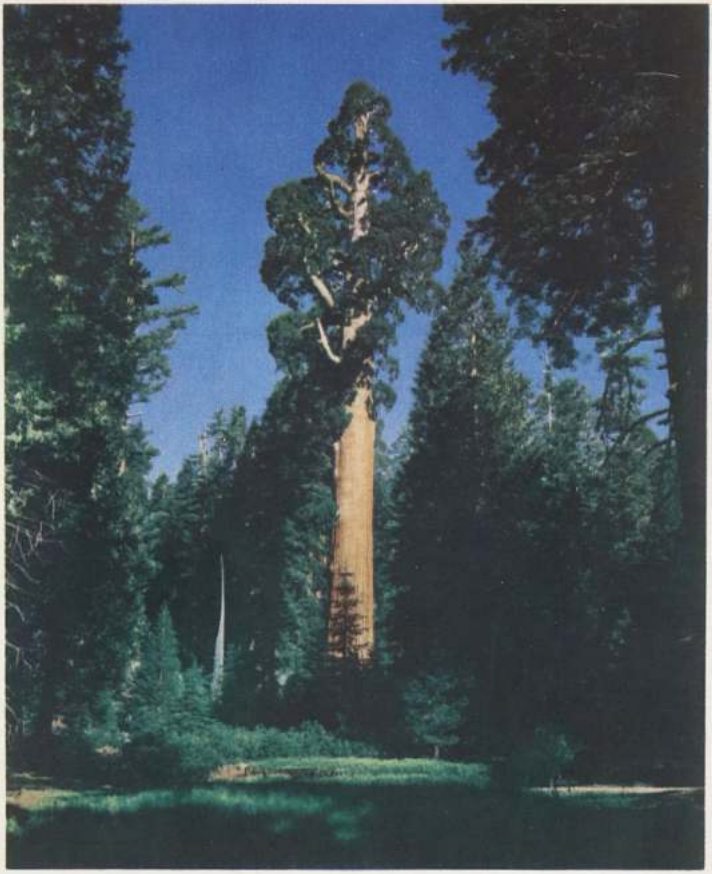
FORD TIMES

december 1947



The Nation's Christmas Tree

In the King's Canyon National Park, California, stands a giant redwood, among the largest and oldest of living things. Each year since its dedication in 1925 as the Nation's Christmas Tree, thousands gather at its foot for a Yuletide celebration.

This venerable giant was first seen by white men in 1862. Over a thousand years old when Christ was born, it now measures 40 feet through at the base and 12 feet through 200 feet above the ground. Its top is a dead lightening snag, but it carries the scars of the centuries with dignity.—Joseph Muench

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Contents

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Merry Christmas!

—customs from other lands

by Doris Klein

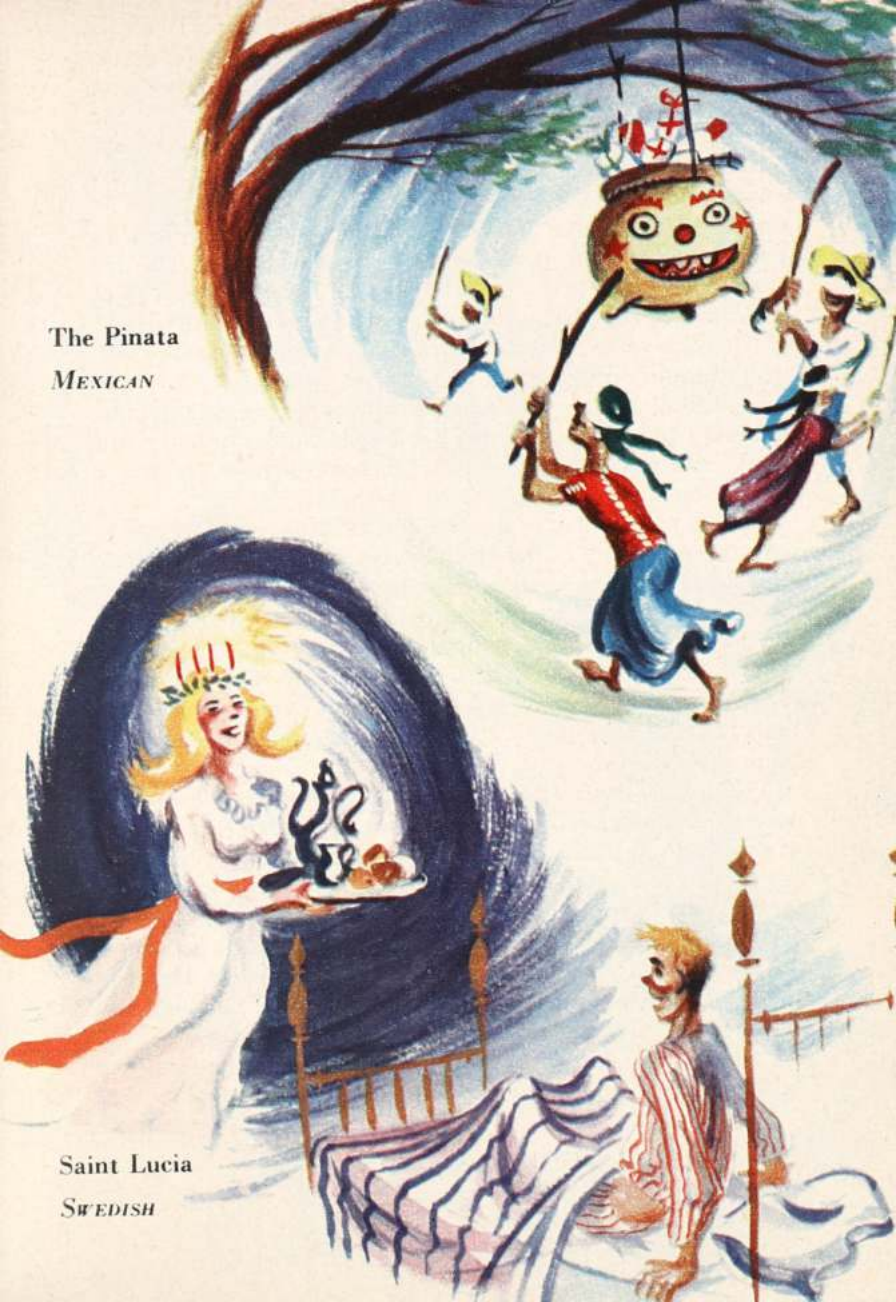
You don't have to visit the far corners of the earth to see some quaint Old World Christmas customs—quite likely they're being observed right in your own section of the country!

If there are any Mexican, Swedish, Italian or Greek communities nearby, you'll learn there are many ways of celebrating without benefit of roast turkey or Santa Claus.

Down in San Fernando, Calif., for example, is a little Mexican section where they begin *las posadas*—symbol of the quest of Joseph and Mary for lodging—with a candlelight procession through the streets nine days before Christmas.

The youngsters like these processions, and they also go for the *bunuelos* or big stacks of flat pancakes shimmering with brown sugar syrup. Then, after the little ones are stuffed full as puppies they get their presents from the *pinata*, or huge brown earthenware pot hanging from the ceiling. Each youngster, blindfolded, gets three whacks with a stick at the *pinata*—and, when the lucky one breaks the earthenware pot, down tumble the presents.

If you live anywhere near Minneapolis, Minn., you can tie into a real Swedish celebration. Who wouldn't like to, once they've tasted the delights of *smorgasbord!* The Swedish Yuletide celebrations actually begin on the morning of December 13th in honor of medieval Saint Lucia, who gave her dowry to the needy. The oldest girl in the family, representing Saint Lucia, tiptoes through the house wearing a crown of candles and



The Pinata

Mexican

Saint Lucia

Swedish

carrying a tray of coffee and coffee-cake to the sleeping household. Much as you may love Swedish coffeecake, this ritual can be a little trying at three or four in the morning.

Swedish holiday celebrations end on Christmas Eve with festive dishes including *lutfisk*—jellied codfish served with hot cream sauce—and roast suckling pig with an apple in its mouth, *julglogg* or hot spiced wine, and *julgrot* or rice pudding with almonds. Then come the presents, each sealed with red wax!

If you live near Cleveland, O., you can go to "Little Italy" where, as in many another Italian community, there are fish, eel and squid on the bill of fare instead of turkey.

La Befana, a little old lady, distributes the presents in place of Santa Claus. Boys and girls hang their clothes near the fireplace, with pockets empty, and wait hopefully for La Befana to stuff their pockets with candy and fruit.

But the real symbol of the Italian Christmas is the *presepio*—with tiny statuettes of the Holy Family, angels, shepherds and Wise Men grouped about a miniature manger.

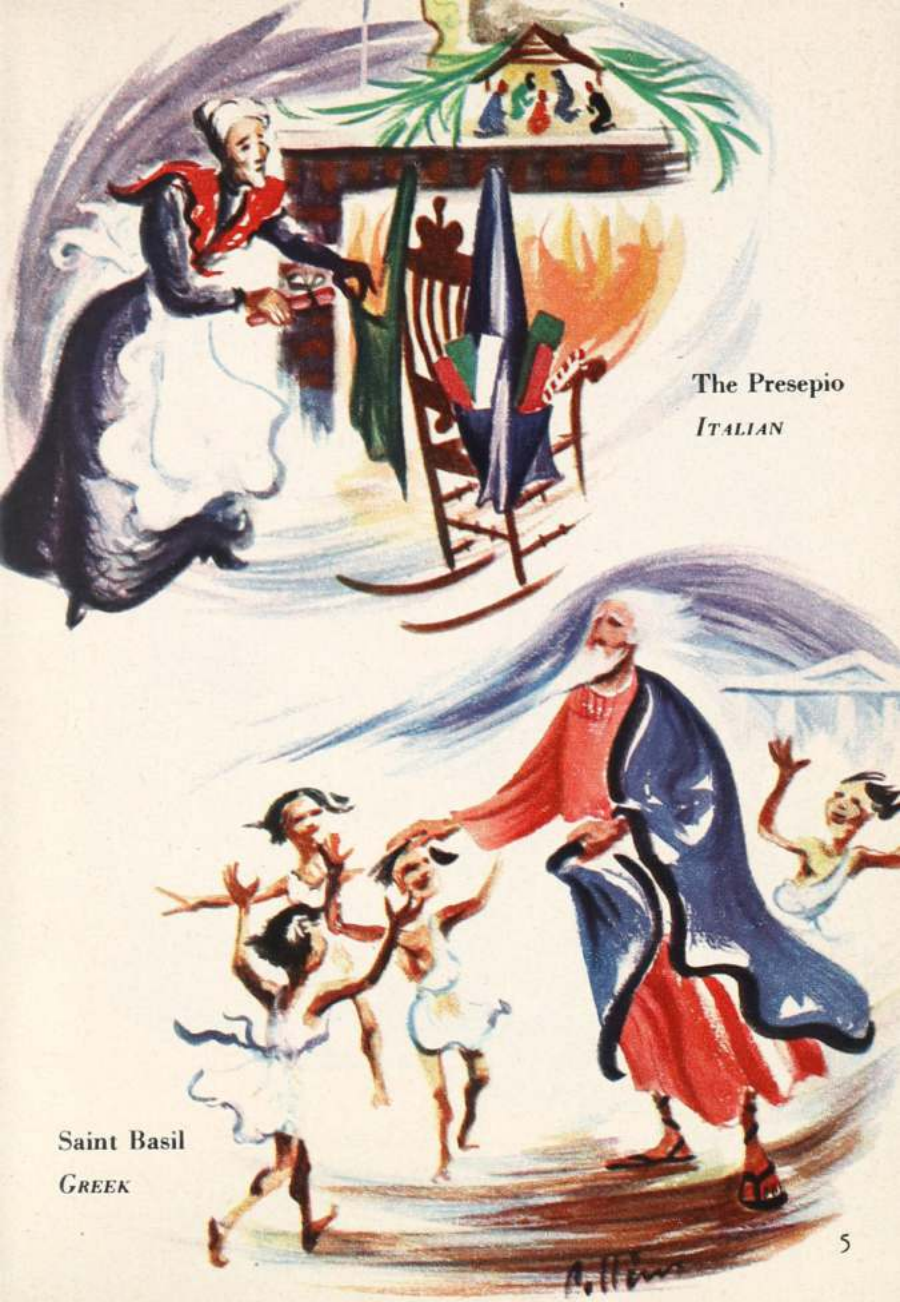
Down South, in Tarpon Springs, Fla., the Greek families celebrate in honor of Saint Basil on January 1st.

In some families Saint Basil brings gifts to the children on New Year's Eve, and others celebrate on Christmas Eve, but both celebrate the holiday by cutting the *peta*—or cake—on Saint Basil's Day.

The head of the family cuts the round, flat sweet cake and sets aside pieces for various religious figures, and then for members of the family in order of seniority. At a community gathering later, custom decrees that little pieces of the *peta* be set aside for both the Greek and United States governments.

On Saint Basil's Day the children, dressed in native costume, go from house to house singing traditional songs in honor of this fourth century bishop who was helpful to all mankind and to children in particular.

Look around, this holiday season, and you'll be surprised how many ways people can say, "Merry Christmas!" ■

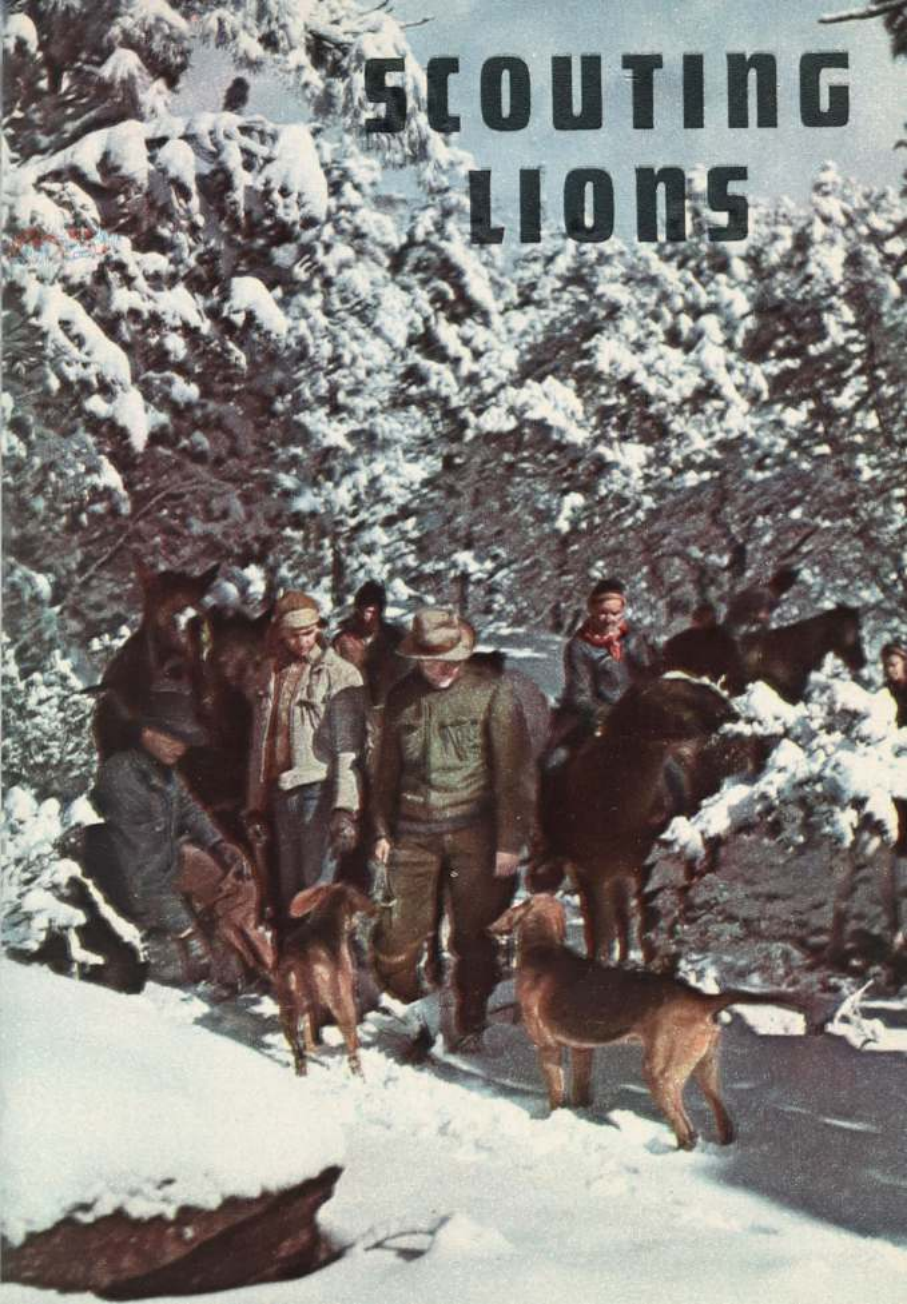


The Presepio
ITALIAN

Saint Basil
GREEK

"Just some old geezer wanting to water his horses . . .
sure were funny lookin' nags!"

SCOUTING LIONS



picture story by Herb McLaughlin

BOY SCOUTS HUNT BIG GAME

WHEN Floyd Pyle, veteran Arizona mountain lion hunter, mounted his horse one cold, frosty morning last year, he was to give ten Senior Scouts from Phoenix the thrill that comes once in a lifetime.

For Pyle, accompanied by Ed Haught, former guide for Zane Grey, was conducting the first of five mountain lion hunts for Scouts from the R Bar C Scout Ranch located under the Tonto Rim—the locale of many a Zane Grey western thriller.

The north slopes were the worst, for the snow was deepest there and still clung to the trees. In places the trail was iced over, forcing the hunters to dismount and lead their horses.

Shortly after lunch the hunters heard the hounds give tongue furiously as they struck the trail of a huge old

Fording icy Tonto creek revealed varying degrees of horsemanship

The warmth of the fire was welcome at lunchtime

Pyle climbs to within 10 feet of the lion in the juniper tree

Everyone crowded around to get his picture with the huge old tom

tom-cat among the tumbled rock and chaparral of a steep canyon. Pyle and Haught took the lead, and the Senior Scouts had a rough ride through the thorny chaparral to reach the place high under the cliffs where the hounds finally treed their quarry in an alligator juniper tree.

The lion paid little attention to the hunters but nervously paced the top boughs, snarling and spitting at the dogs below.

Pyle dismounted, pulled his rifle free and started up the tree. The old tom crouched on a limb and fastened his attention on Pyle, who climbed to within 10 feet of him. One shot, and the lion thudded to the ground among the excited hounds.

Back at the ranch, the Senior Scouts took the measurements of their lion, skinned it for a rug for their lodge, and cut out some lion steaks which, they found, do not come under the heading of delicacies. ■

"Just stay right on this road."

author and camera

SKIING IS MY LIVING

by John Jay

THE Canadian Pacific Railway gave me my first definite assignment as a skiing cameraman.

They wanted a film to lure winter visitors to their Banff and Lake Louise resorts during the long, hitherto profitless, winter months.

At the deserted Lake Louise station, a tanned fellow came up and said, "I'm Vic Kutschera. Are you the new CPR photographer?"

"Yes," I admitted. "But what do you mean, new?"

"Oh," he replied, "the last picture feller we had out here stayed three days and then went back to Hollywood in a state of collapse.

JOHN JAY of Norfolk, Conn., has seen more skiing, good and bad, through the finder of a movie camera than any man alive—and he has shot most of his film while speeding along at 50 or so miles an hour on his skis. His new book "Skiing the Americas" (MacMillan), just out, is full of skiing photos and anecdotes from the ski resorts of two continents.

He never could get used to handling snowshoes in this high altitude."

Just then he caught sight of my battered skis, and his brown face crinkled into a warm smile.

"Say, are those yours?"

Again I nodded.

"Well, this is going to be all right! A photographer who can ski! Let's get going—it's fifteen miles up to Skoki Lodge, but you can make it easy with climbing skins

During the six weeks that I was "on location" at Lake Louise, filming "Skis Over Skoki" with Vic and a crack girl skier, Vera Field, I covered over 250 miles on those skis.

The plot was a simple "boy-meets-girl" affair with a hair-raising chase down a glacier as a grand finale. But much of it involved roped skiing through tricky crevasses. Since my own ski tracks could not be shown, my role as photographer quickly broadened to include ski-mountaineering, as I skiied down isolated parts of the glacier in order to film my roped actors on virgin snow.

Because of the hot spring sun, it was necessary to start climbing these 10,000-foot peaks early in the morning, while the stars were still in the sky, in order to have soft, fluffy snow for fine pictorial effects. And to give realism to the scenes, I developed a technique of tucking my ski poles under my arms, holding the camera up to eye level, and shooting my two subjects as they skied down ahead of me, while I myself was skiing along at a good cruising speed of about 50 miles per hour.

Once, on the Ptarmigan Glacier, I was skiing down behind my actors with the camera purring merrily away. My left eye was shut; my right eye was glued to the finder, which I was struggling to hold as steady as possible.

Suddenly I noticed what appeared to be a small rock looming up in the finder.

"Fine," I thought to myself. "I'll just straddle it and really give the audience a thrill."

So I headed right for the rock, and spread my skis a bit in preparation.

Just then some sixth sense told me to open my other eye. I did—and found myself rushing towards a boulder the size of a five-room house!

Just in time I swerved off to one side as the granite edges brushed my shoulder—it made *too* good a picture!

"Skis Over Skoki" received the "Oscar" of the 16 mm. field at the 11th Annual International Show in New York that year and I was launched on my career as a skiing cameraman.

Other special assignments followed, but most of my photography has been to get fresh material for my own color-film lectures. To date I have given over a thousand lectures to some 800,000 people in 34 states—a fair indication of popular interest in skiing.

Somersault on skis, Aspen, Colo.

Top of first chair lift, Aspen, Colo.

The war found me in the Mountain Troops, stationed at Ft. Lewis, Wash. We skied for the Army in winter, and practiced military mountaineering in summer, but on Sundays we were on our own.

One August weekend my wife and I set out with camera and skis to do a little filming for post-war audiences on Mt. St. Helens. This is a volcanic cone almost 10,000 feet high which affords excellent summer skiing.

We had climbed to the top with only one pair of boards, as she wanted to concentrate on pho-

Chair lift, Sugar Bowl, Calif.

Sunset skiing at Sugar Bowl.

tography. After lunch, she took my two cameras and started down the mountain, intending to photograph me as I skied past her on the vast corn snow slopes. Mt. St. Helens is a particularly steep mountain; you can slide down it on your feet almost as fast as you can ski down. Lois was soon slithering along down at a merry clip—a practice known to mountaineers as "glissading". They do not recommend it without an ice-ax, however.

Blessed with a phenomenal sense of balance, she remained upright for about half a mile, while her speed increased with every yard of descent. Suddenly her feet struck glare ice and shot out from under her. With no ice ax, she was helpless.

She could only clutch her two cameras to her body, and continue her meteoric flight down the mountain on her back. This she did, now feet first, now head first, spinning like a pinwheel.

Meanwhile, I was doing my best to halt her rapid progress to-

SKIING LAUGHS by John Jay

ONCE I WAS FILMING a sequence of Jack Cornell, one of the leading Eastern skiers. It was at Reno, Nev. and the snow was deep and tricky, with a light breakable crust—skiers' anathema. I was whirring away as Jack swept down this long slope in swirling turns. Suddenly he caught an edge in the crust and exploded into a blurred cartwheel of snow and skis and poles. When the cloud of snow had settled, I waited for the outburst. "Wrong wax" he muttered, and skied off . . .

* * *

In the ski troops, the southern boys used to refer to their skis somewhat unlovingly as "mah torture boahds" . . . I have a wonderful scene of a struggling officer who wore the silver leaf of a lieutenant colonel—but his ankles hadn't heard about his last promotion . . . there was a corporal who came down Mt. Rainier with a 90-pound pack on his back for seven miles and reported to his commanding officer that his knees could be stirred with a spoon.

* * *

Then there was the platoon of ski troops which had been on maneuvers among the 14,000-foot peaks of Colorado for two weeks and were waiting impatiently for instructions from the base camp to come on in. An airplane pilot circling Colorado Springs airport kept cutting in on their wave length, droning on and on: "Pilot to tower . . . pilot to tower . . . am at 5,000 feet and circling . . . am at 5,000 feet and circling . . . request permission to land."

After many minutes of this the ski troopers on the mountain got a little irritated and cut in with "Ski troops to pilot . . . ski troops to pilot . . . am at 14,000 feet and skiing . . . request you get the hell off the air." They never heard another word from the loquacious pilot.

* * *

Some of the best humor comes from the antics of the "snowbunnies". A "snowbunny" has been defined by Deborah Bankart as, "Someone

wards what looked like certain destruction in the crevasses below. Time and again I caught up to her by pointing my skis straight down the slope. I would then schuss on past her spinning body and come to a sudden stop just below her, and directly in her path.

Every time, her terrific momentum would hurl me flat on my face, and she would go on, in a relentless shower of snow and epithets! I finally brought her mad slide to a halt by digging in both my ski-poles and bracing with an energy born of despair. The first crevasse yawned only a few feet away!

Perhaps our greatest coup was showing a ski film in Death Valley. We had been skiing near Mammoth Mountain in the Eastern Sierras of California, at an altitude of 10,000 feet. It was cold, windy, and snowy. As we left, we noticed a sign reading "Death Valley—72 miles." We looked at each other, and at our shivering hands, and said "Why not?"

---

whose ski technique has a very rough beginning—and a sore ending!"

I have found snowbunny sequences very effective as comic relief in my lectures. It is amazing how much latent humor lies waiting to be photographed on the ski slopes every year from coast to coast.

* * *

After ten years of "stalking", I have developed a technique whereby I can spot a snowbunny in a crowd a half mile away. My method is to approach cautiously, always pretending to be filming someone else.

Only after it is all over do I inform the subject that he or she has been photographed and ask permission to use the scene in my film.

* * *

Snowbunnies can easily be segregated into types. For example, there is the "out-of-control-and-knows-it" school, heading wildly down the hill, arms and poles akimbo, while the traffic scatters in every direction.

Then there is the "delusions-of-grandeur" type—usually flashily dressed in a costume that no experienced skier would allow himself to be seen dead in—this lad is found on a packed slope, feet close together, and moving fast. He looks like an expert as he wiggles his skis around into one turn and then another—but let him hit the smallest amount of deep snow, and he goes down for the count. I usually swoop down on one of these unsuspecting creatures, ski behind him grinding my camera, and wait for the climax. It doesn't take long, as a rule.

* * *

Then there is the "bend-the-knees-from-the-waist" school—awkward young gals who have been told to "bend the knees", and react by keeping their legs as straight as a poker, while bending further and further forward at the waist until they come to the inevitable crisis. Also included is the "schussboomer", a reckless fellow—or girl—who knows nothing of turning and points them straight down the hill, crashing through ski schools, trees, and everything in sight. I have seen one of these maniacs of the slopes wipe out an entire ski class of fourteen lined up for instruction. They went down like a row of dominoes! ■

Early start, Sun Valley, Idaho

Jumping at Sun Valley, Idaho

For the first few miles on the desert we fought a series of sand drifts which had blown across the road. At one place the highway was blocked by a crescent-shaped dune 30 feet high and a hundred feet long. We tried to go around it, almost made it, and then got well stuck. Off came the skis from the rack. By placing them under the tires, we managed to get on to the highway again, though the wax job on the skis suffered considerably. We got our best traction with a couple of small Japanese Army skis which I had brought back from a Nippon warehouse. How their former owners would have hissed with surprise to see them assisting an American car out of a Death Valley sand dune!

At Death Valley we made arrangements with the management of the Furnace Creek Inn to put on our ski film lecture in the local theater. I'll never forget that show —the sight of our car parked under the palm trees, ski racks and all, right by the sign reading "276 feet below the surface of the ocean." The audience consisted largely of Panamint Indians, most of whom had never been up to sea level. To them, snow was a rarity, and skis unknown. As the color pictures of the experts flashing down steep mountain-sides in powder snow began to sparkle on the screen, they sat rigid in their chairs. Their faces registered no expression, but I noticed they had stopped talking to each other.

After the last skier had swooped down the last snow field, and the mountain peaks had faded under the house lights, the leader came up to me and said "Those things —you call 'um skis?"

"Yes," I said. "Do you think you would like to try them?"

The Indian shook his head gravely. "No," he said. And then he made that classic remark—like one which Lowell Thomas says he heard from a Mt. McKinley Ranger—"No," he repeated, "me no like. Those things—they take me places I no want to go!" ■

Tips for Skiing Cameramen

For those who would like to try their hand at filming skiers and skiing, here are some tips from John Jay:

1) To show steepness, always try to film a slope in profile. If not, point the camera downhill, rather than uphill, or you will make the steepest cliff look like a golf course.
2) When filming a skier, swing with him and "lead" him as you would a bird—using your camera like a gun. The background will be blurred, but your skier will be clear, and you can study his technique.
3) Always keep your camera wound, and set for the correct exposure on the slope where you are. You never know when something exciting is going to happen in skiing—and when it does, it happens fast.
4) Don't trust your exposure meter on snow. The glare will fool it and you. The basic rule for color film, at 16 frames per second (or 1/30th of a second for still cameras) is f. 11.
5) Don't take your camera indoors into a heated room; the lens will fog up, and then freeze when taken outdoors again. When changing film, out of doors, use a parka or other garment to shield the film from light-fogging on the edges. Snow is brilliant.
6) Try some shots from moving skis—but pick a soft slope, with no tracks, or the jiggling will make your audience ill. Have a skier in motion about 20 feet ahead of you; look through the finder with one eye, and where you're going with the other. Then see the nearest oculist . . . ■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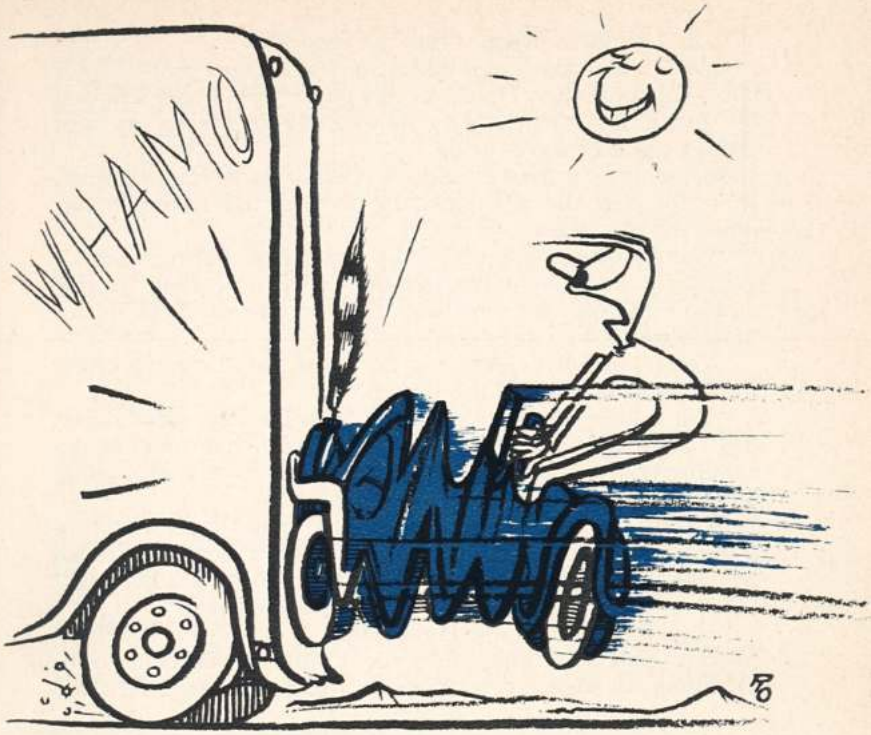


DILBERT'S JAM SESSION

by R. Osborn and G. Foster

I AM AT THE WHEEL of the California Special with everything nicely under control when Trixie Sterch sees this hitch-hiker down the road. Even at a hundred yards the guy looks unusual.

"Oh!" squeals Trixie, "isn't he cute!"

Now I can take hitch-hikers or leave them alone. After what happens when I pick up this guy I wish I had followed my hunch. But it's strictly Trixie who falls for the big artificial thumb this guy waves at us.

So I apply the brakes and the California Special scorches to a stop and the guy picks up his bag and comes loping down the road where we sit.

"Well," I says, "hop in—don't stand there staring, chum."

I am a little annoyed because Trixie is looking at this wise guy the way she sometimes looks at Gregory Peck in the movies while she clings onto my arm.

"You're awfully clever," says Trixie to this hitch-hiker, "wherever did you get the thumb?"

"Just a little invention of mine," says the guy, still looking the California Special over. He stops with one foot on the running board. "Are you sure this crate is safe? I ain't going far and I got plenty of time to get there."

Honest, this guy is a panic and I would have left him standing there suitcase and all if it hadn't been for Trixie who giggles and says, "I love frank men, don't you Dilbert?"

"Hop in pal," I says, "I ain't got time to burn."

"Houlihan the Happy Hitch Hiker," it says on his shiny suitcase which he flings into the California Special. Well, Houlihan no sooner gets a foot in the door than I feed the

Special the gas and I must admit the old Special gets into action fast.

We jump into traffic behind a woman driving home from market with the back seat full of beefsteak, vegetables and kids. I notice that Houlihan's smile dims a little so I pour on a little more coal and we skin around the "Shopper's Special" and get behind a truck that is rolling like a hot rod. There is a good five, maybe six, feet to spare between the truck and the California Special but from the look on Houlihan's face you'd think I was climbing the guy's tail board.

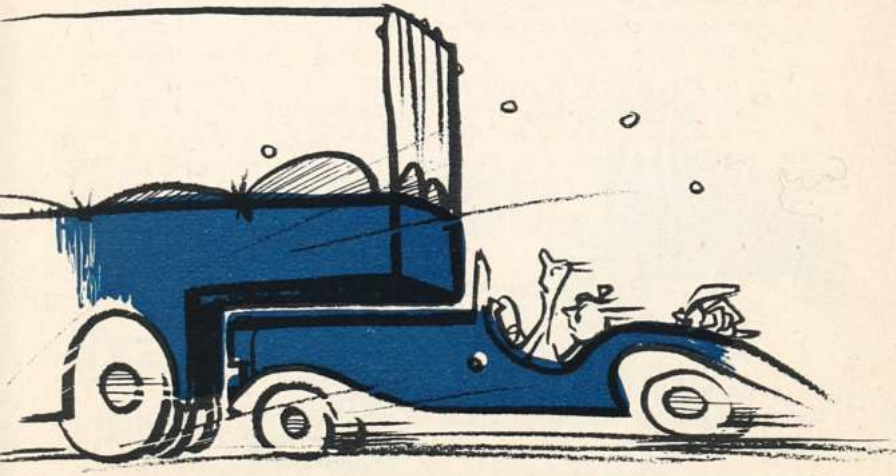
"I seen a sign the other day," says this Houlihan, with a kind of sick smile. "It was on a truck and it says 'If you can read this you are too close'."

"Isn't that cute?" says Trixie. "Why can't you think of funny things like that, Dilbert?"

"The wit of the Irish," I says and might have come back with some wise crack if this big guy in the truck hadn't decided to turn down a country road just then.

He wheels the big truck half way off the highway, scattering dust and pebbles all over the California Special while Houlihan grabs his hat and ducks and Trixie lets out a little screech and grabs my arm like she does whenever she thinks I am not driving so hot.

It is lucky that I have the Special's brakes tuned up because I have to burn off a strip of rubber all because of this truck



driver's not making up his mind and cannot turn out into traffic because this woman driver comes up from behind and doesn't give me a chance to get into the traffic without knocking off a couple of fenders.

"Women drivers," I says and Trixie takes a deep breath and gives forth with a little sigh which brings this guy Houlihan up out of the rumble seat.

This time he has lost the grin and starts scrambling to find his suitcase. By this time I am thoroughly disgusted with hitch hikers and comments from the back seat on the California Special which has just saved all our lives and without giving Houlihan a chance to jump out into the road where he might get run down I spin the California Special around the truck on the gravel shoulder and soon we're back in there making up for lost time.

"It's none of my business," says Houlihan who doesn't look too happy by now, "but I read somewhere in the State of Florida that tailing the other guy too close is the Number Two cause of accidents down there."

"Isn't he clever?" says Trixie. "Why don't you have a statistical mind like he's got, Dilbert?"

Before I can think up some nasty crack this Houlihan grins and takes a bow.

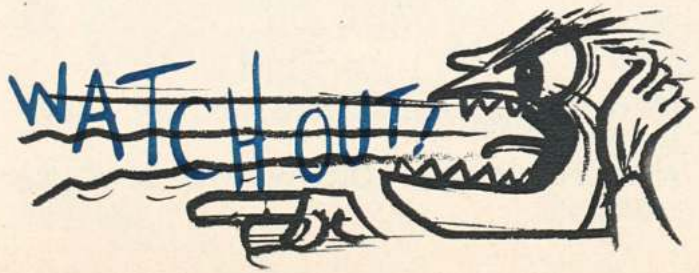
"In my business," he says, "which is hitch hiking, I got to study such things. In fact, I will admit I have been composing a number of poems which I call 'Ballads to Bad Drivers' and I will be very happy to let you read some of them sometime."

I am plenty sore and apply the spurs to the California Special and I begin to show Houlihan a little fancy in-and-out driving. It works, because Houlihan's voice fades and he disappears somewhere in the rumble seat and Trixie grabs my arm again.

Maybe it is this that distracts my attention or maybe it is

the bad drivers in general which I discover on most highways. But anyway, what happens next is plenty sad.

Two blocks ahead a little kid kicks a football into the street and a guy tries to stop on a dime so he won't hit it with the result that the guy ahead of us clips his fender and stops half-way across the boulevard. The good old California Special grinds off a good year's wear of rubber, but with these bad drivers sprinkled all over the highway there is nothing I can do to reduce the insurance rate on crumpled fenders.



At this point Houlihan comes up for air, just in time to yell, "Watch out!" Which is all I need to make me hit the first guy and drape a wheel around the second guy's bumper.

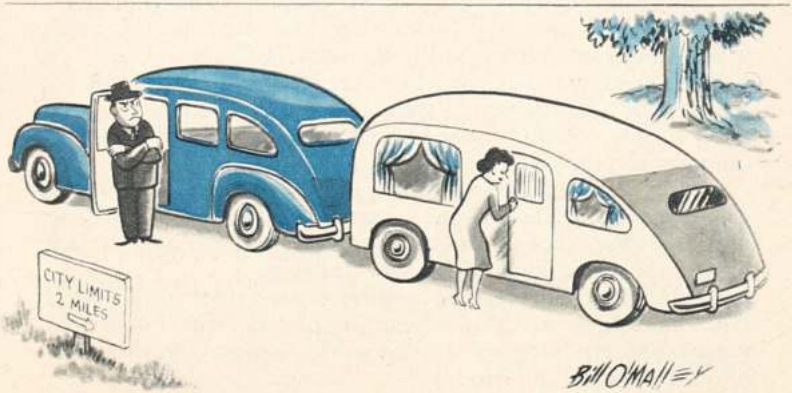
The California Special blows two tires and the dust is not settled and neither is the disgraceful language these two hot-shot drivers are giving me when I see that Houlihan, the Happy Hitch Hiker, is already on his way down the road —artificial thumb, suitcase and all.

"Look!", cries Trixie handing me one of them mimeographed pieces of paper. "How cute—how original!"

It don't look like a summons, so I read it and make up my mind then and there I am through with wise-cracking hitch hikers for good. It is one of Houlihan's gems and it says:

FOLLOW THEM CLOSE AND FOLLOW THEM FAST.
AND ONE OF THEM FOLLOWS WILL BE YOUR LAST.

"Did I turn down the gas under the soup?"



Fred Dyer's Model A

by Harry E. Gabbett

The good folk of Vienna, Va., possess their share of American love for lilting Strauss waltzes but the music that has been sweetest to their ears these past 18 years has been the familiar hum of Fred Dyer's Model A Ford as it bounced and bumbled its way along Rural Free Delivery Route No. 1.

Fred retired in February after 40 years of stuffing the good news and bad into mail boxes along the winding dirt roads which comprise Vienna's 40-mile-long RFD No. 1. It was natural to expect that the Model, as it was known familiarly throughout Vienna, would retire with him. But no.

He simply couldn't bring himself to do it with only 220,000 miles on the speedometer.

Mamie is Fred's wife and she had been wanting Fred to retire ever since the day he became eligible. Fred woke up that morning, looked out the window and decided it just wasn't the right kind of day for retiring.

There was John Hughes, waiting to take over Fred's RFD No. 1 and there was Mamie wanting him to retire worse than she wanted anything else in this world, almost. On the other hand, there was the Model.

The Model supplanted the horse and buggy which Fred first started coaxing along RFD No. 1 back on May Day 1906, when folk stepped out of their doors for a good look at the new mailman. After a few years it was Fred who stepped out of his buggy for a good look at the new family which had just moved in at the old Jones place.

Fred would stop his horse and buggy for other reasons, too. When he knew the menfolk were ailing or absent, Fred would delay the U. S. mail long enough to chop a woodbox-full of firewood for the housewife or shovel through deeply-drifted snow to her door.

Well, it didn't change any come November, 1928, when Fred first drove his shiny Model A out of Harrison's Garage at Herndon and picked up his first batch of mail at the Vienna postoffice. The ruts were just as deep and the winter snows piled just as high and folks needed just as much looking after as they did when Fred's horse and buggy was making the rounds.

It was no time at all before the Model got to know Vienna's RFD No. 1 as familiarly as the various horses Fred had driven over it.

"Stopped dead as a week-old mackerel, she did, once," Fred recalls, "smack in front of Aurilla Hicks' place, and there was me day-dreaming and forgetting I had a letter for her.

"Well, sir, I gave Aurilla Hicks her letter and figured I'd call back into town to have someone come and get me. But I gave her one more try and —zingo! —the Model starts off like a top. Never did find out why she stopped, 'less it was to keep me from forgetting that letter for Aurilla Hicks."

Fred had only one major overhauling job done on the Model and that was a year ago last February when he had the motor taken down, rebored and put back together again.

"Not that I noticed it ran any different," Fred says, "it's just that I figured that after 17 years the Model was entitled to a little looking-after."

The day Fred decided was his retiring day was the day he found a proper buyer for the Model. The proper buyer was none other than Lewis Fritter, another mail carrier, who paid the very proper price of $150 for the privilege of introducing the Model to a brand-new set of music lovers who get their mail addressed RFD No. 2, Vienna, Va. ■

"Six Inch Powder at Pittsfield"

by Frank Elkins
Ski Editor, New York Times

YOU HAVE TO BE a nut about skiing to get out of a warm bed at 5 on a Sunday morning to enjoy the sport, but thousands of skiers do just that every weekend in winter when they hear that the snow conditions are right at Bousquet's in the Berkshires.

This 200-acre skiland in the heart of the western Massachusetts mountains owes its existence to the conviction of an ex-sporting goods dealer named Clare Bousquet that "as the dubs go, so goes the sport".

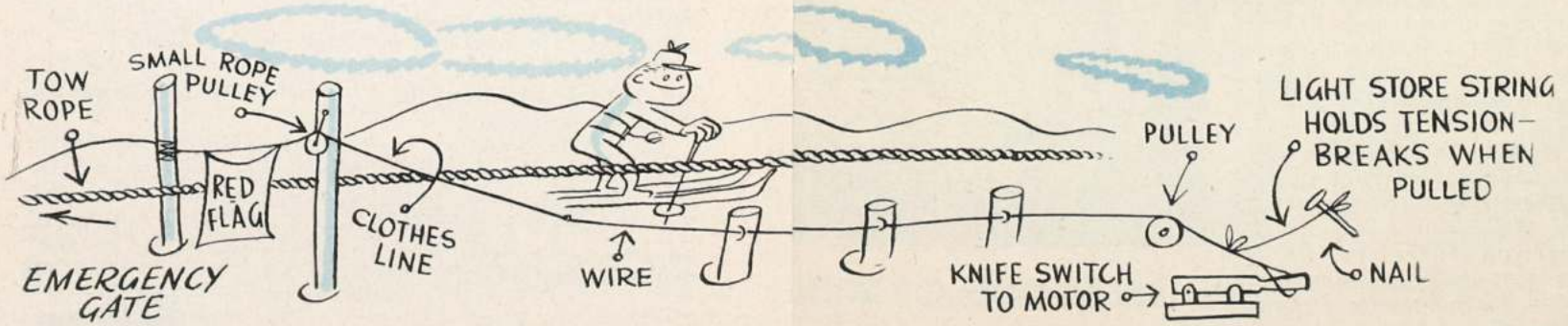
It has paid off, too, for today as many as 3,000 skiers skim, slide or sprawl over Bousquet's farm along Tamarack road on a single Sunday afternoon. The first snow train from New York back in 1935 carried only about 500 passengers, but now they flock to the Berkshires by train, bus and automobile when snow conditions are right.

Bousquet deserves a lot of credit for bringing healthy sore muscles, a whopping appetite and a knowledge of the difference between a christy and a telemark to thousands of ski addicts. But he firmly believes that skiing got its first big break in this country when the average man learned the thrill of downhill and open slope skiing.

Back in the early '30's, skiing was mostly a spectator sport with most of the press notices going to the ski jump experts. But the 1932 Winter Olympics at Lake Placid showed a lot of Americans, who couldn't afford to spend their winters at St. Moritz, Kitzbuhl and

← Arms sore from hanging onto ski tow ropes have been eased by Bousquet's gripper. Clamped to the tow rope, the gripper hauls the skier up by his belt, thus distributing the pull more evenly.

↓ A skier who gets tangled in the tow rope needn't fear being pulled into the bull wheel. Another Bousquet invention, the safety gate, cuts off the engine as soon as the skier touches a control rope.



other continental resorts, that we had pretty good ski conditions right in our own back yard.

The second impetus came when the ski tow came into existence. It was up in Canada at Strawbridge, P.Q. that Alexander Foster built the first crude tow in 1933. Next year Robert Royce, proprietor of the Inn at Woodstock, Vt., introduced the device to skiers atop Gilbert's Hill. Soon there were rope tows everywhere.

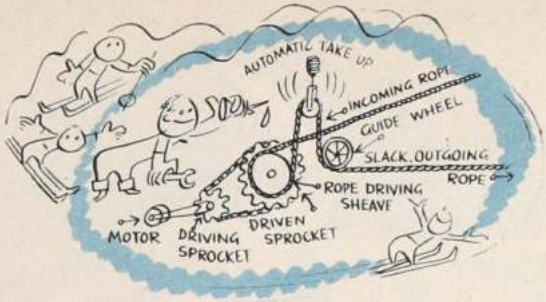
At first skiers grasped the long endless ropes apprehensively, but they soon found that the tow enabled them to get in many more miles of downhill running. Bousquet, alert to this interesting development, went them one better and even invented a patented safety ski tow gripper with which the skier grasps the rope which "pulls from the belt."

Today there's nothing left undone at Bousquet's to make the skier happy. The area is complete with first-aid equipment, instructors, ski shop and a quaint barn-like canteen. Each of the ten ski tows is equipped with a safety device. Last winter, the Berkshire Hills award for safety of skiers went to Bousquets. He's proud of that.

Six of his ski tows are operated by stationary Ford engines. The first four tows were set up with Ford engines and are still holding up well in spite of the fact that when the crowds swarm the slopes of a Sunday these engines are stepped up to zip a skier up-

IMPRESSIONS OF A SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON BOUSQUET'S SLOPE

by Robert Collins



Having the right amount of slack in the rope at all times is an important ski tow requirement. Bousquet does this with his floating ski tow drive, using Ford wheels as pulleys. Automatic take-up keeps tention even.

hill at the rate of 500 feet per minute. This means 12,000 to 15,000 rides per hour for all tows combined.

That's a lot of skiing, in any language.

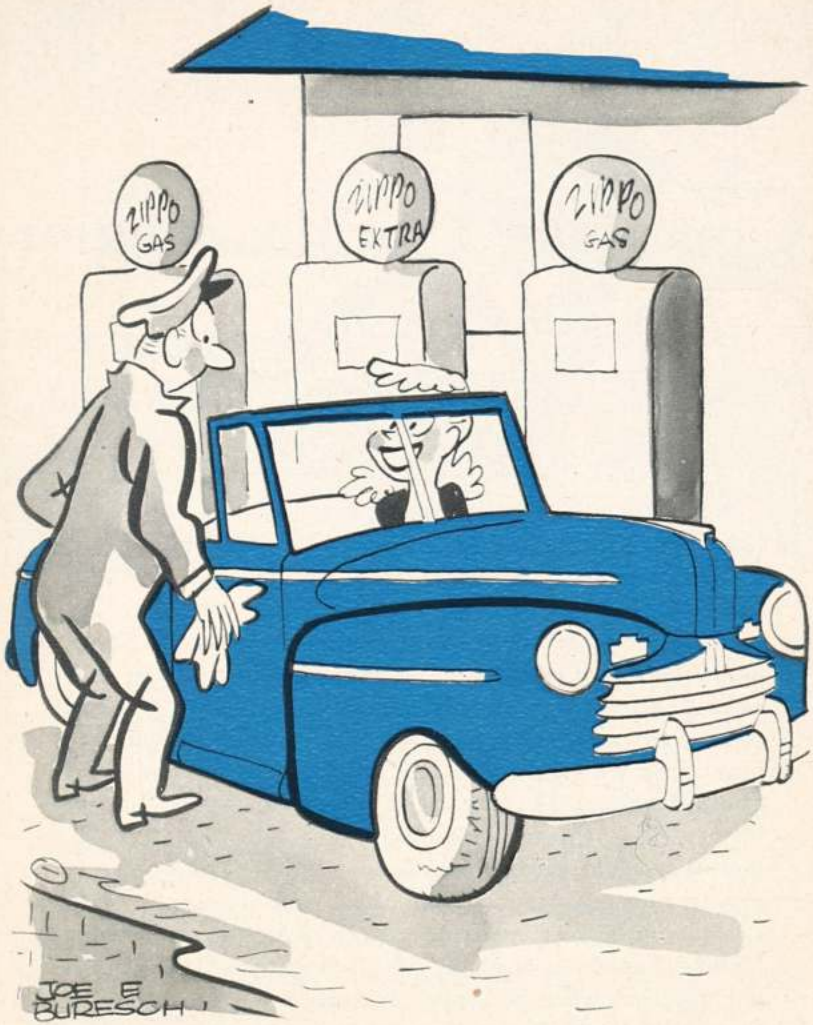
For instance, dual tows Nos. 1 and 2 have engines which turn up 2500 revolutions per minute, which Bousquet has found most efficient. The gear ratio is 85 to 1. The engines are equipped with automatic governors and run from 8:30 AM to 5:30 PM without a stop. There's rarely a breakdown.

You'll get an idea what this means by comparing the load to that on a heavily loaded truck going non-stop up a steep hill 150 miles long.

Bousquet has used Ford wheels for the ingenious automatic take-up and to guide the return rope. The rope has a maximum stretch of ten percent, slack being a very necessary element in a ski tow. The dual tows use nearly 3,000 feet of one-inch rope each.

In addition to his Ford-powered tows, Bousquet also uses a Ford tractor equipped with extra large 13 inch tires and a snow plow in winter and with a scoop in summer to haul in topsoil and loam at erosion points on the slopes.

This winter he plans to try a new idea of his—a set of specially-designed 38 inch steel wheels on his tractor, the wheels bearing steel spikes which will break up the snow crust or icy cover on the slopes. With this latest gadget he hopes to beat out Old Man Winter and, by doing a little tailoring of his own slopes, increase the number of skiers whizzing happily down the trails of his 200-acre skiland. ■



"Be sure and oil the tires good. They squeak so on the curves."

The Compleat Florida Angler

by Philip Wylie

watercolors by Morgan D. Douglas

Part II

Some of my friends are experimenters and of these one is very lazy. It is about a hundred and eighty miles from Miami to Key West over the famed "Highway that Goes to Sea." This thoroughfare, besides furnishing some of the most dazzling marine-scapes in the world, crosses many scores of bridges —the shortest of which is a few feet across, the longest seven miles. These bridges connect the Keys and carry the road over such waters as we have just been discussing. Plain bottom-fishing with shrimp for bait provides most bridges with a quota of anglers. My lazy friend, who does not cast but who likes to troll, realizing that the running tide would keep his bait clear of the bridge bastions, now carries a bicycle in his car. It is his practice to rig up a bait, drop it over the bridge rail, mount his bike, and ride sedately along the rail, trolling. He has caught a good many fish in that fashion—but he has one problem: when he hooks a big one a mile or so from the shore end of a bridge, he has to battle it the long way back before he can land it—for the line he uses will lift nothing over twelve pounds.

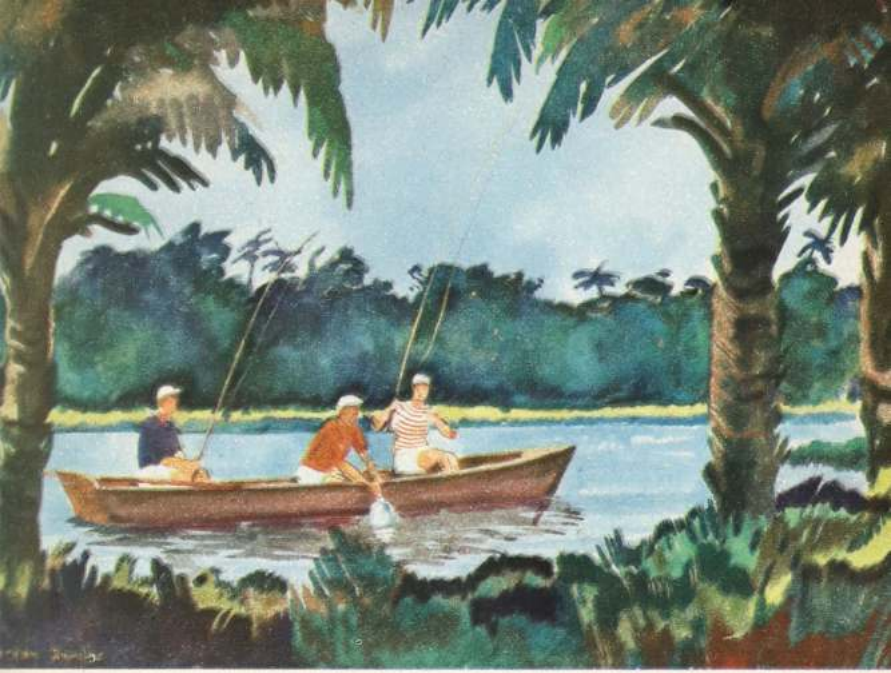
Overseas Highway Trolling

Another gentleman, known personally to me, conceived the notion—doubtless on a day when fishing was slow—of looking for them in an autogyro and harpooning them from the wing of same. It was some time ago—and I presume that today he would employ a helicopter; but he did manage to harpoon a shark, several 'cudas, and one loggerhead turtle—all of which were retrieved by a boat following below. This method, though interesting, is expensive and somewhat hazardous. I have heard suggestions made for trolling from blimps—and the blimp which takes passengers for a sky ride from Miami's causeway uses its shadow to scare and pursue porpoises and sharks. But, again, the blimp angler would run the risk of hanging a fish that would pull the blimp down, rather than the fish up.

The editor of this journal reports some Florida boys who were taking large-mouth black bass in unlikely waters by a method which, again, has certain hazards, but the appeal of novelty. The boys attracted the bass by catching several live bumblebees, putting them in a one-gallon glass jug, and weighting the jug so that it descended to bottom. There the flying about of the bees brought the bass and the lowered baits did the rest. Your editor, however, did not tell me how to catch bumblebees safely.

In my own way, I have discovered a means of initiating Florida novitiates to the fish-teeming facts of life in that area. On my front lawn stood a large Australian pine. To this I affixed a long sash cord. On the far end of that I put a cable leader and a large hook. Near the tree end of this line, I took up a couple of yards of slack and tied in it a bundle of eight heavy door springs. This rig, in other words, was a set line—and the springs were to give it play in the event of a strike. For bait I used a whole crawfish tail or a whole fish of half a pound or so. Under the scrutiny of scornful tourists, friends, and new arrivals, I would tie a heavy sinker to my rig and toss it overboard from my sea wall. I would then fix an elephant bell, which someone had brought me from India, to the tree end of the line. Then I would go about my business.

Bear in mind that the rig lay in water which surrounded a suburban tropical community—a place where people swam, aquaplaned, and bottom-fished for grunts. Often I have been interrupted at dinner, or during a bridge game, or even in my slumbers at night, by the melodious chiming of the elephant bell. Then, with my skeptical guests, I have gone out and battled, in my own lawn, two-hundred-pound sharks and rays as heavy—both leopard and stingaree. Furthermore, on half a dozen occasions, this powerful rig has been snapped and carried away by—what? I don't know. Enormous sharks, perhaps. Big jewfish. Something. Don't ask me. When an unseen fish gets away in Florida—even in the middle of a city, it could be a lot of things.



Bees in a Jug

Harpooning fish in lakes, rivers, and brooks is regarded as a tame, even unsportsmanlike, activity. A harpooning expedition around the Florida Keys at night—is something else. A rowboat will do; a square-ended boat is better. A square-ended boat with a pipe railing is better still; the rail will keep the harpooner from falling overboard—and it is not good to fall into Florida salt waters in the dark. A gasoline or electric light is needed, with shade and reflector to throw a broad beam into the water and to shield the harpooner's gaze. An outboard motor is valuable for propulsion.

In such a craft, on a calm night, "prowling" through creeks, channels, into bays, across sand banks, coral bottom, and over the flats, a man with a fish spear for the small ones and a good harpoon with rope and a buoy for the big ones,

will find himself embarked upon one of the most fabulous experiences of his life. At night the fish are out. In the light they may be seen. As his boat moved slowly here and there he will see the salt water kingdom and its denizens in thousands: fish of every species, color and size; sharks and rays; crabs and spiny lobsters; morays; the great, slow, but dangerous sawfish—and all the mats, millepores, fans, corals, plants and weird formations which make a tropical bottom look like jungle on some other planet. There are, I should say here, some six hundred species of fish in this territory.

Even the amateur spearman, when he becomes accustomed to the angle of refraction, can "strike" a fair number of fishes. I have known men to become so enthralled by this sport that they have preferred to do their "fishing" at night only. They bring in big jewfish—big sharks—and huge rays—as well as smaller specimens and the highly edible spiny lobsters. There is a primordial satisfaction in slamming home a harpoon—and a prodigious excitement in following a buoy as some monstrous fish—harpooned and "marked" by the shining can—rages through the mysterious dark. This sport is called "progging" and I have always wondered why so few engaged in it. The initial cost is small but the thrill tremendous, and a night's sport may be had for a few gallons of gasoline, once a boat is equipped.

Bottom-fishing is the simplest and—presumably—the tamest kind of fishing. Everywhere in Florida that water is to be found, bottom-fishermen may be seen—in rowboats, with expensive tackle—on banks and bridges, with handlines or cane poles. It is true that in Florida the bridge-and-bank angler has an opportunity to "hang" any of the great game fishes excepting those that confine themselves to the Gulf Stream. Usually, however, his intentions and his catch are confined to pan fish. But I can tell you a way to turn this pedestrian style of angling into one of the most fascinating adventures on old Ike Walton's list: take along a glass-bottomed bucket. Better still, have a glass-bottomed "well" set in your skiff.

Night "Progging"

Through the glass bottom, you can watch your bait descend —and keep an eye on it thereafter. You can see the approach of every fish—the nibble, the gulp. You can see the fish that approach—and do not bite. You will decide—as you watch your bait instead of as you wait to "feel" something—that there are many other fish you'd like to catch than those you are taking. And you can figure out why you're not getting them. The glamorous angel—fishes, and the parrots—which not only have "beaks" like that bird but more and brighter colors than macaws, aren't being caught because your hook is far too big. Get a minnow hook and use a rice-grain sized bait—and you may find yourself battling a three-pound angel-fish. The panorama of the bottom is yours for the price of a glass-bottomed bucket—and so is a brand new Indian sign on the fish—for

you can see them, but they don't recognize you.

Such are a few of the means of fishing in Florida which—while not always conventional—are highly rewarding. And the moment you begin to fish from small boats—or along the beach—or on banks—you will spot others like yourself who will be ready, if asked, to lead you to novel methods and to new quarry. As an angler who has written a good deal about "big time" or deep sea fishing, I was once advised by a reader to "get off my charter boat and go fishing on a bridge." Some dispute between that gentleman and myself arose—but I was able to squelch him finally by advising him to get off his bridge and fish *under it*. He hadn't tried that one yet.

No telling where or how you might get a fish. One pal of mine—a gent with salt water of an icy degree in his veins—not only goes goggle-fishing (diving, with goggles to make his vision clear under water, and a hand spear) but when he has speared a fish he rides up to it hand-over-hand on the spear line and wrestles it to the surface. He has done this with fifty-pound amberjacks—turning their heads up by sheer muscle and thus forcing the frantic fish to carry itself and the man on its back to the top. And he has done it out on the big reefs, amidst the twenty-foot sharks and the barracudas. If you are confident in yourself, strong, and don't give a damn what happens—there's one you might try.

Fishing in a chartered boat with expert guides is fun. A blue marlin of several hundred pounds on a rod and reel provides a degree of exhilaration difficult to understand. But, as I have said, the bill-fish—even the sails—don't bite every minute. It took me six years of trying to get one blue marlin and I lost eight in that period before we had my first baby in the boat. Still—if the sailfish aren't running—king mackerel and bonita will give you plenty of excitement.

One last tip—about that casting rod. Take it along on the charter boat if you go to the Gulf Stream. Maybe you'll feel sillier than a man carrying a small fire extinguisher to Hell—but take it. If you happen to run into a school of little dolphin

Snook Fishing

—or a school of baby bonitas, you can settle for yourself the age old argument: Which is stronger, pound for pound—a sea fish or a fresh water fish. Cast a feather into the school—and then make up your own mind.

Me, I won't tell you. There are some places where even a bold man doesn't care to stick out his neck. I just say—take that casting rod along. After all, I know one guy—just one, though—who caught a sailfish on a salmon rod. But I know three or four who have caught sailfish on surf casting tackle from piers. When you go to Florida—fish in the charter boat, Chamber of Commerce, newsreel style, if you like. But if you can't for one reason or another, don't be discouraged. Just remember that a string tied to your big toe, while you nap on a bank, can get you supper—or even take your toe off.

BARTER THEATRE

by Burgess H. Scott

In 1933 when the depression had Broadway theatres dark and most actors were hungry as well as at liberty, one young actor had a brilliant idea.

The young man was Robert Porterfield, appearing with Walter Hampden in "Cyrano de Bergerac." He knew that money was scarce everywhere, but he remembered the bulging pantries down in his native Southwestern Virginia.

He put a proposition before some of the jobless actors who were roaming a bleak Times Square. His idea was simple: get the actor with an empty stomach together with the farmer who has a hunger for dramatics. Both were bound to benefit by the exchange.

The idea took very little persuasion. In 1933 Porterfield came down to Abington, Va. from New York, bringing 22 thin actors into into a food-rich land.

They arrived with only their talent, their appetities, and a cast-off set from an old "Rose Marie" road company. Porterfield was able to get lodging for his troupe in the dormitory of a defunct col-

lege. The friendly Virginians helped them find enough equipment to keep house, although many a makeshift had to be endured. One actress drank coffee out of an old moustache cup all winter.

Porterfield chose plays which would permit repeated use of the old scenery they had brought. The town council let them use the old opr'y house, which also contained the town manager's and police chief's offices. It was a good theatre despite the fact that the town jail was directly under the stage.

The Barter's opening on the night of June 10, 1933 was an event this community isn't likely to forget. The offering was John Golden's "After Tomorrow," and the fact had been well publicised that admittance could be obtained with foodstuffs, produce, or services of practically any description.

The first ticket was purchased with a small pig which squealed so loudly they tied him out in front as a barker. The local barber brought his clippers, comb, and razor and gave haircuts to the

Barter Schedule

AMONG THE PLAYS *to be given on the current road tour are:* "*East Lynne*," "*Arsenic and Old Lace*," "*Twelfth Night*," "*The Importance of Being Earnest*," *and* "*The Barrets of Wimpole Street*." *For a complete road schedule, write Robert Porterfield, The Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va.*

actors for his admission. Money came in a mere trickle, but hams, chickens, roasting ears, and watermelons mounded up until the boxoffice looked like a corner of the farmers' market.

The farmers whooped and yelled—although sometimes in the wrong places—and were thoroughly sold on this new-fangled entertainment. When the cast appeared for final curtain a little girl, who knew drama only as offered by the movies, walked up and touched one of the actors. "Mama," she cried, "these are round actors!"

As months grew into years, tales of the strange items presented in exchange for a ticket became almost legendary.

There was the man who terrified the girl in the boxoffice when he tried to stuff a dead rattlesnake through the change window. The frightened ticket seller didn't want to accept it, but the man talked her into it with the argument that he had read in the paper they were going to accept anything good to eat, and that "rattlers is good vittles."

At the close of the first season Bob Porterfield and his company returned to New York with a boxoffice surplus of $4.35 and a barrel of jelly. But the once lean cast had fattened up an aggregate of 300 pounds, a fact which later caused Fred Allen to observe, "Along about Labor Day if Bob wants to tell whether he's had a successful season, he just weighs his actors."

Before many seasons had passed the entire community adopted the Barter Theatre, and the neighbors flocked to fill every need.

Such as the summer they presented Lulu Vollmer's "The Hill Between." Bob called on the sheriff for technical advice in the building of a moonshine still needed in the set. The sheriff was amazed. "Why make a still?" he asked, "I'll get you one." He gathered his deputies and staged a raid over near White Top Mountain, returning shortly with a still, complete with mash barrels.

The Barter Theatre drew even closer to the community when it put on a drama by Ann Armstrong, "Mountain Ivy," with a setting in their own highlands. It was based on the real life story of a woman who lived in a valley near here, and was known throughout

Southwestern Virginia as "Mrs. Ivy." Invited to the premiere, she sat quietly watching a Broadway professional portraying her sorrowful life.

Her tears didn't appear until the final curtain, and she made her only comment to Bob Porterfield. "Yo're cabin's cleaner'n mine," she said.

In the early years 90 per cent of the boxoffice receipts was food, and during the winter Porterfield had to go to New York or Hollywood, or hit the lecture platform to make enough money to reopen the next summer. They could have used more money and less food in these days. But in recent years when food became increasingly scarce the percentages about-faced, and 90 per cent of the receipts was money.

As the financial situation got better, Porterfield allowed aspiring young actors and actresses to come and work with the Barter group if they paid their own room and board. He put road shows out, and receipts gradually became more impressive. In its 1946-47 road season Barter covered 35,000 miles over eight Southern Highlands states, and ended with a profit of $5900.

Although the Barter Theatre deals almost wholly in cash now, paying its players Equity rates, there is one item of produce which continues to be a medium of exchange: Virginia hams. Royalties for all of their plays are paid in this delicacy, and the playwrights approve of it, pointing out to Porterfield that you can't enter a ham on an income tax form, and you don't have to give your agent a slice.

This year Barter will be the only theater outside New York City to present "John Loves Mary," but authors Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein got no additional payment for that favor, not even an extra ham. They, like any other playwright, are pleased to have Barter produce their work.

Noel Coward, Maxwell Anderson, and Thornton Wilder are among the many other dramatists who have eaten Barter hams. In fact, George Bernard Shaw has been the only one to refuse, and that, he reminded Bob, was only because he is a stern vegetarian. So Bob paid him off with two crates of spinach.

All of Barter's award and royalty hams have sprung from a fat sow swapped in for tickets years ago.

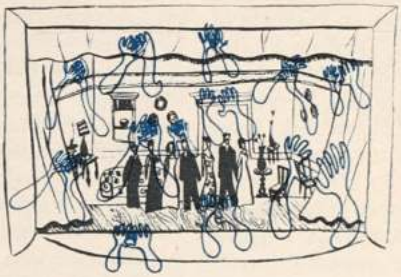
In 1946 Porterfield got the idea of asking the state to back his project, and talked so convincingly to the lawmakers in Richmond that they gave him an annual grant of $10,000. With that the Barter Theatre became the State Theatre of Virginia, the only state-aided theater in the country.

On the Barter Players' current road tours which started several weeks ago and will continue through April, Porterfield will plug his State Theatre in every state they cover, in the hope of influencing other legislatures to aid

similar groups. It's a part of his crusade to break Broadway's monopoly of the legitimate stage, to decentralize the theater by bringing drama to the smallest towns.

The Barter tour now going on will give a large portion of the country a sample of what his plan involves. In addition to thorough coverage of Virginia and the seven other Southern Highlands states, the booking schedule extends southward to Florida and westward to Texas.

On this road tour the players had to announce for the first time that no barter will be accepted. They have no traveling commissary, for one thing, and they remember the trouble they had with the goat someone swapped for tickets down in Georgia. ■



Barter Briefs

THE FOLLOWING are only a few of the items Southwestern Virginians have traded for tickets during the Barter Theatre's 12 years:

Mrs. Mary Balance, now in her 80's, has attended every one of Barter's 166 first nights, paying for each ticket with a basket of flowers.

* * *

A farm family dumps an extra supply of corn into their water mill which never stops turning, and keeps the Barter kitchen supplied with meal in return for a season ticket.

* * *

Two elderly ladies who do their own farming always buy their tickets with cottage cheese. One night they presented a larger container than usual. The surplus was for ten cents change to get sodas after the show.

BARTER AWARD

EVERY year an award is made by the Barter group for the "finest performance by an American actor on the current American stage."

The award consists of: (1) A fine Virginia ham, (2) A silver platter "to eat it off of", (3) An acre of land on the side of a mountain nearby, (4) Two jobs—or scholarships—with the Barter Theatre, to be filled by young actors chosen by the award winner.

Helen Hayes, the winner last year, is said to have interviewed 500 hopeful aspirants for the two scholarships—indicating the reputation which the Theatre enjoys. Gregory Peck is a Barter Theatre alumnus.

A truck containing 12 persons and one small calf drove up and the driver asked, "How many tickets for this calf?" A farmer called in to evaluate the animal studied carefully and declared it to be worth exactly 12 tickets. "Then you won't be needin' this rope," the owner said, untying the calf and entering the theater with his party. Curtain time was delayed five minutes while the cast caught the calf and found another rope. The next day they sold it to the local butcher for a profit of one dollar.

* * *

A patent medicine man bought his tickets with several bottles of evil tasting stuff which Bob Porterfield has kept to this day to spoon out to any of his actors who are ailing.

* * *

A little old lady who lives at the edge of a golf course saves all balls that are sliced into her garden and uses them for her admission.

* * *

A farmer appeared at the boxoffice to ask how much sweet milk would be required for a ticket. The ticket seller reckoned a half-gallon, and watched him cross the street to where his wife was holding a fat dairy cow. He milked the required amount and returned with it to the window. "But this is enough for only one ticket," the girl said, "isn't your wife coming too?"

"She kin if she wants to," he said, "but she has to do her own milkin'". ■

TRAVELING BEES

by Ellis Haller

Reservations to Florida usually mean a good-sized debit in the bank balance, but George Abrams, a University of Maryland professor, has found a way to make the trip at a profit.

When the orange blossoms beckon, he just loads his 15 families on a Ford pickup truck and heads South.

This is no "Okie" venture. The 15 families are Mr. Abrams' colonies of honey bees. His mobile honey-gathering keeps him on the move several months each year. The bees don't seem to mind the speedup system. They buzz about the country as the seasons change, making a special type of honey at each stopping point.

In Florida the bees sip the nectar of palmetto, mangrove, gallberry, lemon, grapefruit and orange. On the way north they

sample the clover and buckwheat blossoms of the Carolinas and Virginia. They swing back into Maryland just in time for the apple and peach blossoms.

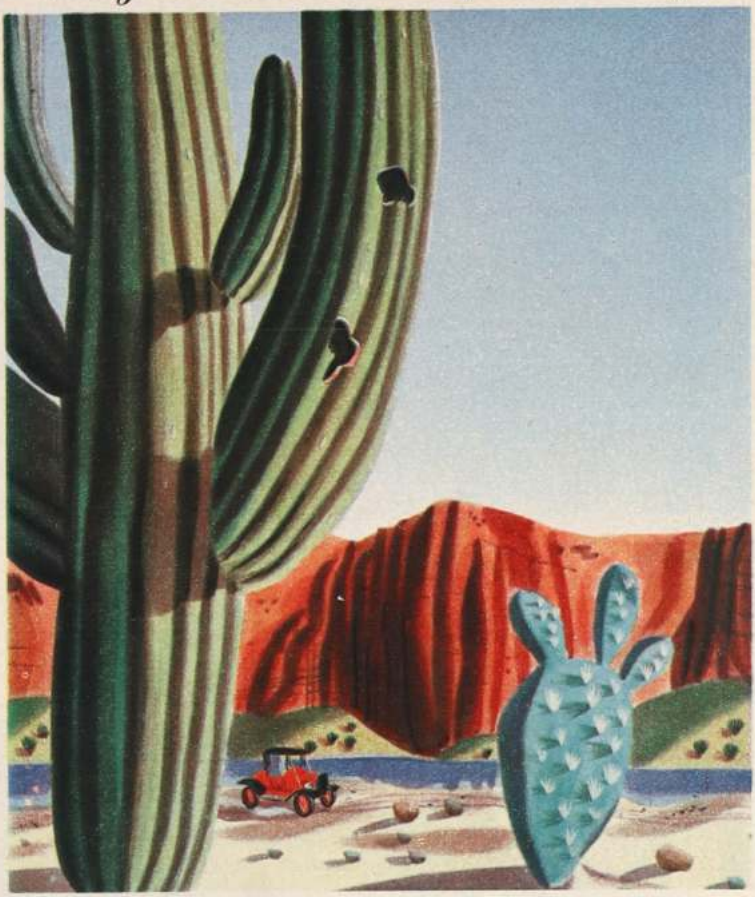
Hive-laden "honey trucks" are going concerns on many roads in the East and Far West. A single colony, if kept buzzing the year around, will net from 100 to 150 pounds of honey selling anywhere from 25 to 75 cents a pound.

The wandering bee families aren't used solely for making honey. To fruit growers the country over they do an invaluable service, distributing pollen from blossoms to assure a high yield of fruit. In blossom time the demand for help from honey bees becomes acute.

For a short season, usually eight to ten days long, apiarists rent their colonies to orchardists. In some sections of the country, beekeepers have banded together to form "pollination pools," offering as many as 1,000 colonies which can be trucked to fruit-growing areas on demand. ■

"C'mon, let's pretend we don't even know mom an' pop."

Canyon Lake = a one-picture story



painting by Harry Borgman

CANYON LAKE, ARIZ., 10 miles long and covering a thousand acres, is one of a chain of Salt River reservoirs supplying irrigation to man-made oases where dates, oranges and cotton grow. Fishermen know it well, and tourists are often surprised by a sight uncommon in this part of the country—house-boats. ■

Lighthouse, Florida

Red Snapper a la Lighthouse

3 pounds red snapper
1 lemon (juice)
3 jiggers olive oil
1 teaspoon oregano
3 kernels garlic
Salt and pepper to taste.

Filet red snapper and clean. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and place in a broiler. Mix oil, lemon and oregano together and pour over fish. Broil 40 minutes (or until tender) in a 350-degree oven. While fish is broiling, cut garlic into small pieces and fry in olive oil. Pour garlic over fish before serving. Just add some crispy shoestring potatoes and buttered asparagus to the plates and dinner is served.

This popular recipe for red snapper was brought over from the Isle of Cephalonia, Greece, some 30 years ago when S. E. Macris, owner of the Lighthouse, came to the U.S. The Lighthouse is located at Baker's Haulover, between Miami Beach and Hollywood along Route A1A.

Georgian Tea Room, Georgia

Carolina Trifle

For this delicious dessert you will need:

1 lemon flavored sponge cake
1 quart boiled custard
1 pint whipping cream (whipped)
Almond, Brandy or Sherry wine

Flavor the cream and custard with either almond, brandy or sherry wine. Slice the sponge cake very thin and place a slice of the cake on a dish and cover it first with a layer of custard then a thin layer of whipped cream. Repeat the process using all of the cake slices, and top it off with a layer of whipped cream. Chill and serve.

The Georgian Tea Room, in a historic 18th Century mansion, is a place to remember when you take the coastal route to Florida. Often called the Pink House, it was built in 1771 as a home and later used by the old Planters Bank. This Savannah, Ga., landmark is at 23 Abercorn Street.

←Painting of Georgian Tea Room for FORD TIMES by William Halsey

←Painting of Stevens House for FORD TIMES by Norman G. Rudolph

Stevens House, Pennsylvania

Roast Duck Stuffing

1½ loaves bread (cubed)
2 large Spanish onions
1 large stalk Hauser celery
⅛ pound butter
1 egg
Sweet marjoram

Saute the bread, onions and celery in the butter and add bread. Stir in the egg. Season to taste with the marjoram. Stuff the ducks (birds between five and six pounds and not more than six weeks old), and roast at an even temperature in a 350-degree oven. Quarter before serving.

The Stevens House is a part of the little-publicized English heritage of Lancaster County. The main dining room is a replica of famous Old London's Strand and yearly serves over 15,000 orders of roast duckling. In Lancaster, Pa., the Stevens House is at S. Prince and W. King Streets.

The Garden, Florida

Banana Fritters

1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon sugar
Pinch of salt
1 egg
½ cup milk
8 bananas sliced

Mix a batter with the flour, baking powder, sugar, salt, eggs and milk. Beat well and dip thick slices of bananas into the batter. Drop a teaspoon of banana and batter into deep fat and fry until golden brown and fluffy. This recipe will make eight hearty servings. The fritters are served with a series of other southern vegetables at The Garden. Try them as something different in a fruit or vegetable course!

In Miami on the Tamiami Trail, this unusual restaurant is owned and operated by Mrs. Maria Freyer who came to America 22 years ago from Innsbruck, Austria. Outside the restaurant is a jungle garden with fish ponds and bridges where guests may stroll.

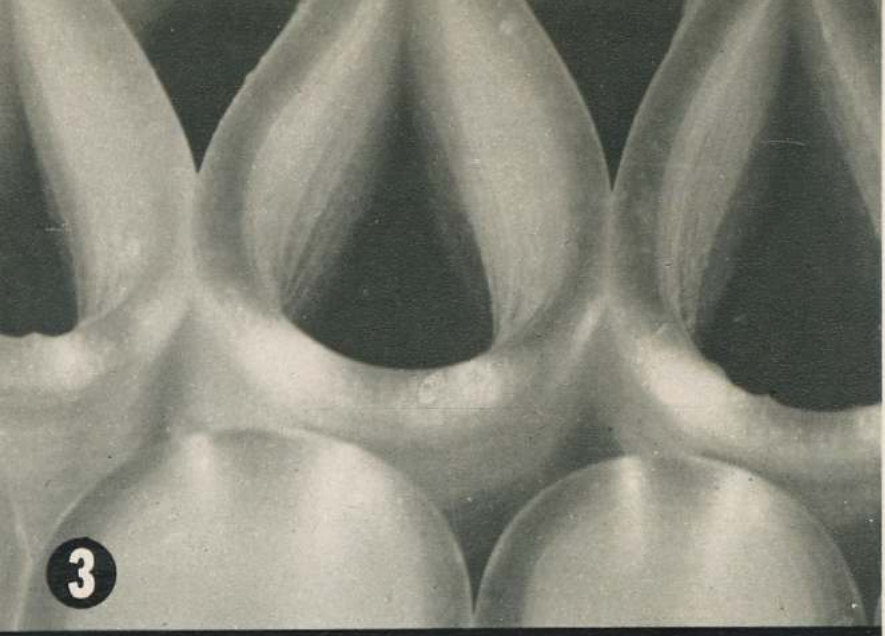
GAME SECTION

What Is It?

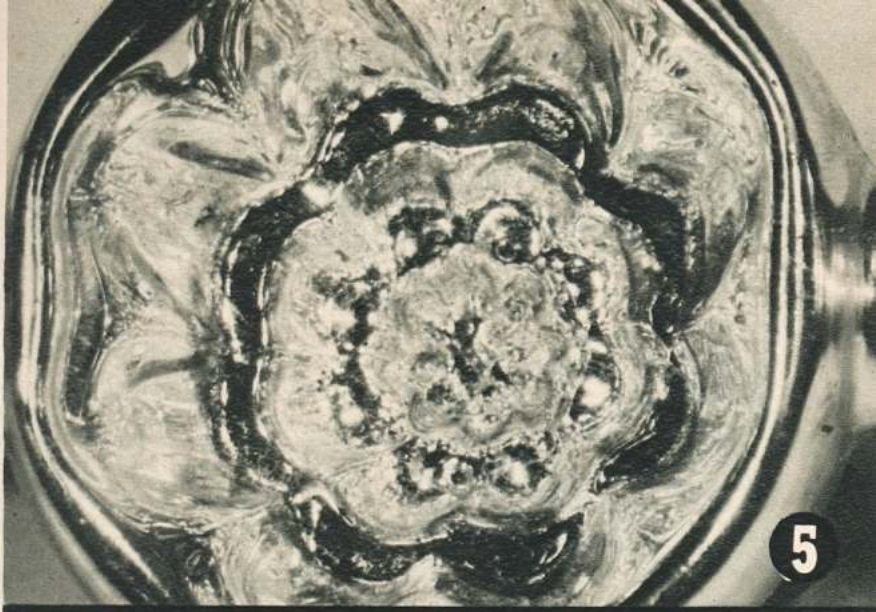
Here are some objects particularly appropriate to this season. In spite of our photographer's unusual viewpoint, you should recognize most of them with ease. Answers on page 62.

photos by Dick MacKay

Not a buzzer nor excelsior . . .



. . . not rubber bands nor a hula skirt . . .



. . . not a flower nor folds of taffeta.

WHERE IS IT?

Below are listed hints about six American cities which are well known to tourists. You should be able to get at least four right with the help of your travel map. Six correct makes you a real traveler! Answers on page 62.

1. Polo Capital

Popular winter resort known as the "Polo Capital" of the South . . . pioneer traders cut notches on trees to mark their way through forest along what is now known as Two Notch Road . . . fox hunting is a popular sport here . . . U.S.-1 will take you right through this city.

2. Apache Country

An old-fashioned western mining town with the Apache mountains for a backdrop . . . on the streets are Indians from the nearby San Carlos Reservation . . . first settled in 1876 as the result of a silver-strike boom . . . home of George W. P. Hunt, the first governor of Arizona . . . most famous mine called "Old Dominion" . . . try U.S. 70 for this Arizona town.

3. Has Sand Speedway

A city with a triple waterfront, one on the Atlantic Ocean and one on each side of a tidewater lagoon known as the Halifax River . . . shading the streets are magnolia and bay trees . . . noted for its oleanders . . . the magnificent ocean beach, 23 miles of white sand, 500 feet wide is known as a celebrated speedway . . . developed as a resort area but also the center of a prosperous citrus industry . . . on U.S. 92.

4. Settled in 1638

Home of a famous preparatory school for boys . . . ten miles to the east lies the Atlantic Ocean . . . settled in 1638 by Rev. John Wheeler, a political and religious rebel from Puritan Boston . . . industries include brass, marble products and shoes . . . once under the sovereignty of Massachusetts . . . on New Hampshire State Highway 101.

5. Near Bonneville Dam

Oldest settlement in the state of Washington . . . within 40 miles of Bonneville Dam . . . U.S. 99 points the way to the city . . . you can see the Columbia River from here . . . in the heart of the fur country in the 19th century . . . the 1850 census listed 95 houses in Clark County of which this city is the county seat.

6. Clay Center

A winter resort overlooking the Savannah River . . . has the same name as a New England state capital . . . industry and commerce based principally on cotton . . . one of the largest clay product centers in the Southeast . . . U.S. 1 goes right through the city . . . annual event is the Woman's Titleholders Golf Championship

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Eating Across the Miles

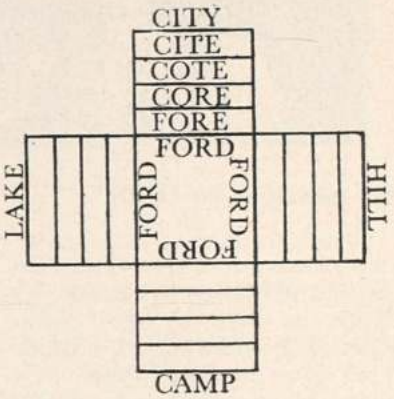
You may be an expert on geography but how well do you combine food with your map studies? Listed below you will find a dozen tasty dishes and you are to name the State each brings to mind. Good luck to you, and try to get at least seven right. Answers on page 62. —*by Pat Casey Green*

1. Hot Dogs
2. Chili
3. Baked Beans
4. Oyster-Stew
5. Fish-Chowder
6. Baked Ham
7. Fried Catfish
8. Black-eyed Peas and Side Meat
9. Scrapple
10. Hoe-Cake
11. Gumbo
12. Pot-Likker and Cawn Bread

Ford Takes You Everywhere

The word FORD can be transformed into four goals of motorists, in five steps. Change one letter at each step beginning with Ford, so that a new word will result, until you arrive at the words, CITY, HILL, CAMP, and LAKE with your fifth step. The word made at each step must be in the dictionary. One has been worked out to show you how it's done, and now you're on your own! Answers below (don't peek!).

By Gerard Mosler



ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Glass ball ornament
2. Tinsel
3. Ribbon candy
4. Tinfoil icicles
5. Christmas tree ornament
6. Candy sticks

Ford Takes You Everywhere

FORD	FORD	FORD	FORD
FORE	FOLD	FORE	WORD
CORE	TOLD	FARE	WORE
COTE	TOLL	FAME	WOKE
CITE	TILL	CAME	WAKE
CITY	HILL	CAMP	LAKE

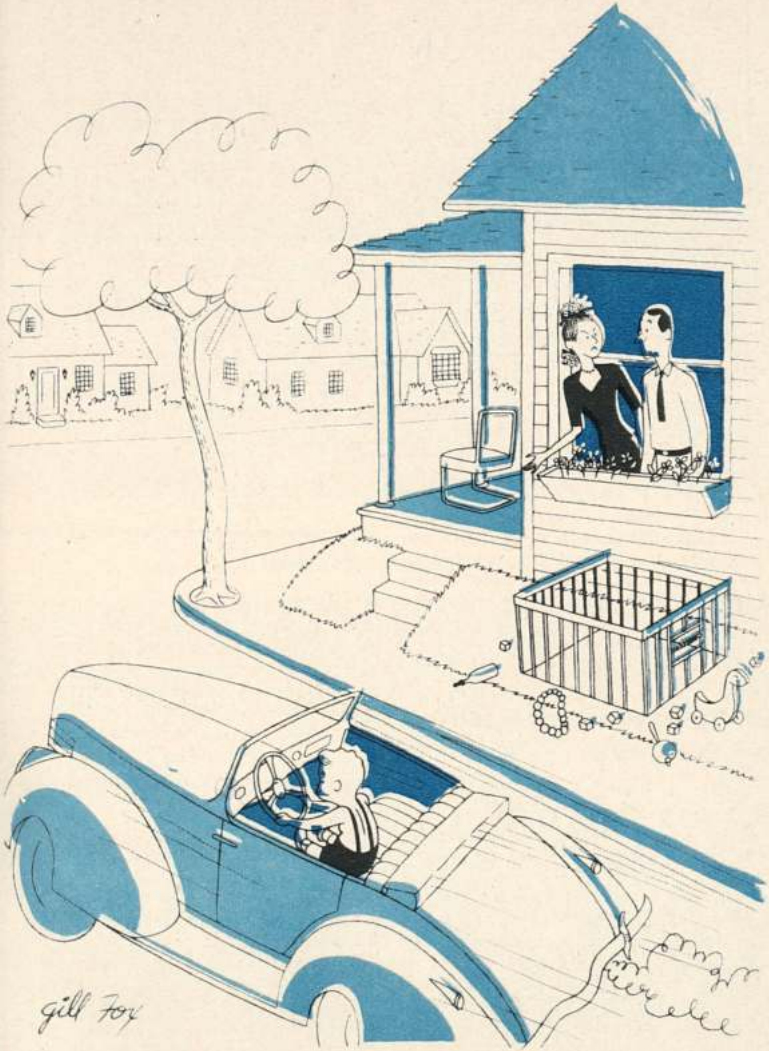
Note: How many of these transitions can you make in 4 steps instead of 5?

Where Is It?

1. Aiken, S.C.
2. Globe, Ariz.
3. Daytona Beach, Fla.
4. Exeter, N.H.
5. Vancouver, Wash.
6. Augusta, Ga.

Eating Across the Miles

1. New York (Coney Island!)
2. Texas
3. Massachusetts (Boston)
4. Maryland
5. Maine
6. Virginia
7. Mississippi
8. Georgia
9. Pennsylvania
10. Rhode Island
11. Louisiana
12. Kentucky (Irving Cobb!)



"I see you left the keys in the car again."

Letters

1909 BABY

Dear Sirs: . . . There is a 1909 Ford T here in Ida Grove that is perking every day. A kid by the name of Kiertzner now owns it and he informed me this morning that the original engine worked like a clock. I know it does, as I owned a couple of those babies and I know how they sound.

LEE A. HORN
Ida Grove, Ia.

CHILDREN'S ART

Dear Sirs: . . . What I most enjoyed in the September issue of the FORD TIMES was the article and pictures on children's art; I am an art student myself and have been much interested in children's art for some time now. I intend to teach art after I am out of school. I would like additional copies of the magazine so that I can cut out and mount the prints to add to a permanent file of pictures that I keep for reference purposes.

PAUL M. MORRIS
Douglasville, Ga.

MOTOR MUSEUM

Dear Sirs: Here at Huntingdon we operate a Motor Museum. We have more than 70 antique cars (many of them restored and in running condition), a comprehensive motor library, possibly the largest collection of name plates in the world and many other items that show the development of the great automobile industry.

We have seen your little magazine, the FORD TIMES, and are wondering if you wouldn't be willing to put the name of the Swigart Museum on your mailing list.

W. EMMERT SWIGART, President
Swigart Museum,
Huntingdon, Pa.

WISCONSIN CHALLENGER

Dear Sirs: . . . I challenge this oldest running Model T at 45 miles per hour with my 1911 Model T truck. In the article it stated that the valves had repeated grindings and were now deep within the motor. Such a condition is not to be found in my truck!

ROBERT ALBRIGHT
Marinette, Wis.

COMMUNITY PLAN

Dear Sirs: We would very much appreciate having two copies of the August, 1947 issue of the FORD TIMES. This issue carried a very interesting article on Galena, Ill., and would be of considerable value to us in our work in this bureau.

DON H. MORGAN
Bureau of Community Planning
Urbana, Ill.

LOST TIMES

Dear Sirs: Please send us a copy of the latest edition of the FORD TIMES. A customer lost hers in the store and she is causing us a great deal of trouble. So please help us get her off our neck.

JOHN M. HULL,
Tampa Prescription Shop
Tampa, Fla.

MISPLACED DAM

Dear Sirs: So they have moved Boulder Dam to Colorado (Sept. FORD TIMES)! Did they do this at the same time that the name was changed to Hoover Dam? That is a moving job I should like to have seen . . . the last time I saw Hoover Dam it was about 35 miles east of Las Vegas, Nevada, on the way to Arizona.

DR. ROBERT E. KEYS
San Francisco, Calif.

(Ed. Note: Correction noted. Hoover Dam is listed as being in both Nevada and Arizona).

Two views of Mt. Shuksan as seen by skiers at Mt. Baker Lodge, Washington. Photographs by Bob and Ira Spring.

Front cover—This is the season for the Christmas tree harvest and for the ski enthusiast. Both activities have been light-heartedly combined in our cover, painted for us by David A. Mitchell.

The Ford Times comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.