

FORD TIMES

january 1953





design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. 13—Rolling the Roads

Until thirty years ago thrifty northern New Englanders did not throw away the snow on their roads. Instead they made it last by rolling it with a huge wooden drum drawn by horses or oxen. This formed a wonderfully hard surface for hauling wood, sleighing or sledding—or driving a Model T.

The roller itself had great fascination for youngsters, quite apart from the fine sledding it made possible. Looming through a waning blizzard, with sleighbells ringing and whip cracking, it could have been some circus juggernaut astray from winter quarters. In summer it was made to serve as a seesaw by piling rocks on the framework to counterbalance the tongue.

Today the few remaining rollers lie disintegrating on back roads, soon to disappear. But it will take longer to erase the memory of them—even to the wonderful ribbed texture of the white highways, freshly stamped by the wooden drum.

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My Tom Sawyer Town-

Savannah, Georgia

by Arthur Gordon

paintings by David M. Reese

SAVANNAH, my father used to say, is a lot more than just a town—it's a whole state of mind. That's probably true, but I didn't worry about it when I was Tom Sawyer's age. All I knew was that the proud, sleepy town was a wonderful place to grow up in.

It hasn't changed much since then. The old Regency houses are still mellow, the live oaks drip Spanish moss, the winters are mild and the summers murderous. There's more industry, now, and more people. But the main difference to me is that everything looks smaller. The tree-blurred squares have shrunk from vast parks to neat green oases. The steeple of the Independent Presbyterian Church across from our house no longer pierces the sky; it merely seems like a graceful copy of one of Christopher Wren's famous London spires—which it is.

Some things have vanished, of course. My earliest recollection of anything is waking up early and listening to the musical voices of the street vendors crying plaintively for customers. They were picturesque old colored ladies, usually, with baskets balanced on their turbaned heads. They're gone now, victims of the supermarkets, no doubt.

But the mood of the city is still the same. Nobody hurries. There's little if any tension. People prefer golf to tennis. In a

*Above right: Statue of General Oglethorpe in one of Bull Street's squares.
Below right: The old Pink House, 1771, is now a Savannah restaurant.*



spasm of energy a few years ago, members of a Savannah Club—the leading men's club—installed a squash court. But the game languished and died. Too strenuous! "Besides," one member reflected, "to get to it you had to go right past the bar!"

By the time I was Tom Sawyer's age, horse-drawn hacks had been replaced by Model T jitneys which whizzed down Drayton Street and up Whitaker. You could ride anywhere on their route for a nickel—at your own risk. We had better use for our nickels, though. We used to take them, when we had any, to the little store on Abercorn Street run by a maiden lady named—my memory incredibly informs me—Miss Mamie Willhopter. There we would buy jaw-breakers, licorice braids, clay marbles known as pee-gees, glass ones of higher value, caps for our trusty pistols, and explosive wafers known as "devil walkers." I remember putting one, once, on the stove in Latin class to see what happened. Quite a lot did.

We ran in gangs, like boys from time immemorial, and engaged in violent intramural wars. One of our weapons was a homemade blowgun called a pluffer—a tube of wood with a piston-like handle. If you put a couple of chinaberries in the tube, then jammed home the handle, compressed air forced out the first berry with astonishing velocity. They weren't very accurate, but they made a beautiful champagne-cork noise, and the berries stung like hornets if they hit you.

A lot of our time was spent working on truly Satanic inventions. Somebody discovered that if you took an old-fashioned hollow key, stuffed the heads of several sulphur matches into it, then inserted a loose-fitting nail and swung the whole contraption on a string against a wall, a horrendous bang was the result. We also dreamed up an alarming gadget made of clothes-pins—the spring variety—that would ignite and toss a burning match at our enemies. Our only peaceful scientific achievement was the discovery that if you put a gob of Kolynos toothpaste on the end of a toothpick and put the toothpick in a pan of water, it would move right along, propelled by some sort of chemical reaction. But we didn't exploit this discovery. Too tame.

Sometimes our parents would take us on a picnic to one of the summer resorts on the slow tidal rivers that wandered through the gold-and-amber marshes. These places had



marvelous names: Thunderbolt, Isle of Hope, Coffee Bluff, Beaulieu (pronounced Byewlee), Vernon View, Montgomery. If we didn't drive there in the old electric, we might take the trolley—a big, yellow, open-air job that went surprisingly fast and had a mournful whistle that I still hear sometimes in my dreams. I used to admire the conductor, swinging jauntily from one hand-hold to another, far more than I did the President.

This hero worship did not prevent us from making life miserable for motormen on Halloween, when the accepted sport of the evening was “pulling trolleys!” To do this, you had to run up behind the streetcar and yank the cord that pulled the trolley off the wire, thereby cutting off the power and leaving the operator apoplectic in the dark.

That old trolley, I remember, ran right past the Savannah Golf Club which dates from 1796, if not earlier, and claims to be the oldest in the nation. It was somewhat altered during the Civil War when the Confederates threw up elaborate earthworks along its fairways in a vain attempt to discourage General Sherman. Now those same earthworks make a fearsome system of bunkers, traps, and golfing hazards.

Sometimes we'd eat our picnic lunch on an old gray dock. Sometimes we'd visit friends. Those stately old Colonial homes still stand there in settings of staggering beauty. The great live oaks draped with melancholy moss, the camellias glowing in their glossy foliage, the tawny sweep of marshland backed by the solid green of the massed pines, the subtle play of light on water, the gentle sky—these things are almost clichés, now. But they have to be seen to be believed.

Occasionally there would be an oyster-roast, with bushels of small sweet Georgia oysters steamed open on sheets of iron laid across pits full of glowing coals. This custom, too, survives, but if you ever get mixed up in an oyster-roast you had better wear your oldest clothes. The results, as somebody once drawled, are messy and marvelous.

Like boys everywhere, we invented many of our games. One, which I have never seen played elsewhere, was called half-rubber. The ball was *half* of a sponge rubber ball which the pitcher sailed, flat side down. It could perform the most astounding gyrations. The bat was a broomstick. After a few



years of playing half-rubber, your eye was razor sharp. Hitting an ordinary baseball was like shooting fish in a barrel.

We had our real Tom Sawyers, shrewd enough to take advantage of human vanity. All of us, for example, prided ourselves on our marble marksmanship. One day a sly fellow appeared with a cigar box which he placed on the baked clay of the school-yard. In it he had cut "doors" of varying sizes. If from ten feet you shot your marble through the largest hole, you could win two marbles from him. A smaller hole would pay you five, a still smaller one ten. But if you didn't hit any hole, you lost your own marble.

This character did not even have to persuade us to play. We fought for the privilege, each boasting hoarsely of his own prowess. It was a different story at the end of recess. The guy went home with every marble in the school.

My Huck Finn in those days was Anderson Hammond who rejoiced in the remarkable nickname of Phonsie—result of some family joke about Alphonse and Gaston, the comic strip characters of those days. Phonsie didn't say much, but there were no flies on him. Early mornings, when we'd go fishing, he would politely offer to row across the inlet—and I would happily accept. It took me about three years to figure out that this meant that I had to row back in the heat of the day when the Georgia sun was like a hammer.

Sometimes we used to row over to old Fort Pulaski, a huge pentagon of red brick at the mouth of the Savannah River. Considered impregnable when it was built, it was finally forced to surrender by Yankee batteries firing rifled cannon—the first real hint that the day of the masonry fort was about over. In my boyhood it was a wild and deserted place, tenanted only by lizards and snakes. Now they have cleaned it up and built a fine causeway to it. You can drive there from Savannah in half an hour and commune, if you like, with the ghost of young officer once stationed there—Robert Edward Lee.

All in all, we had a marvelous time, casting for shrimp, spearing flounders, fishing for sharks with a big hook chained to an empty five-gallon kerosene tin. Once we penned a porpoise up in a creek by jamming our *bateau* sideways from bank to bank, and nearly got ourselves and the boat reduced to matchwood by the hurtling quarter-ton bulk of the indignant mammal. The power that watches over small boys always protected us. But our guardian angels must have been thankful when bedtime came.



photograph by John Calkins

Church in the North Woods— a one-picture story

PERSONS driving to the village of Hulbert in Michigan's Upper Peninsula might not be overawed by the architecture of the Tahquamenon Methodist Chapel, but nevertheless there are a number of interesting facts about it.

For example, it almost literally sprang out of the region in which it stands. The spruce logs that are its major component came from lands belonging to the Manistique Pulp and Paper Company in the big swamp north of the village. Other companies in Newberry and Sault Ste. Marie gave pine paneling, shingles and millwork. Stone for the foundation, fireplace and chimney was gathered on the shore of Lake Superior, fifteen miles northeast of town, and most of the labor was done by the men of Hulbert.

A unique feature of the interior is the fact that the pews can be reversed so as to face a stage at the rear of the church. ■

Snowbound in Paradise

by Saralee Molenaar

photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

IF you had an opportunity to live in a national park ranger station for a whole winter, would you take it? Even if you knew that fifteen feet of snow would bank your doorstep—that there would be endless days of gray isolation—that a “day off” meant a two-mile hike over a snowy trail and a hundred-mile drive to town for supplies?

We had this choice. Dee, my husband, was doing post-graduate work in college when along came an opening for a park ranger at Paradise Valley on Mount Rainier, Washington. Our decision took three minutes. We accepted.

It was a dark evening in November when we drove to Paradise Valley, on the slope of Mount Rainier. Five feet of fluffy snow had already piled up around the cabin. Our winter home looked gloomy and inhospitable, with unlit windows and a thick cap of snow on its steeply slanted roof. The wind was blowing in icy spurts, and occasionally the moon peered around a heavy cloud. I shivered—half from cold and half from excitement.

Our key turned in the lock. The massive front door opened and we stepped inside into a musty, dead-air cold—silent except for the scampering of a mouse. The station was so quiet we were almost afraid to speak. Then Dee tripped over a chair and the clatter broke the spell. We found the light switch and carried our belongings into the little office. We went upstairs and opened a white door marked “Private,” and surveyed our living quarters. There were no curtains. Dust covered the floor. The evidence of mice was everywhere, and the cold was penetrating.

Our dismayed silence was shattered by the crackle of voices in the office below. I jumped as if I had been caught raiding the cookie jar. Spooks? There was nobody within miles of the

The author at Nisqually Glacier, near Paradise Valley→



Battery radio was the only means of communication during storms→

station. Then we heard, "That's all for now—KNJS2." We laughed in relief. It was two rangers at other stations, talking over the two-way radio hookup.

Next morning we began the task of decorating. Rough-textured burlap was hung at the windows. We thumbtacked six bright Austrian, Swiss and French posters of mountain scenery on the bare white walls, and swept up the dirt. The weather was still somber and snowy outside, but we felt more at home. Dee set about his official duties, which consisted of patrolling the ski trails, painting signs, keeping the ski-dormitory heated, maintaining the entire Paradise area and being on hand for occasional rescues.

For several weeks a ski-tow operated at Paradise, and hundreds of gayly-dressed skiers swarmed over the hills every weekend. Then, on January 2, the road was closed for the winter by heavy snow. The ski-tow was moved down to Canyon Rim, and we were on our own.

Some days we awoke to find the world shimmering with diamonds and the sky a flawless blue. If this happened on a weekend we were sure to see at least a dozen hardy skiers at Paradise. They would drive as far as Narada Falls and then climb up the trail to our station. These were happy days. But other mornings were harsh and gray and windy. The snow churned around our cabin and crept through cracks in the windows to nestle inside on the sill, unmelted.

Sometimes we went into town, skiing down to our car, parked in a garage at Narada, and then driving into Seattle to visit friends and buy groceries. Returning, we loaded the supplies on our backs and started up the long trail to Paradise, with mohair climbers on our skis. Usually we had to climb in a snowstorm, but sometimes we skied home under the coral and turquoise ceiling of an unbelievable sunset.

When we didn't need supplies we spent our days off on a postman's holiday. Barring bad weather, we would make trips to Panorama Point, at 7200 feet altitude, and ski down the west side. Or we toured the rhinestone-encrusted Mazama Ridge to the east, or skied the thrilling Nisqually Glacier run.

Food was our preoccupation, and our delight. The cold mountain air was like an aperitif, and skiing during the day made us very hungry at night. Then one stormy day a wire

Home life in the ranger station, after the power line went down→



Clearing the road to Paradise, where snow lies twenty feet deep→

snapped somewhere. That meant no stove, no lights, no refrigerator, no hot water, no two-way radio. We stumbled to the tool room for kerosene lanterns. We took everything out of the refrigerator and put perishables on the boarded-in front porch. The small battery radio brought news of a dozen men working to repair the break. We hoped for speedy relief.

Next day, instead, Fate brought two friends, invited long before, to stay with us for a week. We were properly dismayed, until they convinced us that, coming up from civilization in Seattle, they were genuinely thrilled at the chance to experience real mountain life: cooking on a portable camp stove, reading by a lantern, and using a battery radio. When they left at the end of the week, just as the power came on again, they assured us that they had never spent a more enjoyable time in their lives. Neither had we!

Because we lived there and knew it intimately, the park became peculiarly ours. We found ourselves rushing to defend it from the slightest criticism. In the matter of skiing, for instance: there isn't as much of it at Mount Rainier now as there once was. In the 1920's it was one of the leading winter sports areas in the U.S. There were toboggan runs off lower Eagle Peak, a Fourth of July Ski Carnival at Paradise, the world-famous Silver Skis Races, and the Daffodil Cup Races, when bunches of butter-yellow daffodils were placed in the snow along the course. But the unpredictability of the weather caused such events to move on to other winter sports centers. The hotels at Paradise are now darkened and still during the winter, though the lure of touring the vast whiteness of the Park draws hundreds of skiers on weekends. Paradise has competition, but she is still doing quite well!

Our winter in Paradise wasn't always idyllic, of course. There was one day when I was briefly—but terrifyingly—lost in a swirling blizzard. There were other days when I became lonely waiting for Dee to come back from his patrol of the power line and the ski trails. Often, when he was home, we had the sense of being the only two human beings left in the world. It could have been depressing or dull, but it wasn't. We thought, and sometimes said aloud:

"This may never happen again. Let's enjoy it while we can."

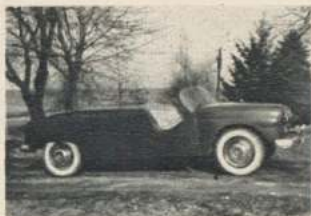
We did, and we'll remember it all the rest of our lives. ■

When blizzards prohibit outdoor work, the park ranger paints signs→



CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Melvin Beck



NEAL ATKINSON of Remington, Indiana, used parts from Ford models of 1936, '38, '46, and '50 to make the rear-engine roadster shown at left. The frame is 1936 and the engine, 1947 V-8. Other features are a 3.54:1 rear end and individual suspension on all four wheels. Atkinson reports

excellent performance, especially over rough ground.

Richard B. Jenkins of Essex Falls, New Jersey, bought the '32 V-8 phaeton pictured below from an auto enthusiast who had—during twelve years of ownership—kept the engine gleaming like a modern kitchen. Jenkins took the car to George H. Mead, Inc., Ford dealer in Belleville, New Jersey, for removal of a few dents, installation of new upholstery and chrome, and a yellow and black paint job. A set of whitewall tires completed the car's face lift. Jenkins says the 85 hp stock V-8 engine "purrs beautifully," and that he has refused many generous offers for it.

Vincent A. Hunihan, a New Haven, Connecticut, telephone engineer, spent only \$300 in the building of his 900-pound roadster shown above right. Hunihan whittled down a Model T chassis, added a Model A rear end, and installed a Ford 60 hp V-8 engine.

He hammered the hood and body out of 22-gauge sheet



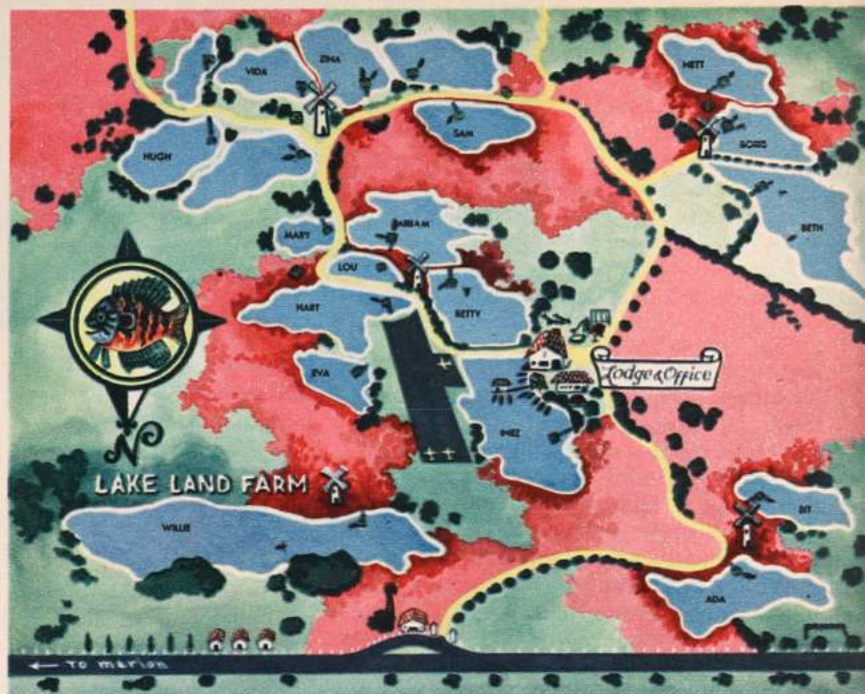


metal and cut the fenders from old metal spare tire covers. Hunihan says the toughest job was the radiator, which he made by sawing a regular Ford radiator in half and then soldering more than 100 holes in the core.

Painted red and black, the car gets more than 30 miles to the gallon of fuel, and the owner says it will speed at more than 100 mph. Before the license plates were issued, the vehicle had to pass rigid tests by Connecticut police.

Walter E. Huckabee, Jr., a cotton mill engineer of Thomaston, Georgia, who tinkers with Ford cars of all ages as a hobby, won the 1926 Model T roadster shown below in a raffle in 1942. Since then his effort has been to restore the car to original specifications as far as outward appearance is concerned. Under the hood, however, he has experimented with a variety of power plants. He first tried a 60 hp V-8, then an 85 hp V-8, and a 100 hp V-8. Considering all-around performance, he finally settled on the 85 hp engine as his permanent power. The finish is a glossy black lacquer with the original windshield posts, radiator shell, and headlight rims chromed. The upholstery is black kid leather.





Lake Land Farm in a crimson clover setting

Dock Fishing Deluxe

story and paintings by Claude Peacock

DOWN in Alabama a man with an Irish imagination and a deep sympathy for those who prefer their fishing without toil has created an angler's heaven. He has succeeded in creating a situation where innumerable fighting fish are placed within reach of a bench, a shaded picnic table, a sandwich and a good book.

This park for indolent anglers is located a few miles off U.S. Highway 80 and five miles from Marion, off to the northwest of Montgomery a piece. Nestled here among the gradually sloping hills are twenty lakes, all stocked with bass

and bream and scientifically fertilized to produce oversize fish in record time.

The owner and designer of this fish farm, Mr. E. E. Donovan, has dreamed up every convenience for the sportsman who prefers his angling minus misery. He has even transformed fishing from a bachelor sport to a family affair by providing conveniences for mother and the children. Mr. Donovan has thought of everything.

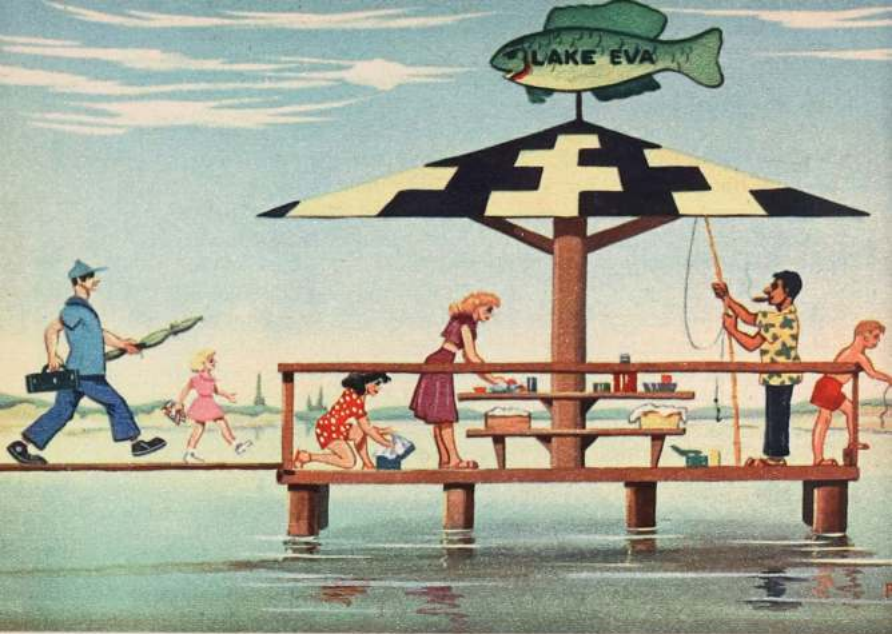
Lake Land Farm covers some 1800 acres, with the twenty lakes covering about 350 acres of the area. A good gravel road winds from lake to lake, and visitors can drive their cars to the edge of each lake where they will find a pier extending out into the water. Each pier has a wide roof to protect the guests from sun or rain. There are benches and a table under the roof where Mom can spread the picnic lunch and the older kids can play canasta. Over the roof of each pier perches a big wooden fish with the name of that lake on it, each lake being named for a friend or relative of Donovan's.

Near each lake is a rest room fashioned in the style of a Dutch windmill. In each are a shower stall, rest rooms, and one or two small bedrooms upstairs. In the spring, when the crimson clover is in bloom, the windmills give the illusion of Holland in tulip time.

When Donovan first designed Lake Land Farm his idea was to open only a few lakes at a time to the public, keeping the others closed to let the fish grow big and fierce. At the end of three months, another group of lakes would be opened and the first ones closed. No sooner had he started this rotation than his customers complained. They accused him of holding the closed lakes for privileged parties. Donovan wanted no charges of favoritism, so he opened all lakes. Now the sportsmen can walk or drive from one lake to another, often making as many as ten lakes in a day.

Located in the center of the farm is the office where fishing permits are sold and the latest information obtained as to which lakes are producing the best catches. Here fishing equipment can be bought and there is a snack counter where you can eat, or buy food for a picnic on the pier.

Next to the office is the lodge where parties, dances and club gatherings take place. Jutting from the walls with predacious glares are huge fish heads mounted on plaques bearing the names of the proud anglers who landed them. There is a cheerful old-fashioned fireplace filled with logs.



← *Each lake has a covered dock and table.*

Pine rafters support the ceiling, giving an odor of outdoor freshness.

Also located near the lodge and office are children's playgrounds, barbecue pits, a picnic pavilion, and rowboats. Not far away is the landing field where sportsmen sometimes fly in for a day of fishing. There have been as many as forty planes on the strip at one time.

Donovan's patrons generally come away with satisfying catches because he manages his lakes according to Alabama's unique methods of fish raising. Using the techniques developed by H. S. Swingle of the state experiment station, he rears fish the way farmers raise corn. He follows the principle that rich land produces many large fish while poor land raises only runts. To insure the richness of the land he applies fertilizer directly to the lakes—a hundred tons a year in regular applications.

The fertilizer increases the supply of those tiny water plants known as algae, turning the water a murky green. The algae, in turn, increase the crop of larvae and crayfish. Into this fine cafeteria for fish, Donovan plants bass and bream in a careful ratio and the fish find the fertile water to their liking. The bream grow fat on crayfish and larvae, and the bass grow fat not only on these, but also the excess bream. Fish in well-fertilized ponds grow three or four times as fast as in natural waters.

Alabama's discovery that bass and bream make an ideal combination was the result of years of experimentation. The state first attempted to stock ponds with bass alone, but results were unsatisfactory. The larger bass fed on the smaller ones and in a few years the pond contained nothing but a few large bass.

The state also tried bream alone, but this didn't work either. Bream were too prolific. One pair could produce as many as 15,000 young in a year. In no time at all the pond would be loaded with stunted fish, hardly worth catching.

Finally the state tried planting bass and bream together at the rate of 100 bass and 1500 bream per acre of water and the results were highly pleasing. Feeding indiscriminately, the bass gobbled up bream, thereby leaving more of their own young to grow big. While doing this, the bass kept the

← *Rest rooms are made like windmills.*



← *Fertilizing speeds the growth of fish.*

bream in check, thereby permitting more bream to grow to a hand-length and bigger.

The only thing that could upset this desirable state was weeds. If weeds were permitted to grow, the bream could hide from the bass and soon overpopulate the pond.

Fortunately, the fertilization that furnished such rich feeding for fish also held weeds in check. Fertilized water is so murky with algae bloom that sunlight cannot reach the bottom of the pond, and without sunlight weeds can't get started. Shore weeds can be controlled by pulling, cutting and steepening the banks.

In spite of every precaution, however, ponds will get out of control now and then, and the fishing will deteriorate. In that case, all that's left is to start over. Each year Donovan drains one pond or more, taking out all fish and restocking with the correct numbers of young fish. This is necessary, he says, not only because of unbalance, but because noxious fish find their way into the water. These harmful fish are often brought into the ponds by wading birds who carry the eggs or fry stuck to their feet. In addition, those customers who use carp, or the common goldfish, for bait will also unwittingly stock the lake with an undesirable species. Some of the bait is bound to get loose from the hook and remain in the pond to reproduce. Donovan discovered a four-pound goldfish in one pond that he drained.

Although bass will grow to a pound and bream to six ounces in a year, Donovan finds that the best fishing is in ponds that are about three years old. At the end of five or six years, the pond may begin to deteriorate, in which case it is drained and restarted. During the life of lakes thus managed there is no such thing as overfishing the water. The faster fish are taken out, the faster those remaining will grow.

Most of the buildings at Lake Land are of brick or concrete with bright checkered tile roofs. From the air these roofs easily identify Lake Land from surrounding farms.

Donovan's fish haven has proved especially popular with the ladies. They can wear neat clothes, drive to one of the lakes, walk out onto a clean pier, sit down on a bench in the shade and commence fishing, a pole in one hand and a magazine in the other. ■

← *Fish may be cooked at the barbecue pits.*



Garden at Work

by Joyce Rockwood Muench

photographs by Josef Muench

To the casual visitor the Boyce Thompson Southwestern Arboretum looks like a beautiful and extraordinary garden and conservatory. It is located in the foothills of the Pinal Mountains near Superior, Arizona. Its thirty acres of cultivated gardens are an adventure in the colors and textures of plant life. In the pictures on the opposite page are shown the succulent greenhouse (*above*) and the cactus section (*below*).

But its beauty is not the Arboretum's only excuse for being, or even its chief one. The mining magnate, William Boyce Thompson, founded it in 1929. Since other great arboreta are concerned with the flora of temperate lands, he dedicated this one to the arid and semi-arid portions of the earth. Here, under the guidance of Fred Gibson, director, new plants are sought which will flourish and prove fruitful, ornamental, or otherwise valuable in arid land.

Some tangible and very valuable results have already been achieved. From Australia came the giant panicum grasses, which have the protein value of alfalfa and which now flourish on open ranges of the Papago Indian Reservation. From Africa came the love grasses used by the Soil Conservation Service to discourage erosion. Another winner from Australia is the saltbush, which has a commendable fondness for alkaline soil and contains salt as well as nutriment for cattle.

What other finds may be latent in the Arboretum's vast library of neatly-labeled seed envelopes, time alone will tell. In this work patience is a superlative virtue.



—Here is the Ford V-8 Customline Fordor sedan for 1953.

Ford Sets the Trend for '53

by Burgess H. Scott

photographs by Hy Fisher

THE Ford Six and V-8 for 1953 are on the roads with more than two hundred body-style, color and upholstery combinations. These new, pace-setting models include forty-one outstanding features, led by a driving and riding ease that is the result of balanced construction rather than excessive weight.

Ford's high compression, low-friction design Strato-Star engine is the only V-8 in the low-priced bracket and the Mileage-Maker Six with free-turning overhead valves is the most modern in the industry. A choice of three transmissions is offered in both Six and V-8 models: Fordomatic drive, automatic overdrive, and conventional drive.

Fordomatic can be considered two automatic drives in one, as it is a combination of fluid torque converter for smoothness and automatic mechanical gears for positive acceleration. The automatic overdrive permits high road speed with comparatively low engine revolutions. (At a road speed of 50 mph the engine of the overdrive-equipped Ford turns over the equivalent of only 35 mph.) Ford's quiet, easy-mesh conventional drive, teamed with a semi-centrifugal clutch, provides trouble-free manual shifting.

The most notable appearance feature of the 1953 models is the wider, lower, and more massive grille, contributing to an over-all wider and lower silhouette.

The '53's body joints are welded, soldered, and plastic-sealed into a hull-tight construction that seals out dust, draft,

—The Ranch Wagon offers comfort plus large luggage space.




—*Ford's new single-bar grille sets styling trend for '53.*

and moisture. A variety of soundproofing materials is used in important interior body areas to reduce noise, including a thick glass fiber under-hood insulation.

Both engines are equipped with Ford's Automatic Power Pilot, which teams carburetion, ignition, and combustion to provide more mileage from every gallon of regular gasoline.

Ford's Power-Pivot brake and clutch pedals hang from the dash rather than extending through the floor space, eliminating dusty, drafty holes. Ford's improved Automatic Ride Control, combining with other balanced components, provides the sensational new Miracle Ride, perhaps the most outstanding feature of the 1953 models.

Counterbalanced hinges on the hood and rear deck lid permit finger-tip opening, and holding in the open position. Following is a partial list of Ford's many leading features:

1. Center-Fill fueling.
 2. Full-Circle visibility; one-piece curved windshield and car-wide rear window.
 3. Wide front tread.
 4. MagicAire heating and ventilating system.
 5. Flight-Style control panel with individually lighted controls.
 6. I-Rest tinted safety glass.
 7. Automatic posture control
 8. Foam rubber cushions and non-sag springs in all seats.
 9. Push-button door handles, rotary type door latches with pin-tumbler locks.
 10. Silent-Doorman two-stage front door checks and free-entry offset door hinges.
 11. Viscous Control shock absorbers.
 12. K-Bar frame with box-section side rails and five cross members.
 13. Magic Action double-sealed brakes.
 14. Super-fitted aluminum pistons.
 15. Waterproof ignition system.
 16. Key-turn starting.
 17. Balanced-case steering.
- 

—*The new instrument panel with individually lighted controls.*



Highways Are Money Earners

by Franklin M. Reck

decorations by Larry McManus

WHEN a highway department builds a good road to replace a bad one, the public is likely to consider it a regrettable but probably necessary burden on the pocketbook.

This understandable attitude is one reason why this country isn't modernizing its roads fast enough to keep pace with the growing demand. What we need to learn is that instead of being an expense, a good highway is a money maker. It generates enough revenue to pay for itself. It does more than that. It actually adds to our national wealth by increasing land values, lowering car operating costs, reducing accidents and saving time.

Our highway economists are prepared to show that properly built highways, properly located, are a capital investment like a factory, mine, or any other wealth-producing facility.

The fact that is only dimly understood by most people is that all highways, not merely toll roads, collect an admission charge from the people who ride on them. For every mile a

car travels on a road, its owner pays out a certain amount of cash to the builders of the road, mostly in the form of gas tax, but also in registration fees and excise taxes on cars, tires and the like. The amount is about a half cent a mile.

The better the road, the more of these half-cents it collects. A good road outdraws a bad one just as a well-built Ferris wheel outdraws a dilapidated merry-go-round. Any road that draws the customers is a profit-maker for its builders. Perhaps this concept will be clearer if we take a specific highway, such as the Gulf Freeway in Houston, Texas. This piece of fine highway engineering has surprised everyone with its ability to make the turnstiles click.

When the first section of 7.8 miles was opened in 1948, 29,000 cars a day traveled over it. Before long the figure climbed to 50,000 and in 1951 daily traffic reached the surprising total of 72,000.

At that volume the freeway was collecting in state taxes alone around seven and one-half per cent of its capital cost of over two million dollars a mile. If you add what those cars were paying the federal government in gas tax and excise tax, the return would be closer to ten per cent. Any facility that earns for its builders (the state and federal governments) anywhere near ten per cent is a first rate capital investment.

It's the same with every good road built in response to a traffic need. The Arroyo Seco Freeway in California, for example, earns an income of over twelve per cent.

These good highways that replace bad ones don't merely





rob some other highway of traffic, thus leaving us where we were before. A good road generates new traffic. By relieving congestion and making travel more pleasant, it induces people to use their cars who otherwise would leave them in the garage.

Nobody has been able to figure exactly how much new traffic a good highway generates, but we do know this: In the United States we travel about five hundred billion vehicle miles a year. If we were living in the age of mud and gravel, narrow wooden bridges and sharp turns, we wouldn't be traveling one-tenth that mileage. And the roads would be earning very little money indeed.

Here's the clincher. In 1951 we drivers paid our state and federal government four and one-half billion dollars in user taxes—gas taxes, registration fees, excise taxes and so on. This is about what we spend each year on our roads. Obviously our highways are paying for themselves in admissions charged.

A remarkable point about this income is that the bulk of it is collected for the state and federal governments by the gas stations along the route. They perform this service without charge. Every gas station is a cash register for Good Roads, Inc. It's difficult to imagine anything more convenient.

The moral of all this, in the view of highway experts, is that we can build good roads much faster than we are now doing, secure in the knowledge that people will flock to them in numbers and pay back the cost in "admission fees" at the rate of half a cent a mile.

But highways do more than merely pay for themselves in "admissions." They create wealth besides. Where a good

highway replaces a bad one, adjacent property values rise.

Take that 7.8 miles of Gulf Freeway. In the first five years, when the highway was being built and partly used, the land adjoining it on both sides increased from about twenty million to forty million in value.

Not all this could be attributed to the freeway, because land elsewhere in Houston rose about fifty per cent in value at the same time. Thus only about ten million of the increased value could be credited to the freeway. But that was only in the first five years, before many drive-ins and factories were located along the freeway. The biggest increase was yet to come.

The lesson of this is startling, to say the least. If a single man had owned all that adjacent property, he could have built the freeway out of his own pocket—sixteen million dollars plus—and in the first five years he could have got back ten million of it in the increased values of his land! No doubt in ten years he could have sold out at a handsome profit. In other words, he could have afforded to build the highway himself and let people use it without charge, just for the value it added to the adjoining property!

The same thing happens whenever a good road replaces a bad one. Where the highway is a freeway with limited access, factories and housing developments may be established far from the city *in distance*, yet close to the city *in time*. Freeways increase land values over an ever-widening area of countryside surrounding our cities. They permit the utilization of our land in a way that fits the automobile age.





Good highways, however, make money for everyone, not merely those lucky enough to own adjacent property. It costs less to operate cars on good highways than bad. Fewer gear shifts, fewer bumps, less gas consumption, smaller repair bills. The benefit is hard to nail down to a specific figure, but the late Dr. Laurence Ilsey Hewes of the Bureau of Public Roads estimated that road improvement could easily save us a quarter cent per mile in our driving cost. For a person driving ten thousand miles, that amounts to twenty-five dollars a year. Not much, but cash in the pocket nevertheless. For all the drivers in the nation, the savings would be a billion and a quarter, or one-fifth the amount we *ought* to be spending on our roads.

Good roads also save money by decreasing accidents. Hewes estimated that accidents cost us another half cent a mile, or over three billion a year. By building roads to standard, we might possibly save half our accident bill.

This would almost certainly help to reduce car insurance rates. In many localities insurance rates have gone up seven times since the war, until the cost of car insurance frequently equals a driver's annual gas bill. This has happened for a number of reasons, among them lack of driver education and a tremendous increase in traffic.

Our road building has failed to keep up with the flood of cars and drivers. Last year, in spite of our road building program, this country ended up with five thousand miles *fewer* good roads than when we started. The rebuilding rate fell behind the rate of deterioration to the tune of five thousand miles on principal state routes alone. One way to bring car

insurance rates down is to reverse this trend.

Good roads also save money by saving time. It's hard to put a dollar value on time saved because it all depends on what the person does with the minutes he saves. However, in the Los Angeles area, the authorities have made time studies of truck routes to nearby towns. Because of congested routes, truckers are being allowed rates as high as one-fifth greater than schedule. That indicates an increase of twenty per cent in the cost of truck deliveries over congested roads.

Nobody knows just how much you and I are paying for trucking in cities where terminal facilities and loading docks are inadequate. It's a fact that in some places truckers wait for a half day just to get to a loading dock. The waste is a multimillion-dollar one, and it comes out of the public's pocket. The price is tacked onto the goods we buy.

To put it all together, good highways not only pay for themselves in "admissions," they create wealth in increased land values and new business opportunities around the countryside. They save money for every driver in reduced operating costs, fewer accidents, and time saved.

All this proves the point that a highway is an investment, like a factory, farm, or mine. The highway facility stretches along the surface of the earth, providing swift transportation in a high-level economy. It is a self-liquidating creator of wealth.

This being so, it seems that the highway economist's contention is valid. Instead of investing around four billion a year in roads that are inadequate, why not go confidently ahead? Why not set our sights on a modern system in line with the growing demand of our rubber-tired customers? ■



Carnival in Montreal

paintings by John S. Walsh

THERE is a tide in the affairs of universities which, taken at the flood, leads on to carnivals. It was that way with McGill, in Montreal.

McGill had the dramatic students to create a revue. It had talented musicians. It had hockey, basketball and swimming teams for exhibition performances. It had skiers to compete with the best from Middlebury or Dartmouth or wherever. It had virtuoso skaters for racing and dancing. It had abundant snow (usually) for sculpture to decorate the campus. There was a multitude of pretty coeds from which to choose a queen. Next door waited Mount Royal, a winter-wonderland of a city park. Not far away were the Laurentians, made to order for winter sports. And McGill had the brilliant sunshine, the clear blue skies and the clean snow of Winter incarnate.

There was no help for it: McGill had to have a carnival.

The first one was held in 1938, staged by the McGill Outing Club. It was a social, dramatic and athletic success—but a financial flop. The Club had followed the pattern of the Dartmouth Carnival, but had overlooked the fact that the New Hampshire university's Outing Club embraced almost the entire student body, assuring campus-wide support and participation. The M. O. C., however, represented only a portion of the McGill student body.

To gain a broader base, the M. O. C. invited businessmen and civic groups in Montreal to participate. This year, when the McGill Winter Carnival opens for three days of merriment and high excitement on February 19, 20 and 21, the festival will be not merely the university's, but all Montreal's. It will also be the largest event of its kind on the North American continent, with the assurance of at least 20,000 spectators. Some of them will be Americans, come to enjoy a good show.



Mount Royal Park, overlooking the city

The fun opens Thursday afternoon as fraternity and sorority houses, residence halls and other groups complete the elaborate snow sculptures by which each hopes to win the coveted Carnival awards for artistic merit and originality. Rules permit the use of a few non-elemental props if the weather man doesn't provide a bountiful crop of usable snow. Usually one of these sculptures tops all others for size and impressiveness. In 1951 it was a mammoth ice palace. Last year a thirty-two-foot figure of Jack Frost was erected astride one of the campus roads, though the Carnival itself was cancelled at the last minute because of the death of King George VI.

Things really get going on "Mount Royal Night" in the park. A torchlight parade, sleigh rides and fireworks—not to mention incidental skiing, tobogganing and skating—are all crowded into one exhilarating evening. Gaily costumed coeds mingle with traditionally garbed snowshoers from local clubs, and several thousand students and townsfolk turn out to share the fun. The evening ends with dancing in a large chalet in Mount Royal Park, overlooking the jeweled pattern of city lights stretched out below.

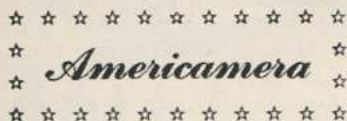
Next day the scene shifts northward to the Laurentians where, at St. Sauveur, there are intercollegiate ski meets and tobogganning, marathon races and broom-ball games played in the snow at Molson Stadium. That same evening, back in the city, the McGill pucksters tackle the crack University of Montreal squad at the Forum, followed by a glittering ice festival with an array of international stars and plentiful college talent. The climax is the crowning of the Winter Carnival Queen.

More ski meets and indoor sports events, including basketball and swimming, round out the athletic program on Saturday, and a Carnival Revue is staged. Saturday evening, at the Grand Carnival Ball in the Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium, Town and Gown dance another winter carnival to a magnificent conclusion.

Comes Monday and the snow sculpture sags into oblivion while McGill turns back to its almost-forgotten books. But the basic raw materials of the carnival, the skating and the skiing and the jingle of sleigh bells on Mount Royal, go on for the rest of the winter.

Torchlight procession for the Carnival Queen→





Pass of Many Names

photographs by Carl Fallberg

IN THE 1850's most travelers between Los Angeles and the north shortened their journey by going through the narrow cleft in the coastal range pictured at upper right. Located near Newhall on the northern outskirts of Los Angeles, the pass was supposedly first used by Captain John C. Fremont in 1847 in coming to the city from Santa Barbara. Accordingly, it first became known as Old Fremont Pass.

Soldiers from nearby Fort Tejon dug out and widened the pass and, because it reminded them of the notch in a rifle sight, the name "Gunsight Pass" was bestowed. Later on a government surveyor named Beale obtained a franchise to improve the pass further, and for a time it was known as Beale's Cut.

In the 1870's when the pass had been widened to an impressive fifteen feet, it was operated as a toll road, and all travelers paid for their passage at a tollhouse at the south entrance. Despite the many improvements made, the pass at this time still had a grade of 29 per cent, and it is recorded that the tollkeeper kept a team of horses at hand to aid in the ascents. At the crest the wagon wheels were locked with chains for the comparatively easy downhill slide.

The pass was still in use in the automobile's early days, and the first road maps gave it yet another name: Newhall Pass. It continued in use until it was replaced by a tunnel and the four-lane highway pictured at lower right.

Present-day travelers now pull their cars onto a turnout for a look at the steep pass up which men, horses, and old automobiles toiled.



My Favorite Town—

Hen Scratch, Florida

by Steve Trumbull

paintings by Russ Smiley

MY favorite town is Hen Scratch, Florida, at the headwaters of Fisheating Creek. That's really the name of the backwoods townsite, and that's the name of the creek.

Our modern highway maps have dropped the name of Hen Scratch, probably for the reason that virtually no one goes to Hen Scratch anymore. Going to Hen Scratch today is more than just another casual trip. It's an achievement.

But you'll still find the name on the more detailed state maps. Hen Scratch is in the west-central part of Highlands County just west of Lake Stearns.

Strictly by the census yardstick, Hen Scratch isn't very much. Only one of the original inhabitants still lives there, although there are many more in the surrounding countryside.

Physically it's also well down the scale, even below ghost town status. In ghost towns at least the buildings remain. In Hen Scratch the thirty-odd makeshift houses of the original settlers have returned to the mould of the beautiful big cabbage palm hammock that drew its first settlers there.

On the occasion of our last visit there, the sole remaining original inhabitant and his very capable red-headed wife were running their catfish trotline in the creek. With skinned and dressed "cats" bringing twenty-five cents a pound in Sebring, they were doing all right. They had tubs filled with them. This head of the household who alternates his ranch chores with this piece of individual enterprise is Jesse Durrance.

Who were the original settlers of Hen Scratch? Why did they go there? And why the outlandish name for the town?

The story was first told to us by Mammy Jessie Bell Snell.

Their contemporaries, Mammy Jessie Bell said, were drawn to the place by stories of the fantastic fertility of the land in and around that big cabbage palm hammock. Elsewhere over much of South Central Florida they had found little but

Above right: The "road" to Hen Scratch is paved with grass.

Below right: A large portion of the "town" I finally found.



the sandy, palmetto-covered flatlands. They found the land much as they had heard it described. It grew downright amazing truck crops.

As the story spread, more and more pioneers came until there were the thirty-odd dwellings. By community effort, they even built a little one-room schoolhouse.

The name? Well, that really was quite simple. The first settlers, hunting their meat over the countryside, were amazed at the number of wild turkey tracks they found in the hammock. Said one: "Looks like every hen in Florida had been in there scratchin' for bugs." Said another: "That's a good name for the place, Hen Scratch." And Hen Scratch it became.

The crude economics of the day caused the decline of Hen Scratch. Everyone was raising bumper truck crops. But with transportation what it was, the little cow town of Arcadia—a long ox cart haul across the flatlands—was the only market. Arcadia could use just so many vegetables. And in lean years—and most years were lean—Arcadia didn't always have the money to pay for those. So, reluctantly Hen Scratch settled down to its destiny of becoming something of a colorful memory.

It was some years ago when first I came upon the name on a map. Nothing could dispel the yen. I simply had to go to Hen Scratch. I tried it a couple of times on my own, always ending up in some sand patch that appeared completely impassable.

Next step was to call on an old friend, Tom Gaskins, a rugged little individualist who makes his living by harvesting the oddly shaped cypress knees from along the banks of Fisheating Creek and exhibiting them in an attractive museum near its banks at Palmdale.

As a lad, Tom and some other Arcadia boys made an annual camping trip cross country from their town and into the Hen Scratch area.

Quite definitely, Tom wanted to go back to Hen Scratch. But, he explained, conditions must be just right. In too-dry weather, we'd mire in the sand. Too wet, and we'd mire crossing the spots of mud between the sand. That time it was too dry. Six months passed before I again came that way. Then it was too wet.



But finally came the day when conditions were just right.

At Lake Placid the roadside garage man confirmed the belief that the road to Hen Scratch would be passable. He'd seen the Durrances come out that morning with a load of catfish. So we took the sand road leading down the north side of Lake Stearns. Halfway down we came upon a poorly lettered sign in front of one of the cottages. It read: "i & Gladly Mae, Hen Scratch, Fla."

Gaskins merely smiled. That wasn't really Hen Scratch. So we went on and finally turned south on what is locally known as a line grade, sandy and rough. Eventually that gave out, and there was just a trail weaving through the palmettos. Even the native-born Gaskins was puzzled at one fork. We were scratching our heads when a fellow came chugging along in an old Model A—still a favorite means of Florida sand country travel.

He said yep, we'd find Hen Scratch—what there was of it—down the right fork just a piece. We did find it, too—what there is of it.

We lingered on until a burnt-orange sun was sinking to a horizon that seemed a million miles away. The big hammock nearby—the hammock of the "hen scratches"—was becoming a great temple of shadow and mystery, a temple of a hundred twisting entrances.

It was in that hour that we learned that Hen Scratch still has its inhabitants, thousands of them. They came winging their way in. First came the wood ibis in precise formations.

A flight of white ibis came over, their gracefully curved bills reflecting the last rays of the sun. Two snowy egrets settled down on the creek bank. Florida mallards circled and landed on the creek near them.

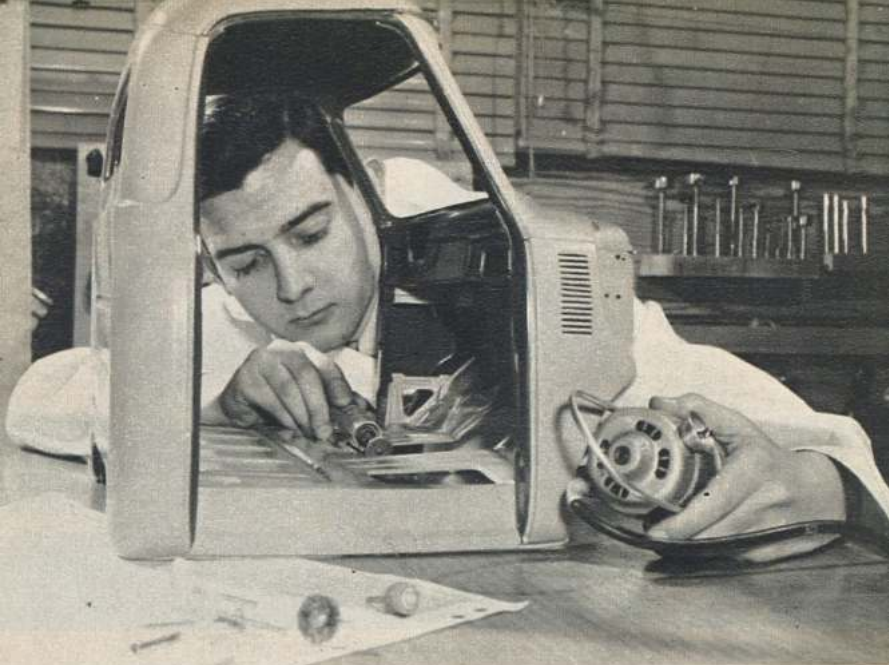
For a time there was mighty chatter from the hammock as the descendants of the real original settlers pushed and crowded for roosting place. Or maybe they were just exchanging gossip on the happenings of the day.

Old towns never really die, not even when the people move away. Sometimes, even in states where the draglines and bulldozers are ever on the march, they recapture their original charm. Which may be why—

My favorite town is Hen Scratch, Florida. ■

The sky filled with sunset and the wingbeat of birds→





photographs by Edgar Carlson

Ford is First with . . .

PLASTIC PROTOTYPES

EARLY in the process of formulating a new car or truck design, the new model exists almost entirely on drawing paper and blueprints. As a general rule when the designers, stylists, and engineers have completed their part of the job they hand over to the manufacturing, assembly, and shipping people a sheaf of the blueprints and perspective drawings from which the latter must visualize the new product from a three-dimensional standpoint.

Then, some six to nine months later, the people who are to build the vehicle are usually able to see hand-formed metal models of the complete unit or any desired part. Ford Motor Company is now the first automobile manufacturer to bridge this long waiting period through the use of a plastic prototype

process which cuts the many-month delay down to a few weeks.

Ford started using plastic prototypes in the preparation of its 1952 models. More than fifty assemblies were studied in this three-dimensional form only weeks after the ideas had first been put on paper. Additional time was saved because the plastic prototype technicians were able to build their models from outline drawings with only key dimensions given, without waiting for detailed drawings.

The technician in the photograph at left is applying finishing touches to a one-fourth-size plastic truck cab prototype. Parts for these assemblies start as wood or clay patterns. Sheet plastic, warmed to a pliable state, is formed to the contours of the pattern by pressure or vacuum. Only one shaping operation is required with the plastic, and the part emerges as a perfect, wrinkle-free reproduction.

Where it is necessary to observe interior construction and jointures, obscuring parts or panels are made of transparent plastic as in the truck cab roof shown at right in the photograph below.

Thus, all personnel concerned with production of tools and dies, with manufacturing, assembling, and shipping are able to have an early look at, and more time to plan for, the new models they are to build.





The North Flying Cage, one of the largest in the world

Backstage at the Zoo

by Belle J. Benchley

paintings by Rex Brandt

EVERYBODY loves a zoo—there can be no doubt about it. By coincidence, as I sit at my typewriter, a slow but eager procession is passing my window here at the San Diego Zoo. It is a group of blind persons who have come for their annual picnic. They will ride on one of our sightseeing buses with our best lecturer, who will describe the birds and animals and reptiles they are passing, and relate many little zoo anecdotes. The eager expressions on their faces is proof enough of the universal popularity of a zoo.

This popularity is very gratifying to zoo directors, who

strive to present the sort of exhibits and programs which will give the public the greatest pleasure. But strangely enough, most visitors are almost as curious about what goes on backstage at the zoo as they are about the exhibits. They want to know how the zoo is operated and who supports it, and what do zoo people do besides feed the animals and clean the cages?

Our zoo is rather young, as zoos go, but it has become quite large for its age. It was started in 1916 when a young surgeon, Dr. Harry Wegeforth, called a few friends together to see what could be done about taking care of a forlorn group of animals scattered about Balboa Park. The result was the Zoological Society of San Diego, incorporated as an educational and scientific body. In 1921 it was given a permanent location in the Park, a tract of two hundred acres cut by four deep canyons, with hillsides covered with brush and cactus and a few seedling gum trees. It was an unpromising site, but it was a beginning. That was all "Dr. Harry" needed.

He moved his conglomeration of cages and creatures into the new area. It looked hopeless, but Dr. Harry did not see jumble and confusion. He saw a finished product. He never lost that vision, nor the ability to make others see it. Public support came from every side, more as a personal tribute to his own sincerity than as evidence of real faith in his ambitious goal.

In 1925, after an absence of more than twenty years, I returned to San Diego where I had been raised. It was necessary to support myself and a teen-age son, and for some unfathomable reason I decided to become a bookkeeper. I actually did pass a civil service examination and received the first appointment open to a woman. It was at the zoo, and the Civil Service clerk assured me it would be very easy.

She was wrong. I had not been there ten minutes when the phone rang and a voice demanded, "How long is the tail of a hippopotamus?" It was a hint of things to come. Besides being bookkeeper, I served as purchasing agent, payroll clerk, concession manager, ticket-taker, liaison officer with the City Hall, and chief pacifier of creditors. It was not my skill as a bookkeeper, but my ability to soothe trouble makers and find information on all sorts of queer things, that led to my advancement in less than two years to Executive Secretary, a position equivalent to that of director in most zoos.

As was the case in many cities, the building of the San Diego zoo was greatly aided by the W.P.A. program of the middle thirties. Nevertheless we had many growing pains.

Except for a trickle of dimes from gate admissions, the City Council was our only source of revenue. Once I had the misfortune to be confined to the hospital at budget time because of a broken leg. I had coached the bookkeeper carefully on how to prepare the budget and present it, but she and Dr. Harry felt I was too conservative, and upped my figures accordingly. As a result, after the Council meeting the bookkeeper rushed into my hospital room sobbing that the Council had "cut our appropriation clear out of the budget!"

I called the city clerk and persuaded him to arrange another hearing, and on the appointed day I was wheeled into the City Hall on a stretcher. Immediately I sensed that I had a sympathetic gallery and a most friendly Council. Perhaps it was because of my broken leg, or perhaps they realized how much the zoo really meant to the city. At any rate I presented the new figures and, to a round of applause, a mumbled roll call gave my budget unanimous passage. I was wheeled back to the hospital, excited, tired and happy. I cried a little.

On another never-to-be-forgotten day the County Assessor, who had suddenly decided that the zoo was taxable, deter-

The "F" Canyon, with seal tank and bear grotto



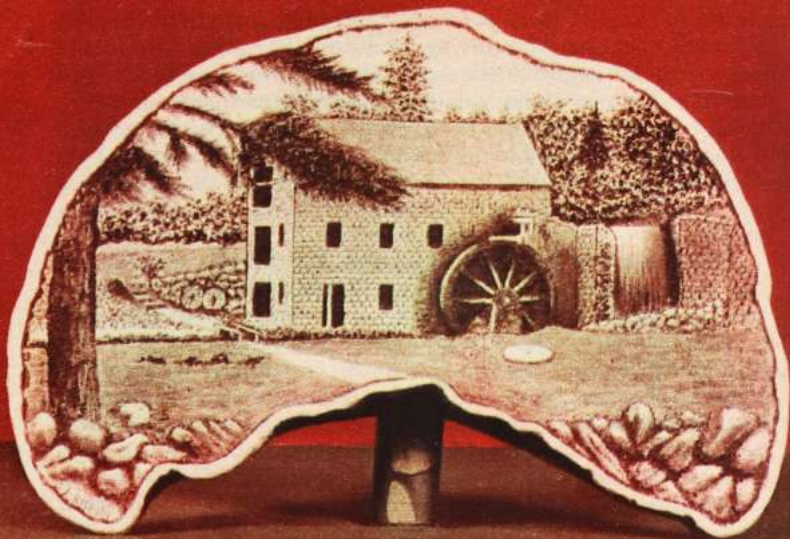
mined to auction it off for back taxes. He advertised the sale at much expense. The day arrived and the assessor appeared in person to conduct the sale with his auction block and hammer. He was rather taken aback at the temper of the very small crowd that had gathered. He went through the motions but he heard not a single bid. Instead, he saw tears in the eyes of children who feared for their zoo. Happily, the attempted sale resulted in a court decision that the zoo was non-taxable.

The value of a zoo lies not only in the exhibits it presents, but in its contribution to society in research and education. We have made many expeditions, some financed and carried in palatial yachts by wealthy men, others financed by the Society in public carriers. Our last expedition to Calcutta brought in three baby elephants, Indian tapirs, and orangutans, as well as countless small mammals and birds, just a few days ahead of Pearl Harbor. Among our great resources for trading with other zoos were the wild creatures of our beaches, mountains and deserts. Many of our finest exotic specimens were paid for in California sea lions.

These efforts to help ourselves were rewarded by large gifts of funds. From Miss Ellen Browning Scripps, of the newspaper family, more than \$300,000 was received for building some of our most spectacular cages and grottoes, as well as our animal hospital which is completely equipped for hospitalization and research. Our veterinarians make constant studies in diet, health hygiene and animal diseases, and have achieved cures that have attracted much attention to our work.

The rough topography, at first so discouraging, has been adapted to make the San Diego Zoo unique in its beauty. Dr. Harry foresaw, as we did not, that in future times one would stand on the top of a hill looking down into the deep canyon and find himself looking into vine-covered grottoes where the lions, tigers or bears appeared not as captives, but perfectly free behind a hidden moat. At such moments the feeling of captivity melts away, and the zoo becomes a wild life sanctuary in the midst of civilization.

People from all over the world come to see this different zoo and one of the great rewards for working here is the people we meet, for mutual interest in animals makes all sorts of people friends. If the Civil Service clerk had said "satisfying," instead of "easy," that day in 1925, she would have been completely right.



"Old Mill, Sudbury," a fungus engraving by John Risdon

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His Canvas Grows on Trees

WHEN John Risdon was a little boy in Vermont he liked to draw on those large semicircular fungi that are often found clinging to the trunks of hardwood trees in the deep woods. Now, at age seventy-seven, John Risdon has again taken up fungus engraving, this time as a retirement hobby, and has achieved recognition as an artist in this unusual medium.

Mr. Risdon was born, appropriately, in a Vermont lumber camp where his father was a foreman. He spent the first forty-five years of his life in the Green Mountains of southern Vermont, with plenty of opportunity for intimate acquaintance with the outdoor scenes he now likes best to draw. As a

young man he worked for the H. C. White Co. in Bennington. This firm manufactured stereoscopes, which once were a fixture in every well-furnished parlor. Later he was employed by the post office in Arlington, Vermont, and in 1920 he became a laboratory technician for Ansco, a division of General Aniline & Film Corp., in Binghamton, New York.

He collects his fungi in his summertime travels around his home state, where he is so widely known that a letter addressed merely, "Mr. John Risdon, State of Vermont," is sure to reach him. The best time to gather fungi, he finds, is in the summer, when they are whitest, and the finest specimens grow on sugar maple trees. They need about a month to dry, depending on their size and moisture content, and then they are ready for engraving.

As any country boy knows, all that's needed for rough sketching on the white underside of a fungus is a sharp stick, which leaves an indentation that turns brown. For greater accuracy and artistry, however, Mr. Risdon uses a No. 10 pen knife. He first sketches his design lightly with a pencil. Sometimes he projects a picture on the fungus photographically as a guide, but many of his sketches are free hand, made from memory. The deeper the cut of his knife, the darker the tone. From the natural chalk-white of the fungus to the dark brown of his deepest cut he achieves a great variation in tone.

Once finished, the engravings need no preservative; they remain in their original condition indefinitely. Over the past several years Mr. Risdon has accumulated a sizable collection which he has exhibited several times.

His favorite subjects are landscapes, old buildings, covered bridges, and fishing scenes. One of his engravings is shown in the photograph on the opposite page. The subject is a seventeenth-century mill at Sudbury, Massachusetts, which was restored by Henry Ford in 1925 and is owned by the Ford family. The mill is leased by the Pepperidge Farm Co. for stonegrinding the flour used in its whole-grain bread.

There is a story about Mr. Risdon that is on its way to becoming a legend. In 1948 he exhibited his engravings at a fair in Arlington, Vermont. Among those present was Norman Rockwell, who was impressed with Mr. Risdon's talent.

"You should be a painter!" he said. "Why don't you try it?"

Mr. Risdon glanced at the numerous oils and watercolors on exhibit around him, and shrugged.

"Everybody paints," he said. ■



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Luccioni's, Ohio

Delicious Thirty-Minute Sauce

½ onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, chopped
1 small piece celery, chopped
1 small carrot, chopped
2 sprigs parsley, chopped
¼ pound butter
4 tablespoons olive oil
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
Salt and pepper, to taste
3 tablespoons Parmesan cheese, grated

Heat butter and oil together and add to it all chopped ingredients. Fry until golden brown or until onions are soft. Add tomatoes. Cook over medium fire for about 20 minutes more, stirring

occasionally. Add seasonings and cheese. This amount will be enough to serve with a pound of spaghetti.

In the same location for over 30 years, Luccioni's at 4213 Euclid in Cleveland, is noted for its excellent Italian food. Lunch and dinner are served until 1:00 a.m., except on Sundays and holidays.

← painting of Luccioni's by Peter Paul Dubaniewicz

← painting of The Glades by Bill Moss

The Glades, Florida

Special Salad Cup

1 cup orange sections
1 cup grapefruit sections
½ cup papaya or melon, diced
1 small package cream cheese
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup pineapple, diced
1 cup bananas, sliced
½ cup walnuts, broken
1 tablespoon honey
1 tablespoon orange juice
½ cup whipping cream

Fruits should be thoroughly chilled and drained. Combine them with nut meats. Arrange lettuce cups in salad bowls and fill with fruit. Mash cream cheese, add honey, lemon juice and orange juice. Whip cream lightly and add to cream cheese mixture. Pour over

fruit and garnish with maraschino cherries and nut meat halves. Serves six.

The Glades at 17350 Gulf Boulevard (Redington Beach) in St. Petersburg is an attractive year-round vacation hotel on the Gulf of Mexico. You may stop in for breakfast, lunch or dinner even if you aren't staying there.



Court of Two Sisters, Louisiana

Shrimp au Gratin

2 pounds shrimp
½ cup butter or oleo
1 cup flour
4 cups liquid from shrimp
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 egg yolks
2 tablespoons sherry
2 tablespoons grated cheese
Bread crumbs

Clean and wash shrimp. Place in saucepan with a quart of water and a dash of lemon juice, then bring to a boil for ten minutes. In another pan melt butter or oleo, then add flour and stir to a smooth cream. Add shrimp stock a little at a time, stirring constantly. Then stir in seasonings, egg yolk, wine and cheese. Add shrimp, then bake in a

buttered casserole. Top with crumbs and cheese. Bake in 350°-375° oven about 15 minutes. Serves six to eight.

Just six blocks from downtown New Orleans, this restaurant at 613 Royal Street offers a delightful interlude to its patrons. Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served daily in a cool courtyard garden. After dark, candles and gaslights illuminate the scene.

←painting of Court of Two Sisters by Adolph Kronengold

←painting of Brown Palace Hotel by Frances Lake McKenna

Brown Palace Hotel, Colorado

French Pancakes

1 cup flour
1 tablespoon sugar
3 ounces milk
3 ounces cream
1 orange, grated rind
Pinch of salt
6 eggs
5 cups creamed chicken
2 cups Hollandaise sauce

Whip cream and milk together, add flour. Beat eggs, sugar, salt and orange rind together. Add flour mixture slowly to eggs. Batter should be thin. Cook in a six-inch pan, that is hot and dry. This recipe makes approximately 24 pancakes. Put creamed chicken on pancakes and roll them up. Top with Hollandaise and slide into the oven for

a couple of minutes to brown. Serve immediately. Try it with buttered asparagus tips. Makes 4-6 portions.

The Palace Arms is the newest dining room in this famous Denver landmark. The basic scheme of the room has been developed around authentic copies of 22 flags famous in American history prior to 1830. Lunch and dinner served daily.



Dahl House, Oregon

Coeur de Filet, Beurre de Roquefort

Trim fat from two-inch filets. Tie a string around outer circumference of steak. Salt and pepper, to taste. Broil to medium rare. Remove string from filets and slice each one in six slices. Arrange on plate and dot with Roquefort Butter. Serve hot.

Roquefort Butter

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound Roquefort cheese

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter

Dash of lemon

Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Blend over hot water in a double boiler. Pour into mold, chill and slice as required.

At Lake Oswego, six miles south of Portland, this restaurant is open every day except Monday for dinner and special parties. It is on West Pacific Highway 43 in the city of Oswego.

← painting of Dahl House by Ernest Richardson

← painting of Frontier Inn by Allen C. Reed

Frontier Inn, Arizona

Frontier Salad

2 cups peas, well drained

6 slices bacon

1 small onion, chopped fine

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sharp cheese, cut in small pieces

3 hard boiled eggs, cut up fine

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, sliced thin

1 clove garlic

1 teaspoon Accent

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise

Fry bacon, not too crisp, drain and cut in small pieces. Chill. Rub mixing bowl lightly with garlic. Toss all ingredients together and sprinkle with Accent. Let stand at room temperature for one hour. Mix with mayonnaise, just enough to bind together. Chill in refrigerator at least an hour. Serves eight.

Many east-west travelers go through Wickenburg especially to stop at Vic Comer's Frontier Inn and to see the barbecue ovens where the meat and poultry hang absorbing the delicate aroma of desert mesquite wood. Open every day except Tuesdays and Christmas Day from 11:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Closed during July and August.

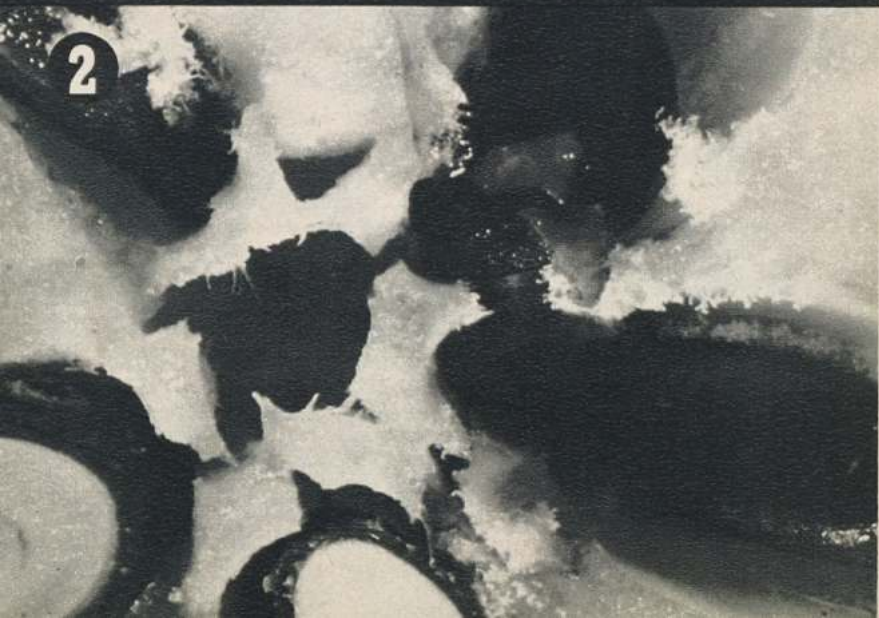
GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Food is the common denominator of these strange-looking objects. Try to identify all of four of them before checking the answers below.

photos by Clyde McClary

-
1. Artichoke
 2. Cross-section of an apple
 3. Orange
 4. Green-pepper section





Contributors



CLAUDE PEACOCK, who wrote and illustrated "Dock Fishing Deluxe" (page 18), is an art instructor at the University of Alabama Center in Montgomery. He studied art in college for three years but reports that he got most of his schooling

in that really fine institution, "the school of experience." After serving as apprentice to professional artists in New York, he took to freelancing and then entered the Army for four years and gained a lot of knowledge of modern printing and engraving. Acting on a hunch, he opened a shop in Montgomery so that he could grow as the South grew. It was a wise decision. His specialty in painting is wild life, although sometimes he cuts loose with a surrealist watercolor. He also says that if he were as good an artist as he is a fisherman, he would probably be wealthier, but not happier.

Illustrations for Arthur Gordon's story on Savannah (page 2) were painted by **DAVID M. REESE**, a member of the faculty of the Atlanta Art Institute. Born and raised in Newnan, Georgia, he studied at the Atlanta Art Institute and at the Art Students League in New York. For several years he remained in New York painting murals and portraits and doing illustrations. During the war he continued to be in contact with art by creating visual aids for instruction in the Army Air Forces. Afterward he became art



director for an agency in Atlanta, a job he gave up when the faculty position was offered to him. Now he has more time for painting and creative work.



Although a person would have to know every square foot of Florida to discover a place like Hen Scratch (see page 42), **STEVE TRUMBULL**, who wrote the story on it, was born in Indiana. Still, he

says, he's been around Florida so long that now the natives sit down with him and cuss the damyankees.

A newspaperman ever since high school vacations, Steve is now with the Miami Herald as a roving reporter with just about all of Florida as his beat. When he first got to the state in 1934 he bought a place near Homestead and started a lime and avocado grove to "get out of the newspaper business forever." He's been working his fingers to the bone in the newspaper business ever since in order to support the farm.



design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. 14—Lookout Mountain

Many of the country's 3,069 counties have rocky prominences known as Lover's Leap. In almost every case the name derives from the action of an Indian maiden who, upon seeing her suitor tossed from the brink, leaped over after him. There may be higher ones, but none is so accessible as the Lover's Leap of Lookout Mountain, overlooking Chattanooga.

The young couple above have alighted from their 1915 Model T touring car and are standing on a rock 1,400 feet directly above the meandering Tennessee River. Theirs is the only high point in the country from which can be seen, on a clear day, seven different states.* It was here, in the winter of '63, that the "Battle Above the Clouds" was fought, and here, in the summer of 1927, that miniature golf was invented.

*Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Virginia.



Front cover—Grizzly Bear Grotto in "F" Canyon at the zoo in San Diego. Other paintings by Rex Brandt illustrate "Backstage at the Zoo," by Belle J. Benchley. Story on page 50.

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