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FordTimes



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Cover: White House photographer Michael Evans lines up a shot at the weekly luncheon meeting of President Reagan and Vice President Bush in the Oval Office. For more about Evans and his work, see Michael J. Weiss' article starting on page 10. Photograph by Bill Fitz-Patrick/The White House.

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LETTERS

Judged Worthwhile

You have done the American people a great service by publishing "The Fallacies That Keep Drinkers Drinking — and Driving" (March). Tom Ladwig presents a most accurate picture of what must be described as an epidemic in our society. However, I would like to correct one factual error in the article. The DWI (Driving While Intoxicated) rehabilitation classes were *not* started by the AAA Foundation for Traffic Safety. I was the first to conceive the idea of referring convicted drunk drivers to an educational program. At that time, I was the presiding judge of the Phoenix City Court. Today, at least 14 states mandate attendance at DWI schools for all persons convicted of drunk driving. There are programs in every state and in every Canadian province.

Judge Eugene K. Mangum
Phoenix City Court
Phoenix, Arizona

Repeat Performance

How many other *Ford Times* readers wrote to you about a quite common characteristic of group photographs taken with the old-time Kodak Cirkut camera, which you ignored in your April article, "Getting the Big Picture"? The white-haired man wearing the light shirt in left of photo on page 16 is also in right of same photo, which extends all the way to page 19. Someone *always* did it.

Milton H. Sheppard
Glen Mills, Pennsylvania

- Sharp-eyed Mr. Sheppard was the first reader to write to us about the four-page group photograph. The white-haired man was able to get into Jim McKeown's picture twice by running 100 feet to the other end of the group before the antique Cirkut camera completed its 20-second, left-to-right panning cycle.

We're Starting a New Feature: Tell Us About Your Favorite Ford

For most of us, there's usually one special automobile that captures the heart and never lets go. It's not necessarily the best car we ever had. It may not even be the most attractive or the most economical or the most dependable. But for reasons perfectly clear to the person behind the wheel, it's the all-time favorite.

Ford Times would like to hear about your favorite Ford. Is it the first car you bought, or the car you went to your senior prom in, or the one you drove throughout college? Is it the old junker you rebuilt from the wheels up? Or the family sedan your kids drove and drove and drove until you all marveled at its stamina? Perhaps it's the shiny new model that you zip around in today.

If you have a favorite Ford that you'd like to tell your fellow readers about, send us about 250 typewritten words explaining why. Love affairs (or meaningful relations) with commercial vehicles are welcome, too. You should describe specific experiences to help show why you're so fond of that Ford. (But don't send photos; we won't be able to use them.)

Beginning this fall, we'll publish one entry each month under the heading, "My Favorite Car." Each writer whose submission is published will receive a byline and a check for \$100.

Send your entry to My Favorite Car, *Ford Times*, The American Road, Room 765, P.O. Box 1899, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Sorry, submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

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LIGHTING UP THE SKY

By Terry Tucker Francis

Photos by Robert L. Francis

On the night-black San Diego hillside, six helmeted men crouch like commandos waiting to attack. Sharp, tense words clip the silence as they whisper with hoarse intensity into their walkie-talkies.

Below them, on the floor of a lighted amphitheater, a confetti-bright crowd of 15,000 picnics on lace tablecloths spread on the summer grass, enjoying a symphony concert under the stars. Candles, champagne and crystal wink back at the star-spangled sky.

On the hill, last-second preparations are made. Each man hunkers down to double-check the bundle of wires that link the explosives to the detonating devices. Certain that all connections are secure, each man fastens the strap on his helmet and pulls his protective goggles into place, awaiting the staccato command over the walkie-talkies.

"Ready! Fire!"

A lean man, his pale face dimly lit by a single small bulb on the control panel, stabs the detonator button.

But nothing more stirring than the strains of *Stars and Stripes Forever* fills the night air.

"Something's wrong," mutters Jerry Roberts, the man at the con-

trols. He punches the button again. Still nothing. With a sharp gesture, he signals two of the men who wait, half in hope, half in dread, for his terse command: "Torch it!"

The two streak down the hillside to the mortars, carrying fire. They dart half-crouched among the cannons, touching flame to fuse, an arm's length from the detonating dynamite. Fuses sizzle, then send thunder and colored fire upward, shattering the sky. The helmeted men feel the earth move.

The crowd below roars to its feet, clapping and cheering as showers of red, gold and silver spill from the sky. Jubilant bursts of noise and glitter seem to match every clash of cymbal and drum as *Stars and Stripes Forever* approaches its climax.

The men — the "shooters" as they are known — on the hill hear and see none of it. They are caught up in a hellish haze of black-powder smoke and enormous sparks.

They are members of Jerry Roberts' crack team of fireworks specialists, one of about a dozen such squads which regularly create such heavenly havoc. They are the pyrotechnicians whose skill, daring and ingenuity are behind the spectacular Fourth of July cel-

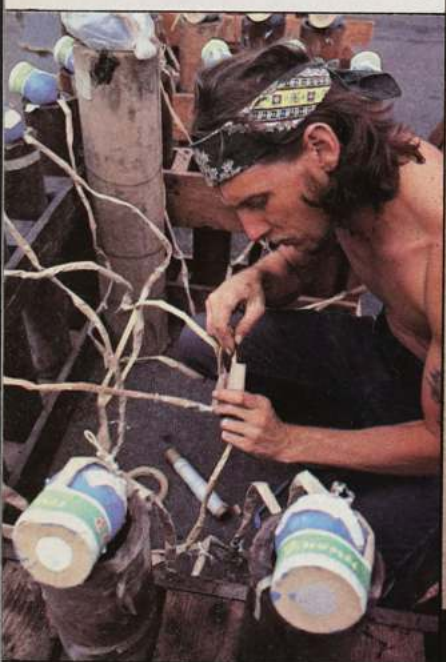


"Pyros" need to start early in the day to set up all the gear required for fireworks extravaganzas such as this at Coronado, California.





Crew chief Jerry Roberts (right) knows that the best way to avoid fizzes is to check and double-check. Below: Crewman wires fireworks fuses.



These particular varieties of "garden flowers," imported from the Far East, where fireworks originated 2,000 years ago, bloom with a boom.



Stationary displays, which trace an image in sparkling fireworks, are set up on lath frames that are invisible in the dark of night.



ebtrations that America takes as a birthright.

The first "pyros," some 2,000 years ago, were Chinese. They filled hollow bamboo stems with black powder, then ignited them to cast out devils — or to celebrate birth, marriage, death, and the New Year. By the 15th century, Europeans too enjoyed a good blast. Fireworks were used to commemorate every major royal happening and important national event.

Over the centuries, firemasters — especially the Italians — passed the torch from father to son, and fireworks families competed to devise ever more elaborate "Artificial Fyres."

Today, as ever, the best fireworks are made by hand. But now pyrotechnics is as much science as art. Chemists refine explosives to produce better colors, engineers draft new designs to wow the crowds, and skilled musicians help choreograph each starburst and salute precisely with a musical score, whether the beat is Sousa or rock 'n' roll.

The Old World families whose pyrotechnic pedigrees span generations light up the New World as well. The Gruccis of New York Pyrotechnics, one of the world's major fireworks makers and exhibitors, earned their "first family of fireworks" reputation with a blaze of glory in the skies of Monaco in 1979, as the first Americans ever to win the International Fireworks Competition.

The Zambelli family of New Castle, Pennsylvania, advertises itself as the world's largest fireworks firm, exhibiting an estimated 4,000 fireworks shows worldwide each year, including Macy's annual "Fireworks on the Hudson," and pyrotechnic spectacles that have pleased the past six presidents of the United States.

There is a modest family connection among Jerry Roberts' California-based crew, too. Brothers Chuck and Jerry Tucker, their brother-in-law Bob Francis, and often the wives of all three, simply share a family weakness for "fireworks fever."

"The thrill is timeless," says crewmaster Jerry Roberts, who first got hooked on sparklers and

firecrackers as a youngster. He's had his eye on the sky, one way or another, for decades — first as an Air Force meteorologist, and now as a fireworks master. He stages fireworks spectacles nationwide, for Astro Pyrotechnics of Norwalk, California.

Part of the excitement, he says, is that the fireworks can be unpredictable. Other unknowns can add suspense and tension — a hitch in the complicated set-up that starts at dawn and ends seconds before showtime, for instance, or a sudden change in the weather.

The pyro's recurring nightmare — detonator buttons that don't detonate, fuses that fizzle — haunts Roberts and his crew, as it does their counterparts everywhere. But as their actions to save the symphony performance showed, they overcome such problems by being sharp-witted and prepared to take chances.

***One crewman
fights fires by day
as a fireman, then
plays with fire
by night as a
pyrotechnician***

Pyro pursuits are a part-time mania for Roberts' crew. One works for the phone company, another for an electronics firm, a third for an aquarium business. Others work, respectively, as an auto mechanic, a maintenance man, and a photographer/artist. One man fights fires by day as a fireman, then plays with fire by night as a full-fledged pyrotechnician.

For the really big spectacles, friends, wives, and brothers-in-law willingly pitch in. Among the recent major assignments were on-the-road rock shows with the Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd, and the Who; films such as *Annie* and the Rolling Stones' *Let's Spend the Night Together*; and glittering galas at the MGM Grand Hotels in Las Vegas and Reno.

However, the pyro life isn't all razzle-dazzle. It takes more than sheer energy and burning enthusi-

asm to send stars and salutes sizzling across the night sky. Crewman Mike Prazmark says the team motto tells it: "It's not fire-play, it's fire-work — lots and lots of work."

"Fire-work" is a 16-hour day with all hands trimming and tying fuses, running thousands of feet of wire from hundreds of explosive devices into electric firing boxes, and setting up literally tons of equipment and gear.

For example, the heavy steel mortars used to launch the fireworks must be embedded in sand for safety — sometimes as much as three truck loads of it. And assembling giant set-pieces (sparkler-studded lath frames that trace a name or symbol in fire) requires all hands. Testing and retesting each connection goes on all day.

At showtime, fire-work can mean Combat Duty (hand-torching some or all of the fancy explosives, should electric connections fail) and Crowd Control (keeping the curious well clear of the war zone). And then there is the Fire Watch — racing through smoke and raining sparks to douse spot fires.

Long after the last hurrah from the spectators, the pyros still labor, dismantling and loading equipment into their trucks, scouring the area for any dangerous, late-blooming explosives, and accounting for every last star and salute on their inventory checklist.

Yet the spontaneous emotional combustion that fires up men who have just sent a long day's work up in smoke and glory carries the crew through the cleanup details — and well beyond. A post-show pyro tradition is the rendezvous at some all-night coffee shop. More than a tradition, they say, it's a solid necessity. "We party it up with plenty of food and hot coffee," one crewman explains, "because we need time to come back down to earth."

But the pyros eventually go home, wash off the smudges and powerful eau de black powder, and fall into exhausted sleep. They may dream of Van Gogh's *Starry Starry Night*, or of meteoric comets and showers of glittering colored stars. Or of the pyro's private glory — setting the sky on fire. □

Curbing Campground Crooks

A tough new law-enforcement policy is making national parks safer

The traditional image of a national park ranger is that of a mild-mannered chap wearing a World War I campaign hat, at the drop of which he will tell you all about the rock formations and the wild animals and where the rest rooms are. To be sure, rangers still dress like that and still render all these friendly services.

But something new has been added to their equipment — guns. For the soaring increase in visits to national parks this past decade inevitably included criminals among the visitors.

Consider these gloomy statistics: In 1982 our national parks were the unhappy scenes of 23 homicides, 42 armed robberies, 6 rapes, 366 assaults, 1,011 burglaries, and 4,705 thefts.

That's the bad news. Now for the good: Disturbing as these figures are, they represent a slight drop from the previous year, even though 1982 saw about a three percent increase in park usage, or some seven million more visitors.

In some instances a tough new law enforcement policy has brought even more spectacular results. Thus Washington's Olympic National Park, one of the country's busiest campgrounds, reports visitor losses from theft down an amazing 20 percent in 1982 from the year before, even with a seven percent increase in the number of visits to the park.

Even so, it still comes as an unpleasant shock to many vacationers to learn they are not necessarily leaving criminals behind when they head for the great outdoors. Maybe they're still thinking of a time when our national parks were isolated enclaves where they could count on meeting nothing more threatening than an occasional

overly friendly bear. That began to change in the 1960s and '70s, when a tremendous surge in park use coincided with such problems as drug abuse, the frustrations of the Vietnam war, and growing economic insecurity.

It came to a head in Yosemite National Park in the early '70s, on an unforgettable summer weekend when park rangers found themselves outmanned and overwhelmed trying to control a vicious riot that broke out in the valley. Rampaging gangs of youths simply overran the park. As so often happens, the events in California forecast a national trend. Criminals found the parks easy pickings and the National Park Service (NPS) unprepared, hampered by lack of legal authority to effectively combat campground crooks and hooligans.

The breakthrough came in 1976 when an alarmed Congress gave the park service new powers of law enforcement. Backed by that legislation, the NPS now sends its rangers to an intensive 10-week course at the Federal Law Enforcement Training Center in Glencoe, Georgia. The objective is to make the national parks safe for visitors, not only by giving rangers a higher level of expertise in apprehending criminals, but by showing them how to work with the public to prevent crime.

Rangers are schooled in such police techniques as search and seizure, firearms handling, rules of evidence, and constitutional law. The course also lays heavy emphasis on prevention of crime, and park service officials credit this with a major role in making parks safer.

So besides conducting campfire lectures and nature walks, park rangers now allocate time to tell

park visitors how to protect themselves and still have a good time. They tell visitors, for instance, that crimes of violence — robbery, rape, and assault — rarely occur in busy places such as campgrounds and public beaches. They are far more apt to happen away from crowds, as on isolated trails. There's a simple way to reduce that risk, according to Elwood "Woody" Jones, law enforcement officer for Olympic National Park: Never hike alone, especially if you're a woman. And always sign in when you take off from a trailhead; report to the rangers where you are headed and when you expect to return.

When you take into account the millions of people who flock to the national parks, the chances of becoming a victim of violent crime are miniscule. But theft is another matter. Park officials believe the nearly 4,705 thefts recorded in 1982 fall far short of the actual total because many simply are never reported.

Jones divides park thieves into two classes: professionals and opportunists.

He cites as an example of the professional a Canadian who came across to Olympic National Park by international ferry and made a profitable career out of prowling around cars parked at remote trailheads — until he was nabbed by a ranger who had staked out an area which had generated many complaints. In cooperation with the NPS, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police got a warrant to search the man's home and recovered \$13,000 worth of stolen property before he had a chance to fence it.

Then there was the California couple who made a good living hitting isolated campgrounds and

trailheads all up and down the Pacific Coast. Their arrest turned up thousands of dollars' worth of stolen goods and cleared up dozens of cases.

Opportunists, on the other hand, are apt to be young city-dwellers, often in need of supporting a drug habit, who prey on nearby parks because of their relative isolation. Parks such as Yosemite and Great Smoky Mountains present major problems because they're close to populous urban centers. Thieves drive out at night after most campers are asleep and cruise the area, looking for articles left out for the easy taking. Closing park gates to campgrounds or trailheads after 10 p.m. has eliminated much of this kind of random theft.

But not all of the thieves are young outsiders. "Once when I was patrolling a campground where we had been having a lot of complaints I picked up a 70-year-old grandmother making off with a camper's outdoor furniture at 1 o'clock in the morning," Jones recalls. "Her story was that she 'was just going to borrow it for a while.'"

Which brings up the easiest way to foil thieves, especially the opportunists: Never leave property unattended. "Out of sight, out of mind" is the governing rule for keeping such possessions as ice chests, camp stoves, stereos or food. Never leave them on the picnic table, Jones advises. Put them inside the tent.

The same rule applies to hikers who park their cars at trailheads, planning to be gone anywhere from overnight to a week. Jones has good advice for these visitors, too: Never leave valuables on the car seats or even in the glove compartment. A professional can

jimmy open a window in a minute. The safest storage place is the trunk. And the safest time to put things there is before you get to the trailhead, for thieves often sit in their cars and watch people as they prepare to take off.

Another bit of advice: Never leave a note on your windshield to advise friends when you'll be back. That information should only be left at the nearest ranger station.

Whenever you visit a park, be sure to make an inventory of all the valuables you're bringing along, and keep it with you. Mark or, better yet, engrave the items with your driver's license number or Social Security number for easy identification. Olympic National Park has recovered two-thirds of the property reported stolen, but many times it is impossible to prove ownership.

Above all, if you have a problem or are suspicious of someone you observe in the campground or trailhead parking area, talk to a park ranger. Arrests often stem from tips from alert visitors.

"Our mandate is to protect the resource, but we're also here to serve the public, for we want people to use the parks and enjoy them," Jones says. "For a time, the criminal thought he had a good thing going, because he didn't think park rangers had any law enforcement ability. Now he's become aware that we're out there looking for him."

Not only looking, but catching. Which means the national parks now have a handle on dealing with the crime that ruined so many visits in the past few years. But the best solution is to prevent that crime from happening — and that's where you, the visitor, can help yourself. □

MARK HARMER

His Shutter Doesn't Bug the President

In his job as official photographer, Michael Evans quietly records the drama and routine of White House life

By Michael J. Weiss

On the afternoon of his swearing-in, President Reagan sat in the Oval Office posing for pictures with the new administration's well-wishers. One by one, friends and dignitaries filed through the room until only Reagan was left with photographer Michael Evans, who'd been covering the inaugural festivities for hours.

A quizzical look crossed the president's face, recalls Evans, and then a smile. "At that moment, we both realized that he knew as much about being president as I knew about being the president's photographer," Evans remembers. "We looked at each other as if to say, 'Well what do we do now?' Then we just burst out laughing."

That moment was never caught on film, but few others have escaped Evans' lenses. As the president's personal photographer, the 38-year-old Evans is the resident chronicler of life in the Reagan court. Working out of his office in the west wing of the White House, he snaps the daily drama and routine of America's First Family. And when major news is breaking, he alone captures the behind-the-scenes incidents that shape the course of world events.

"I see myself as a documentary photographer," says Evans, "making a visual transcript for history. It's not my job to make pretty pictures but to record accurately what goes on in the White House. If it turns out to be a good-looking print, well, that's just icing on the cake."

Evans' eye for the frozen image took him from being a cub photo-

grapher for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* to an award-winning photojournalist with the *New York Times* and *Time* magazine — "covering everything from fashion shows to race riots." Born in St. Louis, the son of a Canadian diplomat then assigned to the United States, he was raised in Ontario and received his first camera at 11. His interest in photography

"It's not my job to make pretty pictures. If it turns out to be a good-looking print, that's just icing on the cake"

grew with the years, and when he attended Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, he became acquainted with a scientific theory that has remained with him as a professional photographer.

"Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle holds that the very act of observing a phenomenon changes that phenomenon," says Evans. "So to be a good documentarian you have to blend in with the surroundings."

A self-described "political junkie," Evans started following Reagan in 1964 when, as a college student, he watched the Californian give a TV address on behalf of Barry Goldwater. Evans hated it. "I remember disagreeing with almost everything Ronald Reagan said, but being enormously impressed with his performance," he

says. Eleven years later, as a freelance photographer for *Time* magazine in New York, he recalled that speech when Reagan brought his fledgling presidential campaign to the East Coast.

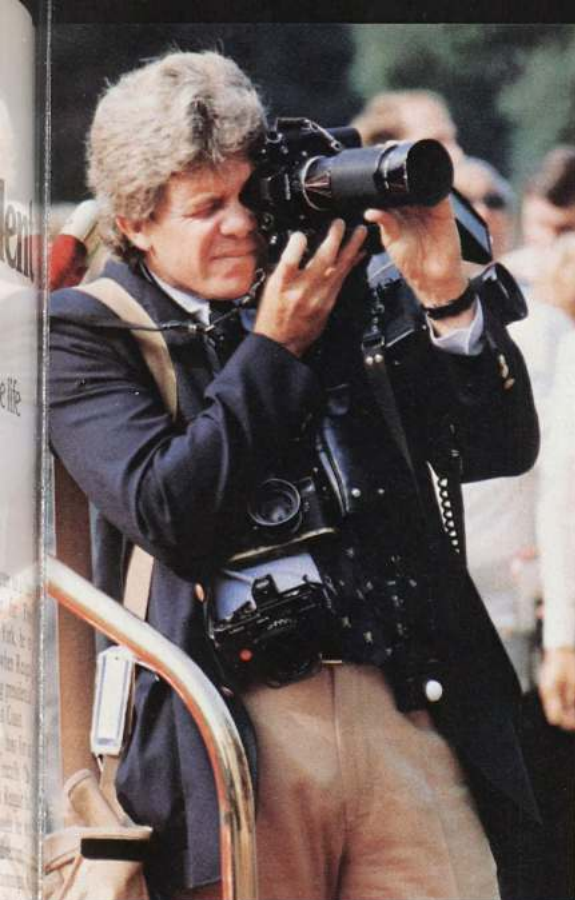
"I had to beg my boss for an assignment," Evans recalls, "because he didn't think Reagan had a chance, but I thought he was moving in the right direction."

During the 1976 campaign, he became acquainted with the candidate and even after Reagan lost the Republican nomination to Gerald Ford, Evans kept in touch with him. In the fall of 1979, *Time* assigned him to cover the candidate's second bid for the presidency.

When Reagan won, he offered Evans the \$52,000-a-year post as White House photographer, but Evans didn't jump at it. A confirmed photojournalist, he worried that he suddenly would be viewed as a public relations man. He solved the problem by stipulating that someone else on the presidential staff would decide which of his photos would be released to the media. "By not having editorial control over my pictures, it gives me a little bit of distance from the political side of the staff," he explains. "You need a kind of medical detachment to do a good job as a documentarian."

Still, Evans admits his political views had changed over the years. Today they often jibe with those of the president. "You couldn't do this job if you didn't like your boss," he states simply.

Since moving into the White House, Evans and a staff of four photographers have shot some



Wreathed with cameras, presidential photographer Michael Evans covers the Japanese prime minister's visit last January. Below: On a far less formal occasion, Evans' camera catches a giggly Nancy Reagan waiting in the wings during a White House press briefing with a twinkling surprise for the president's 72nd birthday in February.

BILL FITZPATRICK/THE WHITE HOUSE



**A Presidential
Portfolio by
Michael Evans**

*President Reagan greeting
a political rally during the
1982 Senate race in
Virginia. Below: He joins
Queen Elizabeth II at
Windsor Castle in a
favorite pastime. Far right:
Relaxing after a ride at his
ranch in California.*





A shirt-sleeved president confers with top aides on Air Force One. Below: Sharing a light moment with Mrs. Reagan in the Oval Office.

13,000 rolls of film in capturing the Reagan administration's crises, Cabinet meetings and Congressional tête-à-têtes. In addition, the president greets as many as 1,000 local and national leaders every week, and Evans must be on call for the "grip-and-grin" shots of the president shaking hands with his latest visitor.

"There's nothing like doing 200 people shaking hands with the president in about eight minutes to make your mind go numb," he sighs. "It's just assembly-line photography. Your only goal is to snap them both with their eyes open and their mouths closed."

But there are special moments — such as the time ex-Presidents Ford, Nixon and Carter came to the White House on their way to Anwar Sadat's funeral — when even the normally laid-back Evans can become a little flustered. "There were presidents everywhere," he recalls, the amazement of that experience still registering in his voice. "You'd back away from one and bump into another. You'd say, 'Mr. President,' and four heads would turn!"

And Evans was with President Reagan on that awful day of the assassination attempt, instinctively clicking off pictures in the chaotic aftermath. He remembers the presidential party leaving a routine luncheon and moving toward the White House limousines when the shots burst out like firecrackers. Evans raised his camera to witness the commotion through his lens. "It all seemed unreal until I saw James Brady lying on the sidewalk," he says. "The Secret Service later told me that if the bullet hadn't hit the president, it probably would have hit me."

Evans' photographs of the assassination attempt, depicting tense Secret Service agents with guns drawn, were distributed worldwide. "I just hope I never have to take pictures like that again," he comments quietly today.

In his office full of his framed pictures of the president from the covers of *Time*, *People* and

France's *L'Express*, Evans embodies the style of the Reagan White House: Easygoing, diplomatic but demanding.

He is only the fourth presidential photographer in history, holding a post established by Lyndon Johnson. And with few precedents, the job changes according to the personality of the resident chief executive. LBJ, for instance, wanted his photographer present at nearly all family gatherings, while Richard Nixon remained aloof from the camera lens. Gerald Ford became so close to photo-

***"If (photographer)
David Kennerly
was Jerry Ford's
son, then I am
Ronald Reagan's
nephew"***

grapher David Kennerly that he was treated like family and felt comfortable enough at some Cabinet meetings to offer his views.

As for Evans? "Let me put it this way," he says. "If David Kennerly was Jerry Ford's son, then I am Ronald Reagan's nephew. Our relationship is formal. I'm not an intimate of his, and I have no desire to be a drinking buddy. I've been around him longer than almost anybody in the administration, and there's a lot of mutual respect." Apparently, the president would agree, for he remarked recently: "Being one of his subjects is a pleasure."

In Washington, where access to powerful people is the name of the game, Evans estimates he sees Reagan 50 times a week, regularly covering the president after working hours, during private dinners and at private movie screenings with friends. In his role as documentarian, Evans, remembering the Heisenberg theory, strives for fly-on-the-wall status.

He savors the memory of the afternoon he was in the Oval Office, quietly snapping pictures of the president and the speaker of the house, Tip O'Neill, wrangling over the latest budget figures: "When I showed the president

prints from their meeting, he said, 'Oh, were you in the room? I didn't even know that.' Well, as a documentarian, that was music to my ears" — and a tribute to his virtually noiseless Leica cameras.

When the president and his photographer are alone together, the talk is rarely serious. Often it includes good-natured kidding about horses, which are Reagan's passion and Evans' terror. "While I admire horses as graphic symbols, I have no interest in riding them," Evans states. "The president ribs me about that all the time." At the Reagans' California ranch, Evans usually follows the saddled-up Reagan in a golf cart. "It's dusty and dirty and hot," he admits, "but it's fun watching him have fun."

If there is any drawback to being the president's photographer, it is having to cope with the constant scrutiny of the public and the press corps. Evans notes that he has many journalist friends and must mind what he says at cocktail parties or when winding down with a hard-played game of squash. "Sometimes I have trouble remembering if I heard some news from a TV report or from the Oval Office," he says.

With talk of Reagan running for a second term, Evans squelches any ideas that he too might want to stay on for another four years. By January, 1985, he will be 40 and will have covered Ronald Reagan for 10 years. "That's a quarter of my life," he reflects, eyeing the magazine covers nearby. "It will be time to move on."

Evans plans to return to freelance photojournalism or strike out into motion pictures. Divorced, with three children, he remarks that his White House salary is less than half of what he could make freelancing, and that he'll leave his post in debt.

Granted, that's a small price to pay for what may well be the choicest photographic assignment in the country. And he realizes there are other rewards. "I get a kick out of knowing my pictures will survive for as long as there is civilization in this country," Evans says. "My place in history is assured — albeit a very small one — through the images I capture." □

Real Busy Byron

Young Byron Allen thrives on a triple-decker life as a TV co-host, college student and comedian

By Louie Robinson

Byron Allen's body may have been weary, but his psychic-energy level was at full charge. Even as he stabbed dispassionately at his seafood-vegetable supper in a San Diego restaurant, the words expressing his philosophy tumbled out forcefully. "There is not anything that you can't do," he told his dining companions. "It's just a matter of saying, 'Hey, I can do it. I can do it.'"

Allen had just finished a whirlwind day following around a madcap caped crusader for a *Real People* television shoot. Already behind him in his career were a smash appearance on the Johnny Carson Show and comedy-writing stints for Jimmie Walker and Freddie Prinze. Ahead of him stretched a long run as a co-host on *Real People* and appearances at such top hotels as Caesars Palace and the MGM Grand in Las Vegas.

At the time, he was but 18 years old.

Today, at the ripe old age of 22, Byron Allen is still powered by that philosophy, by that ambition. He is a determined goalsetter who is successfully juggling his entertainment career with his pursuit of a college degree. He declares himself to be "more excited, more determined than ever about the future."

Allen is currently finishing work on 24 new *Real People* shows for the new season. In a recent seven-day stretch, he shot five different story segments. This fall he's set to do a string of college comedy concert dates. Meanwhile, he works at keeping his writing and performing talents sharp, exercising them regularly in Los Angeles clubs.

He has made one concession to

his basically back-breaking schedule — he now carries less than a full college course load.

Byron Allen has been a young man in a hurry since he was 14, when he went with his mother, Carolyn Folks, off to the NBC television studios in Burbank, where she then worked as a page. He saw the sets where Redd Foxx, Flip Wilson, Prinze and Carson worked. "I got to meet these people, talk to them — it blew my mind," he remembers.

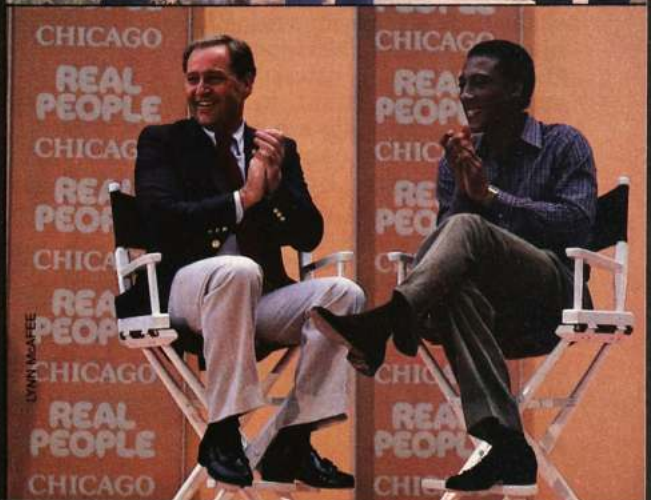
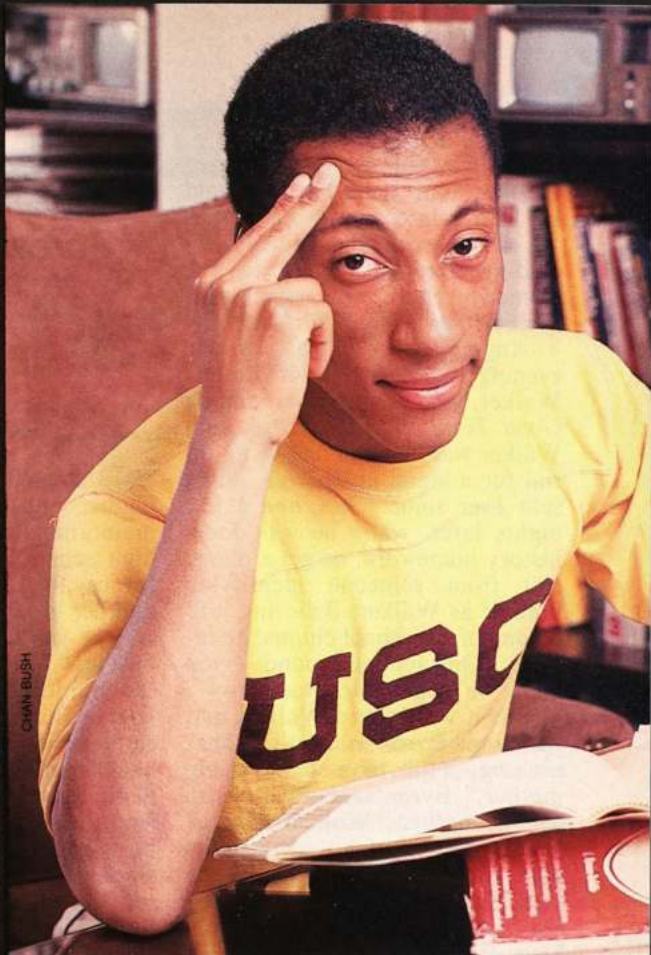
When nobody was around, he visited the empty sets. For four years, he "hosted" the *Tonight Show* whenever Carson (or anybody else) was not present. (Once when a janitor walked in on him going through his pretense behind Carson's desk, Allen decided "what the hell" and invited the man onstage "as a guest author, plugging his new book, *Cleaning Up After The Stars*.")

Allen, whose entire future was shaped by those TV studio visits, says: "Looking back, I think, 'Wow, what would have happened if my mother had gotten a job in a bank or something . . .'"

The applause and laughter that audiences showered on comedy performers convinced Byron that he wanted to become a comedian. He soon was creating his own jokes and telling them to anyone who would listen. While backstage at a show on which comic Gabe Kaplan was guesting, Allen told him of his ambition. Kaplan advised him to take his wares to the Comedy Store, a showcase for promising new talent, as Kaplan himself had done.

So Allen packed off to the Comedy Store a routine of jokes from an unsold *Sanford and Son* script he had written, changing

Byron Allen sharpens his stand-up routine at the Improvisational Club, a comedy showcase in Hollywood. Right: Allen hits the books in his Century City condo as he pursues his degree from the University of Southern California. Center: He runs into some old chums while taping a Real People segment in the Detroit neighborhood where he grew up. Bottom: With co-host Bill Rafferty, he keeps things moving on the set of the show.



the ugly Aunt Esther jokes to gags about his mythical sister.

He was 14 years old, and for the next four years his life would be divided into only two activities — school work and comedy, including frequent visits to the Comedy Store, to which his mother drove him.

Among Allen's listener's one evening was a writer for Jimmie Walker, who was then starring on *Good Times*. The writer told him Walker was looking for new material for a stand-up routine. Allen sent over some jokes, and a few nights later, while he was doing history homework, he got a phone call from someone identifying himself as Walker. Believing it to be one of his school chums, he replied: "Quit fooling around — you know we've got a test tomorrow."

But it was indeed Walker, and he invited Byron to meet him that evening. "I'll have to ask my mother," Byron said. "He has to ask his mother," Walker repeated for the benefit of his writers who were assembled at his end of the line. "Tell her not to worry," Allen heard one of them say. "We'll have cookies and milk for him."

For the next two years Allen joined a group of writers, including David Letterman, in presenting jokes at Walker's house twice weekly. "Working with Walker was a major breakthrough because he taught me how to write a joke," Allen says. "I didn't know there was an art to it — punchline, word economy, things like that."

Allen supplied many teenage-type gags to Walker, who, although approaching 30, was regarded by the public as being 10 or more years younger because of his television role as a high school student. He also began writing for a local children's television show and provided some material to comedian Freddie Prinze, in addition to performing his own material at small clubs once or twice weekly, "whenever I could get a ride."

At 16 his career took a giant roll forward: He was old enough to get a driver's license and could drive himself to clubs to work his own act. Prinze was by then a suicide and Allen was no longer writing for Walker. But soon, he was

"Working with Walker was a breakthrough. He taught me the art of writing a joke"

often doing two and three shows nights, and at the same time maintaining a high B average in high school in order to gain entrance to USC. ("It gives me another life," Allen has said of his college work. "I'm not just show business." Besides, he had noticed the number of performers who, late in their careers, want to resume their education.)

Allen — he changed his last name from Folks because he realized theatrical talent listings were in alphabetical order, and he wanted his name to get near the top — was spotted doing his act by a Johnny Carson staffer and subsequently received a *Tonight Show* guest appearance offer. Allen turned it down. He was in the middle of high school senior midterm exams, "and I knew those were going to be the grades USC would look at."

After scoring A's on his midterms and gaining admission to USC, Byron presented himself to the *Tonight Show*. "I was standing behind the curtain just before Johnny Carson introduced me,"

he remembers of that moment, "and I thought, 'Well this is it. What I do out there in the next six minutes will determine basically the whole outcome of my life.'"

What Allen did during those next six minutes was enough to get him offers from no fewer than 12 various TV shows. But it was producer George Schlatter who won him over with an offer to co-host *Real People* and travel the country doing interviews for the show. Byron was still in high school. "When I graduated, I had my diploma in one hand and my plane ticket in the other," he says. He left the next day to do his first TV story — a roller coaster convention. At the age of 18 he was launched into a career on national television.

Had Byron Allen had his original way, he would today be working for the Ford Motor Company. Born in Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit on April 22, 1961, he spent the first seven years of his life in that city. "My dad has worked for Ford as long as I can remember," Allen says of his father, Alvin Folks. Allen recalls his mother making his father a "brown paper-sack lunch, getting me out of bed, bundling me up and driving us off to the factory in Dearborn to drop him off at 2 in the morning. It looked like the biggest place in the world. I used to think: 'This is where God probably lives.'"

The fathers of all Byron's pals worked in the automobile factories, too, "and there was no doubt in my mind where I was going," he says. "I was looking forward to working for Ford Motor Company."

But Byron's parents separated when he was 7, and his mother and he moved to Los Angeles. Still, he harbors hope. "I don't believe my dream is lost," he says. "I still think one day I will work for Ford — maybe doing commercials or something."

Meanwhile, Byron keeps himself in shape for whatever the future brings. He eats no red meat, jogs an hour daily and steers clear of drink or mind-altering substances.

And just as a reminder of what he might have been, he lives on Detroit Street in Los Angeles. □

Answer to Puzzler



Where Custer Made His Last Stand

By James Joseph



Marking the site where Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer and five companies of his 7th Cavalry were defeated at the Battle of the Little Bighorn, Custer Battlefield National Monument is within sight of I-90, a few miles from the town of Crow Agency in southeastern Montana.

It was here, only a little more than 100 years ago, that Custer and his men made their legendary "Last Stand" before an overwhelming force of Sioux and Cheyennes, led by Chief Sitting Bull.

Interestingly, even though they won the fight, the Battle of the Little Bighorn was the last major attempt by Sitting Bull and his Plains Indians to stem the westward flow of settlers and to preserve the ancestral Indian way of life. Many of the warriors facing Custer had been forced off their Black Hills treaty reservation by the Dakota Gold Rush of 1874, when thousands of gold-seekers swarmed onto the reservation in violation of the treaty.

The battle raged over two days — June 25 and 26, 1876. When it

was over, Custer and some 225 soldiers lay dead. The battlefield today is much as it was when Custer, misjudging the strength and firepower of his adversaries, split his command and caused the greatest military disaster of the American West.

Custer Battlefield's Visitor Center, close to Custer Hill, site of the "Last Stand," sets the historic mood for guided walking and self-drive tours of the battlefield.

At the Visitor Center, a sensitive and gripping 30-minute movie examines the clash between the

The talks help set the scene for the walking or driving tours of the battlefield including:

- **Guided Battlefield Walk.** Along the way, the ranger-guide points out the cavalry and Indian positions, including the area where the Indians first attacked, where Custer advanced — and Custer Hill where the "Last Stand" was made.

- **Self-Drive Battlefield Tour.** Still visible are trenches hastily dug by the soldiers. From the 7th Cavalry Memorial, a ½-mile loop trail (allow 45-60 minutes) takes you to one of the battle's least known areas — the bluffs overlooking Little Bighorn valley. Here six companies of the 7th Cavalry, besieged, successfully held their ground. The trail's audiovisual aids vividly recount highlights of the siege.

Custer Battlefield National Monument, open year around, is one of the epic landmarks of the American West. □

Getting There

Custer Battlefield is approximately 65 miles southeast of Billings, Montana, and 71 miles northwest of Sheridan, Wyoming. Leave I-90 at Exit 510 (U.S. 212 East/Custer Battlefield), 3 miles southeast of Crow Agency. Follow U.S. 212 east one mile to the entrance.

two cultures. Monument rangers also present brief lectures. "Battle of Little Bighorn" (15 minutes) explores the battle, its causes and aftermath; "The Horse Soldier" (15 minutes) recounts the hardships and dramas of the frontier soldier; and "Plains Indian Culture" (20 minutes) examines the life and social customs of the Indians of the Great Plains.

For More Information

For a brochure on Custer Battlefield and a schedule of interpretive programs, write: Superintendent, Custer Battlefield National Monument, National Park Service, P.O. Box 39, Crow Agency, MT 59022. Or phone (406) 638-2622 (information) or (406) 638-2382 (museum).

*Sampling baby nachos,
made with flour tortillas,
at Armando's in Detroit.*

BUENOS NACHOS!

These
munchies
are turning on
taste buds
everywhere

By Nancy Kennedy

Photos by Mark Harmer



For restaurant food, life at the top is precarious. Pizza, crepes and quiche, to name just a few, all have had their glory days. Some go on to become steadily popular menu fare; others slide right off the plate forever.

Now from way, way down south, as in Mexico (or was it really way, way out west, as in California?) comes a strong new contender for the top pop spot — nachos.

They, or *it* (no one seems any more certain if the name is singu-



Buffet fixings (above) for do-it-yourself nachos (below) start with toasted corn chips topped by burger mixture, tomato and green pepper, cheese, guacamole, sour cream, jalapeño pepper and green onions and tomato.



lar or plural than about the place of origin), are showing up all over the place — from trendy, upscale restaurants to ballparks.

It's equally hard to pin down a completely satisfactory definition because of the infinite number of ways this finger food is prepared. At the sublime end of the scale are Super Nachos, a huge platter of toasted corn chips lavished with layers of refried beans, creamy guacamole, spicy ground beef or shredded chicken, and at least one kind of melted cheese, all crowned

with a generous dollop of cool sour cream. At the ridiculous end are the dismal mounds of wilted corn chips drizzled with fake cheese squeezed from a plastic tube, then passed through a microwave oven.

In whatever form, nachos are definitely not for dieters. But at their best, they can be very good and satisfying enough to serve as a meal, even though they are usually listed as appetizers.

Despite the name and the fact they are now served in many Mexican-American restaurants, it

seems likely that nachos as America knows them are about as native to Mexico as chop suey is to China.

Yes, you can find nachos in Mexico, but they are served half-heartedly, at best. On a recent trip to Acapulco, I never saw nachos that were much more than simple triangles of thick corn tortillas deep fried and spread lightly with refried beans, some grated sharp cheese and a slice of fiery jalapeño pepper, heated and served with spicy salsa sauce. They were re-



ally a south-of-the-border version of crackers and cheese.

The many chefs I talked to in the United States and Mexico guessed at the birthplace of nachos as either Texas or California. "It is really an American invention," flatly declares Mexican-born Armando Galan, proprietor of a large Mexican restaurant in Detroit. But he really doesn't care where they started; he likes them and offers several varieties.

Armando's Burger Nacho is one of the better ones that I sampled during several months of off-and-on research. It starts with a base of freshly made corn tortillas cut into triangles and fried to crispness in vegetable oil. Next comes a savory mixture of lean ground beef sautéed with cumin seeds, black pepper and freshly chopped garlic, tomato and onion. Then comes a bean layer. All of this is covered with shredded Muenster cheese and put into an oven until the cheese melts. Snowy-white sour cream is spooned on top. The Burger Nacho (Armando is one of those who prefer the singular) is served with a side dish of guacamole and a Mexican relish tray.

Show biz touches are definitely part of the game plan in the nachos game. "The competition is beautiful," says Armando. "It keeps us all adding new garnishes and ingredients to the basic dish." Example: He recently introduced the Baby Nacho, made with a flour tortilla, which provides a subtle difference in taste and texture.

There is something about nachos that, like pizza, eventually demands a hands-on approach. The two Don Roth restaurants in

Hugh Gitlin's red-hot nachos are a hit with baseball fans at the Minnesota Twins' Metrodome.

Chicago's Loop are having success with do-it-yourself nachos bars during the happy hour. It is hard to find the salsa, sour cream, meat mixture, jalapeño peppers and other fixings through the crush of nachos aficionados.

Vendors at the Minnesota Twins home games, who once sold the all-American hot dog, now cry out, "Get your red-hot nachos!" This stadium version is a basic sort, featuring a container of spicy melted cheese mixture surrounded by naked corn chips.

In California, nachos wear many faces, from single-serving minis to don't-hold-anything-back supers. I also noted that no two nachos, even in the same restaurant, came out exactly the same every time they were ordered. I

The Saddleback Inn's Bruce Gelker with his splendid Nacho California.



must have been considered a bit strange by other customers as I peeled away the layers, as carefully as an archaeologist examining layers of civilization. In the Red Onion in Palos Verdes, there were so many versions of the same menu items on different days that I gave up counting. Some had whole beans, others refried beans mixed with green and red peppers. Cheese toppings varied daily. All were delicious but were presumably produced by different chefs, each doing his or her own nacho thing.

For me, the ultimate was at the Saddleback Inn in Santa Ana. Owner Bruce Gelker and I go back nearly 20 years, when I first interviewed him about his innovative and authentic Mexican menu, a rarity at the time.

Gelker became aware of nachos in restaurants in his area about five years ago and he developed his own variation because he wanted it to be more Mexican than American. He turned to the skilled Mexican chefs in his kitchen and they developed a winner that Gelker calls the Saddleback Nacho California. A giant tortilla cup is layered with shredded lettuce, then either lean beef or breast of chicken that has been simmered in a jalapeño pepper-seasoned broth. A dollop of chunky guacamole is added and the whole works is topped with sour cream. Around the centerpiece is a flotilla of crispy corn chips, each bearing a succulent blend of melted Monterey jack and Cheddar cheese blended with peppery salsa sauce.

During my cross-country research even old and faithful friends became testy when faced with several nachos an evening. But they gamely sampled the offerings and we all arrived at the not surprising conclusion that nachos are never better than the sum of their parts.

Nachos constructed of stale chips, fake cheese and greasy meat are an invitation to instant indigestion. But those made with a base of honest corn or flour tortillas layered with freshly prepared beans, well-seasoned meat or poultry, and quality cheeses can be as satisfying and nourishing as they are fun to eat. □

Nachos Recipes

ARMANDO'S NACHO BURGER

24 corn tostadas or corn chips (*recipe below*)
 1 cup beef mixture (*recipe below*)
 1/4 cup diced green pepper
 1/4 cup diced onion
 1/4 cup diced fresh tomato
 1/4 cup shredded Muenster cheese
 1 Tbs sour cream
 2 Tbs chopped jalapeño peppers
 Fresh chives or green onion tops, chopped
 Guacamole (*recipe below*)
 Salsa (*recipe below*)
 Place tostadas or corn chips on an ovenproof plate. Top with about 1 cup of hot beef mixture and sprinkle with green pepper, onion and tomato. Cover with Muenster cheese. Place under broiler until cheese is bubbly (about 3-5 minutes). Before serving, top with sour cream and sprinkle with chopped jalapeño and chives. Serve with guacamole and salsa on the side. Makes 1 main course portion or 4 appetizer servings.

Tostadas (Chips)

6 corn or wheat tortillas
 Oil for deep-fat frying
 Salt (optional)
 Heat oil in fryer to 375°. Place tortillas on cutting board and cut almost in quarters, leaving the connecting center part intact. (This makes it easier to turn them while frying.) Fry until crisp, one or two at a time. Drain well on paper toweling. Break into quarters. Sprinkle with salt, if desired.

Beef Mixture

1 lb lean ground beef
 1 tsp salt
 1 tsp black pepper
 3 cloves garlic, chopped
 1/2 tsp cumin seeds
 1/2 cup chopped onion
 3 Tbs tomato paste
 2 Tbs flour, mixed with water to make a paste
 1 1/2 tsp oregano
 Season beef with salt and pepper.

Stir in garlic and cumin seeds. Sauté for 3 to 5 minutes, then add onion and tomato paste and cook for 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in flour and water mixture to thicken. Simmer for 15 to 20 minutes. Add oregano and cook for 2 to 3 minutes. Makes 6 cups of beef mixture.

Guacamole

6 ripe avocados
 1/2 tsp garlic powder
 Salt and pepper, to taste
 2 tsp lime juice
 1/2 onion, diced fine
 2 fresh tomatoes, diced
 Halve avocados, discard pits. Scoop flesh into a glass or ceramic bowl (metal will discolor avocado). Mash with a fork, add garlic powder, salt, pepper and lime juice. Blend well. Stir in onion and tomato, and stir well. Chill well before serving. Makes 6 portions.

ARMANDO'S BABY NACHOS

8 flour tostadas or chips (*prepared as in recipe above*)
 8 Tbs sausage and bean mixture (*recipe below*)
 8 Tbs shredded Muenster cheese
 8 Tbs guacamole (*recipe above*)
 8 tsp sour cream
 Place flour tostadas on an ovenproof platter and cover each with sausage and bean mixture, then top with shredded cheese. Broil until cheese is bubbly (about 5 minutes). Top with guacamole and sour cream. Makes 1 main course serving or 4 appetizer portions.

Sausage and Bean Mixture

2 cups chorizo sausage, removed from casing, fried, drained and crumbled
 4 cups cooked and mashed pinto beans (boil beans in water seasoned with salt, pepper and onion)
 Combine cooked sausage and mashed beans in a saucepan. Simmer for 20 minutes. Add water if mixture is too thick. Makes enough for 6 servings or 48 individual baby nachos.

SADDLEBACK INN'S NACHO CALIFORNIA

1 flour tortilla
 Fat for deep frying
 Shredded lettuce

Beef or chicken filling (*recipe below*)

Guacamole (*recipe below*)

Sour cream

Nacho cheese sauce (*recipe below*)

12 tostadas or corn chips

Sliced jalapeño peppers, for garnish

Salsa (*recipe below*)

Place tortilla in a medium strainer (about 5 inches) and press down with another medium strainer (rounded side down) to form a cup. Heat oil to 375°. Carefully lower the strainers into the hot oil, holding handles together. Fry until tortilla is crisp, about 2-3 minutes, then drain on paper towel. Place cooled tortilla cup in the center of serving plate. Layer with shredded lettuce, top with a generous portion of beef or chicken mixture (or both) and garnish with dollops of guacamole and sour cream. Drop warm cheese sauce by tablespoonfuls onto chips and arrange so they surround the tortilla cup. Garnish with slices of jalapeño pepper. Serve with additional guacamole and salsa on the side. Serves 1.

Beef or Chicken Filling: Use either 1 lb chuck steak, cut into 1-inch squares, or 1 lb boned chicken breasts. Put beef or chicken in pan and add 1 cup chopped onion, 1 peeled garlic clove and 1 tsp salt. Cover with water and bring to a boil, lower heat and simmer covered until tender. Cool meat or chicken in broth and shred finely with two forks. Toss shredded beef or chicken with 1 finely diced onion, 1 Tbs cumin seed, 1 tsp hot crushed chilies, salt and pepper, to taste. Makes 6 servings.

Guacamole: Blend 2 ripe avocados, diced; 1 ripe tomato, diced; 1 small onion, diced; juice of 1/2 lemon; 1 Tbs jalapeño juice, and 1 tsp ground cumin. When well blended, chill for 1 hour.

Nacho Cheese Sauce: Blend 1 lb grated Cheddar cheese, 1/2 lb grated Monterey jack cheese, 1/2 cup flour and 1 cup Saddleback salsa (*recipe below* or store-bought). Heat mixture until cheese is melted. Makes 2 cups.

Salsa: Chop together 6 tomatoes, 1 onion, 2 jalapeños, 1 Tbs jalapeño juice and salt, to taste. Mix and refrigerate overnight. Makes 4 cups.

FORD WAGONS

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42 EST
HWY

29 EPA
EST
MPG

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FORD COUNTRY SQUIRE

FORD ESCORT

HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD... LATELY?



Festival That's All It's Cracked Up To Be

Each July the folks
in Maine spend a
Saturday honoring
the egg—and to
them, it's no yolk

By Frances De Salvo

At 6 o'clock in the morning on the fourth Saturday in July, in the normally placid town of Pittsfield, eight gallant, aproned volunteer cooks step up to their posts around what is confidently billed as the world's largest frying pan. Teflon-coated, it's 10 feet in diameter and weighs 300

pounds.

When the first eggs are cracked into this monster pan, the annual Central Maine Egg Festival is officially under way.

Early visitors with plowman appetites watch fascinated as the women deftly flip and fry eggs to order in the extraordinary pan and expertly wield four-foot spatulas to scoot buttered slices of bread into the center of the skillet to toast. From nearby more-

normal-size skillets the breakfasters pick up slices of ham and fried potatoes, and coffee flows from never-empty pots. By the time breakfast is over at 8:30, festival-goers will have consumed 3,200 eggs, 1,300 slices of ham and 900 pounds of potatoes.

It's a good, stamina-building start for a day of fun, fancy and just plain foolishness in a host of activities — all honoring the egg and the chicken.

The festival is an all-out community effort. As dawn breaks over the

hills of this scenic town in the heart of the Maine poultry country, most of its 4,200 residents begin to stir themselves to get ready for the 20,000 visitors expected before day's end.

It's Saturday, but except for one drugstore all businesses are closed. There's work for everybody in transforming Manson Park, which lies just off Main Street, into a festival site with a midway of rides and games, a stage for entertainment, roving clowns and dozens of booths and stalls. But the cook tent re-

mains the focal point.

The first Egg Festival was scrambled up in 1972 by a couple of former newspapermen, Toby Strong and Donald Brough, to gain recognition for the egg as a major agricultural product in a state known mostly for its potatoes. The mammoth skillet was designed and donated by Alcoa, while Maingas accepted the challenge of providing a suitably sized propane gas burner to heat it. Each year the skillet is brought out of its storage place in an airplane hangar and carefully scrubbed and steamcleaned until it's ready for service.

Among the original 1972 festival founders is Betty Shorey, who continues on the festival committee. She is also one of the 30 women who work in shifts around the giant skillet. "That's a big gas jet under the pan, and it gets mighty warm," she says.

Betty admits that at first the gigantic skillet was intimidating, adding, "It took a lot of doing to get the knack of it." Heady with the success of having managed to serve 400 breakfasts the first year, the same crew returned in 1973 to perfect what's now a smooth operation.

Anyone who misses breakfast can make up for it at lunch (served 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.) when 10-inch omelets are prepared by a new corps of cooks. They're embellished with peppers, onions, mushrooms, ham or cheese, according to each customer's preference. The giant pan doesn't lend itself to this finicky kind of cooking so the omelets are made in single pans over separate burners.

To hone their technique, the volunteers took a course in omelet-making conducted by the Maine Poultry Federation. "The secret of keeping the omelet from sticking to the pan is using the right amount of water — two tablespoons to one egg — instead of milk," says Betty. "Milk makes a tougher omelet."

Between meals there's a lot going on, beginning at 9 a.m. with a parade of some 70 colorful entries

along Main Street.

Presiding over it is a teen-age festival queen crowned the night before at the Kiwanis Club Karnival, which opens the week-end activities and continues as part of the festival. It's all "egg-ceedingly" good fun, as Pittsfielders say in the spirit of the event.

Such no-holds-barred punmaking is encouraged by a window-decorating contest preceding the festival, open to everybody. Cartoons are painted on store windows all along Main Street and in a nearby mall. Typical terms: "eggs-actly," "eggs-orbitantly," "eggs-asperating" and even "What do I do for an Egg-cedrin Head-egg?"

It's an "egg-cellent" idea to get back to the festival grounds to take in the many booths offering homemade breads, jellies and relishes. In one large tent, Maine craftsmen display such handmade items as quilts, leather moccasins, wooden bowls and sachets.

A major attraction is the agricultural tent with its live exhibits and a display of shimmering golden eggs, winners in the World's Largest Egg Contest. Entries come from all over the world to be plunged into water and judged by displacement, in tests conducted at the University of Maine at Orno. Only chicken eggs may be entered; impostors are detected by chemical analysis. Each year's winner is gold plated after the contents have been removed.

At noon there's excitement overhead when the sky becomes a flurry of colorful polka dots as a team of parachutists glides earthward. One member brings with him the festival's favorite chicken. Since no one has yet figured out a way to strap a

parachute on a chicken, the bird comes down in a pouch strapped to the chest of the parachutist.

Later, birds get a chance to do their own thing in the Chicken Flying Contest (roosters included). Once each chicken has taken off from a 10-foot ladder, judges are on the wing to measure the distance of its flight. The record to date is 22 feet.

While all these highjinks are going on, the tantalizing aroma of barbecued chicken is wafted increasingly from the cooking area, where the men of the town are preparing a huge feast on mammoth charcoal grills. By late afternoon it's ready, and the crowd moves in en masse.

In the evening there's entertainment from the bandstand before the festival closes with a bang-up display of fireworks. For those who like to linger, there's a four-mile race at nearby Industrial Park on Sunday morning. □

This year's Central Maine Egg Festival will be held July 23.

BASEBALL'S MAGIC MUD

The major leagues couldn't play ball without this 'gorgeous goo'

By Jerry D. Lewis

Photos by Mark Harmer



In the kitchen of his New Jersey home, Burns Bintliff packs the special mud that winds up on every major league baseball.

Don't color yourself ignorant if you're a baseball nut but have never heard of Burns Bintliff. Not one fan in 10,000 even suspects there is such a thing as a Burns Bintliff.

Ah, but there is — and he makes a vital contribution to every game played by all major leaguers from the opening of training camp in February to the final putout in the fall.

Burns, an amiable, 62-year-old retired metal carpenter from the small town of Willingboro, New Jersey, supplies Lena Blackburne Baseball Rubbing Mud to both major leagues and several of the larger minors.

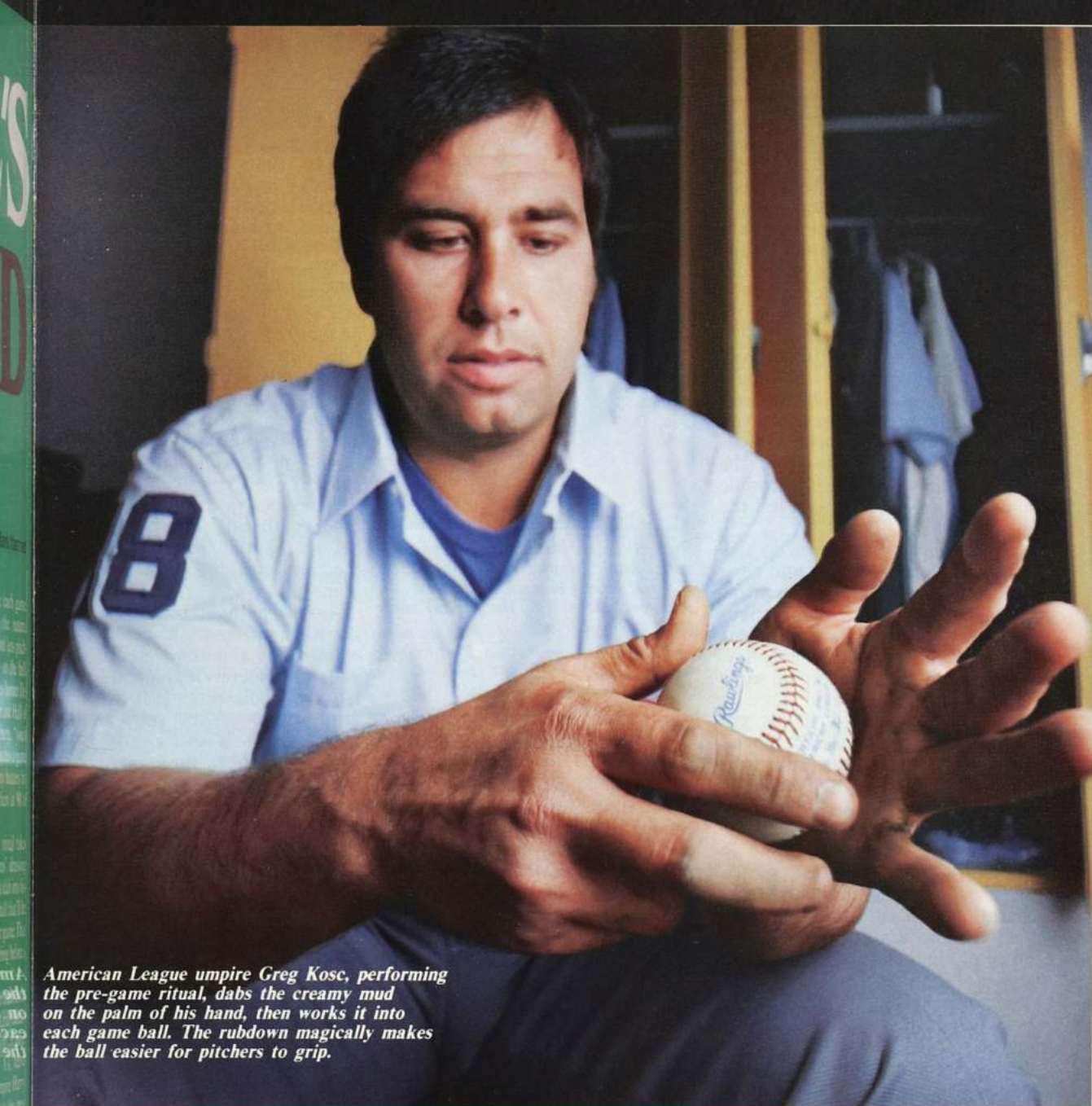
It's the responsibility of the home-plate umpire for each game to apply the mud, which resembles chocolate pudding and feels as silky smooth as cold cream, to ev-

ery new ball before each game. The mud removes the natural gloss and slickness and lets pitchers get a good grip on the ball. "Otherwise," observes former Detroit Tigers superstar and Hall of Famer Hank Greenberg, "you'd have a dozen wild pitches a game and maybe that many batters hit by balls coming at them at 90 to 100 miles an hour."

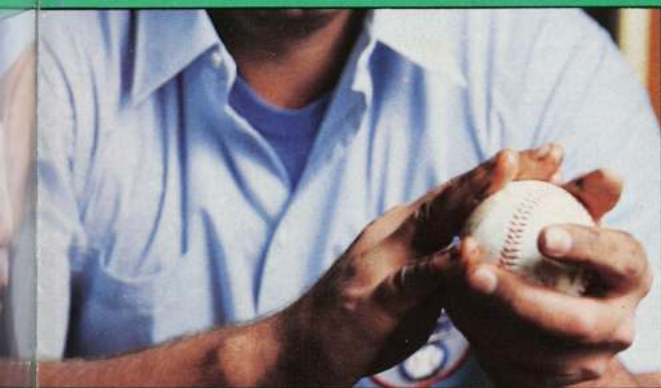
The mud-rubbing ritual takes place in the umpires' dressing room. The ump puts a dab into his palm and rubs every ball that'll be used — five dozen per game. That makes for a lot of rubbing before a double-header.

The practice began back in the 1930s when Russell (Lena) Blackburne, a coach with Connie Mack's Philadelphia A's, heard American League umpire Harry Geisel complain about the pre-





American League umpire Greg Kosc, performing the pre-game ritual, dabs the creamy mud on the palm of his hand, then works it into each game ball. The rubdown magically makes the ball easier for pitchers to grip.



game chore of unslicking the baseballs.

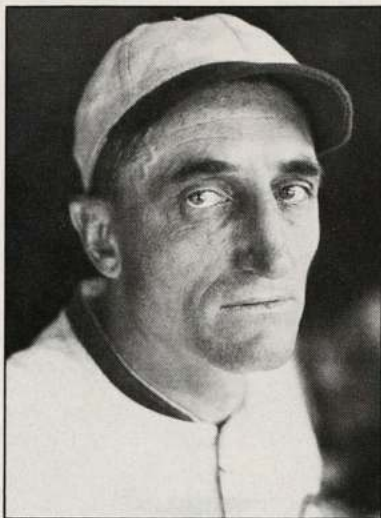
At the time, less delicate umps used to rub the balls with the juice of their chewing tobacco. Others would dump a bucket of water under the stands and use the resulting mud. Since the mud often contained small stones or even bits of glass, the ball's cover frequently got scuffed in the process.

"If you gave a scuffed-up ball to a smart pitcher who could throw hard — say a Dizzy Dean — he could make it do tricks you wouldn't believe," says Greenberg. "In addition, it made the ball so dirty you'd have trouble picking up sight of it as it left the pitcher's hand."

Blackburne, who loved to fish and knew every stream and river in southern New Jersey, went to Pennsauken Creek, a small tributary of the Delaware River near his home in Palmyra, New Jersey. At dead low tide, he dug up some of the bottom's slick mud. Then he experimented with it in his garage, finally adding a secret something. This mysterious added ingredient made the mud not only super-smooth but — wonder of wonders — it neither stained the ball's white cover nor clotted in the ball's stitched seams.

The following spring, Blackburne gave a can of the mud to Geisel. The umpire used it and liked it. He then became sort of an advance man for Lena's gorgeous goo. Soon, every club in the league was buying it. Ever loyal, Blackburne refused all orders from National League teams for a few years, but finally allowed them to buy it.

The mud enterprise continued uneventfully season after season until Blackburne's health began to fail in the late 1960s. He had no family to whom he could pass on the business and the secret formula, so he turned both over to his closest fishing crony, John Haas. He also showed Haas where to dig for the magic mud. But Haas, already in his 70s, found the business details too bothersome, so he passed all the secrets on to Bintliff. "He picked me because I was his son-in-law and also because he knew I'd played semi-pro baseball as a young man on the Burlington County team and had remained a



Russell (Lena) Blackburne, a coach with Connie Mack's Philadelphia A's and later Chicago White Sox manager, "invented" the special mud back in the 1930s.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE, INC.

committed baseball bug," Bintliff says.

"We don't get rich on the business," Bintliff goes on. "It gives us enough to pay for the family vacation every year — and it's always the same vacation. My wife, Betty, who's the executive vice-president and accountant of the business — she handles all the paperwork — and I go up to Cooperstown, New York, home of the Baseball Hall of Fame."



There they see the annual exhibition game between two major league teams played on the first Monday in August. "Naturally," Bintliff adds, "the balls are rubbed up before the game with our mud."

When he returns home from Cooperstown, it's time for Burns and two of his sons to make the annual trek to the source. As the tide rolls out and their 19-foot boat gently settles onto river bottom, the boys, wearing swim trunks and high boots, climb out. They shovel mud into pails which Burns empties into large garbage cans.

They put in a full day of hard labor, gathering some 600 pounds before the tide returns and lifts the boat enough so they can start home.

In his garage, Bintliff strains the mud to remove stones, bits of clam shells and other debris. He adds the secret ingredient, then lets the whole batch just sit there until winter. When snow makes travel a test of courage in New Jersey, he packs three pounds of the dark brown goo into one-pound coffee cans, then puts the cans in boxes stamped "Lena Blackburne Baseball Rubbing Mud."

He ships the year's supply to the leagues, which allocate a can to each team. A single can lasts a team an entire season. Bintliff won't say what he charges for his unusual product, but each year vice-president Betty reports to president Burns that they didn't make enough on last year's sales to push them into a higher tax bracket.

"I never let it bother me," he says, smiling. "The Lord didn't put me here so I could get rich. I love baseball, and this is a good conversation piece when Betty and I are out in a crowd."

Baseball fans needn't worry that the secrets of Lena Blackburne Baseball Rubbing Mud will ever be lost. Bintliff, who retired last year from his job with the New Jersey Turnpike Authority, has nine children and seven grandchildren to whom the business can be entrusted.

That's comforting. Losing those secrets would be a dirty shame. □

THE ROAD SHOW

LAST WINTER I discovered that our two cats liked to sleep on the warm engine block of my car. A good slam of the fist on the hood usually awakened them, so before starting the engine I routinely clobbered the hood. When I saw a middle-aged man on a downtown street execute the same type of karate chop to his car, I cheerfully asked, "Cat lover, huh?" "Bug off, lady," he growled, plucking a parking ticket from his windshield. — *Beth K. Wallach, White Plains, New York*

A FRIEND with two school-age children and one pre-schooler regularly drove through a "Y" intersection where it was difficult for her to see traffic coming from the right. The older children developed a habit of checking for traffic and saying "All clear" at the proper time. One day when the woman was traveling with the youngest child only, he dutifully looked out the window and exclaimed, "All clear." Mother proceeded through the intersection. Moments later, the youngster asked, "Mama, what does 'all clear' mean?" — *Mrs. Joan Richardson, Eagle Rock, Missouri*

SEVERAL MILES BACK I had stopped to get gas and have the oil checked, and now a red light forced another pause in my drive toward Williamsburg, Virginia. As I waited for the light to change, a young man pulled up next to me, glanced over and began making all kinds of hand signals that I didn't understand. Before I knew it, he jumped out of his car, ran to the front of mine, slammed the hood down tightly and raced back to his own car — just before the light changed to green. — *Thelma C. Scott, Heathsville, Virginia*

WHEN OUR SON was 4, his father and grandfather took him to his first major league baseball game. On the way in, Grandpa bought bags of peanuts for them to enjoy during the action. After a while, my husband noticed a pile of nuts on the ground at our son's feet, but no shells. "Why did you throw your nuts away?" he asked. "I didn't," replied our son, breaking open another peanut, then popping the shell into his mouth and dropping the nuts on the ground. "I'm just throwing away the stones inside." — *Shirley W. Belleranti, Cudahy, Wisconsin*

LAST SUMMER my wife and I and three houseguests got into my car and headed for Ports of Call — a village of quaint restaurants and shops — for lunch and shopping. I lost my way, so I drove into a gas station, leaned out the window and asked the attendant, "Could you help me get to Ports of Call?" He said, "Sure, buddy," then called out to his assistant, "Get this guy two quarts of oil." — *Robert E. Hogan, Huntington Beach, California*

We pay \$50 for each Road Show item. These brief, never-before-published anecdotes relate amusing incidents from personal travel, vacation, automotive or dining-out experiences. If you have one to share, mail it to: The Road Show, Ford Times, The American Road, Room 765, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Items should not exceed 150 words. We regret that volume prevents us from acknowledging or returning submissions.

Traveling With Kids— Grim But Not Hopeless

By Lila Anastas

I believe it was Confucius who said that there are two ways to travel — first class and with children. As a mother of five, I can tell you that the situation is grim but not hopeless.

Once the trip begins, you must accept the fact that all the rules that prevail at home will be broken. This can work in your favor. You never know when a candy bar bribe or promise of two hours of junk television in a motel room may save your life.

Also, remember that kids quickly forget about trips to museums, historical sites and natural wonders. They will remember for years afterward roasting marshmallows over an open fire, sleeping on the floor, eating out of cans, and wearing the same clothes for three days.

If you're traveling with more than one child, use a ruler and di-

vide the back seat of the car into an equal area for each child. Mark off each area with a line of black electrical tape. Allow one-half inch extra for the person sitting in the middle (the floor hump can cramp the legs). This will then be the favored spot to sit.

Have each of the children carry a small bag containing the items that he or she deems essential for the trip. Do not allow any living creatures or explosive devices, but otherwise don't supervise what goes into the bag.

The best traveling snacks are bread rather than crackers, beef jerky rather than bologna, and apples over oranges. This has nothing to do with nutrition. When the trip is over and you're shoveling out the car, it's easier to deal with bread bits, beef jerky and apple messes rather than cracker, bologna and orange re-

mains. Remember, too, that peanut butter blends in very nicely with most car interiors, so it is the sandwich spread of choice.

Included in the items you should bring on the trip are ear plugs. Once on the road, you will find that the children will quickly tire of such games as, "Count the Cows" and "Name the Cars." When they begin singing *One Hundred Bottles of Beer on the Wall*, insert the ear plugs.

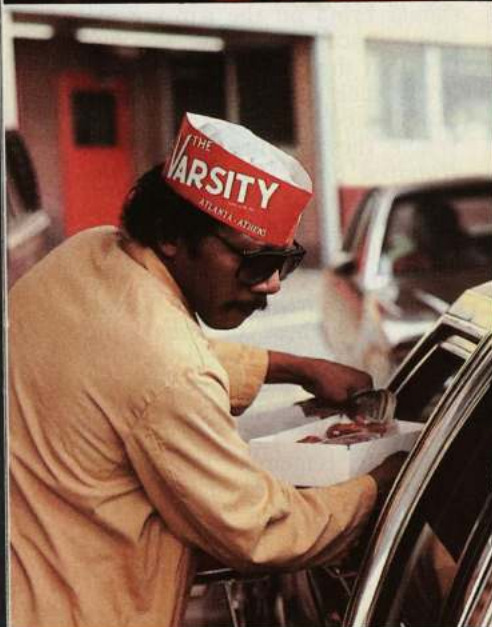
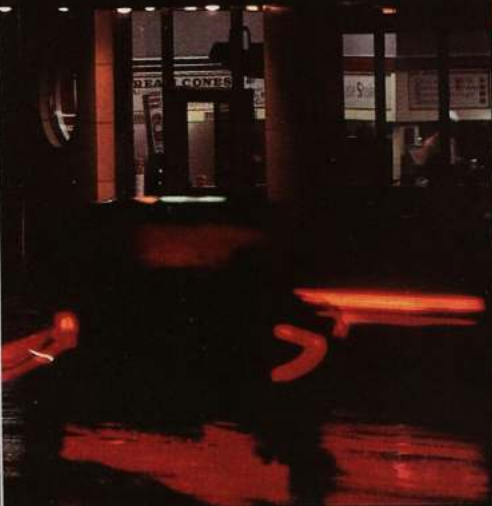
After an hour's travel time, find an open field and let the children out. Have a contest. See who can run the farthest or the fastest, jump the highest, or scream the loudest. Make sure everyone wins at something, and make sure everyone gets back in the car (even the screamer).

Finally, remember that one of the nicest things about vacations is that they do end. □

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When it comes to "fast food," Atlanta's bustling Varsity Drive-In takes the mass-production cake. Between curb and counter service, it can serve 45 customers a minute.



THE ASTONISHING VARSITY

This Atlanta drive-in restaurant straight out of the past dishes up tons of fast food every day

By Tommy Hays

Photos by Ron Sherman

In the heart of Atlanta, at Spring Street and North Avenue, where skyscrapers spring up faster than toadstools after a summer rain, stands a vital reminder that that most American of institutions, the drive-in restaurant, is anything but dead.

The Varsity Drive-In is alive and busier than ever.

Behind an endless gleaming counter, dozens of young men and women, all wearing orange hats, are shouting seemingly unintelligible orders to others whose lightning hands are slapping hot dogs and hamburgers onto buns, spreading thick mayonnaise on bread, and filling cups with cold drinks.

Billed as "The World's Largest Drive-In," the Varsity serves an average of 16,000 hungry customers a day. And when there's a football game at Georgia Tech, which is practically across the street, the number shoots up to 30,000. The place turns out literally tons of fast food each day and claims to sell more hot dogs, hamburgers, fried pies, onion rings, and Coca-Cola than any other sin-

gle restaurant in the country.

Ed Minix, the general manager, says hot dogs are far and away the most popular item on the menu, which hasn't been changed in the 35 years he has worked there. "After one Tech game, we sold 22,000. That was a record," he says.

The next most popular item is the hamburger. Up to 15,000 "glorified steaks" — a hamburger with lettuce, tomato and mayonnaise — slide off the grills and into hungry mouths each day.

"There was a smart aleck came in here one time," says Minix, grinning a little. "He told me, 'One of them burger chains has a sign saying they sold 34 billion hamburgers. What you got to say about that?' And I told him, 'Man, get out of here — our employees eat more than that!'"

Approximately 5,000 fried pies (peach and apple) are consumed every day. They are assembled in the "showcase kitchen," a room with big glass windows through which customers can watch the various foods being prepared. The Varsity uses a conveyor belt with

molds to make the pies; employees stationed along the belt insert fillings and fold and seal the dough. Minix says the system can turn out an astonishing 2,400 pies an hour.

In another part of the kitchen, awesome mounds of shiny onions tower over teary-eyed workers. The outer rings of the onions are sliced for the Varsity's "world famous onion rings" and the inner part is chopped to sprinkle on hot dogs and hamburgers.

"Nobody ever believes how many onions we use a day," says Minix, pausing for dramatic effect. "About 50 bags." Another pause. "That's 2,500 pounds of onions." The demand for french fries requires a ton of potatoes every day.

In a corner of the kitchen, thick, dark chili is churned in steaming vats, ready to be poured over hot dogs and hamburgers for "chili dogs" and "chili steaks." Each vat holds 60 gallons and uses 300 pounds of meat.

"A fellow came up to me the other day," says Minix, grinning again. "Said somebody had told

him about the Varsity, but said he hadn't believed the guy." He shakes his head. "And then, even after he'd looked all around, said he still didn't believe it."

While a lot of the food is prepared in the kitchen, the real show takes place in full view behind the counter. Grills sizzle. French fries bubble in batteries of deep fryers. Motion is constant, as is sound — a cacophony of chopping, slicing, cutting. The men and women behind the counter develop a kind of rhythm in their furious work, making them even more efficient.

Wrapped around all the movement and noise is the bizarre Varsity slang that employees shout rapid-fire among themselves, calling out orders. For instance, if someone yells, "Give me a red dog, a yellow steak, two rings and a string," he's asking for a hot dog with catsup, a hamburger with mustard, two orders of onion rings and an order of french fries.

"A couple of glorified steaks, all the way, walking and a PC" is understood as "two hamburgers with all the trimmings." "Walking" means the hamburgers will be put into one of the renowned red-and-white Varsity take-out boxes. "PC," which means chocolate milk, dates back to soda fountain days, when chocolate milk meant sweet milk with chocolate syrup, a scoop of ice cream and maybe some whipped cream on top. "When people started watching their weight, they began asking for plain chocolate, or PC," says Minix.

The Varsity was started in

1928 by Frank Gordy, a Georgia Tech underclassman who decided his fellow students needed a place to buy a reasonably priced sandwich and cash checks from home. He opened a modest restaurant with a cinder-covered parking lot and hired some fellows to go out to the cars and take orders. It was Atlanta's first curb service. Fifty-five years later that tiny building has stretched into a sprawling double-deck enterprise.

For efficiency's sake, the counter is divided into two sections — "the front" and "the country store" — both with two hot dog and hamburger lines, a sandwich line and a family group line. The front opens at 7 a.m. because, says Minix, "There's always a few folks just coming off the night shift who want a hot dog at 7:30 in the morning."

When the country store section opens at 11 a.m., the Varsity really shifts into high and doesn't stop until midnight. Minix estimates that, when all the lines and the curb service are open, the Varsity can serve 45 customers a minute.

With that many hungry people pouring through the lines, there is no time to notice the cut of a man's suit. To Frank Gordy, the Varsity is a democracy of empty stomachs, each with its own inalienable right to be filled.

So whether you're wearing a University of Georgia Bulldog T-shirt and cutoffs or a three-piece pinstripe, once you make your way up to one of the ordering areas, you'll find yourself served before you've even thought about

ordering. There's a story about a Georgia Tech freshman who went up to the counter just to ask directions to downtown Atlanta and came spinning away with three hot dogs and a milkshake.

As for sitting down, there are some 600 seats in which Varsity patrons can watch one of several big color television sets while they eat. And this is perhaps the real Varsity mystique: To be able to munch on a fried pie while watching the Bulldogs flatten another team. There is a subtle and unmatched companionship in eating beside someone you've never seen before in your life and will probably never see again — yet you're both cheering for the same team, both downing the same glorified steaks.

Among the thousands who storm the Varsity every day, there is often a sprinkling of celebrities — famous people who want to sink their teeth into what Atlantans regard as some of the finest fast food south of the Mason-Dixon.

Taped on the office wall is a big photograph of Nipsey Russell, who used to car-hop here. The picture is signed, "To the Varsity Gang, 'All the way forever. Car-hop Number 46.'" Gordy retired Russell's number after he left. Celebrities who have stood in line with everybody else include Paul Harvey, Jerry Reed (who used to get run off the Varsity lot when he was little), Lucie Arnaz, Burt Reynolds and Tennessee Ernie Ford (who always orders a chili dog and a Frosty Orange, an orange milkshake more popular in Atlanta than the mint julep).

Whenever the state legislature is in session, a highway patrolman comes over to the Varsity almost daily for a mammoth carry-out lunch order.

Truck drivers and business executives, plumbers and lawyers, doctors and hard-hats — not to mention the two old men who meet here every day at 3 p.m. to buy each other Jumbo Frosty Oranges — these people and millions more from every nook and cranny of life are the reason the Varsity has lasted and flourished when so many of its type have disappeared into fond memories. □





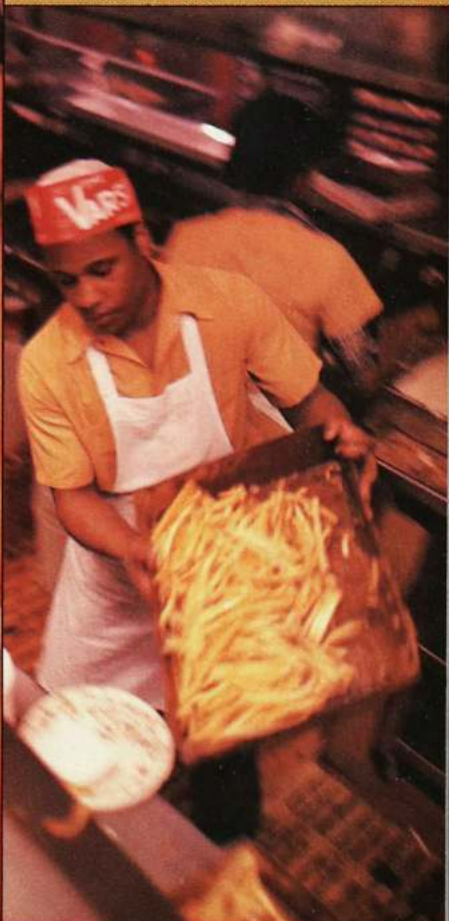
"Give me a red dog . . .

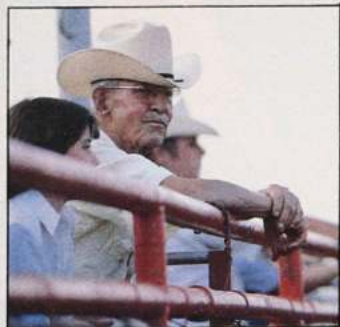
... a yellow steak ...



. . . *two rings* . . .

... and a string."





Curiosity and excitement corral rodeo spectators of all ages.



The precision drill team of the Santa Rosa Palomino Club from Vernon, Texas, struts its stuff in choreographic formation at the yearly Texas Ranch Rodeo in Wichita Falls.

Ranchhand Rodeo

At this yearly Texas tussle, working cowboys show off their open-range skills

By William Childress

Photos by Bob East III/Picture Group

When I was a kid picking cotton in West Texas, certain "drugstore cowboys" sang a song on the radio that went:

*When it's roundup time in Texas,
And the bloom is on the sage!
Hear the breakfast horn
In the early morn,
And forget to act your age!*

Well, anybody with half a holster knows I didn't get the words right, but the spirit is there — and that explains why I'm sitting in crowded bleachers at the Wichita County Mounted Patrol Arena at 9 o'clock of a hot August evening, waiting for the Texas Ranch Roundup to begin.

What's about to take place is a unique experiment in rodeo — or maybe "rancheo" is a better word, since the contestants are real, working cowboys from Texas ranches. There isn't a fancy shirt or colorful bandanna among them. They wear their Levis tucked in their boots, and their hats are many quarts less than 10-gallon size. I'd bet the closest any of them gets to a drugstore is when he buys aspirin to help ease the pains of a weekend ramble.

According to Mike McAfee, the Budweiser beer representative who got Texas ranchers interested in a working-ranchhands competition that would "establish braggin' rights" and at the same time raise funds for several charities,

the contestants here tonight are as far from professional rodeo entrants as Wichita Falls, Texas, is from Romania.

A rangy, graying man next to me nudged my elbow.

"When're they a-gettin' this show on th' road?" he asked. I was gratified that he had taken me for a Westerner who knew about these things, instead of a Midwesterner who didn't.

But the answer to his question came from elsewhere. With wild whoops and zinging loops, two lean and rangy hands raced down the arena floor after a lean and rangy cow. Team roping, the kick-off event, was under way in a cloud of dust and flying manure pellets.

"Yaaa-hoo!"

"Eee-yowww!"

One of the yells came from me, the other from my graying friend. The cowboys were in dead earnest, as was the cow. She did pretty well, galloping nearly the arena's length before her legs were snaked from under her by whirling loops.

Some of the events featured here tonight have been taken over by professional rodeo. But others — like team penning and team branding — are strictly for real cowhands, at roundup time, in Texas.

To those who have never been around ranch work, events like these would appear dull. But they



As a steer bursts from the chute, a cowboy thunders across the arena to lasso his prime prize in the Texas Ranch Roundup's jackpot cattle-roping event.

Proud cowhands from the Lewis Ranches of Clarendon, Texas, round up the rodeo's inaugural bronze trophy — along with a year's braggin' rights.



FLEISHMAN-HILLARD

are exacting, careful labors which pay off on the open range or during roundups. The less meat run off a steer during roundup, the higher price the animal will bring. So now the audience watches in silence as the careful moves begin. The cowhands must "cut" three numbered calves from a herd of 30 and move the three the length of the arena in three minutes or less. A wrong move can spook a stampede, just as it can on the range.

In team branding — done with a paint brush here, but with a hot iron out on the range — a four-man team (consisting of a roper, two muggers to take the steer

down, and a brander) works as one to snare, throw, and brand 400-pound calves. It sounds easy, but the strain on the faces of the muggers as they strive to lift and throw the bawling, thrashing calf shows otherwise.

Inexplicably, an old Gene Autry tune pops into my mind:

Back in the saddle again!

Out where a friend is a friend!

A thunder of hooves announces that a four-legged friend has just burst from a chute. The spectators shout their encouragement as a cowboy, rope twirling like a rotor over his head, thunders after it.

"Git 'er!"

"Yippee!"



Armed with musket and pop-top beverage can, this spectator dresses (but doesn't refresh) like the pioneers did. Below: A young wrangler saddles up — and dreams of future rides.



"What is this event?"

"Wild cow milkin' — yahoo, cowboy, git after 'er!"

The loop connects. The cow *brawwwps!* — and two muggers in the arena race toward it. Then follows a melee that has the crowd roaring with laughter as arena dust makes a yellow cloud in the lights that ring the grandstands.

"What're they up to?" my bleacher-mate asks, and I explain that they're about to attempt milking a wild cow.

"And this is a real practice out on the range?"

I noticed that the fellow's hat was not cheap and that his clothing, though well-styled and expen-

sive, was definitely not from Levi Strauss. I was sitting, it appeared, next to a drugstore cowboy. Heaven had given me my chance to be a cowboy at last — at least insofar as this middle-aged gent was concerned.

"On the range, real cowboys drink a lot of coffee," I explained, pulling the battered Stetson I'd bought second-hand down over my eyes. "As you can imagine, when you're 50 miles out on the prairie on a ranch as big as Rhode Island, there is no market handy. If a cowboy wants cream for that coffee, he has to get it right from the source."

"I see," said the graying gentleman, turning his gaze back to the action. Actually, of course, there is a practical basis for this event. On the range, newborn calves sometimes won't suckle "first calf" heifers. Unless the mother is caught and milk is spurted in the calf's mouth to start it sucking, it will die.

A mugger has grabbed the cow's head and is trying to hold it still enough so a third cowboy, armed with a 12-ounce beer bottle, can milk enough from the enraged animal to pour at the judges' feet. The cow bellows and bucks, tossing cowboys this way and that like leather-clad rag dolls. They hang on. At last, with a shout of triumph the milker races to the judges and dribbles a little milk from his bottle. The angry cow is released and gallops away, to be herded toward an outcome by another horseman.

I'm an old cowhannndd,

From the Rio Grannndddd!

My distinguished seatmate was grinning broadly. "I just remembered a cowboy song," he said with pride. "I wish I could remember it all — you know, cowboys all sang to their herds . . ."

Yes, but usually without benefit of music, since real cowpokes rarely practiced and their throats were often callused by the constant whoops and yells amid the raw dust of trail drives or round-ups. Real cowboys sang *noise*, so the cows would know they were around and wouldn't try anything fishy.

My companion had obtained, perhaps through barter, a rumpled program. "It says here that

saddle bronc riding is next," he said.

"Oh," I said, tugging at my hat, "they just call it that for the benefit of *non-cowboys*. Between you and me, what they're really doing is testing saddles. You watch when that rider comes out on that bronc . . . there, see? Lookit him hang onto that saddle horn! In a regular rodeo, they'd disqualify him for that! But on a real ranch, new saddles must be tested to see how well they can stand the rugged use they get — especially the stirrups and cinches. A cowboy hangin' on that horn while his horse goes crazy, well, you can imagine what a testing *that saddle gets*."

"Say, you really know your stuff," my friend said, admiringly. "Thank you."

Rodeo bronc riding is an athletic event. Trying to stay on a spooked horse while miles from home is one, too. Ranchhands have no time for fripperies like style and flailing arms. They have just one aim — to stay in the saddle at all costs. Otherwise, they walk home. And so they grab anything that will help them, including the horse's neck.

The roster of events, each based on daily ranch chores, continues. There are shouts for the victors and groans for the vanquished. There is beer swigged by the tank-car. Teen-agers hold their own amusement near the dusty arena — an impromptu dance. Near them, on a wooden platform, "Red" Steagall and his

band prepare for a Western hoe-down.

Tomorrow, a chili cookoff will spice up the second day of the Budweiser Texas Ranch Round-up; two Cinderellas will be chosen ranch queen and runner-up, and the all-around champs will be given the "Travelin' Trophy," having roped braggin' rights for all Texas ranches for the year.

As I rose from my seat to leave, half-blinded from popping flashbulbs and strobe lights, I bumped into the tenderfoot who had sat next to me all night. "Well," I said crisply, "I hope I was able to explain a few things about cowboying to you."

He smiled. Standing, he looked lean and even a bit weathered, and in spite of his fancy noncowboy garb, he could've fooled the average person into thinking he was a Westerner, sure enough.

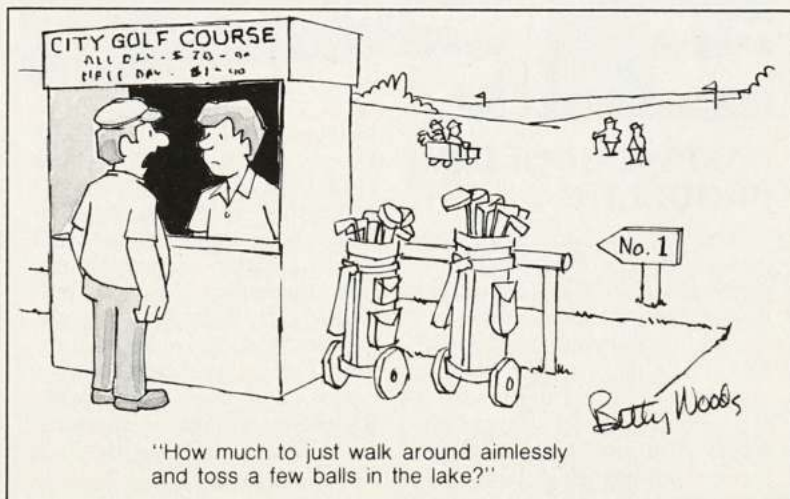
"You sure did," he chuckled. "Why, I never knew half of those things you talked about. Guess I've led a sheltered life."

"Where was that?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I'm the owner of . . ."

And he named one of the biggest ranches in Texas. □

The 1983 Texas Ranch Round-up will be held August 19 and 20 at the Wichita County Mounted Patrol Arena in Wichita Falls, Texas. Box seats are \$10; reserved seats, \$7.50, and general admission, \$3. For further information, phone (817) 692-9011.



GLOVE COMPARTMENT

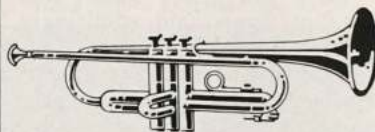
COUNTRY-MUSIC JAMBOREE

Many of country music's biggest names will be showcased at the Jamboree in the Hills, July 16 and 17 at Wheeling, West Virginia's Brush Run Park (one mile off I-70 near St. Clairsville, Ohio). Staged in an outdoor amphitheater on a 150-acre site, the seventh annual Jamboree will field more than a score of country-music artists, including Charlie Pride, Janie Fricke, Tom T. Hall, Tammy Wynette, T. G. Shepard, Ricky Skaggs, Tanya Tucker and Billy "Crash" Craddock. Tickets are \$40 for two days, \$25 for one day. For information, non-West Virginia residents may call 800-624-5456, toll-free. Residents call (304) 232-1170.

VIRGINIA'S JOUSTING TOURNEY

The pageantry of the Middle Ages comes alive August 20 when Natural Chimneys Regional Park stages its annual Jousting Tournament at Mt. Solon, Virginia (on Route 731,

about 17 miles south of Harrisonburg). The tourney tests the horsemanship, balance and marksmanship of Shenandoah Valley riders. Lance-wielding "knights" attempt to spear steel rings from crossbars while galloping down a 75-yard course. Adding a more modern touch to the affair are a crafts fair, a carnival and bluegrass music. For more information, write Natural Chimneys Regional Park, Route 1, Mt. Solon, VA 22843. Or call (703) 350-2510.



REMEMBERING THE GREAT BIX

Jazz lovers can take in an afternoon or a weekend of non-stop jazz at the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Festival in Davenport, Iowa, July 29-31. The event is held yearly to honor the late great trumpeter. At LeClaire Park, on the banks

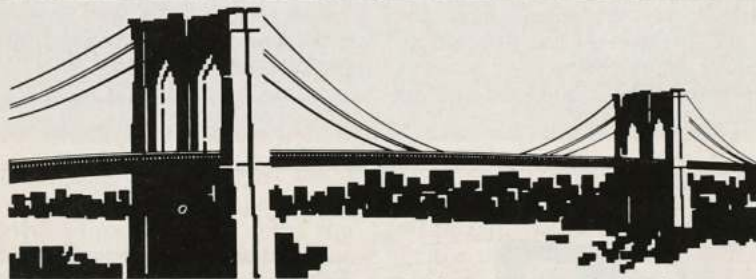
of the Mississippi, 10 jazz bands from around the country will belt out dixie, blues, swing, ragtime and boogie. Each concert features five one-hour programs by five different bands, in either afternoon or evening sets. Bands not performing at the bandshell take turns entertaining on two-hour riverboat excursions. Admission charge is \$5 per person. For more information, write Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Society, 2225 West 17th St., Davenport, IA 52804. Or call (319) 324-7170.

MISSISSIPPI TRAVEL TIPS

Everything you may want to know about traveling in Mississippi is set out in the state's newly published travel guide, "All The Things You're Missing." The 100-page publication lists attractions, state parks and campgrounds, restaurants, lodging facilities, cultural organizations, chambers of commerce, visitor and convention bureaus, hospitals, mileage and temperature charts — even the banks that provide international currency exchange. For a free copy, write Mississippi Department of Economic Development, Division of Tourism, P.O. Box 849, Jackson, MS 39205.

SCANDINAVIA GOES WEST

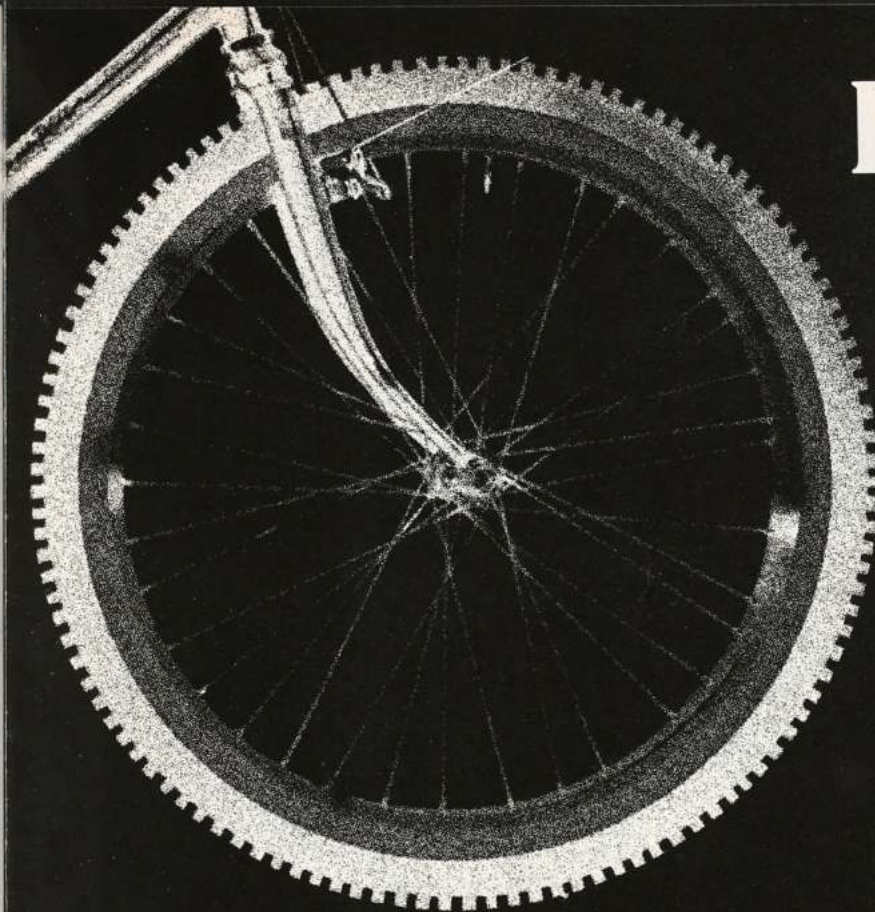
Downtown Junction City, Oregon, will take on a Scandinavian look August 11-14. Each August this town in the lush Willamette Valley, 12 miles north of Eugene, becomes *Forbindelsestad*, a festive Scandinavian village. Slipping into the clothes and culture of their forebearers, the townsfolk celebrate their heritage with dancing, singing, crafts and food. For more information on the admission-free festivities, write Scandinavian Festival Association, P.O. Box 5, Junction City, OR 97448. Or call (503) 998-3300.



HAPPY BRIDGEDAY, BROOKLYN!

Travelers to New York this summer have a chance to buy a piece of the fabled Brooklyn Bridge, whose 100th anniversary is being observed. Mementos containing parts of the bridge are being sold to fund a series of celebrations and public events. The most novel of these are medallions that bear the

bridge logo and sell for \$10. One is set in a wooden block cut from a plank of the bridge's pedestrian walkway. Another contains a portion of the span's original cable. Commemorative mementos can be purchased at centennial events, souvenir outlets or by mail order. For a free brochure on events and mementos, write Brooklyn Bridge Centennial Commission, P.O. Box 2, Brooklyn, NY 11217.



Biking the Rail Trails

By Sharon St. Germain

Take 32 miles of abandoned railroad bed, resurface it, and you have the Elroy-Sparta State Trail, a beautifully scenic and popular leg of the Wisconsin Bikeway, routed along a former Chicago & Northwestern railway.

Beginning at Elroy, the trail runs northwest to Sparta, passing through the tiny villages of Kendall, Wilton, and Norwalk. In most areas, it follows a ridge, and surrounding slopes are often heavily wooded.

The biggest attractions of the right-of-way are its three tunnels. Two of them only briefly darken the way. The third, on the Norwalk-Sparta leg, is nearly a mile long. Entering it, you can almost hear the wail of a distant train whistle, signalling its approach in a bygone era.

Although the trail passes through rugged, hilly country, the going is fairly level, with a maximum three percent grade. It has a smooth riding surface of finely crushed limestone screenings that even novices can navigate quite easily.

For the unhurried, Kendall is a pleasant stopoff, with two blocks of storefronts out of yesteryear. The old Kendall Depot serves as trail headquarters. The depot has been renovated to reflect the decor of the steam locomotive period.

Taking on the entire trail is a good day's ride. Bikers who don't want to ride the full 32 miles can join the trail at any of the three towns in between and go either way — toward Sparta or Elroy.

At mid-trail, near tunnel two, Wilton is the headwaters of the Kickapoo River. From Wilton, it's a five-mile ride to Norwalk. Here, bikers can pause for a tour of the Norwalk Cheese Cooperative, whose back door almost opens onto the trail.

Besides providing easy access to the right-of-way at various locations, the towns promote two-wheeled touring with park picnic areas, campgrounds and bike rental-shuttle services for those who want a lift back to their starting point.

While riding, trail users watch for mile markers posted along the route, telling them how far they

have traveled. The markers are converted whistle posts, which once stood as reminders for train engineers to sound a warning blast before approaching tunnels, crossings and towns.

The trail attracts over 40,000 visitors a year and is a nationally famous bikeway. Two other Wisconsin former rail routes worth exploring are the 15-mile Ahnapee State Trail in Door County and the 23-mile Sugar River State Trail, south of Madison.

Elsewhere in the country are similar trails, among them:

- Burke-Gilman Trail in Seattle, Washington,
- Luce Line Trail at Plymouth, Minnesota,
- Cedar Valley Corridor in Des Moines, Iowa,
- Illinois Prairie Path at Wheaton, Illinois,
- Rail 'n River Nature Trail in the White Mountain National Forest, New Hampshire,
- Washington and Old Dominion Railroad Regional Park of Fairfax, Virginia,
- Duarte-Bradbury Path in Southern California. □

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**Ford Customer Information System
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FORD GALLERY



CHAY BUSH

A Beatle's Baby Bronco

Looking much like a bronc-buster, ex-Beatle George Harrison breaks in Ford's new Bronco II in Hawaii. His remote home there is separated from the main road by a rugged two-mile stretch of gravel, boulders, tree roots and streams that have to be maneuvered to

reach the house. Frequently on the road pursuing his interests in songwriting, filmmaking and race-car driving, Harrison needed a vehicle that his wife, Olivia, could depend on whenever he's away. The four-wheel-drive, four-seat baby Bronco provides almost

65 cubic feet of cargo space — plenty of room for everything from groceries to guitars. Harrison, who is perhaps the most reclusive of the Beatles, and his family also spend as much time as they can in the solitude of their 35-acre estate in Oxfordshire, England.

We're looking for owners of late-model Ford cars who use them in interesting ways, or who have unusual jobs or hobbies. Send your candidate's name, address and phone number to: Gallery, Ford Times, Room 765, The American Road, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Submissions cannot be acknowledged.

FAVORITE RESTAURANT RECIPES

By Nancy Kennedy

Paintings by Max Altekruze



Little Missouri Saloon & Dining Room, Medora, North Dakota

Medora is a restored 19th-century cowtown near the headquarters of Theodore Roosevelt National Park. From spring to fall it offers tourists tours of the Badlands,

trail rides and a nightly outdoor musical show (mid-June through Labor Day). The Little Missouri Saloon offers hearty Western-style food, including excellent

beef. It is open from 4 to 11 p.m. weekdays and from noon to 8 p.m. Sundays. Reservations not necessary. Open April 15 to November 15. Medora is just off I-94.

3 BEAN HOT DISH

5 slices bacon, diced
1 lb hamburger
1 medium onion, diced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup ketchup
1 Tbs Worcestershire sauce

1 No. 2 size can ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cups) lima beans, drained
1 No. 2 size can kidney beans, drained
1 No. 2 size can pork and beans

Put bacon, hamburger and onion in skillet. Cook until brown. Drain. Mix brown sugar, ketchup and Worcestershire sauce. Add to meat mixture. Combine with lima beans, kidney beans and pork and beans. Mix together and put into a 9x13-inch baking pan. Bake for 1 hour at 350°. Serves 10.

MACARONI SALAD

4 cups cooked elbow macaroni, cooled
1 No. 2 size can ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cups) mixed vegetables, drained
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated onion
3 medium-size fresh tomatoes, diced
1 cup diced American cheese

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad dressing
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Thousand Island dressing
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp vinegar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp celery seed
Milk
Salt & pepper

Put macaroni, mixed vegetables, onion, tomatoes and diced cheese in large bowl. Combine salad dressing, Thousand Island dressing, vinegar, sugar and celery seed in small bowl. Add enough milk to thin out the dressings. Pour over salad and gently mix all together. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill well. Serves 6 to 8.



Tippecanoe Place Restaurant, South Bend, Indiana

This charming restaurant is housed in a 19th-century mansion built of granite fieldstone by

Clement Studebaker, an early wagon and automobile manufacturer. The structure is listed in the National Register of Historic Places. Lunch is served from

11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m., Monday through Friday. Dinner is served daily, and Sunday brunch from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Reservations are recommended. Closed Christmas Day. The address is 620 West Washington Avenue, about six blocks west of U.S. 31.

COQ AU VIN

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 fresh chicken, cut in 6 pieces (2 legs, 2 thighs, 2 breast halves) | 1 cup diced onion |
| Flour | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sliced fresh mushrooms |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad oil | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups red wine |
| 2 tsp fresh minced garlic | 1 cup brown sauce (see below) |
| | Salt and white pepper |

Dust chicken pieces with flour. Heat oil in large skillet. Add chicken and sauté on all sides until golden brown. Remove from pan and keep warm. Add garlic to skillet, cook for $\frac{1}{2}$ minute, taking care not to burn. Add onions. Cook 5 minutes or until tender but not brown. Add mushrooms and cook for 2 to 3 minutes. Remove any excess grease and add the red wine. Return chicken to skillet and cook uncovered until wine is reduced to $\frac{1}{2}$ of its volume. Add the brown sauce, bring to a boil, then reduce heat to simmer and cook for 30 to 40 minutes. Season to taste with salt and white pepper. Serves 2.

Brown Sauce: Use any type of homemade brown gravy or prepared sauce. Cream of mushroom soup or beef broth that is lightly thickened also can be used.

POACHED FISH FLORENTINE

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1 12-oz pkg frozen chopped spinach | 12 oz fresh white fish (sole, pollack, scrod or haddock) |
| 4 Tbs butter | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup hollandaise sauce |
| Salt and white pepper | |
| 2 Tbs flour | |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk | |

Thaw spinach and drain. Melt butter in skillet and sauté spinach, season with salt and pepper to taste. Add flour, removing skillet from heat so flour doesn't burn. Stir 1 minute to mix flour with spinach. Add milk. Return to heat and cook, mixing well, to form a creamed spinach mixture. Remove to heated serving platter and keep warm. Poach fish in lightly salted water. Remove fish when firm. Place it on top of the hot creamed spinach mixture. Top with hollandaise sauce. Serves 2.



Shaw's Restaurant, Lancaster, Ohio

The menu changes every evening at this restaurant, run by Jean and Bruce Cork. There is an extensive California wine list, and an English hunt is the decor theme. The

bar, for example, is fitted out like a tack room. Open for dinner only, Tuesday through Saturday; closed Sunday and Monday, the first two weeks of July and the week be-

tween Christmas and New Year's. Reservations are recommended on weekends. The address is 201 South Broad Street, two blocks east of U.S. 33.

LOBSTER STRUDEL

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Cream sauce (<i>see below</i>) | 1½ lb cooked lobster meat, in bite-size pieces |
| Crumb mixture (<i>see below</i>) | 1½ cups grated Swiss cheese |
| Parsley mixture (<i>see below</i>) | 1 hard boiled egg, chopped fine |
| 1 pkg frozen filo leaves | ½ cup sour cream |
| ½ cup melted butter, cooled | 1 cup hollandaise sauce |

To assemble: Place 2 sheets of filo dough, one on top of the other, on a towel. Brush surface with melted butter. Sprinkle lightly with some of the crumb mixture. Place 2 more sheets of filo on top, and sprinkle a little more heavily with crumb mixture. Arrange lobster meat on half of the dough and top it with grated Swiss cheese and chopped egg. Dot with sour cream. Sprinkle with parsley mixture. Dot with chilled cream sauce. Fold over the other half of the dough. Brush lightly with melted butter. Fold over sides of dough and again brush with melted butter. Roll up gently like a jelly roll. Place on greased jelly roll pan. Brush top with melted butter. Bake in preheated 375° oven for 40 minutes or until golden brown. Slice and serve with hollandaise sauce. Serves 4 to 6. Note: Frozen lobster tails can be used. Cook the tails, remove the meat and cut into bite-size pieces (3 large or 4 medium-size tails should yield 1½ pounds of lobster meat). Filo leaves are available in supermarkets or at Greek specialty stores.

Cream Sauce

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 2 Tbs butter | 2 Tbs light cream |
| 2 Tbs flour | Salt and cayenne |
| ½ tsp Dijon mustard | pepper |
| ¾ cup milk | |

Melt butter in saucepan, blend in flour (away from heat). Add mustard, milk and cream. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Season with salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Chill (sauce should be very thick).

Crumb Mixture

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 cup bread crumbs | ½ tsp dry mustard |
| ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese | ¼ cup butter, melted |

Mix ingredients in a small bowl.

Parsley Mixture

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| ¼ cup chopped fresh parsley | ¼ cup chopped shallots |
| 2 Tbs chopped chives | 1 tsp finely chopped garlic |

Mix ingredients in a separate bowl.

The Night They (Whoops!) Bombed Boise City

By Kay Peck

Even though there was a war on, the people of Boise City, Oklahoma, slept quietly the night of July 5, 1943, confident that their well-inland location was secure. Little did they know that in the darkness above them bombers carried payloads which would threaten their lives and blast the town into its own small niche of history.

That night, Boise City became the first community in the continental United States to be aerially bombed.

It was, of course, all a big, embarrassing mistake. The mishap took place during a practice bombing run out of the Dalhart Army Air Base, 50 miles south of Boise City near Dalhart, Texas.

According to one account, a bomber circled the town at 12:30 a.m., its crew having mistaken Boise City for a practice range near Conlen, Texas. The assault began when the first of six 100-pound bombs crashed through the roof of a garage owned by F. F. Bourk. Five more bombs fell at scattered locations around town. Each carried a four-pound charge of powder, with the remainder of the weight made up in sand.

While they didn't have the destructive capabilities of the bombs dropped on the enemy, those six missiles had a definite impact on Boise City. One fell just 200 feet from the county courthouse and another narrowly missed a large gasoline storage tank. It was easy for local officials and investigators from the air base and the FBI to mark the locations where the

bombs had struck. Each left a crater approximately four feet deep and nearly a yard across.

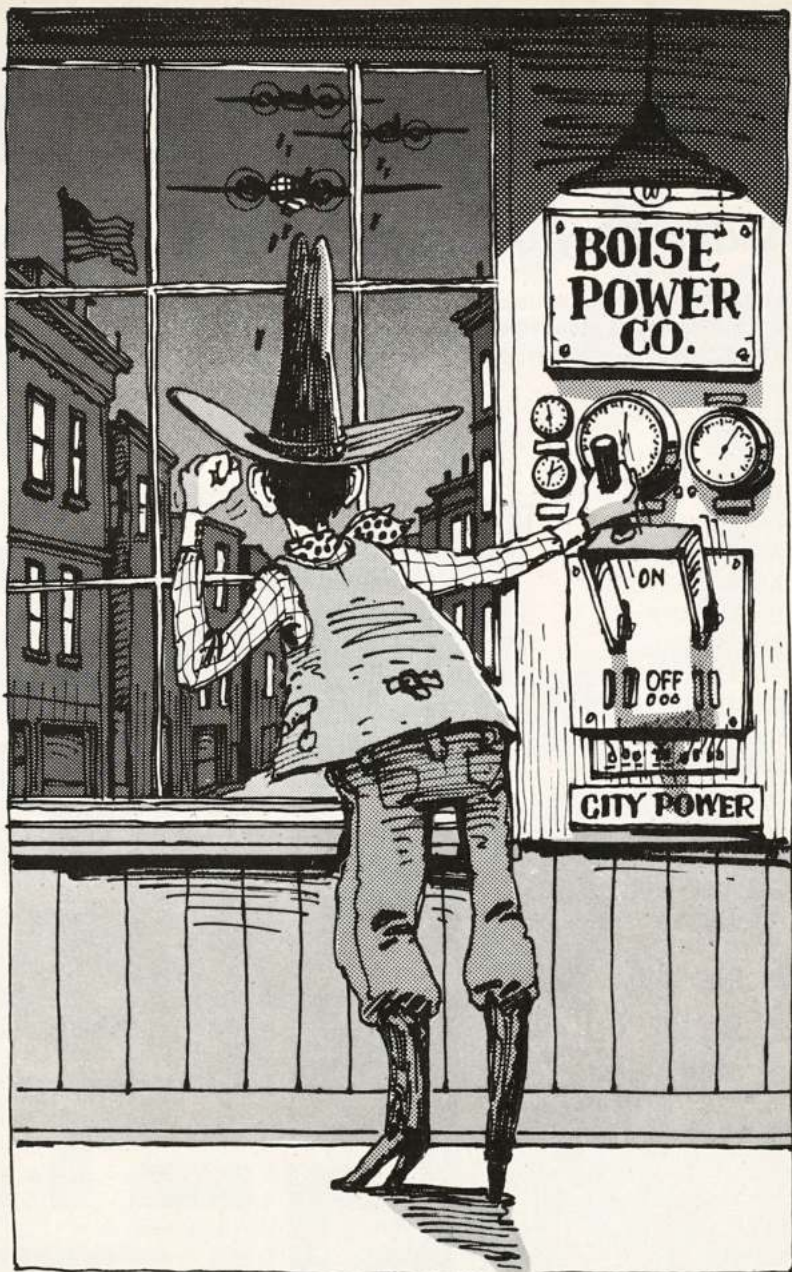
The hero of the moment was a fast-thinking employee of Southwestern Public Service, the local electric company. When Frank Garrett realized the danger to his hometown, he cut the electricity. As the town was plunged into darkness, the bombing stopped.

When the smoke cleared, the people of Boise City counted their blessings. No one had been killed or injured, and property damage was minimal. As a matter of fact, long-time Boise City residents have come to savor the memory of that strange event. This summer

the city will commemorate the 40th anniversary of the bombing.

Boise City wasn't the only place to gain a lasting impression from the accidental bombing. Bob Young, who was stationed at the Dalhart Army Air Base at the time of the bombing, married a Boise City woman after the war and became a permanent resident of the community. He vividly remembers a notice that was placed on the base bulletin board on the day following the embarrassing blunder. It read:

"Remember Pearl Harbor! Remember the Alamo! And for God's sake, don't forget Boise City!" □



W. M. KLEMM

PUZZLERS

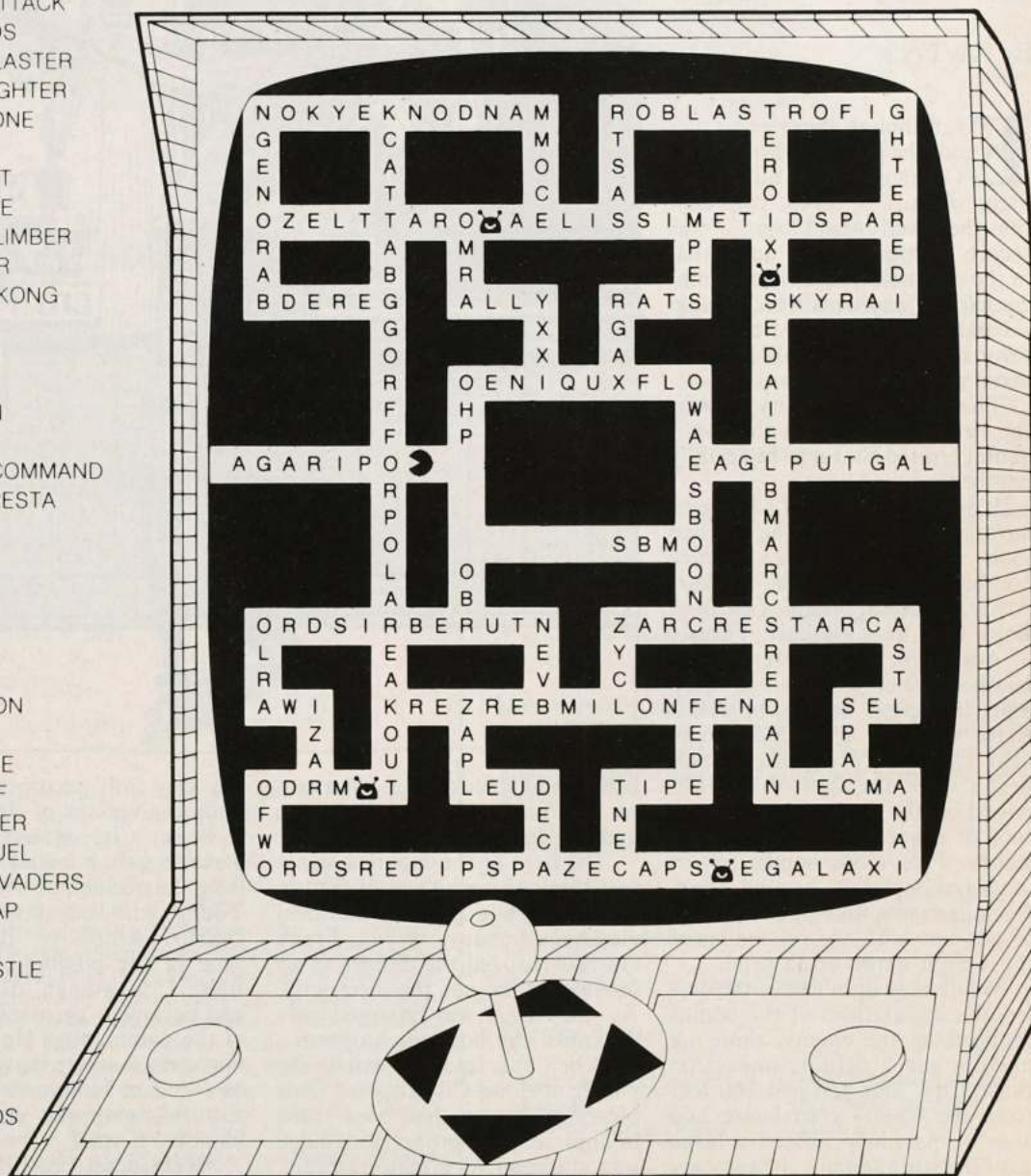
Video Play: An Arcade Word Search

In the Pac-Man's path below there are letters spelling out the names of other video arcade games. There are 40 of them, reading up, down, left, right, or around corners — just as Pac-Man himself moves. None, however, turns back on itself as Pac-Man does. The beauty of all this is that you don't need a quarter to play

corners — just as Pac-Man himself moves. None, however, turns back on itself as Pac-Man does. The beauty of all this is that you don't need a quarter to play

Answer on page 1

ARMOR ATTACK
ASTEROIDS
ASTRO BLASTER
ASTRO FIGHTER
BATTLEZONE
BERZERK
BREAKOUT
CENTIPEDE
CRAZY CLIMBER
DEFENDER
DONKEY KONG
EAGLE
FROGGER
GALAGA
GALAXIAN
GORF
MISSILE COMMAND
MOON CRESTA
PAC-MAN
PHOENIX
PLEIADES
POLARIS
QIX
RALLY-X
RED BARON
RIP OFF
SCRAMBLE
SEA WOLF
SKY RAIDER
SPACE DUEL
SPACE INVADERS
SPACE ZAP
SPIDERS
STAR CASTLE
TARG
TEMPEST
TURBO
VENTURE
WARLORDS
WIZARD
OF WOB



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