



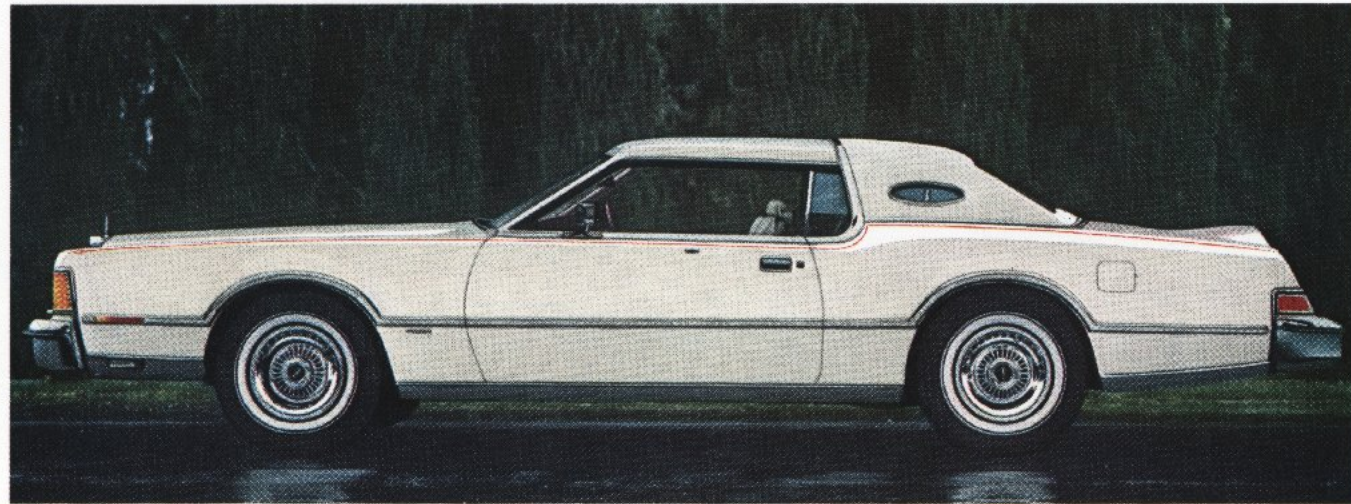
THE
CONTINENTAL
MAGAZINE

WINTER 1974-75

Winter Life in the Laurentians

Choosing Hotels in Hawaii

The 1975 white-on-white Mark IV. America's most colorful luxury car.



To add color to your life, a white-on-white Mark IV for 1975.
A white landau roof on a white body. Aluminum wheels. Wide band
white sidewall tires. White premium body side molding. And lipstick red detail
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In a Mark IV, a little color can go a long way.

CONTINENTAL MARK IV

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



MEMO TO OUR READERS



I am pleased with this opportunity to share with readers of The Continental Magazine my conviction that despite inflation new cars are an excellent value today. As a matter of fact, they are a better value than most consumers realize, and as sound a buy today as they ever have been.

For one thing, a new car today is actually less expensive in terms of average income than it was 20 years ago. In 1955, a median family income was \$4,173, according to Department of Commerce statistics. If a person were earning twice that income, he could have bought a new Lincoln Continental for about six months' pay. In 1975, however, assuming his income had grown at the same rate as the national increase, a new, comparably equipped Lincoln Continental would cost only 4.2 months' income.

And the 1975 car is a considerably better product than the one 20 years ago.

Moreover, scheduled maintenance costs have been reduced substantially from even a few years ago by such new car features as solid-state ignition.

In addition, used car prices have risen right in step with new car prices and many buyers with one- or two-year-old cars to trade will be pleasantly surprised by just how little the difference may be between the allowance on their present car and the new car price.

These are facts the American car buyer ought to know. When he takes them into account he will see that the sticker prices on new cars are not as drastic as they may seem.

Bill Benton

William P. Benton

Ford Motor Company Vice President
and General Manager
Lincoln-Mercury Division

THE CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE

Vol. 15 No. 1 Winter 1974-75

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COVER:

The couple are on one of the many balconies of Sun Valley Hotel Suisse, an Alps-style resort in the Laurentians, north of Montreal. Photograph by Leonard P. Johnson

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Photographs by
Leonard P. Johnson

Skiing With a French Accent

In the Laurentians of Canada, skiing is as much a cultural event as a sport

Maurice Debray

THE THING that surprises and delights first-time visitors to the ski resorts of the Laurentians is how resolutely old-fashioned they are. The answer is simple: They are the oldest ski resorts in North America and they have changed little since they were built. That's what makes

them newly attractive these days—we love what's old-fashioned.

This is not to say that a skier will find himself living primitively. On the contrary, every luxury imaginable is at hand, but it's a luxury tied to the extra dimension of human warmth. Service is instantaneous

but not too eager, attentive but not overbearing. There is something placid and decorous about the resorts, their guests, and the towns they're in.

Partly it's a matter of the proximity of native life. There aren't many ski resorts on our continent

where native life commands as much attention as the slopes themselves. In most ski resorts, as a matter of fact, there is no native life—only the skiers. But the Laurentians of Quebec are a conspicuous exception. Situated between 40 and 70 miles north of Montreal, they are home to French-Canadians who have lived there all their lives and whose ancestry goes back three centuries.

When skiers come to swoop down the ancient Laurentian hills, they discover they are in the midst of a foreign culture. There isn't anything quite like it elsewhere in North America. The residents are very French—fiercely French. French is their first language and more often than not their only language (although natives of France have been known to be baffled by it). Remember that when General de Gaulle visited the province a decade or so back he delivered a speech in which he urged that Quebec secede from Canada and join France. He may have been kidding, but most of the five million French-speaking *Québécois* applauded wildly.

As for the resorts, there are dozens of them between Ste. Adele, the southernmost, about 40 miles from Montreal, and St. Jovite, another 30 miles to the north. Certain ones are outstanding—Le Chantecler and Sun Valley in Ste. Adele, La Sapinière in Val David, and Gray Rocks and The Lodge at Mont Tremblant near the town of St. Jovite. Each is cheek by jowl with slopes and lifts or within an easy distance of them.

A few words about the skiing itself: The highest of the hills is Tremblant, something over 3,000 feet. There are runs of a mile and more and all sorts of very satisfactory sport. However, don't come here with any thought of the wild downhill adventures to be found in the Rockies. The Laurentians are geologically very old. Having been smoothed down by millions of years of erosion, they offer nothing precipitous. This is part of the sedate demeanor of the region. It doesn't attract daredevils.

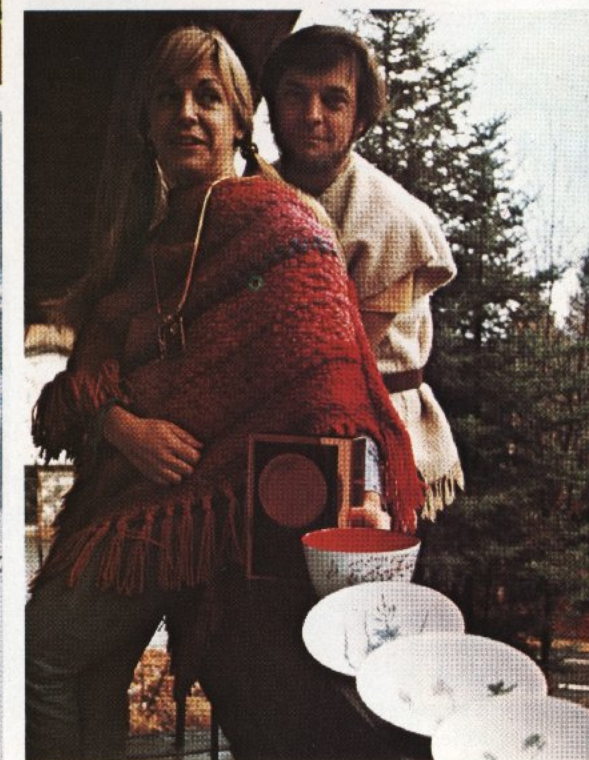
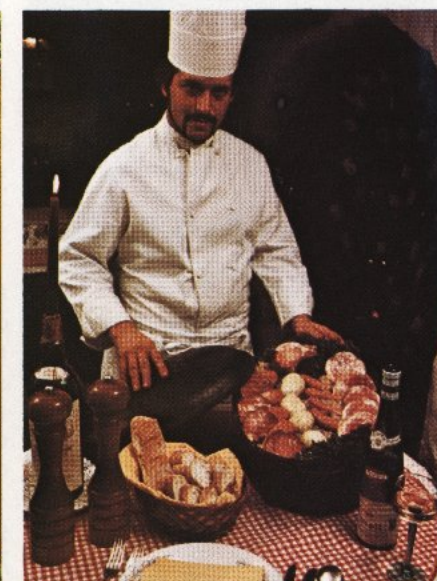
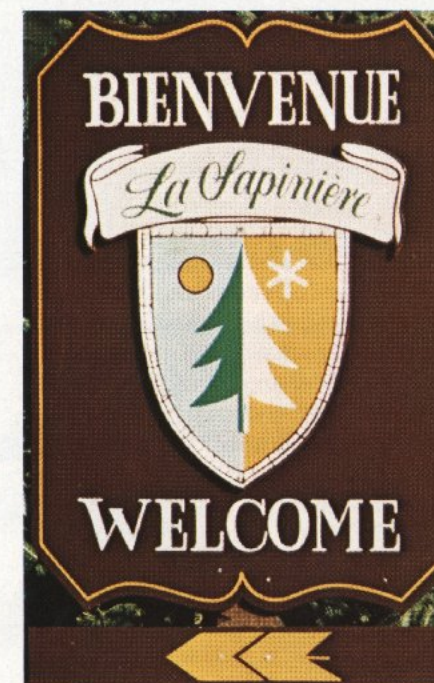
The Mont Tremblant Lodge is perhaps the most celebrated of the Laurentian resorts. It was built in the late 30s by a Philadelphia millionaire named Joe Ryan and his friend Lowell Thomas. An agreeable collection of small and large buildings, it is several miles east of

St. Jovite in the pleasant middle of nowhere.

Gray Rocks is not far away. A massive place that looks awfully serious on the outside but is full of fun on the inside, it was built in 1906 and has a ski hill right in its front yard.

La Sapinière is less geared to skiing than other Laurentian resorts, although there is a modest hill virtu-

ally on the premises and the annual snowfall reaches 10 feet. The particular distinction here is the restaurant, which is one of the most wonderful in North America. It is proud to claim the only non-European membership in the Relais de Campagne, an association of inns, mainly in France, that are distinguished by the superiority of their cuisine. The owner is Jean Dufresne, a native of Val David,



Top right: The chef prepares *choucroute Alsacienne* at La Sapinière, Val David, P. Q.; above: Yves and Micheline de Passillé-Sylvestre with some of their enameled copper; left: a lift at Gray Rocks

whose father founded La Sapinière. It has had its great Alsatian chef for 15 years. Its cellar contains 18,000 bottles of wine, among them the noblest labels of Burgundy and Bordeaux.

Sun Valley Hotel Suisse, whose address is Ste. Adèle, is a very Alpine place, with a main building that is a huge, many-balconied chalet. It goes in for more youthful hi-jinks than most Laurentian resorts, and in keeping with its Swiss theme, it offers fondue and lessons in yodeling.

Le Chantecler is on the edge of the town of Ste. Adèle. Very much a self-contained place, it has the air of a large private estate that is both folksy and isolated. Its restaurant produces superb plain cooking, it has a nightclub called the Cocorino, there are several bars, and there is a church on the grounds. It has a swimming pool and a sauna, and quite often, after baking themselves thoroughly, guests will go out and roll in the snow, even with the temperature below zero. This is done mostly by Americans; Canadians have more sense.

The phrase "old-fashioned" comes to the fore again when discussing Le Chantecler. Its social director makes a point of seeing to it that the children of guests are happy. (Many American ski resorts act as if they'd be happy to deny admission to anyone under 16.) A genuine sense of small-town friendliness pervades this resort.

It's at Le Chantecler that another aspect of Laurentian life becomes evident. This relates to the town of Ste. Adèle itself, to which guests often walk whenever they don't feel like participating in the inn's diversions. With a population of some 2,500, it is the largest of the region's resort towns.

If a visitor has anything like normal curiosity about his surroundings, he will wander into side streets, and when he does he's bound to happen on the Boulangerie aux Vieux Four (the Old Oven Bakery). With its heavenly fragrance, here's a superb example of the old-fashioned. However much the tourists might be charmed by the bakery, it isn't set up as a tourist attraction—it's simply a place where people in Ste. Adèle buy bread. Therefore a visitor might be advised to pick up a roll or two of a loaf of the popular and delicious *pain de*

fesse, so named because of its shape.

When a visitor has poked about still more he'll discover an aspect of the new Ste. Adèle, namely the fact that it has a number of artists, artisans and craftsmen busily and successfully at work. This, it happens, is true of many Laurentian communities, and for visitors it is a fascinating discovery. Some of these creative people are native to their town, others have come from big cities because of the gentle pace of life in the Laurentians.

One of those living in Ste. Adèle is Mariette Rousseau-Vermette, who weaves tapestries on looms. She has a bold sense of design and she is not shy when it comes to using color. The results are the very essence of sophistication.

Also in Ste. Adèle is the workshop of Yves Silvestre and Micheline de Passillé, a husband-and-wife team who are masters of the art of designing in enamel on metal. Their work has been chosen often by the Canadian government to represent Canadian art before heads of state.

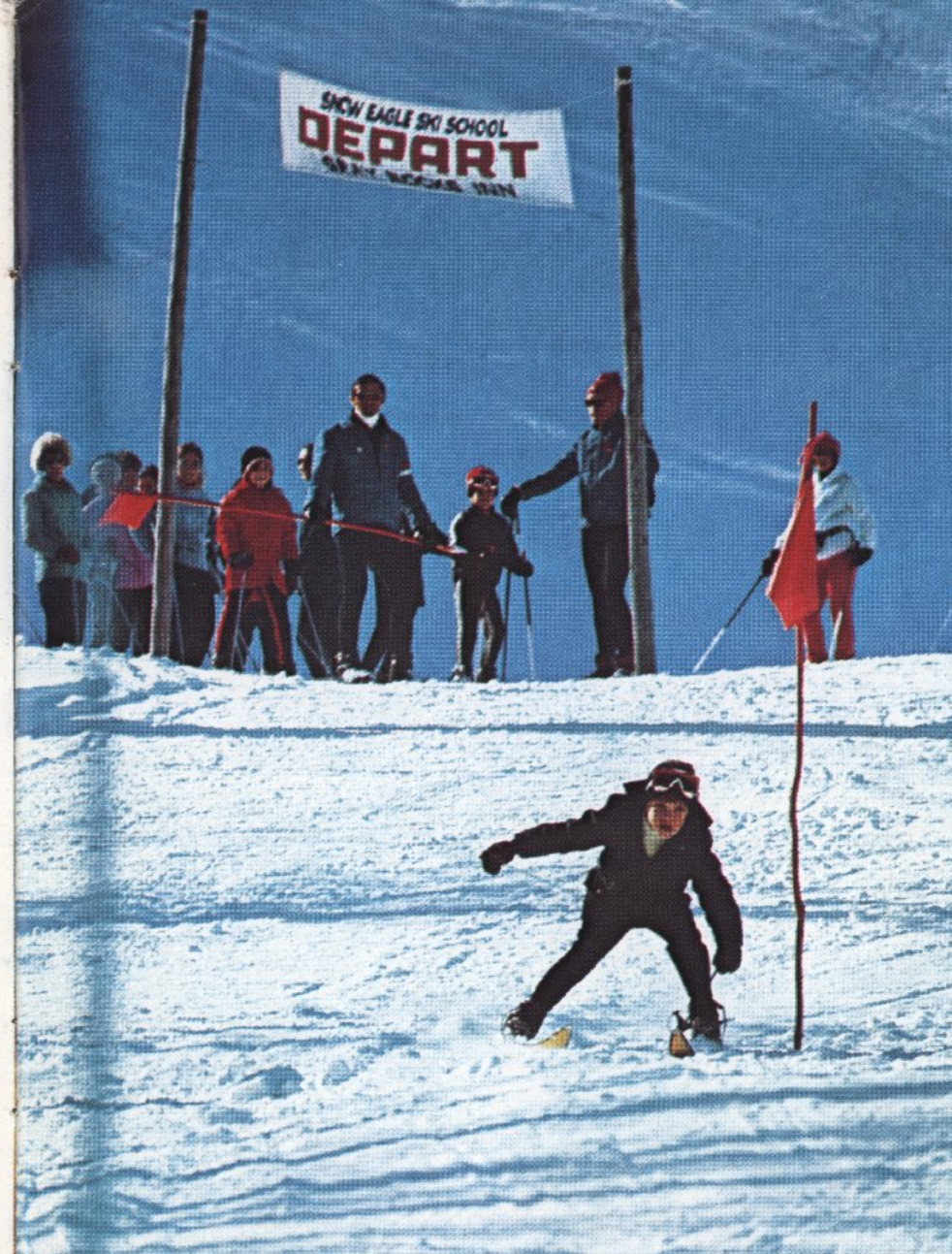
Ste. Adèle is not the only place in the Laurentians where gifted people have been made to feel at home. A Chamber of Commerce booklet for Val David lists 13 persons working

in ceramics, painting, furniture, enamel and jewelry, and throughout the region there are numerous craftsmen with great skill in wrought iron and copper.

So the Laurentians are not your ordinary resort area. They have a significant life of their own and the visitor is bound to be charmed by it.



Top: Alain Tremblay, ceramist and sculptor in Val David; above: night life at Le Chantecler in Ste. Adèle



Below: grill in table at Sun Valley Hotel Suisse, Ste. Adèle, enables diners to do some of their own cooking; bottom: the shop at Le Chantecler displays the native crafts available to guests



SUPERFOOD BY MAIL ORDER

BY AMELIA LONIE

If those special delicacies aren't in your hometown shop, here's a list for postal delivery.

Photographs by Don Rockhey

THE UNITED STATES MAY BE the only country in the world in which gourmets with sophisticated palates look to the mails or UPS or some other delivery service to bring them the specialties that add quality and variety to eating. Those of us who place food high on the list of life's pleasures know that the greatest cheeses, nuts, candies, meats and whatever are not always available at the corner store or the supermarket. We have to send for them.

Thus, there are people from coast to coast who make a hobby of searching out mail-order foods. They watch the advertisements in high-quality publications, they selectively and carefully look over the leaflets that show up in the mail box, and they keep an alert ear out for items someone has heard of, knowing that many superb foods become known only by word of mouth without the benefit of any advertising at all.

What follows, then, is a list of places where foods may be ordered by mail. Or rather, let's call it the beginnings of a list, for in all likelihood if a person were to poke into every nook and cranny of the country for every delectable item he would have enough addresses to fill a book.

For no particular reason, let's begin with cheeses. Now, no one with any knowledge of the subject is going to say with a straight face that we are rivals of France (I once heard it said that in France there are 400 varieties of goat cheese alone), but



we do have some wonderful cheeses that will not take a back seat to any cheeses anywhere. We shine particularly in the general category of cheddar, which is probably America's most popular cheese, and is America's most *American* cheese.

To come right to the point, here's an address: Plymouth Cheese Corp., Box 1, Plymouth, Vermont 05056. What they sell is not, strictly speaking, cheddar, but it belongs in that class. It comes in three- and five-pound wheels and in three grades of age (with a cheese of such a full flavor as this, I prefer the mild). Plymouth cheese has no harshness and its flavor doesn't disintegrate into mere saltiness after a bite. It retains a rich

and distinctive aftertaste.

One more address of a fine cheddar type: Crowley Cheese Factory, Healdville, Vermont 05147. This kind of cheese is called Colby, but don't trouble yourself with fine distinctions; they'll only confuse you. Suffice it to say that these are the kinds of cheeses you nibble on by the fire on wintry nights. And it is the cheddar type that some genius first put side by side with homemade apple pie, thus hitting on a truth just as basic to gastronomy as Newton's theory of gravity is basic to physics.

We have two more cheeses that must be given their due. One is the blue cheese made by Maytag Dairy Farms, Inc., Box 806, Newton, Iowa



50208. This is really a glorious blue cheese, and I dare anyone to name a French or Scandinavian that exceeds it. Bring it to room temperature, spread it on an unsalted cracker, slice a sharp apple and go to it.

Finally we have the Kolb-Lena Cheese Co., Lena, Illinois 61048. It produces two superb soft-ripened cheeses—Camembert and Brie. Here again comparison is invited with their namesakes in France—and they are not wanting. Either of these cheeses is made to be spread on a piece of French bread and eaten along with the salad course of a din-

ner. It's one way to achieve a great reputation as a host or hostess.

We want to call your attention to salami, not just any salami but one made by Del Pietro, Inc., 4501 Ridgewood Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri 63166. It is hard, dense and seemingly a compression of faultless salami flavor. Good Italian stores in all our larger cities have great salami but few are in the mail order business. Besides eating the Del Pietro brand in a sandwich, try this: Cut a very thin slice, mince it fine, stir it up with two eggs—and you will have yourself a memorable omelet.

One of the most important areas of adventure among American home cooks these days is Chinese dishes, and in order to succeed one needs (in addition to lessons or good advice) the proper ingredients. Because Chinese cooking is so popular, ingredients can be found in all our big cities, but the cook who lives, say, in Kit Carson, Colorado, might find the items hard to come by.

In that case, an important address is Spice Mill, Inc., Box 53232, New Orleans, Louisiana 70153, the source for star anise, fresh ginger, Szechwan pepper and all the things needed not for chop suey Chinese but for the real thing, which is one of the noble cuisines of the world.

I must slip two unusual things in here. The Turf Cheesecake Co., 158 South 12th Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10550, mails out a sublime version of what is already a sublime dessert. It is marked by great integrity of ingredients and a lack of preservatives—and it freezes perfectly. The other item, perhaps a curiosity but definitely worth a try for a truly different cocktail snack, is quail eggs, pickled and smoked with a hickory flavor. They come from the King Quail Co., 2216 Higgins Lane, Fort Worth, Texas 76111.

Maybe you will think that roasted nuts are too frivolous to call for a mail-order address, but that would be only if you are not acquainted with some of the processors who take this item very seriously. One is the T. M. Duché Nut Co., Inc., P.O. Box 845, Orland, California 95963, which purveys almonds exclusively—natural salted, blanched salted, barbecue and smoke—and these are a revelation in what almonds can be. As an accompaniment to the cocktail hour they turn an already pleasant custom into a memorable one.

Another purveyor of extraordinarily delicious nuts is The Chocolate Shop, P.O. Box 669, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49005. Its mixed nuts are recognized immediately as being far and away the finest of their kind, and anyone who has thought of the peanut as too lowly to merit special attention should order a can of them from here. As prepared by The Chocolate Shop they are wonderful.

So much for a once-over-lightly on mail-order foods. The list is skimpy but the rewards can be enormous.

"Discovering" American Landscape Paintings

As collectors tire of modern art, they are looking for pictures easy to understand and love

by Frances Lang



"Landscape with Country House," by Walter M. Oddie. Courtesy Sotheby Parke-Bernet, New York

Photographs by Tom Geoly

IN 1962 A LANDSCAPE by the 19th century American artist George Inness was sold at auction for \$2,900. The next year the same painting was auctioned again, this time for \$35,000. Stories of spectacular price rises in art are commonplace these days. What adds singularity to this one is the fact that before 1962 Inness' canvases were

being sold for a few hundred dollars.

Older American paintings, especially landscapes, are rapidly becoming the most active in the collecting and investment world these days. This can be accounted for partly by our national mood of nostalgia, partly by our fatigue from trying to cope with difficult modern art. Old



"Fall Landscape," by Albert Bierstadt. Courtesy Hamilton Gallery

"Niagara Falls," by Levi Wells Prentice. Courtesy Sotheby Parke-Bernet



landscapes are easy to understand and easy to love.

A glance at these pleasing pastorals, these river scenes, these autumn landscapes, these open skies, this transcendental light and we are filled with longings for simpler days. These canvases speak of a time when our countryside was still fresh and "unappropriated"; when public figures like William Jennings Bryan saw our wild continent as a theme of poetry; and when artists looked upon nature with affectionate contemplation.

While the landscape has never been totally absent from our art, and 20th century painters like Andrew Wyeth, Georgia O'Keefe and Edward Hopper brought their special vision to it, as a matter of definition when the art world speaks of American landscape painting it usually refers to the work of the 19th century. For those are the decades that are starred with the names of great landscape painters, men who saw in Nature the only ennobling subject for their art.

By 1825, the new Republic was transforming itself, sloughing off its 18th century elegances and Colonial traces, building factories and creating a well-to-do middle class without ties to Europe. The population was moving westward. Americans faced a vast new land and saw that land with a reverence and imagination that were almost mystical. Nature was "an imaginative experience valuable for its own sake."

Movements in painting evolve without clear-cut beginnings and endings, but most people fix the start of the American landscape of the 19th century at 1825 when a group of three paintings by Thomas Cole in a New York shop caught the eye of some older artists. They recognized the younger man's talents. He was to become the major painter of the first of the two generations of 19th century landscapists.

New York City was the place most of the artists gathered. They knew each other, and the similarity of their thought, their style and their reverence for Nature brought them the name "Hudson River School." It flourished as America's first home-grown school of painting, and while its constituents painted many other places besides the Hudson River and traveled widely, the term remains today to describe the artists who set themselves the task of painting the



"Mountain Landscape," by W. L. Sonntag.
Courtesy Ken Lux, Hamilton Gallery, Madison Ave., New York

"Adirondack Vista," by Alexander H. Wyant. Courtesy Sotheby Parke-Bernet



American countryside, and giving life to a national art movement.

In the 1880s the pendulum of fashion swung away from the Hudson River School. Men like Winslow Homer (1836-1910) took their place as the giant landscapists. The Romantic visionaries of the mid-19th century who had trudged the woods and river banks making sketches, then painting in their New York studios with careful technique, became old-fashioned. No one cared much about them and they slumbered until 1962, the turning point in their fortunes and in the fortunes of those in whose attic their paintings had greyed with dust.

If you are stirred by an interest in American landscapes (and I give you fair warning that the more you see of them in galleries, museums and art books, the more they will tug at you), you can still invest in them at reasonable prices (What makes a "reasonable price" is anyone's guess. Was the \$2,900 spent for the Inness in 1962 that brought \$35,000 in 1963 "reasonable"?) Great canvases by major painters bring \$30,000, \$35,000 or more at auctions, but because the 19th century had so many landscapists, there are men like James Macdougall Hart, David Johnson, Worthington Whittredge or George Smilie who still go for prices from \$750 to \$4500. While these pictures may not be superb, they are nevertheless tremendously cheerful, pleasant works to live with. Canvases by even lesser artists command still lower prices, and at a gallery like the Hamilton in New York City, which specializes in 19th century American painting, you can find a gay, handsome small oil for as little as \$375.

But whether you can afford \$375 or \$5000, buy only the painting that you like, one that pulls you back time and time again, whether for its color, idea or draughtsmanship. And you should buy only after you have learned something of the field, for in collecting, scholarship heightens pleasure enormously.

American landscape painting will fill you with delight, bringing you the radiant vision of its artists. Ralph Waldo Emerson, asking artists to turn their attention to the American scene, wrote: "America is a poem in our eyes, its ample geography dazzles the imagination." For those who live with a 19th century landscape, a piece of the poetry is forever theirs.



Lincoln Continental Town Coupé for 1975.

Redesigned to challenge the other luxury car again.



Luxury wheel covers, Twin-Comfort Lounge Seats shown are optional.

Over the past three years, in tests of riding comfort and driving ease, owners of the other luxury car picked a Continental over their own make. Introducing the 1975 Lincoln Continentals.

The new 1975 Lincoln Continentals have been redesigned to challenge the other luxury car again.

The look of the 1975 Lincoln Continentals is all new. The Sedan is one of the most impressive looking cars in Lincoln Continental history, with a new front end and roof and an opera window inspired by the Continental Mark IV. The Coupe has a roofline and rear quarter window that makes it more glamorous and distinctive than it has ever been. Inside, the traditional luxury of the Continentals' interior excel for 1975, with leathers, velours and vinyls to choose from and upholstery styles

that look as rich as they feel.

The new driving ease of Continental
The engineering improvements in the 1975 Continentals center around the concept of driving ease, ease of handling, and ease of stopping. Basic to this concept is a central power reservoir that provides the Continental's hydraulic power. It supplies the power for our new rotary valve steering gear, a system which reduces steering effort of the 1975 Continentals.

It also supplies the power for our new Hydro-boost braking, a system that provides positive braking with even pedal pressure.

And it powers the Lincoln


Continentals' optional four-wheel disc brakes, for more fade-resistant braking.

The switch to Continental
Over the last three years, a nationwide survey projects that over 33,000 drivers of the other luxury car have switched to the Continentals: Lincoln Continental and Continental Mark IV.

See the redesigned Continentals for 1975.

Judge any luxury car by our car.

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION 



ONE OF THE TRENDS in house plants these days—ask in any flower shop—is a revival of interest in ferns. They were very popular in the 19th century and then were relegated to the class of things considered outdated. For a while, the only people who grew them were grandmothers.

But what was once outdated is now in style, and ferns are on the crest of the wave. People are attracted to warmth again, after the coldness of modernism, and ferns provide it. They are totally green and humid. Used in sufficient quantity they can turn a wintry room into something resembling a small jungle. A room filled with ferns is a very satisfactory rebuke to the bleak months of our north.

Throughout the world, in almost every conceivable climate from the equator to Alaska, there are ferns—some 12,000 species. They have been around for 300 million years and have never had flowers and so have never had seeds. They grow from spores, the way mushrooms propagate. Because of ferns' popularity, some people are trying to start them from spores, but this is very chancy for amateurs; one needs the greenest of green thumbs to succeed.

Better go down to the flower shop and acquire ferns already started. The most popular at the moment seems to be the Boston fern; it has a flat leaf and is just the kind that grandmothers

ferns can make winters tropical

Whether you buy the green plants or grow them yourself, they add warmth to your surroundings

ferns

grew most often. Among others readily found in shops are the bird's-nest, maidenhair and rabbit's-foot—the names tending to describe the leaf.

For variety, there are exotic ferns to be found, such as the Japanese painted fern, hart's-tongue fern and crested male fern.

Photographs by Len Bahrman. Model is shown at Fantastic Gardens, Miami, Florida



CHOOSING HOTELS IN HAWAII



The places to stay on the islands are as wonderful as the islands themselves by Frances Koltun

OLD TIMERS DECRY THE CHANGES in modern Hawaii, the high rises and condominiums, but beyond these big-city signatures are some of the world's most enchanting playgrounds and hotels. Five are described here. (If you are tempted to spend a vacation in any of them, note that Hawaii is enjoying a tourist boom and, in high season, reservations really matter.)

The Kahala Hilton sits on the island of Oahu, which holds Honolulu and Waikiki and 80 per cent of the state's population. It is a singular kind of place, and one of the best hotels anywhere. It lies about 15 minutes from Waikiki along a smooth highway, beyond a thicket of oleander trees. Before you is a vast, lofty stretch of clear glass doors. There is nothing skimpy here, and at once you know that you are in a hotel where taste matters. There is a tiny bar, barely visible, tucked into the corner. Three enormous chandeliers fill the ceiling, and just beyond is a

view of the sea. I have arrived at midnight and also at five in the afternoon, and the effect is always the same: an immediate sense of joy.

The Kahala Hilton encompasses a main building, 10 stories high, and two-story cottages around a lagoon. There are altogether 372 rooms, yet it seems an intimate place. The rooms are among the largest and handsomest in the islands, with teakwood parquet floors, furniture you'd happily live with at home, lovely muted colors and oriental art. The view from the ocean-side rooms is staggering—a sweep of blue water, feathered by white spray breaking on the reefs, the shoreline stretching on each side into scallops of bays.

Many people combine visits to Oahu and the Kahala Hilton with the Big Island of Hawaii and another superb hotel (in this writer's view possibly the finest resort in the world), the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel. Built by Laurance Rockefeller and part of his Rockresorts, it is a place of

superlative quality. From the moment a guest drives into Mauna Kea and sees the Pacific framed by the open lobby, the distinguished collection of Oriental bronzes and sculptures, the exquisite gardens and terraces, he feels a sense of calm.

And each of the facilities comes close to perfection: the beach is spacious, with pale sand and a quiet bay for snorkeling and swimming. The pool is a perfect round of cerulean blue. The nine tennis courts—the largest tennis facility in the islands—are marvelously, watchfully kept. The golf course is one of the most spectacular in the world. As you play, you hear the surf of the Pacific, smell the salt spray, see the water from each green, and at the third hole, drive across an ocean cove.

The hotel was built on the Kawiahae Coast along the rise of cliffs at the shore. In its corridors are hand-made Hawaiian quilts and tapas, hung like tapestries, pools flecked with gold fish, and at inter-

vals, small groups of rattan furniture for quiet ease and conversation.

Perhaps best of all is the enormous variety of things to do. If your idea of heaven is sun, swimming and stretching out on a beach, you can do that to your heart's content, but when the spirit moves you, there are golf and tennis clinics, scuba diving instruction, deep sea sports fishing, hunting for wild boar and game birds in season, horseback riding, sight-seeing tours and demonstrations of Hawaiian arts and crafts.

Kona Village, on the Kona Coast of Hawaii, is about an hour's drive from Mauna Kea or a 10-minute flight. It is a cluster of 71 thatched-roof bungalows or *hales* ("hollies" in Hawaiian) that stand on stilts beside the sea and are built in varying Pacific styles. Each has a small refrigerator, but no telephone, radio or television. Roping the village together are dirt roads, edged in black lava rock.

Kona Village has no room service

(the *hales* are too spread out). Its handsome dining room, built in New Hebrides style, serves excellent food and has romantic candlelight, large glittering chandeliers, starched white tablecloths and an atmosphere so elegant it bursts upon you as a delightful surprise.

The Hotel Hana Maui sits in the midst of a vast cattle ranch. Opposite its portico, large herds graze in verdant pastureland. If the Kona Village resort is the most Polynesian of our quintet of hotels, the Hana Maui may well be the most Hawaiian. This corner of the islands has remained untouched for decades, for the high rise builder has not yet changed the face of the land. There are fern jungles flamed by poinsettias, the air is scented with ginger, and waterfalls cascade into the sea.

Hana Maui is a hotel of perfect size — just 58 rooms — and it is deliberately reminiscent of a Japanese inn. The rooms, actually a series of small cottages, are situated in 20

acres of gardens; most of them are arranged around an 18-hole pitch 'n' putt golf course. The hotel is in the heart of Hana and is, in fact, its main industry, and gradually you, too, feel that you belong to Hana—to the school at the edge of the grounds, the church across the road, or the cowboys wearing flowered leis around their hats.

Although the dining room has a vista of blue ocean and palm trees, Homoa Beach, the hotel's exclusive beach, is about three miles away, and a cheerful red jitney leaves every hour to deliver and pick up guests. The hotel packs a red-checked tablecloth and a picnic basket, and guests spend hours lying on the beach that James Mitchener has described as "being so perfectly formed that I wonder at its comparative obscurity."

Josephine Medeiros, the amiable social director, will arrange all sorts of sightseeing away from the hotel or activities within it. Being part of a ranch, the Hana Maui offers riding

for both the novice and experienced person. Three times a week there are enormous outdoor breakfasts on a private beach to which you may ride on horseback or take the jitney. If you want your children to enjoy the experience of camping in a tent on a deserted beach, a chaperone will cook dinner and breakfast for them. You can have guitar and ukelele lessons or learn flower arranging, hula dancing, lei making or net throwing.

Coco Palms, at Wailua Beach on Kauai, sits on kings' playgrounds, and the hotel, inspired by this start, is a place of showmanship and fantasy. Picture a grove of 2,000 coconut palms, the largest and oldest in the islands, threaded by a lagoon in which hundreds of water lilies float. Among these trees and along the banks of the water are low Polynesian buildings in which the hotel's dramatically furnished rooms are contained. The enormous bedrooms have large baths and giant pink shells for sink basins.

The view from my window was of a lagoon in which lily pads floated, and I could see a grove of palm trees, a pale aquamarine swimming pool and a clipped brilliant-green lawn. I was lulled to sleep by the rush of a waterfall and awaked by the chirpings of birds. Coco Palms is a beguiling place.

Two final words, one about children, the other weather:

Unlike other resort areas, Hawaii is a wonderful, thoroughly welcoming place for children. There is much for them to do and in high season, every large hotel provides a special, supervised children's program.

You won't find tropical heat here in winter (daytime temperatures are in the 70s and 80s), and there may even be a little rain some days. But it's a gentle kind of rain which doesn't last long, and after the rain, Hawaii shimmers with rainbows. And where else in our 50 states can you picnic near a waterfall in a forest of orchids?

On these and preceding two pages, a sampling of life and activities at five celebrated Hawaiian hotels. Photographs courtesy of Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, Kahala Hilton and Coco Palms Resort



The Lure of Antique Jewelry

by Peter P. Grey

CONVERSATIONS WITH collectors of antique jewelry suggest a common pattern of fervid enthusiasm for their chosen specialty combined with satisfaction at the steadily appreciating market value of their treasures. "Look at it like this," says an astute California collector. "It's one of the few ways left in which I can reasonably expect to raise the value of my investment in 10 years."

But ask to see some prize pieces of the unusual collection he has accumulated and this same sensible investor will turn into an apparently obsessive devotee — part art historian, part poet, part jewel expert.

He'll give you to hold (but gently) an English emerald and diamond three-leaf clover, circa 1800, Renaissance influence. He'll extol the stones in other pieces, mentioning some you may never have heard of: carnelian, chrysoprase, labradorite, nephrite. He may talk you through the cutting of a diamond, explaining the different virtues of square, baguette, brilliant, navette, pear, or briolette cuts. He'll speak of the great innovative jewelers — Cellini, Peruzzi, Fabergé, Lalique and Tiffany.

How available to the beginning collector is antique jewelry? An eminent Arizona jeweler says, "If you're looking for overnight profits today, forget it." Unlike fine textiles or Victorian furniture, antique jewelry is enjoying no new craze. But there's every indication that it's becoming far more popular than in prior years, both as an eminently "safe" category of collecting and for its intrinsic fascination.

There are tales of those fabulous finds: the \$5 sardonyx cameo and the \$20 gold and *cloisonné* enameled

earrings found in a tiny Chicago antique shop back in 1955. But by now such stories are the "fool's gold" of old jewelry collecting. But if you're looking for good artistry and fine stones in the rough range of \$200 to \$1500, antique jewelry is still definitely around. And values are rising steadily, though the experience of our California collector probably reflects unusual skill and luck.

A prime caveat for the beginning collector is to patronize only better jewelry stores: touching, asking, comparing. Good jewelers are themselves enthusiasts, eager to make converts. Ask to see their personal favorites among antique jewels. Find out why they prefer these pieces. Learn from them the traditional sources of certain styles. For example, you will find many versions of baroque pearl pendants and earrings shaped as ships, the irregularly shaped pearl usually forming the hull. And when you can, visit mu-

seum collections of antique jewelry.

A number of valuable and entrancing books are available for beginner and sophisticate alike. Among these are Joan Evans' "A History of Jewelry 1100-1870," Guido Gregoretti's "Jewelry Through the Ages," "Victorian Jewelry" by Margaret Flower and "Collecting Antique Jewelry," by Mona Curran. Notable among many quality catalogues is "The Art of the Goldsmith and the Jeweler," published by A La Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Collectors are often asked the relative value of stones and their settings in antique jewelry. Barbara Macklowe, a dealer in New York, dismisses this subject as "the wrong question." She adds: "In this field, craftsmanship is considered holy. You are buying design — not the intrinsic value of the jewels and metals."

For years the standard definition of "antique" jewelry has been the



Until recently, old jewelry was considered stuffy.
Now it is both eagerly
sought after and proudly worn



At right: ring, brooch and necklace from Southeby Parke-Bernet, New York. Opposite: an array of brooches, pins and pendant with rubies, diamonds, emeralds and garnets; items courtesy of A La Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Avenue, New York

federal tariff law, which exempts from duty any article manufactured 100 or more years prior to U.S. entry. But many dealers and collectors consider this standard too rigid. Frank Freeman and Sons, Rutland, Vermont, prefer the designation "estate jewelry," labelling pieces by their estimated period or year. Some collectors insist that Art Nouveau jewelry, dating roughly from 1890 to 1914, merits the antique label because of its specific historical interest, its highly individualized style and the superb workmanship of many of its great creators. Others

Pendant peacock, French brooch, lady head brooch and gold French bracelet from Macklowe Gallery, 1088 Madison Avenue, New York

Photographs by Tom Geoly

even argue the same for the Art Deco jewelry of the 1920's.

Antique or not, both styles merit collector attention, with prices just beginning to rocket. In 1965 one otherwise knowledgeable Eastern dealer turned down a chance to buy for \$5000 an Art Nouveau Georges Fouquet serpent bracelet and ring, fashioned about 1900 for Sarah Bernhardt. Through a Paris colleague, she understands that an offer of \$100,000 for the same piece was recently rejected.

Specific categories of antique jewelry form the focus of many collections. Cameos are a familiar category, though keep in mind that the standard here is not lavishness but fine, simple workmanship. Victorian "memorial" rings, clasps and pendants, honoring deceased members of the

family, were considered gloomy until recently, when taste veered and values began to climb. Stick pins and fob seals of the same period appeal to some collectors. Good examples can be had for \$50 to \$100. Indian jewelry, particularly Jaipur enamel, naurattan, the "babul" work of Delhi and Orissa filigree, is achieving new prestige.

The ultimate standard for any antique jewelry will always be the quality of its intrinsic artistry. Here is a miniaturized, intimate art form, echoing largely the past splendors of court life and satisfying our inbred fascination for gold and adornment. Collectors point out that their favorite pieces are best displayed when worn, accentuating the glow and sparkle of conversation, the stir of breath, the animated gesture.

by Nancy Kennedy

Fabulous Interiors in the Continentals

THE LUXURIOUS AND ELEGANT interiors of the Continental are the result of the efforts of many talented people working in the Ford Design Center at Dearborn. One group—the Interior Design Studio—is responsible for their high-fashion beauty. Thousands of man-hours are spent by these creative designers, who take very seriously their job of making the Lincoln Continental and the Continental Mark IV the most beautiful cars in the world.

"Luxury is a Continental tradition," says Jim Hothem, design manager in charge of material development. "It implies a way of life just as much as it represents superb quality and good taste in an automobile interior."

Endless research has gone into development of the Continental interiors for 1975. To keep abreast of textile, fashion and color trends, fashion magazines are analyzed, trade shows for furniture and fabrics are visited and the fine fabrics markets of Europe are checked. The Continental designers keep abreast of fashion trends in designs, fabrics and color created by the greatest talents around the world.

The fabric room at the Ford Design Center contains thousands of fabric samples and only the most beautiful are considered for adaptation to Continental upholstery. From these fabrics suitable coordinated colors and textures are selected for Continental upholstery and carpets. Then, required by Ford Motor Company standards, these fabrics undergo rigid laboratory tests to make sure they meet Continental requirements for quality, which, incidentally, are among the highest in the auto industry.

The soft look is in fashion today and the new soft velour upholstery fabrics available in the Continentals for 1975 are durable but elegant cousins of the more fragile velvets and napped fabrics shown in today's high-fashion designer clothing and furniture. With the new softer fabrics, the seats are more rounded and



soft looking, following the current trends in the world's most expensive furniture. Before these seats are placed in the Continental they are also tested by consumer panels and in laboratories to assure the right combination of comfort, beauty and safety.

Increasing in popularity, as an option on Continental and Mark IVs, is soft and supple leather upholstery. A visit to one of the suppliers of this fine leather is a visit to another century. Each piece of genuine leather upholstery used in a Continental is individually cut by a leather worker using a plexiglass pattern. No two pieces of leather are the same and only the most expert workers can skillfully cut to give the greatest beauty to the finished product.

Most of the 65 craftsmen in the leather plant which produces Continental upholstery are from Russia, Poland and Roumania and proudly boast of being the fourth or fifth generation of skilled artisans in their families. In the past they turned out saddles, boots, purses and leather fashions for the aristocratic families of Europe.

Today they turn their considerable talents to the ultimate expression of taste in an elegant automobile interior. In all, an array of eight different fabric colors, 14 leather color combinations, 13 vinyl roof colors and 22 body colors can be combined in the Continental to provide the discriminating car owner with the finest and most luxuriously appointed car in the world.





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