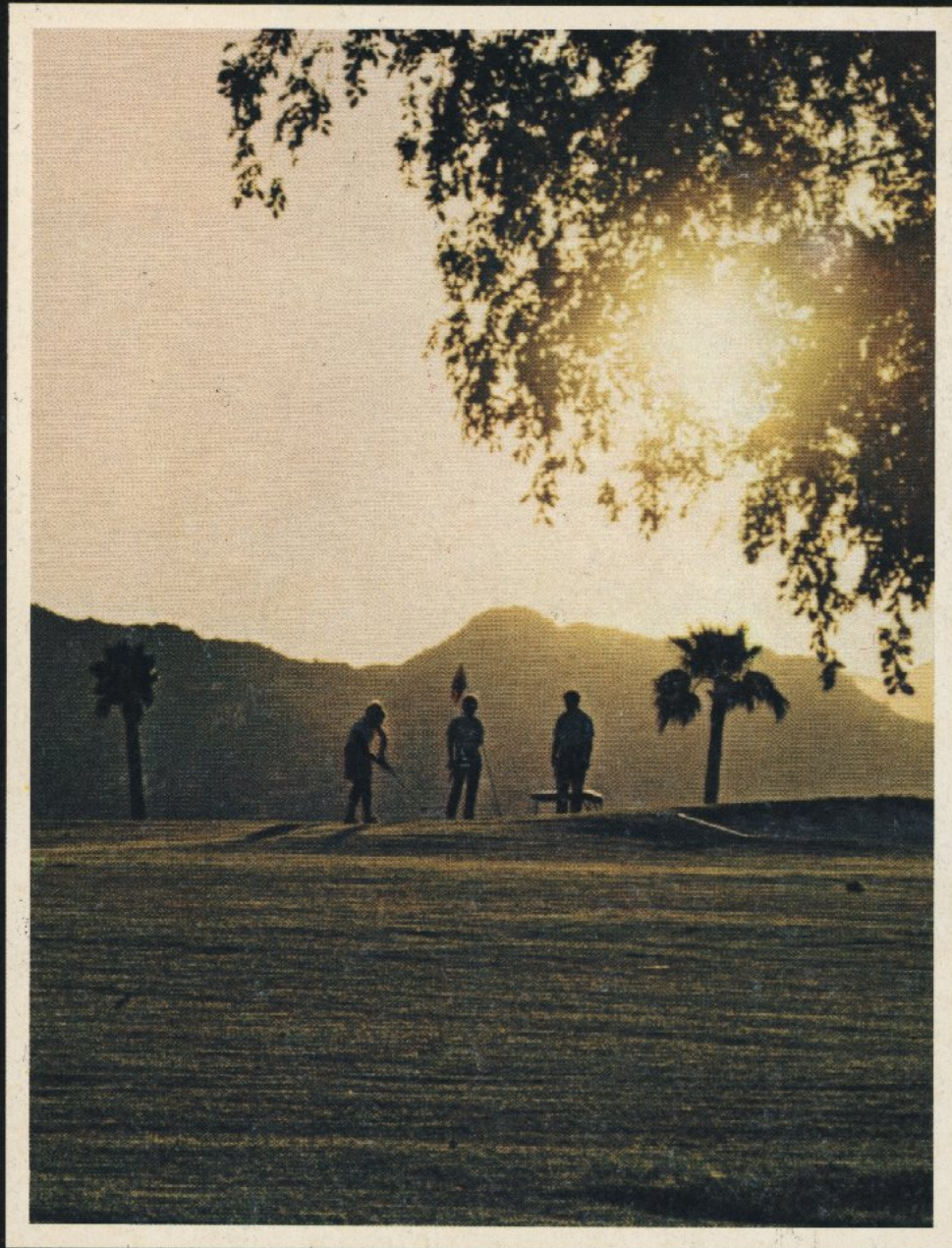


THE  
**CONTINENTAL**  
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WINTER 1971-72



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Vol. 12 No. 1

Winter 1971-72



Three golfers on the 18th green at Camelback Inn, Scottsdale. A story on golfing in Arizona opens this issue.

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Editorial correspondence should be addressed to THE CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE,  
Ford Motor Company—Room 961, The American Road, Dearborn, Mich. 48121

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# ARIZONA—WHERE GOLF

Golfers think of the Phoenix region as 1,500 square miles of beautiful, winter-proof courses

by Nick Seitz



The eighth tee at the Desert Forest Golf Club in Carefree

The view from the Desert Forest clubhouse includes a stand of cactus and, beyond the split-rail fence, the club's shag range



# BLOOMS ON THE DESERT

photographs by Markow Photography/Cliff Roe

**T**HE GOLF RESORTS that encircle Phoenix, and are in turn ringed by granite mountains, have one vast superiority in common: the air. When you step outdoors on a February or March morning into the sharp, clear, invigorating desert air, you are tempted to do nothing more the rest of the day but breathe as deeply as possible. But then you remember that this same exhilarating atmosphere has the added virtue of encouraging a golf shot to travel 20 yards farther than normal—and you realize, almost with a sigh, that there's nothing for it but to decide which of Phoenix' resort courses to play that day.

All have the same excitingly rugged setting. From their fairways you look out across miles of parched beige desert toward a burnt-orange sunset that touches those granite peaks with fire. Yet at any of the resorts the most refined services are never more than a chip shot away.

Shuttle service from your private villa to the first tee? Be right there in two minutes, sir. And he is. The pro shop will work you right in without a starting time, sir. The pro may be free to join you and help you with your game if you like. The electric carts are the latest models, complete with canopies and, in some cases, with well-stocked bars. A bite to eat between nines?

Left: The fourth green at the Goodyear Golf and Country Club, whose course was designed by Robert Trent Jones



A distance shot of the pool area at Carefree

European chefs have prepared an elaborate outdoor buffet. In the late afternoon cocktail parties sprout around the pools. Cultural activities of various sorts abound: galleries crowded with authentic Southwestern art and handicrafts; concerts; Fifth Avenue shops; guided tours by limousine; complete health spas. And though night life is fairly subdued, there is cabaret entertainment.

The golf courses play differently from



most others in the country. Bring one less club than you think you need. The greens are often slow, and a putter with a heavy head can be a definite asset. The fairways are usually Bermuda grass overseeded with rye, and dry in spite of intensive watering, so that you must swing firmly down into and through the ball. The courses have few trees and virtually no rough, and it is frequently possible to gamble successfully on cutting the corner of a dogleg hole.

Five resorts, five courses. They're alike in basics, but each has its distinctive style. It's only a matter of deciding which of the five is your kind of place.

The one course on which *any* risk—dogleg or otherwise—is foolhardy is the Desert Forest Golf Club in Carefree, for guests of the nearby Carefree Inn. Once little more than a glamorized motel, the Inn is being upgraded to a resort with elegance and aplomb. It has always been, and remains, compellingly unique: 6,831 yards of pure challenge. Yet it is so distinctive that it is worth any tribulations you may endure—and you will endure plenty.

The two words "desert" and "forest" sound contradictory, but are not. The course heaves and winds through a stunningly scenic array of wild foothill foliage kept lush by a huge underground lake: mesquite, ocotillo, giant saguaro

cactus, ironwood, jojoba bushes, and palo verde trees, plus a few prickly little numbers that no one wants to approach close enough to label. Some of the fairways are so narrow that, as the cliché has it, you have to walk single file, Indian fashion.

There is no out of bounds, but don't be consoled by that seeming bit of encouragement. "Get off the fairway and you might just meet up with the snakes and lizards," warns one regular visitor cheerfully. The course record for lost balls in one round is reputed to be 60—well under the record for shots *found* in one round. It would be fun to see what the big-name pros could do with Desert Forest in a major championship—or rather, what they couldn't.

The other courses are considerably easier. They are challenging, though, unlike most desert tracks which tend to be boringly short, flat and featureless. Each is different from the others both in course design and general resort ambience.

The overall atmosphere of The Wigwam, west of Phoenix, is more Old Cowboy Western than anything else; it leans toward wagon-wheel beds and breakfast rides in the desert. But the 36-hole Goodyear Golf and Country Club bears the indelible handprint of Robert Trent Jones: long tees, numerous sand bunkers and water hazards, and greens as large as polo fields. One course is 7,220

yards—even in the thin desert air too long for the average player to enjoy. The second, however, is a trickier 6,107 yards, and an immaculately kept treat for anyone.

The plush San Marcos, toward Tucson, is more formal. Dinner wear is optional, but predominant. The St. Valentine's and St. Patrick's Day costume balls, 12-cylinder social functions, are highlights of "the season." The lobby is notable for a rich collection of oil paintings that spans several centuries. Down a walkway sheltered by handsome hedges and gay orange blossoms is the golf course, a well-trapped, medium-length layout outlined by tall, regal tamarack trees.

The really aristocratic resort is the famed Arizona Biltmore Hotel complex, located within Phoenix but a world unto itself on 1,164 acres that would make a royal family proud. The entrance is through imposing stone gates with a guardhouse checkpoint, albeit unoccupied. Because gaping tourists with cameras are discouraged, celebrities have been secluding themselves here since 1928, secure in the knowledge that the hotel's publicity department will not leak news of their whereabouts and goings-on to the gossip columnists.

Frank Lloyd Wright was the consulting architect on the main building, a high-rise, concrete-block Spanish structure. The ceilings of the lobby, cocktail lounge and

dining rooms are—what else?—pure gold leaf. Saks, Elizabeth Arden and F. A. O. Schwartz are represented in the expansive Fashion Park, as is a Dow-Jones ticker in case you cannot bring yourself to abandon the outside world completely. A prime conversation piece is the immense chess court behind the hotel, populated by life-size figures.

The Biltmore is frequented by an older, less active clientele. Guests speak glowingly of the cuisine and the aura of good taste. "It's a British shipboard atmosphere," explains a long-time visitor. Oh yes—the golf course. It's nice, and they say putts break toward downtown Phoenix.

The newest course (its companion resort has been here for some time) is Marriott's Camelback Inn in Scottsdale, where Johnny Bulla, the pro, can shoot par right-handed or left-handed. The Marriott chain, which bought the resort two years ago and doubled its size without sacrificing a noteworthy intimacy, spent a quarter of a million dollars on a completely automatic watering system for the regulation, championship layout, and the course is maturing rapidly. Several of the greens are elevated—unusual in the desert.

Among Camelback's multilevel adobe accommodations are five-walled, high-ceilinged kivas, reminiscent of Southwestern Indian ceremonial rooms.

However, the most luxurious living quarters are the bilevels, which have all the advantages of a town house for a mere \$125 a day.

Camelback attracts everybody from Midwestern family groups to bachelor movie stars—all of whom have a common appreciation of well-rounded recreation facilities and the almost haunting desert quiet. That's on the outside, of course, where at night the stars wheel and glitter in the clear air above the vast, silent desert. On the inside, Camelback swings.

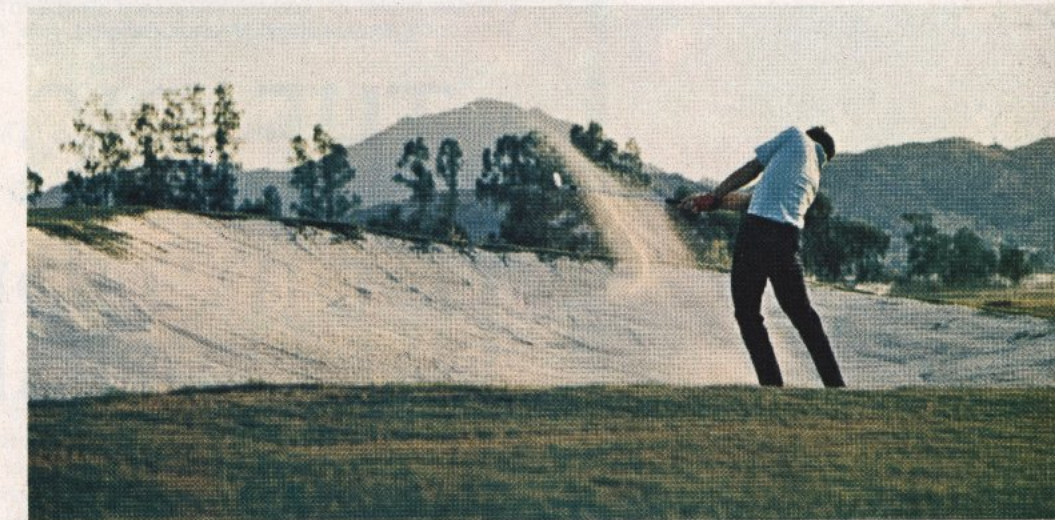
But if you think the desert is quiet now, ask Johnny Bulla how it was when he first passed through while playing the pro tour in 1936.

"Sam Snead and I came over those mountains in an old coupe, and there wasn't much except desert," Bulla drawls. "I told Sam I was goin' to settle here one day. I'll never forget Sam sayin' there wasn't anybody here but rattlesnakes. Now look!"

Look indeed—at a sophisticated oasis of resort golf carved from the rawness of the desert. The rattlesnakes, not knowing what to make of it, have beat a hasty retreat.

Tough shots are scattered about: one of the sand traps surrounding the thirteenth green at Camelback

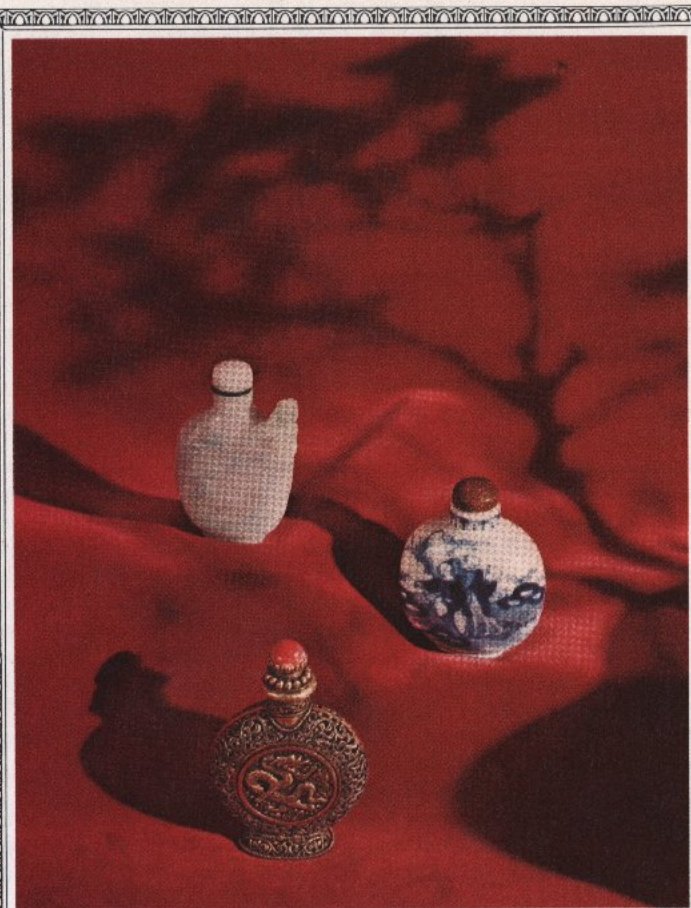
The start of a great morning of golf in the desert: first green at the Arizona Biltmore



At right is a steak fry on Mummy Mountain, with the lights of Phoenix in the distance, and a closeup of the same culinary event



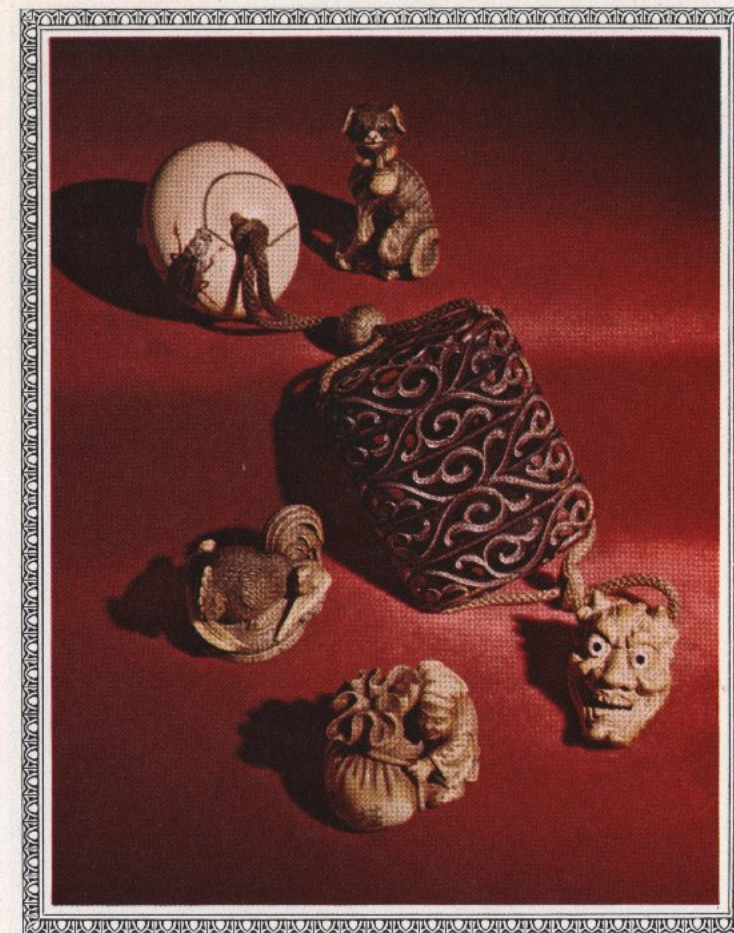




Chinese bottles of jade, porcelain, and silver-and-gilt. Objects courtesy of Ralph M. Chait Galleries, New York

# THE BIG TREASURE OF SMALL ANTIQUES

Photographs by Tom Geoly



Netsuke figures from Chait Galleries

Here's a beginner's guide to the little collectibles—miniature antiques that are works of art

by S. Michael Schnessel

CONSIDER THIS PARTICULAR COLLECTION of exquisite and unusual antiques: it is so convenient that it needs no more than one cabinet shelf for display, yet never fails to attract attention; it affords hours of enjoyment, endless beauty, and the benefit of centuries of historical and artistic knowledge; its value is always on the increase.

These unique qualities belong to the world of miniature antiques, objects which at one time had both practical and decorative functions, and which have become, because of their diminutive size and delicate beauty, a favorite among today's collectors of fine art.

Among the most popular miniature antiques collected are Chinese snuff bottles, *netsuke*, *tsuba*, glass paperweights, and miniature portraits. Each of these offers numerous joys for the collector, and a brief discussion of each will make its particular characteristics known to those with potential interest.

*Chinese snuff bottles.* In the early 1600's, the Portuguese introduced tobacco, in its various forms, to the Orient. Although the Chinese ruling class, like our government today, frowned on the taking of tobacco, the habit caught on quickly. The use of snuff became so widespread that until the early 1900's, few Chinese men were without their snuff bottles, which were carried within

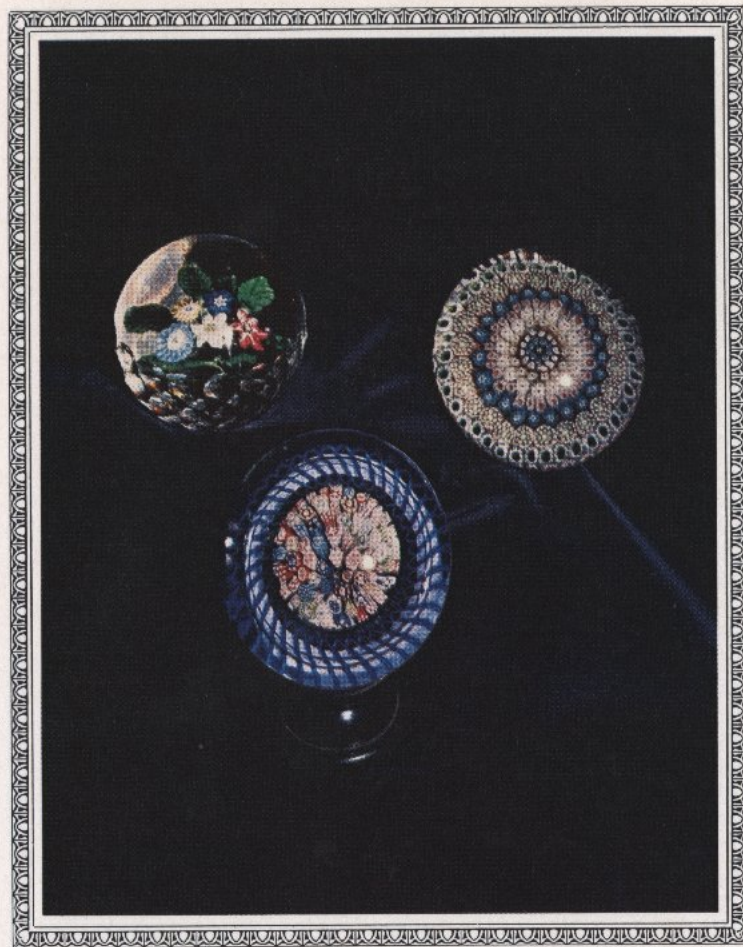
the sleeves of their garments. When meeting a friend, it was the custom to exchange snuff and to comment upon the beauty and ingenuity of the other's bottle.

And beautiful they were. Standing about two inches high, the bottles were made of many different substances—glass, jade, amber, ivory, horn, pottery, metals, and semi-precious stones. There were even glass imitations of jade, agate, and other materials, so authentic in appearance that an expert is needed to determine that they are only glass. Each bottle was equipped with a tight stopper to which was attached a tiny spoon of ivory, silver, or tortoise shell.

The accomplished carvings on the exterior of some snuff bottles are so fine that it would take weeks to duplicate them, even with today's highly efficient drills and carving apparatus. It is amazing that jade and rock crystal (both of which are harder than steel) could have been hollowed out and carved so skillfully.

Luxuriously designed glass overlay bottles are seen often, as are plain glass bottles, painted from inside with a single hair brush to produce some of the most intricate miniature landscapes and portraits conceivable. The bottles were regarded as conversation pieces when they were made and duplicates are uncommon. The record price for a snuff bottle is \$3,000, but the starting





Glass paperweights, courtesy of Arthur Ackerman & Son, Inc., New York

price may often be as low as \$20.

*Netsuke.* Also of Oriental background is the Japanese *netsuke*, a miniature figure usually carved in bone, ivory, or wood, which was worn originally as a button to prevent the end of a waist cord from slipping out of the *obi*, or belt of a kimono. First made in the 15th century, examples of the craft from that period are rare. But from the 17th to 19th centuries, *netsuke* making was at its peak, and the names of 2700 makers have been recorded.

These intricate figures, which rarely stand over two inches tall, are most often shaped to resemble humans or animals; frequently they depict characters in Japanese mythology, legends, or history. *Netsuke* have also been made to represent landscapes, telescopes, sundials, pistols, whistles, and firefly cages. There are even trick *netsuke*—human figures that cannot be knocked down or figures with revolving eyes and protruding tongues.

*Netsuke* remained popular with the Japanese even after western dress was adopted and the little carved buttons no longer served a purpose. But, fortunately for American collectors, many thousands of *netsuke* have found their way to these shores, and they can be seen in most better antique shops, selling anywhere from \$10 to \$1250; the latter is the highest known price ever paid for a *netsuke*.

*Tsuba.* Art was of such importance to the Japanese that even in war they prided themselves on the beauty and artistry of their gear. *Tsuba*, Japanese sword guards (plates separating the hilt from the blade), were the subject of much artistic attention throughout Japanese history. Carved by some of the finest *kinko* (makers

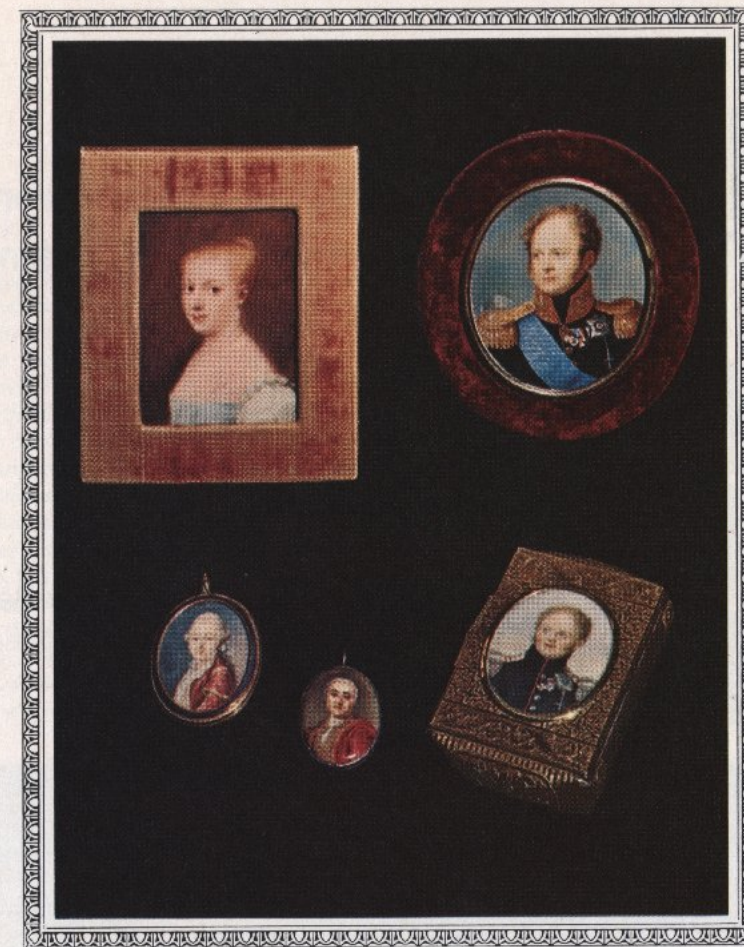
of sword furniture), *tsuba* have become very collectible in this country, especially on the West Coast.

A flat plate of circular, oval, or quatrefoil shape, looking not unlike the sand dollars found on the beach, a *tsuba* averages about three inches in diameter. A wedge-shaped opening in the center is made for the blade, while one or two slits on either side of it are for studs to hold the pieces together securely.

Made exclusively of iron during the Japanese Civil War (15th to 16th centuries), *tsuba* were later made of softer metals, including silver, gold, copper, brass, and several alloys peculiar to Japan. The metals were used singly or in combination for a variety of decorative effects. The surface of a *tsuba* is often replete with images of people and animals in action, a scenic design or an intricate abstract carving.

Historians have listed the names of over 3000 craftsmen devoted to sword making. In the 18th century, the *tsuba* became the art of the jeweler, and swords had ceremonial and decorative functions. In fact, many were never intended for use, much to the delight of today's collectors. The price of *tsuba* may start at \$40 and go as high as \$3000, a sum paid recently by one eager collector for a pair of matching *tsuba*.

*Glass paperweights.* Paperweights were first collected in the mid-1800's when the popularity of paperweight making, as well as the ingenious craftsmanship of the art, reached its peak. The three major European manufacturers of that time were Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis. In America, the Millville Glass Company in New Jersey, and the Boston & Sandwich Glass Company in



Miniature portraits, courtesy of A La Vieille Russie, New York

Massachusetts, were among the most noteworthy producers.

There are many types of paperweights, with the most common being sulfides or encrustations, millifiori weights, and subject weights. A sulfide is a semi-sphere of clear crystal which contains an image of white china, clay, or other ceramic material, usually in the form of a silhouette or a Zodiac sign. A millifiori is a "thousand flower" weight which presents an excitingly beautiful abstract display of color with its concentric designs of bits of glass and twists and spirals of glass. Subject weights often contain blown glass replicas of flowers, butterflies, fruits, reptiles, and other objects.

Paperweights can sell for large sums. A Clichy lily of the valley weight recently went for \$20,400, but many fine old weights, by lesser known makers, can be purchased for \$10 and up.

Many fine paperweights are also being produced today by men such as Paul Ysart, Charles Kazium, and others, whose work will certainly be among tomorrow's best "antique" paperweights.

*Miniature portraits.* For the collector who enjoys paintings, but whose wall space is already filled or limited, miniature portraits provide a delightful solution. Rarely standing more than five inches tall, these unique masterpieces were once used the way we use snapshots today—exchange between family members, lovers, and friends. These personal mementos were then used as jewelry, as accessories to dress, and were fastened onto lids of boxes, or carried fondly about in a pocket.

Miniature portraiture dates back to the Middle Ages, but the art's high point was reached in France during the end of Louis

XV's reign, about 1775. The craft quickly caught on in England, and virtually no upper class family was without its miniature portraits. The art was brought to this country in the late 1700's, and it gained equal popularity, leaving a valuable legacy for today's collectors.

Originally painted on vellum or ivory, the miniatures were later done as porcelains and enamels. Hard, clear and luminous, many of the works produced in the 1700's still retain their original vibrancy.

The tradition of the miniature portrait remained popular on both sides of the Atlantic until 1839 when Louis J. M. Daguerre appeared with his daguerreotype, precursor of the photograph, ringing the death knell of the art.

Prices of miniature portraits vary widely and depend greatly on the subject, the artist, and the historical importance of the work. They begin at about \$100 and usually reach a top price of \$500.

Your next journey to a good antique shop should give you the opportunity to look more closely at the cases filled with miniature antiques. Take with you, however, this word of caution: as with all popular art forms, reproductions and frauds do occasionally rear their heads. Deal only with reputable people and study your particular interest carefully before investing any large sums.

In *The Odyssey*, Homer noted that "a small rock holds back a great wave." He was perhaps one of the first to point out that small does not necessarily mean insignificant. Today's collectors of miniature antiques would certainly be among the first to agree.



# ESPALIER ARTISTRY IN THE GARDEN

It's an interesting contradiction that by removing a dimension from a tree or shrub you can add a dimension to your landscape

by Samm Sinclair Baker

photographs by Harvey Lashin and Leonard P. Johnson



ESPALIER IS THE ART OF TRAINING a fruit tree or ornamental shrub to grow flat against a wall, usually in a symmetrical fashion. This presents an opportunity to be an artist in beautifying the landscaping of the home by adding dramatic creative gardening touches. The poet was correct that "only God can make a tree," but anyone can grow a tree in artistic espalier fashion. Little ground space is needed, since espalier trees and shrubs do not spread out; in effect, they are two-dimensional.

The varieties of espalier shapes that can be grown against walls, fences, lattices, or other supports are not infinite, but infinitely challenging. Imagine, for instance, small trees in intriguing candelabra shapes against a wall of the home or garage, or along a fence or boundary. Picture exotic fans of greenery shaped any way you wish: straight-

out, parallel horizontal branches; diamond lattice ("Belgian Fence") designs; intricate braided formations; or, as many prefer, delightful free-form branching in a personal concept of grace and beauty.

Each espalier design can be an *objet d'art* on your property. Complicated? No. A few simple, basic guidelines will help you become an enthusiastic participant in the art of espaliering. Thus you'll make your home and gardens even more of a show-place.

Do as the Romans did. Like so many of other artistic garden developments, espaliering traces back to Roman villas and estates. To decorate the high walls which surrounded many properties, wealthy Romans had trees and shrubs planted and shaped quite flat against supporting backgrounds. Candelabra shapes were particu-

The opposite page shows an example of formal espalier; below is a free-form approach to this gardening art. In each case the shrub is pyracantha. The landscaping of both these Orlando, Florida houses was designed by William Colbourn





Immediately below: an espaliered fruit tree in the traditional candelabra form. At bottom, vertical branch of a dwarf pear, with the fruit full size. Photographs courtesy Henry Leuthardt Nurseries, East Moriches, N. Y., by Harvey Lashin



larly popular and greatly admired—simple two-armed “U” shapes, often branching further into four, six, and even eight arms, all from one trunk, like huge, multi-armed candelabra stretched along a garden wall.

This decorative, creative use of trees and shrubs spread to great estates and castles throughout the Old World, where Americans have seen breathtaking examples in their travels. Naturally, espaliering eventually came to America, where this landscaping art has become increasingly desirable and practicable for homeowners. Many varieties of “espalier trained” trees and shrubs are available from nurseries now, or a gardener can shape his own plants from the start.

Dwarf fruit trees are probably the most popular espalier plantings by far. For one thing, these attractive small trees lend themselves readily to espalier shapes, and are available as “espalier shaped” specimens from specializing nurseries. Furthermore, they grow to only five to ten feet tall at maturity, but the fruit is regular size, not miniature. And dwarf trees are easier to tend, spray and crop, because of limited height.

As to picking fruit, dwarf trees bear after two to five years of age, whereas larger trees may take many more years to produce good, edible fruit. Above all, the espalier type of dwarf fruit trees takes very little space against a wall, fence, or boundary. So, even in a small area, you can enjoy the artistic sight of the tree—and eat from it, too.

What kinds of fruit can you grow on these dwarf beauties? Variety available is increasing each year. Take your pick, by the bushful, of apples, apricots, cherries either sweet or sour, crabapples, nectarines, peaches, pears, plums, and quince. And if you're a nut about nuts, you can gather filberts, all within easy picking reach from a dwarf espalier tree.

You needn't stop at edibles in practicing the espaliering art. Many gorgeous shrubs may be trained in artistic espalier shapes, including abelia, euonymus, magnolia, viburnum, forsythia, winter jasmine, holly, roses, and yews.

In planning, choosing, and growing espaliers, first figure out the best design for the spot. You don't have to be an artist to plan the most pleasing espalier contours for the location you select. It's fun to walk around the property and check where espaliers would decorate most beautifully. Then, with pencil and pad, diagram candelabra, fan, free-form, or other designs to your taste, to glorify the space most graciously.

Next, select plants for the wanted espalier shapes. It's wise to follow the natural

growth of the tree or shrub in shaping it to the design you want. At the start, especially with dwarf fruit trees, it pays to order specimens and shapes that are “espalier trained” at the nursery from their early beginnings. Or, choose vigorous young trees or shrubs with three or more sturdy upright stems.

Plant for plentiful sun, no less than six inches away from the wall, fence, trellis, or other support. Dwarf fruit trees must have a minimum of six hours of sun daily, preferably around midday and afternoon. Take care that the graft of the dwarf fruit tree is at least an inch above the soil surface; otherwise the tree will lose its dwarf-growing characteristics.

Cut canes and shoots carefully right back to the main stems, but not too much drastic cutting all at once. Paint tree wound dressing on any cut over a half-inch diameter (aerosol type is clean, quick, and effective). Tie branches to the support with soft, flat plastics or other materials, shaping tree gently as you tie, not straining limbs too far out of natural shape.

Tend espaliers with extra care. Since the plants aren't permitted to grow in their natural bent, you must compensate by promoting health and vigor with plentiful watering, and use of dry and water-soluble fertilizers (the latter every few weeks during the growing season). Also, spray regularly against infestation and disease; if you don't spray your dwarf fruit trees on a planned schedule, you just won't grow the unflawed, delicious crops you want.

In early spring and winter cut out new or competing growth which would spoil the espalier shape desired. Keep growth trimmed to the maximum height wanted. With a flowering shrub, wait to cut back branches until after flowers have bloomed and faded.

Do your part in a relaxed, enjoyable fashion, and you'll be rewarded by increasing beauty and bounty year after year. But fair warning: once you see the exquisite results and hear the raves about the artistry of your decorative espalier trees and shrubs you'll be tempted to plant more and more and more.

And why not? The glory and grace of espaliered growth, properly planned and tended in the just-right places about your home, will be further proof to you of Francis Bacon's contention that gardening is “the purest of human pleasures.”

(Note: Leading sources for “espalier trained” trees, dwarf fruit trees especially, are:

Henry Leuthardt Nurseries,  
East Moriches, N. Y.  
U. S. Espalier Nursery, Fairwood, Ore.)

A wise precautionary measure is to see that the screweyes are in tight and the wire secure

## How to care for the paintings you own

With so many people acquiring art, it's wise to know about protecting the beauty and the investment

by Jane F. Geniesse



photographs by Vernon Smith and Dean Russell

ALAS FOR THE BOLD DO-IT-YOURSELFER who removed the face of his ancestor from a prized family portrait with one soapy stroke. He was trying to clean the painting himself, but from that day forward he turned to those meticulous professionals whose business it is to preserve and restore.

This is not to say there is nothing the collector can do about intelligent maintenance of his treasures. But he had better be very careful indeed about undertaking anything ambitious in cleaning and repair, for it is a path fraught with danger.

From the days when there were only a few primitive solvents, such as animal urine, wine, or alcohol, modern technology now offers hundreds of possible agents to solve the many problems a restorer faces. It takes seeing a laboratory in action, equipped with its amazing battery of

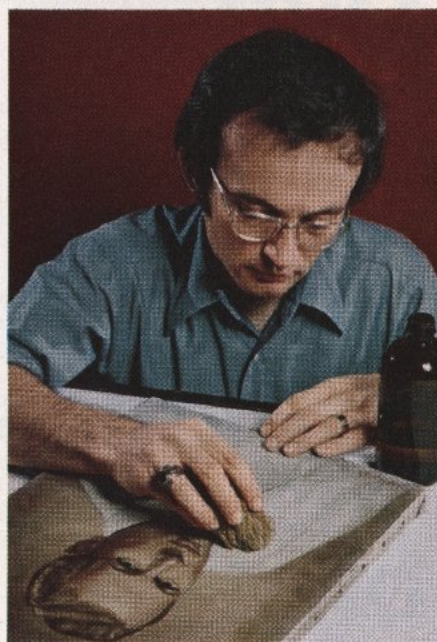
machinery—X-ray, ultra-violet lamp, infrared film, stereomicroscope, vacuum table—to encourage one's natural reluctance to tamper with art. Yet, there are some things one can do oneself, and they most emphatically do not include cleaning one's picture with half an onion or a sliced potato.

Here are some rudimentary thoughts on maintenance of paintings. From the moment of creation, a work of art begins to age. It is attacked by dirt, humidity, light, heat, rough handling, and such living organisms as mold or flies whose excretions eat at the paint. It may also be assailed by such troubles as incompatible media wrestling with one another, faulty application by the artist, or inherent weakness in the structure.

As custodian, you seek to provide conditions which will slow this aging process. Ideal atmospheric conditions would be



At right are two things the owner of a painting can safely do himself: above, tap the corner keys to tighten the canvas on its stretcher; below, cautiously remove dirt with a solvent that doesn't affect oil



a controlled, dirt-free environment with 50 per cent humidity and a temperature range of 65° to 75°. Not every collector (and unfortunately not every museum) offers such perfect conditions, but there are common sense measures anyone can provide.

Beware of the old favorite spot above the fireplace in hanging your picture—unless you are resigned to carting it off for periodic cleaning and relining. For the same reason, think twice about hanging your picture over a radiator or near a strong light source lest you accelerate the tendency of the paint to fade.

Check the technical aspects of hanging. See that the wire, screws, and hooks do not get loose. Nothing is more ridiculous (because so unnecessary and tragic) than a painting simply falling off the wall; yet insurance companies point out that this is one of the most frequent damage claims. If you wish to remove your picture from the wall to examine it, first prepare an adequately large place to set it—either on a large table or space on the floor that has been spread with a large clean cloth.

Another danger is a tangle of extra wire stuffed behind the picture; eventually it makes an ugly bulge against the back of the canvas. Your wire should be no longer than what is required to wrap around the picture screws. As an extra precaution, it is wise to protect the reverse side of a picture from dust and accidents by screwing a heavy cardboard to the back of the stretcher.

Protect the corners of the frame by resting it on soft cushions or cloths. Most old pictures are secured in their frames by many small nails. Remove these with pliers and a great deal of patience. Later, when you replace your picture, throw away those nails and use little brass picture straps and screws designed for this purpose. It is easy to see why when you realize the straps can be gently unscrewed, but the nails require a hammer.

If the painting has become slack on its stretcher—very common where there are fluctuations of humidity—and if the ripples have not been present so long that the paint surface has begun to crack, then you should "key out" your canvas. This means tapping lightly and equally with a tack hammer on the small wooden wedges, or keys, located in each corner of the stretcher—a procedure which should tighten it all back very nicely. It would be a wise precaution first to insert a flat cardboard between the keys and the back of the canvas to protect against a faulty hammer blow.

A few first-aid treatments are useful to remember if your painting should ever be victimized by a careless mover causing a rip or tear, or if it is damaged by water. In the first case, lay the canvas down in the protected fashion described above, and bring the torn edges together with masking or adhesive tape on the *back of the canvas* (never the face). This will prevent the edges from curling and causing the paint to flake until you are able to get to a good restorer. Speaking of curling canvasses: if you should find it necessary to roll your canvas, always roll it paint side out, never the reverse!

Water damage is a most serious and unfortunately not uncommon misfortune. Water swells the glue of the canvas, making it first stretch and then shrink as it dries. The effect of this on the paint layers is first to crack them and then to cause them to buckle. To minimize this calamity, spread a soft cloth or smooth blanket on a flat surface, cover it with glassine paper, and place your canvas on it face down. Next place a white blotter on the back of the wet area and on top of the blotter a large flat board held down with weights. Keep changing the blotters as they absorb the water until your canvas is thoroughly dry. If by any chance the glassine paper should stick to the paint as it dries, take it to the restorer—do not try to peel it off yourself!

At this point, you ask, how do I find a good restorer? Almost any museum will supply you with a list of names, although it is up to you to pick your man. If you live too far away for a telephone call, send off a detailed description, including dimensions, name of artist, approximate date, medium, and a statement of the problem. From a good restorer you may expect an analysis and an estimate of cost. If this has been done in depth, especially with the use of machinery, and is presented to you as a written report, you should expect to pay a fee. At this point you can make an intelligent decision as to whether to proceed with the work—but recognize it is bound to be expensive.

Chances are that at most you want your painting cleaned, lined (which ought to protect it for another hundred years), inpainted (retouching that is confined strictly to areas where paint is missing) and finally protected with a new coat of varnish.



Only a skilled professional should do the jobs illustrated on these pages. Far left: relining a painting whose canvas has deteriorated; left, touching up a canvas where the paint has chipped; below, stapling a canvas to a stretcher

Photos courtesy Shar Sisto, Inc., New York

undone. Hence the use of remarkable plastic paints offered by modern technology which provide good materials for in-painting that will not discolor and can easily be removed from the original paint film. Technology has also given the restorer synthetic resins to protect the paint film with a transparent coating.

While these plastic varnishes ultimately discolor somewhat, they do so much more slowly and are more easily removed than the varnishes of old.

Finally, you should know what to expect if your canvas is so desiccated that it must be lined, an operation that would of course precede any in-painting or varnishing.

Expecting immortality of a fabric which carries a painting is no more reasonable than asking eternal life of the clothes we wear. Thus, in the course of a long career, a painting will have to be re-lined not once but many times. Lining is the process of using a wax-resin adhesive to attach a new linen to the back of the old by means of heat and pressure. This is quite different from the dramatic but rarely used process of transfer, whereby the original canvas is removed thread by thread from the solid paint film and a fresh canvas attached with a new bond. Transfer is more often required for panel paintings where the wooden structure has been eaten away or hopelessly warped.

It is really astounding what a proficient conservator, aided by modern equipment, is able to do. Not only can he solve problems presented by paintings centuries old, but he is continually challenged by new difficulties arising from the experimental media employed by modern artists. Said one well-known New York conservator: "You wouldn't believe some of the headaches we have. Artists will use anything today—coal dust, sand, you-name-it! They build up some crazy, untested impasto and we are expected to find a way to preserve it! And you know? We do . . ."

The cleaning will remove the old varnish and possibly startle you by the sudden glory of bright colors hidden for years. Of course, not everybody is entirely happy to have the softening patina of yellowed varnish and dirt suddenly lifted, especially if it brings to light an unexpected faltering of the artist's eye and brush.

Even greater shocks can occur when cleaning reveals over-painting on an original. The debate within artistic circles over the extent of cleaning still rages, but there is much to be said for the satisfaction of having the artist's original intention disclosed. One amusing story is told of a Rembrandt brought over from Italy. During cleaning and analysis, to the excitement of the owners, a Raphael was uncovered. With further careful probing, however, a portrait of Mussolini emerged and they were left with the truth and their chagrin.

In the past, restorers were quite profligate in retouching a picture far beyond the

boundary of the missing or worn paint. Frequently, they were frustrated artists who thought they could do the original artist's conception one better by adding hats, necklaces, trees, clouds, even whole backgrounds. Since the 1920's, however, much stricter standards have prevailed, on the theory that any kind of retouching was an illegitimate and presumptuous interference with the original artist's work. Now a good restorer in-paints only, and there is very much a question if it is ethical to do anything more than merely fill empty places with a neutral shade, rather than to carry out a deceptive reconstruction.

To have the integrity of a museum masterpiece at stake is one thing, but for the average owner's unimpaired pleasure in his picture, there is nothing wrong with a deft and approximate reconstruction as long as it is carefully documented.

The code followed by all restorers is to do nothing to a painting that cannot be





# “Join us . . . we have our own chalet”

Every major Swiss ski area has  
an alternative to resort prices and crowds:  
hundreds of chalets for rent

by Bodil W. Nielsen

Photographs courtesy of Swiss National Tourist Office



**H**OTEL LIVING is all very well. To the many American skiers who come to Switzerland each year for the joys of Alpine powder, one of the big added attractions is the intimate efficiency or impeccable luxury of Swiss hotel life. Even the simpler inns, small *pensions*, or *hôtels garni* are run with style and friendliness.

Still, there often comes a time during a glorious vacation when even the most dedicated of sybarites begin to long for a living room of their own, a private place to invite friends new-found on the slopes, a chance to cook a meal (yes, some do miss that), and simply a place to put their feet up, to skip dressing for dinner, and to get away from the noisy *bonhomie* of hotel bars and dining rooms.

The solution is a simple one: rent a chalet. Does it sound too complicated, too expensive, too uncertain? It isn't. Switzerland's reputation for pleasing its visitors is more than well deserved. The Swiss think of everything, including the sensible idea that many ardent skiers might well want a temporary home of their own.

The thrifty English, who are even more ardent skiers than the Americans (if that's possible) have been "chalet skiing" for

years. A number of well-run British tour companies lease chalets and apartments in all the major resorts of Switzerland, staff them with attractive, hard-working ski bums to do the cooking and cleaning, and fill them with groups—sometimes a small handful of friends, sometimes large collections of individuals taking pot luck.

Americans are just beginning to catch on. Some of the ski clubs which charter airplanes to Zurich or Geneva (key starting points) from all over the States are organizing chalet rentals for their members in advance. The airlines, too, are often helpful, as are some of the more adventurous travel agents. For the uninitiated, however, there are a lot of questions: Where to start? Where to go? How does it work?

If you've never skied in Europe before, choosing the right resort is probably the hardest decision. Well-travelled friends can be helpful, but it's surprising how tastes differ. For a chalet holiday, obviously, one of the bigger resorts is going to be the best choice. There are more facilities, more ski runs, more night life, more amenities generally, and naturally more chalets available. Verbier, Zermatt, St. Moritz, Davos, Klosters, Gstaad, Montana, Anzera—they're all superb as far as skiing and ambiance go, and all are very different.

St. Moritz, the "queen of the Engadine," for example, is *the* classic resort: a big,

Chalets in Saas-Fee, a town  
near Lake Geneva

Winter view of the town of Sufers, a ski  
resort southeast of Zurich



gay, busy town on a splendid lake, with large, fancy old-world hotels, most notably Andre Badrutt's legendary Palace. The skiing is varied and good (particularly for novices), but the emphasis is on night life, rich and elegant, and the *sportifs* spend more time in the discotheques and bars than on the slopes.

Serious skiers are much more likely to go to Zermatt, a marvellous mountain town in the shadow of the Matterhorn where no cars are allowed: horse-drawn sleighs jingle through the streets. The variety of bars and restaurants is as infinite as the skiing—you can ski to Italy for lunch and come back in time for tea. The lifts are crowded, the crowd is international, and for good skiers it's Paradise.

Davos, the setting of Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," is a large town with a vast complex of ski slopes and first-rate facilities. Large white ex-sanitoriums, now carefully labelled "sports hotels," fill the center of town; chalet denizens are advised to have cars to reach the lifts and surrounding mountain peaks beyond the town itself.

Klosters, nearby, is smaller, prettier, and more amenable. The main lift in the center of town, though often very crowded, connects up with the whole Davos complex of lifts (and vice versa) and the length and diversity of ski runs possible will astound newcomers. Chalets are scarce, however, and should be booked well in advance. Night life—and day life, too, for that matter—revolves around Hans Guler's Chesa Grischuna, justly considered one of the best small hotels in Europe.

Gstaad, some two hours from Lausanne, has been described by the novelist Irwin Shaw as "like the old Stork Club in the snow." Rich, elegant without being stuffy, Gstaad takes a much more gentlemanly approach to skiing, with plenty of lifts around the valley (a car is a must) and few lift lines, and an abundance of slopes for novices as well as more challenging terrains, such as the Diablerets glacier, which stay open all summer. Large private chalets center around the posh Palace Hotel and the Parc Hotel, but there are chalets of all sizes for rent all around town.

Near Gstaad, a short drive from Geneva, is Villars. Also nearby is the relatively new resort of Verbier, which has rapidly become one of the most popular in Switzerland. Verbier is virtually a forest of chalets, most of them built within the last ten years, and though there's an abundance of fine restaurants and night clubs there are few hotels, so that *après-ski* is centered very much around the chalets. Verbier has slopes for every type of skier, but particularly for the more advanced; the lift system, including a new 800-passenger-per-hour cable car, is one of the best in Switzerland. The ski school here is particularly good. The town is particularly geared to chalet life, so the newcomer chalet renter is apt to feel right at home.

If you haven't yet skied in Switzerland, but are enticed by the idea of chalet holidays, find out all you can about the various resorts before making a choice. Collect brochures, talk to local ski clubs or travel agents, ask skiing friends, find out all you can about snow conditions, ski

schools, accessibility of lifts and other facilities (this is very important), whether you need a car or not, how close the area is to nearby towns (if you crave occasional city life) or to other resorts (if you need variety).

How to go about it? The most direct approach is to write to the local tourist office—there's one in every resort town. Tell them in English what you want, how many in the party, what you want to pay roughly, and they'll send you a well-documented list of all the chalets available and suggest the ones best suited for you. The farther in advance you plan, of course, the bigger the selection available. The lists will give information on how many rooms and baths, how many beds, the price (either per person or for the whole chalet), and perhaps some idea of its location.

In many cases the lists are illustrated, so you can get an even better idea of what your chalet will be like. You can generally expect simple, rustic furnishings and reasonable supplies of linens, towels, dishes and kitchenware, but it's always best to check that out exactly. Find out, too, if the price includes maid service, telephone and heating (it usually does), laundry, or other extras. In most cases they'll put you directly in touch with the owner, and a personal correspondence with him can ease things considerably.

If you're still leery of taking on your own chalet, however, consider doing what the English do. They join a group. As one affable manager of a large group of chalets throughout Switzerland remarked, "We get dukes to dustmen." Many chalets are connected with the airlines to provide all-inclusive package trips; others are affiliated with American companies (and eager for American participants) and provide total chalet living.

Among the organizations that know a great deal about chalets in Switzerland are the following:

Swiss Chalets, Inc.  
44 Pleasant Street  
Newburyport, Mass. 01950

Overseas Real Estate  
1133 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, N. Y. 10036

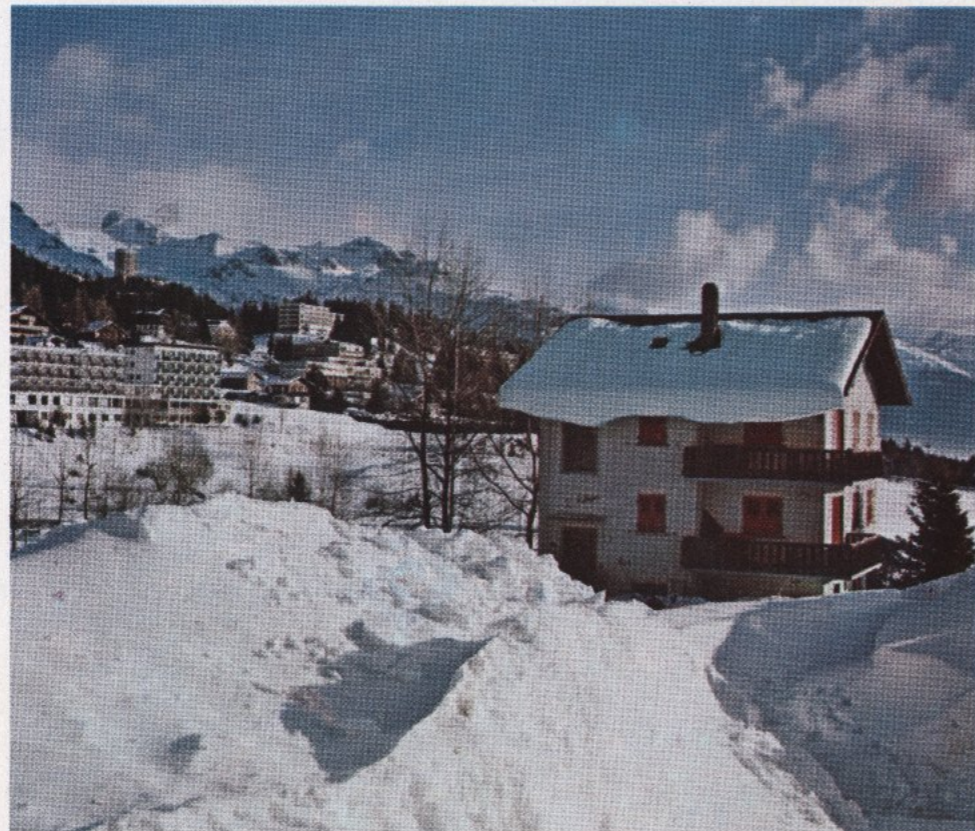
European Vacation Houses  
300 Central Park West  
New York, N. Y. 10024

From the brochures, leaflets and general information these organizations have gathered, the prospective chalet skier will learn things both valuable and appealing. He'll find out, for example, that in Verbier a chalet for five people can be found for \$75 a week in January or April; that some chalets provide four meals a day and all the wine you can drink; that in some places an attractive girl is on hand for cooking and cleaning; that there are owners who prefer persons under 35; and that the better prepared you are to rough it, the lower the price (if you go with a group, don't count on a private room and bath).

However you do it, you can expect an unusual vacation. Remember, you can always go to the hotels if you need fancy dinners or *après-ski*, but nothing can quite beat the feeling of skiing "home" to your own chalet, or having a party in your own chalet living room, or spending the night at home with companionable friends around a pot of fondue.

Skiing in Zermatt, one of the more celebrated Swiss ski resorts, in a valley called Matternal near the Rhone

Photo courtesy Swiss Chalets, Inc.



A view of Crans, which is near Saas-Fee, on the north side of the Rhone







1972. A new Lincoln Continental.

How it looks in your driveway is important.  
How it acts on a wet pavement at 60 mph is more important.

Safety, in a Lincoln Continental, is road-holding. Balance. Braking. Solidity.

To provide precise cornering ability and a safer, more sure-footed ride, every Continental is equipped with premium grade radial ply tires.

Lincoln Continental has the widest track in the land. And the stability that goes with it.

The suspension system combines coil springs, double-acting shock absorbers, rubber insulators, and stabilizer bar in meticulous balance. Disquieting sway and swerve are virtually gone from the ride.

Power front disc brakes are standard equipment. And Sure-Track, America's first computer-controlled anti-skid braking system, is available.

Steel bars inside the doors and a rigid frame-plus-body construction sheathe you in secure, solid comfort.

Comfort assured by Automatic Temperature Control as standard equipment. It reduces pollen and dust, and helps remove humidity from the air. And it holds interior climate within the comfort range you want.

Noise is tiring. But in the new Lincoln Continental, window glass is seated by a precise new method that substantially reduces outside noise.

There is restful spaciousness. Rear seat passengers enjoy the same seating and legroom comfort the driver does.

The 1972 Continentals. The finest cars built in America.

Continental. The final step up.

Wheelcovers, vinyl roof, and front bumper guards shown are optional.



# The Continental Craftsmen

On the team in back of this great motorcar are the experienced men who actually build it

by: William E. Pauli

After clearing more than a dozen quality control inspections, Continental receives minute check-out from final buy-off inspector as it rolls off assembly line



IF YOU THINK all works of art are created by people like Picasso, Rodin, or Modigliani to hang over mantels or to stand in foyers, there are several thousand skilled workers in Michigan, who would disagree.

They're the craftsmen who built that \$8,000-plus masterpiece parked in your drive. And although you'll never find their names on a quarter panel or rocker arm, their mark of quality is stamped on every Lincoln Continental that rolls off the Wixom Plant assembly line.

The Lincoln Continental is built exclusively at the Wixom Plant (and has been since 1957 when the plant opened) by one of the most expert and experienced work forces in the auto industry. Typical of that work force are men like Dave Bratton, a 14-year veteran; Archie Hanlon, with over two decades of car-building know-how; and Delmar Kendrick who has been assembling cars since 1953.

The three are part of Wixom's team of inspectors (at the plant one out of every 10 employees is an inspector) and are responsible for insuring the quality of each car as it is built.

Bratton's foreman calls him, "the best in the business." And it's the 36-year-old

utility paint inspector's job to see that every Continental is painted to perfection.

"If there's one thing I know it's paint," says Bratton, walking quickly around a creamy white Continental body as it moves past his check point on the final paint line.

"See that speck there on the hood? An owner might never notice it—but it's got to go." He deftly circles the imperfection with a red mark. Later the hood will be removed, sanded, repainted and polished. "I check the overall appearance of the car's finish for color match, metal and paint defects after it's been hand sprayed with four coats of high gloss enamel," he explains.

"Even though I'd spent 10 years in the paint shop before I got this job, the company didn't just turn me loose on the line." It takes up to a year of on-the-job training with new inspectors working side by side with veterans, to learn what Bratton does with seeming ease.

On-the-job experience has earned Archie Hanlon the nickname of "Wixom Cutup." That's an accurate way to describe his job as a teardown inspector. Eight hours a day, five days a week, Hanlon works in a sound-proof booth ripping a Continental body to shreds.

"Once a week Quality Control pulls a car body at random off the line and turns it over to me," explains Hanlon. Outfitted with safety glasses and ear muffs (to dampen the sound) and armed with a pneumatic chisel, Hanlon breaks each of the more than 2,600 welds which cover every Continental body.

"This is another way we make certain that an unwelcome and unwanted noise or squeak doesn't sneak into one of our cars," says Hanlon. "It also helps us build a stronger, quieter, and smoother riding Continental. Every time I bust one of these welds I record it in a log. Bad welds are reported immediately to Quality Control."

Since last July, when the first 1972 Continentals rolled off Wixom's assembly line, Hanlon has torn apart more than 35 car bodies. "I've been at this for so long I can spot every weld on a Continental with both eyes closed," he says.

Wixom's Delmar Kendrick keeps both eyes wide open and for a very good reason. He's a final line buy-off inspector.

As each Continental moves down the line at Wixom it passes more than a dozen inspection stations, where everything from the interior trim to the windshield washer bottle is checked.

"I double check the comments made by various inspectors during the assembly operation," explains Kendrick. "I take a look at the engine compartment, the car's interior and exterior as well as how things like headlights and windshield wipers work.

"Some people may think I'm hard-nosed about my job," smiles Kendrick, "because I'll turn a car down for something as minor as a screw that's not flush with the surface."

Why so particular? "Well, I just might want to buy one of these cars some day, so I look at every Continental as if I were the customer."



Joseph Glunz, of the House of Glunz in Chicago, is examining labels on a rack of rare wines

## Buying Wine for Pleasure & Profit

With vintage prices going nowhere but up, some canny people say that hedging with wine is better than silver or diamonds

by Robert McDermott

photos by Norris McNamara

THE RARE PLEASURE OF FINE WINE is becoming rarer. Burgeoning worldwide demand for quality European and American wines has steadily raised wine prices over the past decade to levels that are making many knowledgeable wine drinkers unhappy. Even sophisticated wine merchants and importers have been unable to stay atop the spiral. One respected wine merchant recently purchased cases of 1953 and 1955 vintages of Romanée Conti at more than double the price he had sold them for only a few years before.

The wine lover intent upon continuing his indulgence is steadily forced to pay for the wines of his taste, to downgrade his purchases to less select levels, or, if he is a gambler, to make a virtue and even a profit of necessity. Something can be done about wine prices. It involves playing a game that can be pursued on any level, from a pleasurable hobby to a serious capital gains investment. Once you've found a suitable spot in the basement to store a case or two of wine, you're ready.

Wine aficionados can often be heard to



speak of "wine futures," although the futures market is unofficial. The art of viticulture is delicate and unpredictable, and the ultimate quality of many fine wines is not always revealed except after long years of maturation. Wine merchants have long been speculating that some growths will in a dozen years result in classic and expensive vintages and that others will appear almost immediately to be mediocre. The speculation begins each autumn in France when merchants and importers at the various regional auction centers begin bidding on the year's crop, in some cases even before it is fermented.

What once was a select club of professionals, however, has been invaded by numbers of amateurs and speculators who've discovered that "hedging" fine wines by storing them for resale at maturation can be both more profitable and more fun than speculating in diamonds and old silver. You can always drink your losses in the unlikely event that any should occur.

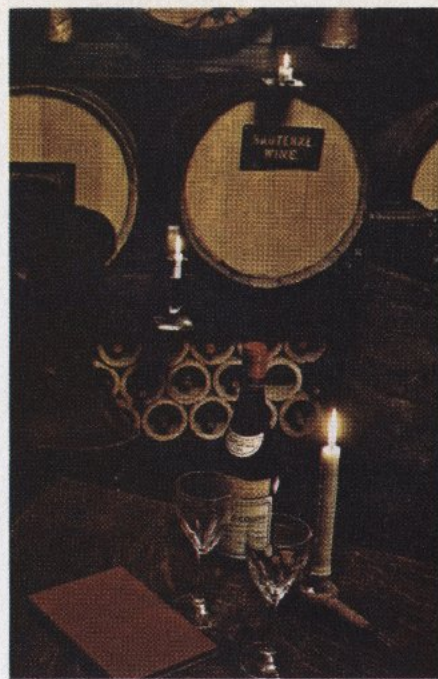
The art of pleasurable and profitable wine buying in some ways parallels trading in securities. There are blue chips and there are wildly speculative issues. You can pay \$40 plus for a bottle of 1953 Mouton Rothschild or 1959 Romanée Conti and rightly expect the great wine you've paid lavishly for. They are safe, blue-chip buys.

The challenge for the wine aficionado, as well as the makings of a compelling hobby, lies in selecting from among current vintages what may one day be the great 1953 Mouton Rothschild. For those who bought cases in 1955 or '56, that \$40 Mouton could have been had for as little as six or seven dollars a bottle. A case of the classic 1959 Château Haut-Brion will currently cost you in excess of \$250 if you can find one, and its probably worth it. Had you bought the case in 1962 or '63 and aged it in your own cellar, however, you could have had it for less than \$100.

The most rewarding aspects of wine buying lie in the discovery of outstanding wines—Lynch-Bages, Cabernes, Vosnes, various Clos, Beaunes and Loire whites—that have not been endowed with grand appellations by the French government and corresponding price tags by the marketplace. Demand for fine wines will almost inevitably drive up the prices of the outstanding but lesser known wines in the immediate future.

By and large, wines are sold on a free market where demand determines price, but popularity and even fads can have a great deal to do with boosting the price tags of well-known wines. Pommard, an outstanding French burgundy, is a classic case of a very "in" wine with a high-flying price tag pushing ten dollars a bottle for a good year. An equally good neighboring Volnay or Vosnes can be substituted for little more than half the price.

Exceptional bargains are uncommon among the well-known wines of Bordeaux and Burgundy, and more often found

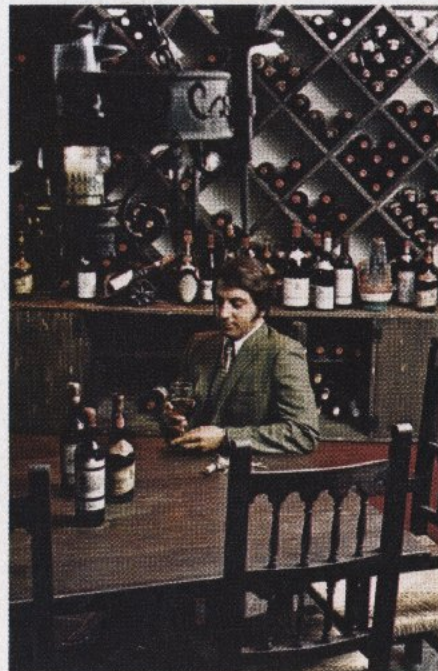


Field tiles, seen behind the bottle of Romanée-Conti, make excellent storage

among excellent wines of lesser known regions. Saumur Champigny, the wines of the Côtes du Rhone and Beaune, and estate-bottled Beaujolais like Brouilly or Julienas often offer superb quality at very reasonable prices.

A premium, large or small, is paid for the stature of French wines. Try substituting Asti Lagrima Christi, an Italian sparkling white at roughly \$3.50 a bottle, for a French champagne at triple the price and

The taster has opened a bottle of port in the V.I.P. room of Paterno Imports, Chicago



you may agree that the name "champagne" is more important to the law than the drinker.

The wines of California and Chile can provide excellent fare for current consumption, and their best belong in anyone's wine cellar. The Cabernet Sauvignons of outstanding California vineyards like Beaulieu, Inglenook, Krug and Louis Martini consistently stand comparison with their French counterparts, and outstanding years like 1968 merit laying away.

For most wine lovers, the real profit in buying and storing wines by the case rests not in eventual resale for higher prices, but in the future enjoyment of wines that have become prohibitively expensive if not altogether unavailable.

If you plan to store wines for long-term maturation—which for a fine 1966 Château Cabern Gasqueton might be from 8-14 years for peak fullness and taste, and indefinitely for curiosity—something more than a convenient basement corner may be called for. Long-term storage requires a fairly constant temperature between roughly 50 to 60 degrees, as well as an absence of vibration. Several storage and refrigeration units are on the market, ranging from simple coolers to sophisticated vaults. Many basements meet storage requirements for temperature and humidity without further additions, although a thermostat-controlled cooling unit can protect a substantial investment.

Becoming an amateur connoisseur of fine wines has a way of quickly becoming a passion. If establishing a wine cellar ultimately hooks you, there are ample channels for a growing fascination. Although few of us are likely to ever imitate the notable Americans who've purchased French vineyards or speculated in wholesale tonnes (casks) of new vintages, the possibilities of a wine cellar are limited only by space. Beyond the five percent or greater discount normally given on case purchases, the potential buyer of ten case lots or more of a single vintage wine can often get wholesale prices through importers or auctions.

Few occasions have been more promising than the present for beginning to lay away cases of what may be rare treasures in five or ten years. The record harvest of European vineyards in 1970 produced enormous quantities of wine, and the legendary *grands crus* like Mouton Lafite and Haut-Brion may well be available at bargain prices as the 1970 bottles begin to appear. Experts have rated the 1970 vintage not only superabundant, but of exceptional promise. The 1971 crop of burgundies was both small and apparently of extraordinary quality. Opening prices at the Beaune auction in November were double that of the previous year.

For the wine drinker willing to become involved in speculation and storage, great and aged wines can be enjoyed within one's own lifetime and passed on as a heritage to one's children.

## Interesting Lincoln Continental Owners

**D**IAMONDS MAY BE, as the song says, a girl's best friend. But they don't look bad on World Heavyweight Boxing Champion Joe Frazier, either.

Frazier wears the sparkling gems, he'll tell you, "because, I like them, man." And why shouldn't he? The precious stone is associated with royalty, and Frazier's the undisputed king of the boxing world.

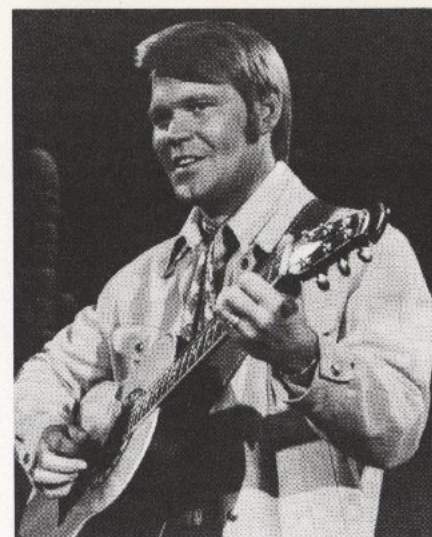
The 28-year-old Champ earned his diamonds (he wears them on the fingers of both hands and on a pendant around his neck) the hard way; by slugging his way through 27 consecutive opponents, 23 of whom he knocked out in the process. In the ring, according to one veteran sportscaster's description, "Joe is a raging, bobbing, weaving, rolling swarmer who moves in one basic direction—right at his opponent's gut."

Lately Frazier has been making some pretty good moves out of the ring, too. He draws capacity crowds as the lead singer of *The Knockouts*, a seven-piece rock-blues group that travels with him wherever he fights.

Training for a fight, the Champ's the hardest working man in town. On a light day he begins with a four round match with his sparring partner, works out on the heavy and light bags, skips rope, exercises, then returns to the ring for 10 or 12 more rounds.

When he's not fighting or rehearsing his night club act, Frazier relaxes at his suburban Philadelphia home tinkering with his cars. A car buff, Frazier has six of the gleaming machines parked in the garage of his \$125,000 home.

The latest addition is a 1972 Mark IV—complete with diamond shaped windows, of course.



**T**HE SEVENTH SON of a seventh son is supposed to be lucky. It's true of Glen Campbell. His father gave him his first guitar when he was four, and two years later young Glen was singing in radio shows around his home town of Delight, Arkansas. At 14, he joined his uncle's band, and in 1961 he made his first record, "Turn Around and Look at Me," for a small label. It became a hit.

Most of his work was as a studio musician for other artists, including Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra, and Dean Martin, until he made "Gentle On My Mind" and followed it with such million-sellers as "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" and "Wichita Lineman."

Today he has his own CBS television show, "The Glen Campbell Show," and has won five Grammy Awards, ten Gold Records, six awards from the Academy of Country & Western Music, and "Entertainer of the Year" recognition from the Country Music Association.

He even has his own golf tournament, The Glen Campbell Los Angeles Open. As with other superstars, a golf tournament has become the ultimate symbol of success in show business. Mr. Campbell shoots to a 3 handicap at Lakeside Country Club in Toluca Lake, California, and once scored a 69 in Palm Springs and even beat Arnold Palmer in a charity match. "He gave me ten strokes," the singer said, "and I shot a 74 to his 67."

But for all the noise and excitement, there remains a quiet, introspective artist whose pride of performance and pleasure in fame still run second to the family man and friendly neighbor, the grown-up model of that yellow-haired youngster in Delight. Ask Campbell about his wife and four children and he'll tell you, "I'm a very deep-seated family man. I think it stems from the way I was raised by my mom and dad."

Mention ambition to him and, apart from his career, his main one seems to be to enhance the happy family circle. "After all," he says, "I'm the seventh son of a seventh son; big families are a tradition I'd like to keep up."







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