

A nighttime photograph of a snowy town, likely Stowe, Vermont. The scene is illuminated by warm streetlights and house lights, creating a cozy atmosphere. A prominent white church with a tall, thin steeple stands in the center of the town. The surrounding hills are covered in snow, and some trees are visible in the foreground and middle ground. The overall mood is serene and picturesque.

The
Continental

Magazine

Winter 1968/69

STOWE

By Night and Day—
Classic Colonial
Ski Town

CONTENTS

Morning, Noon & Night at Stowe 1
Roul Tunley

Little French Restaurants in Manhattan 5
Maurice Osteroff

**The Pacific: Southern California's
Limitless Playground** 8
Joseph N. Bell

Stone Adds Beauty to Your Garden 14
Samm Sinclair Baker

Shall We Move the Gymnasium Home? 17
Paul Stewart

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners 21

COVER

Stowe, Vermont, on a winter's night. The photographer got a ski operator to start his lift for an after-hours picture of this handsome Yankee town where, at the very moment, thousands of skiers were unwinding at fireplaces or in restaurants or on dance floors. Photo by Peter Miller for Photo Media Ltd.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Publications Manager, Richard Morris; *Editorial Director*, Frederic W. Fairfield; *Managing Editor*, Robert M. Hodesh; *Art Director*, John C. Weigel; *Art and Design Editor*, Leonard P. Johnson; *Designer*, Franklin J. Lent; *Technical Editor*, Burgess H. Scott; *Women's Editor*, Nancy Kennedy; *Coordinator for Lincoln-Mercury Division*, John L. Solsbury

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, Michigan 48231. 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 © 1969, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved.

*Memo to
Our
Readers*



The story on Stowe, which starts on the opposite page, amounts to a skiing biography of its author, ROUL TUNLEY. Inasmuch as he does other things, here are some additional facts about his life: After graduating from Yale, he worked for a year as a reporter on the late *New York Herald Tribune*, then taught English at Yale, and a year after that sold a short story to *Cosmopolitan*. Delighted by the ease with which he earned his fee (it took four mornings' work), he quit teaching and began writing full time. Alas, selling fiction was not that easy, so he drifted into nonfiction where, because he is essentially a reporter, he was much more comfortable. He has been freelancing ever since, except for some editing stints on the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Seventeen*. His name has appeared in nearly every major magazine. He has written three books, is a bachelor, and lives in a modern house he built high over the Delaware River near where Washington made his famous crossing.



Another freelancer and contributor to most of the major magazines of the country is JOSEPH N. BELL, a resident of Corona del Mar, on the Southern California coast he writes about in this issue. Native of Indiana, graduate of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, Navy pilot in World War II, and director of public relations for the Portland Cement Association for seven years, Mr. Bell turned to magazine work in Chicago in 1954. He is now a half-time member of the English department at the University of California at Irvine. Mr. Bell says he is a living rebuke to California statistics in that he and his family have lived in the same house (near the Pacific) for eight years and that he has been married for more than twenty-five years.



SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER says he started gardening at the age of five when "my father let me plant a row of radishes. After weeks of impatient waiting, I pulled up a radish, wiped the dirt off on my shirt, and bit into it. The radish bit back." Nevertheless, the gardening bug had bit and he has been a victim ever since. He has written five books on gardening and has contributed articles on the subject to many periodicals. Among the

total of seventeen books he has written are two mystery novels. He says he doubts that he'll ever write a gardening murder mystery because "daisies never tell."

Morning, Noon & Night at STOWE

The ingredients of this memorable ski resort are a classically perfect New England town, stylish people, and powder on a hard base

by Roul Tunley

THE MANAGER of the Toll House Inn at Stowe, Len Shetler, was saying with simple directness how it happened to him: "Skiing is an addiction." Four years ago he and his wife had casually tried skiing one weekend in the Poconos. That was it. Len quit his insurance job in Philadelphia, looked for an opportunity in the skiing industry, and found it there in Vermont. He has been in Stowe ever since. Today, at 33, he says, "I don't know anybody I'd change jobs with."

His words fell on sympathetic ears. I know for a fact that the ski virus can strike at any age. A quarter of a century after getting out of college, I happened to see a ski movie and was moved to

photograph by Stowe News Bureau



Left: Into the sides of Mt. Mansfield are etched some of the finest—and most challenging—ski trails in New England. Above: After a day on the slopes, skiers relax over tea in one of the homy rooms of The Lodge at Smuggler's Notch

photographs by Peter Miller