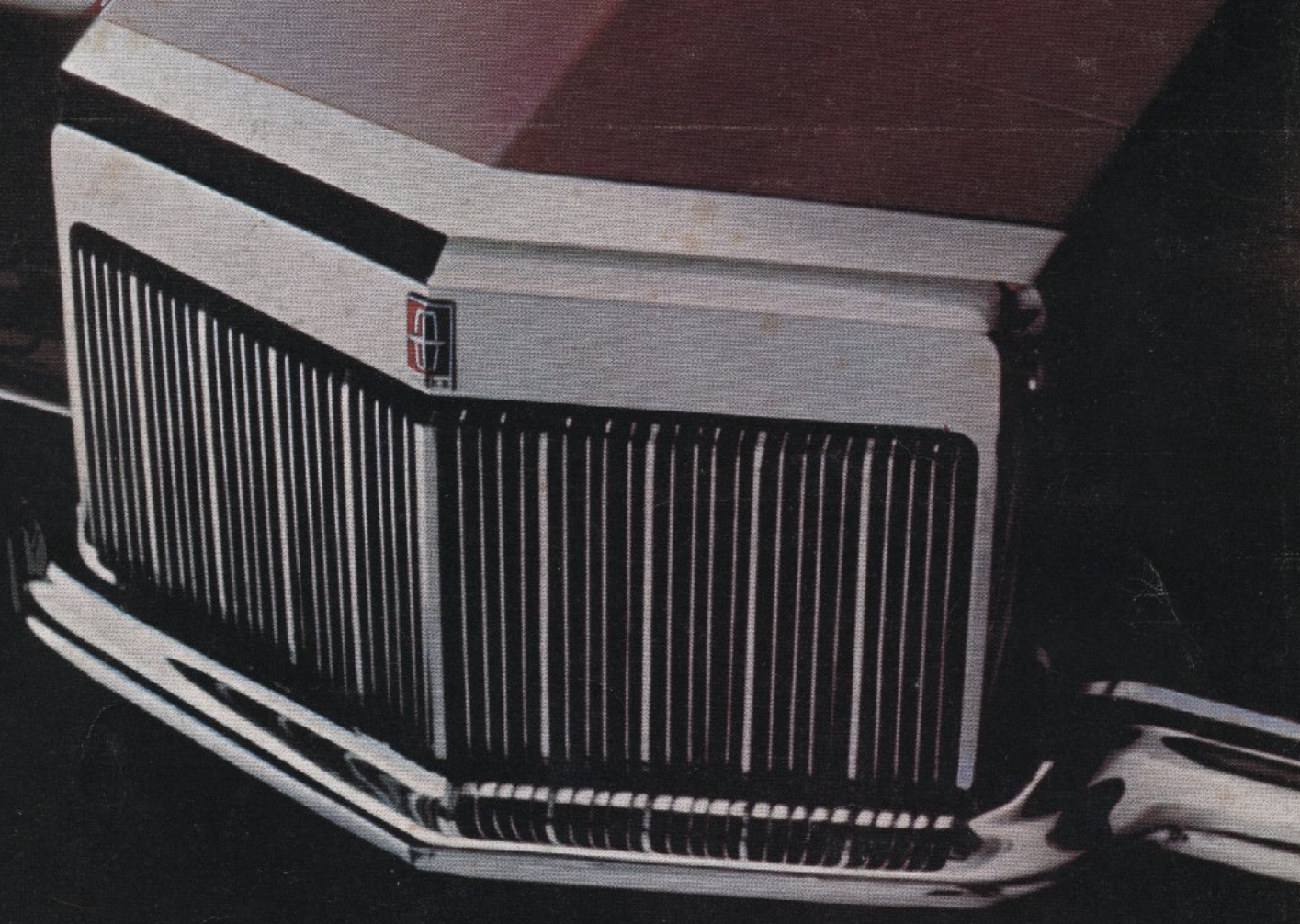


the
Continental
magazine

Spring 1968



Introducing the Continental Mark III

Lordly Vacationlands of the Canadian Rockies

Custom-made Sports Equipment



THE CONTINENTAL MARK III.

The most authoritatively styled, decisively individual motor car of this generation. From the Lincoln-Mercury Division of Ford Motor Company.

The MARK III

THIS is the Continental Mark III, a worthy successor to the classic Continentals . . . a continuation of the basic personal-car concepts originally expressed in Edsel Ford's Mark I and further developed in the Mark II.

The Continental Mark III, however, is thoroughly contemporary in looks and appeal. Its basic design elements—long hood, vertically styled grille, intimate passenger compartment, and Continental rear deck—are borrowed from the past, but they are ingeniously combined with such modern touches as concealed dual headlamps, low silhouette, and custom pinstripes. The result is the Continental Mark III.

This car is meant to be driven and enjoyed. It is as beautiful on the inside as it is out. The glove-soft leather and vinyl upholstery is rich and pliable. Interiors

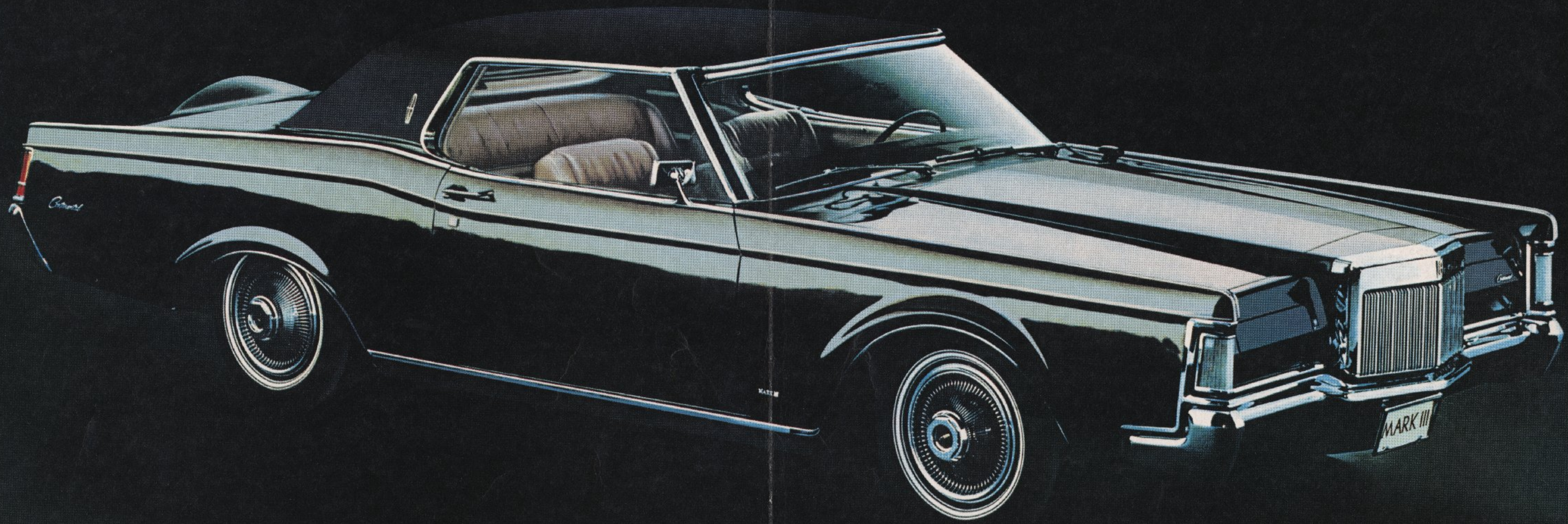
are accented by simulated East Indian Rosewood or English Oak paneling appliqué. The floors and lower door panels are covered with deep-cut pile carpeting.

The automatic transmission is standard. So are power steering, power front disc brakes, power windows, power seat, concealed dual headlamps, and other luxury items befitting a motor car of the Mark III stature. The options include automatic temperature control, rear window defogger, tilt steering wheel, and a variety of music systems.

It is equipped with a new 365 horsepower, 460-cubic-inch V-8 engine—the most advanced V-8 in the industry—featuring the latest precision-engineered, lightweight, deep-breathing design.

This superb combination of luxury, classic styling, and power has only one name: Continental Mark III.





the Continental magazine

Spring 1968

Vol. 8 No. 2

CONTENTS

Continental Mark III.....	1
The Canadian Rockies— Lordliest Vacationlands on the Continent....	3
Mac Reynolds	
Sunday Brunch in New York.....	7
Catherine McBride	
The Beautiful 1968 Lincoln Continentals.....	10
Have Your Sports Equipment Made to Measure.....	12
Paul Stewart	
Ideas in Vacation Houses.....	14
George Whitney	
Shopping in the Virgin Islands.....	18
Mariette Anderson	
Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners.....	21

COVER—Never before in the eight years' history of this magazine has an automobile been pictured on its front cover. On occasion, with the introduction of each Lincoln Continental in the fall, we have been tempted, but modesty always won over pride. This time the circumstances are different. The Continental Mark III is too significant an automotive event to be treated casually. We are proud to use both sides of our cover and the first page to show you how magnificent this new car is.

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gar Laux, *Chairman*; Ray A. Ablondi, Robert J. Fisher, Walter T. Murphy, Frank E. Zimmerman, Jr.

EDITORIAL STAFF: Fred Thompson, *Publications Manager*; Frederic W. Fairfield, *Editorial Director*; Robert M. Hodesh, *Managing Editor*; John C. Weigel, *Art Director*; Leonard P. Johnson and Franklin J. Lent, *Art and Design Editors*; Burgess H. Scott, *Technical Editor*; Nancy Kennedy, *Women's Editor*.

Editorial correspondence should be addressed to the CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE, Room 960, Central Office Building, Ford Motor Company, 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 © 1968, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved.

Memo to Our Readers



It's nice to meet up with a fellow whose job and hobby provide him with a wonderful good time. VERNON SMITH, who took the pictures illustrating the story on custom sports equipment, has been dividing himself between film and music since he was a kid in the coal and steel town of Midland, Pennsylvania, where he was born. His family was musical and there was always a horn or sax or trombone somewhere around. It was the trumpet that finally took most of his attention and he became so adept that he used to sit in with the likes of Earl Hines, Duke Ellington, Charlie Barnett, and Fletcher Henderson. (During World War II he played horn in a Navy band in Hawaii.)

More or less simultaneously, he fooled around with cameras, and because photography offered a more certain livelihood he became a professional by studying under the GI bill in California. While out on the Coast he got into movies marginally and played bit parts in a few pictures.

Music isn't behind him, but he's switched instruments. Now, when he's out of town on an assignment, he sits in a hotel or motel room and practices guitar, often for as much as three hours. As soon as he strikes up a chord, people start gathering around.



Now, what are we to make of GEORGE MACDONALD REYNOLDS, who has written for us on the Canadian Rockies? He says that when he was a boy in the Lake Erie summer resort town of Port Dover, Ontario, he had a Boston terrier named Bozo. Across the lake there was a family in Erie, Pennsylvania, that also thought it owned Bozo and Bozo used to travel back and forth on a ferry. Can you believe it?

An editorial writer for the *Vancouver Sun*, he has won Canada's National Newspaper Award (comparable to our Pulitzer Prize) for feature writing about the Wood Buffalo Park in the Northwest Territories. He used to stampede the buffalo, which are bigger than Plains buffalo, into a corral by buzzing them in a De Havilland Beaver.

Mr. Reynolds has been over and through the Canadian Rockies by plane, train, and car so many times he feels like a commuter. Last summer he took his wife, son and daughter on a three-week camping trip through the national parks of the region he has written about for us.



Maligne Lake near Jasper, one of hundreds in the solitudes of the Canadian Rockies. Photograph by Harry Rowed

The Canadian Rockies Lordliest Vacationlands on the Continent

Though the names—Banff, Lake Louise, Jasper—are familiar to all, only those who really know can sense the majesty of this high country

by Mac Reynolds

THE INESCAPABLE fact of the park system of the Canadian Rockies is that it is full of mountains. This is not the cliché it may appear to be at first. One must be among them to realize the multiplicity of obvious and not-so-obvious ways in which these mountains impinge on the consciousness at every turn.

Magnificent, overwhelming, demanding, they are seen reflected in the water goblets when one dines in the great castellated hotels of Banff and Lake Louise. On an amethyst lake a trout

fisherman drops his Royal Coachman into their rippled image. Passengers in pretty snowmobiles are riding the Columbia Ice Field, largest in North America below the Arctic Circle, through the courtesy of those incredible mountains.

Up their slopes, in Pullman-size gondola cars, go families to gather alpine flowers. The golfer, teeing his ball over

a river gorge, seeks a green blasted out of live mountain granite. The photographer focussing on a foraging elk herd, or inquisitive bears, or Rocky Mountain sheep, compensates for glare from an 8,000-foot snowcap.

The crags of the Canadian Rocky Mountain parks crowd the steaming hot springs, the forest campsites, and the English bone china shops of Banff and Jasper townsites, and while they no longer are the only show in town they remain the makings of a holiday

playground of the most amazing versatility.

This unlikely Camelot in the southern Canadian Rockies—"sixty Switzerlands in one" in the more practical words of the international mountain climber, Edward Whymper—is less a park than a domain. The four contiguous national parks of Kootenay, Yoho, Banff, and Jasper constitute 8,000 square miles in themselves. But as they are flanked by both national and provincial parks in neighboring ranges, the whole vast mountain barrier between the ranchlands of western Alberta and the valley stump farms of eastern British Columbia becomes in effect a single recreational preserve.

Like the mountains, which a dutifully proud government identifies with roadside directional fingers, the park complex is inescapable. The traveler who turns west at Calgary, east at Vancouver or north at Butte or Boise is almost bound to end up beside a Rocky park landmark such as Angel Glacier (whose meltwaters flow lugubriously into the Lake of Forgiveness at the base of Mount Sorrow), there to learn what globe-trotting royal-

ty, Hollywood movie-makers and Tin Pan Alley song-pluggers have been so lyrical about all these years.

Along with the parks' liquor laws (it used to be joked that a visitor had to send to Toronto for a cocktail) much has changed in the high country since the days when it was an exclusive way-stop for a Prince of Wales or a King of Siam or a Maharaja of Indore or traveling ladies from Philadelphia. The tandem locomotives of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which broached the Rockies to save the Canadian West from Yankee traders, and unlocked the hot springs and spawned the resort hotels in their passing, are still there. So are the great mountain inns, the replicas of French chateaus and Swiss chalets built by the railway barons for the titled barons.

But the latter barons wouldn't recognize the travelers who, communing with nature in summer and T-barred ski slopes in winter, have taken their place. The spaces so long marked "valet" and "chauffeur" on the registration cards of the grand hotels are a relic. A shrewd, free-wheeling, comparison-shopping generation for which the Rockies are an

end, not a waystop, is slicing the wine-marinated buffalo steak, dancing with the red-coated Mounties duty-posted to the ballroom, riding the pack trains into the canyons, canoeing the mirror lakes, and shopping for Eskimo carvings and Indian sweaters along the bustling main streets of Jasper and Banff.

The Canadian Rockies didn't rush into the motoring age. The bisecting Trans-Canada Highway, with its gentle, landscaped grades, hardly has had time to set and the paving on the Ice Field Highway, skirting the Columbia Ice Field on its 149 scenic miles from Lake Louise north to Jasper, is newer still. But the high country now has made its accommodation with the wheel, and the Great American Tourist behind it, and because of a Canadian government pledged to maintain the parks unimpaired for all the people, all the time, it is a gracious accommodation.

The roads in and out of and through the parks are a joy, leaving to history the gravel-top days when the only civilized way to enter the Rockies was by

transcontinental train. The Trans-Canada Highway has made the Rockies only a minor obstruction, and there are good north-south highways on both sides of the parks. The Icefield Highway climbing through an almost overwhelming display of snowy peaks must rate as one of the most exciting drives anywhere.

He comes, our tourist, up the valley of the beautiful Bow River from the cow and oil city of Calgary (probably wearing a white ten-gallon hat if he stopped off for the Stampede), over the high-speed Rogers Pass from Vancouver, or along the leisurely Banff-Windermere highway from the U. S. border.

He comes equipped, usually, with family and flyrod and camera and Bermuda shorts (although, to mock the "average

65-75 degree summer daytime temperatures" of the Banff and Jasper tourist bureaus, it can snow in midsummer too), often towing a monstrous trailer but rarely a power boat, because the Canadian Rocky parks offer him only one lake on which he is privileged to use gasoline engines.

In this country of infinite surprises he is surprised, nevertheless, around every turn of the road, and not his least surprise is to find, rising among the half-billion-year-old crags, the likes of Banff Springs Hotel and Chateau Lake Louise. There is a broad mosaic of accommodation in the controlled townsite areas of the Rocky Parks—never enough, of course, and visitors are warned to reserve in advance—but it's all resigned to being hidden by the feudal shadows

of these railway inns. They are epic. Nobody is feudal enough to build hotels like them anymore.

Banff Springs Hotel cost \$37 million when CPR masons built it in 1913 out of the granite of nearby Mount Rundle and it shows every penny of that. Turreted, terraced, crouched in a lovely valley yet still 4,625 feet above sea level (the chefs must boil a three-minute egg for four and a half minutes because of the altitude, by the way), this 589-room center for mountain sight-seeing is itself one of the marvellous sights of the Rockies.

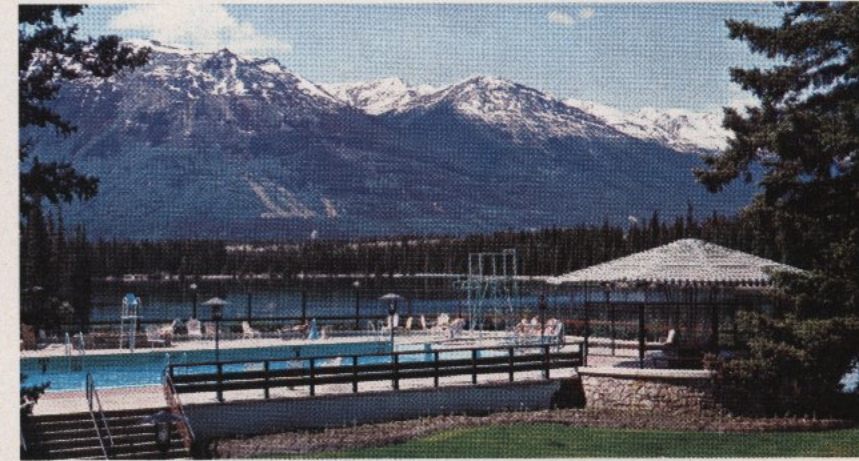
Like its sister chateau at Lake Louise and the Canadian National Railway's modern Jasper Park Lodge, where waiters deliver the champagne and poached Pacific salmon to guests' private cottages on bicycles, Banff Springs Hotel operates summertime only, asks and gets the sort of prices expected at international resort hotels, tends to attract a mature clientele (95 percent American), and warms to people who book a year ahead.

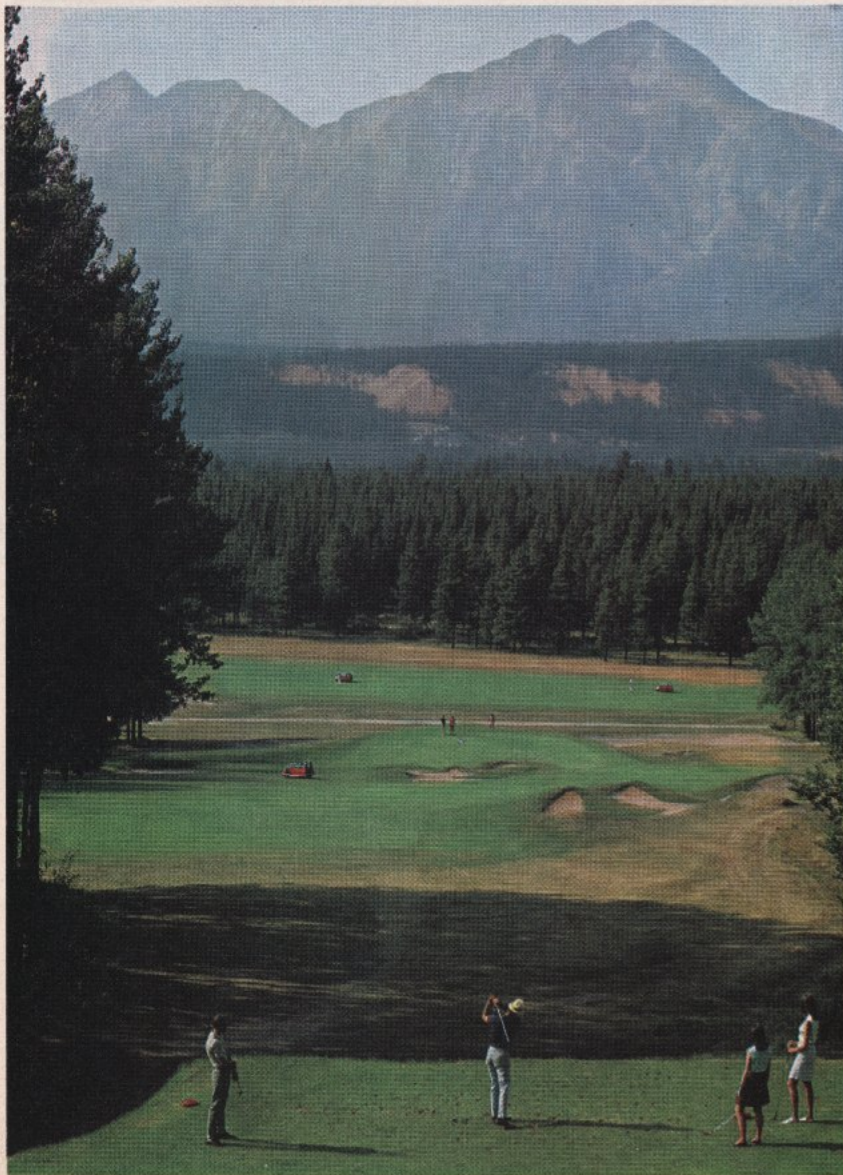
Jasper Park Lodge, the most northerly of the grand hotels of the Rockies, concedes Banff Springs Hotel its baroque

Luxury of the kind exemplified by Jasper Lake Lodge is not uncommon in the Rockies. This is the lodge on a summer evening, just as the lights come on (CNR photograph)



The mountains, the facilities, and the air turn guests toward enjoyable exertion. Above, hikers have stopped on Parker Ridge at a cairn between Banff and Jasper (photograph by Rowed); right: the swimming pool at Jasper Lake Lodge is a necessity because natural waters are often brutally cold; below: riders making their way across a meadow in the Tonquin Valley in Jasper National Park (CNR photographs)





splendor and Chateau Lake Louise its Gallic delicacy, its massed poppy gardens, and its exquisite lake. It offers, instead, privacy, more rugged scenery, bigger and brasher wildlife, and a spectacular championship golf course where bears are quite likely to be showering under the sprayers on the greens or swatting balls to better lies along the fairway. Its big Banff competitor has a golf course, too, with the canyon of the Bow River a notable hazard, but the Jasper layout, engineered out of blasted rock and cushioned with trainloads of soil brought in from more pastoral places, is favored by mountain golfers.

The bulk of the visitors to Canada's Rocky parks put up, of course, in federal campsites and in the government-inspected townsite hotels and motels where what the bureaucrats call the "satisfaction rate" among guests is more than 90 per cent. They see the grand hotels, for the most part, only from glass-roofed sight-seeing buses—one more spectacle, one more experience, to put alongside their exploration of the icefield moraines, casting for Dolly Varden and cutthroat trout, watching Indian jamborees, and taking tea on the high plateaus.

With a little hustle they may find that single drop of rain which, falling on the Great Divide of America, is supposed to split into parts that end up in the Arctic, Atlantic, and Pacific oceans. Or Mount Burgess, the mountain on the back of Canada's \$10 bills. But if these escape them, they still will have found something pretty rare in this day of galloping suburbia: a taste of the primeval, for all the superimposed carnival and opulence, and a look at the way things were.

Now will you understand why some of us kicked up a mighty fuss at the prospect that the Winter Olympics would be awarded to Banff National Park? We won, too—we sent the Olympics people looking elsewhere and we kept our mountains to ourselves. That is, ourselves and the kind of visitors we feel are more sensitive to what we have to offer, to the natural rhythm of our ways.

Above: the Banff Springs Hotel sits like a baronial castle amidst the peaks in Banff National Park, Alberta (photograph from the Canadian Pacific); below: the ninth hole at Jasper Lake Lodge (CNR photograph)

Sunday Brunch in New York

It was perfected in New York and is emulated everywhere—a meal with a special mood and a unique menu

by Catherine McBride



SUNDAY IN NEW YORK is a play that's been running for years. It has a mammoth cast of beautiful people, all with that sense of style that has nothing to do with dress but everything to do with the times. The setting changes with the seasons, takes on color, even becomes overlaid with white, but that's the backdrop.

The forestage is the city, and the people on it are in a joyous mood and playing their roles with the leisure to savor this day and the affluence to get the best from it. The first scene opens in one of the great or small restaurants of midtown and the occasion is brunch. It's a time for meeting friends and breaking fast with them, for laughter and conversation. For Sunday in New York is not like anyplace else in the world.

Other cities, other countries have tried to emulate the mood, but the charisma seems to prefer New York. London

has tried the idea of brunch in some of its restaurants, but Londoners like it much better in country homes, and that takes a whole weekend. San Francisco has succeeded to some extent, and perhaps that's because it, too, is concentrated, both in area and in mood. But New York is special, and if New York didn't invent Sunday, it invented the pleasures that make it what it is. And it gave brunch the importance it deserves.

Of course, the restaurants helped by making the repast an occasion, by providing special dishes and all the refinements that service can add. Two of the most popular in midtown are high in Manhattan towers, with superb views. One is in the Time and Life Building, and the other is a few blocks away, in the R.C.A. Building.

The Tower Suite is forty-eight floors above the city at Sixth Avenue and 50th Street. When opened seven years ago it

was said to reflect the mood of a contemporary New York penthouse. Today people compare it to dining in the home of an exceedingly rich uncle. Having Sunday brunch here is an experience not to be missed; the room may be filled with people but quietness abounds, the food is extraordinarily good, the service impeccable, and you don't need a window table to see beyond the walls: no matter where you sit the mirrored panels set between tall windows reflect the upper half of the city and across the Hudson to New Jersey.

The Tower Suite is open to the public for brunch on Sunday from twelve to three. There is no menu at any time. The food is brought to the table on a serving cart, and selection is as much by eye appeal as by habit, which is fine for the first meal of the day. Bloody Marys and other drinks start arriving at the tables a little after one, when the bar opens, and white wine or champagne are not unusual.

The first course consists of fresh fruit juices and wonderful breads: brioches and croissants served with a variety of jams and preserves. Next there is a selection from the fresh fruits and sea foods cart, and a clear or a cream soup. The main course may be an excellent spiced crabmeat cake with ginger sauce, or one of the many omelettes prepared tableside, or perhaps red caviar in sour cream. Afterwards, there is a selection of cheeses or a lemon crêpe flambé, and dried fruits and nuts served with the coffee. The cost is \$6.

Brunch at the Rainbow Room, on the sixty-fifth floor of the R.C.A. Building at Thirty Rockefeller Plaza, was begun as a Sunday-only idea, hours twelve to three, and was so successful that Saturday brunch was added. The room has all the magnificence of the Thirties, when it was opened. It has great ceilings, immense windows, glittering chandeliers, and an air of opulence that has stayed with it all these years. The views are startlingly beautiful; on a clear day you can see the Statue of Liberty and the Verrazano Narrows Bridge from one side, the East River with its small traffic from another, and Central Park and the Palisades from the north. There are only a certain number of window tables, but after brunch it is permissible to saunter around, getting the panoramic view.

Here brunch leans a little more to the luncheon side; you can eat lightly if you choose, perhaps fruit, eggs Benedict, cheese, or dessert and coffee; or

you can prepare yourself for a round of activities with pâté of shrimp *en crôte* or galantine of chicken as an hors d'oeuvre; a Bloody Mary soup; filet mignon in red wine with marrow and chives, and a chocolate mousse. Brunch is \$6 both days.

Three of the hotels that New Yorkers find delightful for brunch are Delmonico's, The Plaza, and Essex House, all in the same area, the first at Park Avenue and 59th Street, the second straight over at Fifth, the third at Central Park South near Seventh Avenue.

Delmonico's opened its new restaurant two years ago and instituted brunch on both Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday it is served from twelve-thirty to four, on Sunday from twelve-thirty until ten. (The price is \$8.) The new restaurant is a large and beautiful room, designed by Valerian Rybar in cheerful colors that women like.

On both days, an enormous buffet is spread across one section of the room and the idea is to go up for a tour with the captain, and if the mind is capable of taking in quite a number of things at once, to go back to the table and order the brunch from that one view. The buffet is so varied it would take almost all day to have one of each, but then, on Sunday there is plenty of time.

There are fruits, of course, and juices, and shrimps and pâtés and every other hors d'oeuvre that you can name, almost, and salads of all kinds, and some wonderful baked beans, and more entrees than a menu could list, including the deviled beef bones for which only a few restaurants are famous. Favorite drink here is kir: white wine with Cassis.

The Plaza's Palm Court, where brunch is served on Sunday from eleven to two-thirty, is about as famous as any room in any hotel anywhere. It has a turn-of-the-century elegance, and its palms, fountains, and marble are reminiscent of the old European palace-hotels. There are always things going on on its perimeter; it's as "in" a place as it was in Scott Fitzgerald's time.

Here, too, brunch is served from a buffet, and the price is fixed at \$3.95: half grapefruit, fresh juices, or fresh fruit cocktail; eggs Benedict, creamed chicken on toast; browned corned beef hash, or scrambled eggs garnished with bacon, sausages, or ham.

Essex House says with the quietness of authority that it was the first hotel in New York city to feature Sunday brunch. Originally designed to appeal

to strollers on their way out of Central Park just across the street, its brunch now seems to attract those who prefer the infinite variety of the park's four seasons from a comfortable chair, while they're enjoying such hearty fare as broiled kippered herring with scrambled eggs or wheat cakes with sausages or an unusual creamed chicken hash. It has kept its original name, the Sunday Strollers Brunch (\$4.50), and is served in the Casino-on-the-Park, a handsome dining room, with a long block of windows overlooking the park. Window reservations are hard to come by, but almost any place in the dining room's raised gallery has a splendid view.

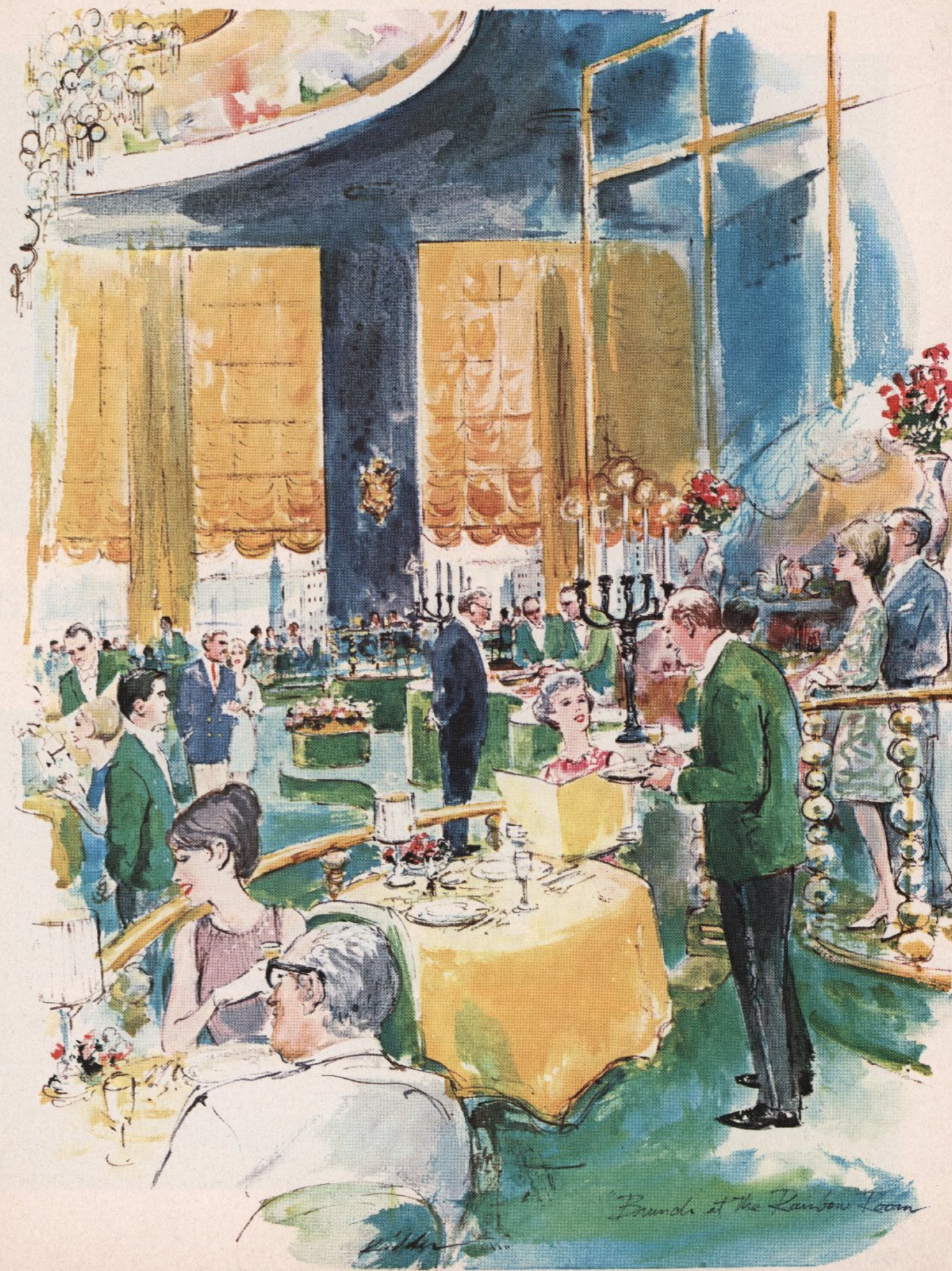
Charley O's, 33 West 48th Street, calls itself a "bar & grill & bar" and is the newest of the places for brunch, but it looks old because it has a lot of beautifully seasoned wood panels and beams, some lovely etched glass partitioning off the rooms, a dark Irish green on the walls, and great heavy old bars; aficionados wouldn't have it any other way. It's the most informal place; even the waiters wear sweaters for Sunday brunch — Aran sweaters, that is — and most of the patrons are people who live nearby and stop in with their Sunday paper.

Drinks most popular here include Irish milk punch, a champagne orange (orange juice with curaçao and a float of champagne) and Irish coffee. The first course could be chilled melon with ground ginger, or hot clam broth, or porridge oats with honey and cream.

The entree determines the price of the brunch (from \$2.75 to \$5.50): Limerick ham steak and eggs, poached finnan haddie with mustard sauce, smoked kippers and scrambled eggs; or hash or steak or lamb chops or half a dozen others, including glazed apple pancake that's as big around as a big dinner plate and about as high as any we've seen. Dessert is barmbrack, a sweet cake with raisins.

Daly's Dandelion, owned by Skitch Henderson, is a pub that has a Sunday brunch, and one Sunday a month it honors a celebrity and his friends. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McRae were the first and Cary Grant, Salvador Dali, and Allen King are on the list. Featured will be the celebrity's favorite brunch, but paying guests don't have to be that agreeable in their selection. Daly's Dandelion is at Third Avenue and 61st.

And thus in New York Sunday begins, and the beginning is the wherewithal for a day that abounds in conversation, in joie de vivre, in — well, in that certain something that can only be explained by calling it Sunday in New York.

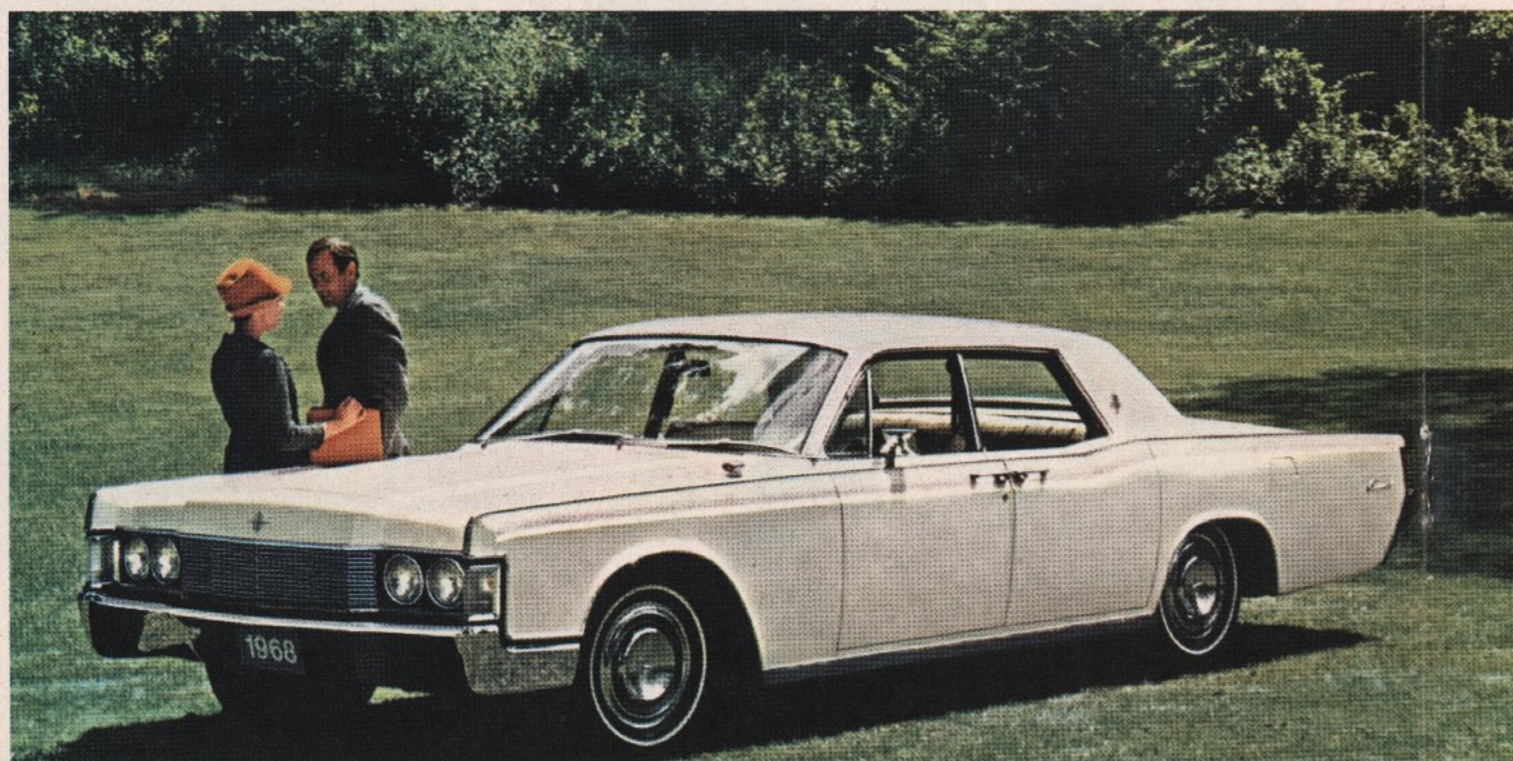


Brunch at the Rainbow Room



The Beautiful Lincoln Continentals

A four-door sedan and two-door Coupé are the 1968 models



TWO MODELS of the Lincoln Continental are available—a four-door sedan and a two-door Coupé. Each is shown in the pictures on the opposite page and each represents unique automotive elegance without stint or compromise.

Open moldings of the front grille give the Continental a bolder look in 1968. The parking lights and the taillights now wrap around in such a way that when they are in use they can be seen from the sides as well as from front and rear.

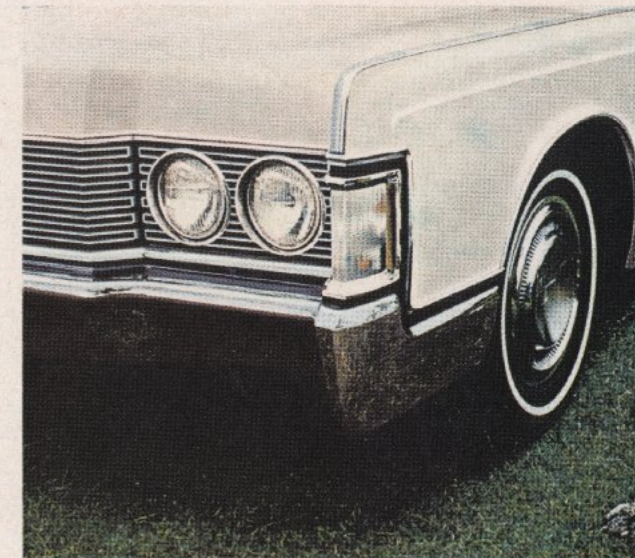
The interior of the car is a perfectionist's delight. The front seat is padded five and a half inches deep and its power control has been engineered and tested to move you into the best position in only a few seconds. Fabrics are selected to resist snags and tested to resist soil. The leathers are dyed all the way through so that surface scratches won't show.

A casual glance inside reflects the attention paid to the luxury car buyer's needs. The upholstery has been woven to look like a rich brocade, and the carpeting almost suggests that you take your shoes off.

Even the interior lighting has been given special attention. There are lights for ashtrays, reading, glove box, maps, trunk, and as nighttime aids for getting in and out of the car. In addition there are warning and reminder lights: seat belts, dual brake system, low fuel, engine temperature, alternator, and oil pressure.

The luggage compartment is fully lined. There are folding armrests both front and rear. Undercoating is part of the manufacturing process. The horns have been tuned to avoid harsh tones.

Much attention has been paid to details never seen. The drive shaft is insulated by rubber. An altimeter is built into the transmission to make certain that the Lincoln Continental shifts as smoothly in the Rockies as it does on the plains. The car is checked more than 2,000 times during its manufacture and given a 12-mile road test for even more checking and testing.



Top: open moldings of the grille are a mark of elegance; center: walnut appliqué sets the tone of a newly-designed panel; bottom: like the parking lights, the taillights wrap around

Have Your Sports Equipment Made to Measure

Whether you shoot, skin-dive, snowshoe, surf—or just walk—there are craftsmen to custom-make your gear for more pleasure and better performance

by Paul Stewart

QUITE A NUMBER of athletes—both amateur and professional—enjoy sporting equipment made to their measure. Several factors figure in this, among them wealth and vanity, but probably the most important is the development of skill. It's a fact that a serve, a drive, a stroke, a surfer's control, or whatever, can be improved if the particular piece of equipment involved is made to fit a particular hand, leg, foot, or personal characteristic.

Makers of custom sporting equipment are legion throughout the country. Many are in New York, some are tucked away in New England valleys, some are out on the Coast. They cover almost every sport you can think of, including billiards, fencing, mountain climbing, strolling, golf, tennis, bowling, and fishing.

Only a fraction can be covered in this brief space, but here are a few, beginning with surfing, which is largely a sport of youth at present but is growing speedily wherever a wave can be found and will ultimately attract the interest of grownups who have some sense of adventure left. Hobie Alter, a Californian whose name is spoken reverently by every surf-happy teenager, is the man to consult about a personal surfboard. A master surfboard maker, he is riding the sport's wave of popularity with his attention to custom design.

Expect Hobie to ask you your height, weight, sex, previous athletic experience, and general agility. These factors determine the size of the board. Then, too, you must tell him where you will use the board. A surfboard designed to handle the big Hawaiian surf will differ in contour from one made for the smaller California or East Coast waves.

To order a board, write to Hobie Alter at 34195 Pacific Coast Highway in Dana Point, California 92629. He will either fill your order directly or route it through one of his many dealers on both coasts (the East Coast has some really first-rate surfing spots). A Hobie board—without custom flourishes of design—costs between \$160 for a nine-footer and \$200 for what surfers call a "big gun." Such a

board is used to shoot the big Hawaiian waves that sometimes reach 20 or 30 feet.

If you prefer to shoot big game rather than big waves, James Purdey & Sons, Ltd., of London, are the custom specialists in this sport. They began making distinctive firearms during the reign of King George III some 150 years ago. Fortunately for American sportsmen, the Purdey people have an American representative: Abercrombie & Fitch, 360 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

Ordering a Purdey is no simple matter. Here in America, the Abercrombie salesmen take into consideration such factors as a comfortable trigger length, the width of the shoulders, the height of the eyes from the shoulders, and the strength of each eye. It practically goes without saying that Purdey will make a gun for either a right- or left-handed person. If you are so fortunate as to be in England, a Purdey man will take you to the firm's private shooting grounds where trained observers carefully note your style.

When an order is received, a Purdey team is put into action. This team consists of a barrel-maker, an actioner, an ejector man, a stocker, a polisher, an engraver, and a finisher or assembly man. This entire process takes up to twenty-four months from receipt of order to delivery to the customer.

A Purdey can cost thousands. Each of the outstanding craftsmen involved signs his initials on his part of the production—much the way an artist signs a piece of sculpture. Naturally, the firm will always repair, overhaul, or refurbish your Purdey through the years at appropriate service charges.

When W. D. "Bo" Randall says he has an edge on his competition, he isn't kidding. Randall knives are renowned among underwater sportsmen, big game hunters, fishermen, and even astronauts. Indeed, Randall made special survival knives for the original seven Mercury astronauts. So good did the spacemen think the knife that Randall put it into his catalog. The "Astro" is designed as an indestructible utility knife. It costs \$40.

Much of the Randall business comes from professional hunters and fishermen. Since waiting time for a Randall knife is already eighteen months, the firm naturally prefers to keep nonessential custom touches to a minimum. The customer does get a choice of materials for both the hilt and handle. Handles, though, can be made of almost anything: leather (standard), rosewood, ebony, walnut, East Indian staghorn, or even Micarta, the indestructible new plastic. Nameplates or compasses (set into handles) are extra. If you still want Randall to make a knife to your very own design, expect the cost to be higher.

While a handle or hilt is important to the knife's performance, the blade is what makes the Randall knife so famous. Each one (except the stainless steel used in the skindiver's model) is made of high-carbon Swedish steel. All are hand-forged and hand-ground.

A Randall dealer loves to tell this apparently apocryphal story about "Bo" Randall. Once a cranky customer complained that his Bowie knife was dull. "Bo" passed it over a sharpening stone three or four times and then turned to the customer once again, shaving the hair off the man's forearm with one pass. "Sharp enough for you?" he asked.

Send for the Randall catalog by writing to Randall-Made Knives, 4857 South Orange Blossom Trail, Orlando, Florida 32809. It is filled with fascinating information about the twenty-one basic Randall knives in particular, and about knives in general. Such models as the "Fisherman" (\$27.50), the "Skindiver" (\$40), and the "Big Game Hunter" (\$29) are perennially popular with sportsmen. Of course, they last a lifetime with normal use.

If even the thought of such muscular sports as golfing, hunting, and surfing leaves you pale and panting, then Don Kooker, of Point Pleasant, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, will tell you in no uncertain terms: "Take a walk."

He does this for a very good reason. He makes walking sticks. In fact, the

Kooker family firm probably makes more hand-made, hand-rubbed walnut sticks than any other in the world. Bucks County walking sticks are handsome, glowing pieces of stout Missouri walnut embellished only by a sterling silver crest and a brass tip.

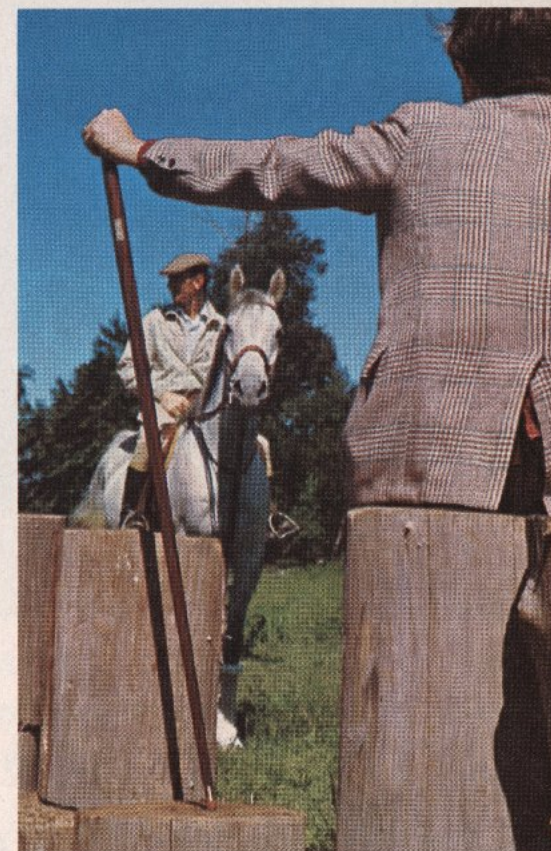
The sticks themselves are made in six lengths ranging from 31 to 46 inches, depending upon the customer's strength or ego. "Some people just like to carry a big stick," he explains. "Others, especially the ladies, prefer a shorter, lighter stick for walking."

But, no matter if you order the 31-inch "Woodland Nymph" or the 46-inch "He-Man-Staff," Kooker's price is the same: a flat \$40. The firm will add one custom touch to everyone's order upon request. For an extra \$5, they will engrave a brass plate on a stick with the customer's initials.

Tennis players have a great number of trade names to choose from when selecting a racquet, but Stanley J. Feron, 55 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017, makes racquets in which he takes into account a player's wishes in webbing and size of grip. If you want to ram the ball into the opposite court half an inch above the net, perhaps Mr. Feron can help you achieve it.

Finally, here are three makers of rather specialized sporting goods: Castello Fencing Equipment Co., Inc., 30 East 10th Street, New York, New York 10003, for foils with specially made handles and face masks meant for you alone; Bowery Billiard Tables and Supply Company, 198 The Bowery, New York, New York 10012, for those who relish a friendly hustle in the comfort of their basement billiard rooms; and Vermont Tubbs Products, Inc., Wallingford, Vermont 05773, for snowshoes designed for cross-country exercise or small game hunting in deep snow.

What all the foregoing have in common are the three dimensions of custom sporting gear: performance, esthetics, and lastly and perhaps most importantly, the sheer pleasure of owning the finest equipment wrought by the hand of man.



At top, experts appraise a Purdey gun in a gun room at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York; a custom-made Purdey takes into account a gunner's physical characteristics and his shooting habits. Above, a diver examines his Randall knife, developed especially for his interests as an underwater hunter. At right, a custom-made walking stick by Don Kooker of Bucks County, Pennsylvania; it combines stylishness with genuine practicality. Below, a watersprite with one of Hobie Alter's special surfboards; this one is for East coast waves and a girl's stamina





Ideas in Vacation Houses

Here's how some designers are achieving modest luxury and low cost in limited space

by George Whitney

A GREAT DEAL of ingenuity and creativity have been applied to the subject of housing in this country. Almost as soon as the first settlers arrived, men skilled in ship building used their knowledge to make beautiful and long-lasting homes under severe restrictions of materials and space.

The past twenty years have seen much talent brought to bear on houses intended mainly for vacations. During this period the four-week vacation and the long weekend have become part of



life at almost every level of society, appearing nearly simultaneously with the two-house and multi-car family.

The second house has occupied the attention of many architects and designers, especially those interested in fulfilling its special needs. The first of these, probably, is economy, because



Opposite page: two views of the stressed plywood Unidome by C. William Moss (photographs by Phillip Davis); above: Gazebo Vacation Home, whose peaked roof and louvered sides make a small room capacious (photograph from Uniroyal)

a house is often a costly matter, particularly one that may not be used more than a few months a year.

Economy leads to a careful treading of the fine line between simplicity and luxury, between minimum outside dimensions and maximum use of inside space, between durability and portability. And all this is further complicated by the fact that tastes are more sophisticated. Not often will people settle for a shack in the woods. They are interested in esthetics and good plumbing.

On these and the succeeding two pages are four examples of the ways in which designers have faced the vacation home challenge. We have chosen them from among many others because of the ways in which they achieve charm, attractiveness, and usefulness without neglecting budgetary restraints.

The opposite page shows two views of the Unidome, which is expected to

reach the market this summer. The structure is made of 20 triangular plywood panels, each 12 feet long with a four-foot base. It can be assembled by two persons in four hours. Each triangle is set into a pre-built base, after which its point is bent down and held in place until an adjacent triangle is also bent. Then the two panels are joined by a special locking device, and the process is repeated until the circle is complete, with two or three panels left out to insert prefab windows and a door. When all the panels have been bent and locked, there is an open circle overhead, into which a skylight is inserted.

The finished dome is 25 feet in diameter and ten feet high. For transporting the components the panels are put into a package 12 feet long and four feet square. A separate and smaller package contains the door, skylight, and windows. The base on which the dome is set must be built in advance.

Also now being planned is a 15-foot

Unidome which can be connected to the larger one via a passageway, to serve as a bedroom, kitchen, or utility room. By itself, the Unidome is essentially a structure near the main house as a music room, for parties, or as a study. With the smaller dome attached, it becomes a true vacation set-up for days, weeks, or months.

The Unidome was designed by C. William Moss, who also designed the Pop Tent, Wing Tent, Paradome, and other structures that have introduced new beauty and usefulness in the outdoors. He is now designing furniture for the Unidome, using the same engineering principle as in the Unidome itself: plywood under stress.

The Unidome and its furniture are being built by General Engineering of Andrews, Indiana.

In the picture on this page is the Gazebo Vacation Home, sponsored by U. S. Rubber (Uniroyal) and conceived as a tasteful, prefabricated house re-

Two views of the Wigwam; it was designed for lightness and a minimum of upkeep with much convenience and style in its interior (photograph from Uniroyal)

quiring a minimum of upkeep. Its dimensions are 16 feet on each side, with French louvered doors on all four sides that swing open from the bottom and are supported by bamboo poles to provide canopied areas for shade.

The inside of the Gazebo is cleverly designed. It includes living areas, a dining and kitchen area, a bathroom, and a crawl space in the loft for extra sleepers. A prefab fireplace is tucked away in one corner to ease the chill of a summer evening.

The kitchen section includes all the requirements for a vacationing family: four-burner range, refrigerator, hot water heater, and a good deal of storage space. Louvered doors close off the area when it is not in use.

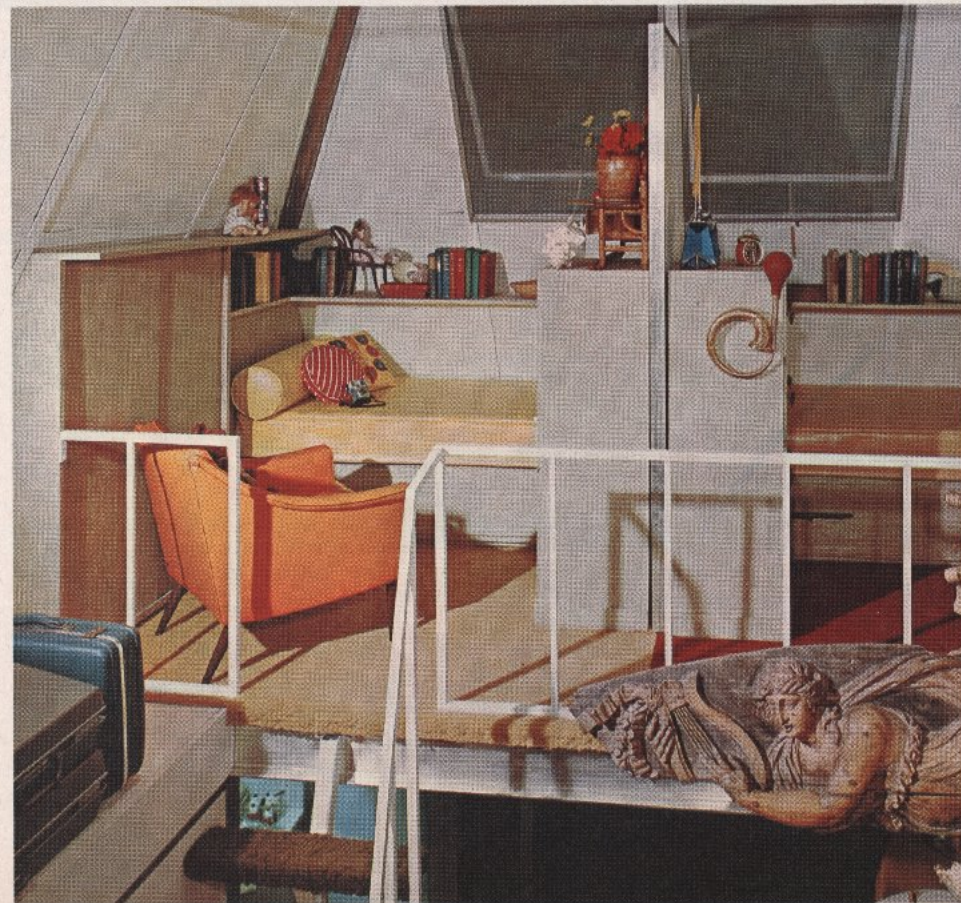
In the livingroom area is a sofa-daybed that converts to a double bed and hides a single sleeper trundle bed underneath. The bathroom includes storage space for linens and a full shower stall. The frame of the Gazebo is made of fir timbers joined by steel corner brackets and attached to steel columns.

The Gazebo was designed and developed as a pilot project in vacation homes. It is not commercially available at present.

On the next page is the Nutshell, a vacation house so portable and so completely prefabricated that it can be moved as a single unit to its site by truck, boat, or even helicopter, and be ready for occupancy the instant that water, drain, and power are connected.

The design factor that distinguishes the Nutshell is the sharp slope of its roof. This provides ceiling height and bunk space and turns what otherwise might be a shack into an attractive and stylish vacation house. It also provides air circulation when the windows at the rear and above the front doors are opened. This keeps the Nutshell comfortable in hot weather.

The floor of this house measures 8 by 18 feet, while the ceiling is an average of 8½ feet high. This allows room for a considerable number of features that make for uncommonly luxurious living. Among them are a woodburning fireplace (small but extremely efficient), a five-drawer wall cabinet with three large shelves, a lighted walk-in closet, deep pile rug in the living room, a three-burner range with an oven, refrigerator, sink, 51-inch countertop, and eight cubic feet of storage underneath.



The Nutshell is an ingenious prefab adaptable to summer or winter on lake or hill (photograph by Louis Reens)

The Nutshell is built as a five-person house. A corner lounge, large enough to seat five, converts into a double bed with a single wall bunk overhead. There are also two suspended bunk beds with ladder and mattresses. The house is essentially electrical (although it can be made to operate by gas if necessary) and its plumbing and facilities are elaborate enough to satisfy the most spoiled city dwellers.

Unlike the previous two houses described in this article, the Nutshell is already commercially available. Its present cost, not counting the site and the preparation for power, sewage, and water, is around \$4,000. In order to find a dealer close to you, write to Acorn Structures, Inc., Box 540, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

U. S. Rubber (Uniroyal), which spon-

sored the Gazebo, also sponsors the Wigwam, another pilot project in which the prime considerations have been low cost, elimination of maintenance, and speed and ease of assembly.

Whatever external resemblance this structure may have to a primitive Indian dwelling, the similarity ends right there. With its truly luxurious dining area, bathroom, kitchen, and an upper level in which guests can sleep and children can play, it would have totally bewildered an Indian of olden times.

The Wigwam is 16 feet square on the ground, but the sense of spaciousness is increased greatly by the upper level. The main floor, which includes a fireplace, can easily accommodate a table for games, as well as seating arrangements for conversation or TV.

Materials used in the Wigwam are as

modern as you can get. The panels are made of a laminated material with foam core insulation. Not only are they impervious to heat and cold, they are lighter than aluminum. They are also very easy to clean and they accommodate color easily. Of all the vacation homes on these pages, it is the one in which color has been used the most freely.

In coming years, there will undoubtedly be many more examples of vacation homes intended for people who have some land on a lake or hillside within weekend distance of home. Dozens of designers enjoy the challenge, and it will be met in a variety of ways. In addition to the many qualities that the four shown here have in common, there is the important factor of price. Each one, exclusive of land and site preparation, is conceived to cost less than \$5,000.



Right: in the French Shoppe in St. Thomas, a customer is considering a suede handbag made by Roberta, a Venetian designer, who uses color stripes very adroitly. Below: the fitting of gloves—in this case Roger Faré glacé kid—is a very exacting job at C. & M. Caron

Opposite page: Palm Passage, which has a small outdoor restaurant, is one of the many charming shopping alleys that connect the main street with the St. Thomas waterfront



Shopping In the Virgin Islands

The weather and the beauty are the No. 1 lures in the U. S. Caribbean, but the frosting on the cake is the free port bargains

by Mariette Anderson

I HAVE NEVER been at an airport when a plane unloaded from the Virgin Islands without feeling a pang of envy. How can one suppress it around people with a deep tan, a blissful look, and packages of loot? It's the latter I want to discuss—those boxes and bags with Sparky's, A. H. Riise, or the French Shoppe printed on them.

Now, I don't go to the Virgin Islands just to shop. On the contrary, I shop because I'm in the Virgin Islands. First things first, and in that beautiful part

of the world, the first is the beaches, the second lots of sleep or a survey of nightlife, or a combination of both. I really don't get the lady with whom I shared a cab one day after we'd alighted at the quaint Charlotte Amalie airport. "I don't feel I'm here," she said, "until I've stopped in town and arranged for my five fifths of liquor."

My tan has to be well started and a few mainland knots unkinked before I think about shopping, but you can be sure I get around to it before leaving. A

person would be a fool not to. The Virgin Islands have the only American free ports in the western hemisphere, and the result is that the St. Thomas shops—there are about 60—along Main Street, the waterfront street, and the brick alleys connecting them comprise a dazzling discount house. One other point: our international balance of payments problem being what it is, I get pleasure out of spending my USA travel and shopping money inside the USA.

When you finally get around to wan-



dering through those pretty shops, you should bear in mind that, generally speaking, the best buys are in perfume, liquor, cigarettes, small accessories, and anything made of leather in France or Italy. Inasmuch as you must hand-carry your purchases off the island in order to get full advantage of the \$200 in duty-free goods, most people buy small items to avoid cramming their luggage or paying for extra weight.

This leads directly to the subject of perfume, a strong preoccupation with

visitors to the Virgin Islands. Part of the character of St. Thomas' main street is the crosscurrent of a hundred perfumes that salesladies have dabbed on shoppers' wrists, palms, and forearms. It resembles the sounds of a symphony orchestra tuning up. Half of the island's shops seem to carry perfume and some make a specialty of it. The Tropicana is said to be the best-stocked perfume shop in the Caribbean, but it's hard to believe that C. & M. Caron, the St. Thomas Apothecary, or the French Shoppe would

fail to produce any French perfume you ever heard of.

What may be more important than this large inventory is the usefulness of sales people in offering advice to uncertain shoppers, which is very valuable to a man who doesn't know quite what he's looking for but wants to make an impression back home. There is a saleslady at the French Shoppe with a singular knack for matching a scent to a description of the woman it's intended for. I once heard (or overheard) the



In the Virgin Islands, liquor is such an astonishing bargain that shoppers actually sit down and hold buying conferences, as if they were considering the acquisition of jewels

following dialog at the French Shoppe:

Saleslady: How old is the person you are shopping for?

Male shopper: Twenty.

S.: A relative?

M. s.: No, a friend.

S.: Is she a girl or a woman?

M. (startled at this unusual and intelligent question): A little of both. I'd say she is a girl on the verge of becoming a woman.

S.: Then I'd suggest this.

And she reached behind her and brought up an ounce of Jolie Madame, dabbed some on her arm, waited a few seconds for the fragrance to assert itself, and offered it to the shopper for his opinion. It is a floral scent with a hint of sophistication in it. Needless to say, the shopper bought it.

An enormous amount of perfume is bought in the Virgin Islands each year. The packages are tiny and the prices are often half of those in New York, which gives a lady an excuse to throw caution to the winds and a man to make an impression without risking bankruptcy.

As a woman I would know something very significant had happened if the man in my life showed up with an ounce of Bal de Versailles, knowing it cost \$110 in New York (\$40.50 in St.

Thomas). And I would never put any behind my ear except at the start of a very, very big evening. On the other hand, looking at it from the point of view of a person shopping for herself, I get great satisfaction in acquiring perfumes like Tabu by Dana at less than \$10 an ounce for dramatic winter evenings in the city and Justine by Louis-Féraud at \$11.60 for frivolous summer evenings in the country.

The big exception to the common sense of shopping for small things in the Virgin Islands is liquor. Everybody, it seems, buys the full five fifths, regardless of bulk, but the liquor shops mitigate the problem by providing special cardboard containers which the airlines check through to final destination.

Does liquor hold a warm spot in people's hearts? No doubt it does. It costs so much in most states and (no moral judgments intended here) is a social necessity of American life. Anyway, there's a strong sense of personal triumph when we unpack the bottles back home and let friends know that this bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label cost less than \$5 in St. Thomas, the bonded 12-year-old Fitzgerald bourbon cost less than \$6.00 (over \$12 in most states), and that for a mere \$2 we have

achieved the status of Tanqueray gin.

I wouldn't presume to advise you and your spouse how to use up the duty-free five fifths allowed, but our own preference is for the things that are the most expensive back home. Why not put on the dog with a stone jug of Tullamore Dew Irish Whiskey? And even though Gordon's gin costs only \$1.50, isn't it more impressive to uncork Dom Perignon, one of the greatest of all champagnes (\$9)? Incidentally, you can lug back all the champagne you want merely by paying a tax of 99 cents a bottle, and if you go over your quota on whiskey, the tax on most bottles is around \$2.40.

Well, if you'll forgive my hiccups for a moment, let's get on to things of greater permanence—gloves, for example. It's a particular pleasure to buy fine gloves at nearly half the New York prices, especially when the brands are Roger Faré, the most celebrated French glove maker inside France, and Kislav, the most celebrated outside France.

The best ones have a fine, buttery texture, which is characteristic of French glacé kid. Most of the colors are shades of black or white, but there are larkly little touches on them, if you like such things. For example, some white ones have flowers embroidered at the wrist, others a cherry or strawberry embroidered on the little finger.

When buying gloves as a gift, you must be very certain about sizes. Good gloves are fitted very closely and there is little margin for error. I have seen a salesgirl at C. & M. Caron discreetly suggest to a customer that she *not* buy a pair of gloves because of uncertainty as to the exact size. And I have seen the same salesgirl fitting a customer at the counter and taking into consideration the fact that a person in St. Thomas might have a hand slightly swollen by the heat.

You'll be grateful for this kind of considerateness because if you find on getting back home that the gloves don't fit as well as they should it is almost impossible to straighten things out by mail. Very few people in the Caribbean answer letters—not in a reasonable time, anyway. It's too much trouble, what with postage and packing and red tape in customs. The Caribbean observes time in a way that is foreign to a mainlander. Clocks are a nuisance. One day is like another. Why hurry? If you try to fight island languor you'll drive yourself crazy.

The world of ladies' handbags is a very rich one in the Virgin Islands, and in the space of minutes you can effectively use up your \$200 allowance. But

what treasures to fuss over! How about an oval evening bag of petit point with a seventeenth-century dancing scene created out of 1,500 stitches per square inch—at \$225? In New York that same bag would cost nearly \$400.

At a shop called Bolero I have greedily fondled Tiard bags of seed pearls with silk linings and jeweled clasps at \$250. When it came down to hard decisions I settled for a superb bag of pearls in the size called caviar, with a Limoges medallion clasp—\$69.

One of the prizes at the French Shoppe is a line of bags under the name of Roberta. The people who run this shop have done some ingenious hunting around Europe and one of their finds was these bags in Venice. They are made of velvet and are strikingly beautiful—blue with yellow vertical stripes, green with red and black vertical stripes, and other combinations.

Of little things—knickknacks, curios, oddities—there is no end: a pill box an inch high with fine gold thread spiraling around gold plate: \$4.50; handmade beaded flowers from France—roses, iris, forsythia, carnations—rare in the States, absolutely charming; bouquet of roses, \$40; Spanish jewel boxes in the shape of a little steamer trunk, \$37; beaded French cigaret boxes for parties, \$7.50; Limoges atomizers, \$9.

Watches? There are really spectacular bargains in the loftiest names among watchmakers: Piaget, Vacheron et Constantin, and Girard-Perregaux.

Flatware? At the Maison Danoise there are great buys in Danish silver, and Caron carries the Christofle line of heavy and beautiful plate at prices far below those on the mainland.

Cigarettes are a trifling subject, but you may as well know that filters are \$1.60 a carton and that there is no limit on what you buy, provided only that it is for personal use.

Earrings that are dazzling, bracelets of pearl and enamel, Japanese cameras and lenses, magnificent signed silk scarves by Hermès, Dior, Nina Ricci—all are there in St. Thomas, all at bargain prices. Where do you start and where do you end?

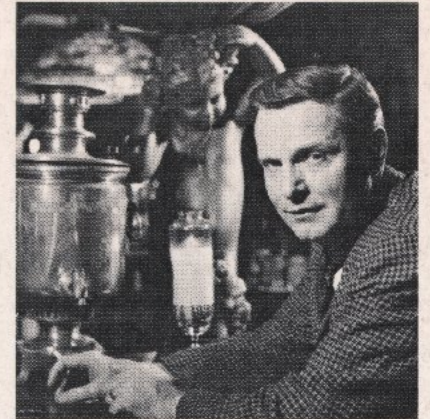
I can only return to my original advice. The Virgin Islands, foreign and yet under the American flag, are beautiful. They have scalloped beaches fronting on crystal water. The weather is sunny. The islands are hilly and they plunge bold shoulders into the Atlantic and the Caribbean. So shop by all means, but don't lose your sense of values. The shops will appeal to your vanity but the islands will appeal to your soul.

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

FAMILY dynasties in the restaurant business are not common, but it's possible that one may be growing on the New Jersey coast. **Charles Zaberer**, who runs a restaurant bearing his name in McKee City, is the third generation of his family to be involved in food. His grandfather ran a saloon in Philadelphia in the 19th century, with oysters, oyster stew, crabs, and pepperpot soup as the basic menu.

Then his mother ran boarding houses in the coastal town of Wildwood, where people would vacation for a summer near the Atlantic. Later the family went into business on the Wildwood boardwalk (Atlantic City isn't the only place with a boardwalk) serving hamburgers and frankfurters to the hordes who would come from the big cities on hot days.

Not quite eight years ago, Mr. Zaberer started a restaurant of his own on the Black Horse Pike, just outside Atlantic City. It had room for about forty seats and he had about \$40.65 to buy them. The restaurant has grown into one of the biggest and most popular on the Jersey shore. It has 2,000 seats now and shows



no sign of leveling off.

A visitor might get the impression that the restaurant is surrounded by Lincoln Continentals. That's because Charles Zaberer uses Continentals as a factor in the loyalty of his staff. He drives one himself and has seven others for key personnel, assigning them on the basis of seniority and contribution to the success of the enterprise.

A final word on the subject of restaurant dynasties: Charles's wife, Rita Ann, is in the business, and coming along the gourmet trail are the younger Zaberers: Francis Michael, 11; Christine Mary, 8; and Jon Edwin, 6.



ANYONE who plays a major role in helping people send flowers to one another in cities all over the world should not be anonymous. Yet very few of the eleven million who last year alone wired boxes of blooms through Florists' Transworld Delivery Association ever heard of **John L. Bodette**, the organization's executive vice president. As head of this Detroit-based global florist network, Mr. Bodette has worked to make it as simple to send flowers from Paris to Hong Kong as from Omaha to Seattle.

Under Mr. Bodette, the FTD Association has become much more than an agency for getting flowers across borders, however. Among his many

accomplishments, he helped set up an international floral selection guide that shows characteristic floral arrangements for all events and occasions in many countries.

As a result, when a person in this country wants to wire flowers to someone in England or Nigeria or Brazil, he can learn from an FTD florist what flowers are available or appropriate in those countries. Most of the flower-by-wire business is done between one North American city and another, of course, but the global aspect of it is becoming increasingly important.

Mr. Bodette is not a flower hobbyist; he is a gentleman farmer in his spare time, with a working beef cattle operation. His main diversion when he gets away from dry land is sports fishing, and over the years he has taken his share of marlin, sailfish, and other salt water big game.

His public service activities are more closely related to the floral world: he was a delegate to the 1965 White House Conference on National Beauty and he is an adviser to Governor Romney on state beautification. He is a trustee of Ripon College, a director of the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club, and a member of the Detroit Athletic Club.



Continental Magazine

P.O. Box 658
Detroit, Michigan 48231

DIME BANK
301 E TUSC
CANTON OH 44702

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 7804
DETROIT, MICH.

