

the  
**Continental**  
magazine

Winter 1966-67



New England's "International" Antique Shops

Luxury Fishing in Florida's Keys

Now Clambakes Come By Jet

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**COVER**—No longer confining themselves to regional antiques, New England shops are now selling items gathered in other areas and other countries. Among the new-style antique shops are the 1800 House in Granville, Massachusetts, which specializes in European Provincial furniture. Photograph by Ivan Massar.

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Memo to our Readers:



IF ANYONE were to say of A. J. McCLANE that he knows as much about fish and fishing as any man around, it is unlikely that an objection would be raised. He is the editor of "McClane's Standard Fishing Encyclopedia," a volume of over 1,000 pages in which there are answers to (and illustrations for) just about every conceivable question one could

ask regarding the fresh- and salt-water worlds. Besides that he is Fishing Editor of *Field & Stream* and contributor of hundreds of articles to that magazine and many others, including *Esquire*, and *Gourmet* (he also writes with ease and love about cuisine).

Al McClane grew up among the trout streams of the Catskills and now lives in Palm Beach, but at any given moment he is as likely to be found in Tierra del Fuego or New Zealand or rural France or Labrador, checking up on fish and food. He once had a syndicated newspaper column, wrote and directed radio and TV shows, and acted in some movies.



We have commented before in this column on Bodil Nielsen, who has contributed articles on subjects relating to home furnishings, but in this issue she collaborated with DELANCEY CONVERSE (left) on antiques. Native of St. Louis, Mrs. Converse is an adopted New Englander, lives in a 1735 house in Massachusetts, has restored an old farm house in Vermont, and has roamed the Yankee country roads in



search of antiques. On her way to her present avocation, she studied at the Art Students League in New York and spent many an hour in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Arts.

Since 1949, RICHARD SAUNDERS has been a freelance photo-journalist whose work has appeared in *Fortune*, *Life*, *Woman's Day*, and other major publications. He has been all over the world on assignments for large American corporations and for branches of the U. S. government. A native of Bermuda, he has a home there and returned to take the picture of custom sport clothes on page 19 and to be photographed himself at the edge of the sea.



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High shot of that paragon of top-flight Keys resorts—Cheeca Lodge

# Luxury Fishing in the Florida Keys

*Ashore and afloat, here are some resorts where the greatness of the sport is matched by the quality of the surroundings*

by A. J. McClane

THE MAN STOOD in the bow with his shooting line looped on the deck and watched the crystalline water. Through his polaroids he saw a parade of brilliantly colored angelfish, snappers, and grunts ghosting along with the fast-flowing tide. It was a world apart from his New York City home—a flat world of mangroves and sandspits that stretched from horizon to horizon.

The guide leaned on his pushpole in the stern, separating in his mind's eye that far-off ripple made by the wing tip of a feeding ray, the cutwater mark of a cruising shark, and the recurrent cat-paws of a vagrant breeze. Countless signs of life occurred in each passing minute, and any of these could become the telltale ripple of tarpon coming into the flats.

"Am I supposed to do anything?" "Just wait," the guide said. Twenty minutes passed and the man was fighting boredom by wiping sunscreen on his neck.

"Get ready," the guide commanded. The man saw nothing but the smooth face of the sea.

"They're at two o'clock and coming fast." Then the man felt the first shock wave of tarpon fishing. A dozen pale shadows became horny-scaled monsters as they veered toward the boat.

"Cast!" said the guide. "Cast!" The

In the true spirit of all fishermen who have won a battle with some deep sea creature of respectable size, this guest of the floating fishing craft, the Yachtel Cassamar, has hoisted up for the camera his pridesworthy catch—a 57-pound barracuda

