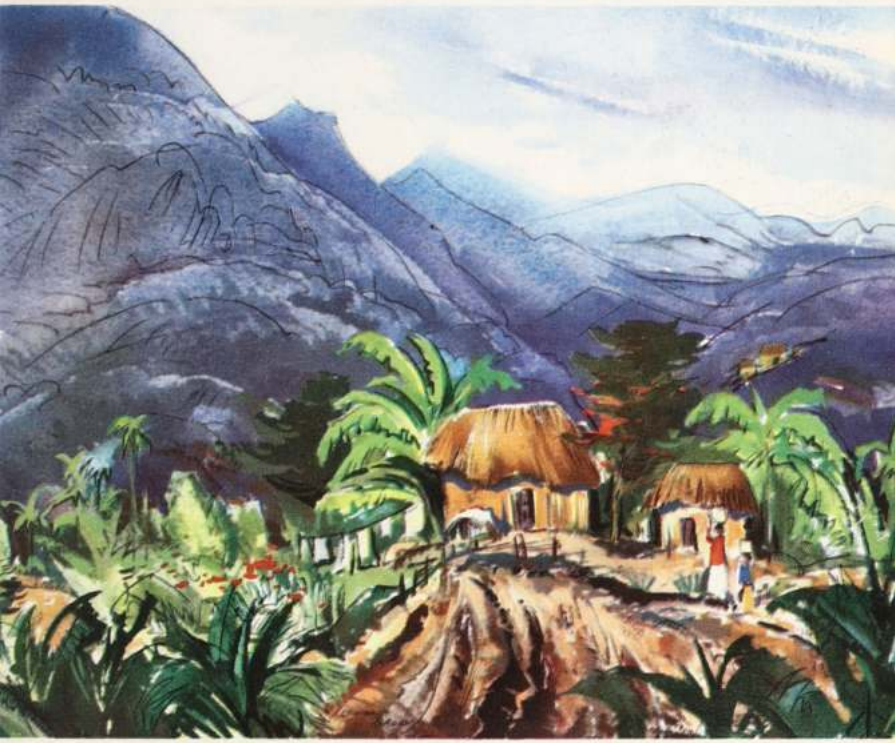
FORD TIMES

december 1953



photograph by Townsend Godsey

ONE of the most beautiful Christmas displays in the country is this exquisitely carved and adorned group of more than a hundred figures representing the people who played a role in the Nativity story. It was made in 1770 for the patrician Roman family Massimo and was given to the Museum of Art of the University of Kansas by Mrs. W. B. Thayer, who acquired it from the Massimo home, Castel San Angelo. ■

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FORD TIMES

Contents

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Traveling the

Louisiana Purchase

by Bernard DeVoto

paintings by Edwin Fulwider

A SMALL Illinois stream called Wood River flows into the Mississippi almost opposite the mouth of the Missouri. On the afternoon of May 14, 1804, a keelboat and two smaller boats entered the Mississippi from Wood River, crossed, and made their way four miles up the Missouri before halting for the night. They carried the exploring expedition led by Captain Meriwether Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark of the U. S. Army. A year and three months later, on August 12, 1805, Lewis with three of his men was some miles in advance of the rest of the party, in the Bitterroot Mountains of Montana, west of Dillon. That afternoon they drank from an eastward-flowing rivulet high on a mountainside, climbed to the ridge above it, and went down the far side to drink from a small stream that flowed west—toward the Pacific. They had crossed the Continental Divide by way of Lemhi Pass. It took them out of the area they had entered from Wood River fifteen months before, the newly-acquired lands called the Louisiana Purchase.

The United States bought that vast expanse from France in 1803. This year we have been celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase as an event at least as important as any other in our history. For a little over twenty-three million dollars we acquired more than nine hundred thousand square miles, an area somewhat larger than the United States as it then was. The price made this the biggest real estate transaction in history—the biggest bargain

as well. It works out to less than four cents an acre.

Six whole states have been carved from the area: Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and North Dakota. The greater part of seven others was included in it: Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, Minnesota, Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana.

The area covered by the Purchase extends from the Canadian border on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south and, with certain exceptions, from the Mississippi on the east to the Continental Divide on the west. It consists, with the same exceptions, of the western half of the great Mississippi Valley. The exceptions are the parts of the valley that lie in Texas and in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Colorado west of the 100th meridian and south of the Arkansas River. The irregular boundary thus set along its southwestern edge narrows the Purchase to about a hundred and fifty miles in one section of the State of Louisiana, but at St. Louis it is a thousand miles wide and at Minneapolis fourteen hundred. Its greatest north-south extent is also about fourteen hundred.

Kansas: barns and silos, endless stretches of wheat and corn→

Not quite every variety of geography or climate that the United States includes can be found here, but a motorist making a summer tour across it travels through constant, sometimes dramatic change. Say that he drives from St. Louis to Butte; that is approximately the way Lewis and Clark crossed it, following the Missouri River.

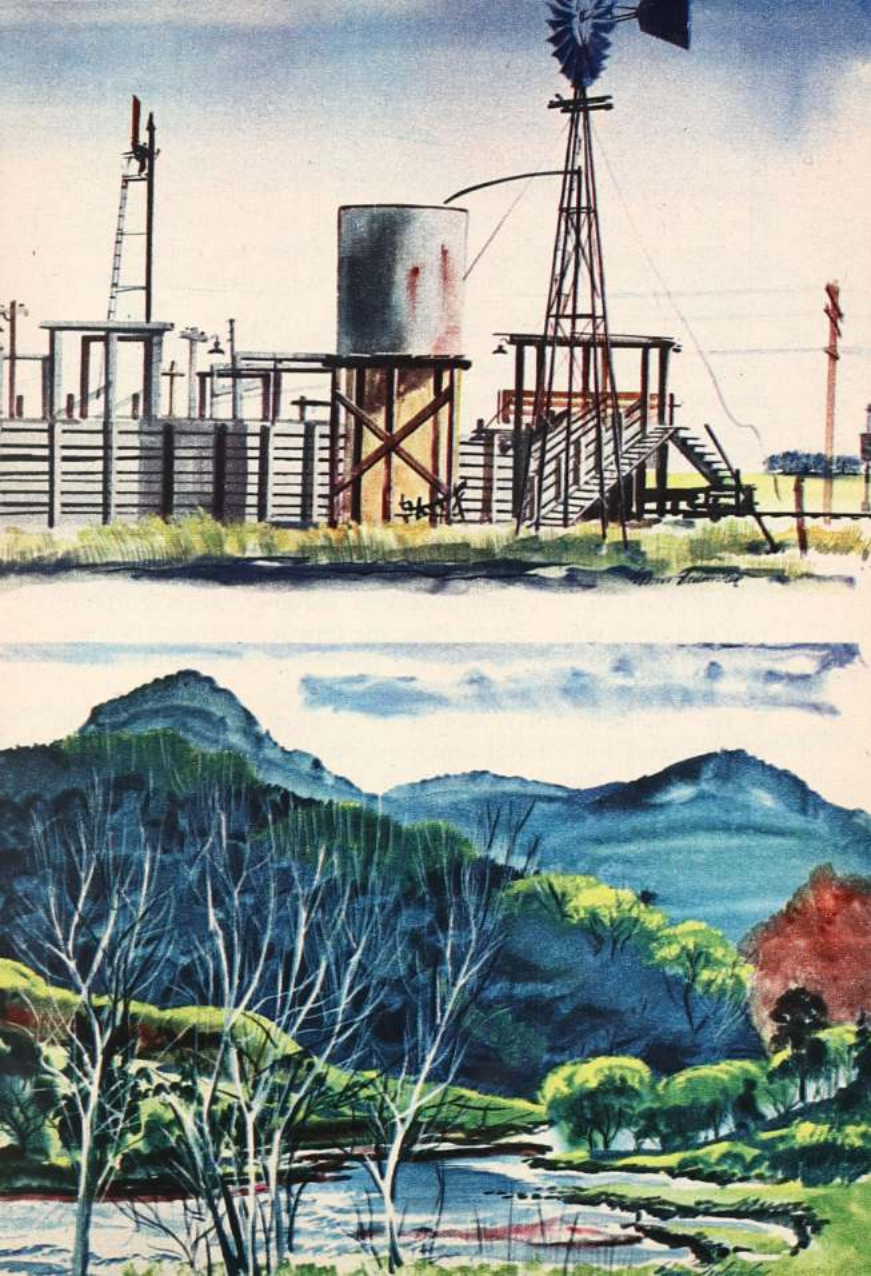
Across Missouri the road leads through a country of lush farms and rolling hills, amply timbered. At Kansas City the Missouri turns north; driving along its banks, the motorist soon enters a prairie country. Bold bluffs line the river but beyond them stretches an open, almost untimbered expanse whose slope is so imperceptible that it seems flat. He is crossing one of the richest agricultural areas in the world, with Iowa on his right and Nebraska on his left.

The river trends northwestward and then north again, through a different landscape. The tourist has entered the semiarid Dakotas and now sees no trees at all except in the river bottoms and the dwarf black cedars on the bluffs. As the river heads west into Montana he enters a genuinely arid country and one that is on such an immense scale that it seems the biggest in the world. He has reached the high plains and they are like the sea—only the crests of their gigantic swells are many miles farther apart than the swells of mid-ocean.

It is a cattle country; then as the river leads toward Great Falls it becomes a wheat country. And now mountains are never far away. New Orleans is a few feet above sea level and St. Louis about six hundred. At Butte the tourist has reached an altitude of 5700 feet and is just outside the Louisiana Purchase, for the Continental Divide is three miles to the east.

He has by no means exhausted the variety of the area, however. Suppose that, having reached the Continental Divide, he takes a fancy to travel along it, staying as close to it as he conveniently can. He will see a rich diversity of mountain ranges, and mountains always provide abundant contrast. The Divide comes down from Canada some distance inside Glacier National Park. Here the mountain peaks, called the

The Arkansas River in Colorado, a Louisiana Purchase boundary→



The Wind River Range: Continental Divide through Wyoming→

Lewis Range, seem to have been splintered and twisted. Some are grotesquely bent back upon themselves. Below the Park the Divide trends southeastward along the crest of other, less spectacular but friendlier ranges. It passes just west of Helena and just east of Butte, turns west and then south along the crest of the Bitterroot Mountains, which are massive and regular, with smooth planes. It turns east again and crosses Yellowstone National Park.

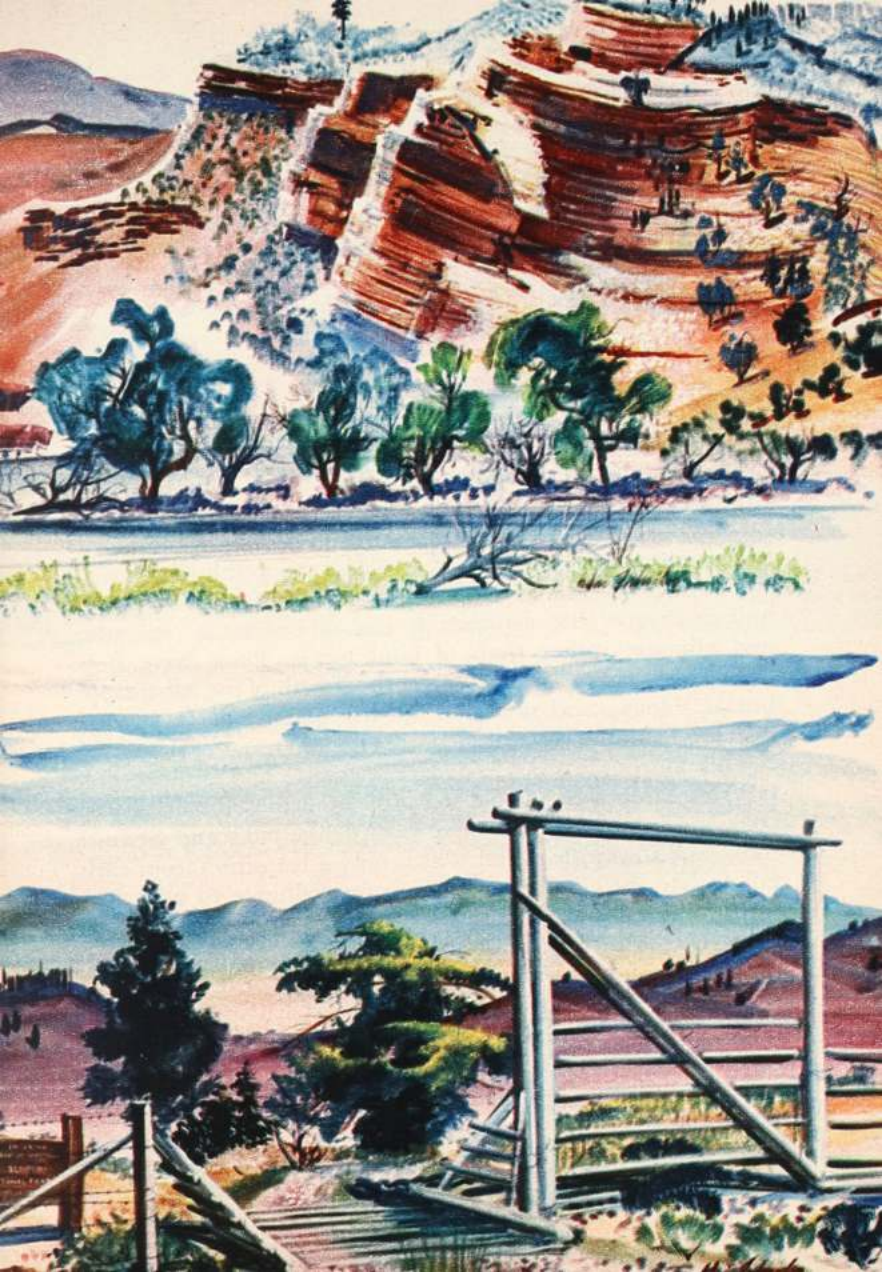
The Divide has entered Wyoming now. It passes well to the east of the Teton Mountains, surely the most dramatic of our ranges and by many considered the most beautiful, but any road the tourist takes will have them in sight. Farther along there are less impressive mountains for a space and then comes the majestic Wind River Range. One route across it (impassable by automobile) is called Two Ocean Pass; when spring widens a small lake in it, sometimes the waters flow in both directions, to the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The Wind River Range breaks off abruptly; at its southern end is a wide plain, South Pass, the famous corridor through which the emigrant wagons, the pony express, and the stage coaches entered the Far West.

The Divide leaves Wyoming by another range, the Sierra Madre, and in Colorado quarters eastward along the spectacular Park Range and Rabbit Ears and then southward along the still more spectacular Front Range, the longest and most massive one that our tourist will see. Colorado is the most rugged of all the states; its western half is all mountains; it contains thirty-one summits higher than Pike's Peak and fifty-two that rise above 12,000 feet.

One of the most famous of the Colorado mining towns is Leadville. To get to it the tourist will cross a high, wide basin called South Park, the Bayou Salado of fur-trade days, once a paradise for buffalo hunters. A little beyond it, at the head of a deep, strange valley he reaches Leadville, and a small stream, and above them the highest of the Colorado ranges, the Sawatch. It rises to the pinnacle of Mount Elbert, the

From the summit of Lemhi Pass, the Idaho-Montana boundary→



highest reach of the Divide. If he were to climb it, the tourist would complete the ascent of Louisiana, from salt water at the mouth of the Mississippi to 14,431 feet. Then, descending and turning his back on the Divide, he would follow the little stream eastward. It is the Arkansas River, leading on to the Royal Gorge; a railroad runs down that narrow canyon but the tourist crosses it by a suspension bridge that is the highest in the world.

The eastward journey leads straight across the zones he traveled slantwise from St. Louis to Butte. The aching solitude of the high plains cannot be called empty, for the plains sun, even more intense here than in Montana, penetrates to one's very soul. Eastern Colorado and western Kansas were Dust Bowl country in the 1930's but few scars of that fearful drought are visible now. The short grass plains yield to endless stretches of Kansas wheat and corn; then, leaving Kansas, by angling north to Missouri or south to Arkansas, the tourist can reach mountains again, the tamed and gentle Ozarks.

Yet the Purchase offers him a still different order of variety and contrast. This sequence is one of changing vegetation and climate, rather than of land forms. Plans have been drawn for a parkway down the entire length of the Mississippi, but as things stand now one must frequently drive at some distance from the river, though it is not often out of sight.

This journey begins in the pine forests and innumerable lakes of Minnesota, a cool vacation land in summer, a very cold one in winter. It moves toward live oaks and Spanish moss, and toward a winter that is only a transition from early fall to late spring. It travels from muskellunge to alligators, from flour mills to ocean wharves, from wild rice to sugar cane, from the Chippewas to the Cajuns. Always the river grows wider—and more silted—till at last it runs in a labyrinth of swamps and bayous. The tourist had better end his journey at New Orleans, though Louisiana stretches on to the river's mouth. Beyond the city is a watery world.

The Louisiana Purchase was a big, an illimitable land to Lewis and Clark, who crossed it in fifteen months. It seems still bigger to one who can behold so much contrast in a single week. It was, one thinks, well worth four cents per acre. ■

photograph by Tom Foote

Model T Airlift—*a one-picture story*

RALPH COX, JR., is a former Navy pilot who operates the United States Overseas Airlines. His hobby, however, deals with a much older means of transportation; he restores vintage automobiles. He decided to specialize in Model T Fords, and in the few years he has been active has brought fourteen of the venerable cars back to shining life. Last September when the seventh annual revival of the famed Glidden Tours convened in Cleveland, Cox chose three of his proudest beauties to enter in the big rally. To spare his T's the long drive from Cape May, New Jersey, he flew them to Cleveland via DC-4, whence they proceeded to Detroit under their own power. Shown above are, left to right, a 1912 "Gentleman's Roadster," a 1909 touring car, and a 1910 "Torpedo." ■

postmark

BETHLEHEM

by Jane Shellhase . . . paintings by George Shellhase

THE LITTLE TOWN of Bethlehem—in Connecticut, that is—has a population of about a thousand unhurried people and is situated off the beaten track in the western part of the state among hills that make very pleasant scenery.

In keeping with the town's modest dimensions and leisurely ways, the post office in Bethlehem is scaled to just about the right size. As the picture at the bottom of the opposite page shows, it occupies a little building attached to the side of the Johnson Brothers grocery store. It has floor space approximately twenty-four by fifteen feet, and in the course of a normal workday it clears about 300 pieces of mail.

This is a volume of business that Earl Johnson, the postmaster, can handle very nicely without getting unduly ruffled. He does it himself, too, Bethlehem not being too much of a special delivery town. Earl is postmaster and sole employe and has been for some twenty years.

But during the ten days or so before Christmas, Bethlehem's post office isn't its normal, peaceful self. The very fact that Bethlehem in Connecticut was named for the celebrated community in the Holy Land prevents its post office from enjoying the same "deep and dreamless sleep" that both


U.S. POST OFFICE
BETHLEHEM, CONN.

towns have during the holiday season.

Every year, thousands of people use the Connecticut town's post office in order to get their Christmas mail cancelled with the Bethlehem postmark. Instead of averaging 300 pieces a day, the little post office averages 24,000. Last year Postmaster Johnson had to hire fifteen helpers in order to clear nearly a quarter of a million letters and cards at Christmas.

The increase of 1500% in the hired help creates its own problems, since fifteen is pretty nearly all the people the post office can hold. During the rush season, therefore, the business area spreads out into the cellar of the building. If that extra space were not available, a lot of Christmas mail would be reaching its destination around Valentine's Day.

Postmaster Johnson has not been content merely to let the public make its Christmas mail more authentically Christmas with the official Bethlehem cancellation. When he took over the post office twenty years ago, he got the idea of making up some rubber stamps so that people could stamp an extra merry note on their envelopes. Two of the most popular stamps are shown on these pages. Some of them were designed by a Bethlehem artist, Ralph Nelson, while one was designed by the postmaster himself. They all say "Bethlehem, Connecticut. The Christmas Town," with an appropriate picture, such as an angel with wings outspread or a Christmas tree.

During the season, Postmaster Johnson has the post office decked out with a lot of cheery Yuletide decorations, and added to this are the ink pads of bright green and blue on the two long writing tables. But only a few of the people come in to mail their letters. From all over the country they send in packages of Christmas cards for the Bethlehem post office to mail. A man from Arlington, New Jersey, has been doing this for the past fifteen years. One year his package came apart in the New York post office on the way to Connecticut, and the cards were mailed from New York. The sender was grieved to have his Christmas tradition broken, so now he has his son drive to Bethlehem with 1500 cards to stamp and mail in person. ■

THE SEA OTTER

Most Precious Fur Bearer

by Harold Titus
paintings by Charles Culver

A LOT of veteran workers in the great fur markets of St. Louis, Leipzig and London are due for the shock of their lives next year. This, because after a half century of being considered forever in the commercial past, the fabulous sea otter—most valuable pelt ever known—is to reappear in the auctions. Not over

a hundred of them will be offered in 1954, but a tenth of that number would set old-timers buzzing.

Once abundant in the islands of the Bering Sea, the species was all but gone by 1911 when the U.S. government gave it complete protection. Since then scarcely a dozen skins have been offered for sale. Groups of otter on the Aleutian chain began to show an increase twenty years ago, and some now tax the capacity of their range. That is why the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service is initiating a rigidly restricted harvest.

The sea otter was introduced to white man by Vitus Bering. In 1741 he sailed from the Aleutians into Okhotsk, Siberia, with pelts of a fur never before seen by dealers catering to the well-dressed Chinese mandarin of the day. Best specimens were four feet long, two feet wide and came from a creature weighing up to eighty pounds. The fur was half again as heavy as seal, with durability exceeding that of any other fine fur. Its texture was silken and lusterful beyond the dreams of connoisseurs, ranging from light brown to black in color, with sparse, silver guard hairs accentuating the background richness. Bidding brought five times the sable price and tenfold that of seal.

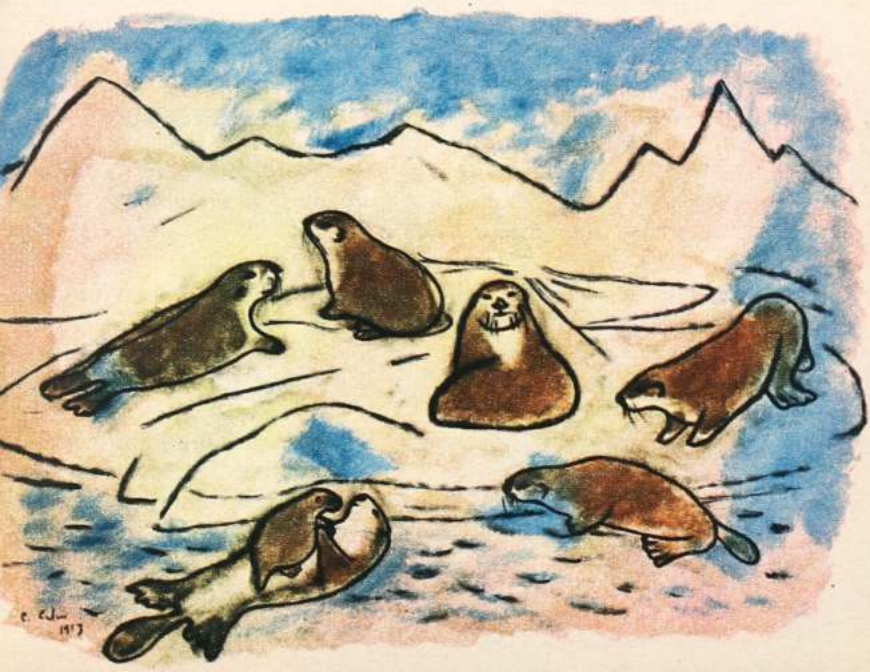
Within months a score of Russian trading posts were functioning in Alaska, and the Czar's nobles were scrambling with rich Orientals for the output. By 1770, a single shipment totaled 16,000 pelts. It remained, however, for the westerners, headed by Captain James Cook, to all but wipe out this resource. On his Alaskan trip of 1778 Captain Cook encountered a tribe of Indians wearing elegant capes, robes and shirts made of sea otter. The Indians lost their shirts—and other raiment—in trading, and the otter lost all chance of survival except by government protection. The centennial of Cook's expedition found the species decimated in North America and Asia.

Comparatively little is known about sea otters. They are a gregarious lot, ganging up on floating kelp beds or wave-washed rocks, and never getting more than a flip and a flop from water. A single young, born every second or third year, rides on the mother's back as she swims to forage. When the matron dives for the shellfish which are her food, baby drifts and snoozes; at nipple time, baby gets it as mama floats accommodatingly high on her back. Equipped aft with flippers but for'd with paws, the otter picks a crab or clam off the bottom with one paw and a rock with the other. Surfacing, he rests the rock on his chest, cracks the crustacean on it,

downs the edible portion, and repeats the procedure until satisfied. Then if neither kelp nor rocks happen to be handy, the otter goes to sleep floating.

For unexplained reasons the sea otter will abandon an area after long use and populate another that has never been home for his kind. Records show the Kamchatka coast was otterless in the late eighteenth century; then ice fields floated in speckled with the animals, and for decades local hunting was fine. In 1935 ninety-five appeared in California's Monterey Bay; they have since multiplied to five hundred. An effort was made to "seed" an unoccupied habitat with thirty-five netted in 1951, but all died immediately.

Recovery after protection has been very slow and widely scattered: the number of Aleutian sea otters was placed at 5000 last year; but Oregon, Washington and the Alaskan mainland have none, and if Asian territory has any they are a negligible few. Yet, perplexing as the needs and mysterious as the habits of the sea otter are, this harrassed species is coming back, and that is good news indeed. ■



Custom Conversions

RESTYLING AT HOME AND ABROAD

by Burgess H. Scott

JOHN H. FINEHOUT of Pacific Palisades, California, owns what he believes is the nearest to an all-Ford sports car, pictured above. The only non-Ford parts are the fiberglas body and head and tail lights. It is powered by a 1953 Mercury engine developing 145 hp, and providing a top speed of approximately 120 mph.

Parts from 1937 through 1953 Fords and Mercurys went into the car. The 1953 Ford frame was altered to 101 inches wheelbase and widened for better seating.

* * *

The smart aluminum-bodied coupe pictured at the top of the next page was built by a Ford dealer in Sweden on an English Ford Prefect chassis and engine. The chassis was lowered to make

way for the low-slung styling. The final over-all measurements are: length, 13 feet, five and one-half inches; width, four feet, nine inches; height, four feet, three-quarters inches; and ground clearance, 5.9 inches. The entire weight is 1,631.3 pounds.

The instrument panel contains a fuel gauge, oil pressure gauge, temperature gauge, ammeter, electric clock, tachometer, direction indicator, and main beam warning lights. Twin carburetors and a special cylinder head give the car a top speed of 80 mph at 6,000 rpm.

Manuel B. Albert of Manila, Philippine Islands, blended a Ford, Lincoln, and Mercury and parts from three other makes as well in building the roadster which is pictured below. The chassis is '39 Mercury shortened to 100 inches wheelbase. The Mercury engine has been souped up for a street job and develops about 135 hp at 4,500 rpm.

The transmission and differential are Lincoln, and special heads give the Albert car a compression ratio of 8.5 : 1. The car cruises easily at 100 mph with the standard 16-inch wheels. ■

Natchitoches at Christmas

by Robert Hodesh

paintings by Orville J. Hanchey

THOSE of us whose Christmasses are usually associated—in thought, at least—with frosty air, a layer of ice, a cozy fireplace, and all the holly-and-ivy traditions that have come to us from Old England would probably be quite surprised to witness the arrival of the Yule season in the very old, very French town of Natchitoches, in northwestern Louisiana.

It isn't the kind of celebration a northerner would understand at first sight. This town, where the winters are rarely wintry, has the undisputed age and undiminished pride that allows it to write its own rules. So down there Christmas starts early—on the first Saturday in December, where northerners are still in a frenzy of shopping—and it starts with a boom.

The first event, on the afternoon of December 5, is a ripsnorter of a parade in which some of the best bands in the state perform. The parade has the flash and dash of an old-fashioned Fourth of July, with floats as gay as wedding cakes, baton twirlers, snappy marshals, and—most astounding of all to a visitor from a cold climate—a band that can, and sometimes does, break into Dixieland jazz as it steps along.

On the same evening the town has its fireworks display, which is noteworthy because of the wonderful setting in which it takes place. The main street of Natchitoches, Front Street, parallels a body of water called Cane River Lake, which is fifty miles long and a few hundred feet wide; it is an abandoned bed of the Red River. The spectators gather on the Front Street embankment, while the fireworks are displayed on the

Above left: A Christmas rocket as seen from the Elks Club balcony.
Below left: The fireworks from the town side of Cane River Lake.

←*The Nakatosh Hotel, framed by a Christmas set piece.*

opposite bank. Although this is a far cry from the Yule log and sleighs, there is something wonderful about celebrating Christmas with a splendiferous show of rockets and set pieces.

Natchitoches takes a special pride in its fireworks. Thousands of dollars are spent on them and they are made by fireworks companies according to designs submitted by townspeople. One year recently, a visitor among the many thousands who crowd into Natchitoches for the celebration was heard to say, "Gad! Texas ain't got anything like that!"

But Natchitoches isn't trying to outdo anybody. It's just a very forthright, independent sort of a community. At Christmas it serves hot meat pies, black coffee and salted pecans more often than roast goose. And its residents are just as individual. They have nothing if not style. There is a highborn lady in town whose recipe for coffee involves nine teaspoons per cup.

Natchitoches is a town of lace-iron balconies like New Orleans, but it isn't a copy of New Orleans. It is older; in fact it is the oldest town in the whole Louisiana Purchase. The basis of its pride is its antiquity, its collection of sumptuous plantation homes, and its spiritual kinship not with Canada, not with New Orleans, but with France itself. Some of the most celebrated French families—the Prudhommes, the Cloutiers, and several others, reside there.

The town is known to thousands of American soldiers stationed nearby during the war. Because they couldn't pronounce its name, they called it Smith, but the owner of the local hotel solved the problem by naming his place the Nakatosh Hotel—accent on the first syllable.

If you go to visit there for the Christmas season you will find that not all the traditional aspects of Christmas have been forgotten. There is caroling and there is a performance of "The Messiah" at Northwestern State College. But largely it will seem different if you are accustomed to Christmas in the north—not less merry, not irreverent, but different in its own happy way. ■

←*Front Street, Natchitoches, as the Yuletide begins.*


STRIPED BASS
HARBOR
ROAD
DELTA
SAN FRANCISCO BAY


FRANKS
9

Fishing San Francisco's Delta

story and paintings by Parker Edwards

ONE of the country's best fishing holes, a half hour's drive from San Francisco, is the delta area of man-made islands and waterways formed by the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers and their tributaries. The 480-square-mile Delta area was once a gigantic tule marsh, but levees built during the last century have created innumerable islands, surrounding which are 1,500 miles of highly fishable water.

The Delta produces catfish, perch, bluegills, black bass, crappie, shad, edible turtles and striped bass in enormous quantities. And it attracts fishermen in like proportion, the year round. A bad storm is the only thing that keeps the boys ashore, and what with the night shad fishing, an eager beaver can fish twenty-four hours a day, if he wants to.

Night shad fishing is a delta specialty. You tip up the outboard motor on your boat till the propeller churns just below the surface. This creates bubbles which draw the male shad to attack, while the female hovers below. You catch the male shad in a net a bit larger than a basket ball net. The net is attached to a pole which is tied to the boat by a line. The bag limit is fifteen shad, and plenty of limits are taken.

But the biggest attraction in Delta waters is, of course, the striped bass. The peak seasons for stripers are spring and fall,

Above left: Map of the Delta area. Red dots indicate major harbors. Below left: Fishing at Frank's Tract—biggest, most publicized area.


Pedro Eduardo

←*Otto Miller's Big Break Resort.*

but they can be found in quantity the year round. Commercial nets are banned, which has given striper fishing a jet assist, and the great Central Valley irrigation project has had the secondary effect of cooling Delta waters, which encourages the big fish to stay around longer.

The average striper weighs in at about five pounds, but thirty-pounders are by no means rare. Last year's record bass weighed forty-six pounds, and kept the lucky angler busy for an hour and three quarters on middling light tackle.

The California Fish and Game Commission publishes a striped bass map of the entire area. And the area itself is at once so complex and so packed with fishing possibilities that the fishing tourist is strongly advised to ask for specific information from local AAA authorities, bait shops, and gas stations. The Chambers of Commerce of Rio Vista, Antioch and Isleton are also well informed.

The Commission's Delta and Bay Map shows sixty harbors. Further development in the way of boat liveries and motels is retarded by the fact that much of the delta land, being man-made, is owned by private growers of produce.

Therefore, unless you own your own boat, you must depend on such accommodations as there are, or use a nearby town as your operating base. But here are a few highlights:

Frank's Tract is the biggest and most publicized area. On this flooded island alone you sometimes see as many as sixty boats at a time. One of several places around Frank's Tract is the Delta Fishing Resort, with eighty-five small boats for rent. Prices in general run $2.00 for a boat, $3.50 for a motor.

The B & W Resort on the Mokelume River has trailer facilities and an excellent motel with cooking facilities. At the B & W, you can turn in your fresh-caught shad for an equal amount of smoked shad—a delicacy in the fish-eating line—at twenty-five cents per fillet.

On Bethel Island is Wells' Harbor, established by an old-time boat builder. Besides his own small boats for rent and his harborage for larger craft, he will build or remodel almost

←*Night shad fishing at the B & W*


GAS


REMSBURG'S HARBOR
BOATS FOR RENT · MOORINGS
BOAT LAUNCHING RAMP
GAS OIL
SWIM
GAS

←*The "Fort Sutter"—now a fishing resort.*

anything—not only boats, but trailers. One of his recent creations is a hunting trailer built onto a '47 Ford pickup. The "house" sleeps three, has a stove, ice box, sink, water tank and clothes closet. It can be detached and set up anywhere that's level, so that the pickup is free for other uses.

Rio Vista is one of the main communities in the Delta area, not far from the best fishing, if you can't get into a resort which is right on the spot. Rio Vista's annual fishing derby, held in the fall, is a big event for the whole region, with about six thousand dollars in merchandise prizes.

Otto Miller's Big Break Resort, southwest of Frank's Tract, is open all year, with furnished cabins, a fleet of sixteen-foot skiffs, complete harbor fixings, picnic grounds, and a restaurant.

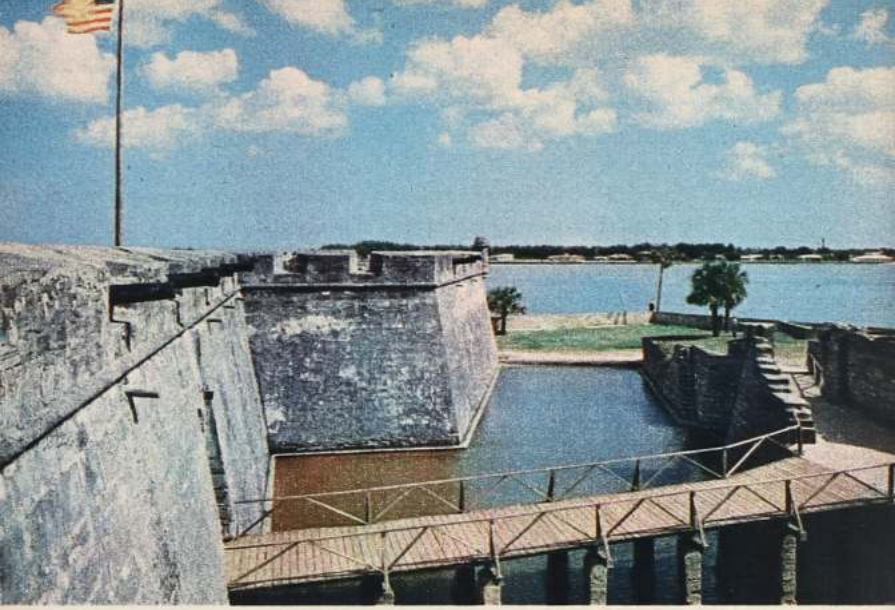
Tied to the north end of Sherman Island, at the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, is an old river boat named *Fort Sutter*. It has fifty-five rooms, plenty of bathrooms, a restaurant, bar and bait shop. From the *Fort Sutter* you can rent boats, motors and fishing gear.

A word of advice is in order for the tourist fisherman. Most boat harbors are out of boats by approximately seven a.m., so make reservations well in advance. If you wish to stay in the immediate fishing area, reservations for sleeping accommodations should also be made in advance. Since help is hard to get, and laundry problems acute, even the best resorts suggest that you bring your own bedding.

In nearby towns there are trailer parks and motels with most conveniences. But all over the area it is best to count on finding only fishing supplies and simple food.

But for these inconveniences the fishing really compensates. There is this true story of a prosperous Delta farmer who flew north to try his luck at a certain fabulous fishing resort. After dinner one evening, when the crowned heads of international angling assembled to talk fishing, the farmer asked one of the angling celebrities where in all the world he had found the best fishing. The answer was a striped bass fishing hole on one corner of the Delta farmer's own property! ■

←*Remsburg's Harbor, facing Farrar Park.*



America's Oldest City

photographs by Fred H. Ragsdale

IT IS probably unfortunate for New England, where antiquity is treated with great reverence, that the oldest city in the country is not a Yankee one at all but is southern—St. Augustine, 1500 miles south in Florida.

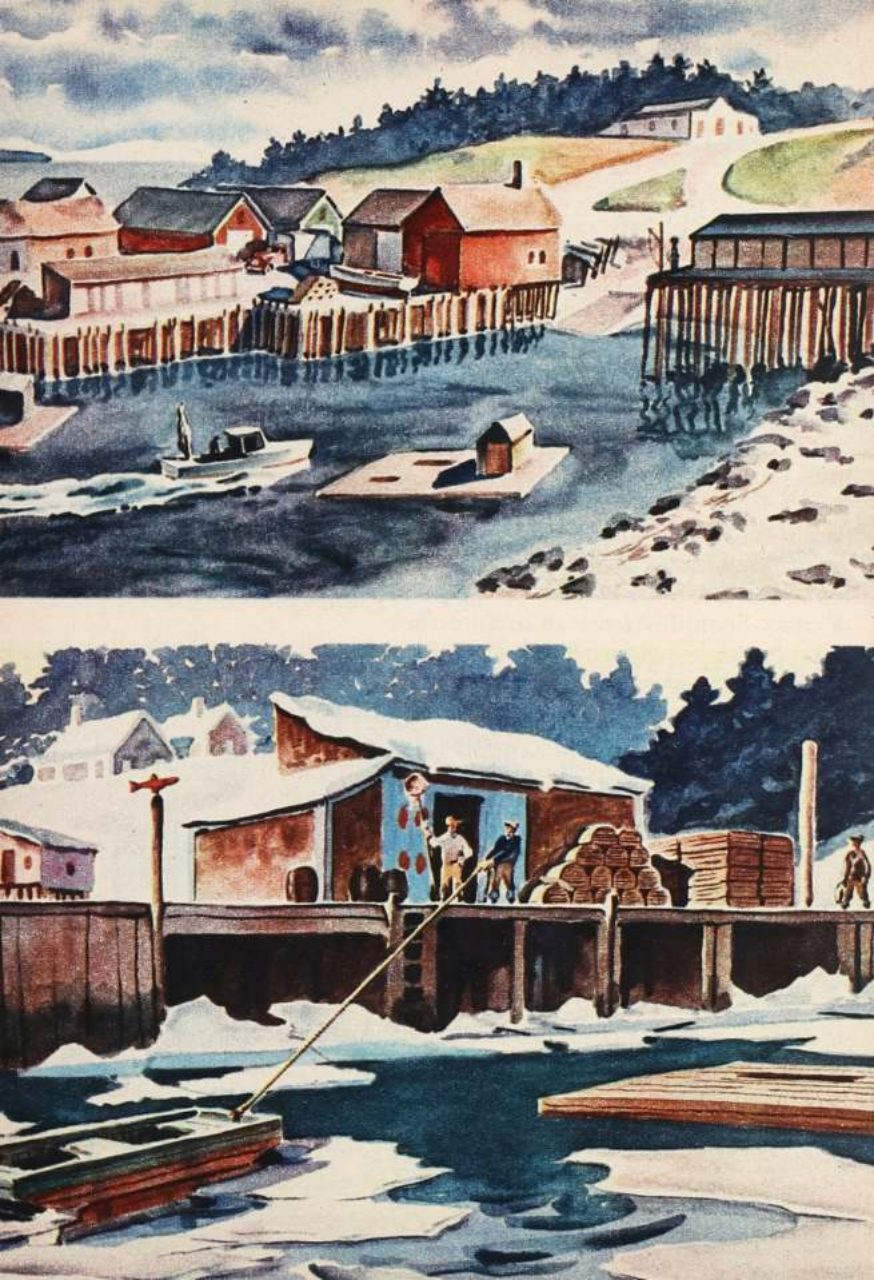
The city's oldest house, shown below on the opposite page, was built in 1599 and is maintained proudly by the St. Augustine Historical Society and Institute of Science, not only because of its advanced age but because it is a superior example of early Spanish-American architecture.

Its Spanish builders had an eye for durability. They built the foot-thick walls of coquina, a material formed by nature of shells and sand. Many of the city's early buildings were made of coquina, which is quarried from pits nearby.

The hacks seen in front of the house (as well as along others of St. Augustine's narrow streets) are an indication of the city's romantic ways. The drivers usually have black frock coats and tall silk hats.

In the upper picture is the Castillo de San Marcos, St. Augustine's old fort. Its walls were also made of coquina and are sixteen feet thick at the base. The fort was begun in 1672 as a protection against the British Navy. The moat served to make the underwater part of the walls safer during bombardment. In 1702, when the British laid siege to St. Augustine, the population lived inside with hardly a worry.

Once the most powerful defense that Spain had in the New World, the Castillo is still a fine example of Spanish Renaissance fortification. It is now owned by the National Park Service and is maintained as a national monument. ■



Lobstering in Summer and Winter

story and paintings by F. Wenderoth Saunders

THE PAINTINGS on the opposite page illustrate an extremely important aspect of the lobstering business—the need for keeping the creatures alive after they have been caught.

In the upper picture, a boat is passing what appears to be a square raft with a little house on it. The structure is known along the Maine coast as a "car." It is an enormous wooden box, two-thirds submerged and containing a thousand or more live lobsters. This is the method by which most lobstermen keep lobsters in summer. In winter the method is different. They dam up a small tidal estuary so that a constant water level is maintained while each tide refreshes the pool. In such a basin as many as 70,000 lobsters may be kept alive.

It is this constant concern for keeping the lobster alive and well that distinguishes the lobster business from general fishing. One reason is that eating an expired lobster can cause a severe stomach upset. Another is that lobsters acquired cheaply in the summer can often be sold at a better profit in winter.

The coast of Maine, along which 6,000 of this country's 10,000 licensed lobstermen work, is studded with floats that are connected with ropes leading to lobster "pots" on the floor of the ocean. Each lobsterman colors his floats to make them as distinctive as the brand of a western cattle ranch.

Lobsters haven't always been regarded as the toothsome delicacy that gourmets clamor for today. They were once so plentiful that farmers spread wagon-loads of them on fields for fertilizer. People used to be ashamed to be caught eating them and they took them home after dark to keep the neighbors from finding out how low they had sunk.

An American Road—New England in Winter

painting by Paul Sample

No Tow to LAKE ANTHONY

by Bill Logan

THE Swiss, Norwegians, New Englanders and Westerners have alpine clubs. By rope, crampon and ice axe they scale precipitous rocks in seasonal assaults. I prefer to climb to high lakes, and the lake of my choice is Anthony, in the pointed Elkhorn Range of northeastern Oregon.

Anthony is seven thousand feet above sea level, and it is walled by peaks ranging up to nine thousand. Except for an abandoned CCC camp, a first-class ranger cabin and a handful of private shelters, Anthony is a primitive area, inhabited only during midsummer and early fall—the fire season. A ski center flourished here once, but failed because of the difficulty of keeping the roads open.

Anthony's winter patrons now are the hardy type who like their skiing Norwegian style—without tows. (The steel legs which give Norwegians an advantage in meets are derived partly from the fact that, in Norway, you have to climb up before you can ski down.) A favorite excursion is to ski in about six miles, spend the night at the ranger cabin, and descend the next day.

One day late last winter Kirk Braun and I set out on precisely this junket with three members of the Grande Ronde Valley Ski Patrol. Leaving U. S. Highway 30 at North Powder we turned south on a paved county road for sixteen miles, then on a meandering Forest Service road with a grade of about five percent. We drove within seven miles of the lake (you can drive all the way in summer) and then began the final ascent of three thousand feet on foot, variously equipped with skis or snowshoes. Our haversacks and loaded packboard

Above right: Road block on Anthony Lake road (photo by Kirk Braun).
Below right: Beginning the ascent to the lake (photo by Kirk Braun).

Art Audett sails out from a high snow cornice (photo by Ray Atkeson)→

weights averaged twenty to thirty pounds, including food, sleeping bags, and, for this trip, cameras.

At the fourth mile we could see across Grande Ronde Valley to the snowy peaks of the Wallowas, northward. At the fifth mile we glimpsed the first of the peaks which rim Lake Anthony and at six thousand feet we reached Antone Creek. Here we stopped for water, chopping through to the iced-over torrent with a ski pole, and lying prone on the crust to drink. First to reach the cabin on Anthony Lake was David McLean, who not only covered the trail in six hours but skied back a mile to relieve me of my pack.

The cabin at trail's end had a fireplace, beds, mattresses, cooking utensils, a supply of cut wood, some provisions, gasoline lanterns and a telephone that, happily, is often dead. After the steak and beans were downed we sat around the fireplace while the talk turned, naturally, to skiing. Claude Anson, chief of the ski patrol, remarked:

"The trouble with too many skiers is that they like to be scared. They learn to stand up, then to take a run down a gentle slope. Next they learn the big hills and conquer them. Then they look for something steeper, or take up jumping. Few people ski any more just to get somewhere."

At seven next morning we went out skiing—Norwegian style, of course—and photographing. An overcast borne on a Chinook wind had swept in during the night, but it failed to darken the stark brilliance of the surrounding peaks, with their slim black lines of scrub fir growth. We glided homeward in a slight veil of rain. The seven miles took two hours.

Claude's words came back to me, on the way. The alpinist's stock answer to the question of why he climbs a mountain is, "Because it's there." Anthony Lake skiers have an equally pat explanation of their preference for this tow-less trail. They are among the few who ski to get somewhere, to find a natural setting for a sport that is as natural to them as walking, and to seek the solace of a warm, comfortable retreat in primitive splendor where the telephone is often dead. ■

An expert speeds down the Anthony Lake trail (photo by Ray Atkeson)→

Slave Markets of the South

photographs by B. E. Ferrell, Jr.

BOTH the buildings on the opposite page are unique reminders of the institution of slavery, each having served as a slave market until that institution was abolished by the Emancipation Proclamation and constitutional amendment.

The upper picture shows the market at Louisville, Georgia. It has the special distinction of being modeled on African architecture; pictures of native villages in Portuguese West Africa often show similar buildings. The bell tower is an American addition. The bell in it, sent by the King of France as a gift to a New Orleans convent in 1772, was stolen by pirates, sold in Savannah, and bought for this slave market.

The other picture shows the slave market at St. Augustine, Florida. It was built in 1824 to replace the original market, which was built in 1598. Once the scene of a heart-breaking form of commerce, the market is now fitted out with tables for chess, checkers, and dominoes.

America's first contact with slavery was not the importation of Negroes from Africa, but the exportation of Indians to Spain. In 1494 Columbus himself gathered five hundred Indians for the Spanish trade. In 1620 slaves were brought to Jamestown, marking the beginning of slavery in British America.

Although slavery was of tremendous economic importance to the early development of this country, it was by no means approved by all Americans. George Washington, though he kept slaves, provided for their emancipation in his will. Vermont abolished slavery in 1777, and one by one the other northern states followed suit. But while this was happening, slavery was gaining a stronger hold in the South. Tension increased until, in 1861, the country burst into flames. ■

the low road to Mexico

by John Wisdom

paintings by Leonard Brooks

SOME PEOPLE get a kick out of mountain driving. For them the tight hairpin turns and ten-thousand-foot passes of Mexican travel can be a magnificent experience. But for others a day's driving through the spectacular mountain sections of the Pan-American Highway, the Juarez Route or the new Pacific Coast road is a harrowing ordeal.

Fortunately, Mexican road-builders have worked out an excellent all-weather alternate route. Though little used by American motorists this passageway to Mexico City, known as the Colonial Route, is the best surfaced highway in Mexico.

Although it is slightly longer than the Pan-American (an extra day of leisurely touring must be allowed for), its advantages for the motorist coming from the South, the Midwest or east coast outweigh the difference. It climbs by easy stages to the eight-thousand-foot Mexican capital. It is ideal for the tourist eager to get off the beaten track, for it threads through Old Mexico's loveliest colonial cities and offers the camera fan as well as collector of craft-goods a paradise of

Above right: Washday at Lagos de Moreno.
Below right: A colonial bridge near Guanajuato.

Santuario de Atotonilco, near San Miguel de Allende→

pickings. It's a high-gear route all the way. Gasoline and service station facilities are good. Hotel and restaurant accommodations are excellent and generally less expensive than those along the Pan-American and Juarez highways.

To make connections with the Colonial Route, enter Mexico at Laredo or McAllen, Texas, driving to Monterrey and then continuing southward on Highway 85 to Antiguo Morelos, where the Colonial Route turns westward on Highways 50 and 80 toward San Luis Potosi. Here the road curves through lush tropical valleys laced with jade-colored streams, countless palmettos and idyllic picnic groves. San Luis Potosi is a good overnight stopping point. Though it is one of Mexico's leading commercial cities, its narrow streets, old-world atmosphere and baroque cathedral serve as an introduction of what is to come.

At Lagos de Moreno there is another junction. Turn left along Highway 45. Twenty-three miles beyond, at Leon, is the largest leather market in Mexico. Here the traveler can purchase fine hand-tooled and silver embroidered wallets, belts, saddles and sandals for half their cost in Mexico City.

Twenty-one miles beyond Leon the filigree belfries of Silao, a drowsy little Spanish town noted for its natural colored wool serapes, mark the beginning of Mexico's "historic quadrangle," a group of colorful colonial cities which figured romantically as the cradle of Mexican independence.

The first of these towns is Guanajuato, fifteen miles eastward on a paved road, and well worth the side trip. It is picturesquely situated in a sunny gorge, and its streets are so twisted and narrow one must occasionally walk sidewise to pass through them. Guanajuato is worth a couple of days: one for wandering through the colorful streets, visiting the markets noted for their hand-drawn cottons, Talavera tiles, serapes and leather goods; another to see the colonial silver mines, the university, the opera house and the Alhondiga or prison where the heads of the revolutionary patriots, Father Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama and Jiménez, were hung from

Christmas Posada (festival), San Miguel de Allende→

hooks following their execution by the Spanish.

Celaya, the next large city on the Highway 45, is a busy commercial center and noteworthy for its El Carmen Church, the work of Francisco Tresguerras, a native of Celaya, and the Michelangelo of Mexican baroque architecture.

From Celaya the motorist can take a short cut to San Miguel de Allende over a new paved highway still unmarked on travel maps, and in half an hour be in Mexico's most festive aristocratic little city.

Remembered as the first settlement in the State of Guanajuato (1542) and birthplace of the patriot, Ignacio Allende, the entire town of San Miguel is now a Mexican national museum place. It is a favorite haunt of American artists and photographers, for in addition to a lion's share of seignorial mansions with stone escutcheons over the doorways and flower-filled Mudejar patios, the city has a wealth of churches and an excellent market. Its fiestas (there is one almost every week) are famous throughout Mexico.

At Queretaro, thirty-nine miles southeast, one rejoins Highway 45. This is a magnificently preserved colonial city, probably the most Spanish of cities in Mexico. It was here on the Hill of the Bells, at the southern edge of the city, that the tragic Emperor Maximilian was executed. Sunday market day in Queretaro is an antique hunter's gold mine. Farther on is San Juan del Rio, a pretty town noted for basketwork.

Five miles past San Juan del Rio the road splits. Here one has the choice of roads to Mexico City. Via Toluca (famous for its Friday market and homespun cloth) the route is spectacularly scenic, but mountainous. Route 45, however, continues on to Ixmiquilpan, rejoining Highway 85 and thence to the capital. To the collector of craft-goods, Ixmiquilpan is important for its hand-embroidered bags.

For the motorist interested in getting the most out of a trip to Mexico, the Colonial Route is the way. It offers complete driving peace of mind, fine accommodations, and a satisfying glimpse into Mexico's old-world cities. ■

Typical plateau country near Ixmiquilpan→

The Pillbox and the Castle

story and photographs by Robert Holland

BECAUSE New England has earned a world-wide reputation for its architecture, deviations from its traditional style always seem to attract extra attention. The buildings shown here are examples of what can happen when a builder has his own special reasons for using a particular style.

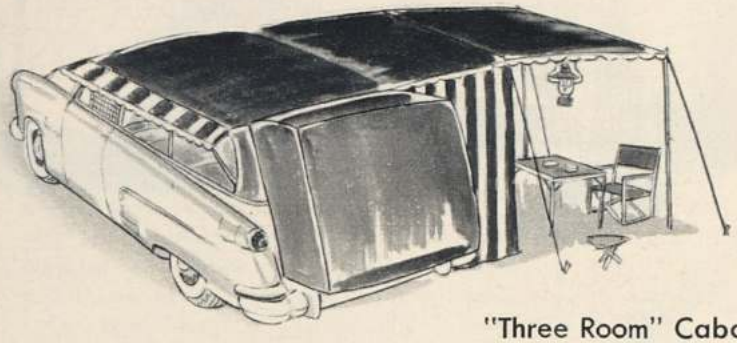
The round building was a schoolhouse, possibly the only round schoolhouse in the country. It was built in Brookline, Vermont, in 1822, according to the specifications of Dr. John Wilson, the frontier town's first teacher. He was said to have been a notorious highwayman in Scotland who came to Vermont when he was run out of the old country. The shape of the building enabled him to watch all sides to see who was coming and thus be able to make a getaway if need be.

Dr. Wilson needn't have feared, for no one learned his real identity until after his death. In recent years his little pillbox school has been the Brookline town hall, and a modern school stands half a mile away.

The castle is a monument to a man with a really singular personality. His name was William Gillette and he was one of the best known theatrical figures in the country around the time of World War I. He was also very shy and wanted to avoid the real world as much as possible. The big ambition of his life was simply to have a castle all to himself. Gillette did most of the designing and although nobody would call the castle beautiful, it has a certain weird impressiveness.

The State of Connecticut now owns Gillette's twenty-four-room castle and has opened it to visitors. Its setting is a high hill above the lower Connecticut River valley, near the town of Hadlyme on State Highway 82. ■

Ranch Wagon Ideas



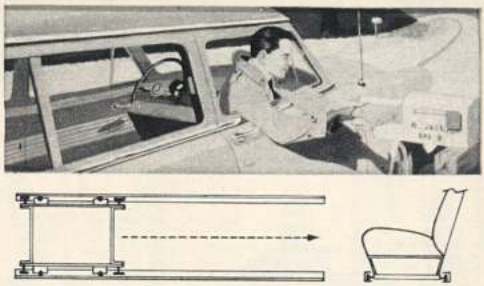
"Three Room" Cabaña

A THREE-ROOM CABANA resulted when Frank Train, Colorado Springs artist, set about making his Ranch Wagon into a rolling vacation home. The third "room" was provided by making a canvas boot that covers the open rear window and tail gate on which the Trains' year-old daughter sleeps. Mr. and Mrs. Train sleep in a double sleeping bag supported by an air mattress on the floor of the car. The canvas cabaña, supported by tubing, guy ropes, and stakes, fits flush to the right side of the car, its roof extending over the top and terminating in an awning on the left side. The roof protrudes on the right side to form a sheltered dining and living room area. Inside the cabaña is the kitchen.

The cabaña and boot fold into a twenty-five-pound bundle and they, along with the rest of the camping equipment, can be stowed in the rear of the wagon with room to spare.

Murray Fahnestock of Pittsburgh has what he believes is the answer to the rural free delivery carrier's problem of getting within easy reach of the mail boxes. His idea is to replace the stock Ranch Wagon front seat with a single "waltzing seat" which rolls the width of the car on skate wheels.

The wheels roll on angle iron rails and a gravity latch holds the seat in position at the left for driving. To prevent tilting when



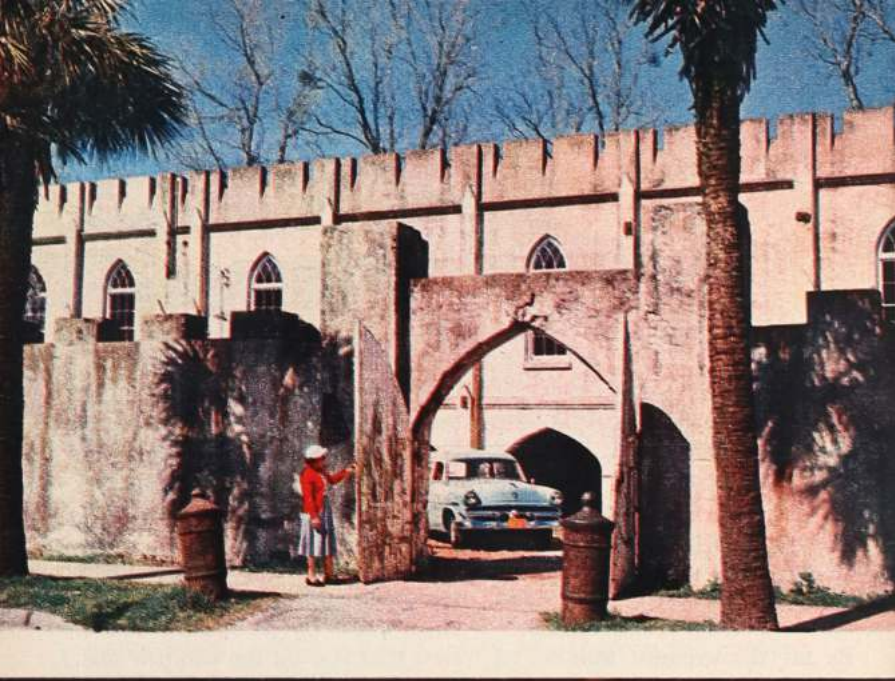
Waltzing Seat

the driver pushes against the pedals, a second length of angle iron is inverted over the front rail, forming a "U" which confines the two front wheels. When the carrier drives up to a box he releases the latch, rolls to the right hand window, and delivers the mail.

By far the greatest number of Ranch Wagon ideas received to date have been concerned with adapting the vehicle for sleeping. Some favor placing a mattress—foam rubber or air—on the floor of the car, while others prefer to build a low platform to support the bedding. John D. Piper of Dearborn, Michigan, has carried the mobile bedroom idea a step further by making double bunks to go in his Country Sedan.

The upper bunk is made up of two bed-length pieces of plywood supported by padded wooden slats that rest on the window sills. The back of the front seat also helps hold up the bunk. The bottom bunk consists of a mattress placed on the floor of the car between the wheel wells. A combined screen and blind provides privacy and excludes insects.

Mobile Bedroom



Milestones
along the Course of Empire

THE WESTWARD progress of U. S. civilization in the past three hundred years could be charted on a map by marking the locations of forts, past and present. For everywhere that settlers went, forts were sure to be built to protect them—usually against Indians, often against French or Spanish or British, sometimes, lamentably, against each other.

Some of these forts grew into cities; some became major military establishments that are still in use. But a great many were abandoned after their usefulness was past and allowed to crumble into ruins, forgotten by all except zealous historians and local citizens. In the past few decades, however, state and local patriotic groups have become increasingly active in rescuing them from oblivion. Here are photographs of five such forts, with brief excursions into their histories:

Beaufort Arsenal—The mellowed buildings of the Arsenal at Beaufort look as if they might have been lifted bodily from some arid southwestern setting and set down in the green Low Country on the South Carolina coast. Their Spanish appearance derives from their construction of brick and "tabby"—a composition of crushed oyster shells—and from the palmettos planted around them. The Arsenal was built in 1795, and rebuilt in 1852.

Its liveliest days were during the Civil War, when Union forces sent gunboats up the bay to occupy Beaufort and destroy the weapons in the Arsenal. The people of Beaufort had been evacuated much earlier. The story of this capture is

Left: Photos of the Arsenal at Beaufort, by Fred H. Ragsdale.

–Old Stone Fort at Nacogdoches, Texas. (photo by Robert Holland)

vividly told in newspapers of 1861 which are on exhibit in the museum that now occupies the east wing of the building.

Old Stone Fort—Not all the structures used as forts were intended for this destiny by their builders. The Old Stone Fort in Nacogdoches, Texas, was built in 1779 as a trading post on a Spanish road into the Southwest. One Antonio Gil Ybarbo is said to have constructed it when this territory was the New Philippines. Since it was the most substantial building for miles around, it became a center of activity and, inevitably, a fort.

Eight flags have flown over the Old Stone Fort, though some of them had time for scarcely more than a flutter. In 1810 the building was used as the capitol of the Eastern Provinces of Spain, and shortly afterward it served in a similar capacity for two short-lived republics. Here, in 1834 when Mexico controlled this territory, James Bowie, Sam Houston and Davy Crockett took allegiance to Mexico; later, because of oppression, they led the revolt against her. The Fort was held briefly by the Confederacy, and finally by the U. S.

The original building was dismantled and later reconstructed on the campus of Stephen F. Austin State College, where it is now maintained as a historic site and museum.

Old Fort Jesup—When Napoleon sold the Louisiana Territory to the United States in 1803, he threw in a boundary dispute with Spain for good measure, since the western border of Louisiana had never been definitely established. The disputed corridor became a hangout for outlaws. After Spain abandoned all claims east of the Sabine River in 1819, the U. S. moved in. To establish order in this former no man's land, General Zachary Taylor established Fort Jesup, near the site of the present town of Many, in western Louisiana, in 1822.

The reservation became the center of U. S. expansion into the Southwest, and was later known as the "Cradle of the Mexican War." When the war was over it was abandoned. All that remains of it now are several stone pillars and a log building, which has been restored. Fort Jesup is maintained as a historic site by the State of Louisiana.

–Old Fort Jesup in western Louisiana. (photo by Robert Holland)

←*Ruins of Fort McKavett, Texas. (photo by Robert Holland)*

Fort McKavett—Some of the forts that marked the westward movement eventually grew into large cities; Fort Worth, Texas, is an example. But at least one became a town with no volition of its own, merely by housing families within its original buildings. This is Fort McKavett in central Texas, a few miles west of Menard on State Highway 29.

McKavett was one of many forts built by the War Department to protect settlers and later abandoned as the frontier moved westward. Like most frontier posts it was built on leased land. Federal troops occupied it in the 1850's, and again during the unsettled time after the Civil War, from 1868 to 1883. Following this a few of the old buildings were taken over by the land owners and converted into residences, and some of these are still in use. Most of this once extensive fort, however, is now only a picturesque ruin.

The Torreon—Early settlers in southern New Mexico built a medieval-looking fortress in 1852 as protection against the Mescalero Apache Indians. Its name, "Torreon," is a Spanish word meaning "fortified tower."

The Torreon is about three stories high and its walls are four feet thick at the base. Gun ports open in all directions from a firing platform about half way up the tower, and gun embrasures on the roof provided additional firing points for defense. At that early date the Indians had few guns, and the Torreon's adobe brick walls gave adequate protection against arrows and torches. However, there was nothing to prevent the Apaches from burning and sacking settlers' houses.

In 1938 the interior of the Torreon was reconstructed by the Chaves County Historical Society. It is open to the public and is in the town of Lincoln, on U. S. 380.

Long after the Apaches were subdued the Torreon saw service again, though of a more dubious nature. In the 1870's, during the Lincoln County War—a local feud between rival cattlemen and political factions—Billy the Kid carried on his career in this territory. In this fracas one group, known as Murphy's Sharpshooters, holed up in the Torreon. ■

←*The Torreon, Lincoln, New Mexico. (photo by Robert Holland)*

Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

The Northfield and Chateau, owned by the Northfield Schools and managed by A. Gordon Moody, is in East Northfield, Massachusetts. Complete vacation facilities in luxurious surroundings are offered year round. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served every day. Reservations advisable.

OLD FASHIONED STEAMED SUET PUDDING

1 cup suet, finely chopped
1 cup molasses
1 cup milk
3 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1½ cups candied fruit mixture, chopped

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add molasses and milk to suet. Combine mixtures. Flour candied fruit and add to batter. Steam pudding for three hours in a greased round sealed tin. Recipe makes 2 puddings, 4 inches in diameter and 8 inches high. Cool, then slice and serve with hard sauce and decorate with a sprig of holly. About 20 servings.

←*painting of The Northfield and Chateau by Douglas A. Jones*

←*painting of The Tidewater Inn by Jack Lewis*

The Tidewater Inn, a new and completely modern establishment, is near Chesapeake Bay in Easton, Maryland, which is about 73 miles from the District of Columbia. Turn right off U. S. 50 on Dover Street and go west to Harrison Street. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities.

BREAST OF TURKEY TIDEWATER INN

Take a slice of raw breast of young turkey, not less than 6 ounces. Flatten it until very thin, soak it in cream and egg yolk mixture. Bread it with fresh white bread crumbs as you would a veal cutlet. Fry or sauté it in clarified butter. Serve it in a good rich Supreme Sauce (a rich white sauce) topped with a slice of broiled ham and a corn fritter, also cooked in clarified butter. Place a mushroom on each layer and pour a tablespoon of browned butter over the tops of the mushrooms. This dish should be served on a silver platter, or one which is at least a quarter inch deep in order to keep it in layers. Serve piping hot.

Wedgwood Inn is aptly named, for it features the largest collection of old Wedgwood in the South. Lunch and dinner are served every day, year round. Hal Douglas is the manager of this attractive establishment's three dining rooms at 4th Street and 18th Avenue, South, in St. Petersburg, Florida.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

6 ounces cake flour
1½ teaspoons soda
2 teaspoons nutmeg
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon mace
1 pound raisins
1 pound currants
1 pound chopped citrus fruits
½ cup fruit juice, any kind
1 cup currant or guava jelly
1 cup bread crumbs
1½ cups hot milk
10 egg whites

Soak bread crumbs in hot milk for ten minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff. Combine remaining ingredients and then add crumb and milk mixture. Lastly fold in egg whites. Pour into greased molds and steam for 3½ hours. Recipe makes three 2-pound puddings. The chef here serves it with rum hard sauce.

←*painting of Wedgwood Inn by Marion Terry*

←*painting of Brennan's Restaurant by Adolph Kronengold*

Brennan's Restaurant, in the French Quarter of downtown New Orleans at 241 Bourbon Street, is nationally famous for its fine French and Creole cuisine. It is open from 9:00 a.m. until midnight on weekdays. Breakfast, lunch, dinner and late supper served every day.

BROILED SQUAB TURKEY

Have the backbone removed from a young six-pound turkey. Split it, then crack the leg joints and pin the legs down with skewers to keep them in place until the bird is partially cooked. Season well with salt and pepper, rub generously with butter and place the split bird skin side down on a broiler rack, about three inches from the flame. Broil under a moderate flame for 45 to 60 minutes, depending on the size of the turkey. Turn as needed. Turn skin side up when it is partially cooked. When serving, slice the breast meat into six slices from each side and cut the legs in portions as desired. During the holidays you will find this delectable turkey dish on the menu served with wild rice and fresh mushrooms sautéed in butter with finely chopped parsley and lemon juice.


Restaurant

The Latchstring Inn dining room is built on the edge of a canyon and affords an unusual view of the rugged picturesque Spearfish Canyon and trout stream, one of the most beautiful in the Black Hills. On State Highway 89 at Savoy, South Dakota, it is about ten miles south of U. S. 85 and the city of Spearfish. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner from 7:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Overnight accommodations and vacation facilities. Closed November 15 to the first of May.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM PIE

2/3 cup Eagle sweetened and condensed milk
½ cup water
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup whipping cream
1 cup fresh or frozen strawberries
1 nine-inch graham cracker crust

Mix condensed milk with water and vanilla. Chill in refrigerator, then fold in cream which has been whipped to the consistency of custard. Freeze in a freezing tray until it is mushy. Put in bowl and beat until fluffy but not melted. Fold in strawberries. Quickly pour into graham cracker crust and return to freezing compartment until ready to serve.

←*painting of Latchstring Inn by Syd Fossum*

←*painting of Gwinn's Restaurant by Art Riley*

Gwinn's Restaurant in its five years of operation has built up an excellent reputation for fine food and friendly service. Conveniently located for tourists on U. S. 66 (2915 East Colorado Boulevard) on the outskirts of Pasadena, California, it is open every day for breakfast, lunch, dinner and snacks until 1:00 a.m. Motorists may be served in their cars or in the dining room. Closed Christmas Day.

PUMPKIN PIE

2 eggs
1 2/3 cup half and half, or evaporated milk
1¾ cups pumpkin
¼ cup brown sugar
½ cup white sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon salt
1 unbaked 9-inch pastry shell

Beat eggs slightly, add milk, pumpkin and sugar, blending well. Mix seasonings together and stir into pumpkin mixture. Pour into pastry shell and bake in 425° oven for 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350° and continue baking 45 minutes, or until knife comes out clean. Serves 6-8.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

These gay symbols of the holiday season are all around you. Take a good look and see if you can identify all of them.

photos by Jerome Palms

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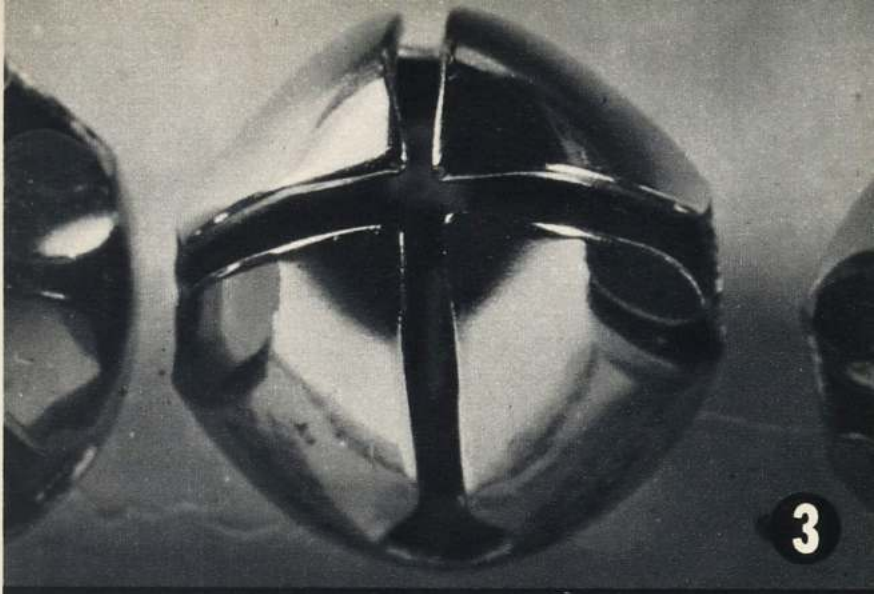
1 Closeup of a pine cone
2 Artificial Christmas tree tipped with synthetic snow
3 Jingle bell
4 Christmas ribbon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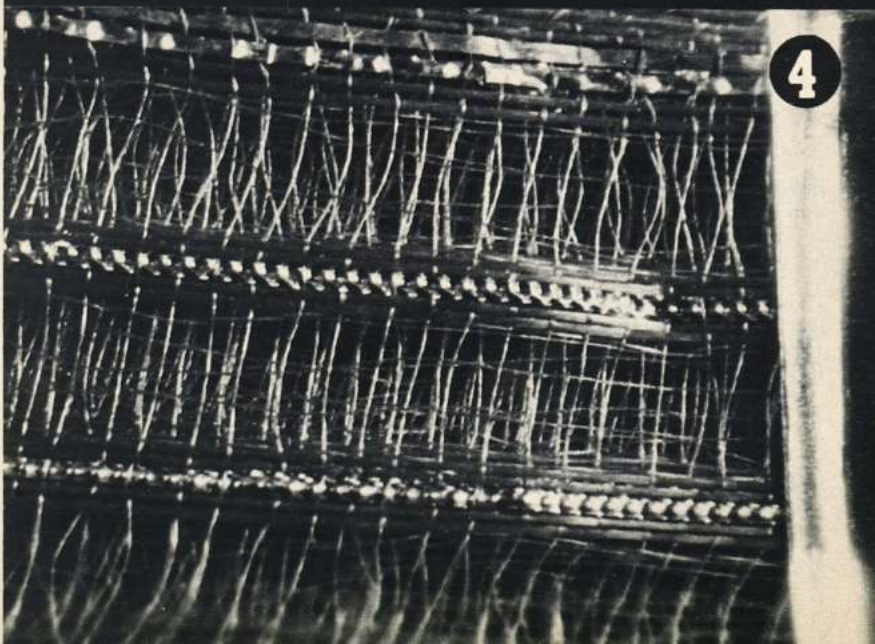
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Letters

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In two recent issues of the* FORD TIMES, *we published several unusual names of towns and cities sent to us by readers around the country. This stimulated a flood of similar suggestions from far-flung correspondents. The following excerpts are a sample of our "odd names mail" to date:*

Dear Sirs: I used to live in Happy, Texas. Now I live in Earth, which is close to Muleshoe and not far from Turkey. I could list more, but maybe you'd think it was a "Texas brag."

MRS. E. C. HUDSON
Earth, Texas

. . . In Ballard County, Kentucky, we have a place called Monkeys Eyebrow.

L. C. BOWLIN
Mayfield, Kentucky

. . . What about Seldom Seen and Geesytown, in Pennsylvania?

JOSEPH CONRAD
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

. . . May I brag about Georgia? We have Between, Cherrylog, Headlight, and Leaf.

DONNA ECHOLS
Cumming, Georgia

. . . Can you top Arkansas? Here are just a few: Delight, Fidelity, Dollar Junction, Republican, Democrat, Red Riding Hood, Oil Trough, and Okay.

EDYTHE GLAN
Greenbrier, Arkansas

. . . If you want odd names, there are two in Alabama: Getup and Getmore.

ROBIN HARVEY
Birmingham, Alabama

. . . When we're looking for odd names, let's not overlook Soso and Hot Coffee, both in the State of Mississippi.

J. W. CALDWELL, JR.
Pasadena, California

. . . I mention Springfield because it's anything but an odd name. It occurs in thirty-four states.

ABBIE MOULTRIE
Durham, North Carolina

A letter in our September issue claimed that Massachusetts had the only Podunk in the country. Here are some of the comments:

. . . We have a Podunk Center in Iowa.

CHARLOTTE PETERSOHN
Tingley, Iowa

. . . There is a Podunk in New York State, not far from Ithaca.

MRS. WILSON M. BARGER
Ithaca, New York

. . . There is a Podunk right here in Michigan. Its correct name is Morrell but it is known as Podunk.

ALEXANDER FRANZ
Charlotte, Michigan

. . . Near the mouth of the Podunk River, where it joins the Connecticut at East Hartford, there was an Indian village called Podunk, home of the Podunk Indians. Old land records still refer to that name.

FRED B. WHEELER
East Hartford, Connecticut

. . . I can't seem to locate a Podunk or a former Podunk in this state.

WALTER M. FITTS
Braintree, Massachusetts

painting by Evelyn S. Hutchinson

Joshua Christmas Trees— a one-picture story

LACKING the evergreens and frosty weather that symbolize the Christmas season in northern climates, towns in southwestern United States have developed holiday traditions of their own. One of these is Joshua Tree, a village near the north entrances to Joshua Tree National Monument in southern California. Every year local service clubs place colored lights on the three giant Joshua trees that dominate the parkway in the center of town, and on other trees and buildings. No skyscrapers interrupt the mass effect of twinkling lights; westward loom snow-capped Mt. San Jacinto and Mt. San Gorgonio; overhead the stars have the uncommon closeness of desert places. To a desert child, no doubt, a Christmas tree is not a spruce or balsam, but a Joshua. ■

Front cover—Lush tropical valleys near Antiguo Morelos—a scene along the route that John Wisdom calls "The Low Road to Mexico," in his story on page 40. This watercolor and those accompanying the story are by Leonard Brooks.

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