

The  
**Continental**  
Magazine  
Spring/Summer 1969



**Luxury Comes  
To the Ozarks**

**Houseboats Hit Their Stride  
The Pleasures of Dining on Cape Cod**



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COVER

Is this Acapulco, where divers leap from cliffs? Or the Rhine, where the Lorelei sings from rocks to lure sailors? Neither. It's the Ozarks of Missouri, where such scenes were completely unknown a few years ago and have become common all summer now. Photograph by Zack Zehr

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Memo to  
Our  
Readers



We have experts in this issue of the *Continental Magazine*. HAL HIGDON is expert in writing and running. He's a freelance in both, earning a living with the former, and doing the latter as time permits. At Carleton College he was captain of the track and cross-country squads. After graduation he ran all over Europe, and in 1964 entered the Boston Marathon in which he finished fifth—the first American to finish in the race that year.

Last fall we sent Hal to the Ozarks to report on what's new there. One Sunday he took time out from research to enter the Heart of America Marathon in Missouri and he won. He's won so many races he can't even count his trophies, and sometimes he doesn't even pick the trophies up.

In between all his running, of course, he's writing. Besides magazine articles, he has written five books, the latest called "Pro Football U.S.A." He and his wife and the three children live in Michigan City, Indiana.

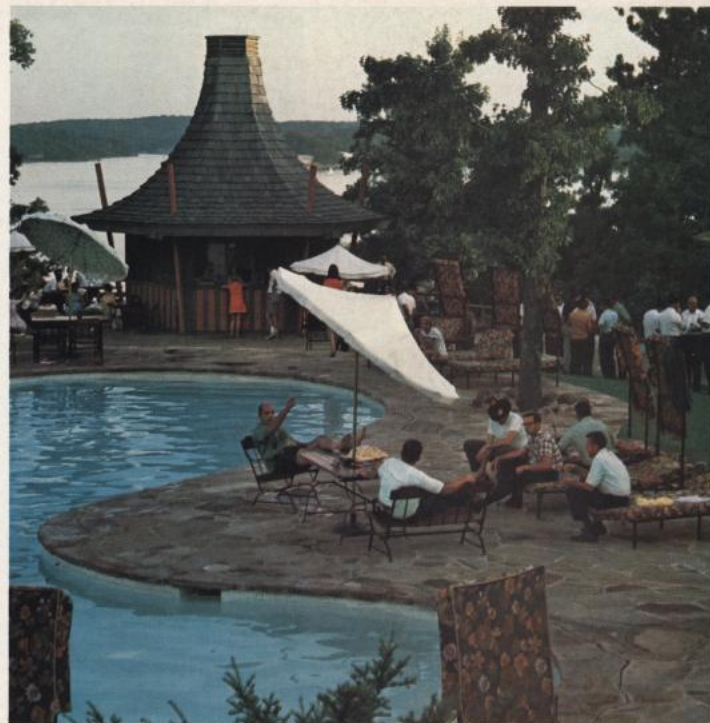


Our next expert is ANTHONY NETBOY, who is expert in salmon. A professor of English and teacher of writing and literature, Mr. Netboy is self-taught on the subject of salmon. Last year he published *The Atlantic Salmon: A Vanishing Species?* (Houghton Mifflin Company), which was highly praised by reviewers, conservationists, and fishermen. He is now writing his third book on salmon. A few years ago he was invited to lecture on Britain's salmon problems by the prestigious British Trout & Salmon Association, of which the Queen Mother, a salmon fisherman, is a patron.



Finally, we have the expertise of MARVIN D. SCHWARTZ, who knows a great deal about Oriental rugs, antique American furniture, art, historic houses, ceramics, enamels, and almost anything you can think of in the field of fine arts. He writes a weekly column on antiques for the *New York Times*. He studied at the Institute of Fine Arts of New York University, has taught at the City University of New York and at Hunter College, and has worked in the Detroit Institute of Arts and the Brooklyn Museum. He has been a consultant in the restoration of many historic houses. As a result of furnishing period rooms in many museums, Mr. Schwartz has learned a good deal about rugs. He also learned about them in furnishing the 1897 house where he and his wife, four children, and a semi-beagle reside in Larchmont, New York.

Pictorial proof of the high style that has blossomed in the Ozarks: at right is a poolside scene with a snack bar in the background; below is a guest room, complete with fireplace and, beyond the curtains, a glass door that leads to the pool (photographs courtesy Lodge of the Four Seasons)



Luxury  
Comes  
to the  
Ozarks

*Once the butt  
of hillbilly jokes,  
these midcontinent  
hills have become  
the site of some  
of the country's most  
splendid resorts*

*by Hal Higdon*



THE IMAGE many people have of the Ozarks has been clouded perhaps by a lifetime of exposure to Li'l Abner. Sure, you can wander back into the hill country of Missouri and Arkansas and encounter wooden shacks with barefoot people living in them who are not hippies. Hillbillies and home brew and rev-e-noo-ers still exist; that's part of the legacy and charm of the region. But recently the good life has come to the Ozarks.

For example, on at least one Ozark island sits a resort where the bathrooms

have gold fixtures. The furniture is hand carved and imported from Spain. A chateaubriand dinner (served by the maitre d' himself) begins at \$14. Such a paradise is Eden Isle on which is situated the Red Apple Inn. Though unique, the Red Apple is not alone. Mushrooming luxury resorts and numerous other fine motels and lodges are transforming the once mysterious and isolated Ozarks into an incomparably splendid resort area.

The reason is the dams. The many streams rushing between steep limestone bluffs provided natural targets for hydro-

electric engineers. So one by one, beginning four decades ago, dams started to appear on the Osage, the White, the Norfolk, and the Little Red rivers. The waters rising behind the concrete walls formed deep, clear, finger lakes and soon came boaters, fishermen, water skiers, and then motel and restaurant owners.

A proposed dam on the Little Red River attracted Herbert Thomas in 1962. "I had never done anything like this before," says Thomas, founder of the Red Apple Inn. "I spent my life in insurance and banking. But I'm project-minded. I