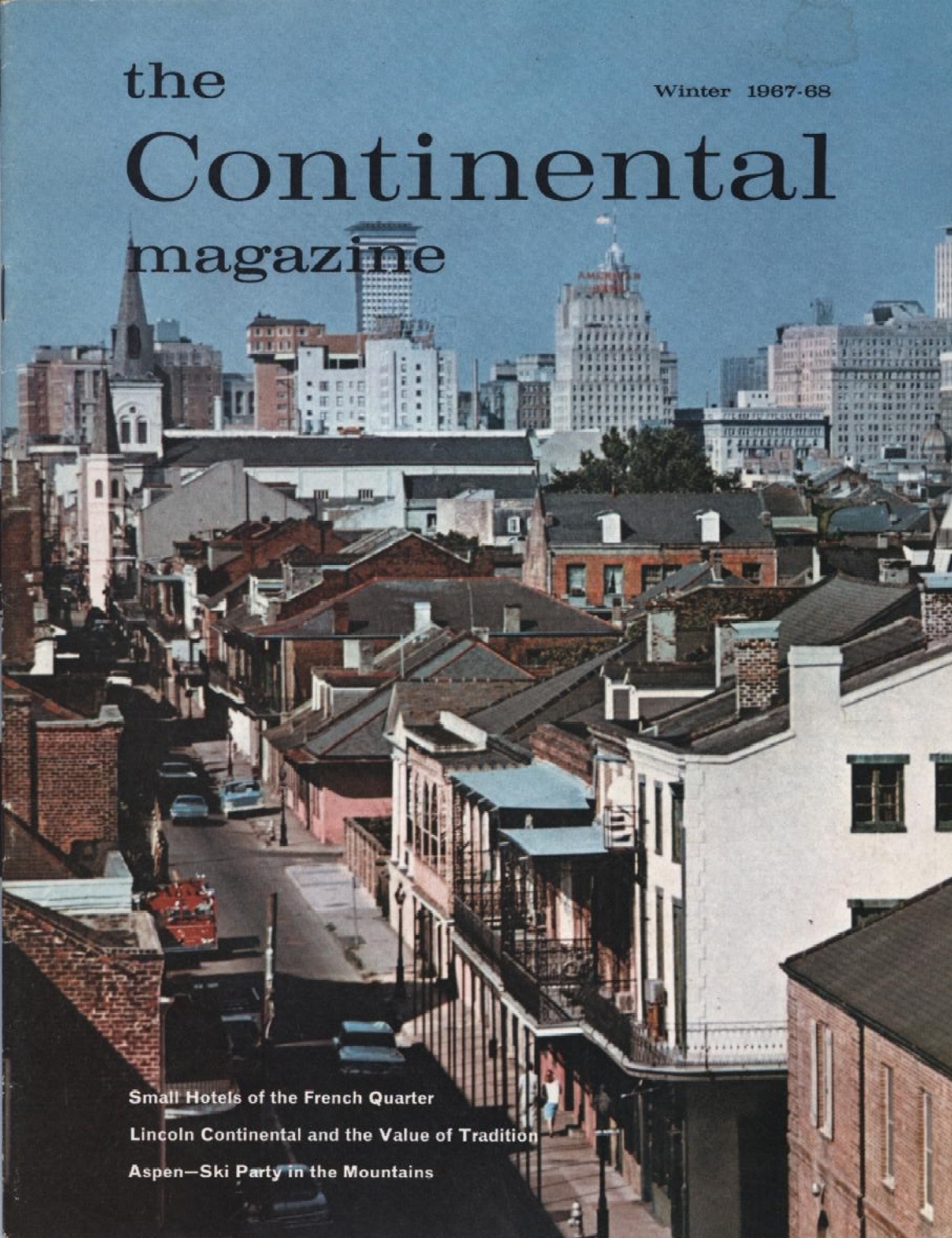


the

Winter 1967-68

Continental magazine



Small Hotels of the French Quarter
Lincoln Continental and the Value of Tradition
Aspen—Ski Party in the Mountains

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Vol. 8 No. 1

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COVER—The camera is ranging along Chartres Street, picking up some of the French Quarter as well as the backdrop of modern New Orleans. On page 5 we have a story on small and charming hotels in the Vieux Carré. Photograph by Dan Guravich.

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Memo to Our Readers



The story on Aspen results from an outburst of enthusiasm by Angela Adduci, who arrived in the mountains a year and a half ago, having seen pictures of the town and deciding on the spot that it was her scene. All she left behind was a job in an art studio in Chicago and some memories of having been a chorus girl at the Palmer House and in Las Vegas. These may seem odd vocations for a girl who now loves camping, hiking, hunting for ghost towns, and combing through dumps in mountain towns for antique glass, but that's what happens when people become attached to the Rockies. She skis, of course, and helps run the Norway Lodge, near Lift No. 1 at the foot of Aspen Mountain.



The Aspen photographer is Robert G. Hadden, another refugee from Chicago who is first and foremost a fine artist and who went to Aspen two and a half years ago because he wanted to use the mountains as subjects in his paintings. He had had television experience, however, and so it was natural that he should keep a camera at hand, just in case. Thus we are able to acquire his fine photographs of Aspen and its slopes. His actual job is commercial art but he also does paintings on order for people who want art that clearly represents what it's supposed to. He skis, his wife skis, and he has a six-year-old son who skis because one of the subjects in the Aspen public schools is skiing.

Although Craig Claiborne, author of our story on cookbooks, is himself the author of several books on food, a sense of fair play prevented him from mentioning the fact. We feel no such proscription, however, since Mr. Claiborne is well known as a superb amateur chef, as the food editor of *The New York Times*, and as an author in the best-seller class. His titles include "The New York Times Cookbook," "The New York Times Menu Cookbook," and "An Herb and Spice Cookbook." Several food authorities consider them among the best and most explicit cookbooks available today.

It should be added that after making the acquaintance of Mrs. Rombauer's cookbook in his Chicago days, Mr. Claiborne found himself in Europe at the end of the war and took courses in cooking in one of the major schools, the Professional School of the Swiss Hotel-keepers Association in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Life On the Sailfish Coast



painting by Ray Prohaska

THE ATTRACTIONS of a winter climate I have always escaped me. Brought up in the rawest of northern mountains and later the occupant of a sooty garden apartment on New York's Fifth Avenue, I long ago journeyed to Palm Beach to stay. What makes this seaside sanctuary a unique environment to me isn't the wealth of those who live between Worth Avenue and the Gulfstream polo field but rather the elegant simplicity of indoor-outdoor living.

Palm Beach is isolated from the Gold Coast on a narrow island fourteen miles long. The 9,000 residents and the usual 20,000 visitors are essentially water oriented. The Good Life here is tied to the sea as securely as the summer clouds that drift across our winter sky.

Shortly after Christmas the sailfish form schools north of Palm Beach near Stuart, then wheel south on a nor'easterly wind amid giant sea turtles glinting in the morning sun. At times the northerly shift beats against the northbound current of the Gulf Stream, and the ships lurch and their screws bite air in the hobbly-gobbly chop. As the wind goes 'round the card, vast legions of king mackerel invade the coast. But between shifts, and always from the nor'west

*It's a happy coincidence
that when the great
gamefish are jumping
offshore, life on Florida's
east coast is diverse
and appealing*

by A. J. McClane

to the sou'west, the sea gentles, the air sparkles, and that heady atmosphere of a semitropical climate overpowers the senses—the night smell of jasmine, the purpling of bougainvillea and the lapping of waves on the reef.

An ideal way to begin a day in Palm Beach is to leave the Colony Hotel early in the morning and drive out to Bonnette's Hunting Preserve, which is only a half hour north, near Jupiter. A day's hunt, at \$45, allows you a choice

of eight quail, four pheasant, four chukkar partridge, or a wild turkey; there is a small extra charge for additional birds over the preserve's daily bag. Everything is supplied, including a guide for driving around the extensive covers, the bird dogs, the guns, and ammo. You can lunch at Bonnette's new lodge, then have an afternoon swim at the Colony pool (the adjoining patio features a daily fashion show) before walking over to Worth Avenue to brace the mainmast in Chesler's. There is ample time to make the Royal Poinciana Playhouse—one of the most beautiful theatres in America—and enjoy a late supper at the Celebrity Room.

There are countless variations of this: you can golf right in the center of town on the short but well-trapped Breakers Golf Course. Or you might devote the morning to trolling on the Gulf Stream (a half-day charter), then, after docking, return to the Palm Beach Par 3 and shoot a few holes in the greensward before preparing to troop your colors with a martini.

Resident Palm Beachers still favor the Old World tradition of dining at home. While the sit-down dinner for a hundred guests is not as common as