An aerial photograph of a beach. The ocean is on the right, with white foam from waves crashing onto the shore. The beach is on the left, with two people walking away from the water. The overall tone is somewhat muted, with a blueish-green tint to the water and a sandy beige for the beach.

The  
**Continental**

Magazine

Fall 1971

Little Gem Resorts of the West Indies  
1972 Cars from Lincoln-Mercury



The Continental Mark IV

Memo to  
Our  
Readers

AS CONDUCTOR of the column called "Wood, Field and Stream" in *The New York Times*, NELSON BRYANT stirs away from home base, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, with gratifying frequency to find out what's new in the world of outdoor sport. This carries him to most of North and South America and to Western Europe whenever word has it that some fish or bird presents a worthy challenge to sportsmen.

When time permits, Mr. Bryant investigates the outdoors for other publications, such as this one, in which he tells us about hunting on the Yucatan Peninsula; his work has appeared in many periodicals, among them *Atlantic Monthly*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *Sports Afield*. Earlier this year, American Heritage Press published his book, "Fresh Air, Bright Water."

A graduate of Dartmouth, Mr. Bryant was managing editor of a newspaper in New Hampshire for thirteen years and was also a fish and game commissioner in that state. He has had a variety of jobs—cook and deckhand on a schooner, cabinet maker, grave digger, and logger. He's chucked them all for the pleasure of seeing dawn break on the tidal flats of northern Ontario, red grouse rising above the Scottish heather, and teal flying in front of a blind in Mexico.

EDITORS, on the other hand, do not normally see as much of the world as writers do. They assign, but—with what seems to them deplorable infrequency—rarely leave the desk to investigate. With this in mind, our staff member, ROBERT M. HODESH, who looked into resorts of the West Indies, wants it known that during a 12-day Caribbean jaunt he spent at least part of ten days in the air.

BODIL NIELSEN is the very model of an international girl, and it is altogether appropriate that she should be writing for us about real estate in France. A native of Denmark, she is a graduate of Vassar and lives now in both Switzerland and France, with frequent visits to New York. She was once editor of *Interiors*, the magazine of the decorative arts.

ANNE MARIE CHURCHILL is the maiden name of a Midwestern lady who has spent a lot of time in her kitchen and has thought creatively about cooking for several decades. Informally trained by a German grandmother who was a marvel of a cook, and a French mother who was everything a French woman is supposed to be in the kitchen, Miss Churchill has established quite a local reputation for herself among gourmets in her region. The cooking equipment in the photograph on page 12 is hers.

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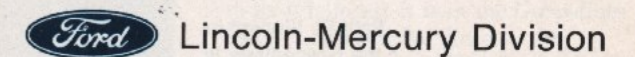
A wave-lapped beach on Young Island in the West Indies. One of several gem resorts in the area, this one has a special sense of youthfulness. Photograph by Bruce G. Lynn.

EDITORIAL STAFF

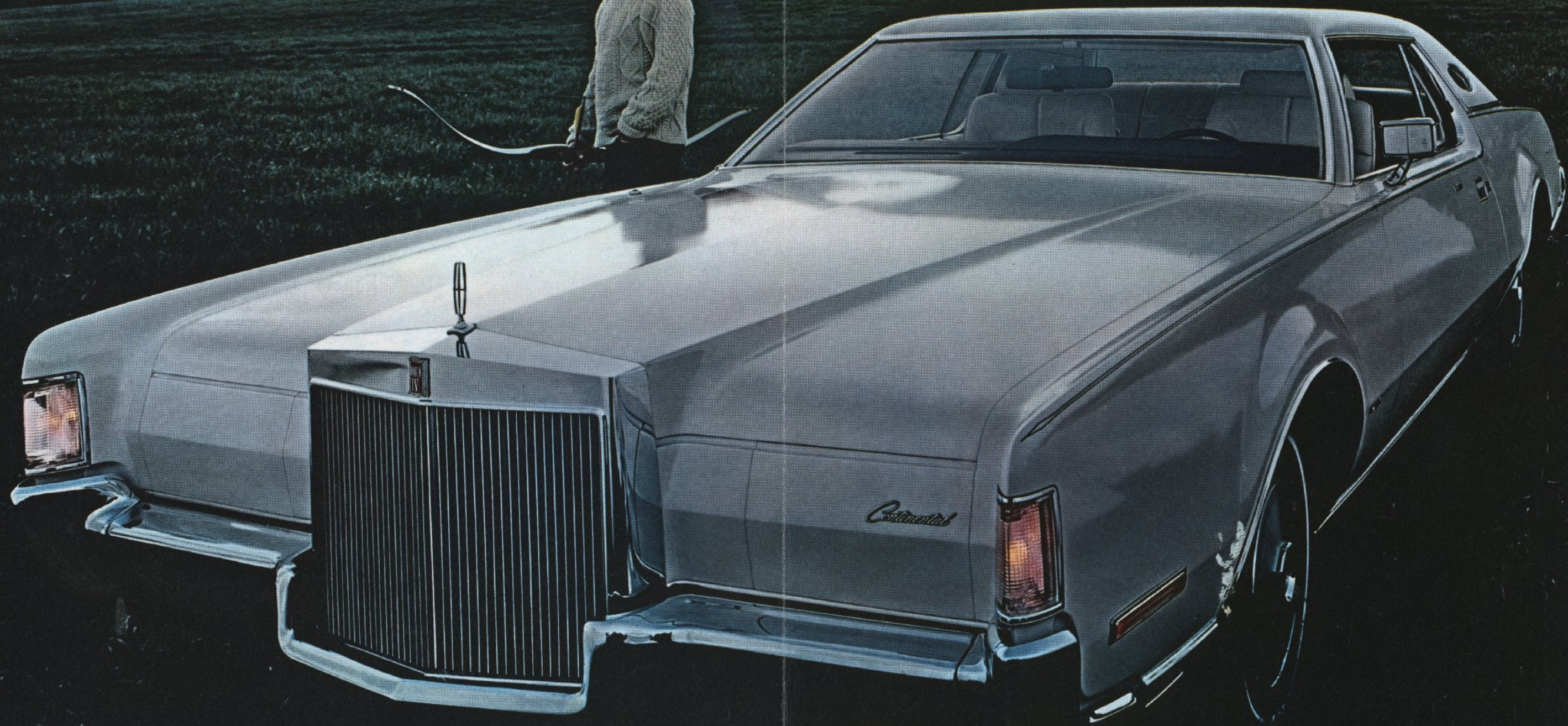
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For 1972, a new Mark. Evolutionary changes in the grille. A longer, lower hood. More ample room inside. Fully equipped with Sure-Track anti-skid braking, all-weather Michelin steel-belted tires, Automatic Temperature Control and Cartier timepiece. Continental. The final step up.

In all the 1970's, this will be the unique American car. The Continental Mark IV.

# LITTLE GEM RESORTS OF THE WEST INDIES

by Robert M. Hodesh

Look carefully. They rarely advertise. They're for people who prize serenity and quality and good taste

photographs by Bruce G. Lynn



Petit St. Vincent in the Grenadines is so remote that it takes three separate flights and a boat trip to get there. Thatched sun shades dot the white sand beach

The West Indies are wonderful; everyone knows that. The great explorers who charted them nearly five hundred years ago had gold on their minds, not realizing how much more valuable than gold this string of fantastic islands would prove to be. Almost from the start they gave planters huge fortunes. The plantations are still a source of wealth, but more important now is the way of life they have nurtured—rest, ease, and serenity in perfect weather for millions of North American and a growing number of European vacationers.

The islands are almost impossible to catalog. Some are small as an acre, others as big as a country. The skies of most are only briefly interrupted by a rain cloud; others are steamy jungles. Some are nearly flat, some truly mountainous. Most are beautiful. Taken together, they are an uncountable collection of islands without peer on earth.

As varied as the islands are the hotels and resorts built on them. There are stately pleasure domes on some—caravansaries with rooms for hundreds, golf courses, swimming pools, a choice of restaurants, night clubs, and social directors with endless ideas of what people should do next. These places serve their purpose well, and they are justly celebrated for it.

Our report here is not on the large and well-known but on the small and obscure—the little gems. These resorts have grown simultaneously with the general development of West Indian vacation places, but circumspectly, without much fanfare. Their particular appeal is to people who prize privacy, abhor crowds, and want comfort and

service at their beck and call.

Although the resorts described here differ from one another, they share several common denominators. All are small—or smallish. Not only do they have no bigtime entertainment, often they have none. All are a distance from the airport, sometimes on islands without a landing strip. They want nothing to do with blackjack or roulette. If anything like a party develops, it's only because some congenial people met at the right place at the right time. And all have taste, in the commonly accepted meaning of that word.

As the reader proceeds, he will find it helpful, though not mandatory, to have a good map of the eastern Caribbean at hand. The resorts aren't taken up in any geographical order or with any preferences in mind. This is a random sampling. The list was arrived at as a consensus of many experienced travelers among the islands. Even so, it represents only opinions, and as such is open to dispute—not, we hope, for what it includes but for what it omits.

As a starter, there is no better exercise in remoteness than Petit St. Vincent, an island of 113 acres that isn't even big enough to get on the *National Geographic* map of the West Indies. The only way to fix it is to say it is in the Grenadines and lies between St. Vincent, the northernmost of that 80-mile chain, and Grenada, the southernmost. Getting there requires just a little devotion and patience. First you fly to Barbados, then to either St. Vincent or Grenada, then to Palm Island, and finally a motor launch takes you the final ten miles to the island. Four schedules must coincide.

The only thing on the island is the resort, known familiarly by its initials—PSV. It consists of twenty-two scattered cottages and a central pavilion for meals. Right off the bat the guest knows the pressure is off. His island is completely surrounded by beach, there is no sightseeing, and the sun is burning away dependably. Swimming is superb, snorkeling excellent, food good, and there is a card table among all the luxurious furnishings. Little more need be said. PSV is memorable for being simplicity at its best.

(photograph courtesy Barbados Tourist Board)



Above, guests at the seaside lunch pavilion of Greensleeves, on the Barbados west coast. Below, the cover over the dining room at the Calabash, Grenada, is a bower of phunbergia blossoms



For something almost unbelievably different we turn north to Dominica, a British outpost lying between the two French islands of Martinique and Guadeloupe. Of all the islands in the eastern Caribbean this is the one most likely to hypnotize the visitor. Almost entirely a rain forest, it is an extravaganza of nature. Every living thing on it bursts with exuberance. Two-pound lemons (for marmalade) and three-pound frogs (for dining) are commonplace. Rain falls or hangs suspended in the air every day of the year, and rills, brooks, and rivers by the hundred course down the steep mountainsides.

This is the setting of Island House, an astonishing aerie way the hell and gone at the end of a one-lane road nearly two hours by car from the airport. It is literally situated in a mountain jungle, and what with the sounds of birds and insects, the drip of water, and the alternate flashes of sun and mist, a visitor finds himself regretting that Somerset Maugham isn't around. The old spinner of tales could really have taken off here.

It goes without saying that Island House makes a very special appeal—certainly not to the hedonists for whom the Caribbean is sun, ocean, and indolence. Its builder and owner, Pete Brand, is surely one of the more nervy and imaginative resort operators in the West Indies. Having selected this unique and unexpected setting, he built

interesting peaked-roof cottages and stocked each with a great selection of magazines and books—not only the silly literature one expects in vacation places but writings of real importance.

Island House also has a rare service. It assigns a native West Indian to each guest as a guide and servant to mix drinks, order meals, or lead the way on hikes and explorations of the mountains. Being at a respectable altitude, its temperature drops quickly at sunset and a wood-burning fireplace is lit in the bar. This seems strange in the West Indies but it is very welcome.

The effect of Island House is to give guests a sense of cozy and romantic isolation. There can be no instant escape. Any mention of the Dow Jones average would be an insult here, especially when the sun fights through the mist and discloses an absolutely fantastic rainbow.

Young Island is a lark. This resort, which doesn't look like a hotel but a village of small houses on a steep hill at the water's edge, is a twenty-acre island of its own, 200 yards off the southern shore of St. Vincent. It is dominated by the ingenuousness and charm of a young couple, Simon and Julie Cooper. A couple of kids, you think, but they know what they're doing.

Young Island presents a very merry countenance, partly because of its sense of youthfulness, partly because of its

cheerful alliance with the outdoors. An example of the latter is the shower outside each house. One showers in the open air, shielded from the world by a chin-high bamboo screen from which he may view the lagoon below, with its swimmers and sailing ships at anchor.

Young Island has a rather international appeal. One is apt to find intellectuals booked in among business people. Walter Cronkite stays there and on occasion John Gielgud shows up. There is a sense of Good Time and gregariousness here.

Up in the hills of Bequia (pronounced *bek-wee*), an island about ten miles south of St. Vincent, there is a resort called Spring. It's another of those places made to order for dedicated escapists. The island can be reached only by boat, and while Spring has hot water and electricity it has them in limited supply. There is a generator with a feeble pulse that expires altogether about nine, after which kerosene lamps take over.

In spite of its almost aggressive dedication to the primitive (it's on one of the worst roads in the West Indies), Spring has both charm and class. It is situated in a banana plantation that has been in continuous operation for 250 years; some of its buildings are nearly that old. The views down to the sea are wonderful. The sea itself, with a fine beach and sailing and snorkeling, is not hard to reach. And Spring's kitchen is a small marvel—not *haute cuisine*, but perfect of

its kind. The kalaloo soup, with crayfish and black beans, is memorable, and so is the green mango pie.

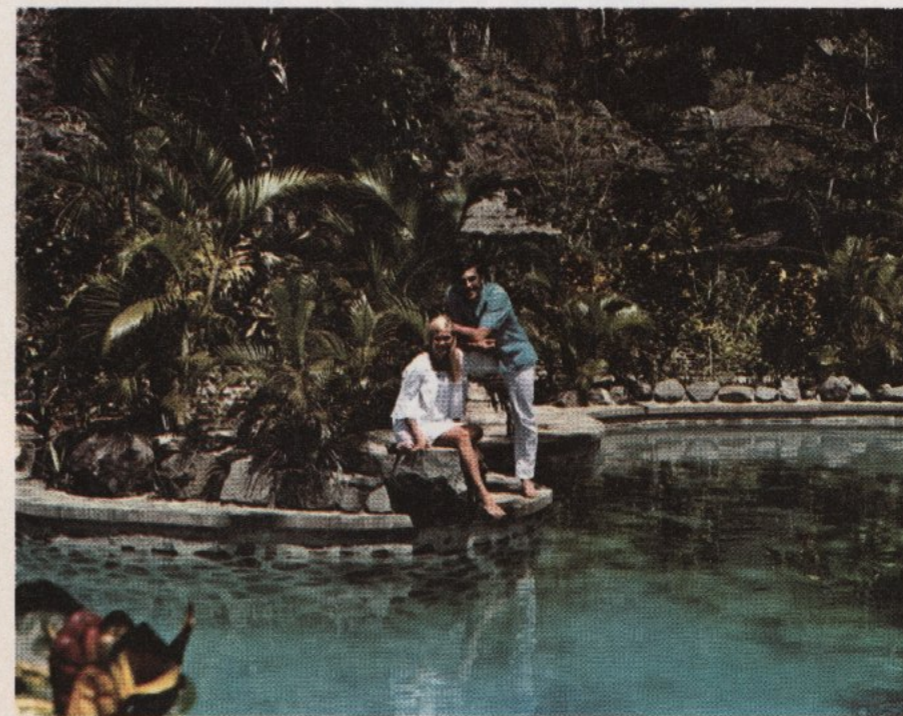
Now we come to Greensleeves, next to the ocean on the west coast of Barbados, which is very, very British. Princess Margaret spends vacations there, and it has residents who still entertain the charming illusion that Great Britain has an empire. What is not an illusion is British propriety. Taste, manners, politeness, and all the qualities of civilized living are at hand. None of your self-imposed simplicity. Barbados functions. When you touch a switch, a light comes on. When you dial for an operator, she's there.

Greensleeves reflects all this. It is conducted with a sure hand by the urbane and attentive Englishman Jack Teller, with his son Nicolas. Greensleeves gives an impression of spaciousness because each guest has so much room. The bedroom, livingroom, and balcony are unusually generous. They form, in fact, a large apartment, and all of them are arranged in somewhat of a circle with all manner of fine planting within it. Greensleeves has beauty—splendid stone walls, handsome wrought iron grillworks, and immaculate grounds.

It also has superb food, which is not always characteristic of British resorts. If the elaborate menu were presented in Paris it would seem quite natural—but on a British island? At last report, Greensleeves' chef was a young Swiss who had studied in Lausanne and worked at Maxim's. No further credentials are needed.

Are five resorts enough to prove a case for "little gems"? What about the Calabash on Grenada, that beautiful place run by the gifted and devilishly charming young Englishman Brian Thomas? What about Horseshoe Bay, also on Grenada, where a Grenadian woman comes to your room in the morning and cooks you the greatest breakfast you've ever had and serves it to you on your terrace? What of the rumors that Cocoa Point, on the island of Barbuda, belongs in the top rank? What about Golden Rock Estate on the island of Nevis, where taste and privacy and means and lack of ostentation meet in perfect harmony? What about reports that Arnos Vale, on Tobago, is absolutely without cavil one of the finest of all little gems?

Perhaps to go on is to confuse the traveler. In this report, at least, there is a place for every preference. It goes without saying that the West Indies, a stunning marvel of the natural world, has accommodations worthy of it.



Simon and Julie Cooper are having the time of their lives running Young Island, a resort off the south shore of St. Vincent



# How Sportsmen Unwind In Mexico

by Nelson Bryant



illustrations by Mike Kirk

On the Yucatan Peninsula the ducks are varied and plentiful, the guides skilled, and the accommodations just right

**I**t was cool and still the hour before dawn. A crescent moon shone down on the wakes of the boats poled by our small and muscular Mayan guides and on the shimmering mudflats in the jungle lagoon where skeletons of trees were black against the sky. We were duck hunting in February on Mexico's fascinating and hauntingly beautiful Yucatan Peninsula, the easternmost section of the country thrusting north into the Gulf of Mexico.

My companion, Duncan Barnes, and I, had flown to Mérida, the capital of the Yucatan, the afternoon before, and had been driven to the Club de Patos in Sisal. We had gone to bed at midnight with the murmuring of the Gulf only fifty yards away, and had been wakened two hours later for breakfast and the hour's drive to the lagoon. Even with the early start, the timing was close for blue-winged teal were settling in the water before us as the guides put out decoys.

As we scrambled into the blind, which was built with fresh-cut mangrove branches, the guides cried, "Shoot! Shoot!" We were not, however, able to oblige. Our blind was on the edge of a mangrove island and before us there were no more than forty yards of open water. The teal came wheeling and slicing through that narrow opening like demented falcons, and we could see them only for a split second when they were against the skyline. The guides were able to see the birds all the time, and our inability to do the same was the source of much merriment.

With the first real light of dawn we were able to shoot, although it took us half an hour to become adjusted to the fast pace of this sport. This was no Long Island Sound, for example, where one can spot a flight of bluebills miles away and get fully prepared for a shot. It was imperative that we remain standing with our doubles at ready, for the teal were visible for only three or four seconds.

By 8 o'clock the main flights of teal and occasional pintail had stopped. One of our guides took his small dugout canoe and went poling through the maze of shining green islands, and for an hour we could hear him banging his pole on the side of his craft to put up ducks that had settled down for the day.

By noon, we had not reached our limit of fifteen birds each—twenty on weekends. (Earlier in the season, which is November through February, one could also expect to see green-winged and cinnamon teal, canvasbacks, widgeon, and bluebills.)

We dozed fitfully on the way back to the club, opening our eyes when we encountered a truckload of fishermen who had been setting their nets in the Gulf, or when our driver called attention to an unusual bird or an iguana sliding across the dusty road.

Back at the newly completed and thoroughly modern Club de Patos at Sisal, we met the other members of our group, Mr. and Mrs. Grits Gresham of Louisiana, and learned that they had also enjoyed an

excellent shoot. The next step, after a light lunch, was an early afternoon siesta.

Gradually receding waters in the brackish jungle lagoon where we hunted had necessitated our early rising. Earlier in the duck hunting season, it was possible to find hunting closer to the club, but as the waters fell, the drive from the club to the jumping off place in the lagoon grew longer and longer as did the trip through the lagoon by water. The entire trip, during the time we were there, consumed about two hours. By the end of February many of the water routes used by the guides are sun-baked mudflats. The reason for this is not altogether clear, although we came to understand that fresh water, which raised the level of the lagoon during the rainy season, was slowly draining off into the Gulf.

Here are some of the particulars about hunting at the Club de Patos: The approximate cost for five full days of duck or quail shooting is \$375 per hunter. This includes meals, lodging and local transportation, but not ammunition, liquor, a \$25 Mexican hunting license, tips for guides and others, and of course air fare to Mérida.

Shotguns, raingear, and hip boots are provided by the club. If one wishes to bring his own shotgun he should apply early to the Mexican authorities for a special permit which costs \$16. A hood camouflage parka is a worthwhile item to bring, as well as insect repellent. Because night temperatures drop to the mid-fifties in winter, it is well to bring a light sweater or jacket to be worn under one's camouflage hood.

Proof of citizenship—a birth certificate or a voter registration card—is all that is required to obtain a tourist card to enter Mexico, but a hunter must have a standardized good conduct letter filled out by his local sheriff or police chief. Three passport-size photos are also needed and if one brings his own gun, three more photos are needed for that permit.

Ten ducks may be brought back to the States. They will be plucked



and frozen by the club. One wing in full feather is left on each bird so it may be identified by U. S. agricultural authorities. It is a good idea to bring a small styrofoam container for the ducks. Ten teal would fit into a container big enough for six large grapefruit.

There is an occasional opportunity to shoot white-winged dove at the Club de Patos, and the quail hunting is superb, although somewhat rigorous. A good pair of bird hunting boots is a necessity. The terrain is flat but very rocky. A quail hunter would do well to wear either leather or plastic-faced shooting trousers or to pay particular attention to the sharp spines of the sisal leaves. The quail season runs from November 1 to March 15.

The day that Barnes, Gresham and I shot quail dawned breathlessly still. With our guide, Leonardo Ramos, we had driven forty miles before sunrise, past villages that were only partially asleep, past cattle wandering aimlessly on and across the road, past truckloads of men heading for work in the sisal fields, past an occasional man bent nearly double under a huge load of firewood. Once, before the sun came up and a hot wind blew across the flat land, we stopped at a roadside cafe and ate a sweet bread washed down with many cups of scalding, black coffee. When we reached the sisal field, our guide dusted our boots and legs with a powder to keep ticks away.

It soon was apparent that Ramos' style of hunting called for more than the usual amount of exertion. Loosing his pointer, Tato, who immediately ranged out a hundred yards, Ramos cried, "Go! Go!" to us. It had been our intention to watch the dog range and then move up on him when he pointed, but Ramos wanted us to stay on his tail. We soon learned the reason for this. Tato was not a polished bird dog and the quail themselves, which were very similar to the Eastern bobwhite, although somewhat smaller, often flushed wild.

For the first twenty minutes, during which we put up three coveys of

about twelve birds, Barnes and I shot poorly. The birds were not holding, were getting up thirty yards downwind and, by the time we shot, were out of range of our open-bore over and under 20-gauge guns. We turned upwind and, inspired by the success of Gresham, who is an excellent wing shot, we began to connect with suitable regularity.

Shortly after the shoot began, various white-hatted and sandaled individuals seemed to materialize out of the earth, and before long six young men and one boy had joined us. They trailed along, carrying shells, marking downed birds and keeping up a running comment. Often when the birds flared back, or right, or left, we could not shoot because a white hat was in the way.

As our accuracy improved, our sub-guides, a few of whom carried rusty, single-barrelled shotguns slung over their shoulders, cheered lustily. Once, when Gresham and I made two clean doubles on a covey rise and I managed to reload in time to pick up a straggler, two of the guides rushed forward to shake my hand. The intensity of their vicarious participation sometimes caused them to become illogical. Frequently when we had emptied our two-shot guns and the birds continued to rise, they cried for us to continue to shoot.

By 10 a.m. the sun was blazing, sweat was running down my face, my glasses were slipping down my nose, and I was content when the last gun was fired. In half a morning's hunt, the three of us, taking turns with two guns, had bagged 45 birds out of 200 that had gotten up, mostly in covey rises. We had also gained respect for the dog, who, fortified with an occasional drink from a water bottle, had not slackened his pace in the heat. He was not smooth, but he was strong and could find birds.

Some conservationists are disturbed by the liberal duck hunting bag limits in Mexico. They feel that waterfowl protected to a much greater degree in the U.S. flyways are over-harvested when they fly

south of the border. There is an element of truth in this, but some experts also feel that many of the birds that reach Mexico are doomed to die anyway because of inadequate food.

The better shooting clubs—and the Club de Patos is one of them—insist upon strict adherence to existing bag limits, and this has been a new experience for many guides, who, before they went on shooting club payrolls, had shot birds for the market. There is also, at the better clubs, a truly sincere effort to pick up all crippled birds. Also, of course, shooting for sport in Mexico is confined to the relative few, whether residents of that country or visitors, who can afford it.

The Mexican government knows that a healthy duck population involves more than simply setting sensible season and bag limits. Last February in Mexico City, Ducks Unlimited of Mexico was formed. The other two such groups on the North American continent are Duck Unlimited, Inc., of the United States and Ducks Unlimited of Canada. Ducks Unlimited, Inc., has, in the 34 years of its existence, raised more than \$22 million through private contributions. These funds have been used to purchase, create and improve duck breeding habitat in the Canadian prairie provinces, where, it is estimated, four out of five North American ducks are born.

Winchester Adventures, a New York-based agent for sporting trips, offers white-winged dove, duck, and quail shooting in the Los Mochis area of Mexico; jaguar, deer, ocelot, puma, fox, turkey and pheasant hunting in the Yucatan, and goose and duck shooting in northern Mexico. Another well-known American firm that books hunting trips at the Club de Patos and elsewhere in the Yucatan is World Wide Sportsman, Inc., P. O. Drawer 787, Islamorada, Florida 33036.

Sportfishing facilities in the Yucatan are of recent development. Yucatan waters offer excellent angling for such light tackle species as permit, bonefish, snook, and tarpon, and big game fishing for

marlin and sailfish. One of the better-known camps is El Tarpon Tropical on Isla Aguada, and its address is Apartado 40, Cd. del Carmen, Campeche, Mexico. Those who have never fished Mexican or Yucatan waters before would do well to consult the new *Field and Stream International Fishing Guide*.

If one has the time, a trip to the Yucatan should include a visit to original and reconstructed examples of Mayan and Toltec cultures. Chichén Itzá, founded by the Maya between 435-455 A.D., and later rebuilt by the Toltecs and covering some three square miles,



is one of the archaeological showplaces of the world, and is two hours—75 miles—by bus from Mérida. Aero Safari also serves it by air from Mérida.

About 50 miles south of Mérida is Uxmal, where most of the buildings now seen are of the classic Maya period. Excellent hotels are at both Chichén Itzá and Uxmal. It is difficult to generalize about costs of transportation, rooms and meals, but one might say that rates for these services in the Yucatan are often one-third to one-half that encountered in the major cities of the U. S.

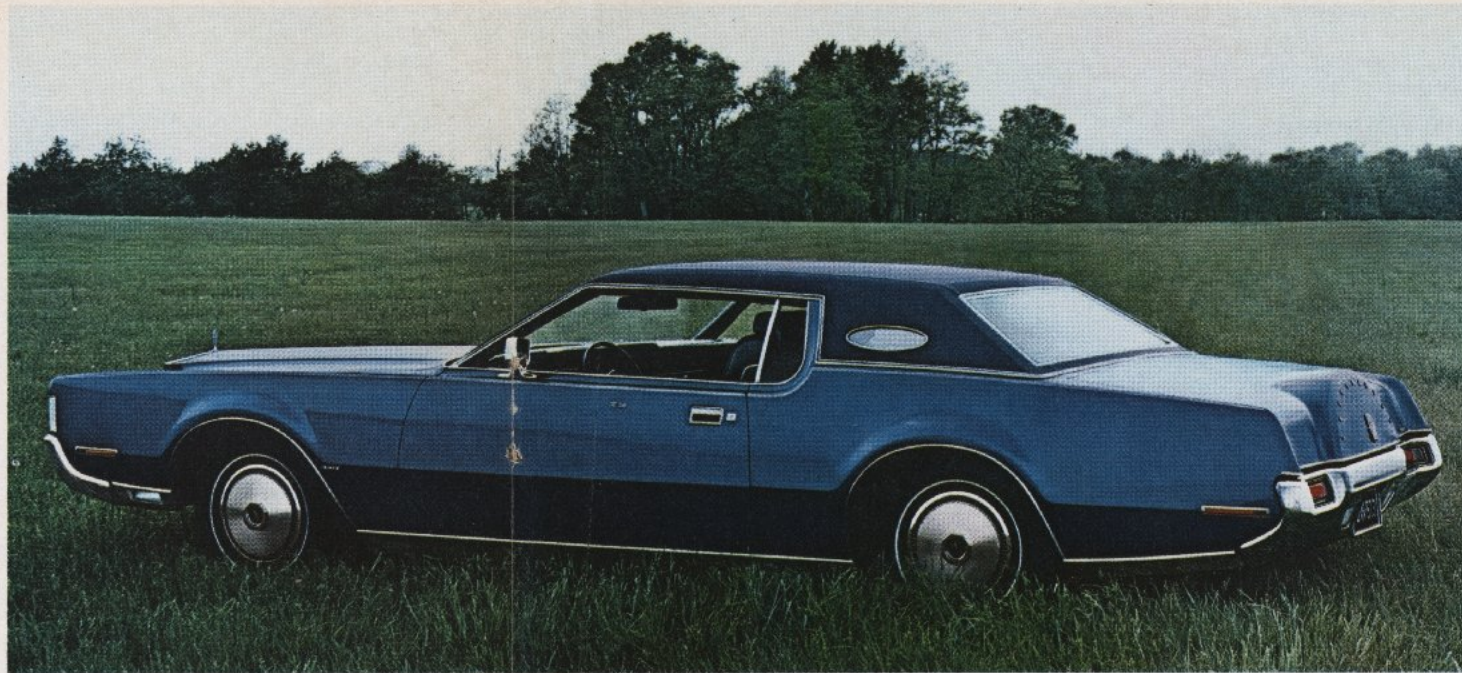
Note: In addition to the firms mentioned in this article, hunting trips may be arranged through the hotels in Mérida, including the Hotel Mérida and the Hotel Panamerica. One of the better known outfitters is George M. Garcia Lopez, Calle 57, No. 461, P. O. Box 236, Mérida. He offers waterfowl, upland birds, and jungle hunting. The U. S. address of the Club de Patos is Suite 108, 1627 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Georgia 30309. The address of Winchester Adventures, Inc., is 460 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.



# THE MARK IV

## Fourth Generation of a Classic

by Burgess H. Scott



Left: Mark IV carries on the lines and spirit of its classic forebears. Below: its richly wood-grained instrument panel conveniently groups dials and controls. Bottom: elegantly upholstered six-way power Twin Comfort Lounge front seats are standard on Mark IV.

One of the early drivers of the new Continental Mark IV had high praise for its ride and handling, and he summed it up with the highest tribute that can be paid an automobile:

"This is the quietest sensation in motoring."

Quietness is, indeed, one of its outstanding characteristics, but there are many other attributes that continue and extend the Mark IV's superb personal luxury car concept. It is the fourth generation of its line, appearing 33 years after the first Lincoln Continental was built for Edsel Ford, son of the company's founder.

That first Continental, produced in 1939 but marketed as a 1940 model, was an instant classic and received acclaim from the art world as well as the automotive world. It was exhibited in New York's Museum of Modern Art for its excellence as a work of art.

Its lines and spirit were continued in the Mark II, created in 1955 under the direction of Edsel's son, William Clay Ford. The Mark III appeared in 1968 and overwhelming public response proved that it truly carried on the Continental heritage.

Now the Mark IV has its turn. Although it is thoroughly contemporary in appearance and function it borrows the long hood, short rear deck with spare tire configuration, vertical grille and intimate passenger compartment that were design elements of its predecessors.

The Mark IV is longer, lower and sleeker than the Mark III, yet its chromed radiator-shell grille and its stand-up hood ornament—spring-mounted for safety—maintain the Continental look. The front roof pillars are noticeably thinner, accenting its longer, lower lines. Stylish oval opera windows are set into the rear pillars, giving back seat occupants an intimate outside view.

Deep pile carpeting and elegant upholstery materials bring the richness expected of

a Continental interior, and the traditional comfort and convenience are all there, such as the standard power steering, power windows, power brakes and six-way power Twin Comfort Lounge front seats.

Occupants will be immediately impressed with the extra space the Continental's new size affords. The instrument panel is finished in a walnut woodgrain applique, matching the finish of the rim-blow, three-spoke steering wheel. Instruments and controls are more centrally grouped for better reading and operation.

A new power ventilation system is an important comfort feature. This system moves a large volume of fresh air through the car, regardless of speed and with windows shut, to keep out dust and noise, and to carry away stale air and smoke.

Mark IV's standard Automatic Temperature Control (ATC) system is improved to provide more precise control of temperature and humidity.

Another convenience feature is the new optional electric door lock. To lock a door from the inside its plunger is pressed down. More pressure locks the opposite door. To unlock the doors from the inside, the above procedure is reversed.

The standard AM radio has a new improved miniaturized chassis that cuts down its bulk by approximately 40 per cent, although its power output has been increased. This small size permits better access to other items behind the instrument panel.

The remarkably soft and smooth Mark IV ride comes largely from its body-on-perimeter-frame construction. The rigid body and strong frame combine to give the best all-around functional qualities with the lowest levels of noise, vibration and harshness. A new four-link coil spring rear suspension with a track bar is used. This design controls the position of the rear axle assembly, absorbs braking and acceleration forces and controls side-to-side move-

ment of the axle, reducing car sway.

Mark IV's standard Sure Track brake system is an important safety feature. It helps improve braking stability by inhibiting rear wheel lock-up during maximum effort stops.

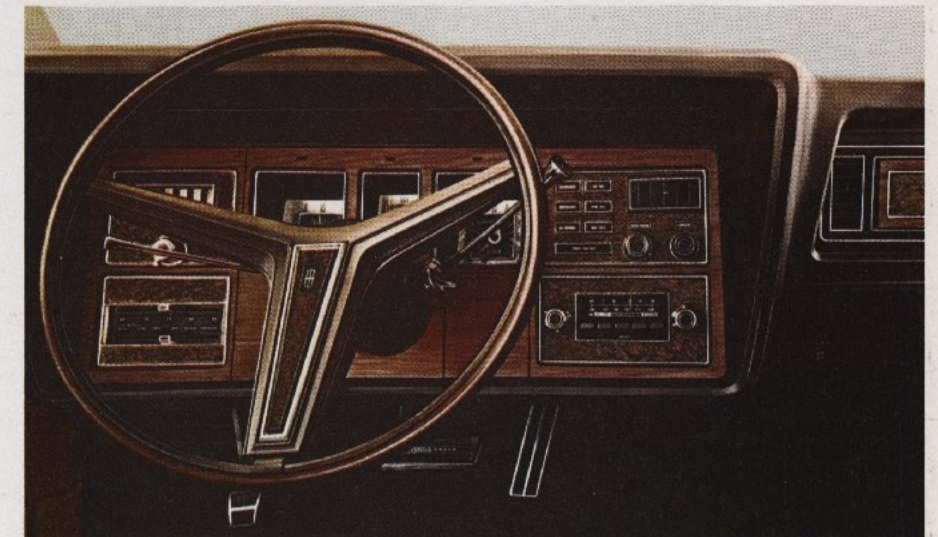
The Mark IV bodies are literally armored against rust and corrosion by Ford's "Electro-Coat" process in which the body is dipped into a tank of zinc-rich primer which is electrically deposited on all surfaces inside and out. After the primer is dry and cured the exterior color, a tough acrylic enamel, is applied in four separate coats.

A big high performance 460-cubic-inch V-8 gives the Mark IV a silent surge of power on regular fuel. For all its size, the big V-8 is at minimum weight because of Ford's precision alloy iron casting techniques which eliminate unnecessary metal bulk.

This standard and only engine for the Mark IV is teamed with a SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, also standard. This three-speed transmission allows the driver to go fully automatic through all gears or to shift manually. A Traction-Lok anti-spin differential is optional.

Even though the Mark IV has practically every comfort and convenience feature imaginable as standard equipment—there's even an electric timepiece by Cartier—some excellent options are available. Among the latter are such items as an automatic headlight dimmer, power-operated Sunroof, electric rear window defroster and an AM/FM Multiplex Stereo Radio.

*The specifications, illustrations and product data contained herein are based upon the best information available when this publication was prepared. Changes may be made, however, between that time and 1972 model introduction. Some models are illustrated with optional equipment which is available at extra cost only. Consult your dealer for the most current information and for his prices and terms.*



### LINCOLN—the Presidential Car

Every United States President starting with Calvin Coolidge and continuing to the present has ridden in a Lincoln or a Continental, giving Lincoln a valid claim to the title, "the Presidential car."

Notable Presidential Lincolns include the famous "Sunshine Special," a 1939 convertible which was a favorite of Franklin D. Roosevelt because he liked to ride with the top down in fair weather. This car was also used by Harry S. Truman until 1950.

A 1950 Lincoln Continental was placed in service during President Truman's administration, and gained more fame in 1954 when it became known as the "Bubbletop" because of a clear removable plastic top Dwight D. Eisenhower had installed.

John F. Kennedy used the old Bubbletop until his specially built Continental was delivered. This car was also used by Lyndon B. Johnson, and is one of two Continentals used by Richard M. Nixon.

President Nixon was the ninth of our 36 presidents to ride to his inauguration in an automobile.

These and many other facts about the transportation of our presidents from George Washington to the present are contained in the new volume, "Presidents on Wheels" by Herbert Ridgeway Collins, associate curator of the Smithsonian Institution. The book is published by Acropolis Books Ltd., 2400 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.





# The Gadgetry of Gastronomy

To the true cook, the person for whom feeding others is part of her emotional expression, nothing is more personal than her feeling for her kitchen equipment. The deep ethnic and familial roots of her cooking habits are reflected in the variety of pots, skillets, bowls, and whips which the French so aptly call "*la batterie de cuisine*." Her attachment to these things is stronger than her attachment to her stove.

Certain utensils are so evocative of particular dishes that they are never used for anything else. The perfect balance of a stained wooden spoon, worn down at one side, may feel so truly right that parting with it when it finally wears out is traumatic. I have an oval cast iron pot that fairly smiles at me whenever I

have a chicken to braise whole. The chicken, all trussed and plump, surrounded by its vegetable and herb flavorings, looks delicious in it from the very beginning, right to the moment of serving. It is my "chicken pot" and I can't remember ever using it for anything else.

Motor driven equipment, like a mixer or grinder, does not qualify. While it offers convenience and even approaches being a necessity, it can never set up those vibrations of memory and anticipation, that composite of flavor and good times recalled, that sense of power to create the mood of a gathering of friends and family which are a prerequisite to fine, sensitive cooking.

For one thing, motors are distractingly noisy. Then they tend to overdo. They whip too hard, grind too fast, purée too fine, and they do exactly the same thing every time. You have to watch them anxiously to achieve the texture you want. I have those things. I often use them

Within all good cooks is a love of the tools to cook with *by Anne Marie Churchill*

and wouldn't be without them, but I don't love them.

But I love my chopping knife. I love the shape and smoothness of its wooden handle, the heft of its round-bottomed carbon steel blade, the sound it makes chopping meat in a wooden bowl. I know that hash chopped is better than hash ground, and I can season as I chop and taste and "edit" the hash to suit the occasion and the rest of the meal.

Sometimes a pot can make you fall in love with it at first sight. The absolutely perfect soup pot can do this and launch you on a lifetime of soup making. This pot will be heavy because soup must simmer, never boil. It will be cheerful in shape or color or both. It will be large—monumental even—because soup, like bread, is important. It is basic, old as man and as varied, and truly of the hearth and home. It is also economical, healthful and heart-warming, and it links us to our remotest ancestors.

You will begin by making an enormous soup with a meat base in your gorgeous, monumental soup pot, and what cannot be eaten the first day will become the base of future soups without end, all different.

How does the beginning cook go about acquiring a "*batterie*" of this very personal sort? There is no rule but common sense—and perhaps one caution: sets of things are rarely satisfactory in all their parts. Analyze, heft, and handle each new piece of equipment. Get the feeling of it. Think about the job to be performed and buy slowly. Do not overlook second-hand things or even antiques. Do not overlook common, perfect things such as the bulb baster. Who can do without one? And don't charge into a shop full of French utensils and buy everything in sight. That won't work.

Collect a good range of shapes and sizes in bowls, casseroles, saucepans, braising pans, and baking tins. Remember that a mixture baked in a small, deep casserole will taste quite different when baked more slowly in a large, flat one. Both may be excellent, but you will get two different effects. The dish sizes available to you will help you achieve variety.

Be on the lookout for odd gadgets, like heavy thumpers for tenderizing meat, whisks with lots of wire and comfortable handles, scrapers made of natural rubber, good wooden spoons, and of course knives.

Knives are probably the most important category of all. Do learn to use carbon steel blades, and sharpen them constantly. The quick reaching for the sharpening steel soon becomes second nature. Have your knives so sharp that you must always warn strangers and children about them. Insist that their handles be comfortable. If they are, they will also be beautiful.

Disregard what is not satisfactory in your present assortment of pots and pans. I am always on the lookout for heavy saucepans with pouring lips and fitted lids. As soon as I find them I will throw away the pans I have had for twenty years. They are not quite good enough. I love fine equipment but I don't have any sentimentality about keeping things after I've found something better.

Let your culinary equipment collection develop as your cooking art develops. These things will be as much a part of your palette as the fine ingredients you entrust to them. Above all, they will make every moment of preparing the meal a pleasure.

# A Second Home in France

For vacationers and retirees there are opportunities to acquire beautiful houses, mills or chateaux in the French countryside

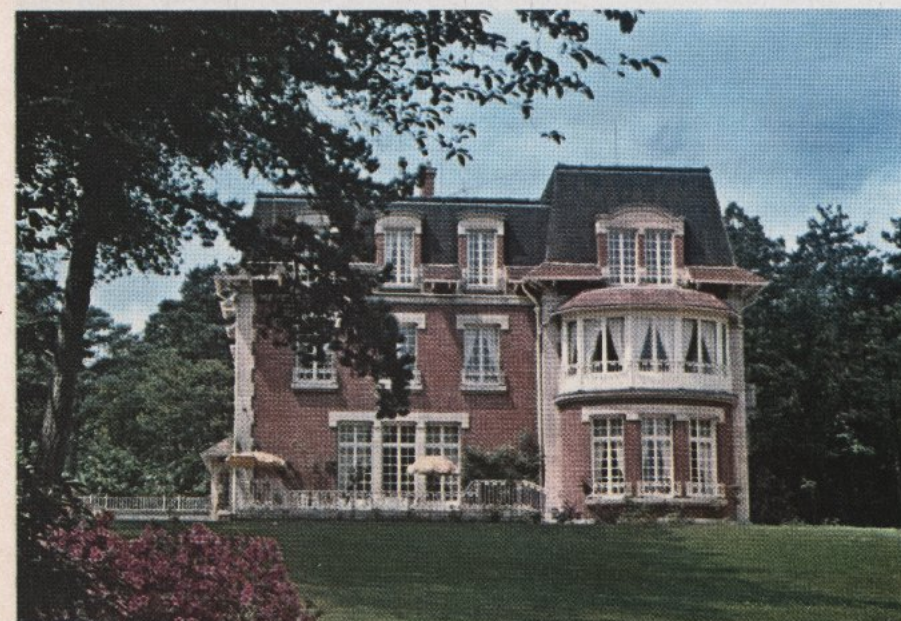
by Bodil Nielsen

Among the millions of Americans who love France, the occasional journey there is not enough. Driving through its countryside past Romanesque cathedrals, medieval watermills, and walled towns they become progressively more taken with its beauty. At the end of a visit of a week or a month they find breaking away more and more difficult.

Some have found an answer and many more are in the process of finding it: they buy a place of their own. The thought may seem startling, but realizing it is not impossible at all. A growing *confrérie* of Americans has already adventurously (and secretly) made the discovery. They are liv-



(photographs courtesy Previews, Inc., New York City)



This country home on 7½ acres in the Province of Brie was a water mill in the 12th century

ing in chateaux and farmhouses, seaside villas or old mills all over that glorious land.

And any traveler who has managed to extricate himself from the seductive tentacles of Paris knows just how glorious that countryside can be. Head off in any direction—towards any coast or the interior—and getting there can be more than half the fun.

It is here—among the ancient towns, the hardly known but well-starred restaurants, the enchanting inns, the almost forgotten museums, the storied fortresses, and the deserted churches—that one finds places available and ready to be lived in. Houses old and new, with small yards or vast acreages, are for sale, one more enticing than the next. The farther you get from Paris or the coastal resorts, the lower the prices. Some are astoundingly reasonable—and so are the taxes.

House-hunting in France is not the wearying suburban occupation it can be in America. It can turn into one of the most exciting vacations ever. If you've been in France before, you probably have some idea of what region you prefer. The best advice—assuming you have the time—is to spend a month or more actually living there. Settle into an inn or rented quarters and make daily forays beyond the neighborhood. Get to know local realtors. Find out what appeals to you and what kind of place is for sale or available on a long lease.

Two New Yorkers, John and Naomi Pile, took just that approach. Pile, a designer/writer, and his wife, an artist, both have teaching schedules in winter but had a long summer free to explore their dream of actually owning a house in France. Through friends they heard of a small house for rent near Draguignon in the Vard region—in a small town named Seillans. The Piles signed up, sight unseen, for the summer, took off with their fourteen-year-old daughter, and found that their summer headquarters was a charming three-story tower, nicely modernized, in a fortified hill town far from the tourist paths.

Their summer of house-hunting proved a continuous adventure. Even with limited French, they got to know some of the townspeople of Seillans (population: 800), and were shown a wide selection of houses for sale in and around the town, most for less than \$20,000. Their landlady, an American, had purchased several old properties and restored them; other acquaintances or realtors produced hundreds of "leads" to

Pavillon de la Chaussée—an 11-bedroom country estate with stables on 12½ acres near Chantilly

inspect in surrounding areas.

Typically, the houses in Seillans were medieval, reasonably restored with simple but functional plumbing, often with complicated purchasing or long-term leasing arrangements. On one foray, the Piles even found a chateau being renovated into smaller houses, all for sale. (It's quite common in France to sell buildings in pieces.)

A surfeit of choices kept the Piles from making a final decision, and they ended up not actually buying a house—yet. What they did get, however, was a fine, possessive feeling for the area, a feeling of being "at home," an enormous enthusiasm for the French way of life. Next year, for sure, they intend to have a house of their own.

Another American, also addicted to French country living, took a longer route.



Above is an English-type, five-bedroom country home on the French Normandy coast overlooking the English Channel. At right is Domaine de Saint-Gilles, a chateau on Lac du Bourget near Aix-les-Bains



Nina Fuller, once a fashion model, had lived in Paris for some time but had finally tired of the normal exigencies of all cities. She headed for the Languedoc area and found a small town between Albi and Castres called St. Martin de Deauzats, which consisted simply of five or six farms, each autonomous.

Here she acquired an unlikely property—a 12-room rectory—and an even unlikelier landlord, the Church, which could no longer afford to keep it up and was delighted to give Nina a 90-year lease in exchange for taxes and restoration. She found contractors to fix the roof and do other major repairs, and for plastering and painting she hired a band of students at a quarter of the cost.

If you haven't the time or the inclination to house-hunt in such a leisurely fashion, the best thing to do is find a good real estate agent who can advise you not only on which region in France might suit you best but also what kind of property to look for. The best place to start is at Previews, Inc., the big international real estate "clearing house" which places dazzling ads in expensive magazines—ads that have done much to stimulate American interest in homes in foreign countries.

Previews is a "clearing house" in that it works closely with brokers all over the world, so it has the widest possible information of what properties are available. A sampling of their brochures, complete with color photographs and detailed information, covers everything from a 17th-century cloister to a transformed 12th-century watermill (with indoor swimming pool!) just one hour from Paris, from a 20-room chateau overlooking the Orne River to a small cottage in Normandy, from a villa on Lake Lemain to a watermill in



Vienne (near Lyons), completely restored and functioning perfectly.

Previews can advise you, too, on which areas of France are the best in terms of investment, since it may be advisable to know what political or economic changes are taking place in a particular region, what new roads are being planned, what zoning laws obtain, and how property values might fluctuate. Generally, more and more country property in remoter, less fashionable areas, is going on the market; the French are becoming more and more urbanized, depopulating large stretches of their incomparable countryside.

If you have some idea of the kind of house you want and where, Previews (if it doesn't have it listed already) will do the looking for you, through local agents, and keep you supplied with photographs and information till you hit just what you want. Their listings tend to be somewhat

special and luxurious; if your tastes (or pocketbook) are simpler, they can still guide you to the right agents. No matter what price range you're in, however, you'll still find the average considerably lower than comparable properties at home (if there is any way to compare them, that is.)

William Craig, a well-informed adviser on foreign properties in the New York office of Previews, does caution Americans against the tempting prospect of buying a ruined mill or farmhouse and planning to restore it. One is pretty much at the mercy of local workmen, and if your French is shaky your new home is apt to be a lot more so. And if you only plan to spend two months a year there, don't expect the work to progress flawlessly the other ten months—it won't.

Unless you want to spend your time that way—getting things done yourself, or getting taken advantage of if you're at a loss technically or not thoroughly acquainted with local building laws and customs—she advises you to buy a house that's already reasonably restored. And then adapt to the conditions of the house itself, which will undoubtedly be thoroughly eccentric, very unfamiliar, and very un-American—and totally charming.

Financing is tricky; up to five years ago, there practically wasn't any. The man to get to know in any town is the *notaire*—who will know what's around and what

La Pommeraiè—a distinctive country home only eight miles from the center of Paris

kind of financial arrangements can be made. In most cases, however, if the seller is French he will probably expect cash, or a hefty percentage in cash. For the remainder he might work out a mortgage with the buyer himself. In recent developments, bank financing is easier to come by.

It is necessary here to issue warnings to Americans on the verge of the big plunge. In their zeal for a second home in France they are apt to throw caution aside, forgetting the differences between the two countries. A second home in France is not like a second home in the States. For example, the French don't yet have the devotion to perfect plumbing and endless electricity that we have.

Nor are they apt to be patient—out in the country—with the few words of French you picked up in school. Communication is important and a crash course in French is virtually a necessity (or find a student tutor when you arrive).

Americans living in small French towns now report little if any of the anti-Americanism so prevalent only a few years ago. But don't expect American-style gregariousness. The French are naturally reserved; they don't go in for backslapping and first names easily. Nevertheless, they will be friendly and helpful when they get to know you. And they'll probably admire your adventurousness.

Once you have solved the technical problems and made all the emotional adjustments, you may be entering on the most joyful period of your life, whether as part-time resident of France or permanent, expatriate retiree. Imagine that beautiful country, one of the most wonderful things on God's green earth! And imagine not merely visiting it and admiring it from a distance, but owning a piece of it!

Japanese Maple, *Acer palmatum*, 34 inches high, turns a beautiful color each autumn



photograph by George F. Hull

by Barbara Paine

American gardeners have recently discovered the fascination of bonsai: miniature trees, with glossy leaves and flowers and fruits appearing on schedule, living happily year after year in small pots.

No branch of gardening is more creative. Every bonsai (pronounced bone-sigh) is a potential work of art; so, although it is easier to buy completed specimens, most enthusiasts prefer the fun and challenge of making their own. Bonsai bring style, decorative interest, greenery, and the spirit of nature with them wherever they are displayed. They are practical, too, and can be nurtured on roof gardens or even sheltered window ledges as well as at country estates.

Occasionally people object that bonsai are "tortured." As a matter of fact, they are pampered darlings, and everything which happens to them during their training happens often in the wild. When judging them, their health, beauty, and truth to natural forms are the main considerations.

Another misconception concerns the

difficulties of bonsai culture. The plants need watering every day but otherwise are not especially time-consuming. And that shapely elm, 50 years old, fifteen inches tall, and growing in two inches of soil is the product not of some mysterious Oriental magic but of years of intelligent care. After a little study, anyone who can pot a plant can begin creating his own bonsai.

The Japanese have always loved small things. Six hundred years ago they were already collecting and potting picturesquely

Alberta Spruce, *Picea glauca conica*, 12 inches high. These five bonsai are planted in a shallow depression on a natural rock 16 inches long by seven inches high. (Bonsai from collection of Robert Maxson, president, American Bonsai Society)

shaped trees which had been stunted by hard living conditions on mountain tops, in rock crannies, or along windswept shores. A few that were collected in the sixteenth century still survive today in their containing pots.

As the supply of natural dwarfs dwindled and the demand increased, Tokyo nurserymen gradually developed techniques for artificially dwarfing trees and other woody plants and training them to duplicate nature at her best. In the mid-1800's they coined the name bonsai from the Japanese characters meaning pot (or tray) trees, and modern bonsai came into being.

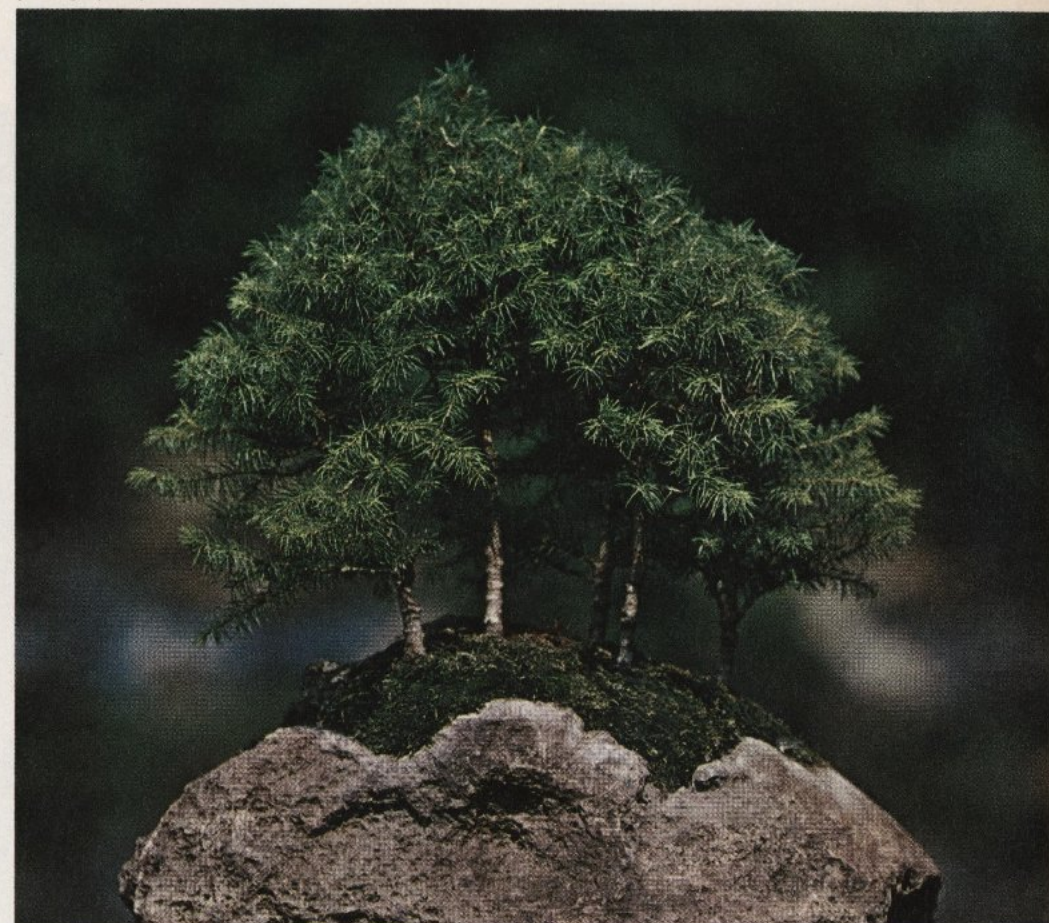
Incidentally, bonsai should not be confused with the tray landscapes called saikei where little bridges, boats, thatched huts, and other objects supplement the plants. Saikei are charming, but in the opinion of the Japanese they lack the restrained beauty and elegance of bonsai. In bonsai the trees are generally underplanted with moss to give the effect of a green ground-cover, and with rare exceptions rocks are the only other accessories that are used.

Bonsai did not interest Americans until about 1950, but how it has surged ahead since then! Twenty years ago it took a determined pioneer spirit to learn the rudiments, whereas today there are dozens of bonsai books in English and scores of local and regional clubs, all eager to get the novice off to a good start. Nurserymen have taken the hint, and some of the larger nurseries now sell both complete bonsai and small potted plants that you can shape and train yourself.

Americans are even adding a new dimension to bonsai culture. Traditional bonsai are *outdoor* plants. A moment's thought shows why they can be brought indoors for only a day or so at a time. The miniature oaks, maples, pines, and other classical favorites resemble their full-size brothers in the wild in all respects except size. They take as many years to mature, they live as long, and they need the same natural environment and seasonal changes.

The great American innovation is *indoor* bonsai, still in its infancy, and made with subtropical plants such as Japanese box,

photograph by Robert Boram



photograph by George F. Hull

Natal plum, and Singapore holly—and even with woody herbs like rosemary and tarragon. The traditional training and shaping methods are used and the same aesthetic effects are achieved, but the bonsai live indoors like house plants.

Mrs. Ara Derderian, who teaches bonsai classes at Harvard's Arnold Arboretum, says the first step for beginners is to buy a book and become familiar with general principles. Two Brooklyn Botanic Garden handbooks are standbys—an elementary one on dwarfed potted trees and another, more advanced, on special bonsai techniques. The Sunset publication *Bonsai* is also excellent for novices, although not all of the information applies to the northern states.

The best plants to start with are natives, hardy where you live. They can always be found at nearby nurseries in suitably small sizes (bonsai can measure anywhere from three or four inches to about three feet) and with their roots already confined in nursery cans. The nurseryman knows their habits and can advise about their care.



Flower Quince, *Chaenomeles japonica*, 7 1/2 inches high, blooms as many as two and three times a season

# BONSAI

THE ART OF MINIATURE JAPANESE GARDENING

The rewards of this horticultural challenge are the condensed beauty and the possibility of capital gains

If possible, you should join a bonsai club or go to the nearest teaching source, preferably both. An important service of the American Bonsai Society is helping its members locate clubs, teachers, and other enthusiasts in their area. (For further information write Herbert R. Brawner, Membership Secretary, 229 North Shore Drive-Lake Waukomis, Parkville, Missouri 64151.)

To train your eye and become aware of the possibilities you must see fine bonsai. Some of the best collections are privately owned (the American Bonsai Society can lead you to these) but two at least are open to the public. At the Arnold Arboretum near Boston thirty famous examples imported from Japan in 1912 are still going strong. The collections at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, which attract over one million visitors a year, are newer but much more extensive and varied. Most flower shows, even those at state fairs, have a section devoted to bonsai, and special bonsai shows and demonstrations are an annual event in many cities.

And now for some action. In his recent book *Bonsai, Saikei and Bonkei*, Robert Lee Behme gives a recipe for "Instant Bonsai." Following his directions you will work with a tough little nursery-bought pine or juniper, and in less than an hour learn basic pruning, potting and shaping even as you make your own first bonsai. If you own a pair of garden scissors, the total cost will be under \$5.00—\$3.00 for a promising seedling and another dollar or so for a charming little pot.

The hobby tends to be habit-forming. The individual who begins with a single seedling juniper is likely to have not only the juniper but also a bristlecone pine, flowering dogwood, several yews, and a grove of cedars a few years later. He often propagates his own material, and sometimes collects it in the wild or even finds it in his own garden, in a chance azalea seedling for example.

At their best bonsai grow into collectors' items worth hundreds and even thousands of dollars. American bonsai are relatively young and inexpensive. Nevertheless, a nine-year-old nursery-bought azalea which originally cost \$15.00 and was planted in a \$10.00 pot sold at a recent auction for \$250; and a little grove of three Virginia cedars, bought as rooted cuttings for \$1.50 each in 1960 and planted in a \$25.00 pot, brought \$500 in 1970.

While we Americans usually think of bonsai as a hobby, the Japanese consider it a major art form, on a level with poetry, painting, or music. It is four-dimensional, they say, the fourth dimension being life itself. And it is this fourth dimension which makes it, whether hobby or art, so fascinating.

## Add a fine wildlife print to your collection



## ...and help the National Wildlife Federation

Concern for our natural environment is not a new or passing interest for Don Richard Eckelberry. As an Ohio teenager, the noted wildlife artist already was sketching birds with the aid of a pair of binoculars and a dime store bird guide. After completing his studies at the Cleveland Institute of Art and working as a naturalist for the National Audubon Society, he achieved national recognition as the illustrator of three Audubon guides to the birds of North America.

Now, through the cooperation of Kentucky's Frame House Gallery, Continental readers have an opportunity to buy a high quality, signed reproduction of Eckelberry's painting, *Spruce Grouse* (see above), and, at the same time, help to improve the quality of our environment by having the net proceeds contributed to the National Wildlife Federation (not tax deductible). The gallery will publish only 3,500 prints of the new Eckelberry painting. Of this total, 1,500 will carry a special imprint and be set aside for this offer on a first-come, first-served basis. The handsome collector print, 21" x 26" in size, is available for \$20 (plus a \$2 handling fee).

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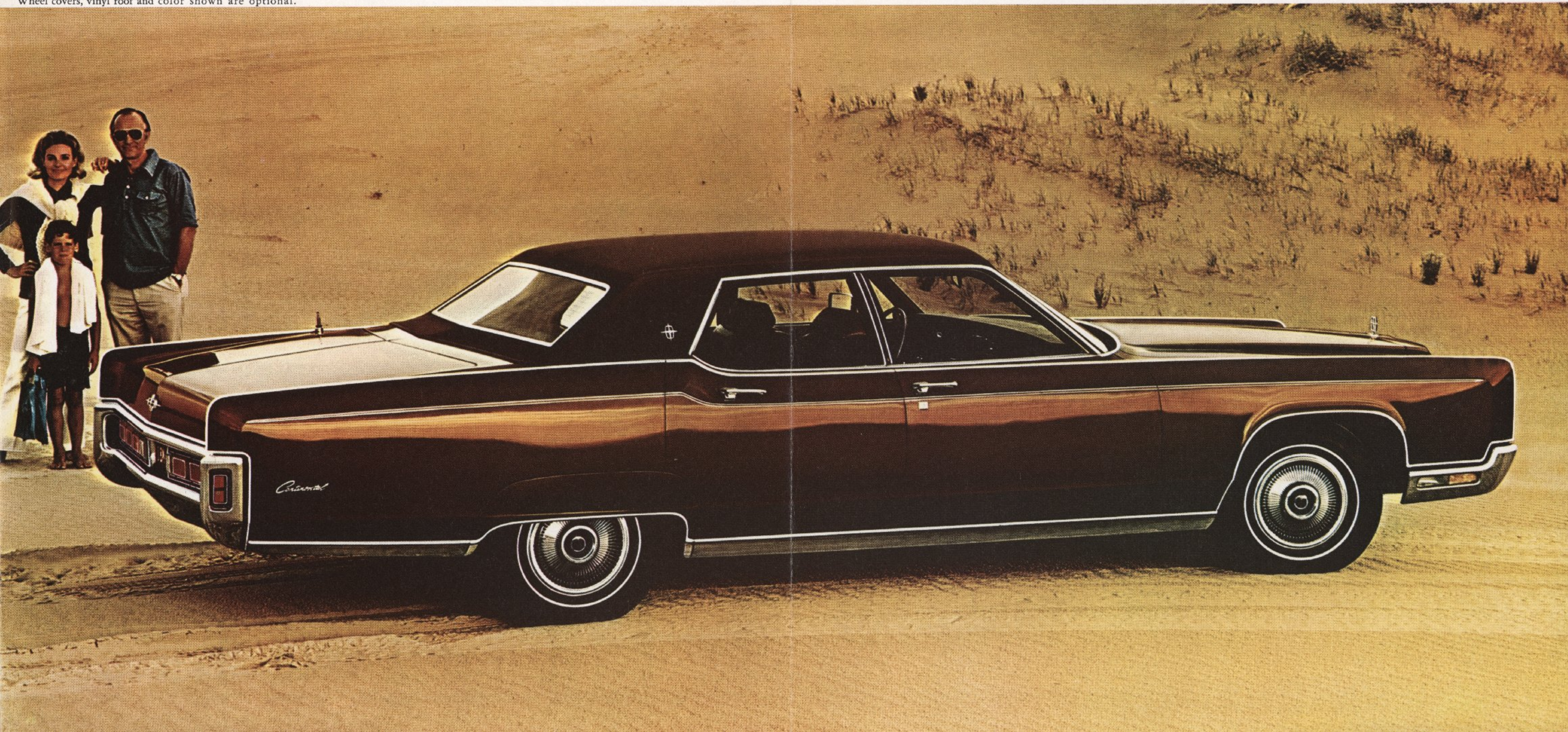
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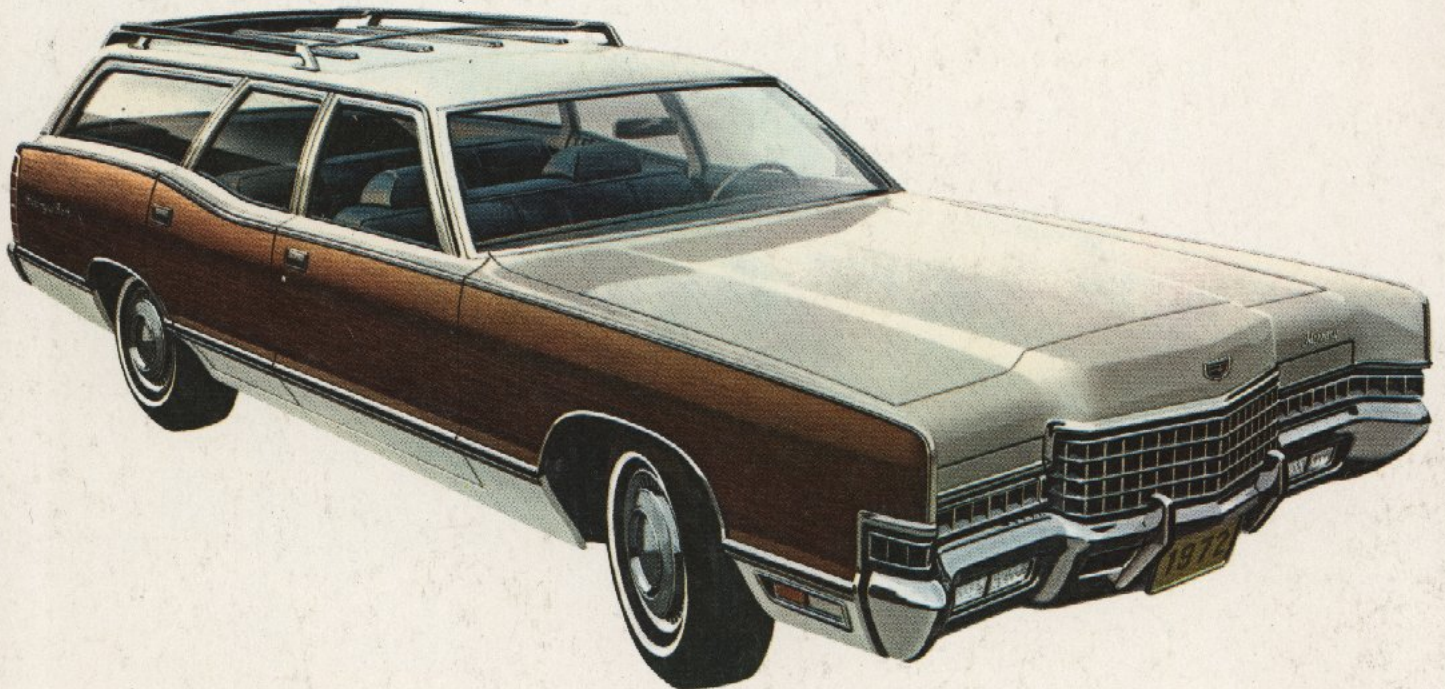
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