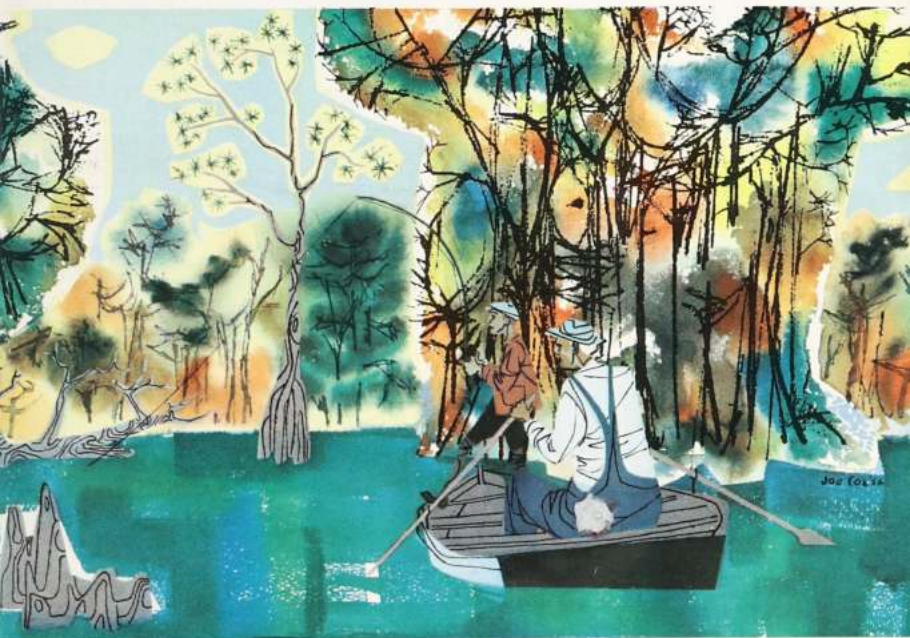


FORD TIMES

september 1956





photograph by Ray Atkeson

THERE are higher peaks in the Northwest's Cascades, but Mount Shuksan has few rivals in beauty and ruggedness. In this autumn scene of Shuksan and Highwood Lake, near Washington's northern boundary, a touch of winter shows already. The view is from the Mount Baker Highway, State Highway 1, which at this point splits in two directions and forms a spectacular loop around Picture Lake to Mount Baker Lodge, returning along one side of Highwood Lake. High snows often block sections of the road farther up, but a new chair ski lift now operates for tourists from Mount Baker Lodge to Panorama Dome, from which magnificent views of Mount Baker, Mount Shuksan and many peaks along the international border may be enjoyed. ■

FORD TIMES

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The Open House in Annapolis

story and paintings by Merle Shore

A HUGE NUMBER of history-conscious communities in this country hold "open house" during the year in which they throw wide the doors of their oldest and most beautiful buildings. If a person could visit only one of them, it would be hard to advise him just which one to choose, but this much is certain: he would do well to give prime consideration to Annapolis, Maryland.

Annapolis belongs near the head of the list because it has had more experience with hospitality than almost any other city we have. It has been associated with the open hand and the warm welcome for over three hundred years.

As a matter of fact, hospitality was built right into its cornerstone in 1648 when it was settled *by invitation*. The invitation was proffered by residents of Maryland to a group of Puritans in Virginia who were making themselves decidedly unwelcome because of their militant dogmatism.

Responding to the invitation with sincere pleasure, the Virginians established themselves on the south bank of the Severn River, now the site of Annapolis. Unfortunately, they weren't as nice as the Marylanders, for seven years later they tried to seize Maryland. The attempt didn't work, and it is to the credit of the state that its citizens didn't sour on hospitality as the result of this one bad judgment.

A century later, at the height of pre-Revolutionary prosperity, Annapolis was practicing the hospitality which is woven right into its fabric. Tobacco had made it wealthy, and

*Above right: Main Street—St. Anne's in distance
Below right: Acton, on the slope of Spa Creek*



the planters, men of taste, were building the beautiful homes that make the Annapolis "open house" such a pleasure.

Concurrent with this prosperity, Annapolitans were having a very good time. They were wining and dining themselves and guests in fine style, chasing foxes across the fields, holding race meets, and enjoying all kinds of refined hilarity, including theater, dances, and parties.

One of the persons who was happily caught up in the gay round of Annapolis social life was George Washington. The Maryland edition of the "American Guide Series" says, "When George Washington came over for a few days in September, 1771, he lost eight pounds at the races, went four times to the theater, and danced at three balls. A year later between Sunday and Friday, he managed to go four times to the theater and to one ball, to lose five pounds sixpence at cards but win thirteen and seven at the races."

The theme of hospitality does not, of course, continue right through the Revolution. For example, when the British sent Zachariah Hood to administer the hated Stamp Act, the Annapolitans not only wouldn't let him land, but hanged and burned him in effigy. No doubt the people of Annapolis would have preferred to be nice about it, but after all there is a limit to what good manners will tolerate.

On the other hand, the people of Annapolis showed admirable restraint in their treatment of the British governor, Robert Eden. When it became apparent that England and the colonies were headed for a war, they politely suggested he leave and he politely did.

Except for minor tensions early in the nineteenth century, Annapolis has had a peaceful time ever since the Revolution and has been free to practice its well-mannered southern ways. The U. S. Naval Academy was established in 1850 and this has had much to do with its friendly tone. Visitors have been going there to see the Academy ever since, and during June Week each year there is an especially attractive burst of hospitality when the relatives, friends, and sweethearts of the



midshipmen come to attend commencement.

Of course, Annapolis had had visitors ever since its early days when it became the capital of Maryland. The first few months of every year find it filled with legislators and others concerned with state government, this fact itself causing the city to prove its experience as a capable host—or hostess.

The main reason that Annapolis is so handsome a place, so worthy of its October “open house,” is that shortly after the Revolution Baltimore began to surpass it in economic importance. This drew the commercially ambitious people of Annapolis away and left the city to enjoy its classical past without the disfiguring consequences of progress.

Not that Annapolis crumbled, but it has had just enough prosperity to keep its handsome buildings in good repair and not so much prosperity that real estate values rose and threatened the buildings—a fate that has befallen many an old community. Today Annapolis has a greater number of authentic colonial buildings than any other American community.

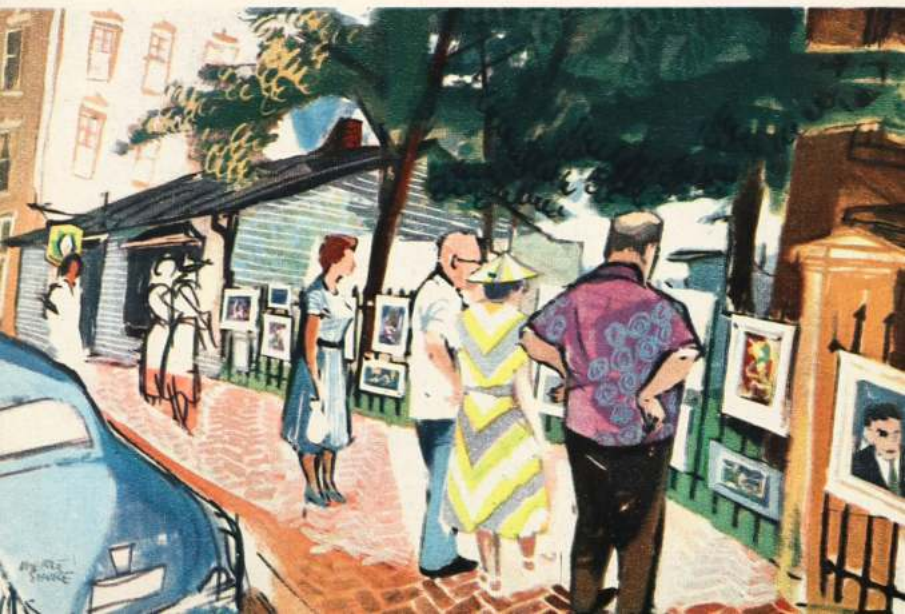
Annapolis is a particularly good city for walking. In fact, almost all of it is within walking range, and by doing this you get the flavor of the past. Even the street names have a quality unlike other places: Duke of Gloucester Street, King George Street, Compromise Street.

The sights are covered with a layer of historical anecdote: St. Anne's Church, which was supported in pre-Revolutionary days by a tax of forty pounds of tobacco on each citizen; Caton's Barber Shop, where Washington was shaved before walking on up the street to resign his commission at the end of the war; the Chase-Lloyd House, where Francis Scott Key was married.

There is no listing the interesting and beautiful places in one story. Pay the place a visit. It is authentic and lovely. ■

Annapolis Open House, with its theme “The Navy—Its Importance in Historic Annapolis,” will be held October 27. For information write Historic Annapolis, 64 State Circle, Annapolis, Maryland.

The annual “clothesline exhibit”→



Ancient Forest on Display

by John Daniels

photographs by Art Hupy

SOME fifteen million years ago, before the Northwest's Cascade Mountains were formed, a giant forest blanketed the valleys, hills and swamps of what is now central Washington. It contained an abundance of maples, oaks, spruces, tamaracks, cypress and the rare ginkgo tree which survived the centuries only under cultivation in the temple gardens of the Far East. A series of disasters—storms, floods and volcanic eruptions—buried the trees in a boiling mass of lava, and twenty succeeding layers entombed the forest for millions of years.

Sealed off from the air, the trees petrified, their cell structure being replaced by minerals from the lava. Eventually erosion uncovered some of them, and in 1931 the ancient forest—largest petrified area in the world—was discovered by George Beck, professor of geology at Central Washington College.

The new Ginkgo Petrified Forest Museum, recently constructed of the ancient lava which underlies the museum site for 2500 feet, is today the main attraction of the world-famous forest. Located on a jagged cliff high above the town of Vantage, Washington, and overlooking the mighty Columbia River, the museum has on exhibit 3700 pieces of polished petrified wood, ranging from ten to fifteen million years in age. To provide variety, the display items are periodically changed with others stored in a basement vault. The ginkgo tree, found in petrified form only at Ginkgo State Park, is but one of 236 types of petrified tree samples included in the display. The museum is on U. S. 10, about halfway between Seattle and Spokane, and is open to the public without charge. ■





A Day in OLD CALIFORNIA

by Robert G. Orr . . . paintings by Link Malmquist

COOL ADOBES of great antiquity, deep shade from monster oaks, gardens rampant with color, the relaxed tempo of another century—all are yours on a pleasant one-day jaunt from San Francisco along U. S. 101, *El Camino Real*.

From the Golden Gate City, take 101 south a leisurely two hours to San Juan Bautista. Swing your car onto the peaceful plaza and roll back history a hundred years or more to the days of dashing dons and the plaint of Spanish guitars.

All around is Spanish-California in its tile-and-adobe splendor. Here is Mission San Juan Bautista, begun in 1797 as another in California's glittering north-south Mission chain. In its glory, the massive structure boasted the largest church of the Mission system. Today, still serving its dedicated cause, the cloistered chapel retains its old-time grace and charm. The padre will gladly show you through, and will point out *El Camino Real* whose ancient ruts may still be seen.

A stone's throw from the Mission corridors is the colorful Plaza Hotel. This unique building pre-dates even the Mission. Its walls were put up in 1792 by Indian neophytes. Housing first the Mission builders, the adobe soon received a second story and became an important hotel of northern California. Its register bears many famous names, including that of General Ulysses S. Grant. The hotel, today a State Historical Monument, is preserved even to elaborate walnut and marble

Above right: The Plaza Hotel, built in San Juan Bautista in 1792.

Below right: The hotel bar room, still as it was in the old days.



The home of General Jose Castro is well-preserved→

furnishings, and the authentic "just as it was" saloon. A ranger will answer questions, or you may browse at will.

Immediately adjoining the hotel is the home of General Jose Castro; the dwelling is an almost perfect example of classic Spanish-California architecture. From this balconied adobe in 1846 Castro rallied the dons to defend California against Kit Carson, the grizzled mountain men of John C. Frémont, and United States Marines landing at nearby Monterey. But Castro's cavaliers fell back after burying their cannon in the Plaza. In later years, the house belonged to Patrick Breen, survivor of the tragic goldrush Donner party. Still later, Helen Hunt Jackson worked here on her famous novel, *Ramona*. Casa de Castro is beautifully preserved, and welcomes you.

On the third side of the Plaza, you can see the ornate former Mission nunnery, converted into a pretentious mansion by wealthy pioneer Angelo Zanetta. Standing alongside are the old stables where the horses of eleven stage lines rested from the long run down El Camino Real. In addition to the Plaza group, many side streets of San Juan offer charming glimpses of adobes built long before the *Americano* came to California.

When you have seen your fill, you can drive on to the rich Salinas Valley and storied Monterey and Carmel. Or, if you would spend a few more moments in Old California, turn south from Salinas to Soledad. Just south of this valley hamlet, on a by-way leading to Mission Soledad, is a bit of California's history seen daily by thousands but recognized by few. The story-and-a-half adobe beside the busy highway is Los Coches, bridal gift in 1841 to lovely Josefa, daughter of land-wealthy Don Feliciano Soberanes. You'll know it by the neat row of black locust trees in front.

Finally, drive to the Mission Soledad, begun in 1791 and even at its zenith among the bleakest of the Mission stations. Until recently a crumbling ruin of adobe walls, the Mission is now partly restored. However, countless shards of tile and bits of oaken beams still bear silent tribute to the labor and devotion that built this lonely outpost over 150 years ago. ■

The bleak Mission Soledad has been partly restored→





LAKE MARY RONAN

• Flathead Lake

• Helena

Ford Fender Fish Lures at—

LAKE MARY RONAN

story and paintings by Leon A. Beroth

NESTLED IN THE VASTNESS of the Flathead Valley, close to the western border of Montana, lies Flathead Lake. Its beauty is viewed by tourists traveling north on U. S. Highway 93 toward Glacier National Park where the gigantic Mission Range slopes from the east and the snowy peaks rise thousands of feet above the lake level.

On the west shore of Flathead Lake at Dayton, Montana, a county road veers to the left. Seven miles of gradual ascent through this rich ranching area brings you to the road's end and you are rewarded with a jewel of inland water named Lake Mary Ronan.

When white men first fished Lake Mary Ronan they were astonished at the abundance of rainbow and native trout churning its quiet waters. A small marshy opening at the outlet held most of the fish from migrating into the lower Flathead Lake area and they seemed content in the fresh, cool waters.

At Lake Mary Ronan is Camp Tuffitt, as congenial and hospitable as its owner, Charles Thomas, who built it over forty years ago. In his youth Charley was a guide in the Adirondacks and migrated west. The aging buildings of Camp Tuffitt are carved out of the immediate forest and lie along the lake shore in the atmosphere of an early western town. A general store, tiny but well supplied, is located on the small street, and log cabins hide among the tamaracks. Your big moment is near at hand—the quest of the famous silver salmon.



Above is the dock at Camp Tuffitt on Lake Mary Ronan, Montana—a busy place during fishing season. At right is “Ford Fenders”—silver salmon lure.

The silver salmon is truly a game fish, and to catch one is a high point in a fisherman's life. The salmon strikes best at an unusual lure known as “Ford Fenders,” which actually resembles the old Model T Ford fenders and is made of polished brass. It is attached to a long nylon leader, and when trolled spins and gyrates to attract the silvers to the business end, a baited hook. The strike of the silver is vicious and definite. The day's limit is fifteen—they range from one pound up. Smoked, fried or broiled, they will satisfy the gourmet. ■





CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

More Handicraft with Cars

WJETER EASON, a manufacturer of Memphis, Tennessee, needed a convenient place to keep the plastic top for his Thunderbird. He utilized vacant space over his car in the garage to build the rig pictured above.

It is built of straps, pulleys, and odd lumber, and greatly simplifies the job of removing and attaching the top.

Using parts from five different Fords and six other makes, Edward R. Robinson, professor in the Speech Department of Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, made the sports car shown below. It is powered by an overbored 1942 Ford V-8

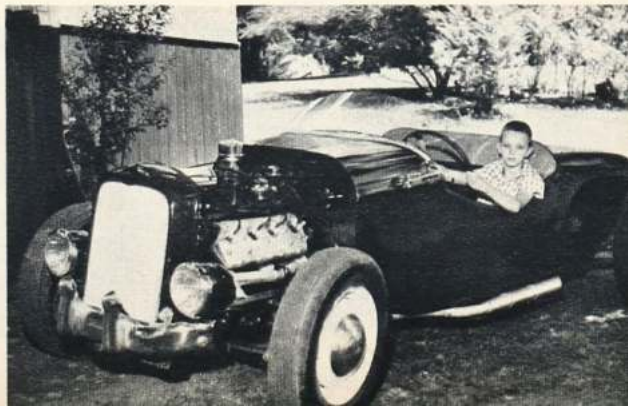




engine and has a 1936 Ford rear end and hydraulic adapter.

Shown above is the handiwork of Bert Dieter, Sr., of Des Moines, Iowa, Art Director of *Better Homes & Gardens* magazine. He started with a 1940 Ford convertible, using its 85-hp V-8 engine, gear box, brakes, and suspension; 1935 Ford wheels were used. The homemade glass fiber body was built on its frame without molds. Its weight is 2,500 pounds.

Parts of five different Fords went into the typical hotrod, below, built by Eulen Pendley of Tate, Georgia. The fanless engine is '34 Ford, cooled by extra water tanks. It has no speed equipment other than milled heads and three-quarter cam. The body was handmade of sixteen-gauge sheet metal. Pendley tested his car on a 486-mile trip through the Smokies and reports it handles satisfactorily. ■





Pictured on this page are examples of Fords in state police use. Left to right, top row, South Dakota and Connecticut; middle row, Utah and



Illinois; bottom row, New York and Colorado state police cars. Over seventy percent of all state police vehicles now in use are Fords.



State Patrols Prefer Fords

OUTSIDE of the racing world, about the only profession in which automobile performance is an absolute must is that of the law enforcement officer. Hence, it is significant that in this field where performance really counts, the preference is greatly in favor of Fords.

All down the line—state police, municipal police, sheriff's officers, and superhighway patrols—this preference for Ford is felt. No complete fleet figures are available for city, county, and special police forces, but a recent survey made of state police fleets in each of the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia revealed some interesting facts.

State police fleets in this country are operating a total of 13,209 automobiles. Of this total, 9,145 are Fords, representing 70.2 percent of all the fleets. Indications are that this same percentage exists or is bettered in the case of the other types of law enforcement agencies.

The uniforms of all the forty-eight state patrols and the District of Columbia patrol are distinctive in cut and color, ranging from conventional police blue to bright shades of material. The uniform of the Colorado State Patrol, for instance, is designed to represent certain aspects of the state. It consists of blue cap, shirt, and blouse to match Colorado's blue skies; silver-gray slacks to represent its silver industry; gold badge, cap ornament, blouse buttons, and belt buckle for the state's gold industry; and a badge of authority bearing the state seal.

Pictured opposite are typical state police cars and troopers chosen at random from six of the forty-eight states. ■

Photographs at left, from left to right and top to bottom, are by Phyllis Dolan Justice, Stanley Silver, Willard Luce, Grover Brinkman, Dick McWain, and Forrest Yockey.





Soft-Shell in Hinton

story and paintings by Charles Harper

A HINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, housewife recoiled in horror one fine September day when she opened her refrigerator door, reached for a gelatin dessert she had left under the freezing unit, and pulled out a trayful of grotesque, greenish, jelly-like creatures which stirred lethargically in the half-frozen water, waved their antennae lazily, and peered curiously at her out of beady eyes. Halfway through a scream, the woman remembered it was soft-shell time, when a man has got to keep his crawfish cold.

"Soft-shell," as it is called in Hinton, is that golden period in early autumn when the crawfish, which look like miniature lobsters, molt their hard black shells and emerge like globs of Jello to lie helpless and defenseless under almost every flat rock and scrap of debris in New River and its tributaries. This biological miracle is not confined to the environs of Hinton, of course, but nowhere else is it greeted so eagerly by the angling populace.

From late August to late October the lowly soft-shell is preyed upon by fishermen, fish, snakes and all of its other natural and unnatural enemies. Fish dote on the delicacy, and fishermen know it's the best possible bait for bass and channel cats.

"It's a shame to use 'em," remarked one addict, shamelessly baiting a No. 2 hook with a mushy crustacean. "It's takin' advantage of the fish."

Above left: Looking down on Hinton, scene of "soft-shell."

Below left: Catching the bait is as much fun as fishing with it.



←*Running the rapids on New River at Harvey's Ledge.*

Whether Hintonites have more fun catching the bait or fishing with it is a toss-up. Debatable also is which phase of the sport occupies more of their time. One ardent soft-sheller declared that he drove 1700 miles last year looking for them. Allowing a safe discount for angler-exaggeration, this figure might reasonably be 850 miles, still a lot of looking.

The only certainty about soft-shell is that Hinton isn't quite the same again until it's over. A rumor that the crawfish are "coming in" at Indian Creek is enough to put all the fishermen in town on wheels, headed for the scene of the strike.

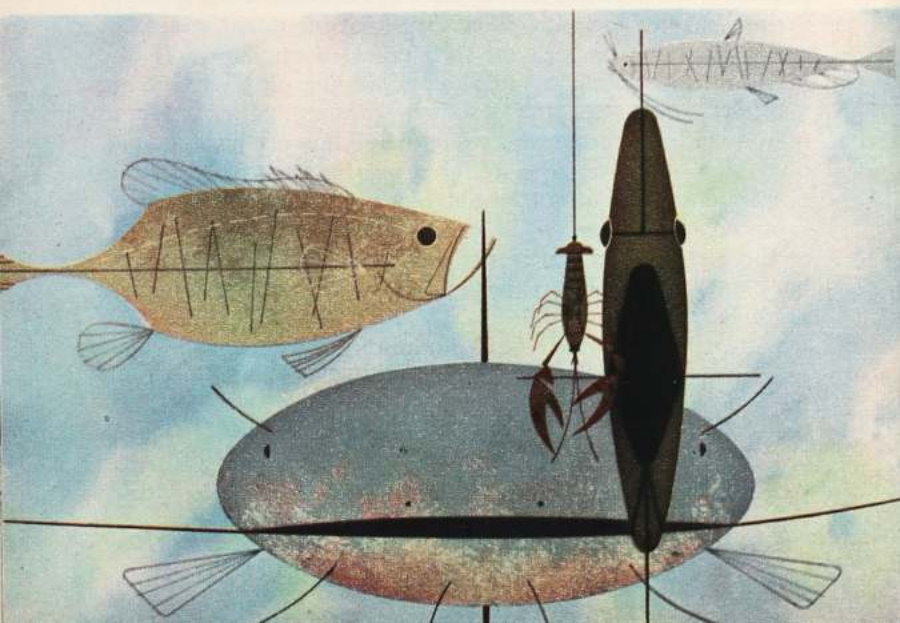
Confidences as to soft-shell locations are rarely exchanged in Hinton during this season, even between intimate friends. It's best, in fact, to remain tight-lipped. Even so, and despite furtive backtracking and expert elusive tactics, you may be tracked to the secret location of your bait source. The fact that different creeks "come in" at different times adds zest to the search.

Fishermen who have paused to contemplate the personal problems of a crawfish during molting concede that it must be a time of overwhelming insecurity and emotional strain. It starts when the back of his shell cracks open. He pulls out his head and antennae. (The eyes are the only part of his anatomy that escape the old shell without molting). A few minutes later he musters his strength and flips out his muscular tail. After more tugging and resting, he frees his legs and pincers and casts aside the old black suit he has outgrown. From now until his shell hardens again he will be completely at the mercy of an unfriendly environment. And, swimming backward, he is better informed of narrow escapes than of imminent threats.

Soft-shells are prime bait for about three days, during which fishermen refer to them affectionately as mushies. Then they begin to harden, a process which refrigeration retards. They may be used for a short period as paper-shells.

Fishing is good, and legal, all year on New River. Soft-shell partisans admit that yellow hellgramite season, during June,

←*Autumn is molting time for crawfish around Hinton.*



← *Baiting with mushies practically guarantees this result.*

is next-best fishing for bass and cats, while winter is good for pike. At all seasons, fishing is concentrated around Bluestone Dam, two miles above Hinton. But if you have a few days off, a thermos jug full of soft-shells, and a desire to get away from it all, try a float trip down the river above the dam. You can put in at Glen Lyn, Virginia, about twenty-eight miles above Hinton, or at three other points closer to the dam: Polly Walker Island, Shanklin's Ferry, and Indian Creek Shoals.

New River in this area is a series of long, deep holes separated by white-capped shoals. Running these rapids is exhilarating sport and safe if you've had any experience with boats. Safe passage is usually found through the remnant chutes left from lumbering days when loggers constructed them to accommodate their bateaus. This is U. S. Government property and you're allowed to camp anywhere. Many campsites are complete with fresh mountain springs.

Soft-shellors wage a constant controversy over the relative fighting spirits of the small-mouthed bass and the channel cat. Each has its champions, whose convictions seem to hinge on which fish they've caught oftener or larger, and each requires special fishing techniques.

First of all, be sure to throw your bait out gently—nothing is more heart-breaking than a backlash that flips an empty hook into your lap while a mushie sails on across the water. Bass are taken from the deep, ledged holes on medium-size whole soft-shells. They don't seem to be frightened by a nearby boat. But the channel cat is more cautious. Feeding in a school at the top of a shoal, he will flee at the squeak of an oarlock. You'll take him by anchoring above the shoal as far as you can cast with a spinning rod, dropping your bait as quietly as possible at the head of the shoal.

A glow comes into the eye of almost any Hintonite when he holds a soft-shell in the palm of his hand. And chances are if you lived there you'd feel like the railroad employee who each year writes opposite his name on the vacation schedule: "Soft-shell season." ■

← *Soft-shells head the menu of every bass and catfish.*



Devils Tower—

a one-picture story

story and photograph by John M. Kauffmann

THIS YEAR, the twenty-million-year-old landmark shown above celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, a seeming enigma easily explained: on September 24, 1906, Devils Tower in northeastern Wyoming became the first national monument established in the United States, setting a precedent for presidential proclamations that have added a total of eighty-three

such monuments to America's national park system.

Viewed from the distance, this great gray stump of stone looks like some giant's enormous stubby thumb protruding above the Wyoming horizon. Viewed closer, it assumes a satanic shape which may have conjured vivid thoughts in the mind of the army officer who in 1875 named it Devils Tower.

The Indians knew it by other names, but their legends seem to agree that the awesome curiosity was formed when several Indian maidens gathering wildflowers climbed on a boulder to escape a grizzly bear; the gods taking pity on them ordered the boulder to rise up well out of reach of the bear—some 865 feet up, in fact. Geologists explain it differently. They say that this tower of rock, which is some 1700 feet across at the base, was formed twenty million years ago as upwelling lava broke through the earth's surface and congealed into the strange fascial columns which since have been re-shaped by erosion.

Visible for a hundred miles in some directions, Devils Tower has served as a conspicuous landmark for centuries—for the Sioux and the Crow tribes, for the early pioneers, for the military men who were guided by it in their campaigns against the Indians. Now over a hundred thousand visitors stop at the monument yearly, easily spotting the tower as they approach from the east or the southwest along U.S. Highway 14. Another attraction on the 1994-acre grounds of Devils Tower Monument is a prairie dog village.

The view from the top of Devils Tower, as shown in the accompanying aerial shot, is one which few visitors enjoy. A dozen skilled mountaineers scale the dangerous rock each year, but novices are barred from attempting it. The first known ascent was made in 1893 by a local rancher before a crowd of several thousand. To provide a footing for the first few hundred feet, he laboriously drove wooden pegs into the rock, some of which remain. A museum exhibit at monument headquarters recalls headlines of 1940 when a stunting parachutist sat for six days atop the huge pedestal waiting for rescue climbers. (In case you're wondering, the Indian maidens got down on a chain woven from their wildflowers.)

Anniversary observances at Devils Tower, honoring our national monuments, are to be held on September 24. ■



Burnt Corn, Alabama

by James L. Daniels, Jr.

paintings by Claude Peacock



IF YOU'RE ever down in Burnt Corn, Alabama, you ought to stop in at Newt Robinson's "Cash Store." Newt represents a hardy survival of the old pioneer spirit. For one thing, he sells on a cash-and-carry basis, as if the age of installment credit had never been born. For another he once told the state highway officials where to head in.

In front of Newt's store, from one corner of his property to the other, the road is a muddy, bumpy unpaved stretch of dirt in an otherwise smooth blacktop highway. When the men came to pave, they told Newt to move his store off the right-of-way. Newt said, "If I'd wanted my store in Pine Orchard (a community ten miles away), I'd have built it there."

The officials finally put rollers under Newt's store and started it going back, but Newt stopped them. They gave up and left a gap in the pavement. So Newt's gas pump is on the unpaved road and triumphant Newt sells for cash, and won't take sass from anybody.

That's only part of the Burnt Corn story. You'll find out another part if you happen to visit the place on a cold and lonely night. Then you can hear the plaintive wail of the hounds echoing through the pine thicket hills and tangled hollows. This is the best fox-hunting country in southern Alabama.

Burnt Corn hasn't changed much over the years. It has about the same number of inhabitants now as it had when it was settled. The old houses are gone and the oaks are now gnarled,

Above left: The Methodist Church still has its slave balcony.

Below left: This is one of the oldest water mills in the South.

but Burnt Corn Spring still gushes forth from a sheltered glen and makes a fine place for baptisms.

They have quite a number of things to be proud of in Burnt Corn. One of them is that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Field Marshal Montgomery, and Admiral Leahy once dined on turkey raised near there by Joe McCarter. It was Christmas dinner in 1943 in Casablanca.

The Battle of Burnt Corn Creek, part of an Indian war in 1813, started nearby. Today visitors can go to the swampy site, and many do. The fishermen among them take tackle, because the creek is one of the best fishing streams in the area. And ladies sometimes bring buckets and spades to dig up peat moss, which costs good money in garden supply stores but can be had here for free.

How to get to Burnt Corn? Just stop at Evergreen on U.S. 31, which runs between Montgomery and Mobile. Anybody can tell you.

A peat moss bog makes for excellent snipe hunting



On the distaff side

TAKE the children along on your next trip. The American Hotel Association reports that most of its member hotels (about 6,000) have baby sitters available for guests. They are usually mature and trusted employees or reputable housewives from the community. Rate scale is generally the same that prevails in the particular city or town.

* * *

When travelling you'll find a closet shoe bag a real convenience for the numerous knick-knacks you need or accumulate on a trip. Safety-pin it to the back of the front seat. Its dozen or so pockets provide extra storage for maps, lunches, camera, tissues, toys, comic books, baby's bottle, newspapers, sunglasses, souvenirs, etc.

* * *

Cash registers in America's roadside eating establishments will ring to the tune of \$700,000,000 this year. Half of this amount will be spent at restaurants and snack bars located on superhighways.

* * *

Reports of accidents involving Ford safety equipped cars have proved the effectiveness of seat belts and other safety items. But several people have stated they would have suffered less or no injury if they had fastened their belts tighter to hold them more firmly in position during the impact.

* * *

If you like to drive with a cushion back-rest and your husband doesn't, here's how to bring peace to the family. Suspend the cushion from a couple of straps sewed to the top of the driver's seat. When not in use, it can be kept out of the way simply by flipping it over the back of the seat. ■

Autumn Gold in the Hills

photograph by
Thomas Peters Lake



THIS SCENE of yellow maples along U.S. Highway 9 is part of the autumn colordrama which takes place annually in the Adirondack country of upper New York state. The scene is a few miles north of Elizabethtown in the eastern portion of the Adirondacks.

Elizabethtown was a busy lumbering center in the 1870s

when vacationers began to discover that it was a pleasant spot to stay during their retreats to this beautiful wilderness area. Great, rambling hotels were built which still offer a variety of diversions for the summer traveler. In autumn the lovely village is itself brilliant with color. Elizabethtown is about halfway between Albany and Montreal on Highway 9. ■

California's Trinity River

by Donald Martinez

paintings by Stanford Stevens

IT IS ONLY in recent years that the excellent steelhead trout fishing in the Trinity River has become available. Gold dredging is now prohibited by law from August 1 till December 1 to permit normal spawning conditions for the salmon. What used to be an opaque torrent of muddy water in northern California's Trinity County is now a clear emerald green stream of great natural beauty. Formerly the road along the river, U.S. 299, was a narrow nightmare, 150 miles of hairpin turns, steep grades, rock slides, all at a dizzy height above the river. Now it is a paved two-lane highway.

October is the ideal time to visit the Trinity River Country. The steelhead do not migrate up from the Pacific until late September. After November 1, fall rains ruin the fly fishing. Warm Indian-summer days, autumn haze in the air, flaming maples and sumacs—all combine with the return of the steelhead and salmon to make October the best month.

Much of the charm of trout fishing depends upon the beauty of a clear stream of running water flowing through wooded country. In the fall the Trinity region compares favorably with any section of the United States. Crowded streams and overfishing do not affect steelhead fishing too much, because the fish grow to maturity in the ocean, returning to fresh water as full grown battleships weighing anywhere from three to fourteen pounds. Nearly always they will make repeated long runs with little time allowed to recover backing line, making it necessary for the angler to run downstream in pursuit of the fish. Steelhead play the fisherman, rather than the other way around.

In the upper painting at right is the long steelhead riffle near Hawkins Bar. The lower picture shows the village of Helena dozing in autumn sunlight. 





Utopia on the Wabash

by Erma Espy

paintings by Roscoe Misselhorn

THE QUIET, LITTLE TOWN of New Harmony, Indiana, (population 1,360) in the southwestern corner of the state, is set apart from other quiet, little towns by a number of things—chief among them by having been the scene of two of the most widely known Utopian experiments ever attempted in the United States.

The first, called “Harmonic,” was established in 1814 by a group of dissenters from the German Lutheran Church of Württemberg. Deeply religious, they were convinced of the imminent second coming of Christ, and believed that marrying and having children were sinful. Under the leadership of George Rapp they purchased thirty thousand acres of wilderness from the government, cleared forests, laid out farms, built workshops, and erected community houses.

The colonists, known as Rappites, prospered, but they soon rebelled against Father Rapp’s stern rule. One night in 1824 the Angel Gabriel advised Rapp that the colonists should sell their holdings and move to a new site. True, no one saw the angel, but Rapp showed them a large flat rock on which were the outlines of two bare feet. Convinced by the footprints which, by the way, are still there and scientifically unexplained, the Rappites agreed to sell the property and move to Pennsylvania, thus ending the first Utopia.

*Above right: Golden rain trees, a New Harmony landmark.
Below right: Old No. 2 Dormitory and its noted sundial.*



Robert Owen, a philanthropist from Scotland who was to become a prominent social reformer, became the new owner. He changed the name to New Harmony and invited interested persons to join in establishing a communal social order wherein the arts and sciences were to flourish unrepressed. William Maclure, a wealthy scientist called the father of American geology, became Owen's partner, and in the 1820s New Harmony became an intellectual center.

The aim of the colony was universal knowledge rather than religion. Here no one was to suffer from any ills, mental or physical. The fly in this agreeable ointment was that few of the one thousand or more Owenites really understood the principles of the noble experiment. Many were anxious to think and argue, but few were anxious to work. Many shiftless individuals were attracted by the prospect of a fat, workless existence. Owen's project failed early in 1827, the land passed into private ownership, and the second Utopia on the Wabash had collapsed.

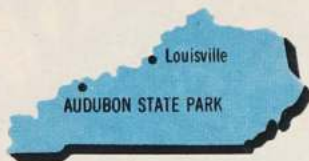
Despite Owen's failure, many scientists and educators remained in New Harmony. Thanks to them, present-day New Harmonites can recite an imposing number of "firsts" in the United States for the town. Among these are the first kindergarten, first infant school, first trade school, first free public school, first woman's club, first free library, first civic dramatic club, and seat of the first geological survey.

Many evidences of the two experiments remain. The Rappites' large brick community house, built in 1816, still stands, with a sundial that still marks the hours. Second and third community houses, and a brick and stone fort still stand as do other brick and frame buildings from the second Utopia.

Also distinctively New Harmony are the golden rain shade trees sent by Maclure from China, and so named from the shedding of their yellow petals. All golden rain trees in the nation are said to be descendants of these importations. Despite the fall of two Utopias, New Harmony remains a pleasant old-fashioned town, mindful of its colorful heritage. ■

A giant hackberry tree behind No. 2 Dormitory—





BIRD LOVER'S SANCTUARY

story and paintings by Eddie Miller

THE TRAVELER on U.S. Highway 41, the direct north-south route to Dixie, and the bird and nature lover especially, is in for a delightful treat just over the Indiana line in the rolling "Wolf Hills" section of Kentucky. Here, at the confluence of the Ohio and the Green rivers is Audubon State Park, dedicated to the memory of the greatest of all bird artists, John James Audubon. It was here during a nine-year period of his life, 1810-1819, that he studied and painted in the great primeval beech forest of this area, putting down for posterity the many bird varieties that use this natural flyway for their seasonal mass north-south migrations. Here, too, he saw the fabulous migrations of the passenger pigeon, a North American bird now entirely extinct. For the present-day visitor, the Commonwealth of Kentucky has done exceedingly well in preserving this beautiful wooded area, just four miles to the north of the historic town of Henderson, to the memory of this painter of unequalled bird masterpieces. Here can be seen the site of Audubon's home and mill.

The park is off Highway 41 in a thick forest cover of virgin hardwood trees. The winding park road enters into a clearing which contains in the immediate vicinity a French Provincial museum and close by a tea house of the same design. The museum is the major attraction. It has eight spacious galleries,

*Above right: The Audubon Museum in Audubon State Park.
Below right: A recreational picnic shelter within the park.*



housing many of Audubon's original bird and portrait paintings, and other relics and records of his stay in Henderson. From the first floor galleries a spiral staircase leads to the top floor galleries where a great number of the bird varieties found in the park are mounted in cases in their natural habitat. The museum has a mounted specimen of one of the last passenger pigeons to exist. At the foot of the staircase are huge bones of a mastodon, which was unearthed in a creek bed on the outskirts of Henderson.

The park contains a scenic wildlife lake and another with swimming and boating facilities. Families or larger groups can make reservations at the Superintendent's office.

Facing the lake, in a beautifully wooded area, are vacation housekeeping cabins, complete with electric range, refrigerator, hot water, dishes, silverware, linens, and bedding. ■

Bind Your FORD TIMES Permanently

ARE you an armchair traveler during the long winter evenings? If so, you may have wished for some way of keeping back issues of your FORD TIMES that contain stories you want to re-read or review in planning next summer's trip.

Many of our readers are so inclined and have written to ask the possibility of obtaining a special FORD TIMES binder for preserving back issues in convenient form. Such a binder is now available, tastefully designed in colors of sand and black. The handy size is ideally suited to fit your bookshelves. Each binder holds a full year of FORD TIMES or the special editions of *New England Journeys*, and when filled has the look and feel of a well-bound book. The price of \$2.00 each includes postage. Make out check or money order to Ford Motor Company and mail with your name and address to Publications Office, P. O. Box No. 8, Dearborn, Michigan.



It was Charley, the hound, that made the day

Lightfoot and the Pond

by Robert Murphy . . . paintings by Joseph Cox

THIS should be about Richmond, Virginia, because I grew up there. That is where the first, dark-haired girl was, and the fine statue of General Lee on Monument Avenue, the desperate kid ball games, the great street corner bonfires of stolen barrels at Christmas. It was a good town, but it was really only a roosting place between trips to Lightfoot and the pond.

Lightfoot was a village of three houses, a railroad station and a crammed and dirty store at the end of sixty miles of bottomless mud and clay called a road. It wasn't much to look at, but it was the turning off place; from there you were in the wilderness, with only ten miles to go. In that wild stretch of pine, holly and oak, broken only two or three times by little Negro

Lightfoot was at the end of sixty miles of bottomless mud—

cabins in tired little fields, you might see a turkey or a covey of quail and have some excitement before you got there.

You finally got down the last hill and stopped on the bridge over the dam for a minute to look at the pond. It was about two miles long and half a mile wide. It glinted quietly in the sun, unchanging and hushed and serene. Tall cypresses lined the banks, with their feet in the water, and a sort of enchantment—that feeling all boys have for a special place not of their workaday world—would come over you.

If old Ben were at the house when the Ford rattled up the rise he'd be waiting on the porch as you turned in the gate. He must have been seventy then: lean, lantern-jawed, stooped a little—a kindly old man who liked boys. He came from one of Richmond's best families, but after a long, long scuffle with the bottle and final victory he'd retreated to that lonely place. When my father and two of his friends bought the farm Ben stayed on as caretaker. He was full of wonderful tales of turkey hunts and knew where the game was and where the fish were biting. He made magnificent buckwheat cakes, drank soup with such a lovely commotion that we got into trouble imitating him when we got home.

We always unloaded the car first. The mounds of canned beans, the eggs and pancake flour and syrup and mother's cake went to the kitchen. The dining room was for cleaning guns and talk after the kerosene lamps were lit. The bedrooms were strictly for sleeping.

After the food and gear were stowed away we were free. There was the pond and ten thousand acres of woods and fields to run loose in. The largemouth bass and pickerel fishing was wonderful. We'd never heard of fly rods. We were plug fishermen. We got so we could drop a plug into a derby hat at distances I don't believe any more.

The hushed and brooding quiet was always around us, and even more pronounced at the far end of the pond. The water shallowed there and gradually wound off into the swamp. Cypresses grew out of the water; there were long and twisting

That wild stretch was broken only by a few Negro cabins—



Down the last hill was the bridge overlooking the pond→

aisles of dark water between the trees, from which gray Spanish moss hung down. It was a ghostly and mysterious place. We spoke in whispers there and were a little afraid, but we always went back. Wood ducks bred there in summer and swam about with their ducklings, like sooty balls of cotton, following after. A pair of otters had a den somewhere near, and often turkeys roosted in the trees.

There were quail and rabbits in the fields and we walked until we found them, but I think that the squirrels took most of our time. This was probably because of Charley. Charley was predominantly hound, a big tricolor dog which belonged to the only neighboring farmer. The farmer's two boys, several years younger than I, often came along with him. They always brought their father's gun, a monstrous ten gauge with hammers and a broken stock bound together with wire.

They were entertaining characters, but Charley made the day. He was one of the world's best squirrel dogs. He'd gallop around until he found a squirrel, if he had to go into the next county; and when we heard his rolling "view halloo" we'd take off, full speed, through creeks, up and down hills, over or under windfalls to arrive scratched and puffing to find Charley with his muzzle in the air and his eye on the prospective victim.

Some people might think that our parents were pretty careless to turn us loose in that *milieu*, with guns, in a lot of empty country, with little supervision; I think it was the best thing that could have happened to us. We were lost several times, once in the swamp. But we settled down presently, found the direction of the water flow, and worked ourselves out. We were never badly lost or badly frightened after that. Several times, when we were gigging bullfrogs along the shore at night, big cottonmouths, stretched on the branches above us, were stirred up by our maneuverings and let go and fell into the boat. We might have been fatally bitten, but we weren't.

And we had a tremendous amount of exercise and fun. Times change—I'm glad that time was mine. It was a fine thing to have a pond to go to. It is a happy place to remember. ■

Here the hushed and brooding quiet was always around us→





Recreation Unlimited

NEW GADGETS

FOR CAR CAMPERS

COMING on the market these days are floods of nifty gadgetry for the camper—especially useful to car campers because they stow into small space. Recreation Unlimited, the FORD TIMES project to give aid and comfort to car travelers bent on outdoor fun, has been testing them. Here are some of the recent items:

Insulated cot (above) Fends off the chill breezes underneath. Folds into small, flat package. (Seattle Quilt Mfg. Co., Seattle, Washington)

Folding bucksaw (left) Lightweight. Folds into the hand rim. (J. Chapman and Sons, 440 N. Orleans St., Chicago, 10, Illinois)





Hike-a-poose (*above*) With legs lowered, becomes a seat. With straps, carries baby on your back. (Himalayan Pak Co., 482 Asbury St., San Jose, California)

Combination axe and shovel (*above right*) Washer and screw hold axe head firm. (J. Chapman and Sons, 440 N. Orleans St., Chicago 10, Ill.)

Thorens wind-up shaver (*middle right*) Rotary shaving head. No electricity needed. (Abercrombie and Fitch, Madison Ave. at 45th St., New York 17, N.Y.)

Ice bag (*below right*). Waterproof and zippered. (Bemis Brothers Bag Co., 601 South Fourth St., St. Louis, Missouri)







ARTHUR, NEBRASKA—

The Hay Bale Town

by Edith Thompson Hall . . . paintings by Edwin Fulwider

IF YOU ARE PLANNING to look up the town of Arthur on the road map of Nebraska you ought to be warned in advance that you won't find it very inspiring.

The town sits smack in the center of a rectangular county of the same name, and the map-makers used very little ink on it for the simple reason that there isn't much to use it on. The county seems to have a total of five marked roads and three communities, with Arthur's name being printed in the heaviest type. Since Arthur has a population of about 170 people, you might wonder just what the other places are like.

No matter. What we are interested in here is Arthur alone. It was laid out in 1913, built in 1914 on the fringe of the sandhills of western Nebraska a year later, and is unique. Its link with the outside world is State Highway 61, which leads north into Arthur about twenty-seven miles from Kingsley Dam on the North Platte River.

Arthur, naturally, is the county seat. The courthouse is the smallest in the state—twenty-four by twenty-six feet. It may even be the smallest courthouse in the country. Framed by towering trees, it's almost lost in a square block of land. On warm days its door stands open—typical of western hospitality.

Above left: Arthur County Courthouse, perhaps the smallest in the U. S.; masonry appendage at right side is records vault. Below left: Joe Monhart, county treasurer, levying taxes at his desk; safe in background once belonged to Arthur State Bank.



Joe Monhart's house is built of baled hay—note the thickness of the walls as indicated at the windows. Though inflammable, hay does superb job of excluding winter cold and summer heat.

Inside the building are two rooms. One is occupied by Joe Monhart, the county treasurer, who homesteaded in the area, and the county clerk, W. H. Dorris, who also doubles as assessor, clerk of the court, register of deeds, and secretary of the county fair board. The other room has desks for Charles Gessford, county judge, and Mrs. Anna Mae Harvey, county school superintendent.

I was in Arthur to investigate the story that it has a church made of hay bales, the only church of its kind in the world. On the drive from Kingsley Dam to Arthur I noted that the landscape was dotted with hay bales—enough to feed the many cattle with building material left over, but still I was skeptical. I looked all over the town and couldn't see a single hay bale sticking out.

But Joe Monhart confirmed the story about the church and added that he lived in a hay bale house. Then the young county clerk spoke up and said that he lived in a railroad tie house.

"Are there any others?" I asked.

Both said there were other hay houses, railroad tie houses, and even houses made of sod.

"From our house," said the county treasurer, "look through the trees toward the northwest and see a green roof. That's another railroad tie house." Mr. Dorris glanced out the window and said, "There's my brother gathering hay to haul home. Follow him and you'll see our railroad tie house."

We found the Monhart home easily. It can be seen quite a distance because of its bright blue trim. The sills are eighteen inches wide, the width of a bale of hay. Only when we discovered where a patch of stucco had fallen off was the truth verified. There lay bales of hay, one atop the other, with cement between each bale.

A detail of the Joe Monhart house, showing hay construction.

←*Picture shows two layers of stucco, thick mortar joint between bales, and old hay that forms the bulk of the walls.*



← *Pilgrim Holiness Church is built entirely of baled hay with stucco covering. Hay buildings have uneven wall surfaces.*

Later we found the Pilgrim Holiness Church. Mrs. Alice Hartman, the church member with the key, took us through. It is a modest structure, seating seventy-five people. Like all hay buildings, it is plastered inside.

Later on we found an eight-room house made partly of sod, constructed thirty-five years ago, with a wing of hay bales added on ten years later.

The railroad tie houses are somewhat newer. Ties were picked up by Arthur residents following the relocation of the Union Pacific along the North Platte near Ogallala. That was about 1940, the same year they started building Kingsley Dam, second largest earth dam in the world.

The inventors of the railroad tie house built it by first laying a footing of cement out of which twelve-inch spikes protruded. They jammed the ties down on the spikes, and long spikes held each tie as the walls rose.

So it was all true: hay, sod, and railroad ties. The reason Arthur took to such unusual building materials is that it has never had a railroad. The nearest one is twenty-seven miles away. Arthur has always been just a station on the rural delivery route. Building material of any kind was hard to come by before the blacktop was put in. Here necessity was really the mother of invention.

The little town may seem drab on the surface when summer days are hot, but beneath its ordinary exterior lies the heart of the hay fields. There is the big sky, the windmills silhouetted high against flaming sunsets and colorful twilights.

Arthur, existing because of its ingenuity, is not far removed from its frontier days, for this is the land of the Chisholm Trail. Its people are friendly, with the sincere friendliness of those born in wide open spaces. They know what loneliness is. Visitors interest them.

That's the way it is in the sandhill country of western Nebraska. ■

← *The cottonwood trees and bleached buildings of Arthur's main street give the town the feeling of an oasis in the desert.*



painting by Sarah Carothers Rhode

Maryland's White Marble— *a one-picture story*

BEFORE this quarry became a summer swimming pool, it was a source of the white marble for which Maryland is famous. The hole is called Beaver Dam and is a mile west of Cockeysville, on U.S. 111 north of Baltimore.

From Beaver Dam and other quarries came the stone for Baltimore's celebrated steps—row on row of them in front of row on row of identical brick houses. Quarrying began in the valleys of Baltimore County soon after the Revolution and continued until recently, when modern taste put stone out of style. Hammers no longer ring at Beaver Dam, but Baltimore's pride in its white steps is undiminished. ■

From the **ALMANAC**

With harvest time, fall planting, fix-up chores and winter relaxation in the offing, you'll find hundreds of items in the FORD 1956 ALMANAC that will aid and delight you whether working or relaxing around home, farm and garden. Below are some typical samples. The Almanac contains 208 pages with sections on Country Living, Weather Forecasts, Pesticide Guide, and many others. It is sold at bookstores and on newsstands, or can be ordered directly by sending \$1.00 to Simon and Schuster, Dept. FT, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

MECHANIZED SCARECROW BANGS AWAY AT VARMINTS

Now even the scarecrow is mechanized. J. E. Fricke Co., Philadelphia, has produced a slow-burning fuse rope which permits you to bang away at all hours without even being there. You can scare the crows out of the melon patch, the sparrows out of the cherry tree, and the four-legged varmints from the poultry range.

You just stick the fuse of firecrackers at intervals in rope that burns only 6 inches an hour.

FIRE-FIGHTING TIPS FOR THE HOME

Throw a handful of baking soda on a small fire. Heat breaks down soda into carbon dioxide gas, which smothers the fire.

"Wet-water" is a better fire-fighting tool than ordinary water. You can make it by adding

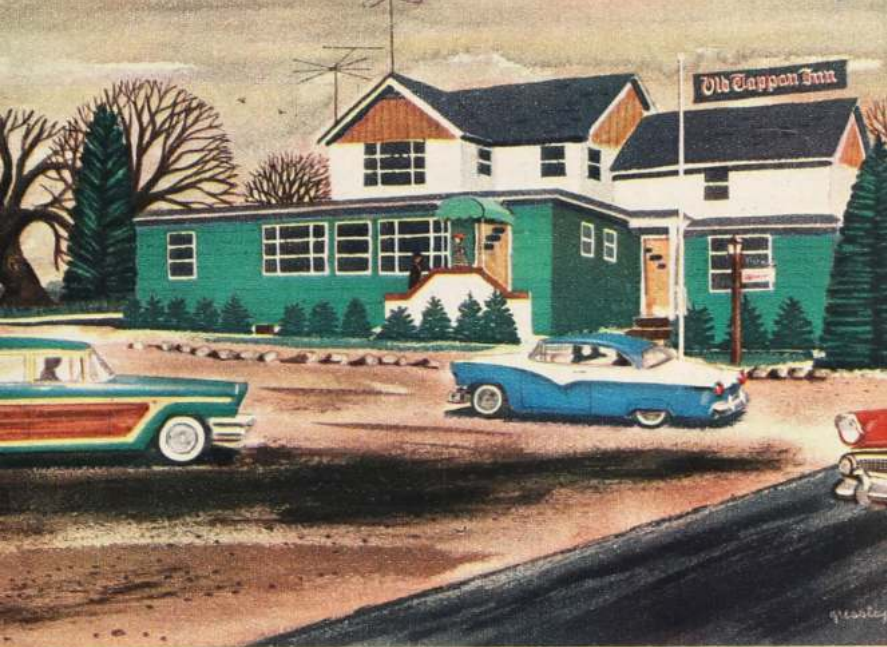
ordinary laundry detergents. Mix as much in water as you can without its getting foamy. This water will soak in and penetrate better—use on burning things such as hay or straw or clothes.

Your garden spray can be used in off-season as a fire-fighting tool. Fill the tank with water, and be sure to put in a pint of antirust product. Your local filling station should have this.

GROW AND SELL GAME

In many states it's legal to grow and sell game birds 12 months of the year. In Illinois, for example, Roland L. Pierce, Secretary of the Game and Breeders Society, reports a thriving business in producing game fowl for table and sporting uses.

Many fancy restaurants are in the market for dressed pheasants and quail 12 months of the year. Get details from your State Conservation Department.



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Old Tappan Inn A section of this country inn at Old Tappan, New Jersey, is over 150 years old. Situated 12 miles from New York City just off U. S. 9W, the inn is open for dinner from 5:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.; Sunday it is open noon to 10:00 p.m. Closed on Tuesday. The owner and manager is George R. Bangs.

SHISH KEBAB

3 pounds loin of lamb, cut in 40 cubes
16 onions, 1-inch in diameter
16 mushroom buttons
4 green peppers, cut in 16 pieces
16 small Italian tomatoes, raw

Sauce:

2 cups oil
1½ cups vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon pickling spice
1 medium onion, minced

1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon Tabasco sauce
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Combine sauce ingredients and marinate lamb cubes in it for 36 hours before cooking. Place the following on 8 skewers in the order given: meat, onion, mushroom meat, green pepper, tomato, meat, onion, mushroom, meat, green pepper, tomato and meat. Broil slowly 250° or 300° about 20 minutes, turning occasionally to brown on all sides. Serves 8.

←*painting of Old Tappan Inn by Edward G. Gressley*

←*painting of Maud's Cafe by Philip Jay O'Meilia*

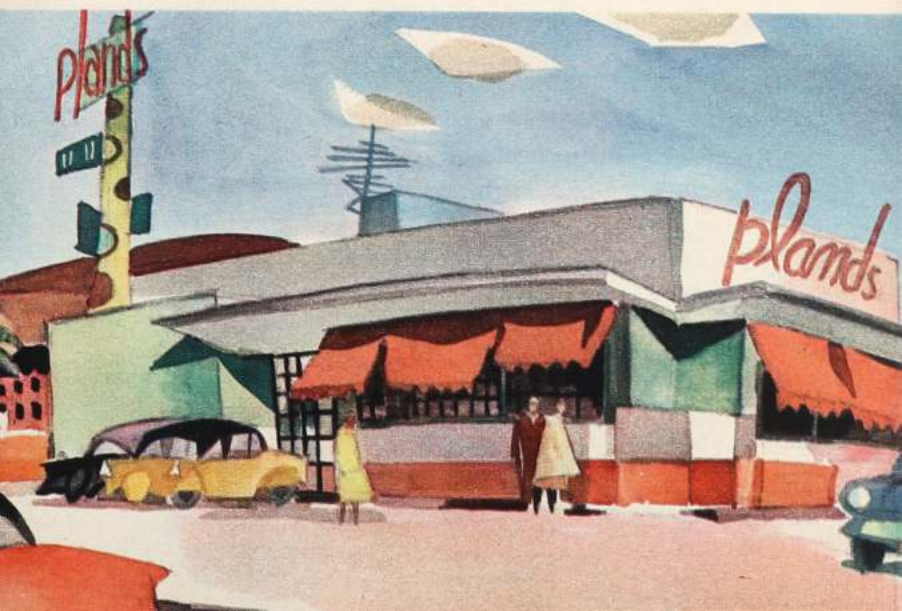
Maud's Cafe About forty miles south of Oklahoma City, this cafe is in the town of Lindsay, Oklahoma, at 502 West Cherokee Street (State Highways 19 and 76). Meals are served from 5:15 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. daily. Closed on Monday. Maud Payne is the owner and the specialties of the house are homemade bread and desserts.

PEACH COBLER

3 cups sliced fresh peaches
1-1½ cups sugar
6-8 tablespoons butter
Pie crust, approximately enough for a two-crust pie

Make a layer of half the peaches in a six by nine 3-inch deep pan, sprinkle with sugar and liberal dabs of butter. If peaches are a naturally sweet variety

less sugar can be used, and if they are of firm, not juicy variety, more butter is needed. Place thin strips of pie crust dough over this layer. Place another layer of peaches on top of crust, and sugar and dot with butter. Lay on top crust, either laced or perforated. Bake in 400-degree oven until brown. Serve with cream or ice cream. Makes six portions.



Mills' Wharf Cafe A block east of State Highway 35, at the north end of Capano Bay Causeway on Aransas Bay, this sportsmen's vacation spot in Rockport, Texas, is open for meals from 5:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Overnight accommodations. The management offers a complete hunting and fishing service for guests. For reservations, write Mills' Wharf, Rockfort, Texas.

BROILED FLOUNDER

Take 4 medium size flounder (from $\frac{3}{4}$ to 2 pounds) and cut a checker board design across each. Place flounder in buttered pan and spread butter on each

fish. Season with salt, pepper, paprika and lemon juice. Broil 15-20 minutes until golden brown. Serve with green salad and French fried potatoes. Serves 4.

SHRIMP SALAD

1 pound shrimp, cooked and diced
2 large stalks celery
1 white onion, minced
2 hard boiled eggs, diced
Salt and pepper, to taste
2 tablespoons lemon juice

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup mayonnaise
4 fresh tomatoes

Combine shrimp, celery, onion, egg, seasonings, lemon juice and mayonnaise. Quarter tomatoes and place each in lettuce bed. Then arrange salad on tomato. Makes 4 portions.

←*painting of Mills' Wharf Cafe by G. G. H. Lentz*

←*painting of Plands by George Post*

Plands Over 1500 people a day are served at this restaurant which is situated at one of the world's busiest intersections, Broadway and MacArthur, in Oakland, California. On a direct route to the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, it is open daily from 6:30 a.m. to midnight. Mike Lynn is host.

PLAND'S DELUXE PINEAPPLE MOULD

2 cups pineapple, crushed
2 cups pineapple juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
1 cup sugar
3 envelopes Knox gelatine
1 cup American cheese, grated
1 cup whipping cream, whipped

Dissolve gelatine in 1 cup water for 10 minutes. Bring pineapple, pineapple juice, lemon juice and sugar to a boil. Remove from heat and add gelatine.

Let cool until firm and partly set. Add American cheese and whipped cream. Fill individual moulds. Chill until firm. Makes 8-10 portions. Serve with special dressing.

Dressing:

2 cups mayonnaise
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup onion juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup celery, finely chopped
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup green pepper, finely chopped

Combine above ingredients and serve with pineapple salad moulds.

Safety Reports

An impressive number of "safety reports" have been received from owners of 1956 Fords whose lives were saved or who avoided serious injury because of specific safety features built into their cars or provided at small extra cost. Here are examples:

SAFETY STEERING WHEEL—A Michigan man who crashed directly into a tree said his 1956 Ford steering wheel limited the injuries he otherwise would have received in the medium-speed accident. The wheel absorbed much of the energy of the impact, as it was engineered to do, and protected his chest from the steering post.

SAFETY DOOR LATCHES—A Connecticut salesman said, "I was thrown against the left front door when I fell asleep and my car struck a tree at 55 to 60 miles per hour. That door and all the others stayed closed although the car was a total wreck."

SAFETY PADDING—A Kentucky physician praised Ford's new Lifeguard padding when icy road conditions caused his car to go out of control and over a deep embankment. The physician's head struck the padded sun visor, which saved him from serious injury.

SAFETY BELT—An Ohio doctor said, "We owe our lives to those safety belts and I would recommend that they be placed in every car." He made this statement after a car carrying him and his family rolled end-over-end during a trip. All in the car wore seat belts and, except for a few bruises, there were no injuries.

letters



Dear Sirs: The village of Glencoe, Illinois, just north of Chicago, has combined its police and fire departments into a single unit and put them in Ford station wagons. The roomy interiors of these indispensable station wagons contain fire extinguishers, portable inhalators, a fold-up hospital stretcher, and other police-fire equipment. The consolidation of the two services was put into effect last year by Robert Morris, city manager. Now policemen of the community are trained to fight fires and firemen to take fingerprints and do routine police duties.

A Glencoe police mechanic built

Dear Sirs: For many years I have read *FORD TIMES* with a great deal of pleasure and have found little to be critical of, but reading the June issue I was taken aback by the first item on page 61—Hints for the Woman Driver. It is hard to conceive of *FORD TIMES* suggesting that anyone carry a brick soaked in kerosene in the trunk of a car as a means of starting a camp fire. Agreed, it would start

the compact equipment layout in the three Ford station wagons owned by the community. The only structural change was splitting the lid that covers the spare tire. Clips and straps keep both the police and fire equipment ready for instant use. Glencoe chose the Ford wagons because they were the only ones roomy enough to carry an extended stretcher.

"They're cheaper to operate than police wagons," says Morris. "They cost a little more initially, but there is such a demand for station wagons that we get a better trade-in price when we buy replacements."

Besides serving as patrol cars, the station wagons are ready to roll as firetrucks when a call comes in on the two-way police-fire radios. Although full-size fire trucks answer fire calls, they often find nothing but damp ashes at the scene of a brush fire. The cruising station wagons reach the fire first, and patrolmen extinguish the blaze with portable equipment before it gets serious. At a big fire, patrolmen know how to make hose connections as well as direct traffic.

CLYDE HOSTETTER
Overland Park, Kansas

a roaring camp fire but also agreed it might start a roaring fire inside the car under the right conditions.

This is written not merely to criticize but to further the education of the public in the proper use of kerosene and similar products. There are many safe ways and many safe products to use for building camp fires.

E. J. THULL
Pleasant Hills, California



Dear Sirs: Whenever my two-year-old grandson Tommy comes to visit me he always climbs into his favorite chaise lounge with his favorite reading material—*FORD TIMES*—and settles down to a rewarding half hour or more. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Herring.

MRS. WALTER HERRING
Farmington, Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs: In your April issue there was an error in Phil Stong's charming article on Farmington, Connecticut ("Miss Porter's Famous Town"). Explaining why stone mills can grind flour containing 100% of the nutritious elements (germ, vitamins, and all), it suggests that this is because the stone mill is *water* driven. No. A stone mill can be driven by electricity, steam, gasoline, mule, or atomic power and still turn out whole grains. It is the *cold* crushing of the wheatberry between slow-moving stones that results in a flour that is not

sticky and rancid. High speed steel mills, no matter whether turned by water or any other power, would gum up a whole grain and heat the germ to rancidity. That is why commercial white flour has no germ in it.

I say this because there are modern entrepreneurs selling the public what they call "water ground meal," without a stone mill. Such is no different from commercial white flour. It isn't the water that does the trick. It's the stone.

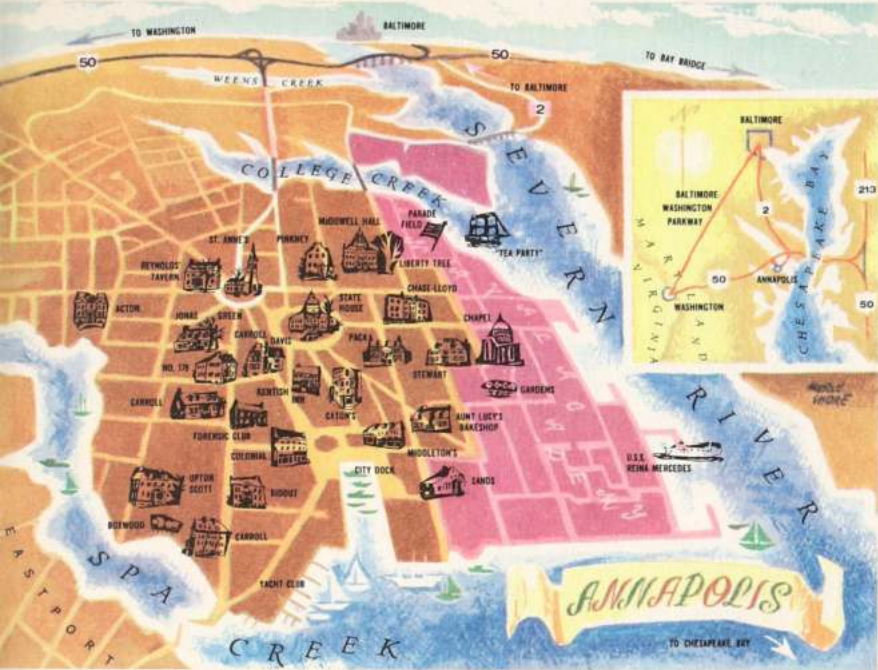
VREST ORTON
Weston, Vermont

contributors



JOSEPH COX, whose paintings illustrate the story on Lightfoot, Virginia, (page

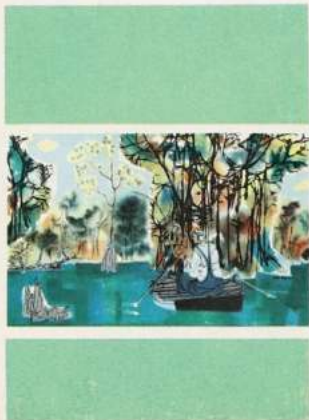
43 and this issue's cover) teaches painting, drawing, and design to architecture students at North Carolina State College. He is mainly a landscape painter and muralist, but sometimes he does a portrait if he and the subject can agree on what the subject looks like. While teaching flying during the war, he painted murals for the Navy, and later did murals for the TVA. Not long ago he completed a 22-by 15-foot mosaic mural for the exterior of North Greenville Junior College in North Carolina. Among many honors, he recently won the coveted "Painting of the Year" competition sponsored by the Atlanta Paper Company.



map by Merle Shore

ON OCTOBER 27 this year, Annapolis will hold its famous Open House, the day on which it throws open the doors of many of its famous old homes and buildings. Whether you visit the historic naval city on that date or any other, the map shown here will be useful in placing the outstanding landmarks.

The theme of Open House will be "The Navy—Its Part in Historical Annapolis," and in honor of the occasion we are publishing a story on the city, which has dispensed hospitality to visitors for more than three hundred years. Written and illustrated by Merle Shore, the story appears on page 2.



Front cover—Joseph Cox, the artist, suggests here that if the pleasures of fishing are not for you, perhaps the tranquility and color of fall are. Other pictures by Joseph Cox illustrate the story, "Lightfoot, Virginia," page 43.

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