

# CONTINENTAL

THE CONTINENTAL MAGAZINE · FALL 1978

**Beautiful  
Handmade Boats**

**The New  
Resorts of Baja**

**Introducing the  
1979 Lincolns &  
Continental Mark V**





## An Important Message to America's Luxury Car Owners

As we introduce the 1979 Lincoln Continental and the 1979 Continental Mark V, we think it important to inform readers of *The Continental Magazine* that these cars mark the end of a major chapter in the history of American luxury-car manufacture.

For well over 50 years, the generous size, spaciousness, distinctive beauty and outstanding comfort of the Lincolns and Continentals have had a special appeal to luxury-car enthusiasts.

With the introduction of our 1979 models, the traditional large luxury car, long esteemed by a select group of motorists in this country and throughout the world, is making its last appearance—for the foreseeable future. When the production run on these cars ends, a little less than a year from now, an era in the history of luxury-car design will end with it, for the Lincoln Continentals and Marks which follow will, like other American cars, be resized to help meet national energy conservation goals.

To commemorate the end of this classic era in luxury-car design, we are introducing two specially equipped models of the 1979 Lincoln Continental and the Continental Mark V (shown on pages 24 and 25). We have named them the "Collector's Series" because we believe they will be sought after and considered valued possessions for years to come.

They have been created for persons whose appreciation of excellence is not limited by its cost. They are remarkable cars, and we feel they will have particular appeal to fine car connoisseurs who prize both quality and historical significance.

The 1979 Lincoln Continentals and Continental Mark V's are now on display at Lincoln dealerships. We invite you to inspect them soon and place your order before the era they represent comes to an end.

*W. J. Oben*

W. J. Oben  
Vice President-General Manager  
Lincoln-Mercury Division  
Ford Motor Company

# CONTINENTAL

COVER: Craftsmen creating a handmade boat in a shop on the coast of Maine. A story on the revival of an old sport and craft starts on page 8. Photograph by Leonard P. Johnson.

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# New Look at a Lonely Paradise

Baja California is getting new resorts, but it remains as beautiful and remote as ever

by Erwin A. Bauer

photographs by the author

Every day, as the satellite Pathfinder circles in orbit 568 miles above the earth, its cameras send back a revealing and unchanging message: Off the west coast of Mexico lies a sliver of real estate unlike any other in North America. It is never obscured by smog and only rarely by clouds. Even from that lofty elevation, the pictures reveal great mountain ranges, isolated ranches in palm canyons, adobe villages and some of the world's most attractive seashores. As viewed from Pathfinder, Baja California promises to be a lost and lonely Paradise.

It really is. Taking a closer look, here is the finger-shaped peninsula, 800 miles long by 40 miles (average) wide, which originates near the United States border and then extends southeastward into the Pacific Ocean. Isolating the peninsula from mainland Mexico is the Gulf of California—or the Sea of Cortez. Deep and deep blue, punctuated with hundreds of uninhabited volcanic islands, it just might be the most fertile sea left on the face of the earth.

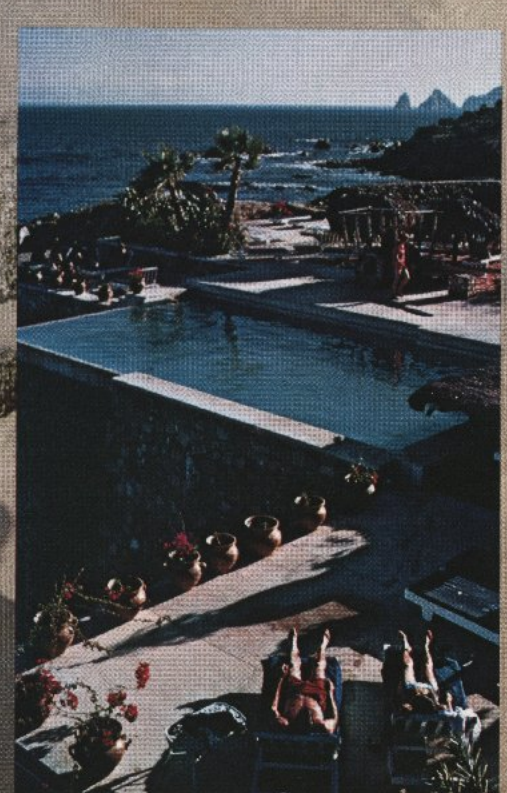
Today most of Baja California—and especially the southern third—is little altered from the time of its discovery in the 1500s. Except for the border region around Tijuana, its 55,000 square miles are sparsely populated. The southern tip is a setting neither Acapulco nor Mazatlán nor any other place in Mexico could possibly match. Despite the splendid hotels now situated on the beaches from La Paz to Cabo San Lucas, southern Baja California can still honestly be called unspoiled. That is remarkable when you consider how close it is to the crunch of Los Angeles and all of busy Southern California.

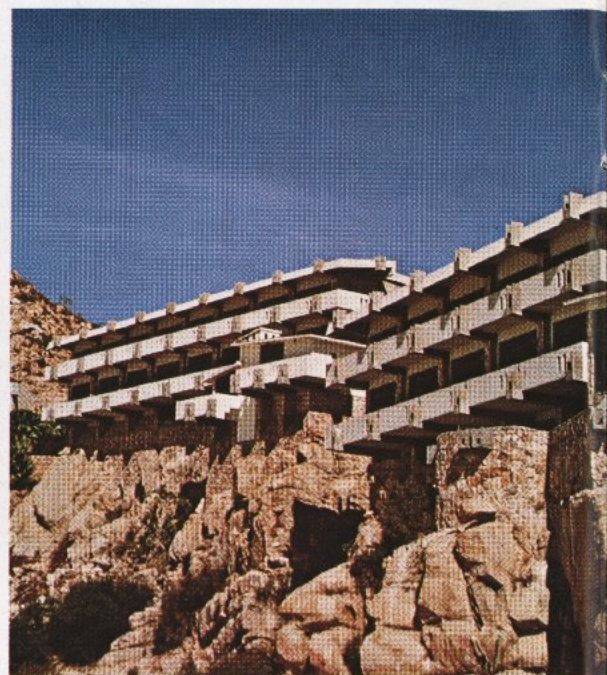
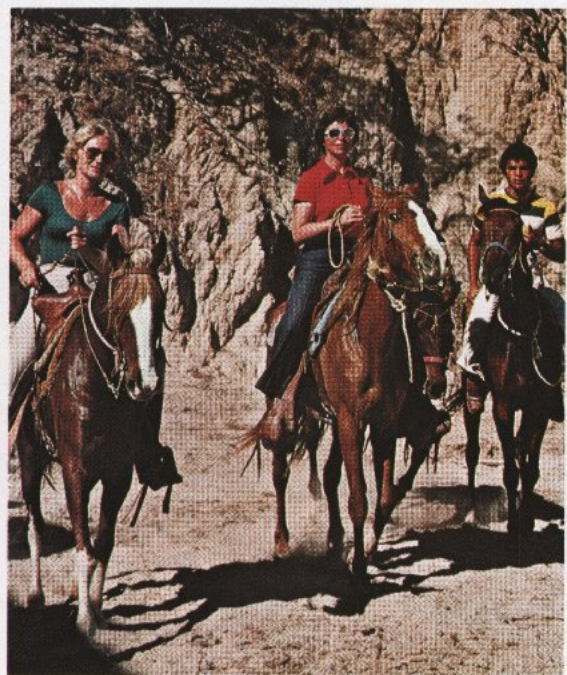
I first explored Baja in 1960 by 4-wheel and pick-up. At the time

it was practically the only way to go. Scheduled air service had not begun and so we travelled on rocky, unmarked, often hazardous "roads." On later journeys I visited many of Baja's resorts, now celebrated by serious big game fishermen. Late last spring I cruised around the fringe of the peninsula on the Lindblad Explorer, a unique and versatile cruise ship which permitted my wife and me to land on the remotest of offshore islands, as well as see Baja and its development from an entirely different viewpoint. We were able to revisit old stamping grounds and inspect new places. The changes in just a few seasons are hard to believe.

Probably the resorts of Baja should today be divided into three categories: the great older ones, the newer ones and the brand new hotels. At least that's the way local people regard them and it has nothing whatsoever to do with quality. Rancho Buena Vista, the pioneer among Baja resorts still entertains capacity houses of big-game anglers on the shore of Bahía de Palomas. You usually book this one if you are a one-track, super-serious fisherman in search of striped marlin or sailfish or the other sea gladiators.

Also in the older category are Las Cruces Palmilla and Hotel Cabo San Lucas. Both of these have their own fleets of deep-sea fishing boats and these are within easy reach of Gordó Banks, long famous for the abundance of big-game fishes which lurk here the year around. While cruising the Banks aboard the Explorer and with Palmilla in sight, we had close encounters with pilot whales and with a whale shark, the latter by no means a game species, but at 10 tons and more than 50 feet long, the largest fish ever to swim anywhere.





Both Palmilla and Hotel Cabo San Lucas are cool and Spanish colonial in architecture. It may be blistering hot in the palo verde and creosote bush hills just inland, but not so in the resorts where air conditioning exists, but usually isn't really necessary. Late one golden afternoon in May we watched the fishing fleet return to Hotel Cabo's sheltered anchorage. The remarkable thing was that all were flying blue marlin flags to indicate marlin caught and released. Beginners as well as the experts had action. And friends photographed them with wahoos, dolphin and jumbo rooster fish, as well as the marlin.

Celebrities did and still do gravitate to Baja and especially to Hotel Cabo, mostly for the matchless fishing, but also just to escape. Bing Crosby started it and John Wayne is another who made the scene often through the years. Nowadays you will meet a younger set, probably including those suntanned super models you saw on the cover of *Time*.

One morning Peggy and I went horseback riding from the stables at Hotel Cabo. We live in Jackson Hole and wanted to learn if *their horses* matched *our horses*. They did, surprisingly. Our ride began before the sun was too high and when Baja is still deliciously cool—or even chilly. We did not follow any well-worn bridle trails, but instead rode up a sandy arroyo of haunting beauty. Some cacti were in bloom and fig trees grew from the faces of nearly sheer brown cliffs. But the route was bone dry until we suddenly emerged into another, greener environment. From a side canyon sweet water gushed from a hidden spring, tumbled over a waterfall and into a deep pool before vanishing underground.

Baja California stops and the Sea of Cortez begins where the Pacific pounds against a dinosaur-shaped rock spine which is land's end. Sometimes savage currents and tides swirl about this point. Sea lions sunbathe on the rocks unafraid. Pelicans and cormorants rest here between fishing expeditions. Local boatmen bring tourists from shore for a close-up

look at what is certainly a spectacular scene. Above it all, resembling a stone castle-fortress, looms the Finisterra Hotel. Opposite the small-craft harbor of Cabo San Lucas, and also on the town's outskirts, is the Hacienda Hotel. Both of these offer excellent, even lavish accommodations.

The Finisterra deserves special mention. No hotel the length of Baja gives each guest a more exciting view of the sea. Because the hotel is built high above the water, the times are rare when a dry breeze is not flowing through the open marble patios and verandas. Hang a wet bathing suit or sneakers in the sun for just a short time and they will be ready to wear again. To sit in the Finisterra outdoor bar at dusk, watching the lights of ships passing well below, is something like hovering on another quiet planet.

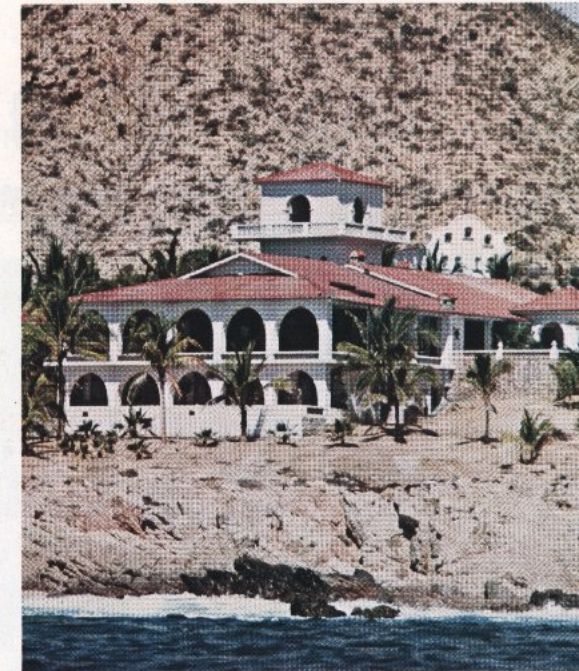
Many visitors fly private planes directly to southern Baja hotels, but a modest international airport was opened during 1978 at San José del Cabo. There are daily

nonstop flights from both Los Angeles and Mexico City via Hughes Air West, Aeromexico and Mexicana. Hotels make pickups at the airport. You can be ensconced at poolside in less than three hours after departing downtown Los Angeles.

Two fine new hotels have opened only a short drive from the quick customs and immigration counter at San José del Cabo: the Hyatt Cabo San Lucas and Twin Dolphins. The two have greatly differing architecture, but other than that are dream-like places to pass a holiday in warmth and comfort.

The Hyatt is situated on a rocky headland overlooking a rugged coast where an energetic fisherman can cast a lure from shore into the sea. The buildings have thick, red adobe walls with private alcoves opening above the cliffs. In the morning, seagulls are the only alarm clocks. There are small wood fireplaces for chilly nights in midwinter and a series of tiered swimming pools glisten in the sun high above the ocean. A bar and balconied restaurant are decorated with Spanish antiques from San Miguel Allende and the Hyatt's chef is a magician with fresh seafood just plucked from Baja waters. As elsewhere around Baja resorts, there are tennis courts at the Hyatt Cabo.

A little known fact of Baja California is that ancient cave paintings exist in remote recesses of the peninsula. No one is certain exactly who made them or when, but locations are kept a guarded secret by the government (until they can be adequately protected) to save the primitive art from vandalism. But the paintings have been reproduced in total accuracy on the walls of the Twin Dolphin Resort. These strange scenes of men, mountain lions, deer and turtles can be seen in gardens of indigenous cacti, also brought to landscape the hotel.



The obvious main aim of the Twin Dolphin management is to furnish every guest as much privacy as he likes. Individual rooms or suites face the Gulf of California and connect to a central dining and pool area by winding walkways through ocotillo and cholla. Even when it was almost fully occupied, we found it to be a serene place, with tennis courts and a putting green just out of sight.

Except for the big-game fishing, which is as fast and as productive as any in the world, Baja never was a frantic kind of place to go. Forget the stadium sports, the noisy nightlife and floorshows. Yes, a mariachi band may show up for a serenade every evening, but the life on holiday here is low key. You rest and unwind. I wound up that first camping trip to Baja 18 years ago totally refreshed. And although this last trip in May, 1978, was vastly more luxurious, and catered, I returned home just as refreshed.

It is a good place to go walking in the morning . . . or evening. The natural scene all around is especially haunting when the sun is low on the strange boojum and elephant trees, on the sour pitaha

and organ pipe cacti. A surprising number of bright birds and even brighter blossoms survive in what seems to be a hostile arid environment. The Baja desert is simply beautiful when the shadows are long.

So far I haven't mentioned the one activity which may be the most rewarding of all anywhere along Baja's endless shoreline: skin diving or snorkeling. Because of the total clarity of the water and the absolutely endless variety of neon-colored fishes and sea plants, there is no more colorful underwater world this side of Tahiti and the Great Barrier Reef. And snorkeling really is for everyone. I have watched ladies in their 80s as well as their more lithe grandchildren snorkeling safely and having the surprises of their lives. One dive underwater in Baja and they are hooked forever.

Baja is still the lonely paradise it always was—and one of the loveliest.

# Flowers That Bloom From Fall to Frost

If you leave home for the summer, try the "spring-planted, fall-blooming" garden



Photograph by Niki Ekstrom

Even the most urbane American homeowner responds to the first glories of spring. The urge to turn the soil, sow seeds and set out plants is buried deep within. But for some people there is the frustration of planting in May, nurturing in June and then leaving in July, wondering what there will be to enjoy in August—or September—or October.

If your summers are spent away from home, you needn't give up enjoying the rites of spring, for there are certain plants that can survive your absence and still delight you throughout the fall with a most colorful display. All that is required is that you make a careful selection and take just a few precautions before you leave.

## Suggested Plants for Fall Bloom

### Chrysanthemums

Reigning queen of the autumn garden, the chrysanthemum holds stage center from Labor Day until the first killing frost. The entire palette that we associate with the brilliant tones of the ash, maple and oak tree—yellow, gold, russet, bronze, orange and crimson—are all found in the chrysanthemum. The variation in form is just as abundant as the range of color, and you can choose from tiny button-size pompoms, daisies, spidery lacy forms or fluffy heads of uncurved petals.

For most gardens the dwarf or cushion mum is recommended

because chrysanthemums always seem to outgrow their described height and can turn into leggy, straggly plants. Individual cushion mums make attractive late accents in a perennial bed or among foundation evergreens. A mass of cushions blending color and height can create a solid bank of fall tones almost any place in the yard. By interplanting your mum bed with ground cover and spring flowering bulbs, you're all set from early spring until late fall with an attractive, low-maintenance garden.

Chrysanthemums may be handled in still another way. Because they prefer a very sunny location during their summer growth, try setting up a "nursery plot" in the "back 40" and then,

just as flowering begins, use the fully grown plants to replace the zinnias or other annuals that have become shabby in the border, or else pot them up for the terrace. Mums can stand rough handling if watered thoroughly at the time of transplanting and then protected from the sun for a few days.

### Red Salvia

Fiery spikes of bright red salvia, which grow equally well in full sun or a semishady location, promise full production right up until a killing frost. Planted en masse they display the stunning use of a single-color flower of uniform size and shape. When planted in clumps between evergreens in front of a grey, white or fieldstone house, red salvia presents an unexpected burst of color, especially in a contemporary landscape.

### Flowers for Cutting

A cutting garden in full sun can resemble an old-fashioned English bouquet until the end of the season. Combine the too-infrequently-used rich, velvet spikes of blue salvia with the graceful pink, red and white discs of cosmos. Even though both of these plants are tall and bushy, and not particularly neat, they are glorious all fall in the garden and when cut make a charming arrangement for the house. Don't be tempted to use the small orange cosmos; they do not compare in bloom, size or length of blooming season.

If you've been thinking about drying flowers, blue salvia is a good one with which to experiment. Select the fullest, bluest spikes at their peak of bloom, strip the leaves, and simply hang them upside down. A product called Flower-Dri, a moisture-absorbing powder, available at garden centers, will do a much better job of preserving shape, color and texture of all flowers and is not difficult

to use. Try making your own arrangement of dried baby's breath and wedgewood-blue salvia, a charming arrangement that will last all winter.

Many of these willing and durable "late bloomers" will produce right through October if you will provide a light cover of newspaper or a bed sheet in the event of an early cold snap before the warm days of Indian summer. If these sturdy plants are protected during that brief cold period, they will toughen up and continue to bloom much longer.

## Final Precautions Before You Leave

1. Several days before departure, thoroughly soak the flower beds by allowing the water to run slowly all night.

2. Give one final fertilizing with a liquid solution. At this stage of growth these plants prefer a formula such as 15-30-15 which is high in phosphorous (the second number) over one reading 23-19-17 or 30-10-10, which will produce too much vegetative growth and not as much bloom.

3. Weed thoroughly and then place a 3"-4" layer of mulch on the flower beds to retain the moisture, keep the ground cool and prevent weeds from returning. If you have a pile of good compost, this is the time to use it. Otherwise, either fir bark or small redwood chips make a very satisfactory mulch and give a unified attractive appearance to the garden. Avoid peat moss as a mulch since it steals moisture and, as it dries out on the surface, becomes as hard as asphalt, actually preventing rain from reaching the soil.

4. A final word of advice—pinch back all plants! Cut off the top growth and any buds or flowers that are showing. We are trying to



Photograph by Phillip Bahrman

retard growth for a final fall explosion of color.

## Cultural Information for Chrysanthemums

Space the young plants 20 inches apart in a well-drained soil in full sun. To make the plants bushier and to encourage heavy blooming, it is very important to pinch off the top of the stems. Start when the plants are about six inches tall and pinch again when the plants make another 6" to 8" growth. If you plan to be away during July and August, this summer pruning is the best thing and the last thing you'll do for your mums before you leave. (However, do not do any pruning after July 15 or your mums may not come into full bloom until it is too late.) After that there is nothing more required except a good fertilizing and a good mulching.

Hardy varieties may be left in the garden during the winter if planted in a well-drained area and covered with a blanket of evergreen branches and leaves. Strong growing clumps should be lifted, divided and replanted every two years.

# BEAUTIFUL HANDMADE BOATS

by Lew Dietz

Our newest form of exercise is rowing. Here are some handsome craft to practice in

There may be a beautiful, small, handmade boat in your future. People are taking to rowing for exercise and diversion as they haven't for many decades, and to go along with this new interest they are discovering that on both our coasts there are a number of skilled builders of small craft.

At the Apprentice Shop in the salty little city of Bath, Maine, an eager crew of young trainees is custom-building small wood boats—sleek little Matinicus Island peapods and Swampscott and Cape Ann dories.

Down the line at Lincolnville Beach, Walt Simmons is fashioning Matinicus double-enders, Newfoundland skiffs and lovely little Lincolnville wherries. Westward at South Bristol, Dick Shew is busy filling orders for that classic of pulling boats, the Whitehall.

And out on the West Coast at Seattle, Dick Wagner's Old Boathouse and a host of other small boat shops are turning out finely crafted classic wood hulls that are lovely to look at, and which slip through the water with the greatest of ease.

If any further evidence that something is stirring on the small-boat scene is needed, consider the gathering at Maine's Rockport Harbor one recent summer of several score of men and rowing boats for fun and competition. And coincidentally at Port Townsend on Washington's Puget Sound some 50 classic rowing boats

participated in the First Annual Wooden Boat Festival in a rousing celebration of America's small-boat heritage.

What is going on may be simply stated: Across the nation we are witnessing the first rustlings of a renaissance of the pulling boat that was so much a part of our maritime history. After a hiatus of almost a full century, Americans are rediscovering the joy of rowing and the pride of owning a finely crafted hull designed in a time before outboard motors were dreamed of.

There is no great mystery to this revival. Rowing and rowing boats are a part of the American heritage. A hundred years ago, rowing was the chief recreational sport along the Eastern Seaboard. Boston's Charles River was a tapestry of punts, skiffs and shells. Saltwater men took "sailor's holidays" on the

lake in New York's Central Park.

Possibly the present energy crisis gave impetus to the return to self-propulsion. More likely, recreational rowing, along with backpacking, cycling and tour skiing, is simply another manifestation of the current hunger to return to a simpler and more rewarding way of life.

Certainly no one can reasonably argue for scrapping the outboard motor or, for that matter, the motor car. Where it is simply a matter of getting from one place to another quickly and efficiently, a motor is the ideal solution. Clearly, these new converts to oars have

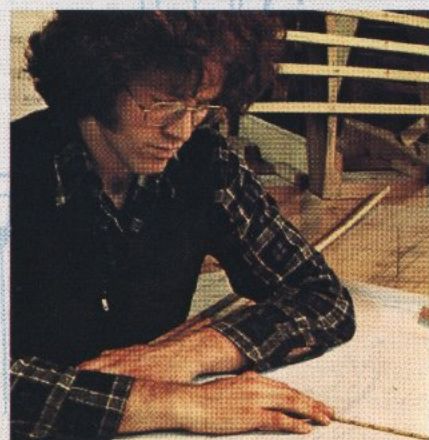
something more than transportation in mind. Rowing for them is not a means but an end in itself.

It's doubtful if this resurgence could have come about had it not been for a few archivists and small-boat lovers who devoted their lives to taking the lines off decaying classic craft and preserving this marine heritage, notably the late Howard Chapelle, latterly of the Smithsonian Institution, and John Gardner, at present the assistant curator of the small boat workshops at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut.

Speaking of that past day when rowing boats were lovingly built and pridefully owned, John Gardner writes, "Choosing a boat was a serious business, somewhat on the order of choosing a wife." And Chapelle wrote affectionately of his peapod, the classic double-ender that originated in Maine's Penobscot Bay in the 1870s, "It

was a typical lobster rowing pod and though heavy she was wonderfully stiff. For open water work I would prefer a pod to any other craft I have ever seen."

These small-boat torch-bearings will tell you that there is no such thing as a superior all-purpose pulling boat, just as there is no such thing as an all-purpose hunting dog. These classic craft were workboats and designed each for a special job. The peapod was ideal for tending lobster traps along rocky shores. The Rangeley guideboat, another classic hull, served admirably on open lakes and for portages across brushy



Right: Basically a pulling boat, this Matinicus Island peapod, from the Apprentice Shop in Bath, Maine, can be rigged for sail; above: Walt Simmons works on wherry; left: Trainee at Apprentice Shop



Above: Dick Shew of Bristol, Maine, holds a model as he leans on a 12-foot Whitehall skiff; right: Lincolnville wherry pulling boat (Arnold photo); far right: Dave Foster (left) and aide review a new ship project at the Apprentice Shop



Photographs by Leonard P. Johnson

Top: various boats at the Apprentice Shop; left: a 14-foot Lincolnville wherry from Duck Trap Woodworking (David Arnold photo); right: Muscongus Bay sloop under sail.



carrying-paths. The wherry was just the ticket for launching stern-first into the surf. And the Whitehall with its wine-glass stern and lean flowing lines was the favorite of the runners dispatched by the outfitting establishments that crowded Boston's waterfront in another century.

In the final analysis, aesthetics is likely to be the deciding consideration for those planning to take to oars. A small boat that is a delight to look at is a reward in itself. Whatever the choice, a prospective buyer is well advised by the knowledgeable to spurn all but a traditional hull. The classic pulling boat developed in the last century was, and still is, the ultimate in rowing boat design. Nor has its adaptation to recreational use diminished its performance in any fundamental way.

For those raised in our time who associate rowing with work, it should be stressed that these classic pulling boats have little in common with the clumsy little tubs that a generation of camp kids thought of as "rowboats" and which rowed, as one Maine lobsterman put it, "like a step-ladder." Little wonder that there are few alive today who look back to rowing as a pleasure.

To say that a new generation is rediscovering the simple pleasure of owning and rowing a sweet-lined boat is not to suggest that all of a sudden hordes will be making a frontal assault upon the nation's small-boat shops. Custom-built classics are not inexpensive, and it's quite unlikely that they can ever be mass-produced at a low unit cost without sacrificing the qualities that made them special.

The Apprentice Shop will build a handcrafted 15-foot peapod for around \$2200. One of Walt

Simmons' Lincolnville wherries will run about \$110 a foot. So, depending on the design and length, the price range of a classic pulling boat is \$2000 to \$3000. Most builders will supply a sail rig for alternate use at extra cost.

R. D. (Pete) Culler, another knowledgeable small-boat builder and rowing buff of Hyannis, Massachusetts, makes the point that probably no more than a fraction of one per cent of the population will ever own or row a classic pulling boat, but as he remarks, "that's still an awful lot of boats."

More pertinent and fortuitous is the fact that the revival comes at a time when there is still available a cadre of skilled craftsmen with a respect for quality and traditional design to meet this limited demand and carry on this all-but-lost art of wood boat-building.

Fig. 73. Rowing or

## This Is the 1979 Lincoln Versailles



*Lincoln Luxury and Distinction in a Trim Size*

*Made more beautiful in 1979 by a  
choice of roof styles*



This is the new 1979 Lincoln Versailles.



This is the new 1979 Lincoln Versailles.



This is the new 1979 Lincoln Versailles.

The pride of owning a Lincoln distilled to a 110-inch wheelbase. Your choice of custom roof designs makes the new Versailles a most personal luxury car.

LINCOLN VERSAILLES

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



# Lincoln Versailles

## Moonroof

Optional Moonroof with power-operated sliding tinted glass panel is available with full or half roof\* in either Cavalry Twill Vinyl (shown) or Valino Vinyl styling treatment. Car color: Light Champagne.

\*Not available with half roof until mid-November.

## Cavalry Twill Roof

A half-roof of padded Cavalry Twill Vinyl with a convertible-like cross-bow at the rear and convertible-like seam lines around the rear window. (Also available with full roof.) Car color: Cordovan Metallic.

## Valino Roof

A half-roof of padded textured Valino Vinyl with a smooth, seamless "frenched seam" treatment surrounding the rear window. (Also available with full roof.) Car color: Diamond Blue Metallic.

The Lincoln Versailles is a notable automotive achievement, crafted in the Lincoln tradition for the growing number of car buyers who seek outstanding luxury and comfort in a prestige trim-sized American automobile.

In designing the Versailles, engineers were directed to create a smaller automobile which offered the same level of luxury and quality as the Lincoln Continental and the Continental Mark V.

In addition to adapting some of the design features of these great cars, they developed special engineering refinements to help minimize noise, vibration and harshness.

The major elements of the drivetrain—from engine to transmission, driveshaft to axle, and rear wheels to steel-belted, radial tires—are balanced to help minimize interior disturbances. Critical components of the suspension system are designed to cushion metal from metal and dampen road shock and vibration before they reach the body. Specially designed sound insulation, thick carpeting and fitted weather seals are positioned to help isolate passengers from outside noise.

The final result is a luxury sedan whose ride we consider remarkable for a 110-inch-wheelbase car, with interior quietness that complements its luxurious seating comfort and fine car appointments.

For 1979, the Versailles features a formal new roofline, which gives this luxury sedan a distinctive new town-car appearance. The rear roofline has been resculptured and extended eight inches to create a dramatic new look while providing a larger rear-door opening for easier access to the rear compart-

ment. Owner personalization is provided by a choice of vinyl roof styles (described at left). Each of these distinctive roof treatments features a fashionable brushed stainless steel molding over the roof with integrated coach lamps. Complementing the new roof styling is a new vinyl-covered decklid contour which further identifies the Versailles as a close relative of the Continental Mark V.

The interior is luxurious with thick, cut-pile carpeting and leather (optional) or Dorchester Cloth seating surfaces in a choice of six elegant interior color schemes. A leather-wrapped steering wheel is standard and the luggage compartment is fully carpeted. There's a standard Electronic AM/FM Stereo/Search Radio with Quadrasonic 8-Track Tape Player, rear reading lights and even a Cartier-signed digital clock.

Other standard Lincoln Versailles functional features include a 302 CID-V-8 engine, Select-Shift automatic transmission, power steering, four-wheel power disc brakes, power windows, power seats, automatic temperature control air conditioning, tinted glass, solid-state ignition, speed control and Halogen Headlamps which provide a whiter, brighter light than conventional sealed-beam headlamps.

Outside and inside the 1979 Versailles is a new kind of luxury Lincoln designed to provide motoring pleasure and pride of ownership.

The ultimate test of Versailles' fine car qualities is, of course, you. Why not visit your Lincoln dealer soon? Inspect and, by all means, drive a Versailles. We think you'll be most favorably impressed.



## LINCOLN VERSAILLES

*The pleasure of driving  
in luxury*

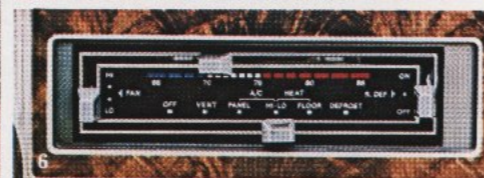
Lincoln Versailles motoring is enhanced by an impressive array of available standard and optional features. Many are listed on the previous page. Others are described below and illustrated at right.

Long trips are less tiring with standard automatic speed control (1) and comfort is increased with standard automatic temperature control air conditioning (6). Optional convenience features include an illuminated outside thermometer (3), an integral electric garage door opener control (8)\* and a Moonroof with sliding power-operated tinted glass panel (2).

Stereophonic music is provided by the standard Electronic AM/FM Stereo/Search Radio with Quadra-sonic 8-track tape (5) or the optional AM/FM Stereo radio with cassette tape (4). And a choice of forged aluminum wheels or optional wire wheel covers (7) add an extra touch of luxury and distinction to Versailles ownership.

These are but a few of the many special features which make the Lincoln Versailles so enjoyable. A full appreciation of its qualities can best be realized by a close inspection and test drive. Why not do so soon—at your Lincoln dealer's?

\*In-garage receiver is provided for owner to install.



*Inset shows John Tolbert (right), a well-known Virginia chef, serving from a steamship round of roast beef*

# Breakfast after the Hunt

Here's a rundown on the traditional food served to hunters after a few hard hours of riding

by Don Follmer

If the horse and hound were made for each other and the fox was thrown in as the connecting link between the two, good food, good drink and the sport of foxhunting have the same closely woven relationship.

American foxhunting is a contest between an animal widely regarded as the most intelligent wild creature on the continent and hounds that have been bred for 300 years to pursue him. In all but very few instances, the fox wins the day.

In England, where foxhunting was invented, catching foxes is every bit as important as the chase. A visiting American foxhunter was once asked if his home pack

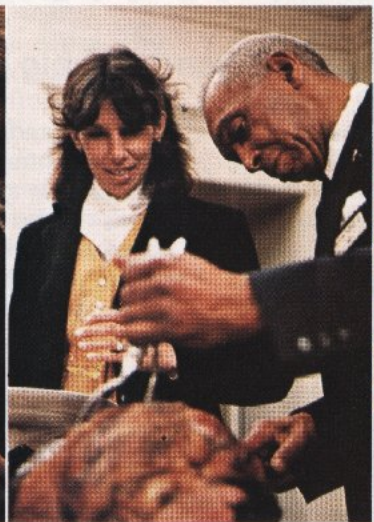


caught many foxes. "No," he said, "but we scare the hell out of a lot of them."

The American hunt breakfast diverged from established English tradition over the years, since it was imported to these shores with the first settlers and the first hounds. Americans tended to dispense with a certain amount of tradition and get on with the day of sport, while the English foxhunter was inclined to savor each moment and morsel.

John Jorrocks, a fictional British master of foxhounds, created by the writer R. S. Surtees in the early 19th century, offered his visitor from Yorkshire a brief repast prior to starting out with hounds for





one of his favorite meets at Pinch-Me-Near Forest.

The menu consisted of an uncut ham, a huge quartern loaf, a great Bologna sausage, nine eggs (pickled), two pyramids of muffins, a great deal of toast, a dozen ship-biscuits, half a pork pie, a dozen beef kidneys, and a gridiron covered with mutton chops. Not content with this, Jorrocks instructs his butler to lay out "... a cold chine of pork, the cold goose and any cold flesh you can lay hand to. There are really no vittles on the table ..."

After dealing with this, Jorrocks always made certain that a well-filled sandwich case and a topped-off brandy flask were secured to his saddle should he feel a mite peckish during the day. The mind might reel with the thought of this much food to be carried hunting, but think of the stomach. Think of the horse.

From long experience, American foxhunters have learned the cardinal rule of eating and drinking before taking to the field with horse and hounds: Eat sparingly and early if at all. Four to five hours on a horse, galloping and jumping a good part of the time, do not treat a full digestive system gently.

But when the last fox has gone to ground and the huntsman has sounded "home" on his horn, horses rugged up and stabled and hounds safely in kennel, the



foxhunter's appetite might very well consider a Jorrocksian table.

Other than fox hunting there are few activities in American sport that combine strenuous physical activity, bracing air, a bit of danger and an earthy, hearty feeling of being a part of the countryside and of long tradition. Foxhunting gives one just those sensations, and after a day's sport the foxhunter is thirsty and hungry—make that ravenous. In Virginia, the vortex of American foxhunting, the tradition of the hunt breakfast is as well-established as the scarlet coat, but the menu can be as varied as the twists and turns of the native red fox, hunted—not to the death—but for the chase.

John Tolbert of Leesburg organized a substantial catering business based on the post-hunting feeding of the multitudes. If you are conjuring up visions of ice carvings of rearing horses and somnolent swans, forget it. Tolbert is a practical man and knows his clientele. "These people come in from hunting four or five hours and they're cold and hungry. They don't want anything fancied up. What they want is some drinks and something hot and hearty. I keep it simple."

Stews, five-alarm chili, chicken à la king, corn muffins and biscuits are Tolbert standbys. He is most famous for a steamship round of beef, a simple salad, a bowl of horseradish sauce on the side.

This unadorned but filling fare is topped off with a plain dessert: a slice of home-baked pie or cake, followed by fresh-brewed coffee from a huge urn.

The Tolbert approach is not too far removed from hunting feeds of 250 years past in Virginia when Thomas, Sixth Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, entertained at his seat, Greenway Court, in the Shenandoah Valley.

Fairfax, who inherited five million acres of colonial land, brought his own hounds to the New World when he immigrated. Foxhunting was his main passion in life and he passed this interest along to a young surveyor for whom he had a paternal fondness, George Washington.

Venison stews, cold joints of beef and mutton, arrack punch and smoked ham were available to guests. Hunting parties, sometimes lasting weeks, were often rowdy affairs. The gentling influence of women was never present at Fairfax's home. Jilted at the altar when young, he never allowed a female guest or servant in his house. Rather than endure the inevitable carnage to his larder and furnishings during a hunting party, the irascible old nobleman would eventually repair to the hound kennel for an uninterrupted sleep.

Washington was a man of simple tastes and preferred a plate of jowls and greens after hunting. But the bounty of Mount Vernon was

always available to his many hunting friends and frequent visitors. Venison stew remains on the menu at the Melvin Poe home in Fauquier County, about halfway between Middleburg and Warrenton. Poe, a professional huntsman, holds an annual foxhunters' party that is a showcase of Virginia country cooking: home-cured ham, venison stew and roast, home-canned vegetables and Poe's own brand of potent applejack.

Some hunting people who have the resources like to fancy things up a bit. One Virginia master of foxhounds, with connections on Chesapeake Bay, holds an old-fashioned oyster roast every fall at his farm, feeding well over a hundred persons to the Plimsoll line with Lynnhaven oysters, regarded as the world's best.

At still another feed, a hungry crowd was served fresh asparagus with slices of meticulously grilled beef tenderloin—a heavy blow to the exchequer in anyone's league.

Perhaps the hunt breakfast should properly be called a hunt tea, but for the person with a bone-rattling day of sport behind him it matters not what the affair is called, as long as he is fed. A hostess should prepare for not only second helpings, but thirds.

When Shakespeare wrote of a man with "a lean and hungry look" he must have had an Elizabethan foxhunter in mind.

# TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGES ARE ALIVE AND WELL

The age of steam is long gone, but big passenger ships still ply the ocean

Among the many people who love to travel in style these days, none are so filled with regrets as those who dream of crossing the ocean by ship and the continent by train. They know that getting there is half the fun and they want to measure their journeys in days, not in hours. For them, the good old days mean ships called *Queen Mary*, *Normandie*, *Ile de France* and trains called the Twentieth Century, Ltd., City of San

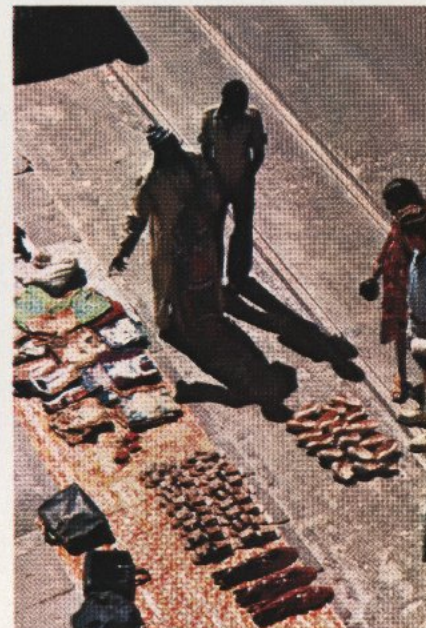
Francisco and Wabash Cannonball. So far as trains are concerned, their regrets are well founded. Trains can be found that go a distance, but they are not the rolling palaces they used to be. No longer are the parlor cars ideally set up for bridge, the dining cars fitted with white linen and silverware, and the galleys preparing superb food. As for transatlantic crossings, only the *Queen Elizabeth II* comes readily

to mind, even though it, like most of the ocean-going vessels, is mainly in the cruise business. There is, however, a redeeming fact. The grand trains are gone and they are not likely to return, but to a gratifying degree the ships are still with us. True, there aren't dozens of them crossing the Atlantic regularly and vying with one another to provide grandeur, black-tie dinners and ballroom dancing followed by champagne

suppers. What we have now are the cruise ships operating on the open ocean between cruises. They sail among the West Indian islands in winter and ply the North Cape and Mediterranean in summer. It's when they move from one seasonal area to another that they cross the ocean. In this lies the principal remaining opportunity for travelers who savor the grand travel style of the past. I did this once on the *Golden Odyssey* as it changed from a summer of cruising in the Mediterranean to a winter in the Caribbean. In late summer, having exhausted every excuse for lingering in Madrid, I faced up to

the long voyage home. To avoid the flight all the way back, I hopped to Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, off the coast of Africa. The ship was there long enough for me to dash to a waterfront shop where, being careful that I had bought the real thing and not the fakes that show up sometimes, I acquired a box of the best Havana cigars. As part of my social strategy I distributed these to fellow passengers starved for a real smoke and thus assured that I would be at the top of the pecking order. After sailing, the Danish-built *Golden Odyssey's* dazzling 22.5-knot speed passed unnoticed by most passengers because they were

sporting about in five bars, three lounges, card room, library, swimming pool, gymnasium, sauna or movie theater. That first night out, I felt satisfactorily sybaritic, what with the cocktail dansant at the pool, dinner at the Lotus Dining Room, and discotheque capers in the Calypso Lounge till the decadent hours just before dawn. I pitied those travelers zapping across the ocean six miles high while I strolled expansively on a moonlit deck (11 times around to the mile). The real payoff of ocean travel came next morning when we landed not at Kennedy Airport but at Tenerife, largest of the Canaries, and drove past 50 magnificent modern sculptures on Las Ramblas boulevard, around the base of Teide, a 12,191-foot-high volcano dusted with the snow that decorates the peak for Christmas, though groves of five million banana trees to a magnificent sunny strand. It's called the Beach of the Americas, although the lovely sylphs there tanning their creamy skins all spoke German. We dropped anchor in Dakar, in formerly French Senegal, on the West African coast. Its streets teemed with black merchants wearing brilliant robes. They spouted a mixture of French and fractured English in a frenzy of trading with anybody they could buttonhole. In our lady passengers, they met their mercantile match, for when they closed trading at noon for a three-hour lunch and siesta, our bunch set up a howl of outrage over being interrupted in their mission of cleaning out the market's stock. Late in the afternoon trading resumed at the artisans' village of Soumbédioune. Potters, basket-makers, weavers, brass, copper and gold smiths plied their trades and cooperated enthusiastically with passengers disposing of surplus dollars. (I made a mistake in speaking French to a crowd of village urchins, for they followed me to the ship chanting "Father, Father, dear Father, give us alms.")



by Bern Keating

Later, at the Cape Verde Islands in the pretty Portuguese-style village of Mindelo, mulatto street merchants pushed their wares half-heartedly, for the islands have no natural resources but salt and vendors knew their handmade necklaces did not compete with goods at more sophisticated ports of call. Our visit gave them a great holiday, however, for crowds gathered about us, a few cosmopolites who had been sailors practiced their smattering of French, English and even Greek, and hordes of children frolicked with any playful visitor. A native orchestra came aboard for a concert of Latin dance music.

Only after three days of tourism in tropical ports did we settle down to the business of crossing the Atlantic. For four days,



we abandoned ourselves to the trivial pastimes, the self-indulgent play and revelry that grace shipboard life—backgammon, chess, scrabble and ferocious contract bridge in the game rooms, a series of wine tastings and lectures on oenology, matinees in the movie theater, dance lessons, needlework in the sun, walking or jogging circuits of the deck, trap shooting, hours of sunbathing, and even occasionally a languid dip in the pool.

Costume parties and dance contests enlivened some evenings, but most nights passed in a dreamlike haze of pleasure that came partly from knowing that the telephone in your room connected not with the world and its troubles but only with room service or another stateroom.

The landfall at Barbados reintroduced us gently to the real world, for the easy pace of island life caused no excessively rude awakening to us lotus eaters. Males found the culture particularly restful to contemplate, because, as our driver Courtenay Skeete explained:

"Our women here are stronger than we men. So they work day and night. Our men tire quickly; only women are blessed by nature with great stamina. We men are

forced to rest ourselves long and frequently."

On Grenada the vendors pushing home-grown spices like cocoa, nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice and saffron call everybody "Dear" and "Sugar" and have a polite greeting and a smile whether you buy or not. We discovered that even cocoa beans benefit from being used fresh from the picking.

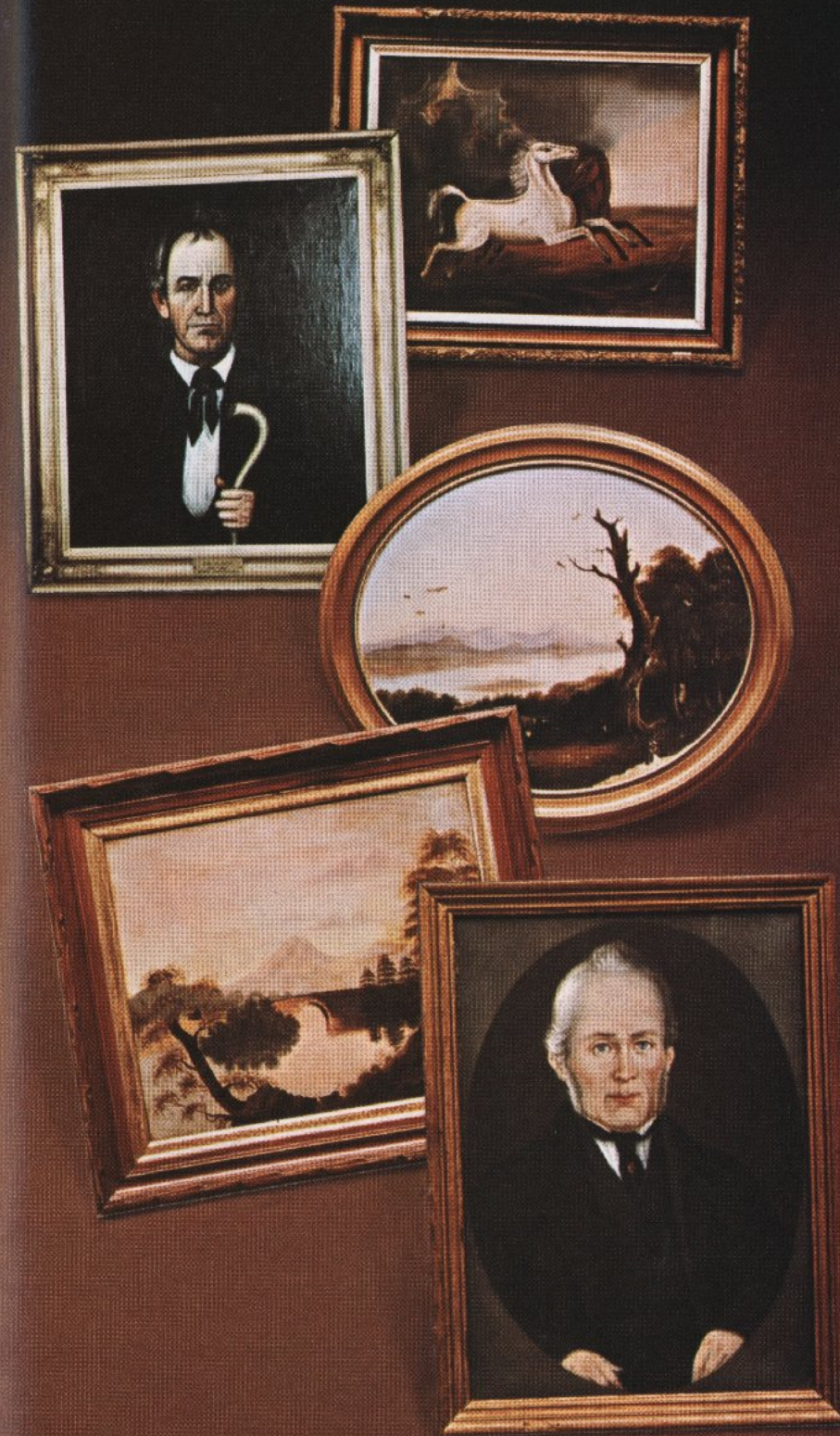
From Aruba the flight to the States is tolerably short and the tedium is relieved by games of "Show and Tell" played by shoppers displaying treasures acquired in six tropical ports.

Returned to my own hearth, I had no jet lag but a much-admired winter sunburn, a few extra pounds of delightfully acquired fat, a suitcase full of handicraft and primitive art, a walletful of cards from new friends, a polished skill at dancing the hustle and the samba, and a restless wish to see Cape Verde and Grenada again—or any subtropical port on the way across the sea.

There is still time in 1978 to book passage on the *Royal Viking Sea* from Athens to Fort Lauderdale by way of Malaga, Spain, and Funchal in the Madeira Islands, sailing November 3 and arriving November 16.

In 1979 the *Royal Viking Sea* will repeat that trip from November 3 to November 16. The *Royal Viking Sky* will sail on March 25 from Malaga by way of Casablanca, Morocco, and Funchal to arrive at Fort Lauderdale on April 5. The same ship on May 11 leaves Malaga and calls at Gibraltar, Tangier, Morocco, and Horta in the Azores to land at New York on May 20. The *Royal Viking Sea* leaves Athens on October 21 and calls at Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia; Corfu, Greece; Alexandria, Egypt; Haifa, Israel; Alanya, Turkey; Kos, Delos, and Athens in Greece; Malaga and Funchal, arriving at Fort Lauderdale on November 16. The *Sagafjord* and *Vistafjord* had transatlantic crossings with intermediate stops in 1978 and may repeat in 1979.

And then, of course, passenger-carrying freighters crisscross the Atlantic in a complex network offering virtually any imaginable combination of steps along the way.



## Innocent Art And The Wide-Awake Buyer

by Ruth Iglehart

Every country antique shop and flea market has its "primitive" paintings. They don't cost much but their value is certain to go up

Even more American than apple pie has been the persistent belief in American know-how—the certainty that to the ingenious gadgeteer and handyman all things are possible. In the early years of our history, this confidence also extended to the arts; it seemed natural that some of the men and women who created, tinkered with and lovingly polished the objects of everyday life should also try their hand at drawing and painting.

What is usually called "primitive art" in this country is often the product of such 18th and 19th century craftsmen, farmers, and housewives. Most were untaught, and those who did not have even the benefit of craft training simply picked up brush, crayon or pencil and tried to set down what they saw and felt. Sometimes they made their own inks and paints—whiskey was occasionally used as a liquifier, and varnish was made from the gum of the cherry tree diluted with water. Outlines were often drawn with goose quill pens, and color laid in with cat's hair brushes.

In the years before photography was invented, such "innocent" artists concentrated mainly on portraits. In slack times, coach-makers, sign painters and many less

skillful "limners" would journey from town to town or farm to farm, offering their services as portrait painters. To simplify and speed up the process, they often brought with them canvases with background and figure already painted in, needing only to have a particular head and face added to become a family heirloom. This practice accounts in part for a certain awkwardness and disproportion in some early portraits; lack of skill and training accounts for the rest.

Landscapes and still-life groups also became and remained popular subjects. Indeed, toward the end of the 19th century and even more so later, the romantic painted landscape may have served as a form of escape from the grimmer realities of industrial city life. Whatever its subject matter, however, such naive painting has grown in popular acceptance, especially after the great success of Grandma Moses' work focused general attention on such untaught painters. And these days, whether created in the 1800s or the day before yesterday, such art often commands very high prices in the galleries and auction rooms, and some of the better pieces have found their way into the museums. (The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller collection of American folk art at Williamsburg is one of the best known instances of this trend.)

Despite this growing attention, however, it is still possible to find good examples of what might be called "innocent art" produced within the last 50 or 75 years and available at nominal prices. In fact, as little as \$100 can sometimes buy an authentic bit of Americana—the honest expression of a fresh and individual view of the world. From Maine to Florida, from New York to California, in every state of the Union there have been men and women who tried to set

down in paint their response to immediate experience. And sometimes the directness of technique used by such homespun artists—the flatness and lack of perspective, for instance, or the use of sand or tinsel to create roughness of texture—are intimately related to similar, more deliberate developments in modern art.

There are still many charming and often quite inexpensive "innocent" paintings to be found at barn sales, farm auctions, antique shops of the less posh variety, and secondhand stores and junk shops in almost every community in the country. A Michigan professor of economics and his wife, for instance, have assembled a notable group of such works during fifteen years or so of leisurely collecting in their own vicinity as well as in distant places such as Newfoundland and Quebec. Their most recent acquisition, which features a white horse, was bought about a month ago at a country antique sale held less than 15 miles from where they live; it cost all of \$75.

If, like a New England acquaintance of ours, you are fortunate, you might even find such a painting in the possession of the artist's family and can learn his name and something of his history. In this case, a Penobscot farm family had, in the late 19th century, produced a maverick named William Stubbes, who spent most of his life painting ships and commissioned portraits. The painting offered for sale was a delightful scene featuring a white house set within a dark green landscape, with a river and a sailboat in the foreground. And when the work was brought to its new home and cleaned, it yielded a bonus: a tiny figure peering from each window.

More typically, however, if you find such a painting, it will be necessary to imagine the circumstances out of which your acquisition might have grown. There are no limits, for example, to the speculations possible about

the creator of a floral painting meticulously set down on the circular lid of a butter churn. A bored housewife, perhaps? A more than usually gifted farm hand? And what can be deduced about the creator of an idealized, slightly Oriental-looking landscape which features a bridge that goes nowhere, simply ends in mid-air? Or a landscape that seems to have two suns as sources of light? Or a group of trees that cast no shadows, although everything else in the painting does?

Clearly, one of the greatest pleasures in finding and collecting such "innocent" art is the free rein you can give to your own imagination and taste. And if you decide to try your hand at discovering such paintings, the decisive factor in your purchase should be the immediate appeal the work makes to you in subject matter, color, technique or general outlook. It would be well to remember, however, that the "innocent" artist paints not so much what he sees as what he knows and feels—which means that technique and surface realism seem less important to him than truthfulness to his own vision.

Since each such painting is likely to be uniquely personal (the more it resembles formal, academic art the less spontaneous it will be in its appeal) it would be wise to rely on your own responses rather than any accepted standards of realism or accuracy. You will find, for instance, that drawing, painting, embroidery—even stencils, particularly in the fruit and flower still lifes—may be used singly or together. And you can expect an emphasis on flat patterns and the use of outline and contour rather than any modelling with light and shade.

Perspective will often be inverted; that is, size will depend on the importance of the subject to the artist, rather than on position

in the painting. A favorite horse, or girl, may loom hugely out of the canvas, although actually in the background of the picture, and figures the artist considers unimportant will appear tiny despite their presence in the foreground.

Having braced yourself for any and all of these possibilities, suppose you spot an appealing landscape in the junk shop of a small Southern town. Say that it is a cut above the usual—perhaps a quaintly detailed reverse painting on glass (a technique most often employed in decorating the faces of old clocks). You have even managed to learn a bit about its possible origins: an elderly local doctor had apparently spent his leisure hours depicting the nearby country house in which he had been born. And after some amiable haggling, you acquire the painting for twenty-five dollars less than the original asking price.

Now that you own the painting, where will you hang it? The answer is easy: anywhere. We recently saw a group of such "innocent" landscapes and portraits hung cheek by jowl with an original Picasso print. They all not only looked fine together, but the owners could be smug in the knowledge that the paintings they had discovered, cleaned and assembled might ultimately appreciate in value more rapidly than the Picasso print.

So if you enjoy searching for small treasures in unlikely places, and pride yourself on knowing a good thing when you see one, try hunting for "innocent" art. You can begin in your local thrift shop or even at a garage sale; or on your next trip, keep an eye out for possible sources of such art. It's a pleasurable way to begin or add to a collection which is certain to become a conversation piece, and can offer many rewarding glimpses of other times and temperaments. And if you choose well, your collection may surprise you eventually by increasing in monetary value as well.





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