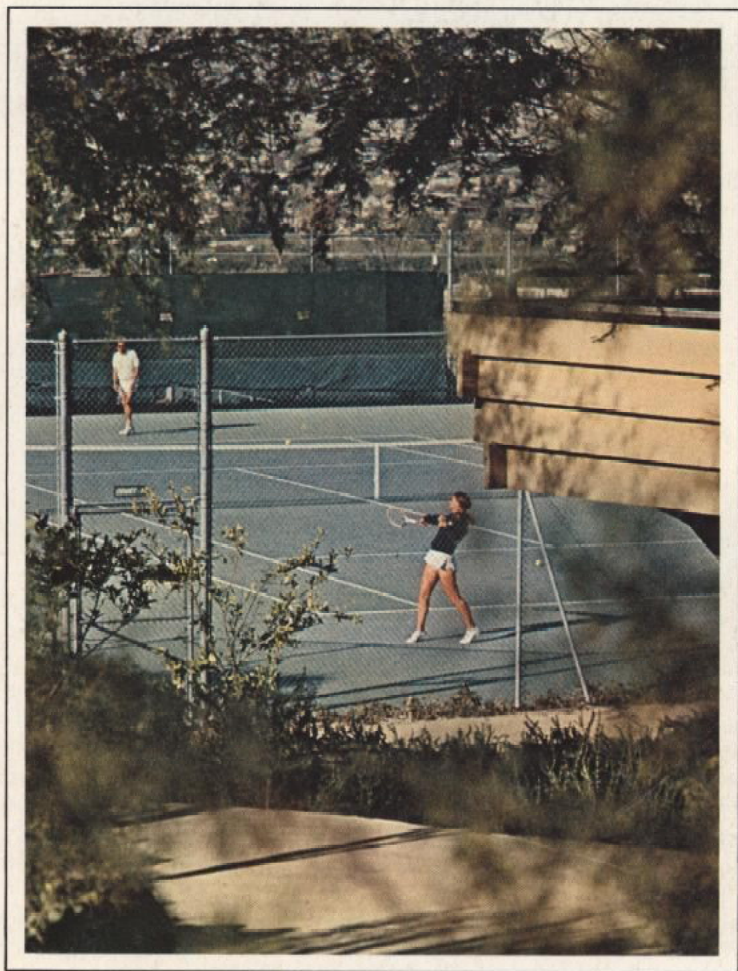


THE
CONTINENTAL
MAGAZINE



**What You Can Learn at a Tennis Ranch
Sport Camps of the Canadian Arctic**

SPRING-SUMMER 1972



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THE CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE

Vol. 12 No. 2

Spring-Summer 1972



The cover picture was shot at Gardiner's Tennis Ranch in Arizona. A story on the burgeoning of tennis and ranches starts on page 17

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For subscription information, write to THE CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE P.O. Box 1999, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. To change address, send new address, together with name and old address, exactly as shown on back cover, to The Continental Magazine at the same address. The Continental Magazine is published by Lincoln-Mercury Division, Ford Marketing Corporation. Copyright © 1972, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in the U.S.A. All rights reserved.

Sport Camps of the Canadian Arctic



Left: The camp at Chantrey Inlet, which lies near Longitude 95° just north of the Arctic Circle; below: the fisherman has taken an arctic char, fighting relative of the trout and salmon in the Far North

by Karl H. Maslowski

photographs by the author

The fish are plentiful, amenities ample, and people infrequent in this frontier of the Far North

THE CANADIAN ARCTIC is a vast, virtually uninhabited region where adventuresome tourists may thrive on experiences which can be encountered nowhere else in the world. It is unique, and in its appeals it rivals Africa and South America. In the Arctic the sportsman will find unparalleled fishing for lake trout, char, and grayling; a chance to hobnob with Eskimos, a race of friendly people barely one generation removed from the Stone Age; and opportunities to see such rare creatures as musk oxen, tundra wolves, barren ground grizzly bears, gyrfalcons, and peregrine falcons.

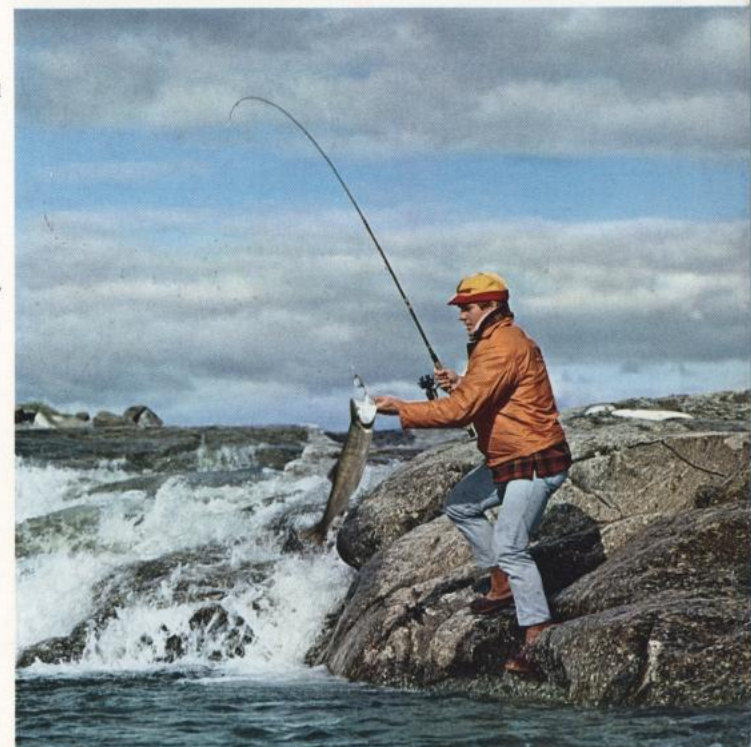
But perhaps more importantly, the Arctic is a place where one cannot help but be stimulated by the sheer solitude. Oftentimes you may find that you and just one or two companions are the only human beings in a 500-square-mile area. I remember a morning last summer when Henry Komoryak, an Eskimo guide, and I left Bathurst Inlet Lodge, thirty miles north of the Arctic Circle, at 8:00. By 9:00 that night the only signs of civilization either of us had seen were two other Eskimos. A bit later a plane passed about six miles overhead. Henry looked up at the distinctive jet trail and said, "Arctic getting too crowded."

Henry has lived all his life beyond the Arctic Circle in Canada's Northwest Territories. His ideas about crowds differ vastly from that of the "kabloona," or white man. The 1,300,000 square miles of the N.W.T. are occupied by a scant 35,000 inhabitants, and 7,500 of these are concentrated in Yellowknife, the capital of the Territories. Fully half of this huge country is beyond the Arctic Circle, where spring, summer, and fall are compressed into ten or twelve weeks.

But what glorious weeks they are for the traveler!

There are at present three permanent installations that cater to travelers adventuresome enough to follow the trails of such hardy explorers as Hearne, Franklin, and Amundsen beyond the Arctic Circle. No specific type of person fits the mold.

On my many journeys to the Far North I have met and traveled with advertising executives, bankers, industrialists, housewives, schoolteachers, stock brokers, physicians, and farmers. In short, the Canadian Arctic is for everyone who has a consuming spirit of curiosity and a yearning for places unmarked by roads,





Reading from top to bottom: The buildings at Arctic Outpost Camp, Victoria Island, 200 miles beyond the Arctic Circle at Longitude 108°; accommodations at outpost fishing camps are minimal but adequate; fish weighing 30 pounds and more are not unusual in this region



skyscrapers, fences, and subdivisions.

The moment the wanderer arrives at Barthurst Inlet Lodge 350 miles north of Yellowknife he knows a woman is running it. Mrs. Glenn "Trish" Warner's warm touch is everywhere, from the wall-to-wall carpeting in the lounge to the gourmet snacks served before the evening meal. The lodge is a series of old Hudson Bay Post frame buildings that have been converted into most comfortable quarters. The capacity is sixteen guests per week. Where other Arctic camps specialize in providing accommodations for sport fishermen, the Bathurst setup is directed toward the inquisitive individual who wants a more rounded experience in the Far North.

Thus, one day may be spent just around the lodge watching Eskimos trace their fish and seal nets and feed their husky dogs; browsing through the soapstone carvings, fur pictographs, and caribou antler harpoons and fish spears that may be purchased at bargain prices; and examining the fine collection of primitive weapons and Arctic mementos owned by the lodge.

Another day may be spent watching the activities of Arctic ground squirrels, nesting peregrine falcons, or migrating caribou. In the Bathurst Inlet area, as nowhere else in the Arctic, big game may be observed in abundance and amidst some of the Arctic's most spectacular scenery. On one memorable day within eight hours I saw three musk oxen, almost a thousand caribou, four barren ground grizzly bears, and twelve tundra wolves, including two black pups.

Still another day could be devoted to filming the colorful scatter rugs of Arctic wildflowers, contemplating the geologic marvels of the vicinity, or exploring raging waterfalls and seldom-seen lakes. And you would not want to leave the Bathurst area until you had tried the angling. Recently one fisherman stood on a rock at the mouth of a stream at an outpost camp and caught a char, a lake trout, and a grayling on three successive casts.

But very likely the greatest char fishing anywhere is to be found at the Arctic Outpost Camp on Victoria Island, 1100 miles north of Edmonton. This is the northernmost sport fishing camp in the world. It is a series of half a dozen tent frames, a staff quarters, and a commodious building containing the kitchen, dining room, lounge, and bathrooms. The tent frames are roomy structures with plywood floors and sides and canvas roofs. They accommodate four persons.

Char Lake is just a cast from your tent. If you tire of struggling with the fish in that lake there are dozens more close by to which you will be flown in small float planes. And if you are still anxious for variety you will be taken north to the Hadley Bay outpost camp, which is

within 250 miles of the Magnetic North Pole, or you will be flown south about 200 miles to Parry Bay on the Kent Peninsula. Anglers have caught and released as many as fifty char a day at the Hadley Bay location. Down at Parry Bay three companions and I caught and released fully that number of lake trout weighing between eight and twenty pounds in several hours. We often caught four simultaneously by casting into a spot where fresh and salt water met at the shallow entrance to a deep gorge.

Arctic char are closely related to the brook trout and salmon. Some are landlocked but most live an anadromous life, spending the spring and early summer in the sea and returning to fresh water in later summer and early fall. Most of the year the char are a glistening stainless steel color but in late summer the males become downright glamorous. The underside turns cardinal red and the top side is suffused with a color that may range from lemon yellow to sunburst orange. The flaming ventral fins are neatly trimmed in white.

When a neophyte char fisherman first pulls one of these lurid fish from the waters he wonders why there are not palm trees and other tropical flora about instead of thousands of square miles of tundra. A big char will weigh a bit over twenty-five pounds but one over eighteen pounds may be considered a real trophy. Not only do these fish put up a dogged underwater fight, but they taste delicious, too. The worst cook cannot spoil char. You can bake, fry, broil, smoke, can, roast, or even boil char and it is still gourmet fare.

If you are a birdwatcher be sure to be at Hadley Bay the first two weeks of July. During my recent visit the camp naturalist showed me the nests and young of at least twenty-five species within a mile of my tent, including such glamour birds as snowy owls, Sabine's gulls, long-tailed jaegers, and black brant.

Chantrey Inlet Camp, 250 miles north of Baker Lake, is reached in a most romantic way—via a World War II vintage Grumman Goose. Here you will find comfortable accommodations for eighteen by way of cabins, with a central bath and showers.

Chantrey Inlet is at the mouth of the Back River. This locale affords really superb lake trout fishing, though some char also are caught. Lake trout close to fifty pounds are taken every season (early July to mid-August) by trolling big spinners and spoons in the deep water right in front of the camp. But my most exciting fishing was to stand on shore and cast into the deep pools upstream. It is not unusual to average a strike every fifteen minutes.

There is an Eskimo encampment across the inlet that is worth a visit. These people still live off the land about half

the year, with fish and caribou forming the mainstay of their diet. The men are experts at carving caribou antler. Chances are if you visit these Eskimos you will leave your best fishing jacket behind in exchange for delicately carved miniature figures of Canada geese, sandhill cranes, and ermine.

Week-long trips to the Arctic to accommodations such as these will cost about \$1000 to \$1500 depending on the location, the amount of extra charter flying you may want to do once you get there, and the sum you spend on Eskimo art and artifacts.

Clothing you would wear in New England on a crisp fall day is ideal for Canadian Arctic summertime weather which ranges from about 40° to 70°. Be sure to include rain gear and a headnet.

A medium to heavy action spinning rod with a light saltwater reel loaded with fifteen-pound test line will win you most battles with char and lake trout. For the lunkers better take along some kind of heavier equipment and thirty-pound test line. These northern fish all have teeth; hence, nylon-coated wire leaders are essential. Lures such as big spinners and spoons are most effective. For really challenging char and trout fishing take along a fairly heavy flyrod and big muddler flies.

Most streams and lakes are gin clear and ice cold so you will have a readily available supply of pollution-free drinking water at all times. And the only

worry you have about food is its abundance and excellence. Chances are skirts and trousers will need a bit of letting out once you get home as a result of frequent over-indulgence.

There is a story that some years ago the then Prince of Wales, who is now the Duke of Windsor, visited Yellowknife. He attended a state dinner there for which trappers' wives had to be pressed into service as waitresses. One of the girls picking up after the main course advised the visiting royalty, "Hold your fork, Prince, there's pie comin'."

That pretty well sums up the informality of the Canadian Arctic even today. You do not dress up for dinner, you are never expected to go dancing or attend a gala concert. Instead, you simply indulge yourself in sheer enjoyment and adventure in a little known land—the Canadian Arctic.

* * *

For further particulars, write: Bathurst Inlet Lodge, Box 820, Yellowknife, N.W.T., Canada; Arctic Outpost Camps, Ltd., P. O. Box 1104, Edmonton 15, Alberta, Canada; Rainy Lake Airways, Ltd., Box 790, Ft. Francis, Ontario, Canada.

The pipe-smoking Eskimo is on a "carving break" in the wan summer sun, turning an antler into the figure of an animal



Paris is a Movable Feast

It's remarkable how the beauty of the city dovetails with the splendor of its restaurants

by Waverley Root

GOURMETS VISIT PARIS to enjoy the famous French cuisine. Curious-minded tourists come for sight-seeing (if women, for shopping). Most visitors, no doubt, like to work in a little of both. Can you attend to one without neglecting the other? Suppose we try.

Paris is a wonderful city to explore, more or less at random, on foot. One of the most rewarding sections is the Latin Quarter, so called because the University of Paris has been installed there since the Middle Ages—and in those days, and for some centuries thereafter, its language was Latin. Its backbone (after the Boulevard St. Michel, of course) was the Rue Mouffetard, which is known by an affectionate diminutive, the Rue Mouff'. It has not changed since medieval times. It is vibrant by day with the noise, the color, and the bustle of sidewalk merchants, by night with rollicking students. Every film producer who wants an old Paris background sets up his cameras here.

Wander down the Rue Mouff', branching off to right or left wherever your eye tempts you, and if you get hungry on the way, stop at La Truffière (The Truffle Field), 4, Rue Blainville, where the filling Périgord food is authentic, and should be, for Colette and Oge Delbos, who own it, used to run the dining room of the Hotel

de la Madeleine in Sarlat, which is where I always ate whenever I stopped in this capital of what the French call "the Black Périgord." You can't do better than stick to the fixed menu, which works in most of the chief regional specialties—*foie gras*, which Perigourds insist is richer than the better known product of Strasbourg; preserved goose; truffles; the luscious mushrooms called *cèpes*; and salad flavored with walnut oil.

Perigord food is hearty. If, as a working tourist, you prefer something less sleep-inducing, continue downhill until you hit the Boulevard St.-Germain, where, at No. 44, you will find Au Pactole, a golden spot with a golden name, for the Pactole was the river of King Midas. Here Monsieur Manière provides subtly and delicately flavored food at (for Paris) very reasonable prices. What he puts into his mushroom salad to give it such an ethereal taste, I have no idea. I even stay with him when his imagination reaches the point of fantasy—for instance, in his gratinated lobster with orange.

If you keep going towards the Seine, you will encounter the Pont de la Tournele. Across it is the Ile St. Louis. The charm of this small island, tucked away behind the more famous Ile de la Cité, is impossible to describe adequately, whether it is viewed from without, say from the Quai de Montebello in the light of the setting sun, or from within as you stroll through its quiet streets.

This is 17th-century Paris.

Wander as you will; the island is small and you can't get lost. One of the fine restaurants is Au Gourmet de l'Ile, 42, Rue St.-Louis-en-l'Ile. Here Monsieur and Madame Bourdeau provide excellent food at reasonable prices. Try the house pâté for a starter, a mixture of chopped meats and mouth-watering seasonings, which reaches the table in a deep earthenware crock. Follow it with a specialty from Mme. Bourdeau's home province, the Auvergne—*la charbonnée*, a *civet* of pork with a college education.

Still at the same level, cross the right branch of the Seine and you are on the edge of more ideal strolling territory—the Marais. This is the part of Paris which has been least rebuilt. Zigzagging back and forth through it is a fascinating adventure. You might start near the Hotel de Sens, the oldest public building (1475) left in Paris. Head away from the river, with a map for a guide if you don't want to miss any of the fine old mansions, many of which have been restored.

Once you have now crossed the Rue des Rosiers (Rosebush Street), you are in what was the ghetto of the Middle Ages and is today a Jewish quarter, with tempting foodshop windows containing specialties you have probably not encoun-

tered since leaving New York, like tempting mounds of moist chopped chicken livers. Stop at Goldenberg, 15, Rue des Rosiers, if you want to try Jewish food lightened by the French touch.

Keep going up the Rue Vieille du Temple (the Old Street of the Temple) to the Hotel de Rohan, another showpiece, then right to the Hotel Carnavelet, which houses the Museum of the History of Paris and continue to the lovely square which was called the Place Royale when Henri IV created it, but has been the Place des Vosges since the French Revolution. Here you eat at Concomnas, 2 bis, Place des Vosges. It is not one of the great restaurants of Paris, but a very acceptable one, and its location under the old brick arches of the square is very special.

One area no tourist misses is the boat-shaped Ile de la Cité, and with reason: here are the Cathedral of Notre Dame; the Sainte-Chapelle in the courtyard of the Palais de Justice, so rich in stained glass that it seems to have no other walls; and, also in the Palais de Justice, the Conciergerie, where the prisoners of the Terror

waited for the tumbrils to carry them to the guillotine.

On strictly gastronomic grounds, you will do well to slip out of the Palais de Justice at its rear, where you will find Le Vert Galant (the nickname of Henri IV, whose statue is nearby), 42, Quai des Orfèvres, devoted to the classical cuisine of France, where in good weather I often go to enjoy a meal on its pleasant outdoor terrace.

The biggest eating treat in this area takes you off the island. Leaving Notre Dame, turn left and cross the Seine, and there, almost within sight of the cathedral, you have what I consider the best restaurant in Paris—Chez Garin, 9, Rue Lagrange. Don't go there unless you are prepared to shoot the works.

Garin is very expensive, but it's worth it just to get a taste of his soufflé trout—and if you like cognac, end with his Borderies. In the official classification, Borderies is only third-grade cognac (out of seven categories), following Grande Champagne and Petite Champagne, but Garin's expertly chosen Borderies is better than any Grande Fine Champagne I know elsewhere.

Also just around the corner you have the famous Tour d'Argent, 15, Quai

(continued on page 24)





THE NEW ELEGANCE OF HOUSEBOATS

Floating houses have evolved from the merely comfortable to the downright palatial

photographs by Normund Birzins and Robert Duncan Braun

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE that today's houseboats are direct descendants of floating shacks. From their humble origins as wooden dwellings moored in still water, they have evolved into craft incorporating impressive luxury and capable of considerable speed.

Possibly the houseboat that leads all the rest in sheer indulgence is Lazy Days, manufactured in Buford, Georgia. Its top model is 61 feet long and has

three private staterooms. Among its amenities are a dishwasher-dryer combination, a trash masher that will take care of normal trash for four persons for a week, a built-in bar, and a 14-cubic-foot refrigerator.

Lazy Days is equipped with diesel engines and can reach a speed of 28 miles an hour. It can be taken into the open ocean—though not, of course, in high seas. Fully equipped, with no

Everything about a houseboat suggests ease. Here a 49-foot Burns-Craft is moored along the Intracoastal Waterway in Florida. Its passengers in no particular hurry to get moving. Burns-Craft is made by Burns Manufacturing, Inc., Muscle Shoals, Alabama

thought to cutting corners, it will cost around \$120,000.

Somewhat more down-to-earth, but hardly Spartan, is the Casa Grande, made by Carrie-Craft of Berlin, Wisconsin. This 56-foot catamaran costs in the neighborhood of \$50,000. Among its attractive features are tinted glass, Pullman-type doors that create a two-bedroom effect, and interior finish in hobnail mahogany and walnut. The Casa Grande rides high off the water, which provides a better view as well as greater speed over a rough surface.

Holiday Mansion, Salina, Kansas, builds a 51-foot catamaran that has 300 square feet of living space, including three private bedrooms. Uniflyte of Bellingham, Washington, has its Yacht Home (about \$33,000) with a helm station, high counter space in the galley, a flying bridge, Magic Chef stove, and sliding glass windows.

There is a good deal of customizing in houseboats. Once a hull is finished, the manufacturer responds to the wishes of the buyer, and the buyer, in this day and age, is apparently not daunted by price at the top of the line. The thrust of houseboat sales is to elegance, to luxury, to the utmost space, ease, and convenience. That, in the view of many, is the way to live on the water.

Below: There was a wedding aboard the Nauta-Line, followed by a party *en voyage* with the couple and guests dancing while the band played; opposite: the galley in the Nauta-Line contains an electric stove, oven, twin rotisserie, and everything needed for sumptuous meals. Nauta-Line is made in Hendersonville, Tennessee



Above and at left is the Burns-Craft, seen also on pages 8 and 9. Its galley can be changed into a spacious stateroom for two with private entrance to the bath. There is also an owner's stateroom. A designer sofa in the wheelhouse converts to a full bed. A circular staircase leads to the galley and dining area. The custom-built canopy can be put up quickly, so that the party can continue in sun or shower, or folded away when the weather calls for open sky



Right: The Nauta-Line on which the party is taking place is 43 feet long, with a 14-foot beam. Its party deck is completely carpeted. The boat has bedroom space for eight, with a full shower. Equipped with twin 215-horsepower V-drive engines, it can reach a speed of 32 mph

Left: The wet bar in the Burns-Craft is marked off by wrought iron grillwork





Some tools of Pantera handcraftmanship



Panteras in a Renaissance courtyard



Like the chassis, Pantera's interior is a masterpiece of design

PANTERA—Achievement Of Two Continents

Conceived by de Tomaso, built by Ghia, powered by Ford, it is among today's superb sports cars

by Tony Hogg

TO VISIT—AS I RECENTLY DID—the three Italian companies whose skills result in Lincoln-Mercury's Pantera is to witness first-hand the marriage of craftsmanship, good taste, and engineering background that is essential to a great automobile. All three companies—Ghia, Vignale, and de Tomaso Automobili—are in northern Italy, which has long been famous for the manufacture of handcrafted cars of exceptional quality, performance, and styling.

This is the region from which Maserati, Ferrari and Lamborghini arose; they set a standard virtually unequalled in the world. Now a new star has risen—the de Tomaso Pantera, powered by a Ford 351-cubic-inch Cleveland engine. It is being sold through selected Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

In appearance, the Pantera is most distinctive. It is low and has a slightly mean look to it. The engine is placed behind the driver amidships, which is an excellent arrangement in some highly sophisticated competition cars. Other features the Pantera shares with such cars are independent suspension and disc brakes on all four wheels.

The interior is well planned, and the seating position is very low but comfortable. The car is strictly a two-seater; the area immediately behind the two seats is occupied by the engine. Although I had wondered if noise and heat might be a problem in a car with its engine placed this way, I found that the design circumvented this. Noise and heat went right out the back.

The single individual who is central to the Pantera is Alejandro de Tomaso, an Argentinean now living and working in northern Italy. An exceptionally cultivated person, he combines dynamic energy with great charm and superb taste. Among his interests are a magnificent art collection, which he has assembled over the last decade, and a boutique in Rome called Alejandro.

Boiled down to its simplest, de Tomaso's idea was to build a car that blended all the best features of Italian craftsmanship, yet was powered by an American engine that was mass produced so that service and parts would be readily available. In 1970, Ford Motor Company became interested in the project, and the result was the formation of de Tomaso Inc., which brought the three Italian concerns together. In this way it was possible to assemble sufficient expertise and facilities for a limited production run of high quality cars.

Ghia is primarily a design studio, but on my visit I saw that it had all the equipment and skilled workmen necessary to carry a design from the drawing board through all the various stages ending with a finished prototype. This is a very specialized business, and Ghia has been famous in the field since the company was formed in 1915.

Among the distinctive and lasting designs that bear the phrase "designed by Ghia" are Maserati Ghibli, Maserati Indy, Dual Ghia, Karmann Ghia, Deauville, and now Pantera. It is interesting to note that the person in charge of design at

Ghia is an American named Tom Tjaarda. Tjaarda's father was the designer of a classic American car, the 1934 Lincoln Zephyr.

The specialty at Vignale is body building rather than design, and over the years some of the finest coach-built bodies have come out of the Vignale shops. When I visited the plant, about 15 Pantera bodies were being built each day, and I was particularly impressed by the way in which the hand workmanship, for which the Italians are justifiably famous, was combined with the precision of modern machinery. In the manufacture of limited-edition quality automobiles, there are some jobs that can be done only by skilled craftsmen, but there are also other jobs that are best done by machines because of the incredible accuracy of modern machine tools.

Leaving the Vignale plant in Turin, I went to de Tomaso Automobili in Modena. Modena is the traditional home of Italian luxury sports cars, and there I was able to see the Pantera bodies and chassis being married to the Ford 351-cubic-inch engine, and the superb five-speed transmission and differential unit built by the German Z. F. Company. I was then taken out to the Modena Autodrome race track to drive the car.

Out on the track, which was wet at the time, I took a few slow laps to familiarize myself with the car before trying any speed testing. My first impression was that the car was the equal of other cars I have driven costing twice as much, and

this impression was confirmed as I speeded up. Acceleration was deceptively quick, helped by the very fast shifts one can make in the five-speed transmission.

Equally impressive were the brakes, which slowed the car as though a giant hand were holding it back, and without any tendency to wander or lock up the rear wheels. Efficient braking is not only a function of the brakes themselves, but also of the suspension system and the tires, and it results from extensive and painstaking testing and experimentation.

Despite its 150-mph potential, the Pantera is extremely docile, due primarily to the characteristics of its engine. It is also very easy to drive. Some people may wonder whether there is a place in America today for a 150-mph car, but the point is that a car designed to handle well at that speed is superbly manageable and has a great margin of safety at 70 mph.

Striking in its appearance and superb in its performance, the de Tomaso Pantera offers the ultimate in personal transportation. What the buyer gets is a combination of traditional Italian craftsmanship and the best Ford engineering expertise in a car that is unmatched in the world today.

To locate your nearest Pantera dealer, call free, any hour, any day 800-631-1971. Residents of New Jersey call 800-962-2803.

AMERICAN IMPRESSIONISTS COME INTO THEIR OWN

Long overshadowed by their French masters and teachers, these native artists are commanding new attention and rising prices

by George M. Cohen



The Recitation, by Thomas Dewing (from the Collection of the Detroit Institute of Arts. Purchase: The Picture Fund)

INTEREST AMONG COLLECTORS in traditional American art shows no sign of abating. On the contrary, a month hardly passes but what some previously unknown American painter is discovered—often to considerable acclaim and rising value. No longer do the Pop and Op artists of the 1960's hold center stage in the art world. One of the strongest thrusts today is Americans of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and this thrust shows signs of having a staying power far beyond that of mere fad or vogue.

Of particular interest are the American Impressionists, painters who studied with or were influenced by the founders of that celebrated style. The Impressionist movement began in Europe in the middle decades of the 19th century with the great French artists Manet, Monet, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, Morisot, and others. To the extent that esthetic value and monetary value coincide, it is worth noting that last year a Monet landscape was auctioned for close to a quarter of a million dollars at Parke-Bernet in New York.

The key word in Impressionism is color. Until the movement got started, the art world had never created such stunning visual effects. The Impressionists dissipated structure and gave up form in order to achieve their rainbow palette.

They were devoted to optical truth, which they sought by carrying their easels into the outdoors. As they said, "Light is the subject of the painting."

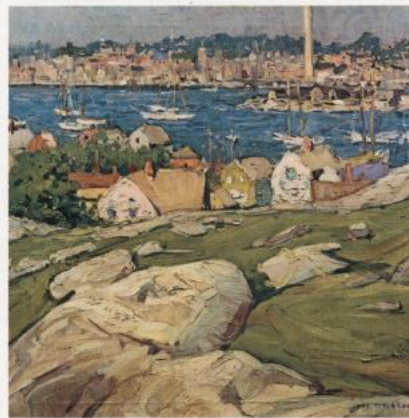
Although the market value of most French Impressionist paintings is far beyond the pocketbook of most present-day collectors, there still remains time to invest, at a relatively low price, in American Impressionist paintings of high quality. Fortunately, there are many galleries specializing in these works. Among the more noted are: in New York, Chapellier Galleries, Hirschl & Adler Galleries, Babcock Gallery, Kennedy Galleries, Knoedler Art Galleries, Rehn Gallery and Schweitzer Gallery; and in Boston, Vose Art Gallery and Shore Galleries.

Here are a few of these Americans who have hitherto remained fairly obscure if not unknown to the art market.

Edward Henry Potthast (1857-1927)

Edward H. Potthast's Impressionism ranks high in quality and artistic value. He came from Cincinnati, where his artistic career began when he exhibited at the McMicken School of Design in 1870. Two years later he went to Europe to study, returning to attend the Cincinnati Museum Association Art School in 1885 and then going back to Europe between 1887

Gloucester Harbor, by Jane Peterson (courtesy: Hirschl & Adler Galleries, New York)



Swimming at Breakwater, by Edward Potthast (courtesy: Chapellier Galleries, New York)

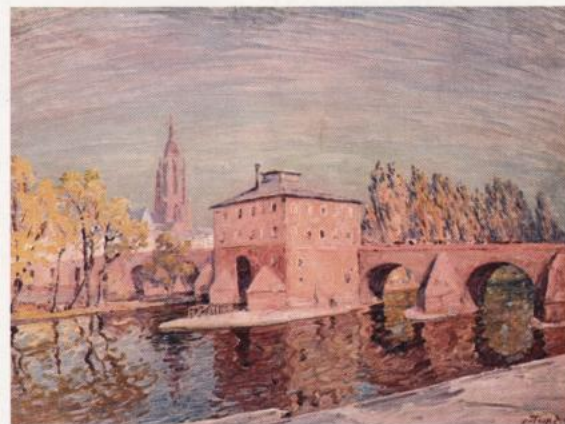


and 1889, at which time he came under the influence of the Impressionists.

Potthast's themes center around the seashore. They are filled with a carefree atmosphere and show a pleasant and cheerful side of life. *The Bathers* (1915) is a delightful vignette of seashore fun replete with frolicking figures who splash merrily in the surf. In *The Breakers* he uses heavy, thick scumbles of paint pigment to build up rich, juicy tones of oranges and blues. It is no wonder that these scenes were called "snapshots of shore life." Likewise, *Autumn Landscape* is another out-of-doors theme, which captures the iridescent warm hues of blushing foliage.

Irving Ramsey Wiles (1861-1948)

Wiles was a painter of portraits, genre, figure-pieces, landscape, and still life. His Impressionism is unique, private, and what many call "clever." He took painting lessons from his father, Lemuel M. Wiles, and then attended the Art Students League in New York where he studied with James Carroll Beckwith and William Merritt Chase. From Chase he learned the free manner of paint application. In 1882, Beckwith told him to study in Europe. He entered the atelier of Carlous-Duran, who taught his pupils to



The Bridge at Frankfort, by William S. Horton (courtesy: Vose Galleries, Boston)

Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley.

Her pictures are filled with light and atmosphere. She did not chronicle her works, and the development of her style remains obscure, but she was consistently high in quality within her Impressionism, whether the canvas was painted early or late in her career.

William S. Horton (1865-1936)

Claude Monet said to William Horton: "You are the greatest painter of snow who ever lived." Indeed, this was a true compliment to one of America's obscure Impressionists. Hardly anything was documented on Horton until the retired financier Ellerton Jette began to collect and restore Horton paintings in 1944. Jette found a cache of Horton works stored in the London apartment of his son, Col. W. Gray Horton.

With permission of Col. Horton, Jette brought back to America numerous oils, watercolors, pastels, and drawings. They were not exhibited until 1967 when they were shown at the Grand Rapids Museum in Michigan and at the State Street Bank Concourse Gallery in Boston.

Horton came from Grand Rapids, studied at the Art Institute in Chicago, and in the 1890's was in Paris attending classes at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, later working under Benjamin Constant at the Ecole Julian. In Paris he admired the French Impressionists and was befriended by Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, and Degas. However, it was Monet who encouraged him and unfolded to Horton the secrets of painting light, color, and atmospheric effects. Monet instructed him to take a theme, such as snow-covered mountains, and paint it under every condition of light and hour.

The oil *Sundown in the Mountains, Gstaad* (ca. 1921) is a grandiose panoramic view of the Swiss Alps, while *Snow on the Rooftops of Paris* (ca. 1910) becomes an intimate vignette of his adopted city. In both pictures Horton displays a color orchestration of vibrant tones laid on with the loaded brush and palette knife.

Truly an "international" Impressionist, Horton traveled all over the world in search of light. He painted some 1,000 oils and 2,700 sketches and drawings.

The Boston School: Intimate Impressionism. *Frank Weston Benson (1862-1951)*, *Edmund Charles Tarbell (1862-1938)* and *Thomas Wilmer Dewing (1851-1938)*.

The word "intimate" well typifies the poetic and quiet manner of this group of American Impressionists who centered their creative activity around Boston.

Frank W. Benson has been known only for his graphic depictions of wild-

life, especially ducks. However, it has been recently found that he was a most talented Impressionist who painted idyllic, solemnly posed women and girls. Born in Salem, Massachusetts, he studied at the Museum School in Boston and at the Academie Julian in Paris, where he observed the Impressionism of Monet, Renoir, and Sisley. The oil *In the Spruce Woods* personifies Benson's devotion to womanhood. With loose, spontaneous brush strokes, he bathes the figure in a warm, saturating light that appears to melt the form into diaphanous tones of shimmering, transparent highlights. His colors are rich and sonorous as they seem to symbolize the innate feminine aspect of his sitters.

Edmund C. Tarbell was a recorder of figure-pieces and portraits of polite Boston society. Like Benson, he came from the Boston area and took lessons in painting at the Boston Museum School. He studied at the Academie Julian under Boulanger and Lefebvre. Upon his return to America, he taught at the Boston Museum School and later headed the Corcoran School of Art in Washington.

Tarbell was esteemed for his intimate genre interiors. With a poetic charm he isolates his figures and surrounds them in a veil of melodious color harmonies. Tarbell's brush strokes are soft and radiating as they dance across the surface of the canvas, leaving behind a sweet mist of tonal values. Yet, beneath his surface Impressionism, there is structure and a preconceived composition.

An exofficio member of the Boston School was Thomas W. Dewing. He came from Boston but spent much of his time in New York. Following the routine of studying in Paris at the Academie Julian under Boulanger and Lefebvre, he enrolled at the Frank Duveneck School in Munich. From Duveneck he developed quick, instantaneous brush strokes in the tradition of the 17th century Dutch master, Franz Hals.

Once back in America, Dewing began painting portraits and figure-pieces of women. Recalling Benson and Tarbell, the woman's world of poetry, intimacy and love became a dominant part of his pictorial repertoire. He uses Impressionist jewel-like tonalities and subtle brush-sweeps. His women are beautiful—tenuous and svelte in figure and genteel and refined in mien.

Of course, the above-mentioned artists are but a mere sampling of the many American Impressionists whose works are rising in market value today. It is almost safe to say that if you come across an American Impressionist, whether in a gallery or an obscure shop, buy it, for the work may well double if not triple in value within the next few years.

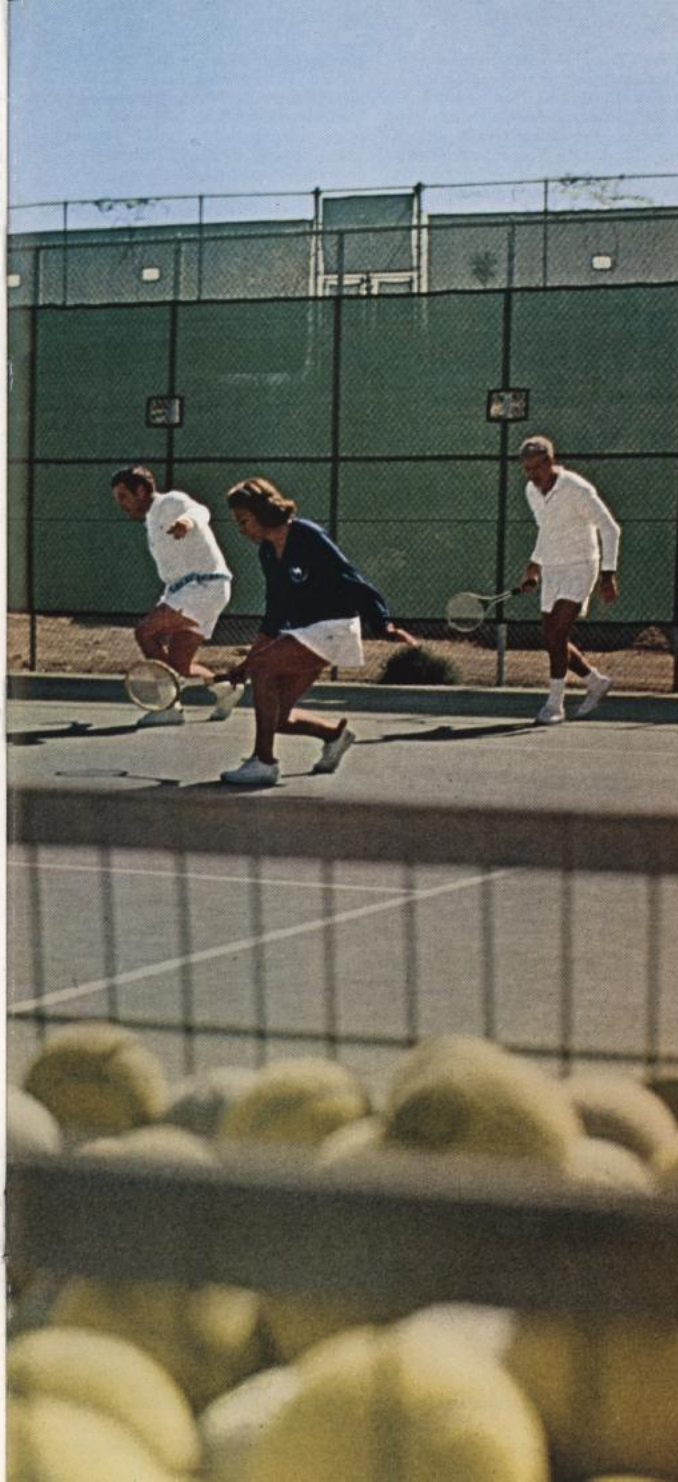


A Summer Vacation, by Potthast (courtesy: Chapellier Galleries)

"draw with the brush," and who instilled in Wiles a sense of color value relationships. Simultaneously he observed the French Impressionists and began to incorporate their methods into his art. In Wiles there is a freedom of paint handling and improvisational touch as he seems to tickle the surface of the canvas with his brush. His feeling for out-of-doors (or *plein-air*) is equal in quality to oils by Hassam or Twachtman. It is in his full understanding of tonal harmonies and capability in placing pure colors side by side that Wiles is able to reveal an inner aliveness and vibrant color scintillation of the momentary within nature.

Jane Peterson (1876-1965)

Jane Peterson was a keen observer of nature. She remained almost completely obscure until her work was exhibited at the Hirschl & Adler Galleries in New York in 1970. A native of Elgin, Illinois, Miss Peterson arrived in New York in 1894 and enrolled at the Pratt Institute. Upon her graduation she took private painting lessons from Frank Vincent Dumond in New York and then went to Europe. There she became a pupil under Frank Branguyvyn in London and Joaquin Sorolla in Madrid. From these artists she developed a quick bravura manner of brush strokes, capturing the essence of the subject in true Impressionist terms. In 1909 she went to Paris, took lessons from Jacques-Emile Blanche, and observed and assimilated the style of



WHAT YOU CAN LEARN AT A TENNIS RANCH

The game has grown so popular that practitioners now combine vacation with intensive study

by Walter Bingham

photographs by Markow Photography/Cliff Roe

TO MOST PEOPLE the word ranch still means horses, corrals, spurs, and jeans, but to many others ranch has become synonymous with tennis. The tennis ranch is becoming an increasingly popular way to spend a week of vacation, maybe more, a chance to take lessons and play the game in a relaxing and often luxurious atmosphere.

Most of the more popular tennis ranches are headed by well-known players or coaches. Harry Hopman, who was the Australian Davis Cup coach during those successful defenses in the 50's and 60's, has one in Amherst, Massachusetts, and it provides lessons from—even an opportunity to play—Arthur Ashe,

Dennis Ralston, and Stan Smith.

Two of Hopman's former players, Lew Hoad and John Newcombe, have ranches. Hoad and his wife Jennifer run a camp in Spain, while Newcombe's is in New Braunfels, Texas. In the event you would like your child to spend part of the summer learning tennis in a tennis atmosphere, there are dozens of tennis camps, two of the best of which are the Don Budge Tennis Campus in McDonough, Maryland, and, more exotically, Meyerhoffen in Austria, which is run, in part, by Bill Talbert, the former U. S. Davis Cup coach.

One of the best of the tennis ranches in this country is the John Gardiner Tennis Ranch in the Carmel Valley of California. It is quite expensive—\$450 for a week—but when you consider that the price includes most of your food and drink, your lodging, as much instruction and play as your weary bones can take, plus a wide assortment of other diversions, the money seems well spent.

Right: players are working on their backhand; below: in the far court, the subject is the forehand, while up front a group is learning about racquet grip.

Gardiner has found his ranch to be so popular, in fact, that he has recently opened another in Scottsdale, Arizona. Each ranch is open all but two months of the year; Carmel is closed in January and February, while Scottsdale shuts down in July and August.

The tennis week begins on a Sunday late afternoon. As guests arrive, the Gardiners introduce themselves and insist they be called John and Barbara. (Everyone at a tennis ranch is on a first name basis.) First you will be shown to

your room. The Gardiners have named their various dwellings Forest Hills Cottage, Wimbledon House, and Center Court Cottage to establish the desired atmosphere. Let us say you are staying in Wimbledon House. It has two large bedrooms and sitting rooms, plus a living room, kitchenette, two baths, and a fireplace, which can turn out to be a most useful thing in the evening.

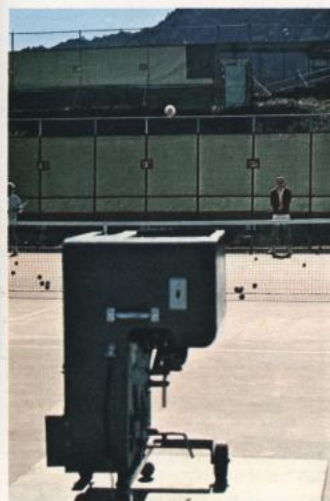
When you have unpacked, you make your way up to the main house to meet the others for a drink and dinner. There

will probably be 20 taking lessons during the week. John and Barbara circle the room making introductions. Perhaps you will find yourself meeting Dinah Shore, or Kirk Douglas. Both are rabid tennis fans and occasionally seek out the Gardiner ranch for a week.

With after-dinner coffee, John will welcome the entire group. He used to play the pro tour with Jack Kramer and Pancho Gonzales and perhaps he will tell some stories. Then he will establish a few ground rules. "Orange



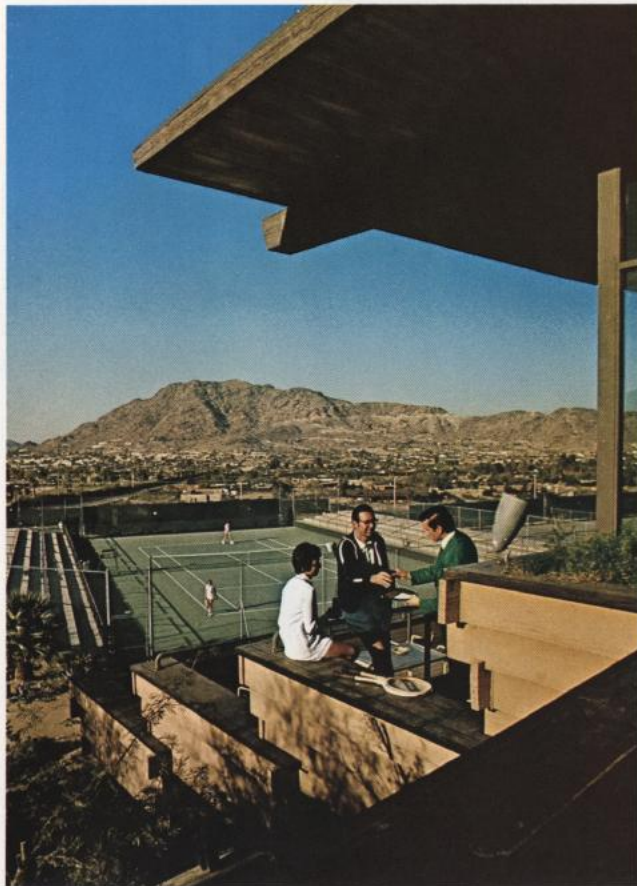
As two of the pictures on this page indicate, a well-run tennis ranch has diversions other than pure tennis; object in other picture spits balls for practice



juice and the San Francisco paper will be brought to your room at eight in the morning. Breakfast will be served at 8:30 here in the dining room. Everyone on the courts at 9:30. You are here to work on your game. We can't remake it, but if you do some of the things we tell you to, we expect you to improve. You may not notice it while you are here, but about three weeks from now you will suddenly discover you are playing better. You will be your own boss here, so you decide how much you want to play. You can come out or not, whenever you want. Except tomorrow."

The next morning Gardiner gathers the group. "Repetition is the law of

In late afternoon some of the tennis players are having cocktails on the deck at John Gardiner's Ranch in Arizona while two guests are getting in some last sets in the waning sun



learning," he says. "We are going to hit the same shots over and over. It is something you would never do on your own. Tilden says it took him 12 years to master the forehand, so I guess we can work on it a few days."

With that, John introduces his teaching staff, four or five young men and women who concentrate on different aspects of the game. You hit, say, forehands for a half hour, part of that time with a pro, part with a machine that slings balls every few seconds. Then it is over to another court for work on the volley. And then the backhand. At mid-morning there is a break for juice and fresh fruit. Then back to the courts again until lunch.

That afternoon Gardiner and his staff divide you into groups, based on the level of your play. From then on it is lessons mixed with actual play, whatever you want. And if after a few days you feel like doing something entirely

different, there are swimming, horse-back riding and golf.

As Gardiner says, his tennis ranch actually began as a summer camp for children. With a lot of borrowed money and a little he had saved as pro at the nearby Del Monte Lodge, Gardiner bought the Godwin Ranch in Carmel Valley. It is a cluster of small cottages nestled under twisted oak trees, something that looks very much like the type of place John Wayne might come riding up to on a horse, except that this ranch has nine tennis courts and two large swimming pools scattered about.

John built three courts to begin with and converted some old chicken coops into dormitories that would sleep up to 70. The mothers who delivered and picked up their children at the beginning and end of each three-week session liked the place so much they demanded time for themselves. So John added ten double rooms for adults.

Those early clinics were just for women, but when the husbands found out about it, they wanted in, so that mixed-doubles sessions now alternate throughout an 18-week schedule in spring and fall. The children still have the place to themselves in summer. Getting a reservation is difficult; Gardiner has requests from people halfway around the world and receives many applications a year ahead of time.

Gardiner's Scottsdale ranch is proving just as popular. He opened it in 1969 and this time there were no chicken coops involved. Instead he built 40 two-bedroom condominiums which were bought up faster than you can say "anyone for tennis." The owners lease their condominiums back to Gardiner for his tennis ranch guests.

There are 13 courts at the Scottsdale ranch, including a "lower four" which are used for lessons only. Near these is a training room equipped with, among other things, an instant replay machine so that you can watch the stroke you just hit and see what you did wrong. Gardiner employs seven instructors and all the basic rules of the Carmel ranch are followed. For tennis players, heaven could not be any better.

Editor's Note: For more detailed information on tennis ranches, write to the United States Lawn Tennis Association, 51 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

Lincoln-Mercury participates in sponsorship of NBC's Sunday afternoon World Championship Tennis series. Remaining telecasts this season (see newspaper for local time) will be seen on April 23 and 30 and May 7 and 14.

Beautiful Things for the Terrace



Here's a random sampling of furnishings to enhance the pleasure of outdoor summers at home

by Nancy Kennedy

THE PRACTICE OF DECORATING the terrace is centuries old—as old as the terrace itself, which is traditional around the Mediterranean and probably goes back to the beginnings of civilization. Some of the most handsome arrange-

ments of furniture, ceramic pots, sculpture and fountains have appeared on the terrace. In modern times, with the terrace widely in evidence among the middle classes, there has been a proliferation of items and designers, as well as



places to acquire beautiful things.

Among the more satisfying places is the Florentine Craftsmen, 650 First Avenue, New York. They have devoted more than 50 years to the collecting and creating of objets d'art for the discriminating—including fountains, benches and statues of dolphins, saints, and nymphs. Their selections range from magnificent fountains and beautiful wrought iron gazebos that might well adorn a palace garden, to simple but functional items such as the vertically mounted bronze wall sun dial shown at top left on this page.

One of the finest designers of items for the terrace and outdoors is Bjorn

Wiinblad of Denmark. The photo on page 21 and the large photo on these pages were taken at the Wiinblad studios. At the right, in the photo on page 21, is one of his nymphs balancing a fountain on her head; it is done in dark earthen pre-Columbian glaze. This charming fountain is set off by flowering plants and trees in his ceramic planters. On the walls are a variety of decorative tiles and ceramic plaques created by the designer in his usual blues.

The center photo above, also taken in the Wiinblad studio, looks down on an especially imaginative creation—an outdoor grill and table. Its four-foot ceramic top is handpainted in cobalt blue

underglaze and comes complete with six matching wrought iron spits, six roasting forks and a ceramic insert that turns the barbecue grill in the center into a spacious dining table or outdoor bar. Hanging directly over the table-grill is a toile shade designed by Wiinblad; the other decorative touches on the terrace are his also.

Wiinblad's works may be seen at the Rosenthal Studios, 584 Fifth Avenue, New York.

One unique, practical, up-to-date—and somewhat hilarious—piece for the terrace is the Chinese rickshaw complete with outdoor cushions and a fringed sunshade which was found at

the J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit.

What happens when an interior decorator and designer turns her talents to selecting beautiful things for her own garden and terrace? To find out we visited Ruth Adler Schnee of Detroit. She and her husband travel extensively looking for new and unusual items for their Adler-Schnee Shop in downtown Detroit and for their home garden.

For instance, the Schnees found a gleaming brass heater used by the Bedouins to keep their tents warm. It is used on the patio on chilly evenings when guests elect to stay out in the cool night air. Another example of one of their finds on a trip is a three-tiered

bird bath filled with plants (background of the photo at the top of this page). This is the handiwork of a talented potter they found near Toluca in their Mexico travels. To the right of the bird-bath is a handsome six-foot Christen Flare light chandelier fitted on a weatherproofed wooden stand. The iron light ring can be lifted from the stand and hung on a hook as a chandelier.

To the right of this light fixture is a rolling butcher's block by David Morgan which travels easily outdoors for food preparation but resides most of the time in the kitchen. Shown on the top of the block is a handsome orange Danish teapot complete with its own

warmer candle holder and matching cups. Also on the surface is a yellow Copco saucepan warmer. On the shelf below are a Danish teak salad bowl with matching salad fork and spoon, ceramic mushroom salt and pepper shakers, and unbreakable plastic stack glasses made in Israel.

The table, in the foreground, is set for an outdoor meal with Dansk linen tablecloth and napkins, Thomas Scandic "Flame" dinnerware and Svend Jensen "Sirius" flatware of stainless steel with black nylon handles. The Vefa steel candlesticks come in units of three-pronged holders to give maximum flexibility of arrangement.

de la Tournelle, with the wonderful view from its top-floor dining room over the lacework of flying buttresses encircling the apse of Notre Dame. Order the pressed duck; it is the house's chief pride.

Also well trodden ground is St.-Germain-des-Prés. Its monument to turn-of-the-century atmosphere is the unchangeable Brasserie Lipp, 151, Boulevard St.-Germain. Lipp is more than a cafe-restaurant, it is an institution. It has been, for as long as I have known it, which is 44 years, the rendezvous of the politicians, the intellectuals and the stars of stage and screen you read about in the papers. What to eat there? Cervelas sausage with mustard sauce, sauerkraut, and the house's tart—along with some of the best beer in Paris.

To the west, at the edge of the St.-Germain-des-Prés area, I give you a remarkable new restaurant, Les Belles Gourmandes, 5, Rue Paul-Louis Courier, where a young chef, M. Faugeron, performs miracles in the kitchen, like his oysters in champagne sauce or the wild duck (in season) with juniper berries, while his beautiful and charming wife advises you on wine in the dining room. If you leave St.-Germain-des-Prés in the other direction, through the tangle of picturesque old streets which lead towards the Boul' Mich', you may pass what many consider the best *bistro* in Paris—Chez Allard, 41, Rue St. André des Arts. Try Mme. Fernande Allard's superb duck completely submerged in juicy, cooked olives.

All this offers only a small sample of the beauties of Paris and of the riches of its food. On the second score, everyone is agreed—Paris is the greatest city for eating in the world. On the first, there are rivals. There are many great strolling cities and it would be a bold man who would attempt to pinpoint Number One; and why bother to rate the merits of places so different and all so fascinating in their special ways—Rome, or that unique jewel, Venice; Copenhagen or Stockholm; Barcelona, Lausanne, Fez! Let us rest content with the knowledge that Paris is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, with its low skyline which keeps you always conscious of the vast sweep of the sky and the light of the Ile-de-France which inspired Corot; the lovely Seine, crossed by graceful bridges; the two woods west and east which hold it in their embrace; the many parks and fountains of its center; and above all, the wide avenues and the magnificent buildings which are the work of man, and the unparalleled cuisine.

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