

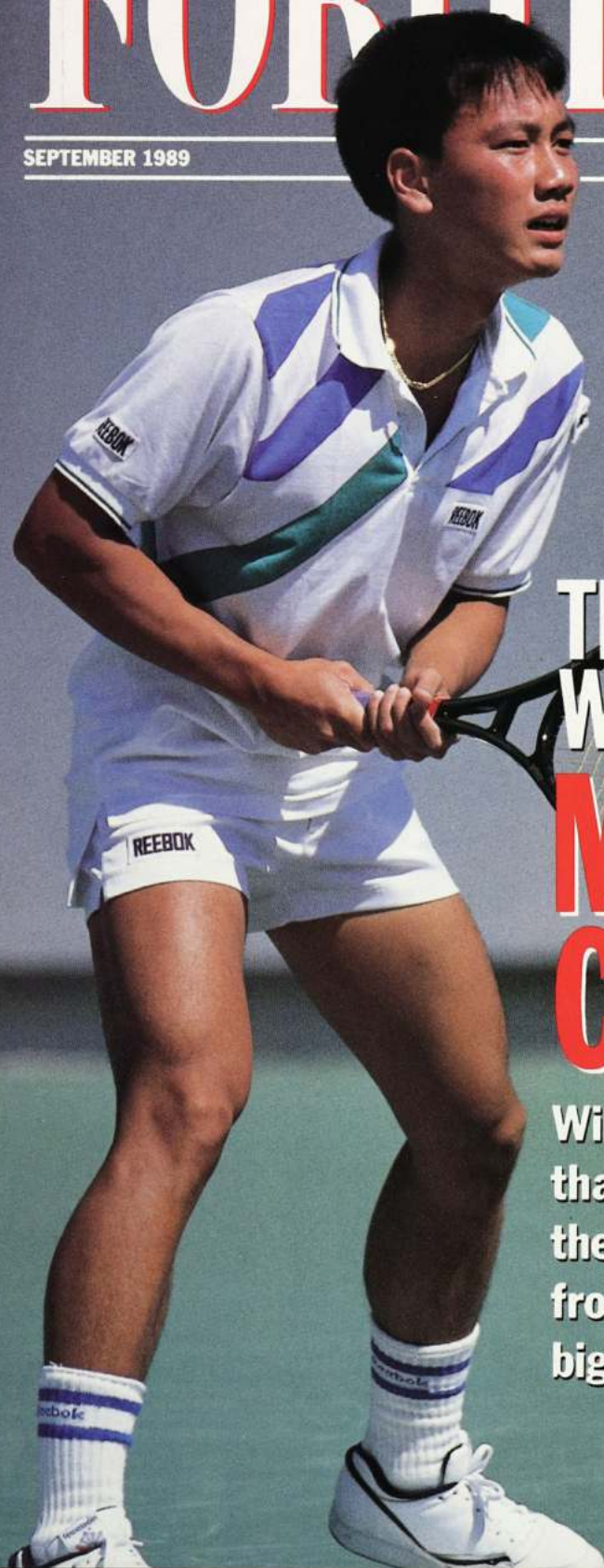
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# FORD TIMES

SEPTEMBER 1989

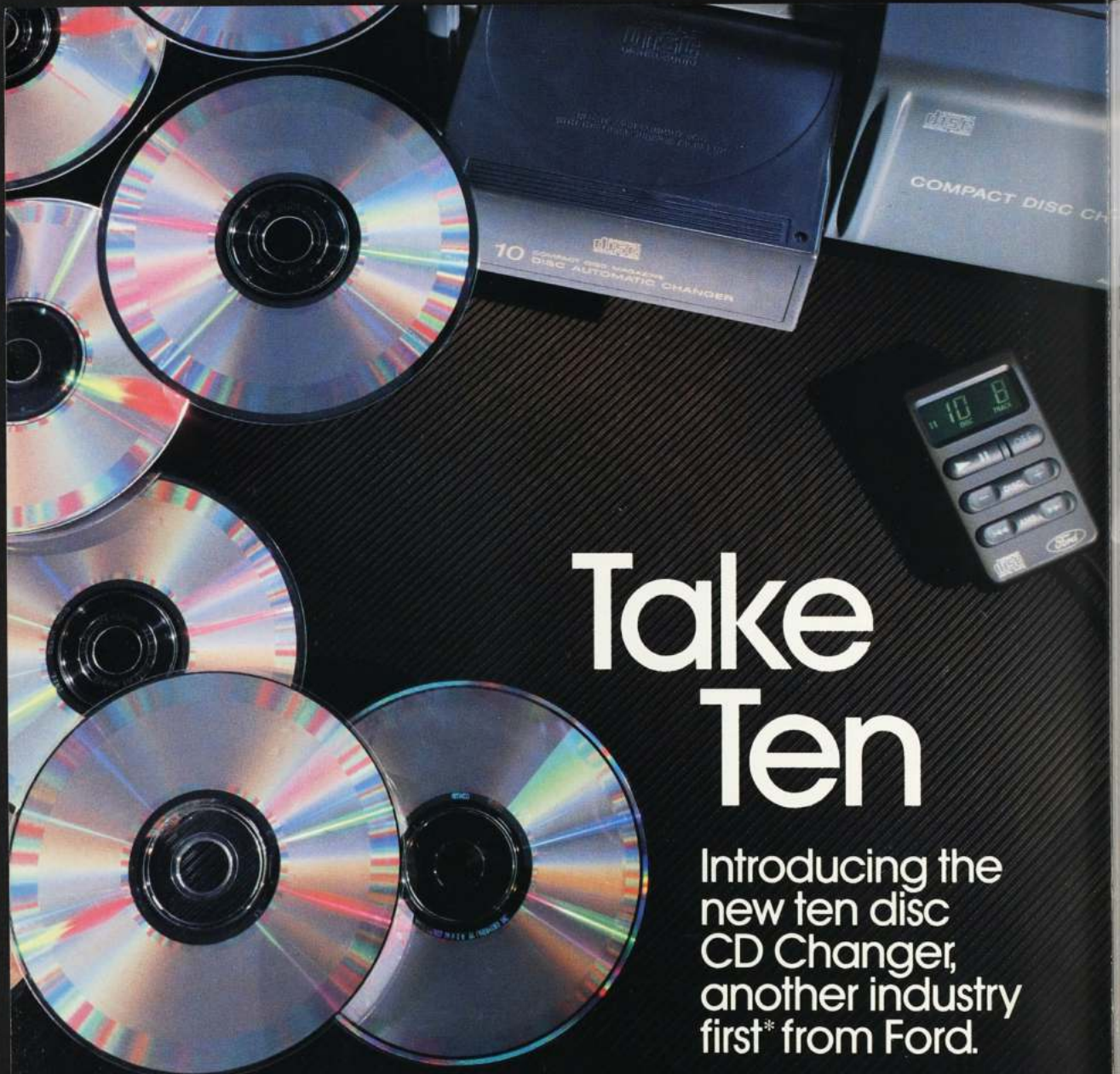
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## THE TWO WORLDS OF **MICHAEL CHANG**

Will the family values  
that gave this 17-year-old  
the will to win keep him  
from becoming just another  
big-time tennis brat?





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# FORDTIMES

September 1989 Volume 82 Number 9

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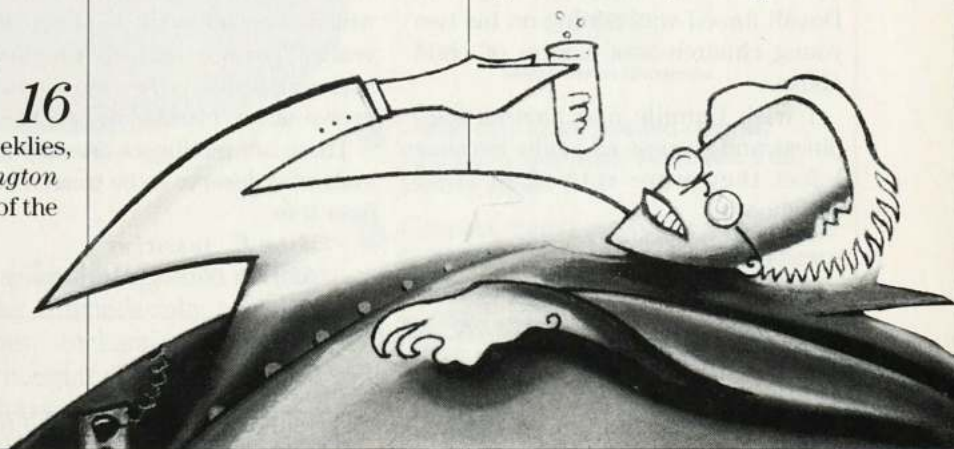
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## COVER PHOTO

Seventeen-year-old Michael Chang is the fastest-rising star in professional tennis. Tom Carter tells the story of his upward climb beginning on page 4.

Cover photo by Michael Baz

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## COLLECTOR'S ITEM

In your letters column (June), you referred to Ford's *Diamond Jubilee Recipe Collection Book*. How can I get a copy? It sounds very interesting.

Charles H. Nussear  
Medford, New Jersey

*We appreciate your interest, but unfortunately the book is out of print.*

## STRONGER TONE NEEDED

I seldom feel the need to respond to magazine articles. However, I was appalled at the casual treatment used in describing the childhood of Sammy and Camille Duvall ("Waterskiing's Dynamic Duo," June). The way Sam Duvall forced waterskiing on his two young children was a form of child abuse.

I wish Camille and Sammy happiness and success as adults because I feel they were robbed of their childhood.

Mary Buebeller  
Stoughton, Wisconsin

## DON'T HESITATE TO SWAP

While your article "Swapping Houses, Switching Lives" (May) focuses on international house swapping, this idea is hardly "a new twist on travel."

My memories of super experiences with house swapping in Grand Rapids, Michigan and Unionville on Long Island, New York, in 1966 and 1967, are as bright and treasured today as they were 14 years ago. At that time, however, we had not met our exchange

families. But in 1976 our Michigan friends visited us, and a year later our Long Island exchangers dropped in. In minutes it seemed as if we had always known each other.

I would urge anyone considering this great idea to dismiss all fears, qualms and hesitations, and to go ahead with plans for one of the best vacations ever.

Carol Rich  
Athol, Massachusetts

## A TRUE BLUE FRIEND

The way to truly befriend a dolphin (Glove Compartment, May) is to send letters to your representatives in Washington to protest the manner in which thousands of dolphins perish yearly. They are scooped up in fishing nets and, because they are mammals, drown or are crushed to death.

These are intelligent, friendly mammals who deserve to be treated better than this.

Jane E. Aussicker  
Morris Plains, New Jersey

## PUZZLER ANSWER

(Puzzler appears on page 48.)



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SPORTS

# Can a NICE GUY

*Finish First?*

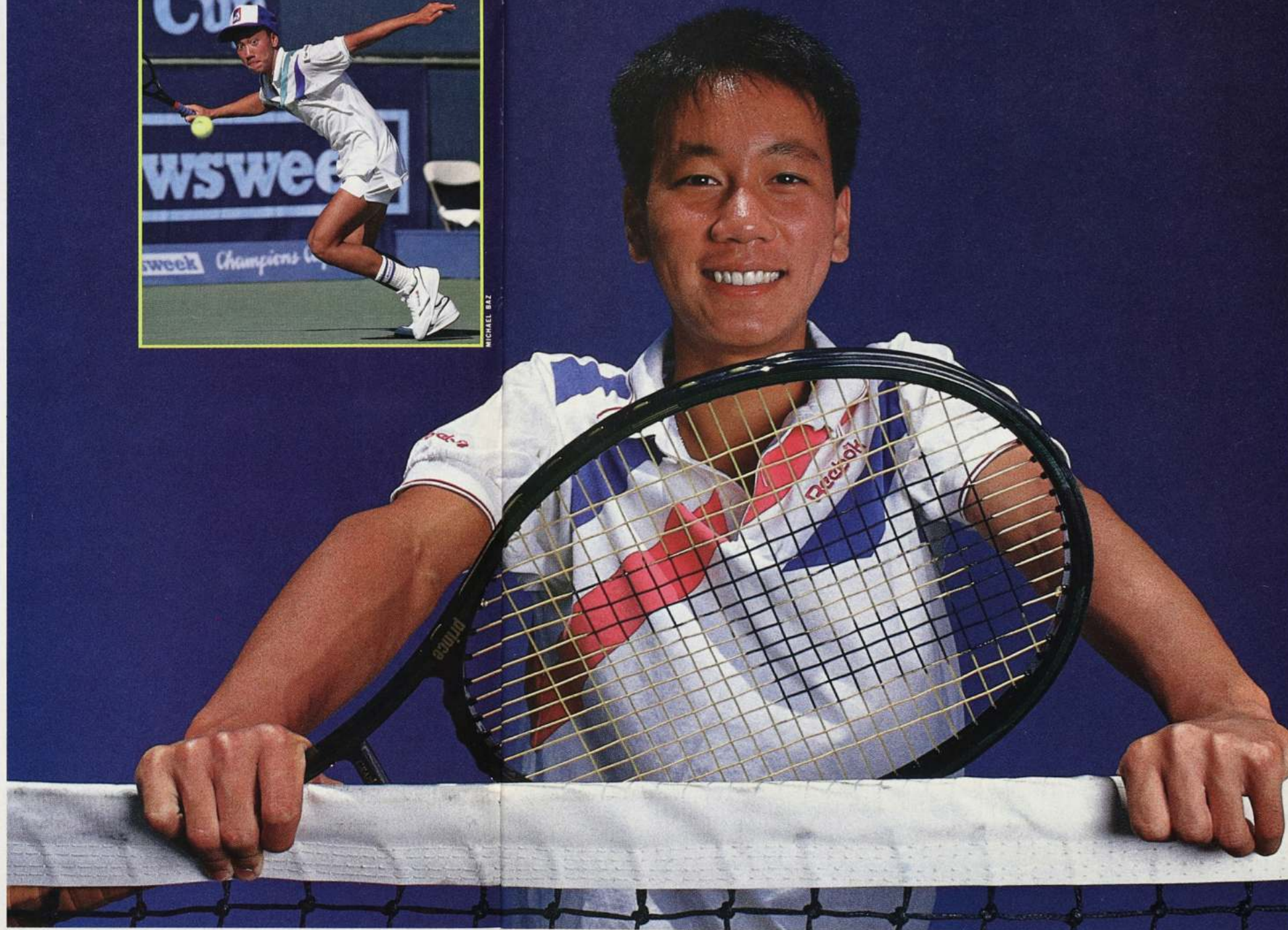
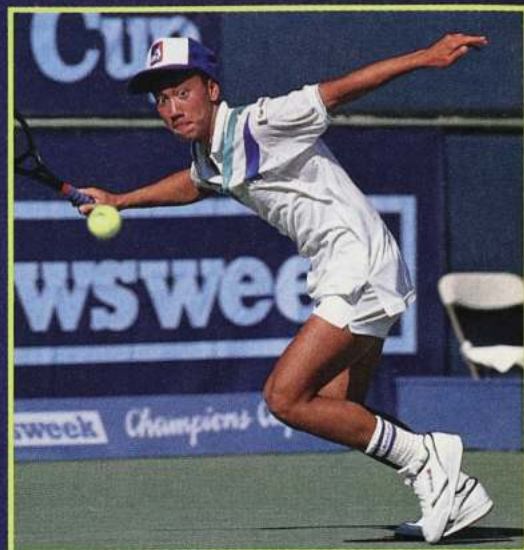
*Armed with smarts, speed and poise under fire, rising star Michael Chang is teaching tennis' big boys a lesson in well-mannered winning.*

*By Tom Carter*

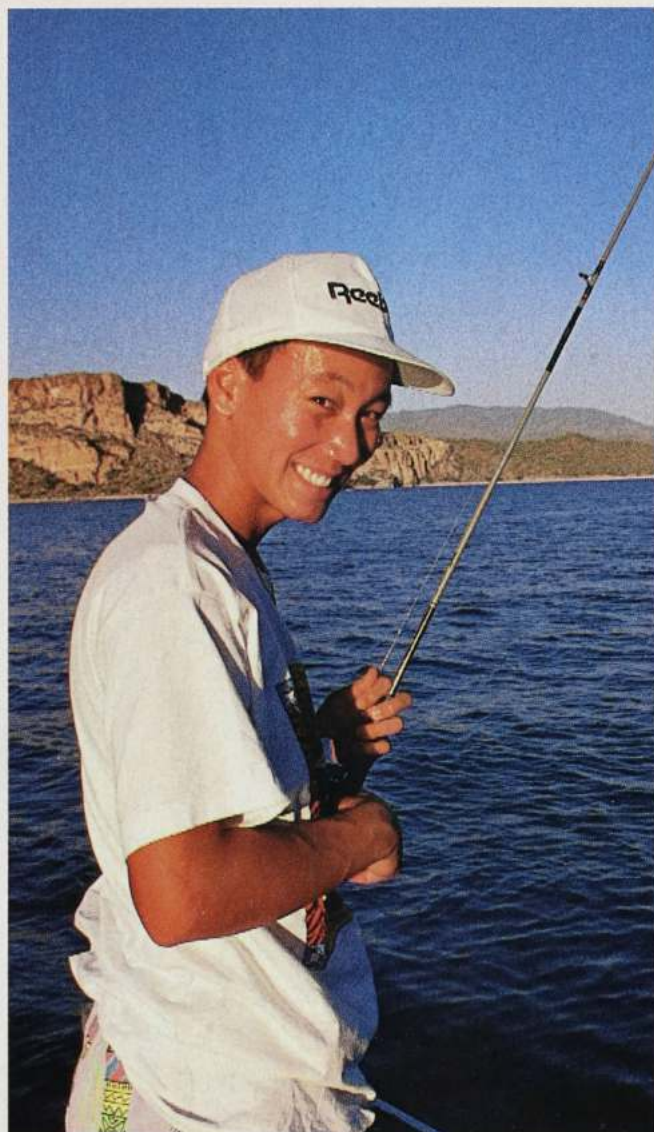
**F**or more than four hours before a roaring crowd, the two athletes had been locked in combat. To look at them, you would hardly think they were evenly matched.

On one side of the net stalked tall, lanky Ivan Lendl, a 29-year-old veteran ranked No. 1 in the world. On the other side smooth-muscled Michael Chang looked more like a choir boy who had taken a wrong turn and wound up at Roland Garros Stadium outside Paris by mistake. At 17, Michael had been playing big-time tennis for only a year.

But the surprising truth was that Chang, in his first French Open, was







DAVID WALBERG

well on his way to dismantling another victim. A relative unknown to most of the world at the start of the match, his face would be splashed over newspapers on every continent in less than 24 hours.

The match had taken a dramatic turn in the first game of the fifth set, when Chang fired off a forehand crosscourt winner that sailed past Lendl, leaving him sprawled on the baseline. But it wasn't long before Chang was weakened by painful leg cramps. Known in tennis circles as a player who never seems to buckle under pressure, Michael used soft lobs, an underhand serve and sheer guts to overcome the pain, upsetting Lendl in one of the most stirring matches in French Open history.

Tears were shed after that win, but Michael never lost his composure again, beating Ronald Agener, Andrei Chesnokov and, finally, Stefan Edberg for the title.

Chang is the fastest-rising star in pro tennis, and he's determined to have it all. His father, Joe, who has coached him since he was six, says, "We want a world champion."

No one will predict he can't make it. Less than a year ago, when Chang was



JOHN RUSSELL

## VITAL STATS

**Age:** 17  
**Height:** 5'8 1/2"  
**Weight:** 140 lbs  
**Home:** Placentia, California  
**Years Pro:** 1 1/2  
**Ranking at press time:** No. 6  
**Career highlights:** Youngest player to win a grand slam title (the French Open). Youngest men's player to win a first-round match at the U.S. Open.  
**Currently the youngest player in the Top 10.**  
**Hobbies:** Fishing, studying Chinese, oceanography  
**Quote:** "For now tennis will be my career, but I'll always have education to fall back on."



JOHN RUSSELL



ranked 488th in the world, experts were predicting that the full-time, full-fledged international traveling pro would be among the top 10 within two years. After his pivotal win, Michael surprised everyone by vaulting to No. 6 well ahead of schedule.

The past year has been one marked by upward mobility. At San Francisco's \$425,000 Transamerica Open last fall, Chang turned in a stellar performance, polishing off not only South Africa's intimidating Johan Kriek but the entire field without losing a single set. It made him the youngest player in history to win a men's pro event with that size purse. Chang's winner's check was \$59,500. Not a bad week's work for a kid who only the year before had played in a junior tournament down the freeway in Burlingame.

The life of a pro, of course, has changed many things for Michael. No more school, for one thing. At tournaments, he says, it was hard to play his heart out, then go back to his hotel to do homework when all he wanted to do was sleep. In the middle of his sophomore year in the spring of '88, he passed a high school equivalency test in his hometown of Placentia, California.

Besides the grueling daily practices that have been routine most of his life, Chang now does stretching exercises, gobbles vitamin tablets and treasures any tips from his fellow pros that will aid his ascent — such as how to deal with debilitating humidity.

He also eats balanced meals, Chinese food when possible. "In the juniors," he observes, "they're still eating candy bars and junk food."

**A**s America's aging men tennis players have ceased to dominate (Jimmy Connors is 37, 30-year-old John McEnroe is attempting a comeback), hopes have been pinned primarily on two outstanding teen-

agers, Chang and Andre Agassi. Agassi, a good-natured, hard-hitting 19-year-old from Las Vegas, already ranks fourth in the world. In a televised match at the 1988 U.S. Open, he defeated Chang, who had upset a high-ranking Swede, Jonas Svensson. Agassi went on to become the youngest player ever to reach the men's semifinals.

The two locked horns again in April, when Chang beat Agassi at the North Carolina Federal/Investment Tennis Championship in Charlotte, North Carolina. At the AT&T Tennis Challenge, held just a week later in Atlanta, Chang defeated Ivan Lendl in the semifinals, but was once again edged out by Agassi in the finals.

Both young men are such tenacious battlers, yet such models of behavior and occasional good humor, that American fans are wondering whether the feisty image of U.S. men players may be changing.

The skills that have brought Chang this far are his penetrating, intelligently placed ground strokes, his unusual speed, and what would be impressive even in a seasoned veteran — his poise under pressure. In tight situations Chang can hit blistering winners.

His serve, though not a serious liability, is not yet lethal. But as he adds weight to his 5-foot-8½, 140-pound frame, it could be. Kriek, for example, the same height but heavier, served 16 aces in upsetting McEnroe in the Transamerica Open. But as a basic baseliner in the Bjorn Borg-Jimmy Connors mold, Michael is not without other winning attributes.

He shows an improved volley and willingly charges the net, finishing off points quicker and conserving his strength.

Chang is the first Chinese-American to demonstrate world championship potential in tennis. His father was

---

**Michael's  
father, who  
has coached  
him since he  
was six, says,  
'We want a  
champion.'**

---





**Michael's mother, Betty, is his traveling companion. She makes him dumplings, sews his shorts and screens his calls.**

born in China, reared in Taiwan and came to America in the mid-1960s. Michael's mother, Betty, is the daughter of a Chinese diplomat. They met at the University of Minnesota. Both are chemists. Michael's older brother, Carl, is on a tennis scholarship at the University of California-Berkeley.

They're a warmly united family, especially when it comes to tennis. Two years ago they organized a series of meetings to decide Michael's future.

**A**t 15 he had been the youngest to win the under-18 nationals in Kalamazoo, Michigan. In the 1987 U.S. Open men's draw, he became the youngest player in history to win a singles match. Later that year, testing more pro waters as an amateur, he reached the semifinals of a pro event in Phoenix.

Was it best, the family wondered, for Michael to play college tennis or turn pro? What if his winnings couldn't support the pro lifestyle?

"To develop a champion today requires probably \$100,000 to \$150,000 a year," Joe Chang says. "We couldn't afford that."

The clincher was a Reebok endorsement contract, an offer reliably estimated to be worth as much as \$2 million over eight years. By accepting, the Changs eliminated the worry of financing travel, lodging and other cir-

cuit expenses. Their son, they decided, would turn pro in February 1988.

Michael was content to postpone college. An enthusiastic fisherman, he's interested in pursuing the study of oceanography, but school, like the junior tennis ranks, is now ancient history. Nevertheless, his mother, who travels everywhere with him, is teaching him Chinese.

"I'm not proficient but I can get by," says Chang, who has visited Taiwan but not China. "I think of myself as Chinese but born into an American lifestyle. At home we eat with chopsticks. It's a mixed culture and it's good."

He once thought girls didn't like him because he was Chinese. "I don't think that way anymore," he says. "My attitude is to let things happen naturally. I've learned that people like you for who you really are, not whether you're black or Chinese, rich or not. I think it's important to have that kind of attitude."

As for his growing tennis fame, he says simply: "I just don't ever want to get conceited."

Michael readily acknowledges that he is sacrificing certain youthful pleasures for his tennis career. "I can't go out with my friends all the time," he observes. "I try to catch up on the gossip through my best friend when I'm home. But I don't regret this. I'm still enjoying life, and that's important."

Can Michael become No. 1?

"It's almost pointless to discuss how good he could become," says John McEnroe, who was No. 1 for four and a half years. "He's incredibly mature for a tennis player that young. But there's not much pressure on him. That will change. Right now it's fun and games. Two years makes a big difference."

*Tom Carter is a columnist for Inside Tennis in Oakland, California. He has been playing tennis since age 10.*



# HATS OFF TO STETSON

*Cowboys young and old have proudly worn this Western crown for more than a century.*

By JOHN DUGGLEBY

**H**appy trails to you, until we meet again." When I was seven, my Saturday mornings revolved around that happy TV refrain, sung by Roy Rogers as he tipped his white cowboy hat and rode Trigger into the sunset — or at least into the next commercial.

I tipped my cowboy hat right back and, for good measure, fired a couple of volleys from my cap gun. Day and night, that hat clung to my scalp almost as tightly as my hair. I was omnipotent beneath its protective brim; there wasn't a bad guy I couldn't corral or a wrong I couldn't right. Straddling the arm of the living room sofa, I felt as tall in the saddle as the King of the Cowboys himself.

And I wasn't alone. My grandpa wore a straw cowboy hat to protect his bald head from the sun, as did every other self-respecting Iowa farmer. Stained with sweat from years of honest work, it seemed more American to me than a dozen Statues of Liberty.

Then John F. Kennedy ruined it. Just because he was the first president in 40 years with a full head of hair, he had the audacity to go without a hat — *any* hat. His New Frontier had no place for Old Frontier trappings. Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, the Lone Ranger, Wyatt Earp and all the others headed for the rerun roundup, and Trigger was stuffed. I grew up and cast off my own cowboy hat — along with the innocence it held — for the headbands of the Woodstock era.

Fortunately the cowboy hat has proven as resilient as the saddle tramps who immortalized it. About 10 years ago, the *Urban Cowboy* craze saw it crowning heads from Manhattan, Kansas to Manhattan Island. Now people in the industry say that, after a long siesta, sales are on the rise again. Why, you ask? There are certainly more practical head



coverings around. The truth is, cowboy hats hold legends you just can't find in the ubiquitous plastic-mesh baseball cap. They instantly make the wearer feel more confident, rugged and resourceful. To lower a cowboy hat over one's forehead is to enter — dare I say it? — a man's world.

Ironically, the topper that has graced Western heroes from Buffalo Bill to the Marlboro Man was invented by a sickly Easterner, a hatmaker named John B. Stetson. With little to lose, he went gold prospecting out West in the 1860s. After a year, the only precious metal he had reaped was a \$5 gold piece someone paid him for a special hat he designed for the rigors of the wide-open spaces. It had a wide brim and a high crown, and unlike other headgear, which crumpled under the elements, it



was made of tightly felted beaver fur (the downy undercoat of the animal), which could withstand both Montana blizzards and Arizona heat waves.

Stetson's timing couldn't have been better. He began manufacturing his creation just as the first cattle drives were crossing the Western plains. His name became synonymous with cowboy hats, just as another westward migrator, Levi Strauss, put his indelible stamp on the prospector's jeans.

As the Old West faded into memory, the cowboy hat remained perched on some of the most prominent heads of the 20th century. It's been worn by

Hats. However, don't expect a revival of the 10-gallon variety garnished with snakeskin headbands and exotic feathers. Among the more popular models are "crossover hats" with smaller brims and modest crowns.

Although most of today's hats sell to would-be broncobusters west of the Mississippi, they also find their way to my part of Wisconsin, where a cowboy is the kid who milks the Holsteins each evening.

"There's a mild interest again, mostly among men, in cowboy hats," notes Tony Badame, who owns a hat shop in Madison. "We're selling maybe



**I'll admit that I don't wear my cowboy hat every day;  
I save it for special occasions. When the going gets tough,  
when the words won't come or when I need the spiritual  
equivalent of a slap on the back from John Wayne,  
I pull it low on my brow.**

presidents from Teddy Roosevelt to Lyndon Johnson; by actors from Tom Mix to Eddie Murphy. In the case of Ronald "Death Valley Days" Reagan, we even had a cowboy-hatted actor/president. It could happen only in America.

Perhaps that's why the cowboy hat is one of the most prized souvenirs of foreigners who visit our country. Winston Churchill had one, and Prince Charles has several. In a gentler time, Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping donned one in Texas, then opened a rodeo by circling the arena in a stagecoach. Such is the power of cowboy headgear.

But nobody was prepared for the stampede to cowboy hats in the late 1970s. Amazingly, hats, boots and an entire herd of western-yoked clothing migrated from Western stores to boutiques on Fifth Avenue and Rodeo Drive. Willie Nelson became one of our most popular entertainers, and J.R. Ewing's cowboy hat from "Dallas" was enshrined in the Smithsonian Institution.

The cowboy boom went bust, of course, but some claim that the classic hat is still kicking. "We've been making and selling more hats in the past couple of years," says John Rosenthal of Stetson

five or six a week. I've finally cleaned out all the inventory left in our basement from the *Urban Cowboy* days, and I'm ready to order some new styles." Customers can expect to shell out upwards of \$100 to look the part in the New West.

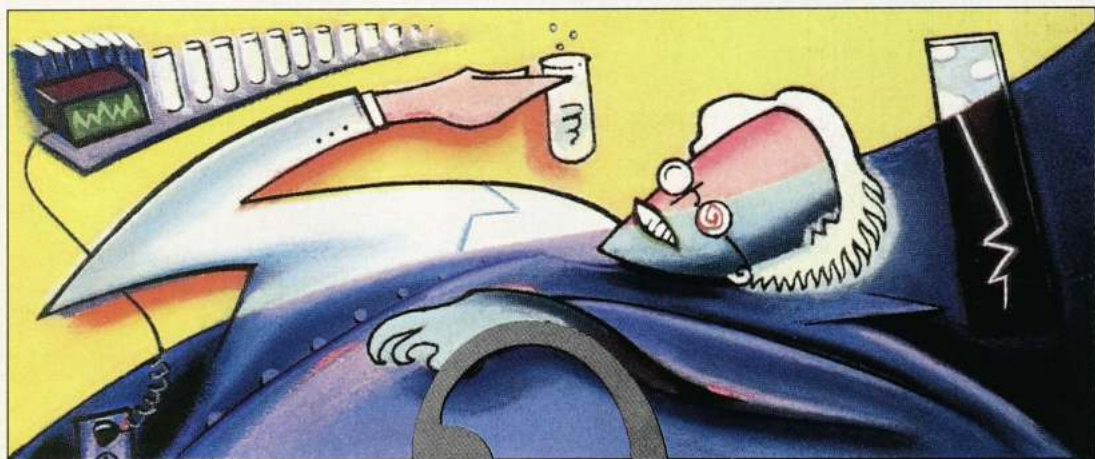
You won't sell one to me, Tony. I returned to the fold about 15 years ago while rummaging through a secondhand store. There among the madras shirts and Nehru jackets was a genuine Stetson beaver felt hat. I tried it on, and once again I was the kid who rode the living room couch to glory. Ten dollars later it was mine.

I'll admit that I don't wear my cowboy hat every day; I save it for special occasions. When the going gets tough, when the words won't come or when I just need the spiritual equivalent of a slap on the back from John Wayne, I pull it low on my brow. My daughter says I look like a geek, but she didn't grow up on Roy Rogers. All I know is that in my Stetson I stand tall and look the world straight in the eye. Even if the world is snickering back. ■

*All-American Classics will appear regularly in Ford Times.*



# WHO HOLDS THE PATENT ON INGENUITY



By CHARLES HARTER

Has America run out of ideas? Nearly half of the 84,439 patents granted by the U.S. Patent Office last year went to foreigners, up from 36 percent a decade earlier. Although some accuse the Japanese of copying American technology, nearly one out of five U.S. patents is issued to someone from Japan. Consequently both private and federal groups are battling the "N.I.H. (Not Invented Here) syndrome," and Congress is investigating everything from tax to trade laws to find ways to spur American inventions. What's more, children's education

programs such as the "Invent America" contest are aiming to put Yankee ingenuity into the classroom and people like Edison back on a pedestal. Meanwhile, thousands of maverick geniuses and part-time creators are doing their part, cranking out contraptions in basements and back rooms, but otherwise leading ordinary lives. "The image of the inventor as someone with corkscrew hair huddled over his Bunsen burner is not very true to life," says Professor Robert Krolick, who has taught a class on patenting and marketing new ideas. On the following pages are three successful inventors for the '90s.





KEN HAKUTA

## OFF THE WALL

**I**nventive genius can take many forms, but nowhere is it more colorful than in the antics of Ken Hakuta, the self-proclaimed "Dr. Fad."

In 1983 Hakuta was a mild-mannered import-export dealer living in Washington, D.C. His life was changed by a spiderlike rubber blob his mother sent from Japan. When his kids threw it against the wall, it stuck and then flip-flopped a couple of times as if it were actually walking.

Hakuta saw his future, along with the blob, pass before his eyes. "Businessmen per se are very boring," he observes. "I wanted to have some fun." With a few modifications and a lot of seat-of-the-pants marketing, Wacky Wall-

Walkers were born. Within months, millions of the eight-legged creepers were popping up in stores, fast-food outlets and cereal boxes.

Today Hakuta is the guru of amateur inventors. His "Fad Line" rings with 3,000 to 4,000 calls each month from people who believe they have the next Hula Hoop or Frisbee.

Hakuta also has turned his attention to children in a new weekly CBS television program, "The Dr. Fad Show." The format, which he describes as "a cross between Mr. Wizard and Pee Wee Herman," spotlights young inventors.

"There's a real boom in children's creativity if it's encouraged," Hakuta says. "Inventors are really in."





COLLEEN MURPHY

## PLAYING ENTREPRENEUR

**Y**ou'll have to forgive 14-year-old Colleen Murphy if she's bouncing as she tells you about the Boinks! she invented. Less than two years ago she was just another kid with a good idea. Today the youngest entrepreneur in Sparta, New Jersey has sold more than four million of her springy plastic playthings to such customers as Toys-R-Us, Spencer Gifts and Disney World.

Boinks! are springlike toys that bounce like crazy as they ricochet around the room. They were born when Murphy's father, a corporate vice president, brought home coiled-plastic packaging materials.

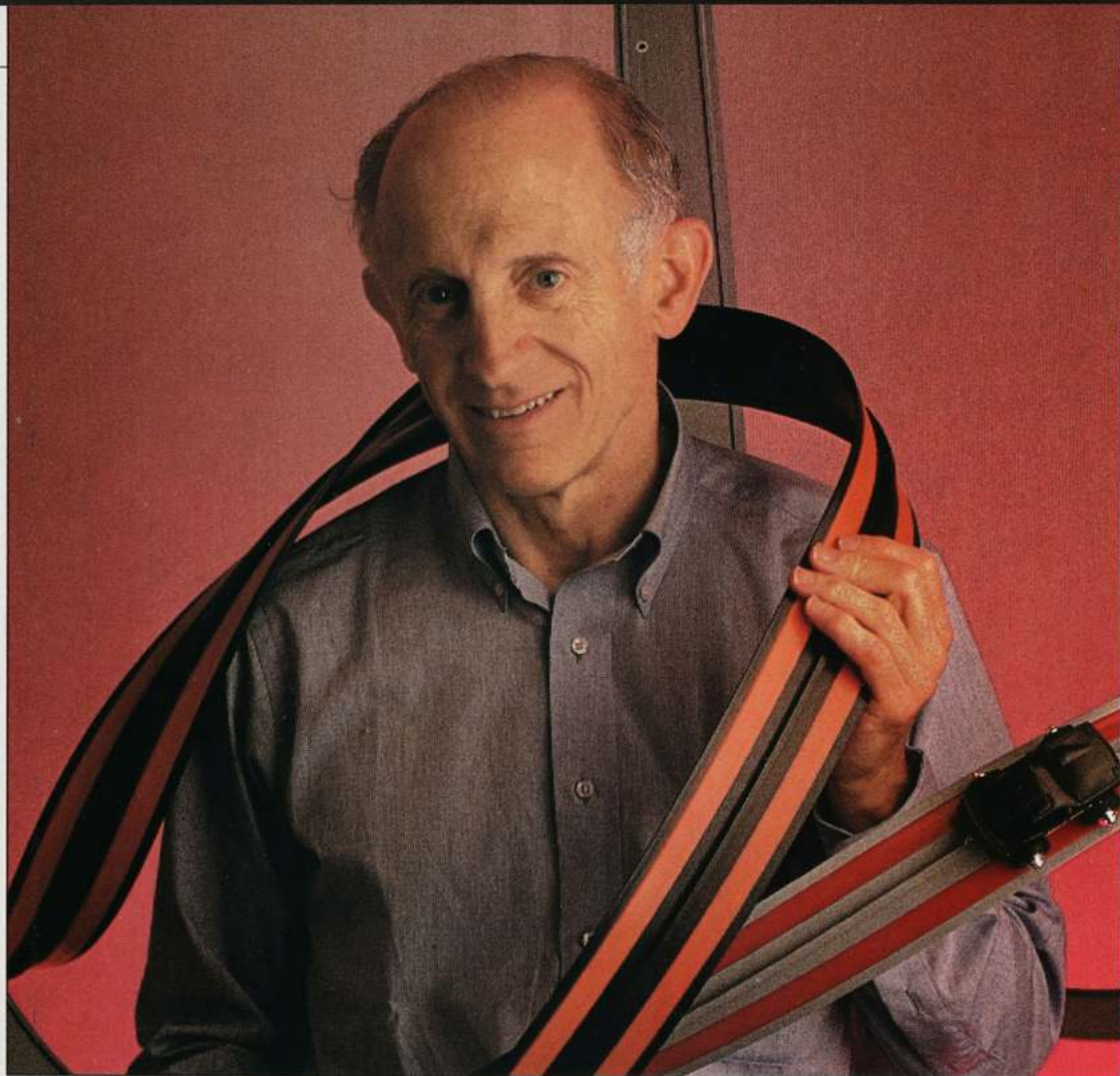
"My brother and I played with them, and we had some friends over and started throwing

them at the walls," she recalls. "It was a lot of fun [and harmless to the house], and we thought it would make a great toy."

After working on the design, Murphy's family bagged thousands of Boinks! and went to a large fad trade show. "We sold them in bags of four for a dollar, and people were throwing them around the whole hall," she says. "Pretty soon, the floors were covered with Boinks!"

Murphy's parents and their partners, Dick and Rita Develin, have helped with product licensing, as well as hiring and bookkeeping at Boinks! assembly and distribution centers in New Jersey and Philadelphia. Murphy and her 13-year-old brother, Kevin, remain the creative force behind Boinks!





JEROME LEMELSON

## THE IDEA MAN

**Y**ou won't find schools or freeways named after Jerome Lemelson, but he has affected the lives of most Americans. Each time you buy a product with a bar code, use an automated teller machine or dial a cordless telephone, you are acknowledging one of his contributions.

His list of 400-plus U.S. patents ("I lost track of exactly how many," he admits) ranks third behind Edison and Edwin Land, inventor of the Polaroid camera. In a shop in his Princeton, New Jersey home, the 66-year-old Lemelson conceives at least one or two novel devices a month.

One of his credos is, "Ninety percent of the inventive process is a good ability to see prob-

lems clearly and react to them." He put that observation to work during near-eternal waits for documents that had to be tracked down in the patent office's cavernous search room. Lemelson soon returned with a design for an instrument that could store thousands of pages of printed documents on a reel of magnetic tape, which could then be "searched" on a television screen. This concept of video filing is the forerunner of today's desktop computer storage and retrieval. His low-tech contributions include Hot Wheels-type racing tracks and a Velcro dart board.

"Nothing is more rewarding to an inventor than to see the world benefit from what he has created," Lemelson says.



# INGENUITY

## WAGING WAR IN THE WORKSHOP

**Q** uick, name three living inventors. It's not easy, is it? In a land that gave birth to the label "Yankee ingenuity" — as well as to such famous practitioners as Thomas Edison, Henry Ford and the Wright Brothers — where are today's "Eureka" people?

The experts say that today's geniuses seem to keep a lower profile than their notable predecessors. Most contemporary professional inventors work in corporate research and development departments, where their faces are buried from public view. "I don't think there are more than 500 people [in the U.S.] not attached to a company who can make a living from inventing," says Jerome Lemelson, one of today's most prolific independent creators (see profile on page 14).

But that doesn't mean that these heirs to the torch — or, rather, the light bulb — passed by Edison don't try. They received about one-fourth of the patents granted to Americans in 1988. Most have more optimism than profit to show for their labors, however.

Contrary to the wacky notions often associated with them, most inventors are regular guys (only about two out of every 50 U.S. patents are issued to women).

There are exceptions, of course. Nautilus exercise equipment creator Arthur Jones, for example, will not reveal his age (he's reputed to be in his mid-60s), and he has little to say about the reported 90 elephants and some of the world's largest crocodiles that inhabit his 600-acre Florida estate.

A more representative creator is John Runckel, a dentist from Portland, Oregon. Like many other inventors, Runckel recycled experience from his regular job in an original way. He used materials for fitting dentures to design a

new type of swimming goggle that is both leak-proof and comfortable. Today his Baracuda goggles are the second-best-selling goggles in the country.

Even more typical are the thousands of would-be wizards who never make a dime from such gizmos as automatic house painters, ventilated underwear and nostril-reshaping devices. Theirs is an uphill struggle against trial and error, skeptical manufacturers, and, if they're successful, pirates who copy their ideas.

Ever since Edison's phonograph and movie projector were introduced, Americans often have known more about the machine than the man who invented it. Lasers are well known, but the name of Gordon Gould, their discoverer, is hardly on everyone's lips.

While some inventors may have a spot on a corporate payroll, it's no guarantee that a good idea will be carried to market. Consider the legend of Spencer Silver.

Silver, a chemist for 3M Company, developed an unusual adhesive that could loosely bind two surfaces together. He was sure it could be very useful, but how?

For five years he tried to interest 3M colleagues, with no luck. Finally an associate, Arthur Fry, found that Silver's prototype pieces of paper backed with a not-too-sticky substance were perfect for marking a place in his choir hymnal.

Fry decided to distribute pads of the paper to employees, who loved them. It wasn't long before a division vice president was convinced by the enthusiasm, and Post-it notes became one of the most successful new products introduced in this generation. ■

*Charles Harter is a writer based in Wisconsin.*






# THE MAIN STREET JOURNAL

*Like so many other small-town weeklies, the Arlington Times still reads like a letter from home.*

*By Jay Stuller*



**O**n page 1 of my most recent copy of the *Arlington Times*, there's a photo of the high school drill team, a shot of a school-district car moderately mangled in a fender-bender, and a story about the Arlington Chamber of Commerce, which had a busy day welcoming new members and discussing plans for a parking lot next to the town's Masonic Temple.

Published every Wednesday for the town of 3,674 nestled in the green Cascade foothills of western Washington state, the *Times* doesn't report on Middle Eastern conflicts or congressional scandals. In fact, the entire Vietnam War passed largely unnoticed in its pages. What's important, says editor Audrey Black, "is Arlington city council meetings, school events, and the Lutheran ladies and their smorgasboard project." The newspaper has been an element in the social fabric of Arlington since its beginning (as the *Stillaguamish Times*) 100 years ago.

Like the approximately 6,500 other small-town weeklies published in the

United States, the *Arlington Times* makes seemingly mundane fare delightful and helps bind the community's wandering children to their roots. These papers are highly personal, almost like a member of every family in the area they cover. The *Times* is the only publication that carried my birth announcement, high school graduation photo and the obituaries of my grandparents and father. It will no doubt run mine.

Though I left my hometown 20 years ago, I still scan the paper for the names of friends and kin. When I read about the recent death of my high school English teacher — a woman who was highly critical of my poor spelling and wretched sentence construction — I wished that she'd lived to read this and know that at least some of her lessons endured.

More tragic is to learn of classmates killed in car accidents and of surviving children I didn't even know they had. Mostly, however, the paper induces warm memories, with articles about the big reunion for my former





### ***T***HE NEIGHBORHOOD BEAT TEAM

*The Arlington Times staff (back row, from left):  
Sue Stevenson, Marilyn Stone, Phil Steinsiek,  
Norinne Larson and Evelyn Olsen. Front row: Audrey  
Black and publisher Simeon "Sim" Wilson III.*



**'I don't give a royal rip if we're journalistic or not. This paper has a different role.'**

Cub Scout pack and photos of the fishing season's opening day at Pioneer Pond, which my father made sure I never missed.

"The *Arlington Times* is a neighborhood chronicle, and for the people of this town, a historical document," says owner and publisher Simeon R. Wilson III, whose father once owned the paper.

Wilson has a keen ear for what readers want in a country weekly. "The basic mission of this paper is to report community events, not to make issues," he explains. "People can get the big stories, the controversial reporting, from dailies such as the *Everett Herald* and the *Seattle papers*. What's important in the *Times* is names, names and more names."

For the most part, the paper tries to put a positive spin on all the news. While these attempts occasionally verge on the comical, they're part of the paper's charm. When I played for the Arlington High School Eagles basketball team, we lost 38 straight games. The one game photo of me that appeared in the paper — I was on my hands and knees looking for my contact lens — was considered the only highlight of yet another 40-point slaughter.

The *Arlington Times* hasn't always been upbeat, though. At the turn of the century, when Arlington was a raucous place, the then four-page paper devoted considerable space to national and international news, and to downright spitfire political and social commentary. During the first decade of the 20th century, the feisty commentary faded as the town became a family community. The change was greatly influenced by one man and his newspaper: Calvin Marsh, editor and owner of the *Times* from 1895 to 1945. The paper would unleash its editorial wrath upon those pioneers who offended community mores.

Marsh did not shy away from publicizing his readers' peccadillos and personal travails; drunks, debtors and philanderers were favored targets. In his last editorial, Marsh wrote, "The editorial aim of this newspaper (even if the mark has been missed at times), has been to encourage all that tended to upbuild and to discourage all that with a tendency to tear down and destroy."

**O**ne thing about the *Arlington Times* that hasn't changed is its use of country correspondents, who submit columns covering the activities of citizens, clubs and schools in the town proper and outlying areas. "Country correspondents were once a staple in most small-town weeklies. They're a great American tradition," Wilson says. "But I believe that they've disappeared in a lot of places. Around here, we're one of the few papers that still carry them."

The correspondents have been just as committed as the editors. Nellie George continuously submitted material to the paper from World War I until the 1970s. Although most of the country correspondents whose work I grew up reading are gone, the reigning queen has been at it since 1950. At the age of 88, Ruth Headley is still meeting the weekly deadlines for "Heard About Town."

She works out of the same small house she lived in when I entered first grade at Lincoln Elementary, just across French Street. Although her mobility is limited and her eyesight is failing, Headley remains spry and outspoken. "Now, Sim is a good kid," she says of publisher Wilson. "I like him awful well, but we liked his father better."

As part of her beat, Headley attended town events and checked courthouse records. "Some days I felt just like a detective, sniffing around

something fierce," she says. Headley also called a regular circuit of about 30 sources to put together the column. My grandmother, an Arlington pioneer and a pioneering gossip — bless her heart — was one of them.

Headley says she loves "Heard About Town" too much to give it up now. "I've worked under at least nine editors at the paper," she says proudly. "And that's quite a deal."

The latest editor, Audrey Black, was a correspondent for the *Times* in the 1960s. "I didn't have any formal training," she explains, "but I had stacks of poetry and letters to the editor in the closet."

Black is in tune with the publisher's sentiments. "I love writing," she says, "but especially small-town writing. We'll leave the investigative reporting to the dailies, and I don't give a royal rip if we're journalistic or not. This paper has a different role. I just want to please readers and keep them readers."

Black recently annoyed one reader by publishing stories about a fatal auto accident and a murder. In a letter to the editor, the reader accused the *Times* of becoming "a Hearst-type newspaper. You know, the glaring headlines, with the sizzle on the inside."

It's a laughable complaint. In most ways, Black continues Calvin Marsh's tradition.

Near the end of its 100th year, the *Arlington Times* still lavishes attention on the town's best asset, its people. For me — and surely for others who grew up reading papers like it — the *Times* is a weekly letter from home. And it's welcomed, because unlike much in journalism today, its aim remains to promote all that upbuilds and discourage all that destroys. ■

Jay Stuller lives in San Francisco. His article "Armchair Aviators Take Flight" appeared in the March issue.

## THE T-BIRD TAPES

*An artist casts his Thunderbird in a starring video role.*

By MORRIE WARSHAWSKI

**I**f there is such a thing as a Ford gene, then artist Chip Lord must have one. A "second generation Ford man," Lord has just unveiled his latest creation: *Motorist*, a feature-length video starring his 1962 Thunderbird.



JEANNE C. FINLEY

"This piece comes out of growing up with cars," says Lord, whose father owned a series of Ford cars, including a 1936 Roadster.

The video tells the story of a motorist who drives a T-bird from Houston to Los Angeles for a Japanese entrepreneur who ships classic American cars to Tokyo.

The tape, which features Richard Marcus, who appeared on "St. Elsewhere," was exhibited this past summer at the 1989 Biennial Exhibition at New York's Whitney Museum.

**THE VIDEO TELLS THE STORY OF A MOTORIST WHO DRIVES A T-BIRD FROM HOUSTON TO LOS ANGELES FOR A JAPANESE ENTREPRENEUR WHO SHIPS CLASSIC CARS.**

The concept sprang from a sculpture Lord did for the Hard Rock Cafe in Houston. It was a 1963 T-Bird mounted at a 35-degree angle on top of a steel column. He fell in love with the car, bought one and conceived the idea for the video while driving his T-Bird to the West Coast.

Lord, who graduated from Tulane University with a degree in architecture, is the author of *Autoamerica*, a book about growing up with cars in the 1950s. His other videotapes about cars include *Media Burn*, *Easy Living*, *Auto Fire Life* and *The Eternal Frame*.

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FOOD

# Cooking to Your *Heart's Delight*

*What do you get when a master French chef  
teams up with a renowned medical clinic?  
Heart-smart gourmet cuisine.*

*By LeAnn Bellfi*

Clockwise from top  
left: green salad with  
creamy cucumber  
dressing, sponge cake  
with citrus raisin  
compote, chicken in  
sauce piquant, car-  
rots vichy.



**'If there's only one thing you can do for your heart via your diet, it's to cut down on saturated fats.'**

**C**arbonnade of beef, pommes boulangère, crêpes with caramelized apples and pecans. The stuff of which coronary bypasses are made, right? If only a divine French chef could devise luscious, satisfying recipes that would do your heart good.

*Mais voilà!* Enter master chef Jacques Pépin and the Cleveland Clinic Foundation. They found a way for you to enjoy all of the epicurean delights listed above — with the blessing of one of the world's most respected medical facilities.

These two seemingly disparate entities joined forces to produce *A Fare For The Heart* (1988, Clinitec Inc., \$9.95), a breakthrough cookbook and an accompanying video that feature

delicious, elegant, simple recipes that are very low in fat, cholesterol and sodium.

On the advice of his friend Susan Heller, who eventually was the book's project coordinator, Pépin approached the Cleveland Clinic about the book.

Pépin, once personal chef to three French presidents (including Charles de Gaulle), was also a chef at the famous Plaza Athénée in Paris. He came to this country in 1959. A frequent contributor to major culinary magazines, he is also a widely known cookbook author and teacher, and a frequent guest on radio and TV.

The Cleveland Clinic's credentials are no less impressive. It is recognized worldwide for its contributions to the

#### **CREAMY CUCUMBER DRESSING**

- ¾ cup peeled, seeded and coarsely chopped cucumber**
- 2 Tbs fresh dill or 1½ tsp dried dill**
- 1 tsp fresh jalapeño pepper, seeded**
- 3 cloves garlic**
- 2 Tbs fresh lemon juice**
- 1½ cups plain nonfat yogurt**
- 2 Tbs olive oil**
- ½ tsp salt**
- 2 tsp sugar**

Place cucumber, dill, jalapeño and garlic in a blender and process until creamy. Pour into mixing bowl. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Refrigerate in a covered container.

#### **CHICKEN IN SAUCE PIQUANT**

- 6 boneless, skinless chicken breasts, about 5 oz each**
- 1 tsp dried oregano**
- 2 Tbs olive oil**
- ¾ tsp salt**
- ¾ tsp freshly ground black pepper**
- 3-5 cloves garlic, peeled, crushed and finely chopped**
- ⅓ cup red wine vinegar**
- 1 cup fat-free brown chicken broth, preferably homemade (omit salt if using canned broth)**

- 2 tomatoes, peeled, seeded and coarsely chopped (about 2 cups)**

- ¼ tsp Tabasco sauce**

- 1½ tsp cornstarch dissolved in 1 Tbs water (if needed)**

- 2 Tbs chopped fresh chives or tarragon**

- 2 Tbs chopped fresh parsley**

Sprinkle chicken with the oregano, 1 tablespoon of the oil, salt and pepper. Allow to marinate at least 1 hour. Place the remaining tablespoon of oil in a large skillet and heat on medium-high. Add the chicken pieces (do not crowd). Sauté for 1½ to 2 minutes on each side. Remove chicken to an oven-proof dish, cover and place in a 180° oven. Add the garlic to the skillet and cook for about 30 seconds. Add vinegar and bring to a full boil. Boil until almost all the liquid has evaporated. Add chicken stock and tomatoes. Bring to a boil. Simmer gently for 2 to 3 minutes. Add the dissolved cornstarch if the sauce is too thin. Season with Tabasco. Remove chicken from oven and place in skillet. Cook until thoroughly heated. Arrange on a platter, spoon sauce on top, sprinkle with herbs and serve immediately. Serves 6.



cardiovascular field, including the discovery of the link between high blood pressure and atherosclerosis. Among its other accomplishments are the pioneering of bypass surgery and significant research concerning the role of cholesterol in heart disease.

The collaboration was born out of a complementary need: Pépin wanted to write a health-conscious cookbook but lacked the nutritional and medical knowledge; the Cleveland Clinic wanted to apply its expertise in the kitchen. The timing was just right, and the cookbook and video have been so successful that a series has been planned. Work began in May on a book about healthy lifestyles.

"*A Fare for the Heart* appears to be filling the gap between healthy food

and gourmet food," says Karen Miller-Kovach, the clinic's assistant director of nutrition services.

She supplied the parameters for the recipes, which all meet the dietary requirements of the National Cholesterol Education Program, the American Heart Association and the U.S. Guidelines for Healthy Americans.

**T**he recipes in *A Fare for the Heart* are "built from the bottom up, not watered-down versions of good recipes," she notes. Many contain butter, salt and even red meat, but in limited quantities. The secret is in the spices and flavorings, which maximize taste while minimizing health risks. "We don't look at it from a deprivation standpoint," Miller-

#### **CARROTES VICHY**

2½ cups peeled, thinly sliced carrots

1 Tbs corn, safflower or sunflower oil

⅓ cup water

1 Tbs honey

½ tsp freshly ground black pepper

2 cloves garlic, peeled, crushed and finely chopped

3 Tbs chopped fresh parsley

Place carrots, oil, water, honey and pepper in a small saucepan, preferably stainless steel. Cover, bring to a full boil and boil for 5 minutes. Remove the cover and add the garlic and parsley. Continue boiling over high heat until most of the liquid has evaporated and the carrots start to sizzle in the remaining sauce, about 3 or 4 minutes. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

#### **CITRUS RAISIN COMPOTE**

½ medium unpeeled grapefruit, seeded and cut into ¼-inch slices (about 1 cup)

2 medium-size unpeeled oranges, halved, seeded and cut into ¼-inch slices (about 2½ cups)

1 large unpeeled lime, halved,

seeded and cut into ¼-inch slices (about ¾ cup)

¾ cup sugar

½ cup dark raisins

1 Tbs cognac or dark rum

Fresh mint for garnish

Place the fruit in a large saucepan, preferably stainless steel. Cover generously with water (about 5 to 6 cups). Bring to a boil and let boil for about 10 to 15 seconds to eliminate some of the fruit's bitterness. Pour into a colander, discarding the liquid. Rinse the fruit under cold water, then return it to the saucepan. Add sugar and 4 cups of water. Bring to a boil and continue to boil gently, uncovered, for 50 minutes. Skim off any impurities that come to the surface, especially during the first half hour of cooking. After the 50 minutes, add the raisins. Continue to cook for another 10 minutes. (There will be liquid to baste the fruit.) Put fruit in a bowl. Cool to room temperature. Cover and refrigerate until ready to use. When ready to serve, add cognac or rum. Garnish with mint. Serves 8. Delicious served over angel food or yogurt cake.



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**Some people think that dairy products automatically equal sky-high cholesterol. Not so.**

Kovach says. "For example, you may be losing sodium, but you're expanding your seasoning horizons."

Indeed, taste was the biggest challenge Pépin faced. "If you start by getting as close to Mother Nature as you can — buying everything as fresh, as firm and as bright as possible — you have a much better chance of creating a good dish without having to add salt and fats."

Salt is the flavor people seem to miss the most. According to the clinic, two grams of sodium a day should be your limit — that's about half the average amount consumed. But such fresh herbs as basil, dill and chives add the punch that will make you forget about salt. Pépin also likes to use fiery jalapeño peppers, citrus juices and fresh ginger root to zip up saltless dishes. He makes generous use of garlic, which tastes "salty" but doesn't contain as much sodium.

The base sauces in the cookbook are created from a variety of stocks, which Pépin calls "the key to flavorful cooking." When reduced, they have the body of a rich sauce and a taste to match — without the addition of salt or fat.

"If there's only one thing you can do for your heart via your diet, it's to cut down on saturated fats," says Dr. Bernadine Healy, director of the Cleveland Clinic Foundation Research Institute and president of the American Heart Association. The objective, she adds, should be to replace excessive amounts of meat and fat with fruits and vegetables, keeping in mind that some fat is vital to good health. "It's a very efficient energy source. Problems arise when your body can't handle the excess, and it gets deposited along your artery walls."

A reasonable fat allowance is 30 to 40 percent of your calorie intake, de-

## FIVE WAYS TO DO YOUR HEART GOOD

"We used to consider 240 a normal cholesterol count," notes Dr. Bernadine Healy, president of the American Heart Association. "Now it's 200 for men, for women, for all ages. The good news is that you can lower your chances of getting heart disease by 40 percent just by changing your diet." Here's how:

1. Instead of putting salt in soup, try pulverized sun-dried tomatoes or dried exotic mushrooms (one teaspoon per pot).
2. Instead of buttered bread, try French bread drizzled with olive oil and sprinkled with cracked black pepper. Heat and top with fresh basil.
3. Breakfast doesn't have to be a cheese Danish or a chocolate donut. Try a toasted English muffin or unsalted bagel spread with neufchatel cheese, sprinkled with cinnamon and honey, and warmed under the broiler.
4. Instead of smothering a salad with creamy



Jacques Pépin, author of *A Fare for the Heart*

Italian dressing, make a serving of dressing with 2 tablespoons Balsamic vinegar, 1 teaspoon olive oil, and a pinch each of sugar, Dijon mustard, minced fresh garlic and oregano.

5. Forget French fries. Instead, brush an unpeeled, fry-cut potato with 1 teaspoon melted margarine or olive oil. Bake on a cookie sheet in a 450° oven for 25 minutes. After 15 minutes, turn and sprinkle lightly with Cajun seasoning.

**L.B.**



pending on your personal health and family history, but it's important to choose the right kinds of fat: corn or safflower oil for sautéing and olive oil for salads. Fish oil, or Omega-3, also is considered a "good" fat. The medical community now is suggesting that Omega-3 supplements are not as beneficial as consuming fish that contain Omega-3 two or three times a week.

Salmon, a particularly good source of Omega-3, is one of Pépin's favorites. "It is delicate yet substantial, a beautiful color," he says. *A Fare for the Heart* offers several recipes for heart-healthy seafood, from the classic French (sea scallops grenobloise) to the neoclassic (blackened swordfish).

Some people think that dairy products automatically equal sky-high cholesterol. Not so. "Nonfat yogurt and skim milk provide essential vitamins and minerals," Miller-Kovach explains. Referring to such culprits as Parmesan and cheddar, she says, "It's aged cheeses that are unhealthy. They have high fat, high cholesterol and lots of sodium."

You might assume that since Pépin allows a little butter and salt on a baked potato, dessert is positively verboten — either that, or it's ice milk or sugar-free gelatin. But there are pleasant surprises.

"Fresh fruits are naturally sweet, and by reducing their juices you can make them taste rich," notes Pépin, who likes to pair the flavors of chocolate and orange.

How does raspberry soufflé, pears in red wine or a piece of moist yogurt cake ladled with a citrus raisin compote sound? You'll find the recipes in Pépin's book.

Yes, you *can* have it all, and you can live to tell about it. ■

*LeAnn Bellfi, a former owner of a catering business, is now a writer based in Ann Arbor, Michigan. She reported on spicy Caribbean cuisine in the August 1988 issue.*

## SURPRISING SUMMER VACATIONS

*The Fairlane took her to parts unknown on childhood trips.*

By ELIZABETH A. STEVENS

**W**hen I was growing up in Southern California, my family took an impromptu trip every summer. Our destination and departure time were always a surprise, which my father would reveal in an offhand way: "By the way, we're going to Nebraska today!" Many of the trips were made in our white 1959 Fairlane, which I considered, even at the age of 6, to be the height of modern automotive style.

I remember one vacation when we headed for the Midwest via Nevada. Driving down the long stretch of highway into Las Vegas was very exciting. It was such a smooth ride that I was sure that the car could actually fly.

On one trip to the Pacific Northwest, I vividly recall stopping for the night in a pasture. My mother slept in the front seat, my oldest sister had the back seat, I fit cozily on the floor and my other sister slept in the open trunk. My father, who slept under the stars on a picnic table, still tells of his surprise at waking up to see a huge face peering down at him — a face he promptly punched in the nose.

I always smile when I see a Fairlane, and I laugh remembering the curious cow that got as much of a shock as it gave my dad.



**Our destinations were always a surprise, which my father would reveal offhandedly.**

*Elizabeth A. Stevens, a photographer living in South Pasadena, California, still misses her childhood vacations. Tell us about your favorite Ford. We pay \$100 for each entry we publish. Limit your account to 300 words, and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your entry returned. Send to: My Favorite Car, Ford Times, One Illinois Center, 111 E. Wacker Dr., Suite 1700, Chicago, IL 60601.*





TREND



# BOARD GAMES

## Hit a Winning Streak

When players take on the roles of lawyer, therapist and evangelist, games are no longer trivial pursuits.

By John Duggleby

**T**hey come out most often at night, but they can strike at any time. They attack without mercy, slashing your self-confidence, bludgeoning your will to win, then vanishing as quickly as they came, in a wake of wine spritzers and dill dip. Worst of all, they're usually your friends or relatives. They're the (gasp!) gamers.

I'm speaking as a victim of game abuse. In the five years since Trivial Pursuit became more vogueish than *Vogue*, I've endured repeated assaults by the gamers. I've been pelted by Trivial Pursuit "pies," had my scruples lambasted and my Pictionary drawings held up to ridicule.

The saddest part is, I've come to enjoy it. After giving a correct answer, I've been caught drumming the table for joy, even spiking game cards like a football. I'm afraid I'm terminal.

Like me, roughly one out of every dozen Americans now stores Trivial Pursuit and Pictionary in his closet along with ancient, caved-in boxes containing chess and Monopoly. We've turned the once-dusty board-game market into a nearly \$300-million-a-year industry, according to *Toy and Hobby World* magazine.

But firing off answers to obscure questions or scribbling stick figures against the clock was only the beginning. Now we can strike deals that would dazzle the shrewdest moguls (Trump: The Game), go through analysis in a neurotic game of life (Therapy), or work as a greedy TV evangelist hungry for control of the rarified airwaves (Fleece the Flock). Are we having fun yet?

Whatever happened to the games of a kinder, gentler America? I grew up with the innocent rustle of playing

STEVEN BEGLEITER






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**Free-spending  
baby boomers  
now await new  
games like new  
vintages of  
Bordeaux.**

---

cards on the kitchen table. Admittedly there was little decorum in the way we played pitch and blackjack, especially when my grandmother was dealt in. Grandma taught me a lot of things, but none more impressive than how to win — honestly or otherwise — at cards. The stakes were only match sticks, but she played with the fervor of an arsonist. Woe to those who missed a trick or failed to breast their cards.

Thank goodness Grandma hasn't discovered such new board games as Blind Justice, where she'd be busy piling up cash by winning lawsuits based on real-life cases, or Mega-Raider, a cutthroat buyout battle billed as "The game of wealth, power and acquisition." Such are the diversions of the 1980s and '90s.

It wasn't always so. Only a decade ago, board games were becoming bored games. "Monopoly and Scrabble would sell a moderate amount, and that was about it," recalls Kevin McNulty, a former executive at Selchow and Righter, the company that introduced Scrabble. "The advent of video games almost killed the industry. Everyone wanted a game that went *'beep-beep, buzz-buzz.'*"

Enter Trivial Pursuit, the brainchild of Canadians Chris and John Haney and Scott Abbott. Who would have thought that so many adults would find fun in grilling each other as if they were cramming for a sophomore exam? Selchow and Righter did, buying the American rights to Trivial Pursuit in 1982. Two years and 20 million units later, "T.P." was the fastest-selling game in history.

Selchow and Righter hadn't anticipated Trivial Pursuit's incredible boom, nor were they prepared for its bust. Plagued by the inability to make games as fast as people wanted them and challenged by an army of imitators, they watched sales spin out. When the company was bought by toy

giant Coleco, McNulty and several of his associates joined Tom McGuire, who had already left Selchow to help develop a game invented by a Seattle waiter. Calling themselves The Games Gang, these renegade playmasters set out to rekindle the fire ignited by Trivial Pursuit.

"All the big manufacturers said that [Trivial Pursuit] was just a fad, that lightning wouldn't strike again for a long time," McNulty recalls. The Games Gang responded in 1986 with Pictionary, the popular drawing game that puts charades on paper. Total sales may catch up to Trivial Pursuit's by the end of this year.

But even with Pictionary sales on the upswing, all sorts of new board games are poised to take its place at the top. Free-spending baby boomers now await new games like new vintages of Bordeaux. And because Trivial Pursuit revolutionized board-game prices by selling in the \$30 range, fun-lovers rarely flinch at the tab.

"I thought Trivial Pursuit would sit on our shelves at that price," admits Lory Aitken, co-owner of Pegasus Games in Madison, Wisconsin. "Now people expect to pay that much."

The boom in board games has spawned an entire cottage industry of inventors trying to come up with yet another magic formula. Though the odds of winning the Lotto are probably better — The Games Gang wades through about 500 proposals a week — anyone can rise to the top of the shelf.

One of the hardest tasks in creating a game is keeping it simple. "Great ideas are a dime a dozen," notes full-time game designer Jeff Breslow. "But unless it plays well, it's dead." Breslow should know; he beat out several other gamesters seeking wheeler-dealer Donald Trump's lucrative name and face on a board game.

McNulty adds that a classic game



also has "repeat value;" the 10th play is as fun as the first. It's no accident that chess has been popular for at least 2,000 years. Finally, he says, The Games Gang seeks games "that fulfill a need in people."

It appears that after a generation of neglect, board games have come out of the closet and into our Saturday nights. My daughter wields a mean crayon at Pictionary Junior, and even my grandmother has been coaxed

away from her deck of cards. I introduced her to Trivial Pursuit with no little anxiety. Her rural-schoolhouse education was up against a table full of college degrees. Should we take it easy on her? I wondered.

I should have known better; Grandma waxed us. I'm still trying to figure out how. ■

*John Duggleby, who lives in Stoughton, Wisconsin, has written for Mature Outlook, BusinessWeek Careers and Redbook.*

## GAMEBUSTERS PLAY THE MARKET

Here are some of the newest games that are showing up on card tables this fall. Four friends of mine (I call them the gamebusters) helped me check them out.

**OUTBURST** (Hersch & Company, \$25): Quick! Name 10 early black rock groups, or things a woman puts on her face. Outburst is Trivial Pursuit as the Marx Brothers might have played it, a raucous race in which teams try to match words on a subject card held by their opponents, blurting out answers before the sand in the hourglass runs out.

As with T.P., it helps to know a lot of useless information. But Outburst is a little less intimidating and a lot crazier. The four gamebusters sputtered several adjectives of lavish praise.

**GENDER BENDER** (Games Gang, \$14.95): You're actually a man, but suppose for a moment that you're a single woman reading the personal ads for fun. You suddenly see an entry from a male who sounds ideal. Do you forget it, think about it or look for a stamp?

Gender Bender makes you think like the opposite sex. Women try to guess what male opponents would do in "manly" situations and vice versa. It's a great ice-breaker, and so simple that I explained it perfectly to the gamebusters after losing the instructions.

**FLEECE THE FLOCK** (Tongue-in-Cheek Productions, \$21): Put on your thickest mascara or your

most sincere suit. Now you, too, can be a TV evangelist! With \$50 million in "faith money" in your collection plate, you embark on a mission to build your ministry with limos, TV stations and theme parks. Your final reward is preaching your brethren out of business. While trying to pull the plug on your rivals, you encounter wind-fall Devil cards and bad-luck Angel cards.

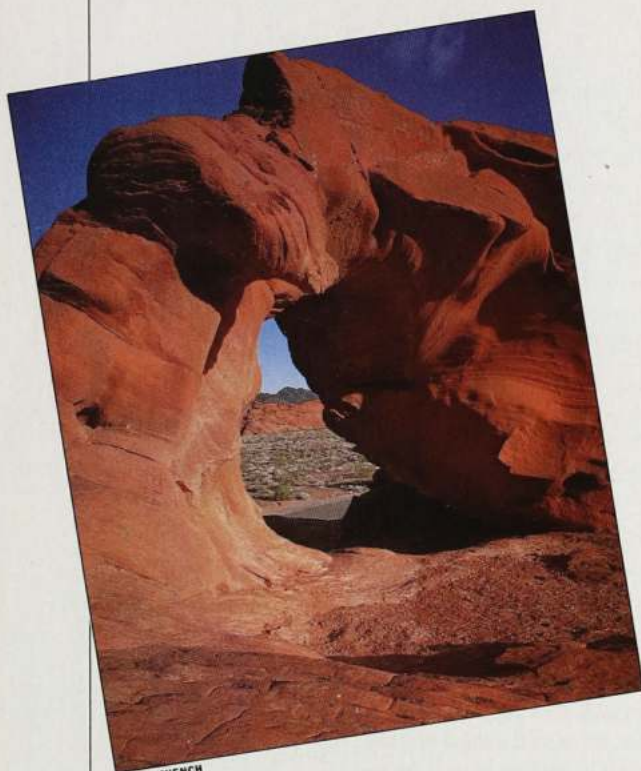
Truth is, the play of the game doesn't live up to the jokes, and the irreverent humor begins to wear thin after a while. The gamebusters proclaimed, "Thou shalt enjoy Monopoly more."

**TRUMP: THE GAME** (Milton Bradley, \$25): From the genuine simulated marble board to Trump's mug on every piece of play money, there's no mistaking whose game this is. Now you can emulate the Dean of the Deal as you maneuver your playing piece (a "T," of course) through such profit centers as airlines and tropical islands.

Trump is a refreshing get-rich game that lives up to its lofty name. It involves as much hard-nosed horse trading as luck of the draw, and it whipped gamebusters into an avaricious frenzy. They fantasized about power-partying in a penthouse with Donald and Ivana, beating Trump at his own game. J.D.







DAVID MUENCH

## VALLEY ON FIRE

**J**ust an hour's drive from Las Vegas, you'll find a world completely removed from the flashy nightlife — a world of ancient Indian petroglyphs, red rock and blue sky, multicolored petrified wood and unusual rock formations.

The Valley of Fire, Nevada's oldest state park, was dedicated in 1935. It's named for the spectacular red sandstone formations, not for the searing temperatures, which can soar to more than 100 degrees. During the spring and fall, however, the average temperature is a pleasant 75 degrees — perfect for a self-guided walk on one of the park's nature trails.

The petroglyphs you'll find at Atlatl Rock, along Petroglyph Canyon Trail, are easy to recognize and extremely accessible. Ancient depictions of mountain sheep, birds, hunters, snakes, lizards and rain clouds have been pecked into the black desert varnish.

Valley of Fire State Park is open year round, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. For more information, call (702) 397-2088. — *Christie Costanzo*

## WISCONSIN'S FAST TRACK

**M**idway between Milwaukee and Green Bay, in Wisconsin's Sheboygan County, is Road America, a four-mile racetrack that winds through the picturesque Kettle Moraine area. But this month drivers cruising on the track off Highway 67 won't have time to admire the scenery.

Road America hosts the last event of its season, the Road America 200 Indy car race, September 8 to 10. Professional race car drivers such as Danny Sullivan,

Rick Mears and Mario Andretti will compete for championship points and prize monies as they clip around the course's 14 turns. Admission is \$10 to \$50 and includes access to the infield area, where the racing teams keep their rigs.

Concession stands scattered throughout the 525-acre parklike setting offer a taste of Wisconsin. Leased by local church groups and other organizations, they sell everything from homemade pies

to beer-steamed



Sheboygan County bratwurst.

For more informa-

tion, contact Road America (800) 365-RACE.

## CHECK OUT THOSE CURVES

**W**orlds of Fun amusement park in Kansas City, Missouri spent \$3 million, sifted through more than 9,000 suggested names, and used 15 tons of nails and 680,000 board feet of lumber — all for a two-and-a-half-minute thrill. But wooden roller-coaster enthusiasts will probably agree that all the time and effort put into building Timber Wolf, the park's new ride, was worthwhile.

Veteran roller-coaster riders may also

recognize some classic curves and drops. Timber Wolf's first drop is similar to the Cyclone



DOUG ARMAND

at New York's Coney Island, and its helix is reminiscent of the Beast at Cincinnati's Kings Island.

For more information, contact the park at (816) 454-4444.



BRUCE SCHULMAN





*Others are freezing, yet curious as to why she's so warm!*

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comfortably dry warmth. The popular U.S. National Luge team chooses Damart as a key part of its official uniform, as do thousands of professional athletes, coaches and fans, too! You can bet these people demand appropriate warmth—and comfort!

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# THE MAN WHO SAVED AMERICA'S LION

*To protect the misunderstood mountain lion, wildlife biologist Maurice Hornocker has literally taken the cat by the tail.*

*By Michael Rozek*

## SAVING AMERICA'S WILDLIFE

*Just as precious as our environment — and equally at risk — are the creatures that inhabit it. This is the third of three articles about endangered animals and the compassionate people who are determined to save them.*

**W**hen you ask 58-year-old Maurice Hornocker, perhaps the world's leading authority on cougars, why he has spent most of his life studying them, he can manage only a catlike smile. Then he walks over to a framed scroll on the wall of his cozy office in an ivy-covered building at the University of Idaho. "I like what [author] Wallace Stegner says about cougars," he says. The scroll is titled "Memo to the Mountain Lion," and he reads it aloud:

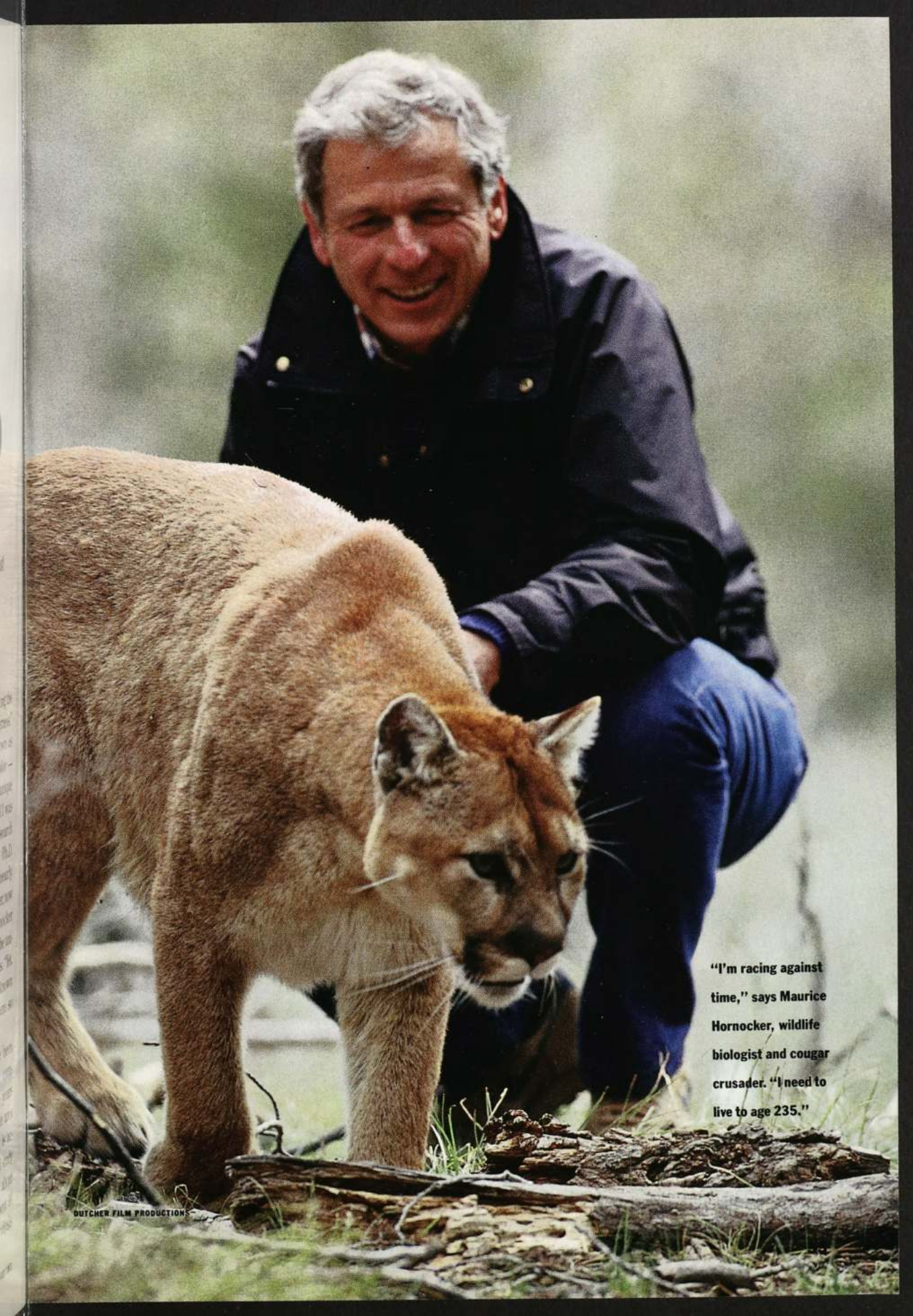
"Once, in every corner of this continent, your passing could prick the stillness and bring every living thing to the alert. But even then you were felt more than seen. You were an immensity, a presence, a crying in the night, pug tracks in the dust of a trail. Solitary and shy, you lived beyond, always beyond. Your comings and goings defined the boundaries of the unpeopled. If seen at all, you were only a tawny glimpse flowing toward disap-

pearance among the trees or along the ridges and ledges of your wilderness."

In short, cougars — also known as mountain lions, or *Felis concolor* — pull at Hornocker with their unique *misterioso*. "In graduate school I was struck by the relative lack of research on large carnivores," says the Ph.D. wildlife biologist, who, after nearly two decades as a faculty member, now heads the independent Hornocker Wildlife Research Institute on the university's Moscow, Idaho campus. "Yet, out of all of them, the least was known about cougars because they were so difficult to track."

Hornocker and cougars have been synonymous in the scientific community ever since. Twenty-five years ago, setting up shop in a remote area north of Boise, he began what is acknowledged as the seminal field study of the animals' habits. To learn about them, he and his coworkers spent 10 winters using every wildlife analysis





"I'm racing against time," says Maurice Hornocker, wildlife biologist and cougar crusader. "I need to live to age 235."



Hornocker took on the plight of the cougar when a mentor showed him that it was as noble as the African lion.



DUTCHER FILM PRODUCTIONS

method available — tracking, treeing, drugging, weighing, measuring, photographing, capturing and releasing — braving subzero temperatures and huge amounts of snow. (In truth, Hornocker, an avid downhill skier, looks more like a rugged outdoorsman than a research biologist.) The groundbreaking work produced the first research papers on cougars and the first studies of their relationship with the environment. It also became the subject of a 1974 *National Geographic* TV documentary (another hour-long documentary will be aired this fall on ABC). Since then, Hornocker has been expanding and refining his research.

In the process he's achieved a wildlife professional's dream: He may well have saved the cougar from extinction by helping Americans understand its beauty and value. Today, though cougars have been seen in every state except Indiana, they're generally found only in the 10 Western U.S. states, Texas and Florida, as well as parts of Canada and Central and South America.

When early settlers began moving west of the Appalachians, cougars were thought of only as nuisances — killers of livestock and poultry — and many were shot by angry farmers. By the turn of the century, very few were left in the eastern United States, and their numbers had fallen in the West. "There used to be these crazy stories about cougars carrying away baby horses in their mouths," Hornocker says. "When it came to mountain lions, people just panicked."

Such stories still persisted in 1956, when Hornocker enrolled in the University of Montana after spending several years in the Navy and helping his parents run their Iowa farm. At 27, he wasn't sure what to study — until he met one of his teachers, the legendary grizzly bear expert John Craighead.

"John started talking to me about

the cougar," he recalls. "He showed me that it was as noble as the African lion — you could even call it the 'American lion.'" Hornocker was fascinated with new tracking technology: harmless traps called foot snares; temporarily immobilizing drugs that permitted the animals to be tagged; and radiotelemetry that tracked tagged animals by remote control. Such breakthroughs provided the impetus for him to begin his field work.

In the next 10 years, the outlook for cougars improved markedly. Hornocker is credited with that recovery, through making the public and conservationists aware of the animal's singular habits. "Beyond its beauty and nobility, there are a number of compelling arguments for protecting the cougar," he says. "For example, it



GARY M. KOEHLER



**"The Panda"**

Actual diameter: 8½ inches

© 1989 W. S. George\*



## The Panda: most lovable of the endangered species... a Bradford Exchange recommendation

One of the world's most beautiful and unique creatures... now portrayed as few people will ever see it. "The Panda," a historic first issue sponsored by The Wildlife Society.

The result of naturalist artist Will Nelson's extraordinary journey to the giant panda preserve in Szechwan, China, "The Panda" collector's plate is crafted in full color on W. S. George fine china. And like exceptional first issues that now command hundreds of dollars on the plate market, "The Panda" appears to have what it takes to go up in value once the edition closes.

Not all plates go up in value; some go down. But the edition of "The Panda" is strictly limited to a maximum of 150 firing days, and demand is expected to be strong. So if you wish to obtain this plate at the \$27.50 issue price, please act soon. To order your plate—fully backed by our one-year money-back guarantee—send no money now, simply complete and mail the coupon at right.

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GARY M. KOEHLER

**New tracking technology** has the broadest distribution of any mammal in North America, so by tracking it we can find out about the changing environment. It roams from forest to desert to coastal dunes, and, because it sits at the top of the food chain along with other large carnivores, its health is an indicator of the health of everything in the chain below it."

**A**lthough cougars in the West are still widely hunted, restrictions on their pursuit are strictly enforced by state fish and game authorities. Such management techniques have raised the cougar's numbers in the United States to well over 10,000. "Their future looks bright," says Hornocker. Still, that doesn't mean his work is done. When it

## PROFILE OF A PREDATOR

**M**ountain lions, also known as cougars or pumas, are the largest cats in North America. They range in weight from 77 to 220 pounds. A large male is usually about nine feet in length, one-third of which is tail, and may stand 24 to 30 inches at the shoulder.

Their gray, red or brown coats are uncannily silky. With their particularly powerful legs, retractable claws and an athletic frame, mountain lions are one of the most efficient predators in North America. They keep under cover as they stalk their prey and then leap onto the animal, usually breaking its neck. Their chief prey is deer, but they've been known to feed on elk, bighorn sheep and small mammals, including skunks and porcupines. Timid



DUTCHER FILM PRODUCTIONS

Solitary cougars stake out their "home" territory.

around people, mountain lions are very unlikely to attack.

The eastern puma of North America and the Florida cougar of the southern United States are considered endangered.

**M.R.**



comes to the cougar, he's on a continual voyage of discovery. His research projects now range as far and wide as his subject, from New Mexico to California to parts of Yellowstone National Park.

Hornocker has unearthed new information about the animal's territorial sense: It always stakes out defined "home" boundaries that other cougars respect. These territories, 25 to 150 square miles in size, are usually in a rocky area, or one full of dense cover. "Lions are solitary," he says. "The males and females come together only to breed, and otherwise roam their chosen area alone. In fact, the males never return to their mates after breeding except to breed again."

Hornocker has confounded the theory that mountain lions decimate populations of deer and elk. Even though lions stalk the weaker members of both species, he has proved that other factors are responsible for the thinning of herds. He also says that despite the belief that cougars attack livestock, research has shown that they rarely do, except in the Southwest, where such behavior occasionally has been documented.

Hornocker also debunks the image of cougars in western movies. "They can make all the sounds a domestic cat makes, greatly amplified, but they don't stalk about screaming indiscriminately as you see them do in movies. Otherwise, they'd scare everything out of the country that they wanted to eat. They can make a sound that some people would call a scream." Cougars have a soft whistle call and even purr, much like house cats.

Although Hornocker maintains that cougars are basically harmless around people, he has had his share of close calls tracking them — and now and then they have reportedly attacked humans who got too close. About 25 years ago, Hornocker shot a

drug dart into a treed mountain lion and started climbing up after it. "I got up about 50 feet off the ground with the cat about 10 feet away," he remembers, "when I realized the drug hadn't taken."

So Hornocker kept climbing, keeping the trunk of the tree between him and the lion. "Then his tail flopped toward me, around the tree," he says. "So I grabbed it — and now I had a lion by the tail — and threw it out of the tree into the snow, where it landed unhurt."

At an age when many people consider retiring, Hornocker thinks only of the work left to be done. "I'm racing against time," he says frankly. "I've got 35 more ideas, each of which would take five years to complete." He laughs. "I need to live to age 235." Meanwhile, under his supervision at the Hornocker Wildlife Research Institute, graduate students based around the world are doing their own groundbreaking work: studying jaguars in Brazil, ocelots in south Texas and boars and lynx in the nearby Pacific Northwest. "Just like with the cougar," he says, "we're trying to find out everything we can about each animal, and then discover how it fits into everything else."

If he can't live to be 235, Hornocker says, he'd at least like to see his work count for something. "I just want to be known as someone who shed some light on a species, and have it be the springboard for some bright younger people to confirm or expand."

Most of all, Hornocker wants the world to take a more sensible view of the often-misunderstood beast it calls the mountain lion. "It's still the only big carnivore, aside from the leopard, that hasn't been studied to death," he says. ■

*Michael Rozek lives in Spokane, Washington. His story about windsurfing in Hood River, Oregon appeared in the May issue.*

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**The cougar sits atop the food chain. Its health is an indicator of the health of everything below it.**

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**AUTO**

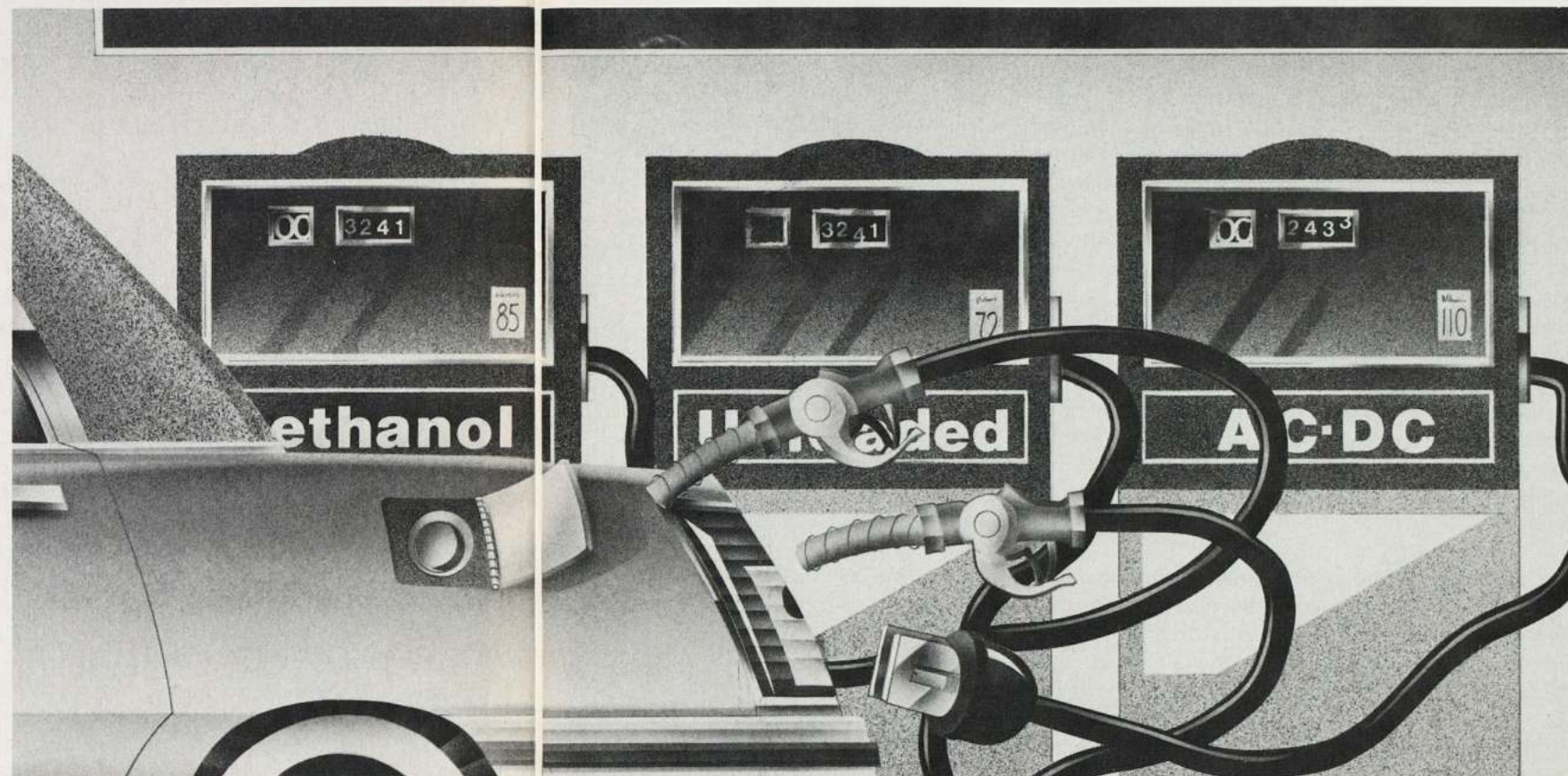
# ONE STEP CLOSER TO CLEANER AIR

*Cars powered by methanol and electricity are finally on the road. Can we breathe easier now?*

*By William Barry Furlong*

**T**he TV crews were baffled. Here, parked under the marbled marquee of a swank Washington, D.C. hotel, were two vehicles being billed as the cars of tomorrow. The funny thing was, they looked exactly like the cars and trucks of today.

To be sure, the red Ford Taurus sedan and the blue Aerostar van held under their sheet metal engineering secrets that one day might drastically change automobile travel, but there was nothing remarkably different about



their outward appearance. So how were the TV cameramen going to showcase a great idea that didn't seem to have any flash? "Did somebody forget to put on the glitz?" asked one TV man sadly.

No glitz was needed. Simply put, these vehicles may help solve a thorny problem: finding a way to use fuels other than gasoline to power today's models.

The beginnings of a clean-fuels campaign are firmly in place, and such gasoline alter-

natives as methanol and ethanol have received strong support.

Methanol, also known as wood alcohol, has been around in automotive use for more than 50 years. Only recently, however, has there been the economic incentive to use it in everyday vehicles. Not surprisingly, fuel companies didn't want to sell an alternative fuel that only a few vehicles could use.

But for several years Ford engineers have been developing ways to make the use of

"We're staffing to ultimately go into a pilot production run with these vehicles within five to seven years."

Flexible-fuel cars aren't, however, the futuristic-looking metal boxes you might imagine. They're the same Ford vehicles seen on the road today; the difference lies under the hood.

At a press conference last April, at Washington's L'Enfant Plaza Hotel, Ford unveiled a Taurus sedan powered by a six-cylinder, fuel-injected engine using alternative fuels, and an

methanol and other gasoline alternatives feasible. One of their most important projects has been designing flexible-fuel cars that run on gasoline, methanol and other fuels, singly or in combination.

Harvey Klein, Ford's flexible-fuel vehicle program manager, explains that alternate fuels have the potential to diversify America's energy sources and decrease certain types of vehicle emissions which form smog. "We're totally committed to this product," he says.

Aerostar that runs on electricity.

There were no visible differences on the Taurus' exterior, but inside the clock had been replaced by a digital device that told, in glowing red numerals, the percentage of methanol in the fuel system — an optimum 85 percent. Under the hood, the six-cylinder engine configuration looked familiar, but the fuel tank was larger than normal (because alcohol has less energy per gallon than gasoline), and there was a modified fuel pump.



The crowd gathered at the hotel was chatting about the much-debated merits of methanol. Because it isn't derived from petroleum the way gasoline is, methanol doesn't increase the nation's dependence on oil, particularly that from foreign sources. Instead, it uses natural gas, coal or other feedstocks as its base.

Environmentalists have mixed feelings about methanol. They applaud the fact that it produces little of the smog-forming soot and fewer of the hydrocarbons associated with gasoline. But they're concerned about the fact that methanol produces more formaldehyde than gasoline. Fortunately, Ford engineers believe these emissions can be controlled, like those from gasoline vehicles.

For now, the biggest question is how America will make the switch from gasoline to methanol. But the beauty of Ford's innovation is that, until there are methanol stations in every county in America, drivers can fill 'er up with gasoline, methanol or any combination of the two.

The exclusive Ford innovation that makes this possible is an optical fuel sensor. This unique device is part of a Ford-patented software program that adjusts the spark timing and the amount of fuel going into the engine.

**T**he electrically powered Aerostar looks the same as any Aerostar, but the drivetrain is quite different. It drives much like a conventionally powered van — but with a noticeably lower noise level.

But the technology needed to make sure that driveability wasn't adversely affected is entirely different from that demanded by the methanol-powered Taurus. "In a conventional vehicle, the accelerator command is transferred mechanically to the engine by the driver," says Brad Bates, Ford's electric vehicle program manager. "In the Aerostar, that information is transmitted electrically." Ford engineers wondered how they could put "feel" into an electrically powered vehicle.

They did so while working with General Electric engineers. The result is an advance in the design of the alternating-current motor

and the two-speed automatic transmission packaged with it.

"It's an easily maintained design with fewer parts, less bulk and more valuable interior space," says John P. McTague, Ford's vice president of research.

The electrically powered van approaches a gasoline-powered van in pickup and speed. People who have driven electrically powered golf carts know that their speeds vary — slow, slower and slowest. But in the electric Aerostar, you can reach speeds of 65 mph or more, and the pickup is a nice-if-noiseless 0-to-50 mph in less than 20 seconds.

However, the electric Aerostar can't carry as much weight as the conventional model, Bates says. In addition, the range is only 100 miles (with advanced sodium-sulfur batteries), and the recharge time is six hours. These are serious but not disabling limits.

"We Americans are an impatient people," McTague says. "When we want something, we want it now. But it's going to take more than mere wanting to put either of these two vehicles on the road in significant numbers." A powerful engineering effort always opens the door to more questions, including pointed inquiries about the cost of buying and operating methanol-powered vehicles.

Methanol is priced below gasoline on a per-gallon basis. However, it takes 1.7 times as much methanol to cover the same distance. It is unclear whether methanol's price will ever be low enough to provide cost per mile equivalent to or better than gasoline.

It remains to be seen whether Americans believe air quality is more important than fuel economy, but the way of the future is clear. With nearly three out of every five citizens living in areas that don't meet the health standards set by the Clean Air Act of 1970, the country is ready for reform. Although the details have not been hashed out, President Bush is at work on a tough clean-air plan that should be ready for his signature this spring. ■

*William Barry Furlong is an idea management consultant in Washington, D.C. He wrote about Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon in the November 1988 issue.*



## FLYWAY VIGIL

*Catching up with snowbirds in their winter resting spots.*

By JAMES JOSEPH



**B**irds, not men, are the world's great adventurers. Above every mile of the earth's surface, except in the polar regions, wing a ceaseless migration of millions, perhaps billions, of birds. The most intrepid adventurers of all are arctic terns. Each summer they leave their nests in Alaska and Canada to fly 10,000 miles to the chilly seas of Antarctica.

You can observe great congregations of birds at two of their favorite stopover places: Squaw Creek National Wildlife Refuge, a Quick-Stop off I-29, near Mound City, Missouri, and Horicon National Wildlife Refuge, off I-43 and I-94, northwest of Milwaukee.

The Squaw Creek refuge's 6,934 acres of man-made marshes and pools, specially planted to attract such migrators as snow geese, pelicans, mallards and bald eagles, welcome most migrating birds in spring and fall. The bird show is usually spec-

**You needn't be a fervent birdwatcher to thrill at the sight of a quarter of a million snow geese rising from a lake.**

tacular; some days the refuge plays host to as many as 300,000 snow geese and 200,000 ducks.

Open daily from sunrise to sunset, the refuge's hiking trails and a 10-mile self-guided auto tour take you to ponds and such wetlands as the mallard marsh and pintail duck pool in the refuge's northwest corner. Nearby is the snow goose pool.

The Horicon refuge's 31,000 acres, many of them marshes, are divided between the national refuge and the smaller, 10,000-acre state refuge occupying the southern portion of the bird retreat. Here, in October, more than 200,000 Canadian geese nest. Horicon's wetlands are alive with scores of other species, including blue-wing teal, egrets and herons. Vehicles are prohibited in the marsh area. Horicon's national wildlife area is open daily, from late spring to fall, during daylight hours.

There is no admission charge for either refuge. ■

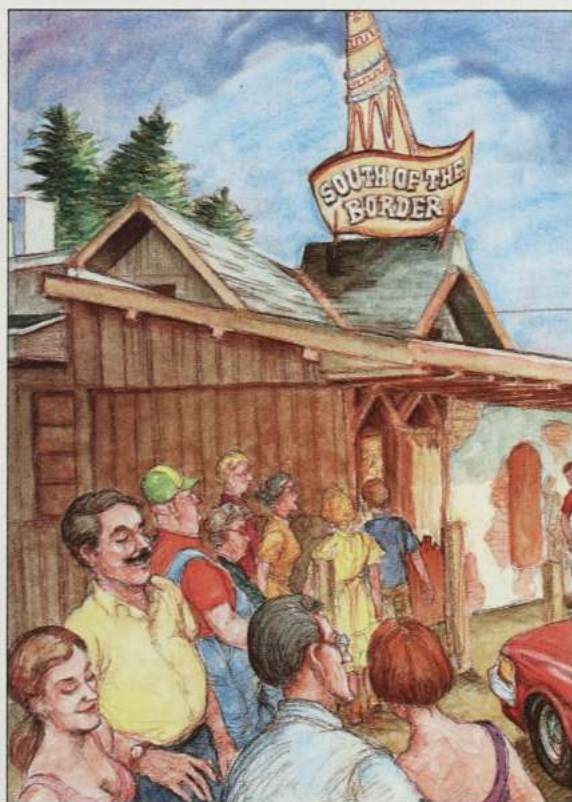
*Getting there: Squaw Creek National Wildlife Refuge: Leave I-29 at Exit 79/U.S. 159, 40 miles northwest of St. Joseph, Missouri. Drive southwest on U.S. 159 approximately 2½ miles to the refuge's headquarters entrance, on your left. To get to Horicon National Wildlife Refuge from I-43, leave I-43 approximately 20 miles north of Milwaukee, at the State Route 33 exit. Drive west on Route 33 about 16 miles to U.S. 41. Drive northwest 16 miles on U.S. 41 to State Route 49. Go west 10 miles on Route 49 to the entrance on the right.*

*For brochures contact Ron Bell, Refuge Manager, Squaw Creek National Wildlife Refuge, P.O. Box 101, Mound City, MO 64470; (816) 442-3187; and Refuge Manager, Horicon National Wildlife Refuge, W4279 Headquarters Road, Mayville, WI 53050; (414) 387-2658.*



# SOUTH OF THE BORDER

WISCONSIN



Since 1971 the Busterud family of Merrill, Wisconsin has owned and operated this supper club noted for its authentic Mexican cuisine. Situated in the central part of the state, the warm and friendly restaurant has used rough-hewn pine boards to enhance its Mexican decor. The family boasts that they use only pure Wisconsin dairy products in their kitchen, and they have received the Golden Butter Knife award from the American Dairy Association.

South of the Border, N1325 Highway 51 South, Merrill, WI 54452; (715) 536-8544.

Hours: Lunch served 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Monday through Friday; dinner served 4 to 10 p.m. Sunday through Thursday and until 11 p.m. Friday and Saturday.

Getting there: From I-51 take Business 51 south at the Merrill exit. The restaurant is on Business 51 a mile south of town.

## QUESADILLA

Serves 8

- 2½ cups grated cheddar cheese
- 1½ cups diced tomatoes
- 1 cup diced green chilies
- 1 cup diced onion
- 8 8-inch flour tortillas
- Shredded lettuce
- Tomato slices
- Black olives

Combine cheese, diced tomatoes, chilies and onion in a mixing bowl. Spread mixture on half of each tortilla. Fold over and pinch to seal. Bake in pre-heated 375° oven for 15 to 20 minutes, until golden brown and crisp. Garnish with lettuce, tomato slices and olives.

Note: ¼ pound cooked ground beef or 1 cup of sliced mushrooms may be added to the filling.

## MEXICAN FRIED ICE CREAM

Serves 5

- 1 pt vanilla ice cream
- ⅔ cup crushed fried flour tortilla shells or cornflakes
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 Tbs ground cinnamon
- 1 egg, beaten
- Oil for deep frying
- Caramel sauce
- Whipped cream
- 5 cherries

Place 5 scoops of ice cream on a tray and freeze. Mix cornflake or tortilla crumbs with the sugar and cinnamon. Dip frozen ice cream balls in crumb mixture, rolling to cover well. Freeze. Remove frozen ice cream balls and dip in beaten egg, then roll again in crumbs. Freeze. When ready to serve, heat oil in pan until it reaches 350°. Dip ice cream ball in hot oil for about 10 seconds. Place in a dessert dish or bowl. Drizzle warm caramel sauce over the top. Garnish with whipped cream and a cherry.



# C LAZY U RANCH

COLORADO



For more than half a century, this 2,000-acre guest ranch in Granby, Colorado has been introducing folks to the ways of the West. High in the cool Colorado Rocky Mountains, just over the breathtaking Continental Divide from Denver, the resort draws families and couples from all over North America and many foreign countries. Good food is one of the ranch's trademarks and head chef Marion Palmer has been there for 40 years. Its service and accommodations have earned the ranch a Mobil Travel Guide Five-Star rating for 10 consecutive years.

Under expert supervision, children learn to ride and fish, and there are special programs for teens, including hayrides, cookouts and sports. In the winter there is ice skating, sleigh rides and cross-country skiing.

C Lazy U Ranch, P.O. Box 378, Granby, CO 80446; (303) 887-3344.

Hours: Breakfast, lunch and dinner served to hotel guests only. Ranch is closed April 1 to June 1 and October 15 to December 15. Reservations required.

Getting there: From Stapleton Airport, take I-70 west. After the town of Dumont there will be an exit for State Highway 40 (to Empire, Winter Park and Granby). Go through Granby. Several miles west of town, turn right on State Highway 125 (to Rand and Walden). Drive 3½ miles and turn right onto C Lazy U Ranch Road at the sign.

## SALMON IN TERIYAKI MARINADE

Serves 12

- 12 8 oz Alaskan salmon fillets
- 1 cup soy sauce
- 9 Tbs brown sugar
- ½ tsp dry mustard
- ¾ tsp garlic powder
- 2 tsp parsley flakes
- 1 tsp chopped fresh ginger
- 2 Tbs white wine

Arrange salmon fillets in a glass utility dish. Combine marinade ingredients. Mix well. Pour marinade over fish. Cover and refrigerate overnight.

### Salmon Butter

- ¾ lb butter, softened
- 2 tsp garlic powder
- 2 tsp crumbled oregano
- 1 tsp ground rosemary

Blend butter with garlic, oregano and rosemary.

Place marinated fillets under the broiler. Brush with salmon butter. Broil salmon and baste frequently with butter. DO NOT OVERCOOK.

## HOT FUDGE SUNDAE PIE

Serves 12

- 18 Oreo cookies
- ½ cup butter, melted
- 2 oz unsweetened chocolate
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 Tbs butter
- ¾ cup evaporated milk
- 1 qt coffee ice cream
- 1 cup whipping cream
- ½ cup chopped walnuts (optional)

Crush cookies into fine crumbs with rolling pin. Add melted butter. Mix well. Press crumbs on to the bottom and sides of a 9-inch pie pan. Chill. Melt chocolate in a double boiler and stir in sugar and butter. Slowly add evaporated milk. Cook, stirring occasionally, until thickened. Chill chocolate mixture. Fill chilled pie shell with coffee ice cream. Spread with the chocolate mixture. Whip cream (add ¼ teaspoon vanilla and 2 tablespoons sugar if desired) and spread over chocolate. Sprinkle with nuts. May be served immediately or frozen and served later.



# RUSSELL'S RESTAURANT

KANSAS

**K** eith Russell is the chef and owner of this family-style restaurant in Salina, Kansas. Noted for its soups, hot cakes, pastries, chicken-fried steak and barbecued ribs, Russell's prepares all of its food from scratch — even the sausage and smoked meats. "Our goal is to serve good, wholesome food in hearty portions," Russell says. Judging from the long lines at rush hour, it's a winning formula.

Russell's Restaurant, 649 Westport Blvd., Salina, KS; (913) 825-5733.

Hours: Breakfast served 24 hours every day; lunch served 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.; dinner served 5 to 9:30 p.m.; Sunday brunch served 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Reservations taken, except on Easter and Mother's Day.

Getting there: Take the Crawford Street exit from I-135. The restaurant is just a block off the freeway at I-135 and Crawford Street.



## BREAST OF CHICKEN THERMADORE

*Serves 4*

- 2 whole boneless chicken breasts (4 pieces)
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp salt
- ½ tsp white pepper
- ½ tsp MSG
- 2 Tbs corn oil

Mix together flour, salt, pepper and MSG. Dredge chicken with seasoned flour. Cover well. Heat oil in sauté pan or skillet. Fry chicken pieces in oil until cooked and lightly browned. Remove from pan and place on paper towels.

### Sauce

- 3 Tbs butter
- 1 bunch green onions, diced
- ½ medium-size green pepper, diced
- ½ lb fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1 pt whipping cream
- 1 cup chicken stock
- ½ cup dry sherry wine
- ½ cup grated cheddar cheese
- Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter in 3-quart saucepan. Add onions, green pepper and mushrooms. Sauté over medium heat until just tender, about 10 minutes. Add cream, chicken stock and wine. Cook at medium boil until reduced one-third. Add cheese, salt and pepper. Stir well. Add chicken breasts. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Serve with toasted almond rice.

## RUSSELL'S BEEF VEGETABLE SOUP

*Makes 18 cups*

- 4 Tbs butter
- 1 medium-size carrot, diced ¼-inch
- ¼ large onion, diced ¼-inch
- ½ green pepper, diced ¼-inch
- 1½ ribs celery, diced ¼-inch
- ½ lb ground chuck beef
- 12 cups chicken stock
- 6 cups canned diced tomatoes
- 4 oz frozen lima beans
- 8 oz frozen zucchini squash
- ¼ tsp thyme
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- ½ tsp white pepper
- Salt to taste

Melt butter in soup kettle. Add carrot, onion, green pepper and celery. Sauté over medium heat for 10 minutes. Sauté ground beef separately, leaving it chunky, until pink is gone. Add beef and the rest of the ingredients to kettle. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for 1 hour.





## Your body shop can make it like new again, but will your insurance company let them?

If your insurance company is like some that we know, they may make your body shop replace sheet metal parts on your car or truck with cheap imitations.

They'll specify "economy" parts — imitation parts that don't come close to the quality of genuine Ford Motor Company sheet metal. Imitation parts don't always fit snugly, because they're not made from genuine Ford molds. And if these imitation parts rust, they are not covered by your vehicle's original corrosion warranty, or by our lifelong guarantee.

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Ford offers *lifelong* Peace of Mind<sup>SM</sup>

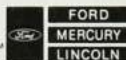
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Insist on genuine Ford sheet metal for your vehicle's repair and Ford will stand behind those

parts with the Ford Lifelong Sheet Metal Guarantee. For if rust perforation damages our parts, we'll pick up the tab on both parts and labor for as long as you own your Ford, Mercury, Lincoln car or Ford truck. No *ifs*, *ands* or *buts*. Just Peace of Mind. Ask your dealer for a copy of this limited warranty.

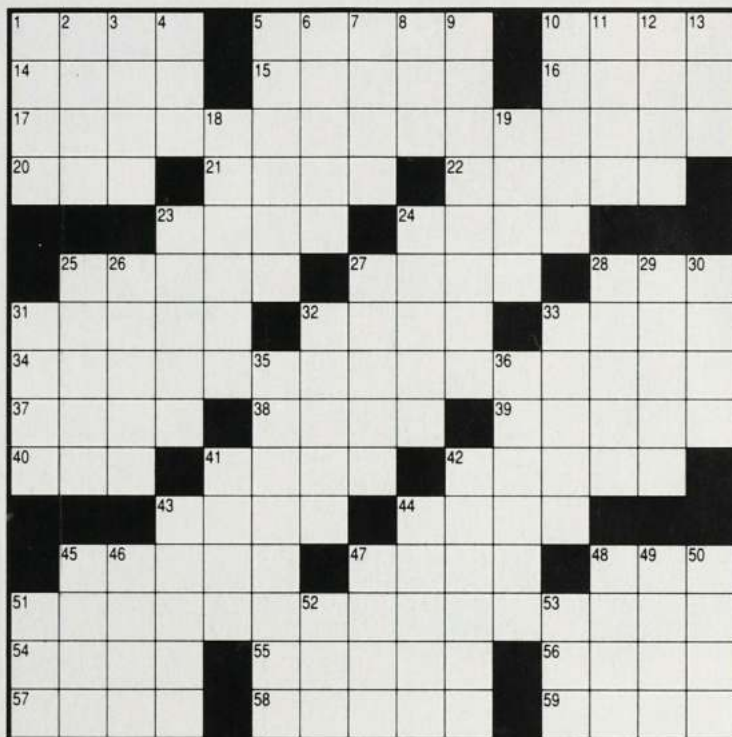
So check your insurance company's policy on collision parts for your Ford, Lincoln or Mercury now. Make sure your car will be as good after it's been repaired as it was before. Don't settle for imitations. Insist on the real thing — genuine Ford sheet metal parts. For more information call 1-800-356-0792; in Michigan 313-933-5212.

QUALITY PARTS  
FOR QUALITY CARS<sup>SM</sup>





## SHAPE UP!



## ACROSS

- 1 1948 Hitchcock thriller  
5 San Diego player  
10 Part of a quintet  
14 Where cookies are cooked  
15 End of day activity  
16 \_\_\_ End (cul-de-sac sign)  
17 Where an umpire works: 2 wds.  
20 \_\_\_-mo (replay option)  
21 Out of the wind, nautically  
22 Bee's defense  
23 Navy's opponent  
24 Versifier  
25 Strokes on the green  
27 À la \_\_\_  
28 Eve, originally

- 31 Supermarket section  
32 Alcohol made from rice  
33 Shape (up)  
34 What mathematicians can't do: 3 wds.  
37 Not theirs  
38 Bone picture  
39 Butcher and candlestick maker's buddy  
40 Otherworldly  
41 Birthstone of October  
42 Bank robbery  
43 Actress Tyne of *Cagney and Lacey*  
44 Ripped  
45 State famous for potatoes  
47 18-wheeler  
48 Light switch position  
51 Where ships sometimes disappear: 2 wds.  
54 Iraq's foe  
55 Fix a pencil mistake  
56 Length x width, for a rectangle  
57 Have a nose for \_\_\_  
58 Hinder  
59 Come together

## DOWN

- 1 Steals  
2 Track shape  
3 Mexican money  
4 Opposite of WSW  
5 Book after Job  
6 "\_\_\_ Oop"  
7 Remove, to an editor  
8 Communist  
9 In segments, as a TV story  
10 Fess up  
11 Spinks or Uris  
12 Drink of astronauts  
13 The \_\_\_ Couple  
18 Trade  
19 Suit to \_\_\_  
2 wds.  
23 Book of maps  
24 Jail: Sl.  
25 Arouse interest  
26 What Shylock practiced  
27 Taj \_\_\_  
28 Ice cubes, to a bartender  
29 Cove  
30 Pabst or Löwenbräu  
31 \_\_\_ now (to this moment): 2 wds.  
32 Ownerless animal  
33 Amtrak vehicle  
35 Went "BOOM!!!"  
36 Spain and Portugal  
41 Honolulu's island  
42 More comfy  
43 Sends to the Devil  
44 To the point  
45 "Able was \_\_\_ I saw Elba": 2 wds.  
46 Command to a gunslinger  
47 RBI or ERA  
48 Awful monster  
49 Run away  
50 Amazing deed  
51 Storage chest  
52 "We \_\_\_ the World"  
53 Viet \_\_\_

Answer on page 2.





## Ford maintains that the first time you pay for a repair should also be the last.

The Lifetime Service Guarantee means you'll never pay twice for a covered repair—parts or labor—for as long as you own your car.

No ifs, ands or buts.

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The Lifetime Service Guarantee is another example of the Quality Care programs offered by your Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers.

Nobody guarantees car repairs longer. Or better. Quite simply, it's America's best car repair guarantee.

**QUALITY CARE  
FOR QUALITY CARS**



Ask your dealer for a copy. It's the quality guarantee that can help stamp out your car repair bills forever.



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