

FordTimes

July 1987/\$1

WHITE WATER **ROLLER COASTER**



A Heartwarming Portrait of a Child's Discovery



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- Strictly limited edition

We all take delight in watching children explore nature—especially when they discover a real treasure like a lovely butterfly—just as this little girl has done. These occasions allow us to relive the precious memories of our own childhood, with a fresh look at the world through a child's eyes.

This wondrous discovery by "Ashley" has been captured in lifelike color and detail by American artist Higgins Bond. With an almost photographic quality, Ms. Bond has depicted this adorable blonde toddler, crouched in a meadow of buttercups, observing her new friend.

Higgins Bond paints with a lifelike style, yet her image emphasizes the gentle quality of the little girl's adventure with a soft, dreamy background. And Ms. Bond has lovingly captured each detail of "Ashley's" presence, from the pink satin ribbon in her sunlit hair, to the tiny flower pattern on her dress.

Offered exclusively through The Hamilton Collection, "Ashley" premieres the *Treasured Days* Plate Collection: eight original works by Higgins Bond depicting toddlers discovering the wonders of nature. Each fine porcelain plate will feature a rim of gleaming 22K gold.

Ashley

The edition is strictly limited to 14 firing days, and each plate will be numbered and accompanied by a matching numbered Certificate of Authenticity. As an owner of "Ashley," you are guaranteed the right—**but never the obligation**—to acquire all seven subsequent issues.

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This Month

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Rafters ride a wild white-water slalom course in Lodore Canyon, Colorado — one of the nation's 10 big drops. Author Susan Vreeland dispels the myth that the Grand Canyon is the only rafting trip to take, beginning on page 4. Photo by Susan Vreeland.

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WE ARE FAMILY

I was very interested in your article, "A Day for Patriots" (April, page 28), as I am related to Jonathan Harrington. My middle name is Harrington, named after my grandmother, Margaret Harrington. She took me through the Harrington House on the square in 1927 or 1928, and I went back in 1984. I'll have to go to Lexington to celebrate one of these years.

*Jack Harrington Sickel
Fontana, Calif.*

DISAPPEARING ACT

We enjoy your publication very much. After being well read at home, my husband places *Ford Times* in the waiting room of his medical offices. It seems to be a real favorite there also because it frequently "disappears" from the racks. I have learned to copy any interesting recipes from the restaurant or food features before it leaves the house because it may not return. We also enjoy the Glove Compartment page and have used some of its suggestions to plan side trips on family vacations.

*Faye Griffin
Lamar, S.C.*

FRIENDS OF BLUEBIRDS

Regarding your article "Bringing Back the Bluebird" (September 1986): About 10 years ago we put up six bluebird houses on our course at the Salem Golf Club. We now have 35 houses, which last year produced 16 bluebird families, and two of tree swallows. We patrol regularly to clean out old nests and sparrows. We find that wrens are also destructive. This is a rewarding and interesting project for golf club members.

*E. Ralph Martin
Salem, Ohio*

FORD TIMES IN SCHOOL

I just wanted to let you know that our staff at Houston Elementary School enjoys reading *Ford Times*. It has such interesting articles. Please keep sending it to us.

My husband worked for Ford Motor Company in Indianapolis for 11 years. He does not work there any longer — we live in Texas and farm — but you still make good products.

*Carolyn Russell
Sulphur Springs, Texas*



AN OPEN INVITATION

"Retracing the Natchez Trace" by Jim Joseph (March Quick-Stops, page 19) was well done and accurate, but it is unfortunate that space did not permit a description of the Trace's full 450-mile length. At milepost 159.9 is the Kosciusko Museum and Information Center, built and equipped with local donations and staffed every day except Christmas by local volunteers. The center opened in November 1984, and we project by late summer we will have welcomed our 100,000th visitor. All 50 states and 35 foreign countries are represented in our visitors' register. We encourage all travelers on the Trace to drive its full length, and we'd be pleased to have every traveler stop at the museum and Information Center and enjoy some sincere Southern hospitality.

*Richard E. Benson
Kosciusko, Miss.*

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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ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The price of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in parentheses. Be sure to add the item price plus shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the total price of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the item price per your instructions.

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ADVERTISEMENT



Susan Vreeland

WHITE WATER

FIRST CLASS

Spectacular scenery and drops of 30 feet in less than a mile make Colorado's Lodore Canyon a professional river runner's white-water favorite. For tourists, the experience is first class all the way, with seasoned boat handlers who double as guides and gourmet cooks. Between mad, churning white-knuckle passages, there's plenty of time for drifting and dreaming, and always someone to provide thrills of a different kind with stories of early explorers, ancient civilizations and other lore of the timeless canyon.

WHITE WATER

By Susan Vreeland

"Open the gates," a boatman cries exuberantly, standing in a 15-foot rubber craft at the Gates of Lodore, itching to start the 44-mile trip through Lodore Canyon in Colorado and Utah. Ahead of us loom cliffs 2,000 feet high, and we cannot see around the bend of the quiet-running Green River.

"This isn't so scary," says a blustering tourist.

"Just wait," says Tim Gaylord, nine-year boatman for Holiday River Expeditions and leader for the four-day trip. "Tomorrow the waters will go crazy."

Controlled by Flaming Gorge Dam upriver, Lodore is one of the nation's 10 big drops, a wild white-water slalom course. A major myth of rafting in the Southwest is that the Grand Canyon is the only trip to take. Hardly. Among professional river runners, the sinuous Green River slicing through Lodore Canyon is one of the most stunning in scenery and excitement. Fern grottoes with waterfalls and delicate black mineral stains high on looming canyon walls may be home to black-billed magpies and deer, but the river itself and its white sand beaches are a revered playground for knowing boatmen.

In the first hour the oarsmen (and women) of the five rubber craft get us used to the river as we move over what they consider ripples. "The big water comes tomorrow," Tim says, grinning.

"How big?" someone asks.

"Well, these oars have been known to snap." I notice an extra one lashed to the side of the boat, and I believe him.

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid once sought refuge from justice in the remoteness of the canyon. Today tourists seek refuge from civilization.

The first day we explore the river world, actually the part of Dinosaur National Park not seen by land tourists. The sage at the canyon entrance has given way to piñon, juniper and cedar. A buck in full antlers feeds by the opposite shore and six bighorn sheep graze up ahead. The calmness of the river settles us, and we realize that for the next four days we have nothing to do but absorb its moods. The boatmen will be our caterers, our naturalists, our camp guides, our navigators, even our entertainers. From another boat we hear a harmonica. It echoes, so we don't know whether it's ahead of us or behind. No matter. In fact, nothing matters. The former world of deadlines, taxes and responsibility retreats. In the canyon nothing exists but the elements and natural life forms. There will be no contact with civilization. Our expedition is completely self-contained. We are free.

We beach for lunch and before we have a chance to explore the landing, boatmen have served up a spread of fruit salad and pita sandwiches. First-time rafters offer to help clean up, but the boatmen have a system far too efficient for the entanglement of do-gooders, so they encourage us to take a walk. Then it's back on the boats, around some bends, through narrow channels and over some rapids.

Neophytes to river running are full of questions. Tim explains what creates rapids — the narrowing of the canyon at places where the river bottom drops and there are rocks under the surface. "Except sometimes they're above the surface. Actually those are less dangerous. The hidden ones we have to discover by observing how the water breaks over them."

We camp on a beach when the sun is still high and the sliver of sky between vertical rock walls is a brilliant blue. The rock is deep red, rich in iron oxide, striped by a black drapery of magnesium leached out over centuries. "It's some of the oldest rock known to man," explains boatman Barry Peterson, a geology student. His voice is soft with ap-

preciation and he looks up at the walls in awe. "One-and-a-half billion years old, Pre-Cambrian, the first geologic age. Very few places on earth is it exposed, and we are in one of them." We feel his veneration.

In the quietness that descends with darkness, tomorrow's first rapids rumble. Disaster Falls is around a bend. We cannot see it, but its thunderous message is clear. Guests and boatmen mingle around the campfire, eating a spice cake baked in a dutch oven. First-timers hide their nervousness in laughter.

The next morning, oarsman Dave Inscore shares his breakfast of German brown trout freshly caught.



Susan Vreeland

Drifting past a living diorama, rafters barely disturb elk, bighorn sheep, marmots, beavers.

The four boatmen and one boatwoman gather to discuss quietly the day's strategy. Tim jumps in the river to bathe. "Might as well. We'll get wet anyway." He brushes his teeth and chews on his toothbrush as we push off.

A hundred yards out in the river the thunder increases and we have to yell to be heard. A brief landing to scout the rapids and then we're in it — Disaster Falls, dropping 10 feet per mile, more than the Grand Canyon, more than Cataract Canyon. The boatman pulls on the oars to guide the craft around boulders big-

ger than our boat, through foam that looks solid, over crests aimed right at us, down the other side to face a churning hole, then pitching up again like a bucking bronco. "Yahoo!" the boatman yells and we think he's about to add, "Ride 'em." Magnificent scenery flips past in a frenzy. We hang on tight. Tim grins broadly but is still chewing his toothbrush. That means there's more to follow.

In the relative calm between rapids we pass Pot Creek and hear its story. "John Wesley Powell ran Disaster Falls for the first time in his 1869 expedition to chart the whole Colorado River system. One of his boats crashed on that rapid and the men and supplies floated to shore. That creek mouth was where they found their pots."

There is no time to contemplate the gravity of that story because Hell's Half Mile is next. With a drop of 30 feet and boulders making waves the size of haystacks, this is one of the most difficult rapids in the rivers of the American West. Among boatmen its reputation is legendary. We beach just above it to hike the portage trail and gape at what lies ahead. In a close huddle, the boatmen devise a plan. Thunder from the crashing water prevents us from hearing. Better that way. Then back in the boats. As each boat nears the rapids, the boatman stands up to see which tongue of water leads to the safest route, or to the most rugged — a judgment each boatman makes in the quiet of his conscience, based on his skill and his passengers' sense of adventure. One by one, the boats are sucked by the current into a ride so wild it's part rollercoaster, part carwash in a convertible, part washing machine. There's no stopping in this sport — no way to luff a sail, sideslip a slope or brake a race car. It's all or nothing.

Downriver we beach again, and the boatmen hug each other in congratulation. Only then do we realize their grace under pressure — and the tightness in our shoulders.

Breakfast the third day is blueberry and apple pancakes. The

boatmen, always up at dawn, are magicians with meals. The ride is mostly calm that morning, and we notice things we weren't aware of before — the descending seven-note scale of canyon wrens, marmots waddling along the shoreline, evidence of bank beavers, the creak of oars in oarlocks. When the boatman stops rowing and we drift, we hear the hum of insects. Violet green swallows dart in a wild display of energy. "They live in those mud nests in rows on the canyon rock." When we spot them, he adds, "They're called swallowiniums."

We learn to appreciate the slow water, too, for the remoteness it offers, and the time for camaraderie. Sometimes there's a water fight — adults acting like children, our other lives a world away. The boats pull onto a beach for a volleyball game, later for a canyon hike at Jones Hole Creek to a waterfall where petroglyphs scratched on the rock and pictographs painted with iron oxide tell of a native culture dating from 800 A.D. to 1200 A.D. Boatwoman Elena Marquez, who's been running rivers for six years, explains the art of the Fremont



John Teleford

Fresh ingredients, a few secret recipes and a Dutch oven produce this exquisite canyon cuisine.

culture — primitive hunters, gatherers and farmers, contemporary with the Anasazi.

Our last dinner tops all others: French onion soup, bacon-wrapped filet mignon, scalloped potatoes and strawberry shortcake. We're still amazed at how they do it. On the beach, rafters linger in the moonlight, exchange addresses, vow they'll come again. "It's great

to have someone else make the decisions for a change," says Harry Scott, an instructor in heavy equipment from Burlington, Ontario. "When was the last time I just sat with my wife for two hours in the twilight?" Retired Marine aircraft mechanic from Alameda, Calif., Leah Gilkey, a gray-haired woman in her late 60s, sits with her husband on the sand in front of their tent. "It's a wonderful thing to spread out like this, to see what's around the next bend." She spent most of that morning paddling the single-man kayak.

On the last day, the oarsman stands up to search out the tongue of smooth water leading us into the wildest ride, teasing us by heading right for a cave. By now he knows we're ready for more, welcoming white water as if we've known it for years, sad to see it end. ■

Lodore Canyon is run mid-May through mid-September. Complete packages, including hotel the nights before and after, and ground or air transportation from Salt Lake, are available from High Desert Adventures, P.O. Box 8514-F, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108 (phone toll-free (800) 345-RAFT).

THE ROAD SHOW

ON VACATION in Maine, I was browsing in an antique shop. On a shelf I saw some lovely blue-and-white canisters. The proprietor told me they had been made by an old lady in the early 1900s. This old lady never left her farm, he said, but had done all her work on a pottery wheel in her home. They looked perfect for my kitchen and I decided to take them. I could find no mark on them, but the dealer said, "Oh, she would have had no way of marking them." On arriving home and checking in a better light, I was shocked to find "Made in Japan" on the bottom of the smallest canister. I called the dealer, who became very flustered. "Well," he stuttered. "I guess she must have left the farm once." — Jane Goyer, Worcester, Mass.

BROWSING THROUGH my hometown church in Rapid City, S.D., after several months' absence, I went into the nursery to see if anything new had been added. There was indeed an addition — a new diapering table with a neatly printed sign above it: "Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." I Corinthians 15:51. — Phyllis Raad, Sarasota, Fla.

DURING A FLIGHT from Charlotte to Memphis my 86-year-old mother, who had never flown before, spotted a passenger on the way to the ladies room and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Is she getting off here?" — Jean Kelly, Cameron, N.C.

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.

By James Joseph

Return to the Simple Life



Many recall the far simpler horse-and-buggy days with a touch of envy.

Those days that were are here-and-now in the picturesque farm-scape around Lancaster, Pa., the heart of Pennsylvania Dutch Country, a refreshing Quick-Stop off I-83 and I-76 (the Pennsylvania Turnpike).

Here, Amish and Mennonite farmers still plow with horsepower, live without telephones or television, teach their well-behaved kids the 3 Rs in one-room schoolhouses and buggy into town with farm-fresh produce.

The first wave of Mennonites — self-avowed "Plain People" who took their name from Menno Simons, their 1525 Swiss founder, and who wished only to pursue unworldly lives — fled to Pennsylvania from persecution in Europe in 1682.

Over the years, the Mennonites split into a number of denominations. The Amish, often called Amish Mennonites, were followers of Jacob Ammon, a Swiss Mennonite preacher. As one mark of distinction, Ammon instructed his followers to use hooks and eyes rather than buttons. Most Amish still do. The first of the Amish sect arrived in Pennsylvania about 1711. By 1750, Amish colonies flourished in two adjacent counties — Lancaster and Berks.

In their deeply religious disavowal of all that is worldly, the Amish wear only homemade clothing, disdain such home ornamentation as pictures and curtains, and find no use for electricity, musical instruments or any transportation

save the horse and buggy. Even bicycles are banned. The sect's centuries-held doctrines against taking oaths or human lives lead them to oppose war and its service, and to refuse to participate in government.

While opposed to higher education, Amish farmers have kept keenly attuned to agricultural advances. Frugal, hardworking, resolutely honest, the Amish are among the most stalwart of American small farmers, and certainly among the most singular people in our society.

You can choose to go it alone, guided by farm-tour maps (free),

available from the Pennsylvania Dutch Visitors Center on the northeast outskirts of Lancaster. You can also rent an auto tour audio tape with cassette player (about \$9.50 for the three-hour tour) from Dutch Wonderland, just east of the Visitors Center. Or hire a Mennonite guide to ride with you (about \$5 an hour, plus \$2 per car service charge) from the Mennonite Information Center, also a few miles east of the Visitors Center. The three-hour guided tour explores the back roads through the diamond-shaped area east and northeast of Lancaster — the heart of Amish farm country.

However you choose to go, your route will be waylaid by roadside stands where, in summer, Amish folk sell fresh-from-the-farm fruits and vegetables, and homemade goods, from clothing to furniture. Visit an operating flour mill (Flory's Mill) in Lancaster; an Amish homestead and its 1744 house (daily, adults \$3, ages 6-11, \$1.25); sample abundant and delicious Pennsylvania Dutch and Amish delicacies at any of a dozen restaurants; and, on Tuesday and Friday, visit Lancaster's deservedly famed Farmer's Market in Penn Square. Among the United States' oldest covered markets, it has long been an Amish trading and cultural center. On market days you'll see horses and buggies tied to hitching posts outside. Inside, counters and stalls are heaped with farm produce, flowers, meats and baked goods. Once you've sampled Amish homemade cheeses, sausages and baked goods you'll likely conclude that the simple life can sometimes be downright delicious.

Getting There

From the west: Leave I-83 at the U.S. 30 exit at York. Follow U.S. 30 east approximately 27 miles to the Greenfield Road exit and the Pennsylvania Dutch Visitors Bureau's Information Center.

From the north: Leave I-76 (Pennsylvania Turnpike) at the U.S. 222 exit, southwest of Reading. Follow U.S. 222 southwest approximately 14 miles to U.S. 30. Drive east a few miles to the Information Center exit (Greenfield Road).

From near Harrisburg: Leave I-76 (Pennsylvania Turnpike) at Exit 19 ("Harrisburg East"), which junctions with State Route 283. Follow State Route 283 approximately 29 miles to U.S. 30. Continue east on U.S. 30 a few miles to the Information Center exit.

For More Information

For brochures and a colorful map of the area's self-guided car tours write: Pennsylvania Dutch Visitors Bureau, 501 Greenfield Road, Lancaster, Pa. 17601. Or phone (717) 299-8901.

A Gift of Wings

Hundreds of pilots are using their airplanes to save the health — and sometimes the lives — of perfect strangers

By Phyllis Zauner

It was just after 2 a.m. when the phone shrilled at Sacramento businessman Tom Goodwin's bedside. It was an urgent call from the transplant coordinator at the University of California Medical Center in Sacramento. A still-living kidney had just been salvaged from the body of an accident victim. That kidney would make it possible for someone 2,000 miles away to live free of a dialysis machine. But time was vital. Transport was needed to fly the kidney to its connecting flight at San Francisco Airport. Within minutes, Goodwin had alerted volunteer pilot Frank Fehrenbacher, who keeps his plane flight-ready.

At Sacramento airport the pilot met the medical courier who would travel with the kidney to its destination, and together they made the 35-minute flight to San Francisco in time to meet the Tennessee-bound plane.

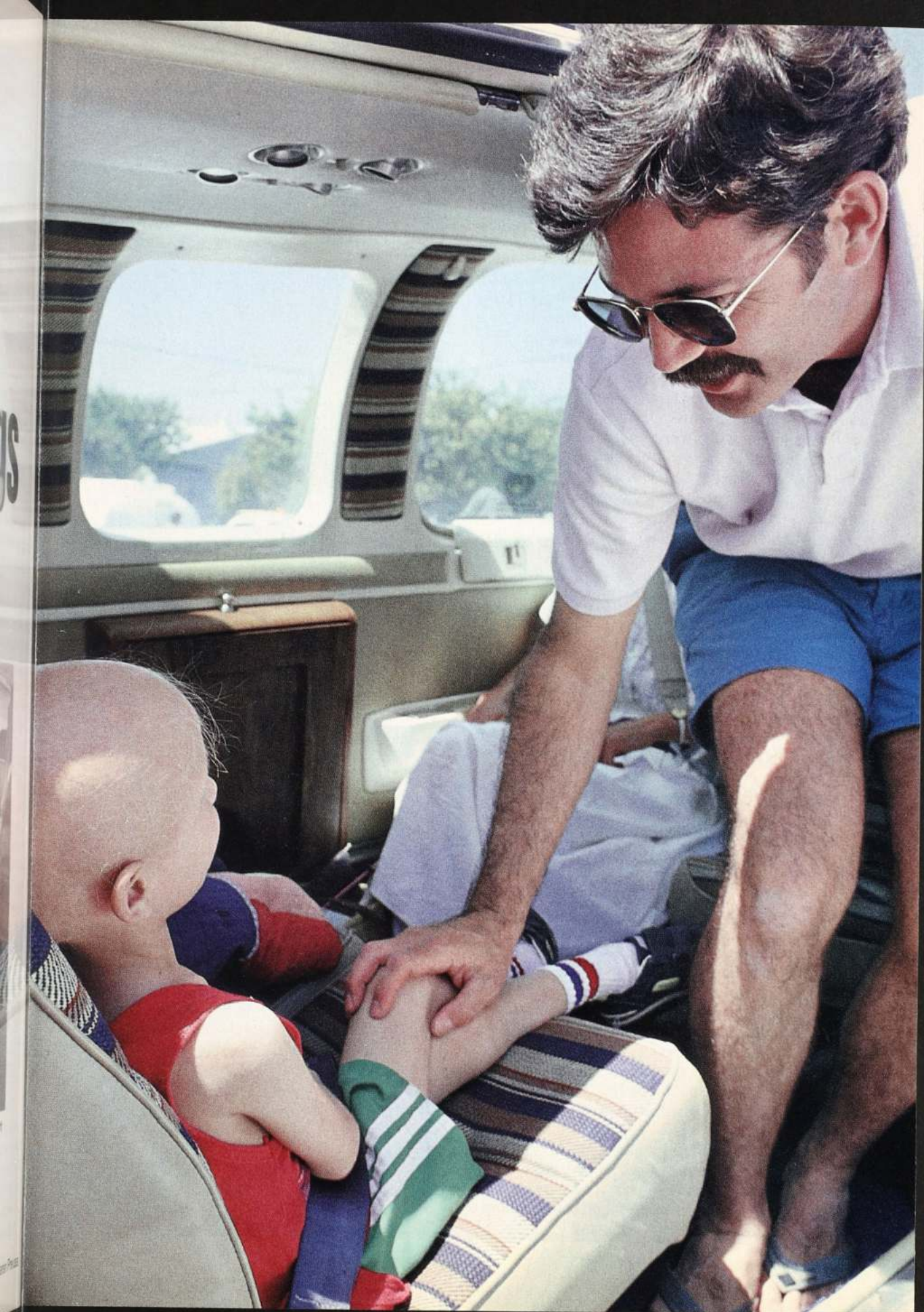
Fehrenbacher is just one of the 430 dedicated pilots in 36 states who fly under the banner of AirLifeLine, donating their time, their planes and their fuel to save lives or deliver life-sustaining items, and to transport the ill to distant treatment centers when medical expenses have depleted their funds.

AirLifeLine is a unique, 100 percent non-profit, charitable association of pilots who volunteer to fly airfield-to-airfield in emergency situations. Each mission flown is the individual effort of a single humanitarian pilot who remains on constant standby.

The concept was Tom Goodwin's brainchild. The



AirLifeLine veteran Peggy Ewert and husband John prepare for takeoff, while their precious cargo — 5-year-old cancer patient Brian Kelly — gets tucked in by his dad, Bob Kelly.



Wings

idea came to him one pleasant autumn Sunday in 1978 while he was cruising the skies above the Sacramento Valley. "It suddenly struck me that pilots who fly as a hobby could be using their time, talent and machinery to benefit people instead of just buzzing around, shooting touch-and-go's for an hour or so a week."

He wasn't sure what direction his idea would take, but its ultimate form was influenced strongly by his interest in medicine. He talked to transplant surgeons. He sought advice from management consultant Fred Simonelli (now the executive director of AirLifeLine). He mobilized the skills and aircraft of his pilot friends.

The first major mission for the fledgling service was a request from Surgical Eye Expeditions, a team of ophthalmologists with a mercy mission of their own: to fly to Culiacan, Mexico to treat eye problems of the impoverished. A major obstacle was the high cost of transporting a team of seven doctors and nurses, plus a portable surgical unit.

Two AirLifeLine planes made that trip. In two days, 32 eye operations either restored or improved vision for as many Mexicans, all without charge. Reported Goodwin, "The pilots flying that mission were overwhelmed by the gratitude of the people we helped."

Since then, eight more Mexico flights have been made.

Today, 36 states and the District of Columbia are linked by AirLifeLine, and 14 chapters have been established to help coordinate pilots in their areas. In a little over six years, more than 1,000 missions of mercy have been flown — close to 600,000 miles — without ever having had to say no.

For pilot Jean Turner, her contributions have been among the most rewarding experiences of a lifetime. She first heard of the volunteer pilots when Tom Goodwin spoke about the service before the woman pilot's group, "Ninety-Nines." She signed up immediately and became the mainstay of a humanitarian four-month mission that came to be known as the "milk run." The purpose: to supply mother's milk to an allergic infant whose mother had been murdered and who could not survive on formula. A call went out for donors. Thirteen mothers responded. Then Turner helped with the thrice-weekly, 60-mile hop between airports. She used her own plane, her own fuel. For Turner, no experience has topped it. "If anything made my flying lessons worthwhile, it was those milk-run missions."

Initially established to fly blood, milk, organs and other tissue, the organization decided after several years to expand the scope of service by transporting ambulatory patients who could not otherwise afford to fly to specialized treatment centers.

Corporate Angels

They're finding free seats on company planes for cancer patients bound for distant treatment.

By Gregg Levoy

Elio Martina had been flying from his home in Chicago to the Sloan Kettering Institute in New York City every three months for treatment of his bladder cancer. When an experimental treatment for his condition became available and the University of Chicago architect volunteered for it, it required that he fly to New York every month, at \$400 round-trip each time. "You do anything, though, when you're fighting for your life," says the 61-year-old Martina. "You grasp at straws."

And then, instead of a straw, someone threw him a rope.

It was the Corporate Angel Network, a non-profit group that arranges free plane rides for cancer patients to and from treatment, aboard corporate jets with empty seats on routine flights. Martina called and asked if they knew of any companies flying from Chicago to New York, monthly. They did. In fact, on his first return flight with CAN, Martina was brought to within 50 feet of his parked car. "Sometimes the companies would even take me into New York City in a company limo. I'm getting spoiled. But it's a lifesaver."

It's the same for as many as 2,556 people whom CAN has flown gratis since its inception in 1981. That first year they flew 24 patients; this year they're flying about 40 per

Recovered cancer patients Jay Weinberg and Pat Blum are the angels who created CAN. The network was awarded a medal by President Reagan in 1984.



Marianne Barcelona

month, using a computer to match the 400 companies (and two trade unions) on their roster with cancer patients all over the country.

CAN is the brainchild of Priscilla Blum, a pilot and former cancer patient who keeps a single-engine Comanche at the Westchester County Airport where CAN is headquartered. Westchester has more corporate aviation, Blum says, than any other airport in the country, and is representative of the kind of airports CAN flights use — smaller and less congested, an added bonus for cancer patients whose immune systems may be weakened by drug treatment programs.

Blum knew that cancer patients pay dearly to get themselves to the best cancer programs in the country, which are seldom in their own backyards, and travel to which is seldom covered by medical insurance. She also saw that company planes rarely carried as many passengers as there were seats and wondered why cancer patients couldn't use them. She took the idea to a friend, Jay Weinberg, also a recovered cancer patient, and together they took it to a number of corporate executives, some of whom were initially hesitant. They worried about security (patients aren't told what companies they are flying with

until right before they go), insurance (all have adequate insurance for carrying other people), and cost (in these jets, the weight of an extra person is negligible). "The beauty of the idea," says Blum, "is that these companies can provide a tremendous benefit to their fellow man and it won't cost them a thing."

About 25 percent of the patients who request help are able to fly the friendly skies of CAN. "But we don't look at it as only 25 percent," says Blum. "It's 25 percent more than would be helped without CAN, though no one can fly without the proverbial note from his or her doctor, confirming that the patient is known to the physician, is in stable condition (needing no life-support systems), and is headed for 'appropriate' treatment."

As for expanding the network, Blum has her eye on "all the corporate aviation that exists, all the thousands of companies out there with planes," and all the patients those company planes can carry.

What an angel.

For more information on CAN, write Corporate Angel Network Inc., Building 1, Westchester County Airport, White Plains, N.Y. 10604, or call (914) 328-1313.

Wings

"I'm so proud that our board had the foresight and compassion to ask, 'How could we do a little more,'" says Administrative Director Dorothy Simonelli, who first became involved with the group when she donated milk for milk-run missions. "Considering the tragic circumstances of the families we're helping, AirLifeLine is sometimes the only bright spot."

She points out that it is not an air ambulance service. Pilots are not medically trained, and a doctor must certify that the flight will not be detrimental. Requests for help come from medical centers, and Simonelli screens them carefully to be certain the financial need is real.

Two or three calls a month come from Denver Children's Hospital, which provides remote Rocky Mountain areas with the latest childhood cancer treatment. Dana Shepard, a hospital social worker, says, "People who have a child with cancer are overwhelmed with difficult concerns. Without this service, people would pay a fortune to get the kind of care they need."

It was Shepard's call for help that brought Peter Kooi, a Denver businessman, to the airport in Billings, Mont. on a snowy winter night. He taxied his private aircraft to the terminal, completing a mission of mercy for two very special and thankful passengers — Glenna Wambeke and her infant daughter Veronica, who has a malignant facial tumor and must travel to Denver every two weeks for treatment.

Noteworthy as that flight was, it was just one of several scheduled that same week at AirLifeLine headquarters. The log of missions is an eloquent record of efforts to cushion the pain of devastating illnesses.



Brian's flight is one of many logged by the Ewerts in their Beechcraft Bonanza A-36. Like all volunteers, they may be called at any hour.



To avoid a long drive, Brian must fly with his mother to UCLA Medical Center where he'll receive new bone marrow. His father will join them later.

The day after Kooi's flight, another pilot flew a 4-year-old leukemia victim home for Thanksgiving in the village of Auburn, Calif. from a hospital bed in Palo Alto.

A pilot in West Virginia flew coal miner Larry Heath to Philadelphia, where his 5-month-old daughter Jennifer was under treatment for eye cancer. In Oregon, a volunteer flew a new liver to 12-year-old Joshua Oja, who was desperately waiting for it. And in Salmon, Idaho, pilots flew 5-year-old Nicole Vincelette to Boise for chemotherapy, saving her a treacherous 10-hour auto ride through snow-covered mountains.

At week's end, a husband-wife pilot team in Minnesota flew from small-town Princeton to St. Paul to pick up a box of blood platelets from the Red Cross, and flew it to Fergus Falls, where they picked up another packet to be delivered to St. Paul.

It wasn't an unusual week. At any time of any day, some AirLifeLine pilot somewhere performs an act of kindness, providing the wings to save lives or ease pain.

The organization has undertaken a number of special projects, including transporting beached baby seals for special care. It also has worked with New York City's Albert Einstein Medical Center, which trains capuchin monkeys to become the "hands" of quadriplegics, holding a telephone, fetching water, turning

"It's a revelation to know people who are willing to give their time, money and plane. It's a better world than we'd thought."

pages of a book, operating a television set. Last year, two New York pilots delivered six of these invaluable animals.

AirLifeLine is supported by tax-deductible donations (about \$60,000 worth in 1986) that help fund the phone calls and mailings that make it all work.

"We're really on a shoestring," says Simonelli. "But we do get help from many service organizations that put on pancake breakfasts or rummage sales for us. Last year Rainbow Girls (an arm of the Masons) selected AirLifeLine as one of two worthy projects in California. The girls expect to raise a substantial sum for the cause, selling cupcakes and washing cars. That should help enormously on our \$94,000 projected budget."

AirLifeLine doesn't just wait for donations, though. In 1986, the organization launched its Annual AirLifeLine Golf Classic, which promises to be a useful source of cash to keep things running.

Pilots receive no compensation from either patient or hospital. What they do get is a lot of gratitude, plus a tax deduction for out-of-pocket expenses related to their volunteer flights.

In the final analysis, the gratitude may be the more important reward.

Wrote a New Jersey pilot to Dorothy Simonelli at

headquarters after assisting a 10-year-old girl with flights to and from the Mayo Clinic: "This transaction has really shaken up my outlook, laugh if you wish. Flying a big airplane with a herd of people 'back there' is pretty impersonal. But to have a sparkling little lady, headed for serious surgery, sitting beside me and saying confidently, 'I want to get my license when I'm 16,' is something else. When we got to the airport, in spite of her exhaustion she walked with me to the family car. What kind of instantaneous glue can bring two people of such different ages into a common friendship? Yes, Dorothy, I'm grateful to your people for this wonderful experience."

But gratitude is no one-way street at AirLifeLine. On the walls are tacked the letters of those who got help when they didn't know where to turn.

"In this day and age," wrote Bill Bridgforth of Tennessee, "when all media news is bad and family emphasis is on 'me and mine,' it's a wonderful revelation to know people who are willing to give their time, money and plane. We realize now this is a better world than we had thought." ■

AirLifeLine national headquarters is at 1011 Saint Andrews Drive, Suite I, El Dorado Hills, Calif. 95630; telephone (916) 933-3060.

MY FAVORITE CAR

By Sarah Matthews

Of my husband's 11 Ford cars, 7 Ford trucks and 4 Ford tractors over the years, my favorite will always be a 1950 tan Ford sedan loaded with chrome. I thought it was the prettiest car I had ever seen. But it wasn't only beautiful—it once saved 22 lives.

In 1951, Eastern Kansas was hit by a devastating flood. We lost everything on our farm but one Ford tractor, which had been moved to higher ground. As the waters rose that July 12, my husband, one other man and 20 women and children found themselves marooned in a schoolhouse, cut off by flood waters creating a new channel for the swollen river. Our Ford sedan was parked nearby.

The Army had begun sending water vehicles called "ducks" to rescue people who were stranded. About 9 that evening, my husband saw the flashing light of an Army duck coming in his direction. He ran out to our Ford and turned it to face the oncoming light. With the car's

spotlight he and the duck signaled back and forth until it had been guided to a landing near the schoolhouse.

Everyone was loaded safely, but they had to wait until daylight to leave because of uprooted trees and other debris in the rushing water. Thirty minutes after they left, the schoolhouse collapsed into the river.

Without that spotlight on that special Ford, who knows?

Sarah Matthews keeps her feet dry in Manhattan, Kan. Tell us about your favorite Ford. We pay \$100 for each entry we publish. Limit your account to 250 typewritten words and send to My Favorite Car, Ford Times, One Illinois Center, 111 E. Wacker Drive, Suite 1700, Chicago, Ill. 60601. Please don't send photos. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned unless they include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

The Fine Art of Crabbing



The unwritten rules of this family's summer sport are lovingly passed down from one generation to the next

By Russell Roberts

"Crabbing's not a sport. It's an art!"

With a smile creasing his well-lined face and the salt air tousling his white hair, my grandfather would make that comment at least once during each of our many crabbing trips.

Indeed, as a small boy sitting in a rowboat and watching him repeatedly catch these strange-looking creatures with little more than a piece of bait and a prayer, it seemed like more than an art to me; it seemed like magic.

Like an ancient alchemist, he would consult tide schedules and charts showing the phases of the moon to pick the best day to go crabbing. He would always select a time when the moon was full and the Atlantic tide was coming in, since crabs ride the tides in and out of the backwater bays that are the best places to find them.

The knowledge of how to crab has been passed down through countless generations. My grandfather taught me just as his father had taught him, using the same unwritten rules that have existed since the first crab latched onto a piece of bait.

Our first rule was: No crab traps, even though they are one of crabbing's modern innovations. "Where's the challenge in that?" he would ask, contemptuously hoisting a trap up and down, watching the four sides snap shut to imprison an imaginary

crab. "We might as well just blow them out of the water with a cannon."

No, my grandfather would only crab with a string, bait and net. It was a source of honor to him to maintain the timeless status quo that pitted a crab's instincts against a man's skill.

The next rule was choosing the right spot. Crabs prefer a muddy bottom, one in which they can bury themselves and watch for unsuspecting food to happen by. They also like old wood, and with sharp eyes and a long-handled net you can frequently pluck them right off dock pilings. We would always anchor in a quiet cove, surrounded by tall marsh grass and with an abandoned dock nearby, away from the churning water caused by constant boat traffic.

For bait we'd use killies or mossbunker, or sometimes even cheap chicken parts like backs or necks. Working with the dexterity and grace of a diamond cutter, my grandfather would secure the bait to one end of a piece of strong string, then fasten the other end inside the boat. He'd also attach a small, one-pound sinker next to the bait so it would sit on the bottom rather than float. Within minutes, we'd have a dozen lines cast out from all around the boat.

Then came the hard part: waiting. Crabbers must have an infinite amount of patience, for not only must they wait for the

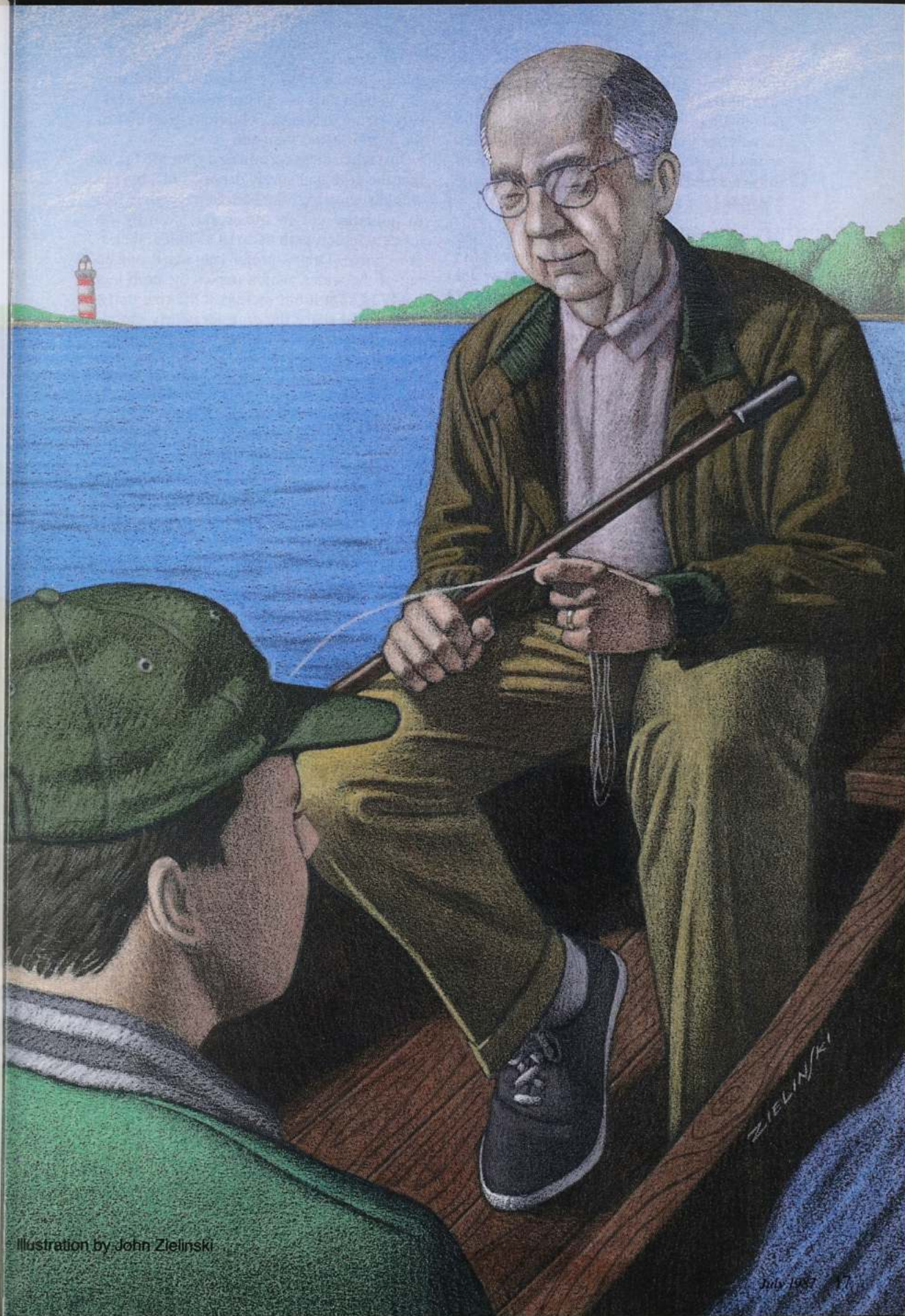


Illustration by John Zielinski

elusive quarry to strike, but when a crab does take the bait the line must be handled with the deft touch of an egg-packer. Although crabs haven't been blessed with either good looks or intelligence, they are amazingly quick in the water and will get away at the first sign of trouble.

My grandfather would always know when there was a crab on his line, even though the bait sat submerged in cloudy water. He would gently grasp the line between his thumb and forefinger, like a doctor feeling for a pulse. Then he would either nod or else just slip the string back into the water. When a crab is on a line, it will send up a slight vibration as it tears at the bait with its claws. Sometimes the feeling is obvious, and sometimes it is as faint as a baby's breath in a hurricane, but it is always there.

With his nod that he had a "customer," the real magic would begin. Since crabbing disdains any type of hooks, the only thing holding the crab onto the line is its appetite. There are many things that can cause it to drop off as the line is brought to the surface: a boat's wake, a shadow, meeting another crab, or hitting a submerged obstruction like a rock. The only factor under your control is the speed and stability of the line.

At this my grandfather was a true master, the Houdini of crabbers. By winding the line around his fingers he could bring it up in one continuous motion, without causing a single ripple in the glass-like surface. Slowly, surely, silently, he would lift the string out of the water. Since two people leaning over the

same side of a small rowboat can spell disaster, I could only watch his movements, scarcely daring to breathe, oblivious to all else in the world at the moment.

Just when I was certain he'd gone too far, or that the crab had surely dropped off, his net would swoop over the bait. Some people like to hold the net in the water, coming up quickly underneath as soon as bait and crab are visible. Others prefer keeping it poised out of the water, which makes the crab less likely to spot it but increases the risk that a splash will scare the crab away. My grandfather practiced the former method, darkening the net by rubbing dirt and mud into it so that it was virtually invisible in the brackish water.

The few seconds between the time I saw his net move and the time he brought it to the surface were always packed with nervous anticipation. Did he get it? How big is it? Will it be a "keeper," or will we have to throw it back? Then he'd lift the dripping net into the boat, and we'd examine the catch according to the most important of our crabbing rules: Never, ever keep small crabs or females.

He was adamant about tossing back any crabs that measured less than 5 inches tip-to-tip (the distance between the two sharp jutting points on either side of the shell), even though the law was more lenient. He'd always tell the little ones to "come back when you're bigger." As for females, it's estimated that out of 2 million eggs, fewer than 50 mature into full-grown crabs, so he considered it vital to leave the females so they could repopulate the waters. As soon as he'd see the large triangle on the bottom of the crab that indicated it was a female, as opposed to the narrow, candlestick-shaped mark of a male, he'd smile and say, "Go back and make some more crabs, Miss" and return her to the water.

Before long we'd have caught our fill. Back home, he would steam the crabs with a mixture of vinegar and spices and serve them to our waiting family. Someone inevitably would congratulate him for catching so many. He'd point to me and say, "I couldn't have done it without the little guy."

It's been many a year now since my grandfather and I shared a rowboat together on the sun-drenched water, but what time has destroyed it has also rebuilt. As soon as my baby daughter is old enough, I will teach her the fine art of crabbing, just as it was taught to me.

Smile, Grandpa; she's going to make us both proud. ■





YOUR LEFT, YOUR LEFT, YOUR LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT

A G.I. Joe can hear that cadence in his sleep. But for many people, "your left" just means the hand they write with. These Lucky Lefties can celebrate their uniqueness on International Lefthanders Day, Aug. 13. "Don't Be Left Out" is the battle cry, and if there are no riotous celebrations planned in your area you can order bumper stickers and buttons for \$1.50 each or *Lefthander Magazine* at \$15.00/year. A left-handers' catalog with 130 items is also available for \$2.00. Own your very own lefthanded toothbrush, a business folder that has the pad on the right — excuse us — *proper* side,

Answer to Puzzler, page 48:

1. CRYPTOON. "I don't mind your reading over my shoulder, but you've got to stop complaining that I turn the page before you're ready!"
2. CAST YOUR BALLOT. Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time.—E. B. White.
3. SPELLING "B". Have you noticed how easily you can turn "garage sale" into "garbage sale" with just one letter?
4. THEY WENT THATAWAY. Fork-in-the-road. Place where two or more paths converge, or evidence of litterbug picnickers.
5. TA-TA. Before cancan routine, dancer wearing pom-pom decorations gulps down bonbon for energy.
6. IN THE BAG. Oriental oolong tea, made from black and green varieties of leaves, combines best qualities of both.

or a book for lefthanded calligraphers. Write (left) to Lefthanders International, P.O. Box 8249, Top-eka, Kan. 66608. Or call (913) 234-2177.

BOOM DAYS OR BUST!

It's been going on since the rush of 1949. That's when people began rushing, in a manner of speaking, to the nearest Pack-Burro Race. At Boom Days in Leadville, Colo., Aug. 7, 8 and 9, a wily burro packing 33 pounds of regulation gear on a 15-foot rope lead is all that's standing — and we do mean *standing* — between you and the grand prize. If the contrary critter outsmarts you, you can still try your hand at mining events — rock drilling or hand mucking — or drown your sorrows in a pancake breakfast. Pack up on information from the Leadville Lake County Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 861, Leadville, Colo. 80461. Or call (303) 486-3900. And thereby hangs the tail.

NO SMOKING NOSIREE!

When someone tells you to put out your cigar at the annual Sawdust Festival and Statewide Loggers Contest in Payson, Ariz., better pay attention. You just may have strayed into the cigar firefighting contest, where participants smoke their cigars softly and carry a big water-tank to douse the embers of opponents. But it's not all fun and greased pole climbs. Men and women loggers from all over the country will gather July 25-26 in this mountain community smack in the middle of the largest stand of Ponderosa pine in the world to demonstrate prowess at splitting a wooden match balanced on top of a log, crosscut bucking, or less cutting skills such as the log toss or burling (balancing on a rolling log while trying to knock the opponent off). Cost for spectators is \$5.00 for adults, \$3.00 for children, 5 and under free. For information, log in a call to (602) 474-4515. Or write the Payson Chamber, Drawer A, Payson, Ariz. 85547.



A hobo jungle, that is. Authentic hobos will congregate, cook out and chow down during the National Hobo Convention at Britt, Iowa, on July 31 and Aug. 1, an annual gathering dating back to the early 1900s. You don't have to have a hole in your shoe or an urge to wander to simply enjoy the parade, entertainment, free mulligan stew and the coronation of the King and Queen of Hobos. Write Britt Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 63, Britt, Iowa 50423. Or call (515) 843-3867.

Whether the script calls for Serbian singers or pool-hall hustlers, Jane Alderman's casting agency fills the bill

Perfect for the Part

By Pat Langley

Alderman's reputation brought producer Barry Bernardi and director Gary Sherman to her for help in casting *Poltergeist III*. Her office wall (opposite) displays the company she keeps.

It's 10 o'clock on a bright summer morning, and snaking around the corner of Oak Street onto Chicago's Magnificent Mile is the strangest cab you've ever seen. It's rigged out with mysterious metal projections, taped and strapped as if girded for battle. Two men sprawl nonchalantly on its roof as it inches to a stop, enveloped in a small pocket of calm amid the heavy traffic.

A dark-haired woman walks over to the idling cab and exchanges a few words with a young woman inside.

At the curb, a handsomely familiar young man alternately stretches and leans against a signal switch-box, then paces the empty stretch of pavement behind the cab.

People sporting walkie-talkies are everywhere. Instructions fly fast and thick.

"Are you reading me?"

"Lock up Michigan Avenue!"

"Ready to roll!"

On cue, the two on the cab roof snap to attention, instantly manning a huge Panavision camera. Easing away from the curb, the cab builds speed quickly. Kevin Bacon, star of such movies as *Quicksilver* and *Footloose*, suddenly steps away from the curb and sprints wildly after the cab, arms pumping and waving, an impatient herd of cars pressing after him all the way down Michigan Avenue.

Cut. End take one, sequence one, on a long day of location shooting of *She's Having a Baby*, directed by John Hughes.

The dark-haired woman flashes a good-luck smile at the young actress she helped cast in this movie, then heads back to the Alderman & Andreas casting agency on the near north side. It's the beginning of another day for Chicago's top casting director, Jane Alderman.

Alderman's agency — a prime beneficiary of Hollywood's hike to the hinterlands to cut costs — has been hot for several years, sharing casting duties with Los Angeles agencies for *No Mercy*, starring Richard Gere, *The Color of Money*, starring Paul Newman and Tom Cruise, *Nothing in Common*, which paired Jackie Gleason and Tom Hanks, and casting some of the principal roles in *Dr. Detroit*, *Endless Love*, *Ferris Buehler's Day Off* and others. Alderman & Andreas are





no strangers to television either, listing among their credits principal roles in "Jack and Mike" (ABC), *Vital Signs* (CBS-MOW), and "The Killing Floor" (PBS).

"It's only recently that the rest of the business started paying attention to the importance of the casting director," Alderman says, the soft, rich timbre of her voice betraying her training as an actress. "It's a highly skilled and intuitive profession — you have to know hundreds of individual actors and what each is capable of doing, and be able to provide the best character possibilities for the director."

You can test her theory about the new status of casting next time you go to a movie. Casting directors today are featured as prominently as the editor or cinematographer.

Screen credit or not, the life of a casting director is not all glitz and glamour. Once hired by a director or production company, Alderman and her partner, Shelly Andreas, study the script literally page by page.

"I go very slowly, sort of rolling the movie in my mind, absorbing the characters," says Alderman. She and Shelley comb through binders jammed with photos and resumes. They call agents. From this process come casting choices that have earned the agency an 80 percent success rate.

Covering the wall behind her are a mass of promotional photos, faces already familiar and those soon to be. To her left hangs a colored pencil caricature of the lady herself, titled "Me, Jane."

"I really don't know how it all started," she says thoughtfully. "I was going through a divorce and I had a child to support. One day I literally stood up and said, 'I'm going to cast!' And that was it."

Born a war baby just outside London in 1939, Alderman grew up an "Air Force brat" whose home was anywhere in the world her family happened to be. She attended Adelphi College on Long Island on a Miss America scholarship, graduating with a major in drama and a dream of being an actress. The obvious next step was to move into Manhattan and dig in for the long haul to fame and fortune.

"I starved, what else?" Alderman shrugs matter-of-factly. "I'd buy a bag of potatoes for a dime and live off it for a week."

Eventually, she took a "temporary job" as secretary to Stark Hesseltine, a New York casting legend responsible for the early careers of Robert Redford and Elizabeth Ashley among others. Alderman found herself loving the excitement of the business, and she spent five rewarding years with Hesseltine before moving to Chicago in 1966 with her husband.

In January 1980, when Alderman made her great leap of faith into entrepreneurship, there was only one other casting agency in Chicago, specializing in commercials. "I started hustling to bring in feature films. I called producers. I wrote directors. I went to Los



Waiting to read (left) may take hours. Chosen for a part in *Poltergeist III*, Lara Boyle joins stars Heather O'Rourke and Nancy Allen.

Angeles. After being in the business in one way or another for nearly 25 years, I knew some of the right doors to knock on."

A recommendation by Hesseltine opened the magic door to her first feature assignment — the casting plum for *Four Friends*, directed by Arthur Penn (*Bonnie and Clyde*) and shot entirely in Chicago.

Alderman was off and running in a profession that turned out to be wide open to women. "I feel no discrimination. Never, ever have. It's the quality of the work that counts in this business. That and nothing else."

Her own experience as an actress has made her especially sensitive to the human side of the business. "I never really liked the way I'd been treated. You'd wait in hotel lobbies for hours just to be seen for a bit part. It was a zoo. If casting people treat actors with respect, they'll do a wonderful job."

One-time assistant Jennifer Levant confirms the special Alderman touch: "You feel almost safe in her hands, like everything will work out and be OK. Actors and directors love her for that."

When Jennifer returned to her hometown Chicago after working as a casting assistant in Los Angeles, she made a beeline for the Alderman & Andreas Agency. "I'd heard in California they were the biggest casting directors in Chicago."

Those words are music to Alderman's ears.

"I feel I've earned a good reputation in this business," she says, with a definite set to her chin. "A production company may not always pat us on the back and say, 'Good job. We love you.' But the next phone call will be someone wanting to use us because that company said we're great."

And those words are music to the ears of Susan Kellett, head of the Illinois Film Office, because Alderman is one of those key people who are making filming in Chicago so attractive. "Jane totally understands the idiosyncrasies of the film business; she picks up on the

*"I'm always staring at people — which
sometimes gets me in trouble."*

nuances of a casting situation and delivers what people want."

Alderman works 24 hours a day at being one of the best.

"I'm always staring at people — which sometimes gets me into trouble," she laughs. "I've stopped people on the street. I asked a vendor at Wrigley Field to come up and read." Who knows? Just one look away may be that certain face in the crowd.

Then there are the crises. She recalls the time an actress was due on the set of "Skokie" (a television movie of the week starring the late Danny Kaye) at 6 in the morning. The woman called at 3 a.m. in tears; she'd just suffered a crushing personal tragedy. The British director, Herbert Wise, called Alderman: "I don't care what you do — I have to have someone there." Fortunately, she'd carried home photos and files from the "Skokie" casting. "I had to scurry around like a wild woman at 3 in the morning to find another actress." She found one.

The job is not without its personal satisfactions.

The thrill of opening doors for young actors like Alan Ruck, for example. She had to fight to get Alan his first feature film role in *Bad Boys* with Sean Penn. Director Rick Rosenthal didn't think he was right for the part. "I just kept bringing him in and talking him up until finally he got it." Alan's been seen most recently in the box office hit, *Ferris Buehler's Day Off*.

And there's that little bit o' luck, too. Alderman recalls sitting in a hotel suite with Arthur Penn, discussing the casting for *Four Friends*. Suddenly he told

her, "Oh, I forgot. We have to have a beautiful young girl who sings well and speaks fluent Serbian." Not much to ask for. "The door of the suite was open, and I heard a little voice saying, 'Jane, excuse me.' I usually don't like interruptions, but I stepped outside." The "little voice" belonged to Natalija Nogulich. She'd heard a rumor in the Serbian community about a film being made. She was young, beautiful and a soprano. She spoke fluent Serbian.

"I went back in the suite and said, 'Arthur, the girl you want is waiting outside.' She was hired on the spot. It was just a fluke, of course, and Arthur knew it. But it was a kick to have it happen that way."

For Alderman, the learning, and the pleasure of it, never stops. Casting continually opens new worlds.

"Working on *The Color of Money* for director Martin Scorsese, we had gone through all the actors who played pool. It seemed to me what he wanted was genuine pool players — 'characters.' So we went into the pool halls and got completely involved with the world of pool hustlers."

After seven years in the thick of the casting fray, Jane Alderman is certainly not doing it for the color of money. "It seems the only way my partner and I are truly solvent is when we're gasping from overwork." Happily, a state of overwork is the norm now, though she can still remember the days of the empty refrigerator blues.

Somehow she finds time to teach two classes at DePaul Theater School and remain active in the Chicago branch of Women in Film, of which she's one of eight co-founders. Mostly she looks for every moment possible to spend with her 17-year-old son, Jason.

As for what lies ahead, Alderman has no concrete plans. "I don't really see expanding the agency. We like hands-on work, and if we made it bigger, that wouldn't be possible."

There is talk of opening a branch office in Los Angeles to attract some of the business that L.A. casting directors have in a deathgrip. For the moment it remains on the drawing board.

In the meantime, Alderman just goes — gasping — with the flow.

"I don't think too much about the future — I never really have. Except . . .," she hesitates, "in my dream of dreams, I would love one day to be able to produce my own film. One that has everybody I love connected to it — the director, the production company, the actors, the script — everything."

It's a wonderful dream.

Any chance of it coming true? When a woman of Jane Alderman's mettle sets her sights, go ahead and bet on it. ■



Alderman says Shelly Andreas (right) is more than a business partner — "She's my best friend."

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A GREAT LITTLE SOCIALIZER

Would you like forgotten friends and estranged relatives to stay that way? Better not buy a pickup truck

By Marti Attoun

Forget about active listening, hug therapy, weeding the "I's" from your conversation, spraying your body with musk and all those other techniques to win friends and influence people.

You want to be popular? Buy a pickup.

Overnight we rekindled old friendships, reunited with old relatives and became reacquainted with old neighbors simply by driving home a new truck. Before we could peel the sticker from the window we had a call from our buddy Don, who had dropped out of sight two years ago.

"It's just me," he said when I picked up the phone and frantically tried to pinpoint the voice from the past. "Say, I'm at an old boy's farm over here on Highway 43 and I just

bought a load of chicken manure. Could I borrow your truck for five minutes to get her hauled home?"

"Gee, I guess so," I mumbled, always eager to oblige. "Who are you?"

During the last month, we've heard from a distant cousin (so she claims) who couldn't pass up a broken windmill that went for a song at an auction, my sister Rosie who moved and didn't need U-Haul since she had Us-Haul, a friend of a friend who took his 3-month-old Christmas tree to the city dump after a rain and got mired in muck for two days, and a neighbor two blocks away who bought a used baby bed for his new granddaughter.

"Where's the truck?" my husband Otto asked the other night. "I need to go get a load of sheetrock for the bathroom."

"Your old high school pal, Clarence, borrowed it for a few hours.

He's cleaning out his garage," I said.

"But I don't have an old high school friend, Clarence," Otto said nervously.

"Sure you do. He said he used to call you Shrimp."

"You mean you let Piggo borrow our truck?" he shrieked. "I bet he's halfway to Australia by now."

"But isn't it neat how our social life has picked up? My goodness, we've had eight invitations to dinner this month," my voice trailed Otto as he headed out the door to wrench our truck back from Piggo. "Why, we haven't had so many friends since we lived in that apartment complex with the swimming pool."

Otto doesn't like to be reminded of our dinner invitations. At the last one, we had barely polished off the braised duck and bean curd when the host asked if Otto could lend a quick hand moving a refrigerator over to his brother-in-law's house.

"No problem," Otto chirped. He likes to win friends, too.

"Looks like we can either use your pickup, old buddy, or strap the fridge to my car roof," our host chuckled and slapped his thighs. He had a convertible.

A hundred miles and three hours later, Otto crawled back to the table and said he'd skip dessert.

"We had to shove that monster up two flights of stairs," Shrimp chanted deliriously all the way home. "Remind me never to eat another bite there. My back can't take it."

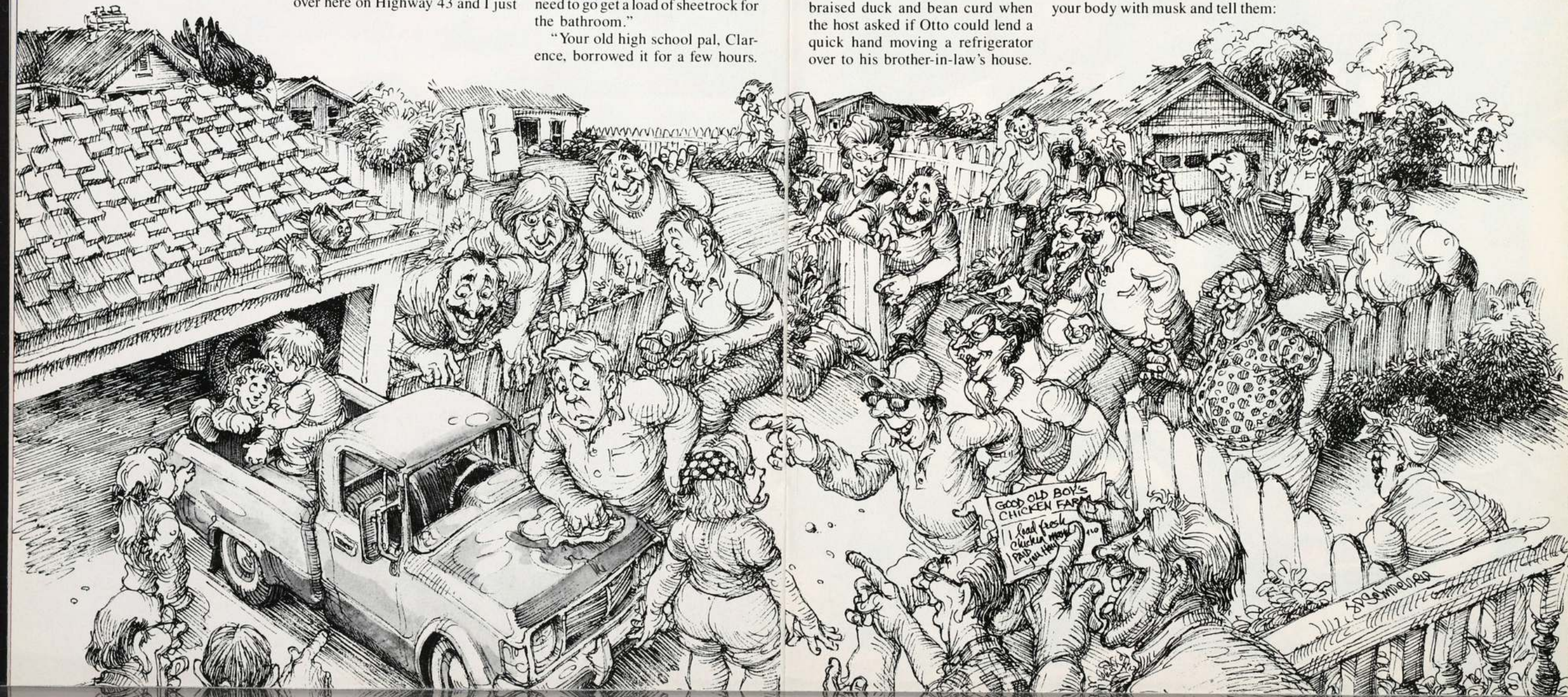
Since then, Otto and I have compiled a few tips for truck owners who don't want to strain their friendships, their backs or their pickups. Just listen, give them a hug, spray your body with musk and tell them:

"Sure, you can borrow the truck, but I better warn you that I ran over a family of skunks and the daddy is lodged somewhere under the driver's seat."

"You bet you can borrow the truck, old pal, after I finish dismantling and hauling the collapsed barn I bought to turn into picture frames. Let's see, if I hurry I should be finished by April 1989."

"You're welcome to the truck any time, but it has an expired tag and I've had two nasty warning tickets already."

"I don't mind at all if you borrow the truck, just drop me off in Orlando on the way. If we leave now, we should be able to make it in 26 hours."



What keeps Peter Luger's packed 7 days a week? The finest food, plus TLC from waiter Andre Cottoloni, manager Orton Windmuller, Chef Appolinara Ferreira, head waiter Wolfgang Zweiner, and waiter Otto Quintus.



Peter Heil



Mary Umans

The Steak House Revisited

By Nancy Kennedy

My research into the state of the American steak house began a couple of years ago at the opening of a new restaurant, the 1940 Chop House in downtown Detroit.

A chop house? I wondered at first if owners Pat and Donald Vargos, experienced restaurant people, knew what they were doing. But then I recalled that some of the great steak houses in America were still thriving, and from the looks of the young couple at the table next to me who were happily carving their thick porterhouse steaks into rosy slices, there was still a market for non-trendy, hearty, basic fare.

In the innocent days before sushi, tofu, California cuisine and a national health kick, most chop houses were smoky, dark masculine preserves that concentrated on meat and plenty of it with just the basics: potatoes, simple salads and perhaps a mega-calorie dessert.

The 1940 Chop House was a new variation on an old theme. The menu starred prime rib, lamb chops and New York strip, porterhouse, sirloin and filet mignon steaks of leaner certified Angus beef from Kansas. But there were also some appealing and imaginative alternatives — fresh salmon and swordfish steaks with herb butter, soft-shell crab meuniere and fettuccine served in a buttery cream sauce with lobster, crabmeat, shrimp, mussels and pea pods.

The Art Deco interior was elegant and airy, with a

While radicchio and goat cheese may be riding high, the palaces of beef are still holding their own



Charles Cavanaugh of Luger's.

Mary Umans

color scheme of deep blue, magenta, coral and gray. There were half-walls of transparent glass brick, etched glass panels and a handsome cocktail bar set directly under an octagonal open ceiling, all contributing to an intimate supper-clubbish air. Soft ballads by a pianist-singer duo were muted in keeping with the emphasis on dining.

As for the old smoky atmosphere of yore, Pat Vargas proudly showed me the powerful vents above the char grills in the two exhibition kitchens at the corners of the dining rooms. "Feel the air," she said. "There is a curtain of cool air around the outer border of the vents to keep the smoke from entering the dining room. Diners can see and even hear their steaks sizzling without feeling that they are in a hot kitchen."

Faithful to the steak house tradition, there was a superb baked potato (they are freshly baked throughout the day on a bed of coarse salt), an all-American slice of iceberg lettuce with a choice of house dressings, and a fine wine list. Made-on-the-premises desserts included caramel-topped apple pie, bread pudding, creme caramel and hot peach cobbler.

What it all seemed to prove was that the old-style steak house could be modernized without losing any of its basic appeal. (Nearly two years later, the 1940 Chop

House successfully attracts crowds of hungry steak-lovers, including visiting sports and movie stars.)

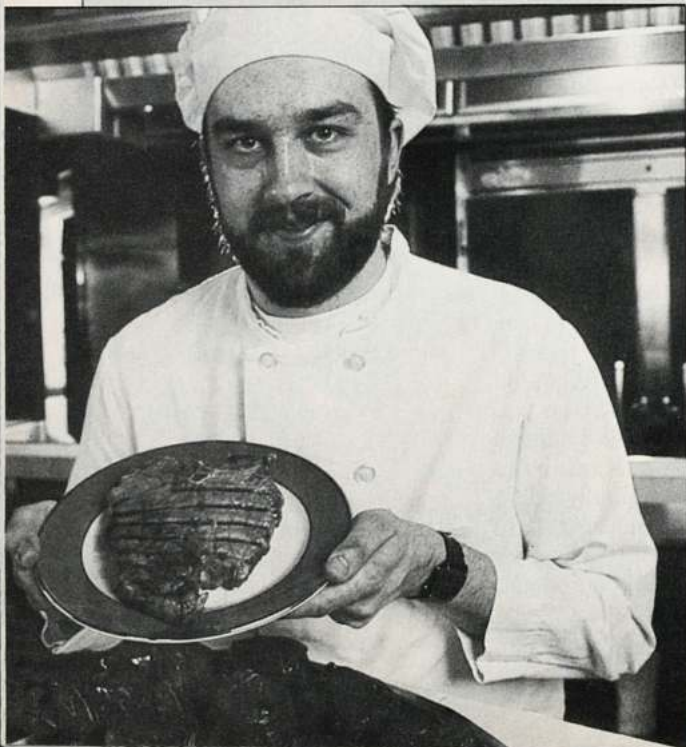
After that experience, I decided to look more closely at how well steak houses are holding their own in the modern world.

The most recent polls, I found, revealed that steak and prime rib remain Americans' most popular dinner entrees. Observers of the scene have noted, too, that while everyone talks about lighter diets and lean cuisine, such restaurant chains as Fresher Cooker and D'Lites, once touted as "can't miss" health food operations, have suffered severe financial losses and are presently reorganizing.

"Of course people are more health conscious," says Bob Spivak, owner of the Grill, a successful steak house in Beverly Hills, Calif. "But people are tired of small portions and high prices, and they're learning again to appreciate a good piece of beef for a fair price. They may eat spa cuisine one day and steak another. They want it all."

One of the first steak houses I revisited after my Detroit experience was Peter Luger's, which has been operating in the shadow of the Williamsburg Bridge in Brooklyn, N.Y., since 1887. To my delight, I discovered that nothing had changed since my last visit many years ago. The long ancient bar, the bare wood floors, the scrubbed oak-top tables, the dark wainscoting with great beer steins perched above the leaded

A Chef's Tips For Broiling Steak



Junebug Clark

Chef Joe Salisz of the 1940 Chop House in Detroit gave the following suggestions for a home cook:

1. Get the best cut of meat possible. "I use a leaner prime beef — a certified Black Angus beef from Kansas."
2. Trim well before broiling. "An excess of fat makes a messy broiling situation."
3. Keep it simple. "I never use mesquite because I think it takes away from the rich flavor of the beef."
4. Never turn the meat on a grill with a fork. This lets all the juice run out and results in a dry piece of meat.
5. Don't overcook! It only takes a 1½-inch steak four minutes on each side for medium rare. If you are in a hurry cut the steaks thinner; a ¾-inch steak will take only two minutes a side for medium rare.
6. Don't overwhelm your steaks or chops with fancy garnishes. By the time some chefs create a painting on a plate, the dinner is stone cold.
7. If you have a superb piece of high-grade beef you don't need a marinade, unless you want to change the flavor of the meat. A marinade is a good idea for a tough piece of meat because it helps tenderize it.

windows . . . everything was — and still is — as it used to be. So are the menu items — mostly choice steak that is aged and cut on the premises. The broilers are turned on early enough every morning so that when the first steak goes on at noon, the heat has reached the perfect pitch. This kind of attention to detail is critical, for Luger's is a very simple restaurant in the honored old tradition. Roast beef and chops are available but the vast majority of diners here order an identical meal. They begin with sliced tomatoes and onions and go on to steak and fried potatoes. The huge rolls and rye bread are brought fresh from the oven of a neighborhood bakery several times every day. The potatoes are the finest Idahoes; the tomatoes and onions, regardless of season, burst with flavor. The place is packed seven days a week, and they have never advertised!

One thing carnivores want and can't get at home is the quality of prime beef available at the best steak houses. Of all beef graded by the USDA (about half of all carcasses), only about 1 percent rates as U.S. prime, which refers to the evenly distributed marbling of fat that gives prime meat its rich flavor.

"Only two out of 100 heads of beef are graded

prime," says Mike Burns, partner at one of New York's great steak houses, Smith and Wollensky, "and only one of these meets our specifications. After we get it, we age it another 21 days."

This makes such meat expensive and, judging by the number of people I found flocking to steak houses, extremely desirable. "We wanted to fill a niche in Boston, which is not a big steak town," says David Shinney, manager of Grill 23. "And the public really responded from the day we opened."

Some steak houses have regular weekly customers, but for many people, steak has become a specialty item. As Klaus Frisch, director of operations for Chicago-based Morton's, notes, "Once or twice a month people want to eat steak, and they are willing to pay for the best they can buy. Our most popular item is a 24-ounce porterhouse."

The grandfather of what has come to be known as the "New York-style steak house" is the Palm, which opened in 1926 and now has nine branches, including restaurants in Washington, D.C., Los Angeles, Houston and Miami.

Its sawdust floor, rickety chairs, no-nonsense waiters and simple menu of steaks, chops, lobster, potatoes and cheesecake have become the model for any number of steak houses around the country. Owner Bruce Bozzi admits, however, that "Today people want a bit more in the way of design and decor, and our branch restaurants could never duplicate the look of the original."

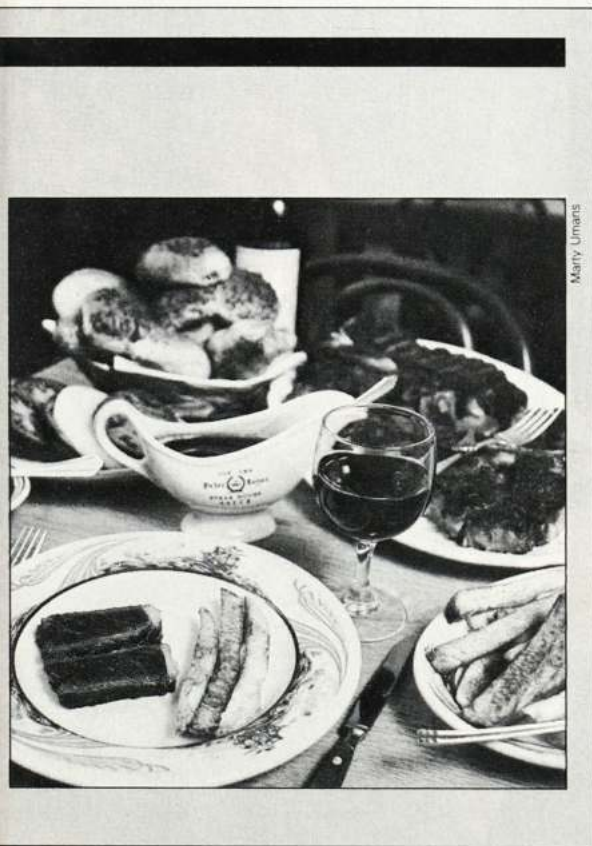
Many of the newer steak houses have been designed to look more like conservative clubs — varnished oak, brass fixtures and gilded paintings that evoke a kind of Diamond Jim Brady glamour.

The appetite for such places is growing. Like the Palm, New Orleans-based Ruth's Chris Steak House now has 14 restaurants around the country, and Chicago's Morton's runs branches in Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., with plans to open at least five more.

Steak houses today also house some of the finest wine cellars, with one — Bern's Steak House in Tampa, Fla. — offering more than 6,500 different wines and a list (chained to each table) thicker than the Manhattan phone book. Owner Bern Laxer has enormous aging rooms for his steaks, grows his own vegetables and herbs and offers more than 17 caviars to the more than 550 customers who jam his place nightly.

Is it a myth that our taste for red meat has waned? "Listen," says Smith and Wollensky's Mike Burns, "even the yuppies who are out grazing like to sink their teeth into a piece of meat once in a while. And believe me, they know what it's supposed to taste like."

What my research disclosed is that the steak house, one of the few restaurant styles we can claim as native to this country, is still a living American tradition. Like century-old Peter Luger's, many of America's steak houses have become dining institutions and haven't changed much — except for the prices — since they opened. While the newer breed have jazzed up the



Marty Umans



Peter Hall

Chef Riley Simmons (left) throws another "Joynt Specialty" on the fire at Chicago's That Steak Joynt. "Americana is back and steak is Americana," declares owner Billy Siegel (lower left).



Peter Hall

decor and design, the heart of the menu is still that old favorite — steak. ■

A single sizzling steak doesn't make a meal. Being so agreeable and straightforward in taste, steak has any number of possible mates. The following recipe selections are mostly classics or variations thereon.

MARCHAND DE VIN SAUCE

1 lb butter
2 cups burgundy
1/2 cup shallots, chopped
1/2 cup parsley, finely chopped
1/2 tsp black pepper

Let butter stand at room temperature. Heat wine in large saucepan and add shallots, parsley and pepper. Simmer until mixture is reduced to half. Cool and add to the softened butter. Blend well. Let the finished Marchand de Vin Sauce chill and then form it into small balls. They can be melted over hot steak, chicken or shrimp at serving time. Serves 6.

CAESAR SALAD

Cut a clove of garlic and rub salad bowl thoroughly. Add 6 ounces cleaned inside leaves of romaine lettuce. Pour 3 ounces garlic olive oil over lettuce. Add 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, dash of freshly ground pepper and salt. Add a coddled egg and toss lettuce lightly. Pour juice of 1 lemon over salad and toss again. Add 2 ounces croutons, 2 ounces Parmesan cheese and toss salad again. Cut 4 large flat Spanish anchovies into bite-size pieces and add to salad. Toss and serve. Makes 2 portions.

STEAK FRIES

4 large baking potatoes, preferably Idahoes
Vegetable oil, for frying
Salt

Peel the potatoes and cut them lengthwise into sticks about 1 inch wide and 1/2-inch thick. Drop them into a bowl of ice water as they are cut. Pour 1/4 inch of vegetable oil into a large heavy skillet or into 2 large skillets, if you prefer, to save time. Heat over moderately high heat until almost smoking (375°). Meanwhile, drain and pat dry enough potato sticks to fit into a skillet in a single layer without crowding. Place in the hot oil and fry, lowering the heat if they brown too quickly, for 5 to 7 minutes, or until crisp and golden brown on the bottom. Turn the potato sticks with tongs and fry on the second side for 5 to 7 minutes, or until crisp and golden brown outside and tender inside. Drain well on paper towels. Keep warm in a low oven while frying the remaining potatoes; add more oil if needed. Sprinkle with salt to taste before serving. Serves 4.

AMERICA'S CHOICE STEAK HOUSES

An informal sampling produced this list of some of the country's most popular steak houses:

- BALTIMORE:** **The Prime Rib**, 1101 N. Calvert St., (301) 539-1804
- BOSTON:** **Grill 23**, 161 Berkeley St., (617) 542-2255
- CHICAGO:** **Morton's**, 1050 N. State St., (312) 266-4820
That Steak Joynt, 1610 N. Wells Ave., (312) 943-5091
- DALLAS:** **Kirby's Charcoal Steaks**, 3715 Greenville Ave., (214) 823-7296
- DENVER:** **Emil-Lene's Sirloin House**, 16000 Smith Road in Aurora, (303) 366-6674
- DETROIT:** **1940 Chop House**, 1940 E. Jefferson Ave., (313) 567-1940
- KANSAS CITY:** **Hereford House**, 2 E. Main St., (816) 842-1080
- LAS VEGAS:** **Bob Taylor's Ranch House**, 6250 Rio Vista, (702) 645-1399
- LOS ANGELES:** **The Grill**, 9560 Dayton Way, (213) 276-0615
The Pacific Dining Car, 1310 W. 6th St., (213) 483-6000
- NEW ORLEANS:** **Ruth's Chris Steak House**, 711 N. Broad St., (504) 486-0810
The Rib Room, Royal Orleans Hotel, 621 St. Louis, (504) 529-5333
- NEW YORK:** **The Palm**, 937 Second Ave., (212) 687-2953
Smith and Wollensky, 201 E. 49th St., (212) 753-1530
Christ Cella, 160 E. 46th St., (212) 697-2479
Peter Luger's, 178 Broadway in Brooklyn, (718) 387-7400

*It's music, it's pride, it's a country girl's dream,
it's dynamic, it's Dollywood!*

Bring It on Home, DOLLY

By Patricia A. Hope

It's as country as a Tennessee barn dance and as colorful as a Fourth of July fireworks display. It's as "down home" as grits and gravy and as gauche as rhinestone-studded boots. It's Dollywood — superstar Dolly Parton's way of "bringing something home."

Cradled in the lap of Sevier County's top tourist attraction of Pigeon Forge, near the north entrance to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, Dolly's 1880s theme park is only a few miles from Sevierville, Tenn., the town where she grew up.

"I've had this dream," she says, "a dream to be able to bring something back home, something good for the county in terms of jobs."

That dream has been translated into a 400-acre extravaganza that

employs 1,150 people, has 50 full-time performers (as many as 450 during its summer music festival) and brings revenues to area merchants that are already approaching the \$23 million mark.

Dolly's homecoming gift seems destined to become even more of a bonanza as it starts to hit its stride. Some 10 million tourists visit the Smokies every year, and Dollywood expects at least half that number to pass through the park gates within the first few years of operation. Already \$12 million has been budgeted for expansion, and the park is only in its second season as Dollywood. Formerly operated as Silver Dollar City, it was extensively rebuilt before opening under its new name in May 1986.

There's no underrating the drawing power of Dolly herself as a prime ingredient in this success. A replica of the house she grew up in, named for one of her hit tunes, "In My Tennessee Mountain Home," is one of the park's attractions. Dollywood's theme material is not exotic or escapist so much as it is down-home country presented slightly larger than life.

"It's one of the things I always wanted to do," the multifaceted entertainer says. "I wanted to preserve the Smoky Mountain heritage so people could come here and see what we're really all about, rather than having some Hollywood bunch of people portray Tennessee and the mountain people the way they often do."

Dollywood designers have been sticklers for authenticity. Cooks and craftspeople wear granny dresses and bonnets or overalls and hats; cloggers dressed in calico twirl to fast-paced tunes; and "train robbers" wear bright-colored bandanas over their faces.

Rides are designed to give visitors a taste of early mountain living. A steam-powered train carries them around the park's perimeter while a roller coaster ride seems

The busy entertainer, when her travels permit, likes to greet visitors at park's entrance.



Photos Courtesy/Tennessee Tourist Development

almost to collide with a train before it tumbles from an exploding bridge and exits through a burning mine. Another ride floats visitors through an eerie maze of passageways in a flooded mine, and the Smoky Mountain Rampage simulates a white-water rafting trip on a raging river.

Dollywood craftsmen and artists ply their trades in appropriate settings where you can linger and watch. A hefty blacksmith pounds his forged iron into a shoe for his horse while nearby a woman cooks

lye soap. A potter dips her hands in a mound of wet clay and magically shapes it into a bowl, while just a few steps away the searing blue flame of the glassblower silently blends breath and mineral into the intricate framework of a sailing ship.

And everywhere the spicy aromas of barbecue and beans, of applejack and fritters, combine to lure the passerby to "stop and rest a spell" and enjoy the country cooking.

Visitors might also see a perfor-

mance by Dolly herself, but since her schedule permits her to be on hand only a few times a year, they may have to settle for the next best thing — a member of the family. Several of Dolly's relatives — uncles, aunts and cousins — are entertainers at the park.

Employees seem happy to have such a popular boss and most will tell you the same thing — music is as much a part of Dollywood as it is of Dolly herself. Music rings from open stage and barnyard, from gazebo and studio. 10 shows a day featuring virtually every kind of rhythm — gospel, country, contemporary, mountain, bluegrass, middle-of-the-road and crossover.

"Variety is the most important thing we look for," says Kathy Brown, the music manager. "We're not looking for people to imitate Dolly. We've got the real thing. But someone can sing her songs, if they want to, in their own style."

Brown says she encourages Dollywood entertainers to mix with the crowds. "Fans have more of a chance here to meet the entertainers one on one," she says. "But if someone is out for the day, so is their show. We don't use substitutes here."

Because Dolly wants the entertainers to "know her and what she believes in," she meets with them as often as she can and sometimes joins them for a performance. Having an apartment right in the park helps her make maximum use of her time when she's in Dollywood.

"Sometimes," Brown says, "things can get hectic behind the scenes. When Dolly's here, she doesn't want to 'steal the show,' but rather tries to put everyone at ease. Sometimes she stands aside while they perform. Last year, during our opening number for the music festival, we had this big bag of confetti tied to the ceiling that we were going to drop when the song ended. But Dolly was standing right under it. We finally got her attention and moved her out of the way just in time."

The pride of handcrafted products from a Smoky Mountain past brings Dolly back home for a stroll down Craftsmen's Valley Road.



Dolly has a tremendous amount of pride, always talking and singing about her Smoky Mountains.

"I just think we can have a great and proud place for all, feeling like we're happy to be here."



"The Dolly Parton Story" building displays hand-picked personal mementos of Dolly's life — from humble beginnings to superstardom.



Brown says Dolly's influence on the shows has been extremely positive. "She cares a lot about the people in this area and about her fans. She personifies the rags-to-riches story, and Dollywood is her way of saying 'thank-you'."

Ted Miller, vice president of development for Dollywood, says he doesn't know that the park is so much a tribute to the area as a "product of pride."

"She has a tremendous amount of pride, always talking and singing about her Smoky Mountains. She appreciates where she's from. If she could work one day at the park as anyone she wanted to be, she'd be right out there in the middle of the

street greeting people and wanting them to know she appreciates them."

Miller, whose job includes coordinating Dolly's plans with those of the park, says if only one word were used to describe Dolly, it would have to be "honesty."

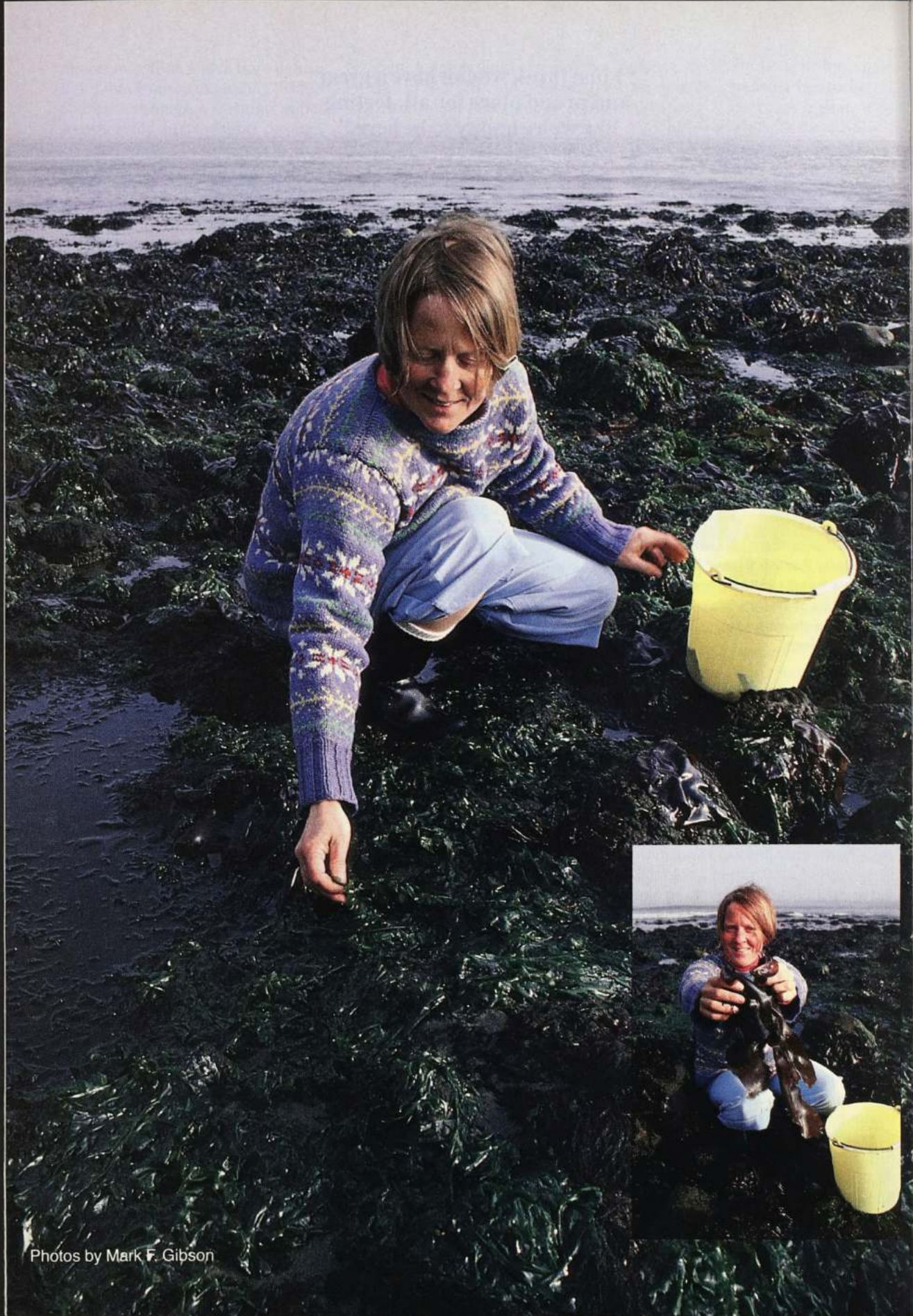
"On stage, off stage, she's always honest and open and outgoing with her people."

In a sense, Dolly has made her home all America's home.

"I just think we can have a great and proud place for all of us to take pride in, feeling like we're happy to be here," says the proprietor and star of Dollywood.

It's a sentiment few would want to argue with. ■

Dollywood is open May through October, every day from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. (closed Thursdays this September), with longer hours in the summer. The \$13.50 admission price includes all music shows, rides, attractions and crafts. Special price for seniors; no charge for children 3 and under. The park is located about 30 miles southeast of Knoxville, and five miles north of Gatlinburg in the foothills of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. From Knoxville take I-40 to the clearly marked exit for Pigeon Forge, Gatlinburg and Dollywood. Follow the Dollywood signs to Highway 441, which passes in front of the entrance. For more information call (615) 428-9400, or write Dollywood, 700 Dollywood Lane, Pigeon Forge, Tenn. 37863.



Photos by Mark F. Gibson

BEACHCOMBER'S B O N A N Z A

Kombu, gigartina and nori are vegetables, just like peas and carrots, but you'll have to wait for low tide to pick them

By David Holmstrom

If Alice Green tells you to eat your veggies, she doesn't mean corn, carrots or a soggy pile of spinach. She means alaria, kombu, gigartina, nori, scytosiphon or ogo.

Welcome to Alice's world of tasty, nutritious sea vegetables, the other kind of seafood. Not only will she tell you what sea veggies to eat, but also where they exist in great abundance along the Pacific coast, and how to prepare an amazing nine-course meal from red, brown and green "weeds" that people usually step on while strolling on the beach.

"Please don't call them seaweeds," Alice gently scolds me when I visit her San Francisco apartment. "Call them sea vegetables." She offers me a paper-thin, dry, dark brown piece of nori about 2 inches long. It is chewy, slightly fishy and delicious. She turns on the gas burner and turns chewy nori

into instant, crackly, toasted nori. "Try this," she says. I munch and munch. Frankly, I could have eaten a dozen.

For the last 10 years or so, Alice, a native Oregonian, has been conducting classes and seminars in finding and preparing edible plants taken from the California shoreline. As the Julia Child of sea vegetables, she takes groups of people by the hand down to find dinner among the algae at low tide. "I have nothing against fish," she says, "but sea vegetables don't require catching — just picking, and a knowledge of where to pick."

Join Alice on an overnight Point Reyes Field Seminar sponsored by the Department of the Interior (it's also part of a University of California Extension course), and you'll get equal parts of persuasive nutritional information (sea vegetables are

Gather sea vegetables in spring, at the start of the growing season, says Alice Green, the Julia Child of the Sea. Plants still attached to the rocks are freshest.

*Welcome to the world of
tasty, nutritious sea vegetables,
the "other" seafood.*



**What to do with your alaria?
First clean sand and algae from
it and trim away the midrib.**

loaded with minerals), a perspective on who eats sea vegetables around the world and identification of all the edible stuff, plus the fun of finding and preparing sea vegetables and then eating a nine-course meal. It's a delightful camping and cooking experience for \$45.

"To me the sea vegetable is a symbol," says Alice, who was first introduced to the new foods as a high school English teacher in Japan. "I like the idea of regarding sea vegetables in a broader sense than just their nutritional value for individuals. They can be a renewable food source for Third World countries and help to establish a more healthful world beyond the cultures of the Pacific Rim."

When Alice returned from Japan, she took a sea vegetable identification course at San Francisco State and learned that the vegetables have the greatest range of trace minerals of any foods. And they come in three colors: red, brown and green, with red vegetables comprising about half of all those growing.

"Americans in general have too much refined grain in their diets,"



**Then prepare some vegetables
for an Oriental stir-fry.**

says Alice. "Some of the people who take my classes are not healthy and are looking for ways to heal themselves." She would like Americans to eat sea vegetables the way the Japanese do. "In Japan scientists spend years studying the varieties," she says. "And of course, much sushi is part sea vegetable."

In fact, sea vegetables are an industry in Japan. Processed sheets of nori are commonly wrapped around other foods besides sushi. Kombu, growing as a single blade from 1 to 5 feet long, is a popular delicacy there and is abundant off the California coast.

For anyone who wants to include sea vegetables in their regular diet, Alice suggests starting with a small amount each day, allowing the body to adjust to digesting a new food. Packaged sea vegetables can be bought in health food stores, Japanese or Chinese food stores at hefty prices. Or you can find it



**Saute the veggies in a wok
or an iron skillet.**

yourself if you live along the Pacific coast.

Alice has compiled a compact, illustrated "Gathering Guide," which is part of her course. Gigartina, for instance, is described as a red sea vegetable, sort of prickly looking with densely divided fronds. It grows up to 6 inches. Peak harvest is in midspring "for lots of vitamin C," says Alice. Look for it

*Let Chef of the Sea Alice Green
lead you down the beach
to pick dinner.*



Use any combination of land veggies with alaria. Carrots and turnips add eye appeal.



Due to its short cooking time, add the ribbon-like alaria last.

on rocks near the low tide mark. Grasp the fronds and jerk gently to the side. Take them home and prepare "Fig Mineral Marvel," one of Alice's mouth-watering recipes.

After you learn how to spot the different kinds of sea vegetables, the cooking process is hardly difficult. Take them home in plastic bags. Wash them thoroughly to loosen and remove any little sea critters such as baby mussels. Then begins the fun of blending sea vegetables with land vegetables and seasoning. And sea vegetables can be dried or frozen.

They can also be rehydrated. After all, it's their natural condition as the tide comes in twice a day.

Other delicious recipes from Alice include: Crispy Nori Fronds baked until dry and served with peanut oil and salt; Ogo Kim Chee (a

Korean dish), which is ogo — a spaghetti-like sea vegetable — with green onions, seasoning and a touch of ginger; or Alaria and Vegetables, in which the alaria blades are chopped and combined with yams, broccoli, onions and zucchini in a wok and seasoned with soy sauce. And don't forget all kinds of soups and salads.

"On the Pacific Coast we have the greatest variety and abundance of sea vegetables found anywhere in the world," says Alice, a small woman with blue eyes and a cherubic smile. "The bladder kelp or macrocystis is the fastest growing plant in the world and can grow up to 3 feet a day," she says.

Off the California coast, to control this kind of explosive growth, kelp cutters ply the waters and haul the kelp to shore, where it is turned into ingredients for some surprisingly common products such as salad dressing, commercial creams, hand lotions, toothpaste, corrugated paper, wall joint compounds, instant drink mix and even candy.

Alice would like to see sea vegetables become widely eaten and loved by Americans. "I'd love to do a sea vegetable cooking series for television," she says. Her format would be a little different from other popular chef shows. Alice would lead lots of rubber-booted people on



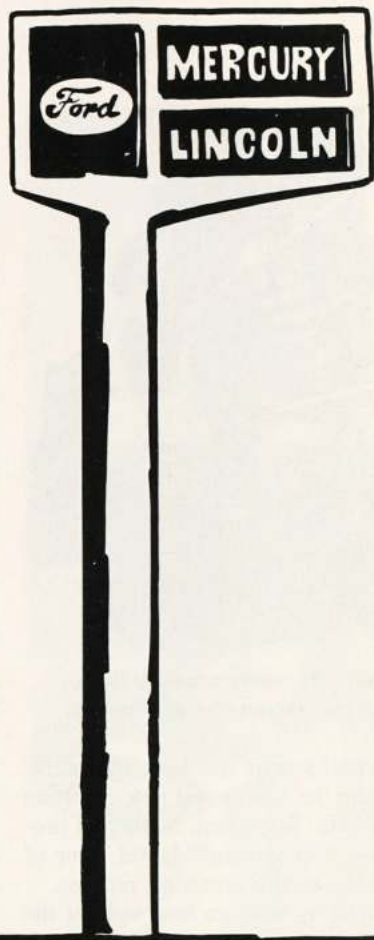
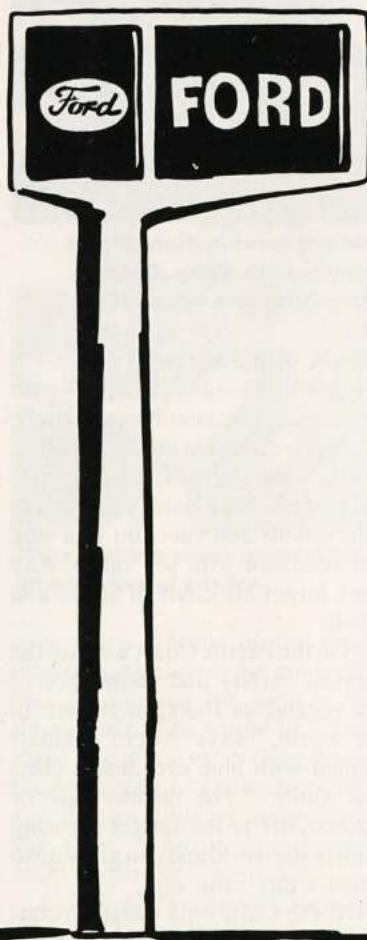
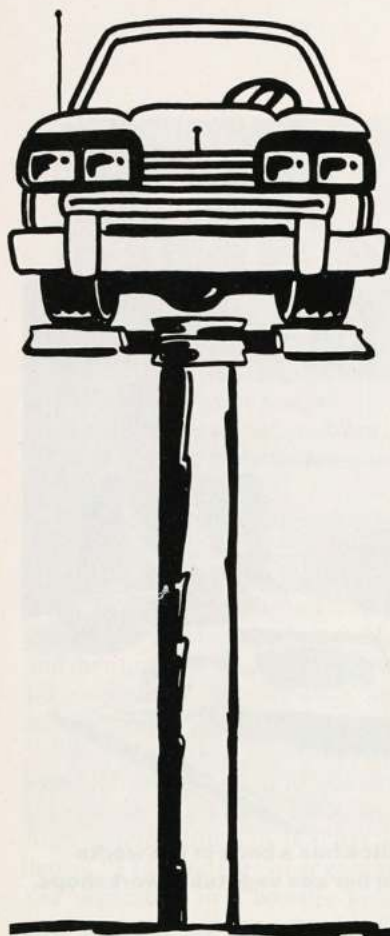
Alice has a book in the works on her sea vegetable workshops.

forays to the sea at low tide to find and gather, then return to the kitchen for group preparation. "Gathering is such a good part of the experience," says Alice with enthusiasm, "that it should lead off the series."

I've got a great title: "The Low Tide Chef."

To order Alice Green's "Gathering Guide" and recipes for fresh and packaged sea vegetables, send \$4.00 (includes postage) plus an 8½-by-11-inch self-addressed envelope to Alice Green at 1326 A Sixth Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94122.

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SEND IN THE CUNARDS



Marilyn C. Margulis

"When we started performing as a family 16 years ago, many professional clowns told us we were the first complete family of clowns in the United States," says Al Cunard III. "It's definitely helped keep us close-knit." The troupe includes his parents, Alfred and Elva, wife Linda and children — Mark (23), Susan (20), Andy (20) and Alfred (17). The major accessories to the Cunard act are a family of three antique Fords. Alfred Jr., 80, usually drives the red 1932 Model B four-cylinder fire truck, overflowing with Cunard clowns. The tan 1930 Model A pickup has doubled as a float at hundreds of parades and fairs, and a Cunard clown at the wheel of the black miniature Model T (circa 1920) is a sporty draw at any appearance. And a 1985 custom van Econoline has carried them to many a clown job. The Cunards and their Fords have brought smiles to many a face. For the Cunard Family of Clowns, that's the greatest reward there is.

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FAVORITE RESTAURANT RECIPES

By Nancy Kennedy



FANNIN MART RESTAURANT

Brandon, Miss.

This delightful restaurant in a converted rural grocery store is really country in feeling. There are displays of preserves and old-fashioned dishes and kitchen utensils. Iced drinks are served in wide-mouth canning jars. Just like dinner at grandmother's, Fannin's menu offers diners just three main-course items — fried chicken, country fried steak and roast beef — and a large selection of vegetables, salads and desserts. It is open Sunday through Friday for lunch only from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Closed on Saturday. Reservations not necessary. Al and Barbara Page are the owners of this restaurant at 1947 County Road 471, 12 miles north of Brandon.

CRUNCHY COCONUT PIE

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell | 1 cup white corn syrup |
| $\frac{1}{3}$ cup oleo or margarine | $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp salt |
| 1 cup brown sugar | 1 tsp vanilla |
| 3 eggs | 1 can (3 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz) angel flake coconut |

Cream margarine and sugar together. Add eggs one at a time. Add corn syrup, salt and vanilla. Mix well.

Fold in coconut. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake in a 350° oven for about 40 minutes or until browned. Serves 8.

EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 large eggplant | 1 can undiluted cream of chicken soup |
| 6 cups cold water | 1 tsp sugar |
| 1 Tbs salt | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs |
| Boiling water | 3 Tbs grated cheddar cheese |
| 2 Tbs oleo or margarine | |

Peel and slice eggplant. Add salt to cold water, stir to dissolve. Soak eggplant in salted water for one hour. Drain and drop in boiling water. Cook until tender. Arrange in layers in a greased casserole or baking pan. Dot with margarine. Pour soup over top. Combine sugar, crumbs and cheese. Sprinkle over the top of soup. Bake in a 350° oven for 30 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Illustration by Susan Hunt Yule

EVERMAY-ON-THE-DELAWARE

Erwinna, Pa.

Housed in an early 1700s mansion overlooking the Delaware River, this country inn is surrounded by spacious grounds with woodland paths and formal gardens. There are 16 guest rooms furnished with antiques, and fresh fruit and flowers grace each room. Breakfast is served for hotel guests only. Dinner, served at 7:30 p.m. on Friday, Saturday, Sunday and holiday evenings, starts with champagne and hors d'oeuvres followed by a six-course feast. Reservations necessary for overnight accommodations and dinner. Ronald Strouse and Frederick Cresson are the owner-managers of this small, elegant hotel in Bucks County. On River Road in Erwinna, Evermay is 13 miles north of New Hope.

CHOCOLATE CHESTNUT CAKE

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1 9-inch springform pan | 1 cup sugar |
| 3 Tbs unsalted butter | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup unsifted all-purpose flour |
| 8 oz semisweet chocolate | $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp salt |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup light cream | Glaze: |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cognac or brandy | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsalted butter |
| 16 oz sliced chestnuts, drained | 4 oz semisweet chocolate |
| 3 large eggs, separated | 2 oz cognac |

Lightly grease the springform pan. In top of double boiler, melt chocolate and 3 tablespoons butter. Let cool to room temperature. In food processor or blender, process cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cognac or brandy, and chestnuts at high speed until mixture is smooth. Add chocolate mixture, egg yolks and sugar. Blend until

smooth. Add flour, mix well. In large bowl, with electric mixer at high speed, beat egg whites and salt until soft peaks form. Fold chestnut mixture into egg whites. Pour into greased pan. Bake in a preheated 325° oven for 50 to 60 minutes, or until cake appears dry and sides pull away from pan slightly. Let cool in pan on wire rack, then refrigerate to chill well — several hours if possible. Make glaze by melting butter and chocolate in top of double boiler, stir until smooth. Cool to room temperature. Add cognac. Remove sides of pan from cake. Place cake (still on metal pan bottom) on serving plate. Pour glaze onto center top of cake; spread with spatula so that glaze evenly coats top and side of cake. Let stand at room temperature until glaze is set — about 2 hours. Makes 12 servings.

CREAM OF CHICKEN AND LEEK SOUP

- | | |
|---------------------------|--|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter | 2 chicken breasts, boned, cooked and cut into small pieces |
| 2 leeks | $\frac{1}{2}$ cups whipping cream |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour | Salt and white pepper to taste |
| 4 cups rich chicken stock | |

Melt the butter in a 4-quart pot. Carefully clean and then chop the leeks finely. Add to butter and gently sauté until soft but not brown. Stir in flour and cook roux, stirring constantly. Gradually add chicken stock. Heat. Add cubed chicken and remove from heat. Stir in cream and season to taste with salt and white pepper. Serves 4 to 6.



BEAVER ISLAND LODGE

St. James (Beaver Island), Mich.

In the 10 years that Arlene and Richard Bailey have been operating historic Beaver Island Lodge, they have completely renovated the property while retaining the charm and comfort of the original. Son Michael, with assistance from his wife Jayne, is the chef for the dining room, "Bailey's," which offers a menu of fresh local fish as well as prime rib and steaks. Both diners and guests enjoy a breathtaking view of Lake Michigan, surrounding islands and magnificent sunsets. To get to the lodge take either the ferry or a plane from Charlevoix, Mich., which is about 32 miles from Beaver Island. Although it is a short walk from the dock, the Baileys will send a car to pick up guests. Reservations advisable for overnight accommodations and meals. Open from Memorial Day through September. Phone (616) 448-2396.

TOMATO FENNEL SOUP

<i>4 cups beef stock</i>	<i>1 Tbs Worcestershire</i>
<i>4 tsp whole leaf basil</i>	<i>Sauce</i>
<i>4 tsp fennel seed</i>	<i>Salt and white pepper</i>
<i>6 oz tomato paste</i>	<i>to taste</i>
<i>12 oz tomato puree</i>	<i>6 oz cream</i>
<i>1/4 cup catsup</i>	<i>3 oz butter</i>

In a large kettle bring the beef stock, basil and fennel seed to a boil. Simmer lightly for 2 hours. Add tomato

paste, tomato puree and catsup. Stir well with a large spoon or whip. Add Worcestershire sauce. Season to taste with salt and white pepper. Strain soup through a medium strainer; this way only the fennel seed is removed. Finish soup by adding the cream and butter, stirring well. Makes 2 quarts.

SAUTEED BREAST OF CHICKEN WITH CHAMPAGNE SAUCE

<i>4-6 boneless and skinless</i>	<i>1 tsp flour</i>
<i>chicken breasts</i>	<i>1/2 cup clarified butter</i>
<i>1 cup bread crumbs</i>	<i>1/2 cup champagne</i>
<i>1 tsp soft butter</i>	<i>1 cup heavy cream</i>

Bread the cleaned breasts in the bread crumbs. In a small dish mix the soft butter and flour. Set aside. Heat a large skillet or sauté pan, add the clarified butter. Place the breasts in the pan topside down. Cook until golden brown, turn over and finish cooking. Remove from pan and keep warm. Wipe out pan to remove excess butter and crumbs. Add champagne to heated pan and reduce almost all liquid. Stir in cream and bring to a boil. Add half the butter and flour mixture, quickly whipping to insure no lumps. Add the rest, cook for 1 minute stirring constantly. Pour over warm chicken breasts. Serves 4.



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**Ford Customer Information System
P.O. Box 95427
Atlanta, GA 30347**

**We'll need to know your name and address;
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DSZQUPHSBNT!

Below are seven messages — consisting of pithy sayings, fascinating facts, and a cartoon gag — that have been translated into simple code alphabets. Letter substitutions remain constant throughout any one cipher, but change from one cipher to the next, and the level of difficulty increases as you progress. An asterisk (*) indicates a proper noun. Clues are given at the bottom of the page to provide assistance if you need it. Answer on page 19.

1. CRYPTOON

Y NBA'E KYAN HBSI IXZNYAL
BFXI KH WMBSDNXI, PSE
HBS'FX LBE EB WEBJ
VBKJDZYAYAL EMZE Y ESIA
EMX JZLX PXOBIX HBS'IX
IXZNH!



2. CAST YOUR BALLOT

BGOPFQEFZ MW RDG
QGFXQQGKR WXWLMFMPK
RDER OPQG RDEK DEJC PC
RDG LGPLJG EQG QMHDR
OPQG RDEK DEJC PC RDG
RMOG. — *G. *A. *YDMRG

3. SPELLING "B"

PNRG MKD BKXCWGA PKJ
GNLCFM MKD WNB XDYB
"TNYNTG LNFG" CBXK
"TNYVNTG LNFG" JCXP SDLX
KBG FGXXGY?

4. THEY WENT THATAWAY

WXYZ-AB-JKL-YXMN: UVMFL
DKLYL JDX XY HXYL UMJKP
FXBRLYSL, XY LRANLBFL XW
VAJJLYTGS UAFBAFZLYP.

5. TA-TA

RLNVXL PGDPGD XVMZKDL,
YGDPLX BLGXKDQ CVFCVF
YLPVXGZKVDH QMTCH YVBD
RVDRVD NVX LDLXQW.

6. IN THE BAG

*TFCHBEQJ TTJTBV EHQ,
KQIH XFTK YJQWR QBI
VFHHB NQFCHECHZ TX
JHQNHZ, WTKYCBHZ YHZE
AOQJCECHZ TX YTED.

TIPS AND CLUES

Cipher 1: Compare ciphertext HBS'FX and HBS'IX. Try YOU'VE and YOU'RE.

Cipher 2: The most common word with ciphertext pattern LGPLJG is PEOPLE.

Cipher 3: Ciphertext G, which appears in the last or next-to-last position in eight words, is likely to be an E.

Cipher 4: The third part of the four-part hyphenated word starting the cryptogram is a good bet to be THE.

Cipher 5: Note the repeating patterns in ciphertext PGDPGD, CVFCVF, and RVDRVD. The second and fifth letters of each are likely to be vowels. Try A for G and O for V.

Cipher 6: Only one English word has ciphertext pattern TTJTBV. Hint: T=O.

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