

FordTimes

September 1987/\$1



MIND
OVER
MAP



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EXCEEDS THE NEED



This Month

MIND OVER MAP 4

Michael Hofferber In the sport of orienteering, the fastest route between two points is not always a straight line.

A FAITH THAT MOVES MOUNTAINS 10

Brenda Fine Ruth Ziolkowski's life has one overriding purpose — to fulfill her late husband's monumental vision.

ALIVE AND WELL AT 200 18

Allen Drury As we prepare to celebrate the 200th anniversary of our constitution, a Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist offers his insights.

TROUBLE IN SOUTH FORK 20

B.C. Cummings When the newcomers down in Sweetwater Valley took over the school board, the whole town was stunned — but not for long.

THE WINNING COMBINATION 26

Michael J. Weiss Air bags and seat belts team up to provide an excellent safety system.

TOO DEEP FOR WORDS 32

Judy Hevrdejs For those who love that lusty creation, Chicago-style pizza, the fare at Uno's is indescribably delicious.

THE CREAKING DOOR CREAKS AGAIN 38

Eric Arthur Who knows how many new fans might be swept up in the lively renaissance of old-time radio drama? The Shadow knows!

ABOUT THE COVER:

A competitor in the New England Orienteering Championships races through the woods toward the finish line. Described as a jigsaw puzzle for people who like to be outdoors, orienteering is Sweden and Norway's answer to baseball — and it's catching on in the U.S. Read Michael Hofferber's story on page 4. Photo by David Brownell.

Departments

LETTERS 2

GLOVE COMPARTMENT... 9

MY FAVORITE CAR 23

ROAD SHOW 30

INTERSTATE

QUICK-STOP 31

FORD GALLERY 43

FAVORITE RECIPES 44

PUZZLERS 48

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PIGS IN SILKS

In your June issue there is an article by Kathryn Walters about Robinson's Racing Pigs trained by Randy Ross ("Pigs in Silks," page 18). How can I contact Mr. Ross about bringing his racing team to our town festival?

*Richard R. Parrish
Hagerstown, Ind.*

• You may write to the Robinsons at Creative Outlet, 5809 20th Ave. South, Tampa, Fla. 33619-5457, or call them toll-free at (800) 824-7888, ext. M3816.

AUTHENTIC OR EASY?

I really like receiving my *Ford Times*. Suzanne Murphy's article in the May issue, "Ready, Aim, Rendezvous" (page 34), was well written and informative, but the photo on page 35 is all wrong. Blue jeans were not in common use until the later gold rush days. The 35mm film canister strung from the woman's belt was not to be found at an 1840s fur trade rendezvous, and the little boy's beadwork thunderbird is from a later reservation period.

I attend rendezvous with my wife on a regular basis. We carry our tepee poles on top of my 1986 F-150 truck. My iron horse is not authentic at the rendezvous, but it sure makes getting there easier.

*Dennis Doonan
Sturtevant, Wis.*

• We suspect the family in the photo wears modern-day duds for the same reason that you drive your Ford to the rendezvous.

CASEY REVISITED

The April issue of *Ford Times* included an enjoyable and interesting history by Nino LoBello on the classic poem "Casey at the Bat"

("Going to Bat for Casey," page 6). My father, Harry E. Jones, wrote an equally delightful poem entitled "Casey on the Mound." This time Casey wins the game in a diabolical manner. The poem was first published in *Rhymes of a Common Man* (1955). I thought your readers might enjoy this variation on a great bit of American verse.

*Lloyd E. Jones
Birmingham, Mich.*

• Mr. Jones has graciously offered to send a copy of the poem to interested readers. Please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to him at 5507 Kingsmill Drive, Birmingham, Mich. 48010.

TRAIL BLAZERS

Your article on volunteer trail maintenance was interesting, but failed to mention the volunteers who maintain the Appalachian Trail ("Saving the Wilderness Ways," June, page 36). Appalachian Trail Conference volunteers don't just maintain the trail; since 1984, they have assumed management responsibility for it as well. That's volunteerism to the nth.

*Walter Schramm
Centralia, Mo.*

GAMES FOUNDER

In your June issue you incorrectly identified the persons who started the Scottish Games and Highland Gathering at the Grandfather Mountain site. Donald F. MacDonald assisted my father, Angus M. MacBride II, in starting the first gathering. It was started as a gathering of all Scots from the area to enjoy an abridged version of the Gathering of the Clans, a Highland tradition.

*Angus MacKinnon MacBride III
Mt. Pleasant, S.C.*

Ford Times welcomes reader comments. Send them to Letters Editor, *Ford Times*, One Illinois Center, 111 E. Wacker Drive, Suite 1700, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Letters may be edited and condensed for publication.

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MIND OVER MAP

*In the sport of orienteering,
the fastest route between
two points is not always a
straight line*

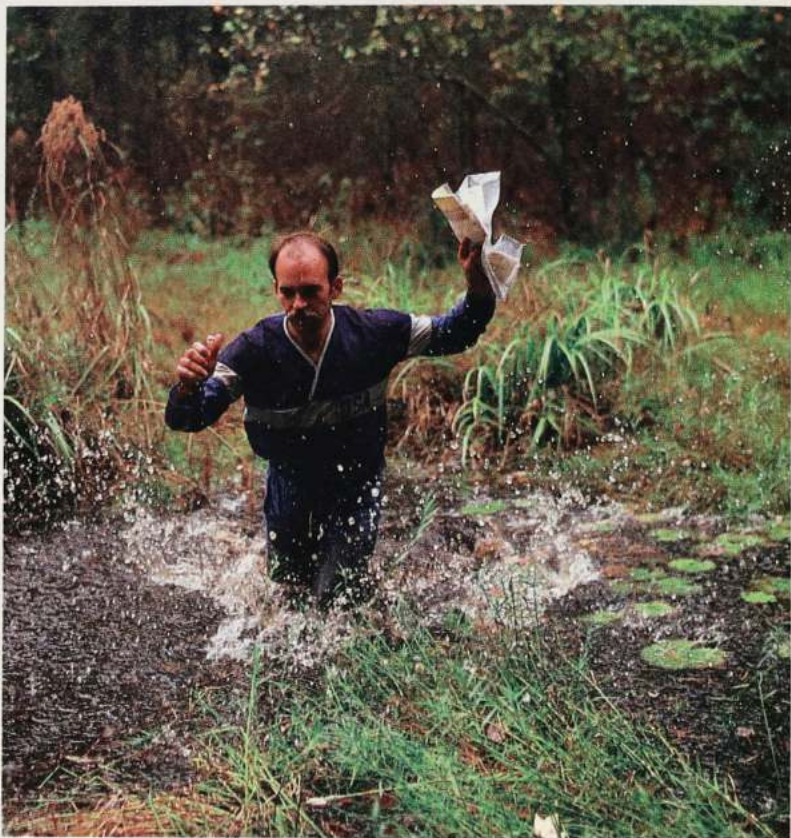
By Michael Hofferber

Like Indiana Jones, Mikell Platt runs through forests and brush, a map clutched in his hand, potential disaster around every bend. He leaps over fallen trees, wades through boggy marshes and charges down steep hillsides with nary a trail to ease his way.

But Platt seeks neither jewels nor ancient tombs. There are no angry Zulu warriors chasing after him. Instead, he seeks out a series of red-and-white flags called "control markers" hidden in the woods. These are the objective — the buried treasure, if you will — for athletes competing in the sport known as orienteering.

Photos by David Brownell

Orienteers (below) come off the starting line with eyes glued to maps and minds scheming route strategies. Poor choice leaves Mikell Platt (right) bogged down.



In Scandinavia, military exercises in "orientering" were developed about 100 years ago. They were used to train foot messengers to find their way through unfamiliar terrain. With only a map and compass to guide them, these messengers would run through a forest from one check point to another. The objective: to get from point A to point B as quickly as possible.

Civilians in Sweden and Norway began holding competitive orienteering meets in the 1920s, awarding certificates and medals to participants who completed a course the fastest. Interest in the sport spread rapidly. Today orienteering is a national sport in both countries, as popular as baseball is in the United States.

Platt first learned of orienteering while attending the West Point Military Academy, where cadets are taught the sport as part of their navigation training. Platt proved to be a natural in those exercises and was asked to compete on the West Point orienteering team in 1977.

"I went out on a couple of meets that year and did all right. Then, during the last meet of the season — the U.S. Orienteering Championships — I won my category. That gave me a real charge," Platt recalls.

Growing up in South Carolina, Platt had always enjoyed the outdoors, especially his long hikes through the Piedmont Hills. In orienteering he found a sport that combined his love for nature with an affinity for map-reading. In 1979 he qualified to attend the World Orienteering Championship, held that year in Finland.

Eager to impress the more experienced Scandinavians and excited about competing against world champions, Platt charged from the starting line at full speed. Glancing at his map and compass to get his bearings, he sprinted from one control point to another.

Bounding up hillsides, dodging trees and boulders, Platt punched his scorecard at Control 8 . . . then Control 9. But by then the blood was pounding in his temples and his lungs were screaming for air. His



End of the line — and time to compare notes with competitors.

"I was a quarter of the way from the finish and I ran out of gas"

legs shook and wobbled. Platt's body had reached its limit, what marathoners call "the wall." He could go no farther.

"I was a quarter of the way from the finish line and I just ran out of gas," Platt admits ruefully.

Two years later, wiser and in better physical condition, he returned to the World Championships as a member of the newly organized U.S. Orienteering Team. He has been back three times since and plans to return this year. In 1985 he finished 44th against the World's best, and in 1986 he won the U.S. championship in the men's division.

"Our hopes on the U.S. Team are different from those of the Norwegians or the Swedes," Platt points out. "They're trying to win; we're just trying to get in the top 30."

Platt's goal is to give his best possible performance at the 1989 World Orienteering Championships. They will be held in an area of Sweden he has orienteered in before, and that may help his chances. To prepare himself, he trains seven days a week — running in the woods, practicing on imaginary courses and testing himself on different kinds of terrain.

"To get to the top in orienteering, you've got to train in difficult terrain, not terrain that doesn't require any thinking," he says. "Good terrain has boulders, marshes, ponds, knolls — lots of stuff going on."

The skills involved in orienteering are as much mental as physical, Platt explains. Only at the very advanced levels does physical conditioning really become important. Running speed doesn't count for much in this sport.

More important is how well and how quickly the orienteer reads his or her map. There is a fine art to looking at a map and selecting a good route between two points. In a landscape full of lakes and ponds, precipitous cliffs and impenetrable thickets, the fastest route is rarely a straight line.

"Don't get lost" is the first advice given to newcomers. Mistakes are often costly, requiring time-con-

suming backtracking and re-orienting. Experienced orienteers always know where they are on the map and exactly where they're headed.

That's because they know strategy, says Platt, who compares the orienteer to a grandmaster in chess: "After playing the game for 20 or 30 years, a grandmaster has seen thousands of situations. He has a sort of library of patterns in his head. It's the same in orienteering. There are an infinite number of possible situations to encounter in the forest. The more you've seen and the more experiences you've had, the better you'll be able to make the right choices."

To support himself while he trains for the world championships, Platt makes orienteering maps. He is one of only a handful of professional orienteering mapmakers in the United States.

Orienteering maps look like topographic maps, but they're much more detailed. Topographic maps show the contours of the land — changes in elevation — and major geographic features like lakes, streams and roads. But an orienteering map also indicates where there are buildings and fences, boulders and cliffs, thick forests or open fields.

"Virtually anything you can see with your eye will be on an orienteering map," says Platt. "A small knoll. A boulder. A patch of marshy ground. A swamp."

A good map accurately portrays the terrain, he explains. If the forest to the west is very dense and hard to get through, whereas the area to the north is open and easy to run across, the orienteering map will indicate the difference with color: green for thick vegetation, orange for open land.

Since the sport is relatively new in North America, only a few areas in Canada and the United States have been mapped for orienteering. Most maps were commissioned by clubs for competitions near population centers in Massachusetts, Virginia, Missouri, Washington, Quebec and Ontario.



U.S. Team member Platt eats, sleeps and breathes the sport.

*"To get to the top,
you've got to train in
difficult terrain"*

Only recently have orienteering meets been held in states like Colorado, Texas, Louisiana and British Columbia.

In contrast, every medium-size town in Sweden has two or three orienteering clubs and dozens of maps for nearby parks and forests. The sport has been a mandatory subject for students in the country's public schools since 1942.

"Orienteering is a great outdoor activity for families," says Tom Taylor of Acton, Mass., who started orienteering with his daughter, Pamela, in 1974. Today his 16-year-old son, Lans, and wife, Linda, are both national champions in their age categories.

"At the larger meets there are something like 35 levels of competition, from beginners to experts of all ages. So there's plenty of opportunity for people to have some success," Taylor explains.

"But it doesn't have to be competitive," he notes. "A lot of people come to the meets with no intention of trying to win. They just want to be in the woods, and orienteering gives them a challenging activity to enjoy there. It's kind of like a jigsaw puzzle for people who like to be outdoors."

Orienteering meets in the United States are open to anyone who wants to try the sport, says Sara Mae Berman. She publishes a newsletter called "Orienteering North America" that includes a calendar of more than 400 meets each year. Some attract only a couple of dozen orienteers. Others, like the annual New England Championships, get as many as 500 competitors for a weekend.

"At the end of the day, after they've run the course, you'll hear people comparing the routes they took and the choices they made," says Berman. "Just like baseball fans talking box scores and statistics, it's all part of the fun of the sport."

For more information on orienteering, contact the U.S. Orienteering Federation, P.O. Box 1444, Forest Park, Ga. 30051; (404) 363-2110.

GLOVE COMPARTMENT



PUMPKINTOWN, U.S.A.

Yes, Virginia, there is a place in America called Pumpkintown. Once it was just a South Carolina crossroads where pumpkin farmers came to sell their wares. Now it's the location of the annual Pumpkintown Pumpkin Festival. The Great Pumpkin Parade begins at 9 a.m. sharp on Oct. 10, winding up at a turn-of-the-century two-room schoolhouse that's now the Oolenoy Community Center. For no more than the price of a smile you are entertained by bluegrass and gospel music, a clogging contest, a fiddling contest and — not least of all — a pumpkin pie eating contest. \$4.00 will buy a barbecued chicken plate lunch that's been grilled right out under the trees; and of course you'll want to sample the pun'kin juice. Just don't ask for the recipe — it's a well-guarded local secret. Afternoon brings a drawing for an old-fashioned pumpkin quilt made by Oolenoy Valley women. But it's the night before, at the Great Pumpkin Weigh-In, where local growers find out who's grown the biggest pumpkin of the year. The record now stands at 180 pounds. That's a lot of pumpkin pies! For information write the festival at P.O. Box 508, Marietta, S.C. 29661. Or call (803) 878-9937.

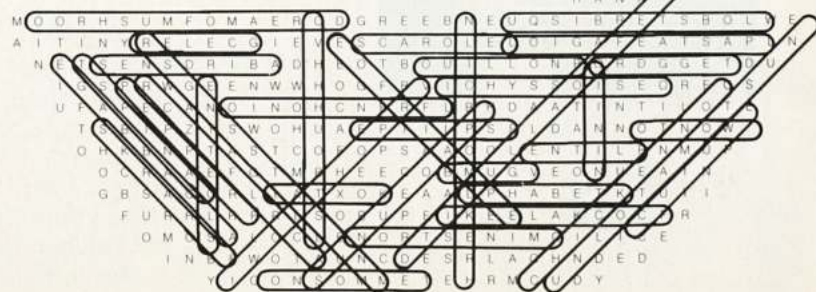
DO TELL

Bring a spare set of ears to the Corn Island Storytelling Festival in Louisville, Ky., Sept. 18-19. The festival features a Storytelling Cruise on the Belle of Louisville, an Olio of Tales at the Louisville Water Tower, Ghost Tales at Long Run Cemetery, and the WAVG Fest of Storytelling at Locust Grove, where five of the nation's top storytellers will be on hand. Purchase a weekend package for \$25, or \$46 per couple. Separate admissions range from \$6 to \$12.50. Transportation is available between sites for \$2. The festival is sponsored by International Order of E.A.R.S. Inc., 12019 Donohue St., Louisville, Ky. 40243, (502) 245-0643.

ROUNDUP TIME IN OMAHA

Omaha, Neb., is pulling out all stops to celebrate its special Western heritage during the annual River City Roundup Sept. 23-27. Plunk

Answer to Puzzler, page 48:



down \$1 for an official button that gets you in like Flynn to all the fun events — a theme parade, a restaurant review, and canoe, riverboat and hot air balloon rides. Bring your own horse if you want to join one of two scheduled Trail Rides. For details, including special Trail Ride dates, contact River City Roundup, P.O. Box 6253, Omaha, Neb. 68106, (402) 554-8854.



BYE BYE, BIRDIE

Sticks and stones may break your bones, but at St. Charles, Ill., on Oct. 10-11 they just might be used to make scarecrows. Vote for your favorite handcrafted strawman at this annual Scarecrow Festival. Past winners were designed to look like Liberace, the Headless Horseman, Peanuts and a Chicago Bear. Get details on festival activities from the Convention and Visitors Bureau, P.O. Box 11, St. Charles, Ill. 60174, (312) 377-6161.

A Faith That Moves Mountains

Ruth Ziolkowski's life has one overriding purpose — to fulfill her late husband's monumental vision



Photo courtesy/Crazy Horse

By Brenda Fine

When most of us complain about the “mountain of work” we have to tackle every day, the exaggeration is understood and accepted.

But to Ruth Ziolkowski, her “mountain of work” is literally that — a daunting 600-foot-high rocky hill that’s there to challenge her every time she looks out her window.

Her late husband devoted his life to carving the mountain into an immense memorial to the American Indian, and his tireless dedication dominated their 32-year marriage. Now she lovingly and zealously carries on alone.

Actually, she’s not quite alone. Seven of her 10 children plus a small army of construction workers and dedicated volunteers and friends toil with her every day to complete the late Korczak Ziolkowski’s monumental task.

This labor of love has turned out to be a kind of miracle-in-progress — a mission that keeps up its own momentum and attracts its own sustenance. About a million visitors come each year to see the great unfinished Crazy Horse monument, and they and thousands of others provide the voluntary contributions that keep the work going.

The story of Korczak and Ruth has elements of the “divine madness” that inspired the building of cathedrals. It began almost 50 years ago, when the chiefs of the Indian nations were seeking to establish a monument to honor their great leaders. They turned to Korczak Ziolkowski, a celebrated sculptor and a man of great moral integrity. “My fellow chiefs and I would like the white man to know the red man had great heroes, too,” is the way the old Sioux chief, Henry Standing Bear, explained it.

This proud aspiration struck just the right chord in the sculptor’s creative imagination. As a self-described “storyteller in stone,” Korczak could foresee the legitimacy of such a monument. He had long considered the treatment of the American Indian “the blackest mark on the escutcheon of our nation’s history.”

“If, by carving this monument,” he reasoned, “I can give back to the Indian some of his pride and create the means to keep alive his culture and heritage, my life will have been worthwhile.”

It was decided that Chief Crazy Horse would best represent all Native Americans. Crazy Horse was “an Indian’s Indian,” brave in battle and a brilliant leader. History books remember him principally for his role in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

And so Korczak left behind the New England he



Six-foot-wide paint stripes outline the giant Crazy Horse sculpture-to-be. Even the 1/34th scale model dwarfs Korczak, Ruth and their 10 children in an early photo, and the finished complex, shown in an artist's rendering, will cover 2,200 acres.



Ken Hargard



Photo courtesy/Crazy Horse

Photo courtesy/Crazy Horse

Since Korczak accepted the challenge of Sioux Chief Henry Standing Bear and first pitched his tent at the foot of the mountain, 8 million tons of rock have been sculpted away by rock drills and dynamite.





Photo courtesy/Crazy Horse

Visitors are awestruck by the sheer audacity of the undertaking

loved and set out for South Dakota to begin his new work and his new life. He was 40 years old that May of 1947 and had exactly \$174 in his pocket. He had spent the rest of his life savings to purchase the rights to Thunderhead Mountain, chosen to be the site of Crazy Horse.

City dwellers might have difficulty imagining the magnitude of the problems that greeted Korczak on his arrival in the Black Hills. There was nothing for miles but dense wilderness — no roads, no water, no electricity.

Before he could even think about the mountain, he had to attend to the basics of survival. For the first seven months he slept in a tent while his days were spent felling trees to build the log cabin that would shelter him from the brutal South Dakota winters.

Throughout his 34-year struggle to tame the mountain, Korczak insisted on absolute integrity for the project. His original pledge, from which he never deviated, was to create a non-profit, humanitarian project that would benefit the Indian people.

Although always hindered by insufficient funds, he consistently refused any assistance from the U.S. government, twice turning down offers of \$10 million in federal aid. "I have copies of 365 treaties the government made with the Indians; am I to believe you would keep this one?" was his response to their queries.

Korczak's fiery determination struck sparks in most of those who met him. In one young woman, Ruth Ross, the spark was to burn strong and bright, illuminating her entire life. As a teenager, Ruth had met Korczak when he was winning international awards for sculpture in her hometown of West Hartford, Conn. Inspired by his vision of the Crazy Horse project, she joined a group of young volunteers who, in 1948, headed west to the Black Hills to help out.

Ruth never returned home. In 1950 she and Korczak

were married, a union that would prove almost as legendary as the Crazy Horse project itself.

Anyone who has visited the Crazy Horse Memorial comes away a bit awestruck by the sheer audacity of the undertaking. Everything seems larger than life. From the outdoor deck of the bustling Visitors Center a mile from the base of the mountain, it is possible to watch the work in progress. Frequently, visitors are treated to spectacular pyrotechnics as dynamite explosions, precisely calculated to blast away tons of granite from specific areas, erupt in a shower of rock — a magnified version of the way a sculptor chips away with his hammer and chisel.

In the early years, Korczak worked alone, single-handedly blasting off and removing thousands of tons of rock to rough out the Indian's profile. But the resulting progress was frustratingly difficult to discern. Visitors saw a lumpy-shaped mountain — not a sculpture-in-progress.

So Korczak and Ruth hatched a plan. He would paint the outline of the sculpture on the mountain so its progress could be measured. It took one whole summer, with Korczak dangling from a rope, a gallon of paint tied to his waist and a four-inch brush in his hand. Ruth guided him via field telephone, directing his every brushstroke: "Up another 20 feet — over to your left for the forehead. . ." The lines had to be at least six feet wide to be visible from below, and they used 176 gallons of paint.

That was in 1951. Today the painted outline still can be seen from the center. The mountain's profile keeps altering, of course; by now, some 8 million tons of rock have been removed. But visitors still must use their imagination to visualize what the finished sculpture will look like.

Living day to day with unfinished business on such a colossal scale is no ordinary challenge, but Ruth knew from the beginning what she was getting into. She took on far more than a husband when she married Korczak

on Thanksgiving Day, 1950. She also took on a way of life, accepting wholeheartedly her bridegroom's vow that the mountain would always come first — before her or their children or anything else. The young bride not only understood his commitment, she embraced it as her own.

"Korczak's vision would have been incomplete if she had not truly shared in it," says Father William O'Connell, priest and family friend for over 30 years. "She wasn't just the supportive little wife — she genuinely, wholeheartedly believed in his vision and still does."

Their early years at Crazy Horse were like something out of pioneer history. But while they needed shelter, food and clothing, the carving of the mountain always came first.

To get up and down the mountain, they built a stairway to the 600-foot summit, 741 steps in all. Korczak carried the supports and built the staircase while Ruth hauled the three-foot plank steps up to him. Difficult enough during pleasant weather, this feat was accomplished during the winter of 1948-49, remembered locally as the winter of the great blizzard.

To say that Ruth supplied back-up support would be an understatement. According to Jessie Sundstrom, her friend of many years, Ruth's acquired expertise grew into something legendary. "She could talk automotive parts with the best of the industry's parts men," Jessie recounts, explaining how Ruth ordered drills and parts for the many heavy vehicles used in the carving.

In addition to mastering construction, lumber grading, building maintenance and public relations, she also helped produce a family of five boys and five girls. ("I'll name them if you have them," Korczak laughingly told her.) Thus came John, Dawn, Adam, Jadwiga, Casimir, Anne, Mark, Joel, Monique and Marinka.

As one might imagine, pregnancies in the wilderness do not always run according to plan. Baby Jadwiga

arrived during a winter storm that cut her parents off from the doctor five miles away in Custer. But Korczak, already a father of four, confidently delivered his second daughter without a hitch. Ever the supportive wife, Ruth watched proudly as her husband carefully turned their newborn infant over and over to disentangle her from the umbilical cord. Finally Ruth suggested, ever so gently, that it might be easier if he were to unwrap the cord from the baby, rather than the baby from the cord.

As their family grew, so grew the Ziolkowskis' need for the basics of life. In the wilderness, food and other necessities are hard to come by, and money was far from abundant. Korczak and Ruth met these problems in their usual no-nonsense fashion: Need milk for the babies? Get a cow. Need fresh produce? Plant a garden. Meat for the table? Raise livestock. Given their usual track record for success, it was no surprise to observers when their single milk-cow operation grew into a 60-head dairy farm that produced not only milk for babies but profits to help fund the Crazy Horse carving.

When a majority of Ziolkowski kids reached school age, Korczak bought a one-room schoolhouse, moved it to Crazy Horse, hired a certified teacher, and saw to it that his children were well educated.

Today, several of the 10 Ziolkowski grandchildren are old enough to work at Crazy Horse during summer vacations, and seven of the 10 children of Ruth and Korczak work there full time, dedicating their lives to their father's project.

As Walter Dale Miller, lieutenant governor of South Dakota and a close personal friend of the family, observes, "Most of the kids share in their parents' dedication; they seem knit together, with all their effort going toward the project."

Their direction was plotted long ago. Before he died

Korczak promised the Indians Crazy Horse would never be a tourist gimmick. His wife Ruth keeps that faith.



Photo courtesy/Crazy Horse

in 1982, Korczak told his wife, "You must keep building; Crazy Horse must be finished. But you must do it slowly so you do it right."

To assure that, he prepared three lengthy volumes of notes and instructions, detailing precisely how the work was to be carried out.

Ruth takes quiet pride in the fact that six of the seven children who work with her all left home at one time or another and then chose to return. "They went off to college," she laughs, "or saw the green of the grass somewhere else, but they all came back to their roots."

Two older boys, Adam and Casimir, and their sister, Monique, labor up on the mountain, drilling and blasting as they were instructed by their father over the years, guided now by his detailed written instructions. Dawn, Jadwiga, Anne and Marinka — each has spe-

cial areas of expertise in running the burgeoning Crazy Horse operation at ground level.

But there's never any question as to where the buck stops. It is Ruth who directs every phase of the project.

A tiny woman with a headband securing her pulled-back gray hair, her bare feet in Indian moccasins, she scurries about from the outdoor deck to the museum, from the slide show to the souvenir shop, checking on every detail. It is she who hires and oversees employees for the Visitor Center, meets with state inspectors, lawyers, bankers, reporters and visitors.

She is happy to talk about her late husband and his vision, but she has little time for looking back. Ruth Ziolkowski is a woman with a mission, and she has a mountain of work still to finish. ■

WANT TO LEND A HAND?

There's more to the Crazy Horse project than the world's largest memorial sculpture. Long-range plans call for an extensive Native American Center, to include an Indian Museum of North America (already in operation), and a University and Medical Training Center, with scholarships for Native American students.

Because Korczak so adamantly objected to tax dollars funding the project, Ruth founded the Grass Roots Club in 1984 so people everywhere could voluntarily help support the work.

Membership in the club is \$10 annually (tax deductible). Members receive copies of "Progress," the newspaper published three times yearly, a membership card good for free admission — and all the good feelings that come from participating in a worthy cause.

You can join by sending your check for \$10 to:
Grass Roots Club, Crazy Horse Memorial Foundation,
Avenue of the Chiefs, The Black Hills, S.D. 57730-9998.
Phone (605) 673-4681.



Photo courtesy/Crazy Horse

Alive and Well at 200

By Allen Drury

As the nation prepares to celebrate the 200th Anniversary of its Constitution on Sept. 17, Ford Times asked Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist Allen Drury to comment on the present health and future prospects of the American system of government.

*One of the nation's foremost political novelists, Drury has had a long and close association with government at the national level. In a series of novels, including his prize-winning *Advise and Consent*, he has explored the doings of fictional presidents, senators and others in positions of power. These are novels, said one critic, that "our future historian would be wise to consult if he wants to know something about the feel and shape of mid-20th century politics."*

Allen Drury the writer found villains and plots aplenty in Washington. How does Allen Drury the political observer feel about our ability to rise above them?

From time to time, appearing on a public platform, one is asked a question that seems to intrigue American audiences everywhere: "You've been a close observer of Washington for many years. Do you still believe there are good people in government and do you still have faith in the American system?"

The years of observation began in November 1943, when an idealistic young reporter from California, brand new in the nation's capital, was assigned to the United States Senate staff of United Press. In the decades since, he has become older, more skeptical, perhaps more cynical.

The question has been asked a thousand times both publicly and privately in various places across the country. And the answer still is: Yes.

This always seems to surprise some, particularly in this bicentennial year when the Constitution is turning 200 and the chaos and confusion in Washington seem to be rising to one of their periodic highs. It is difficult for some to believe that this, too, will pass; but it will. And when it does, the Constitution will still be there.

The percentage of good men and women in government will still outnumber the bad. And the sound decisions they make will still, on balance, outweigh the silly.

There are some who, once disappointed and disillusioned by a public figure or event, never recover. A tone of bitter hostility toward the American government has in recent years pervaded some segments of the media, the public and the academic world.

Their job, as they see it, is to convince the country as a whole that the whole kit and kaboodle in Washington is simply no damned good.

Some of us who have seen the process close-up and remain stubborn believers in the basic decency of most people do not view things quite that harshly and cannot be quite that automatic in our judgments.

It is true that some persons in our government are unworthy, but it is also true that there are unworthy men and women back home on Main Street, and that their influence on local and state affairs can sometimes be fully as baleful, in their own context, as anything in Washington.

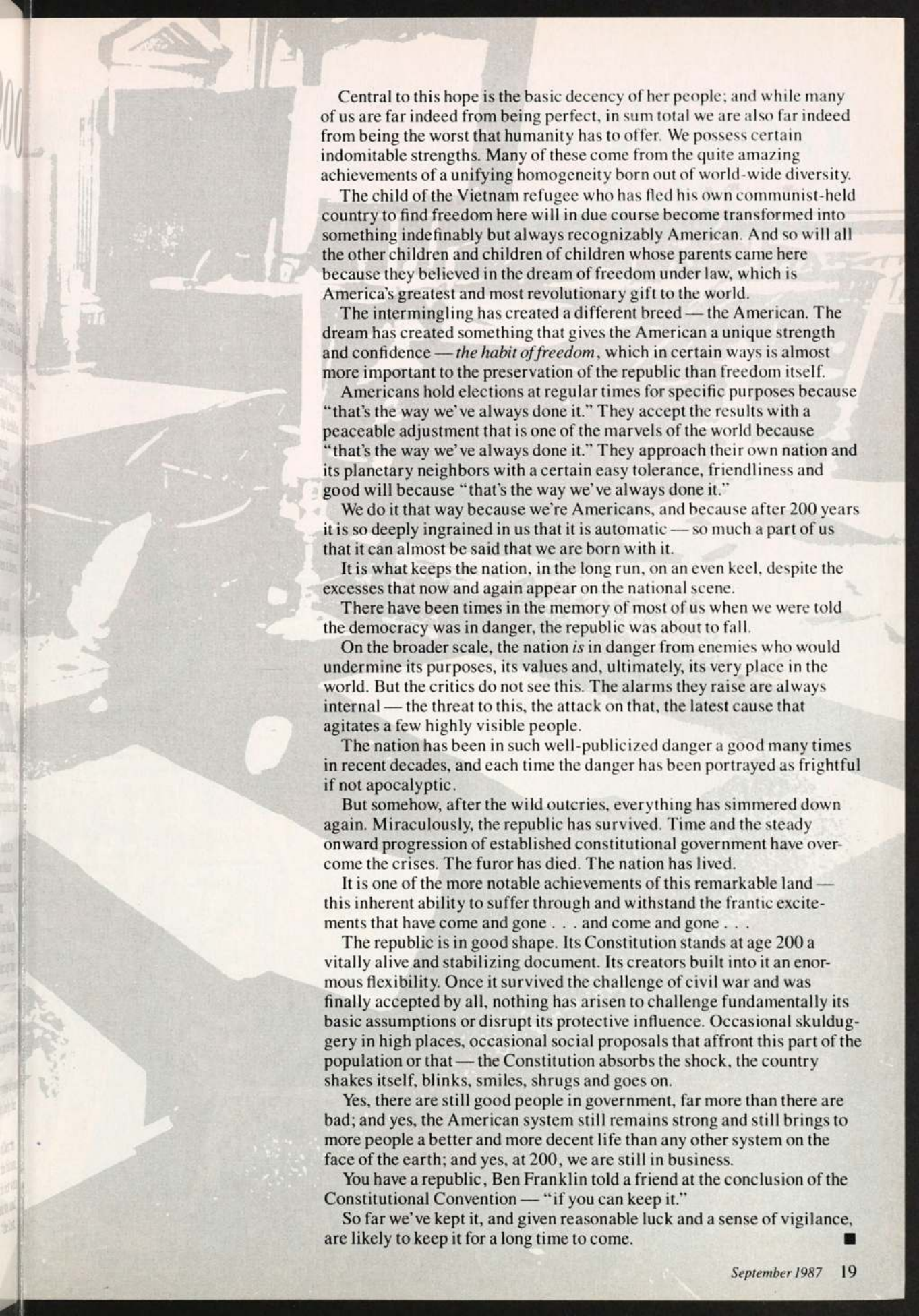
The thing to remember about them, both on Capitol Hill and on Main Street, is that they are not in the majority; nor do they really, in the long run, win out over the good-hearted and the decent who still make up the bulk of those in government and the bulk of those whom that government, under the Constitution, was established to serve.

It is very fashionable for cynics to chronicle the misdeeds of a few and extrapolate from them the automatic scurrility of the many. It is an easy way to argue, to write, to broadcast, to teach.

It is not the most competent or intelligent way to convey the truths about this often bumbling but ever hopeful republic, nor is it the way to help her as she makes her difficult way through the minefields of history.

We do, after all, owe some obligation to America, to the idea of her, to her great achievements in the past and her enormous potential for the future.

We owe it to her to see her with an unblinking eye and chronicle her with an unsparing honesty, but we also owe an obligation to pay tribute to, and support, those elements that still make her, as Mr. Lincoln said, "the last, best hope of earth."



Central to this hope is the basic decency of her people; and while many of us are far indeed from being perfect, in sum total we are also far indeed from being the worst that humanity has to offer. We possess certain indomitable strengths. Many of these come from the quite amazing achievements of a unifying homogeneity born out of world-wide diversity.

The child of the Vietnam refugee who has fled his own communist-held country to find freedom here will in due course become transformed into something indefinably but always recognizably American. And so will all the other children and children of children whose parents came here because they believed in the dream of freedom under law, which is America's greatest and most revolutionary gift to the world.

The intermingling has created a different breed — the American. The dream has created something that gives the American a unique strength and confidence — *the habit of freedom*, which in certain ways is almost more important to the preservation of the republic than freedom itself.

Americans hold elections at regular times for specific purposes because "that's the way we've always done it." They accept the results with a peaceable adjustment that is one of the marvels of the world because "that's the way we've always done it." They approach their own nation and its planetary neighbors with a certain easy tolerance, friendliness and good will because "that's the way we've always done it."

We do it that way because we're Americans, and because after 200 years it is so deeply ingrained in us that it is automatic — so much a part of us that it can almost be said that we are born with it.

It is what keeps the nation, in the long run, on an even keel, despite the excesses that now and again appear on the national scene.

There have been times in the memory of most of us when we were told the democracy was in danger, the republic was about to fall.

On the broader scale, the nation *is* in danger from enemies who would undermine its purposes, its values and, ultimately, its very place in the world. But the critics do not see this. The alarms they raise are always internal — the threat to this, the attack on that, the latest cause that agitates a few highly visible people.

The nation has been in such well-publicized danger a good many times in recent decades, and each time the danger has been portrayed as frightful if not apocalyptic.

But somehow, after the wild outcries, everything has simmered down again. Miraculously, the republic has survived. Time and the steady onward progression of established constitutional government have overcome the crises. The furor has died. The nation has lived.

It is one of the more notable achievements of this remarkable land — this inherent ability to suffer through and withstand the frantic excitements that have come and gone . . . and come and gone . . .

The republic is in good shape. Its Constitution stands at age 200 a vitally alive and stabilizing document. Its creators built into it an enormous flexibility. Once it survived the challenge of civil war and was finally accepted by all, nothing has arisen to challenge fundamentally its basic assumptions or disrupt its protective influence. Occasional skulduggery in high places, occasional social proposals that affront this part of the population or that — the Constitution absorbs the shock, the country shakes itself, blinks, smiles, shrugs and goes on.

Yes, there are still good people in government, far more than there are bad; and yes, the American system still remains strong and still brings to more people a better and more decent life than any other system on the face of the earth; and yes, at 200, we are still in business.

You have a republic, Ben Franklin told a friend at the conclusion of the Constitutional Convention — "if you can keep it."

So far we've kept it, and given reasonable luck and a sense of vigilance, are likely to keep it for a long time to come. ■

Trouble in South Fork

When the newcomers down in Sweetwater Valley took over the school board, the whole town was stunned — but not for long

By B.C. Cummings

All this debate over aid to the contras brings to mind the time that Sweetwater Valley crowd took over our school board. It was one of those off-year elections, the kind nobody was too excited about, with good folks like Judge Roy B. Forrester III, the Widow Snaveley, Doc Mabley and Vera Wallen running for the same jobs they'd held for the past 12 years.

Everyone I talked to later seemed to have a good excuse — like my after-dinner nap — for not showing up. If it hadn't been for the PTA contingent led by Maureen Nelson and Maggie Wright, the South Fork candidates might have gone down worse than they did.

Understand, there was no strong bias against that Sweetwater Valley crowd at the time. That is, other than a few from the Rod and Gun Club who harbored a grudge over how their new security fence cut off the best fishing holes in Duck Creek. The majority, though, weren't about to put a few trout ahead of a critical issue like national defense. But we did learn right off that fancy degrees don't necessarily translate to common sense. The best evidence of that was how they totally disrupted the going rate for baby-sitters with that bonus for weekends and after midnight.

Anyway, with the vote coming out like it did, we were pretty much obligated to give them a chance. Our initial concerns over their loose spending habits were at least par-

tially allayed when Congressman Clyde E. Witherow Jr. let it be known they had asked for the latest federal assistance forms.

We all assumed things were in pretty good hands once Clyde got involved, him being a local boy and all, with a good handle on what was needed. The surprise came when a demolition crew rolled up to the district school and took the interior walls on a one-way trip to the dump.

Well, I expect the gasps of alarm could have been heard clear up on Round Mountain. The board's attempt to jerk us into the 20th century with one of those open-concept schools got a mixed reaction right from the start. Boyce Reading said it looked more like a giant step backward into the one-room school-house era. Alice Rangely came out in favor of it, on the basis that the design offered off-season potential

as a theatre-in-the-round. And Agnes Brown cried for a solid week over being forced to put all her homeroom plants up for permanent adoption.

From the kids' standpoint, it was a ball. Judd Nelson and Phyllis Formsby were now able to toss notes back and forth between two different grades instead of waiting to pass them in the hall. And that spillover from the senior biology class gave the freshman girls something to talk about from there on out.

But the full extent of impending changes didn't surface until after those new math textbooks arrived. From then on, we found it necessary to count our change real close whenever the "New Mathers" were working the cash register at the general store.



A course called phonics replaced the reading program shortly after the Valley kids made a poor showing in the annual spelling bee contest. Penmanship was dropped a month later on the basis that word processors would soon make neat handwriting obsolete.

"It wouldn't also have to do with you doctors writing so sloppy yourselves?" Boyce Reading called out at the first board meeting, and it took a good five minutes for the room to quiet down.

At the following meeting, they introduced us to Interpersonal Relationships. The course sounded harmless enough until Pamela Wright and Bobby Johnson got caught practicing for the sensitivity awareness test and we learned just how personal interpersonal relationships could get.

Restructuring to a pass/fail grading system came next. Their stated objective was to lessen the pressure on slow learners like Nate Connors. The truth of the matter was that the teachers were pressing for overtime pay and this eliminated the need for after-hours help.

The following day, the *Bryan County Monitor* came out with a blistering editorial about how it was the three R's that made this country great. The board's response was somewhat typical in that it drifted off on a tangent about how neither arithmetic nor writing started with an R. Anyway, that was the best most of us could make of it after looking up all the big words.

This brought Alice Rangely and the Quilting Society into the fray, and Mabel Prentice went to putting out daily bulletins on her gossip hotline. The board responded with a full page ad denouncing the lot of them as a "collection of non-conformist, tempestuous, red-neck, ambivalent second-guessers" or CONTRAS, as the *Monitor* shortened it down the next day.

What with the situation getting desperate, we worked up a petition calling for a moratorium on changes not fully approved by the PTA. The board immediately dredged up those humiliating election results and voted to close all their meetings to us from there on out.

After that, we formed a political action committee, elected a revolutionary council and voted 64 to 15 in favor of limited guerrilla activity as a means of putting the brakes to whatever else they were planning for us.

From that point on, things degenerated fast. Our missives to the editor were blithely shot down by those Ph.D.s' long-range academic guns. We sniped at them with facts and they ambushed us with theories. Their intellectual firepower proved downright intimidating to a community where the average resident could only brag about a couple of extra courses at the local community college.

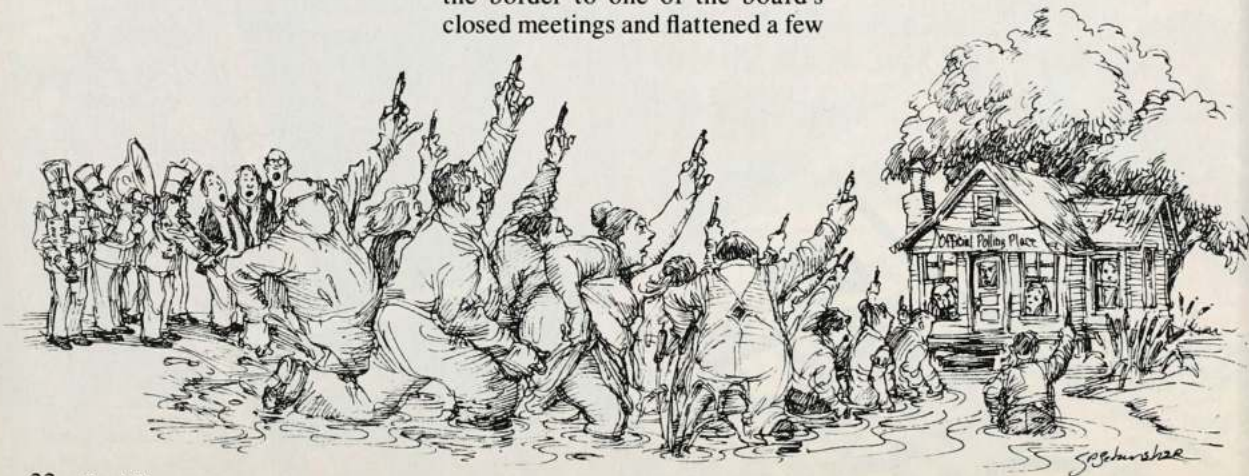
For nearly two months the battle of words went on. Then suddenly it escalated to guerrilla warfare when Maureen Nelson's oldest boy Kevin and some of his friends slipped over the border to one of the board's closed meetings and flattened a few

tires. Whereupon they shut down the whole school system and demanded a written apology from the CONTRAS leadership, meaning Maureen herself.

Well, no way was the president of the PTA about to publicly deny the right of legitimate protest by non-violent means. The board's response, a sneaky blow aimed right at the heart of local pride, was an order tossing Kevin off the football team.

The disenfranchisement of our All-State star pretty much won over the last of the fence straddlers and goaded Judge Roy B. Forrester III into calling an underground meeting in the courthouse basement that very night. It drew the best turnout since the time Principal Wheeler put the whole school on detention the day before Halloween and everyone showed up to watch us dunk him in Wyatt Kelso's pond. Anyway, Judge Forrester said he had had it up to his bushy eyebrows with that scheming Valley crowd and was here-with throwing his life, his fortune and his sacred honor in with the CONTRAS.

Maggie Wright burst into tears and blurted out how she had already sacrificed two sons off the football team and we had lost every game since. "Freedom don't come cheap," Coach Fielding shouted back. "It's those little ones coming up we better be thinking about or we can kiss those state championships goodbye."





Of course, that was real tough for the old coach to say, but we all knew what he meant. To lose out to that Valley bunch, on top of all the rest, was just too much to accept.

"Now as I see it," Judge Forrester continued in that deep foghorn voice of his, "our best legal hope lies in a recall election!"

"Vote 'em out! Vote 'em out! Vote 'em out!" came a chorus from the First Baptist Glee Club, and the whole room began taking up the chant. Whereupon Judge Forrester

unrolled an official petition and we all solemnly stepped forward to put our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor on the dotted line right under his.

It was a fine moment, let me tell you. However, any hope for a peaceful settlement was quickly dashed when those Ph.D.s somehow pressured the circuit court into designating an abandoned railroad shack at the swampy end of town as the sole official polling place. It was no surprise when all the planks on the

only bridge into that area turned up missing.

Of course the thing they hadn't figured on was that most of us had waded across deeper creeks than that to get at Foster Wallen's tomatoes. We just hit the water en masse, all of us holding our Judge Roy B. Forrester III ballpoint pens over our heads as the school band struck up the march from *The Bridge On The River Kwai* and the First Baptist Glee Club chanted, "Vote 'em out! Vote 'em out!"

Well, you just had to be there to appreciate the feeling. Suffice it to say, there has been a lot more interest in off-year elections around here since then. Not to mention how many votes Congressman Clyde E. Witherow Jr. picked up by speaking for us before that federal judge. I mean, without his help, the bulk of us might still be spending our weekends scrubbing sheepdip off the floor of that filthy Wayne County jail, along with those rowdy sheepherders, common criminals and such. ■

MY FAVORITE CAR

By Luceil Kivette

There were two things my father got excited about: Harry Truman and Fords. To him, each was "the best there is." When he wasn't listening to Truman speak on the radio, there was always a Ford in the yard that he was happily working on. On my 16th birthday dad's Ford sedan was running smoothly, so I decided I was destined to drive. Resigned, my mother sent me to town for bread, and my daring grandmother even came along for the ride.

The three-mile trip was uneventful until it was time to back out of my parking slot at the grocery store. Grandma and I had found out I could indeed drive that car—I just couldn't back it up. To my horror, my bumper hooked the car next to us and pulled its fender off.

All my father said was if I had hit a Ford the fender wouldn't have come off. Then he told my brother to teach me to drive. He even let us use his new 1950 Ford pickup, forest green with a high cab and large windows that let you see forever.

"Aren't you going to tell me how to drive?" I asked my silent

brother as we rolled along.

"You're doing fine, Sis," was all he said. Overconfident, I began to sing.

Suddenly, my brother let out a hair-raising scream. My heart nearly stopped, but I hung on to that steering wheel and drove. Then he burst out laughing. "If that doesn't make you lose control, nothing will!"

Later that summer I got my license and my father bought me a Model A. But I'll never forget that beautiful green pickup that helped me survive my brother's driving lessons.

Luceil Kivette has learned her lessons well and now drives the streets of Witter, Ark. Tell us about your favorite Ford. We pay \$100 for each entry we publish. Limit your account to 250 words, and include a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want your entry returned. Send to: My Favorite Car, Ford Times, One Illinois Center, 111 E. Wacker Drive, Suite 1700, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

IMAGINATIVE ENGINEERING SHOULDN'T BE LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION. FORD TAURUS.

In the development of a new automobile, it's unfortunate that some of the best ideas remain just that—ideas.

However, Ford has taken a different tack with their most innovative thoughts on automotive design.

They turned them into an automobile: Taurus. A benchmark of engineering excellence.

In fact, this is the second year in a row that Taurus has been selected as one of *Car and Driver* magazine's ten best cars.

The controls have been placed and shaped so your hands can find and identify them easily. And the seats were designed to provide maximum comfort and support.

Even the attractive Taurus shape is the result of careful thought. It's been designed to allow air moving over its surface to actually contribute to road stability.

And if you prefer the added feel of a 5-speed, Taurus offers the MT-5.

It's this kind of thinking that makes Taurus an automobile Ford simply couldn't leave to the imagination.

New 6-Year/60,000-Mile Powertrain Warranty.

Ford now covers all new 1987 cars with a 6-year/60,000-mile warranty on major powertrain components. Restrictions and deductible apply. New, longer corrosion warranty coverage for body panel rust-through is 6 years/100,000 miles. Also, participating Ford Dealers stand behind their customer paid work with a free Lifetime Service Guarantee. It's good for as long as you own your Ford car. Ask to see the limited warranty and the service guarantee when you visit your Ford Dealer.

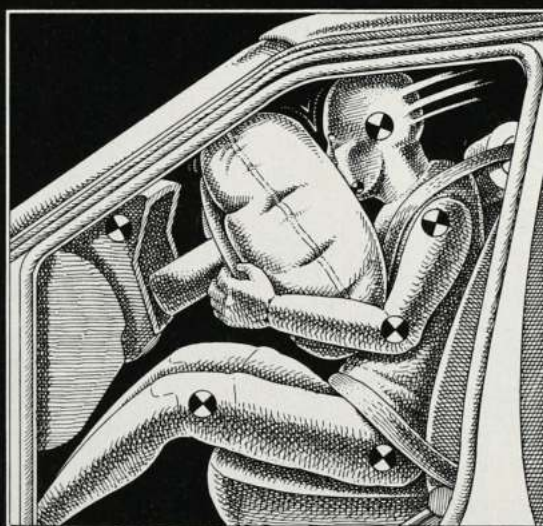
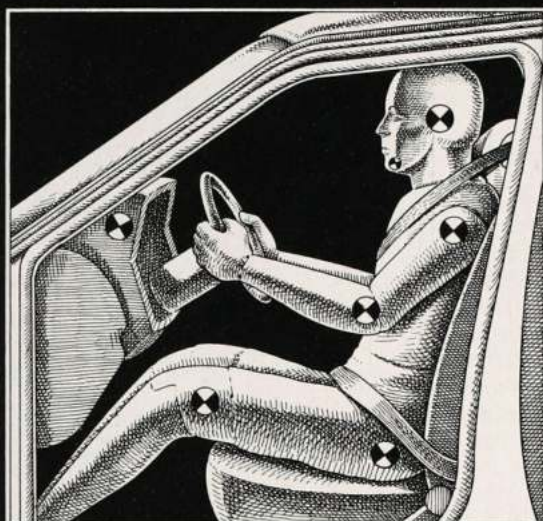
Ford. Best-built American cars... six years running.

In fact, for the past six consecutive years, Ford quality has led all other American car companies. This is based on an average of owner-reported problems in the first three months of service on '86 models, and in a six-month period on '81-'85 models designed and built in North America.

Have you driven a Ford...lately?



Buckle up—Together we can save lives.



THE WINNING COMBINATION

*Air bags and seat belts team up
to provide an excellent
safety system*

By Michael J. Weiss

Once every 10 years, according to highway statistics, the average motorist will be involved in a serious accident. And on a clear morning in April 1986, the odds caught up with Marine Sergeant Darwin Johnson.

The 26-year-old recruiting officer was driving his government-issued 1986 Ford Tempo along a two-lane highway near Hazard, Ky., when he found himself stuck behind a slow-moving garbage truck. As he accelerated to pass it, the truck suddenly made a sharp left turn directly in front of him. Johnson's car slammed head-on into the side of the truck.

The Tempo's front end folded from the impact. But Johnson walked away unhurt. At the moment of impact, an air bag had inflated from the hub of his steering wheel.

"I didn't even realize the air bag had opened until I looked back inside the car," recalls Johnson in a soft Kentucky drawl. "I thought a shirt had somehow ended up on my steering wheel. Then I realized it was the air bag."

Johnson is one of an increasing number of motorists who believe they escaped serious injury thanks to the combination of seat belt plus supplemental air bag. Since 1985, when Ford Motor Company began limited installations of driver-side air bags in its Tempo and Mercury Topaz four-door models, the company has placed more than 18,000 of the safety devices in cars sold to the federal government, insurance companies and other corporate fleets, as well as to the public. The air bag-equipped cars are providing real-world data indicating that a combination of air bags and belts provides an excellent safety system.

After more than 200 million cumulative miles driven, cars equipped with supplemental air bags have

impressed even the most cynical critics. Of 113 collisions severe enough to activate the bag (accidents equal to a 25-mph crash into a parked car), there have been no deaths. Ford's engineers emphasize that most of these drivers were belted. Another collision resulted in a fatality, but safety experts judged this exceptionally violent accident as unsurvivable under any circumstances. In the vast majority of accidents, drivers sustained no or only minor injuries.

Safety officials are quick to point out that most of the drivers involved in the accidents also wore safety belts, which provide excellent protection in a variety of crashes. But a combination of air bag and seat belt, safety experts agree, can provide additional chest and face protection in the most frequent type of accident, a front-end collision. Says Robert Munson, director of Ford's Automotive Safety Office, "Air bags are supplements to safety belts, not replacements for them."

Tracy Whittle, a 28-year-old senior account executive for Travelers Insurance Co., knows from personal experience the effectiveness of the belt-bag combination. Last year, on a drizzly July night, she and her boyfriend were on their way to dinner at her parents' home in Barrington, R.I., when a man in a station

wagon cut in front of her new Tempo to enter an interstate ramp. Whittle slammed on the brakes, but her company car still skidded into the station wagon.

"There was no way I could stop," Whittle recalls. "I remember saying, 'We're going to hit,' and then watching everything as if it were in slow motion. I'd never been in a car accident before, but I remember thinking, 'I could die right now.'" Instead, the air bag popped open at the right instant and Whittle left her car with just a bruised wrist and sore neck. Her boyfriend, protected by a lap-shoulder belt, walked away with a neck strain. The crushed Tempo required nearly \$7,000 in repairs.

"When I saw how smashed up the car was, I realized how lucky we were," says Whittle. "My boyfriend says, 'Thank goodness for the seat belt,' and I tell people, 'Thank God for the air bag, too.'"

In a front-end crash, two collisions actually take place: the first involving the car, the second involving the occupants. From high school physics class, we learned Newton's Law that something in motion tends to stay in motion. A car stops quickly when it's in a collision, but the people inside keep moving forward at roughly the same speed as before the impact. An air

bag and safety belt combination that can protect the occupant from the car's hard interior offers an additional safeguard.

With the Ford supplemental air bag system, four electrical sensor modules attached to the front, sides and cowl of the car detect impact and activate the air bag module located inside the steering wheel. Within 1/25th of a second, an inflator fills a 26-inch nylon bag with nitrogen gas. The entire event — from initial impact to full deployment — takes only 55 milliseconds, or about half the time required to blink an eye. As the driver moves forward, he or she contacts the inflated, energy-absorbing air bag that, in another instant, harmlessly deflates.

Tests have proven the unlikelihood of inadvertent bag inflation. Air bags are designed not to deploy in minor fender-benders, sharp braking situations or when bouncing over a bump or pothole. Since Ford began its fleet program, the bags have always operated as expected, with no instances of accidental release or failure to inflate in an appropriate crash situation.

Few motorists are more convinced of the device's safety record than those who have survived crashes involving them. Dan Zaenglein, a 37-year-old market sales manager for Allstate, remembers being pleasantly surprised at the workings of the supplemental air bag and safety belt combination that he credits with having saved his life. While driving through a morning fog to his Atlanta office last February, he was about to change lanes when a car came up in his blind spot. As he swerved to avoid an accident, his 1987 Tempo spun out of control and careened into a concrete median wall.

"The air bag opened instantly," says Zaenglein. "There was white smoke all around me (from the talc used to keep the nylon bag dry in the steering wheel), but I was impressed that the bag didn't block my vision when it opened around my chest area. And I was more impressed that I felt no pain after hitting a wall." Though his Tempo was totalled, Zaenglein suffered only minor cuts and bruises. "The police were amazed that I was all right," he recalls.

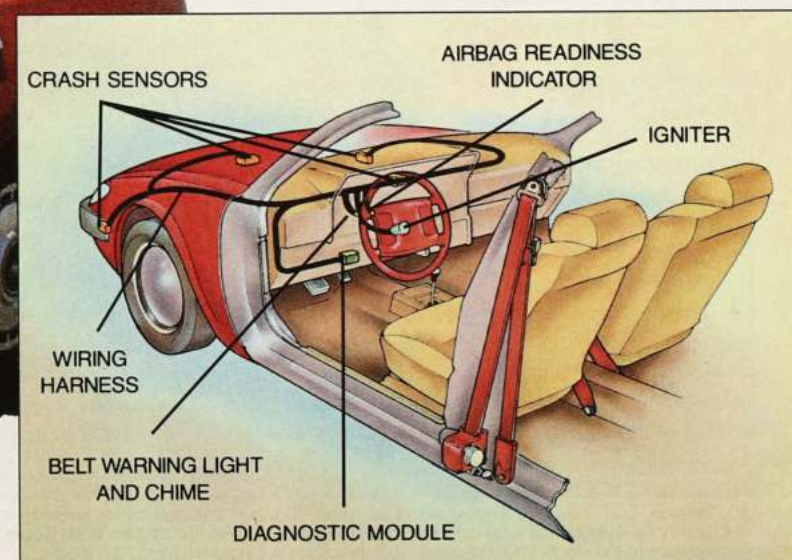
Ford Motor Company is the only American automaker currently offering any form of air bag as a safety option. This year, Ford hopes to sell 12,000 1987-model cars equipped with driver-side supplemental air



Melanie Stephenson suffered only bruised knees from a head-on collision between her air bag-equipped Tempo and a propane truck.



Sophisticated sensors in the air bag system detect impact and signal the bag to inflate.



bags — as many as the total sales for the 1985 and '86 model years. Ford will make supplemental air bags available on the passenger side of one of its car lines beginning with the 1989 model year, assuming that Ford's ongoing development of passenger air bags provides by then a safe, reliable and effective system that can be produced in sufficient quantity. By 1990, the company is committed to build between 500,000 and one million cars equipped with driver-side air bags.

Innovation in auto safety technology is nothing new for Ford. In 1956, the automaker mounted the first marketing effort devoted to safety, offering an array of protection devices for its full-size models that included lap belts, deep-dish steering wheels, padded dash and visors. Ford has made many safety advances since then. Its current campaign to bring air bags to the marketplace reflects the company's continuing commitment to auto safety improvement.

Many insurance companies support motorists who choose the air bag option. Some of the nation's largest insurers now offer discounts of up to 30 percent on driver medical coverage for cars with air bags. The discounts grew in part from the experience insurance companies gained with their own air bag-equipped Ford fleets. Allstate, with 800 Fords outfitted with air bags, has recorded four accidents severe enough for the bags to deploy — but no deaths or serious injuries. "There's no question that air bags used in combination

with safety belts are going to be the passenger restraint system of preference in the future," says Gene Klompus, Allstate's corporate relations director. "Insurance companies already know that they reduce economic losses as well as highway deaths and injuries."

That's especially good news to William Ducksworth, a 42-year-old Allstate market sales manager, who has made air bags his "crusade" since being in a crash where one deployed. While traveling to a client near Emerson, N.J., his '85 Tempo was cut off when a driver made an illegal left turn. Without time to brake, Ducksworth felt helpless as his car hit the other sedan, killing its passenger and wrecking the Tempo. "I don't even remember hearing the air bag go off," says Ducksworth, who suffered a knot on the head, a bruised hand and a banged-up knee from the impact. "I just feel that the air bag and seat belt kept me from having a lot of broken ribs, cuts and marks on my face."

Currently, a driver-side supplemental air bag is an \$815 option in Tempo and Topaz models. Survivors of crashes in which their air bags deployed don't question their value. William Ducksworth equates the cost of an air bag with that of automotive air conditioning and observes, "There's really no comparison at all when it comes to safety." He maintains that the air bag-seat belt combination should be viewed as a kind of insurance policy.

"It's like a parachute," says Ducksworth. "If you need it and don't have it, you may never need it again." ■

THE ROAD SHOW

TAKING A TAXI to New York's JFK Airport, I listened to my cabby's non-stop disparaging remarks about the way the driver ahead of us was handling his car. At last he made the final, damning observation. "Agh! He's no New York driver. He's slowing up for pedestrians!" — *Daniel Barnestein, Briarwood, N.Y.*

COMING HOME FROM a long day of hauling hay, I had just absentmindedly cruised through a stop sign when I noticed a highway patrolman behind me, flashing his lights. I pulled over, got out of my truck, handed him my license and waited for my ticket. As the officer wrote, I noticed his car attempting to load itself onto my trailer. "I don't mean any disrespect, sir," I said, "but your car is moving." He ran to his patrol car and backed it off my trailer. Walking back over to me he said, "Thanks, I appreciate you telling me before anything was damaged." He then handed me my ticket and

said, "Let's drive more carefully in the future, shall we." — *Donny Tiemann, Sherman, Texas*

TOURISM HAS become a battleground for welcome signs in some states. Montana boasts the following border sign: "STAY IN MONTANA. NORTH DAKOTA CLOSED THIS WEEK." North Dakota's rebuttal: "STAY IN NORTH DAKOTA! LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO CUSTER IN MONTANA." — *Beth Bowler, Scobey, Mont.*

MY COUSIN'S 5-year-old daughter had been trying for a week, without any luck, to snap her fingers. She just couldn't get the finger and thumb to go together the right way. A few evenings later we were sitting at the table having coffee, when suddenly the daughter came running into the room, snapping her fingers, yelling excitedly, "Mommy, Mommy, I can whistle! I can whistle!" — *Debbie Callahan, Radford, Va.*

We pay \$50 for each Road Show item. These brief, never-before-published anecdotes relate amusing incidents from personal travel, vacation, automotive or dining-out experiences. If you have one to share, mail it to: The Road Show, Ford Times, One Illinois Center, 111 E. Wacker Drive, Suite 1700, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Items should not exceed 150 words. Volume prevents us from acknowledging or returning submissions.

INTERSTATE QUICK-STOP

By James Joseph

MAINE'S GRANITE MASTERPIECE

Some places reached from the Interstate Highway System deserve more than a quick-stop. Acadia National Park, off I-95 from Bangor, Maine, is one of them. Here, visitors become part of a dynamic sea-sculpt landscape, nature's own self-portrait of the "stern and rockbound coast of Maine."

Three great forces shaped this island national park, which spreads across 38,523 acres of Mount Desert Island off Maine's southeastern coast and part of the adjacent mainland Schoodic Peninsula.

Four great continental glaciers, nature's invincible bulldozers, rounded and gentled Acadia's mountains, the highest on the Atlantic coast, scraping them to bare granite. The second force — the north Atlantic's pounding waves and scouring tides — sculpted Acadia's granite cliffs. Among their masterworks is Thunder Hole, a tidal chasm that amplifies to booming resonance every incoming wave.

Farsighted generosity was the third force. Acadia, our first national park east of the Mississippi and still New England's only one, is the nation's only national park created by private land donations. The donors were some of America's wealthiest families, including the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Fords and Vanderbilts.

French explorer Samuel de Champlain discovered Mount Desert Island, which he named "l'Isle des Monts-deserts" ("Isle of Bare Mountains"), on Sept. 5, 1604. Three hundred years later, in the 1880s, America's rich rediscovered the island. Attracted by Acadia's scenic grandeur, they built summer homes around Bar Harbor, still the island's largest village. George B.

Dorr, scion of one of Boston's first families, vowed to preserve the area for all Americans. During 43 tireless years he persuaded Acadia's wealthy to join him in contributing their resources toward establishing a future national park. John D. Rockefeller Jr. alone contributed 10,700 acres — nearly one-third of Acadia's present-day acreage.

Rockefeller did more: he conceived the idea, which became a personal mania, of building carriage roads to make the island's breathless vistas accessible to the future park's visitors. His 57 miles of carriage roads, and their 16 hand-crafted stone bridges, each a unique piece of "road art," are among Acadia's most frequented bicycle, hiking and carriage ways. In 1919, Acadia (then named Lafayette) became a national park. John Dorr was named its first superintendent.

Begin your auto tour of Acadia at its Visitor Center on Highway 3, three miles north of Bar Harbor. A 15-minute film on Acadia's history and scenic attractions is shown on the hour.

The park's sceni-spectacular, 20-mile Loop Road begins at the Visitor Center. A self-guided tape tour is available (tape and cassette player rental, \$8.95; tape rental only, \$5.95).

The Loop Road tour visits many of Acadia's scenic places: Cadillac Mountain, highest point on the Atlantic coast, whose windswept 1,530-foot summit towers over much of Acadia's landscape; Thunder Hole, its reverberating waves felt as well as heard; Otter Point and its great sea-cliffs; and Jordan Pond, one of the island-park's many glacier-made inland lakes. Autumn colors are vivid; in spring and early summer the island

treats visitors to a floral display.

Acadia National Park is open year-round. The Visitor Center is open May 1 to Oct. 31. Park naturalists conduct lectures, hikes and boat cruises from mid-June to early October. Summer temperatures vary from 45 to 85°; spring and fall, 30 to 70°. Whatever the season, be prepared for rain and fog. Park admission is \$5 per car. ■

Getting there: Leave I-95 at the U.S. 1A exit in southwestern Bangor, Maine. Follow U.S. 1A 19 miles southeast to its juncture with State Highway 3, one mile below Ellsworth. Follow Highway 3 approximately 28 miles to Halls Cove and Acadia National Park's Visitor Center. The park's entrance and visitor center are approximately three miles north of Bar Harbor.

For more information: For a brochure write Superintendent, Acadia National Park, P.O. Box 177, Bar Harbor, Maine 04600. Or phone (207) 288-3338.





Photos by Eric Hausman

Too Deep for Words

*For those who love that lusty creation, Chicago-style pizza,
the fare at Uno's is indescribably delicious*

By Judy Hevrdejs

In a restaurant world inundated with pre-prepared foods and governed by portion control, it's refreshing to find a place like Chicago's Pizzeria Uno.

Sure, there are scales for weighing out the sausage and temperature controls on the ovens. And yes, the general manager can quote poundage figures on cheese, mushrooms and onions.

But ask the young man who stirs up dough for the crusts how much water he mixes into the 25-pound sacks of flour, the "just-about-a-gallon" jug of oil and the packages of yeast. "You just fill to here," he'll shrug, indicating an invisible line on a mammoth mixing bowl anchored to an industrial mixer.

Or ask the woman who rules the pizza assembly process how much pepperoni goes on a large pizza. "You just pile it on nice," she says.

"You just know" may be the most oft-quoted reply to dozens of questions about measures, sizes and amounts at Pizzeria Uno, the birthplace of deep-dish pizza, a lusty creation known as Chicago-style. The pizza makers at Uno's are not just cooks following directions — they're artists with a feel for the medium and an eye for perfection.

Ever since Ike Sewell and Riccardo Sr. first created their deep-dish version of pizza in 1943 in the tiny kitchens at 29 E. Ohio St., just off Michigan Avenue, recipes have never been carved in stone. Instead, they've been passed from cook to cook, mother to daughter, generation to generation.

This method is pretty unlikely for a pizza that has since sold millions and is baked up by the hundreds each day. But then, Pizzeria Uno had pretty unlikely beginnings.

Take the original Sewell-Riccardo partnership. A former all-American football player from the University of Texas befriended an Italian restaurateur who had a penchant for painting and a kinship with Bacchus.

Sewell, who grew up in Wills Point, Texas, near Dallas, arrived in Chicago just after Prohibition to work in the liquor distribution business. When he and Riccardo talked about opening a restaurant together, Sewell thought of the tacos and enchiladas of his Texas childhood. Riccardo, who'd never tried Mexican food, was leery. Still, in 1941 they rented space in the basement of a building on Ohio Street.

Sewell started a bar business —

and Riccardo started filling the walls with bullfight murals. A Mexican bartender at Riccardo's restaurant down the street offered to cook up a meal just like his mom used to make. Either the bartender's memory or the restaurateur's palate failed, for Riccardo and Mexican food had a major aversion to each other. Riccardo emptied the cash register and headed to Italy.

Months later, business was miserable and Sewell was ready to close up shop. But Riccardo returned to Chicago with visions of pizza dancing in his head. He had eaten this stuff, he explained to the incredulous Sewell, dozens of times in Italy. Restaurateurs would give the GIs bits of leftover dough topped with tomato sauce and cheese, and it was incredibly popular.

"Can't serve just a snack," grouched Sewell. "We need something more to feed people." Many experiments later, Sewell and Riccardo pushed the yeasty crust up the edges of the pan, creating a shape not unlike a Roman coliseum. Into it they piled cheese, tomatoes, sausage . . . it was a pizza style that had never been done before.

There wasn't a whole lot of coverage in the press. Nor was there much excitement in the neighborhood — or among the patrons. In fact, the most common review of the Sewell-Riccardo pizza creation was, "What is this stuff?"

Undaunted, the buddies kept giving away their creation until, as legend, truth and history would have it, a reporter who had been a GI in Italy during the war munched his way through a serving.

He christened it wonderful. He said the pizza plus wine was a great, romantic meal. He wrote an article about it — and deep-dish pizza took off.

Uno's became such a hit that by 1955 Sewell opened Pizzeria Due, a twice-as-large restaurant a block away at 619 N. Wabash.

"No, we weren't successful at the beginning," recalls Sewell, now 83 years old and the godfather of deep-dish pizza in America and maybe the world. "In fact, things were pretty rough those first years." An Ike Sewell understatement. It was so rough the partners were losing money and had to refinance three times.

Today, of course, the story is different. Everyone in Chicago knows about Uno's. The place is a Chicago landmark. The pizza served there is celebrated in tales as richly embellished as those surrounding the Chicago Fire, the Chicago Bears Super

Bowl XX win, Al Capone, and Bobby Hull and the Blackhawks.

On a busy day, the pizza makers at Uno's can go through hundreds of pounds of sausage, some 500 pounds of cheese and heaven knows how many pounds of dough. On many days, Pizzeria Uno serves close to 700 people. On a Saturday night, the heaviest pizza eating night in the country, combined sales at Uno's and its sister, Due's, can top 2,000 pizzas.

"I believe we've been successful because our pizza appeals to everyone's tastes," says Sewell. "It's a full meal, not fast food, the price is right, and we've maintained quality."

"Our pizza has stayed the same over the years for several reasons," adds Page Townsley, general manager of Uno's. "Our meat purveyor, Anichini Brothers, has been making sausage this way for 73 years. It's remained virtually the same — the fennel, the spices, the seasonings, the fat-lean ratio.

"And several generations of kitchen employees have worked with us. Mothers, daughters, granddaughters. Aldean, the Mama at Uno's, and Elnora, the Mama at Due's, have been with Ike since the '50s," says Townsley. "The way in which the pizzas are made — how much dough you put in the pan, how

much sauce — has been passed from generation to generation. It's virtually the same."

Pizza remains the main business at Uno's and Due's. The menu lists a dozen pizza possibilities, along with The Uno, The Spinach Pizza, The Veggie and The Spinoccoli (spinach-broccoli). Four appetizers, a couple of salads and sandwiches, minestrone and two desserts fill out the menu. Each pizza, says Townsley, is made to order.

"During the lunch hour, you can order your pizza ahead of time so it will be ready when you arrive," he says. Or you can take it home fully baked, half-baked to be finished at home, or frozen. "Some 20 to 30 percent of our business is carryout."

It's that fresh quality and home-made good taste, say Sewell and Townsley, that keeps Uno's deep-dish pizza fans coming back for more, whether they're sports figures, celebrities like Dustin Hoffman, Frank Sinatra and Kate Jackson, or millions of Chicagoans and visitors.

Today Sewell oversees the Uno's and Due's properties as well as his nearby Mexican restaurant, Su Casa. He bought out Riccardo's end of the business following Riccardo's death in 1954. In the last 40 years, thousands of franchise offers have come Sewell's way. He finally accepted one by Bosto-



"Pizza mama" Liz Thomas (left) "just knows" what's right for Uno's pizzas. Starting with choice toppings, and by way of a fiery oven, her tailor-made pizza reaches the palates of Uno-style pizza buffs.



nian Aaron Spencer, who purchased the Pizzeria Uno world franchise in 1979.

"I never wanted to be a corporation man," says Sewell. "I'm not cut out for it. I'm a people man. I just enjoy being with people."

Called Ike Sewell's Original Pizzeria Uno Restaurant and Bar,

there are now about 40 franchise restaurants across the country. Pizzerias are on the planning boards for London, New Zealand and Australia.

Says Townsley, "The franchises are going to be very close to the original. Yet nobody has been able to duplicate exactly the pizza that

you're going to get here out of this restaurant or Due's. There are some intangibles you can't get in other parts of the country — we've got an old mixer, the ovens are very old, the pans are very old — and there's the type of water we get in Chicago, the sausage. . ."

Unlike most pizza recipes, there

A DAY IN THE KITCHEN

To research her story, Judy Hevrdejs spent a day in Uno's kitchens. Here is her cook's-eye view of what it takes to keep the premier deep-dish pizzeria humming.

7 a.m. When Julian Soto unlocks the back door at Pizzeria Uno and begins his chores, things are relatively calm. But by 10 a.m. a delicious performance is in full swing with cooks, waitresses and kitchen crew moving through their paces in a precise choreography that produces hundreds of pizzas.

9 a.m. The performance moves into high gear when Julian drags 10-gallon stainless steel kettles filled with dough from the cooler to proof at room temperature. He then stacks 200 pizza pans atop an 8-foot stainless steel worktable. Some of these pans, their cast aluminum surface blackened after years in Uno's fiery ovens, baked those original pizzas over 40 years ago.

By this time Efrain Rangel has arrived to tackle his duties as first lieutenant to Uno's pizza makers. He splashes a blended cooking oil into each pan, swirling to coat the inner surface. With a loud *FWUMP*, he flips a puffy mass of dough onto the worktable, the cream-colored mountain expiring its yeasty gases. He grabs a handful, plops it in an oiled pan, slaps it flat, then slips it atop the ovens to proof. Then comes a second pan, a third, a fourth. . .

9:30 a.m. Several dozen dough-filled pans await Elizabeth Thomas and Juanita West. They are the "mamas," the chief pizza makers who learned their art from Uno's pizza-making legend, Aldean Stoudamire. Stoudamire and Due's main mama, Elnora Russell, each have logged close to 30 years at their respective posts. Today Stoudamire is on a much-needed vacation and Liz is in charge.



9:45 a.m. The phone begins its incessant ringing as customers call in lunch orders to hostess Kitty Lomanto. Meanwhile, everyone is busy readying ingredients to top the pizzas: chopped onions and green peppers are drizzled with oil, then steamed until crisp-tender. A mammoth cookie sheet filled with baseball-size lumps of sausage — each weighing about 8 ounces — is positioned at one end of the counter along with plastic bins filled with sliced pepperoni and mushrooms. One container holds whole plum tomatoes and several cans of chopped tomatoes; another a handful of oregano mixed with grated parmesan cheese.

10:45 a.m. Pizzas take 30 to 40 minutes to bake, so Chef Liz begins assembling lunch-hour pizzas now. Two large pans with soft, puffy dough are positioned on the worktable. Liz gets one, I get the other. Efrain appears doubtful I will pull off pizza-making with the proper élan. I follow along as Liz pats the dough in the pan, presses it up the two-inch sides, then pinches off extra dough. To make an Uno's special (extra cheese, sausage, mushrooms, pepperoni, onions, pepper), Liz begins by layering slices of mozzarella atop the dough. A large gets three lumps of sausage spread across the bed of cheese, with bits pinched off and pulled up to create even mountain ranges. "You want those little peaks," says Liz, "they make a nice bite of sausage in every mouthful." Unfortunately, my peaks turn out more like plateaus.

Two huge ladles of tomatoes are scooped onto the pizza. With one hand, Liz spreads the tomatoes, breaking up the

is no seasoning in the tomato sauce. Instead, the pizza flavors come from the melding of the seasoned sausage, the canned tomatoes and the parmesan-oregano mix.

According to Townsley, each large pizza stretches to 14 inches in diameter and weighs in at about 6½ pounds. Part of that weight is cred-

ited to the 1½ pounds of sausage and 2 pounds of mozzarella cheese on each large pizza.

How famous is Uno's pizza? Bob Payton, the man who brought Chicago-style pizza to London and the rest of Europe, calls Ike Sewell his hero. The Chicago City Council went as far as passing a City of

Chicago resolution: "Founded on this site Dec. 3, 1943. The first pizzeria in the world to serve pizza-in-the-pan or deep-dish pizza, now known as 'Chicago-style pizza.' This was the first place to serve pizza as a full meal. This is where it all began."

Who can argue with that? ■



whole ones as she works. Atop she scatters pepperoni, onions, mushrooms and green peppers, then dusts the surface with parmesan-oregano. *Ecco!* Into the scorching heat of the huge ovens we slip two Uno's specials. In 20 minutes, the pizza is moved from the super-hot to the very hot oven.

11:30 a.m. The doors open and half the tables in the 88-seat restaurant fill. Finished pizzas are pulled from the oven, and Liz cuts them in big wedges. A waitress clamps a handle on the edge and heads into the dining room. (How do you know it's done? "You just know, honey," Liz assures me.) During the lunch hour, with phones ringing off the hook and lines out the door, Liz quarterback's the prep of 20 pizzas. Meanwhile, my pizza is pronounced a success by the crew — despite the flat sausage.

12:30 p.m. There's an order for six pizzas to go. No sweat. Juanita and Efrain boast they once made 40 pizzas to go while handling the front of the house.

2 p.m. The lunch rush is winding down, and prep work begins for the afternoon crew. By 3 p.m. the phones are starting to ring again, this time for pizzas people will pick up on their way home. By 5:30 p.m. when Liz, Juanita and team shuck their work clothes, the dinner crowd is heading in through the forest-green front door. The ovens, red with heat, will bake their maximum until 1 a.m., when the front door at Uno's is locked for the night.

—Judy Hevrdejs





Experimental transmissions were an exciting game for radio pioneers.

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The Creaking Door *CREAKS AGAIN*

By Eric Arthur

The sound of ominous organ chords. Shrill whistle of a locomotive. Thundering hooves. The words: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?"; "Grand Central Station, crossroads of a million lives. . ."; "Hi-ho Silver!"

To those who grew up with radio drama in the 1930s and 40s, the "teaser" held a strange fascination, a promise of exciting things to come. Those were the Golden Years of the radio play, when sound was king and the listener was invited to create the scenes, dress the characters, provide the sets, be director, producer and star.

Radio had something for everyone. Mom had her soaps. The kids ran home from school to turn on "Jack Armstrong," "Captain Midnight" or "Terry and the Pirates." Evening was family radio time. Everyone sat around the Philco or Atwater Kent to hear Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Kate Smith and other comedy and variety stars whose names were household words. Because of its ability to conjure up vivid, suspenseful pictures, radio drama held a unique place in our listening pleasure.

Shed no tears for those classic radio gems. They are back in a big way, thanks to the magic of modern audio technology and a few entrepreneurs who acquired the 16-inch transcriptions on which the programs were recorded off the air.

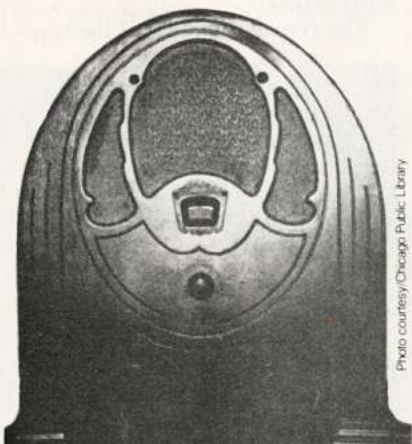


Photo courtesy/Chicago Public Library

Lum and Abner (right) literally put Pine Ridge, Ark. on the map for listeners gathered around radios like this 1932 Philco "Baby Grand" Cathedral.

State-of-the-art sound reproduction has made it possible to eliminate much of the scratch and other distortion and preserve on tape the deeds of The Green Hornet, The Lone Ranger, Sherlock Holmes and a host of romantics, adventurers and villains who brought something new and zestful into our lives.

Today, radio buffs are enjoying much of that old-time excitement. Over 200 local radio stations are playing the tapes to enthusiastic listeners. Some even distribute posters advertising the old broadcasts.

An interesting offshoot of this revival is the growth of radio buff clubs. In growing numbers, groups are meeting across the country to share some of radio's most exhilarat-

Who knows how many new fans might be swept up in the lively renaissance of old time radio drama? The Shadow knows!



Photo courtesy/Chicago Historical Society

ing moments. Fifteen major clubs already have a total membership of over 5,000. One group, the Golden Radio Buffs of Maryland, which began with six people in 1972, now numbers about 300. GRB meets six times a year, publishes a monthly newsletter and maintains a lending library of over 10,000 broadcasts on cassette and reel to reel tapes, including most of the classic radio dramas. Members are allowed to borrow the material without charge and may make copies for their own use. Vintage radio memorabilia are displayed at all meetings, and a traveling road show arranged by the group appears at fraternal and civic organizations, nursing homes and hospitals.

In addition to hobbyists who do it all for love, about 22 major dealers nationwide sell tapes of old programs. Listings of just about all the titles in the famous radio drama series are also available. While not a major industry, business is brisk with a steady clientele.

A majority of today's old radio fans were around when it all began, but a surprising number of younger people have become nostalgic over a culture they never knew. Today's radio buffs could be the teenager next door or the white-haired couple down the block who remember hearing one of the early "Shadow" performers, Orson Welles, give his memorable laugh on the echo mike.

Convention time puts it all together. For the past 10 years, a Connecticut radio aficionado, Jay Hickerson, has been organizing annual OTR (Old Time Radio) conventions that offer fun-filled outings for radio enthusiasts. These two-day events draw as many as 400 people from all walks of life,

including the 9-year-old at the 1985 convention in Newark who announced happily, "I like to watch old radio."

There is plenty to watch and listen to at these get-togethers. Old-time radio personalities often make appearances. Dealers and traders set up tables for their wares. Readings re-create some of the most famous drama broadcasts. The Lone Ranger rides again. Superman, complete with flowing cape, thrills children of all ages. "Sorry, Wrong Number" is a chiller that still packs a shiver. Workshops are offered in sci-fi, horror, suspense and the supernatural.

The convention has all the trap-

pings of a state fair: live bands, plenty of food and drink, souvenir OTR lapel pins and T-shirts, endless talk about "that magical era," and an eerie blend of sound effects and tonal fantasies. Euphoria settles over the crowd as everyone enters a time warp. It is eternally the hour for their favorite listening.

Sparked by this renaissance of old radio drama, some networks have started broadcasting new radio plays. Within the past 10 years we

Thanks to audio technology, voices once heard in living rooms around the nation are on "cleaned-up" tapes for new generations of radio buffs.



Photo courtesy/Chicago Public Library

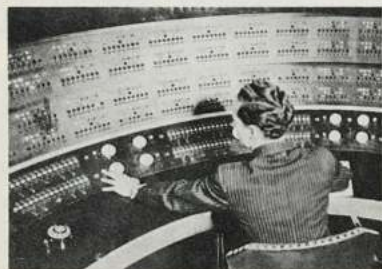


Photo courtesy/Chicago Public Library



Photo courtesy/Chicago Public Library

have had the CBS Mystery Theatre, National Public Radio's "Earplay," Masterpiece Radio Theatre and Mutual Radio Theatre. National scriptwriting contests encourage new talent. Local radio stations are also producing original scripts using talent from schools and community theatre groups.

Perhaps it is too soon to say that radio drama is an art form whose time has come again. Certainly the degree of interest says something about the hardness and survivability of this dynamic entertainment medium.

Why has it become popular

again? Have we simply rediscovered the richness of imagination in a world that leaves so little room for it? *Machine gun fire shatters the silence. A door creaks. Footsteps mount iron stairs. A loon cries out.* These build a reality in the mind more real than reality itself. Perhaps the enduring success of the radio play is that it does not define all our boundaries and leaves so many doors open for dreaming. ■

Many radio dramas and other programs of the Golden Era are currently available on audio tape cassettes or reel to reel. Following are some sources that may be contacted for information about the tapes:

Terry Salomonson
Audio Classics
Box 1135
St. Charles, Mo. 63302

Ron Barnett
Echoes of the Past
Box 9593
Alexandria, Va. 22304

Bob Burchett
Hello Again Radio
Box 6176
Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

Jay Hickerson
Box 4321
Hamden, Conn. 06514

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

Of all the popular radio crime dramas, the "Shadow" series is probably the best remembered. Every Sunday at 5:30 on the Mutual Network, a voice, enhanced by a filter microphone, spoke those familiar words: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows," followed by that knowing laugh as only Orson Welles, the first of the "Shadow" performers, could deliver it.

Once, during my tenure as one of the eight "Shadow" writers, four of the writers were called in for a special "dressing down." It seems we had written too many "walking dead" scripts, and mothers were writing to complain that their children were suffering nightmares. We were told to lay off zombies for a while.

In my search for a new slant, I came across an account of how the Jivaro Indians of South America had developed a peculiarly effective method for shrinking the heads of their captured enemies. Result: "Dolls of Death." The plot, developed at the cost of a few nightmares of my own, followed the efforts of a little toy shop owner to get revenge on very big people. In his back room laboratory, he would apply the shrinking process, turning them into doll-like figures that he then put on display.

"Look," remarks Margot Lane in the script, "that doll in the window . . . (PAUSE) . . . Lamont . . . it looks . . . it looks exactly like . . . the District Attorney!"

Despite the zombie ban, I found voodoo too rich a story source to let go entirely. In "Bubbling Death," my leading lady was drawn into a boiling quagmire by the voice of a long-deceased ancestor. After all, they had banned the



Author Eric Arthur: "Shadowed."

walking dead — not the talking dead!

Producing these radio plays often presented harrowing problems. Because they were "live," there was no chance to correct mistakes. If anything went wrong, that's the way the listener heard it.

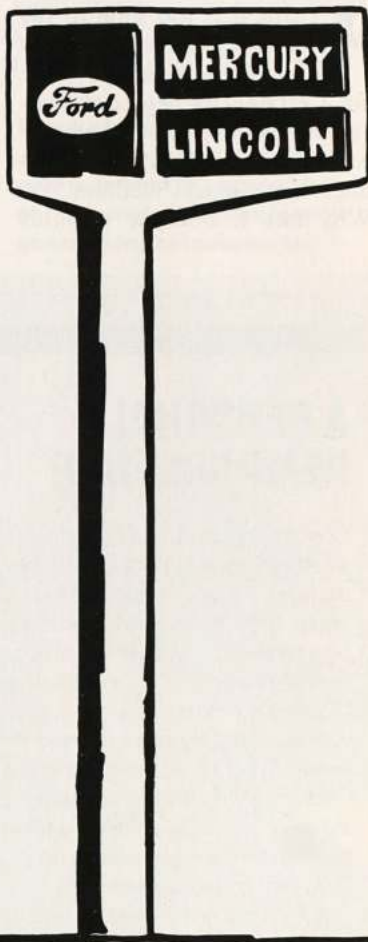
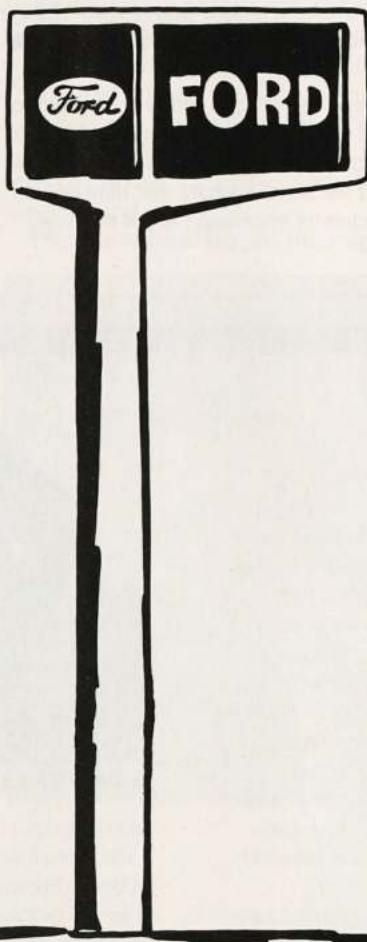
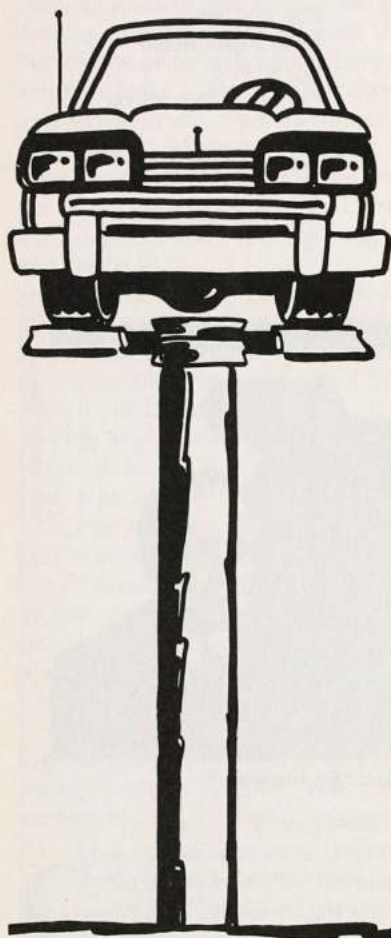
During a "Shadow" broadcast, the sound man's revolver jammed. Frantic, the director ran from the control room and shouted into the mike, "Bang! Bang!" On another show one of Lamont Cranston's enemies was supposed to draw his gun and say, "I'm going to put a bullet through your heart." Again the sound man had revolver trouble. The quick-witted performer ad libbed, "On second thought, it would give me greater pleasure to choke you with my bare hands." And then the gun went off!

To those of us behind the mike and to the millions on the receiving end, radio drama was a rich and memorable experience. We were partners on a new communications frontier, and we shared its discovery to the fullest extent of our imaginations.

— Eric Arthur

Photo courtesy/Eric Arthur

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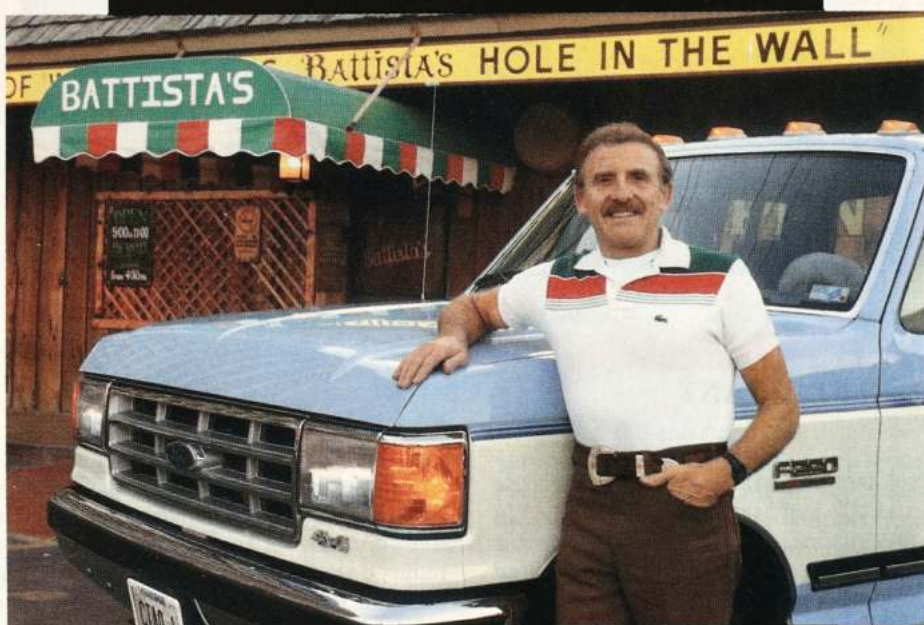
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THE HOLE IN THE WALL GANG RIDES AGAIN!



Russ Berry

But this time it's in a Ford — an F-250 XLT Super Cab Ford truck belonging to Battista Locatelli of world-famous Battista's Hole in the Wall in Las Vegas.

Battista named his restaurant after the legendary outlaw gang of the 1890s. Unlike the thwarted lawmen who pursued that gang, however, guests have no trouble finding their way to this "hideout" directly across from the Bally Grand Hotel, where Battista serenades satisfied customers with renditions of classic Italian arias.

When he isn't at his restaurant, Battista can be found chauffeuring a trail bike out to the desert in "Ciao 1." Although he and his family have owned more than 50 Ford products in the past decade, the F-250 is his all-time favorite. Whether for business or pleasure, "no one drives this but me," declares Battista. "This is my personal toy," he smiles proudly. "It rides better than a Rolls."

We're always looking for owners of Ford cars who use them in interesting ways or who have unusual jobs or hobbies. Send your candidate's name, address and phone number to Gallery, Ford Times, One Illinois Center, 111 E. Wacker Drive, Suite 1700, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

FAVORITE RESTAURANT RECIPES

By Nancy Kennedy



RAINTREE RESTAURANT

St. Augustine, Fla.

Across the road from the famous old *Mission de Nombre de Dios* at 102 San Marco Ave. (U.S. A1A) in downtown St. Augustine, this restaurant is also a historic treasure. It is housed in a beautifully restored 1879 Victorian home furnished throughout with fine antiques and surrounded by a garden. The menu features the best of local products — a wealth of fresh seafood and produce — and it changes with the seasons. It also boasts a wine cellar considered one of the best in the country. Tristan and Alex MacDonald are the owners of this popular restaurant which serves lunch on weekdays, 11:30 a.m.-2:30 p.m., and dinner every day, 5 to 10 p.m. Reservations advisable.

SHRIMP SCAMPI

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| <i>1/4 lb sweet butter, chilled</i> | <i>1 cup white wine</i> |
| <i>4 cloves garlic</i> | <i>1 Tbs lemon juice</i> |
| <i>2 Tbs parsley, chopped</i> | <i>1/4 cup grated parmesan cheese</i> |
| <i>3 to 4 Tbs oil</i> | <i>2 cups heavy cream</i> |
| <i>1 lb mushrooms, quartered</i> | <i>1 lb cooked butter noodles</i> |
| <i>1 1/2 lb large shrimp, peeled and deveined</i> | |

In a food processor, combine butter, garlic and parsley, blend until smooth. Heat oil in a large skillet. Add mushrooms and swirl them in the oil. Add shrimp. Cook over high heat for 30 seconds, stirring

constantly. Reduce heat slightly, pour off excess oil. Add wine, lemon juice, parmesan and cream. Continue cooking for about 1 minute or until cream has reduced slightly. Add butter, garlic and parsley combination. Reduce heat a little more and continue cooking for 3 or 4 minutes, until butter is incorporated and the sauce has a shiny appearance. Serve over hot noodles. Serves 4 to 6.

CHOCOLATE CHIP CHEESECAKE

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <i>2 cups graham cracker crumbs</i> | <i>1 1/2 cups sugar</i> |
| <i>1/4 cup sugar</i> | <i>2 Tbs flour</i> |
| <i>1/2 cup melted butter</i> | <i>4 eggs, lightly beaten</i> |
| <i>1 10-inch springform pan</i> | <i>1/2 tsp vanilla</i> |
| | <i>1/2 tsp lemon juice</i> |
| <i>2 lbs cream cheese</i> | <i>1 1/2 cups sour cream</i> |
| | <i>8 oz chocolate chips</i> |

Mix cracker crumbs with sugar and butter until moist. Press into sides and bottom of springform pan. Refrigerate until needed. In a large mixing bowl beat cheese and sugar until smooth, then beat in flour. Add eggs, vanilla and lemon juice, mixing well. Beat in sour cream and fold in chocolate chips. Pour into graham cracker crust. Bake in a preheated 300° oven for 1 1/2 hours. Turn oven off and leave cheesecake in the oven for another 30 minutes with the oven door ajar. Cool on wire rack. Refrigerate overnight before removing cake from pan. Yields 10 to 12 servings.

DORSETT HOUSE

Kellogg, Idaho

Joan and Wayne Dorsett are the owner-managers of this friendly, informal restaurant serving homestyle food in a mansion that operated as a boarding house during the mining boom of the 1900s. At 305 South Division St. in Kellogg, the restaurant is near the Silverhorn Ski Area in a region famous for superb fishing, hunting, backpacking and camping. Open weekdays for breakfast and lunch from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., and dinner from 5 to 8 p.m. You may also make bed and breakfast arrangements. Reservations suggested. The dining room is closed on Sunday.

CINNAMON ROLLS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm milk	cinnamon-sugar mixture
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	brown sugar
1 tsp salt	
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water	Frosting
2 pkg dry yeast	3 cups powdered sugar
2 eggs	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water
$4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 cups flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp vanilla
3 Tbs melted butter	

Rolls: Mix milk, sugar and salt together. Put yeast in lukewarm water. Let sit 5 minutes. Mix well before adding to milk mixture. Add eggs and shortening. Mix well. Add flour until dough is the right texture. Turn out on floured board and knead until dough is

smooth and elastic, about 4 minutes. Put dough in greased bowl. Turn once so greased side is up. Cover with damp cloth and let rise until double in size, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Punch down. Turn over and let rise until double, about 30 minutes. Roll dough out to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick or less. Brush with butter. Sprinkle with cinnamon-sugar and brown sugar. Roll up, not too tight. Put water on edge of roll and press together, so the rolls will hold together better. Cut rolls about 1 inch thick. Place on greased cookie sheet. Let rise until double. Bake in a preheated 375° oven for 25 minutes. Remove from oven. Place on wire racks to cool.

Frosting: Mix ingredients together thoroughly until smooth. Spread over cinnamon rolls. Yields 15 to 16 rolls.

WASHINGTON NUT PIE

1 9-inch unbaked pie shell	$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
3 eggs	1 cup dark corn syrup
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup melted butter
	1 cup chopped walnuts

Beat eggs, salt and sugar together. Gradually add corn syrup and melted butter. Mix well. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Add walnuts and press into mixture so they are covered (this will keep walnuts from burning while pie is baking). Bake in a preheated 375° oven for 45 to 50 minutes. Cool before cutting. Serves 6 to 8.



Illustrations by Susan Hunt Yule

CASA GRISANTI

Louisville, Ky.

The elegant cuisine of northern Italy is featured in this restaurant at 1000 East Liberty St. in downtown Louisville. *Mobil Travel Guide* awarded it a four-star rating and Random House's *Where to Eat in America* listed it as "one of the 40 best restaurants in the U.S." Local patrons consider it the best in the state. Casa Grisanti's candlelit dining rooms are hung with works by local artists. The chef's herb garden borders an outdoor patio used for dining *al fresco*. The menu features many veal and seafood dishes and most main course items are finished at tableside. One novel offering provides a culinary tour of northern Italy, featuring small portions of a variety of dishes. Dinner is served weekdays 5 to 10 p.m. — till 11 p.m. on Saturday. Reservations necessary. Closed on Sunday and major holidays.

VITELLO CON PORCINI E FORMAGGI

Polenta

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup yellow cornmeal
2 cups cold water
1 bay leaf
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp freshly ground pepper

Porcini Sauce

2 oz dried porcini or other dried mushrooms
2 cups water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Madeira wine
2 cups demi-glaze
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Braised Red Cabbage

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup balsamic vinegar
6 oz red cabbage, cut chiffonade

Vitello Flour

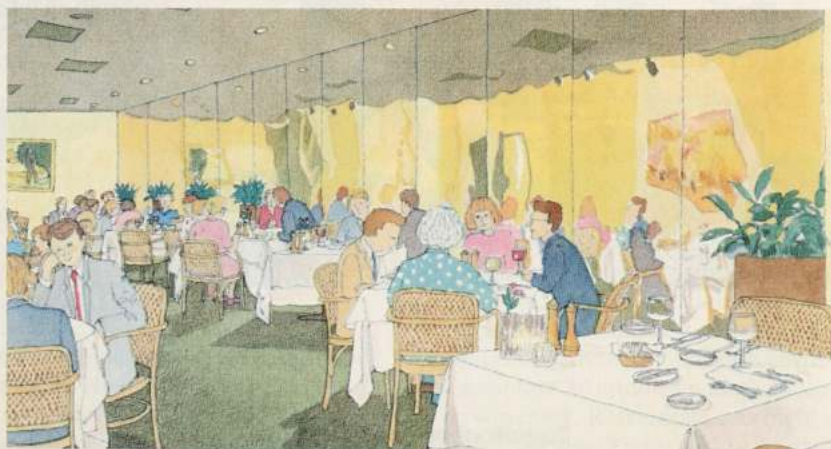
8 scallops of veal ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz each)
4 Tbs butter
8 thin slices prosciutto
8 slices mozzarella di buffala cheese ($\frac{1}{2}$ oz each)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb sweet peppers (yellow, red and green), finely diced

Polenta: Combine cornmeal and water in a heavy saucepan, whisking to remove any lumps. Add bay leaf, salt and pepper. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Remove and discard bay leaf. Pour into a lightly oiled round cake pan. Bake at 325° for 1 hour or until firm to the touch. Remove from oven, cool until warm. Invert pan onto a large piece of foil. Release polenta. Cut into 8 $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rounds with a biscuit cutter. Reserve for final preparation.

Porcini Sauce: Simmer porcini in water until soft. Remove from water and set aside. Add Madeira to broth remaining in pan. Reduce to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup. Add demi-glaze, simmer 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Reserve sauce and porcini for final preparation.

Cabbage: Bring sugar and vinegar to boil in a heavy saucepan. Add cabbage. Simmer until cabbage is tender and liquid is almost totally absorbed. Reserve.

Vitello: Flour veal lightly. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in sauté pan or skillet. Sauté half the veal a few minutes on each side. It should be slightly undercooked. Remove veal from pan and transfer to a plate. Keep warm. Repeat with remaining butter and veal. Pre-heat oven to 350°. Place rounds of polenta evenly around edge of oven platter. Leave center open for braised cabbage. Top each round with a slice of prosciutto. Spoon porcini over each and top with a slice of cheese. Garnish each slice of cheese with a mixture of diced peppers. Place platter in oven just until food is heated evenly and cheese is slightly melted. Remove from oven. Spoon cabbage into center of platter. Ladle hot sauce over veal. Serves 4.



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SOUP'S ON!

A Culinary Word Search

You may have to use your noodle to find all 36 soup names, listed on the menu, that have been hidden in the bowl below. As usual, words may read vertically, horizontally or diagonally — but always in a straight line. If discovering any of the soups drives you crackers, you can find them all in the Answers on page 9.



CARTE DU JOUR



ALPHABET	CONSOMME	MULLIGATAWNY
BEEF BARLEY	CREAM OF ASPARAGUS	OXTAIL
BIRD'S NEST	CREAM OF MUSHROOM	PASTA E FAGIOLE
BLACK BEAN	EGG DROP	PEPPER POT
BORSCHT	ESCAROLE	POTATO
BOUILLABAISSÉ	FRENCH ONION	SHARK'S FIN
BOUILLON	GAZPACHO	SPINACH
CABBAGE	GUMBO	SPLIT PEA
CELERY	LENTIL	TOMATO
CHICKEN NOODLE	LOBSTER BISQUE	VEGETABLE
CLAM CHOWDER	MINESTRONE	VICHYSOISE
COCK-A-LEEKIE	MOCK TURTLE	WONTON

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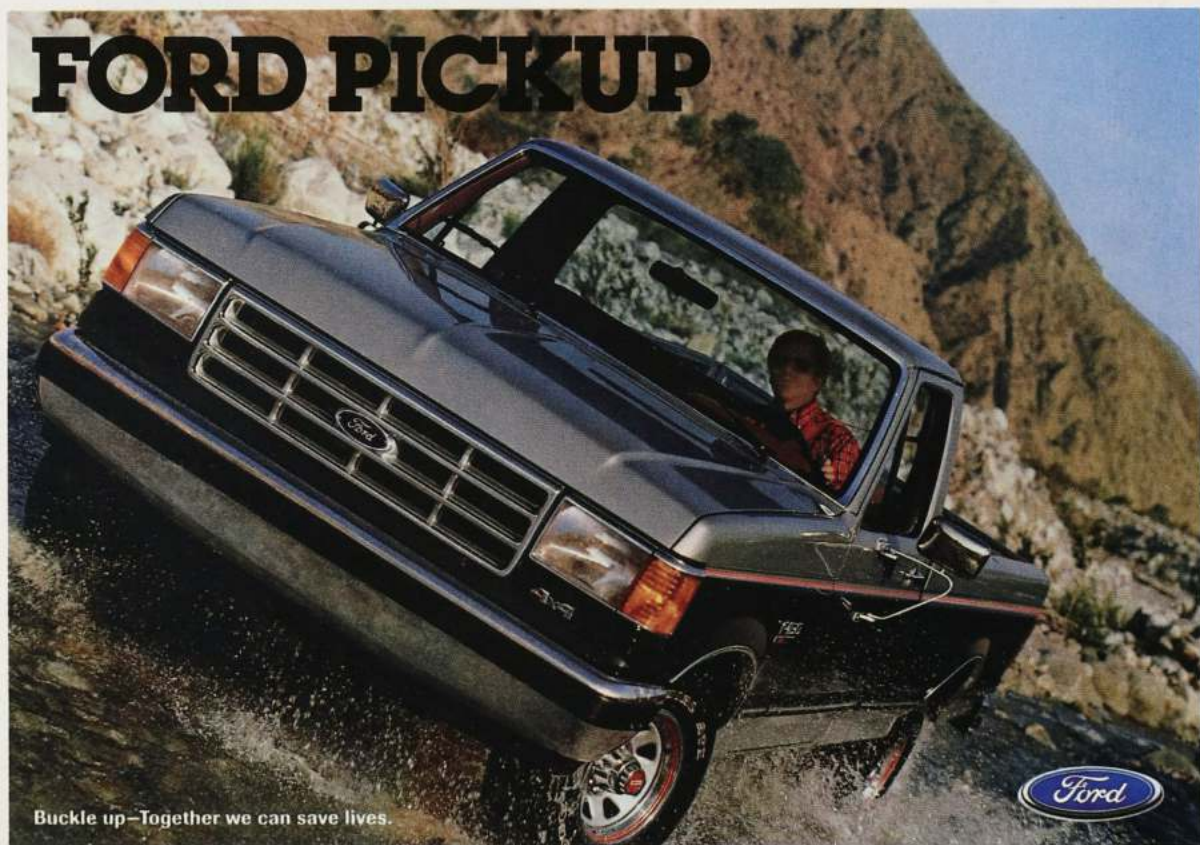
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