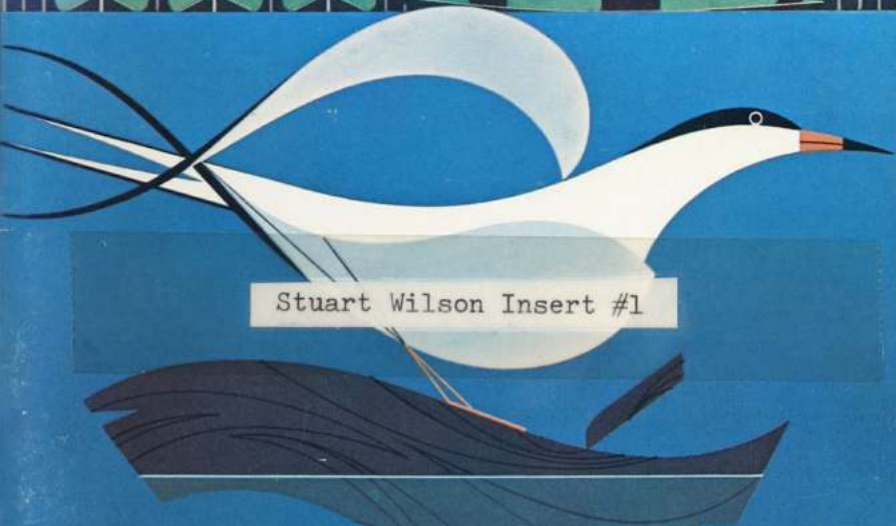


Ford Times

59th Year

August, 1966



Stuart Wilson Insert #1

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Colorado's Undiscovered Mountains



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Ford Times

The Car Owner's Magazine



August 1966 Vol. 59 No. 8

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Front Cover—The seagoing spirit of old Gloucester is captured in this painting of a lonely tern perched on a piece of driftwood. See "The Salty Heritage of Gloucester" on page 32. Cover painting by Charles Harper.

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Colorado's UNDISCOVERED MOUNTAINS

***The Sangre de Cristos—among
the nation's loftiest—lie 150 miles
southwest of Denver, yet few
tourists know about them***

BY TED DUTTON
PAINTINGS BY J. NOEL TUCKER

LEGEND HAS IT that the Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) Mountains in south-central Colorado acquired their strange name 200 years ago during the Spanish rule of New Mexico. The story says that a young



*First snow of the season
whitens the peaks of
the towering Sangre de
Cristos*

priest, Father Francisco Torres, was sent north from Santa Fe into the Sangres on a search for gold. The Spaniards in the expedition cruelly mistreated the Ute and Comanche Indians there, and a violent war resulted. Following a battle which the Spanish lost, a mortally wounded Father Torres and some surviving soldiers tried to escape across San Luis Lake on a raft. It was autumn. To the east loomed the snowclad Sangres, their summits glowing with the red-

ness that bathes high mountains at dawn and dusk.

Father Torres, staring at the great peaks, struggled to his feet. "Sangre de Cristo!" he breathed. And the name stuck.

The story is probably myth; other sources attribute the name to the famous Spanish explorer Valverde. But the tale has tenacious charm for those who know and love the Sangres.

Such admirers are not many, for the Sangres are so far undiscovered by tourists, although they rank among the nation's loftiest and most ruggedly alpine mountains. For scenic beauty and appeal to sportsmen, they rival both Wyoming's Grand Tetons and the lovely San Juans in western Colorado. The Sangres lie just 150 miles southwest of Denver and can be reached in less than three hours via excellent highways. Yet the region is less traveled, and certainly less populated, than it was during the silver rush 70 years ago.

Today the Sangres can be visited by anyone who makes the effort. My wife, Liz, and I have made several trips there from our home in Aspen, Colorado.

One summer we used Alamosa, on U.S. 160, some 20 miles southwest of the Sangres' southern limit, as a base for exploration of Mt. Blanca. Thick piñon, aspen, and spruce forest conceals dozens of streams and lakes, including jewel-like Winchell Lake high beneath the mountain's southeast ridge, and lovely Lake Como just at timberline

below Blanca's west face. Blanca, at 14,363 feet, is the fourth highest summit in Colorado (the highest is Mt. Elbert, 14,431 feet). Its steep 2,000-foot north wall is a choice mountaineer's peak. We hiked and fished, catching our limit of fat brookies and rainbow trout. We met several parties enjoying pack trips out of Alamosa.

In early October, two years ago, we drove south through the San Juans, then traveled east on U.S. 160 and north via Colorado 17 into the San Luis Valley to visit briefly Great Sand Dunes National Monument.

World of sand

This reserve, tucked away against the Sangres' western flank, north of Blanca near Mosca Pass, boasts some of the most extensive and highest (up to 1,000 feet) dunes in America. We walked over the shifting sands, slipping back a step for every two gained up the steep sand ridges. We spent an hour chatting with rangers and viewing the naturalist exhibits in the National Park Service's interesting 'Visitors' Center. We shot some color of grass and "driftwood" etching their shadows against the sands, and of the towering dunes against a larger backdrop of yellow aspen and deep-green spruce on the Sangres' encroaching ridges.

But for us, the heartland of the Sangres lies on the eastern slope—in the region just west of Westcliffe. Here the great range, towering above the tiny town, assumes its most



Children gather piñon nuts on tree-covered slope of Mt. Blanca

spectacular and truly alpine visage.

Westcliffe is a small, picturesque ranching town, unchanged over many years. We drove there last September, along the Arkansas River canyon down from Salida, turning right at Texas Creek via Colorado 69 into Wet Mountain Valley.

North to south along 55 miles of the Sangres' lower eastern slope stretches the Rainbow Trail, patterned after the famed John Muir Trail in the High Sierras. And there is an excellent campground, for tent or trailer camping, just west of Westcliffe, at about the 9,000-foot level. But we had more ambitious plans—an overnight high-mountain hike into the wild inner sanctum of the Crestone Needles sector.

On the first morning we drove as far as we could on a dirt road, then hiked through eight miles of rugged canyon along North Colony Creek to the wind-dappled North Colony Lake just at timberline. The weather was clear and settled. We spread our sleeping bags in a grove of alpine fir on the lake's shore and slept contentedly under the stars.

We were up at dawn and climbed up steep grass slopes for two hours, then crossed a vast boulder field to the 13,000-foot saddle between Humboldt Peak on our left and Kit Carson Peak on our right, both "fourteen-thousanders."

And now we encountered a fabulous Rockies panorama. We looked down into a great cirque gouged

out by a mountain glacier. At its bottom, 1,500 feet below, lay a lush, green alpine meadow with the two crystal South Colony lakes glistening in the morning sunlight. Tiny streams made their way down to the lakes from melting snowfields high above.

Across the great gorge, to the southwest, a wilderness of rock spires and battlements thrust skyward. These were the jagged Crestone Needles on the left and Crestone Peak on the right. The great serrated ridge stood starkly silhouetted against scudding white clouds and the intense blue of the Colorado sky. With maps and mountaineering guide books to help us, we traced some of the established, 2,000-foot climbing routes on the sheer, black-and-greenish battlements.

Canyon country

At 10 a.m., we started down into the gorge via a natural staircase of broad, grassy ledges strewn with tiny alpine flowers. In the afternoon, we followed another trail down the steep-walled canyon of tumbling South Colony Creek six or seven miles back to our car.

In general, the Sangres are a narrow, linear, isolated range running 75 miles north and south between the broad 8,000-foot plains of the San Luis Valley to the west and the Wet Mountain Valley to the east.

The northern tip of the range consists of low, tundra-carpeted hills near Salida. From the range's mid-point to lofty Mt. Blanca at its

southern extremity, the great ridge thrusts up seven peaks over 14,000 feet high, plus numerous lesser summits. The range has no foothills, but its timberline is 12,500 feet—highest in Colorado.

Viewed from either valley, the Sangres soar skyward in an unbroken barrier 6,000 feet (in places 7,500 feet), above flat, grassy ranch-and-farm lands. In autumn, the forested lower slopes flame with orange and yellow. In winter, the great "weather factory" of the ridge, breaking as it does the sweep of the prevailing west wind, forces some of Colorado's heaviest snowfalls to drop on its leeward side. In summer, the Sangres are a mecca for sportsmen. The San Isabel National Forest, on the Sangres' eastern slope near Westcliffe, boasts 52 high lakes and 370 miles of superb trout streams. Hunting, camping, and hiking throughout the region are unexcelled.

One time, after a hike through the Sangres, my wife asked, "Why don't more people really get up into the high country?"

It is a good question. The hiking is rugged, but healthful. It's safe, too, if you observe common sense. Beyond lug-soled boots, rucksacks, and down sleeping bags, no special equipment is needed. And if high adventure in the beckoning and lonely Colorado high country is your cup of tea, we know of no more wonderful, or easily accessible, region in which to seek it than in the unique and wonderful Sangre de Cristos. ■

World of Wonderful Flying Machines



*If you're interested
in unusual airplanes, don't miss
the experimental aircraft meet
at Rockford, Illinois*

At Rockford fly-in... world's strangest aircraft

BY A. R. ROALMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY KELLY

THE CHANCES ARE that thousands of flying enthusiasts in this country do not know that a nation-wide organization called the Experimental Aircraft Association exists. But if you ever hear of an event sponsored by the EAA or one of its local chapters, be sure to attend it. It is something well worth seeing.

As many as 400,000 people have visited the week-long international "fly-in" convention held annually at Rockford, Illinois. Member groups also hold regional "fly-ins" in many other areas.

EAA, a nonprofit organization that has thousands of air-minded people as members, has three major appeals that invariably attract crowds of nonmembers as well: (1) the planes that members fly to their conventions are really "conversation pieces," and even nonmembers can appreciate the ingenuity and workmanship that goes into them; (2) their conventions, which are free to the public, include an interesting air show of precision and stunt flying; and (3) the vintage airplanes (built before 1940) that some EAA members refurbish, maintain and fly to these events stir memories of an earlier era to many.

This year's EAA fly-in at Rockford will be held from August 1 through August 6.

Rockford is approximately 90

miles northwest of Chicago and within a half-day's drive of many large cities. It has been host to the EAA August meeting since 1959. Headquarters there is the Greater Rockford Airport, which is south of the city on U.S. Highway 51. You may need a map, but you'll know you're near when you begin to see strange aircraft overhead.

Some of the planes look like gliders with outboard engines; others are pusher-propeller types, seven-foot long craft that travel 185 miles per hour, and even wingless planes that provide only a frame around the pilot.

Large fields around the airport are converted into free automobile parking lots, so it costs nothing to attend an EAA fly-in. And if you are hungry while there, big food tents are set up to serve you. If you're picnic-minded, bring a lunch and eat it at one of the many grassy plots nearby. Should you want information about camping facilities, write to EAA Headquarters in Franklin, Wisconsin. They can tell you also about regional fly-ins.

At Rockford, there have always been large display tents set up by producers of items that appeal to the air-minded . . . such as airplane frames, small plane engines and even full-size models of current planes made by commercial aircraft builders. But the home-built and the vintage models are what most visitors want to see, and there are



Vintage and experimental planes are seen at Rockford meet

plenty of these. Usually a fence separates the planes from the public for safety reasons, but visitors can see the parked planes easily. EAA members are naturally allowed inside the fence to work on their planes before the start of the airshow.

Probably, as I did two years ago, you'll see a plane with its tail (vertical stabilizer) pointing down from its body (fuselage) rather than up, as on more conventional craft. "Why is your plane's tail upside down?" I asked the man who had built it. "It's not upside down. Most of the others are," he replied with a confident air that is typical of EAA members. I was told that he is an associate professor of aeronautical and astronautical engineering at a large university, so he obviously speaks with some authority. He claimed that, in addition to other advantages, his plane's tail has a smooth flow of air across it as the plane climbs. Other planes do not, he said, because the air is disturbed by the fuselage when climbing.

Strangely shaped, home-built planes of many sizes can be seen throughout the plane parking area. There are always more than enough of them on the ground to interest most people during a full afternoon; but don't overlook the vintage planes usually in a nearby area. You'll likely see famous P-51's painted black, white or red, soaring over the field. And there are Wacos, Stearmans and Ryans looking like unstreamlined but still functional

flying machines of another era.

The biggest and most active of the vintage planes is a Ford Tri-Motor which usually appears at the Rockford event. If it does, you may want to take a 15 or 20 minute ride for \$3.00.

You'll be flying over what is claimed to be, at least temporarily, the busiest airport in the world. It will be averaging several thousand operations (take-offs and landings) daily during the meet.

Stay for the air show

The big attraction in the evening is the air show, which usually starts about 7:00 p.m. when the air is calmest. The show includes upside-down flying, parachute jumping, wing walking, airplane acrobatics and precision flying. If you prefer thrills to seeing and talking about unusual planes, be there at that time of the day. But whatever you choose—the big international fly-in at Rockford, the slightly smaller one at St. Petersburg, Florida, or still smaller regional meets—you'll say it was a unique and memorable experience.

The EAA now maintains a museum in Franklin, Wisconsin. In addition to a variety of home-built and military aircraft on display, it also boasts photos of many more vintage and home-built planes—plus a library on small plane building. This museum is located 1.4 miles southwest of the junction of State Highway 100 and a County Highway near Hales Corners, a suburb southwest of Milwaukee. ■

An Artist's Look at **Cape Foulweather**

This jagged stretch of Oregon coastline
has the untouched beauty
to inspire a painter
or leave a tourist breathless

STORY AND PAINTINGS BY ROBERT B. BANISTER

THE MORNING MIST still enveloped the landscape so that we could see only the twisting trail ahead of us as we crept down the steep coastal cliffs toward wild North Beach. Behind me, 30 eager art students followed cautiously on the narrow, slippery path. The fog not only hid the seascape from us, but blanketed all sounds as well. Every few minutes we could hear the muffled boom of the Pacific, and the lost cries of distant gulls.

This was the always-exciting prelude to the trek to Cape Foulweather which my students at Lincoln County Art Center in Delake, Oregon (now a part of Lincoln City), make with me annually.

From the parking lot at Devil's Lake State Park to Foulweather's hidden grottoes and marine gardens, the trail is about two miles. Loaded with canvases, watercolor pads, paint boxes and blankets, we finally reached the beach. By this time a



brisk breeze had come up and, amid cheers, the fog began to thin. Suddenly a huge yellow sun formed great concentric haloes on the shifting mist, and amid a din of squawking and flapping, the earthbound sea birds rose against it, creating grotesque shadows and patterns on the wet beach. Sketch pads popped open and pencils began to scurry to catch this unusual moment. Within half an hour blue skies appeared, and we had our first glimpse of magnificent, towering Cape Foulweather showing itself above two lesser points of land. It was now nine o'clock and the tide was at ebb. We had four hours to round the next two points of land, reach the foot of Cape Foulweather, make our paintings and return to North Beach.

I called the group together and issued instructions and a warning. "Keep close together and hug the cliffs. Watch your step on the rocks; they're slippery with moss. I'd suggest that you make several rapid watercolor sketches for future reference rather than concentrate on just one view. There is not another place like this in the world."

It was a gay group that rounded North Cape. There were shouts and laughter and scrambling as several students found themselves drenched by spray, or slipped into one of the shallow tidal pools.

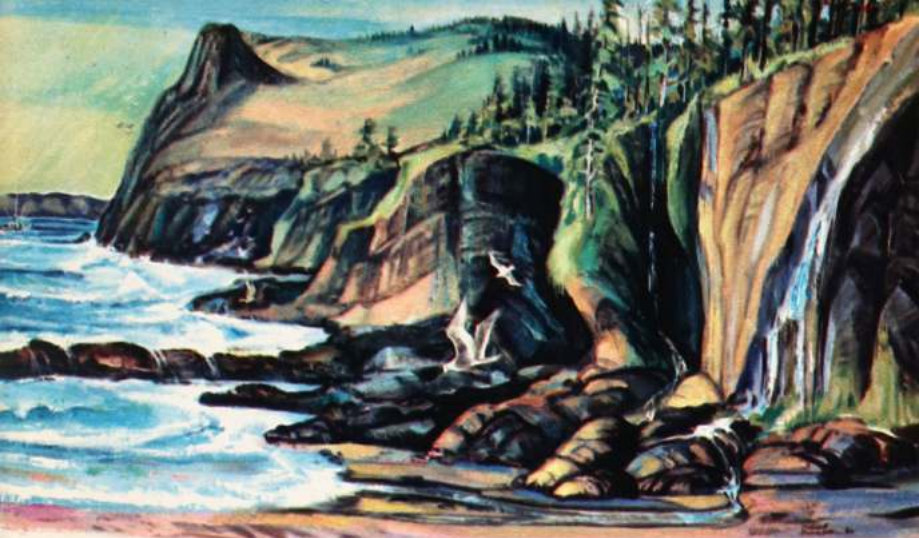
Then, suddenly, there it was—Cape Foulweather! Reaction was always the same: first awed silence, then exclamations of astonishment as the group stared at the three miles of landscape northward. A jet-black

beach, sparkling with mica, was backed by a sheer wall of 300 to 1,000 feet. Tumbling from the cliffs were four waterfalls, the wind snatching at the spray and throwing it into the air like a shower of diamonds. Between the black beach and the sea's edge was a half-mile-wide kelp bed left exposed by the retreating tide. From it jutted hundreds of jagged rocks, 50 to 100 feet high and capped by weathered pines and firs. The winds and waves had carved many grotesque sculptures, hewn out caves and arches, and created two natural bridges through which the ocean churned.

Marine life visible

At the foot of every rock were fantastic grottoes and brilliantly colored tidal pools. These were the famous marine gardens, supposedly the most extensive unspoiled marine life beds left on the West Coast. The finest pools are exposed only briefly during a minus tide, but even those lying at the edge of the beach contain marine life ranging from huge sea anemones in pinks, oranges, lavenders and yellows to skittering schools of fish and octopuses.

My students gathered along the nearest pools with their cameras, determined to photograph at least a sampling of the brilliant, unbelievable colors of the marine life just below the surface of the water. Each pool was literally lined with brilliant purple sea urchins, some as much as 10 inches across, accented by huge clusters of sea anemones waving their many-tentacled



*Cape Foulweather looms majestically in this view from North Beach
Incoming tidal waters boil up in cauldron known as Devil's Punch Bowl*



petals in the shifting currents.

Cape Foulweather itself and the famous natural bridge at its base were still separated from us by a projecting point of land that extended well out into the sea. It looked like an impossible barrier except for a cave-like opening, resembling a keyhole, through which we squeezed ourselves and our equipment. The last half mile of our hike brought us to perhaps the most unique scenery of all.

"This is Cannon Ball Beach," I explained to the group—and a more appropriate name couldn't be found! It was covered with spherical rocks, some larger than basketballs, others as small as golf balls.

"When the tide is in," I added, "the churning of the waves acts like a giant tumbler, creating the round rocks you see. The same wave action formed that arched rock ahead."

Two more waterfalls, even higher than the others, had carved out deep grottoes in the side of Cape Foulweather, and were festooned with masses of the rare maidenhair fern, drenched by the continuous mists. The water was cold and sweet, and we quenched our thirst before settling down to paint.

The subject matter was difficult. Its grandiose quality would have been overwhelming to almost any artist, no matter how experienced or skilled.

"Don't be discouraged," I said. "Do the best you can. If nothing else, the sketches and paintings you do today will be a fine record from which you can work later."

Some students concentrated on the massive head of Cape Foulweather, its peak still partially hidden in clouds. Others painted the arched rock, and the tree-studded islands at its base. Still others concentrated on the surging waves, or the more delicate waterfalls. Those who were sketching filled their notebooks with marvelous details of wind-bent pines, sculptured rocks, and jeweled tidal pools.

Timing is important

I watched the time closely even as I hurried from student to student, giving assistance or advice as needed. At 12:30 I called a halt. We packed up our belongings and hurried back through the "keyhole."

As we approached the most difficult portion of our trek, the passage around North Cape, we stopped to talk with some geologists from the University of Oregon who were standing waist-deep in the cold tidal pools. We learned that this area is a geological phenomenon. Cape Foulweather is an extinct volcano, its massive head is the exposed core, and the many islands are the remains of a gigantic lava flow.

This fascinating lesson in geology almost cost us our safety. For the last hundred feet of our way we had to "run the waves," wading knee-deep in spots, before reaching North Beach and the trail to the parking area. By the time we reached the top of the bluff, the surf was pounding the beach where we had been walking.

Probably not many people except



Shallow pools at low tide reveal sea anemones and other underwater life

highly dedicated students or artists have the determination and stamina to make this rugged trip to Cape Foulweather. But even car-bound travelers can take the old road to Otter Crest which winds northward over the very top of Cape Foulweather—as we did on our way back to Delake. The new superhighway, though faster and safer, misses much of the beauty of this old road. In places the Crest Route tunnels its way through rain forests where giant trees completely hide the sky, and ferns reach as high as the car. Elsewhere it emerges from the trees to curve its way along cliffs that drop a thousand feet into the sea.

Back at Delake, we gathered around the Art Center's huge fireplace for a critique of the day's work. It had been a grand day for 30 tired art students, a day filled with inspiration, joy of adventure, and the satisfaction of accomplishment. For them it was a journey into a world of nature that most of them had never even imagined. For me, it brought the pleasure of sharing with fellow artists this landscape whose every feature I had sketched and painted, and of retelling the tales I had heard as a boy about the raging storms and shipwrecks that gave this wild cape its name. ■

Does Sound Law Enforcement Inspire Safe Driving?



**This expert in the field says it does, and explains
the steps law enforcement agencies
must take to win support of the public**

by Bernard R. Caldwell
Chairman, Illinois State Police Merit Board

WHAT ROLE DOES law enforcement play in promoting safe driving? This is a question that has been discussed many times, and, having been in law enforcement for more than 35 years, I would like to review its place in promoting highway safety.

Although the accident rate per hundred million miles of vehicle travel was reduced in 1965, still there were 49,000 fatalities, 1,800,000 injuries, and an economic loss of \$8.5 billion. In an effort to counter this accident rate, virtually all worthwhile traffic safety programs this year are again stressing the well-known three "E's"—engineering, education and enforcement.

Although the three elements are equally important, enforcement when properly administered is the most effective in obtaining an immediate positive response from the public and establishing a semblance of control. Although logically the last to be applied, enforcement has a more beneficial and longer-lasting effect upon the public than the better-publicized "E's."

First, to be basically sound, enforcement must reflect a knowledge of why people do certain things. Data gained from study of traffic accidents can be used by construction engineers in designing and building safer roads, by traffic engineers in devising and placing traffic signals and road markings more scientifically, and by other traffic safety organizations in imple-

menting more effective programs.

But sound enforcement must reflect the wisdom of the professionals charged with administering it. Police administrators often say that in any community the public determines the amount and kind of traffic enforcement applied. Nonsense. The police administrator is the professional. He has the technical knowledge and the experience necessary to guide law enforcement. He should lead the public, not follow it.

To obtain maximum cooperation in traffic safety efforts from the public, the need for enforcement must be made obvious. One of the biggest tragedies in this business is the failure of a lot of our public officials to take the people into their confidence. Ideally, introduction of all new traffic legislation, and plans to place renewed emphasis on old, should be preceded by a period of cultivating public acceptance for what is being attempted.

Besides paving the way for innovations, the police administrator should cultivate the support of the people he serves. At the very least he should provide them with a knowledge of the fundamentals that go into a well-planned and executed enforcement program. He also should give unmistakable evidence that he is enforcing the law impartially.

Every officer on field patrol should stop all persons he sees violating any traffic regulation and take appropriate action. This might

be a verbal warning, a ticket or an arrest. The way the officer handles the situation is extremely important. If he knows his job he usually will leave the offender, if not necessarily happy with the outcome, at least not resentful at the way it was handled. An officer should never act in anger. Lectures are uncalled for, and certainly no policeman has the right to "bawl out" anyone. Law enforcement is a business. It should be conducted in the most businesslike manner.

Two all-too-common types of enforcement action that tend to discourage positive response from traffic violators are multiple charges that have no clear standards of measure. "Driving too fast for conditions . . . not exercising proper or due caution . . . speed that is unreasonable and imprudent"—these are some of the fuzzy phrases used to describe alleged offenses that meet no particular test but that of the officer's opinion or mood at the time of the encounter. Motorists cannot and should not be expected to translate such vagaries into required actions.

Problem of multiple charges

Multiple charges for a series of traffic offenses committed in close sequence and as part of the same act leave the offender with a feeling that the officer is "pouring it on" and perhaps is even attempting to play judge in meting out punishment.

Enforcement of unrealistic engineering requirements defeats efforts

of the police to induce the community to share some of the responsibility for traffic safety. Signs, signals and markings are provided to ensure safe and efficient traffic movement. If they are realistic and the need for them is fairly obvious, most motorists will obey them. But to post 30-mile-an-hour signs along a highway capable of handling traffic moving at 50 miles and more an hour with complete safety defies common sense and invites gross disobedience. Unfortunately, such disobedience is contagious and tends to contaminate areas with adequate posting based upon good engineering principles.

Publicity necessary

To achieve maximum impact, enforcement programs should be publicized by every available means. The more people who know about such programs, the better. An enforcement action against a person may be helpful to him as an individual, but its benefits can be magnified many times by putting the community spotlight on it.

Enforcement officials have a moral obligation to make their traffic news available to news-gathering organizations; they also have a professional obligation to the news media to evaluate the traffic data in such a way that factual conclusions can be quickly drawn from the information and presented to the public in an intelligent manner.

Law enforcement agencies usually have so many demands made upon their time that it is difficult

for them to meet any but the most pressing and urgent. Fortunately, help can be had for the asking.

One way is for enforcement agencies to assist in developing safety groups in the community and to take an active part in their work. Another way is for police administrators to seek opportunities to have their personnel speak in uniform before safety councils, school groups, service clubs and similar organizations. Occasionally, as a result of

such an appearance, a layman's organization will become identified with safety activities; at the very least, some of the members will become more safety conscious.

To be truly effective, enforcement must be a full-time year-round job—not just an on-again, off-again low-pressure activity with an occasional crackdown. The goal, in the end, is to do the most good for all worthwhile traffic safety efforts. ■



The Tree that Named the Ozarks



AMID THE SPLENDOR of the Ozark region, visitors often overlook one very special tree, the *Bois d'Arc*. And it's a shame, too. For this noble old native, with its twisted, many-pronged trunk, has roots sunk deep into the country's heritage.

The *Bois d'Arc* is nature's special gift to the Ozarks. It has, in fact, given the region its name. Early French-Canadian explorers found the area occupied by Osage Indians, who made excellent longbows from

a curious orange-yellow wood. So for want of a name for these highlands, they called it the land of "Wood for Bows" or *Bois Aux Arcs*.

When the French departed, the English arrived, to grapple not only with the Indians but with the place's name as well. In time *Bois Aux Arcs* was shortened to "*Aux Arcs*"—and finally slurred to "Ozarks."

This land of hills and trees includes southern Missouri, northwestern Arkansas, and northeastern Oklahoma. Native to all sections, the Bow Wood Tree (now officially *Bois d'Arc*) is also called Osage Orange and Hedge Apple. Oldtimers call it Bodarc. But whatever you call it, it's the tree that named the Ozarks.

—BONNIE LEE ADAMS

Paint Valley school bus makes a stop just outside of town

*This Ohio village
may have a belligerent name,
but you'll be captivated by*

The Benevolent Town of



KNOCKEMSTIFF

BY NOEL WICAL

PAINTINGS BY FRED ZIMMER



WHEN YOU DRIVE onto Black Run Road, just a few fishing holes and sassafras clumps off U.S. 50, near Chillicothe, Ohio, you find yourself on a rural byway that looks as if it leads nowhere. Then, in no time at all, you're in the middle of a town with one of the fightingest names in the land.

The winding road, named for the cool, bush-shaded stream that tries to keep it company, has let you wander into Knockemstiff. But you find this quaint old Ohio community a serene, good-natured place in spite of its belligerent name.

Knockemstiff lolls on the rolling green mattress of historic Paint Val-

ley. It's a cluster of buildings gathered on the afternoon side of Windy Ridge—a mere squirrel shot from Rube's Knob. There's one street, Main Street, for more than 400 people. All around them are the hills and bottom lands of corn and waving tobacco.

Very likely you'll come upon an industrious citizen walking up and down the road by his house sprinkling oil to lay the dust. Like a score of other Knockemstiff men, he probably works over in Chillicothe, a dozen miles away, in the B & O Railroad yards.

Up in the woods beyond the church, another typical citizen

Residents of Knockemstiff are a hard-working, industrious lot



Seip Mound, creation of an ancient race, is famous for relics

makes walnut gun stocks and repairs firearms for the valley hunters. In slack times, he digs ginseng root and sells it to patent medicine companies.

One local resident has lived in Knockemstiff since he was a boy. He was born in Plug Run, a couple of creeks away. "I got to wandering," he says, "and I came over here and stayed." He farms a corner piece down on Black Run. "We've got as good ground as any that lays outdoors," he claims, "if people only knew it."

Knockemstiff folks are mostly descendants of Virginians who came to that area of Ohio after the Revolution. The mail boxes show their predominantly English origins:

White, Barrett, Easterday, Chaney. But it was in Civil War times that the settlement got its hostile name.

Legend has it that two of the womenfolk got to feuding over a man. This was because one time he would stroll out Black Run way with one of them; next time he'd turn around and take the other to the church picnic. The women finally just pitched into each other, pulling hair and setting up a racket.

It so happened that a circuit-riding preacher, the Rev. Robert Evland, came along on his sorrel mare and parted them. "What you ought to do," he advised, "is catch that man and *knock him stiff*. Seems

to me so much fightin' and brawlin' goes on 'round here, you ought to call this place 'Knockemstiff.'"

At the time, the preacher's suggestion was enthusiastically approved; but every year or so nowadays some proud citizen wants to change the name to "somethin' fancier." Once a school teacher there quit her job because she thought the name just "too rapscaillion," but to the old-timers and map-makers it's still Knockemstiff.

Over the years the town has really gentled. It sort o' leans back on its ridge looking out peacefully over Paint Valley, which is watered by Paint Creek on its way to the Scioto River. The Indians used to get their war colors from its clay banks. Here the Mingo and Shawnee buried their chiefs; and before them, the mound builders erected on Spruce Hill one of the largest prehistoric mounds ever found. Archeologists found that nearby Seip Mound, opened in 1930, revealed a rich collection of relics.

Ohio Routes 70, 772 and 41 take you through the Knockemstiff region. You won't find Knockemstiff on every map, but it's there. You'll also see such places as Horseback Knob, Toad Lope, Kidknocker Lane, Cat Tail Road, Dolphin Ridge, and Foggy Moor. Folks call the 1200-foot hills "mountains" and

the low places "hollers." There are Brimstone Holler, Egypt Holler, Cross-Eyed Henry's Holler, and a few others.

Youngsters still take shovel-headed catfish out of Paint Creek and Black Run. For the paper mills at Chillicothe, the men cut elm, sycamore and pine, and in their spare time hunt small game.

Spring is really sassafras root time. The hill people make tea of it to clear the blood. Then shad berries come along in June. The women call them sarvice berries. A great favorite is sarvice berry pie, which resembles huckleberry but which they insist is more elegant. In fact, they say this pie "seems to keep menfolk in good sorts all year 'round."

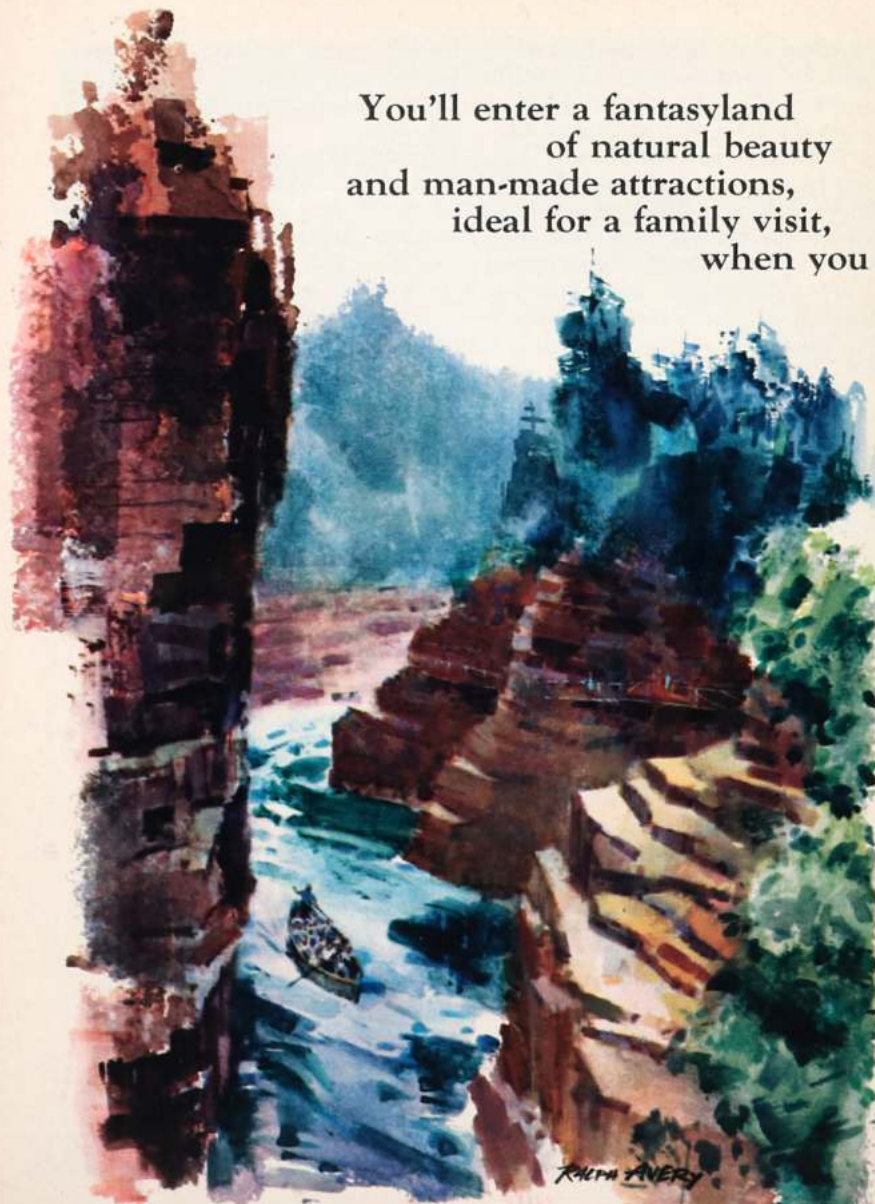
Suitors around Knockemstiff have no end of flowers to advance their courtships — white anemones and purple violets as big as pansies. In the moist woods, jack-in-the-pulpits spring up like tent evangelists.

Later, the autumn frosts turn Paint Valley into a veritable artist's palette with splotches of red, orange and gold that many passing motorists consider one of Ohio's best nature shows. Really, in any season, the valley seems to weave a spell on visitors around Knockemstiff. It's a permanent one to its citizens, contented to live and die there. ■



What's in a name?—Knockemstiff, Ohio, is not the only town with an unusual name. There's Monkey's Eyebrow and Possum Trot, Kentucky; Spotted Horse, Difficulty and Dull Center, Wyoming; Hell, Paradise and Maybee, Michigan; King of Prussia, Pennsylvania; Limerick, Maine; Comfort, Happy and Lovelady, Texas; and Fallen Leaf and Likely, California. Do you know any more? Send 'em in!

You'll enter a fantasyland
of natural beauty
and man-made attractions,
ideal for a family visit,
when you



BY JUDITH PHILIPSON
PAINTINGS BY RALPH AVERY

Tour the Adirondacks

A WHITETAIL DEER pauses beside a fir tree, then leaps into the hemlocked darkness of a mountain. A speckled trout ripples his graceful way across the lake. A black bear snuffs and paws about a deserted campsite. A rabbit cowers beside the road. A fox barks.

These are sights and sounds of the Adirondack Mountains—the untamed, untouched natural wonders of northeastern New York State. Here you'll find public campsites, streams stocked with salmon and pike, and pioneer mountain trails that lead into the historic past. And here, too, are man-made attractions like Storytown U.S.A., Frontier Town, Santa's Workshop and the Land of Makebelieve. A three- or four-day motor trip through this part of the Adirondacks is an experience you'll want to share with children.

The best place to start is Lake George. Storytown U.S.A. lies four miles south of the lake, and is one

of the most popular attractions in the area. This million-dollar land of yesteryear is three fantasylands in one: Storytown, where Little Bo Peep, Robin Hood and the Three Bears roam the hilly lawns; Ghost Town, where the life of a mining town of the 1800's is re-enacted in shoot-it-out action, bank hold-ups and jail breaks; and Jungle Land, a narrow trail over swinging bridges to a village of headhunters.

Up the road, wedged into the side of a mountain, is Animal Land where Seminole Indians wrestle alligators and you can take a picture of your wife with a colorful macaw perched on her shoulder. A little farther on is 31-mile-long Lake George, shimmering beneath its purple-hooded Adirondack eaves.

Nestling at the shoreline is the Gaslight Village, a turn-of-the-century re-creation. The whole family will delight in the gay nineties atmosphere. Stage shows, street shows, comic "meller-dramas" and

Ausable Chasm, formed 500 million years ago, is a top attraction



Frontier Town helps visitors relive the high adventure of Colonial days



The Land of Makebelieve features a miniature sidewheeler for the children

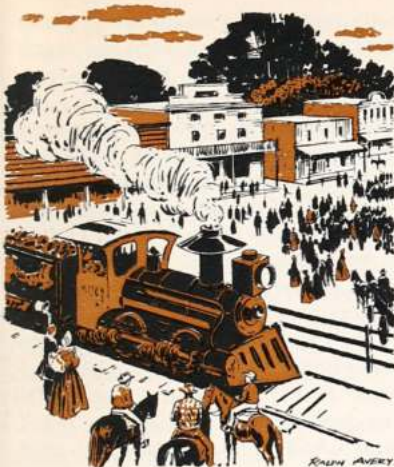
silent movies are featured. The village is most impressive in the evening under the soft glow of gas light. But children prefer the dizzying view from the Ferris wheel—part of the colorful replica of an amusement park of the 1900s.

American history buffs will be charmed by nearby Fort William Henry, a log cabin fortress restored to commemorate the battles that made Lake George famous in Colonial history. And anchored in the harbor fronting the Fort are two wheel-churning sightseeing cruise ships—the *Ticonderoga* and the *Mohican*. For years, Lake George boat trips have been a tradition, and you will be surprised to see that over 200 islands dot the lake.

Public facilities for swimming, water-skiing, sailing, skin diving,

motor boating, canoeing and mountain climbing are available at Lake George. You will find equipment for rent along the road, and plenty of guides and instructors. The best camping in the area centers around the quiet village of Bolton Landing, only a few miles north of Lake George on State Highway 9N.

It's a 37-mile drive to Fort Ticonderoga. From your car window you can see the craggy Adirondacks slanting up from the dark country. On the way you drive through historic battlefields of the French and Indian and Revolutionary Wars. Eventually the great stone fortress of Fort Ticonderoga looms before you. It seems the dust of battle has not quite settled on the old battle sites, restored with relics of the past and echoing



RALPH AVERY



RALPH AVERY

Train arrives at Ghost Town, a replica of an early mining community

Storytown U.S.A. recreates Mother Goose characters to delight children

names famous in American history.

Ticonderoga is at the junction of Lake George and Lake Champlain. It's fun to rent canoes and sail on both of them by making a "short portage" between them—as the Indians did. You can also take a historic short cut across Lake Champlain on the Fort Ticonderoga Ferry in the 1775 tradition of Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys.

Sixty miles farther north is Ausable Chasm. It's well worth the drive. Ausable Chasm—probably America's oldest organized tourist attraction—has been open to the public since 1870. But this span of years is insignificant when compared to the fact that the mighty sandstone cliffs of the chasm were formed 500 million years ago. The guided boat ride through the rush-

ing rapids is one of America's great scenic trips, and shouldn't be missed. You can cross and recross the gorge at various elevations, passing massive stone formations sculptured by nature into the most majestic forms. The famous Elephant's Head rising far above the river is a must for camera bugs.

From Ausable, we recommend taking Route 9N, and then Route 86, southwest for 24 miles to Wilmington—the gateway to Whiteface Mountain and Santa's Workshop.

Families love the two separate sightseeing facilities at Whiteface—a two-mile-long aerial chair-lift to the top of Little Whiteface and an eight-mile paved highway to the 4,867-foot summit.

Near the top of the highway is a castle right out of a King Arthur

legend. From the castle you climb the winding foot path or enter the heart of the mountain through the 424-foot tunnel, where you take an elevator to the Summit House. From this lookout you can see three states, two Canadian provinces and 100 bodies of water.

On your way down, you can visit the fairyland village where Santa lives. Children can see and talk to him here, ride in his sleigh, and watch his artisans making gifts.

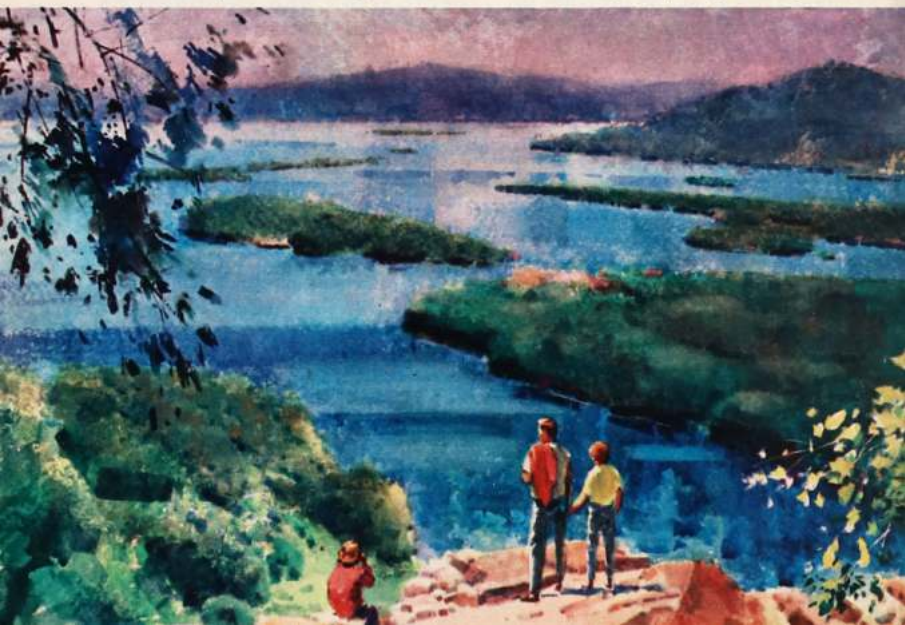
Six miles southeast is the Land of Makebelieve at Upper Jay. This Lilliputian enchantment is a must. All in miniature, it invites children to stride through as if in seven league boots. They are encouraged to sit on the castle's midget throne,

wind the clocks in the little clock-maker's house, and play the organ in the wee chapel. Even the perfectly scaled live steam train and the sidewheeler riverboat are pee-wee-size so only moppets will fit.

Last stop on the tour is Frontier Town. This mountain wilderness is located at North Hudson on U.S. 9. It bears some similarity to what you have already seen, but is one of the 12 major attractions.

By that time, you'll be ready to head home again. But with you and your family will go memories. Of the deer and the trout and the black bear. And Cinderella's coach and Santa Claus. And the view from Whiteface. The sights and sounds of the Adirondacks. ■

Colorful Lake George, dotted with 200 islands, is a feast for the eyes



TWO OF THE MOST ABLE and maneuverable sports cars on sale in this country today are the Mustang-based GT 350 and the 427 Cobra, offered by Shelby American, Incorporated, of California, maker of the 1965 Manufacturer's Champion Cobra.

The GT 350 is a stem-to-stern Shelby American adaptation of the Mustang fastback; the 427 Cobra is an AC body and chassis from England powered by the Big Ford 427-cubic-inch displacement (CID) V-8. Details follow.

The GT 350—The Shelby organization took the Mustang 2 + 2 and made a Cobra out of it. The car was delivered to the Shelby factory with the hottest regular Mustang engine — the 289 CID V-8 of 271 hp. Altering this already potent engine by installing a Holley center pivot float four-barrel carburetor on a Cobra high-riser intake manifold, and including hand-built tubular steel exhaust headers that lead into straight-through twin mufflers and twin pipes, among other power plant changes, added 35 more "horses," bringing the engine's output to 306 hp.

The suspension geometry was re-designed by computer, steering was changed to increase cornering power and "bite," a one-inch-in-diameter front sway bar was added to offset greater cornering strain—these and other refinements were made until the Shelby people came up with a car that handles with nearly the ease of a street machine and, at the same time, has the response-to-command

THOSE SHELBY AMERICAN CARS



**GT 350
and
427 Cobra**



by Burgess H. Scott



At left: Two street and race cars that are hard to catch—above, the GT 350; below the 427 Cobra.

of a competition car.

In the interior are twin bucket seats with a rear luggage platform, competition seat belts, five-dial instrument panel, and cowl-mounted tachometer. Appearance items are rear-quarter-panel windows, functional rear brake air scoops, and a special hood scoop to feed atmosphere to the engine. Brakes are front disc and drum rear.

Performance of this car is 0-to-60 mph in 5.7 seconds, 0-to-100 mph in about 14 seconds, making it the fastest production American stock car on the road. Its price is \$4,428 plus license, taxes, and freight, FOB Los Angeles.

Factory-installed optional equipment includes Shelby alloy wheels, automatic transmission, fold-down rear seats with seat belts, no-spin differential, and Le Mans stripes.

The 427 COBRA—This is a pure-car machine and comes in two ver-

sions: sports and competition. The sports car is rated at 425 brake hp at 6,000 rpm, and 480 foot-pounds of torque at 3,700 rpm. The competition car's rated hp is 480 at 6,500 rpm, and 510 foot-pounds of torque at 3,700 rpm.

A performance test made by *Car and Driver* magazine with the competition version provided the figures of 0-to-60 mph in 4.3 seconds, 0-to-100 mph in 8.8 seconds, and a covering of the standing one-quarter-mile in 12.2 seconds, reaching 118 mph.

The sports version costs about \$6,000, the competition about \$10,000.

Specifications on these cars, plus the address of the nearest Shelby American dealer (most of whom also are Ford dealers) may be obtained from Shelby American, Incorporated, 6501 West Imperial Highway, Los Angeles, California. ■

Now You Can Rent a Shelby GT 350 from Hertz

If you would like an extended test-drive of Shelby American's Mustang-based GT 350, you might consider renting one from Hertz Rent-A-Car. The firm ordered 1,000 of these custom-built sports cars as part of its huge rental fleet.

The cars have modified 271 hp Ford V-8 engines, front disc brakes, high-speed wheels and tires, stick or automatic transmission, high performance shock absorbers, torque-controlled rear axle—and room for four persons.

The only condition is that the renter be at least 25 years of age. Hertz reports a heavy demand for the GT 350's and advises a reservation with its local office, or with an airline or travel agent.



The Salty Heritage of Gloucester

The spirit of the sea is still reflected in the harbor
and narrow streets of this old fishing village

BY NATHANIEL NITKIN . . . PAINTINGS BY CHARLES HARPER



*Picturesque Gloucester lures
hundreds of artists to studios
on Rocky Neck*

A MESSAGE FROM STUART WILSON, INC. ... who sends you FORD TIMES

CAN YOU *REALLY* "MAKE A BETTER BUY" ON A NEW FORD NOW...AT THE END OF THE 1966 MODEL YEAR?

You can at our dealership . . . because *we actually have priced down our stock of 1966 cars to clear the decks for the next model year.* And we have 350 of these '66s on hand. So you get a wide range of cars, colors and equipment to choose from.

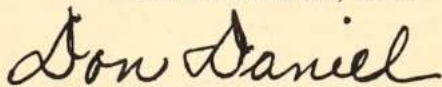
Right away, you save money at our 1966 clearance prices . . . and you have your new car . . . today. There you have two advantages worth thinking about.

In addition to what you'll save on a '66 now . . . this is a particularly good time for you to get high dollar on your '62, '63 or '64 Ford tradein *because we're getting a lot of calls for these models at our used car lot.*

And here's a final thought:

Car owners who drive their cars several years are in the habit of taking good care of them. *And a car in good condition—as your '66 probably will be—is likely to bring more on a trade three model-years from today than a car in mediocre or poor condition even though it's a model-year younger.*

Your nearby Ford dealership
STUART WILSON, INC.



Sales Manager

Prices on the following pages are those of typical, in-stock units. Popular optional equipment is shown. (If other models or options are desired, our salesmen will gladly give a quotation.)

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN BUY—ALL AT OUR CLEARANCE PRICES

FALCON

Club Coupe	\$1945.00
4-Door Sedan	1989.00
Futura Club Coupe	2046.00
Falcon Wagon (120-hp Six standard)	2257.00
(All Falcons, except where noted, equipped with 150-hp Six engine)	

Optional Equipment

200-hp V-8, over 105-hp Six \$130.56; over 120-hp Six \$	89.00
Cruise-O-Matic with V-8 \$176.80; with Six	149.00
Push-Button AM Radio and Antenna	49.00
Vinyl Roof (2-door models only)	62.00
Typical Whitewall Tire Option	29.00

MUSTANG

Hardtop	\$2236.00
Convertible	2431.00
2 + 2	2393.00

Optional Equipment

200-hp V-8	\$ 91.00
Cruise-O-Matic with Six \$174.47; with 200- or 225-hp V-8	155.00
Power Brakes	37.00
Power Steering	69.00
Push-Button AM Radio and Antenna	49.00
Vinyl Roof (Hardtop) ...	62.00
Typical Whitewall Tire Option	29.00

FAIRLANE 500 and FAIRLANE/GT

Fairlane Club Coupe....	\$2088.00
Fairlane 500 Club Coupe	2152.00
Fairlane 500	

4-door Sedan	2184.00
Fairlane 500	
2-door Hardtop	2202.00
Fairlane GT 2-door Hardtop*** (335-hp V-8 standard)	2583.00
Fairlane Wagon.....	2375.00
Fairlane 500 Wagon	2437.00

Optional Equipment

200-hp V-8	\$ 82.00
265-hp V-8 (275-hp with Cruise-O-Matic)	123.00
Cruise-O-Matic with 200-hp V-8 \$183.99; with 275-hp V-8	180.00
Power Brakes	37.00
Power Steering	69.00
Power Convertible Top ..	45.00
Push-Button AM Radio and Antenna	49.00
Wheel Covers (standard on XL's and GT's)	19.00
Typical Whitewall Tire Option	29.00

FORD CUSTOM, CUSTOM 500 GALAXIE 500

Custom 2-Door Sedan...	\$2102.00
Custom 4-Door Sedan...	2141.00
Custom 500	
2-Door Sedan	2181.00
Custom 500	
4-Door Sedan	2220.00
Galaxie 500	
4-Door Sedan	2334.00
Galaxie 500	
2-Door Hardtop	2376.00
Galaxie 500	
4-Door Hardtop	2399.00
Galaxie 500 Convertible .	2534.00
Ford Ranch Wagon	2424.00

Ford Country Sedan....	2495.00
Ford Country Sedan with dual-facing rear seats..	2585.00
Ford Country Squire with dual-facing rear seats..	2794.00

Optional Equipment

200-hp V-8 over 150-hp Six	\$ 89.00
250-hp V-8, in XL's and LTD's \$58.45; others...	49.00
275-hp V-8, in XL's and LTD's \$100.80; others..	83.00
315-hp V-8, in XL's and LTD's \$153.07; others..	123.00
Cruise-O-Matic with Six \$174.47; with 200-hp V-8	165.00
Cruise-O-Matic with 250- 275- or 345-hp V-8's in XL's or LTD's \$30.61; in others (except 7-Litres)	183.00
Power Brakes (N.A. 425-hp engine)	37.00
Power Steering (N.A. 425-hp engine)	79.00
Power Tailgate Window (Ranch Wagon and Country Sedan)	31.39
Visibility Group	27.00
AM Radio	49.00
Vinyl Roof, 2-Door Hardtop	69.00
Typical Whitewall Tire Option	29.00

THUNDERBIRD

Hardtop	\$3694.00
Town Hardtop	3738.00
Town Landau	3817.00
Convertible	4051.00

Optional Equipment

SelectAire Conditioner ..	\$ 349.00
Power Windows (with	

power vent windows on Town models)	89.00
Tinted Windshield and Windows	39.00
White Sidewall Tires with Red Band	38.00

FORD BRONCO

Roadster	\$2183.00
Wagon	2361.00

Optional Equipment

Front Bucket Driver and Passenger Seats	\$65.00
Wheel Covers	19.00
Fresh Air Heater	59.00

FALCON CLUB WAGONS

Club Wagon	\$2269.00
Custom Club Wagon	2376.00
Deluxe Club Wagon	2529.00

Optional Equipment

150-hp Six	\$ 43.00
Cruise-O-Matic Transmission	159.00
Manual Radio with Antenna	44.00
Third Seat (including seat belts)	53.00

All prices are exclusive of 4%
Michigan sales tax.

***All cars and Club Wagons are
equipped with Fresh Air Heater un-
less buyer requests it to be omitted,
in which case amount is subtracted
from price of car. Heater is extra
cost option on Bronco.*

****Fairlane GT models become
GT/A models when the optional
"Sport Shift" transmission is se-
lected.*

PRICE it yourself with this

ARMCHAIR ESTIMATOR

- 1 Write in the price of the 1966 Ford of your choice . . .
- 2 Write in the prices of the options you want . . .
Engine, Transmission, Other Options
- 3 Total No. 1 and No. 2 . . . this is the price of your 1966 Ford equipped the way you want it . . .
- 4 Write in the trade-in value of your present car . . . For now, you may have to "guesstimate" the value. For an exact, professional appraisal, see one of our courteous Ford salesmen
- 5 Subtract No. 4 from No. 3 . . . this is the estimated price of your 1966 Ford with trade-in

MONTHLY PAYMENT ESTIMATOR

IF YOU PREFER to make monthly payments, here's how to estimate them: Begin with the price from No. 5 (above), then multiply it by the appropriate factor listed below. EXAMPLE: If the price in No. 5 is \$1200 and you wish to spread the cost over 30 months, your monthly payment will be $.038 \times \$1200$, or \$45.60. This chart cannot give an exact figure due to variations in finance rates, taxes, insurance, etc. But it is a good approximation. It's especially helpful in showing how little extra per month you actually pay to add valuable options to your car. For example, to add power steering to a Galaxie 500, it would

cost only about 10¢ per day (\$94.26 $\times$.033 [36 months] equals \$3.10 per month, or 10¢ per day).

Select Monthly Plan you Prefer	Multiply by This Factor
12 MONTHS	(Price in Box 5) $\times$ (.088)
18 MONTHS	(Price in Box 5) $\times$ (.060)
24 MONTHS	(Price in Box 5) $\times$ (.047)
30 MONTHS	(Price in Box 5) $\times$ (.038)
36 MONTHS	(Price in Box 5) $\times$ (.033)



Bank schooner races created plenty of excitement in old sailing days

OLD GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, has always been a place for seagoing escapades, adventure, and true tales of tall sails—"lean, rent and beggared by the strumpet wind." If you were a man of Gloucester in the old days, you fished off the Grand Banks in a dory. Your mother ship was a Gloucester schooner, or, more properly, a Bank schooner. The sea, the Grand Banks and sailing were your life. You knew some of the worst weather brewed in the North Atlantic.

With this salty heritage, it is not surprising that during Gloucester's 250th Anniversary Week, back in 1873, the citizens paid little atten-

tion to the history of their Puritan settlement. All they cared about was just one event—the race of the Bank schooners. All sail, of course. No diesels, then.

Wise old skippers in Buckley's Barber Shop, or at Fisherman's Corner, agreed that the Anniversary Week Race winner would be Tommie Bohlin, or Saul Jacobs, or Maurice Whalen.

But the favorite, on whom many ill-afforded bets were down, was Maurice Whalen. And Maurice and his schooner *Harry Belden* were both missing! Where were they? Becalmed amidst schooling mackerel hundreds of sea miles from the

starting line at Gloucester Harbor!

But in the gray dawn of race day cheers went up as the missing favorite made port in an easterly wind. The easterly turned into a northeaster, roaring at nearly sixty miles per hour. In history's wildest race, the tempest ruined rigging and spars on several schooners, and sent the press boat to harborage with all the newsmen seasick. Still Maurice Whalen and the *Harry Belden* were first across the finish line.

Such heart and spirit is for the ages. And it is difficult to define. Yet in today's Gloucester we recapture something of this spirit by a tour of the town, beginning with Fisherman's Monument at Stage Fort Park.

Landmark of the sea

Nobody gets the sense of Gloucester, past and present, without a long, quiet look at the Old Bronze Fisherman. For decades he has watched men born to go down to the sea in ships. In a sense, the Bronze Fisherman is at one with them, even while, immobilized in metal, he watches them.

Leaving this somehow living statue, you enter Stage Fort Park where Gloucester has provided ample parking space. As you face the harbor, you are looking at what was once Fisherman's Field. Long before the Pilgrim era, fishermen from Dorchester, England, built a station here to process codfish. The depot was enlarged and taken over by the Puritans. Since the soil was too poor to support growing settle-

ments, they sought food from the sea.

From your post at Stage Fort Park, look northward toward the inner harbor guarded by Fort Point on the near side of the bay, and Rocky Neck on the East Gloucester shore. In the 1740's, Massachusetts authorized breastworks and 12-pound cannon to discourage French privateers. During the Revolutionary War, these cannon beat off the British sloop of war, *Falcon*.

Now, on Hesperus Avenue, drive north over the bridge spanning The Cut, which connects Gloucester Harbor with the Annisquam River. Gloucester Harbor Village is small, with narrow one-way streets. So it is wise to leave your car at the municipal parking lot and proceed on foot.

Your first glimpse of Inner Harbor and Harbor Cove is overwhelming. Large draggers, small draggers, seiners, trawlers moored at the wharves, draggers leaving for the Georges Bank, or returning, escorted by wheeling, screeching gulls. Today's fishing fleet!

Here are the scents, sounds, color and motion which give dimension to the scene which artists and photographers have made famous. Now, walk along Rogers Street, deeper into the harbor vista. Think back to the Old Bronze Fisherman, and imagine what he has seen here: tall schooners, the flap of sail and the creak of blocks and rigging. Gone now, gone forever.

But it is a grave mistake to regard Gloucester as a relic. It has simply

made the great transition from sail to diesel. It is true that harbor and streets haven't changed much. Some of the houses were built in Colonial days. But in other ways, Gloucester is Space Age modern. In fact, the Atomic Energy Commission maintains a laboratory here to preserve fish by irradiation so that they will reach your table sea-fresh.

The next cove on your Gloucester walk is Vincent Cove. It was here, in 1713, that Captain Andrew Robinson built the first American schooner.

Distinct from the Dutch fore-and-afters that plied the North Sea and the Hudson River, it was the ideal American rig. It evolved into the Baltimore clipper, the Down Easter with a multitude of sails, and the incredibly fast and remarkably seaworthy Gloucester Bank schooner.

It was in Vincent Cove that the schooner *Esperanto* was readied to meet Nova Scotia's challenge to the first International Fisherman's race, held over a triangular course off Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Gloucester had attracted many young seafaring men from Nova Scotia; and when they returned, they spoke admiringly of the tall, swift, Gloucester schooners. Nova Scotia shipwrights took heed. They built a vessel called the *Delawanna*, which they believed a match for Gloucester's best. And they issued a challenge to be answered within a time limit of ten days.

But Gloucester was far from ready. Most of her schooners were



at sea off the Georges Bank. Indeed, although Gloucester had plenty of able skippers, she didn't have a ship available to show she was still the champion.

Such was the situation, when, unexpectedly, the old *Esperanto*, having battled Grand Banks storms for ten weeks, limped into port in sorry shape. She was a hard-bitten craft, with frazzled paint, her bottom a marine jungle.

To a man, the Gloucester seafarers volunteered to put the *Esperanto* in shape. Every sailor, fisherman and shipyard hand donated his time, cleaning, scraping, painting and re-rigging.

When she slid back down into the harbor, people lined the waterfront. *Esperanto* had become a princess again!

Marty Welch was picked for racing skipper. And at least half of the racing crewmen were ship captains

in their own right. It is almost an anticlimax to report that the *Esperanto* soundly trounced the Nova Scotia contender.

It's a nice event to remember, as you stand looking at Vincent Cove. And there is still another stronghold for memories and essences of old Gloucester. This is the Master Mariners' Association at 119 Main Street. In its rooms are memorabilia of the sailing days, with prints and paintings of some of the famous old Bank schooners. But the talk is now in the lingo of the modern Gloucester—Ioran, fish finders, fathometers, and the Atomic Energy Commission's new irradiation experiments.

What, one wonders, does the Old Bronze Fisherman think of all this? Whatever you think, Old Fisherman, we salute you and your sea, and your men of Gloucester, past and present. ■

Take In the Tuna Tournament

FOR FOUR DAYS in late August, Gloucester, Massachusetts, goes fish-happy. That's when the annual Cape Ann Tuna Tournament takes place. This event is considered the Grand Prix of fishing and hook-and-reelers come from everywhere to seek the giant bluefin tuna. This rhino of the deep commonly runs about 500 pounds (the record catch was 977), and can give a fisherman a five- to ten-hour battle. The tournament is sponsored by the Cape Ann Tuna Club and by Mighty-Mac, a boatwear and outerwear manufacturer in Gloucester. In addition to fishing, the event includes sightseeing tours, clam bakes, lobster feasts, boat trips and dances.—RON BUTLER. ■

My Secret River of Escape

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ERWIN A. BAUER



Maybe you're overlooking a pleasant stream
right near your home
where a float trip would be a relaxing experience

ANYONE WHO HAS ever taken a float trip down an untraveled river knows the special rewards of this sport. To launch a canoe or shallow boat far upstream and spend a golden day paddling or drifting

with the current, stopping at will to fish or watch birds or collect rocks or take pictures—these delights are known to many.

What many do not realize is that it isn't necessary to journey to the

remote corners of the country to find such a river of escape. Even near big cities, rivers that are known to thousands can still be secret rivers to those who travel at leisure on them, instead of speeding past them.

Last year, in company with John Oney (whose enviable occupation is designing and testing fishing tackle), I discovered just such a river, only a few long casts from Cleveland's city limits. It is the West Fork of the Chagrin, which begins in Ohio's cool Western Reserve, hurries to join the East or Aurora Fork, and ends at Lake Erie about 30 miles away.

New adventure

Many years had passed since Indians or anyone else had portaged a canoe through the village of Chagrin Falls until John and I did so, late in April. Townspeople stared in disbelief as we lifted the canoe from the top of the Ranch Wagon at the Main Street bridge and carried it, with our duffel and tackle, down a deep, slick slope to the fast water below. After walking our canoe around some shallow rapids, we entered a deep sandstone canyon, and for all the signs of civilization we saw, we might have been on another planet instead of in densely populated Cuyahoga County. We didn't hurry and we didn't fish, but we did meet three other fishermen, all apparently successful. Two of them were blue herons and the third was a raccoon.

From State Highway 87 to U. S. 322 it's about 10 water miles,

through Hunting Valley and Gates Mills, a picture-book community. We passed under two bridges and saw scattered farm houses, and a few riders on a parallel bridle trail. But otherwise we were quite alone. After we had portaged around the dam above Gates Mills, John couldn't resist any longer.

"Let's stop and fish awhile," he suggested, and we did. Before we pushed on to U. S. 322 and the end of the day's trip, he had hooked and landed a two-pound trout. Not one in a hundred Clevelanders would have believed that even one trout could be caught so close to home.

For a longer trip, John and I once began at the mouth of Silver Creek, above the village of Chagrin Falls. Years ago, the entire stock of a private trout hatchery escaped here, and local anglers are still catching the descendants.

John and I saved the lowest and largest part of the Chagrin until last. On a bright Saturday morning we launched the canoe where the river bends briefly into Lake County, near Kirtland. Here it flows alternately through cool beech-and-maple woods and pastures with black Angus cattle. Nearby Cleveland seems far away.

We caught no trout on this last stretch before Lake Erie, but later at Mentor Lagoons, where hundreds of Clevelanders moor their sailboats and cruisers, we discovered that the water was full of bass and panfish. In an hour, we almost filled a stringer.

It looks as if we may have started

something. One day last fall, John was driving along the Chagrin when he saw not one, but *two* canoes containing float-trippers. "Next year," he told me ruefully, "we'll have to find another river of our own."

Other Floatable Rivers near Cities

Cleveland and Akron—The Cuyahoga; Mantua to near Streetsboro.

Columbus — Big Walnut Creek; Hoover Reservoir to Scioto River.

Cincinnati — Little Miami; Foster's Crossing to Newtown.

Dayton—Great Miami; Taylorsville Road to Needmore Road.

Chicago—In Illinois, the Kankakee, south of Kankakee, and the Kishwaukee, above Rockford. In Indiana, the Tippecanoe, anywhere.

Washington, D.C.—The Potomac; Point of Rocks to Chain Bridge.

Philadelphia—Lakes and streams in Wharton Tract, in New Jersey.

Louisville—The Rolling Fork from near I-65 to West Point.

Knoxville — The Clinch; Norris Dam to Watts Bar Lake.

Milwaukee — The Little Fox; Mukwonago to Silver Lake.

Minneapolis — The St. Croix; Highway 70 to the Mississippi. ■

Float boat, tipped upside down, provides shelter for stop-overs



Petite Swedish Driver Picks FALCON for Economy

Girl rallyist gets more miles per gallon than male automotive experts

BY NANCY KENNEDY

ELIZABETH NYSTROM, 23, single, Swedish, is an economy driving expert. For the past two years she has been European Woman's Rally co-champion with England's Pat Moss Carlsson, sister of former road-racing champion Sterling Moss. This team rates among the top five rally teams—male or female—to be found anywhere in the world. (In the United States, rally driving tests driving skills, safety and economy, rather than speed.)

Last spring, Ford Division hired the diminutive blonde driver as an economy driving consultant and as a part of this program she is challenging leading U.S. automotive editors to compete with her on economy runs.

For the series of challenges, Miss Nystrom chose a six-cylinder Ford Falcon Futura Club coupe because she liked its smooth handling and economy of operation. Her competi-



tors drive exactly-equipped Falcons.

In addition to demonstrating the performance capability of the Falcon, she demonstrates safe driving as well as professional economy driving techniques.

So far not one of the dozens of male editors she has challenged has come close to beating her. Her first test was typical of what was to follow. She matched her skills against a New York auto editor who considered himself an expert driver.

Each drove on a 38.8-mile course over public highways in the vicinity of the Newark, New Jersey airport. The route included two ticket toll stops and two pay toll stops, six red lights or stop signs, and three access or exit roads with "yield to traffic" signs. Speeds for both were within legal limits and for each test averaged between 45-50 miles an hour.

When both Miss Nystrom and the editor had driven the course, the gas mileage of each was checked on a measuring device on the car. He had averaged 29.7 miles per gallon. Elizabeth averaged 36.1. "He did very well for a man," she conceded.

As the contests continue cross country, Miss Nystrom continues to win. However, she feels that any good driver can develop his, or her, skills sufficiently to become an

above-average economy driver.

"Intelligent, thoughtful driving can buy a lot of groceries every year, not to mention the fact that it's safer," she pointed out.

As she views it, economy driving is as much an effort to save the car as to save gasoline—a car driven properly brings more money as a used car, is in better condition at all times, and consequently is a safer car.

We asked her to give FORD TIMES readers some advice on how they could become topflight economy drivers. Miss Nystrom listed the following rules:

1. Never drive when in a bad temper.

2. Never accelerate quickly. Racing starts from stop lights are an excellent way to waste both gasoline and dollars.

3. Maintain an even and steady speed.

4. Be alert to signs in traffic; in fact, anticipate what may happen at all times and in all directions.

5. Avoid using brakes as much as possible. Regulate engine speed so that you don't get on top of a stop sign at full speed and then slam on your brakes.

6. Don't use second gear to race the engine, when you can use high gear and less engine power—and gasoline.

7. Load car well for both safety and economy. Make sure heavy loads are placed solidly between axles.

8. Use maximum air pressure recommended for tires—be sure that pairs of tires (both front and both rear) have identical pressure.

9. Check owner's manual for recommended maintenance and be sure to take your car to a dealer at the intervals specified in the owner's manual.

If you work at her suggestions, Miss Nystrom promises that you will soon be driving as safely as a professional rally driver, and as a bonus will enjoy a considerable saving on gasoline. ■

Thunderbird Golf Tournament on TV!

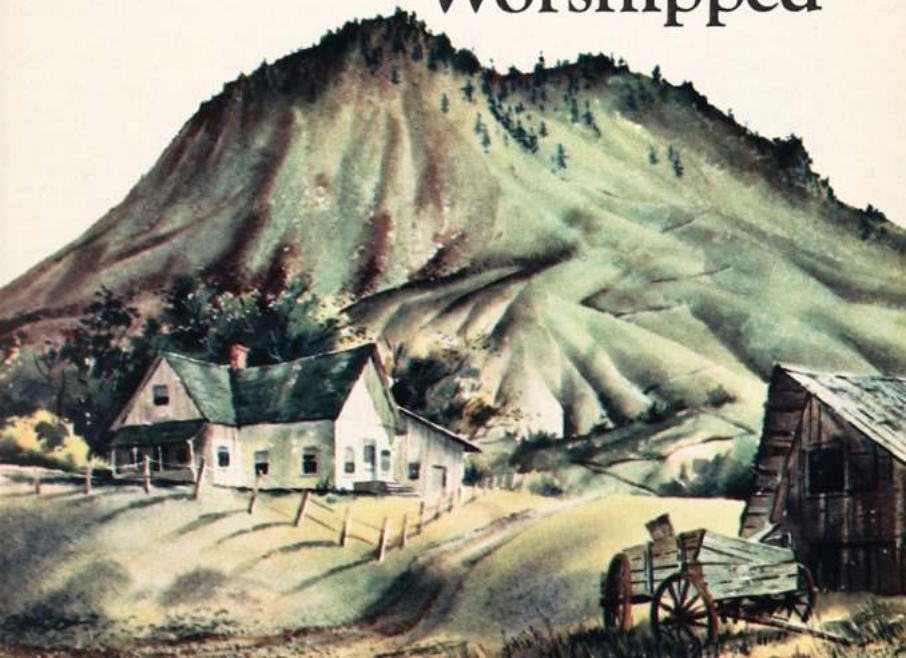
The 5th Annual Thunderbird Classic Invitational Golf Tournament will be televised in color August 13 and 14. The \$100,000 Thunderbird Invitational returns to the Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton, New Jersey, this year. Sponsors of this charitable event for the 5th straight year are Ford Dealers from New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. See your newspaper for time and station for the color telecast.

STORY AND PAINTINGS
BY DON BEMCO BENNETT

*Bear Butte,
in South Dakota,
was a sacred mountain to
the Cheyennes and Sioux.
Today it's a landmark
to tourists*

IN SOUTH DAKOTA'S Black Hills the concentration of widely-known tourist attractions is a convenience that delights visitors. Most people, however, miss a good bet by skipping some of the relatively unpublicized places. Such a first-rate but frequently bypassed attraction is Bear Butte, located just off the beaten tourist path in the northern section of the Black Hills. This legendary laccolith looms up from

The Mountain the Indians Worshipped



the prairie near the town of Sturgis.

Bear Butte, a State Park and a National Historic Landmark, is South Dakota's version of Wyoming's famous Devil's Tower. But unlike its precipitous cousin, it can be climbed without hazard. Hiking is the big thing around the 4,422-foot butte, and camera fans will even find a herd of buffalo meandering about within "shooting" distance.

Scanned from afar, the butte rises from the plain like a giant watch tower, and that is exactly what it was used for in years past. First the Cheyennes and later the Sioux climbed Bear Butte to survey the prairie below for enemy tribes. With the coming of the white man, Sioux sentinels watched with hatred and misgivings the wagon trains of the settlers crawling westward to invade their hunting grounds. During this rifle - versus - tomahawk period, the white man also climbed this towering butte to watch for hostile Indians. If ever the timing of rival observers proved inopportune, the consequences must have been startling—an unscheduled summit meeting which, for sheer liveliness, must have outdone our modern ones.

Strange eddies in the current of history have swirled about Bear Butte. In its dark shadow, at the council fires of 1857, a fanatical young brave vowed vengeance upon the whites—the same year a young white man entered West Point. Seventeen years later the white man, now a general, arrived at Bear Butte and kindled his campfire in the long-dead ashes of the Sioux, unaware

that two years hence he and his troops would be wiped out by the Indians who worshipped that mountain. And the Indian, by then a great Sioux chief, played a major role in the massacre. For it was Crazy Horse who fought with greatest fury at Little Big Horn, where General Custer made his last stand.

Sacred mountain

To the Indians, Bear Butte had great religious significance, and many of their myths and legends are associated with the mountain, which they called *Mato Paha* (Sleeping Bear). The Cheyennes made regular pilgrimages to its slopes, supposedly the source of their sacred arrows. Sacred arrows notwithstanding, they were driven out around 1800 by the plain every-day arrows of the Sioux, who promptly took over the mountain as a shrine for their own gods and a source of divine knowledge for their chiefs. In fact, Bear Butte did triple duty as a sort of combination wisdom warehouse, smoke signal communications center and early warning lookout station.

Apparently this was a handy arrangement. A lookout atop the butte could spot any news-worthy activity out on the plains, file his copy with the medicine man at the smudge fire and head for home, perhaps picking up a bit of wisdom on his way. A strong-winded brave could be back at his tepee practicing a few licks of the latest war dance while his story went up in smoke.

When the smoke puffs went up



Trees imbedded with rocks are a left-over mystery from Indian days

from Bear Butte, any whites in the vicinity ran nervous fingers over their scalps and lit out for the fort, wondering if that last haircut back in Deadwood had been a waste of time.

The fate of one early expedition is recorded on a remarkable document found not far from Bear Butte in 1887. The grisly story, scrawled on a stone, read, "Came to these hills 1833 seven of us . . . all ded but me, Ezra Kind. Killed by Indians beyond high hill . . . got all the gold we could carry. Our ponies all got by Indians . . . lost my gun, nothing to eat, Indians hunting me."

Things are more quiet around Bear Butte today. Visitors will find a campground at the base with facilities for picnicking, boating, fishing and swimming. Those who

climb the butte will find the view well worth the effort—plus a bonus in the form of an intriguing mystery. Numerous large trees at the summit have good-sized stones imbedded in them, apparently placed in the crotches of young trees and since overgrown with trunk and bark. Ethnologists theorize that perhaps the early Indians placed rocks in the tree crotches as part of a religious practice. But the mystery still waits to be solved.

Although sometimes elbowed out of the limelight by other attractions, Bear Butte is finally coming into its own. Its recent elevation to a State Park and National Historic Landmark is bound to attract a greater number of tourists to the mountain the Indians worshipped. ■

Bear Butte area offers today's visitors attractive public campgrounds





Books in the Baggage

*If you're an avid reader, don't forget a few good books
for those leisure hours when you plan to relax*

BY MARY AUGUSTA RODGERS

FOR THE ADDICTED, a good supply of books—the right books—is an important factor in a successful vacation. People who love to read need books the way a skier needs his skis. The odd thing is that, while there are no recorded instances of skiers forgetting their skis on the way to the slopes, there are many people who will take off on a vaca-

tion trip expensively equipped for fun and frolic, but with nothing more to read than the morning newspaper.

It is easy to observe the suffering of these readers in an airplane, for instance. They will have finished their newspapers before the plane is off the ground, exhausted the magazine supply before the stewardess has begun serving coffee, and



will spend the rest of the trip gazing disconsolately out the window, or reading lists of plane schedules, like a hungry puppy gnawing on an old, dry bone.

Those who drive to their destination need books less, although a trained observer can recognize the reader-without-anything-to-read at roadside restaurants. He is the one who keeps studying the signs behind the counter with such an odd air of interest. *Special Today Grilled Cheese Sandwich \$.35 With Ham \$.50* he reads, as though it were a line from Keats. Or he memorizes the menu. In certain areas, this sort of thing can arouse suspicion. The manager of a small hamburger stand noticed such a customer and jumped to the conclusion that the customer was a state inspector, or a checker for a rival chain. She threw him out. "We don't feed spies here!" she kept shouting.

Life can become even more difficult in a motel late at night for

those who customarily read themselves to sleep. One sleepless reader with nothing to read finally found a few sheets of newspaper lining the closet shelf; he took the yellowed pages to read in bed and felt grateful.

The worst of this dilemma is that it is so unnecessary, and the reader knows it. Books are easy to get, inexpensive, no trouble to pack, and (in paper-back editions) light in weight. Perhaps books are so often forgotten because they're as easy to take along as a pair of gloves.

The choice of books is a personal one, and people who like to read are happiest with their own selection. It is unwise for the reader to go anywhere depending on the local supply. Travel brochures, eloquent on the subject of beaches, sunsets, shopping, and other pleasures, have nothing to say about the local libraries. And as for the books in many resort hotels—it is not unknown for decorators to fill book shelves by ordering books from a second-hand source by the yard. The reader can find himself on a starvation diet in the most bountiful environment, like a lady trapped in a luxurious mountain resort on a rainy weekend. The "library" offered pool, card tables, and ping-pong. After a determined search, the lady located three books: a 1937 *Farmer's Almanac*, a cook book featuring 101 recipes using soybeans, and *Faith Is a Song* by Jessica Dragonette.

Now many hotels keep racks of paper-backed books handy to the postcard, stamp and souvenir sup-

ply, and the reader can usually find something, but the selection is apt to be limited. This is due to the traditional view of "vacation reading," which is that people on holiday want to read only love stories, murder mysteries, or science fiction, all as light as cotton candy. Some people do, of course; others do not. But most resort-area book racks are filled with lurid non-fiction (I Was A Decency Drop-Out), or murder mysteries of A and B types: Type A is posh ("But naturally, Countess, I knew he was our man the moment I heard him order red wine with the fish!"); Type B is tough ("Sure, I love you, kid," I said. Then I shot her in the back!).

Light reading only

These books furnish great moments for their fans, but they are maddeningly monotonous to readers with a craving for the novels of Jane Austen, or someone who has been waiting impatiently for the time to read *Anna Karenina* again.

Vacation reading should be done for pleasure. But one of the best things about books is the unpredictability of their appeal. It wouldn't be my choice, but I have seen women rapt over a heavy volume titled *The Encyclopedia of Gardening*. And I still remember a man I saw reading in a hotel lobby, because he was enjoying himself so thoroughly. He smiled as he read—he chuckled—a few times, he laughed aloud. I had to know what he was reading. It was *The Theory of Mathematical Probability*.

A real reader will pick and choose the books he wants to travel with, as a good cook plans a series of dinner menus. He will make the body of his selections from basic, nourishing fare, the kind he particularly favors, done well and with style. He will add a certain amount of the new and exotic, for novelty's sake. And he will include something sweet, knowing that the time will come when he'll want something gooeey for dessert.

Travelers often can read only in brief snatches, and there are books well suited for these circumstances—short stories, humor pieces, familiar essays, collections of letters. Many people especially enjoy reading travel books when they are on the road themselves. There are many reasons why it's fun, when away from home, to read about people away from home, but one reason is obvious. A graphic account of the adventures of Lawrence of Arabia is not only interesting and exciting, but the descriptions of the desert heat, the thirst, the sand, the endless nights spent jolting on camelback—all this can add a wonderful note of well-being to the reader who has just checked into an air-conditioned room with a good view of the lake.

With any luck at all, though, there will be one book in your baggage that will turn out to be the perfect choice. This will be the book that will always remind you of that vacation, whose pages will hold the essence of happy times, like a pressed flower, forever. ■

Good Living in a
PICKUP CAMPER



This popular type of outing rig is now truly a summer cottage on wheels

BY MELVIN BECK

THE PICKUP CAMPER has only been on the camping scene a decade or so, but in that time it has become one of the most popular types of recreational vehicles. On these pages are shown six makes that are representative of the complete living on wheels that pickup campers offer.

The Travel Queen Camper—This luxurious 10-foot unit has all of the self-containment expected of a first-class camper—ice box, hooded stove with oven, optional toilet, porcelain sink, 20-gallon water tank and city water hook-up, among many other conveniences. It is shown mounted on the Ford F-250 Pickup.

Two of its most outstanding features (both standard) are its built-in Saf-T-Jacks and its streamlined design. The jacks are safety-engineered to allow quick one-man operation. Travel Queen's slanted front and rounded roof offer less resistance to winds by 43 percent, according to tests conducted by the maker, resulting in less sway and better fuel economy.

Complete information on this and 11 other eight- and 10-foot

models may be obtained from Travel Queen Coaches, Inc., 6301 Industrial Avenue, Riverside, California, 92504.

The Alaskan Camper—Here is an example of having your cake and



Left, home fires burn in this Travel Queen deep in the forest. At right, interior and built-in jacks for offloading



The Alaskan (left) elevates hydraulically for stand-up height. At right is kitchen area



Highway Cruiser and its galley are shown in the center photos; below is the Dreamer camper on Ford's six-man crew cab pickup with shot of interior at right



eating it, too. Wind resistance burns extra gas and complicates handling; one way to overcome this air drag is to reduce the number of camper square feet exposed to the wind. The Alaskan people do this by having a telescopic top portion of the camper which can be lowered for the highway and raised to well over standup-height at the campsite.

Five-inch foam cushions are day seats, twin bed mattresses, or can be arranged into a king-size double bed measuring 6½ feet by six feet, one inch. The Alaskan offers standard or optional equipment which makes the camper self-contained. For more information, write R. D. Hall Manufacturing, Inc., 9847 Glenoaks Boulevard, Sun Valley, California.



The Highway Cruiser—This manufacturer is an old-timer, dating back to the early days when the pickup camper was more of a curiosity than an accepted outdoor vehicle. The unit shown is the newest Sports Bac Walk-In, a well-appointed rear-entry job.

In conjunction with recreational models the company offers commercial adaptations for ambulance work, personnel carriers, and van delivery. You can get full particulars by writing Highway Cruisers, Inc., 1665 Industrial Park Street, Covina, California.



The Dreamer Observer—The pickup camper is fine for stationary living, but during a long stretch on the highway most passengers like to ride in the truck. Most pickups used for camping purposes can't





Upper photos: the Camp Mate has a roomy interior and jacks to free the pickup; lower photos: Open Road and its crawl-through

carry in the cab the total number of persons they haul. But the Ford four-door, six-person pickup can carry the complement aloft or below.

The self-contained Observer is designed to go on the Ford six-man cab with a singular feature: mattresses in the over-cab bedroom can be linked to form lounges with a view through a 22-by-60-inch picture window. See your Ford dealer for information on the six-man cab; for information on the Dreamer Observer write to Travel Industries, Inc., 4th and Commercial Street, Oswego, Kansas, 67356.

The Camp Mate—This camper will sleep a family of four or five (with optional bunks). Mom has a home-style kitchen with gas range, ice box, running water, and lots of storage. Kids have room to play. There are optional intercoms to keep Dad in touch with the family. There's a dressing room, toilet, a gas furnace, and jacks for taking the camper off the truck.

Write Travel Equipment Corp., 406 Jay Dee Road, Elkhart, Indiana 46515.

The Open Road Camper — Here is a first-rate pickup camper that will vie with the best in self-containment. One feature stands out — an opening between cab and camper which permits talk, or even going between the cab and the camper. This is called the crawl-through. Get more information on this from Open Road Campers, Inc., 2601 Manhattan Beach Boulevard, Redondo Beach, California. ■

There's More to Car Air Conditioning than Coolness

You'll find that this popular option brings extra dividends in quietness and dirt-free air

BY HENRY GENTRY

WHEN AUTOMOBILE air conditioning first appeared, the public regarded it as an expensive luxury with extremely limited usefulness.

Most of its appeal was to people in our southernmost row of states; others felt that air conditioning was good only in June, July, and August, and thus too costly to consider. In the years since, the public has made an extraordinary about-face in its attitude.

This year 22 percent of cars and trucks built by Ford are ordered equipped with air conditioning. The company has announced plans to build a 642,000-square-foot plant in Plymouth Township, Michigan, to satisfy the demand.

Not only are more people ordering this convenience, but the orders are coming from areas earlier con-

sidered outside air conditioning "territory." What has been called the "geographical air conditioning line" (the boundary of heaviest use) has been gradually creeping northward from its original Deep-South location. This imaginary line now includes the latitudes of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

One reason for the turnabout in public feeling is that more people are realizing there is much more use for air conditioning than mere heat-protection in the three summer months. In many parts of the country—even in the North—air conditioning is used from the first of April until the last of October. That makes seven instead of three months of service, and there's more if a winter vacation is taken in the South.

Users learned, too, that the engine



One finger tab controls warmth and coolness on built-in Fairlane air conditioner

doesn't turn the air conditioning compressor at all times. When the unit is turned off, or when a pre-set temperature level is reached, an automatic clutch disengages the compressor and the engine turns only a ball bearing pulley.

Windows are closed when the air conditioner is turned on, and occupants sit in cool quiet with no wind buffeting and only a hint of street noise. Closed windows lessen air drag, thus saving on fuel. There's no need to raise voices in conversation.

Also, with the incoming air filtered, dust, pollen, and excess humidity are minimized. A suit press or an expensive coiffure lasts longer. Fleet owners find that their representatives arrive for business calls with a neater appearance. And air

conditioning increases the re-sale value of a car appreciably.

The Ford air conditioner is a high-capacity system. Its output at 60 mph could cool a five-room house. It can maintain an 80-degree temperature in 110-degree weather at normal highway speeds. In little more than a minute it can break the back of the 150-cubic-feet of oven-like heat inside a car parked in the summer sun.

The Thunderbird, Big Ford, Fairlane, and Falcon lines offer the optional Selectaire unit designed into the instrument panel and operating in conjunction with the heater, with only two levers controlling heat or cold.

With either the built-in Selectaire or the under-dash models, the air conditioner plus the heater gives the



This is the Ford under-dash model, showing air ducts

owner all-season weather control at his fingertips. He can change from warm to cool with a minimum of adjustment.

The unit for the Mustang attaches under the center of the instrument panel. There are also under-dash models available for the other series mentioned above. The under-dash type of Ford air conditioners can be installed by the dealer after purchase.

Complete details on all Ford air conditioners can be obtained from your local Ford dealer. ■



MEET THE "BORDINAT COBRA"

"BORDINAT COBRA," is an affectionate nickname for a new two-passenger experimental sports car that will be shown to the public for the first time at the Detroit Auto Show, November 27 to December 5. Its creator is Gene Bordinat, vice president and director of styling, Ford Motor Company—hence the nickname.

The Bordinat-styled Cobra has been tested with a Ford 289 cubic inch V-8, and is designed to hold the big Ford 427 cubic inch V-8. Two unusual features are a lightweight body and a zippered vinyl roof, which can be removed in three sections and stored in the deck area from inside the passenger compartment.

The basic frame is two longitudinal steel tubes four inches in diameter with one three-inch and three four-inch cross members. A small-diameter muffler runs through each siderail.

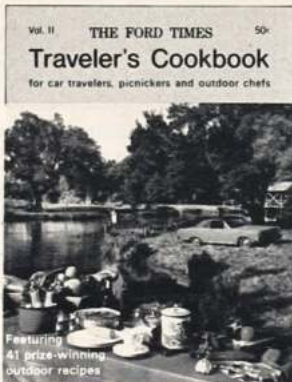
The one-piece matte instrument panel is a vacuum-formed Royalex casting one-eighth of an inch thick. Dial-type instruments include a large tachometer, speedometer, odometer, fuel, oil pressure, coolant temperature, and alternator gauges.



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painting by Arthur Barbour

Méditerranée, Massachusetts

This delightful Cape Cod restaurant is in a 150-year-old house built by a sea captain. Mr. and Mrs. George Beiers are the hosts at this country-type eating place which prides itself on an attractive décor, friendly service and excellent food with emphasis on Continental dishes. Take U.S. 6 to North Truro. Turn off at Highland Road exit, continue west on Highland Road. This restaurant is 300 yards from U.S. 6 on Pond Road which is a continuation of Highland Road. Open for dinner on Saturdays only in early spring and fall. Dinner served every day 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. from the first of July through September 4.

Reservations advisable.

Spinach Omelette

- 10 eggs
- 1 packet frozen whole spinach
- 1½ tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons chicken stock
- 1 clove garlic, chopped fine
- 4 tablespoons freshly grated Sardo or Parmesan cheese

½ teaspoon salt

Pepper, to taste

2 tablespoons water

2 tablespoons butter

Place oil and stock with spinach in saucepan. Break up spinach. When

spinach has softened add pepper, salt and garlic. Simmer gently for twenty minutes. Add cheese, stir and simmer 5 more minutes. Beat eggs and water lightly in a bowl, add pinch of salt and pepper; melt butter in a 10-inch skillet and when butter is hot pour in beaten eggs. Keep moving wet mixture in from edge with a spatula until all the egg mixture is almost cooked. Spread spinach across half of omelette and fold other half over it. Turn omelette out onto a warm dish and serve immediately. Serves 4.

FAVORITE Recipes OF FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

Kaphan's, Texas

Peter Tomac is the owner-manager of this popular Houston restaurant at 7900 South Main Street. A number of appetizing crab dishes are featured here—crabs en brochette, crab Lorenzo and crab Imperial. The menu also includes steaks, chicken and various seafoods. Open for lunch and dinner from 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. every day, except Wednesday.

Crab Imperial

- 3 pounds lump crabmeat
- 1 green pepper, diced fine
- 2 pimentos, diced fine
- 1 tablespoon English mustard
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ½ teaspoon white pepper
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon Ac'cent

Combine pepper and pimento. Combine remaining ingredients, except crabmeat, with mayonnaise and then blend in pepper and pimento. Add crabmeat and mix lightly. Fill 8 crab shells or 8 small casseroles with the crabmeat mixture. Top with light coating of mayonnaise and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in 350° oven for 15 minutes. Serve either hot or cold. Makes 8 servings.

painting by Sam Waples



painting by John Kuller

Charlie Brown's Ale and Chop House, New York

A warm and friendly dining room done in the style of a turn-of-the-century English pub. Emphasis is on chophouse atmosphere, with roast beef and Yorkshire pudding at lunch and dinner. Open noon to 1:00 a.m. every day. Closed on Sunday. It is in the main concourse of the Pan American Building, 200 Park Avenue, New York city.

Beef and Kidney Pie

- 2 lbs. chuck of beef, cut into cubes
- ½ lb. veal kidneys, cut into small pieces
- 2 chopped onions
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 oz. tomato purée
- 2 oz. butter
- 1 cup red wine
- 1 cup mushrooms, cut in quarters
- 3 oz. flour

Put in pot, cover kidneys with water, let them come to a boil, rinse them well in cold water. Brown the beef cubes in 2 oz. of shortening, add the kidneys. When well browned, sprinkle the flour over the meat, mix well, add tomato purée, chopped onions, red wine, and cover with water or beef

broth. Let boil about 2-2½ hours, sauté the mushrooms for 5 minutes, add them to the stew, season with salt and pepper. Put the stew in individual pot pie dishes and cover with rolled out puff pastry. Beat one egg yolk and brush over the crust, bake at 375° for 20 minutes.

Scotch Eggs

Divide 1 pound of lean ground pork into 6 portions. Shell 6 hard boiled eggs. Enclose each egg in a coating of ground pork. Beat 2 raw eggs lightly, coat each egg in beaten raw eggs and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry in 350° deep fat until pork is cooked and each egg is golden brown. Place on bed of parsley; serve with tomato relish. Serves 6.

Erculiani's Restaurant, Pennsylvania

Although the menu here is predominantly Italian, excellent Continental dishes discovered by the Erculiani family while traveling in Europe are also featured. Dinner is served from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. every week day; noon to 7 p.m. on Sundays and holidays. Closed on the first of December to the first of March. The address is 600 Tunnelhill Street in Gallitzin, on the western slope of the Allegheny Mountains. Turn off the Pennsylvania Turnpike at the Bedford Exit (No. 11), take U.S. Highway 220 to Duncansville intersection, then go five miles west on U.S. Highway 22.

Casata à la Erculiani

- 2 8-inch-square layers of sponge cake (each about 1¼ inches thick)
- 2 cups thick dark chocolate pudding
- 2 cups thick vanilla pudding
- 4 teaspoons rum
- 4 teaspoons Anisette
- Chopped cherries and nuts

Place one cake layer in bottom of pan. Sprinkle with rum. Spread cake with chocolate pudding; cover with second layer of cake. Sprinkle this layer with Anisette and then cover with vanilla pudding. Garnish with chopped cherries and nuts. Chill for at least 2 hours before serving. Cut into squares. Serves 12 to 16.

painting by Ben Eisenstat

Letters



Something New . . .

Dear Sirs: Here is a family who thinks of the Ford Mustang as a family car. During the past year our dealership has delivered five Mustangs to five of the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schmidt of Salem. Their reasons for buying all Mustangs are many—economy, style, utility and go, among others.

Vernon McFadden, Sales Manager
Philippi Motor Company
Stayton, Oregon



. . . Something Old

Dear Sirs: I thought you would like to see this picture of Mrs. Elizabeth

Mathews, a long-time friend and customer of our dealership. She is 92 years old and still driving her 1927 Model T Ford. She uses a Model T daily for trips to the store, library, and for transporting less mobile friends. The car and its driver have become a tradition in Palo Alto. I'm on the left.

Les Lutz
Lutz Ford Sales, Inc.
Palo Alto, California

Back Talk on Woodchucks

Dear Sirs: Your article "Bulldozer in Fur" states that each woodchuck excavates 200 pounds of soil annually. It adds that woodchucks in the New England states move 12 million tons of soil each year. This figures out to be 1,829 woodchucks per square mile in the New England states. Seems like quite a large woodchuck population.

Robert S. Anderson
Montevideo, Minnesota

Dear Sirs: Your article on the woodchuck was interesting. However, I do not think the woodchuck should be called "Mother Nature's prize mining engineer." The American badger is the fastest digger in America. It can outdig both the pocket gopher and the mole, famous masters of the trade. Using all four feet, it can sink underground in a matter of seconds.

So if you want dirt moved and fast, get an American badger.

Mrs. Jean Wyatt
London, Ontario, Canada

(Editor's note: We'll concede first prize to the badger for Mrs. Wyatt. And, Mr. Anderson, that sure does sound like a lot of woodchucks!)

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Thunderbird Town Hardtop

The Thunderbird Touch: A Stereo Tape System... Highway Pilot Control... Overhead Safety Control Panel

This is Thunderbird 1966!

A new Stereo Tape System surrounds you with music from four high-fidelity stereo speakers.

Highway Pilot Control mounted within the spokes of the steering wheel lets you set, retard, and resume your cruising speed at the touch of a button.

And the Overhead Safety Control Panel, standard on Town Landau and

Town Hardtop models, has lights to remind you if fuel is low, a door ajar, or to fasten seat belts. Thunderbird 1966 will touch your driving with total luxury. Drive one today.

Thunderbird



UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

This sleek Fairlane 500 is one of 13 models offered by the line in 1966. All of them have crisp and youthful styling, more interior room, and a feather-soft ride. Add to this economy of operation, and you have the ideal family car. Take a test drive in this remarkable new car at your local Ford dealer.

