A nighttime photograph of a city skyline, likely New York City, with numerous skyscrapers illuminated by lights. The lights are reflected in a body of water in the foreground, creating a shimmering, distorted mirror image of the city. The sky is dark, and the overall mood is serene and urban.

the
Continental
magazine

Volume 4, Number 1

NEW YORK: its great World's Fair . . . famous shopping . . . excellent hotels . . . superb restaurants

Memo to our Readers:

It goes without saying that editors enjoy working on a New York issue, especially if their publication is slanted toward a sophisticated audience. They have the fun of contact with the city itself, sifting its multitude of appeals, making selections of subjects—and accepting a tough challenge.

New York is a joy, but how do you boil it down to reasonable size when space is so limited? How do you present the theatre capital, the art capital, the shopping capital, the style capital, the nighttime capital, the everything except political capital of the U.S. in one magazine?

The answer is, you don't. Our idea in this issue was simply to look at New York from the point of the visitor who is there for a week or two, let's say as part of a tour of the World's Fair. We think we've offered some sound advice on hotels, shopping, eating, and of course, the great Fair.

Here are a few of the New Yorkers who helped us:

ANGELA TAYLOR, who wrote about the boutiques, talks about herself as follows: "I am a reporter for the women's page of *The New York Times*, where among other things, I do a weekly column on fashion. I actually love shopping, especially when I'm spending someone else's money.

"I was born in Sicily, but came to New York when I was six and have been here ever since, except for a few excursions to California, Detroit, and Florence (Italy). Before joining the *Times*, I was a fashion writer for *Mademoiselle*, *Charm*, and *Harper's Bazaar*.

Book columns devoted many lines last fall to reviews of "Apollinaire," a biography of a celebrated French artist and poet, by Francis Steegmuller, who went to the Parke-Bernet Galleries for us. It was Mr. Steegmuller's thirteenth book. Most of the other twelve were also on some aspect of the fine arts. Formerly a staff member of *The New Yorker*, he has contributed articles on travel and theatre to *Holiday* and *Show*.

ELIZABETH SMITH (who is known to the social and international worlds as "Liz"), was for five and a half years a behind-the-scenes Girl Friday to the columnist Cholly Knickerbocker. A native of Fort Worth, a graduate in journalism from the University of Texas, she has been a bank secretary, a cotton buyer's clerk, a press agent, a movie magazine editor, an associate producer for Allen Funt, and a contributor of articles to *Cosmopolitan*, *Esquire*, and *McCall's*. She has spent twelve happy years as a Manhattan girl-about-town, is single, and lives on Murray Hill with a Siamese cat named Dennis and a Burmese cat named Suzanne.



the Continental magazine

Volume 4 Number 1

February-March, 1964

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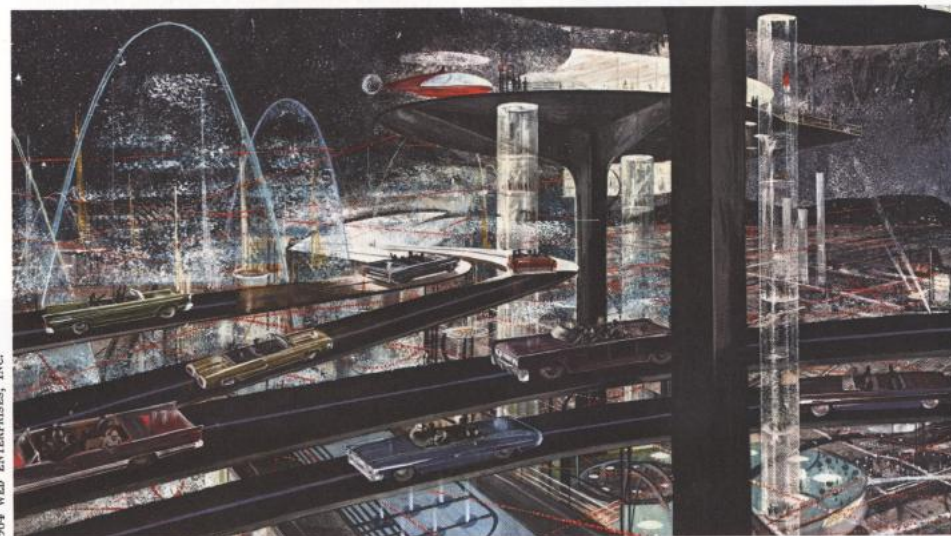
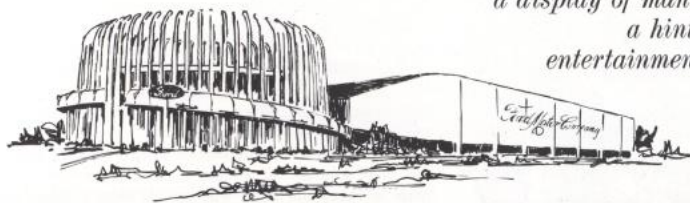
FRONT COVER—So readily recognized by its beauty it hardly needs a label. New York just after sundown. The view is toward the southeast from the lake in lower Central Park. Photograph by Carroll Seghers II.

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The Greatest World's Fair Ever

In April, Flushing Meadow will blossom into a display of man's achievements and a hint of his future—plus entertainment, shopping, culture



1964 WED ENTERPRISES, INC.

Guests will ride through a City of Tomorrow at the Ford pavilion

Nothing ever invented by man has done more to give him a concise, understandable, yet encyclopedic picture of the past, present, and future of the world he lives in than international world's fairs. Thought relatively new (the first was held a little over a century ago), they have always astonished and delighted visitors by compressing into a small, manageable space the arts, ideas, sciences, crafts, pleasures, and accomplishments of the whole globe.

If the World's Fair that is to open in New York on April 22nd, is any exception to this, it will only be in its

scope, for in bringing up to date the torrent of world progress of the past twenty-five years, it will be bigger, more dazzling, more fun, more educational, more astonishing than any world's fair ever held. Some three hundred companies, nearly thirty of our states, and fifty nations (plus West Berlin, the crown colony of Hong Kong, and the Vatican) are represented. They are spending more than half a billion dollars to beguile visitors and give the best possible account of themselves.

To insure their success they have drawn on every conceivable kind of talent: the finest architects, designers,

The New England states have grouped together to display their foods, wares, and ingenuity

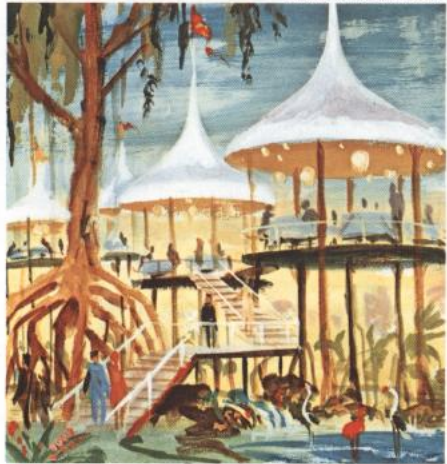


PAINTING BY HARVEY KIDDER
PAINTINGS BY DOM LUPO

interior decorators, showmen, artists, builders, and poets. Some of the collaborations are wonderful to contemplate: the composer Richard Rodgers and the City of New York, the great architect Eero Saarinen and International Business Machines, and the master of entertainment Walt Disney and Ford Motor Company—the list is endless.

One of the remarkable aspects of this World's Fair is the huge amount of education it will provide every man, woman, and child who spends even a single day there. Alaska is coming with a huge igloo, West Virginia with a coal mine, Wisconsin with a cheese mine and a half foot wide and seven feet thick, Montana with a million dollars' worth of gold nuggets, Florida with a fifteen-foot orange, and New England with lobsters, electronic devices, and the Boston Pops Orchestra.

What better way to outdo a textbook report on the discovery of America than by boarding a replica of the *Santa Maria*, Columbus's flagship, built in Barcelona and shipped here? What better way (short of going



In the African Pavilion guests will dine in "rondavels" while animals rove the veldt beneath



Part of the show from Polynesia features native girls who dive into pools for oysters and pearls

Festival '64, sponsored by the gas companies of America, is featuring a restaurant devoted to American cuisine, for example, Philadelphia snapper soup, shoo fly pie, New Orleans coffee, St. Augustine shrimp ramekin



West) to see American Indian life than by visiting the Fair's Indian Village, where braves will shoot arrows, throw hatchets, display their crafts, and smoke salmon?

Replete with such entertainingly informal education, the Fair will even have the formal kind. In the Hall of Free Enterprise (a pavilion sponsored by the American Economic Foundation), the first exhibit ever to dramatize the workings of our economic system will offer courses in aspects of economics and give credit for them on the graduate level; thus a visitor might be able to say, "I studied at the 1964 World's Fair." On the other hand, another exhibitor will offer a course on how to make a real Italian pizza, no mean accomplishment these days.

In the U.S. Government's Federal Pavilion, visitors will be able to take a fifteen-minute cram course in American history with the aid of huge cinerama-style screens, and the pavilion walls will be hung with front pages of newspapers from all over the country to show, without flinching, some of our current national problems.

Fully as varied, educational, and fascinating are the exhibits from foreign lands. Jordan is bringing its Dead Sea Scrolls, Spain is coming with gypsy dancers and flamenco guitarists and advice on how to invest money in Spanish industry, representatives of France will be on hand with a wine tasting cafe, four restaurants and a showing typical of French industry, and Hong Kong is coming with a tailor to measure a suit.

American industry will not take a back seat to any of them in its imagination and ingenuity. This is the Fair, for example, in which the public will be able to see, for the first time since the atomic age began, a demonstration of controlled nuclear fission. General Electric will stage the liberation of pure energy from deuterium gas at a temperature of over twenty million degrees.

A prime example of industry offering education entertainingly is the Ford Motor Company Wonder Rotunda, whose show was created by Walt Disney and designed by

his WED Enterprises, Inc. The big feature of the show is a "Magic Skyway" ride which will carry guests in convertibles, including Continentals, on a ride through millions of years of history.

The ride begins with the convertibles first circling the outside of the pavilion inside a transparent tube with the Fair spread out below. The car then dips inside a "time tunnel" and emerges in a primeval age. Animated prehistoric monsters, the biggest ever created by Disney, will be seen battling one another in an amphibious world.

Then natural upheavals occur and Man appears. He and his companions are electronic marvels filled with wires and valves that cause them to move about, paint pictures on walls, and enact the hazards of their time, such as fighting off huge mammoths. They also do the chores of primitive living, including a father actually teaching a child how to make fire with a twirling stick.

Before it ends, the "Magic Skyway" erases millions of years and moves into a fantastic City of Tomorrow. Following that, guests will see scientific displays and models of possible automobiles of the future, products of Ford engineering and styling.

While waiting to take a ride, guests will be treated to a bit of merriment in the form of an animated "Auto Parts Harmonic Orchestra." All the instruments in it are fashioned from parts of Ford Motor Company cars—a harp of cable brakes and a car frame, a trumpet of an axle section with assorted fuel pump parts, a xylophone of rear spring leaves.

Another feature of the Ford Rotunda is the International Gardens, miracles of miniaturization symbolizing Ford's international operations. The display island representing Germany, for example, shows the Rhine—actually flowing—with a sidewheel steamer of such exact reproduction that one can see its thimble-size fire buckets. On the river bank is a vineyard with grapes the size of pinheads, and as one strolls past he hears "Ach, Du Lieber Augustine."

In the English area, little men three inches high are playing cards outside a pub with a board smaller than a



International Gardens in the Ford Wonder Rotunda

Starting the "Magic Skyway" ride, guests will circle the pavilion and see the Fair spread out beyond



PAINTING BY HARVEY KIDDER

nickel and darts with feathers and points. A windmill dominates the Danish section and on top of it is a bird's nest with eggs smaller than dewdrops. The island display representing Mexico shows a farmer leading a loaded burro to market, the burro resisting and the farmer pulling on the halter—all this in motion.

This Fair has come up with some fresh ideas that are charming in their simplicity and human appeal. One is the Parker Pen Company pavilion, where a visitor can write down his interests, have them fed into a computer, and in return get the name and address of a person in a foreign country who would make a congenial pen pal. Another is the Simmons Beautyrest Pavilion, which will invite the foot-weary guest to rent a room briefly where he can have a rest and a snooze for a modest fee.

It will come as no surprise that the Fair has made spectacular plans to guard against malnutrition. There will be more than a hundred restaurants. Visitors will be able to eat cheaply and quickly standing up, sumptuously sitting down, and at great length cross-legged on the floor in the Oriental manner. Virginia will be there with hams and a stream stocked with trout, Belgium will be serving its famous waffles, the Swiss will feature fondues, Spain is building a magnificent restaurant where Jose Greco can dance and guests can dine on seafood flown that day from the Mediterranean. The Fair's bill of fare will range from hot dogs to sweetbreads in champagne, with an infinite number of worldwide stops in between.

Besides the distinction lent to it by American and worldwide industry, this World's Fair will be enriched by the presentation of art objects never before seen here. The prime example of this is the loan by the Vatican of the Pietà, Michaelangelo's great sculpture showing Mary mourning the dead Christ. Spain is sending paintings by Valasquez. And not all of man's creativity will come from the past, for at the Port of New York Authority building (on top of which is the Fair's heliport), a motion picture showing the world's greatest harbor will have music by Aaron Copland and a script by the noted American poet Marianne Moore.

New York City is readying itself to be a cultural adjunct of the Fair. Although many musicians and dancers will perform at the Fair itself, the principal musical presentations will be at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in Manhattan, where Leonard Bernstein will conduct the New York Philharmonic, stage and dance companies will appear at the New York State Theatre, and Richard Rodgers will guide operetta and musical comedies in a summer World's Fair Festival.

Broadway will, of course, try to outdo itself to entertain the visitors, and every museum in the city (there are dozens) will put on special shows for the huge throng of Fair visitors.

The main event, however, will be at Flushing Meadow. Here man is striving as never before to prove what a great intellectual creature he is, how magnificently he can build, how tastefully he can dress his life, how much fun he can have, how ingenious he is. No one who goes to the Fair is likely to forget this.

Visit America's Most Famous Auction

At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, you can bid on old paintings and furniture in the company of canny and well-known buyers

by Francis Steegmuller

DURING the next year or two, a good many people who go to New York to attend the World's Fair will use some of their time in the city to visit the Parke-Bernet Galleries at 908 Madison Avenue. They will do so for any of several reasons.

One is that Parke-Bernet (the "i" is pronounced, by the way) is the most famous auction house in the country. Another is that Parke-Bernet's paintings, furniture, silver, and what-have-you are among the finest that can be bought at auction anywhere. A third is that the popularity (or lack of it) of items sold is a reliable indicator of fashions in American furnishings.

There is a fourth reason: entertainment. Many people attend Parke-Bernet auctions to watch the show and see who's there. On any given day—but especially on Saturday—you can spot the *haute monde* of New York, including possibly such notables as Greta Garbo in her dark glasses.

Some time back, an official of Parke-Bernet wrote a humorous little treatise called *Etiquette for the Auction-Room* that has become something of a collector's item. "Ladies and gentlemen of breeding will note," the ironic hints begin, "that, as in a church, admission is free and they may come and go during the ceremony if they do so with quietness and decorum. Gentlemen should remove their hats, and refrain from smoking. Ladies may keep their hats on, if these are not more than one foot high. The presence of children under bidding age, while not prohibited, is countenanced only on the assumption that they will stay next to their mothers and not make loud remarks or climb on things."

In the Parke-Bernet salesrooms, where "quietness and decorum" usually prevail, a tremendous variety of objects is exposed for auction. The week this article was being written it was possible to bid on an early American silver salt-cellar and a remodeled five-story brownstone house on East 81st Street, complete with garage and private elevator. The one was expected to bring about \$100 and the other in the neighborhood of \$160,000. The



town house was to be auctioned on its own premises, but almost everything transportable that can be imagined comes up for bidding before the velvet curtains during the course of a season.

During the 1962-3 season, eighty-one auction sales held at Parke-Bernet brought \$11,848,966. Over five million of this total was for paintings (Franz Hals' "The Merry Lute Player" alone brought \$600,000). Books, manuscripts, and prints accounted for nearly one million. About one and one-half million came from sales of jewelry, chief among which were a 70.20-carat diamond pendant necklace containing a famous brilliant called "The Idol's Eye" (\$375,000) and an emerald and diamond necklace originally from the treasure of the Maharajah of Indore (\$265,000).

With the World's Fair opening on April 22, visitors to New York will have almost two months to see Parke-Bernet in action before its selling season ends in mid-June. Later visitors will still be able to visit the premises, for a loan exhibition of paintings is

planned from mid-June to mid-August, the pictures to come from the dealers whose galleries line Madison Avenue and the side streets near Parke-Bernet.

Pictures, of course, pass constantly across the Parke-Bernet podium; never a month goes by without a sale or two of oils, watercolors, prints, and drawings; French Impressionist and Post-impressionist pictures are those in the greatest demand—it is the lightness, the gaiety of their colors, the Parke-Bernet people think, that makes them so popular in modern interiors, where lightness of tone is increasingly the thing. Last season Renoir's "La Fête de Pan" sold for \$100,000, and \$90,000 was paid for "L'Etoile" by Degas.

In furniture, at present, highest prices are being paid for anything French and eighteenth-century, from gilded and inlaid palace furniture to the humblest provincial pieces, both natural wood and painted. Parke-Bernet thinks that this popularity is due in part to the small size and delicacy of many of the old French pieces, which enhances their suitability for the

smaller rooms of today's homes.

A combination of this furniture and Impressionist and Postimpressionist paintings in one's home spells, just at present, "status." Few eighteenth-century French paintings are coming up for auction; their very popularity, Parke-Bernet thinks, keeps them off the market. French Directoire and Empire pieces, too, are very status-conferring, as are Continental baroque and rococo. It is the fine city furniture, the classically proportioned mahogany, that brings the bids, and if there is carving the bids often increase. In short, the common denominator of desirability in furniture today would seem to be elegance, or at least a certain exoticism or sophistication.

Very much "out" at present—and therefore providing excellent opportunities for advantageous buys—is English eighteenth-century mahogany. "Too dark, too large," are the comments one hears about the splendid trestle tables and breakfronts that a generation ago were selling at four and five figures. Sharing in the disfavor are English

eighteenth-century pictures. "Too dark, too large"—those same comments are heard again. And then, so many English eighteenth-century pictures are portraits, and it is apparently thought unsophisticated, nowadays, to hang portraits of ancestors that are not one's own.

The prices of "abstracts" by recognized artists are going up at Parke-Bernet, by the way. And while little modern furniture comes up for sale, the Parke-Bernet people expect it to appear with greater frequency in future years: custom-made contemporary pieces, seldom seen in the shops, are found in many an elegant interior; in workmanship and beauty they rival the traditional, and some day they will be traditional themselves, and sought after at auction.

Informality of behavior, like that at country auctions, is not encouraged during sales at Parke-Bernet. "Bidding may be conducted either by husband or wife, but not by both at once," according to *Etiquette for the Auction-Room*. "While it is usual to raise

the hand or the catalogue slightly, the bidding may also be advanced, if greater privacy be desired, by nods, winks, or other contortions, as arranged with the attendants, who will be surprised by nothing. A man of distinction signing a card after a successful bid should print his name and not assume (a) that anyone can read his handwriting or (b) that he is so well known that this does not matter. Ladies should not gesticulate to attract the attention of friends entering the doorway of the salesroom, as this not only distracts the auctioneer but causes him automatically to repeat the standard joke on this practice, which everyone has heard before.

"Laughter is in order only in certain well-defined situations. These are, in general (1) when the auctioneer utters a witticism, especially if it is a new one; (2) if the attendants on stage display an abstract painting the wrong way up, or offer a drawing by Modigliani when all the audience can see is a piece of blank paper. Applause is discouraged in the case of articles

knocked down at less than six figures."

In other words, don't make a sound or the slightest move, while attending a sale at Parke-Bernet, unless you want to bid on something. Nowhere has the power of a wink been more staggeringly demonstrated than in this salesroom. On the historic evening of November 15, 1961, the director of the Metropolitan Museum winked—just once—and what did he walk off with? The only painting ever sold at auction for \$2,300,000, Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer." He did it so deliberately that he must have wanted the picture. But watch out: by accident it might happen to you.

Parke-Bernet advertisements appear in *The New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* daily. They list major items to be sold and give auction and exhibition hours. The Galleries are not open Sunday or Monday. A new exhibition goes on display each Saturday.



\$5 million worth of paintings (many old masters) were sold last year

Left: Prior to sale, a bronze wine vessel of the Yin Chou dynasty is displayed
Right: Backstage at Parke-Bernet. In background, Royal Worcester porcelain bird groups modeled by Dorothy Doughty

Far right: A Parke-Bernet auction is like a stage play in which the players move among some of the most costly objects in the world



photographs by Richard Saunders

To show the 1964 Continental in a number of prominent locations—as we have done in the Manhattan pictures on these pages—is to highlight a trend increasingly evident in recent months, namely, the rise of the Continental in popularity among America's most discriminating buyers.

Last October, Continental national sales increased eleven per cent over the previous October, November sales increased twenty-one per cent over the previous November, and December sales increased thirty-two per cent over the previous December.

As evidence of the car's growing sales success, just stroll along Park

Avenue when evening begins and note how conspicuous the Continental has become. It is prominent at fashionable theatre openings, in front of the finest supper clubs, in the financial district, everywhere successful people work and play.

While the new Continental is a marvelous road car (you can drive it for hundreds of miles at a stretch in confidence and comfort), it is also a great city car. In New York and other cities it shines. Its ride and handling are excellent for city driving. It is not oversized and it is the most maneuverable of luxury cars.

It puts the driver in easy command

of the widest variety of standard features available to the American public. Among these are automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, power windows, power side vent windows, electrically powered antenna, six-way power seats, retractable seat belts, and a transistorized radio.

Optional features include air conditioning (excellent for city summers), a movable steering column, and an AM-FM radio, the FM part being especially appealing because tall buildings and tunnels do not affect reception.

In addition to the number of features, two other factors bear on the

Continental All Over Manhattan

*The world's finest automobile is a big hit
in our biggest city.*

*Here you see it in some
noted Gotham settings*



photographs by Carroll Seghers II



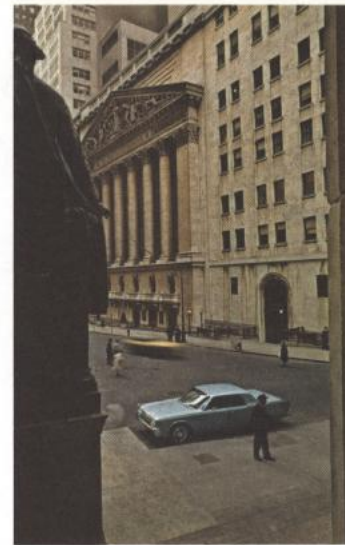
Washington Square North, one of the most beautiful and oldest streets in New York. Refusing to bow to modern times, it retains its century-old Georgian elegance and what its biographer, Henry James, called "tone"

Heliport on the East River at Wall Street. The view is toward Brooklyn. From here, one may fly to the World's Fair



Sutton Place and the Queensboro Bridge. Edging the East River in the upper Fifties, this part of New York is magnificent, reserved, and replete with evidence of wealth.

At right: The columned New York Stock Exchange, financial heart of America and the free world. On weekdays it is densely populated by bankers and brokers, on weekends by tourists and pigeons. Center: Fabulous skyline of lower Manhattan seen from a Staten Island ferry boat on the cheapest (a nickel) salt water voyage in the world. Below: Times Square — showy, gaudy, endlessly restless, New York's biggest attraction for visitors, America's magnet for lovers of theatre on both sides of the footlights.

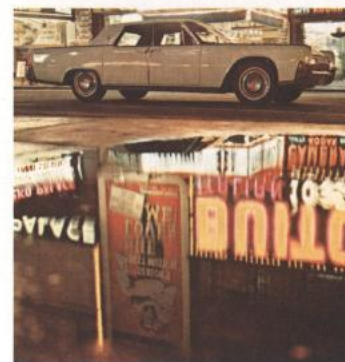


Continental's success. One is the high standard of manufacture (no other American car is so thoroughly tested), the other is its sheer beauty. Very few automobiles have won such accolades from lovers of great cars, even fewer have been strewn with such honors while they were still being manufactured.

Two authorities on the subject of beautiful automobiles, Richard Hough and Michael Frostick, recently came out with "A History of the World's Classic Cars" (Harper & Row, \$7.95), containing a veritable treasury of the kinds of cars that make men weep for the glories of the past — the Bugatti Royale, Marmion touring cars, Ducesenbergs, Hispano-Suizas, etc.

Hough and Frostick include the present Continental among the greats and this is what they say: "The current Continental combines peerless beauty with standards of materials and finish that are matched by only one other motor car in the world. With the Phantom V Rolls-Royce, it maintains in purest form the standards of the great Classics of the past, and no adjectival restraint whatever is called for in its description. It possesses the largest production automobile engine in the world, shares performance figures with such sporting machinery as a 3.8-litre Jaguar and 2.6-litre Alfa-Romeo, and merits the highest praise for its ease of handling, delicacy of balance, and high safety factor. It is a source of great satisfaction that such a superlative motor car is still made today."

Need anymore be said?





SKETCHES BY INA-META TAYLOR

Earl Blackwell, originator of Celebrity Service, which keeps tabs on celebrities in Hollywood, New York, Paris, London, and Rome, and regular contributor to Town & Country:

The Pen & Pencil
205 East 45th Street
I think this is my all-time favorite. In all my years of coming here I have yet to experience anything but the ultimate in its presentation of steak with all the trimmings. John Bruno, the genial owner, attracts a clientele that includes the pick of the newspaper profession and the stars of the entertainment world.

El Parador
561 Second Avenue
Society and the theatre world are beating a path to this, the best of New York's Mexican-Spanish restaurants. It is difficult to find good chili, enchiladas, tortillas, and tamales in Manhattan, but Parador has them. Crowded and fun.

Italian Pavilion
24 West 55th Street
When the Smart Set leaves its haunts at the Colony and Pavillon they are apt to come here. This is a really lovely restaurant, with wonderful service and excellent food, all in the best Italian style. Fine wine list, and a garden when weather permits.

Mme. Romaine de Lyon
133 East 56th Street
If, like me, you are an omelette fan, here is the ultimate in presentation of the humble egg—550 varieties—plus salads, brioches, croissants, and pastries. No liquor. There are only nine tables. You'll love it, just as the Duchess of Windsor and Lily Pons and other notables do.

La Toque Blanche
359 East 50th Street
French, French, French food at moderate prices and you get an intimate and charming setting in the bargain. Try the sole or the mussels or the *côte d'agneau vert pré*, but everything is first-rate.

Baroque
14 East 53rd Street
The quiet dignity and really expert cuisine of this restaurant seem to have somewhat escaped the lime-light that glows about many another Gallic spot much less deserving. I like everything here, but particu-

larly the end of the meal. The chocolate desserts are unparalleled.

L'Aiglon
13 East 55th Street
It has been in the same location forty-three years and you'll enjoy the feeling of tradition, loyalty, and old-world elegance. The cuisine is Continental, mostly French with a bit of Italian thrown in. I love the crowd and very much in the mainstream of Manhattan life.

Clementine Paddleford, food writer of This Week magazine and the New York Herald Tribune:

Chateaubriand
131 East 54th Street
French food in the old manner and one of the city's very best restaurants. Special delights: Lobster à l'Américaine, Pompano Véronique, Dijon-style stew of young rabbit, Chateaubriand grilled on charcoal, and *Le Mallard à la Presse Tour d'Argent*, meaning pressed wild duck as prepared so magnificently in the Tour d'Argent in Paris.

Drake Room
440 Park Avenue
Here go the people who like nice things: caviar and mink coats and the better wines. Continental cuisine. The menu is festooned with a garland of sauces and all the best dishes prepared with a knowing hand. Veal kidney flambé, a bewitchment, made at the table.

Giovanni's
66 East 55th Street
Italian-French restaurant comfortably at home in an old brownstone. No sign of smart trappings, yet richly done. A restaurant sure of itself in a quiet and gracious way. Here are such delights as sweetbreads Mornay, cold chicken Jeannette, *gnocchi alla Romana*, celestial pastries.

Mme. Romaine De Lyon
133 East 56th Street
Smallest eating place in New York, but it's well worth the squeeze. Omelettes the big story. Madame Romaine can make any one of hun-



dreds in five minutes flat. Homemade French pastries for dessert.

Penthouse Club
30 West 59th Street
Glassed-in terrace fifteen floors up on an apartment housetop overlooking the length of Central Park. A mirrored dining room to give an eye-stretching view. One step down is the inner room, snug and dark for hand-holding. The menu offers the elegant in food: saddle of lamb, roast pheasant in plumage, breast of Cornish hen à la Kiev.

Keen's English Chop House
72 West 36th Street
This restaurant occupies three old brownstones. Walls in the dining room, tap rooms, and bar plastered to the low-beamed ceiling with framed posters, old theatrical handbills, and pictures of celebrities. The ceilings are hung with over 2,600 clay pipes. Keen's plays host to guests from all parts of the world—and they know what they want: mutton chops or roast beef or steak, teamed with a mug of old-style ale.

Lüchow's German Restaurant
110 East 14th Street
Mellow with age, now long past its golden anniversary and still carrying on in the true German tradition. Drink your beer from majolica beer steins. Relax to the music of Strauss waltzes. Enjoy German cooking at its best—hasenpfeffer, pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut, sauerbraten, game in season, flaming pancakes filled with *Preisselbeeren*.

Silas Spitzer, food editor of Holiday magazine:

San Marino
236 East 53rd Street
Many epicures consider this New York's finest North Italian restaurant. The owner is a great chef and dedicated perfectionist. All pasta is homemade.

La Potinière du Saïr
47 West 55th Street
Small but distinguished French restaurant with distinctive French food and impeccable service. Recommended: the hors d'oeuvres, the chocolate mousse.

Le Veau d'Or
129 East 60th Street
A segment of the real Paris—crowded, animated, great favorite



of visiting Parisians. Authentic French cuisine without affectation.

Chez Vous
78 Carmine Street
Tiny, effervescently gay Italian hideaway, offering hearty Italian dishes cooked by the owner's wife.

The Coach House
110 Waverly Place
The city's best regional American food. Black bean soup, luscious double lamp chops, hot corn sticks, remarkable beef.

Poppy Cannon, restaurant editor of Town & Country and author of many cookbooks:

Malmaison
10 East 52nd Street
Very pretty place . . . pastel walls and crystal sconces. Named for the villa that Napoleon prepared for Josephine. Her swan motif appears all over, even on the desserts. Food is an attractive combination of North Italian and French. The owner, Frank di Lello, is a charmer.

L'Aiglon
13 East 55th Street
Guido and Joseph know their onions, as well as their truffles and wines. Their Bordeaux are laudable. I usually order the simplest thing on the bill of fare, like very thin sliced calves' liver, which they do exceptionally well.

Giovanni's
66 East 55th Street
So discreet, never-changing, a kind of secret amongst New York's fine old families of connoisseurs. The best Italian wines in the city. Excellent North Italian cuisine, a notable hors d'oeuvres wagon . . . and don't neglect the clams in aspic.

Cafe Renaissance
338 East 49th Street
Intimate, romantic, Venetian in mood, with lights that dim in the crystal chandeliers as the evening wears on. Even the wine shelves blend with the Renaissance décor. Many of the specialties have an exotic individual flavor.

Mama Laura's
230 East 58th Street
A quiet, home-like place with a

certain gentle opulence. The fettuccini is homemade, handmade, and even handed by Mama herself, and, in my opinion, it rivals Alfredo's of Rome.

The Salt of the Sea
1155 Third Avenue, near 67th Street
Rarely mentioned on restaurant lists, it has some of the best seafood in town, also the finest cole slaw I ever ate. As beautiful a selection of Moselles and Rhine wines as can be found anywhere.

Arlene Francis, stage and film actress and regular panelist on "What's My Line?":

Romeo Salta
39 West 56th Street
Lovers of North Italian food (I'm one of them) put this place and its bonny bonifice, Romeo himself, close to heaven. It offers glamour (you may sit next to Sophia Loren, for instance) but, more than that, the food is superb. Marvelous pasta, the best Italian wines.

Tout Va Bien
311 West 51st Street
This is my special secret and I know I'll regret telling the world about it. If you've ever wondered where you could get a fine provincial French meal in Manhattan at a provincial French price, this is it. Unprepossessing, undecorated, small, you'll forget all this once they start dishing out the *hors d'oeuvres variés*. Pepper steak such as you get only in France, *vin du pays*—and a check that adds to the pleasure.

Barbetta
321 West 46th Street
I must have a special fondness for North Italian food and unusual restaurateurs—in this case a beautiful young blond named Laura Maioglio. Grandly furnished in the genealogical trappings of the House of Savoy, its looks are overshadowed by its Piedmontese cuisine. *Spaghetti alla carabonara* is one of my favorites, but everything is great, including the wine cellar.

Le Veau d'Or
129 East 60th Street
A large, vivacious, and important crowd enjoying typically French food of typically French quality. My favorite is *oeuf en gelée*, which the most expensive French restaurant can't do better, and there is also



a mixture of sausage with hot potato salad—just ask for the *sauccissons*—that is the end.

La Grenouille
3 East 52nd Street
Very French and very elegant. This is a restaurant for those who appreciate the best in impeccable service, beautiful linens, fresh flowers, fine crystal and silver, and food, glorious food. Greatest chocolate mousse ever.

Peter Greig, restaurant editor, Gourmet magazine:

Le Bijou
168 West 4th Street
A small, quiet French restaurant of distinction. The chef is from Brittany, so the seafood is to be recommended. So is the *canard à la montmorency*, the roast duck with port wine, and the ragout of beef Bourguignonne.

Italian Pavilion
24 West 55th Street
Probably the best North Italian cooking in New York. For the fastidious gourmet who knows his Milanese, Bolognese, and Roman restaurants. *Scampi alla griglia*, *scaloppine alla marsala*, and, in season, wonderful *zucchini alla pomodoro*. Stuffed veal chops, a *fino osso bucco*, and among desserts, *zuppa Inglese*, a cake soaked in rum and hidden in whipped cream.

The Passy
28 East 63rd Street
One of the most elegant dining rooms in New York. *Haute cuisine Française*, a phrase that is not used lightly. *La Brizola au charbon*—a very thin grilled steak, one of the specialties. Good wine list, including some German wines.

La Provence
405 East 52nd Street
A small, very comfortable dining room. Very good bouillabaisse, minute steak with a fine *sauce marchand de vin*, excellent *crêpes Provençales*. Wine list emphasizes the rosés of Provence.

Baroque
14 East 53rd Street
One of the best restaurants in the city. Fine soups, especially the *petite marmite*. A thin mustard sauce with *goujons de sole* is recommended, also *poularde au Champagne*.



The City's Great Small Hotels

A report on some prized mid-town hotels where elegance is foremost, service faultless, and mood serene

by Elizabeth Smith

THERE IS A story about a prominent Chicago lady who always used to stay at the Ritz Carlton on her trips to New York but was forced to put up at another well-known Manhattan hotel after her favorite was torn down. The rather perfunctory greeting she received at her "new" home-away-from-home caused her to remark, "Honestly—as if they had no idea who I was!"

Many a traveler, far from the comforts of home, has felt just as dejected as the Chicago lady in the labyrinth of the New York area's 389 inns and hotels. Where, oh where, they sigh, is the friendly reassurance, the intimate atmosphere, the quiet dignity, the personal service, the fine food, and the thoughtful accommodation of yesterday? Where, oh where, in Manhattan's maze of modern marvels can one find that rare combination of the European service tradition and the American aura of hospitality?

With the 1964 World's Fair looming on the horizon, the New York hotel world has been in a veritable frenzy of building and renovation to try to supply an answer to these questions. But size and superjet efficiency still will not fill the needs of the many who honestly want elegance, taste, and a discriminating atmosphere.

Notwithstanding the passing of the beautiful Ritz Carlton, the favorite *pied à terre* of so many prewar visitors to New York, the ardent small hotel collector can still find hotel "gems" in Manhattan. They are not necessarily more expensive or exclusive than the large and fine places like the Plaza, St. Regis, and many others. They are, well, different. Half a dozen are described here.

The Carlyle, 35 East 76th Street. The status of the Carlyle is high, almost as "uptown" (to use the vulgate) as its address. While some may feel the hotel is not centrally located to suit their needs, the really

deluxe Carlyle customer couldn't care less about that—chances are he has a car and chauffeur waiting downstairs. In fact, many find the hotel's greatest charm in its slightly out-of-the-way location amid a residential area of lovely trees, small, exclusive shops, and quiet, well-kept town houses.

The Carlyle staff is quite properly reserved, publicity-shy, and secure, as behooves those who have been hosts and servants to four recent U.S. Presidents and innumerable dignitaries. Indeed, the roster of distinguished Carlyle visitors is a veritable *Who's Who* of the world.

The hotel's Regency Room offers one of the finest dining experiences in New York—most of it Gallic in flavor and set against lovely Paris balloon murals by Cosmo de Salvo. The Carlyle is justifiably proud of its extraordinary array of French bottlings, which include many '52's, of its flattering turquoise colors in the dining rooms, its empire paintings by Martin Battersby, its special coffee beans for *espresso*, and its famous and uniquely charming bar murals by the late Ludwig Bemelmans.

Mayfair House, Park Avenue at 65th Street. Oddly enough, it is the estate of the late Texas oilman Jesse Jones that maintains this quietly elegant English-prototype hotel where guests come back year after year. Many New Yorkers do not even realize that the Mayfair exists and that is just how this charmingly reserved habitat of the well-born and well-to-do would prefer to keep matters. Although the décor, mainly by designer Richard Kent, is new, the hotel manages to retain much of its old charm and intimate flavor.

The Mayfair so typifies an English country estate that, stepping out of its lobby, one almost expects to find a sunny Devonshire lawn dotted with flowers. Twenty national and international corporations keep



The Carlyle

A corner of the Carlyle dining room



permanent suites in the Mayfair's tasteful and exclusive floors. Princess Christina of Sweden, Countess Bernadotte, and the Duchess of Argyll are often among the guests, and a number of English visitors are usually on hand.

The Westbury, 840 Madison Avenue. This hotel was originally owned by the Phipps estate and its clientele has continued to represent a core of that same class of Long Islanders ever since. The murals in the Polo Lounge, which depict an artistic history of that rich man's game, are twenty-six years old, a hold-over from the days when society's horse lovers drank at this very bar. Many of them still do, under the watchful eye of veteran Kaye Apollo and his phalanx of waiters, none with less than fifteen years' service.

The Westbury customer is almost always a regular, known by name, habits, and preferences to the personnel. Any newcomer quickly becomes known, for the managers feel that anyone they attract must be satisfied. "Else," says the maître d', "they would simply pay their check, never complain, and never come back." The hotel's rooms were designed by Dorothy Draper, but its essence lies mostly in its clublike atmosphere. It has been called "the most Anglo-Saxon hotel in New York" and here, again, we have that same English success formula of service and distinction.

The Tuscany, 39th Street, east of Park Avenue. In the midst of old Murray Hill nestles a thirty-three-year-old place where one can get away from it all. The Tuscany, for all its fine old Italian name, represents much that well-off Americans, accustomed to the best, hold dear. Its lobby, which resembles an elegant private club, has a Dow Jones ticker and its cocktail bar is exclusively a masculine preserve until three p.m. each day.

This is one hotel which is not patterned after the French or English ideal. Still, its "Made in USA" atmosphere seems to appeal to many Europeans, authors, artists, and perennial travelers. It has a higher occupancy rate than any New York inn and its 200 rooms are constantly being improved and up-dated. "New York's Biggest Little Hotel" is long on service and year-to-year improvement. This season it offers a new item: an adjustable bed in every room. Other Tuscany touches are BarcaLounger chairs, color TV, hi-fi Telefunken radios, white chenille rugs beside every bed, back rests, floor scales, extra-large linens, and well-stocked medicine cabinets.

The Regency, Park Avenue at 61st Street. New York's newest class hotel has been characterized by Lucius Beebe as "a spanking hotel of the very sort everyone said we'd never see again." Done in the transitional French *Régence* period inside, it has a modern, muted beige stone façade that fits well with Park Avenue's "New Look." It is reported that the management prefers to keep an empty room or suite here rather than rent to anyone it considers to be not of Regency quality. One sees a liberal sprinkling of the better "names" of society, and the diplomatic and financial worlds in the neo-classic dining room and lobby. (This is where Princess Grace of

Monaco stays whenever she is in New York.)

To manage this habitat of the French poodle and chinchilla crowd, the Tisch brothers lured the urbane Pierre Bultinck away from twenty years' service at the sophisticated St. Regis. With him came a loyal following. Ellen Lehman McCluskey's interiors for the hotel—a flush of red carpets, veined marble, gold wall brackets, and glittering chandeliers—have been the talk of New York since the hotel opened last March.

The Regency chef is Ernest Didier, once with Monte Carlo's Hôtel de Paris, and he is also making the food a conversation topic. The rooms at the Regency are larger than is customary and the closets have gown-high hangers. Here, striped-trousered greeters abound and even the elevator operators are schooled in deportment and in the hotel's watchword of "service" in the opulent European tradition. The afore-quoted Lucius Beebe summed up the Regency as having "everything all the great New York hotels of venerable name and social implications ever had and more besides."

The Dorset, 30 West 54th Street. In the heart of the "fashionable fifties" rises the half-residential Dorset, which still keeps 185 rooms for visitors. Built in 1927, it has never been renovated but is impeccably bright (no wonder; the hotel has had the same housekeeper for thirty-two years). In fact, the Dorset, another emphasize of service in the English manner, has a staff which claims to recognize all the older customers by their luggage.

Dorset employees are seventy per cent strong in the twenty-years-of-service bracket. They keep watch over the "regulars," who keep coming back like favorite nieces and nephews to visit a grand old dowager aunt. The hotel's charm lies in its homey, comfortable atmosphere. Yet despite its lack of a try for chic, it belongs in any list of the best because of its unexcelled attitude toward the traditions of service, unpretentious food, and general high quality. The U.S. Pony Club and the Poodle Club of America make the Dorset home and many oil companies on nearby Sixth Avenue maintain executive suites here.

Author's note: Because one person's list may be another's last resort, let me account for some omissions. Delmonico's Hotel, one of the fine names in the world of public accommodations, was, at this writing, in the midst of extensive renovation. When this is completed, Delmonico's, whose cable address is Elegance, New York, will undoubtedly take its place with the best.

Two other fine and faultless names in New York's hotel world—the Carlton House and the Stanhope—are now principally cooperative and maintain so few rooms for transients that they cannot be presented to a wide group of New York visitors, although the transient who happens to stay in them will remember his visit with pleasure.

Dining in golden splendor at the Regency



An art gallery called Sculptura in the Carlyle

BOUTIQUING—the art of searching out special shops—has become a favorite pastime of New Yorkers and visitors to New York. Like antiquing (in summer), boutiquing is treasure hunting, but simplified. Someone else has gathered choice things from all over the world and then spread them out, like a roomful of wished-for presents, in one spot.

The boutique idea originated in the couture houses of Paris. At Dior or Balmain, it is an area set aside for ready-made clothes and accessories like blouses, bags, and jewelry. The French expression *toute la boutique*

means the “whole bag of tricks.” In New York, boutiques have certainly become a bag of tricks. There are baby boutiques, men’s boutiques, boutiques for housewares and cosmetics. Every store has caught the fever and these treasure islands are springing up overnight, even in unlikely places like bargain basements or at expensive jewelers’.

Unlike the more utilitarian departments of a store, the boutique aims for the few-of-a-kind, often handmade and imported item, with that touch of frivolity and pampering that appeals to the sybarite in all of us.

Treasure Hunting in New York’s Boutiques

An authoritative shopper takes visitors on a guided tour of Manhattan’s small, select shops

by Angela Taylor
photographs by Richard Saunders



Above: Henri Bendel's main floor is a series of boutiques, called the Street of Shops; below The Cachet, one of the Bendel boutiques, has choice small fashions, like evening separates



DR International abounds in beautiful Scandinavian things, including the famous Marimekko dress



From the practical point of view, shopping in them is time-saving; one needn't trudge through miles of stores to find a special gift.

Almost every department store has at least one boutique and the simplest way to locate it is to check the store directory or ask the information clerk or the elevator starter. Listing all the boutiques around New York would be bewildering; the attempt here is to spotlight some of the more attractive or unusual.

Lord and Taylor's Fantasia Shop is a small room overflowing with clothes, jewelry, and small objects. Here one finds a handsome leopard-spotted raincape or an embroidered Mexican poncho or a frivolous, feather-edged negligee—also evening separates, vanity cases, small clocks, jeweled purses, and scarves.

Upstairs, in the children's department of the same store, a nook is set off for Grandmother's Boutique. It holds the nonpractical, pampering sort of gift that dotting relatives love to bestow on the young. This is the place to find exquisite knitted things from France, Italy, and England, and embroidered dresses, amusing mittens and socks, even golden slippers for a baby. The shop has recently acquired baby clothes designed by Madame Alexander, the famous doll-maker; the dresses and rompers come gift-packaged along with small toys. The shop also carries unusual baby silver: Victorian porringers and mugs from England as well as modern pieces.

B. Altman has two boutiques: the Pot Pourri on the main floor and Studio 3 on the third. They house both daytime and evening clothes and the sort of accessories that can turn an ordinary costume into something special. The woman who prefers to create her own evening look will find a blissful array of beaded tops, long skirts, and charming bags and scarves to complete her costume.

Further uptown, Henri Bendel calls its main floor a “street of shops.” It's exactly that: individual categories of things are housed in separate rooms. One holds just gloves, another bags, another hosiery, etc. The Gilded Cage cosmetics room is especially attractive; it sells many distinctive boudoir accessories as well as perfumes and cosmetics.

Near Bendel's, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, I. Miller has set up one of the most resplendent boutiques in town, The Galleria. The mezzanine of the store has been decorated to resemble a Mediterranean veranda with arched, wood-strip ceilings and divans covered in Italian flowered fabrics. Even the elevator and ladies' room here are something special. The merchandise and the salespeople are imported. (The young women come from five European countries and

are all multilingual.) Half the area is given over to imported shoes, the other half to clothes and accessories. The Galleria is a luxury-lover's dream come true. Here one finds magnificent handknitted suits from France, or leather ones from Spain. The small items are particularly imaginative: there are evening kerchiefs of feathers or latticed chiffon and umbrellas cased in snakeskin or tiger-printed silk. The shop carries the perfumes of Givenchy, Millot, and Lubin. (The last house has revived the French *flanelles*: strips of perfumed fabric to scent lingerie drawers.)

Moving eastward to Bloomingdale's, one finds boutiques whose number and location may vary according to the season (check with information, please). Permanent arrangements are the Men's Gift Shop on the Third Avenue side of the main floor, and the Gourmet Shop on the sixth. These are good spots for gifts for people who have everything: both of them contain a good sprinkling of European and American antiques, reasonably priced. The women's shops—the Place Élégante and the Bagatelle—appear during gift seasons and for special promotions, but one or the other is

Jose de Lema, in the New York Hilton, designs as well as sells



usually in effect. The Import Boutique, in the Downstairs Store, is another of these come-and-go arrangements, but worthwhile looking for because its merchandise is both different and low-priced.

Macy's Little Shop and the Oval Room Boutique at Ohrbach's are havens of elegance within what is usually confusion. Since both these stores have buyers constantly on the lookout for choice European items (they are famous for their copies of French couture clothes), they are a match for the luxury stores. These again, are a colorful mélange of sweaters, blouses, stoles, and jewelry, and bags.

Not to be outdone by the department stores, famous jewelers have set up boutiques. Theirs are closer to the European idea: they are meant to set off less expensive jewelry and gifts from the fabulously-priced diamonds. Van Cleef and Arpels has its boutique in the adjacent Bergdorf Goodman; Cartier has recently opened one next door to the main store. The blue and gold Cartier boutique is a sampling of all its departments. It has men's gifts, baby silver, pearls, stationery, and items from the Cartiers all over the world.

Beauty salons have had boutiques for quite a while; now many are expanding theirs. There are boutiques at Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein, as well as some of the other salons. Charles of the Ritz now has enlarged the boutique in the Ritz Tower salon to include custom-made clothes as well as ready-to-wear. The drying room is close to the boutique, so that one may look at negligees or ski sweaters while one's coiffure sets. Lilly Daché's emporium has a boutique on the ground floor, a beauty salon on the second, and her famous hats above.

All over Manhattan are scattered shops that are like glittering, foreign bazaars. Some specialize in one country or area. The Phoenix Pan American shop at 793 Lexington Avenue has Mexican crafts and is stocking more and more wearing apparel. Fascinating at-home or beach clothes can be concocted from their embroidered blouses and skirts and they also have colorful Mexican cottons by the yard. DR International has two Scandinavian shops: at 866 Lexington Avenue and at 53 East 57th Street. DR originated the widely-copied Marimekko dress (the easy, high-yoked shift), but theirs is made of original Scandinavian fabrics and is therefore unique. They also have endearing children's clothes and toys.

Almost every hotel has a boutique in its lobby. A very new and interesting one has been opened by Jose de Lema in the New York Hilton. Mr. de Lema is his own designer; the clothes here are exclusive.

A stroll through practically any street in Greenwich Village will disclose a boutique or bazaar. A good place to start might be MacDougal Street, where the wares of every nation on earth live harmoniously. Village shops open towards noon and stay up late, so that it's possible to boutique at night (while looking at Village characters) if one has any energy left.

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owner

IN THE PAST couple of years, Peter Sellers has become the best known and hardest working comedian in British films; he seems to turn out a picture every month, many of them big hits at American box offices. Among them are "The Mouse That Roared," "I'm All Right, Jack," "Heavens Above," "Dr. Strangelove," and "I Like Money."

Mr. Sellers is also a great car buff, and two recently published articles about him reveal that he has spent around \$380,000 on 73 (or 74) automobiles in

his life, the latest being a Lincoln Continental, which he has kept longer than any he previously owned.

One of the articles says, "Sellers' choice of a Continental may come as a shock to those who haven't been keeping up with the development of American cars, but it is one that more and more car fanciers are coming to fancy."

In *Town & Country*, Denise McCluggage quotes Sellers as follows: "The Continental leaves the Rolls and the Bentley. A great engine. It's beautifully made. Great care has obviously been taken with the manufacture of the car—it's very carefully done."

Here is Sellers talking again about the car he loves: "I bought the Continental to see if it really lived up to the fabulous things the makers said about it. It does. It's a car of great integrity and comfort. The engine has plenty of 'go' and is quiet. I never had a car with such super attention to detail and finish. The driving position is easy—I go miles without fatigue."



Peter Sellers

These are pleasant words from a man who has owned two Rolls-Royces, a Bentley, a Cadillac, five Jaguars, an Aston Martin, a Mercedes Sports, a Bristol, a Ferrari, two Sunbeams, a Renault, and a host of others new and used.



Continently Speaking by Cleveland Amory

The Marvels of World's Fairs

World's Fairs as we know them began in London in a greenhouse—a gigantic flower emporium which became known, in Prince Albert's day, as "The Crystal Palace." "We hold this Fair," Albert declared, when it opened in 1851, "as an exposition of all the arts and sciences of man, in their present state of development," and when it closed, he and his Queen were inconsolable. "I cannot bear," Victoria wrote firmly—for once forgetting her "we"—"to see it end."

Apparently U.S. exhibitors there felt the same way, for, having garnered praise in London for the "Yankee ingenuity" of their exhibits—among others, the Colt Repeater and Goodyear's first display of rubber goods—they returned to New York to build a Crystal Palace of their own. The result, in 1853, was America's own first World's Fair, which not only exhibited the first passenger elevator seen in this country but also demonstrated another new marvel—the sewing machine.

Almost every Fair since has boasted at least one lasting memorial. At America's second World's Fair, the Philadelphia

Centennial of 1876, people were, in fact, so fascinated with the machines that they needed no amusement features at all. Here Alexander Graham Bell first publicly exhibited the telephone and here, too, was introduced a telegraph that could "send two messages over one wire at a time." Last but not least, here also came, of all introductions, the typewriter.

To Paris, in 1889, went the honor of holding the first World's Fair to make money—an achievement primarily due to the twin fact that this was the Fair for which the Eiffel Tower was constructed and where "Little Egypt" first danced. (This durable young lady danced again at Chicago in 1893 and at St. Louis in 1904.)

Back in our own country, if Chicago's Exposition of 1893 featured on one hand the world's first Ferris Wheel (it, too, saw service at St. Louis), it also, on the other, featured the largest exposition building ever constructed up to that time—it spanned forty acres. In the case of the St. Louis Fair, which had more amusements per acre than any other in history,

the keynote was the word "education"—all the way from the "Palace of Education and Social Economy" to "Jim Key," the educated horse.

Chicago's Century of Progress in 1933 featured everything from an actual diamond mine in operation to toothpaste in the making. As for the most recent Fair, the remarkable Seattle Fair of 1962, it not only paid back its original underwriters their \$2½ million within three months, it also took in almost that sum in just one item alone—elevator rides to the top of the Space Needle. The all-time champion money maker, "Century 21" wasn't even stuck at the end of the Fair with 50,000 lapel pins labeled "21"—its alert management sold them for close to 10¢ a pin to a Wisconsin temperance group campaigning to raise the state's legal drinking age to 21.

World's Fairs have a strong appeal for Americans. One facet of the appeal was illustrated during the St. Louis Fair by the Senator in Washington who personally delivered an invitation to the French Ambassador. The Ambassador asked if he would have to make a speech. Yes, he was told. In French or in English? The Senator told him it didn't matter. "Why?" asked the Ambassador, amazed. "Because," replied the Senator, "The Hall where you will speak is of such dimensions that your voice will not be heard." Why, then, asked the Ambassador, did he have to speak at all? "Oh," said the Senator, "well, you are a newcomer to this country, but you will not be long in observing that we Americans love to be in a place where speeches are being made!"



Central Park West forms a fashionable backdrop for Continental's four-door convertible