



the
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Discovering the Virgin Islands... Greatest Chefs in America... The Luxurious Fishing Resorts of Baja

Memo to our Readers:

Lower California has been RALPH POOLE's photographic playground for four years. He first discovered that strange and lonely peninsula in 1960 when he and a friend sailed down the Gulf 1,400 miles, a voyage that later became a book,



The Sea of Cortez. He has just finished another cruise of the Gulf, this time on the mainland side, for another book.

A photographer since World War II, he has made a specialty of cars and racing and Mexico (his favorite country). One reason for the latter opinion is an adventure that happened while on our Baja assignment. His taxi from Mulegé to the airport near Santa Rosalía (30 miles) broke down on one of Baja's worst roads. The chances of making the plane were nil—and not another for two days. Along came a truck with three Mexicans. They stopped, unloaded a lot of boulders being used for ballast, took Ralph and his gear to the airport on time—and would accept no money, just a round of beers for friendship's sake.

DONALD HALL researched the story on buying antiques in England while living in Thaxted, Sussex, on a year off from the University of Michigan, where he has been Associate Professor of English since 1957. Native of New Haven, Connecticut, and graduate of Harvard, he has completed three collections of poems, the newest of which, *A Roof of Tiger Lilies*, is to be published by The Viking Press this November. He has contributed articles and poetry to *The New Yorker*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, and other magazines, and has written an autobiographical book, *String Too Short To Be Saved*.



When a chef of the stature of CLEMENT GRANGIER commits himself to naming other chefs he holds in respect, it is time for epicures to listen. Grangier is executive chef at Le Pavillon in New York, one of the greatest restaurants in the world. Native of France (of course), he studied at the School of Bordeaux, cooked in many fine Paris restaurants, and on the boats of the French Line (the most illustrious floating restaurants in the world). He came to New York in 1948. In the past fifteen years he has won ten high honors, any one of which would be a lifetime prize for a practitioner of culinary arts.



JAMES NORMAN is an indisputable authority on Mexico. Born in Chicago, he has lived below the border for fourteen years, writing books and articles about the region. He edits *Terry's Guide to Mexico* from his home in San Miguel de Allende and has been published in the *Atlantic*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and *National Geographic*.

Contents

New Way to Discover the Virgin Islands.....	1
Robert Martin Hodesh	
Greenhouse or Living Room?.....	5
Nine Restaurant Chefs I Call Great....	8
Clement Grangier	
Distinction Has Many Faces.....	10
Burgess H. Scott	
Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners.....	13
The Wonderful Fishing Resorts of Baja.....	14
James Norman	
How to Buy Antiques in England.....	18
Donald Hall	
Continently Speaking.....	21
Cleveland Amory	


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FRONT COVER—Ralph Poole, the photographer who covered the fishing resorts of Lower California for us, took this sunrise shot from the veranda of the Hotel Cabo San Lucas overlooking Chileano Bay.

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New Way to Discover the Virgin Islands

Many Americans have found that they can learn about the best resorts, the finest shopping, the most fun by listening to other travelers

by Robert Martin Hodesh



PHOTOGRAPH BY WOLF A. DEVALETTE

Resorts all over the world spend huge sums of money every year to advertise their wares to vacationing Americans, but for all the pretty pictures of pools and palm trees they buy, it seems a possibility that they get just as much publicity free from people who spread the news to one another by word of mouth. Advertising may start the ball rolling, but personal enthusiasms keep it in play.

Meet an American at the eastern edges of the Western world—let's say the Aegean—or the western edges of the Eastern world—let's say Tokyo—and soon he'll be telling you where he's been, what he liked, where he's going next—and you'll be reciprocating in kind.

It's a diverting form of friendliness and a very informative one. Much of what I learned about that particularly lively corner of the Caribbean, the American Virgin Islands, I learned in

just this way: noting down random chats in airplanes, on boats, in customs lines, at parties, and in the islands themselves.

By and large, my notes and I agree, but not always. One person's amour may be another's anathema, so it's wise to be your own final judge. Take an island like St. Thomas, for example. Right now a lot of people are saying, "The Virgin Islands? Yes, but not Charlotte Amalie. It's too commercial." I dissent. I was in St. Thomas three times while island-hopping and formed my own opinion: Charlotte Amalie is fine.

Too commercial? How can a city avoid being commercial? That's what a city is for. Besides, commercial in this case means Chanel No. 5 at \$12.55 an ounce, Haig & Haig Pinch at \$4 a fifth, and the best Spode at \$3.75 a dinner plate. And Charlotte Amalie shops, such as the Maison Danoise and

A. H. Riise, are the most beautiful anywhere between Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix.

I was sitting on a beach a hundred miles from St. Thomas when I met up with a traveler who said, "Charlotte Amalie is the only city I know where shopkeepers will offer you a drink." So they do, and one of them owned, of all things, a liquor shop. Can you imagine the proprietor of a Stateside liquor shop offering you a drink?

The place is called The Liquor Locker, a combination of retail shop, bottle club, informal saloon, clearing house for island gossip, resting place for the weary, and incidental general delivery post office. Like many Charlotte Amalie shops it has arched ceilings and a brick floor—the shops were originally warehouses. You walk in, sit down in a wicker chair, relax, and if the genial owner, Garth James, is around, he'll probably offer you a nip.