

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

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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.

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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.

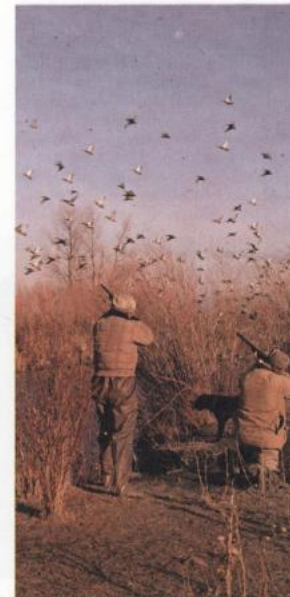
Astonishing, because "brant" is an all but forgotten word in the waterfowler's book. They once swept down the Atlantic flyways in sky-darkening hordes to meet the guns of sportsmen and market hunters alike. Market hunters fancied then because they brought premium prices. Sportsmen loved them for their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



A promising morning for bird hunters on the Carolina coast. Here a guide sets out goose decoys in preparation for a sky filled with honkers just as the sun breaks over an inlet. Photograph by Grant Heilman



Photograph by Paul Johnsgard

Above and below: two varieties of the American brant (photos courtesy of the National Audubon Society). Right: Canada geese stop in huge numbers in coastal lowlands (Hugh Morton photo)



Photograph by Arthur W. Ambler

Don't be misled by the local term, "pond shooting." The "ponds" are part of the great shallow waters of Roanoke Sound. A number of local guides have permanent rigs and set out their decoys at the opening of the season and leave them there for the duration of the campaign so the ducks and geese become accustomed to them. Don't be unduly surprised if, while wading out to the blinds across a half-mile of marsh grass,

you flush up a raft of honest-to-goodness honkers resting among their ersatz brothers. Your gun is empty, of course, but never fear, limits are waiting for you. And if the geese don't toll in, what's wrong with a limit of blacks, pintails, redheads, and widgeons?

(At Nag's Head you are only fifteen miles from excellent deer and bear hunting in the Dare County swamps on the mainland. This is hound country. It



presents a fresh and exciting experience for northerners who have never hunted bear and deer with a fine pack of good-running dogs. Wilbur Cahoon's store at East Lake, where visitors are welcomed with true southern hospitality, is a good bet if you want to get in on a hunt. Farther south, on U.S. 264, lies Mattamuskeet Lake, prime shooting grounds for brant as well as Canada geese and ducks. This is a National Wildlife Refuge with shooting by permit only. Permits are obtained in person or by mail.

There is also fine shooting off the Refuge in the corn and soybean fields surrounding the lake. Field decoys are used and farmers, for a fee, rent blinds and facilities. If you take this trip across to the mainland you'll swing by Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony on Roanoke Island, commemorated by a replica of the log fort and historic village.

Just south of Nag's Head on the Outer Banks begins the nation's first National Seashore Recreation Area. More pertinently, this is the first area administered by the National Park Service to be managed for hunting. Excepted, of course, is the Pea Island Wildlife Refuge just across Oregon Inlet. It is well worth lingering at the Refuge, en route south to the shooting grounds, if only to see

the great wintering flocks of spectacular snow geese. It is estimated that at least 12,000 of these beautiful geese winter here from early November to early January and come within close enough range for good wildlife photographs.

Here on the barrier island of Hatteras the finger of sand and dunes slims down as you drive south, with Pamlico Sound in view on the right and the pounding seas of the Atlantic on the left. Once again, you are where the action is. Wildfowl shooting on Pamlico Sound off the southern tip of Hatteras Island is, if anything, more spectacular than at Nag's Head. One veteran shooter recalls that it was here on Hatteras Inlet that he once saw the greatest concentration of brant in all his days. This was before the eelgrass disappeared. It was early November and for a week the brant had been streaming in. He could see them coming down the outside along the surf, unmistakable with their backward curving wings, snake-like heads and the glint of white on their rumps.

"They would swing into the inlet, rank upon rank, to join the rafts of their fellows, which day by day were growing thicker and noisier, until finally the massed birds extended from the

inlet more than two miles far up, abreast of the village. Leaning well on the conservative side I estimated there were 40,000 birds within my view. It was an amazing spectacle."

You may arrive to find most of the natives fishing the surf for channel bass, as the waterfowl season coincides with the peak of the fishing season. However, any gas station in the villages of Avon, Buxton, Frisco, or Hatteras will likely produce dyed-in-the-wool shooters who refuse to talk fish when the ducks and geese are flying.

The accommodations have improved greatly in these Banks villages in recent years and many motels stay open for sportsmen and their families. They are also helpful in locating guides.

Here you are hunting federally-managed preserves. On Hatteras Island there are five hundred acres in a discontinuous strip along the sound between the villages. Federal blinds are free but you must buy a North Carolina hunting license and a Federal duck stamp. Drawings for blind assignments are conducted at six a.m. on the day of the hunting. Shooters holding advance reservations must appear in person to draw. It's well to write ahead (address: Cape Hatteras National Seashore, Manteo, N. C.) because reservations have priority at drawing time.

At Buxton lives one guide you won't need to coax away from a rod and reel. He is E. P. White. White is a waterfowl man but he doesn't go along with the ingrained belief that waterfowling means wet feet and blue noses. He believes in comforts and he supplies them; he believes also that setting out at, say, 7:30 in the morning is a reasonable time, which is another pleasant violation of the bird hunter's Spartan code.

Happily, this sybaritic approach seems to pay off, simply because limits are usually so easy to come by. More often than not, there will be a flight of black ducks or redheads over your head before you can get comfortably settled in the blind. And if the weather is right—that is to say, downright nasty—the thrill won't be long in coming. You can't mis-



Photographers' dream: thousands of snow geese at Pea Island Wildlife Refuge. Photograph by Grant Heilman

take the long, undulating string of dark birds with snowwhite hind quarters. And the moment you spot the flight, it's not too soon to pull in your head, for the brant is a wary critter.

A flock of brant winging over decoys isn't a tough target; a brant won't carry off any more lead than a mallard. A 12-gauge load of #4's should do the trick.

Of course, there are those honking northeastern mornings, the sort "with hair on," as the Bankers term them, when you may not get too much warning. That snaking line of birds may come bursting out of the pea soup to be right on you before you can say, "Here

they come!" You usually will find a tight wad of birds in the van, though.

There is truly no thrill to compare with a dawn sighting of approaching brant when visibility is reasonably good. A pair of keen eyes can pick up that wavy line against the lightening horizon a long way off. There's tightness in the chest as the string turns inshore to grow larger and larger, until the vast swelling symphony of honking, crowing, barking, purring seems to shake the air.

Then, they are on you. You rise up, not too soon and certainly not too late; the doubles slam against the morning, the pumps and semiautomatics might

squeeze off three shots before the birds flare off.

Your brant holiday is by no means over at Hatteras. Down the road, the Hatteras Inlet ferry pulls out four times a day for Ocracoke and the climax. You are landed in the boondocks and it's a twenty-minute drive across a desert of sand and dunes until you arrive in the subtropical jungle that makes a pleasant oasis of Ocracoke village. (The most northerly palm tree on the Atlantic coast grows here).

The Pony Island Motel or the Island

(Continued on page 21)

Blue Chip Kits for Craftsmen

Did you know you can mail-order harpsichords, beautiful furniture, soaring gliders, and assemble them yourself?

by George Whitney

QUESTION: WHAT DO a pipe organ, a sailplane, reproductions of early American furniture, a speedboat, a harpsichord, and a grandfather clock have in common? Answer: The fact that each can be assembled from a kit.

The use of the word "kit" in this connection doesn't seem quite accurate. It suggests the basement hobbyist or enthusiastic youth busily engaged in making model airplanes or short-wave radios. The items under discussion here do come from kits, but they either have genuine beauty of their own or achieve their value when imagination, talent, or skill are applied to them.

Among the items of impeccable beauty is the furniture that can be assembled from kits sold by Cohasset Colonials of Cohasset, Massachusetts. It encom-

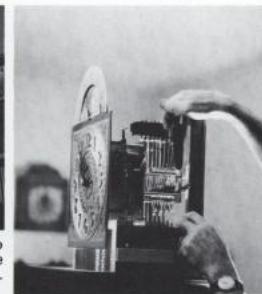
passes an extensive line of tables, chairs, and desks copied with absolute exactness from furniture made by the Shakers and by well-known or anonymous cabinetmakers who worked in the eastern United States in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the Golden Age of native American design.

Cohasset Colonials is the creation of F. W. Hagerty, a onetime naval architect, who sought the models on which to base his kits in museums, including the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan. He has developed some modern techniques for assembling the items. For example, the tabletops, chair seats, and other unusually wide surfaces which used to be cut from a single width of lumber, he now constructs from a lamination of several carefully grain-

matched boards. It is almost impossible to find where the edges meet. This process imparts great dimensional stability to the finished furniture.

In colonial times, one of the techniques by which furniture was made extremely durable was the use of both green and seasoned woods in combination to create joints that couldn't be taken apart. This method would not be practical in modern times, but Mr. Hagerty uses a method that is equally effective. He compresses the ends of chair legs and other dowel joints by a special machine. When these are placed into a hole in which a special glue has been put, the compressed end expands and makes a permanent joint.

A letter or card to Cohasset Colonials will bring a booklet (price: 25¢) describ-



Cases and faces from simple to complex combine in clock kits of the Mason & Sullivan Company. This is the owner, Edward Lebo



Its beauty and sophistication notwithstanding, Cohasset Colonial furniture can be assembled without any unusual skill in cabinet-making



Photographs by Milton Feinberg from PIX

ing and illustrating the kits. It is a pleasure just to leaf through this. The furniture is invariably copied from some of the finest triumphs of American cabinet making, and the line is so varied that it is very nearly possible to furnish a house in this period.

An ideal companion piece to a Cohasset kit is any of a number of majestic grandfather (and grandmother) clock kits manufactured by the Mason & Sullivan Company at 39 Blossom Avenue, Osterville, Massachusetts. Here again, "kit" is incompatible with the dignity of these clocks. The most popular of them stands seven feet high and comes in solid mahogany, cherry, or black walnut.

This particular grandfather is faced with a foot-square etched brass dial with black serpentine hands and runs by a massive eight-day movement powered by weights encased in polished brass shells. The suspension chains are visible through a hinged glass panel below the face. Chimes play four notes in the Big Ben pattern.

Assembled and finished, such a clock might sell for as much as \$1000. The Mason & Sullivan kit is marketed at around \$200. The grandmother kit, a foot shorter and less ornate, costs around

\$100. The company sells kits for steeple clocks, carriage clocks, and wall clocks. It also has two Sheraton wall barometer kits with a thermometer, barometer, and hygrometer for under \$20, and shortly it expects to sell a reproduction of a rare old ship's stick barometer.

The homemaker who wants to have good furniture in a contemporary style at a considerable savings should look into Furn-a-Kit (a catalog may be had for 25¢ from Furn-a-Kit, Dept. C., 151 East 53rd Street, New York, N. Y.). These kits, from which cabinets, sideboards, dressers, chairs, and dining tables in the modern Danish style can be assembled, are uniquely complete. They include an instruction sheet (the result of months of testing with amateur kit builders), all the wedges and clamps necessary to hold parts together while glue is drying, sanding blocks and paper, the glue itself, and a choice of finishes.

All the wood parts are either solid or cabinet grade walnut or oak, and each is numbered to correspond with the instructions. The kit purchaser has a choice of metal or wood hardware design and interchangeable leg and base combinations. The only tool needed to assemble these kits, which include var-

ious basic units for designing custom storage walls, is a screwdriver.

Fiber glass boats, ranging in size from a fourteen-foot sailboat to a forty-foot houseboat, can be assembled from kits made by Luger Industries, Inc., of 9200 Bloomington Freeway, Minneapolis, Minnesota. The amount of time a person spends on these varies, of course, with the size of the boat being assembled, but as an example, there is one model, a sixteen-foot runabout called LeContinental, which can be completed and made ready for accessories in only a few hours. There are three basic parts and these require only a screwdriver and a resin brush for assembly.

Prior to the era of fiber glass, a boat kit could never have been truly satisfactory. The assembler would have had to be as gifted as a shipbuilder. Now the basic parts are prepared in advance and the assembler applies his skill to the finishing. Luger fiber glass boats are extremely handsome. LeContinental, for instance, was the only boat kit exhibited by invitation of our government at the West Berlin Trade Fair.

A strong interest among present-day musicians in the music of the eighteenth century has led to one of the really



Everything but the pipes in this organ comes from a kit. It's portable and can be combined with pipes the assembler finds. Kit maker also sells set of pipes

unusual kits: a harpsichord. It is made by William Zuckerman of 115 Christopher Street, New York City, and costs around \$150. A simple instrument, it is sixty-two inches long and thirty-five inches wide when finished, and has one keyboard and one set of strings. It produces the modest and charming sound that appeals to lovers of baroque music.

A certain amount of experience with the standard tools of the workshop is

required to assemble the harpsichord. The only power tool necessary is an electric drill. Anyone who wants to take a shortcut to the completed Zuckerman harpsichord can order a kit that includes precut cabinet parts. This costs twice as much, but is still a remarkable bargain for an instrument whose price is very high when bought finished.

Another musical instrument kit produces a pipe organ. It is distributed by Marshall Stone and Company, 4 Potomac Court, Alexandria, Virginia. The Stone organ is not only a kit, but a portable instrument that is easy to carry from church to auditorium to home. The basic item, without pipes, costs around \$400, and requires only household tools for assembly.

An important practical aspect of the Stone organ kit is that it can be built in conjunction with pipes already in existence, as in a church where the organ is in poor mechanical condition. A second kit is available with which to expand the basic organ into a two-manual instrument. The Stone company not only sells pipes but also offers suggestion for sources of used pipes.

Finally, here is a really extraordinary kit—a sailplane, or glider, approved by

the CAA and manufactured by the Schweizer Aircraft Company of Elmira, New York. Naturally, this isn't for everybody. You just can't sail off into the blue without experience and approval from authorities, nor can you do it everywhere in the country, since the special air currents required don't exist everywhere. Devotees of this sport, however, consider it the most beautiful and civilized form of flying known to man.

The Schweizer kit comes in three semicomplete forms. The standard, which sells for \$2,575, includes everything needed to make the ship ready to fly, such as wing alignment and other difficult operations. There is a more basic kit that does not include fabric coverings and finishing materials, and another uncovered sailplane kit, structurally complete and ready for final inspection except for fabric covering.

It is a curious paradox that modern technology, which is supposed to have killed off craftsmanship, has actually made craftsmanship possible again. These kits prove that. Each provides the materials and guidance to produce an item of outstanding quality, and each enables anyone—or almost anyone—to be a craftsman.



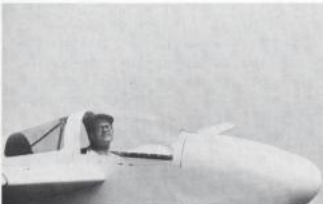
An award-winner for its design, this fiber glass boat comes as a three-part kit that can be readied for its accessories in a few hours using only two tools. The maker's other kits run all the way from a simple runabout to a forty-foot houseboat



A harpsichord kit calls for certain skills at both ends of the operation—first in the use of standard tools for assembling the instrument and then in creating music when it is completed. Nevertheless, the object is attractive and the hobby very rewarding



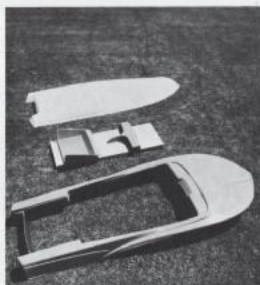
Photographs by Richard Saunders



Glider pilots are in a class with sailors: they apply skill to air currents and feel superior to anyone who resorts to engines. The Schweizer glider kit is available in three semicomplete forms



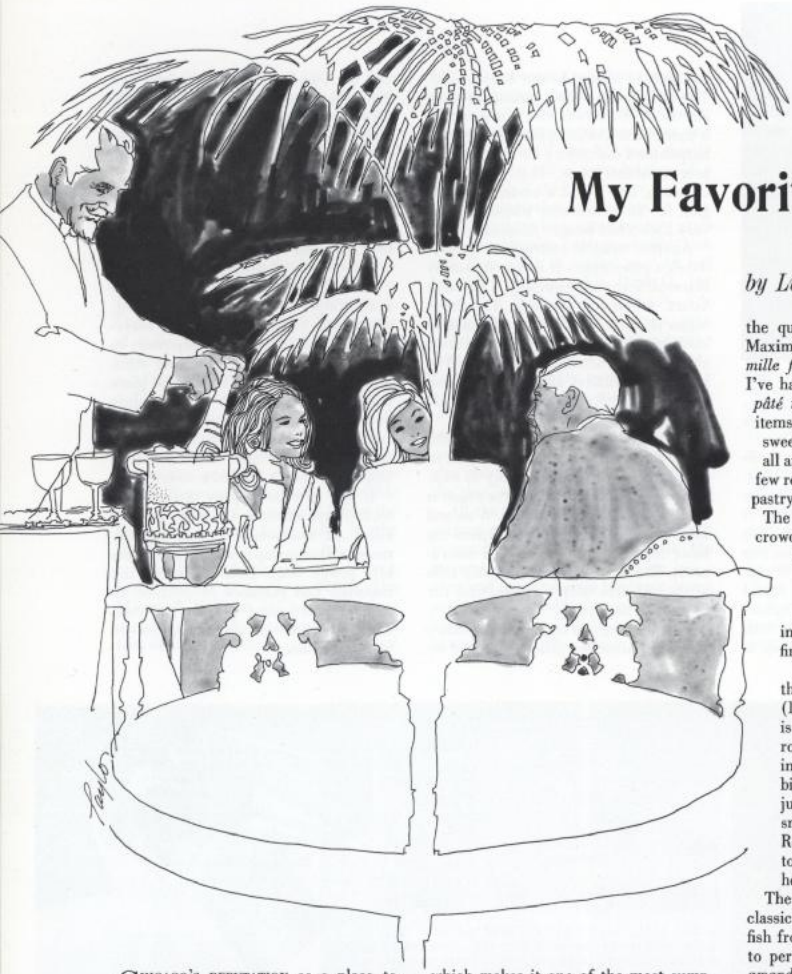
Photographs by Richard Saunders



Photographs by Peter Marcus from PIX



Photographs by Dean Russell



My Favorite Restaurants in Chicago

by Liane Kuony

the quality of the menu, and in this Maxim's is highly commendable. Its *mille feuilles* (puff paste) is the finest I've had in America. It serves a superb *pâté maison*. Among the main dinner items are chicken with cucumber, sweetbreads, and grenadine of veal; all are delicious. Maxim's is one of the few restaurants in Chicago with its own pastry chef.

The wise go to Maxim's when it isn't crowded; then the personnel in the kitchen and out front can do their best, which is very good indeed. Let them know you are there to dine, not merely to bask in atmosphere. This encourages finest efforts.

When I'm in the mood for something cozier I go to La Chaumière (1161 North Dearborn). The name is the French word for a thatched-roof hut, which certainly suggests intimacy. La Chaumière is almost a bistro, with room for perhaps sixty, just the kind of place to visit in a small group. The owners, Josie and Rene Martin, are right there, seeing to the food and the guests, with the help of a few waiters.

The chef has a good knowledge of classic cooking. He imports turbot, a fish from the North Sea, and poaches it to perfection. He does a superior sole *amandine* or *normande*, *coq au vin*, and *canard à l'orange*. On a recent visit with a friend we had a saddle of lamb and softshell crab. Both were perfect and so was the service. There are a number of specialties, among them pepper steak *flambé* cognac. There is also a good medium-priced wine list.

One of my favorite places in Chicago is the Wrigley Building Restaurant in the Wrigley Building because of its cuisine and its entrance on a plaza that has fountains, greenery, and benches. It was started years ago by Philip K. Wrigley as a restaurant of the highest quality and it has never lowered its standards. The manager is Andre Ballestra, who was trained in France and knows the classic cuisine.

CHICAGO'S REPUTATION as a place to dine has always been ambiguous. Some people swear by it, others are indifferent, most simply don't know. Admittedly, the city has a narrower range of possibilities than New York or San Francisco, but one can dine very well there—even magnificently, in my opinion—and it would be well for the millions of persons who visit the city each year to know they needn't settle for second best.

Because visitors to any city are usually interested first off in grandeur, let me say that whenever I feel like dining in elegant surroundings, I go to Maxim's de Paris, at 1300 North Astor. It is named for the celebrated restaurant in Paris, and is nearly a perfect replica,

which makes it one of the most sumptuous in the United States.

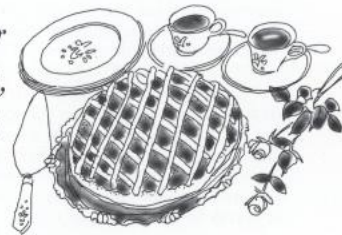
Maxim's is furnished in the sinuous and colorful style known as art nouveau, which swept France at the turn of the century. The chairs, tables, and mirrors have soft and curving lines. The banquettes are covered with velvet, the walls with cerise damask, and all the appointments—the silver, glass and table lamps—have an aura of great elegance.

What's more, the service is *à point*—correct and attentive. The waiters are in tails and are well trained and supervised. There is a sommelier—wine steward—and he doesn't come with the key to a non-existent door; he commands a great list.

The heart of the matter, though, is

in Chicago

For the millions who visit our
Second City annually,
here's a dining guide prepared
by a practiced diner



The menu has only a sprinkling of French dishes, however, for Ballestra has his own ideas of how a restaurant should be run. With great clairvoyance about modern wishes in dining, he has developed an international menu which includes many fine American dishes. This is not an exotic restaurant and for this reason is sometimes overlooked. Its uniqueness is in the superior quality of its ingredients. When you order a lamb chop in the Wrigley Building you can be confident it will be the very best.

Thus one finds oneself remembering unusual details. The hors d'oeuvres, for example, include Dungeness crab and cold lobster served with a marvelous mustard mayonnaise. Or one may suddenly be pleased at finding a currant-filled scone among the breads on the table. Strange, too, that one should praise a restaurant for its chocolate chip ice cream, but here it is the finest imaginable.

Besides the simplicity and quality of the food and its preparation, the Wrigley Restaurant makes an agreeable impression for other reasons. One is that it is immaculate. Another is that the bar is removed from the dining room so that one isn't dining in a noisy saloon. A third is that the staff has been around a long time and practices the art of recognition. I find this very appealing.

I am much taken with the old, established, Whitehall Restaurant in the Whitehall Hotel at 105 East Delaware. This is not to be confused with the internationally known Whitehall Club, which is private, although both cater to the carriage trade. Greats of the theater stay in the hotel regularly and dine often in the restaurant.

The Whitehall appeals to me particularly for luncheon. The menu includes a wonderful roast beef hash and a sweetbread salad, the sweetbreads having been marinated in vinaigrette. There is also avocado stuffed with crabmeat and served with homemade mayonnaise. Another item that makes the lunch festive is the fruit salad—always fresh fruit—and its honey and poppyseed dressing.

It is not a glamorous place but the banquettes are comfortable, there are always fresh roses at the table, and the waitresses have had long experience in making the restaurant warm and hospitable. I go there often and it is like seeing old friends.

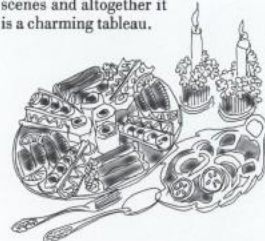
Probably the one place in Chicago where you may be sure of finding a party atmosphere is The Bakery (2218 North Lincoln). It is always packed with a clientele which seems evenly divided between well-off gastronomes and young explorers in good food.

The Bakery has no printed menu, but the last time I was there I had beef Wellington (it wasn't the traditional beef Wellington but excellent anyway), cream of celery soup with chopped chives, good bread, and delicious *tarte maison* (there were many kinds).

What I like about The Bakery is its atmosphere, which is *pension de famille*. The owners are very solicitous, the plates hot, the wines above average, and the prices moderate.

A restaurant association, whose ten member restaurants are intimate and French both in spirit and cuisine, has been forming in Chicago under the direction of Edison Dick and Ray Castro. It includes Jacques, at 900 North Michigan, one of the really famous restaurants of the city and one which all visitors get to sooner or later. The Dick group has three that I have visited recently: L'Epuisette, at 21 West Goethe; Cafe La Tour, on the roof of 400 East Randolph; and Biggs, at 1150 North Dearborn.

L'Epuisette is decorated with beautiful murals of Mediterranean scenes and altogether it is a charming tableau.



It has a fine bartender and a very inviting bar. I have ordered sole *normande* and crab-filled trout and found them both excellent. The wine list is also good.

La Tour has a similar menu, the principal difference between the two being décor and the setting forty floors up. The view of the city, especially at night, is quite spectacular. Inside one is surrounded by dark walnut walls and brilliant contemporary paintings. The clientele is extremely sophisticated.

Biggs is French like its companion restaurants, but it has a particular kind of ambiance. It is situated in what was once a private home, behind a handsome wrought iron gate, with lovely and well-appointed rooms.

And now the Cape Cod Room of the Drake Hotel. It is known far and wide as one of the fine old restaurants of Chicago. As a matter of fact, it was a pioneer in bringing superior dining to the city and remains today one of the finest for fish and seafood. Not only its celebrated chowder, but any fish you order, will be excellent.

No one would forgive an article on dining in Chicago that didn't mention the Red Carpet and the Ambassadors, East and West, which belong on any authoritative list of Chicago restaurants.

Someone compiles such lists nervously. Someone may justifiably ask why I have not included that Mexican jewel box, Su Casa (49 East Ontario) with its subtle food and antiques worthy of museums, or Kon Tiki Ports (505 North Michigan), which provides faultless Polynesian and Cantonese fare. Unfortunately, there isn't room for all.

The places I have named are more than enough for any visitor in Chicago for a week or so. Among them are some guaranteed gastronomic delights. It is just as true in Chicago as it is in New York or Paris that a restaurant may be good one day and not another, that one item may be good one day and not another. All devoted gourmets know it. With this humane knowledge they get much pleasure from superb dining, wherever they find it.

Lincoln Continental for 1967

The new Continental—

more than ever America's most distinguished motor car

WHEN A PERSON steps up to ownership of the Lincoln Continental in 1967 he does more than choose a great motor car. He says, in effect, "From now on I am living the Continental life." Like the car itself, this suggests taste, individuality, discernment, an appetite for the best, and the means to afford it.

A Lincoln Continental is often one facet of a life that includes sailing, riding, flying to distant vacation places, finding the best new restaurants, or standing beside a remote stream the day trout season opens.

Actually, the Lincoln Continental has implied the Continental life since it first appeared in its present form seven years ago. Even then, the creation of an American

fine car with a new concept of styling and a new standard of engineering excellence meant that people with a gift for the Continental life had an automotive means to express themselves.

The 1967 Continental continues the tradition. It is a superb motor car, superbly engineered, styled so that its beauty does not diminish with age, and as luxurious as a fine car can be. It retains the crisp, emphatic lines and uncluttered good taste that have long marked the Continental as a major styling achievement. The only observable exterior changes are a refining of details in the front grille and taillight area.

The new Continental also adheres to other standards.

—extends an invitation to live the Continental life—'67 style

by Burgess H. Scott



Lincoln Continental for 1967
has all the standard Ford Motor Company safety features, which include:

- Dual hydraulic brake system with warning light
- Impact-absorbing steering wheel with deep-padded hub
- Deluxe front and rear seat belts with reminder light
- Lane-changing feature added to turn signal
- Positive door lock system (door handle cannot override door lock button)
- Double-yoke safety door latches
- Non-glare Day/Night inside mirror with flexible backing
- Padded windshield pillars
- Four-way emergency flasher system with control mounted on the steering column
- ... plus many others



Top: 1967 Continental two-door Coupé, showing classic Continental profile; left: refinements in headlight area are among few styling changes; above: Continental means quality appointments and spaciousness; two smaller pictures: emergency flasher button mounted in steering column and lane-change feature in turn indicator; below: America's only four-door convertible

It comes in one series only—there is nothing lesser, nothing "second class." The body styles are the four-door sedan, the two-door Coupé, and America's only four-door convertible, so ingeniously automated that its top tucks itself into the trunk at the touch of a lever. And for the ultimate in motor cars, there is also a limousine available on special order.

In 1967, the Continental retains its magnificent, flexible, 462-cubic-inch V-8 engine, the largest in the industry, and one of the most responsive, most dependable power plants ever used in a luxury passenger car.

Perhaps the most important benefit the '67 Continental inherits from its predecessors is the manufacturer's attitude. Known for a long time as a car uniquely and thoroughly tested during its stringent assembly, it continues to be scrutinized relentlessly by inspectors every step along the way. When assembled, each Continental is given a 12-mile road test during which it must satisfy a test driver on 189 different points.

Regardless of the manufacturer's policy to make no capricious changes merely for the sake of change, the Continental continues to improve. In 1967 this is seen in the greater choice of standard and optional features designed to increase the pleasure of driving it while making it safer.

A new standard feature is a ventilation system that changes the air even with the windows up. When the system is turned on, louvers in the front doors open and air leaves via a one-way valve. Stale air can be exhausted in forty seconds.

Another standard feature in the '67 Continental is a new automatic transmission which lets you upshift or downshift manually. When passing, for example, you can downshift to second and keep it there until the maneuver is completed. The ability to lock into second or low also provides extra power when pulling through sand, better control on slippery surfaces, and better engine braking in mountains.

The new transmission adds to the Continental's reputation as a "road-car"—that is, a car that handles as admirably on a back road as it does on a boulevard, and

even, when occasion demands, off the road.

Standard equipment retained from the previous model includes power front disc brakes, power steering, power windows, power seat, many kinds of interior lights both for convenience and to communicate important information (map, glove box, reading, door ajar, low fuel, reminder to fasten seat belts) and a remote control sideview mirror, among many others.

An important option in 1967 is power door locks which automatically lock the doors when the car reaches about eight mph. Whether one orders this or not, however, the car has positive door lock buttons which make it impossible to open the doors inadvertently unless the plungers are pulled up.

A 1967 option representing the utmost in comfort for the front seat passenger is a seat that can be automatically adjusted front and back and up and down, and also reclines and has a headrest that can be raised or lowered—all at the touch of a button.

Among the pleasures of the new Continental—aside from the sheer joy of driving it—are the various options in sound systems. There is an AM radio and an AM/FM radio. A stereo-tape system is available in combination with the AM radio, or a separate tape system can be combined with any radio you choose. The concert sound comes from four speakers—two in front and two in the rear (the convertible has a single rear-seat speaker).

Important though these items are to a luxury car, none are more important than the basic facts, namely, that the Continental is styled to stay in style, that it is built with an overriding concern for quality, that it is, in short, the finest possible luxury car.

The net result is that the Lincoln Continental is a sensible automotive investment, a reflection of the fact that the car is widely recognized as a classic in its own time. And those who are accustomed to the best will appreciate the underlying ingredients that give important meaning to this year's most attractive automotive invitation: Come live the Continental life—'67 style.



Edward Potthast (American, 1857-1927). Paintings like "Happy Gathering" (above), simple and cheerful in their representation of some pleasant aspect of life, are attracting more and more attention from buyers. The artist, a native of Cincinnati, studied in Europe following his first training at home and became a member of the National Academy in 1906. He excelled in figures, beach scenes, and marine subjects. This painting, oil on board and measuring 12 inches by 16 inches, is on sale at the Maxwell Galleries in San Francisco for \$5,200.



Arthur F. Tait (English, 1819-1905). The artist came to America in 1850 and was very successful with animal pictures. "Landscape With Deer," painted in 1882, was sold at Parke-Bernet in 1949 for \$325. Last year it appeared there again and was sold for \$3000. An appreciation of more than 200 per cent, while not remarkable by today's standards, indicates how the value of a basically sound painting can grow.

Prices in the American Art Market

*Art as an investment
is attracting the
attention of buyers all
over the country.
This report
samples galleries
in three major cities*

THERE IS NO WAY to estimate the number of people interested in the art market, but it is safe to say that every time a Van Gogh is knocked down at auction for a quarter of a million dollars or a Cézanne for nearly as much, the number grows. This does not mean that astronomical bids create more potential buyers of famous artists' work but that

they widen the awareness of art as a valid form of investment.

The level at which interest in the art market is growing most rapidly is not in the stratosphere of acknowledged masters but much nearer the grass roots, where people may think seriously about spending \$1,000 or \$2,000 or even \$10,000 for a work of art. At these prices certified masterworks are no longer available, but neither do collectors expect to get them.

There are, however, several directions they can take, one being to consider the paintings of American academicians of fifty or a hundred or more years ago. These artists are just starting to come into their own and examples of their work are not hard to find. Another avenue worth exploring is the artist-reporters of the American West. Though not so easy to locate, their pictures may still be had at reasonable prices. A third area is the drawings of great masters, which cost a fraction of the same artists' oil paintings.

All three are represented on these pages, and included are prices which suggest their approximate position in the market. From time to time we hope to publish similar material as a general guide for persons now collecting art or thinking seriously of entering the field.

Despite the multimillion-dollar art collections that have been built in the past few decades on modest investments, it cannot be stressed too often how tricky the field is. A collector should not buy art for investment without having a thorough background in the subject. He should also be wary of mere fashion and have a conviction that what he is buying is aesthetically worthwhile.



Amedeo Modigliani (Italian, 1884-1920). The subject of this drawing, Miss Lunia Czechowska, who is still living in Paris today, relates that Modigliani did the portrait the first day he met her, at the Cafe de la Rotonde in Montparnasse in June, 1916. Characteristic of the artist's graceful drawing, it shows lyrical treatment and natural harmony of form, lightness of touch, and simplification of the figure. Essentially a portrait painter, Modigliani drew figures expressing volume and form—indicative of his early career as a sculptor.

Passage of time since the artist's death shows constant increase in the acceptance and value of his works. This particular drawing, measuring 17½ x 20½ inches, was sold at the International Galleries in Chicago in June, 1966, for \$9,500. Ten years ago a drawing of this quality would probably have had a market price of between \$1,200 and \$1,500.



Alfred Jacob Miller (American, 1810-1874). In 1837, Captain William Stewart left St. Louis with a caravan of the American Fur Company, taking with him the artist, Miller, who became the first to depict life in the Rocky Mountains. Exhibiting an early talent for painting, he studied with the celebrated Thomas Sully in his native Baltimore and was sent to Paris, where he met the dominant artists of the day, among them Delacroix, whose influence can be seen in Miller's treatment of horses. This picture of an Indian, called "Reconnoitering," is a watercolor. It was recently sold at Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York for \$4,100.

André Derain (French, 1880-1954). An impressionist whose work is not widely known in this country, Derain does not yet command the prices of his better known contemporaries. Most of his work is still in France. This picture was sold at Parke-Bernet for \$6,500.



Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

THE STORY of Walter Schoenknecht is the story of a man who first strapped on a pair of skis at the age of twelve and whose every move since then has been dictated by a passionate and infectious love of skiing. During the war, while stationed in Florida with the Marines, he got his fellow Corpsmen so stirred up that they joined his organized ski trips to the Poconos.

After the war, married to Margaret Moss, he began to think about changing



his interest from a hobby to a business and the two started to scout southern Vermont for the perfect ski site. They saw Mt. Pisgah in the Green Mountains and made note of its two feet of snow in October. After several other skiing ventures, Walter bought the lower part of the mountain in 1954 (its upper part is national forest), changed its name to Mt. Snow, and began to build a complex which is still growing and is already one of the most comprehensive single ski

resorts in the United States.

Mt. Snow has ten double chair lifts, an automatic gondola (the first that permits passengers to ride with their skis on), an aerial tramway that looks like two flying saucers, and a tow, all adding up to a capacity to lift 14,000 persons an hour into the hills. There are now two hotels, 400 employees, and a nine-hole golf course (Walter likes the summer, too) and the future plans include twenty-one double chair lifts, six tramways, six gondolas, and a 5,000-foot airstrip.

Schoenknecht (pronounced "shawn-connect") is a leading consultant to the skiing industry and a lecturer on skiing. It may be that his blood is beginning to cool, however. He's now thinking about starting the perfect tropical resort in the Caribbean.



CLEARLY, Dayton and Justine Smith are a husband-and-wife team whose standards in cars (each drives a Continental) are on the same high plane as their standards in business (they own two of the finest restaurants in the South).

First, Justine: Native of Tennessee, graduate of its state university, member of the Junior Leagues of both Memphis

and Les Passes, mother of three and twice a grandmother, Mrs. Smith started her restaurant, named Justine's, in Memphis in 1948 while her husband was busy as a management engineer.

Really good and really successful restaurants are rare enough, and women operators of them rarer still, but Justine Smith presides over a place whose reputation has grown steadily from the start. Now situated in a restored Memphis landmark called the "Old Coward Place," it has never been advertised by the owner and there isn't even a sign on it.

A year ago, Craig Claiborne, restaurant editor of *The New York Times*, paid a visit to Justine's and then wrote a column on it in which he said it is "conceivably the best restaurant in the South."

Now her husband, Dayton: He resembles Spencer Tracy and some of his friends think Hollywood lost out because, apparently, a career in acting didn't occur to him. When he retired from business he and Justine became one of the finest restaurant twosomes in the country.

Back in 1962, Dayton discovered a handsome Southern plantation house in Washington, Georgia. He bought it, dismantled it, catalogued it brick by brick and board by board, and moved it to Atlanta. Today, on its new site, it is a treasure of Greek Revival architecture, and it houses another superior restaurant—Justine's Atlanta.

There are grateful diners throughout the South who think there can never be too much of a good thing.



THE LUGGAGE SHOWN in the capacious trunk of the Continental sedan is ten of a set of twelve pieces custom-built for Lincoln Continental owners and designed to match the elegance and grace of the car itself.

Light in weight, handsewn by luggage craftsmen, and color-keyed to Continental interiors, this "Royal Family" of luggage combines suppleness with unusual durability. It is made of Marvelon, a new luxurious material that is pliable and tough, to which is fused a layer of transparent vinyl that makes the luggage all but scuffproof.

The interiors are lined with fabrics of high quality and all the hardware is of solid brass. Even the locks are exclusively designed.

For further details and prices of this exceptional luggage, see your Continental dealer.

Photographs by Fred Lyon

The road skirts sheep meadows and passes Mendocino, restored to the cheerfulness of an art colony



Motoring North of San Francisco

Nothing suggests touring at its best more than a few days' drive up the California coast and through its inland valleys
by Kenneth Lamott

THE MAGNIFICENT ROCKY seacoast north of San Francisco has been called the last frontier, for it remains today almost as gloriously unimproved as it was in the days when its visitors were Russian hunters, Scandinavian lumbermen, and bootleggers from Canada. It has been invaded by outposts of elegance, established to serve discerning San Franciscans as well as visitors seeking the region's natural attractions. I recently returned to the north coast and was pleased to discover that, if anything, it has become more inviting than it was before.

There is only a single road along the coast—Highway One, a two-lane road of good quality that for 200 miles passes through some of this continent's most masculine and varied landscapes. It snakes along cliffsides where white water roars, drops to pass quiet crescents of beach, turns inland to rolling sheep meadows touched with the multicolored lupine, Scotch broom, California poppy, and Indian paintbrush, and enters forests of redwood, fir, and pine. Just off the highway, azaleas flourish, rhodo-



The coastal road threads its way through a dialog of sea and land

dendrons grow to thirty feet, and giant coast redwoods grow ten times as tall.

If there is one good reason to start from San Francisco late in the afternoon, it is to have dinner at the Inverness Lodge, about forty miles north of the Golden Gate on the shores of Tomales Bay. Inverness has for half a century been a summer cottage retreat for well-to-do San Franciscans. The focus here is the dining room and the accomplished kitchen, which produces a Czech and Viennese cuisine that cannot be surpassed in San Francisco itself: duckling à la Prague, swickova (a marinated filet in sour cream), and, in season, the local

salmon and oysters. (For cocktails, go down the road to the Drake Arms, a comfortable pub which has imported beer on tap and a good bar.)

Forty-one years before the landing at Plymouth Rock, Sir Francis Drake gave this land the name Nova Albion, or New England, which was strangely prophetic because 250 years later the first North Americans to settle this coast were Connecticut and Massachusetts men. Even today, as one drives past the dairy farms with their neat white houses, it is not hard to imagine oneself transported back to the better-known New England.

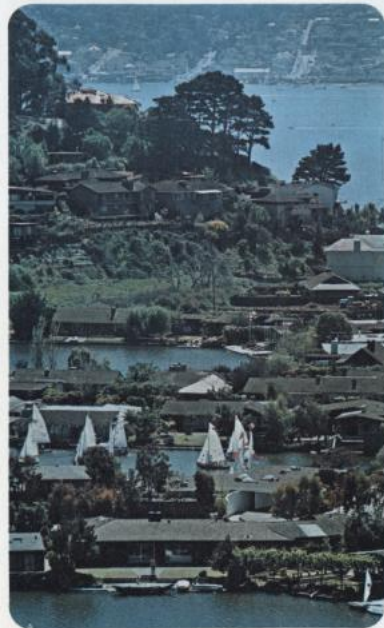
New Englanders were not the only

visitors. Not far from Inverness, crumbling limekilns mark the southernmost limit of the range of the Russian sea-otter hunters of the early 1800s. Their headquarters buildings at Fort Ross (originally Rossiya—"Russia") have been restored to the condition in which they were sold in 1841 to Captain John Sutter, on whose land gold was discovered in 1849.

The greatest spectacle, however, is always the coast itself. Between Inverness and Fort Ross (about fifty miles) Highway One undergoes a dramatic change as it emerges from the shores of Tomales and Bodega bays onto the wild



Leading north from San Francisco, Highway One looks (below) at the sailing-and-luxury life of the Bay, (right) the Sea Ranch, with its imaginative appeals to well-to-do Bay Area residents, and (at bottom) the town of Mendocino, revealing via architecture its New England antecedents (photograph by Josef Muench)



Sometimes the road dips down to the edge of the Pacific and provides, as shown at the left, a close-up of what remains of a settlement dating from decades ago. The steeple is given over to sculptural comment on the passage of time. Below is Heritage House, an elegant stop-off place for motorists near Mendocino



The gabled and ornamented house is characteristic of the area's architecture—one of many well-preserved structures in the town of Mendocino. The signs imply something about the town, such as its appeals to travelers and shoppers and its general air of gaiety

shore of the Pacific itself. Pacific indeed! This coast has for long been a graveyard for ships, but presents its brilliant and ever-changing aspects for the traveler safe on shore. The headlands are bold and broken, the offshore rocks are tremendous and water-carved, the surf is savage, and the white-capped sea turns to turquoise and jade in the coves.

Timber Cove Inn, a few miles north of Fort Ross, is much patronized by San Francisco business and professional people and is distinguished by its beauty and elegance. The handsome, modern, glass-and-redwood lodge commands a splendid cliffside view. The chef is Swiss,

the wine list is catholic, the bar is well-stocked, friendly St. Bernards wander through the spacious lounge, and there is a great stone fireplace before which cocktails are served in the evening and breakfast in the morning.

The menu at Timber Cove includes Alaska king crab and abalone, a shellfish which grows on the coastal rocks and whose adductor muscle (the firm part of a shellfish) is large enough to slice into steaks. In the evening there are such dishes as veal *cordon bleu* and *cannelloni flambé*. Guests can swim in a rock-walled pool, ride, or simply unwind in a resort that prides itself in being without television, telephones, or children.

If you overshoot Timber Cove, have lunch in the general store at the Sea Ranch, whose severe and dramatic architecture rises from a coastal meadow several miles farther north. Developed by some of the Bay Area's leading talents in planning and design, the Sea Ranch represents an exciting and imaginative approach to providing a community of "second homes" that have taste and style.

Along the coast, the redwood forests come almost to the water's edge. It was these forests, sawed into boards and carried south by sea, that built San Francisco, and then rebuilt it after each of its disastrous fires. The alert traveler can sometimes identify the remains of the chutes and the cable systems that, in techniques that resist belief, carried deckloads of lumber, railroad ties, and tanbark from the cliffs down to schooners riding at anchor in the "dog holes" below.

Lumber is no longer king, and many of the settlements along the coast are hardly more than ghost towns. Only six or seven years ago, the community of Mendocino itself faced a sad decline into a heap of weathered boards. Then the town was discovered by a vacationing painter who came back to teach art in the local high school and whose enthusiasm drew to this dramatic point of

land other city-weary San Francisco painters and craftsmen.

Art is now Mendocino's main business. Galleries abound (start at the Mendocino Art Center), fine old houses have been restored, real estate has increased several times in value, and yet Mendocino has managed to maintain its natural charm. Such well-known painters as Dorr Bothwell, Ray Rice, and Ann O'Hanlon teach at the Art Center during



Always a source of amazement for visitors is the size of West Coast trees. This is a stand of redwoods in Jedediah Smith State Park (photo by Muench). Below: a cattle ranch near Petaluma (photo from Shostal, New York)



A vineyard, a wine storage vault, and the grapes themselves in the Napa Valley near Yountville. Several distinguished wineries are situated here and all of them welcome visitors



photograph from Wine Institute, San Francisco

the summer, and the unconventionally dressed young people in the streets are likely to be serious students, even though their barbering may leave something to be desired.

There are several comfortable overnight stopping places near Mendocino. The rambling Little River Inn (golf) is, I think, the oldest; Heritage House is the

most elegant. The food and wine are quite good, and the roomy old main house and its cottages, pleasantly situated on a sixteen-acre rolling cliffside meadow, are comfortable and well-appointed.

Three options present themselves from Mendocino onward. One may continue driving north about 60 miles until Highway One turns inland to join U.S. Highway 101 in the midst of giant redwood groves; or turn east from Fort Bragg to Willits (golf, swimming, tennis, and riding at Brooktrails Lodge) and then south 140 miles to San Francisco; or go southeast along the winding Navarro River, a lovely drive through a valley of redwoods and orchards until the road emerges in the vineyards north of San Francisco.

Choosing the latter, I stopped at Asti for a glass of sherry at the Italian-Swiss Colony Winery. Its tasting rooms are inviting, the winery tour is informative, and the atmosphere thoroughly hospitable.

The dedicated wine buff may wish to continue several miles south of Asti and then turn east on Route 128 on a side trip through the Napa Valley, which is the home of several distinguished vineyards—among them Inglenook and Beaulieu in Rutherford, and Beringer, Charles Krug, and Louis Martini in St. Helena.

Harder to find, but well worth the trip up a country road into the hills, is the small Mayacamas vineyard, a family-owned enterprise that produces a superior line of table wines, including a really excellent Chardonnay. (All of these wineries welcome visitors. Although the hours differ, one is usually safe in arriving between ten and four.)

Near Asti I lunched at the Rex, an Italian restaurant in the unprepossessing little town of Geyserville. Unexpectedly, the Rex turned out to have been just redecorated by somebody of taste, and the kitchen and wine cellar matched the décor.

Although I lingered at the table, I was home on the shore of San Francisco Bay in time for cocktails with friends. The yachts that had been racing during the afternoon were heading for their harbors across the sparkling bay, and the great city itself rose white and lovely on its hills, the late afternoon sun defining the buildings against the sky as crisply as if they had been carved in cameo. It is the most beautiful city in the United States.

Brant

(Continued from page 4)

Inn are good bets for accommodations (seafood is a specialty all over the town) as well as guide information.

The islanders are fond of talking about their piratical past, for such notorious buccaneers as Ann Bonney, Calico Jack Rackam, and Edward Teach, better known as Blackbeard, used the island as a hide-away; but if it's ducks and geese you want to talk about there are plenty of listeners.

There is, for instance Charlie Garrish, Jr., a handsome redheaded ex-sailor whose business is guiding and whose passion is waterfowling. And there is Thurston Gaskill who is one of the last of the old-time guides in this famed wildlife area. This weathered veteran still uses waterlevel anchored pit boxes and handfashioned brant and goose decoys.

There are good and poor brant years and no one knows quite why. Some old-timers will tell you that when winters come early in the northern breeding grounds, the brant start south early, leaving their young behind. This may well be the case, but, as every waterfowler knows, there was never a guide born who didn't have a fine and logical reason for the scarcity of game, and his "you should have been here yesterday" is an ancient theme song.

But, by and large, this little foul-weather goose appears to be doing better than holding its own. Its special wariness is enough to assure the gunner of many happy brant holidays in the years ahead.

So all you need to bring to the Outer Banks is a love for the salt marshes and an itch for a challenge to your wing-shooting. Needless to say, you'll want your shotgun. A 12-gauge is preferred and doubles stand up better in this salt situation than pumps or semiautomatics. And you'll need hip boots or waders, a waterproof shell case, and some foul-weather gear.

You're at the end of the line at Ocracoke. If you plan to continue south, a car ferry will carry you across to the main. And when you leave the Outer Banks you'll leave some stirring memories behind. It all adds up to a waterfowler's dream. But on the Outer Banks, the dreams of geese filling the sky come mighty close to the truth.



Continentially Speaking by Cleveland Amory

Two Golden Boys of Yale and Harvard

ONCE UPON A TIME, when the world and Scott Fitzgerald were young, there was a succession of Golden Boys—those fabulous "gentlemen athletes"—who reigned supreme at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton in the days when H-Y-P, in sport as in studies, stood for the Height of Youthful Prowess.

Amateurs they were in the Age of the Amateur—an age before the world in general, and sports in particular, turned pro. Above all, they were amateurs, not in today's sense of unskillful or not as good as pros, but amateurs in the true meaning of the word—"lovers" of sport.

At Harvard there was Barry Wood, the only man in Harvard's history ever to be awarded ten major letters—three for each of his varsity years in football, in hockey, and in baseball and one in tennis, because in his senior year he was invited to try out for the Davis Cup team. At six feet one and 175 pounds, Wood was not particularly strong or heavy, and, perhaps even more remarkable, not even particularly fast. Nonetheless, to save a famous 14-13 Harvard win over a powerful Army team, Wood got up from the ground after being blocked and ran fifty yards to catch from behind the fastest back on the Army team. It was late in the game, Wood had played every minute of it, and the Army back had just been put in. It was even probable that Wood could not run as fast as the Army man, but that day the fact remained that primarily by quick thinking—he saw that the safety man would force the Army man in a direction which would enable him to cut diagonally after him—Wood was able to tackle him on the six-yard line.

The most amazing thing of all about Wood was that, besides being Harvard's most famous athlete, he was also one of its most famous students—all A's in his studies, Phi Beta Kappa and *summa cum laude*, and he achieved all this in, of all fields, chemistry—replete with afternoon labs. In later life, unlike most athletes, he went on to a distinguished career in medicine—now at Johns Hopkins University.

The Golden Boy at Yale was the almost equally extraordinary Albie Booth. Tiny in size, only 144 pounds, a boy who played without stockings and was called the "Mexican Jumping Bean," Booth was not even "golden" in the sense of coming from a rich family. But he was Yale's true-life Frank Merriwell.

Booth's greatest game, like Wood's, was against Army. Army was leading Yale 13-0 that day in 1929. Chris Cagle, the star halfback of Army, was all over the field and Yale was a beaten team. Then Booth came in—and, for the rest of the game, which Yale won, neither Red Grange nor Jim Thorpe nor anyone else ever played football any better than Booth did that day.

Booth gained 220 of Yale's total of 360 yards and he scored all of Yale's 21 points. On the morning following the game, the *New Haven Register* ran a banner headline: BOOTH 21, ARMY 13.

Booth's final game, ironically, was against Barry Wood's unbeaten Harvard team. In the Parker House dining room the night before the game, a Harvard grad had given the bell captain a dollar to "page Frank Merriwell of Yale"—and jeers from the cocksure Crimson partisans greeted the name. But twenty-four hours later, when the orchestra in that same dining room struck up *Boola, Boola*, there were no more jeers. For 57 minutes the Harvard team had thoroughly contained Booth. Then, with three minutes to play, Booth threw a quick pass and Yale got to Harvard's 14-yard line. As fourth down came, and 60,000 fans held their breath, Booth drop-kicked the winning field goal, and Yale won 3-0.

If Wood and Booth were Harvard's and Yale's immortals, however, Princeton boasted one far greater than either—the fabulous Hobey Baker, whom we shall discuss in a later column. With all these golden boys, however, the amateur spirit and modesty were paramount. In Barry Wood's sophomore year before his first Yale game, he was faced with a time-honored Crimson custom—the appearance of a certain former Harvard football hero who would come into the dressing-room and give the team a life-or-death, this-is-the-most-important-day-in-your-life pep talk. As the team filed out, Wood went over to the coach and quietly told him that if that man ever came into the dressing room again before a game, he would not play. And, never again, as long as Wood played, did the man appear.

As for Albie Booth, when he was being interviewed after a famous Army game, he was asked what was his longest run. "About 73 yards," replied Booth quietly. "That was the one Ned Austin helped me on. He took out the next-to-last tackler, who'd have gotten me sure."



Lincoln Continental issues an invitation: Come live the Continental life—'67 style

photograph by Baltazar Korab