

the
Continental
magazine

Fall 1966



Lincoln Continental for 1967

Hunting in North Carolina

Blue Chip Kits for Craftsmen

the Continental magazine

Volume 6

Fall 1966

Contents

- The Brant Are Flying Again.....1**
Lew Dietz
- Blue Chip Kits for Craftsmen.....5**
George Whitney
- My Favorite Restaurants in Chicago....8**
Liane Kuony
- Lincoln Continental for 1967.....10**
Burgess H. Scott
- Prices in the American Art Market....14**
- Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners.....16**
- Motoring North of San Francisco.....17**
Kenneth Lamott
- Continentially Speaking.....21**
Cleveland Amory

<i>Editorial Director</i>	Frederic W. Fairfield
<i>Managing Editor</i>	Robert Martin Hodesh
<i>Art Director</i>	John C. Weigel
<i>Art Editor</i>	Franklin J. Lent
<i>Technical Editor</i>	Burgess H. Scott
<i>Women's Editor</i>	Nancy Kennedy
<i>Editorial Consultant</i>	Edmund Ware Smith

Editorial Board

Leo C. Beebe, Chairman	Herb Fisher
T. G. Daniels	C Gayle Warnock
William B. Warner	

FRONT COVER—Hunters who go to the bird-filled lowlands of North Carolina in the fall have such dividends as these: hordes of snow geese on their protected winter nesting grounds where they may be photographed at leisure. Photograph by Grant Heilman.

Editorial correspondence should be addressed to the CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE, Room 960, Ford Motor Company, The American Road, Dearborn, Mich. 48121



For subscription information, write to the Continental Magazine, P.O. Box 658, Detroit 31, Michigan. To change address, send your new address together with name and old address, exactly as shown on back cover, to the Continental Magazine at the same address. The Continental Magazine is published by Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company. Copyright © 1966, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved.

Memo to Our Readers:

KENNETH LAMOTT writes about the magical coast of California out of fifteen years' experience. He moved there in 1951 and lives in an old stone house on the northern shore of San Francisco Bay with his wife and three children. The trip he describes in this issue began in his front yard and ended there.



Native of Japan and graduate of Yale, Mr. LAMOTT has contributed many articles to *Harper's*, *The New Yorker*, *Holiday*, and other magazines, and this fall he published his fifth book, a novel called "The Bastille Day Parade."

GEORGE WHITNEY has been associated with the field of design for a number of years, and so his appearance in our pages as the author of the story on kits is quite appropriate. A native of New York City, he graduated from Brown in 1955 with a major in journalism and



joined Whitney Publications, Inc., in advertising sales and sales promotion on two of its magazines, *Interiors* and *Industrial Design*. Two years ago he became publisher of the latter magazine and recently left that post to return to journalism as a free-lance writer.

The story about brant on the Carolina coast is the second hunting article written for this magazine by LEW DIETZ. Previously he wrote about the clapper rail, or marsh hen, of the Georgia off-shore islands. He knows a lot about hunting all over the country and is uncommonly skilled in setting down his impressions on paper. His home is in Rockport, Maine.

LIANE KUONY has appeared in these pages before, but never as an author. Her qualifications for discussing restaurants are worth noting. She studied cooking in Lausanne, is now a teacher of cooking herself, and can prepare most of the recipes of the *haute cuisine*. (People who have seen her in her own kitchen say she concentrates on her work with the same intensity that Beethoven must have shown while composing his Ninth Symphony.) As for Chicago, she is there on business every week and knows where to eat.

Every so often our readers delight us with a flood of mail on one subject or another. The last time (the issue preceding this) it was because of the RICHARD TREGASKIS article on the Big Island of Hawaii. Just about every correspondent liked the article but respectfully pointed out that on page one we had committed an error. We showed a picture of the King Kamehameha Hotel and described it as the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel.

Well, without explaining how this happened, we apologize to the handsome King Kamehameha for the wrong caption and to the handsome Mauna Kea for the wrong picture. Everyone was so cheerful about it that we can't entirely regret an error that revealed so many friends.

The Brant Are Flying Again

*These small,
shy, tasty
geese now nest
in huge numbers
on the Outer Banks—
to the delight of
dedicated
waterfowlers
by Lew Dietz*

EACH FALL millions of Americans pack their cars at the first hint of wintry winds and head south with the birds. Many escape as far and as fast as they can go. This may make good sense to people, but for ducks and geese and most particularly those diminutive geese called brant, such haste is unseemly.

These shy waterfowl depart early from northwest Greenland. From Cape Cod south their migration is laggard. They linger to rest and feed and push on only as the creeping vanguard of winter nudges them.

Their favorite wintering ground is the Outer Banks, that narrow, low-lying finger of sea-girt sand that stretches for almost two hundred miles along the North Carolina coast. Geographically, this seaward strand is roughly halfway south; but for the waterfowler who fancies testing his wing-shooting skill against these wary foul-weather honkers, it is something more than halfway to heaven.

For the sporting man and his family there is no happier choice on the Atlantic flyway than this lonely region of sea, dunes, and gunning marshes. Once virtually inaccessible, this golden ribbon of barrier islands is now connected to the main by bridges at the north and a car ferry at the south. A bridge and a free ferry link the islands to each other.

It's a scant two-hour run from Norfolk to the span over Currituck Sound at Kitty Hawk where the Wright brothers made the world's first powered flight, in 1903. To the west lie a series of bays; to the east, the crashing seas of the Atlantic, with the warming Gulf Stream just offshore. The summer is the tourist season. In the late summer and early fall this is hurricane country. Once the autumn equinox is passed, the Outer Banks becomes an untrammelled world dominated by sea, sky, and sand.

And here in November is where the

ducks are, where the geese are and, if any bonus be needed, where the wildest of waterfowl, the brant, are—and in astonishing numbers.

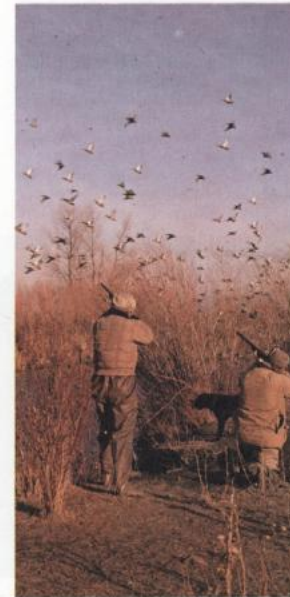
Astonishing, because "brant" is an all but forgotten word in the waterfowler's book. They once swept down the Atlantic flyways in sky-darkening hordes to meet the guns of sportsmen and market hunters alike. Market hunters fancied then because they brought premium prices. Sportsmen loved them for their incomparable good eating properties, too, but also because they came hard to the gun.

Rough weather birds, brant venture inshore to feed and find gravel for their crops; but only in dirty weather do they loiter long in the lee of the land. Good brant weather is bad weather. It takes a hairy blow and often pelting rain to bring them into gun range.

This circumspect goose was cagey enough to withstand the pressure of market hunters for generations only to be laid low, three decades ago, by a cruel trick of nature. A fungus killed off the eelgrass, its favorite food, with the consequence that the flocks declined from an estimated quarter million to a few tattered remnants.

Then the eelgrass came back. Today, the little geese are once again rocketing down the flyways in satisfying numbers. Once again they are wintering on their habitual grounds as far south as Mattamuskeet Lake on the North Carolina mainland and Ocracoke on the Outer Banks. The feed is good and, with the neighboring Gulf Stream warming the waters, they find no reason to move on. They remain to offer just about the finest waterfowling on the Atlantic coast.

Nag's Head is where the action begins and there are good enough accommodations to offer a choice, for more and more facilities are remaining open to take care of the sporting fraternity.



Photograph from Shostal, N. Y. C.