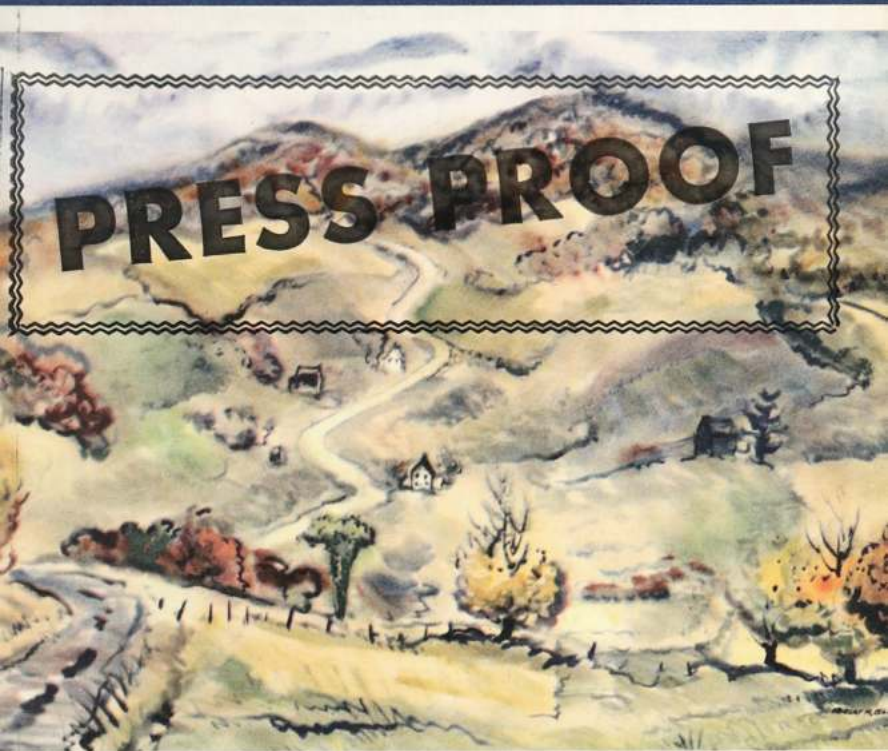


FORD TIMES

october 1958

PRESS PROOF





painting by George Yater

This fisherman's trailer home on the bank of the Ohio River at Leavenworth, Indiana, reflects the modernization that has enveloped the old stream and the people who subsist on it. Stubby, utilitarian diesel and gasoline towboats have replaced the scrimshawed sternwheelers and sidewheelers as motive power for the barge loads of goods that still move up and down this great river. The scene is at a particularly scenic portion of the Ohio along the southern Indiana and north central Kentucky shores where its looping meanders have caused the segment to be called the Oxbow Bends. Charles W. White describes this area in his story starting on page 32. ■

FORD TIMES

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"Lee Strout White" stands for Richard Lee Strout of the Christian Science Monitor, and E. B. White, of The New Yorker. Their joint reminiscence first appeared in The New Yorker in 1936. Often reprinted, it is presented here again in fond salute to the fiftieth anniversary of the Model T. "Farewell, My Lovely!" is believed to be the greatest piece of prose ever written about an automobile.—The Editors

Farewell, My Lovely!

by Lee Strout White

paintings by James Warren

I SEE by the new Sears, Roebuck catalogue that it is still possible to buy an axle for a 1909 Model T Ford, but I am not deceived. The great days have faded, the end is in sight. Only one page in the current catalogue is devoted to parts and accessories for the Model T; yet everyone remembers springtimes when the Ford gadget section was larger than men's clothing, almost as large as household furnishings. The last Model T was built in 1927, and the car is fading from what scholars call the American scene—which is an understatement, because to a few million people who grew up with it, the old Ford practically was the American scene.

It was the miracle God had wrought. And it was patently the sort of thing that could only happen once. Mechanically uncanny, it was like nothing that had ever come to the world before. Flourishing industries rose and fell with it. As a vehicle, it was hard-working, commonplace, heroic; and it often seemed to transmit those qualities to the persons who rode in it. My own generation identified it with Youth, with its gaudy, irretrievable excitements; before it fades into the mist, I would like to pay it the tribute of the sigh that is not a sob, and set down random entries in a shape somewhat less cumbersome than a Sears, Roebuck catalogue.



The Model T was distinguished from all other makes of cars by the fact that its transmission was of a type known as planetary—which was half metaphysics, half sheer friction. Engineers accepted the word “planetary” in its epicyclic sense, but I was always conscious that it also meant “wandering,” “erratic.” Because of the peculiar nature of this planetary element, there was always, in Model T, a certain dull rapport between engine and wheels, and even when the car was in a state known as neutral, it trembled with a deep imperative and tended to inch forward. There was never a moment when the bands were not faintly egging the machine on. In this respect it was like a horse, rolling the bit on its tongue, and country people brought to it the same technique they used with draft animals.

Its most remarkable quality was its rate of acceleration. In its palmy days the Model T could take off faster than anything on the road. The reason was simple. To get under

way, you simply hooked the third finger of the right hand around a lever on the steering column, pulled down hard, and shoved your left foot forcibly against the low-speed pedal. These were simple, positive motions; the car responded by lunging forward with a roar. After a few seconds of this turmoil, you took your toe off the pedal, eased up a mite on the throttle, and the car, possessed of only two forward speeds, catapulted directly into high with a series of ugly jerks and was off on its glorious errand. The abruptness of this departure was never equalled in other cars of the period. The human leg was (and still is) incapable of letting in a clutch with anything like the forthright abandon that used to send Model T on its way. Letting in a clutch is a negative, hesitant motion, depending on delicate nervous control; pushing down the Ford pedal was a simple, country motion—an expansive act, which came as natural as kicking an old door to make it budge.

The driver of the old Model T was a man enthroned. The car, with top up, stood seven feet high. The driver sat on top of the gas tank, brooding it with his own body. When he wanted gasoline, he alighted, along with everything else in the front seat; the seat was pulled off, the metal cap unscrewed, and a wooden stick thrust down to sound the liquid in the well. There were always a couple of these sounding sticks kicking around in the sub-cushion regions of a flivver. Refuelling was more of a social function then, because the driver had to unbend, whether he wanted to or not. Directly in front of the driver was the windshield—high, uncompromisingly erect. Nobody talked about air resistance, and the four cylinders pushed the car through the atmosphere with a simple disregard of physical law.

There was this about a Model T: the purchaser never regarded his purchase as a complete, finished product. When you bought a Ford, you figured you had a start—a vibrant, spirited framework to which could be screwed an almost limitless assortment of decorative and functional hardware. Driving away from the agency, hugging the new wheel between your knees, you were already full of creative worry. A Ford was born naked as a baby, and a flourishing industry grew

up out of correcting its rare deficiencies and combatting its fascinating diseases. Those were the great days of lily-painting. I have been looking at some old Sears, Roebuck catalogues, and they bring everything back so clear.

First you bought a Ruby Safety Reflector for the rear, so that your posterior would glow in another car's brilliance. Then you invested thirty-nine cents in some radiator Moto Wings, a popular ornament which gave the Pegasus touch to the machine and did something god-like to the owner. For nine cents you bought a fan-belt guide to keep the belt from slipping off the pulley.

You bought a radiator compound to stop leaks. This was as much a part of everybody's equipment as aspirin tablets are of a medicine cabinet. You bought special oil to prevent chattering, a clamp-on dash light, a patching outfit, a tool box which you bolted to the running board, a sun visor, a steering-column brace to keep the column rigid, and a set of emergency containers for gas, oil, and water—three thin, disc-like cans which reposed in a case on the running board during long, important journeys—red for gas, gray for water, green for oil. It was only a beginning. After the car was about a year old, steps were taken to check the alarming disintegration. (Model T was full of tumors, but they were benign.)

A set of anti-rattlers (98c) was a popular panacea. You hooked them on to the gas and spark rods, to the brake pull rod, and to the steering-rod connections. Hood silencers, of black rubber, were applied to the fluttering hood. Shock-absorbers and snubbers gave "complete relaxation." Some people bought rubber pedal pads, to fit over the standard metal pedals. (I didn't like these, I remember.) Persons of a suspicious or pugnacious turn of mind bought a rear-view mirror; but most Model T owners weren't worried by what was coming from behind because they would soon enough see it out in front. They rode in a state of cheerful catalepsy. Quite a large mutinous clique among Ford owners went over to a foot accelerator (you could buy one and screw it to the floor board), but there was a certain madness in these people, because the Model T, just as she stood, had a choice of three foot pedals to push, and there were plenty of moments when

both feet were occupied in the routine performance of duty and when the only way to speed up the engine was with the hand throttle.

Gadget bred gadget. Owners not only bought ready-made gadgets, they invented gadgets to meet special needs. I myself drove my car directly from the agency to the blacksmith's and had the smith affix two enormous iron brackets to the port running board to support an army trunk.

People who owned closed models built along different lines: they bought ball grip handles for opening doors, window anti-rattlers, and deluxe flower vases of the cut-glass and anti-splash type. People with delicate sensibilities garnished their car with a device called the Donna Lee Automobile Disseminator—a porous vase guaranteed, according to Sears, to fill the car with a “faint clean odor of lavender.”

The gap between open cars and closed cars was not as great then as it is now: for \$11.95, Sears, Roebuck converted your touring car into a sedan and you went forth renewed. One agreeable quality of the old Fords was that they had no bumpers, and their fenders softened and wilted with the years and permitted the driver to squeeze in and out of tight places.

Tires were 30 x 3½, cost about twelve dollars, and punctured readily. Everybody carried a Jiffy patching set, with a nutmeg grater to roughen the tube before the goo was spread on. Everybody was capable of putting on a patch, expected to have to, and did have to.

During my association with Model T's, self-starters were not a prevalent accessory. They were expensive and under suspicion. Your car came equipped with a serviceable crank, and the first thing you learned was how to Get Results. It was a special trick, and until you learned it (usually from another Ford owner, but sometimes by a period of appalling experimentation) you might as well have been winding up an awning. The trick was to leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animal's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator), and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts. Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank,



and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin with plenty of That. If this procedure was followed, the engine almost always responded—first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gunfire, which you checked by racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle. Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it. I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket.

In zero weather, ordinary cranking became an impossibility, except for giants. The oil thickened, and it became necessary to jack up the rear wheels, which, for some planetary reason, eased the throw.

The lore and legend that governed the Ford were boundless. Owners had their own theories about everything; they discussed mutual problems in that wise, infinitely resourceful way old women discuss rheumatism. Exact knowledge was pretty scarce, and often proved less effective than superstition. Dropping a camphor ball into the gas tank was a popular expedient; it seemed to have a tonic effect on both man and machine. There wasn't much to base exact knowledge on. The Ford driver flew blind. He didn't know the temperature of his engine, the speed of his car, the amount of his fuel, or the pressure of his oil (the old Ford lubricated itself by what was amiably described as the "splash system"). A speedometer cost money and was an extra, like a windshield-wiper. The dashboard of the early models was bare save for an ignition key; later models, grown effete, boasted an ammeter which pulsed alarmingly with the throbbing of the car. Under the dash was a box of coils, with vibrators which you adjusted, or thought you adjusted. Whatever the driver learned of his motor, he learned not through instruments but through sudden developments. I remember that the timer was one of the vital organs about which there was ample doctrine. When everything else had been checked, you "had a look" at the timer. It was an extravagantly odd little device, simple in construction, mysterious in function. It contained a roller, held by a spring, and there were four contact points on the inside of the case

against which, many people believed, the roller rolled. I have had a timer apart on a sick Ford many times, but I never really knew what I was up to—I was just showing off before God.

There were almost as many schools of thought as there were timers. Some people, when timing went wrong, just clenched their teeth and gave the timer a smart crack with a wrench. Other people opened it up and blew on it. There was a school that held that the timer needed large amounts of oil; they fixed it by frequent baptism. And there was a school that was positive it was meant to run dry as a bone; these people were continually taking it off and wiping it. I remember once spitting into a timer; not in anger, but in a spirit of research. You see, the Model T driver moved in the realm of metaphysics. He believed his car could be hexed.

One reason the Ford anatomy was never reduced to an exact science was that, having “fixed” it, the owner couldn’t honestly claim that the treatment had brought about the cure. There were too many authenticated cases of Fords fixing themselves—restored naturally to health after a short rest. Farmers soon discovered this, and it fitted nicely with their draft-horse philosophy: “Let ’er cool off and she’ll snap into it again.”

A Ford owner had Number One Bearing constantly in mind. This bearing, being at the front end of the motor, was the one that always burned out, because the oil didn’t reach it when the car was climbing hills. (That’s what I was always told, anyway.) The oil used to recede and leave Number One dry as a clam flat; you had to watch that bearing like a hawk. It was like a weak heart—you could hear it start knocking, and that was when you stopped and let her cool off. Try as you would to keep the oil supply right, in the end Number One always went out. “Number One Bearing burned out on me and I had to have her replaced,” you would say wisely; and your companions always had a lot to tell about how to protect and pamper Number One to keep her alive.

Sprinkled not too liberally among the millions of amateur witch doctors who drove Fords and applied their own abominable cures were the heaven-sent mechanics who could really make the car talk. These professionals turned up in undreamed-of spots. One time, on the banks of the Columbia River in

Washington, I heard the rear end go out of my Model T when I was trying to whip it up a steep incline onto the deck of a ferry. Something snapped; the car slid backward into the mud. It seemed to me like the end of the trail. But the captain of the ferry, observing the withered remnant, spoke up.

"What's got her?" he asked.

"I guess it's the rear end," I replied, listlessly. The captain leaned over the rail and stared. Then I saw that there was a hunger in his eyes that set him off from other men.

"Tell you what," he said, carelessly, trying to cover up his eagerness, "let's pull the son of a gun up onto the boat, and I'll help you fix her while we're going back and forth on the river."

We did just this. All that day I plied between the towns of Pasco and Kennewick, while the skipper (who had once worked in a Ford garage) directed the amazing work of re-setting the bones of my car.

Springtime in the heyday of the Model T was a delirious season. Owning a car was still a major excitement, roads were still wonderful and bad. The Fords were obviously conceived in madness: any car which was capable of going from forward into reverse without any perceptible mechanical hiatus was bound to be a mighty challenging thing to the human imagination. Boys used to veer them off the highway into a level pasture and run wild with them, as though they were cutting up with a girl.

Most everybody used the reverse pedal quite as much as the regular foot brake—it distributed the wear over the bands and wore them all down evenly. That was the big trick, to wear all the bands down evenly, so that the final chattering would be total and the whole unit scream for renewal.

The days were golden, the nights were dim and strange. I still recall with trembling those loud, nocturnal crises when you drew up to a signpost and raced the engine so the lights would be bright enough to read destinations by. I have never been really planetary since. I suppose it's time to say good-bye. Farewell, my lovely! ■

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Veteran Ford Comes Home

CITY OFFICIALS of Whitehall, Ohio, are shown below taking a last look at a city-owned 1953 Ford V-8 known as "Old Faithful" after it had logged 600,000 miles of public service operation without a major overhaul. The car was in constant use, sometimes being driven steadily around the clock. The impressive mileage total—which doesn't include many hours that the engine ran at idling speed—was achieved with no repairs except one valve grinding job. Because of this long service, the car has been repurchased for \$225 by the Ford Motor Company for study of its engine and body parts. Ford engineering old-timers say that this is the first time that they can recall that the company has ever repurchased one of its products solely because of an unusually extended mileage record. ■





A double rainbow hovers over Cow Creek

Frosty Flames in the Rockies

story and photographs by Mel Griffiths

Now we have the state of Colorado right up front in the fall color sweepstakes. Someone once described it as "Vermont with muscle." It has a lot of Vermont in its fall coloring, and plenty of muscle in its mountains.

Our headquarters for this previously unadvertised aspect of Colorado is the small crossroads community of Ridgway. It is in the western part of the state, twenty-six miles south of Montrose on U. S. 550. The San Juan Mountains are the sovereigns of the sky here, and the Uncompahgre River, gentle at this point, flows between rows of cottonwoods through pastures and fields of hay.

Within a few miles of this settlement, which has been pretty

much bypassed in the rush for silver, gold, and uranium, is some of the most magnificent fall coloring to be found anywhere in the West. All you need is an interest in nature's palette and a willingness to tackle the back roads.

In late September and early October, frost begins to creep down from the wind-swept summits towards the valleys, spreading a wash of color in its wake. The aspens first catch the tinge and burn with a high yellow flame. In some locations moisture, limey soil and other factors tinge the aspens with a flaming red.

As the color moves farther down the slopes, it touches the dwarf oak and willow with a reddish glow. In many places the dashing yellow of aspen intermingles on a single slope with the russet and red glow of dwarf oak, touched up by the living green of pine and spruce. As the frost completes its march to the valley bottoms, it touches the poplars and cottonwoods which hover close to the ice-fringed streams.

Travel east to Cow Creek, where cottonwoods crowd tight along the stream. Flung high in the background are the soaring cliffs of Chimney Peak and Courthouse Mountain, and the bastions along Cimarron Ridge.

West of Ridgway State 62 climbs Dallas Divide and then plunges quickly down Leopard Creek, a tributary of the San Miguel. For incomparable color against a mountain backdrop, nose your car up one of the sideroads onto Horsefly Mesa to the north or Hastings Mesa to the south.

Here you shake aside the confining walls of the canyon and can look across the sweep of mesa to the high green backdrop of Last Dollar Mountain, North Pole Peak and Hayden Peak, each thrusting its crown fifteen hundred feet above timberline.

Perhaps the first snows of the fall have already begun to dust those sweeping arêtes and cirque walls. At some ranch corral you will find sheep or cattle being cut out for shipment to market or held over to winter on hay stacked in the browning meadows. Here at its best is that colorful pause between the fruitful activity of summer and the hibernation of winter. ■



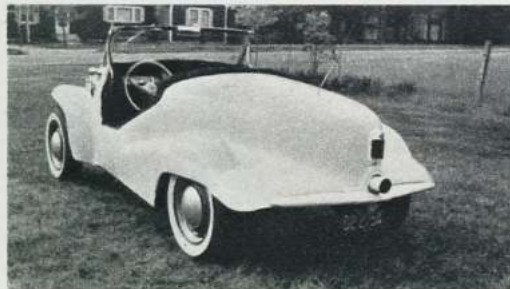


Custom Conversions—

FOUR EXAMPLES OF ENGINE-UNITY

LK. THERIAULT of Grand Coulee, Washington, combined the front fork of a motorcycle frame, a 60-hp Ford V-8 engine, other assorted Ford parts, and some sheet metal to make the unusual three-wheeler he is shown in above. He now has a Ford four-speed truck transmission in it, and uses a chain drive. The vehicle weighs 1,400 pounds, handles well on the road, and delivers about twenty-seven miles to the gallon. The total cost was \$250.

Glennon Shawcross of Townsend Harbor, Massachusetts, utilized parts from several makes of cars in building his version of a sports car. Chassis and engine came from a Taunus, the German Ford. A Ford truck grille and hood were fitted to a 1933 Ford cowl to form the front of the body. The boat tail





rear was achieved by using an old car hood. The rear fenders were made from pieces of car trunk floor containing tire wells. Shawcross' crowning touch is genuine mink upholstery, made from a coat bought at a rummage sale.

The aluminum Ranchero top (above), weighing forty-five pounds, was built by Carl R. Barnes of Tecumseh, Michigan, with the aid of the Meyers Aircraft Company of that city. The top screws into place and can be removed easily. It is braced sufficiently to carry a boat on top. The windows are of safety glass. The Meyers firm plans to build it for sale.

Joe R. Marcinko of Utica, New York, spotted the Model A "steamroller," so-called, shown below. It was built of odds and ends for about sixty dollars by a plant worker for his sparetime job of laying private driveways and walks. The front roller was once a heavy belt pulley in a knitting mill. A 1932 Model B truck differential, and a chassis and radiator from a 1931 Model A, along with portions of an old roller, make up the working parts.





Ole Bull as he played for the townspeople

Where Ole Bull's Violin Still Is Heard

by Lewis E. Theiss . . . paintings by Robert N. Blair

In all of the U. S. A. it would be difficult to find a spot where history, tragedy, romance, and scenic beauty are more strikingly combined than in the Ole Bull State Forest Park in Potter County, Pennsylvania, where, each autumn on the first Saturday in October, is held the Ole Bull Music Festival. Commemorated on this date are the efforts in 1852 by Norway's great violinist to establish here, in the heart of

Pennsylvania's Black Forest, a colony for some of Bull's Norwegian compatriots.

The colony failed but was not forgotten. In 1920 Pennsylvania's Department of Forests and Waters secured 11,144 acres of the area as a state forest park. Six years ago the Department celebrated the centennial of the founding of the colony with special observances, and each year thereafter Miss Inez Bull, a direct descendant of Ole Bull, has arranged a music festival to mark the anniversary of Bull's tragic venture.

Tragic it was in many senses. Following the Napoleonic wars, Norway was turned over to Sweden. The Norwegians writhed under this foreign domination and in 1814 obtained their independence. Ole Bull, born in Bergen in 1810, attained world-wide fame as a violinist. Naturally he came to America on an extended concert tour, and, while in the Coudersport-Galeton area in northern Pennsylvania, was shown the incredible forests of that region. The tree growths, that had stood since the birth of time, truly warranted their name of the Black Forest. This wild, primitive, isolated region reminded Bull of Norway, and he resolved to bring some of his countrymen to the freedom of this spot.

Acting promptly, he bought 122,000 acres from a Williamsport land speculator. Eight hundred of his compatriots came and established themselves in the chosen location in three tiny villages, of which Oleona and New Bergen, now called Carter Camp, survive. The other was Val Halla. On one of the rocky ramparts that rim the narrow valley Ole Bull began to erect a "castle" that would command a view of the valley below. Today, only its foundations remain, but here, on every day of the year, fly the flags of the United States and Norway.

Alas for the colonists and for Ole Bull, the land speculator from whom he bought the land did not own it. The real owners had other ideas, and they warned the colonists off. Broken-hearted, Bull, his fortune now spent, returned to Norway. The colonists, too, soon moved away.

Both Bull and his colony



are brought back to public memory each fall by his great-grand-niece, Miss Inez Bull, who has organized the Ole Bull Music Festival at the park. Recognition is given by her to the best singing and instrumental groups competing, with a number of music scholarships awarded to the winners. The public is invited to attend. This festival is held when the forest trees are at the peak of their autumnal beauty, and the sight is in itself worthy of a trip to this region.

Look, and listen, too, for in the sougning of the twilight wind among the trees, you may still hear lingering notes from Ole Bull's violin. Although the park is deep in the northern forests of Pennsylvania, it is easy to reach—south from Galeton on State 144 or north on State 44 from Jersey Shore. ■



Riding along Kettle Creek

Flag ceremony at Ole Bull State Park





Recreation Unlimited

What's New for the Fall Sportsman

THAT HINT OF COLOR in the trees and the nip in the night air warn that the hunting season is once more upon us, with the sport of ice fishing not far behind.

Pictured on this and the following pages are some items that will be offered this fall to cold-weather outdoorsmen.

The duckboat, shown above, is one of the few aluminum duckboats on the market. With a dead-grass non-glare finish, it shouldn't scare off birds. With a slight V bottom it's a maneuverable craft, stable in rough water. It weighs a hundred pounds, is twelve feet long, fifty-two inches in beam, has three seats. Note the pole well in the fore deck through which you can hold the boat fast. There's another pole well aft.

Manufacturer is Aero-Craft, a division of Harwill, Inc., St. Charles, Michigan. The company also makes an aluminum canoe with webbing seats, an all-purpose boat similar to the above but lighter, and a line of runabouts and other craft. ■



For late hunters and ice fishermen insulated underwear reduces the need for bulky outer clothing. This suit is "Virgin Dacron" quilted between layers of nylon. Has knit collar, cuffs and anklets. Suit is washable. Obtainable in stores. Made by Wisconsin Manufacturing Co., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.

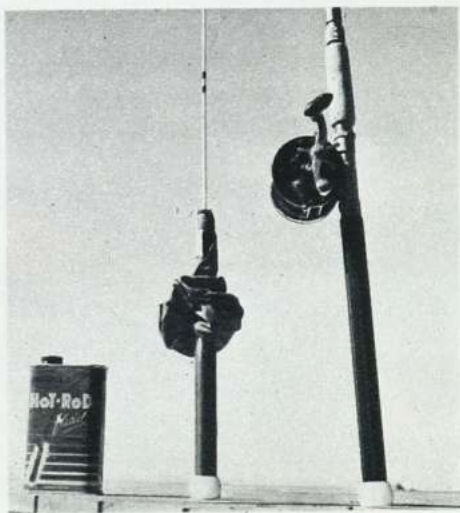


Here's a gadget with many uses. As shown it's a stove for heating coffee. With a stout lid over it, it's a hot seat for ice fishermen or hunters in a blind. Can be used as a tent heater. Burns alcohol. Mounted on universal swivel, the heating unit can't tip over! The name is "Seater Heater," made by Excel, Inc., Franklin Park, Illinois.

We present this picture to show that camouflage suits really do help the small game hunter to blend with the fall landscape. Useful also for deer hunters in the bow-and-arrow season, but not for deer hunters in gun season! A number of makes of camouflage suits are available in sports stores.



Many an ice fisherman has had to quit when his fingers became too cold to bait a hook. Here's an ice rod with a heated handle and a glove. Alongside it is a surf-fishing rod, also with a heated handle. Ice-fishing rod and fluid are called Mitch's Hot Rod, Vapor Chemical Co., Rives Junction, Michigan. Surf fishing rod is a Willapa.







Ozark Folk Festival

by Ray M. Lawless

paintings by Charles Banks Wilson

THIS MONTH, as it has for a decade or so, Festival time comes to Eureka Springs, bringing with it a folksy color to match the mountain forests surrounding that northwestern Arkansas town. The dates are October 16, 17 and 18.

From almost any direction you dip down through "hollers" and climb over hills before you get a first glimpse of the precipitous little community, and even within its limits you must see it piecemeal rather than all at once.

It's a town of many stairsteps, one long tortuous street, and 230 little winding streets that hardly ever crisscross. Folks say the earliest lawsuit in Eureka Springs arose when a woman threw water out her back door and down the neighbor's chimney. One hotel is known for its eight floors and every floor a ground floor.

The Ozark Folk Festival is an annual jamboree carried on to preserve the folkways of the Ozarks through the mediums of ballad singing, fiddling, guitar and banjo picking, novelty music and square dancing, and to provide wholesome entertainment for both tourists and homefolks. It draws talent from Missouri and Arkansas and some from Oklahoma and Kansas. In earlier years the Festival offered contestants modest

Above left: A square dance is held in Basin Park.

Below left: A view of mountainous Eureka Springs.



←*Old-timers parade through the town's winding streets.*

prizes in goods—a batch of groceries or a change in motor oil—but now the awards are in cash, up to \$200.

Climax of each day's activity is the night program in the 1200-seat city auditorium. Cameras click and frequently the boys from the networks are on hand with their recording contraptions. A combo of banjo, fiddle and two guitars opens the program with the rollicking "Arkansaw Traveller."

According to Otto Rayburn, "The Ozarks region is the geographical center of artful fiddling . . . the James-White River country grows fiddlers as a principal crop, and many of them have won state and regional championships." Rayburn should know, for he's been a guiding spirit in developing the Festival, has lived in the Ozarks a good part of his life, edits the regional *Ozark Guide*, owns the local bookstore, and wrote *Ozark Country* (1941) in the American Folkways Series.

Back to the fiddlers: among the old Arkansawyers there are Absie Morrison, who fashions his own fiddles and plays tunes dating back to Revolutionary days, and D. W. Satterfield, frequent champion and Festival favorite for ten years; among the Missourians there is Jude Herndon of Nixa.

Mere mention of folk festival means hearing ballads. Old Fred High, known as a book-writer, and his sister Mary Briscoe, both near eighty, appear annually at the Festival and entertain with old ballads. May Kennedy McCord, herself a stately Ozark institution, knows and sings British ballads still found in the hills, such as "The Miller's Daughter" and "Barbara Allen." Ruth Tyler of Neosho, Missouri, specializes in play-party tunes with accompaniment on a primitive Ozark hammered dulcimer. Vienna-born Adolph Kukler plays the concert zither and sings Austrian folksongs. Neal Morris and son Jimmy sing the Biblical story of "Little Moses" and the ludicrous "I'm Such a Hog about You."

Most of the singers, old and young, are familiar figures at other festivals, including the National Folk Festival in St. Louis, and many have recorded for the Library of Congress archives. ■

←*Fog moves in across the Ozark Mountains.*



INSIDE FORT DELAWARE

story and painting by Valerie Swenson

ON A PROMONTORY overlooking the Big Eddy of the Delaware River and the town of Narrowsburg, New York, a replica of Fort Delaware has recently been created as a history museum of the American Frontier. The reconstruction tells the story of the Delaware Company and the pioneers who first ventured into the wilderness that was then inhabited by the Delaware Indians.

Fort Delaware is not a large fortification erected and garrisoned by soldiers, but rather a pioneer fortification with a stockade, blockhouses and a watch tower surrounding a few log cabins. As in the original, native hemlock logs were used for the reconstruction, and the work was done by hand with

the axe, saw, hammer, sledge and peevie-hook, just as these simple tools were used by the pioneers.

White men ventured into the region about 1754 from the nearby colony of Connecticut to hunt and trap for furs and trade with the Indians. When winter came they returned home to Connecticut, for the region was still forty miles beyond the frontier. But a few of them later purchased land from the Indians and in 1757 brought their families to settle permanently in the valley where they were to endure severe winter weather, Indian raids, and the numerous hardships of frontier life during the French and Indian and the Revolutionary wars.

The reconstruction shows one of the cruder log cabins built by the first hunters, without a foundation and with an earth floor and a roof of laced bark. The bed has a straw tick for a mattress on a spring of twigs laced together with rawhide. The chair and stools are crudely fashioned and joined with wooden pegs. The few cooking utensils are also authentic.

When the families came to settle, better log cabins were built with wooden floors and shingle roofs. A replica of this more refined structure has also been erected and furnished with a bed with a rope spring and straw tick. A number of improvements are noted in furnishings and utensils.

In 1761, the settlers began fortifying groups of their cabins with a blockhouse and watch tower, and a palisade of stout logs. A small cannon, wallgun or swivelgun was mounted as a protection against Indian attacks. Inside the crude stockade, thrown up around three or four dwellings, human and animal life was maintained during a siege. This is what the pioneers called a fort.

The necessary chores and the crafts performed by the pioneers are demonstrated by the attendants at Fort Delaware who wear the attire of Colonial America. A woodsman fashions a stool or bench; a blacksmith hammers out a shovel at his forge; pioneer women make soap, pour candles, work at a spinning wheel, or mold bullets from hot lead.

Fort Delaware, a community enterprise both in character and ownership, is located in Sullivan County, New York, at Narrowsburg on State Route 97. ■



Long view of Simmons Fishing Lodge at Chaffey's Locks in the eastern part of Ontario.

"Tree" Fishing the Rideau Lakes

story and paintings by Joseph DeThomas

IN EASTERN ONTARIO, forty miles north of the International Bridge across the St. Lawrence River, you will find the little village of Chaffey's Locks on the Rideau Lakes.

You will also find some very unusual bass fishing—and Simmons Lodge to accommodate you with bed, board, boats and guides.

The Rideau Lakes were created by a series of dams built soon after the War of 1812 to form a canal for military use. Thousands of acres of land were thus flooded, and this area is now excellent bass water. Protected spawning beds and



Launch with fishing party on board towing skiffs to fishing grounds on the Rideau Lakes.

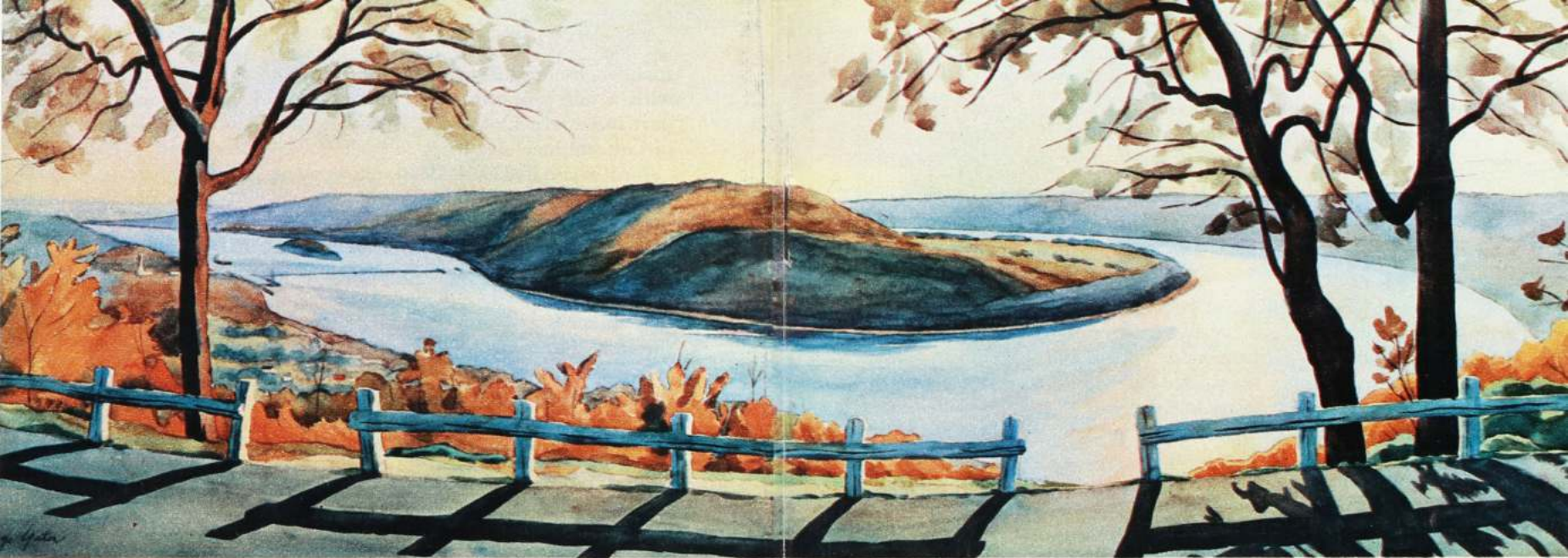
sound conservation keep the bass population at good levels, with a fair proportion of "lunkers" to add attraction. This part of eastern Ontario is always beautiful, but especially so in late summer and early fall when the fishing is at its best.

But what makes Rideau Lakes bass fishing unusual is neither the numbers of bass caught, nor the attractive environment, but the fishing technique in fashion there. It's called "tree fishing." Now, if you have done much plug casting for bass, you will have had the experience of overshooting your shoreward target of lily pads and seeing your lure sail into the branches of an overhanging tree. And if the lure drops through the branches into the water without hanging up, you may even have had the thrill of a bass striking from the shaded depths below the tree branch. At Rideau Lakes, the technique is to cast into the overhanging branches *deliberately*, and this is why it is called "tree fishing."

Of course, using standard plugs with treble hooks, you couldn't hope to get through the branches un-tangled once in a dozen casts. For "tree fishing," you use a single weedless hook with a frog for bait. This assures you of getting your lure down through the branches and into the deep-shaded water where the bass lie by preference—both for shade and for frogs or insects close in to the bank.

Best fishing spots are just a few minutes from Simmons Lodge. After a substantial breakfast, your fishing party along with several others leaves the landing in a comfortable launch towing a number of skiffs. The launch drops you off in the clear channel in one of your favorite lakes. There is ample room in the skiff for you, your fishing companion, and your guide. The guide places you within convenient casting distance of overhanging branches, and you proceed to learn the technique of "tree fishing." It is the custom to keep only those bass which you and your party will eat at the shore dinner. The others are released for fishermen arriving later in the season, or perhaps for your own "tree fishing" excursion another season. Rideau Lakes is near enough to New York and Philadelphia to be reached in a day's drive; and far enough away to seem like another and very restful world. And it offers "tree fishing."





The Oxbow Bends of the Ohio River at Leavenworth, Indiana, viewed from the Leavenworth Overlook.

The Oxbow Country

by Charles W. White . . . paintings by George Yater

THE OXBOW BENDS of the Ohio River begin about fifty miles downstream from the Falls of the Ohio at Louisville, Kentucky. They are a series of scenic turns and meanderings of the slow-rolling river as it reaches up into Indiana and then, at Big Bend, decides to head southward on its peaceful way to the Mississippi, turning many times



Abandoned buildings create a ghost town atmosphere.

again before it gets there. The Greene Line's passenger steamer, *Delta Queen*, passes through the Oxbows on cruises from Cincinnati, but she doesn't tie up there. So a good alternate way to see this picturesque region is to go in your car, driving west on U. S. Highway 460 from Corydon, on the Indiana side of the river.

The Oxbow country has a life and flavor of its own, and it's one of the most fascinating areas I know of for leisurely all-day touring. The main road, which is also marked as Indiana Highway 62, winds along the tops of



Flood water reached the second floor of this home.

This schoolhouse escaped the floods that hit Leavenworth→

wooded river bluffs and down into lush green valleys, coming to the Oxbows at the village of Leavenworth. Sometimes, when you can't see the river itself, you'll hear the distant toot of a towboat whistle. Then, as you come to the top of a hill, you can pull out at an overlook and, far below, you may see a line of coal barges moving slowly downstream in the pearl-grey river sunshine. Somehow, you get the feel of this vast, powerful, timeless river.

It is a feeling that can't be put into words, even by Hoosiers and Kentuckians who've lived near the Ohio River all their lives. They may be farmers or village folk, earning their livelihoods in ordinary ways, but they've got something different of their own—their river. Jovially, but with quiet pride underneath, they call themselves "river rats." If a true riverman can't spare time to go fishing or boating on the Ohio today, he'll at least mosey down and look at the old girl for a while, to see how she's doing. And despite floods that come along in early spring, sometimes sweeping away lowland houses, these river people wouldn't dream of residing anywhere else for any length of time.

For instance, there's Wally Wilkins, a highway employee who patrols the seventeen miles of road from his home town of Leavenworth on Big Bend, to Corydon. His wife manages the Overlook Restaurant at Leavenworth, where tourists can look out over miles of Ohio River scenery while enjoying chicken dinners.

"The river's been in my blood for as far back as I can remember," Wally said. "My grandfather used to tell me stories about the old boating days, when the packets used to stop at the Old Town below here, on their way to New Orleans."

The "Old Town" to which Wally referred is all that's left of Leavenworth as it was before the village was moved, lock, stock and barrel, to the highway some four hundred feet above it and about a mile west, following the historic flood of January, 1937. That time, the Ohio rose to 84.4 feet at this point,

Summer cottages of fishermen, each with its fishing boat→





Old Man River took the house.

"They told me they'd condemn my house and put a sign on it if I didn't move," says Mary Dotson, eighty-seven-year-old widow who has lived in Old Leavenworth some fifty-nine years. "I told them this was my home, and if they did that, I'd take their sign down just as soon as their backs were turned—and I'm still here!"

It is possible to make yourself a fair sort of living along the river, even in a ghost town like Old Leavenworth where there's nothing left of the town's two button factories but brick ruins, and where many of the houses are decrepit, weathered framework skeletons. Willie Carver, for example, lives alone in a trailer at the river's edge, and does commercial fishing. He has caught as many as three hundred pounds of catfish and perch in one day, he says. Lawrence Chandler, another Ohio River old-timer, tends government lights up and down the shore near Leavenworth. Several residents of the

Fish store on the riverfront.



flooding second stories of homes in the old town. The American Red Cross and the W.P.A. provided money for a spic-and-span new village, complete with electricity, sewers, and a new school. Most of the flooded-out residents of Old Leavenworth elected to move, but a dozen or more families simply refused.

ghost town work at U.S. Lock and Dam Number 44, about a mile up the river. Here, incidentally, picnickers are welcome in a clean park area maintained by the Army Engineers. Arthur Gibson, lock-master, says thousands come every summer to enjoy basket lunches on the grass and, of course, to look at the river. ■



SPORTSMAN'S TRUCK OUTFIT

DR. JOHN FERGUSON of Traverse City, Michigan, developed this rig to satisfy his ardor for hunting, camping, and fishing. He started with a Ford half-ton pickup and to beef it up for tough jobs ahead he added four-wheel drive, two extra gas tanks, a heavy-duty generator and seventy-amp battery, and Warn hubs, which make it possible to use a front-end winch by disengaging the front end while in four-wheel drive.

Next he got an eight-foot housing unit from the Cree Coach Company of Marcellus, Michigan. It came with three-burner gas stove, ice box, and combination eating-sleeping quarters. Then Dewey Peck, a Traverse City welder, designed the boat rack capable of carrying a fourteen-foot craft. A rack on the front bumper takes an outboard motor. Peck also put under the bumper a winch capable of pulling 7,500 pounds of dead weight.

The rig has carried Dr. Ferguson through sand, mud, snow and over rocks with 100 per cent efficiency. ■



THE 24-CARAT GHOST TOWN

by George S. Reeves . . . paintings by James M. Boyle

GOLD-RUSH MINING TOWNS are noted for short lives and merry ones, for finishing off their days in a senility populated by memories, mice, and squirrels. Not so Lead City, South Dakota. Target of a mad influx of gold seekers in 1876, Lead City has been mining gold now out of the same mountain for over eighty years, and the prairie state of South Dakota remains among the first four gold-producing areas of the world.

Lead is a well-groomed and placid town these days, but there is a ghost camp lying squarely in the center of its limits which once lived with a great deal of vigor and very little grace. This ghost camp is the one which made a ghost camp of Virginia City, Nevada. When the Comstock Lode played out in the middle 1870's, a great many of the same people came on to Lead. George Hearst, millionaire via the Comstock, and father of William Randolph Hearst, together with his Turkish partner, J. B. Haggin, bought the Homestake from its discoverers for \$40,000. The old town saw George Hearst one day sitting on a board walk sharing a can of pork and beans, bite for bite, with a companionable free lance hog. And there was Sam McMaster, fiercely mustached superintendent imported from the Comstock, who was busy mining out caves that would hold Notre Dame Cathedral. And the town watched the Smead Hotel, where the high-rolling gold-rich popped champagne corks without the slightest inkling

Above right: First Lutheran Church, Homestake Mine at rear.

Below right: From this slope came nearly a billion in gold.



The Open Cut—signs now warn that ground is caving→

that their mining methods were busy putting the Smead Hotel itself into the Open Cut.

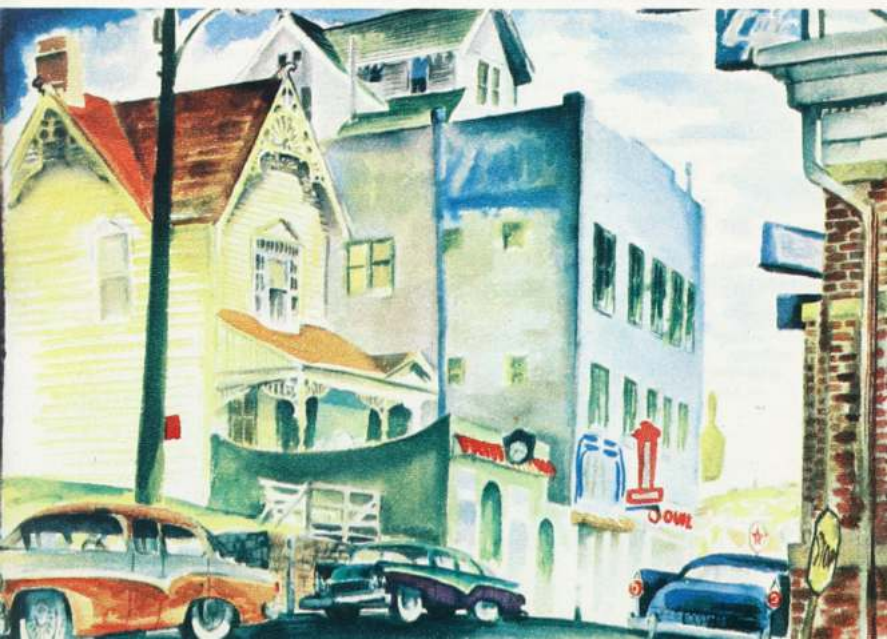
There were no rumblings from Sam McMaster's bad mining as the town crossed into this century, with brick paving, electric trolley, the first motorcars. This author first saw the scene at a time when the motorcar was trying to make room for itself on streets that were little more than spitting-distance wide. It was theoretically possible in that unhappy decade for the driver of a Model T touring car with the top down, to get slivers in one elbow from grazing the Burlington trolley, and have the other bitten by an annoyed brewery horse parked at the curb for a delivery.

Then a fire broke out in the mine, and when, after a year of effort, it was extinguished, spirit rappings began to be heard in the old town. The ghost was walking. Walls cracked and plaster fell, as the town was haunted by its own mistakes. It was high time to go, not as one goes from one residence to another, but as one departs from a haunted house—with coat-tails flying. It is spacious now where the old town stood, half in the Open Cut, the other half condemned for any building. On the spot where the Springer House dining room respected the Garfield assassination with a black bordered table cloth, complete with black rosettes, a twentieth-century sign now says, "DANGER—GROUND CAVING." Spacious also is the Open Cut, a huge canyon more than five miles long and half a mile deep, from which a billion dollars' worth of gold has come in eighty years.

Not quite so spacious are the results of that decade in which the town fled its own ghost. Best monument to this hasty departure is the masterpiece of one Horace Clark who bought an eight-room house, shoved it up into thin air, and built a three-story office building under it. Horace, a bona fide citizen of the old town, carried a true echo into the new.

The ghosts have been laid now, but their mortal days can still be peered at, thanks to the eye of the camera and the deft touch of the artist. ■

Behind the Victorian house is Horace Clark's monument→



The Kentucky River

by Sue McClelland Thierman

photographs by John E. Thierman

FROM where it begins with numerous trickles and creeks throughout southeastern Kentucky's rough-and-tumble mountains, the Kentucky River flows northwest and across the state until it empties at Carrollton into the wide blue Ohio.

Much of the river is still navigable and still used by commercial vessels (principally gasoline and coal barges) and pleasure craft. Past the point at Beattyville where its North, South, and Middle Forks, one after the other, join together, there are, widely spaced, fourteen federal locks which lower Kentucky River traffic gently on to its mouth almost 260 miles downstream.

The locks are at the service of all craft—from the great barge tows down to assorted pleasure boats—that ply the winding river. A hail to the lockmaster or one of his assistants is all that is needed to have the ponderous gates open and admit even a small cruiser to the cavernous lock where it is raised for an upstream passage, or lowered if its course is downstream.

Within a twenty-two-mile stretch, almost directly south of Lexington, three major highways span the river: U.S. 68 over the newly constructed Brooklyn Bridge, U.S. 27 at Camp Nelson, and U.S. 25 over Clays Ferry Bridge. On a back road, halfway between the last two named bridges, the Valley

*Above right: The Palisades, looking downstream from Poortown.
Below right: Kentucky's capital, Frankfort, is on the Kentucky.*



View ferry still chugs back and forth with a vehicle or two.

Particularly after the river has cut its way through the mountains into central Kentucky's Blue Grass region, it provides, in every season, with every turn and bend, scenery well worth the seeing. The bends are the most fascinating aspect of a cruise on this river, because of the new portion of scenery that comes as a reward as each is rounded. Some of the bends come near to being complete circles—such as the one below Frankfort where, at the neck of the loop, the two parts of the river are only a quarter of a mile apart, while to follow the stream from one of these points to the other means a cruise of some fifteen miles.

In the spring, what its water lacks in color (it is usually mud-laden from the seasonal floods) it gains by reflecting the dogwood, the redbud, and the white shad bush blooming on its precipitous banks. In the summer and the fall, its waters are like the state's beloved bluegrass, much more green than blue.

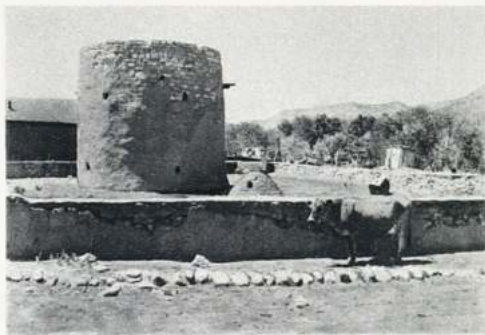
The river's famed Palisades, its miles of sharp-cut, perpendicular cliffs of striated limestone, are to be found mostly in the section between Jessamine County, where the Dix River joins the Kentucky, and Frankfort, the state's capital city. And along this portion of the river is produced some of the finest whiskey in the world.

In the upper picture on page 43 the river is shown in fall dress, as seen from Poortown in Jessamine County. There is a little riverside hemp farm to the left, a part of the Palisades to the right and across the river, downstream.

The lower photograph depicts the Kentucky as it makes a wide sweep through the city of Frankfort. This is what Daniel Boone would see if he should come back to life, step from his grave, and look down from the cliff where he was buried. The photographer was standing only a few paces from Daniel Boone's monument in the Frankfort Cemetery.

The near bridge in the picture carries U.S. 60 across the river. The far bridge in the picture is Frankfort's pride, the Singing Bridge: its floor is so constructed that it hums audibly beneath the motorist's tires. There can be found individuals who will swear that the bridge is singing "My Old Kentucky Home."



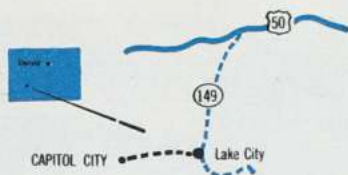


New Mexico's Watch Towers

NEW MEXICO is famed for the stone watch towers, built by unknown Indians of a forgotten past, which stand in the rugged fastnesses of Gallina Canyon—accessible only by horse or afoot. Far less known, perhaps, but equally interesting and much easier to reach, are a handful of other watch towers erected by Spanish and “Anglo” settlers in the Southwest as a protection against marauding Indians. Most were built in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and only a dozen or so survive, but with one or two exceptions each is within a stone’s throw of a paved highway.

These watch towers—called *torreones* in Spanish—are scattered over parts of New Mexico with large Indian populations. One of the best preserved is at El Prado, a farming community north of Taos. It is bell-shaped, practically intact, and still in use—as a chicken coop! In the same general area, near Ranches of Taos post office, stands another such tower—cylindrical, in excellent condition, and used as a store room. Both, of adobe, had parapets above with apertures for muskets.

Down in Lincoln town in southern New Mexico is the largest *torreón* still standing, shown in the picture above. Apaches used to terrorize the near-by countryside, and more than a hundred frantic pioneers would huddle in this sturdy fortification. Today it’s abandoned—W. THETFORD LEVINESS ■



COLORADO'S CAPITOL CITY

story and paintings by Sara L. Uffelman

SEVEN MILES up Henson gulch from Lake City, in the San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado, the road levels off, the canyon widens into a park overgrown with mountain willows, and the creek is terraced with beaver dams. This is the site of the ghost town of Capitol City and the remarkable house of George S. Lee.

Lee's brick Victorian mansion, set in one of Colorado's most isolated canyons, is a monument to this man's incredible ambition. The house was built in the 1870's when Mr. Lee was the owner of the Henson Creek smelting works. Silver had been discovered here, and the town, then known as Galena City, had a sawmill, post office, and the usual complement of saloons and log cabins. The town grew and so did George Lee's delusions of grandeur. His ambition was to become governor of Colorado and to transform this little silver camp in the San Juans into the capital city of the state. He built his home hoping it would become the future Governor's Mansion and changed the town's name to Capitol City, but that was as far as his dream progressed.

Although the house has been badly damaged and the south side has fallen away completely, it appears almost intact from the Henson Creek road. This is the only road west out of Lake City which is easily reached from north or south via State 149. ■

Above right: Beaver dam on Henson Creek.

Below right: Lee House at Capitol City.





"Station Wagon"

Conversion for \$6

A STATION WAGON for \$6? Not quite, but Ford owners can add many of the advantages of a station wagon to their sedan for the price of some plywood, lumber and hardware, and an hour of carpentering. The result is a level platform over the rear seat and flush with cushions and doors in the rear passenger compartment.

You need a three-by-five-foot sheet of three-eighths-inch plywood (good one side), ten feet of one-by-three-inch clear white pine and six hinges.

Set the front seat of your car for the tallest driver and measure carefully the front to back dimension. Measure the

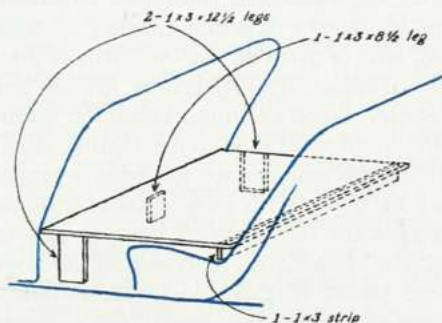
inside width from door to door at the front and back of the rear door. There may be a slight difference on some cars.

With these measurements noted, cut the plywood sheet and try it in the car for fit. You may have to sand or cut a bit more, particularly to allow for the door post offset in a four-door sedan.

When the plywood is fitted level and flush, measure and cut legs from the one-by-three lumber. Two legs are placed near each door and a shorter one over the driveshaft "tunnel." The rest of this lumber is used as a supporting strip at the back edge of the platform. Hinge the legs and the supporting strip to the plywood for easy removal; sand all edges to remove splinters and to avoid snags in the car's upholstery.

Depending on your needs, the platform is a child's play pen, a traveling crib, or an easy-to-reach "wagon bed" for grocery boxes, salesmen's samples or vacation and picnic gear. For small ones, a picnic blanket serves as a basic pad over the plywood platform. There's no seat to fall from if the infant rolls over and no place for toys to get lost, either.

For families in which the front seat must be adjusted for different drivers, you can attach two screw eyes to the back of the front seat and open screw eyes to the edge of the platform. Then, when the seat is moved, the platform moves with it, keeping a snug fit against the back of the seat. ■





a one-picture story

painting by Imogene Ragon

OZARK ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR

DURING THE FOURTH WEEKEND of October, the barn in the painting above will house a large collection of Ozark Mountain handicrafts, the work of hill country artists and craftsmen from northwest Arkansas and southwest Missouri. The occasion is the annual Ozarks Arts and Crafts Fair held at War Eagle, Arkansas, east of Rogers, on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Elliott. Among the articles on display are paintings, handmade jewelry, wood carvings, ceramics, handwoven cloth, quilts, knitted and crocheted items, leather work, and character dolls. All of the articles are for sale; arrangements for purchase may be made with individual craftsmen. No admission is charged for the fair. A good meal, prepared by the owners of War Eagle Mills Farm, is served on the lawn for a nominal price. One Ozark specialty available is fisherman's stew, made of smoked ham and vegetables.—AGNES R. HERD



MY TOM SAWYER TOWN—

TUMWATER TOWN

by John Wesley Noble . . . paintings by Menalkas Selander

FLOWING WIDE AND GREEN down the long valley from fir-tipped mountains, the Willamette River breaks suddenly, at Oregon City, over a short, sharp precipice. The big papermills of Crown-Zellerbach stand athwart the cascade. The mile-long gut between rocky bluffs below the falls is, in season, one of Oregon's fine angling grounds.

Indians of the region regarded this place reverently. It was to them "tum-tum," or spiritual heart of their world. In addition to the great silver salmon hordes gathering for their leaps at the foaming falls, there were thick upriver migrations of fat lamprey eels. Deer in great number came to drink. The Indian called it "Hyas Tyce Tumwater."

Here, each year, came the Klamaths, Multnomahs, Molallas and Clackamas people to fish and swim and eat their fill under the towering cottonwoods. Above the falls, near today's picnic grounds, was Canemah—the canoe place. Below the cascade, where Oregon City stands, was their village.

The first settlement, a Hudson's Bay post, was built of logs at the falls by John McLoughlin, whose stern, appraising eyes—in sculpted bronze—gaze down today from the bluffs beside U.S. Highway 99. Later came the wagon trains—my people among them—in over the old Oregon Trail to clear the wilderness and rest, at last, in the soft valley earth.

In 1844 Oregon City became the only incorporated town



← *Falls of the Willamette, with papermill dam.*

west of the Rockies. In 1849, the original plat for infant San Francisco was, of necessity, registered there. The document still is on display in the riverside courthouse. There, for the first time in Oregon Territory, flew the American flag, the first free public school west of the Mississippi was established, the first newspaper on the Pacific Coast, the first Protestant Church in the Northwest.

The great Indian encampments were gone by my childhood, but the place remained Hyas Tyee Tumwater—bountiful. However, the glory days were numbered. Portland, so situated as to catch commerce of both Willamette and Columbia, was growing; it became Oregon's metropolis, a city of 400,000. Oregon City, at its best, would number no more than 6000. To me, a native son, that was good. The special place of *tyees*—chiefs—shouldn't be built over with barbecue pits and filling stations.

This is boy country, and this is where I met Tom Sawyer, a kindred soul seemingly, who romped straight from the pages of a book I got at the little Carnegie Library. Our adventures somehow intertwined. Here were caves and bluffs, old covered bridges, swimmin' holes at every turn, unsurpassed fishing, and fir forests forever whispering Indian names. A boy could dream of small play or great adventure. Here was happiness, love, security—the essence of childhood.

Tom Sawyer was a natural for Oregon City. He belonged there. The cave where he and Becky Thatcher got lost was there in the bluff above the mills. Injun Joe could well have been the brown, stubby man we knew as Indian Dave. He peddled vegetables from a rickety old wagon; the stumps of ears under his floppy hat showed how the Shoshones had mistreated him. Becky Thatcher? She's still there, I suspect, in every class at Eastham School, strolling hand in hand with some small lad—as she did with me when dogwoods were starry-eyed—picking bouquets of trillium, wild flags and bleeding hearts. She still blushes shyly, I would bet, as still another boy with a jackknife carves initials in the soft old maple bark.

← *A boatload of logs headed for papermills.*



← *The new elevator and the old railroad station.*

The Duke and King, being outlanders, would have mis-called our river "Willa-MET"—it is "Will-AM-et." I must have seen them a hundred times among the strangers alighting from the Shasta Limited.

If Tom Sawyer snuck down lightning rods, Oregon boys used drainpipes, and we used to slip off to spy on the Chinamen in their river bottom truck gardens. They sold vegetables in competition with Indian Dave, anchoring their sleepy horses at the curb with heavy iron weights.

I have always believed Tom was the one who egged me to climb the forebidden bluff trail. Clinging to vines and crannies—and the bottle of vinegar I was bringing from the store—I almost made the top before I looked down and was terrified. The bottle slithered from my hand and crashed on the railroad tracks a hundred feet below. After that, I would use The Elevator.

This tall tower, rising from the heart of the business district to the level of the frowning bluff, is like a totem of the community. They call it "the vertical street"; and there's nothing in the world quite like it. Shoppers going home enter the car just off Main Street and are transported right to the top.

Tom 'n' I used to stand up there watching the river and dreaming of sailing over the falls on a raft, like Cap'n Bass Miller did in his steamboat. Then we'd hide off and catch a ride with our groceryman. If his Model-T truck didn't make it all the way up Singers Hill headfirst, he'd simply turn it about and we'd back up, swinging our legs from the tailgate. We explored together to the Clackamas River to watch the squaws swim after hop-picking. Once they caught us, and before they let us go the braves made us eat smoked eel. It wasn't too bad.

Years later, crossing the Mississippi at Hannibal, I glanced around for Tom. I didn't find him—and I knew I wouldn't. He was by then forever located in my memories of Oregon City, a town of bluffs and caves, a big river and boys. I suspect that's the way Mark Twain meant it to be. ■

← *One of the papermills operating under full "steam."*



←*painting of Weldon Hotel by Douglas A. Jones*

Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

WELDON HOTEL is a gracious inn furnished with unusual antique pieces and fine paintings. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; overnight accommodations. The hotel is in the center of Greenfield, Massachusetts, at 54 High Street (State Highway 2). Thomas J. Conner is the manager.

BAKED CHICKEN LOAF A LA GEORGE

1 tablespoon onion, chopped
1 tablespoon celery, chopped
1½ teaspoons green pepper, chopped
2 tablespoons butter
1 quart chicken stock
½ cup flour
½ cup butter, melted
1 quart cooked chicken, ground
1 egg, slightly beaten
Pastry (enough for two-crust pie)
2 cups Supreme Sauce or chicken gravy
Sauté onion, celery and green pepper in butter until soft. Add chicken stock and bring mixture to a boil. Make a smooth paste of flour and melted butter

over low fire. Blend a little of the hot liquid into the paste, then add to remainder of stock. The resulting sauce should be quite thick. Add ground chicken and blend thoroughly, then stir in egg. Shape mixture into 5 x 9-inch loaf and bake in loaf pan in 350-375° oven for 30 minutes or until loaf is well set. Remove from oven and chill until firm. Roll pie crust out into an oblong large enough to enfold the cooked chicken loaf. Place loaf on center of pastry, fold up sides and seal together on top. Place on shallow baking pan and bake 1 hour at 350-370°. Serve sliced and topped with Supreme Sauce (white sauce made with chicken broth and cream) or any favorite chicken gravy recipe. Serves 8.

THE TOWN CLUB Owner Margaret Brown converted a fifteen-room mansion into this delightful restaurant at 612 North Wood Avenue in Florence, Alabama, six and a half blocks north of U.S. 43 and U.S. 72. Lunch and dinner served; reservations necessary. Closed on Sunday.

SOUTHERN SPOON BREAD

½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup buttermilk
2 eggs
1 heaping tablespoon corn meal
½ teaspoon salt

1½ ounces butter or oleo, melted.

Add soda and baking powder to buttermilk. Beat eggs lightly and combine with milk. Then add meal, salt, melted butter and mix well. Pour into casserole and bake 20 minutes at 325° for 25 minutes at 350°. It is done when firm and brown. Yields 6 portions.

←*painting of The Town Club by Frances Stephenson*



←*painting of Burns Gables by Imogene Ragon*

BURNS GABLES is perched atop Boston Mountain on U.S. 71, midway between Fort Smith and Fayetteville near Winslow, Arkansas. The dining room is open daily 7:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities. Closed the first of December to the first of March. Mrs. Lavada Burns has been the owner and manager since 1936.

OZARK WILD HUCKLEBERRY PIE

2½ cups wild huckleberries
1¼ cups sugar
3 tablespoons corn starch or ⅓ cup flour
Pinch of salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice or generous
sprinkle of green huckleberries
Combine all ingredients and mix well.
Fill 9-inch pastry lined pie pan. Cover
with top crust, pinch top and bottom

crust together around pan; trim off
excess. Bake in 450° oven 10 minutes;
reduce heat to 350° and bake 35
minutes.

PIE CRUST

Melt ½ cup pure lard, add ¼ cup
hot water and ¼ teaspoon salt; mix
well. Add 1½ cups flour. Knead thor-
oughly by hand and chill in refrigerator
overnight before using.

SHOREWOOD TERRACE This restaurant on the
shores of Lake Superior is surrounded by eighteen acres of woods
and gardens. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served; closed
Monday. Reservations preferred. Closed from the first of
November to May 15. It is on U.S. 61 sixteen miles northeast
of downtown Duluth, Minnesota. Arthur B. Neeb is the owner
and manager.

ANGEL PUFF

8 egg whites (room temperature)
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 quart fresh berries
1 pint whipped cream, whipped
Beat egg whites until frothy, add
cream of tartar and beat until almost
dry. Slowly add 1 cup of sugar, vanilla
and vinegar while continuing to beat.
Add remaining cup of sugar slowly
beating until well blended and mixture
is stiff. Pour into greased 8-inch spring
form pan and bake in 250° oven for
1 hour and 15 minutes. Torte should

not be baked on a humid day. Top
cooled torte with berries and heap with
whipped cream. Makes 8-10 portions.

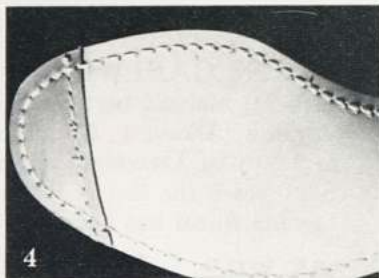
CHICKEN A LA POLLY

Select one small stewing chicken, cut
up into serving portions. Rub with
garlic, salt, pepper and flour. Brown in
butter or chicken fat. Add 1 large onion
and let fry a few minutes. Place in a
covered casserole with 1 cup chicken
broth or water. Add 1 teaspoon all-
spice, 1 bay leaf and 1½ cups Sherry
wine. Slice 1 unpeeled orange; add to
chicken casserole. Cook in 300° oven
until chicken is tender. Makes 3-4
portions.

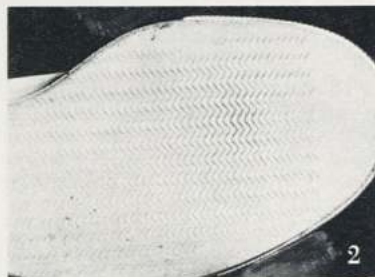
←*painting of Shore Terrace by Birney Quick*



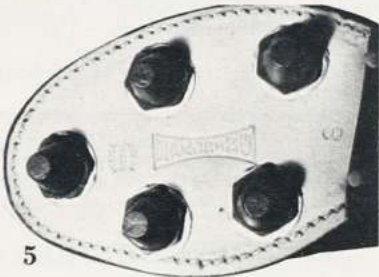
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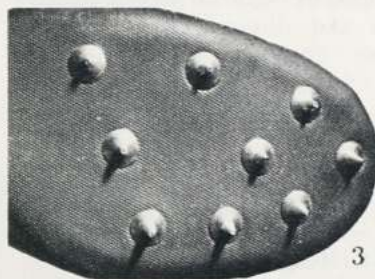
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GAME SECTION

photographs by Al Barry

What Is It?

TEST YOUR POWERS of deduction; see if you can identify the game related to the footwear by just a glimpse at the sole of the shoe. You should know at least four of the six, and you may be able to guess the others. Answers below.

1. Little League baseball 2. Boating (porous soles give yachtsmen a good grip on a wet deck) 3. Golf (rubber overshoes with steel spikes) 4. Bowling 5. Football 6. Basketball

Tip for Treasure Hunters

*Three Ford Treasury books are now available at \$1.00 each to Ford Times readers by special arrangement with the publisher. They represent a real treasure—these softbound editions at \$1.00 a copy carry exactly the same information and pictures as the bookstore editions which sell for \$1.95 to \$2.95. Three titles are available:

Ford Treasury of Station Wagon Living, Volume II

Ford Treasury of Station Wagon Living, Volume I

Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes from Famous Eating Places, Volume II



THE latest addition to the Ford Treasury series is the Ford Treasury of Station Wagon Living, Volume II. This is the new 1958 edition, entirely different from the 1957 edition. It describes 200 new products for outdoor living, stressing developments and improvements which have taken place in the last year. It contains a directory of Canadian campgrounds, and

a complete rundown on new developments in our national and state tenting areas. ■

A & W, BOX 350, POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

O

Enclosed is my check for \$_____ in payment for _____ copies of the Ford Treasures, as checked below:

☐

Ford Treasury of Station Wagon Living, Vol. II. Newest guide and compendium on camping and recreational gear; entirely different from Vol. I. 254 pages, \$1.00.

☐

Ford Treasury of Station Wagon Living, Vol. I. Best seller guide to outdoor recreation. Complete directory to U.S. campgrounds, 140 items of gear. 254 pages, \$1.00.

☐

Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes, Vol. II. Collected recipe pages from Ford Times serving as restaurant guide and featuring recipes of leading chefs. 254 pages. \$1.00.

NAME _____

STREET AND NUMBER _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** _____ **STATE** _____

Citation.

Whereas in making Braille Transcriptions for the blind it has been my sole object to choose those articles which are most interesting to the blind.

Whereas the articles must be fresh interesting something new something that can be seen with the fingers.

Whereas without exception those articles transcribed from Ford Times have been enjoyed and opened up new fields of interest.

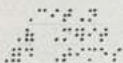
Therefore in appreciation of its meritorious services and articles and its whole-hearted cooperation.

Ford Times

is awarded this Citation of Merit by the Transcriber

March 1958.

E. J. Henriques



Dear Sirs: I am enclosing a Braille manuscript which I think will interest you. It is a transcription for the blind of a FORD TIMES feature, "Buckeye Ditch," even to the map which is transcribed by Braille raised line drawing, a method which I have devised.

Having recently celebrated my "diamond" anniversary, and with my activity restricted to three hours a day by TB, my primary undertaking these days has been transcribing stories into Braille for several of my sightless friends. Hardly a month passes without FORD TIMES being represented, and of all my transcribing these articles get the most praise. For this reason, I am sending you a special citation.

E. J. Henriques
Sanitorium, Mississippi

The Editors are pleased and proud to have Mr. Henriques' personal citation, reproduced here in much reduced size.

Dear Sirs: Your article last June on people who have owned Fords for a long time started me reminiscing about my own long loyalty to Ford Motor Company. I believe I hold close to some of the records outlined in that story. My ownership of Fords started in 1924 when I was first married. In fact, I took my honeymoon in the first Ford that had balloon tires in this town. Thereafter I owned Fords,

a new one nearly every year, until the war started in 1941, when the only car available was another Ford Motor product. I returned to Fords after the war, we became a two-Ford family, and my three sons have also bought Fords. All were purchased from Timmerman Motor Sales Company here in Lima.

Harry Wright, Jr.
Lima, Ohio

Dear Sirs: In your article on Brownsville, Nebraska, in the September FORD TIMES, the authors state that the phrase "land office business" probably originated in that town because of a U. S. Land Office there in 1862. Actually, there were many land offices in the U. S. before 1862. The Holland Land Office, here

in Batavia, was built in 1804 and was "doing a land office business" for many years before the Civil War. It still stands on West Main Street and houses a museum which is open daily to the public.

J. W. Brown, Managing Editor
The Daily News
Batavia, New York

Dear Sirs: Bill Logan, in his article "Through Oregon's Lolo Pass," in your August issue, wrote as follows: "The bump (referring to a bump of a mountain north of Mt. Hood) was named Gil Hooley for the castaway

in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." The author's memory played him false. I thought everyone knew that the castaway's name was Ben Gunn.

Vera Criteser
Oregon City, Oregon

Dear Sirs: In view of your interest in the ways people turn their Fords into vehicles for living outdoors, I thought you might be interested in 74-year-old Albert Gillis of Oconto Falls, Wisconsin, and his 1929 Model A. When he and Mrs. Gillis go off on a trip, he removes the back of the seat and lays down a piece of plywood especially built for a perfect fit as the foundation of the bed. He fills the turtle section with soft ferns and branches and then spreads quilts and blankets for a soft mattress. The

couple get ready for a good night's sleep by sliding down from inside the car, as shown in the picture at left. The other picture shows them with the deck lid up, but they always close it down for the night.

Mr. Gillis bought the car new and has driven it more than 200,000 miles. He jacks it up each night "to rest the tires" and in cold weather he drains the oil at night and puts warm oil in in the morning.

Mrs. John A. Minsky
Green Bay, Wisconsin





THE OXBOW COUNTRY

Captioning his snapshot "The Sage of Cool Creek," **Charles W. White** tells us that Cool Creek is at Carmel, a village near Indianapolis, Indiana. He earns money to buy milk for his three kids by being Editor of the Editorial Page of the *Indianapolis Times* and by free-lancing when time permits. **George Yater** is a noted Provincetown, Massachusetts, artist, attended the Cape Art School, and has been Director of Provincetown Art Association for the past twelve summers. But he first studied art at the John Herron Art School in Indianapolis, and he stems originally from Madison, Indiana, which is just seventy-five miles upriver from Oxbow Bends country.



THE 24-CARAT GHOST TOWN

Now living in Trenton, Michigan, **George Reeves** was raised on a South Dakota ranch by an uncle who came into Lead City, Dakota Territory, in 1877. For his nephew, the old-timer was a gold mine of anecdote on the famous gold mining discovery. Reeves free-lances extensively and is a frequent contributor to *FORD TIMES*. **James M. Boyle** grew up in Pennsylvania, and studied at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh before going out to the University of Colorado to teach. He received his MFA in painting there and in 1946 became head of the art department at the University of Wyoming. He grew fond of the wide open spaces and considers Laramie "close to an ideal place to live." His work has been exhibited widely.



TUMWATER TOWN, OREGON

Californian by residence and Oregonian by birth, **John Wesley Noble** was born in 1913 in "Tumwater Town." While visiting there last year with his two sons and listening to "grandpa" spin yarns of his boyhood homestead days, the idea for this tale of Oregon City crystalized. Noble contributes to most of the major magazines and is author of the best-seller, "Never Plead Guilty." Also with two sons to his credit, **Menalkas Selander** was born in Portland, Oregon, but went east to study, graduating from the Art Institute of Chicago. His love of the West brought him back to Portland where he now lives and works. He is a past-president of the Oregon Society of Artists and lists numerous exhibitions of his work.



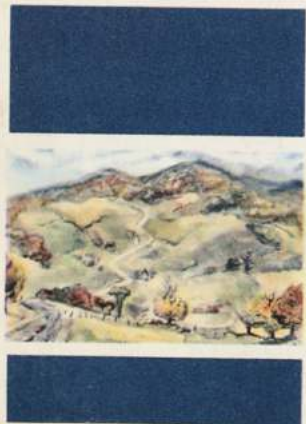


painting by Menalkas Selander

Menalkas Selander's watercolor, above, shows the Willamette River bridge at the heart of downtown Oregon City. This town of six thousand has a "vertical street" in the form of a huge elevator. Called "Tumwater Town," a name derived from the Indians, Oregon City has all the ingredients dear to the hearts of the Tom Sawyers and Huckleberry Finns who grew up there. One of these is John Wesley Noble, whose affectionate story of Tumwater Town, illustrated with Mr. Selander's watercolors, begins on page 51.



PRESS PROOF



Front cover—The view of autumn foliage captured in Robert W. Blair's painting can be enjoyed near Galeton, in north-central Pennsylvania, en route to the park where the Ole Bull Musical Festival is held annually in October. Story and other paintings on page 18.

FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.