

The Continental

Magazine

Fall 1970



Beautiful Barns To Live In
Privileged Hunting on Santa Catalina
Introducing the 1971 Continentals



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The Continentals: the final step up.

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Vol. 10 No. 2

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COVER

The entrance hall of a converted dairy barn in southern Vermont. The owner, with the help of a part-time mason and carpenter, worked on the barn four years before moving his family in. Photograph by Peter Miller.

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Memo to Our Readers

Asking DOLLY CONNELLY to write about Santa Catalina was probably a cruel assignment. We guess this from a letter she sent with the manuscript: "I'm practically torn to pieces emotionally, 18 years old all over again, working summers during school for the Santa Catalina Island Company, forever carrying a torch for the island off the Southern California coast . . ." Well, that kind of cruelty is also enjoyable. The story proves it.

A native of the San Gabriel Valley, Mrs. Connelly lives in Bellingham, Washington, and has been a correspondent for the various Time, Inc., magazines in the Northwest for the past 17 years. She and her husband still vacation on Santa Catalina when they can, and they are hoping to retire to it later on.

We don't mean to overdo the Southern California thing, but NEIL MORGAN, born in North Carolina, lives there now and is a columnist on the *San Diego Evening Tribune*. He wrote about Oak Creek Canyon for us because he considers the whole West a part of his beat. A tall pipe-smoker with a Phi Beta Kappa key, Mr. Morgan went to the Coast in World War II when the Navy told him to and he never left.

He is virtually a one-man prose machine when it comes to writing about the West. He has six books to his credit. One of them, "Westward Tilt," pretty well establishes him as an authority on that part of the country. He has also contributed articles on the region to half a dozen national magazines.

Versatile is a good word for MIMI SHERATON. She writes about man-woman relationships for *Cosmopolitan* (satirically or humorously), does consulting work for Hallmark Cards and produces exhibits for their Fifth Avenue shop, and writes articles and books about food. She wrote "The Seducer's Cookbook," among several others.

For the article on cooking schools in this issue, she went to some classes; she tells us she has had no training in cooking but lots of practice.

HOWARD KATZANDER is a journalist and writer in two unrelated fields—foreign affairs and art. For many years he was a writer and editor for the "News of the Week in Review" at *The New York Times* and he is publisher of *International Art Market*, the only publication devoted to publishing prices paid at auction for fine art and antiques.

The previous issue of this magazine contained an article on the collecting of original prints as a way to develop a home art gallery. We neglected to note that the photographs illustrating the article were taken at London Graphic Arts in Detroit. This firm, with offices in New York and London, is one of the biggest dealers in prints in the country.

Continental: the final step up.

In the Lincoln Continental Sedan for 1971, there's a graceful blending of contemporary and classic. Built from the ground up to be the

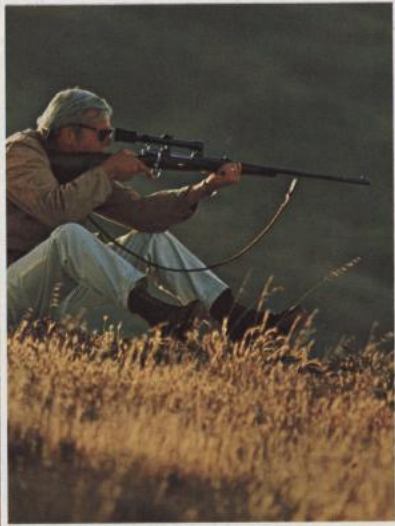
finest, and quietest Lincoln Continental ever. Prominent among the Continental array of standard equipment this year are: Automatic

Temperature Control; Select-Shift transmission; Michelin steel-belted tires; power steering, power brakes, power windows, and power seats.

As an option, you may add Sure-Track, a computerized braking system that helps prevent sustained rear wheel lock-up on ice, snow or wet pavements.



Santa Catalina: AN ISLAND FOR PRIVILEGED HUNTERS



photographs by Ralph Poole and Leonard Johnson

Just off crowded Southern California,
it has few people but a large population of boar, wild goats
and quail for gunners and bowmen

by Dolly Connelly

WHEN CABRILLO first charted Santa Catalina in 1542 he called it "the island with all that could be desired." If he were around today he could make the same remark and nobody would contradict him. Incredibly, this 76-square-mile sanctuary of sandy beaches and rocky highlands remains almost pristine, having withstood the pressure of 7,500,000 recreation-minded people on the California mainland only 18 miles away—and in spite of pleasure craft, an island steamer and zealous airlines.

For a long time the reason was a shortage of fresh water—a problem that has been solved with inland reservoirs and a stand-by salt water conversion plant. Another factor was that for years the entire island was owned by a single family, that of the late William Wrigley, Jr., the chewing gum king who poured millions into its tasteful improvement. Except for a single square mile incorporated in the little town of Avalon, the island is still a private kingdom—with this difference: the controlling Santa Catalina Island Company encourages recreation.

Time-honored sports on Santa Catalina have always revolved around the sea, which has provided superb swimming and yachting, seal viewing, aquatic exploration with glass-bottom boats and, in the earlier years of this century, some of the world's best game fishing. Even now, during August and September, there is a fair possibility of taking marlin, billfish, tuna, yellowtail, sea bass and other large fish with charter boat captains who operate from the island.

The more important sport today takes place on the land itself—exceptional hunting, both bow and gun, for wild goat, boar and Catalina quail in the island's vast and deeply ravined interior. With one quarry or another, the hunting is virtually a year-round affair, and for sheer variety and opportunity in a precisely defined area there is nothing quite like it in the country.

The origin of the Catalina goats is a mystery. References to them have been found in documents dating back to the 1830s and historians surmise they may have been brought by Spanish sea captains. At any rate, free of predators, they thrive until they run in the thousands, and roam in herds of 100 to 200 animals. Some of the old billies have magnificent horn spreads measuring 36 inches and more, which is reason enough to interest trophy hunters.

Wild razorback pigs, Russian in origin, were brought in around 40 years back to control rattlesnakes and in due time multiplied to many thousands. California mule deer were introduced about the same time by the California Fish and Game Commission and have now multiplied to the point where a limited hunt season is allowed. Not for hunters, but of great interest to sightseers on island tours, are the more than 400 buffalo, many of them descendants of a band of 13 barged to the island in 1924 for a silent movie called "The Vanishing American." For a Wild West round-up climax, the film company ran its buffalo up and down the cactus-and-oak interior of the island until the animals felt a vacation was in order. When the time came for repatriation, they resisted capture with such vigor that they had to be abandoned. They knew a good thing when they saw it, taking the eight-mile-wide island interior to themselves.

Island quail, considered in greater concentration here than anywhere else in the world, are a distinct subspecies indigenous to Santa Catalina. They are larger, and a deeper blue, than the valley or mountain quail of the mainland. They rise in such improbable clouds—coveys of 50 to 500—that the sky in front of the hiker often is blue with their plumage, the air vibrating with their whirring flight.

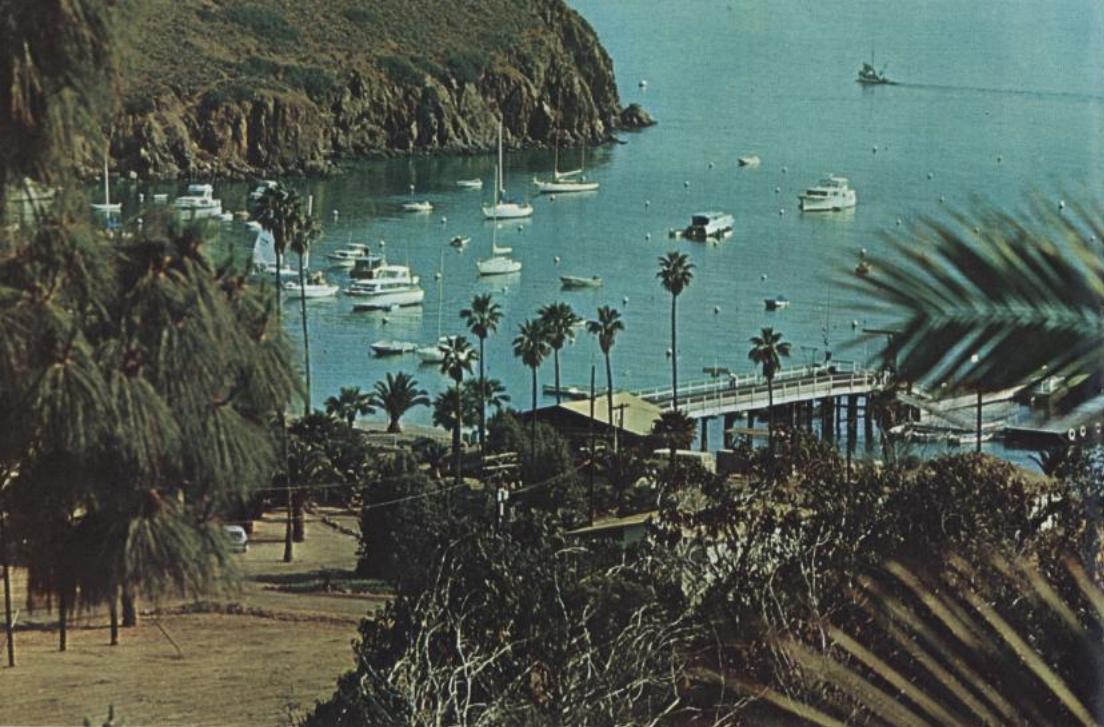
As conservation measures increased the number of game, hunting in recent years has become available to the general public. Game is so plentiful that even inexperienced hunters are able, with the assistance of professional guides,

to bag at least one goat in a day or two. The boars are more difficult. Fiercely tusked, they are nocturnal foragers and can be hunted only at dawn and dusk in the dense, tangled thickets at the foot of the canyons. Over half of the boar hunters manage to bring one down.

Since goat and boar are privately owned, the Island company sets its own hunting seasons and determines its own limits to preserve and increase hunting for future years. Rifle hunting is conducted exclusively on a guide service basis—three hunters per guide for big game, five hunters per guide for quail. The limit on trophy goat is one per day; on boar, one per day; on quail, ten per day. In addition to the conventional hunting seasons, there are special seasons for bow and arrow hunters in October, early December and from mid-March to late May.

One result of Catalina big game hunting is that many a sportsman's den or trophy room is adorned with the mounted head of a boar or goat as proof of prowess in the field. Sometimes a hunter is satisfied to display only the boar's tusks or the goat's horns. Whichever record of his success he wants, the hunter has access to any number of taxidermists on the California coast who will take the head and do the mounting. Although not all the Catalina sportsmen are meat hunters, the price of the hunt includes the packaging of the meat. Boar might be considered a more manly form of pork, and goat, if the animal is young enough, is excellent when barbecued. Quail hunters, of course, want their quail. Like the big game, it is dressed and packaged to be taken home.

There are milder sports and diversions in Catalina besides hunting. These include a nine-hole golf course, surfing on the windward west coast beaches, tennis, horseback riding over trails surrounding Avalon, and fabulous hiking along ancient trails once trod by Chumash Indians and Spanish sailors. The central plaza in the town of Avalon is the setting for frequent recreation programs on



Left: Reminiscent of the Mediterranean is Isthmus Cove, seen from the lounge of the hunting lodge



summer evenings, and dances are held occasionally in the Casino.

Not much happens after dark. After a day of hunting, nobody is inclined to anything but rest. This is rough country, all uphill and downhill over rocky and brushy terrain, and a few hours of it will test a man's—or woman's—physical fitness.

Whether or not one succeeds in bagging any game or birds, there is a great deal of therapy to be derived from the island itself. It is a beautiful place with views of the ocean that are reminiscent of certain coastal scenes of the Caribbean and Spain. All year, temperatures range between 67 and 76 degrees in the daytime. Crowds are large during the latter part of July and through August, but during much of the year, which is to say during the hunting seasons, the sense of tranquility and remoteness is absolute.

Although younger visitors who go to Catalina may not be aware of it, the island has had a long history, much of which has become a kind of American folklore. For example, back in the '20s there was a rather daring bathing suit named Catalina, with the identifying mark of a flying fish; it was named for the island.

But of course Catalina history reaches far back before the frivolities of this century. It was claimed for Spain in 1542 while inhabited by the Chumash, who were said to be tall, handsome Indians given to a diet of abalone and acorn meal. Later they were decimated by Russian and Aleut hunters who came for the sea otters.

For centuries the island's chief users were smugglers, pirates, sheep ranchers, fishermen and fur hunters. Its caves served as caches for loot and skins. Curiously, it even felt the Civil War. A federal garrison was stationed there because of rumors that the Confederacy was spying on coastwise shipping.

The recreational possibilities of Catalina were first recognized by a

family of stagecoach operators in the Southwest named Banning. In the 1890s they built a fleet of steamers and soon a trip to Avalon was the thing to do. They brought drinking water over as ballast in their ships, introduced glass-bottom boats and inaugurated a crazy island entertainment: wild stagecoach trips over mountain roads just for the thrill of it.

Today, when people watch late movies on television, they are often visiting Catalina because back in the '30s Hollywood film companies produced many sarong-and-hibiscus "operas" there. Clark Gable strode the deck of the *Bounty* off the Catalina shore and Joan Crawford suffered through "Rain" at the section of the island called Two Harbors.

The nation's greatest dance bands played at the Casino, the island's architectural gem, spotlighted and gleaming like a jeweled crown in the night from far at sea. "I Left My Heart in Avalon," theme song of island bands, became familiar to nation-wide radio audiences. The Chicago Cubs trained through 26 spring seasons on Santa Catalina, bringing the country's best-known sports writers out into the Pacific.

The most spectacular promotion of the early Wrigley years was the Wrigley Ocean Marathon across the channel in 1927. Heavily greased swimmers, 103 men and women, walked into the sea on a January morning and swam for the mainland and a \$25,000 first prize. In the '30s Ironing Board Derbies—cross-channel aquaplane races—enlivened sports pages with dizzy gags. People rowed across, swam across, raced on paddle boards and water skis and crossed with motorboats and under sail. They still do.

Catalina is now on the eve of gentle, long-range development. In time, the resident population will grow from the present 2,000 to 20,000, with settlement concentrated in Avalon, and at a few other places where people live,

Right: A typical après-hunt scene, with hunters talking about guns amidst some mounted trophies



and around the various coves long loved by yachtsmen. But 75 to 80 percent of the island will remain forever in its present state, a natural preserve for native vegetation, birds, and that astonishing population of wild animals—a haven of sport and relaxation for privileged mainlanders far into the future.

THE SEASON for Catalina quail is the first four weeks of the California quail season, approximately the month of November. The bowhunting season is divided in three parts: two days toward mid-October, the first three weeks of December and from early March to late May. The big-game, or gun-hunting, season is the months of January and February. For full information and reservations write to Rusty, P.O. Box 1566, Avalon, California 90704. The telephone number is (213) 547-4882.

Left: With guide's help, the hunter sights a boar and then brings it down



See What Happened to the

OLD BARN

Intrigued by their beauty and simplicity, architects have turned them into some of the handsomest homes in the country

by Jerome Robinson

Left: The pond reflects a converted barn in Vermont (photo by Hanson Carroll)

Above: Two interior views of a converted mill in Cornwall, Connecticut; the sign in the dining room was originally in the mill (photos by Norman McGrath)



THERE SEEMS to be no record of the first time a man looked at an old barn, appraised its functional beauty and thought about turning it into a habitation for people. He was probably a city person who owned a farm for the fun of it and needed more room for guests—and knew it might be less expensive and aesthetically more satisfying to convert a barn than build a guest house.

Whatever the case, it didn't occur so very long ago—perhaps 40, hardly more than 50 years back. First, there had to be particular circumstances: farming in decline and barns empty, and people looking for places to spend a summer. We are certain that the city people were New Yorkers and that the first



Above: A contemporary effect is achieved by using stark white walls to dramatize the mellow character of old beams (photo by Ezra Stoller Associates)

Right: In place of the barn doors, a glass wall separates the brick-floored dining room from a tree-bordered patio (photo by Hans Namuth)



barns were converted in New England and Bucks County and on Long Island. In these locations most of the remodeled barns are found, but the practice has spread and now you see them within the reaches of all big cities.

The barns most sought after these days are truly old ones, those reaching back 175 years; they have the classic lines and perfect proportions characteristic of that era. However, horse barns of the late Victorian age are also desirable. They have an elegance much admired today—filigree and cupolas and matched interior paneling. Find one built between 1890 and 1900 and you probably have a treasure.

An ideally situated barn is on a hilltop surrounded by upwards of ten acres of partly wooded land. There should be a brook and a pond on the property. The building should rest on fieldstone foundations, which protect the sills, and the roof should have been kept tight against the weather over the years. (Barns with leaky roofs have usually gone "soft" in the joints and generally have to be dismantled and rebuilt.) Haybarns smell better than livestock barns, but time takes care of that.

Perfect barns on perfect sites are

next to impossible to find these days in traditional eastern locations; they can still be found in the Midwest. We want our convertible barns at or near the top of a hill, but few farmers built on hill-tops. They preferred the protection of hollows. Today's critical buyers refer to a barn in such a location as being in a hole. Many barns suitable to conversion have been dismantled and sold for the price of their components. Builders will pay \$1.50 a running foot for good weathered siding and \$2 to \$3 a foot for old handhewn beams. By selling an old barn a farmer can make enough to build a new one.

One solution is to find a barn "in a hole" and have it dismantled and re-erected on a site purchased separately. Often this is the least expensive thing to do. The actual structure usually accounts for only 20 percent of the total cost of a remodeling project.

Barns have become attractive to converters because of their open interior space. They have few structural members, which opens up opportunities for rooms that reach the roof, cantilevered balconies, and glass walls open to panoramic views of the countryside. The rustic warmth of weathered, rough-

hewn wood combines with the massive strength of rugged beams to provide natural balance, contrast and clean functional line.

The number of persons wanting to acquire an old barn for remodeling has far outrun the number of barns available. This is particularly true in New England, where it is far easier to sell a good barn than a good house. Because of this, the price of barns in desirable locations like the Berkshire Hills and the mountains of Vermont has risen a thousand percent in recent years.

Ten years ago you could buy a sound New England barn and five acres of land for \$1,000. Today—if you could find the barn at all—the price would be at least \$10,000, and if the land is especially attractive the price could be \$15,000. Having gotten this far, you have to be prepared to spend another \$25,000 before moving in. There are some conversions on which owners have spent more than \$50,000. The redeeming aspect of this is that any time an old barn comes on the market it is quickly snapped up, and whatever you may spend now to buy and remodel one, you can be sure that a few years hence it will be even more valuable.



For an al fresco lunch on the patio of this converted Long Island barn, a canopy rolls out from the edge of the roof (photo by Baltazar Korab)

Right: The wide-board doors slide on the original track to provide great versatility in light and space (photo by Hans Namuth)



Continental: the final step up.

The sweeping roofline and far wider doors give the new Lincoln Continental Coupé a pleasing rakish look. Still its over-all look is

unmistakably Continental. Its craftsmanship and performance, totally Continental. The Coupé shares with the sedan all of the 1971 power con-

veniences and comforts. Tinted glass all around reduces sun glare, and improves the cooling phase of the Automatic Temperature Control. You may

also add Sure-Track, the optional computerized braking system that helps prevent sustained rear wheel lock-up on ice, snow or wet pavements.





New York's Kitchen

Next time you're in the city for a few days, save time for a course in a great

SOUFFLES THAT NEVER FAIL to rise, savory Irish stews, canapes, chafing-dish desserts that flambé on cue, an elegant French dinner that astounds guests—you can master them all in one of New York's kitchen classrooms. There are, of course, dozens of cooking schools in the city, including those run by some of the country's best-known cookbook authors: Dione Lucas, James Beard and Michael Field. But most of the courses are spread out over six or eight weeks and do not accommodate transients.

However, there are three very good teachers whose schedules are flexible enough to make room for anyone visiting New York for a week or any

part thereof. Reservations must be made well in advance. Each curriculum is tailored to the student's skills and wishes and, though all three of these instructors teach just about the same things, they do so with different set-ups, methods and temperaments.

Anne Sekely's Artistic Cooking School (229 East 79th Street) is held in Mrs. Sekely's cheerful apartment kitchen with no special equipment to dazzle the eye or create false impressions. The teacher's Hungarian charm and accent add spice, color and irresistible flavor to her no-nonsense cooking lessons. She teaches things as fundamental as how to boil an egg and such advanced kitchen artistry as decorating a fish mousse. One can take a private lesson in the afternoon or join a class of six students

in the morning (10:30 to 1:00), followed by an eat-what-you-cooked lunch. At the beginning of each class Mrs. Sekely lectures briefly on menu planning, marketing and the dishes to be prepared.

Students are assigned steps in that preparation, and Mrs. Sekely oversees all operations, correcting here, praising there, stopping the action to illustrate a difficult step in progress: "The flame is too high under that Hollandaise..." "Pieces of potato will not be done at the same time if they are not cut to equal size..." and so on.

Basic principles of cookery are taught along with the specifics of a given dish. Thus, while preparing filet



Paintings by Harvey Kidder

Classrooms for Visitors

cooking school and take haute cuisine back home

by Mimi Sheraton

of sole *bonne femme*, the class learns that a domestic lemon sole is preferable to English Dover if the former is fresh and the latter frozen. In this same recipe one learns to make the basic court-bouillon and how to poach fish.

In demonstrating the border of mashed Duchesse potatoes, Mrs. Sekely explains which varieties of potatoes are best for boiling, how they should be peeled and cut, and, in the actual making of the border, how to use a pastry tube. Decorative presentation is, by the way, a part of every dish prepared. Mrs. Sekely can cook in six languages—Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, German, American and, most of all, French. Afternoon private lessons can be devoted to this same kind of cooking, or to baking, a skill that appears to be native to all Hungarians. More often than not, Mrs. Sekely is asked to teach strudel, but she also teaches Rigo Jancsi, the world's most wickedly tempting chocolate cream and jam cake.

Six lessons in a class cost \$120, with a small extra charge for ingredients if you take the special party cookery course. A private lesson is \$35, while a four-lesson course in either continental cakes and pastries or hot desserts and crepes is \$70. School is out during August and September.

The Helen Worth Cooking School (106 East 31st Street) is the city's oldest, now in the 22nd year of operation, and is held in the large, very professional kitchen classroom of an attractive old brownstone house. Mrs. Worth gives private lessons only, and charges \$150 for a single four-hour session. When I suggested the price sounded a bit steep, she explained that she instills principles and habits, methods and patterns which, when once learned, can be applied to all cookery, a theory Mrs. Worth illustrates quite convincingly in her book, "Cooking Without Recipes."

Mrs. Worth will put a student through the intricacies of a complete meal, half a dozen desserts or a full repertoire of sauces. Food presentation, menu planning and marketing are always covered, and the pupil does all

of the work under teacher's eagle eye. To give you an idea of the range of her courses, Mrs. Worth once had as a pupil a Chinese woman who taught cooking in Japan and wanted to master a few "foreign" specialties such as apple pie, chocolate layer cake and butter cookies.

Another of her students was a man visiting New York on business who had had a marvelous meal at the Cafe Chauveron. Immediately afterward, he called Mrs. Worth to ask if she would teach him to prepare the braised sweetbreads and chestnut purée he had just enjoyed. She did, and at last report, he was still wowing 'em back in Cleveland. This school is in session all year. In summer, a barbecue course for men only is given in the delightful garden just off the kitchen.

Helen R. Heller (41 West 58th Street) also holds private classes—and when she says private, she insists that's what she means; auditing sisters, cousins and aunts are strictly verboten. Lessons are held in the small, brightly modern kitchen of her very handsome apartment and, again, pupil and teacher agree on subject matter in advance. The recipes are explained and discussed, after which the pupil takes over, with Mrs. Heller right at her elbow, correcting and reminding. She is a stern taskmaster.

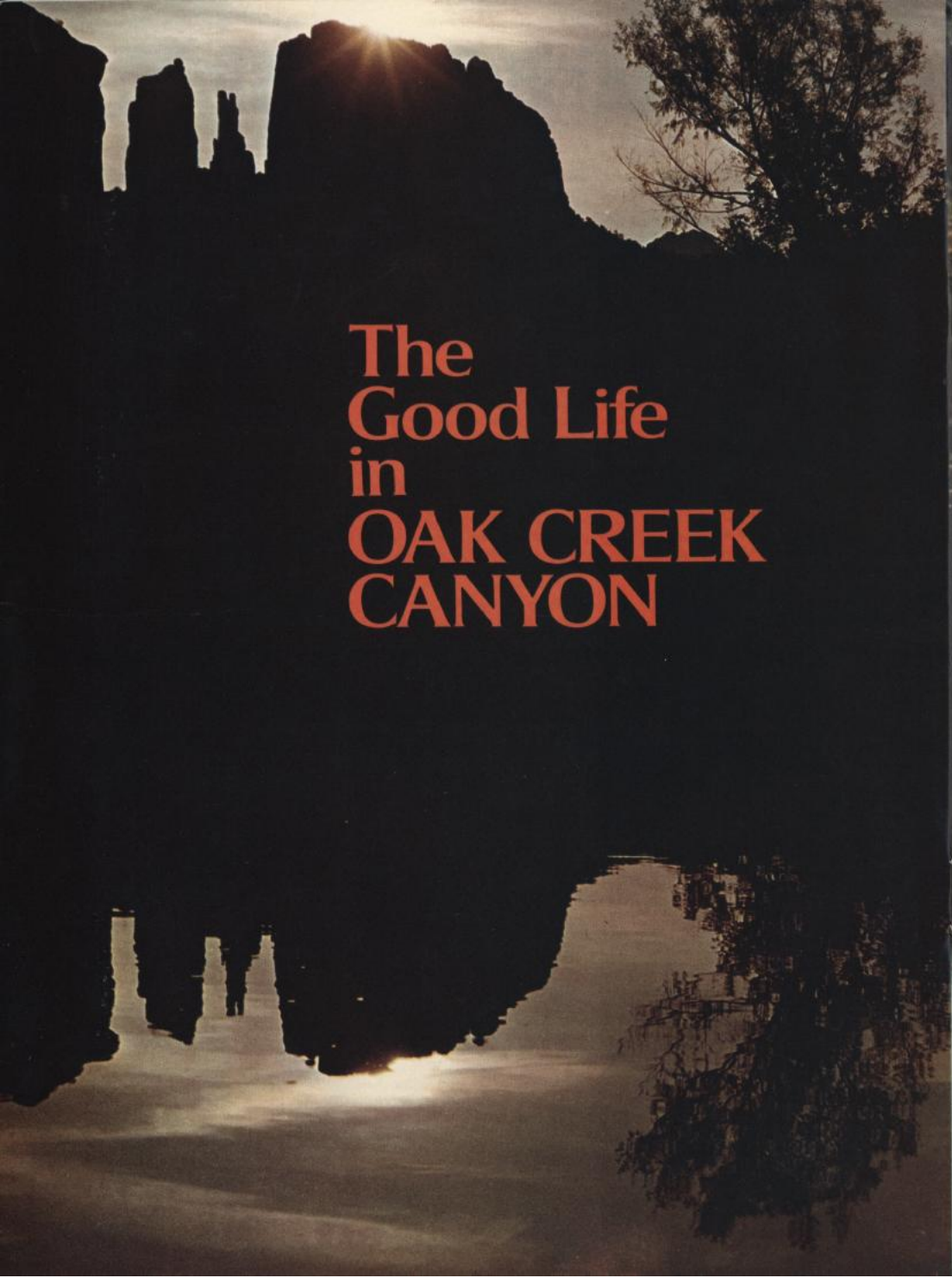
She is also very practical: she tries to guide pupils toward those dishes that they will really be able to use. A perfect case in point was a fireman who wanted to learn some of the fanciest French dishes. Since Mrs. Heller knew he would be cooking for the men back at the firehouse, she steered him to such stick-to-the-ribs fare as Irish stew and potato soups and he has almost never stopped thanking her.

Mrs. Worth believes the French cuisine is the best, so she teaches that primarily. In addition to this, classes can be based on complete menus, or on one special preparation. A soufflé course would include instructions for soufflés made with cheese, spinach or mushrooms, and with chocolate or Grand Marnier. When Mrs. Worth teaches crêpes, the student learns to

prepare them with sweet fillings as desserts, or as entrees with meat, or seafoods, and is also told how to freeze unfilled crêpes successfully. She teaches very little baking and only a few desserts: *crème caramel*, *crème renversée*, chocolate mousse and a few fruit and liqueur combinations. A complete five-lesson course is \$140 and private lessons are \$35 each.

Quite often, the students at these schools are men, possibly because when a man decides to master the kitchen he wants to achieve a pinnacle of cooking. However, many women attend, among them visitors from out of town. A short-term course in fine cooking makes a useful and unusual gift—for a husband to give his wife when she's in New York for a week or so, for a wife to give her husband when he's on a business trip to the city. The payoff in the kitchen at home is a virtual guarantee of added domestic bliss.





The Good Life in OAK CREEK CANYON

Left: Morning sun just clearing the cathedral-like sandstone at Red Rock on Oak Creek (photo by David Muench)

After you've written
your order
for Eden, go
to central Arizona
and there it is

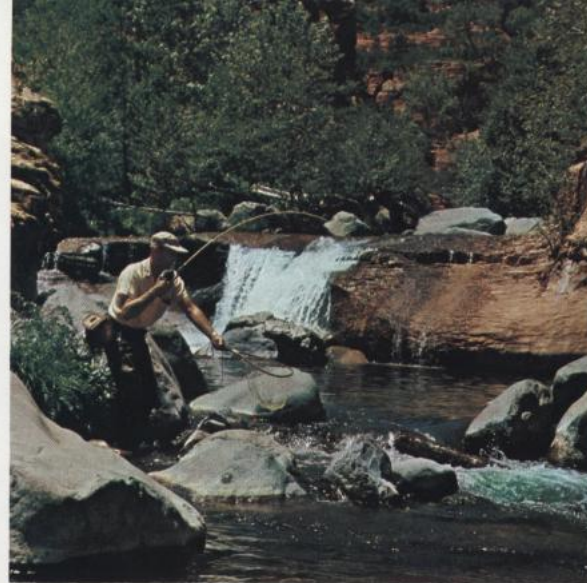
by Neil Morgan

AFTER YEARS of attentive listening, I have concluded that I am not the only contestant in the great American race for fame and fortune who has occasional urges to sell out, pick up and move on. The mood may pass after a night of peaceful sleep, but enough of us have been moving to the American West in recent years to establish the largest migration in our national history. Lately there have been some who sought to escape the crowded cities of East and Midwest, and found themselves equally jangled by the crowding around San Francisco Bay or the endless gray horizons of the Los Angeles Basin. They have turned to the fresh open country of the Rocky Mountain states or the Southwest.

The grass does indeed seem to grow greener in the central Arizona community of Sedona, with its adjacent Oak Creek Canyon. It is off the main highways and it is a surprisingly well-kept secret. There are no more than 6,000 residents in Sedona and along the shaded creek that falls for about 20 miles through towering red rock cliffs from the high flat Colorado Plateau, not far from the more austere Grand Canyon.

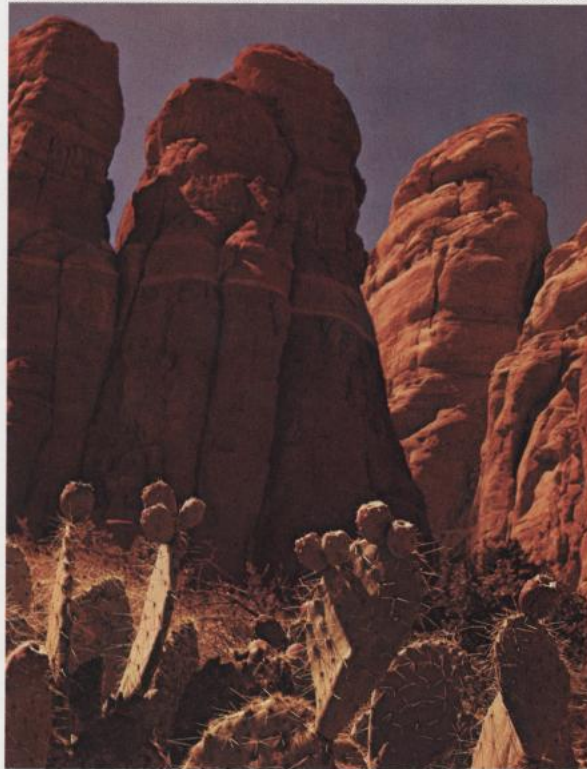
Almost all of the people of Sedona and Oak Creek have settled there within the last 20 years, bringing along the wealth and know-how they have accumulated in years of urban living, and setting out to spend the rest of their lives on another scale: closer to nature and to their families, and at a slower pace that is dictated in part by determination, in part by relative isolation.

Sedona, at an elevation of 4,300 feet, escapes the summer heat of the desert lowlands and the deep winter snows of



Oak Creek is stocked with trout twice a year (photo by Herb and Dorothy McLaughlin)

Typical of canyon scenery—red pinnacles and prickly pear cactus (Muench photo)





the uplands; yet not far to the south there is December sunbathing, or, to the north, skiing in June. The town, where most of the 6,000 live, has a pleasantly moderate climate; along the length of Oak Creek, with its rise of 2,000 feet in altitude, one can find changes of season within an hour's drive. Sedona looks on Oak Creek Canyon as its massive civic park; most of the canyon is part of the Coconino National Forest, and there are areas set aside for camping and resorts.

It is a sophisticated village that is swallowed up in a sweeping vista of eroded cliffs and buttes whose hot reds are softened by the year-round green of fir and piñon pines. There is a sense of familiarity here, even for the first-time visitor. The reason is that several dozen Hollywood films and television series have used these cliffs and

plateaus as settings. I was at Sedona once in the fall of 1967 when Elvis Presley and a movie company were in town, but not even that disturbed the serenity of autumn along Oak Creek.

In 1950 water was found to be plentiful in deep wells in areas that had long been pronounced arid. Until 1949, the only telephones were those few hooked on to a single Forest Service line. Sedona's second-class post office was not built until 1958.

Then in one decade Sedona grew from a one-store and post office town into a modest tourist place and a retreat for jaded city dwellers—businessmen, mostly, with some artists and writers, scientists and teachers—enough to create a cosmopolitan small town with extraordinary amenities. At the center of town is a charming little restaurant and bar called the Turtle, started by a successful but harried restaurateur in Los Angeles. His major competition is another good restaurant called the Owl, where a collection of impertinent watercolor owls along the walls is quite as intriguing as the sole meunière and the wine cellar.

Over a ridge to the south, soaring out of a spur in a red rock butte, is the Chapel of the Holy Cross, a striking triumph of line and grace. It is one of those unexpected marriages of man-made and God-made beauty that one is more likely to find on the back roads of France.

In the hills above the chapel you can make your way in happy solitude up the Schnebly Hill Road, an unpaved gem that winds for more than 15 miles above Sedona through layers of sandstone, limestone and black lava to join the fast Black Canyon Highway at a point about two hours' drive north of Phoenix. The Schnebly Hill Road will be one of Arizona's most rewarding and popular drives when it is discovered some day—after it is paved. Until then it is a little journey that enhances the sense of private possession for those who live or visit in Sedona.

Already, in its brief civic life, Sedona has had blight and reform. With the sudden discovery of water that made it a livable community, there was a relatively gentle convulsion that is referred to by some older residents as a real estate boom. With it came signs, posters and billboards. And inevitably a beautification committee out to clean them out. Hamilton Warren, a Harvard-educated prep schoolmaster who built the prestigious Verde Valley School nearby, headed the committee. He and its members approached businessmen with the old sermon that beauty is good business, and that Sedona's major asset is its scenery, and that their signs were blotting it out.

In cases where signs were owned by out-of-town firms, letters went out to the firms, asking that the signs be

removed. Almost incredibly, there was general agreement. Most local merchants also complied. Warren's committee went to Coconino County officials for an unprecedented Scenic Conservation Zoning amendment. It was passed. Now there is little to distract the visitor from gazing at the towering red mountains that almost surround Sedona.

This same discriminating citizenry has seen to providing a public library, first-rate utilities, good schools, fire protection, an airport that will accommodate large twin-engine planes, a medical clinic (there is a modern hospital at Cottonwood, 19 miles away), excellent motels and rustic inns. A large number of Sedona people pursue painting and photography as avocations; classes are full at the Sedona Arts Center, an old frame building that was an apple barn in the town's more pastoral days.

The homes that sprawl out on the rises and the plateaus above the central village are surrounded by enough acreage to give them rank as small ranches. There does not seem to be any studied effort at quaintness in Sedona or anywhere along the length of Oak Creek Canyon, but rather an uncodified agreement not to intrude unnecessarily on the natural setting.

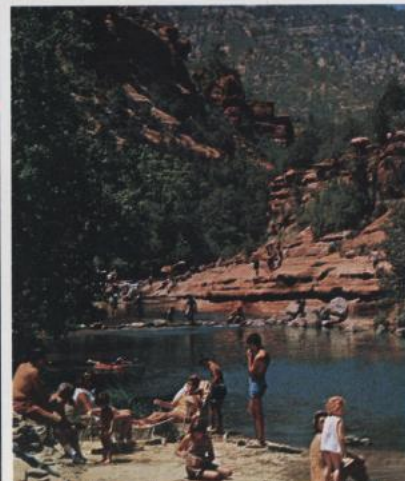
On a fall afternoon not long ago my wife and I drove slowly up Oak Creek Canyon, pulling off the road time after time to clamber down cliffs to the water level. It is a well-mannered stream, predictable and constant, that flows evenly throughout the year—even when the Arizona sun blazes down in summer on the naked cliffs above. Its water is seldom more than knee-deep, and the homes and tiny resorts and campgrounds are reached by fording the creek in your car.

The city-dweller who drives to its edge for the first time and sees his dirt road disappear into the water usually brakes quickly to a stop. Sometimes he gets out of his car for an inspection and satisfies himself that there is no other way across to where the road begins again on the other side. Then, and perhaps with his children whooping in glee, he drives his car into the water. He splashes a bit, and then he is across Oak Creek, his car dripping a trail of water.

Even in the versatile West, Oak Creek offers a rare blend of the old-time, of the raw open West of the Indian and pioneer, and of the gentle streams and deciduous trees so much more familiar in other regions of America. The habitual fording of Oak Creek—the absence of bridges—seems to us to be part of the unwritten law, respected throughout a community whose people have been successful at dumping the excess baggage of our society. For the moment, at least, they have achieved the miracle: a place that has been civilized but not-blighted.



Above: Inside La Galeria in Sedona (McLaughlin photo). Opposite above: Western movies have used these sandstone ramparts (Muench). Left to right: Dining at the Owl in Sedona (Muench), families relaxing on the creek banks (McLaughlin) and one of the informal homes lining Oak Creek (Muench)



Soaring Market in American Art



"Miss Stroh in Pink Dress,"
American primitive, artist unknown
(photo courtesy of Kennedy Galleries, Inc., New York)

by Howard Katzander

Look for pictures painted in this country 50 to 150 years ago. They're at the center of action for modest collectors with an eye on capital gains

FOR YEARS a lady art collector in New York has spent summers in her colonial house in a lovely part of Connecticut, thanks, in part, to a painter named William M. Harnett. Harnett was a 19th century primitive painter of *trompe l'oeil*—eye-foolers—done with such a delicate hand and such careful attention to detail and to tactile and tonal values that his rendering of a sheet of old manuscript held to a board by a pin seems to stand out from his canvas as if in a three-dimensional picture.

Some years ago the aforementioned lady art collector, who always reserved a special corner in her gallery for American folk art, turned up a Harnett still life in an antique shop and bought it for \$50. Thereafter she made a point of spending part of each summer traveling through New England by car, browsing for hours each day in remote antique shops, pulling old sewing machines and furniture aside to get at a hidden painting, looking for Harnetts. She

Diligence in remote corners of antique shops can lead to a find (photo by Vernon L. Smith)



found a great many, because this was Harnett country, and eventually was paying as high as \$3,000 for them.

Today, Harnetts bring \$30,000 or more—as much as \$100,000 for the best of them. "Mr. Huling's Rack Picture," a *trompe l'oeil* painting of calling cards, envelopes and other papers affixed to a board by a tape, is an example. The picture floated around secondhand shops in the Philadelphia area for years and finally found its way to New York, where it was auctioned for \$75,000. Subsequently it bore a price tag of \$100,000.

The Harnett story is told here as indicative of what is happening in the field of American paintings. All up and down the country, collectors are poking through dusty attics and dim corners, turning up works by forgotten American artists that are suddenly becoming much sought after in big-city galleries.

It's a real boom and prices are

rising fast. A few years ago, only a top handful of American artists could have commanded prices higher than a few hundred dollars. Recently, 85 pictures were auctioned at Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York and each went for a sum in at least four figures, with one of them, a portrait by Thomas Eakins, commanding \$130,000.

Paintings of this kind are of museum quality and of great rarity. But works of high value are still being found in odd places, unrecognized by their owners and often unrecognized by their buyers until some research is done. It is not so many years since a Philadelphia art dealer, Robert Carlen, while rummaging through an attic in a Pennsylvania town came across a primitive painting of "The Peaceable Kingdom," by Thomas Hicks, and thereafter created a sensation by locating Hicks' descendants and finding a number of other versions of this important work.

The Kriendler family, owners of

New York's 21 Club, have always been Western art buffs. One of them, as a small boy, learned to lasso by practicing on the chimneys of a row of tenements where he grew up. The club now has a great collection of oils and bronzes by Frederick Remington, bought over a period of 35 years for \$135,000 and now insured for a million.

The Americans who went to Paris to study and work during the Impressionist period are coming into their own. Paintings by William J. Clackens, John Henry Twachtman and Maurice Prendergast are being reappraised and revalued at every sale.

Even unsigned, unidentifiable examples of folk art and primitive paintings have a growing value on the art market. A group of three paintings of Mt. Vernon and scenes in that area recently sold for \$3,600 at a Washington auction. Paintings of this kind are constantly being found in country antique shops, their colors

dimmed by years of neglect, and can often be bought for a few dollars. Nineteenth century paintings of the West are also having a great vogue. A painting by Alfred Jacob Miller, a Baltimorean who went on one of the

for subjects not researched to death, are finding rich territory in Americana. The Kennedy Galleries in New York are probably the outstanding influence on the market in American paintings. The galleries are publishing



"Country House in Danvers," by Michel Corne, a name worth watching. He painted in eastern Massachusetts in the 19th century (Photo courtesy of Kennedy Galleries, Inc., New York)

great Western journeys and recorded it on canvas, recently brought \$43,000. As for Indian portraits, a comparative rarity, a sale last spring at Parke-Bernet was a sensational success. The pictures sold were the work of Charles Bird King and they were mainly done during the visits of Indian chiefs to Washington to petition for redress for the loss of their lands. One of them, representing the Fox chief Nesaquiot, went for \$30,000. Many of Bird's portraits now hang in the White House, having been given to Mrs. John F. Kennedy when she was redecorating the state rooms. What has caused the rise in interest in American art? There are a number of answers. One is the enormous rise in the art market generally, which has priced collectors out of the more popular schools, such as the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists. Another is the revival of interest in American painters by art historians. Candidates for doctoral degrees, looking

monographs on American artists as fast as they can find art historians to write them. They are also publishing a quarterly devoted entirely to American art, which is highly respected among curators and collectors.

Much of the credit for the revival of interest in American art must go to Lawrence A. Fleischman, who helped form the Archives of American Art for the Detroit Art Institute a few years ago. He is largely responsible for the launching of the Kennedy Galleries' *American Art Journal*, with Milton Esterow as his co-editor, and for the decision to begin reissuing a library of out-of-print books on American art dating back to the 18th century.

In a recent exhibit of primitive art at the gallery, most of the works were by unknown artists, but the prices ranged

up to \$15,000. There were some works by known artists, whose names are worth watching for if you are planning a foray into a country antique shop.

Among them are: Thomas Chambers, a 19th century artist who produced highly decorative landscapes and was quite prolific in his output.

Michel Felice Corne, an American by adoption, but of Italian birth, who painted many farm scenes in the Salem area.

J. B. Smith, a Quaker primitive who worked in the Pennsylvania-New Jersey area along the Delaware River.

O. R. Fowler, a midwestern primitive, who worked in the vicinity of Winona, Minnesota.

Clinton W. Clapp, a resident of Wappinger's Falls, New York, who painted landscapes of his home village, but also did scenes of Long Island and the Virginia countryside.

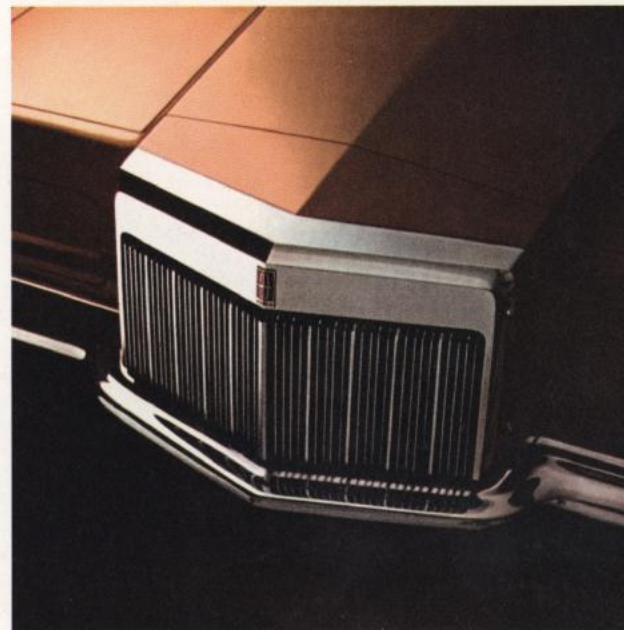
Joshua Johnston, a Negro artist active in Baltimore as a portrait painter.

Olaf Krans, a Scandinavian of Bishop Hill, Indiana, who drew upon his Scandinavian background to portray the life of his adopted home, but also painted allegories of the Viking voyages of discovery.

Then there are the great ones—Charles Russell (a watercolor of his brought \$16,000 recently); Frederick Remington; Charles Schreyvogel, who specialized in Western cavalry scenes; Ed Borein, a cowboy artist; George Catlin and Thomas Moran; and the landscape artists like Albert Bierstadt. The bronzes by Russell, Remington and others were turned out in large numbers and are still to be found throughout the country. Their value rises every year and their acceptance as works of art is widespread.

For the time being, there are many American artists who are virtually unknown but who are waiting in the wings, so to speak, for collectors to discover them. Their works are in storage somewhere in attics or antique shops, but their day will come. The interest in American painting of an earlier day shows no sign of abating. On the contrary, it grows daily and will be a fruitful field for collectors and investors for decades to come.

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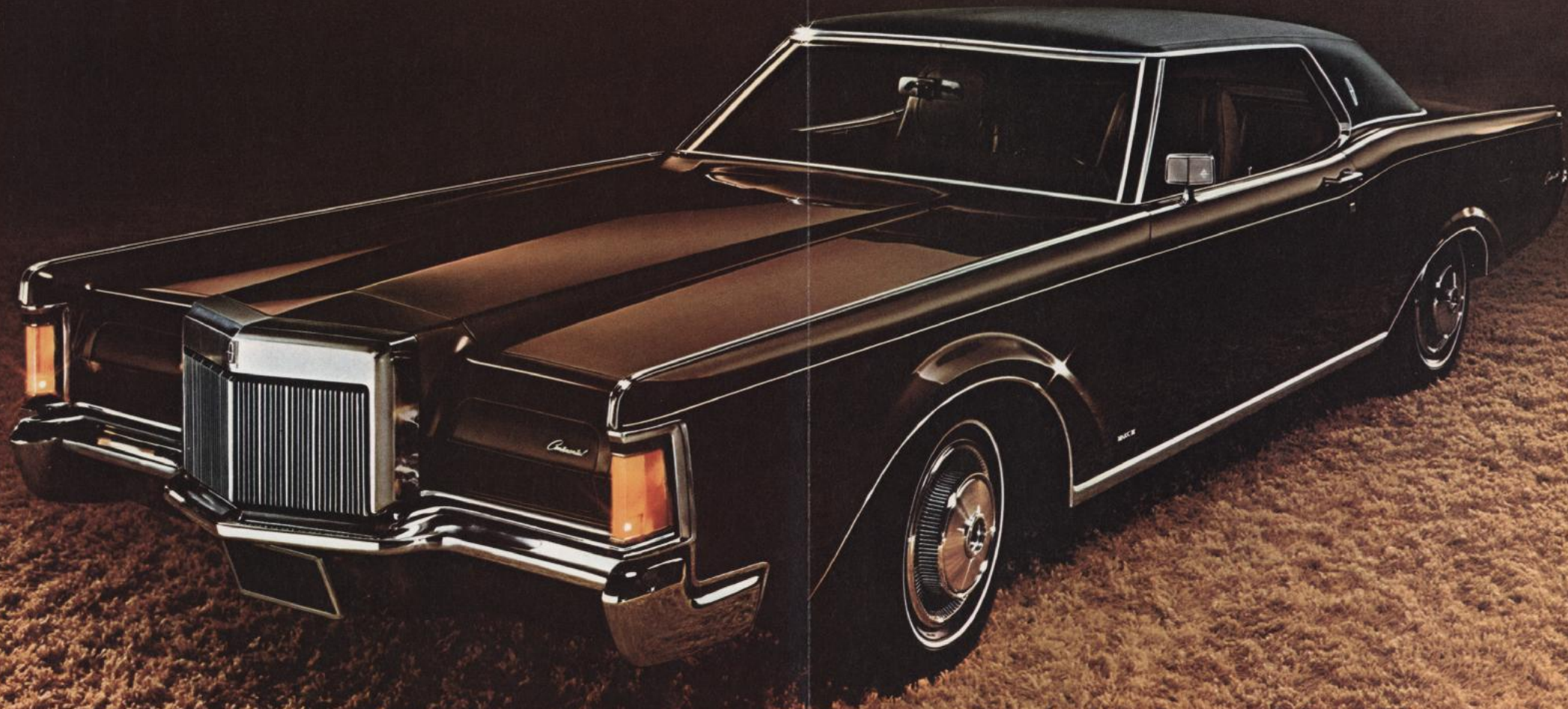
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