

October 1984/\$1

Ford Times

**America's Wizard
of Playgrounds**

**Waist-Watchers
See the Lite**

**Sunny San Diego's
Well-Chilled Penguin Paradise**

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Ford Tempo

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EPA
EST
MPG*

56 EST
HPWY

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**Have you driven a Ford...
lately?**



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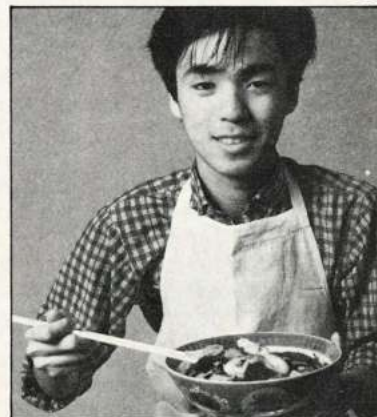
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Cover: A well-dressed dinner crowd (note tuxedos) gathers around Steve Fackrell at Sea World's new Penguin Encounter — a \$7-million slice of Antarctica in sunny San Diego. James Simmons' article about the exhibit, which mixes research, conservation and show biz, begins on page 36.

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LETTERS

Dueling Sailboats

Unique is an inadequate word to describe the WingSailer featured in your June issue ("Sailing Made Simple"). However, author Natalie Levy should have done her homework prior to allowing the public exposure to this inadequate and inefficient sailing tool. Claims made in the article of sailing efficiency twice that of conventional boats are pure hogwash! Most 12-foot conventional sailboats are faster on all points of sailing, more stable, have more carrying capacity and are less expensive. I think it is irresponsible on the part of *Ford Times* in presenting this toy as an alternative to real sailing.

Ronald G. Holder
Director of Design
Hobie Cat
Oceanside, California

- *WingSailer* designer Ron Latham's reply: "Mr. Holder really has nothing to worry about. The *WingSailer* is not in competition with his very neat little 12-foot sailer. The two boats are as different as peaches and pickles in their design parameters and are intended for entirely different segments of the sailing market. As for the *WingSailer's* being a 'toy,' of course it is — just as footballs, tennis rackets, sports cars, polo ponies and 12-meter yachts are all toys."

A Pic of the Rock

The article "Making Sure Mount Rushmore Lasts" in your July issue was excellent. In 1927, when my wife and I took a summer vacation in the Black Hills, a stocky, bearded man inquired if we might try photographing several distant mountains, focusing my Eastman camera through the eyepiece of his large binoculars. I agreed. Then Gutzon Borglum introduced himself and explained his plan to select a granite-topped mountain for sculpting the like-

nesses of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. I later sent him prints of the photos. Of those we snapped, Mount Rushmore was eventually selected as best suited for the memorial. We were thrilled to have met the great sculptor and to have aided him in that most unusual manner.

Warren D. Fish
Oberlin, Ohio

Pleasant Wartime Memories

I enjoyed Dorothy May Small's article, "Zimmer Frei," in the July issue. I have always wanted to make that trip again to where some of the loveliest country and nicest people are located. I say "again" because I was first there some 40 years ago with the 63rd Infantry Division.

Clarence Sweigert
Cumberland, Maryland

Ploys Will Be Ploys

"The Great 4th of July Camp Caper" in your July issue reminded me of our shenanigans during the very same summer (1959) at the Boy Scouts' Camp Ahoka in Towaco, New Jersey. Our plots and ploys were milder and often ended during the planning stage.

Thomas Casabona
Clifton, New Jersey

Wants "Safe Rides" in California

Some months ago you published an article about an organization called Safe Rides that offers a transportation service to teenage alcohol drinkers. Our city is interested in such a program and this article would be a good start for my research. I saved the article for reference, but have discovered that it is lost. Can you help?

Anthony A. Lopez, Ph.D.
Mental Health Coordinator
Division of Social Services
Sante Fe Springs, California

- A copy of the February issue has been sent to Dr. Lopez.

Ford Times welcomes reader comments. Send them to Letters Editor, *Ford Times*, The American Road, Room 765, P.O. Box 1899, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Letters may be edited and condensed for publication.

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Fact:

"Scarlett," the 1978 issue in Edwin M. Knowles' landmark series of collector's plates inspired by the classic film *Gone With the Wind*, cost \$21.50 when it was issued. It recently traded at \$225.00—an increase of 946% in just six years.

Fact:

"A Puzzlement," the first issue in Knowles' *The King and I*™ series inspired by the classic film of the same name, is available now for \$19.50.

™designates a trademark of Rodgers and Hammerstein

You can draw your own conclusions from the facts above. We at the Bradford Exchange have already drawn ours. As the world's largest trading center for collector's plates, we think "A Puzzlement" could go up in value just as dramatically as other plates in important movie-theme series from the Edwin M. Knowles China Company.

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And it's likely to increase in value.

The Edwin M. Knowles China Company already has three successful movie-theme series on the collector's plate market—*Wizard of Oz*, *Gone With the Wind*, and *Annie*. Every plate in all three series is currently trading above issue price on the secondary market. And the first issues in each of these series are trading collectively at 559% of issue

price. Of course, not all plates go up in value; some go down. But the facts indicate that "A Puzzlement" will most likely appreciate on the secondary market.

All the evidence points to a possible early sellout, so place your order for "A Puzzlement" today, while it's still available at the original issue price of \$19.50—before it's had a chance to increase in value.

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A Show That's Bigger Than Life . . . MUCH Bigger

Errol Manoff delights audiences with towering puppets that often look and sound like real-life stars

By Alan D. Haas

With apologies to Barnum & Bailey, it has to be the greatest show on earth, the greatest cast ever assembled. Liza Minnelli comes out and sings *New York, New York*. Bob Hope tells jokes. Liberace plays. Streisand sings. Pavarotti delivers high notes, Mae West and W. C. Fields engage in some low comedy. And for a grand finale, a monstrous Frankenstein lumbers out — and does a tap routine.

Wait a minute, what's going on here? Errol Manoff's larger-than-life puppets, that's what.

Ziegfeld had his Follies, George White his Scandals and Manoff, a 33-year-old native of Rhodesia, has his Footlight Fantasy — a variety show with an all-star cast of 6-foot (and larger) celebrity puppets, including such show biz immortals as John Wayne, Carmen Miranda, Elvis Presley, Groucho Marx, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Errol Manoff's shows delight audiences from Las Vegas to

Opryland, from Atlantic City to Europe. His creations have given a command performance for England's Princess Anne — and real-life stars have applauded their outsize counterparts' performances. After Liza Minnelli watched her puppet-self, she sent Manoff a magnum of champagne and a note: "Thanks for bringing some fantasy into my life." When Dolly Parton saw her puppet counterpart singing *Thank God I'm a Country Girl*, she roared with laughter that approached hysteria. As the puppet Pavarotti sang Verdi arias at New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the real Pavarotti stood on a chair and shouted "Bravo!"

"I never got permission from any of these people and none ever complained," notes Manoff with pride. "We do satire and take-offs, but we don't imitate and we never show anyone — alive or dead — in a bad light. I guess that's why all these stars still perform in our extravaganzas!"

"In a sense, we glorify these performers. Our show is a tribute to them. We only choose those we feel are *truly* larger than life. Sometimes we make mistakes: We did John Travolta, but he's fading fast, and we were going to do Barbara Walters but we de-

Nobody jerks Errol Manoff's puppets around. Standing taller than their creator and weighing 70 pounds or more, these playful performers are brought to life by several strong men.



cided she wasn't enough of a star."

The Manoff puppets — sometimes called "humanettes" — are all at least 6 feet tall and many are 10 feet high. The monster Frankenstein, appropriately, is the biggest, scaling over 20 feet. A Manoff production may require up to 80 puppets — including chorus performers, frogs, clowns, penguins, bananas, whatever — and more than 100 costumes.

Manoff's no-strings puppetry is an adaptation of the classic Japanese *Bunraku* technique. The puppets are operated from behind by troupe members dressed in black working against a night-black background. The entire performance is choreographed as carefully as a Broadway production, with great attention to detail. Liza Minnelli's eyelashes are coal-black and fringed — just like the original's. John Wayne's grin beneath his cowboy Stetson is a Mt. Rushmore-sized echo of the original. Judy Garland in her *Wizard of Oz* get-up carries a basket with a puppet pup. Dolly Parton's... well, let's just say there is plenty of Dolly to contemplate.

To stage a show of such magnitude requires eight to 10 weeks of rehearsal. Detailed charts define the requirements for each character — head, shape, costumes, etc. Although the emphasis is on lightweight (usually foam) materials, a typical puppet can still weigh 70 pounds. Frankenstein alone requires five puppeteers — one for each limb and one for the trunk.

The oversized heads, weighing up to 25 pounds, are the most complex part of Manoff's creations. In forming them, he works from photographs and film clips which best reveal bone structure. He starts with a clay model and then creates a mold from a special material called Celastic. Each figure generally

costs between \$5,000 and \$10,000 to build.

As the Manoff puppets sing and dance under "black light" in their Day-Glo costumes, they require a good deal of strength to manipulate. "You develop some incredible muscles in this business," Manoff says. "Holding up one of these heads on a stick even for a few minutes can be exhausting, which is why most of our puppeteers are men. It is particularly rough on the neck muscles."

At the Hoboken studio, dubbed the "Fantasy Factory," considerable effort goes into developing the right voice to go with each celebrity puppet. "Bob Hope, for instance, is very hard to do well," Manoff notes. "We are fortunate to have someone who mimics him accurately." Streisand's voice is done by a 4-foot-3 young woman from Brooklyn who just walked into Manoff's studio one day. During a performance, the voices are either live or on tape, depending on the characters.

"The secret of doing successful celebrity puppets is to maintain a certain magic, a mystique, an aura," Manoff says. "You want the character to be familiar, but still to encompass that person's individuality — the thing that makes him or her a star. Sometimes it is hard to pin down, but you know when it's there."

"Some stars are harder to do than others. Take, for instance, Olivia Newton-John. She's basically just a very pretty lady, so it is difficult to do a caricature of her. She doesn't have a particular, dominant characteristic. The same was true of Marilyn Monroe. What was unique about her is very difficult to capture."

The latest candidate for Manoff's troupe is Joan Rivers. He is hoping that she will provide her own voice tapes to use in upcoming performances. With Manoff's ingenuity and expertise, the Joan Rivers puppet is bound to be a showstopper.

Manoff's love of puppets began at age 6 when he was given several traditional marionettes —



Left: Manoff plays a "Sequin Sonata" for a larger-than-life Liza Minnelli. Right: He and his staff spend long hours and up to \$10,000 creating and costuming each giant puppet.

clowns on strings, about 8 inches high — in his native Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe). He quickly learned to manipulate them and by age 8 he was making his own puppets. At 10 he was entertaining at Christmas and birthday parties. He developed a character named Freddie Fox and was soon skilled enough to be signed for *The Five O'Clock Club*, a one-hour TV show for children. Freddie Fox became the show's mainstay and Manoff was there for nine years.

"Every day I would go right from school to the studio, then come home at 8 or 9 p.m.," he recalls. "I think my mother forgot who I was — and I haven't any idea how I ever passed my classes."

His parents sent him off to the University of South Africa in an effort to get him to forget the entertainment business. He eventu-

ally earned a degree in marine biology. He did put his knowledge of the sea to *some* use. After graduation, he spent four years performing on cruise ships, during which time he expanded the number and size of his puppets along with his reputation as an entertainer.

He later worked mostly on the Continent, where audiences historically are more appreciative of puppeteers than in North America. His "Puppet People" show garnered more and more bookings and prestige, to the point that he was ready to make a cross-Atlantic relocation. He moved to the United States four years ago, changed the name of his production company to the Fantasy Factory, and set up shop in Hoboken. He now has three companies playing and his out-sized figures are popular with all kinds of audiences.

"There's been a misconception about puppetry in America," Manoff says. "Even the Muppets, although they've done so much to open up the field, are sometimes viewed primarily as a children's show. That's not true. Puppets work on different levels for peo-

ple of all ages. An adult can enjoy a puppet show and shouldn't have to apologize for doing so."

In other parts of the world, puppets have always been considered adult entertainment, he says. Now, he believes, that is beginning to happen here. Miss Piggy, after all, is enjoyed by children of all ages.

Manoff currently is developing an idea for a TV series that would feature space puppets, including a sort of Superman-in-reverse who is great when things are normal but can't handle trouble.

Manoff, a bachelor with no hobbies and few outside interests, concedes that his whole life has strings attached — to his celebrity puppets. His eventual goal is to have a permanent puppet theater, possibly in New York. "I'd like to show people that puppets can actually act, that people can be moved emotionally by puppets as well as by live actors," he asserts. "I've even written a full-length puppet play, a musical that will rival anything Ziegfeld ever did."

Don't bet it won't happen. Errol Manoff makes things work. □

Manoff works from photographs and film clips to mold the famous faces for his Footlight Fantasy. "Some stars are harder to do," he says. "The secret is to maintain a certain magic, a mystique."





Where Washington Won the War

By James Joseph

Getting There

Leave I-64 southwest of Richmond, Virginia at Exit 57 ("Rte 199 East"). Drive east 2.2 miles on Route 199 to the Colonial Parkway on-ramp (sign reads: "Colonial Parkway/Yorktown"). Follow Colonial Parkway 8.5 miles to its terminus at Yorktown. Proceed across Route 238 to the Yorktown Battlefield Visitor Center. (Note: The 23.7-mile Colonial Parkway links three of America's most historic places — Jamestown, restored Williamsburg and Yorktown.)

Virginia's Yorktown Battlefield, a Quick-Stop off I-64, lies at the end of two roads — one literal, the other figurative. The battlefield — officially Colonial National Historical Park — is at the end of beautiful Colonial Parkway. But it also marks the end of an historical road.

Here, on October 19, 1781, in the last major battle of the Revolutionary War, British General Sir Charles Cornwallis surrendered his army to a combined force of American and French troops under General George Washington — and the war was won.

Defeat had come unexpectedly to Cornwallis. Fresh from victories in Virginia and the Carolinas, he and his British regulars had dug in at Yorktown. They expected to rest and winter there, safe from the Continentals far to the north. The British made camp on high ground, their backs to the York River. Its deep water assured sea supply, expected momentarily.

Secretly, Washington hurried his Continental Army south from New York. They marched through New Jersey, crossed Delaware Bay and encamped at Williamsburg, Virginia. By around mid-September they were within striking distance of Cornwallis. With 5,500 Continentals, 3,500 Virginia militia and 5,000 French

regulars under General Jean Rochambeau — twice the British force — Washington marched on Yorktown on September 28.

Within days a semi-circle of trenches cut off Cornwallis' escape by land. Any escape had, in fact, been largely doomed a month earlier when a French fleet routed the English rescue armada. Twice Cornwallis tried to escape across the York River with his army; storms dashed both attempts.

Faced with bloody defeat, the British general offered to surrender. On the afternoon of October 18, American, French and British negotiators met in the near-Yorktown home of Augustine Moore to hammer out the terms.

Next morning the entire British army of 7,000 men marched out of Yorktown. At Surrender Field, a tour stop, Cornwallis and his troops laid down their arms.

Still in place across Yorktown Battlefield are many of the emplacements and artillery pieces of the war's final battle. Others have been reconstructed by the

National Park Service.

At the battlefield's main Visitor Center (there are two), a 12-minute documentary film and exhibits trace the history of the siege and surrender. Nearby is the restored Town of York. Eight of its original buildings still stand. In the home of Thomas Nelson, Jr., a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a 45-minute live drama (shown spring through fall) depicts life in colonial Yorktown. Embedded in a wall is a cannonball fired during the battle. At the town Visitor Center, children can try on uniforms and costumes of the period.

From the main Visitor Center, a short walk takes you through the British inner redoubts — Cornwallis' last line of defense. Two self-guided driving tours take you behind the American and French lines. Battlefield maps and a tape tour (cassette rental \$2) are available for each.

A seven-mile "red arrow" drive leads to Washington's siege lines and to Moore House, where the surrender terms were set. A nine-mile "yellow arrow" drive-tour covers the American and French encampment areas, with a stop at Washington's field headquarters.

Colonial National Historical Park (open daily except Christmas, no charge) is a preserved battlefield that preserved a nation. □

For More Information

For a brochure detailing the battleground, write Superintendent, Colonial National Historical Park, P.O. Box 210, Yorktown, VA 23690. Or phone (804) 898-3400.

America's Wizard of Playgrounds

By Brenda Chapin

To the children, it's like a storybook tale come true. There's a large castle, a fat-bellied dragon, and a soaring space ship, all fashioned from brightly painted wood. Rainbow-colored barrels, rope, tires and chains form intricate mazes, challenging obstacle courses, bouncing bridges, towers, turrets, swings, slides and small stages.

To create this magical place everyone in the kingdom comes together. For four days they labor from early morning until late night. And when they're finished, they step back and thank the wizard of playgrounds who makes it happen — architect Robert Leathers.

Leathers designed his first playground in Ithaca, New York for his own children's schoolyard. Even with the help of other parents, it took him 15 weekends to complete. When he was finished, he thought that was the end of it — maybe wished so, too. But children in a nearby school liked the playground so much they wanted one of their own, and that's how Leathers' very successful sideline career began.

Over the past 13 years, he has designed and choreographed the construction of 130 playgrounds — and the number is growing. The play areas are built in the early-American tradition of a

barn-raising. For four virtually non-stop days — allowing neither sleet, snow, minor blizzards nor even the threat of tornadoes to stand in the way — everyone pitches in with hammers and hard work. "It's easier to put a playground together in four days than to spread it out over months," says Leathers. "Weather has never stopped us. Once the adrenalin is flowing and the energy of the community targeted, it sweeps everyone into a flurry of accomplishment."

Leathers says his first playgrounds took more time because

His shirt says "Playground Partner" but Robert Leathers (inset) is more of a magician — able to turn old tires and two-by-fours into castles and dragons.



DiMaggio/Kalish

Brenda Chapin



"I wasn't nearly so fast or well-organized." Now he has refined the system so well that he is able to operate his full-time architectural firm in Ithaca (designing homes and office buildings) while pursuing his unusual sideline.

A typical playground project begins with Leathers being invited to a school for what he calls a "Design Day." Not long ago he

went to Franklin Township School near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Visiting each class with notepad and pencil in hand, Leathers told the youngsters, "You are really the designers — tell me what you want."

"Obstacle course," said Robert.

"A rocket ship," suggested John.

"A castle," said Sue.

A cacophony of ideas poured out: a fun house with monsters, a dungeon, a dragon, a soldier guarding the castle, a robot.

"You can have what you want," replied Leathers to each astonished class, but he skillfully melded their ideas with his own: "Let's make the soldier look like a robot, and the moat will have

tires painted blue on the sides for waves, and there will be monsters painted on the walls, and the fun house will be a knee-crawling maze with unbreakable mirrors, and maybe a curving slide will form the belly of the dragon." Cheers and applause escorted Leathers from room to room.

There were some requests he couldn't fulfill — waterslides,

crash cars, video games and live horses among them. "I do playgrounds, not Disneyland," he reminded the youngsters.

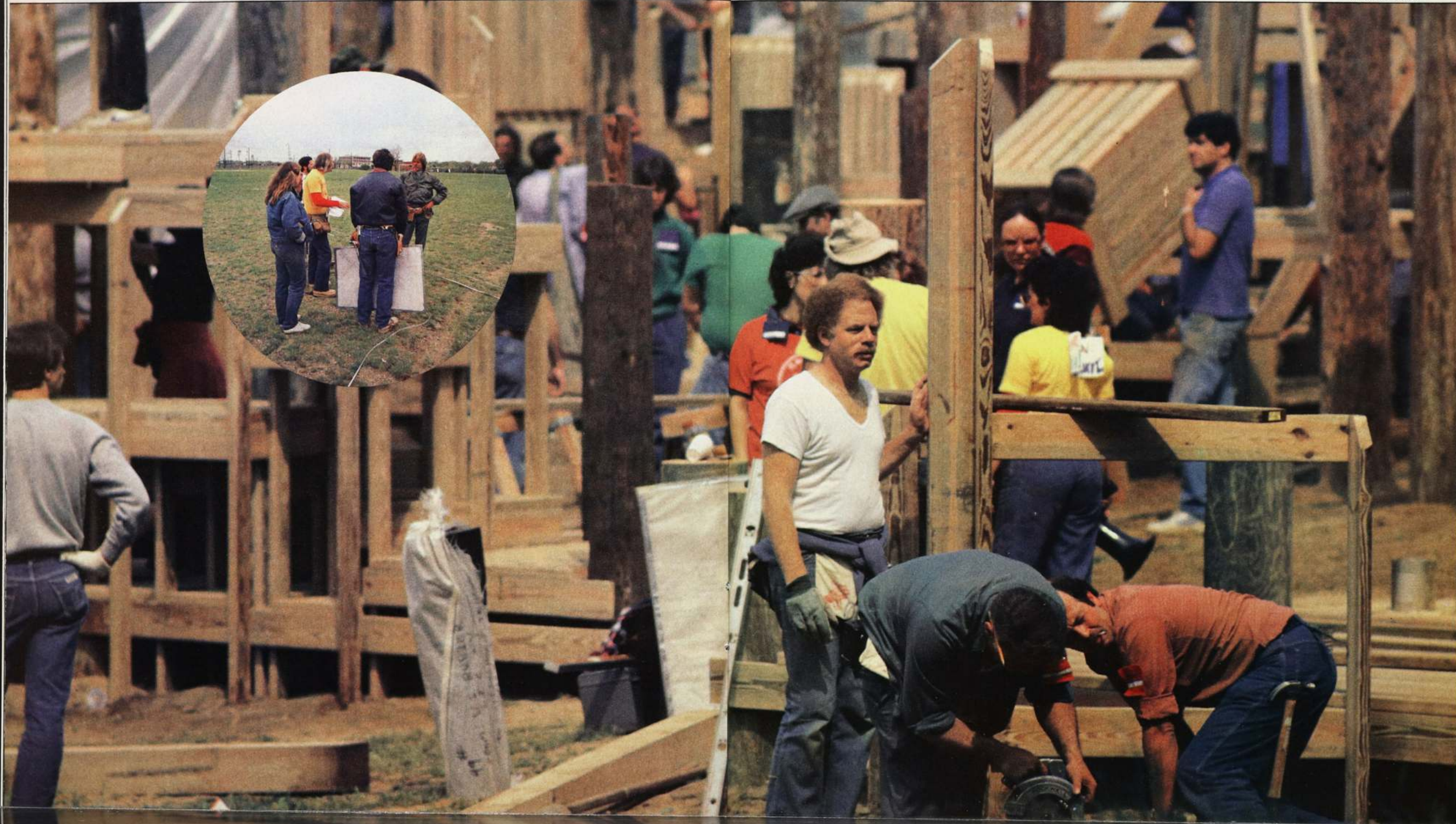
Familiar requests are castles and dragons, but slides and swings are still favorites among the kids. Leathers tries to provide as many of these as he can, in several different shapes and sizes. But he looks for trends and when he

hears requests repeated he knows that's what will make the children happy.

No two of his playgrounds are alike. He adapts a basic system of cubicles, mazes and configura-

Volunteers raise thousands of dollars and work four straight days to make their children's playtime dreams come true.

DiMaggio / Kalish

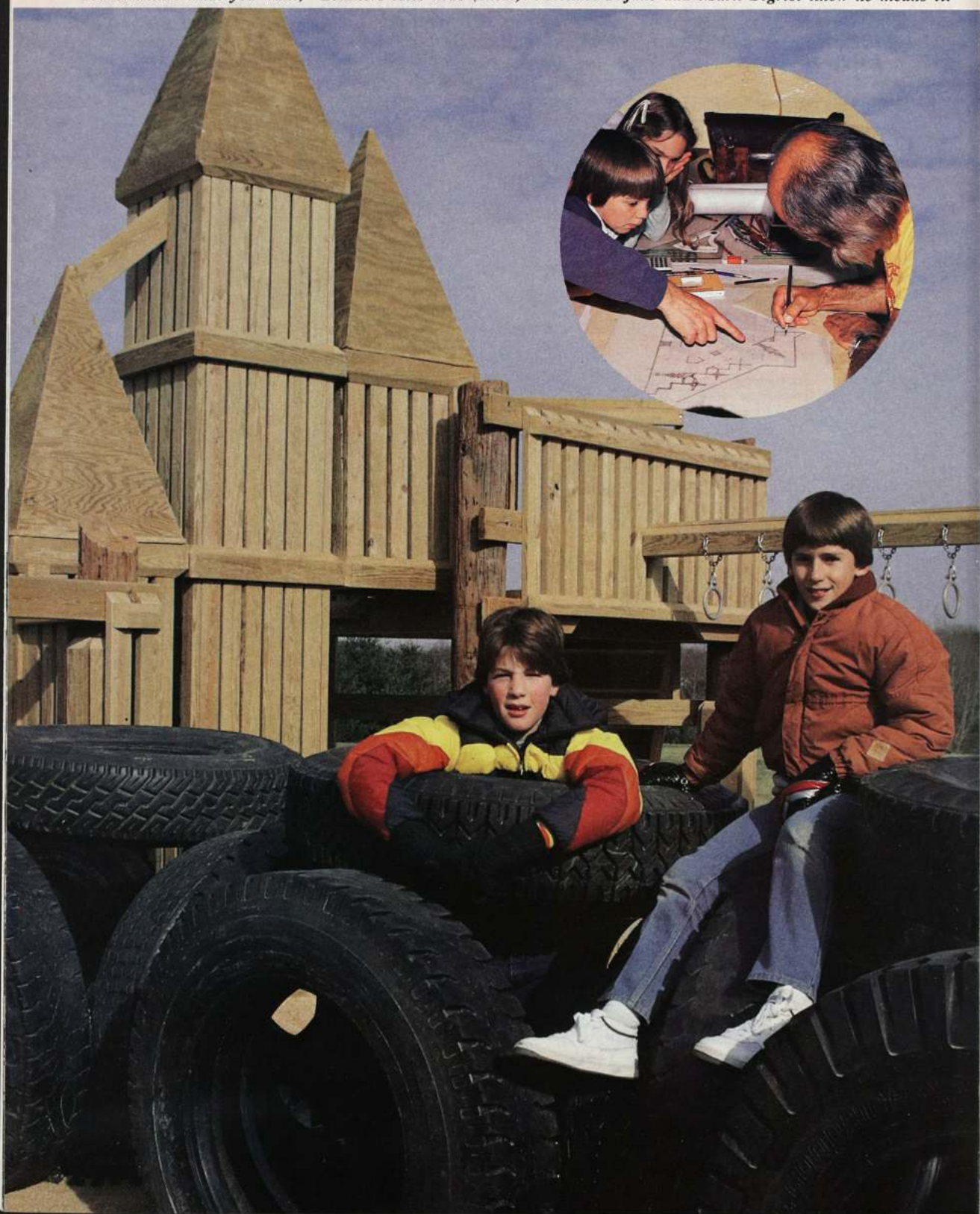


tions to fulfill each group's unique requests and the lay of the land. One of his playgrounds stands among tall pines in upper New York State, another on a

beach overlooking Long Island Sound; the largest — Key Center in Alexandria, Virginia — accommodates wheelchairs and the handicapped. With the 40 he'll

build in 1984, he'll expand to the western and southern states for the first time, and the National Zoo in Washington is also getting a Leathers playground — for the

"You can have what you want," Leathers tells kids (inset). Michael Fajans and Mark Sigrist know he means it.



pandas, not the children.

The PTA meeting the evening of Design Day frequently generates the largest turnout in the history of the school as Leathers presents his finished design. Afterward he meets with adult committees. For Leathers the long day ends by midnight and he then returns to Ithaca, leaving the community to make the final decision. Of the 132 Design Days he's held, 130 have resulted in the decision to build a playground.

"Leathers is a driving force," says Elaine Hamlet, fund coordinator for her children's playground in Vienna, Virginia. "It's amazing to watch him work." He explains how to organize fundraisers, how to collect the necessary materials down to the last nail, and how to give solid directions to get the job done.

Leathers' fees are scaled according to the size and the complexity of the project and range from \$2,000 to \$5,000. For Design Day there is a flat fee of \$350. Parents feel the whole

thing is a great bargain. They are building playgrounds that would cost two to three times as much if they had them done professionally by skilled laborers. A finished Leathers playground will cost from \$5,600 to \$34,000.

"Build-weekend" is scheduled for the spring or fall and begins on a Thursday morning. Children wash tires while adults drill, sand, saw and nail the high-quality pine that is used for most of the construction. Someone once suggested the children shouldn't miss school to build a playground. Leathers declared: "No kids — then I don't come, either."

On all four days, meals are taken together in the school cafeteria, with parents, the school and businesses donating the food and beverages. Local clubs and business firms contribute labor and money — often both.

Volunteers are assigned to four-hour stints but many come back for more — often bringing friends. When 100 are scheduled, sometimes 250 show up and coor-

dinators hustle to find work for everyone. Occasionally passersby see what's going on and decide to join in. By Sunday evening everything is in place and a celebration caps the event.

Judy Yokum, coordinator for the Great Falls, Virginia playground, says: "The morning after we finished our playground, cars lined up and down the street. There were coffee-sipping businessmen on their way to work, and friends and neighbors who'd returned to the scene to marvel over what we'd done in just four days. There's never been anything quite like it to tie our community together the way this project did."

The first time someone asked Robert Leathers to design a playground, he said, "I'm an architect; I don't do playgrounds." Now he does them better than anybody else, and among the first things he asks when he visits a school is, "Who's going to build it?" It takes a minute before the children realize the right answer is: "We are!" □

MY FAVORITE CAR

by Harry Harris



In 1937 my family decided to leave Kansas City, Missouri and move to Los Angeles. The day after we arrived, I enrolled in high school and that same afternoon got a job as a newsboy on a street corner nearby.

Across the street was a Willys dealer and one day at the front of his used car line I spotted my dream car: a 1933 Ford roadster. I had to have it. It had not been cared for — the fenders were banged, the top torn — but this was the car for me.

We haggled over the price and settled on \$200. My only problem was I had no money and my income was about \$1 a day. The dealer told me I could make payments and he would hold the car for me until it was paid for. I planned to pay \$4 this week, \$6 the next week, etc.

Then one day about a month later I arrived at work and the car was gone. I hurried over to the dealership and learned that a man had

come in and bought the car with cash. I received my \$27 back. I never got over it.

Recently I came across a 1933 Ford roadster restored to mint condition. I bought it. The price was \$21,000 — or \$20,800 more than I was willing to pay in 1937. I probably won't drive it much, but I will take the cover off, back it out of the garage and take a long, nostalgic look.

I finally got my favorite car.

Harry Harris still resides in Los Angeles, the city where he first spotted his favorite car 47 years ago. We would like to hear about your favorite Ford. We pay \$100 for each entry we publish. Limit your account to 250 typewritten words and send it to My Favorite Car, Ford Times, The American Road, Room 765, P.O. Box 1899, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Please don't include photos. Sorry, submissions can't be acknowledged or returned.

THE YEAR DURHAM CAUGHT FOOTBALL FEVER

By Elizabeth Williams

The reason I can't get with football is not that I'm an old lady who can't keep track of the ball. It's just that there's too much to it nowadays.

When I was growing up in Durham, North Carolina, football, like life itself, was simpler. It was a college sport, and autumn was its season. There was one post-season game that counted, and that was the Rose Bowl. Every college team's fans nursed a hope, however faint, that their own brave little band might have a season so studded with triumph that it would be rewarded with a Rose Bowl bid.

In 1938, there was reason for such hope in Durham. Duke, the comparatively new university that sprawled at the northwest edge of town, had a team worth watching. Its co-captains, Dan Hill and Eric Tipton, had made All-America in their junior year. The backfield had specialists in coffin-corner punting, field-goal kicking and passing. The line was so superb that sports writers called its huskies the Seven Iron Dukes. If the gods were kind, the dawn of 1939 might see Duke's Blue Devils jousting in the Tournament of Roses.

As the suspense built, big-name sports writers came south to cover Duke's games. The world was watching — but the townsfolk had front-row seats. Local sportscasters reported daily on Duke's practice sessions. Football news moved to the front pages of the daily papers. Phrases like "the guy with the educated toe" (that would be Tony Ruffa), "the man who put *foot* back into

football" (Eric Tipton), and "the fifth man in the enemy's backfield" (Willard Perdue) seemed fresh and new.

Durham had something to feel pride in and it was a heady feeling. People in the older, prettier towns nearby had long considered it a pushy, ugly upstart with no breeding. Durham did have a college, a threadbare old Methodist school called Trinity College, little noted until 1924. It was then that James Buchanan Duke, the tobacco nabob, bestowed a \$40-million endowment on Trinity with one condition: that it change its name to Duke University, to honor, he said, his late father.

The university immediately bought thousands of acres of Durham County's piney woods and cottoned-out farmland. There was laid out a campus more Gothic than Goth. The townsfolk, who ran to largely good-old-boy types, watched all the building and landscaping dubiously. Skeptics called it Buck Duke's Folly. There was a raw look to the Gothic towers newly risen on the Carolina plain. The tender new lawns were sparse, the trees spindly saplings. When Durhamites took visitors on Sunday drives around the new campus, they endured comments like, "Well, I puss'nally prefer a college with *tradition*." This was clearly a reference to Duke's arch-rival, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill (founded 1789). Defensive, the townsfolk pointed out that Trinity had tradition — for instance, a bell named Old Marse Jack that rang when they won a football

game. It was a feeble retort, however, and they knew it.

But before long, Duke's new medical facilities were treating the lame and halt from all over the South. Members of Duke's newly recruited faculty were called on to counsel with heads of state. The dean of the new law school literally wrote the book on criminal law. All this was a touch esoteric for the locals. It was Duke's football team, finally, that won them over.

Along with all the laboratories and libraries there appeared a Department of Athletics with a huge gymnasium, an Olympic-sized pool, field houses of equipment for every sort of sport, and acres of practice fields which local sports writers referred to as Methodist Flats. There was the largest football stadium the region had ever seen (50,000 seats). Best of all was the football coach, fresh from triumph with Alabama's Crimson Tide. His name was Wallace Wade, and he looked the way a football coach ought to look: wiry, saturnine, with steely eyes shaded by the brim of his fedora.

Like their academic colleagues, Coach Wade's scouts went after the best. As the buildings mellowed and the saplings grew, so did the team. Duke's Blue Devils were winning — not just games with old rivals like Wake Forest and Davidson, but with Southeast Conference giants like Tennessee and Georgia Tech, and often even the annual grudge game with North Carolina. The outside world was beginning to take note: Duke players were All-

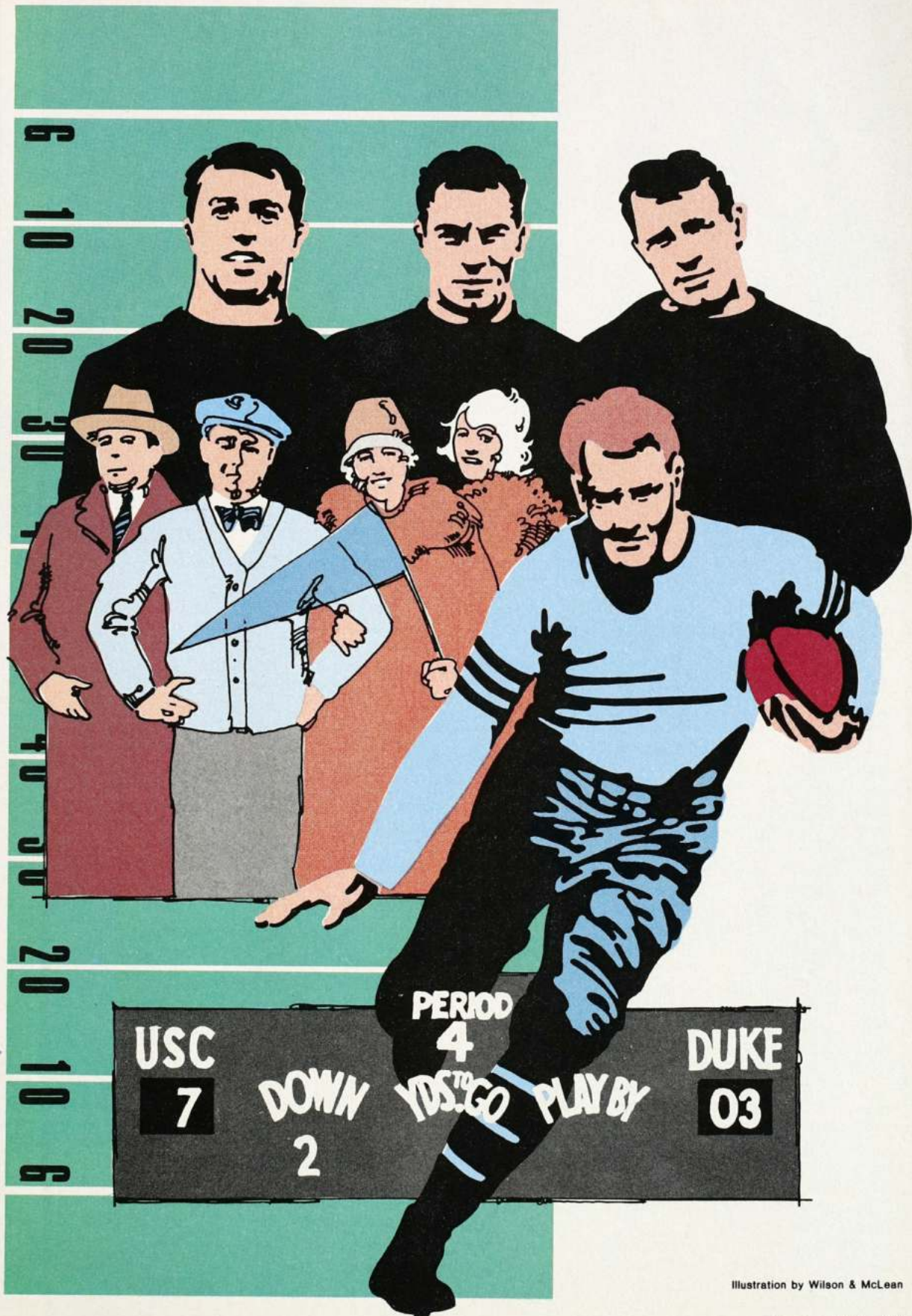


Illustration by Wilson & McLean



Duke's handsome Devils scored big points in town before heading for the 1939 Rose Bowl.

America. Duke took on teams from up north: Colgate, Syracuse, Pittsburgh.

Now, in 1938, there was joy in Durham as Duke swept easily through the early part of the season. Duke 18, Virginia Polytechnic 0; Duke 27, Davidson 0; Duke 7, Colgate 0. Georgia Tech was having a scrappy season, but Duke won, 6-0. Wake Forest's Demon Deacons, with a new endowment of their own, caused some concern, but it was Duke 7, Wake Forest 0.

Durham's enthusiasm knew no bounds. The townsfolk memorized all the statistics about every player. Any school child could name the Seven Iron Dukes, from left end (Spangler) to right (Perdue). A new song about the Big Blue Team was added to the cheering section's repertory.

Carolina put up a gallant fight ("gallant" was a popular expression) but lost 14-0. Duke's legions ("legions" was big, too) went north to Syracuse and won 21-0. North Carolina State fell, 7-0. One game to go, and nary a foe man had scored.

The last game, on Duke turf, was with the formidable University of Pittsburgh, also undefeat-

ed. It was played in a drizzly snowfall. The largest crowd in Southern football history (52,000) shivered and held its breath as Pitt's "Dream Backfield" (Yankees could be colorful, too) moved the ball 81 yards to Duke's 10 — and sighed with steamy relief when the Iron Dukes' line held. In the fourth quarter, Duke's Perdue blocked a Pitt punt and fell on it in the end zone for a touchdown. Ruffa converted. Seven-nothing was the final score.

Durham went wild that night. Students joined the townsfolk in the streets. Strangers embraced like old buddies. "Undefeated! Untied! Unscored on!" they cried, and sang *California, Here We Come!* Old Marse Jack rang far into the cold November night.

The Rose Bowl bid came indeed. Duke would face the University of Southern California's mighty Trojans.

Out on Methodist Flats, Wade drilled the Big Blue Team through December. On the 20th, when the train — the Blue Devil Special — pulled out of Durham, thousands of fans lined the tracks as it chugged west, bound for Pasadena.

As the train rolled across the South, crowds turned out in every town to cheer the Blue Devils on. There were stops for workouts at Stuttgart, Arkansas and Lubbock, Texas. Sports writers aboard the train, prose at fever pitch, wired reports on heretofore unseen wonders of the land: the mighty Mississippi, the fertile plains of Arkansas, the wide state of Texas (why, crossing it took two days!). At the Grand Canyon, "a marvel of nature," they were entertained at dinner with "a series of Indian dances by native Indians." They arrived in Los Angeles on Christmas Eve and were housed at Pasadena's Hotel Huntington, "one of the most famous and beautiful hostels in the state of California."

Back in Durham, Duke's fans went absentmindedly through their holiday rituals. They made sure their radios were in good working order; they synchronized their watches to Pacific Standard Time. They read daily dispatches from California, fondly noting that their boys were finding time between Coach Wade's stern scrimmages for sight-seeing: gazing on the blue Pacific, hobnobbing with movie stars on the

MGM lot, admiring the Wee Kirk o' the Heather in Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

January 2, 1939 was a cold, gray day in North Carolina. All afternoon radios spoke of Los Angeles, 3,000 miles away, three hours earlier, and 45 degrees warmer; of palm trees, celebrities in open cars, parade floats studded with blossoms. Finally, as dusk fell in Durham, at 2 p.m. Pacific Time, Duke's gladiators in blue burst into the arena.

Beside their Atwater-Kents, North Carolinians listened tensely as the Seven Iron Dukes withstood one Trojan onslaught after another. Finally, early in the fourth quarter, Tony Ruffa (of the educated toe) kicked a field goal. Three-nothing, Duke.

Throughout the game, USC kept pulling out whole teams and sending fresh ones in. Coach Wade made a few adjustments in his backfield, but every man in Duke's line played the full 60 minutes.

Two minutes left. USC drew a penalty for too many time-outs. One minute. Then it happened. A

sophomore fourth-stringer named Doyle Nave threw USC's 32nd pass of the game. Another, Al Kreuger, caught it in the end zone. USC made the extra point. Seven-three, USC.

In Durham, strong men wept.

The Trojans had been favored to win, and they did. How could anyone have thought that a Southeastern team could stand up to that huge squad of California golden boys? In Big Ten country, in the Northeast, fans shrugged and turned to basketball. In Los Angeles, Duke's tired warriors climbed back on the Blue Devil Special and headed east and south.

And south!

Lost cause, superior odds, the gallant fight — it was the South's own bag. The press corps drew on the rhetoric of Appomattox, where the boys in gray had crowded around to touch General Lee's horse. At all the little railroad stations, the crowds were bigger than the ones that had cheered the team west.

The trip home took five days, so Durham had time to pull itself

together. When the boys got home, 8,000 people turned out to welcome them at the station. The heroes were loaded into open cars and escorted up Main Street by marching bands from every high school around that had one. Somebody had written new lyrics to the tune of *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain*:

We will all go down to meet them when they come . . .

We'll forget about that Kreuger and that Nave;

We'll think of Tipton, Hill and Ruffa —

They don't make them any tougher . . .

In a Southern accent, of course, it rhymes.

The epic of the Big Blue Team sounds as remote as the ancient wars and jousts in the sports writers' metaphors. Football fans nowadays, who can watch their glossy game almost around the clock and around the year, tell me that the playing is better now. And certainly, they add with a smirk, the writing isn't so overblown.

I say, more's the pity. □

THE ROAD SHOW

MOST RESTAURANTS that we've been going to lately feature some type of chicken strip, patty or fillet, so I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised at our small daughter's reaction after we dined at an "old-fashioned" chicken place. "Oh please, let's not go there again," she said. "They put bones in their chicken." — *Shirley Ward, Abilene, Texas*

MY FAMILY AND NEIGHBORS liked my boyfriend Ken, but not his noisy sports car. It was especially disturbing when he left my house at a late hour. Finally, my mother had a talk with him. Ken understood and quickly came up with a solution: The next time he left late at night, instead of roaring off, he let the car roll silently down the hill and out of earshot before he started it and headed home. Unfortunately, a patrolling policeman spotted the maneuver and pulled him over. It took a lot of explaining to prove he wasn't stealing the car, merely being considerate. — *Donna Bettencourt, San Jose, California*

ONE WARM SUMMER DAY, our family was on the way to Grandma's when we encountered a lengthy stretch of country road under repair. We bounced along for about 20 minutes before our little boy piped up from

the back seat, "It sure is a bumpy day." — *Jeanette Schroeder, Marquette, Michigan*

WHILE DRIVING to Florida from New York, my husband and I stopped at a small motel for the night. We like to get on the road early and we requested a 5 a.m. wake-up call. The clerk, who had been extremely courteous until then, looked dismayed at the thought of having to get up to provide such an early call. Then he disappeared into the back room, a minute later emerged with a large alarm clock. "Here," he said, placing it on the desk and grinning broadly. "I'll even set it for you." — *Valerie Hedberg, Jamestown, New York*

AFTER A GRUELING MONTH of study for his master's degree, my friend was heading for a wedding in Toronto with his family. At the border, his mind obviously was still on his studies when a customs officer asked why he was entering Canada. He couldn't remember and began stammering. Impatiently, his daughter cried out, "Daddy, we're going to a wedding!" The officer looked solemnly at my friend, then said slowly and distinctly, "Listen carefully. My next question is real hard." — *Libby Barsky, South Plainfield, New Jersey*

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, The American Road, Room 765, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Items should not exceed 150 words. We regret that volume prevents us from acknowledging or returning submissions.

By Jay Stuller

The Charge of the Lite Brigade

Would John Wayne demand low-cal vittles?

Maybe not, but hordes of today's he-men do

There's something discomfiting about the idea that a television commercial could spark a whole new attitude toward eating and drinking in America. But when the Miller Brewing Company introduced its lower-calorie Lite beer little more than a decade ago, the crafty TV ads did indeed spawn some heavy changes in American taste.

This was, however, only a small start. Rarely has the concept of "less" (spouted by rather large ex-athletes) led to more.

Since then the nation has not only gone "lite" (the misspelling

is today a court-decreed generic term used interchangeably with "light") in its taste in beer, but has grown increasingly buoyant in its demand for the lite stuff. These products range far from the realm of food and beverage. While we are besieged by ads for competing brands of lite soft drinks, soups, cheeses, frozen dinners and even wines, calculators and computers also are growing smaller, more compact and, of course, less weighty. There are light cigarets and even *ultralight* airplanes.

Indeed, virtually any product that can carry the words "lite" or "light" on its label has a marketing plus. Oh, the regular heavy

stuff still predominates, for many consumers believe anything labeled "lite" lacks taste and substance. But the move to supply the burgeoning lite lifestyle has become a business force.

This feathery fever represents a radical change in the nation's way of thinking. Americans live in a big country and once wanted only commensurately large goods and comestibles. We have long prized bacon, egg and pancake breakfasts, thick slabs of beef for supper, and beer that, while hardly European in body, at least induces a respectable burp. One

simply cannot imagine George Washington, Abe Lincoln, George Patton or John Wayne sitting still for a meal of tofu and spinach salad. You ate meat and potatoes, man — or became suspect as a Royalist or Red.

By the late 1960s, however, Americans grew apprehensive about the look and effects of excess waistline tonnage. We were made aware of what high intakes of saturated (animal) fats could do to our coronary arteries. Consequently, the exhortations to "Go lite" found receptive ears, if not compliant appetites. And it all started with beer and board.

Miller's commercials, as much as its beer, provided the impetus

for the charge of the lite brigade. The ads, still among the most popular on television, primarily featured beefy ex-athletes who declared that Miller Lite tasted great, but had a third less calories than the company's regular beer. Until then any hint of "lightness" in beer denoted a wimpy tippie. But these guys were obviously heavy hitters.

If massive John Madden, bulky Bubba Smith and mean Dick Butkus would drink Lite, then Joe Bob Johnson at the corner saloon certainly wasn't a sissy for doing likewise.

The lite movement, however, quickly transcended beer. Wine-makers tried to get into the act, floating lite wine onto supermarket and liquor store shelves. The new wine, said critics, was light in calories, light in alcohol — and light in taste. It also generated light sales, but not poor enough to evaporate the idea completely.

Wine producers have since improved the product and light-wine consumption has increased, particularly among women. "Most women don't want to get out of control," claims one Manhattan hostess, citing the lower alcohol content of the more vapory vino. "You can still get a lit-

Russ Berry





Sports biggies Bubba Smith and Dick Butkus (above) and Bob Uecker (right) wash down the wimpy image of low-cal products by touting a brew containing less calories than regular beer.

tle buzz without getting zonked."

Not missing a trick, the beer-makers are taking still another tack in battling the buzz with a new battery of brews that not only contain fewer calories but only about half the alcohol of their regular offerings. Anheuser-Busch, for example, has brought out "LA," and Blatz "L.A." The introductions came shortly before the Summer Olympics in Los Angeles, but the initials presumably stand not for the city but for low alcohol or less alcohol.

What is or is not light, however, is a question so fraught with relativity that it would baffle Al Einstein. Who's to say? Well, the United States Food and Drug

Administration, that's who. According to FDA regulations, any food or beverage carrying a "lite" label must contain approximately one-third fewer calories than the standard version of the product. This, to be sure, leaves plenty of room for fudging, for if you start with an exceptionally high caloric base food — fudge, for example — a 33 percent reduction is still going to leave a candy that's not exactly a weight-loss item.

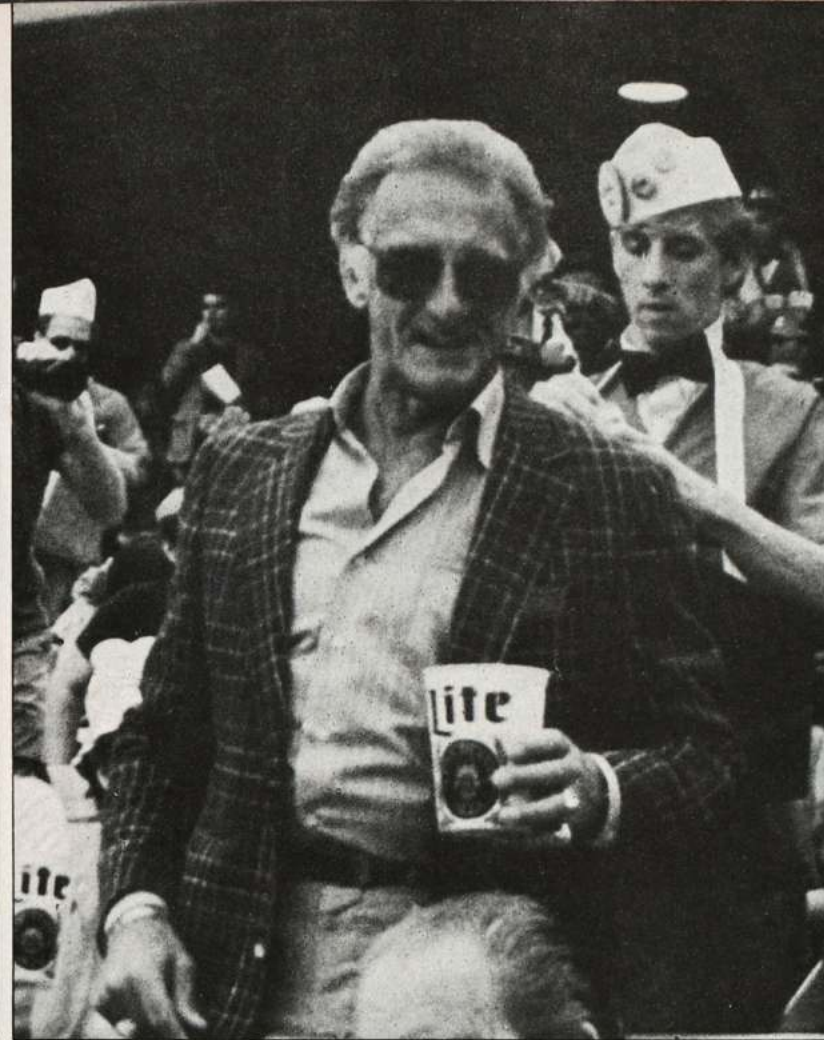
The desire to Jane Fondacize corpulent bodies into supple shape is perhaps the *raison d'être* for the success of reduced-calorie food and drink. Roughly 80 million Americans are considered overweight. About 50 million are struggling through one weight reduction program or another at any given moment. "Relative to the rest of the world we are markedly overweight," says Dr. Susan Waldman, a San Francisco State University professor of psy-

chology, who in private practice often counsels overeaters. "But we are still obsessed over becoming thin."

Despite this fixation, people in the United States obviously have a hard time keeping their muzzles out of the feedbag. And yet, such zealous grazing patterns often lead to a distinct feeling of guilt.

So turn on the lites: mayonnaise, pancake syrup, salad dressing, spaghetti sauce, margarine and peaches. Enter breaded fish sticks that, compared to regular filets, have 30 percent of the calories vacuumed out. Enter prepackaged diet dinners that contain only 300 of the little devils. With these undercaloried foods, which are supposed to taste better than the *nouvelle sawdust* of 10 years ago — one can presumably eat well without resorting to a miserable diet.

Such meals are in a sense a blessing, for lite foodstuffs some-



times also contain less salt, starch, saturated fat and preservatives than regular chow. We all know too much salt helps lead to high blood pressure, starch to tubby tummies, saturated fat to arteriosclerosis, and preservatives to boring lectures by health food advocates. Lite foods are useful, says Dr. Myron Winick, a noted New York nutritional expert, "because they provide people with more and better choices."

The rub, though, is when a lite eater or drinker ends up thinking he or she is losing weight on light sustenance and chooses to consume a third *more* than before. Many lite beer drinkers inadvertently compensate by munching 30 percent more potato chips.

Still, lite items are moving briskly off supermarket shelves. It wasn't long ago when water-packed tuna flopped, compared to tuna packed in oil. Today it's a growing portion of the canned-fish business.

Cheeses with low fat content — employing polyunsaturated vegetable oils instead of butterfat — are now in the markets. In the canned-fruit business, lite versions now account for nearly one-fifth of all sales.

San Francisco State's Dr. Waldman contends that the lite food explosion is only an indication of an expanding *lite psychology*. She believes we've moved into a time when we value all things compact, lean and light. This includes bodies, automobiles, corporate organizations and even conversation. Light jabbering, instead of heavy discourse, is the preferred style of communication.

Since Americans no longer get down on "heavy" topics, could it be that the entire culture has gone lite? Following the weighty times of the late 1960s and early 1970s, perhaps we need a period of fluff. But the price of cultural levity is steep.

Television, that cruel reflection of national taste, features *Real People* in prime time: an hour's worth of *Real People*. Last season, the networks introduced several prime-time shows consisting almost wholly of noxious and usually unlaughable outtakes — mistakes made by actors, called "bloopers" — that are lightly vapid in content. *People* magazine, hardly cerebral reading, has a weekly circulation of roughly 2.5 million.

Well, a lite culture, mercifully, may not long endure. And there are plenty of stalwarts remaining who would rather starve than consume, wear or even think of anything lite. Seriously. How can Americans eschew pizza and the occasional top sirloin, go totally lite and subsequently even hope to stand up to the avoirdupois character of the Soviet Union?

Still, given the ugly nature of cholesterol deposits, lite food may well be here to stay. A *Time* magazine photograph of earlier this year showing a large piece of plaque that was surgically removed from a carotid artery surely did wonders for Lean Cuisine sales. And it no doubt doomed an awful lot of chickens — poultry is quintessentially light, beef is heavy — to the nation's meat counters. Indeed, cooking schools — more than 2,500 — and cooking classes throughout the country are thriving as people quest for the secrets of lighter victuals.

So who cares where they sell "the beef"? A *McLite*, and hold the fries, may be just around the corner. □



FALL HAS IT ALL

By Mary Augusta Rodgers

I like everything about fall, starting with the fact that it's a dependable season, making its entrance on schedule, and brisk from the beginning. It's unlike spring, which is full of false promises, peeking around the corner and scattering flowers one day, retreating in a shower of wet snow the next.

Fall doesn't fool around. One day it's still summer; the air is lush and lazy, daily life disorganized from vacation schedules, children splashing in wading pools while their parents, limp in

lawn chairs, complain about the heat. Then there comes one night of hard rain, or a day of gray skies and a chilly wind, and suddenly it's fall.

The next morning, the sky is a new shade of blue. The air is clean and fresh, as though giant windows have been thrown open out in space. The sunlight sparkles. You notice a splash of red or yellow among the green trees and, looking up, see geese flying south in a line that looks like an exclamation point. *Listen*, a light breeze sings, *it's time to wake*

up, make plans, find your place in the fall parade.

Life looks new and full of promise. Is there anything more likely to touch the heart than the sight of little kids setting off for their first day at kindergarten, looking solemn and expectant and holding tight to their mother's hand? The first day of grammar school is always an occasion, too: new clothes, new shoes, new satchel and pencil box! Do you remember the thrill of those gleaming school books, and how carefully you wrote your name

Illustration by Werner Claussen

and address on the first page? This time you were going to keep the books looking new; no doodling, no scribbled names, no crayons crumbling between the pages. Of course, after a few weeks, you forgot. But there was new hope — and vows — the next September.

Fall fashions are exciting, even though the clothes have been on display in the stores since late July, along with the on-sale bathing suits. (Who buys those tweed suits in August, by the way? Nobody I've ever known.) The new look — midi or mini, preppy or punk, whatever they've dreamed up this season — is hard to resist, with its subtle promise of a new you. (Will this be the time you look in the mirror and see the You you always meant to be?) It's fun to play with possibilities. Will you wrap yourself in a great coat this season, or wear cropped pants with a Byronic blouse? Or luxuriate in a pretty dress with a string of pearls?

In contrast, summer clothes look flimsy and faded. Time to start putting them away, along with the sandy beach shoes.

The mail is full of announcements: new theater and concert programs, and schedules of continuing education classes. More choices to consider. How about Conversational French or Anthropology II? Do you dare to try Assertiveness Training? Perhaps a tap dancing class, or East Indian Cooking, or Existentialism for Today?

What a season! Even coffee tastes better in the morning. The garden goes crazy during these mellow days and seems to produce tomatoes, cucumbers and green peppers overnight. Zucchini, hidden among the vines, grow to the size of baseball bats.

An early-morning visit to the farmers market is a sensuous experience, with the great piles of fruit and vegetables, cider and doughnuts and, if you're lucky, small boxes of fresh raspberries. Whatever they cost, they're worth it. The only way to get enough is to go out to a farm and pick the raspberries yourself; it takes time, and is hard on the back, but the rewards are wonderful. There'll be raspberries

*The fall air
is invigorating.
You feel cheerful,
energetic, pleased
with the here
and now*

and cream for breakfast, a pie or two, and jars of jam.

The squirrels aren't the only ones who are storing up. It's time to fill the freezer, make applesauce, put the green tomatoes away to ripen in paper bags. You can chop up the last glorious glut of fresh vegetables and make a Romanian dish called *ghivetchi*, or the French *ratatouille*, or a good old clean-out-the-refrigerator vegetable casserole with plenty of grated cheese on top.

There's a strong urge to clean up, paint, repair, and clean out clutter. Washing the windows outside can be practically painless on a sunny Saturday with the sharp scent of chrysanthemums in the air and a World Series game on the radio.

The trees are brilliant — varying shades of red and gold and rust against a clear blue sky. Down the street, a great copper beech is the color of dark wine. Such a show has always attracted poets. "There is a harmony in autumn," Shelley wrote, "and a lustre in its sky." And Robert Browning saw that "Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God."

The weather grows colder; mist in the morning, and traces of fog at night. But the days are still sunny and warm, with shafts of cathedral light shining through the trees; so beautiful that they seem to call for celebration.

Most people feel physically good in the fall. The beauty of spring is often disturbing, arousing vague longings and regrets. But the fall air is invigorating; you feel cheerful, energetic, pleased with the here and now.

As the leaves fall, bird nests become visible, high in the tree branches. You hear the sound of

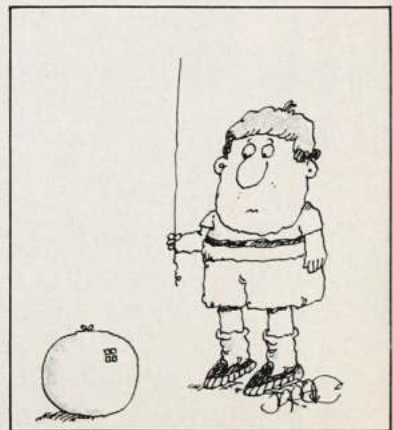
leaf rakes on sidewalks, and shouts from football practice in school playgrounds. And the smell of damp leaves is added to the soft, smoky air of early twilight.

Blankets come down from the top shelf of the storage closet, along with heavy sweaters that have the status of old friends. It's time to order firewood, repeat the annual debate about the best place to store it, and enjoy the first fireplace fire.

Arrangements of dried corn and autumn leaves appear on front doors, and bittersweet in small baskets. Pumpkins turn into Jack-o'-Lanterns and beam their toothy grins from porches and windows. Then it's Halloween and small goblins and ghosts come to the door, chanting "Trick or treat!" (Have you noticed that the shyest children are always shrouded in the most ferocious masks and costumes?)

By now, fall is fading fast. The end comes in November, after one final burst of beautiful weather; the last chance to cover the rose bushes, bring in the lawn furniture, put up the storm windows. Or just to sit on the steps, bask in the sun and store up memories.

The air grows colder, the days are shorter, it's dark before you're ready for the night. Houses, trees and fences stand black against the light of a rising moon. A sudden wind slams a door, rattles the windows, and sends the last of the leaves swirling down the street. And you can feel winter out there, waiting in the wings. □



GLOVE COMPARTMENT

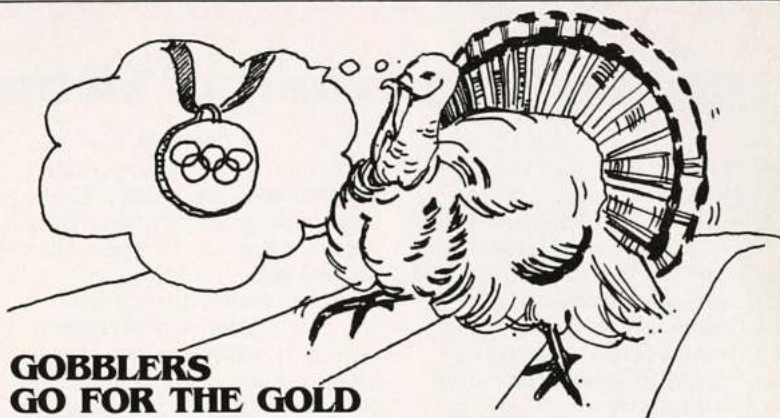
WHERE TO FIND MEXICAN MUNCHIES

Mexican-food fans now have a state-by-state guide to tacos, nachos and tostados north of the border. *The Very Best: Mexican Restaurants and Where to Find Them* by Herbert Wolff and Carol T. Robbins lists and describes the offerings of more than 300 eateries specializing in what may be America's fastest-growing pop food. The 230-page paperback can be obtained for \$7.95 at bookstores or for \$8.65 from The Very Best Publishers, Inc., 149 West Newton Street, Boston, MA 02118.

MONTEREY'S NEW AQUARIUM



Opening October 20 in Monterey, California, 125 miles south of San Francisco, is a deluxe fish tank said to be the largest indoor aquarium on the West Coast. Valued at more than \$40 million, the Monterey Bay Aquarium offers an in-depth look at the rich marine life of the coastal area. Exhibits range from kelp forests and deep reefs to sloughs and tidepools. And an occasional sea otter may even flop in for a visit. For more information, write Monterey Bay Aquarium, 886 Cannery Row, Monterey, CA 93940. Or call (408) 649-6466.



GOBBLERS GO FOR THE GOLD

Dozens of gifted gobblers are limbering their drumsticks for the Live Turkey Olympics November 18 at The Inn on Lake Waramaug, New Preston, Connecticut, 42 miles west of Hartford. The birds will strut their stuffing, er, stuff in an unusual 50-yard dash, high jump and slalom. To enter a turkey you may know, or to learn more about this birdbrained happening, write to The Inn on Lake Waramaug, New Preston, CT 06777. Or call (203) 868-0563.

A GUIDE FOR WOMEN CAR OWNERS

A new book, *Lyn St. James's Car Owner's Manual for Women*, written by one of America's foremost female race-car drivers, explains everything the not-so-helpless sex should know about cars — from buying and maintaining to repairing and selling. Straightforward and informative, the 160-page paperback is available in bookstores or may be ordered for \$5.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling from Order Dept., Penguin Books, 299 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, NJ 07073. Checks should be made payable to Viking Penguin Inc.

MISSOURI MEMORIES COME ALIVE

There'll be a heap of old-fashioned fun in Hannibal, Missouri during the Autumn Historic Folklife Festival, November 3 and 4. Smithing, spinning and leather-working will be demonstrated in a mid-

1800s atmosphere filled with Indian dancers, strolling musicians, strong-man shows and puppet parades. The kids can take their turns working in a "Chore Corner" or participate in hoop-rolling contests, straw scrambles or a log-tumble game. And warm applesauce donuts promise to add a special taste of Missouri's past. For more information, write Hannibal Arts Council, Box 1202, Hannibal, MO 63401. Or call (314) 221-6545.

Answer to Puzzler, Page 48

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| A. CRAFTS | N. INDIVIDUATE |
| B. HANGS | O. MOON |
| C. ADAPTATION | P. UNAWARE |
| D. NAPHTHA | Q. SCRIP |
| E. DRAWERS | R. THRASH |
| F. LATCHED | S. BACK DOWN |
| G. EDIFIED | T. EDELWEISS |
| H. RAPPORT | U. GO AWAY |
| I. HONORS | V. ODDS-ON |
| J. ENTREATY | W. IMPORTANT |
| K. LADDIE | X. NEW DELHI |
| L. LATHE | Y. GRAMMAR |
| M. OPHTHALMIA | |

Salvador Dali went to Harpo and presented Harpo with a harp. After that day, Dali and Harpo were always friends . . . Groucho's comment to me was, "It was a great combination. Dali didn't speak much English and neither did Harpo." — (Charlotte) Chandler, *Hello, I Must Be Going*.

越南煮食

(The Subtle Harmony of Vietnamese Cooking)

If you've never sampled Vietnamese food, a treat awaits you — and you won't have to travel halfway around the world for the pleasure. More and more Vietnamese restaurants are cropping up in North America, the result of the exodus following the fall of Saigon in 1975.

Many Vietnamese spent years in relocation camps before finding homes in the U.S. and Canada (and, to a lesser extent, Europe). Now, after settling into

communities, a number of the newcomers have opened their own unpretentious little dining rooms, often hardly more than store-fronts.

But if the settings are plain, the food is not. On my recent travels I visited several Viet restaurants in New York City and Los Angeles, and have reports on others in Chicago, Washington and Toronto. My first Vietnamese meal,

however, was at the Saigon Restaurant in Windsor, Ontario, across the river from my Detroit home, where I asked the owners, the Lu family, to serve a typical dinner to a friend and me.

Their choice for one of the many appetizers was what might be considered the national dish

of Vietnam — *cha gio*, a crisp and elegant version of the Chinese spring roll. It was served with a clear and aromatic sauce, *nuoc cham*. Another appetizer was *chao tom*, charcoal-grilled ground shrimp and water chestnuts packed around sticks of sugar cane and garnished with lime juice, served with a sauce flecked with shards of chili peppers.

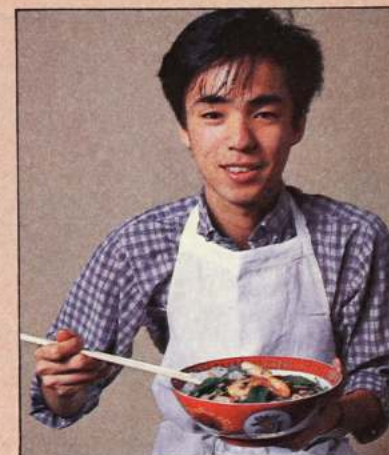
Salads of shrimp and pork arranged on shredded cabbage leaves and garnished with cucumber and tomato followed. (I learned that these can be a salad course or the main dish of a light meal.) With our salads the waiter suggested we use a little of the chili-pepper sauce and stir the mixture before eating.

Next we sampled *satays*, small pieces of meat grilled on bamboo skewers, another dish that can serve as an appetizer

or a main course. Among the best of these were the grilled marinated pork and the tiny nuggets of lemon-scented chicken.

We noticed that the other patrons were eating soup so we added this to our growing list of courses. I chose sour shrimp soup with lemon grass, celery, fresh tomato chunks, a bit of pungent coriander and browned onions. It was lovely, light and refreshing.

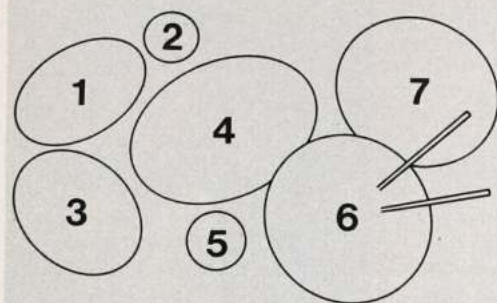
Along with the soup we — and the rest of the patrons — nibbled on side orders of charcoal-grilled shrimp and lean, thinly sliced pork chops, fried chicken, and bite-sized pieces of



Vietnamese immigrant Hung Lu and a tempting sampler of foods his family's restaurant prepares.

By Nancy Kennedy
Photos by Vern Harvey





1. cha gio (spring rolls)
2. ot (chili sauce)
3. thit bo nuong (barbecued beef)
4. chao tom (shrimp paste on sugar cane) and nem nuong (barbecued pork balls)
5. nuoc cham (dipping sauce)
6. pho tai nam (beef soup)
7. gia xe phay (chicken salad).

batter-dipped fried frogs legs.

Tea came after the meal and the desserts offered were fresh fruit, sticky rice, or puddings made of sweetened and flavored lentils.

On the spot I judged Vietnamese cuisine to be distinguished and well-balanced, and one which prized subtle seasonings and the freshness of ingredients.

Cu Lu, who runs the Saigon Restaurant with the assistance of his wife Nhi, her sister Hao and their four children, was a butcher in Saigon. He and his family were interned in a refugee camp in Malaysia before emigrating to Canada five years ago. Cu got a job in a Windsor hospital and as soon as they saved enough money, the family opened their modest restaurant. Everyone in the family works there — the aunt and mother cook, the father buys the meat and produce, the boys and girls wait on tables.

On visiting other Vietnamese restaurants I found almost the same story with slight variations — most are family owned and operated, and haven't been in business for more than a few years.

Although the patrons are mainly Vietnamese or Chinese, increasing numbers of Americans and Canadians are coming in once they become acquainted with the delights of Vietnamese dishes. The cuisine offers a fascinating contrast with that of Vietnam's near neighbors to the north and west. Although a close cousin of Chinese cooking, especially in technique, Vietnamese food is

leaner and not as rich.

It employs a variety of fresh raw herbs and vegetables — mint, coriander, cucumber, lettuce and grated carrot — seldom seen in China.

Borrowing hot chili peppers and lemon grass (citronella) from Thailand, and curry, coconut and tamarind (a tropical fruit) from India, Vietnamese cooks manage to combine these flavors in a style that is as subtle and intricate as the cooking of the subcontinent but without the overwhelming punch of that cuisine at its spiciest and heaviest.

Sophisticated Vietnamese like to say that their cooking is the *nouvelle cuisine* of Asian food. Chef Huy Eien of another

restaurant named the Saigon, this one at 60 Mulberry Street in New York, explained recently through a translator that Vietnamese sauces are lighter and less oily than their Chinese counterparts and are added at the end of the cooking process or served separately.

Vietnam's long coastline means that fish is an important element in the traditional diet, but surprisingly beef — a result of the French influence — is prepared in a number of elegant ways. It is often cooked on a brazier at the table or on a charcoal grill in the kitchen.

The cuisine of this Southeast Asian country is as unique as its most famous ingredient, *nuoc mam*, the pungent sauce rendered from salted anchovies that have been left to ferment in barrels in the tropical sun. Essentially, it is the liquid that is drained off from wooden casks in which alternate layers of fresh fish and salt have been

The entire Lu family pitches in at the Saigon Restaurant. From left: Hung's sister, Lan; his aunt, Hao; and his mother, Nhi. Most Vietnamese restaurants are family owned and operated.



A Devotion to Culture and Food

Vietnam is much more than many Americans' TV-image of the country — a collection of jungle villages, rice paddies and pajamaed peasants. I learned from talking to immigrant families that Vietnam is a complex and complicated nation, with a language and identity that go back more than 2,000 years, with a university older than any in Europe, and with a people steeped in the legends of their ancient heroes and devoted to their culture — and to their foods as well.

The Vietnamese, who originally came from Indonesia, Southern China and elsewhere, have been struggling to maintain their independence ever since about 100 B. C. At that time China, coveting the rich rice-growing areas of the Mekong and Red rivers, first conquered the young kingdom of Nam Viet. For a thousand years or more, broken by a few rebellions, the Chinese emperors kept this southern neighbor in thrall. Throughout this period the Vietnamese kept their own character. The Chinese institutions have been distinctively modified by a

people who are intensely proud of their individuality, and who feel that they have little in common with their northern neighbor.

Still, there are certain unmistakable signs of the long Chinese presence in Vietnam. One of the most obvious is the manner of eating; the Vietnamese are the only people of Southeast Asia or anywhere in the region who eat with chopsticks. Other echoes of the Chinese past are the tendency to eat plain white rice and other foods separately, rather than mixing them together, and the popular practice of stir-frying vegetables in pots similar to the Chinese wok.

The excellence of Vietnamese cooking owes a great deal to the example of China — and in more recent generations, to that of France, which ruled the country for most of the past century. Well-to-do Vietnamese still esteem both cuisines and when they dine out, it is usually at a Chinese or French restaurant. They enjoy superb Vietnamese food at home and the other two cuisines when dining out.

— Nancy Kennedy

packed and allowed to ferment.

The mere mention of *nuoc mam* will bring a peculiar look to the face of an American who has spent time in Vietnam. It is an acquired taste, but once acquired it is very nearly an

addiction. Like soy, it is very salty — but unlike soy, it enhances and blends so subtly with other flavors that one can barely detect it and certainly never would suspect its being an extract of pickled fish. (As a matter of fact, Worcestershire sauce has pickled anchovies in it.)

"*Nuoc mam* is like Camembert," Hung Lu, son of the owner of Windsor's Saigon Restaurant, told me. "It's a different flavor at first but it finishes off the flavor of our dishes." *Nuoc mam* is present in almost every dish and on almost every Vietnamese table, where it takes the place of salt in Western cooking and soy sauce in Chinese. It is used as a marinade and as the basis of other sauces. Diluted with lemon or lime juice and water, flavored with sugar, garlic and very hot little red chili peppers and sweet grated carrots, it becomes *nuoc cham*, a dipping sauce.

If Vietnam has a national dish, it is *cha gio*. Light, crisp and delicate, *cha gio* rolls are made with a filling of chopped pork, shrimp and crab mixed

with diced mushrooms and bean thread or cellophane noodles, called *bun* in Vietnamese. Grated carrot may be added for sweetness or little dried shrimps for their pungent, salty flavor.

Brittle rice wafers are wrapped around the filling and the rolls are dropped into hot fat and deep-fried until brown. Because the paper-thin rice paper wrapper absorbs very little fat, *cha gio* are not only delicious but low in calories. At many of the restaurants they are served in the traditional manner with a platter of tender leaves of soft-headed lettuce, garnished with mint, coriander (cilantro), cucumber, grated carrot and scallions. Diners wrap each *cha gio* in a lettuce leaf, adding other vegetables to taste, then dip the little rolls into *nuoc cham*.

Cha gio is somewhat complicated to prepare but is well worth the effort. For the most part, however, Vietnamese cooking is unique among Asian cuisines in that there is little difference between home cooking and restaurant cooking. Once the main ingredients have





Fresh shrimp and bean sprouts are rolled in rice paper, then wrapped in lettuce to make goi cuon. The tasty little rolls are perfect for dipping in nuoc cham.

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been procured (in Vietnamese, Oriental or Philippine grocery stores), the dishes are not difficult to prepare at home.

Doing some research on Vietnamese foods, I learned that soup is traditionally served for breakfast (as well as lunch and dinner). Especially popular is the hearty northern soup called *pho* (pronounced fa-oh), a rich beef broth served with rice noodles and slices of beef and garnished with chopped green onions, coriander and *nuoc mam*. Before dawn, in the market area of a typical Vietnamese town, the steam is already rising from great simmering cauldrons of *pho*; it must cook for hours, and the laborers, the vegetable vendors arriving from their farms, and later the shoppers and tradesmen will be demanding it all day long.

While the beef stock is simmering, the *pho* chef (who may spend his lifetime cooking this dish and nothing else) cuts up scallions and onions, slices

more beef and then briefly boils thin white rice noodles. With everything ready and the customer poised for a treat, the chef begins a rapid two-handed shuffle that looks like some kind of culinary shell game. With one hand he dips a strainer full of the cooked noodles, mixed with bean sprouts, into a pot of boiling water — just long enough to warm the noodles and blanch the sprouts.

With the other hand he picks up the ladle filled with sliced beef and vegetables and immerses it in the long-simmering stock until the beef begins to change color. Then the noodles and bean sprouts are emptied into a soup bowl, followed immediately by a ladleful of the soup-beef-vegetable mixture. A few drops of *nuoc mam* to season and a few coriander leaves are added. It is a sort of soup-with-salad and is now a staple of most of the new Vietnamese restaurants.

Another facet of the Vietnamese cooking repertoire is the charcoal grilling and barbecuing of whole fowl, ribs and other cuts of pork. It is done with great care and consummate skill.

Pork is the most common meat used in Vietnam, as in most of the Orient. It is either ground or chopped very fine, or sliced in very thin bite-size pieces. When cooked as a roast, it is often cut into smaller chunks so that the seasonings soak in better.

But whatever ingredients they use or the dish they are preparing, their culinary skills have earned the Vietnamese an international reputation as cooks. And most Vietnamese are enthusiastic to the point of chauvinism about their foods. In the perhaps prejudiced opinion of one well-traveled Vietnamese cook, "The Chinese use too much grease, the Japanese are more interested in the appearance of the food than in the taste and enjoyment, Indian and Thai food tastes too strong, and some countries avoid certain meats and ingredients. But we use everything in our cuisine — and that is why it is the best!" □

Vietnamese Spring Rolls (Cha Gio)

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb minced raw shrimp
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb minced lean pork
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb bean sprouts
 2 medium carrots, grated
 2-3 shallots, minced
 1 oz cellophane noodles (bean threads)
 1 pkg round rice paper (available at Oriental markets)
 2 eggs, beaten
 Oil for deep frying
 Shredded scallions and mint leaves, for garnish
 Lettuce leaves
 Dipping Sauce (Nuoc Cham) (recipe below)

In large bowl, combine shrimp, pork, bean sprouts, carrots and shallots; set aside. Soak cellophane noodles in warm water until flexible, about 15 minutes. Drain, cut into 1-inch pieces and add to meat mixture. Toss until combined. Run one sheet of rice paper (about 8-9 inches in diameter) quickly under tepid water, handling carefully because it is very brittle. Place sheet on work surface and brush quickly with egg. Let stand a few seconds until flexible. With very sharp knife, cut into halves. Place two tablespoons filling on round edge of half piece; roll over once, then tuck in sides to enclose filling and continue rolling. Continue filling and rolling until all filling is used. The egg will hold the rolls together. In a wok or 10-inch frying pan, heat oil until a drop of water jumps on the surface. Fry about eight rolls at a time until golden brown, about 15 minutes. Drain on paper towels. Serve with scallions, mint and lettuce leaves and *nuoc cham*. Makes about 30 egg rolls. To eat Vietnamese-style, wrap rolls in lettuce, sprinkle with chopped scallions and/or mint and dip in sauce.

Dipping Sauce (Nuoc Cham)

1 fresh red chili or 2 small dried chilies
 2 large garlic cloves, peeled
 5 tsp sugar
 Juice and pulp of $\frac{1}{4}$ unpeeled lime

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup *nuoc mam* (fish sauce available at Oriental markets)
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup water
 1 Tbs shredded carrot
 1 Tbs minced scallion

If using fresh chili, remove seeds and membrane. In food processor or blender, combine chili, garlic, sugar, lime, fish sauce and water. Process or blend until well minced. Pour into dish and sprinkle with carrot and scallion.

Some Vietnamese Restaurants

New York City

Saigon Restaurant
 60 Mulberry Street

Viet-Nam Restaurant
 11 Doyers Street

Washington, D.C.

Viet Huong

Little Viet Cafe

Viet Huong and Little Viet Cafe are side by side in old brownstones on M at 30th streets in Georgetown.

Toronto, Ontario

Hoai Huong
 420 College Street

Saigon Star
 4 Collier Street

Viet Nam Restaurant
 338 College Street

The Golden Bull
 110 Bloor Street W.

Windsor, Ontario

Saigon Restaurant
 2106 University Avenue West

Mini Restaurant
 475 University Avenue West

Ly Hoa Tran B.B.Q.
 2020 Wyandotte Street West

Chicago, Illinois

Hue
 1138 West Argyle

Los Angeles, California

Hong Phuong Restaurant
 711 $\frac{1}{2}$ New High Street (Chinatown)

Le Duc Vietnamese Restaurant
 7455 Melrose Avenue (West Hollywood)

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*This is the same famous **Old Fashioned Christmas Ornament Set** advertised by others in leading media for \$19.95. *And well worth the price*—for it is the best-selling, most expensive Christmas Ornament Set ever sold by this giant New York firm. But the entire set is yours for only \$3.95 during this Pre-Christmas Sale. *You save \$16.00—a full 80% off the nationally advertised price!*

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These valuable Christmas Sets will not be sold at this price by the company in any store. There is a limit of two (2) sets per address at this price, but requests mailed early enough (before Dec. 17) may request up to seven sets.

Mail this original printed ad together with your name and address and \$3.95 for each set. Add only \$2 shipping and handling no matter how many sets you are requesting. Mail to:
Abernathy & Closther, Christmas Ornament Offer, Dept. 695-8, Box 1789, Hicksville, NY 11802.
(A24900)

FORD GALLERY



Photos by Russ Berry



Marriage Suits Them to a 'T'

For Tom Butterworth and Kim Allen of suburban Detroit, an engagement spent sandblasting, reassembling and wading through antique auto parts in the living room of Tom's home led to a Model T marriage and 3,521 miles of flivvolous honeymoon bliss. The newlyweds, riding high in the 1911 Model T Torpedo they had spent so

many dates restoring, left Detroit for New York City two days after their wedding last summer. There they entered the Model T Ford Club's 75th anniversary cross-country run, a repeat of a 1909 romp that took drivers on a three-week trek to Seattle. What better way to rev up the romance of a classic Motor City marriage?

We're always looking for owners of Ford cars who use them in interesting ways, or who have unusual jobs or hobbies. Send your candidate's name, address and phone number to Gallery, Ford Times, Room 765, The American Road, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Submissions cannot be acknowledged.

SUNNY SAN DIEGO'S PENGUIN PARADISE

By James C. Simmons

One hundred Adelie penguins — adults with chicks — huddle together on a barren rocky patch. It is late January, well into the polar summer, and the sky is bright, even at midnight. The colony is in constant movement. The air is full of raucous noises and fetid odors.

A one-month-old chick shoves its head eagerly into the mouth of a parent bird, feeding on regurgitated fish. A short distance away dozens of other penguins — Adelies, emperors, kings, rockhoppers, macaronis, and gentoos — mill around in apparent confusion at the edge of the ice before diving into the frigid waters in search of the small fish that constitute their chief diet.

McMurdo Sound, Antarctica? It could be — but it isn't. This slice of Antarctica exists among the pleasant palms and flowering bougainvilleas of San Diego's famed Sea World marine park, where carefully planned wildlife shows and exhibits already draw some of the biggest crowds of tourists in Southern California. There, a handful of scientists, working in conjunction with the National Science Foundation and the Hubbs-Sea World Research Institute, have created a living laboratory for the study of one of nature's most fascinating but least accessible life forms — the Antarctic penguin.

Sea World's new \$7-million exhibit, "Penguin Encounter," opened in May 1983. It mixes research, conservation and show biz to create the most complex wildlife exhibit of its kind in the world. With a wall of mirrors that gives the illusion of endless expanse and innumerable pen-

guins, Penguin Encounter was conceived as "a window on Antarctica."

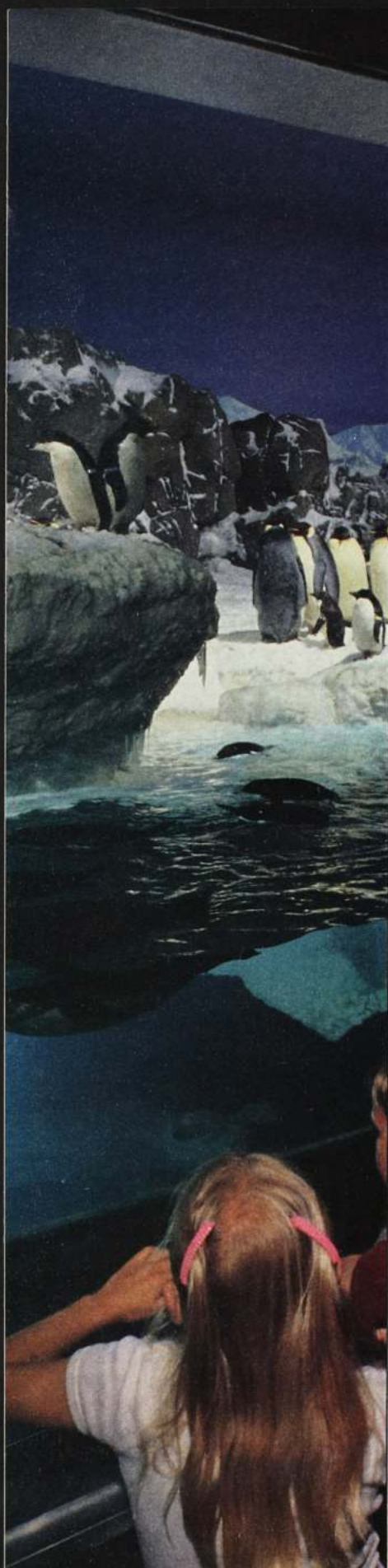
"It's the only place in the world where you can see what penguins do without going to the South Pole," says Frank S. Todd, the curator of birds at Sea World and the inspiration behind the exhibit. "Our penguins don't know they aren't in Antarctica."

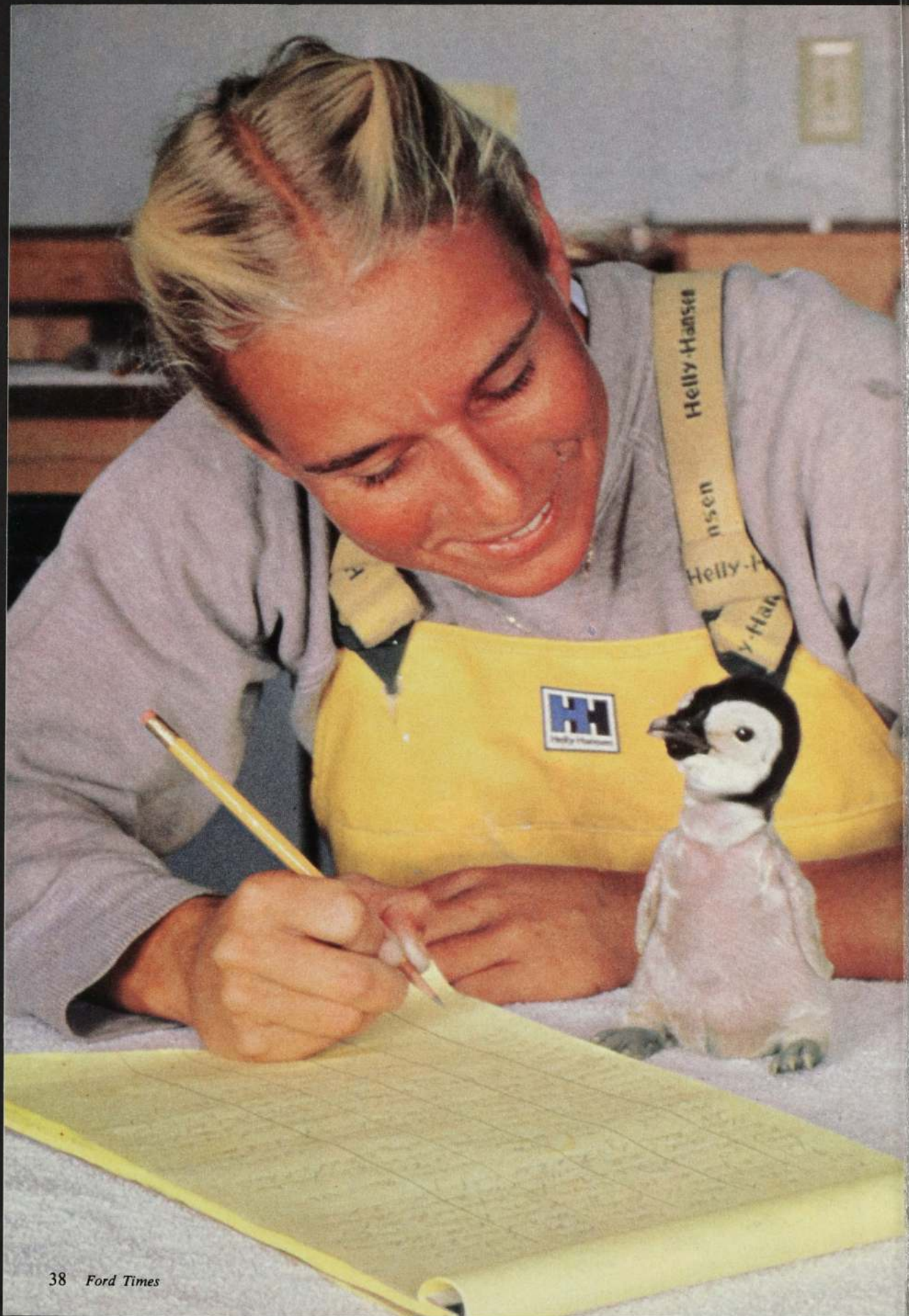
Penguin Encounter and its support systems sprawl over three acres of the Sea World park and took 13 months to construct. Inside the white-stucco central building, visitors ride a moving sidewalk past a 5,000-square-foot exhibit area that re-creates a portion of an Antarctic mountain and ice shelf populated by some 400 penguins.

A machine blows in 12,000 pounds of finely crushed ice daily to provide a realistic substrate for the birds. The sounds of icy winds and crunching snow pour out of a stereo system. To provide food, schools of anchovies are released from a nearby tank. Lighting is adjusted to correspond to the natural cycle of the Antarctic seasons: darker from May to September, lighter from November to February. Red lights in the rear of the exhibit simulate sunrise and sunset.

The realistic-looking rocks and ice formations are in fact fashioned of cement and fiberglass. Fake icicles were added, but to the curators' delight real ones appeared in a matter of days.

The air temperature is kept below 28 degrees (visitors do their viewing from a comfortably warmer gallery). And because a number of bacteria common to the local environment don't exist in the sterile Antarctic, air enter-





ing the unit passes through a biological filter to protect the birds.

Enormous glass windows allow visitors to study the behavior of the penguins, but the birds remain happily oblivious of the crowds of onlookers outside. The tall glass goes below the waterline of the 148,000-gallon diving pool, so even the penguins' underwater antics can be observed.

Visitors wishing a longer look can move to a viewing platform equipped with 16 television monitors which show educational tapes or zoom in on individual birds from different angles to study specific behavior. "Most of the behavior I've studied in the field, I've seen here," says Todd, who is perhaps the world's top authority on penguins and a veteran of 11 trips to Antarctica.

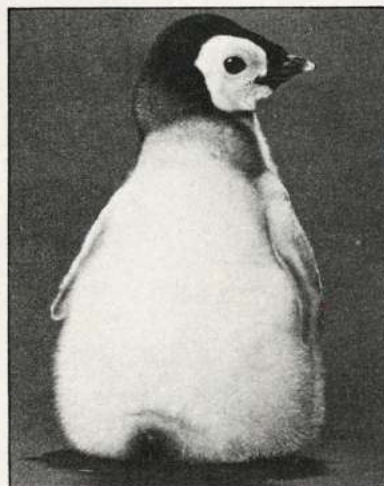
Penguins are among everybody's favorite birds, easily anthropomorphized because of their upright posture, Charlie Chaplin walk, and social traits — "spiffy little men, all dressed up in tuxedos, with no place to go," as Todd puts it.

For all our interest, however, we know relatively little about penguins. The hostile winters of Antarctica make study of their behavior virtually impossible for many months of the year. Emperor penguins, for example, hatch their chicks under the most savage weather conditions known. The female lays a single egg in the dead of winter when temperatures of 100 degrees below zero are common. For two months, through constant darkness, heavy snowfall, and 100-mile-per-hour winds, the male holds the egg on his feet, incubating it beneath a warm fold of abdominal skin. No human observer, however dedicated, could survive for long in such an extreme environment.

Hence, the importance of the Sea World breeding colony. The new exhibit is drawing scientists from around the world, eager to study the behavioral patterns and population dynamics of several species of penguins under condi-



Keeping a young one warm.



One of the exhibit's emperors.

tions that approximate their natural environment. Researchers already have moved closer to solving one of the great mysteries that had long intrigued ornithologists: How do penguins recognize one another in a colony which may number more than a million birds? Scientists at Sea World have confirmed that penguins, like humans, have distinctive voices and that voice identification helps each bird recognize every other bird and pick out its own mate and chicks.

"Visitors to our Penguin Encounter will observe science in action," Todd promises. "Sometimes they will see aviculturists and other scientists conducting experiments and carrying on their research. There has been too great a tendency in recent

years to hide scientific research from the lay public. I won't let that happen here."

Re-creating Antarctica in Southern California involved some major problems. For example, there was the matter of the rocks.

Adelie penguins have evolved elaborate social rituals of courtship and breeding that involve the exchange of small rocks. When a male comes ashore in October after a winter at sea, he will select a small rock and carry it about the rookery, dropping it at the feet of unattached females. When one of them picks it up, the two pair off and begin constructing their nest from small pieces of the same kind of rock.

But, as the scientists at Sea World learned, not just any rocks will do. The penguins proved quite selective and refused to start their breeding without the proper rocks. To increase their chances for early breeding, Todd returned to Antarctica, hand-picked 5,000 pounds of small rocks from an abandoned Adelie penguin rookery and flew them to San Diego. Satisfied, the Adelines set up housekeeping and hatched dozens of chicks.

The Penguin Encounter has proven enormously popular with the public ever since it opened. "One of the things that I thought might happen has already happened," says Todd. "The big problem is not getting people into the facility — it's getting them out. They're so fascinated with these wonderful birds that they want to stay and stay and stay."

Todd hopes that through his Penguin Encounter the American public will become concerned about preservation. "People can identify fairly well with penguins," he observes. "And this would be the only opportunity for most of the population to see them in their natural state. After all, how many people can afford to go to Antarctica? Well, we have provided them with the next best thing." □

For scientists like Katy Blair, this make-believe Antarctica — where it snows from machines and wind sounds pour out of a stereo — has made once-difficult research fun.

Sea World is at 1720 South Shores Road, San Diego. It is open every day of the year, 9 a.m. to dusk.

To those of us raised on black-and-white Grade C cowboy movies there inevitably came a jarring scene that bridged, too abruptly, the transition between the Old West and the New West.

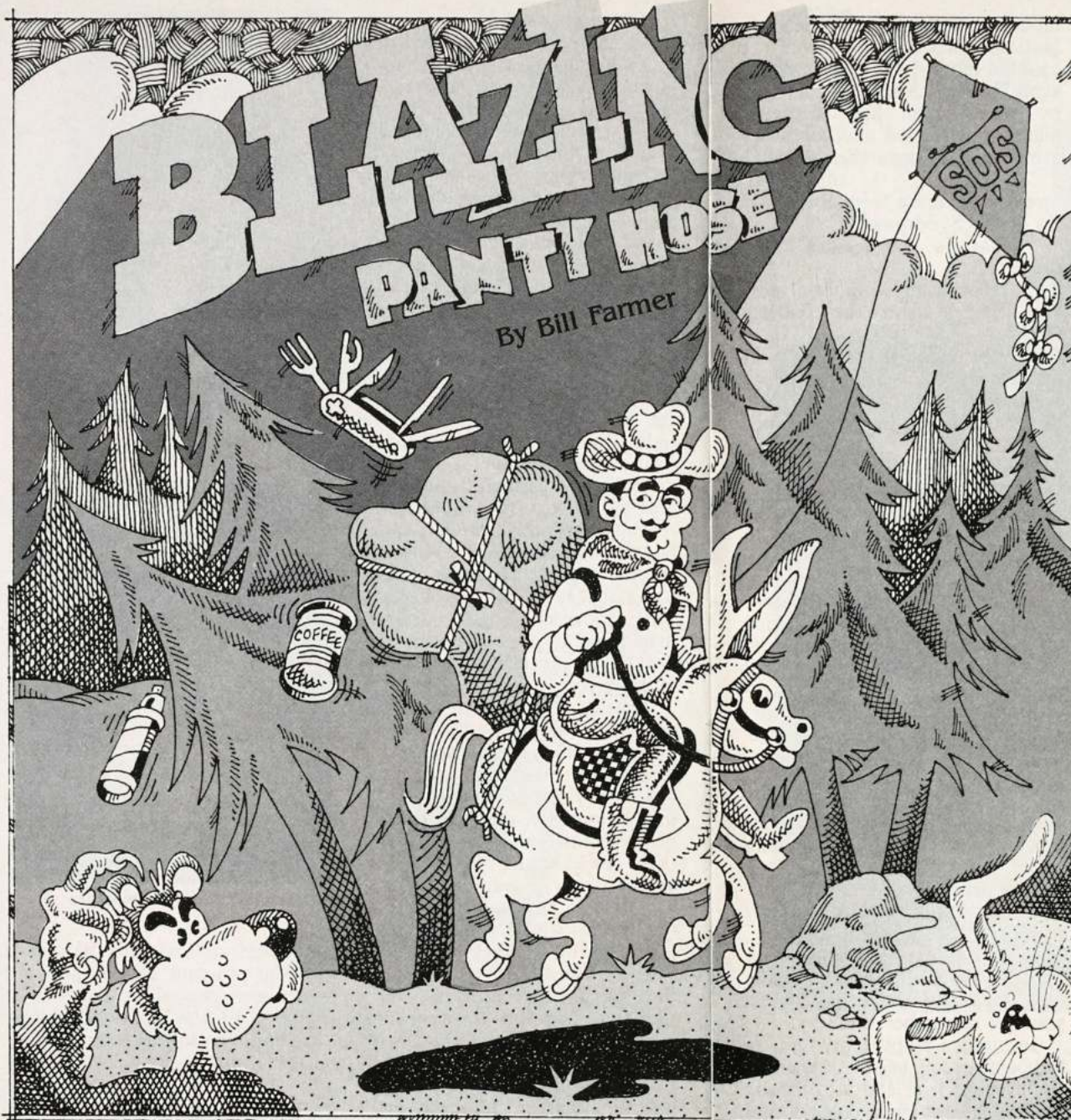
We had been accustomed to seeing Johnny Mack Brown and Don "Red" Berry and Hopalong Cassidy cavort among the boulders outside Hollywood, while comic sidekicks bungled over lanterns in deserted mine shafts filled with dynamite. We had marveled at the optical illusion of stagecoach wheels that seemed to be going in reverse, as Hoppy dived onto the harnesses of the lead horses.

There was a prescribed format to it all, as predictable as a passion play. The villain was pursued on horseback by a hero who leaped from his palomino onto the villain's back, and the two rolled down an embankment for one climactic fistfight. Property deeds were restored, the schoolmarm's virtue preserved, and Hoppy rode off into the sunset.

Then it happened — to each of us, perhaps, in a different way. For me, it was a Roy Rogers epic. I had paid my 14 cents matinee admission and was thoroughly unprepared — not for Dale Evans (who was no stranger to the sagebrush set) but for the pine-paneled *station wagon* she drove off into a gully, hood up, radiator steaming, where a buckboard ought to be.

"I want my money back!" my heart screamed. The sweep of American history ruptured across the Screen Gems horse opera as the car was towed by a lasso rigged to Trigger, with Roy Rogers grinning impishly from that silver saddle I knew so well. I sat there disconsolate, my mouth dried by the unchomped popcorn stuffed into my cheeks. I had lost the will to snack. The Old West was no more.

Mayhem followed. Movies starring Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson were set in the New West, with the stars singing to steel guitars around the campfires of dude ranches, fighting off gangsters in 1940 coupes, and billing and cooing with Virginia Mayo — in Technicolor, yet!



The psychological damage of that fast transition to the Nouveau West was indelible, although I didn't realize it until last summer when 12 of us set out on horseback into the wilds of Yellowstone National Park. Our party was to ride into the interior, at the behest of William Langford, a St. Paul banker whose great-great-uncle, Nathaniel Pitt Langford, had been part of an 1870 expedition to map the

as-yet-undiscovered marvels of boiling springs, mammoth waterfalls and punctual geysers in what must have been the Disneyland of the Old West. So impressed were they that they resolved to propose a national park there, the first ever. Old Nathaniel ultimately became its first superintendent — and its last to serve without budget or compensation, I might add, a pioneering selflessness that never really

caught on in government circles.

"We're going to rough it," pledged the present-day Langford. "We'll ride through the least-traveled part of the park — climbing mountains, fording streams . . ." I signed on. There would be no steel guitars here, no steaming radiators, and the only Technicolor would be nature's own.

Outfitter Duane Neal was commissioned to assemble a team

of pack mules, riding horses, camp kitchen and a guide, Bob Murphy, himself a former park ranger and a superintendent — with pay — of several of the West's most glorious national parks.

We were to retrace old Nathaniel's trail, and, since for the most part we were professional men and business tycoons and distinguished journalists, we had rehearsed with trail rides for weeks in advance at riding stables in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

"Remember," our leader instructed, "30 pounds is maximum. Proper boots, well broken in, are very important. Lay out your equipment and think your way through the day. It's amazing the little things you can remember this way."

Ah, rawboned individualism! Man against the elements with 30 pounds of the most meager necessities! Plus panty hose, of course. The panty hose were to be worn by those who suffered from chafing. Fuzzy St. John chose to resolve the problem with long johns but a few of us hastened off for as rugged a pair of Leggs as our egos would allow. Besides, in our jeans, our chaps, our boots and our saddles, who would know?

Dawn. The first day of camp, 20 miles out. Howard Marcotte, Minneapolis, prepares to brush his teeth. The toothbrush appears to be suspiciously plump.

"Look at this," he demonstrates. "The toothpaste is concealed inside the handle and when I squeeze it — ta-dah!"

The fanfare welcomed a white blossom of toothpaste from tiny pinholes at the base of the bristles. "See? That way I didn't have to pack a tube of toothpaste," he gleamed, or rather, Gleamed.

Back in the Old West, Sheb Wooley would never have brushed his teeth, if at all, with a self-loading toothbrush. Neither would Pat Buttram, even though he was the one who unforgivably introduced the four-wheel-drive vehicle to Westerns.

It wasn't that we were not in the proper frame of mind for roughing it. Judging from our attire any one of us could have em-

ceed the Grand Ol' Opry. Panty hose or no, we were all fiercely dedicated to Western he-man garb:

"I've wanted to wear these things since I was 12 years old," declared Jim Weiler, Minneapolis businessman, as two other middle-aged men helped him strap on the chaps he couldn't manage to put on single-handedly, "and I figure this is my last chance."

"Me, too," chawed Jim Ogland, Minneapolis funeral director in wrangler's clothing. "Care fer a chew o' licorice?"

He offered me a licorice whip. Now nobody has offered me a licorice whip since the balcony days at the old Royal Theater in the golden age of cowboy movies (circa 1940-49). I knew few, if any, funeral directors who chew while on duty, but it seemed to serve as sweet substitute to the nauseating capabilities of chewing tobacco while creating the same cowboy facade: a lump in the cheek, garbled speech, and even a "pitooi" if you wanted to fake-shot any cuspidor that happened to cross your path.

I'll bet Noah Beery, Jr. used it all the time.

Dr. Richard Carley, St. Paul, my tent mate, prepared to shave. "Look," he said, pointing to a pouch of nylon hanging from a limb.

"What's that?" I asked.

"My portable vanity. See?"

He unfurled a complete camp vanity, with mirror, shaving and grooming needs. Then he reached for another plastic envelope, whipped it with a flick of the wrist, and out popped a portable sink.

"Are you sure Jim Bridger started this way?" I asked. By now, the camp was set up like a plumbing supplies convention. Solar hot water showers, battery-operated razors whirring, aerosol lathers, deodorants, and oils spraying forth from all the tent sites.

"Run, Bambi, run," I sighed. "Man is in the forest."

There were Portable Potty chairs as well as canvas-bottomed camp stools that snapped to attention each evening to keep unsaddled seats off the cold, cold ground. At beddy-bye time, mat-

tresses were unfurled and inflated that would break the fall of a high-wire artist. The sleeping bags, mummy-shaped, could withstand temperatures that were never experienced on the Antarctic ice cap.

Four days into camp and down to our last seven tons of food, Weiler admitted to hoarding enough canned beef Burgundy and Mexican decaffeinated coffee to keep us going a few months.

Discipline was now at a complete breakdown. A cornucopia of products began spilling from duffel bags and secret compartments in saddlebags. Nylon saddlebags, I might add. Nylon saddlebags with coordinated color schemes with decorator buckles.

We were in a part of Yellowstone where one of the original Langford party, old Truman Everts, had become lost back in 1870. In a foot of snow, he wandered the grizzly-infested wilderness for more than a month. He had nothing to eat but thistle roots; he was unarmed and had lost his horse and all his equipment save a couple of knives. Desperately nearsighted, he pluckily built fires with the magnifying rays of his eyeglasses until they, too, became lost. But he hung on until a rescue party luckily found him, a half-crazed hank of skin and bone weighing 52 pounds. Yet he survived and lived to a ripe old age.

And we were rationing Mexican decaffeinated coffee? We were winded from inflating air mattresses? We were concerned about losing one of our kites?

I forgot to tell you about our kites. Ogland collects kites as a hobby. Box kites, dragon kites, acrobatic kites. Well, nobody's perfect. He likes kites, that's all.

But he didn't tell anyone he had wasted valuable mule space with two, count 'em, two blaze-orange kites. "... And a thousand yards of string," he added meekly, under interrogation.

"What are you doing with blaze-orange kites?" we demanded.

We had had trouble with Ogland before. He had not joined in the gin rummy games before dinner but had opted instead to

'Th-they're distress kites,' Ogland stammered. 'You know, in case we get lost, I can fly a kite'

play Dungeons and Dragons on his battery-operated computer fantasy game. Not even Smiley Burnette would have done anything like that.

"Th-they're distress kites," he stammered. "You know, in case we get lost, I can fly a kite."

"But we're in a forest of 100-foot-tall lodgepole pine, millions upon millions of acres in every direction."

"Well, that's why I brought two of them. You know, in case one got stuck."

"We don't need a distress kite!"

We certainly didn't. The chance of our getting lost was as remote as losing Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. John Clarey ambled over to me. His breath was rich with Mexican decaffeinated coffee and he was twirling a pistol. Not a pistol, exactly. It was an inch-long pistol-shaped object with a cylinder on its barrel.

"That's a flare. If we get lost I can shoot that baby 70 to 80 feet into the air," he said.

I reminded him that the trees were 100 feet tall, millions upon millions of acres of them in all directions. However, if we were lucky, the flare might hit a distress kite and rangers would sweep in to fine us as fire hazards and for wearing panty hose in a no-panty hose zone.

Then there was the Great Knife Surplus. To commemorate our historic ride, Tom Shadick, Minneapolis, presented each rider with an engraved lock-bladed jackknife in a little holster to be worn on the belt. And wear them we did, like good little Scouts.

The knives, to my knowledge, were never used. In fact, there were enough knives cached in the mule packs and saddlebags and

hidden pockets to whittle Sequoia National Park down to sawdust. I counted more than a dozen Swiss army knives alone. One carried by Mr. Ogland had so many blades you needed another Swiss army knife to open them all.

"Gentlemen," I announced, "we are suffering from Swiss Army Knife Syndrome."

"What do you mean?" they protested.

"I mean we have more disposable blades than the Gillette Company."

Weiler clutched the handle of his sheathed U.S. Marine combat knife guardedly. He had more hardware on his hip than Prince Valiant.

"Okay, everybody," I ordered, "out with your knives."

Muttering shamefacedly, the troop of 12 began checking in their cutlery, blades exposed, jabbing them into a tree stump. Thirty-seven knives in all were admitted to but others, I learned later, were hidden throughout the camp. There were blades for manicuring, bottle-opening, leather-punching, scissoring, ear-cleaning, pipe-bowl-clearing, cutting, pushing back cuticles, can-opening, eyebrow-plucking, splinter-removing, sawing, magnifying with a lens, filing, sharpening, removing corks — and even picking teeth.

Our leader's earlier reminder rang like a dull toothache in my memory:

"... Lay out your equipment and think your way through the day. It's amazing the little things you can remember this way."

Inspired, I crept to my tent, as the camp stools began to encircle the evening fire, and stealthfully inflated my whoopie cushion and prepared for a surprise attack. □



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FAVORITE RESTAURANT RECIPES

By Nancy Kennedy

Paintings by Max Altekruze



Old Mill Club, Morgantown, West Virginia

Live entertainment and dancing augment the fine food at this popular supper club, where steaks, seafood and chicken are featured. Open for dinner only — 5:30 to 11 p.m. weekdays, until midnight Friday and Saturday. Closed Sunday. Reservations not

necessary but advised. The address is 735 Chestnut Ridge Road (across from the West Virginia University Medical Center). Take the Star City exit from I-79, follow signs to the university.

VEAL EXTRAVAGANZA

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 2 lb veal round, sliced
½ inch thick | 4 cups crushed peeled
tomatoes |
| ¾ cup oil | 1 cup mushroom
pieces and stems |
| 2 cups cubed green
peppers | ½ cup Marsala wine |
| 2 cups cubed onions | Salt and pepper |

Pound veal with meat hammer to make it tender and of uniform thickness. Sauté it in ¾ cup of the oil until done. Drain oil, remove veal and keep it warm. Place remaining ½ cup oil in skillet, add peppers and onions, and sauté until tender. Add tomatoes, mushrooms and wine. Season to taste. Cook for 30 minutes. Add veal pieces and simmer for 10 minutes. Serves 4.

CHICKEN ALA MARSALA

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1½ lb chicken breasts,
skinned and boned
and sliced ½ inch
thick | Flour
10 Tbs butter
Salt and pepper
1 cup Marsala wine |
|---|---|

Pat chicken with flour so that as much as possible adheres to both sides. Melt the butter in your widest frying pan and put in the slices of chicken in one layer. Salt and pepper lightly. Sauté quickly on both sides over medium heat. As soon as both sides are done, pour in the Marsala. Cook 2 more minutes. Serves 4.

Dana Place Inn, Jackson, New Hampshire

Situated at the foot of Mount Washington on State Highway 16, this is a classic New England hostelry, dating back to the 1890s. Its 14 rooms and nine condominium units can house some 100 guests. The dining room, known for its excellent food and good wine list, is open for breakfast from 8 to 9 a.m. and

dinner from 6:30 to 9 p.m. daily during the summer and winter seasons. Reservations are suggested for meals and hotel accommodations. Closed October 31 to December 15, and March 31 to June 15. Located seven miles north of Glen. (Glen is at the junction of highways 16 and 302.)

ROAST STUFFED LEG OF LAMB

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1 small leg of lamb,
boned | 3 cloves garlic, finely
diced |
| 1 12-oz bag of
spinach, washed
and drained | 1 tsp basil |
| 8 oz butter | Salt and pepper to
taste |
| 1 small onion, finely
diced | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup bread crumbs |
| | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Dijon mustard |

Remove excess fat and sinew from lamb, leaving only enough to keep lamb intact. Butterfly to one thickness overall. Spread out on counter. Chop spinach. Melt butter in saucepan or skillet. Add onion and garlic. Cook until tender. Add spinach, basil, salt and pepper. Cook lightly. Add bread crumbs and let cool. Pat spinach mixture on lamb. Roll and tie lamb. Salt and pepper and cover with mustard. Put lamb in a greased baking pan. Place in a preheated 375° oven for 45 minutes for medium-sized roll. Remove, cover and let stand 10 minutes before slicing. Serves 6 to 8.

CRANBERRY TORTE

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 cups fresh or frozen
cranberries | 1 stick butter ($\frac{1}{4}$ lb) |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts | 2 eggs, beaten |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour |

Pour cranberries into a buttered 9-inch pie plate. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and pour over berries. Melt butter and when slightly cooled, add 1 cup sugar, eggs and flour. Spread this dough over the berries and nuts. Bake in a preheated 350° oven for 45 to 60 minutes, or until golden brown. Serves 6 to 8.





The Lancaster Grille, Houston, Texas

Nineteenth-century English paintings and polo paraphernalia decorate the hunter-green walls of this restaurant in the intimate, very European Lancaster Hotel. Its location at 701 Texas Avenue puts it in the heart of Houston's Civic Center and central

business district. Open daily for breakfast, lunch, dinner and late supper (closes at 10:30 p.m. Sunday). Reservations recommended for the dining room and hotel accommodations.

GRILLED SALMON STEAK WITH CAVIAR AND BEURRE BLANC

6 8-oz salmon steaks
3 oz caviar

Beurre Blanc Sauce
(recipe below)

Use the best caviar you can afford — lump fish is fine. Prepare the Beurre Blanc Sauce, set it aside and keep it warm. Grill salmon over a hot fire. Be sure grill grate is very hot so salmon won't stick. Salmon is done when the backbone can be pulled out of the steak fairly easily with the tines of a fork. Place salmon steaks on serving platter, top with caviar and partially cover with Beurre Blanc Sauce, serve balance of sauce on the side. Serves 6.

Beurre Blanc Sauce

2 shallots, minced	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white vinegar	8 oz sweet butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine	(room temperature)
Pinch cayenne pepper	Salt and white pepper

In a small heavy saucepan, combine shallots, vinegar, wine and cayenne. Cook over medium heat until almost all liquid is gone; there should be only a sticky residue remaining. Add cream and continue to cook over medium heat until only a little cream remains. Turn off heat and begin to whisk in butter a little at a time. The butter should just barely melt and not separate. If pan cools too much, return to a low heat and continue until all butter is incorporated. Season to taste.

CREAM OF ONION SOUP

5 cups minced white
onions (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb)
3 Tbs minced shallots
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsalted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
3 cups chicken stock
or canned chicken
broth
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp white pepper

$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp freshly grated
clove
4 cups heavy cream
6 crusty rolls about 6
inches in diameter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Calvados (apple
brandy)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced fresh
parsley leaves

In a large kettle, cook onions and shallots in the butter over moderately low heat, stirring for 15 minutes or until they are softened. Stir in the flour and cook the mixture, stirring for 2 minutes. Add stock, salt, white pepper and clove. Bring to a boil and simmer, stirring occasionally, for 30 minutes or until it is reduced by one-third. Add cream and simmer for 30 minutes or until it is again reduced by one-third. Cut the top $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from the rolls with a serrated knife. Remove the center of the rolls carefully, leaving a shell $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick. Arrange the rolls in soup bowls. Ladle the soup into the rolls. Add 1 teaspoon of the Calvados to each serving, sprinkle with parsley. Makes about 8 cups, serving 6.

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PUZZLERS

Grid and Word It

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out a quotation reading from left to right. The black squares separate the words in the quotation. When you're done you'll get a bonus: The initial letters of the words in the word list will spell the author's name and the source of the quotation.

Answer on page 27

1Q	2C	3F	4N	5W	6E	7V	8H		9C	10S	11K	12N		13S	14G	15D	16R		17M	18W	
19I	20C	21E	22M	23S		24F	25X	26G		27C	28W	29X	30T	31J	32N	33F	34P	35V		36B	37H
38P	39W	40I		41T	42G	43C	44R		45D		46M	47B	48R	49D		50K	51G	52N	53T	54Y	
55W	56D	57C	58A		59V	60E	61U		62K	63R	64L	65M		66P	67J	68K		69M	70L	71Y	72H
73U		74X	75N	76A	77T		78Y	79M	80E	81U	82J	83R		84A	85J	86G	87T	88I	89X	90V	
91U	92Q	93I	94N	95F	96R	97V	98A		99S	100M	101W	102O	103E	104B	105D		106L	107O		108Y	109G
	110P	111J	112T		113N	114C		115U	116M	117B		118A		119Y	120E	121X	122N	123W		124Q	125H
126M	127S	128C	129V	130P	131J	132T	133O	134W		135N	136Y	137X	138Q		139N	140W	141G	142P	143J		144E
145H	146J	147M	148S		149Y	150P	151A	152F		153F	154S	155B	156T	157K	158I	159L		160U	161C	162S	
163O	164L	165N	166H	167D	168K	169I		170F	171X	172T		173X	174D	175H	176Q	177C					

- A.** Arts and — 151 76 118 84 58 98
- B.** Puts up a picture 36 47 104 155 117
- C.** Film script based on a book, e.g. 2 9 20 27 43 57 114 128 177 161
- D.** Petroleum distillate 15 45 49 56 105 167 174
- E.** Bureau compartments, or contents? 6 21 60 80 103 120 144
- F.** Fastened a gate 3 24 33 95 152 153 170
- G.** Enlightened 14 26 42 51 86 109 141
- H.** Harmonious understanding 8 37 72 145 125 175 166
- I.** Top cards in bridge 19 40 88 93 169 158
- J.** Plea 31 67 143 85 146 111 131 82
- K.** Scottish boy 11 50 62 68 157 168
- L.** Shop tool 64 70 106 159 164
- M.** Inflammation of the eye 100 22 69 17 46 116 79 126 65 147
- N.** Form into a distinct entity 165 32 135 113 4 12 139 94 122 52 75
- O.** Earth's satellite 102 107 133 163
- P.** Not conscious (of) 150 142 130 110 66 38 34
- Q.** Currency certificates 1 124 92 138 176
- R.** Beat soundly 16 44 48 63 83 96
- S.** Withdraw, as from an argument (2 wds.) 127 10 99 148 162 23 13 154
- T.** Flowery alpine herb 77 172 53 156 41 87 132 112 30
- U.** Scram! (2 wds.) 91 73 160 115 81 61
- V.** Favored to win (hyph.) 7 35 59 90 97 129
- W.** Part of "VIP" 140 101 39 18 28 123 5 134 55
- X.** Capital of India (2 wds.) 25 29 74 89 121 137 173 171
- Y.** Kind of school 119 54 78 108 149 136 71

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