicken, chicken with noodles, asparagus casseroles and spinach molded in a ring with hot beets in the center.

Hams for such affairs are dark in color and strong in flavor, and have the perfection that time gives to old wine and well-aged cheese. They are some-

times boiled, boned, and baked with a stuffing flavored with sage, celery seed, red pepper pods, mustard and brown sugar. Or if the ham comes from southern Maryland the cook may cut small holes at intervals and stuff them with spinach or combinations of kale and watercress, or other greens.

Fried ham served with grits and red-eye gravy is one of the classic Southern breakfasts, and ham hocks often add zest to that other classic, greens and pot liquor. Grits, of course, is the word for boiled ground hominy, and "a set of grits," to use an Alabama phrase, can be served with melting butter or with reddish gravy made in the pan in which the ham is fried. The green leaves of kale, collards, turnips, or mustard, or sometimes various combinations thereof, make a delicious meat accompaniment with ham or salt pork, and their broth is the fabled "pot-likker" that is served over corn bread or as a bouillon with a slice of lemon.

Of all the foods from fresh or salt water it is shrimp that turns up most often at breakfast, lunch or dinner. Long ago Charleston cooks varied the habitual hominy breakfast by substituting shrimps sautéed in butter for fried ham. There, and in Savannah, a paste made of ground shrimps and butter is spread on slices of congealed grits that have been fried for breakfast. Those cooks dip shrimps in egg and crumbs and fry them with garlic, thyme and laurel. In the plantation country shrimps are made into casseroles that are known as shrimp pies in spite of their lack of pastry crusts. And shrimps are combined with chicken, various other seafoods, or added to stuffings for vegetables like eggplant (which is still known by some Southerners as guinea squash).

When it comes to vegetables, none is more characteristic of Southern cooking than the sweet potato — mashed, baked, candied, or what-have-you; this New World native was growing here when the first Southerner came ashore. But okra was brought over on slave ships to become an integral part of the Southern cuisine. From the West Indies came black-eyed peas to be fixed in Dixieland heritage as a dish called Hoppin' John, a combination of peas and rice, the latter of which is as necessary to a well-equipped Southern larder as either kind of potatoes.

But the most necessary of the items on a traditional menu is hot bread. It may take the form of beaten biscuits, batter bread, corn sticks, hush puppies, rolls, Sally Lunn or spoon bread—small matter: a real Southern-cooking addict still cherishes freshly made buns and rolls and observes the plantation adage, "Take two and butter 'em while they're hot!"

And he also cherishes home-made desserts like Ambrosia, made the way his grandmother did it — combining orange slices with shredded coconut—or a pie made of Key limes, or one of Mississippi pecans; or a revered Charleston cake named Lady Baltimore, or an orange- and lemon-scented one named for the hero of the Confederacy Robert E. Lee.

Any Southern meal with such a final flourish is bound to have the taste of the past. Here are two characteristically Southern recipes. The cake commemorates the novel, "Lady Baltimore," written by the Philadelphia-born author Owen Wister in 1906.

Lady Crab Soup

- 1 pound fresh crab (cleaned but with roe left in) or a 10-ounce package of frozen ready-cut crab
- 2 cups chicken broth
- ½ cup fresh tomatoes, peeled and chopped
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- ½ cup diced celery
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup rich milk
- 2 tablespoons grated mild cheddar cheese
- ¼ cup sherry

Place broth in pan with tomatoes, onion, parsley and celery. Cook about 30 minutes on medium heat, add butter, crab meat and cheese. Add a dash of Tabasco, season with salt and black pepper. Stir in milk, simmer (do not boil) 1½ hours. Just before serving, add sherry. Or pass the sherry in a small pitcher.

(If fresh crab meat is available, ask for roe crab. If it's not, use a soup called "She-Crab" and add the fresh frozen crab in the proportion of one 6-ounce package to one 10½ oz. can of soup and prepare as directed on can.)

Lady Baltimore Cake

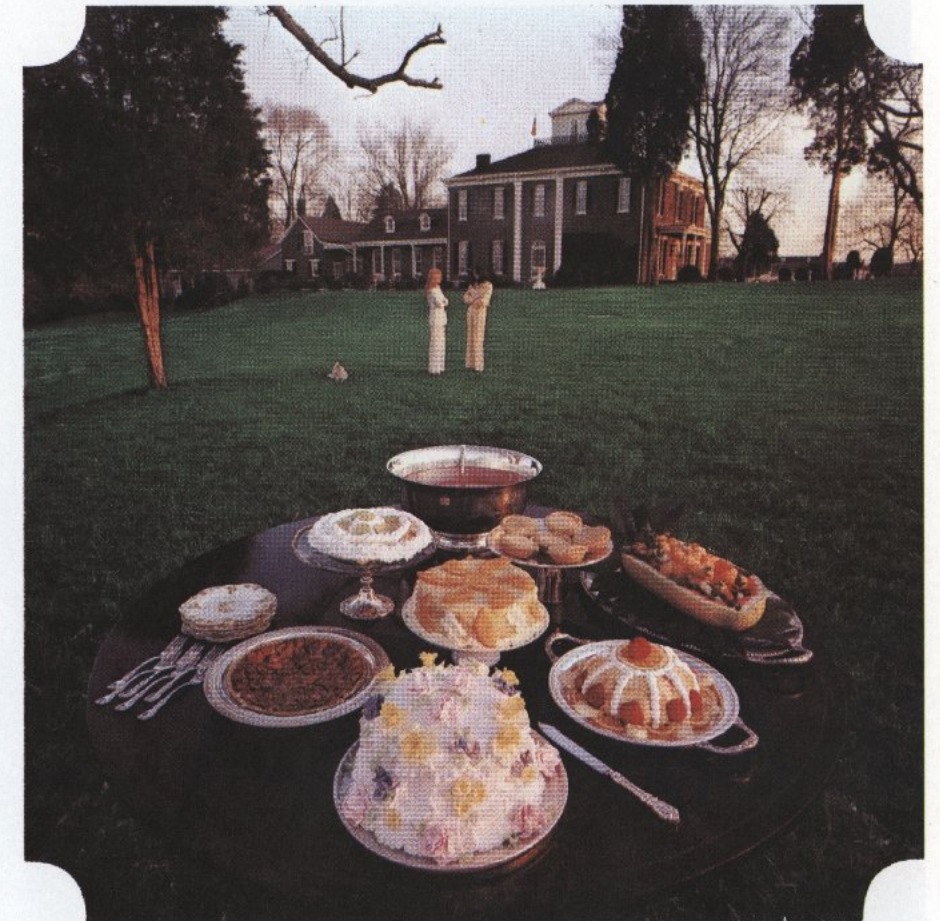
- 1¾ cups sifted sugar
- 1 cup creamed butter
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 4 level teaspoons baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon rose water
- 6 egg whites, beaten stiff

Combine sugar and butter, beat until creamy, add flour (sifted 3 times with baking powder) alternately with milk, add vanilla and rose water and fold in egg whites. Bake in two layers 350°F. oven 25-30 minutes.

Filling: Dissolve 3 cups sugar in one cup boiling water, cook until syrup spins a thread (230°F.), then pour over stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs, beating continuously until thick and smooth. Add one cup chopped nut meats, pecans or walnuts, one cup seeded chopped raisins and 5 figs cut in thin strips. Spread mixture between layers, on top and sides of cake. Variation for this filling: ½ cup sliced crystallized

Desserts arrayed on the lawn of Magnolia Hall include pecan pie, Key lime pie, Robert E. Lee cake, chess pie, assortment of melon and pineapple sticks in watermelon shell with fresh mint garnish, orange Charlotte and Lady Baltimore cake hand-decorated by Mrs. Miller

Residence of Mark R. Garrett, owner of Garrett Galleries, Franklin, Tennessee



cherries, or ½ cup of bits of citron, may be added.

(All food prepared under the supervision of Mary Lyles Miller, author of "Fun With Food," McQuiddy Printing, Nashville, Tennessee. The two recipes came from Mrs. Miller's book.)

New Classic Homes in New England

How pleasant to see
beautiful architecture
married to a beautiful
environment

by Jean Whiting



Photographs by John Merwin

Opposite page: A multi-level contemporary home above a classic New England landscape at Hawk Mountain in Pittsfield, Vermont; left: and below: the exterior and interior of homes at Hawk Mountain (Robert Carl Williams, designer)

IT IS WELL NIGH IMPOSSIBLE to develop land in New England without offending someone. Nowhere else in the country, with the possible exception of the Tidewater, do residents take such a fiercely proprietary attitude toward their surroundings. The attitude is only compounded by environmentalists, who treat "development" as a word not to be used in polite company, and local officials who believe the days of beckoning to New England are now past. Yet parts of New England do continue to be developed and there are some areas in which residents are openly welcoming the developers.

Quechee, Vermont, a decade ago, was an unfortunate New England stereotype—a mill town whose mills one by one had caved in to outside competition, a town whose major export was its young. Today, with the proliferation of the Quechee Lakes Development, the town has been not only restored to its mid-19th-century charm, but been revitalized economically as well.

Hawk Mountain, Vermont, in the town of Pittsfield, never was a depressed village. It wasn't even a mountain very recently, but rather a privately owned acreage of rocky hills and idle pastures which presented town residents with a minimal annual property tax and very little else. Today, Hawk Mountain looks pretty much as it has always looked, unless the observer moves in very close and notices that the unspoiled countryside is providing a harmonious back-



drop for several dozen new homes blended skillfully with the trees and hills.

Ten years ago one of the most dazzling views in all of New England was at the Leavitt Overlook, high above the forests, lakes and fields that made up the Dartmouth-Lake Sunapee region in New Hampshire. Today, the view has been altered only slightly. But the name of the area has been changed to Eastman, and it has been divided into 1,647 meticulously selected building lots which together are almost certain

Far right: the summer theater in the Quechee Lakes development, Quechee, Vermont; center: restaurant at Eastman development in Grantham, New Hampshire; right: condominiums at Quechee

to provide a national model for enlightened land use and development.

The three developments—Quechee Lakes, Hawk Mountain and Eastman—are not typical. Rather, they are prime examples of vacation homes and four-season communities whose designers had a high regard for the existing environment, and gave rigorous attention to detail, style and controlled growth. As a result, all three new communities have been generally welcomed by their otherwise cautious new neighbors.

Quechee, Hawk and Eastman share more than acceptance. While the building lots, homes and condominiums range considerably in price, they are obviously intended for the well-to-do. The vacation home atmosphere in each is geared to recreation and leisure time, though the Quechee Corporation is encouraging local ownership of shops and businesses as part of its 19th-century outlook. The identities of the three developments are even more allied in their preoccupation with environmental concerns. All three feature homesites which abut greenbelts. The natural flow of the land is obviously a factor in the planning of each, and no-nonsense building restrictions seem to make sure things will stay that way.

Perhaps this is most evident at Hawk Mountain. The development, 12 miles north of Killington, is literally invisible from the passing road. The only indication that anything other than wildlife resides in the craggy hillside is a discreet black-and-white sign. Some of the 45 homes in the 165-acre development are even difficult to discern from within. They are sheathed in natural and indigenous wood built around fieldstone chimneys and natural lines. Each was sited to allow residents to take full advantage of the view and to keep the view unscarred.

Hawk Mountain, being watched closely by those who hope new developments can be made competitive with rural values, is the brainchild of Robert Williams, an architect and the head of the development corporation. He had searched all of Vermont for a



location for his ideal development, and when the Hawk Mountain property became available he walked the land noting every tree, rock, and view. They fit what he was looking for.

Lot purchasers at Hawk Mountain (as well as buyers at new Hawk developments in Rochester, Mt. Ascutney, and Norwich) have 15 custom homes from which to choose, ranging up to \$50,000 and all designed by Williams. The lots themselves are priced from \$12,000 to \$30,000, based on a formula which takes size, view, tree covering and accessibility into account. The majority of the current residents use the Hawk homes as vacation residences, mostly during ski season, but the homes are occupied year-round by renters, with arrangements made by the corporation.

As visual integrity is paramount at Hawk, adherence to style is the first rule at Quechee Lakes. The homes in the development are varied, though each must be approved by an architectural review board dedicated to what corporate officials call the "Quechee concept." It's a concept which involves restoration as well as development, where homes are strictly clustered for maximum open views and where the

clusters in turn are grouped around brightly restored Quechee village, the hub of the 6,000-acre community.

As at Hawk Mountain, more than half the acreage at Quechee is common land, but the hand of man is a bit more obvious in the sculpting of it. While original farms still stand in the tract of land, one also finds golf courses, ski and riding trails and man-made lakes. But essentially Quechee Lakes development seems to have been absorbed by the classic New England countryside. The idea of blending Vermont's 19th-century look with 20th-century improvements and recreation facilities seems to work effectively. The Ottouquechee River no longer powers a dozen textile mills, but it still flows under a restored covered bridge and past a collection of new shops and homes true to the period. Beyond are farmsteads, country parcels, condominiums tucked in wooded areas and other homesites arranged strategically in the hillsides. As a total vacation community, it has won approval from tough-to-please government officials and from new home-builders who are swelling the second-home population every week.

Quechee and Hawk are winning high



marks as residential developments which enhanced the areas they grew into, but Eastman is winning raves. Situated on 3,500 acres of pines, hills, streams and lakes in the heartland of New Hampshire, Eastman is a vacationer's paradise with 1,800-acre Cole Pond to the north and the 20,000-acre Blue Mountain Forest Preserve to the west. But it is not merely vacationers that the huge development is seeking.

Owned by the unlikely partnership of Dartmouth College, the Manchester Bank, United Life and Accident Insurance Company and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, the Eastman complex was meant to be a high quality development that would also include some low-priced housing and conserve as much land as possible. To satisfy these seemingly contrasting needs, the owners called upon Emil Hanslin Associates for planning and design. Hanslin, a pioneer in cluster zone developing, envisioned a cluster of communities in which all the owners' needs could be met. At the same time he came up with a deceptively simple plan that could insure protected open spaces. Dividing the entire Eastman tract into 1,647 housing sites of one to five acres, plus 400 clustered units, Hanslin re-

quires that all buyers deed back to Eastman part of the land they acquire to be used as open space. The conservation scheme is designed to save almost 30 percent of the development from being developed.

The built-in conservation clause isn't the only Eastman factor attracting land buyers. A system of neighborhoods—each featuring its own recreational specialty—assures that golfers live near other golfers, and next to the courses, and that skiers are near the slopes and boaters are near the water.

"It will encourage people to relate to one another through a common property interest," Hanslin says. "And what's more, they'll have fun doing it."

Having fun may be another element linking Eastman to Quechee Lakes and Hawk Mountain as developments which have much in common. Certainly each is designed to offer home owners all the recreational facilities they could ask for, and practically at their doorstep. But a more important bond among the three is the healthy respect for what was there before. Promises were made at Eastman, Quechee and Hawk; promises to local residents, to environmentalists, planners, investors and buyers. And the promises were kept.





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