


The *ISLAND OF*
Continental

Magazine

Winter 1970-71

GRENADA-12

A woman wearing a dark riding helmet, a light green jacket, tan breeches, and black riding boots is sitting on the ground, leaning against a tree trunk. She is looking towards a dark brown horse with a white blaze on its face. The horse is standing and looking down. The background is a soft-focus outdoor setting with trees and grass.

A Horse of Your Own
Visiting Europe In Winter



For the something in you that's never satisfied.

If there is one thing above all else that characterizes the Continentals and those who own them, it is a determination to remain always individual.

Perhaps it is the Continental look that commends these cars to discerning people. Or innovations such as Sure-Track, the computerized anti-skid braking system. Or standard features such as automatic temperature control and Michelin steel-belted radial-ply tires.

But one thing is certain. At trade-in, a Continental can prove to be a clever investment. In fact, based on recent NADA average wholesale prices, Continental Mark III returns more of its original manufacturer's suggested price resulting in the highest resale value of any luxury car built in America.

If you are one who is ready to look beyond conventional standards of luxury, look to the Continentals.

The Continentals: the final step up.



Consider Leasing a Car

BEN FRANKLIN once said: "An investment in knowledge pays the best interest."

There may be a message here for the luxury car driver who considers leasing—rather than buying—a Lincoln Continental or Mark III. More than half a million businessmen, professional men, sales representatives and others now are leasing new cars. Business fleets for employes bring the number of leased cars to more than a million.

Here are some reasons for leasing Lincoln-Mercury products:

Convenience. Once you select the car and its equipment, the leasing company handles all details of obtaining the car, insuring and maintaining it (if you wish), and then disposing of it at the end of the lease period. Most leasing companies make arrangements for transportation in the event the car is out of service.

Leasing requires no large investment of capital.

People who buy cars prepay their transportation over the car's life cycle. When leasing, you pay only for services you receive.

Leasing can simplify tax records. Allowable tax deductions on lease cars are computed easily and are properly documented. Cost information from a monthly leasing statement make a tax consultant's job much easier.

In 1962 the Lincoln-Mercury Dealer Leasing Association (LMDLA) was organized. Now numbering more than 800, these dealers offer a complete leasing service.

The Lincoln-Mercury dealers who are LMDLA members offer professional counseling on all phases of leasing, whether the lessee is interested in one or one hundred cars. They are authorized to lease the full line of Lincoln-Mercury cars from Capri to the Mark III. And they back their leases with the dealerships' full service facilities, which include the services of factory-trained technicians using the latest factory-approved tools and service equipment. Wherever a Lincoln-Mercury lessee drives in the United States, he knows he's not far from an authorized Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

To make certain that drivers of leased Lincoln-Mercury cars are never without service for repairs, LMDLA members offer a Maintenance Coupon Book program which provides maintenance and warranty coverage for the leased car up to 60,000 miles. Loan cars can be included under leases written by LMDLA members.

Another attraction of this Lincoln-Mercury program is the variety of equipment available. A driver can have any model he prefers, equipped the way he wants it, for almost any length of time.

If you're interested in finding out more about this very convenient '71 Lincoln-Mercury Division leasing program, call a participating Lincoln-Mercury dealer in your area.

The Continental Magazine

Winter 1970-71

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At rest during a day of riding. Sound advice on getting the most pleasure from this sport is offered in "The Joy of a Horse of Your Own," on page 16. Photograph by Leonard P. Johnson.

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Europe in Winter? Connoisseurs Say Yes

When there's a skin of snow on the stone walls, hardly anyone is around to stand between the visitor and the beauty of old Prague (photo by Bernhaut from Photo Researchers)

by Joseph Wechsberg

IN WINTERTIME," an old Austrian *Hofrat* (court councillor) once said, "Vienna still belongs to the Viennese." And Paris to the Parisians, London to the Londoners, Rome to the Romans. Only in winter are Americans now able to see Europe as sensitive Europeans still like to see it. If you want to really discover the great cities of Europe—which is more than merely to see the sights—go there between November and April.

Life is more tranquil then and the mood more serene. Rooms are easily found. One doesn't have to bribe the *maitre d'* for a table for two, and no reservations are needed. Moreover, you don't have to follow a rigid schedule. You may improvise—that is, decide at the last minute where you want to go—which is the real joy of traveling.

In winter, the tourist is actually welcome. Waiters who wouldn't say "merci" for a five-dollar tip in June, may actually smile, and rates in some big hotels are often 30 percent less than in summertime.

Admittedly the weather isn't always good, but the old cities of Western and Central Europe are made for the darkly overcast winter skies. The noble facades of London disappear behind a misty curtain as on a painting by Turner. In Vienna, fresh bandages of white snow cover the wounds that the cruel past has inflicted upon the Gothic churches and baroque palaces; in the semi-darkness of the early winter afternoon the wrinkles disappear and the city looks younger, a woman *entre deux âges*.

Even when the shadows are long, priests and visitors and pigeons and babies and Venetians come to Piazza San Marco in Venice (photo by Adam Woolfitt)



In Paris, lovers walk happily through the melancholy rain, shut off from the world, with the pools reflecting the lights. Some sidewalk cafes have infrared heating. There is a sense of space, peace, privacy. No one is in a hurry. Voices are more intimate. Promises have a deeper meaning. And if the girl of your dreams is the Mona Lisa, you may go to the Louvre and have her to yourself.

Rome, an all-year-round city, is beautiful on a crisp, cool winter day when the pine trees are sharply outlined against the deep-blue sky. The Forum Romanum is peaceful. A few students of old Rome walk around slowly; their meditations are not interrupted by the monotonous sing-song of the guides addressing large groups, as in summer. The *paparazzi* in Via Veneto are less active, and ladies may walk alone without being bothered. One can get a taxi, and the driver won't curse you when you tip him only 20 percent.

In the early dusk, the timeless beauty of Rome becomes almost something you can touch: the mystical darkness in the churches; the deep shadows inside the Colosseum; or the Spanish steps from Piazza di Spagna with the Bernini fountain, past the house where Keats died, to the church of Trinita de Monti.

In Rome, the noise, the heat, the discomfort are terrific in summertime. The tourists take over the Eternal City. Most Romans who can afford it escape to the beaches and mountains. Whole shopping districts are closed in August (as in Paris) and the stores keeping open charge higher prices. Go there in winter and you may see de Chirico the artist or Moravia the novelist. The habitués at the corner tables in the high-ceilinged rooms see and are seen, yet they have privacy. An earlier habitué, Mark Twain, loved the Greco "because it has nothing by Michelangelo."

Paradoxically, winter is also the best time to see Venice—its dark corners and mysterious alleys and the waters of the Grand Canal heating against the foundations of the palazzi. Piazza San Marco is almost empty and one admires its dimensions. In summer one sees nothing but people, for almost a million tourists visit here. The Caffè Florian, founded in 1720, one-time hangout of Casanova, Lord Byron and Goethe, features mirrors blind with age and a genuine Venetian-style decor. Have the

aperitif there and go for lunch at Harry's Bar. In the off-season you'll get a table without being recommended by Mrs. Hemingway.

Later, it is pleasant to walk along the *molo*, watching the subtle nuances of light, feeling pleasantly surrounded by a few other strollers who also enjoy the glory that was. From December to March there are performances at the magnificent Teatro La Fenice, where the premiere of "La Traviata" was a terrible flop. In nearby Milan, the opening of La Scala on December 7, the Day of St. Ambrose, remains Italy's greatest artistic event of the year.

In winter in Paris try to go against the current. When the Christmas shopping rush is on in the jammed department stores near the Opera and around the Faubourg St. Honore, walk up through the narrow streets of Montmartre to Place du Tertre where Utrillo lives. Or cross the footbridge into the 17th-century atmosphere of the Ile Saint-Louis. Walk around Faubourg Saint-Germain with its *belle époque* charm. You may get a taste of the Paris of the 1920s that we loved when we were younger.

On Christmas Eve the Parisians don't stay at home but celebrate *veille* at a restaurant—*dinde rotie*, champagne, dancing. (That night and on New Year's Eve, reservations are needed.) Winter is a gastronomic season: oysters and crayfish, fresh *foie gras*, game and great sauces that taste best when it's cold outside. The wine should be a Cheval Blanc or a Romanée-Conti to make it almost perfect—and very expensive.

I love London, even in wintertime. It isn't uncomfortable—the leading hotels have (reluctantly) accepted American heating standards. Many people who think they count wouldn't want to be seen in town in August, but *everybody* is there in wintertime. The London Theater is now probably the best, and with some luck one may get tickets at short notice. There are fine performances at Covent Garden and many concerts. Gone are the days when German music critics called England "the land without music."

Winter is the intimate season for the dark, cozy pubs of London. Museums and galleries are uncrowded. Shopping in Bond Street can be fun; in summertime it's often drudgery. And London's best restaurants are very good even by French standards, and considerably cheaper than in Paris or New York.



Milan's social season centers on winter and the great opera house, La Scala (photo: Farabola)

In the Catholic countries, the great event of the winter season is the carnival. In Nice, they celebrate with flower parades and folk festivals, and in the streets of Munich and Cologne with fun and horseplay. And anything goes during the Fasnacht in Basel, Switzerland. Contrarily, the *Fasching* in Vienna is graceful and refined, devoted to the pleasures of wine and women, song and dance. Its unofficial opening is the New Year's Eve concert of the Vienna Philharmonic, when the concertmaster, Willi Boskovsky, conducts the waltzes and *schnell* polkas of Johann Strauss, with fiddle and bow in his hands, the way Strauss used to do it. At midnight, the "Pummerin" bell of St. Stephen's begins to ring, and Radio Austria ushers in the New Year with the "Blue Danube" waltz that ends on a melancholy note. Strauss knew his Vienna, where a sad undertone runs

through the light-hearted merriment.

For ten weeks, until Ash Wednesday, the city becomes a large ballroom. There are over two thousand balls, masquerades and dances. The newspapers publish a daily *Ballkalender*. All banks, big firms, clubs, guilds, singing societies and political parties have their own balls; also the jurists, the surgeons, the butchers, the master bakers, the chimney sweeps, the policemen, the mikro-bambis (kids from four to ten) and makro-bambis (ten to fourteen). For nonmembers there is a Flower Ball, Ball of the Youth, Ball of the Wiener.

Most famous is the Opernball when the opera house is transformed into a ballroom, with the dance floor extending over the vast stage, covering the orchestra pit and parquet stalls. All boxes are sold out months in advance, at \$400, and the young girls

carefully selected for the opening *Linksulzer* must train for weeks. A Viennese carnivalist in good standing devotes two or three nights a week to the pursuit of waltzing happiness. During the *Fasching*, many Viennese are said to sleep during working hours, at their desks. No introductions are needed; after the first dance you'll feel at home. The *Fasching* is a democratic institution, the great lever, when the chairman of the board dances with the charwoman.

There are other winter attractions. A short taxi ride takes you to the outskirts where the Vienna Woods begin. In Grinzing and Heiligenstadt, the snow crystals glisten under the lanterns, and at the *Heuriger* taverns the young wine is drunk. It's quiet and romantic. One feels as though Beethoven and Schubert were still around.



Intimacy and coziness are built into the very heart of British pubs (photo by Horst Munzig)

And for a complete change of mood I suggest the one-hour flight to Prague, the ancient city of martyrs, of Kafka, of the Golem, of the Good Soldier Schwejk. It is one of the world's most beautiful cities. A sad, dark winter day is perfect for a walk through mysticism and history, past the Gothic buildings in Old Town Square, and across Charles Bridge, with Peter Parler's bridge tower and the baroque statues of suffering saints. In the rear is the silhouette of Hradčany Castle of the kings of Bohemia who once ruled Europe, and underneath is Mala Strana, the world's most beautiful baroque town. After the magnificence of London and Paris, the grandeur of Rome and Venice, the nostalgia and music of Vienna, a thoughtful walk through old Prague will be the climax of what Schubert called "Winterreise"—a winter's journey.



For Continental Readers: The Famous Michelin Guides

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SINCE THE EARLY 1900's, Michelin guides have been basic equipment for smart travelers in Western Europe. Concise, crammed full of information, clearly organized and uncompromising in their standards, they are the finest travel guides in the world.

Through special arrangements with the publisher, the 1971 Michelin Guides are being made available to readers of The Continental Magazine. They will be flown to the U.S. and mailed in advance of the general publication date.

Michelin publishes Red Guides, Green Guides and maps. Each Red Guide, published in the language of its country, but keyed with easily understood symbols, evaluates food and lodging. Listing cities and towns by alphabet, the guide rates hotels and restaurants, gives prices of meals and rooms and indicates services offered, such as telephones, showers, air conditioning, garage service and many others.

Restaurants are graded by stars, three stars indicating that the establishment is at the pinnacle. A Michelin star is so important that when a restaurant gets its third or loses one, newspapers all over the world print stories about it.

The Green Guides, published in English, cover what to see in their area, with a star system of rating an attraction's importance. Each volume contains detailed local maps and lists museums, churches and tours, along with cost, times to visit, road conditions and facts about fauna and flora.

The road maps are extremely detailed and yet clear. Printed in six colors, they show roads of every description, distances and attractions.

Michelin has now branched out in this country with a New York Guide.

For Lincoln Owners: The Famous Michelin Tires

"WE WILL MAKE nothing but tires, thereby being masters in the field of tire manufacture . . . we must constantly aim to produce the safest tire."

This has been the philosophy of the Michelin tire organization for more than 70 years and it is an important reason why Michelin "X" Steel Cord Belted Radial tires are standard equipment on Lincoln Continental and Continental Mark III. No other American car carries these tires as standard equipment.

The same technical know-how and creativeness that in 1891 led the brothers Andre and Edouard Michelin to invent the first demountable pneumatic bicycle tire brought about a major engineering breakthrough in 1948: the invention of the "X" Radial tire. The latter was accomplished through years of experience and growth which now puts Michelin fourth in production among the world's major tire companies. Michelin has 23 factories producing more than 500 different types of tires for sale in 150 countries.

The "X" Radial was especially designed and precisely engineered by Michelin for American cars. Radial construction starts by building a body of rayon cords that runs along an imaginary line (radius) going from the wheel axis toward the diameter of the tire. Then, several layers of steel-cord cables circle the body to form a stabilizing belt for the tread. The results are flexible sidewalls and distortion-free tread.

Since its invention, the "X" Radial has been constantly improved, extensively researched at Michelin's Tire-Test Center in France and driven billions of miles. This center is one of the most unique technical complexes in the world.

Here are some of the advantages of the Michelin tire:

- Safe braking. A wide ground contact area plus distortion-free, steel-cord braced tread helps assure full-grip stopping power.
- Greater steering precision. Driving requires less effort because the tire does not wander on straightaways.
- Fewer punctures. Steel-cord belt in the tread shields against possible punctures for extra-high driving safety.
- Virtual elimination of heat blowouts. The cool-running radial-ply body keeps heat build-up low. Even on long, high-speed drives. Chancen of ply ruptures or blowouts are reduced.
- Riding comfort. The tire absorbs shocks and jolts better than any other tire because the radial plies in its body flex in the same direction.



Two examples of American Empire furniture. The side chair, illustrating the style's sturdiness, was made in Boston between 1810 and 1820. The stand shows Empire's characteristic carving. It was made in 1820

AMERICAN EMPIRE furniture is one of the biggest bargains in antiques, but it won't be for long. After some 25 years of being out of fashion, it is attracting the interest of the younger collectors and the more knowledgeable dealers who are beginning to ferret it out in attics and backwater antique shops across the country.

One might assume that the rediscovery of this long-neglected style has come about because fashionable collectors have pushed the prices of the earlier Chippendale and Queen Anne styles to astronomical heights. But no—it is actually a change in taste. A growing group is rebelling and finding the bold, massive, Empire furniture attractive. The large scale of Empire works well in stark, modern interiors, and this, rather than the scarcity and costliness of the older antiques, accounts for its popularity.

Some of the credit for this new trend must be given to Mrs. Jacqueline Onassis for she brought out our stored Empire furniture when she refurbished the White House. This immediately gave it a new respectability and diminished much of the prejudice held by collectors against anything made in this country after 1800.

The American Empire style was at its peak between the War of 1812 and the Civil War. Its major source of inspi-

EMPIRE Comes Out of the Attic

This antique American furniture no longer gathers dust. It is returning to style and value

by Marvin D. Schwartz



The sideboard and the two mahogany side chairs came from the shop of Duncan Phyfe, a famous maker of American Empire. The table, with its carved eagle supports, was made by Charles Honoré Lannuier

ration was France and the name comes from the fact that it was the official style of Napoleon's empire. Empire furniture designs are based on ancient Graeco-Roman models (which is to say, classical) transformed to suit early 19th-century taste and needs. In France this Graeco-Roman revival was a device to suggest a connection between Napoleon and Augustus, the first Emperor of Rome, by enabling French designers to create a pseudo-Roman setting for their Emperor. For Americans, the new style was acclaimed appropriate and significant because it associated the young

nation with the ancient Greek Republic. American Empire furniture designs are filled with scrolls, columns and a myriad of other Graeco-Roman details. Striking combinations of light and dark are achieved in various ways. Richly grained rosewood is decorated with patterns in gold applied to flat areas. The gold is brass or paint in motifs such as the lyre, vine and mythological gods and goddesses. White marble, for table tops and columnar supports, stands out against almost black mahogany or rosewood. Where there is carving, it is cut with a heavy hand in high relief to

contrast with the flat, richly-grained areas. The form most typical of the style is the pier table which has a high rectangular marble top on columnar legs. Meant to go between the windows of a tall-ceilinged formal parlor under a large mirror, this form is essentially decorative, and, although a sign of luxury, common enough to exist in a wide range of designs. The rarest have elaborately carved and gilded caryatid supports while the legs of those easiest to find are plain cut-out scrolls made with a minimum of effort.

Functional tables with tops opening three feet by four or five were popular for eating, drinking and card playing. Made to be put against the wall when not in use, these tops fold one way or another and are supported on a center base. The most common type has a round pedestal that is carved in leaf motifs and is set on a tripod of lion's paw feet. Simple examples have drop-leaf tops, and the more elaborate have tops that fold in half to close like a book. Eagles or caryatids are supports for the more elegant examples while the lyre and round, leaf-carved pedestals are used on the more ordinary ones. These are called card or gaming tables. The large dining tables of the period are generally formed by joining several tables with pedestal bases or straight legs. Parlor sets included circular center tables with marble tops. The range is broad, starting at about \$100 and going up to \$5,000 for the really great examples.

Empire chairs are among the most comfortable. One common type is popularly called a Duncan Phyfe chair, after the most famous New York cabinet-maker of the early 19th century, because he made many of them. The Graeco-Roman origin of the design is easily confirmed by looking at Pompeian frescoes or Greek stone reliefs. The rectangular back curves gracefully towards the seat and the legs flare out towards the floor. The most desirable of these chairs have carved splats to brace the back in eagle, rosette and cornucopia designs.

One of the most puzzling aspects of the period is the contrasting discomfort of the common sofas. Pretension seems to have won out over function in designs that are elaborately carved with curving arms and legs, a shallow seat and a straight back. The whole vocabulary of classical motifs is employed, with eagles and cornucopia rampant. From the number that have survived it would seem that these elaborately carved pieces were made all over the country for people just discovering the world of fashion. They were a perfect solution to the problem of getting rid of unwanted guests, since no one could endure sitting on them for long. A more sophisticated and rarer model is both simpler and more comfortable, with a deeper seat and plain rectangular back and sides. Columnar forms, sometimes elaborately carved and gilded, are the sole decoration at the ends of the arms.

The Empire is a style of contrasts in the size of pieces as well as color. Sewing tables, music stands, Canterbury chairs, and the like dotted parlors of the period, but huge wardrobes and heavy sideboards are equally characteristic. Some designs were simply thickened versions of the Federal style which came earlier, but in the main a new approach to design was introduced.

In collecting Empire furniture there is a wide range, from the fine work of the important Eastern cabinetmakers to the plain output of rural craftsmen all over the country who used the design books published about 1840. Although most of the best furniture is made of rosewood, light-colored maple was also used by the skillful and painted furniture is occasionally significant.

Caution is advisable because there are some 50-year-old reproductions on the market which can be confusing. They were made when the Empire style appealed to collectors earlier and some



Another example of Empire side chairs, these flanking a fine example of Empire in the drum table. It is attributed to Lannuier and is made of rosewood with a marble top

are mass-produced and relatively easy to distinguish, but others were made by fine craftsmen and must be examined with care. The neophyte buyer should work through reputable dealers or pay no more than the price of a reproduction for his first buys. Chairs that were \$25 just five years ago are now \$100, but that's still a lot less than the \$12,000 tag on a fine Queen Anne side chair.

And it is very possible that Empire will ultimately enjoy the kind of resurgence that has made Queen Anne so popular and so expensive.

LINCOLN:

Fifty Years of a Great Motorcar



Far right: the new Lincoln Continental Town Car. Near right: distinguishing plaques with the car's luxurious interior in the center.

TOWN CAR



ON THE DAY he bought the Lincoln Motor Company in the twenties, Henry Ford said: "We have built more cars than anyone else, and now we are going to build a better car than anyone else."

The rest is history—50 years of fine motorcar history as, this year, Ford Motor Company celebrates the golden anniversary of the Lincoln motorcar. This is the car that later evolved into the Lincoln Continental and has become a legend among classic cars in America because of its careful engineering, painstaking manufacture and beautiful design.

Henry Leland, an expert machinist, organized the Lincoln Motor Company, naming it after the first President he voted for, and produced the first Lincoln in 1921. If any aspect in the building of a single car failed to meet his exacting standards, he would, on occasion, stop the entire line until the problem had been corrected. Leland's high standard of quality for the car was maintained when Ford purchased the company, and has persisted for the past half century.

The comment of an early Lincoln owner could be spoken just as well today, possibly only with the addition of one word: "The Lincoln (Continental) must be as

nearly perfect a motorcar as it is possible to produce."

Improvements began immediately after Ford took over the company and the car. Among these were a new and better cylinder head for better cooling of the V-8, replacement of cast iron pistons with aluminum ones and the overall lowering of Lincoln prices. Despite accelerated production, Lincolns were still painstakingly produced, each car being run extensively on both dynamometer and test track before delivery.

From 1922 through 1927, few changes were made in the original Model L Lincoln engine and chassis. The legend on the radiator emblem progressed from "Lincoln, Leland-built" through "Lincoln, Ford Detroit" to the distinctive "Lincoln" oval emblem in 1924. Horsepower was increased to 90 in 1928 to coincide with "the safety of steel from toe to wheel" and greater stopping power.

In 1931, the Model L was replaced by the Model K. The fabulous Model KB appeared in 1932. Both of these rode out the Depression which forced many luxury car manufacturers out of business. But an entirely new car emerged in 1936, the Lincoln-Zephyr. It represented a radical change in body design from all the previous of Lincoln motorcars, and was actually the forerunner of

what was to be one of the most beautiful cars ever built in the United States—the Lincoln Continental.

The latter was created because Edsel Ford wanted a personal, one-of-a-kind car to drive in Florida in 1939. He gave instructions that this new car of his "must be strictly continental"—to reflect the finest of classic European car design. Bob Gregorie, his designer, created this masterpiece using the Lincoln-Zephyr as a base.

The car came into its own in 1940 when the word "Zephyr" was dropped from its name as it was no longer considered part of the Lincoln-Zephyr line. Since that time, the Lincoln Continental has undergone various refinements and has been accorded many honors by museums, magazines, designers, writers and others. Early models were designated Mark I, Mark II, etc., but, since 1961, they have been called only Lincoln Continental, without Mark designations.

In 1968, the Continental Mark III, reminiscent of the Mark I and Mark II, was introduced to the public as a new heir to the true Lincoln tradition. Now, these classic companions are proud products of Ford Motor Company's half century of experience in building the finest in motorcars.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION is commemorating the 50th anniversary of the Lincoln motorcar in a fitting way: by introducing a Lincoln Continental Town Car which will be the ultimate in automotive luxury and carry on the Lincoln's fine car tradition.

The Town Car will make its debut in February as a limited edition of the four-door Lincoln Continental. This unique Town Car will have unique leather bench seat trim, napped headlining, super cut pile carpet and glove box vanity mirror—in short, ultimate luxury in furnishings. In addition, it will use the Continental Mark III Cavalry Twill grain for the vinyl roof.

The car will be identified by "Town Car" plaques on the fenders and deck lid, and Gold Moondust Metallic paint will be optional on the golden anniversary car, although all colors will be available. Lincoln Continental Town Car owners will receive a box set of gold finished ignition and door keys with the 50th Anniversary Medalion; a limited edition commemorative plaque for the instrument panel; and a personalized set of gold finished initials to be mounted outside both front doors.



Welcome to Grenada, the Gentle Island

Waterfront of St. George, capital and principal port of Grenada

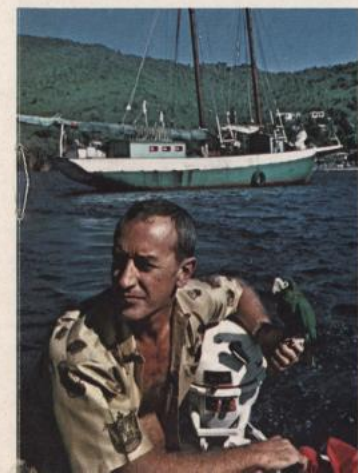
If civilization means high rises, this beautiful Caribbean island doesn't qualify. Better plan the trip before it does

by Coles Phinizy

photographs by the author

DESPITE ITS LOOK of timelessness and permanence, any small island in the sea is today essentially a fragile thing. An island based on solid rock and tempered by volcanic fire is able to withstand the rage of wind and sea, but the hand of man can ruin it in a short time. Against us humans few islands have sufficient defense, for we have an extraordinary capacity for making them into something they were never meant to be.

I am provoked into philosophizing about islands by the memories of a small one called Grenada, which has not yet suffered much under the heavy hand of man. I personally see in that island the attributes of a very appealing woman: the place has natural beauty, an air of kindness, and a taste for



pleasure that has not yet been dulled by the inane prudery that so afflicts most of the world these days. Grenada, the woman-island that I love, knows how to wear her hair up, elegantly, and she also knows how to let her hair down without losing any of her good looks or reputation.

Geographically speaking, Grenada is an oval-shaped, mountainous island 21 miles long and about 10 miles wide. Situated at 12 degrees north latitude, it is the southernmost of the Windward-Leeward islands that border the eastern Caribbean—the last link in the loose chain that almost connects North and South America. Geologically, Grenada is a product of primordial upheaval and vulcanism. In the three centuries since its aboriginal occupants, the

Carib Indians, were ousted—or more correctly, were exterminated—Grenada has known violent days. In its hills, French have fought English and blacks have fought whites. Large ants, avid for sugar cane, once threatened to overrun the island until they were drowned out by a deluge of the sort that floated Noah's ark off the mountain. Fire spreading from a rum boat 178 years ago leveled much of St. George, the capital and main port.

Despite its violent, formative years, like most of the Windward-Leeward chain, Grenada today has a peaceful countenance. Its mountains are sheathed in green, and only a few hot springs and water-filled craters betray the fact that the island was once in turmoil. Along the twisted

Island visitor and his pet parrot, with their sailingship in the background

roads, the flagrant colors of poinciana, bougainvillea, frangipani and oleander hide the scars of yesterday.

Occasionally a hurricane comes by but by and large the only assault of any consequence today is that of our tourists. We are part of the island's livelihood, and, in my mind, we may very well be its undoing. A dozen years ago Grenada catered to 3600 visitors annually. Last year it welcomed nearly 30,000, about half of whom were cruise boat passengers who spent only a day ashore. Cruise passengers are usually harmless. They descend on an island like lemmings in reverse and at sundown they scuttle back aboard and are off to conquer another island. I think the most harm to Grenada will come from the increasing number of tourists like myself, who love the

island enough to stay a week, a month or a year, and who inevitably give developers ideas for super-hotels with "Buccaneer" rooms, gift shops and chlorinated vats for swimming. Grenada, the fragile island, can absorb many more visitors than it does now; still I fear for its future. Too many similar islands have been ruined by exploiters who have cash registers where their brains ought to be.

The principal hotels and cottage complexes of Grenada today—most of them situated on a seaside strand called Grand Anse Beach—are well-appointed, comfortable and modest both in size and ambition, and they are intimately connected with the goings-on of the island. They serve the visitor well as a base of operations, affording him the fundamentals: a good

bed, good food and drink, as well as a sunny beach and a cool sea. None of them tries to be a self-contained island on an island. (If a guest needs a toothbrush, a roll of film, or a straw hat, he can get it at the hotel sundry shop; if he wants more than that, he must go elsewhere, getting to know the island in the process.)

The problem for any tourist island, really, is not so much the number of visitors it absorbs but *how* it absorbs them. If I were given dictatorial power over Grenada, my first act would be to limit the size and function of all hotels so that the island remained the main attraction. I would also require all travelers to stop over for at least a night between their home city and Grenada. I feel we do not appreciate islands as much now that super-jets

can lift us out of the turmoil of a city and set us down four hours later in Paradise. If hung up for a night between his home city and his island destination, a vacationer's aggravations and stilted notions of his ordinary life would settle out, as dregs do in a wine bottle. And he would be ready to appreciate a small island and enjoy its differences.

Grenada can count itself lucky that even today no one can get from here to there without a change of planes, and in some instances, an overnight stop at the neighboring island of Barbados. I have gone to Grenada twice. The first time I stayed overnight at Barbados. In the middle of the short flight on to Grenada the next morning, the port wing of our plane suddenly swung up and we banked eastward as the pilot spoke out cheerily on his intercom: "Ladies and gentlemen, your pilot speaking. In a moment, coming up below us on the left, will be the Tobago Keys, and shortly after we will fly over Carriacou, one of the Grenadine Islands. This is a bit out of our way," the pilot added (it was a good 50 miles out of our way), "but since we are a little ahead of schedule, I thought you might like a look around."

I took a liking to that pilot. Here was a commercial aviator who still liked to wander when he had ten minutes to spare. He not only put me down safely in Grenada, he put me there in the proper frame of mind.

On my first afternoon in Grenada I settled on the pale sand of Grand Anse Beach within earshot of a man lying prone and a lady who was sitting and fussing with her hair curlers. To judge by their pink skin, it's my guess they, too, were new arrivals from the north. Before us, a shiny black dog was pacing through the shallows, occasionally pawing at something. (I subsequently learned that the dog, named Sherry, liked to fish and sometimes caught a dozen in an hour.) Noticing the dog, the lady in curlers said to her male companion, "George, the hotel should not allow dogs on the beach." Mentally, but only mentally, I challenged her comment since there seemed to be enough empty beach around us for all of P.T. Barnum's circus animals. In a few minutes the lady in curlers departed, which was perhaps a good thing for I doubt if she would have approved of all the subsequent goings-on. As I lay there, two large birds flew in, landed on someone's beach towel and stole popcorn from a bag. Three more dogs

showed up and had a short, joyful fight, going at each other comically and clumsily in the deep sand. A man named Reggie Stokes from Wanstead, England, was ferried out from the beach to a boat he had chartered for a half day of billfishing. Shortly thereafter two Ohioans set off in a launch to go snorkeling around the next point of land. Waterskiers whizzed by 200 yards out. A lady from Montreal turned up carrying an empty bird cage and asked me if I had seen her parakeet, which had flown its coop that morning.

Two sailors walked past, each with a girl. They were followed by a man selling hats made of palm fronds, and he was followed by two men kicking a soccer ball. They were followed by a herd of goats. The goats marched straight for me, but politely opened their ranks as they passed, without treading on even a corner of my beach towel. Although the two snorkelers checked back into the beach with a glowing report of the beautiful little fish they had seen, the black dog, Sherry, did not catch a fish, and neither did Reggie Stokes, the Englishman from Wanstead. The hat vendor did not sell a hat, and the Montreal lady did not find her parakeet. I presume the goats got wherever it was they were going, and I am sure that the sailors and their dates had a good time—sailors and their girls always do. I do not recall how the three-way dog fight came out. Probably it was a draw. In any case, I am glad that they all used the beach, for I enjoyed watching them.

I think Grenada will remain a good place as long as visitors and residents—including resident dogs—have an equal crack at all it has to offer. There are limits, of course, to how much intrusion guests and residents should tolerate from each other. I think the situation in Grenada right now is nicely balanced.

Before going to Grenada I dutifully read thumbnail facts about its history and its fauna and flora. When I got there I hired a cab to tour part of the island and put my book learning to use, but I confess my mind wandered. As we bounced along the mountain roads, the cab driver got me so interested in his personal history that I am not sure we ever got to any of the historical landmarks. I do remember a crater lake and a waterfall, neither of them spectacular but both worth visiting because of the scenery en route. At one point I think an agouti, or some exotic creature,

scurried across the road, but I won't swear to it. The way the car was lurching, it could have been a domestic pussycat. As for the exotic birds that I had read about—the yellow-breasted bananaquit, the grey-rumped swift, and the violet-eared dove—I saw none of them. When a countryside is so full of strong sun and deep shadows and is decked out in violent floral color, how is a man supposed to see the yellow breast or violet ear of a tiny bird? On my second visit, I sailed 90 miles to Grenada from the island of St. Vincent as paying guest aboard the charter yawl *Aquarius*, skippered by a former New Englander, Al Murray, and manned by his wife, Dea. For any amateur sailor or connoisseur of islands, there is probably no finer 90 miles of sea. From St. Vincent



All over the Caribbean, island women carry things on their head



southward the isles and islets of the Grenadines stretch out—some 30 of them, excluding spitting rocks. In the wide channels the strong easterly wind puts the lee rail down, then for a mile or two behind an island, the boat ghosts along, bullied only now and again by a willowaw sneaking through a gap. There are about 20 coves affording good anchorage on one island or another. We anchored overnight in three of them, snug in a lee where the breeze could barely be felt on the cheek although the wind on the open shore was fairly steady at 12 knots.

(continued on page 25)



For the benefit of the photographer and the pleasure of her parents, Susie took the split-rail fence three times

Family ownership of a horse or two is on the rise. Here is simple advice for doubling the pleasure of the investment

THE JOY OF A HORSE OF YOUR OWN

by William K. Peck



IT IS A FOREGONE conclusion that many middle-to-upper-class American parents will at some time be faced with the enigma of children and horses. The growth of interest in pleasure, show, hunting and racing horses has been steep, and a great many families have played the horse game to some degree. That great day arrives when the affluent American father hears those fateful words: "Susie really ought to be getting some riding lessons." Riding lessons come in varied packages. They may be in small groups, large groups or alone. There is some merit to small groups, at least occasionally, so that the pupil can become accustomed to riding with others and handling the horse in company.

Choose as the teacher the qualified, dedicated professional, good with children and easy on his horses. He mounts the child on a quiet animal, starts on time, works horse and child hard, brings out the best in both and quits on time. When found, he should be kept, paid honestly and listened to—because he is a rare jewel.

Professional horsemen make money by buying, selling, training and boarding horses as well as giving lessons. This is legitimate activity, but note certain maxims. For example, a young and inexperienced child should not have a young and inexperienced horse. Forget the beautiful stories of child and horse growing together. Horse training requires time, skill and patience. The goal of a horse-and-rider team is possible for the really gifted child,

but failure and disappointment are common. A young horse may look like a bargain but it costs just as much to feed and is useless until trained. An examination by a veterinarian is absolutely necessary. He may not find all defects, and the seller, in all good faith, may be blind to them himself, but there is no substitute.

When to buy? Is Susie really having fun and developing well? Is she about ten or older? Remember that this may all die out in mid-teens and you can sell the horse—or she may have real talent you will want to support. Either way, why not buy her the horse? Not too big a horse—not too expensive. The horse for the unpracticed child is a mature, quiet animal, experienced in his field, and preferably ridden before purchase by the child in surroundings unfamiliar to the horse. This is because once home, a horse may have a startling change in personality.

The first horse is not the final one. If the child is skilled and interested, new challenges will arrive. Showing, Hunting, Jumping, Performance classes. The faithful friend may be supplanted. A good, capable, experienced hunter may cost from \$2000 to \$10,000. Jumpers for fast competition may be even higher. A saddle-bred or "show-horse" to really win is in the same price category, but if you think your child belongs in Madison Square Garden, the sky is the limit.

Stables vary widely in price and quality and the two are not always synonymous. Look for a well-known

stable, in good repair, grounds maintained, full facilities, clean, convenient and adequately staffed by pleasant personnel who have been around a while. Too often, stables have rapid turnover of management and ownership, which diminishes the horseowner's fun and leads to anxiety. Efforts are made to save money by assigning or permitting the child to assume the stable labor. Except for the older, dedicated child, it is foredoomed. Can you take the child here and back at least twice a day, seven days a week? The horse becomes an unpleasant burden. Father is at the office, and Mother becomes the groom. Some mothers like this, some do not. It may be possible to have the heavy work done by the staff and permit the child to do the grooming. This may save a few dollars and be really helpful to child and horse. Children like to care for those big, warm, funny animals.

In the final analysis of your stable, sit and watch proceedings dispassionately and at length and ask yourself: "Can I leave on vacation for at least a month, assured that my horse will be properly fed, groomed and turned out?"

Next, the question of "showing" arrives. This is another way for the professional horseman to make a living. He is proud of his horses, pupils and customers. If they do well, his reputation among the public and other horsemen is bolstered. If the horse is suitable and the young rider so moved, showing horses is great sport. It is a small slice of life in the raw, with glimpses of triumphs, defeats, justice and injustice.

Too often, in the heat of competition, parents become vicariously involved. A child may be pushed too far when unsuited by temperament, development or physical skills. Encouragement and enthusiastic backing are proper. Relentless pushing is improper. Both parties can be damaged physically and psychologically.

The cost of showing horses varies. First class may mean van transportation, grooming, cleaning tack, warming up the horse and finally giving leg up when the gate opens. It can include chaperonage away from home. A show may cost several hundred dollars. The other route is to buy a trailer and load up your horse, your rider, a bag of oats and some hay. This will cost you only travel expenses and stall rental fees, but it is real work. You may be sleeping with the horse.

It is necessary to remember that groomers are engaged in a low-paid, low-status, rather soiled type of activity at unreasonable hours and under impossible conditions at a horse show. Kind words and tokens of appreciation for their efforts are important. They also like a winner.

Good quality tack equipment is worth buying. Trademarks and cost are well-known and established. A proper saddle with fittings will be nearly \$400, a bridle, \$30 to \$40. Second-hand saddles in good repair save money and the time of breaking in leather. Take good care of tack. If leather is rotten or cracked, get rid of it.

Riding attire should be attractive and well-fitting. Anything goes for pleasure and schooling, but hand-me-downs are inappropriate and embarrassing to a young person who may already have had to dig deep to find the nerve to ride out into that ring. Boots are invariably a great trial—always too short and too big in the leg. The only real answer is a pair of custom boots. They will cost about \$150, but are beautiful.

The answer to all of this is the day when you sit in the stands, the gate opens and you see a cool, collected, capable rider on a gleaming horse trot easily through the gate, pick up a long swinging canter and effortlessly arch over the first fence. There is no price on such a moment. *You made it possible.*

There is a saying in the horse game: "Five years to get in and five to get out." After a few years there are decisions to be made. Susie is about fourteen, has won a lot of ribbons, become a real performer and made you very proud. "Is now the time to buy her that five-thousand-dollar thoroughbred hunter"? Her pony cannot be sold—he is part of the family. "Maybe Susie is old enough to bring along a green horse of her own and train him." You begin to think that Susie may want to be a professional horsewoman—or you begin to see her riding in the Olympics on the United States Equestrian Team.

These are all the voices of temptation. So far it has been expensive, but Susie has had fun and built a real skill. To keep so many horses would be very costly. Temptation suggests that you ought to buy land, barns, a van and farming implements. There are tax loss possibilities in a breeding program. The land can be held in agricultural usage for future appreciation.

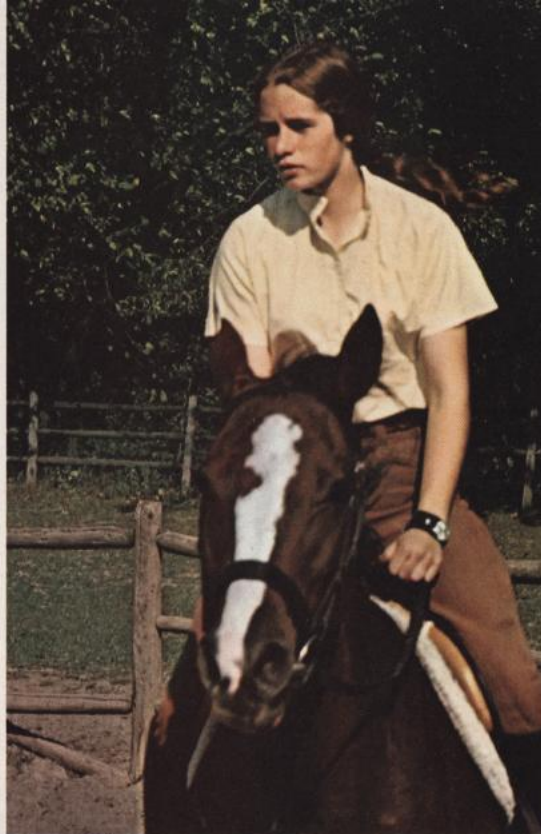
The facts should be carefully reviewed. Are the children about to leave home? Are they still really wrapped up in horses? Is this project for their benefit—or yours? Are they in late adolescence and interested in the opposite sex? It is an unusual pair of parents who can dispassionately answer these questions. The best technique may be to ask: "Do I have the time, disposition, ability and considerable financial resources to carry on a second full-time business of which I know little, and which has all the risks of any small business or agricultural endeavor"? If "yes" is the answer, be prepared to spend money, time and sweat—but it could be worth it!

All of the comments relative to children apply to adults. The stable owner regards them as potential riders and owners. Deeper involvement means more distribution of cash to the horse industry. Remember all the pleasure Susie got from her horse? It definitely is worth trying when the stable owner says "Would you like to climb aboard?"

The world seems to think of horsemanship as a child's game, but it was the knights and their ladies who rode the well-bred steeds. The saddle has always been the privilege of gentlefolk. Riding need not be physically demanding nor dangerous, given the proper horse. The hunting field is not composed entirely of children, and it is the proud man who signs himself—M.F.H.!

I did not ride seriously until I was almost forty. My horses are my quiet companions. A day spent with my two hunters and dog in the fields and woods is the best of medicine. I have shown horses with some success and probably will do so again if the spirit moves me. I can compete or not, as I choose. I have enough competition in life without searching for it in sport. I can ride alone or in good company. For many years I knew where my children were. They were with me. The horses taught them much and I have learned much about human relations from my animals. A barn is a place of quiet and horses creatures of dignity.

The tennis court and golf course have their place. I have tried them. Horses cost money to buy and keep. I have spent much but I am richly rewarded. There is no price on how it feels to sit a tall horse far above the rest of the dull world and its people or to feel a thoroughbred begin to move under you when he sees a big fence coming up.



A fair representation of events in the life of a child and horse: reading clockwise from the left, a young man trains his Arabian, a girl shows the concentration required when getting a horse ready to jump, then everyone climbs on the Arabian just for the fun of it



photographs by Leonard P. Johnson



illustration by Will Slocum

Boston's Cheery Seafood Restaurants

Something about a salt-water menu induces joy. Eat around the Hub City and you'll find the reason

By Nell Giles Ahern

is an absence of flummeries. Except for a giant anchor hanging from third to first floor, nautical decorations are sparse. A curve of thick teakwood is the bar. The carpets are ocean blue. Like all the other good seafood places of the region, this restaurant illustrates a basic truth, namely, that the success of a seafood restaurant centers more on ingredients than on technique. You may or may not be served a sauce (more often you aren't), but the important thing is the time that elapses between the catch and the cooking. It must be

measured in hours, not in days. A good seafood man knows this. Getting his ingredients fresh, he then broils or boils, or whatever, but it is all done simply.

The Admiralty Room exemplifies this to perfection. Broiled bluefish, flounder, sole, baked lobster, lobster bisque—they're all superb. So is the bread. The chefs bake their own small round delicious loaves.

From the professional service in the Admiralty Room to the motherly care of the waitresses at Dini's seems a far cry. But not in Boston. Dini's, across from the Common and the Park Street subway, has been one of Boston's favorite seafood restaurants for many years. This is the place to eat scrod, which is the young of any fish, but usually haddock or cod. It should be broiled with buttered crumbs. Dini might use a bit more garlic in the butter than some people like, but, as the woman who shared a table with me recently (Dini's is a place where the lone diner finds a welcome) said, "I've been coming here for 30 years and I would not say that Dini puts too much garlic in the butter."

Shall we cross the Charles River? Inman Square is the part of Cambridge most people hadn't heard of until a play named *The Proposition* moved in next door, and everyone discovered the raffish seafood restaurant and fish market named Legal Seafoods. (It got its name because the fish market used to give trading stamps, once known as legal stamps.) Now, the place is flooded

with tides of people from Harvard and MIT and there is hardly room for the natives.

The place will be crowded. The visitor just works his way into any seat he sees—first stopping at the coffee urn if he wants coffee, because otherwise he's not likely to get it. The menu is posted on the wall. The most expensive dish is baked stuffed lobster, \$4.95, but I decided on broiled eastern salmon.

The waitress scribbles my order and leaves me a paper packet containing plastic utensils and a paper napkin—airplane cutlery. Around me the happy diners are purring over broiled scallops, swordfish, clams and halibut.

Then my salmon arrives, buttery brown on top, flaking at the touch of the fork. Beside it on the plastic plate is a paper cup containing sharp cole slaw, along with a mound of French fries and a roll and butter. The whole thing is absolutely delicious.

Eating away, I wonder how such a masterpiece can come from such a place. It is crowded, disorganized, carefree. Actually, one could describe it as the seafood equivalent of a hash house. But no hash house could inspire that much ebullience. The difference is in what people are eating. Seafood is the answer. It inspires loyalty that is both fierce and lighthearted. Health and happiness are involved here.

These things are the common thread that unites all seafood restaurants. We in Boston know it. So do lovers of seafood everywhere in the country.

Boston—Faneuil Hall, the Old State House, Bulfinch's newer gold-domed State House, Sears Crescent—is just around the corner. Sears Crescent houses one of our newest seafood restaurants, the three-tiered Sea 'n Surf in City Hall Plaza, a center of the new world of 20th-century Boston. Then there's the old Fish Pier. Jimmy's Harborside and Anthony's Pier 4 are right on the water. A freighter bound for the other side of the world glides by, rocking the fishing fleet in its wake.

Anthony's Pier 4 has success written over its face and over the faces of its diners. While most seafood restaurants are satisfied with a decor of fishnet, models of schooners and a mounted swordfish, Anthony Athanas, the proprietor, has brought in a Hudson riverboat and moored it dockside as his cocktail lounge.

Oysters on the half shell? Little Neck clams? Fresh crab cocktail? Laid out on ice, these openers greet you as you step down into the light, airy rooms of the main restaurant opening out upon the water. Finnan haddie, smoked especially for Anthony, is a specialty here. Broiled fresh swordfish, once the reason August in Boston was worth waiting for, is now served the year around, since Boston fishermen get it by trawling with a long line rather than using the old harpoon method.

Jimmy's Harborside, just a step down the Pier, was founded by Jimmy Doulas, known as the Chowder King. He is the

golden Greek who brought the chowder from Boston to Washington at the request of Senator Leverett Saltonstall and the Kennedys. Well, here's one thing just as good as it was in Camelot. A bowlful (\$1.50) is the best lunch in Boston. It is the milk-and-cream kind that John Kennedy was partial to. A cupful is a warm beginning to a dinner that will cheer the cockles of your heart.

Baked stuffed lobster stuffed with lobster (as far as seafood is concerned, there's no such thing as too much of a good thing) is a favorite here. Other specialties are filet of sole stuffed with lobster, chunks of swordfish en brochette, and stuffed jumbo shrimp in wine and garlic butter. And the broiled Cape Cod scallops are the tenderest sweet morsels you ever put in your mouth.

The Sea 'n Surf in Sears Crescent, the only 18th-century building left standing in what once was Scollay Square, is a delicious reason to come walk around our new City Hall Plaza. Only a huge gold lobster on the beautiful curve of red brick tells you yes, you are here. And now you have three choices: downstairs is the Old Scollay Pub where, seated in a cozy nook under the original archways, you may enjoy your drink with a hot seafood platter; on the street floor is the Sea 'n Surf Shell Bar, featuring reasonably priced seafood lunches and suppers; and on the top floor is the Admiralty Room.

The beautiful restraint of the Sears Crescent facade holds here, too. There

FRANKLY, WE'RE NOT famous for great temples of French gastronomy, although Julia Child lives here. But when it comes to seafood restaurants, no city can outclass Boston. And when I tell you that one of the most loved is the least stylish, that it's half restaurant, half fish market, and that Julia Child dines here, you will begin to understand.

Look around you in any seafood restaurant and you discover that the diners are in a class by themselves. Plainly, they love what they're doing. They go at the chowder and clams and lobsters with a gusto rarely seen in other kinds of restaurants. They're pink and healthy and brimming with life. The mood is cheerful and benign. Well, who can be otherwise with a lobster bib tied under his chin? Who, stuffed with broiled swordfish and cold, dark lager, can present anything but a pleased countenance?

Not that the world isn't out there, waiting. The old world of 18th-century



Expert weavers at Karekin Beshir working on a variety of fine Oriental rugs

photographs by Vernon Smith

A CERTAIN NEW YORK repair shop used to advertise with the following slogan: "We Mend Everything But Broken Hearts." The statement was unnecessarily modest. Anyone who can replace the finial on a Philadelphia highboy that you found for a song in an out-of-the-way antique shop or mend a priceless Spode platter inherited from a grandmother or fix a Waterford goblet that was part of a wedding gift has done more than restore something—he has probably mended a broken heart as well.

Here and there in the United States are people especially gifted in fixing, mending, repairing and restoring. Generally they are found in big cities, with the biggest concentration in New York. Never in very big supply, they have become more important than ever because over the past quarter century Americans in greater numbers than ever have acquired objects of value—and with these objects the need to keep them in good order.

You can find someone in New York to repair a shattered chandelier arm, carve an ornate table leg, restore Oriental carpets and French tapestries, reconstruct broken flowers on a Meissen figurine, copy a brass table ornament and refurbish a nickelodeon. The craftsmen are rare and scattered, and you have to know where to look.

Anthony Magdalany, a 76-year-old virtuoso woodcarver, can carve anything from a dolphin ornament for a boat to the complete paneling of a Louis Seize room. He can match a missing furniture part, a piece of painted border or a reeded corner on a Windsor desk.

A great many kinds of Oriental antiques can be mended in New York. One center for repairs of Chinese faience and lacquered pieces is Farhadi Nuri, a dealer in Oriental antiques, who specializes in the repair of Coromandel screens. Another is Karekin Beshir, the Oriental carpet dealer. His weavers—Armenians, Turks, Iranians—work patiently and rapidly, sometimes breaking into strange Eastern songs. They strengthen weaknesses in carpets and reweave torn sections with wool and silk specially dyed in Europe to match the original vegetable dyes.

The work is staggeringly intricate. In the wool carpets there can be as many

as 300 knots in each square inch, and in silk carpets 2000. Carpets from the best museums and greatest private collections pass through his workrooms. One of the most famous is a 16th-century Ardebil, 16 by 25 feet, with more than 30 million knots, which was given by Jean Paul Getty to the Los Angeles County Museum and is worth over \$1,000,000. The repairs took a year.

Among the menders of tapestries is Katy Maty, who came to New York from Budapest in 1956. She specializes in Aubusson, Louis Philippe and 17th-century Bessarabian tapestries and in English needlepoint. She has a special technique which involves water, vinegar and an egg beater, a method very close to that of 17th-century cleaning.

The once-numerous glass workers of New York are now hard to find, but there is one special place to find them: Gem Monogram and Cut Glass Corporation. The owners, David and Martin Noren, have a very large collection of

antique glass. Their ceiling dazzles with chandeliers—Venetian, Czechoslovakian, Austrian, Civil War—and there are boxes upon boxes of antique chandelier parts which can be used to replace missing ones. If they don't have a matching part, they will make it.

They move through their fragile world with an acquired fearlessness that's just as impressive as a liontamer's. They repair broken stemware, grinding down and polishing chipped rims, rejoining bases that have broken off at the top of the stem, replacing broken handles. They put back the broken-off ears and tails of crystal rabbits. They also do reproductions. Currently they are working on two dozen reproductions of a turn-of-the-century American goblet for a famous governor (at \$75 apiece).

Besides its concentration of the few remaining old-world repairers, New York has brand new breeds of them—people like Rolf P. Petersen, a rare specialist who restores photographs. Surprisingly

At Hess Repairs, a worker carefully paints a delicate Meissen candelabrum

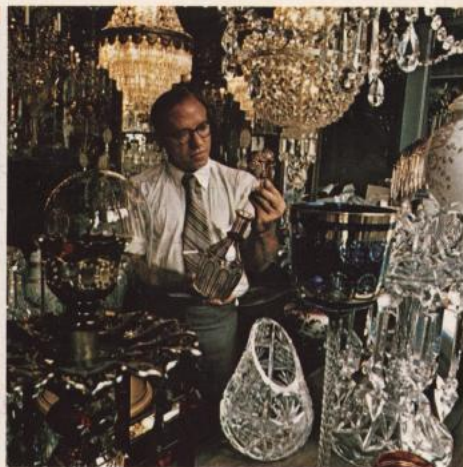


There's A Moth In My Tapestry!

If your oriental rug shows wear, your Waterford crystal is chipped or your

Spode is cracked, there are master craftsmen to fix them

by Joan H. Buck



Above left: Anthony Magdalany, a master woodcarver, is working on a pedestal for a table; above right: an owner of Gem Monogram and Cut Glass matches a stopper of a Bohemian glass decanter; below: Rolf Petersen removes a fragile photograph from its backing

enough, a general awareness of the great necessity for photograph restoration has developed only in the last 15 years.

Restoring a photograph is fraught with hazards. The fate of a 500-year-old Leonardo drawing is less in doubt than that of any old photograph, Petersen says. Because of their chemical composition, photographs have a kind of built-in self-destruction. Their restoration is risky because what may help restore the paper may react badly with the emulsion, and what is good for the emulsion may be bad for the silver image.

Petersen can make a reconstitution of a photograph as it appeared when it was first made and he always does this before attempting chemical restoration. Most of photograph restoration is not chemical but consists of physical repairs, such as cleaning, mending tears or transferring the photograph to a new backing. Because of this expertise, Petersen is besieged by museums, historical societies and serious collectors all over the country.

Since there is so much not known about this field, Petersen constantly has to invent new solutions to problems. One of his most challenging assignments was restoration work on the scientific diary of Nelson Rockefeller's son Michael, who was lost on an expedition in the South Seas. The diary had many drawings done with a ball point pen. It had been submerged in water for some time and the drawings had penetrated all the pages and were superimposed on each other. Using a photographic process called selective tone separation, Petersen was able to unscramble them.

Often a repair center needs an impressive variety of specialists. Rita Ford mends music boxes. She has one man



who mends the combs of Swiss boxes, another who repairs everything but the combs. She has a specialist for the French automatons, a specialist for nickelodeons and a specialist for the singing feathered birds in cages.

Hess Repairs, which is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Hirsch, does a tremendous variety of repairs, from

precious porcelains brought to them in chauffeured limousines to two-foot plaster statuettes of Olive Oyle in a tutu. Recruiting workers from ethnic colonies in New York and from dental schools, they can renovate Victorian silver dresser sets, loosen stuck decanter tops (and replace broken ones from a large collection they've gathered in Europe), copy a brass drawer pull to match one you send them, replace liners of silver salt cellars, fix barometers and cutlery, make broken punch bowls watertight again with small stainless steel rivets, and mend tortoise shell, alabaster, pewter, jade and ivory. One of their greatest challenges was a piece of squashed silver an archeologist brought in which looked very much like a ruined sardine can. As it was patiently hammered out and soldered (for it was so thin it kept breaking) a cup carved with figures emerged.

The best way to ferret out other repairers is to query antique dealers, interior decorators, museums and craftsmen who know other craftsmen. A list of the repairers mentioned here follows.

All are in New York City (the number in parentheses is the zip code). All of them do business by mail.

Karekin Beshir
1125 Madison Avenue (10028)
Hess Repairs
168 East 33rd Street (10016)
Anthony Magdalany
303 East 60th Street (10022)
Katy Maty
369 East 62nd Street (10021)
Gem Monogram & Cut Glass Corp.
623 Broadway (10012)
Rita Ford, Inc.
812 Madison Avenue (10021)
Farhadi Nuri
920 Third Avenue (10022)

Grenada

(continued from page 15)

On the first night I bunked in the main cabin with the Murrays' green parrot, Rudolph Valentino from Santo Domingo. Rudolph had a nocturnal appetite. Whenever I stirred in the night, half waking, he would be having a snack, cracking open large seeds, flicking the hulls over on my bunk and croaking his only English word, "Hallo." When a man can sleep deeply and enjoyably in a bunk full of seed hulls, in the cabin with a parrot that says hello at three a.m., his general condition is good, his aggravations at a record low.

At our first anchorage off the island of Bequia, at the mooring starboard of us, there was a Cambridge student, Simon Baddeley, 23, and his sweetheart, Sue Pulford, 22. They had come to the Grenadines from England, traveling light in a little 22-foot Gunther rigged sloop. From the Azores, they were 29 days to their Caribbean landfall. "A fantastic milk run," Simon told me. "Nothing much to do en route except read and read and sun and sun."

In contrast to those two light travelers from England, while scuba diving in the Tobago Keys two days later, Murray and I came upon two San Francisco couples. They had come to the Tobago Keys to scuba dive, bringing with them close to a thousand pounds of gear—tanks, air compressor, wet suits, weights and whatnot. "It was an insane thing to do, an insane burden," Irv Loube, one of the San Franciscans, told me, "but we wouldn't have missed doing it for the world."

I hope Grenada and the Grenadines keep getting Cambridge men who come across the sea with their lady loves, traveling light and taking some risk. I hope also that the islands keep getting San Franciscans who will load themselves down like Hannibal's elephants for the sake of trying some special adventure like scuba-diving. The crowd at a super-hotel can bring an island money and so-called prosperity, but that English couple and those San Franciscans are the sort of true loves any fragile island needs to preserve its independence and its essential character.

Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners



LIKE MANY another high school boy in the lean Thirties, TERRY DE PIETRO worked in a shoe store after school hours to earn money. But one day he salvaged a couple of pairs of ladies' shoes, World War I vintage—and he was hooked. "Buttonhooked" might be a better word, because he has been collecting old shoes and selling new ones ever since—often simultaneously, since some of the pieces in his extensive collection came from his customers' attics.

The first Terry's Shoe Barn actually was an old barn which Mr. De Pietro rented in 1951 for \$20 a month. Two years later he built the present Terry's Shoe Barn in Rancocas Woods, New Jersey. Its architecture is authentic New England barn, and it houses both his collection and his flourishing business. The public is invited to visit the Museum of Shoes of the Past, open seven days a week, and to shop for footwear advertised as "Famous brands from leading stores, with up to 50 percent savings."

On the walls throughout the "barn" are antique theatrical posters, and customers can be fitted while seated on an antique cobbler's bench, deacon's

bench or an old church pew. In the museum are old cobbler's tools, lasts, pewter buckles, buttonhooks and the like as well as about 800 pairs of antique shoes.

Mr. De Pietro has served as a consultant on antique shoes to the Williamsburg restoration. He gives about 40 talks a year to nonprofit groups in the Delaware Valley on the history of shoes, taking along a couple of suitcasefuls for illustration. Though his own collection dates from 1840, he is an authority on footwear from 2000 B.C. to the present, and at the drop of a brogan can cite shoe oddities—from the papyrus-and-straw sandals Egyptians wore to the "Common Sense Ladies' Fat Ankle Shoes" advertised by early U. S. mail order catalogs.



FREDERICK GRACZYK is convinced that only a quirk of fate is responsible for his lifelong association with the restaurant business, the quirk being that as a youngster in a Detroit high school he told his advisor he needed a job on the very day the advisor heard of one at the Statler Hotel. Mr. Graczyk became a busboy.

He knew right off he had found his calling. "I loved the drama of the dining rooms and kitchens," he recalls. Before leaving for the army in World War II he had risen at the hotel until he was one of its chefs. Then the military—in one of its rare instances of perfect casting—put him in charge of his own mess hall.

After the service he went through the hotel school at Michigan State University and joined Win Schuler, the noted Michigan restaurateur, managing his places in Jackson and St. Joseph. But while in other people's kitchens, he yearned for one of his own and five years ago bought a Norman-style, stone-and-brick place called the Vineyards in the Detroit suburb of Southfield.

Before long the Vineyards was marked by the very definite Graczyk personality. It had flair, like its owner. The menu became continental, although its creator has never been to Europe. He has won a Holiday magazine award for the excellence of his food, and he has won a myriad of devotees. The fact that in looks and in gusto he bears a remarkable resemblance to Joe Namath has not hurt him one bit.



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