

the Continental magazine

Spring/Summer 1967



Montreal—First Cousin to Paris

San Juan and the Puerto Rico Countryside

The Fishing Lodges of Maine Anglers

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COVER—No full-fledged city under the American flag reaches farther back in history than San Juan, Puerto Rico. Its earliest section—Old San Juan—is rich in a variety of charms, among them the restaurant called Barrachina, much favored for chic luncheons. Photograph by Ray Manley.

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Memo to Our Readers

Our reporter on Montreal, Bern Keating, has summed himself up more concisely than we ever could, so here he is in his own words: "Born May 15, 1915, in Fassett, Quebec. Graduated from high school in Cattaraugus, New York. Higher education, New York University and University of Arkansas. Police reporter and relief city editor, Palm Beach *Post-Times*, and news editor, WIBX, Utica, New York. Communications officer, destroyers, World War II. Magazine photographer, twice around the world, sixty-four countries. Free-lance writer six years: *National Geographic*, *Holiday*, *Reader's Digest*. Married to a magazine photographer. Son at Bowdoin, daughter at Tulane. Curliest moustache in Mississippi." He lives in that state, in Greenville.



It's hard for an editor to deal with Margaret Bennett ("Little Gem Restaurants of Los Angeles") because she just doesn't exist—well, she does, but not in an easily manageable form. She's two people, named June Biermann and Barbara Toohey, who have worked as a writing team since 1959, using the Bennett name for supposedly feminine subjects like food, and calling themselves Tony Swain when the subject is obviously



masculine, like wine or automobiles. They have actually contributed to *Road & Track* and to such diverse periodicals as *Gourmet*, *Saturday Review*, and *House Beautiful*, among many others. The picture shows them in Japan. They travel around a lot.

There isn't any abbreviated biography that could do justice to Edmund Ware Smith, Editorial Consultant to this magazine since its inception, and author, in this issue, of the story on Maine's fishing lodges. He fits to a T the romantic notion of the writer—hell-raiser in youth, school dropout (he was booted from at least six), cowpuncher, Appalachian Mountain Club guide, Maine fishing guide, cabinetmaker, author of more than six hundred stories and articles in national magazines, lecturer in the art of the short story at Harvard and Smith College, and inventor of an alcoholic drink which he named "Smiling, the Boy Fell Dead." He lives in Damariscotta, Maine, plays good poker, and has about 20,000 friends.



Montreal after dark. Sophisticated and Gallic in its outlook, the city is "pleasure-a-go-go" from dusk to sunrise

Montreal— First Cousin to Paris

by Bern Keating

Long celebrated for its special French-Canadian joie de vivre and its epicurean delights, the city is preparing to lure the world to its fair—Expo 67



Note to Expo 67 visitors: remember this street for shopping in exclusive boutiques

WHAT is the largest French-speaking city after Paris? Not Marseilles, the second biggest city of France, but Montreal, with a metropolitan area population of 2,400,000, two-thirds French speaking. It has twice the Gallic population of Marseilles.

And Montreal shares with France more than a language. Gallic *joie de vivre* and love of beauty show everywhere about the Canadian metropolis—in crowds of chic women spending their mornings fitting and primping in smart boutiques and their afternoons gossiping at elegant restaurants, in flocks of teen-age girls in mini-skirts, in tables of convivial busi-