

the

Volume 5, Number 1

Continental

magazine

Resorts That Are Hidden Away... This Is the Year For the Fair... Superior Foods By Mail

Memo to our Readers:

TO A GREATER degree than ever before, this issue of the CONTINENTAL Magazine finds old friends among the writers—that is, people who have contributed to our pages previously. For example, here is WILLIAM KEMSLEY, whose researches resulted in the story on out-of-the-way resorts. A few issues back we published his story on superior restaurants found in somewhat unexpected parts of America, and in a future issue we will do a second installment, poking into other parts of the country. Mr. Kemsley acquired his qualifications for this kind of far-ranging investigation as an inspector of hotels and restaurants for the Mobil Travel Guide. He also writes magazine articles on a variety of subjects and is currently involved in doing a novel on the French settlement of North America.



We also welcome back RICHARD McLANATHAN, who has appeared twice previously, both times on subjects related to fine arts. In our last issue he did the story on "the little presses," those small, quality printing shops that are found scattered around the U.S., turning out collector's items of the printing art. That story brought more response from readers than anything ever published in this magazine.

Perhaps something similar will happen about Mr. McLanathan's story on prints in this issue. Certainly two of the major elements are the same: the acquisition of beautiful things and the ever-lovely possibility of capital gains. One clue to reader response may be the fact that when two members of the CONTINENTAL Magazine art department went to the Grinnell Galleries in Detroit to select the prints used for illustration of our article, each became so intrigued he bought a print for himself.

We also have KAY LANG, who hopped a TWA jet directly for Geneva last summer to look into the pleasures of Swiss camps for us. It was she who did our story on the Scottish Castle of Invercauld a while back. Miss Lang is a pure creature of the jet age. She travels indefatigably and has been known to leave her New York apartment late on Friday and return to it late on Sunday after a weekend in London.

ALLAN KELLER, our World's Fair reporter, has all sorts of literary credentials. A columnist on the New York World Telegram, he has written four books, all of which went into paper back, one of which was republished in eighteen foreign countries, and another of which was condensed for the *Reader's Digest*. He has contributed articles to most of our important periodicals and is a professor of journalism at the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.



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FRONT COVER - A view at the Detroit Artists Market, whose purpose is to exhibit and sell the work of local artists and craftsmen. Unique in the American art world, the Market is a non-profit organization operated by a board of directors. All work is selected by juries. Photograph by Robert Boram.

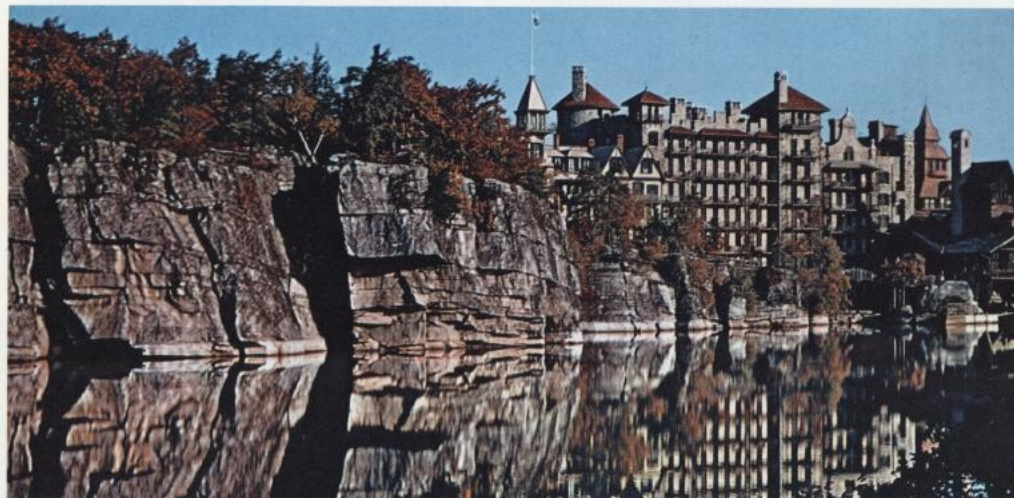
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Some of Our Best Resorts Are Hidden

Situated so far off the path you often need planes to reach them, they steadfastly cater to old-fashioned pleasures like peace and quiet

by William Kemsley



Lake Mohonk Mountain House, New Paltz, New York. Photo by Ian DeWitt

A GENERATION or so ago the fashionable vacation return to nature. A few little-publicized resorts, situated on vast expanses of wilderness lands, catered to this exclusive nature-oriented clientele.

The Lake Mohonk Mountain House Resort near New Paltz, New York, is typical of these grand old retreats. Today, except for concessions like modern plumbing, electricity, and a golf course, it stands true to the rustic charm of the Victorian-era vacation. Ten thousand acres of the most magnificent untrammelled mountain-and-lake lands in the East surround the Mountain House. Nature walks, carriage rides, and bird watching are still key interests of the guests—though the old butterfly nets have given way to cameras and photographic gadget bags. It is peaceful at Mohonk. Only the splash of paddles disturbs the surface of the lake. Automobiles

are not permitted. Transportation is all by horseback, foot, or buggy.

We flew eighty miles from Fort Francis, Ontario, into Canadian wilderness last summer to visit the newest of a posh breed of wilderness resorts, the Tip Top Lodge on Hyperborean Sanford Lake. It was built with grand old-style millionairing bravado. At first, Carl Renstrom, an Omaha tycoon, simply wanted a modern fishing camp for himself and a few personal friends. But when he decided to turn it into a resort it took seven years to fly in all the door knobs, bath tubs, and stainless steel kitchen equipment.

Tip Top's cabins were constructed by Finnish craftsmen flown in for the job from Minnesota; the logs are varnished and polished; the cottages have their own bars, refrigerators and cooking ranges. Hunters fly in for deer, bear, and moose; and guests have boasted a 100

per cent moose bag every year since the resort opened.

Another luxuriously modern fishing resort in that area where a man's wife can find comfort and plenty of recreation is Campbell's Cabins and Resort on Lac La Croix. Only access to Campbell's is also a float plane hop from Crane Lake, Minnesota—or a fifty-mile boat trip and portages around two waterfalls.

Not so luxurious, but nonetheless remote, is Brandt's Wilderness Retreat on McFarland Lake at the end of the eighteen-mile gravel Arrowhead Trail north of Hovland, Minnesota. Brandt's also maintains a float plane base to fly guests to several outlying lakes, otherwise inaccessible. The guests get a good ruffed grouse and black mallard kill during the game season.

The friendliest resort I have ever known is also situated in the Minnesota wilderness. Nelson's Resort on Crane Lake is not so completely isolated but all the land around it belongs to the Superior National Forest Wilderness Area. Nelson's greatest sport is fishing—walleyes, northerns, smallmouth bass—but that is only because eating and hospitality are not "sports." It is a particularly good resort for families, with many activities to occupy children and mothers.

The most dignified of the wilderness "camps" is Buddy Russell's Kennebago Lake Club north of Rangeley, Maine. We drove over twelve miles of rugged gravel road to get there. The camps are rustic—open rafters, Franklin stoves, and fireplaces; but dinner is served with gracious decorum by young men and women from the Ivy League while the sun sets in the mountains across the lake.

Some of today's wilderness resorts have not gone altogether modern. A delightfully rustic one is called Attean Lake Camps in the fishing region around Jackman, Maine. This camp was built in 1874, and little has changed since then. True, it now has modern plumbing

facilities, but guests will never permit the proprietor to put electricity into the log cabins. They insist on the charm of old kerosene lamps. The Attean Lake Camps are situated on an island two miles from the mainland. Guests have the run of 36,000 acres of lakes, streams, mountains, and wild forests to themselves.

Up in Michigan, on 22,000 acres adjoining the venerable Huron Mountain Club north of Marquette, is Ives Lake Farm Resort, once the home of a gentleman farmer and iron baron named John Munro Longyear. The silos and other farm buildings have been tastefully converted to modern summer cottages by Longyear's grandson, Howard Paul. Fishing and hunting are good; there is no telephone; and Howard annually clears the mountain hiking trails which old J. M. himself blazed through the wilderness back in the 1830s.

My favorite southern sequestered retreat is romantically situated in the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest, the last stand of truly primeval hardwoods in the East. The Snowbird Mountain Lodge is perched among the hemlocks, tulip poplars, mosses, ferns, and wildflowers, high up on a magnificent mountain in the western corner of North Carolina a few miles out of Robbinsville.

The West has many good wilderness resorts. In northern California, not far from the Oregon border, the Coffee Creek Ranch is secluded in the commanding Trinity Alps. The chief attraction at Coffee Creek is pack trips to over one hundred different alpine lakes or to myriad fishing spots along two hundred miles of

streams. Whether you take the trail to the wilds or loll about the ranch you are removed from all your mundane cares. Newspapers, radios, and television are not allowed, and all clocks in the place are set at preposterously different hours to completely befuddle city clock watchers.

Another, the Wallowa Lake Lodge, is remotely situated near Joseph, Oregon, at the northern entrance to the Eagle Cap Wilderness Area, a region of glacial lakes and swift running trout streams. This is the country in which the Nez Percé Indians bred the famed Appaloosa horse. The combination of great horses and rugged terrain makes saddle and pack trips the favorite of Wallowa guests. Fishermen snag big Kokanee salmon and rainbow trout, and hunters come for trophy bucks and the best elk hunting in the United States.

Up in the state of Washington, Lake Chelan extends fifty-five miles into the Cascade Mountain wilderness. The pavement ends at Stehekin on the south end of the lake, and the Golden West Lodge is at the north end. The only way you can get there is by motor launch or private float plane. Glaciers hang high upon the surrounding mountains and feed waterfalls that cascade into the blue waters of the lake. There are deer, bear, and mountain goats in the forests; fishermen take their limit of silver trout from the lake and cutthroat, rainbow, and Dolly Varden trout from the Stehekin River.

Though today's wilderness retreats are considerably farther removed from metropolitan centers than they

were a generation ago, air transportation has made them accessible. And today still, the soft ripple of waves upon a desolate shore, the lonely moan of a loon in the night, a crystalline tumbling mountain stream, far from roaring motors and honking horns, has the same—and perhaps even more needed—soothing effect on our nerves as it had on grandfather's. And, instead of remaining the exclusive vacation of the very wealthy, today's wilderness retreats are congenial havens for corporation executives, businessmen, lawyers, doctors, and many other professional people.



Below, guest house perched above the pool and, at right, start of a pack trip at Coffee Creek Ranch, Trinity Alps, California. Photos by Marguerite Johnson



At top, guest's-eye view of a summer dawn and, above, a windowed terrace in one of the buildings at the Snowbird Mountain Lodge, Robbinsville, North Carolina

Those who waited until now for the show at Flushing Meadow will see an even better Fair and have the benefit of other people's experience

by Allan Keller

THERE ARE NO DOUBT millions of people around the U.S. who decided a year or two ago that 1965, not 1964, would be the year to see the New York World's Fair. They are wise. By choosing to go to the Fair in its second year rather than its first, they get two advantages. The first is the opinions of people who have been there plus the writings in newspapers and magazines about the worthwhile sights. The second is the improvement in the Fair itself.

In the course of my work I went to the Fair many times last summer and it is a pleasure to be able to talk about it from the safe vantage of experience. Like many other writers, I combed and recombined every nook and cranny of Flushing Meadow and what I recommend here is a consensus of my own tastes and those of a number of colleagues and visitors.

To look at the Fair in a general way, I see it as a marvelous suburb

of New York, a microcosm of the city itself. It is a concentrated extension of the city's national and international shopping, cuisine, and amusements, to which are added the fascinating dimensions of the industrial exhibits, which proved last year to be as attractive to the 27,000,000 visitors as any other aspect of the Fair.

Certain visual aspects of the Fair were a predictable source of never-ending praise before the opening a year ago. The most noteworthy, perhaps, was the Pietà, Michelangelo's sculpture in marble of Mary and the dead Christ. In its star-flecked setting, it turned out to be fully as arresting as the advance publicity indicated, but the excitement generated by its arrival and unveiling obscured the fact that the Vatican Pavilion in which it is displayed was itself a wonderfully tasteful and fascinating exhibit. This year it will remain the same.

We remember with an equal glow

the Pavilion of Spain, a beauty to look at from the outside, a treasure to be examined from the inside. Its paintings by Velasquez, El Greco, and Goya were the artistic high point of the Fair, and they were helped by the intelligence and beauty of the setting, from the sculptured iron gate at the main entrance to the abstract mural on the main courtyard wall to the authentic Spanish floor tiles laid down on a bed of dry sand.

Delighted with public response to their exhibit, the directors of the Spanish Pavilion are planning to improve it this year. More paintings are to be brought from the Prado in Madrid, and Salvador Dali is adding to his collection of ethereal art objects fashioned of gems and spun gold.

Architectural excitement is, of course, a major component of the Fair appeal. This was found at the Sudanese Pavilion, as white as the mosques of Marrakech or Riyadh,

reflecting the sun's glare as if it stood in the desert. It could be found in the intricate tracery of Morocco's Arabic fretwork and slim minarets, Indonesia's gem-like spires, China's pagoda-like roof, and Venezuela's house of satiny redwood and mahogany.

Austria brought over a trussed wood chalet that would be at home on the slope of a Tyrolean alp and Thailand designed and built a pavilion of gilded, tiered, and spired roofs that is an exact replica of an eighteenth century Buddhist shrine. Mexico, eschewing its traditional Spanish colonial architecture, created a modern building of glass and aluminum in keeping with its own new-minted national outlook.

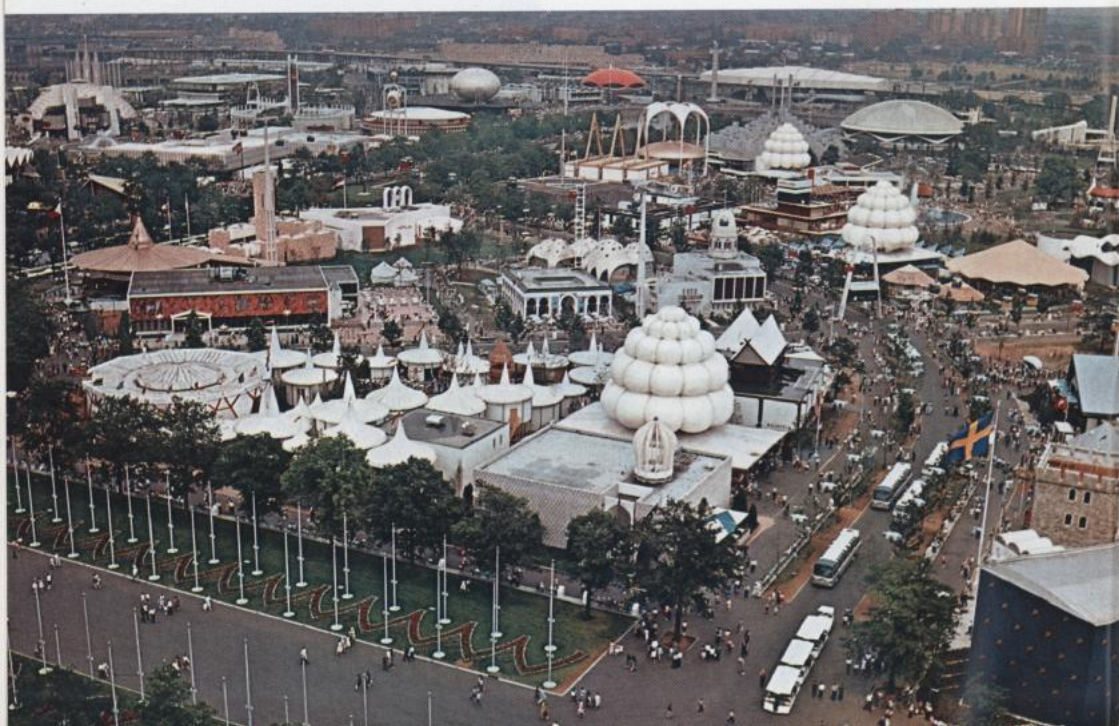
One of the superior exhibits was that of the U.S. government itself; toward last fall visitors began to give it the attention it merited. In blank verse it presented American history while a series of Cinerama screens

illustrated the text. A feature of the exhibit was a fine motion picture showing the immense variety of the types of people who make up America.

American industry takes no back seat to national exhibits, for it brought a degree of beauty and fascination that surprised many visitors. One of the smash hits of the Fair was the motion picture, "To Be Alive," shown in the Johnson's Wax Company's building. Undoubtedly headed for the same capacity attendance in the Fair's second year as it enjoyed in the first, it is a completely beautiful and lyrical exposition of what a joy it is to be alive. It was filmed in a process that uses three screens simultaneously and ranges all over the world, from the American desert to Africa, from New York to an Asian rain forest, to show with sensitivity and perception the joys and the wonders of childhood and growing up.

Here, much condensed, are notes

THIS IS THE YEAR FOR THE FAIR



Four of the best-attended industrial exhibits: left, Johnson's Wax, where "To Be Alive" is screened continuously; above, the Bell System, with the multiple fascinations of communication; below left, IBM—homage to the power of man's brain; below, General Electric, in which a Disney show depicts electrical history

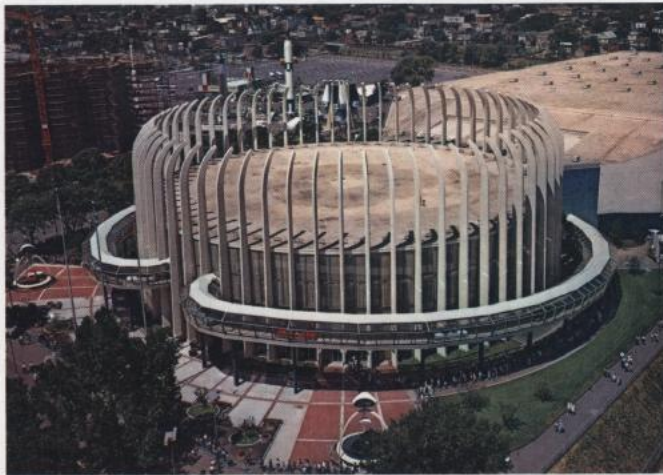




Ford Motor Company at the Fair: above, Sleepy Hollow in miniature; below, Continental at the International Gardens pool; right, an aerial of the Wonder Rotunda; below right, start of the Disney-created Magic Skyway ride



The Pavilion of Spain—ceaseless attention from visitors because of its assembled treasures, food, and entertainment



on a few of the more popular industrial exhibits:

- The egg-shaped building of IBM, featuring a "people wall" which draws a seated audience of 500 up into the theatre, is a fascinating tribute to the power of the human brain.
- General Electric engages attention with nuclear fusion (the first time it has ever been staged for the public), an absorbing history of electricity, and startling visual and sound effects.
- During a fifteen-minute armchair ride in a giant "floating wing" that comprises the upper story of its building, the Bell System traces the history of communication from smoke signal to Telstar.
- Pepsi-Cola charms its guests with a Disneyland in miniature, featuring a nine-minute boat ride past singing, winking, spinning dolls and small creatures from all over the world.

• The lively Dupont exhibit, called "The Wonderful World of Chemistry," involves a show produced by a Broadway composer in which one of the talked-of features is a dialog between live actors and filmed actors.

• The pavilion of the State of Illinois is oriented toward Abraham Lincoln and presents the Great Man in a life-size, animated figure that looks, acts, and speaks like the President. So moving is this figure that the audiences break into applause at the end.

Highly appealing to people of all ages is the Wonder Rotunda, the huge exhibit of Ford Motor Company. Nearly 7,000,000 people saw it—often moving slowly in line, as a matter of fact—to be entertained by the show mounted for Ford Motor Company by Walt Disney. Its central attraction is a ride in an open convertible on a tour through time from primordial ages to the present. It showed—and will show—a representation of the world before man appeared, the life of cavemen, the dawn of technology—but with the light touch that is characteristic of the master showman Disney; the cavemen, their families, and the beasts of those ages actually move.

While walking toward the ride, guests look at the International Gardens, marvels of miniaturization that symbolize Ford Motor Company's worldwide operations. The Rhine flows and on it is a sidewheel steamer whose exactness even includes thimble-size fire buckets. In the English area, little men three inches high play darts on a board smaller than a nickel. The display representing Mexico includes a Mexican farmer trying to get a stubborn burro to market.

Although the ride in the Wonder Rotunda is the main spellbinder of the show, there is another factor in its fascination for visitors: cars. The show proves, if it ever needed proving, that people are crazy about cars. Visitors, before and after their ride, have an opportunity to inspect the largest collection of Ford Motor Company vehicles on display at any one place in the country—including the magnificent Continental sedan, the Continental convertible (which also is used in the tour through time), and the newly styled 1965 Mercury which is in the Lincoln Continental tradition. Altogether the display is an imposing sight.

Ireland and Mexico are wonderful places to finish off an evening at the Fair. Ireland offers a movie of a low-

altitude flight over the country, displays of its linen, tweeds, crystal, and other crafts, and has earphones on which one can hear the poetry of Yeats and Joyce and other great Irishmen. There is also an outdoor theatre and a stand where one can buy that effective Irish concoction known as Irish Coffee.

Mexico is a pavilion of dances, music, fountains, and the paintings and sculpture of its present-day artists. It, too, has an outdoor terrace featuring Mexican cuisine and Mexican atmosphere.

For many visitors, the Fair was an opportunity for a shopping spree, for it is both a bazaar and a boutique. Hidden away in many of the foreign pavilions are shops where unusual items can be found by persons with taste and the willingness to explore.

In the Spanish exhibit there are miniatures in oil, silver jewelry, and such unexpected items as matador swords with blades of Toledo steel and scabbards tooled in gold. Brazil offered a floral centerpiece in platinum, diamonds, rubies, and gold for \$100,000, but most of the gifts were well under the \$100 figure.

The Indian Pavilion offered chess sets in ivory and teakwood in a wide price range. Sudan had ivory bracelets of exquisite taste for only \$8 and Morocco sold leather slippers for \$10. One of the finds at the Venezuelan Pavilion—sure to be repeated—was a pair of handmade sandals with gaudy wool pompons the size of grapefruit, fashioned by the Guajira Indians who live in the country outside Maracaibo.

Among the shopping finds were the Italian ceramic figurines made in Milan and sold by Artisans of Italy at the International Plaza. These sculptures, standing some twelve to fourteen inches high, represent individuals, such as Don Quixote, and types, such as shepherdesses and professional people of the middle classes, for example dentists, lawyers, and judges, all done with great detail and with a kind of Hogarthian humor.

There was Danish silver jewelry, Yugoslavian leather handbags, Chinese brocades at the Hong Kong Pavilion, and leather belts and coats in the Spanish shop. Nearly every nation offered dolls for sale, all dressed in native costume.

A little higher on the price list were cheong sams—those saucy, form-fitting gowns with the slit skirts—

tailored at the Hong Kong Pavilion, or at least fitted there, and higher yet were haute couture styles originating in Spain.

Finally, the Fair distinguished itself for cuisine. Here the possibilities were various, but two restaurants stand out in most people's memory: the Toledo in the Spanish Pavilion and Festival/64 (to be known this year as Festival/65) at the Gas Pavilion. Both drew distinguished and cultivated clientele all summer long.

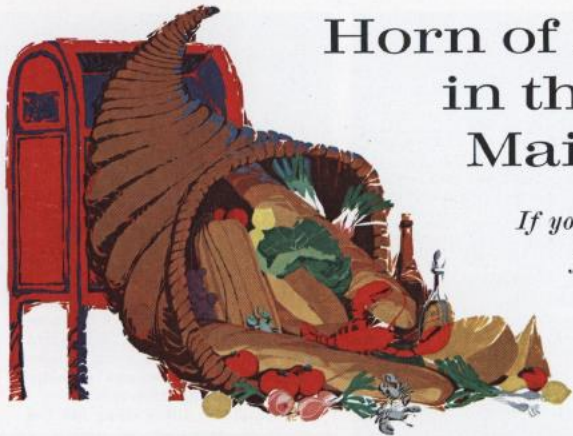
The elegant Toledo had a menu which included such epicurean items as gazpacho soup, turbot (a European fish) flamed in Pernod and served with a light mustard sauce, prawns in champagne sauce, and partridge cooked with Almeria grapes.

Festival/65, with a menu like last year's, is that rarity of rarities, a truly American restaurant that recognizes America's contribution to the best of cuisine. The menu includes beef scallops cooked at the table and flamed with bourbon, chicken fricassee, lobster thermidor, and the great American desserts, such as strawberry shortcake, which is recognized even by the French as a dish fit to be served to the gods on Parnassus.

The Fair reopens on April 21. The full details of its changes and improvements are not known as of this writing, but its taste and restraint will be repeated. The reputation it earned as a place where architecture was developed with imagination, entertainment with zest, shopping with enthusiasm, and food with skill is being carried over to the second year—which unfortunately will be the last.

The U. S. Pavilion, a memorable exhibit because it honors this country intelligently and pleasingly





Horn of Plenty in the Mail Box

*If you can't find the ingredients
for home gastronomy around
the corner, fill an order blank
and the postman will deliver*

by Anne-Marie Churchill

THE BEST PLACE to buy gourmet groceries in America is not that marvelous shop you may know of in New York or San Francisco or some other city, but the nearest U.S. post office. If in no other country is it so difficult to get the ingredients for epicurean menus around the corner, in no other is it so easy if you know where to send for them.

The purveyors are scattered throughout the land and it takes persistence to discover them, but they are there—growers of shallots, millers, of flour, makers of cheese, bakers of pastry, importers of everything—all at the other end of an order blank.

This is important to the emerging epicures of America. Our table sophistication is growing—make no mistake about it—but when we return from France with culinary ambition ablaze, or when someone gives us a really good cookbook, more often than not we can't find everything we need, especially if we live outside the big cities. Thus the post office becomes a major step on the road to gastronomy.

Consider first the problem of shallots. A hundred French recipes call for them, and though they can be grown in this country few people ever try. Neither onion nor garlic, they are lily-like bulbs with a distinctive and subtle flavor. In French homes and in the most modest French restaurants, a leg of lamb may be roasted with nothing but salt and a liberal sprinkling of chopped shallots. The result is wonderful.

A simple steak sauce using shallots is *beurre marchand de vins*. To

make it you add two tablespoons of finely chopped shallots to a cup and a half of dry red wine and simmer it down by half. Add a large tablespoon of dissolved meat jelly (or two tablespoons of rich brown veal stock) and ten tablespoons of softened butter, a tablespoon of chopped parsley, juice of a quarter lemon, and salt and pepper. When this is well blended remove it from the heat and let it cool. Dab it on the grilled steak.

Well, then, where are shallots to be found? In a remarkable mail-order catalog available free from Les Echallottes, Box 232, Ramsey, New Jersey. For 80¢ in stamps or coin they'll send three-quarters of a pound of shallots. Any good cook is crippled without them.



Les Echallottes is also a wide-ranging and ingenious importer of fine French foods. For example, it sells small tins of some of the basic sauces, including *Perigieux* and the classic *béarnaise*. It also lists such seemingly ordinary items as red and white wine vinegars. You may not think them

ordinary at all. A prominent American complaint about vinegar is that it is too strong in acid yet doesn't have strong flavor. If you feel this way, try these vinegars.

Another item in Les Echallottes' extensive catalog is *cornichons*, the midget sour pickles found on good French hors d'oeuvres trays. A spicy, sour pickle is becoming harder to find in America—we are beset with gherkins and sweet pickles and such—and these are a happy souvenir of France.

When the traveler returning from abroad stops raving about the food in general he often raves about the bread in particular. Can a real loaf of French bread be bought here, and if not, can it be baked? The answer to the first is yes, in the big cities, although the loaf labeled French is often an over-sweet parody of the real thing.

The answer to the second is sort of yes, but it's a complicated matter. Bread in France is not baked at home but in commercial bakeries. These have vaulted brick ovens and high humidity—conditions not easily duplicated at home. Purists will even bring up the fact that yeast and water are different in France, but this is perhaps carrying the problem of a loaf of bread a little far.

In addition to recognizing the fact that the recipe includes flour, water, yeast, and salt, and nothing else, a big help in getting a loaf of French bread is the right flour. What you want is flour with a high gluten content. One producer is El Molino Mills, 3060 West Valley Blvd., Al-



hambra, California, biggest millers of specialty flours in the country. Their free catalog lists 82 kinds. The one for French bread is unbleached white flour of "high" gluten content. It produces bread with a bready crumb rather than the cakey crumb of most American breads. Another worthy unbleached white flour comes from S. S. Pierce, 133 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

In the world of cheeses, America has a story to tell—not a European story, to be sure, but a good one. We have excellent cheddar types, known variously as store cheese, or "rat" cheese, and they are produced, it seems, all across the northern tier of states—Vermont, New York, Wisconsin, Oregon.

Vermont is a good place to try a sample because it is somehow the right location for a cheese we think of as old-fashioned.

In Healdville is the Crowley Cheese Factory, producer of a highly-regarded cheddar. In Cabot is the Cabot Farmer's Cooperative Creamery, also making a delicious cheddar, which it doesn't sell retail. Other stores buy it for their own label, among them the Parkhurst General Store in Weston, Vermont, which markets it as Green Mountain. The Parkhurst catalog is an interesting one, by the way—send for it. In the same town is the celebrated Vermont Country Store, which sells its own variety of cheddar and has very high standards. It also has a wonderful free catalog.

Among blue cheese makers in America, some hold Maytag Dairy Farm in Newton, Iowa, the greatest. Its product has consummate flavor and unflagging integrity. It is never advertised—send for literature. Another blue that elicits superlatives comes from the L. B. Schreiber Cheese Company of Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Also in Wisconsin is the Kolb-Lena Cheese Company of Lena, which produces Brie and Camembert that bear comparison to their namesakes in France. This is extremely important to connoisseurs because these kinds of

cheese are delicate and don't often cross the ocean successfully.

The ordering of meat by mail is not much practiced in the U.S., partly because of shipping problems, partly because of state laws, and partly because good beef can be found, especially if you bullyrag your local butcher. Lately, however, there has been an upsurge of shippers (abetted, no doubt, by new freezing methods) who are offering well aged, very heavy beef. One is the Platinum Peddler, 5755 Ridge Road, Cleveland, Ohio. They send only roast beef—standing rib, rolled rib (and king size). The Pfalzler Brothers of 4501 W. District Blvd., Chicago 32, make a specialty of great filet mignon. They have a catalog that shows they also ship veal, pork, and poultry.

A rather luxurious item in this field is the whole wild boar sent by the Imperial Wild Boar Company of Carmel, California. If you aren't having a hundred people in for a feast, however, they'll also send a suckling pig.

The shipping of sea food, especially lobsters from the east, is well established. A number of shippers send live lobsters from Maine now, but among the first and most experienced is Saltwater Farms in Damariscotta, which also sends clams and wonderful mussels in season.

Just getting under way is something really unusual: fresh-water crayfish by mail. The shipper is Jake Mutz of Suamico, Wisconsin. He will send only if the order is large enough, but his crayfish, available from July 15 to early November, are large and delicious. This is a rare prize, well worth pursuing.

Now, getting along toward the end of the menu, here is a note of first importance to those who want to eat in the Continental manner; in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, there is a Mme. John Kuony who manages an extraordinary French restaurant called the Postillon (open by appointment only). Mme. Kuony is celebrated not only for her cuisine but for French pastry and *compotes* (dishes prepared with fresh or dried fruit and often laced with liqueur) which she ships by mail. Among the pastries are *bûche de Noël* (a cake shaped like a Yule log), *crème au beurre* (also a cake), and *gratine aux amandes* (an almond candy).

Mme. Kuony's *compotes* are based on her mother's French recipes. They

are apricot-prune with Ronrico rum, cherry-pineapple with cognac, apple-almond with kirsch, and pear-raisin, the raisins plumped in cognac and the pears laced with cointreau and Dutch ginger. It happens that Mme. Kuony is now on a sabbatical but she will be back in the mail-order business by June. Be patient.

Finally, many a dinner, especially if it hasn't been too heavy, is topped off with a nibble of confectionery. Among American candy makers, two to be taken quite seriously are Catherine's Chocolate Shop, Stockbridge Road, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and the Rebecca-Ruth Candy Shop, Box 64, Frankfort, Kentucky.

The Massachusetts shop is run by Catherine Keresztes and her two daughters. They make miniature hand-dipped chocolates (60 to 70 pieces per pound), using only the finest ingredients. A price list is available to those who write for it.

The Kentucky candies include caramels, creamed pulled candy, and chocolates with mint or pecan centers. If you go to the shop itself, you can buy candies in which bourbon is used, but these, alas, can't be shipped across state lines.

Needless to say, all the foregoing is the merest scratching on the surface of mail-order food buying in America. Most places advertise on a limited basis (because production is limited), some advertise not at all. The important thing is to keep one's eyes open to the advertising in magazines that cater to well developed palates, ask questions of persons with sophisticated tastes, and gradually compile a personal list.

The day will come when all Americans can go around the corner for the finest foods, but until then, find the mail-order blank and trust the postman's dependability.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT FARBOLIN



America's Most Wonderful Convertible

Unique in its four doors and totally automatic top, the Continental convertible is styled exactly like its beautiful companion sedan

by Burgess H. Scott

BY EVERY STANDARD known to connoisseurs of fine cars, the Lincoln Continental convertible is a remarkable automobile. It stands alone among all American convertibles because it has the comfort of a sedan and the excitement of a convertible without the fuss and bother normally inherent in convertibles.

The beauty is Continental beauty. When the convertible's top is up, it has the same profile as its companion Continental sedan—the same handsome styling and aesthetically correct proportions that have earned it the phrase "America's Most Distinguished Motor Car."

When its top is down, the Continental convertible has an additional kind of styling distinction. There is no unsightly boot hump nor any irregular fabric cover to snap into place by hand. This is because its top is stored away under the deck lid and the deck lid itself is completely flush with the car body.

As in the sedan, the convertible's four doors provide

The Continental convertible is an extraordinary motor car. When its top is down, it looks as if it has no top. Whether the top is up or down, it is one of the most elegant styling achievements in automotive history



easy entrance to and exit from a spacious interior that is exactly the same size as the sedan's. Where other convertibles diminish the space available to rear-seat passengers because of wells at the back and at either side for storage of the convertible top stack, Continental's different method of storing the top allows for full rear-seat spaciousness.

The Continental is set apart technically from other convertibles by the fact that its top is *totally* automatic. The driver doesn't fuss with overhead latches or snap-on covers or the zipping of rear windows. He just sits in his driver's seat, touches a toggle switch, and immediately a number of electrical servants start to wait on him.

First, the fasteners that secure the top to the windshield are released electrically. The top then begins to

rise, and as it does, the trunk lid also starts to rise. Then the top folds itself neatly and completely into the open trunk and the trunk lid comes down until it is flush with the body. The reverse action is just as automatic.

One of the refinements of the Continental convertible is the vastly improved material of the top itself. In years past, the cracking, seam splitting, soiled and seeping ordinary cloth top was enough to drive even the mild-mannered to inventive. Not so today. Designers of the Continental convertible top have developed a five-ply fabric material that can stand the repeated folding, wetting, freezing, soiling, and damp storage the top must undergo.

In tailoring the top, seams are electrically bonded, creating a one-piece covering with no needle holes through which water can seep. In those places where stitching is still used, dacron thread has replaced cotton thread because dacron is more durable.



A smooth, supple, leather appointed interior, a mark of distinction in grand touring cars of the past, is also a distinction of this convertible. The hides are "tumbled" to achieve a soft finish, and then are deeply dyed in a wide selection of colors which penetrate the entire thickness of the leather, providing a true and lasting color. It is then sewn into the seats with a tailor's care in a narrow, parallel pleat design that is traditional in fine motor cars.

Although the bench-type front seat is standard in the convertible, individually adjustable seats, separated by a console with a lock and light of its own, are obtainable as an extra-cost option. In either case, folding front and rear center arm rests are included.

Continental engineers have securely attached the top to the bows, and silenced the hinged top members with low-friction, self-lubricating nylon bushings, chrome-plated pivot pins, and cast aluminum side rails. This

tends to reduce the noise and the "ballooning" that are sometimes associated with a convertible.

Finally, of course, there's the incomparable ride and handling ease of this modern-day touring car. As in the sedan, the comfort is due in part to new, quieter and surer front disc brakes (see next page), the six-way power seat, power steering, the comfortable "feel" of the steering wheel itself, power antenna, power door locks, and a host of other standard refinements. Still another reason is the extremely strong under-structure which has been reinforced and insulated from vibration to provide even greater roadability and smoothness.

What it all adds up to is simply this: the Continental is a marvelous convertible—a brilliant combination of great engineering and superb styling. The possibility of owning it evokes a kind of youthful enthusiasm from the young and the not-so-young. Whatever their age, people would give their eye-teeth to own it.



Continental Disc Brakes

THE ARRIVAL of disc brakes," said an article in the December issue of *Car Life* magazine, "is a development as significant as was hydraulic brakes in the late '20s."

The magazine reported on its own special tests of the five American cars which introduced disc brake systems in 1965 models. The only traditional luxury car among them is the Lincoln Continental, which has a newly-designed combination of disc brakes in front and drum brakes in the rear.

The test consisted of ten panic stops from 80 mph to 0, and the Continental results were described by *Car Life* as "startling"—uncommonly short stopping distances of 250 feet maximum and 222 feet minimum. "The interesting thing about the Continental," the magazine added, "was that from the first stop to the tenth there was absolutely no alteration in the feel of the brake pedal."

Disc brakes, standard on all Continentals, are eminently suited to modern luxury cars, modern speeds, modern power. They dissipate heat quickly, thus reducing "fade." They

lessen the effect of moisture because their centrifugal action throws water off.

These disc brakes offer the plus protection of an exclusive metering valve that doesn't permit the front disc brakes to engage until a hydraulic pressure of 125 pounds per square inch is exerted on the braking system. This feature is especially important in stops on wet or icy roads since it permits the rear wheels to concentrate on stopping the car during the initial braking action while the front wheels help maintain directional stability.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED MAYER, BLACK STAR



Children Love Swiss Camps

*Near the lakes and peaks of the Alps
are summer camps where young
Americans live internationally and
never complain about the food*

by Kay Lang

IN THE SHADOW of Byron's Castle of Chillon on Lake Geneva, a happy 15-year-old New York girl learns to waterski from a handsome young Austrian.

- On a narrow path, edged by brilliant blue-bells, forget-me-nots, and buttercups, a string of twelve-year-olds hikes up the steep mountainside led by a pretty coed from the University of California.

- In a large room whose window frames a breathtaking view of Alps and meadows, a nine-year-old writes to his father and mother c/o American Express in Paris: "Dear Mom and Dad: Camp is great. Betsy likes it, too. I like the hiking. I like what we see. It is pretty. I like it when we are in the mountains. Love."

Scenes like these take place each summer at American-style summer camps abroad. There are now nearly a dozen such camps in Europe. Two in Switzerland are particularly well established: the International Ranger Camp called Camp Lake Geneva and the International Summer Camp called Montana.

The idea started with Mrs. Sigrid B. Ott, director of the International Ranger Camps. She recognized that a good many schools on the Continent provided a state-side education for American children living in Europe, but there was no place that furnished a taste of American camp life. She decided to fill the void.

During the past fifteen years, thousands of children of 4-star generals, embassy officials, oil company executives, and branch office heads stationed throughout Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East have spent happy summers under her aegis. In the last few years, they have been joined by European children, the sons



and daughters of touring Americans, and an increasing number of just plain campers who come directly from the U.S. alone or in a group.

Satisfying such diverse needs takes flexible planning. The summer season, therefore, is broken into three periods of twenty days each; a child may come for one, two, or all three of these periods. If, for example, a mother and father want to tour cathedrals and museums on their own for a few weeks, they can enroll their offspring in camp for one period and go off securely, knowing that their child will be having his own fun.

By American standards, fees are a bargain: \$170 per period at Camp Lake Geneva and \$190 at Montana. This amount covers all living expenses, tours, excursions, sports, ordinary infirmary costs, laundry, and instruction (except for special courses, such as languages).

About 75 per cent of the children are American, with the balance European and South American. Since Americans, however, have richly diversified home bases, the camp takes on an international atmosphere. The girl from Genoa exchanges gossip after lights out with one from Georgia. A 10-year-old boy from Paris teaches French pronunciation to his bunkmates from Teheran.

In *The Yodeler*, the camp newspaper at Lake Geneva, one of the Middle girls (twelve and thirteen years old) gave the composition of her section: "We are a very international group; all of us except four are now living in Europe. Valentina Monroy and Giovanna Cavasola

are our two Italian girls, and Carola Sennefelder is from Frankfurt. The American girls living in the States are Marjorie Atwood from Houston, Katie Black from San Francisco, Lisa Kornblum from Manhattan, and Didi Carasso from Chicago. Three of the girls who are living in Europe are here because their parents are in the military. Sally Bunker lives in Châteauroux, France, and Rhea Gibble and Kay Greissing are from Wiesbaden. Susan Hopp ("Hoppy") lives in Dordrecht, Holland. Karen Gordon lives in Tunis and Francesca Creo is from Rome and looks and dresses like an Italian."

The counselors in each camp, all teachers and university students, are also a cosmopolitan crew: about half are American, with the other half divided among Italians, Irish, English, Swiss, Austrian, French, and German. There is one counselor, counselor's aide, or leadership trainee for every five campers. The enrollment varies from 100 to 130 and the children's ages range from 8 to 16, with a few more boys than girls.

In general, the activities are those of a top-flight camp in the States. They include riding, hiking, tennis, mountain climbing, water sports, soccer, and crafts. But life is enriched with language lessons, cookouts in mountain cabins, fondue parties, visits to cheese or chocolate factories, overnight excursions to Interlaken or Chamonix. (Children become accustomed to using foreign trains and buses.) Campers celebrate both our Independence Day and the Swiss Independence Day. A 13-year-old girl from Indiana said, "It gives you the experience of living in another country in small doses."

So as not to stir up national rivalries, the camp

stresses group cooperation over competition, and the traditional military aspects of camp life are played down. While discipline is easygoing, supervision is constant, and the campers are never allowed to go off without a counselor.

If the word "camp" conjures up a vision of small cabins under pine trees, erase it from your mind when you think of these camps. Here the children are housed in one large, unprepossessing building, usually a former hotel or sanitarium, and it is singularly lacking in



charm. (As anyone who has toured English boys schools will know, in Europe plain rooms for children are traditional.) This lack of physical attractiveness is, however, more noticeable to adults than children, who are impressed by the big building and the view.

When one eleven-year-old boy was asked how he liked living in such a large building (he had been to a cabin camp in the States), he said, "Oh, I like it better. You can make more friends." If your young daughter is accustomed to a room of white organdy, prepare her for the plainness she will find here—and win her over by telling her about the food.

For here the customary camp gripes about food are singularly absent. Indeed, every camper who was asked said, "The food is great." The management does not ignore familiar food, such as flapjacks, orange juice, french toast, pasteurized milk, and hamburgers, but it includes many European specialties.

Without the food to gripe about, what are the campers' complaints? Mighty few. When asked, they stand around, cast bashful eyes to the ceiling and finally come up with such remarks as, "The water in the pool is too cold," or "There's too much noise in the big house." But they don't put much bite behind them, because to most of the campers at an American-type camp in Switzerland, life is pretty good.



Paul F. Lorenz, Ford Motor Company vice president and general manager of the Lincoln-Mercury Division, leads a seminar at the University of Chicago

Meeting of the Minds

Business executives and college educators exchange ideas in campus seminars

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY has been described as the age of specialization. It is imperative for a professional man to devote full time to his job in order to keep up with the changes that revolutionize traditional methods of work in his field. The concept of the well-rounded Renaissance Man has become almost extinct because of the accelerated pace and complexities of modern life. There simply are not enough hours in a day for businessmen to exchange ideas regularly with experts in other fields.

One of the projects initiated by Ford Motor Company to overcome this lack of vital communication and to involve its management in the intellectual life of the community is the Ford College Seminar Program. The broad objectives of the program are to show the academic community

something of the automotive industry—its management, its ways of doing business, its concepts about the corporation's place in society, public affairs, and the economy, and conversely to find out what college professors and instructors think about the industry and its products—in other words, to promote an interchange of ideas between Ford Motor Company management and representatives of colleges and universities.

Typical of these seminars was one held recently at the University of Chicago for the faculties of a dozen institutions in the metropolitan Chicago area. Paul F. Lorenz, Ford Motor Company vice president and general manager of the Lincoln-Mercury Division, was the leader of a group of key company management people who flew to Chicago and proceeded

directly to the University's Center for Continuing Education.

Shortly after arrival, Mr. Lorenz and the members of his executive team were hosts at an informal reception and dinner attended by 150 faculty men and women of the dozen participating colleges. After dinner, a short general meeting preceded the dispersal of the group into ten individual seminars which met for two-hour discussion sessions. Each of these sessions was devoted to a separate topic of the educators' choice, such as Industrial Management, Basic and Applied Research, Engineering, Economics, Marketing, Personnel Planning and Administration, Finance, Governmental and Civic Affairs, and Industrial Relations. Each discussion was led by a Ford Motor Company executive who had had extensive experience in his field.

For instance, Mr. Lorenz led a discussion in Industrial Management which explored the executive decision-making process involved in operating a major division of his company. The subjects discussed ranged from the role of the computer as an aid in top-level decisions to the importance of style in selling a particular line of automobiles.

There is nothing stuffy about these sessions; give-and-take discussion is encouraged and suggestions are welcomed by the seminar leaders. When each seminar group breaks up there is a brief summing up of all of the sessions so that all faculty participants have an idea of the range of subjects covered in the other discussion groups they did not attend. Now in its tenth year, the program has played host to nearly 7,000 faculty members and other college and university people from more than 500 higher education institutions in the U. S.

Ford Motor Company executives and educators at the University of Denver



Entering the World of Prints

*Compared to paintings, some prints cost
only pocket money—
yet they may be the work
of the world's greatest artists*

by Richard McLanathan



"Pomegranate"
by Leonard Baskin (woodcut)

THERE HAS NEVER before in history been so much interest in prints and printmaking as today. So many of the major artists are active in the field that not long ago the Museum of Modern Art gave an exhibition called "Contemporary Painters and Sculptors as Printmakers," while the Ford Foundation has sponsored the establishment in Los Angeles of the Tamarind Workshop to make possible the production of fine lithographs.

Prints provide a wonderful opportunity for anyone interested in collecting art. Their prices range from a few dollars to a few hundred, and it is possible to have a whole collection, including the work of such outstanding contemporary American artists as Shahn, Baskin, Motherwell, Peterdi, Davis, de Kooning, and Albright, and such Europeans as Picasso, Dubuffet, Miro, Soulages, Chagall, Giacometti, Villon, and most of the other leading names one can think of, for less than the cost of many a single oil painting.

Prints are the only form of pictorial art except photography in which there can be more than one "original" of the same composition. The fine print must not, however, be confused with the many reproductions, misleadingly called prints, which are mechanically mass-produced copies of some other work of art, usually a painting, and thus in no possible sense an original at all.

In the art world and among the ever-increasing number of collectors and others interested in prints, the word "print" means simply a work of art created by the artist himself through a graphic process, and produced either by the artist himself or under his direct control.

Thus, if it is an engraving, the artist designs it, engraves the plate, and prints it himself, unless he chooses to let a pupil, assistant, or trusted expert print it for him. It is true that the history of art provides examples of prints for which the artist was responsible only for the drawing or design, as in the case of Albrecht Dürer, the German master of the late 15th and early 16th century, whose woodcuts are rated by experts as the finest of their kind, and in the colorful Japanese prints in which such masters as Hiroshige and Utamaro recorded the gay Edo quarter of To-

kyo in the late 18th century. But in each case the superb craftsmanship of the block cutter matched the quality of the artist's concept.

Today, however, artists prefer to execute every phase of printmaking themselves except sometimes the printing, as especially in the case of lithography, where it is a highly technical process carried out by an expert. As a way of showing this personal control, the artist usually signs, and also often dates and numbers, each individual impression. Those labelled "artist's proof" are the very few early ones that are of satisfactory quality, before the numbered impressions. An edition, as it is called, may have any number from a few to hundreds. It is this added dimension of multiple originals that provides the unique opportunity for the collector.

Historically, prints range in quality and artistic importance from cheaply and quickly produced broadsides, some of which, like Paul Revere's famous "Boston Massacre," have been much sought after because of their historical interest and rarity, to the etchings of Rembrandt, whose "Christ Healing" became famous as "The Hundred Guilder Print" because of the high price paid for it by a collector during the artist's own century.

On the other hand, the satirical lithographs of the great nineteenth-century Frenchman, Honoré Daumier, since they were produced in large numbers in newspapers, can be bought for a dollar or two apiece in any print shop, yet their creator was one of the few to approach Rembrandt in human sympathy and graphic power, and was one of the leading artists of his period. There are few Rembrandt etchings to be found today outside of museums, but there are countless prints by other masters, from early woodcuts, many made for illustrations for 15th-century books, to the latest products of the students working in such outstanding print shops of today as those at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, Tamarind in Los Angeles, and Universal Limited Art Editions at West Islip, Long Island.

Considering the extraordinary variety of effects possible with print techniques as presently used, it is easy to understand their charm both for the artist and for the collector. Though the basic means remain the same,



At Grinnell Galleries, a visitor examines "Bouquet" by Frank Kleinholz (woodcut)

"Seated Woman"
by Raphael Soyer (etching)



"Festival Lady"
by Marilyn Levin (etching)

"Balancing Act"
by Goettl (woodcut)



"Country Home" by Strandmann (silk screen)



"Birch Grove" by Cynthia Munro (lithograph)



"God's Mercy Proclaimed to Its Children, Israel: Isaiah" by Marc Chagall, from his Bible series (lithograph)



new refinements have increased the range of possible expression, especially the addition of color, formerly comparatively rare except in Japanese prints and in the European lithographs of such Europeans as Renoir, Rouault, and Matisse.

No one interested in the possibilities of print collecting could make a better start than to write to the Print Council of America, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, for a copy of *What Is an Original Print?* for fifty cents. A nonprofit institution founded in 1956 by a group of collectors, museum officials, artists, and dealers, it is dedicated to "fostering the creation, dissemination, and appreciation of fine prints, new and old." It organizes exhibits and issues a Print Exhibition Calendar three times a year as well as numerous reports and bulletins of special interest to the collector. A collector's membership of \$25 a year not only entitles one to receive these publications and to a substantial discount on the

Council's books and catalogues, but is a contribution toward the encouragement of fine printmaking.

The International Graphic Arts Society, at 111½ East 62nd Street, New York, is another organization similarly interested in all phases of the world of prints, while the Print Club, founded twenty-five years ago in Philadelphia, offers for its membership of \$12 a year discounts on prints sold in its sales gallery, which range in price from \$3 to \$200 but average from \$25 to \$75. Members are entitled to participate in the Club's active program of exhibitions, lectures, and demonstrations, and to buy at favorable prices especially commissioned works by outstanding contemporary artists. The Print Club also holds and circulates exhibitions, and its headquarters, a charming old house at 1614 Latimer Street in downtown Philadelphia, has become a mecca for printmakers, collectors, and art enthusiasts generally.

Do not forget the finds to be made in many a museum shop, where the know-how of a professionally trained curator or director has been brought to bear on the selection of the works shown so that the buyer may be assured of both quality and price. And there are, of course, reputable print dealers, both in this country and abroad, many of whom issue catalogues that are often filled with information of value to anyone interested in collecting.

The revised edition of *The Book of Fine Prints* by Carl Zigrosser, Curator Emeritus of Prints in the Philadelphia Museum, and *How Prints Look* by the late William M. Ivins, for many years Curator of Prints in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, are but two of several classic texts dealing with prints of all mediums and periods that give an idea of the rich variety of the field.

Most public libraries have a selection, while museum libraries are sure to own a generous share. Also, the director or the curator of prints in your local museum, if you live near one, will gladly provide expert information on the subject. A growing number of Americans are daily discovering the world of prints, and sharing what Lessing J. Rosenwald, founder of the Print Council and perhaps the greatest print collector of our day, has called "the many enriching experiences . . . and the pleasure and satisfaction gained from this fascinating avocation."



Continentially Speaking

by Cleveland Amory

Hoofers of High Degree

ONCE UPON A TIME a chorus girl was, well, a chorus girl. The other night, however, when we attended *Funny Girl*, in between the acts we started to read, in the program, the biographies of the showgirls. And here is what we read:

The first girl, Prudence Adams of Milwaukee, the program said, "has a B.A. in English Literature and Voice from Northwestern University."

Imagine, we thought sternly, a chorus girl a *bachelor*? Next there'll be chorus girl *masters*? And, after that of course, it's only a step to that final step—a chorus girl *Ph.D.*!

The second girl listed was Joan Cory, of Rochester. "Joan," we read awedly, "is not only a B.A. from Rochester University but also a graduate of the Eastman School of Music."

We hurried on to the third girl, Diane Coupe, from England. Well, we thought, at least now there would be less nonsense. But hardly, old boy, hardly. "Diane," we read, "is a scholarship student of the Royal Academy."

Next came Lainie Kazan, from Brooklyn. Well, here at last, we thought. Brooklyn, after all. But no. "Lainie," the program stated clearly, "holds a B.A. from Hofstra College."

After her came Diane Lee Nielsen. And again it was the same old story: "Diane Lee went to San Francisco College."

Then there were Sharon Vaughn, of Seattle, a girl who was, we were told, "runner-up as Miss Washington in the Miss America contest." Surely, we thought, at least *she* would be no scholar. But there it was once more: "Miss Vaughn," came the fateful words, "has studied at the University of Washington, Juilliard and holds a B.A. in music."

Last of the girls listed was Rosemarie Yellen, of Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Here, too, we had grounds for hope—but by now they were faint ones. And rightly so. "Miss Yellen," the program concluded, "attended two colleges—both Bennington and Connecticut College."

Somehow, after a study of these statistics—and we don't mean the kind of statistics you wish we meant—we had only one more question. If those are the chorus girls of nowadays, who are the Stage Door Johnnies—full professors?

Back home that very night we hid ourselves to our library to refresh our

memory of the days when things—the sweet young things—were what they used to be. And sure enough, we came upon a slim little volume called "Sonnets of a Chorus Girl," published in 1907.

And this little naughty obviously had thought she ought to write sonnets. She had, too, sonnet after sonnet—in fact, she told a whole story with them. It began with a sonnet called "An Easy Mash":
*He wants me to give up my stage career
And go to school somewhere a year or two,
And learn to cut out slang, and "parley voo!"*

*Ain't he the limit? Nix for me! No beer,
No bubbly-water, daily prayers!—I fear
I'll have to give him up and say skiddoo;
It can't be that he really loves me true,
Or else he'd take me as he found me here.
And so forth.*

But soon there is a fly in the ointment—"His Ma"—as the second sonnet is called:

*He says his mother's kickin' like a steer,
Because she thinks I ain't refined enough.
I'd like to see her just to call her bluff!
Gee, I'm so darned refined I pretty near
Have apoplexy every time I hear
A phrase that ain't grammatical.*

*It's tough
To have to stand and take that kind of guff.
But I'll call mother proper, never fear.
She wants to catch a duke for Sister Sue,
And bag an earl for Sister Marguerite.*

It all works out well in the end, though — as the final sonnet, "My Sparkler," proves:

*Last night he took the count and brought
me this:
It makes my finger fairly seem to blaze.
I wonder what a stone like this one weighs?
It's worth two hundred dollars or I miss
A guess that looks dead easy. Oh, what bliss
It was that filled me when he stopped to
raise*

*My hand and slipped it on. I seemed to gaze
Plumb into heaven when we clinched to
kiss.*

*He said he loved me so it made him sore,
And when I said I loved him in return
I thought he'd smash the corset that I wore.
You see, it paid to let him learn to yearn.
And when he pressed me to his breast
once more*

*I snuggled to him filled with unconcern.
Those were the days. Ah, the pity of it.
Where are the snows of yesteryear? We
want a girl just like the girl that married
dear old sugar-dad.*

616, RT
#02L 3/86 PD



Frank Wiskowski
1st Avenue
Spring, California

PHOTOGRAPH BY BALTAZAR KORAB



The Continental convertible is exclusive in its four doors, its beauty, its totally automatic top