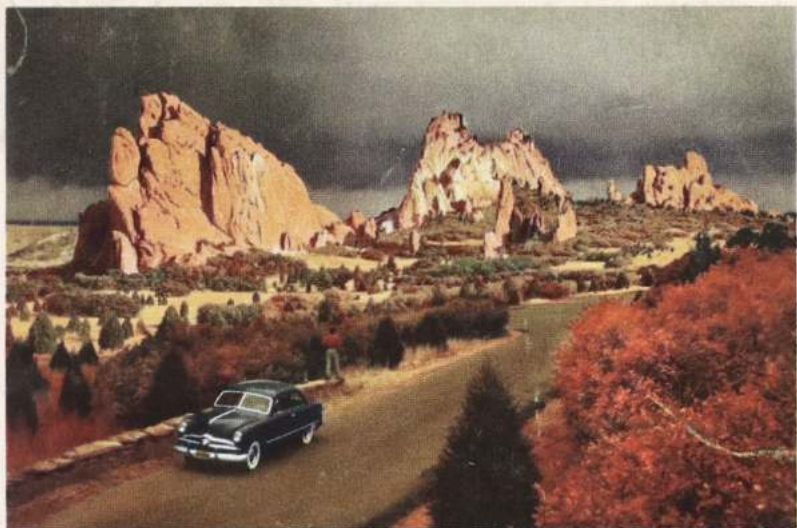




FORD TIMES



july 1949



*“Town of Silver Plume”
painting by Muriel Sibell Wolle*

THE GHOST TOWN’S personality is eerie. The visitor, as he stands on the splintered board sidewalk, is fascinated and filled with a sense of loneliness. Sagging doors, broken windows, and the rustling of grass in the deserted streets cast a strange spell. Twenty-two years ago, Muriel Sibell Wolle succumbed to the lure of Colorado ghost towns. Since then she has studied and sketched over 200 of them. In “Ghost Town Exploration,” page 2, she writes of her discoveries, and illustrates them—with equal authority. ■

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MURIEL SIBELL WOLLE, *Professor of Fine Arts and former department head at the University of Colorado, never heard of a ghost town until she went west in 1926. Since then she has spent most of her spare time exploring the Colorado mountains in search of old mining towns and their history. The 240 she found have provided her with sketch material and text for two booklets, Ghost Cities of Colorado (1933) and Cloud Cities of Colorado (1934), which are now collector's items. Her forthcoming book, Stampede to Timberline, deals with the mining camps, past and present, of the entire state, and includes maps for those tourists who may share her enthusiasm and who care to start a hunting expedition of their own.*

Ghost Town Exploration

by Muriel Sibell Wolle

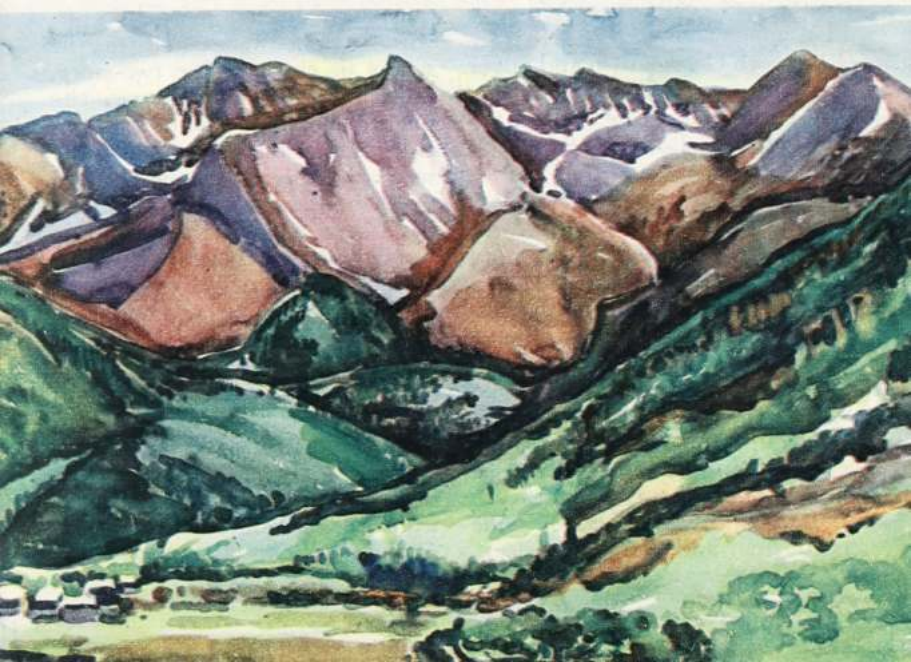
NEITHER trout fishing nor the urge to climb any of Colorado's 14,000-foot peaks has lured me into the little known and inaccessible parts of the mountains. But the search for ghost towns *has!* During the past 22 years I have made a hobby of hunting for the old mining camps of the state and sketching what is left of them. I have driven over impossible roads, visited the day's objective, and returned to some larger, 'live' place to spend the night in comparative comfort. I have visited

over 200 such places and have made over a thousand sketches of them.

Some of the mining camps are still large towns, which serve as headquarters from which exploring trips can be made. Central City, where performances are given each summer in the famous Opera House, has a population of a few hundred; but it was built for 6,000 and many of its houses and stores are empty.

Aspen is a booming town today, but twelve miles away is

Watercolors at right by the author. Above, St. Elmo, Colorado. Below, Ashcroft and Elk Mts., Colorado.



Ashcroft, where grass grows high in the main street. About ten miles from Crested Butte are Gothic and Irwin, deserted camps whose populations in the '80's exceeded 2,000 each, and both of which General Grant visited.

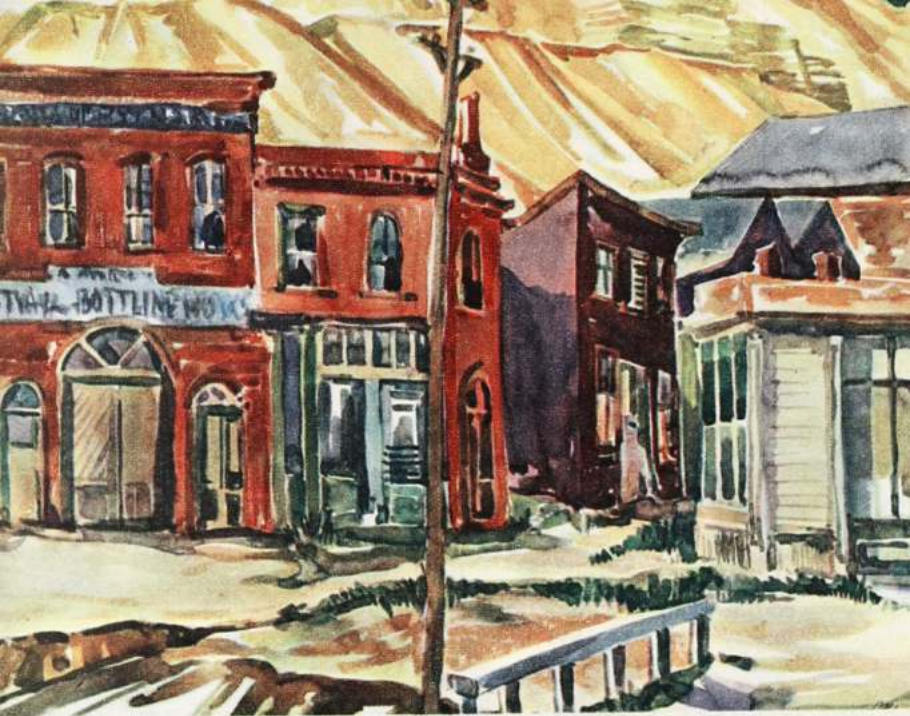
Georgetown is a pleasant town built in the '70's in a narrow valley, with shaded streets lined with Victorian houses. It has miraculously retained its early charm, even though U.S. 40 zooms by it. Turn off at its city limits and drive along its quiet streets to the Hotel de Paris, famous hostelry built by Louis Dupuy. Or look for its three fire-houses—the Alpine Hose No. 2, the Old Missouri and the Georgetown Hose, now the City Hall. Or visit the Clear Creek County Courthouse and ask to see the jury room, furnished with 12 rocking chairs.

Between Georgetown and Silver Plume, two miles away, the highway passes the site of the famous Georgetown Loop over which trains puffed until the 1930's, when the railroad ceased to run and the tracks were torn up.

Certain towns, like Fairplay and Central City, date from 1859 when the first mining boom sent prospectors to the hills. Leadville, Aspen and a host of others mushroomed in 1879. Cripple Creek, Victor, Creede and Telluride sprang up in the '90's. But regardless of their beginnings the years have treated them differently so that some are still active, some are dozing, and many are asleep.

The mountains are full of old towns, some utterly deserted and so tiny that a single broken-down cabin marks the site today, and others with main streets still lined with false-fronted stores. St. Elmo and Tin Cup are still alive, especially in summer when visitors fill their cottages and cabins. Such places can be reached by car over breathtaking roads like the one to St. Elmo, built on an abandoned railroad grade which clings high on the mountainside.

The empty camps are lonely places where winds rattle the corrugated rusty tin, and heavy snows crush in the roofs of even the sturdiest cabins. In those where buildings remain standing, it is easy to reconstruct the life of the place. The cabin with shelves must have been a store; the one with a cupola and a bell was the school or church. The two-story, false-fronted building was the boarding house or hotel and several other cabins were undoubtedly saloons. There may have been an opera house and there is sure to have been a dance hall. Rotting wooden sidewalks in front of stores are half hidden in weeds or waterlogged in a marsh. The stone powder house where dynamite was stored is a safe distance from the town. Each mine had its shaft house and if the property produced well, it also had a mill in which the ore was crushed or chemically treated to separate it from the worthless rock which surrounded it.



"Central City Rainbow"—watercolor by the author.

Many mines were above timberline, therefore many camps were built in the last stand of timber below the bare, rocky peaks. The ore was packed out on the backs of burros and mules, and the mountains are criss-crossed with faint old pack trails.

The old-timers who know the history and anecdotes of each place are dying off, but if you can find one, get him talking and he'll tell you tales like the one about

the Dead Man Claim: It was winter. Scotty had died, and the boys hired a man to dig a grave through ten feet of snow and six feet of hard ground. Meanwhile, Scotty was stuffed in a snowbank. Nothing was heard of the grave digger, and when the men went to look for him they found a note pinned to a tree: "Struck it rich at 4 feet below grass roots. Gone to town to record location. Will plant old pard in the morning." ■

See pages 6, 8, 10, 26 and 41 for short descriptions by Muriell Sibell Wolle of some of Colorado's ghost towns.

Rico is off the beaten track, surrounded by some of the most impressive scenery in Colorado. Reached by auto road from Ridgeway or Dolores, it is close to majestic Mt. Wilson. On the same highway is Ophir, whose famous "loop" with its hundred-foot-high trestle is still used by the Rio Grande Southern Railroad. The "Galloping Goose," a narrow-gauge passenger-and-baggage car, rattles by on a roadbed which parallels the highway.

There was no town where Rico stands until 1879. Less than a month after lead carbonates, rich in silver, were found on a nearby hill, Rico boasted 29 buildings, 7 saloons, 4 assay offices and a sawmill.

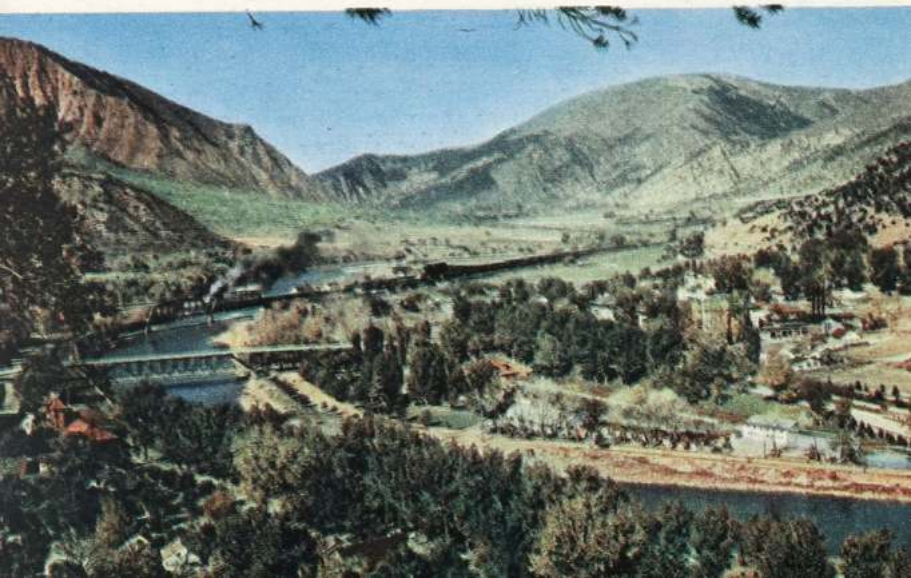
After 1880, when the Grand View Smelter began operations, the town grew, but it was still isolated from markets and everything had to come in by burro train. Flour was \$50 a sack, eggs \$3 a dozen, boots \$10 a pair and socks not to be had. The Enterprise Mine, located in 1887, was developed by a couple who put their last cent into it—including a \$5,000 lottery prize. In 1891 they sold it for \$1,250,000.

Glenwood Springs

Glenwood Springs by Josef Muench→

EARLY SETTLERS in Glenwood Springs took a tip from the Utes, who found relief from their ills by bathing in the hot mineral water that seeped into holes dug in the ground. Today's tourists can swim all year in the town's huge open-air swimming pool, fed by hot and cold sulphur springs.

The town offers many side trips. From Carbondale, 14 miles away, a drive along the Crystal River brings you to Redstone, a deserted company town whose recently-opened inn caters to tourists. A few miles farther is Marble, husk of a once-busy town from whose quarries stone was cut for the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Ashcroft has cabins accommodating fishermen in summer, skiers in winter. Aspen, once a big mining center, is now headquarters for winter sports, and in summer its ski tow carries visitors to the top of Aspen Mountain to enjoy the view. Beyond Aspen, on the highway over Independence Pass, are the roofless log shacks of Independence, a mining camp that once had a population of 2,000.



Ouray

photograph of Ouray by Josef Muench→

OURAY, set at the bottom of a bowl of Mountains, is a gateway city to the spectacular San Juan Mountains of southwestern Colorado. Southward from its limits the Million Dollar Highway—so named for the gold-bearing gravels with which it was unwittingly surfaced—sweeps into Uncompahgre Canyon, climbs over Red Mountain Pass and plunges down the far side into Silverton.

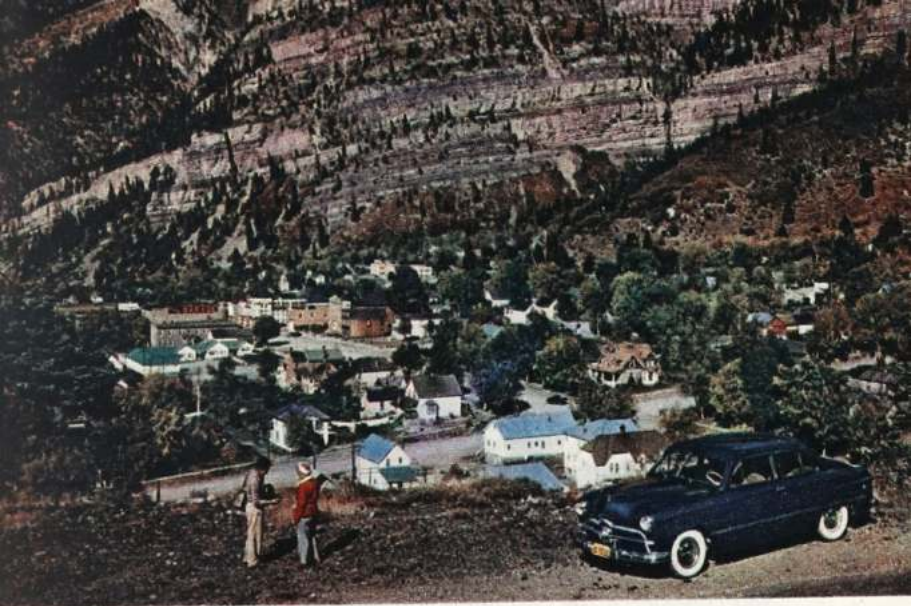
Named for Chief Ouray, a Ute who was friendly to white men, the town sprang up in 1875 as a silver camp. Modern tourists like it for its huge municipal hot springs swimming pool, trim shaded streets and superb scenery, and for its comfortable Beaumont Hotel, whose rambling, ornate architecture harks back to 1886 and the town's romantic past. Jeeps and saddle horses can be hired for trips into the high country—over Horse Thief Trail to Mineral Point, or up Poughkeepsie Gulch to the Micky Breen mine which is still working. Box Canyon and the famous Camp Bird Mine are both only a few miles from town by automobile.

Victor

photograph of Victor by Josef Muench→

A BOOMING gold camp of the '90's, Victor is now a city of mines, surrounded by ghosts of other mining camps. In 1891, when gold strikes in nearby Cripple Creek brought prospectors flocking to the district, miners quickly discovered that the best-producing properties were on the hills overlooking Victor, making the two camps rivals from the start. In boom days Victor's big mines were the Independence and the Portland, the Gold Coin and the Strong. Nearly as famous were the Hull City Placer and the Vindicator in the adjacent camps of Goldfield and Independence.

The six-mile stretch between Victor and Cripple Creek is studded with mines and old camp sites: Anaconda, Elkton, Mound City and Arequa. The High Line Road over Battle Mountain and Big Bull Hill passes close to the ghost towns of Cameron and Altman. In 1895 Gillette, not far away, staged one of the few genuine Spanish bull fights ever held within the United States.



Leadville

photograph of Leadville by Josef Muench→

FROM THE HILL where this picture was taken you can see "the richest view in the world." At the extreme right is California Gulch, scene of Leadville's earliest diggings, and behind the city the hills are riddled with mines—the Little Johnny, that made John Campion's fortune; the Matchless, that helped make H. A. W. Tabor's and over which his widow "Baby" Doe kept a lonely vigil until her death in 1935; and many others—on Johnny Hill, on Breece Hill, and up Stray Horse Gulch. In the distance stand the knife-like blades of the Mosquito Range over which early prospectors fought their way to the gold and silver fields.

Leadville, the "Camp of the Carbonates," perched 10,000 feet above sea level, was one of the sensational silver camps of 1879. Its population grew from a handful to as high as 60,000, and then dropped back to a few thousand. Its first and third booms were built on gold, while its second and fourth depended on lead, silver, zinc, manganese and molybdenum. For years its Opera House, built by H. A. W. Tabor, was considered the best one-night theatrical stand in America.

Tomboy Mine

photograph of Tomboy Mine by Josef Muench→

THE TOMBOY, one of Colorado's famous gold mines, is perched 3,000 feet above Telluride in Savage Basin. It was located in 1880 and paid from the beginning, but not until 1894 did it produce heavily or attract foreign capital. In 1897 it was reported sold to Rothschilds of London for \$2,000,000.

To reach its empty, weathered buildings a narrow ledge road climbs out of Telluride and crawls up the mountain past the Smuggler Mine until the town below looks like a toy village, dwarfed by towering peaks on all sides. The long bucket tram of the Smuggler-Union drops almost vertically to the great mill on the valley floor.

Years ago when the Tomboy was working at capacity, a daily stage carrying passengers and mail ran from Telluride to the little settlement which grew up around the mine buildings. There was even a school for miners' children. The mine was shut down in 1928 but in 1936 its lower levels were reopened and have been producing ever since. ■



Some of the friendliness and consideration of the schmoo is exhibited by the colorful little sea anemone (top and bottom right), several varieties of which are to be seen at the Seaside Aquarium. An example of the anemone's affability is found in his relationship with the lybia crab of the Indian Ocean. This crab has learned that the anemone is an invaluable tool in the constant struggle a submarine existence entails, and, consequently, is seldom found without one of the creatures clutched in one claw. Unselfishly, the anemone becomes camouflage when the crab needs a hiding place; it is a weapon when the crab drives its sharp spines into an enemy; and, at meal time, the crab dines on sea life impaled on its nettled sides. The anemone, meanwhile, carries on with its living—even when being brandished.

Seaside Aquarium

photographs and story by Ray Atkeson

MORE THAN 100,000 tourists a year stop at Seaside, Oregon, to gape at a weird collection of undersea life displayed in an aquarium operated by a local group. They see ferocious-looking wolf fish, octopuses, sharks, and the ravenous harbor seals that apparently never get enough to eat. Care, feeding, and replenishment of the specimens keep the operators busy much of the time. Tank aeration is one of the most important problems of operation, without which all of the specimens would die in from one to two hours. Providing enough food can also be a problem. Fresh fish, clams, and oysters make the best food, but are unobtainable during stormy or otherwise inclement periods. To combat this hazard, the aquarium keeps 12 tons of smelt, eight tons of salmon, and four tons of cod frozen as emergency rations. The exhibit is frequently enlarged by unsaleable specimens commercial fishermen find in their nets. ■



Paul Bunyan

versus

the Conveyer Belt

by William Hazlett Upson

illustrations by R. Osborn

ONE OF Paul Bunyan's most brilliant successes came about not because of brilliant thinking; but because of Paul's caution and carefulness. This was the famous affair of the conveyer belt.

Paul and his mechanic, Ford Fordsen, had started to work a uranium mine in Colorado. The ore was brought out on an endless belt which ran half a mile going into the mine and another half mile coming out—giving it a total length of one mile. It was four feet wide. It ran on a series of rollers, and was driven by a pulley mounted on the transmission of Paul's big blue truck "Babe." The manufacturers of the belt had made it all in one piece, without any splice or lacing, and they had put a half twist in the return part so that the wear would be the same on both sides.

After several months' operation, the mine gallery had become twice as long, but the amount of material coming out was less. Paul decided he needed a belt twice as long and half as wide. He told Ford Fordsen to take his chain saw and cut the belt in two lengthwise.

"That will give us two belts," said Ford Fordsen. "We'll have to cut them in two crosswise and splice them together. That means I'll have to go to town and buy the materials





for two splices.”

“No,” said Paul. “This belt has a half-twist—which makes it what is known in geometry as a Mobius strip.”

“What difference does that make?” asked Ford Fordsen.

“A Mobius strip,” said Paul Bunyan, “has only one side, and one edge, and if we cut it in two lengthwise, it will still be in one piece. We’ll have one belt twice as long and half as wide.”

“How can you cut something in two and have it still one piece?” asked Ford Fordsen.

Paul was modest. He was never opinionated. "Let's try this thing out," he said.

They went into Paul's office. Paul took a strip of gummed paper about two inches wide and a yard long. He laid it on his desk with the gummed side up. He lifted the two ends and brought them together in front of him with the gummed sides down. Then he turned one of the ends over, licked it, slid it under the other end, and stuck the two gummed sides together. He had made himself an endless paper belt with a half-twist in it just like the big belt on the conveyer.

"This," said Paul, "is a Mobius strip. It will perform just the way I said—I hope."

Paul took a pair of scissors, dug the point in the center of the paper and cut the paper strip in two lengthwise. And when he had finished—sure enough—he had one strip twice as long, half as wide, and with a double twist in it.

Ford Fordsen was convinced. He went out and started cutting the big belt in two. And, at this point, a man called Loud Mouth Johnson arrived to see how Paul's enterprise was coming along, and to offer any destructive criticism that might occur to him. Loud Mouth Johnson, being Public Blow-Hard Number One, found plenty to find fault with.

"If you cut that belt in two lengthwise you will end up with two belts, each the same length as the original belt, but only half as wide."

"No," said Ford Fordsen, "this is a very special belt known as a Mobius strip. If I cut it in two lengthwise I will end up with one belt twice as long and half as wide."

"Want to bet?" said Loud Mouth Johnson.

"Sure," said Ford Fordsen.

They bet a thousand dollars. And, of course, Ford Fordsen won. Loud Mouth Johnson was so astounded that he slunk off and stayed away for six months. When he finally came back he found Paul Bunyan just starting to cut the belt in two lengthwise for the second time.

"What's the idea?" asked Loud Mouth Johnson.

Paul Bunyan said, "The tunnel has progressed much farther, and the material coming out is not as bulky as it was. So I am lengthening the belt again and making it narrower."

"Where is Ford Fordsen?"

Paul Bunyan said, "I have sent him to town to get some materials to splice the belt. When I get through cutting it in two lengthwise I will have two belts of the same length but

only half the width of this one. So I will have to do some splicing."

Loud Mouth Johnson could hardly believe his ears. Here was a chance to get his thousand dollars back and show up Paul Bunyan as a boob besides. "Listen," said Loud Mouth Johnson, "when you get through you will have only one belt twice as long and half as wide."

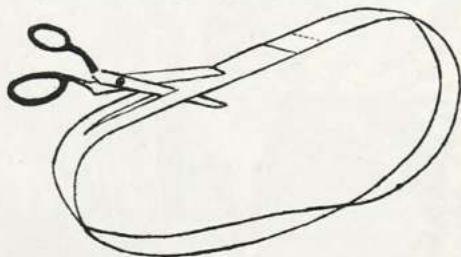
"Want to bet?"

"Sure."

So they bet a thousand dollars and, of course, Loud Mouth Johnson lost again. It wasn't so much that Paul Bunyan was brilliant. It was just that he was methodical. He had tried it out with that strip of gummed paper, and he knew that the second time you slice a Mobius strip you get two pieces—linked together like an old-fashioned watch chain. ■



***B**EFORE you look for the scissors to try out Paul's Mobius strip, here's a final word of instruction. Remember to give the strip of paper a half twist (see below) before pasting the ends together.*







MOUNTAINS OF THE EAST

1-The White Mountains

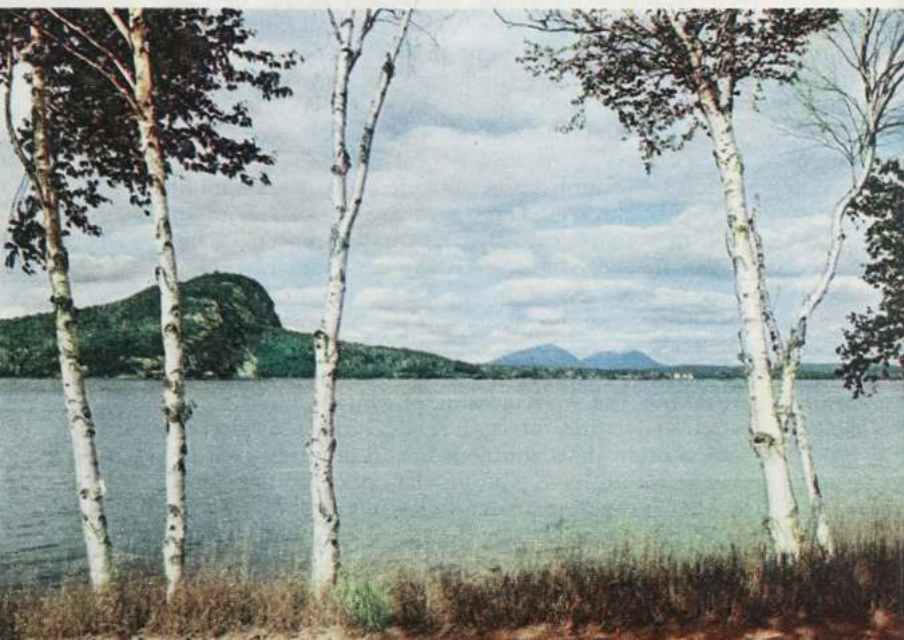
by Edmund Ware Smith

NEAR TIMBERLINE, on the Valley Way Trail up Mt. Madison, there's a magic spring. The spring forms in a shallow basin among the rocks. There's a fringe of clean, green moss, and the water is cold enough to make your teeth jump. But to me, the spring is magic not for its beauty or its water, but for two other reasons. It represents a jet assist, and a new point of view, and this is why:

From New Hampshire's White Mountain village of Randolph, on U. S. Highway 2, the Valley Way Trail leads to Madison Huts. The huts are built of stone, and are located above timberline. They are managed by the Appalachian Mountain Club, which is the pulse beat of the White Mountains, just as the Appalachian Trail is the spinal cord of the ranges.

When you visit Madison Huts, snuggled against the mountain's rugged, rock-jumbled cone, you are struck by an impressive reach of scenery, and by an equally impressive fact. Every pound of fuel in Madison Huts, every sack of cement, every foot of timber, every bunk, bedspring and blanket, and every shelf of provisions came up the Valley Way Trail on someone's back.

One of those backs is still mine. It was once dedicated to Madison Huts and the Appalachian Mountain Club for six dollars a week and found. It isn't really important that the base pay is now more than doubled. I, and all other past and present hutmen, would have paid for the opportunity of being one of the AMC's "young men of the mountains." At age twenty, it is a privilege to master the steep trails with a heavy



load, and at fifty a joy to remember it.

As caretakers and packers, we used to wonder why they called the Madison trail the Valley Way. Valleys are supposed to be level, but in the four miles from Randolph to Madison Huts the vertical climb is over 3,000 feet, and much of it socks you in the last mile.

Toting loads of 100 pounds or more, we made three stops. The last was the rock spring, near timberline. We knew we could make the huts from the spring. Ten minutes before, the goal seemed impossible. That is one reason why the spring is magic. The home stretch!

The other reason is harder to define. With our packs resting against the rocks, we looked out across the Snyder Brook gorge, far down to the green valleys of Randolph. From our vantage point, in those young days, we generated scorn for the poor souls who lived below.

A number of Harvard professors and their families resided during summer in Randolph, and we felt—as we stared down upon their habitat—a great pity for their lot. They were old men of thirty, or even thirty-five, presumably encumbered by slide rules and heavy books, and my trail mate and I spoke thusly:

“What do they get out of life?”

“Nothing—they just look at the view.”

“They don’t really know the mountains the way we do.”

“ ‘Course they don’t. We’re really *living!* Really feeling the rocks.”

Now, remembering the magic spring, there is a new perspective—that of the professors for whom we felt such sorrow. In 1946, one of them won the Nobel Prize. Another is now the president of Harvard University. My trail mate, whose name was Art Cate, treacherously became a professor of romance languages at Brown. Tommy Corcoran, most gleefully intolerant of all hutmen and packers, became one of the New Deal’s most uproarious liberals.

But the reason for mentioning the professors is that they knew what few young trail packers knew: that the mountain’s



rocks are next oldest to those of the Green Mountains; that they are glaciated, with granite intrusions, and show signs of volcanism; that with the tortions of the earth's crust, the mountains folded—upfolds, and downfolds; that the effects of erosion have been tremendous; that some peaks resisted the great ice sheet, while others were rounded and polished; that the boulders were glacial deposits, like the smaller spoon-shaped hills, called drumlins; that New England Mountains are a rich field for pegmatite, a coarsely crystallized rock, whose quick cooling in eons past produced crystals of garnet, beryl, mica, and the rare amblygonite; along with many others. The professors could have told us all this, and more, if we had paused to listen.

"Young man, that little plant upon which you just stepped is an arctic flora—Labrador tea."

You didn't know about this. You were too young, too busy feeling the rocks. You had trod fast across Monticello Lawn, calling it contemptuously a patch of old boulders, as you made a new time record on the Gulfside Trail from Mt. Madison to the summit of Washington. Or your spurning hobnails scratched the rocks on the trail through Alpine Garden, over near Tuckerman's Ravine. You missed the cinquefoils, bell flowers, mountain cranberry, lichens, and the fern haven by the snow patch on the side of Mt. Jefferson.

"Young man, there are about 72 alpine flowers hereabouts."

You are in the Presidential Range, the White Mountains' most famous series of peaks. The White Mountains in general are a series of ranges, extending north and south, and petering out as they run north, finally to end in Maine's magnificent, aloof, and towering Mt. Katahdin, said to be New England's finest single mountain.

Katahdin is the northernmost point of the Appalachian Trail. The mountain commands a vast wilderness of lakes, forests and rivers. It is notable for this, and for its striking contour, but Mt. Washington is higher—6,288 feet—the tallest mountain in the northeast, and the vortex of the worst weather in the world.



Mt. Chocorua and Swift River. Photograph by George French.

"Young man, do you know why the roofs of the buildings on the summit are chained down?"

The weather station on the summit of Washington annually records over 130 days when the wind velocity exceeds hurricane force, which means over 75 mph. Gusts of over 230 mph have been clocked, which answers the professor's question.

In the morning on the summit, you can count on being fogged in 180 times a year, or more. Most thrilling of all views is that when the fog is lifting, breaking, or receding, and the other peaks loom upon you, with the mists slinking fast across their scarred crags, and suddenly, below you, the green timber and the tiny farm patches roll forth to astonish you.

"Professor," says the young hutman, anxious to contribute something, "I came up the Glen Boulder Trail to the summit of Washington in an hour and seventeen minutes."

The professor is not visibly impressed by this splendid performance.

“Young man, did you have time to notice the timber? First you came through the broadleaf belt—the beeches, the maples, the birches. Then the evergreens, the firs and spruces. And by the way, did you know that many of our mountain’s balanced boulders, such as perhaps the Glen Boulder itself, got there by being pushed *uphill* by the glacier?”

The White Mountains are noted for their bare, rocky summits. Timberline is marked by the end of the spruces. They flatten out, low to the ground, with gnarled, tough branches.

All above-timberline trails are marked with cairns, little piles of small rocks and stones. In winter, these are often buried under snow. In summer they are plain except in dense fog.

For all their ruggedness, their great ravines such as King’s, Tuckerman’s and Huntington’s in the Presidential Range, and despite the murderous weather of Mt. Washington, the White Mountains are better developed, and more civilized, than any of their like. They are mostly under the aegis of the White Mountain National Forest, in collaboration with the Appalachian Mountain Club.

The AMC maintains several huts which, like Madison huts, and Lakes-of-the-Clouds offer bed, board and shelter at very reasonable rates. There are also many lean-to shelters where the hiker may spend the night and do his own cooking.

If you were to choose one man who is responsible for the accessibility and general opening-up of the White Mountains, it had better be Joseph Brooks Dodge, known to about 1,000,000 skiers, campers and hikers as Joe, or, more descriptively, Hizzoner, the Mayor of Porky Gulch.

Porky Gulch is Joe Dodge’s name for Pinkham Notch, where the AMC camps for skiers and mountain hikers are nationally famous. Joe is the Manager of all the AMC huts throughout all the White Mountains. He is the hutman who came twenty-five years ago, and stayed to make history in mountain rescues, pancakes for the hungry, and the weather and radio stations on the summit. Joe is a kind of walking description of the mountains themselves. Everyone loves and admires him. For he combines the knowledge of the professors with the feeling of rocks under his feet, and he adds to his mountain wisdom a brand of gusty language which is the equal of the highest rating on the summit’s hurricane recorders. ■



photograph by Josef Muench

Camp Bird Mine in Autumn —a one-picture story

THE FIVE-MILE DRIVE from Ouray to the famous Camp Bird gold mine is a thriller. Climbing all the way, the road is cut along the face of a steep and narrow canyon above a tumbling stream. The mine buildings are perched near the head of the canyon in the shadow of Mt. Sneffels.

Camp Bird was discovered by chance when Irish-born Thomas Walsh, who was looking for flux for his smelter in Silverton, found outcroppings which proved to be fabulously rich ore. Walsh immediately bought up claims all over the mountain and began developing Camp Bird Mine, one of the largest gold mines in the world. It made him a multimillionaire, and enabled his daughter, Evelyn Walsh McLean, years later, to purchase the famous Hope diamond. ■



Part-Time Pioneers

by Cal Craig

New York's well-marked and well-managed Adirondack area invites you to become a part-time pioneer, and encourages you to paddle your own canoe with safety in wild country.

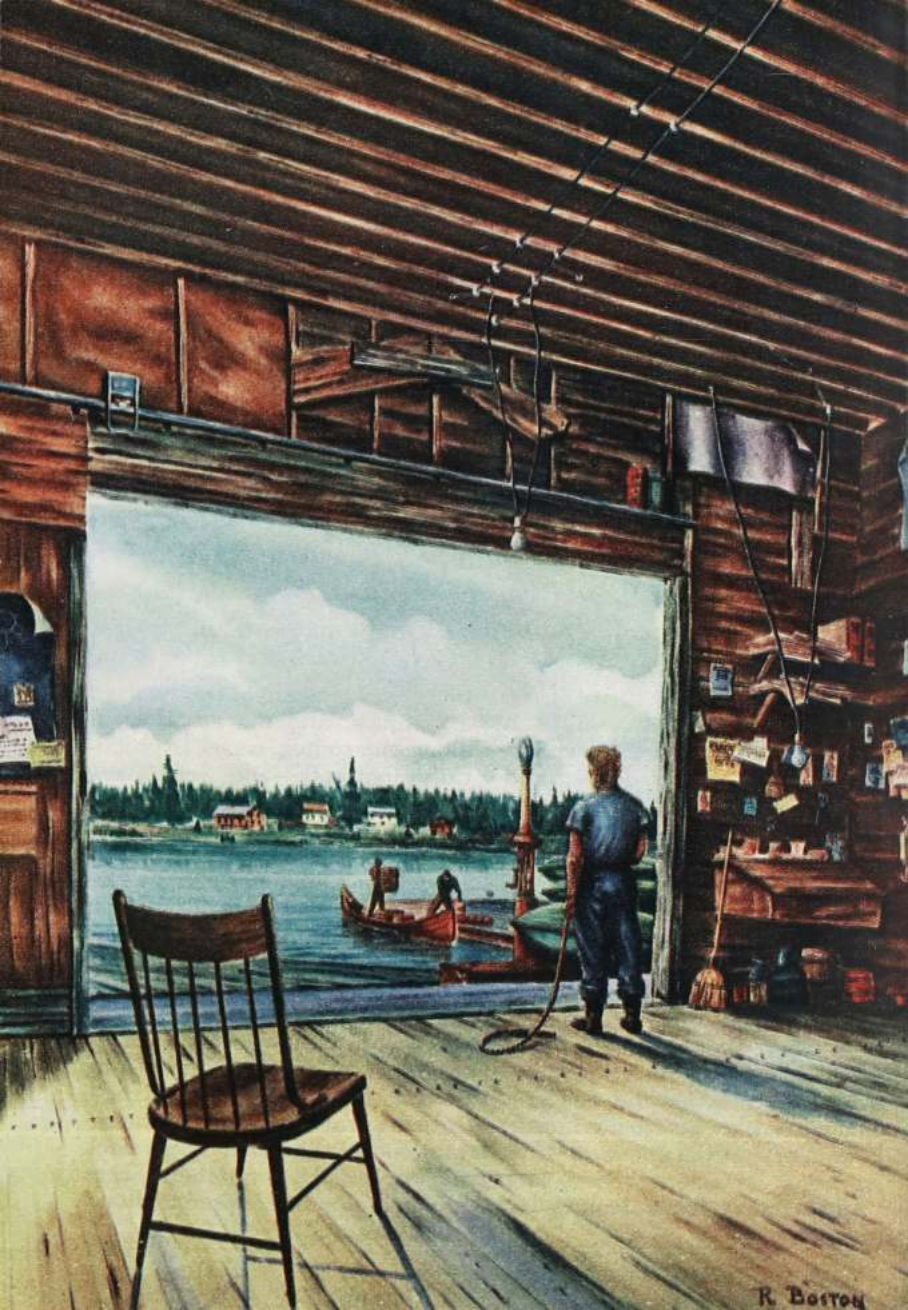
WITHIN a day's drive from New York City, you can launch a canoe in a true wilderness of lakes, rivers, forests and mountains — the Adirondack country of New York State. Here, along 200 miles of water routes, you'll find only a half dozen scattered villages. But you don't have to be a Daniel Boone to find your way. Hundreds of part-time pioneers visit this big country each year. They come out safely, right where they intended.

The safety of this 4,000,000 acre wilderness for the first-time canoeman may be credited to the New York Department of Conservation. Its famous little booklet, "Adirondack Canoe Routes," is

free. With the help of this booklet, a compass, and the ample signs along the routes, travel is practically foolproof—and very, very beautiful.

A good place to launch your canoe is from John Rivetts' Boat Livery, at Old Forge, N. Y. Old Forge is 50 miles north of Utica on Route 365, at the head of the Fulton Chain Lakes. The Fulton Chain leads to more lakes, the Raquette River, and still more lakes within easy portage.

But let's say you have long dreamed about penetrating these enticing waterways in the mountain country, but have held back for one reason or another. There are certain natural apprehensions.



R. Boston

These are herewith examined, explained, and—it is hoped—dispelled.

(1) *I don't own a canoe.* Most people don't. But you can hire one for \$1.50 to \$2 a day at any of the lake-front villages, and leave your car at the boat livery until you return. Canoes may be expressed back to starting point.

(2) *I'm not a very good canoeist.* Practically all routes are through quiet waters, and there are always warnings to help keep you out of trouble. If you can't swim well, stay off the bigger lakes on windy afternoons. You can camp anywhere if there's rough water ahead. The next morning you'll invariably find the lakes glassy-still.

(3) *I never could carry a canoe.* A canoe 15 feet long weighs about 50 pounds and is equipped with a padded carrying yoke which rests on the shoulders. With the help of your companion, you turn the craft over, lift the bow high while the stern rests on the ground, step under, let the yoke down on your shoulders, and walk. There's no hurry; the next lake will be waiting when you get there.

(4) *I might get lost.* With the Conservation Department booklet and a compass, and with signs marking every portage, getting lost is all but impossible. The pamphlet cites simple directions, like "North" or "Northeast," and

describes outstanding landmarks.

(5) *I'd be afraid of wild animals.* There's no reason for worry. The bear, deer, fox or chipmunk will see you first and avoid you.

So much for your reasons why you can't make such a trip.

Supposing you decide to go, here are a few simple rules that make your trip easier.

Make up a neat pack. But don't remember several more items and decide you'll "just carry them along." Hand bundles make heavy work.

Make it compact. Everything that one person is to carry should be easy to pick up in one grab, in one hand. Bed, shelter, food, water and miscellaneous gear should be packed into a duffle bag and the bag lashed on a packrack, a device that makes 50 pounds seem lighter than a grocery basket.

Lay out your trip on the map. If it's a mixed party figure on around 10 miles a day. Decide when you'll reach the next village, and arrange to run *almost* out of food just before you get there. You'll carry minimum weight, but you'll always have a spare meal or two if you're delayed.

Don't buy out the store's supply of canned goods. Fresh meat, eggs and other perishables will last long enough for three meals, after leaving town. Cans

are heavy, but there are numerous dehydrated vegetables on the market.

The later you travel the wilderness, the fewer bugs you'll meet.

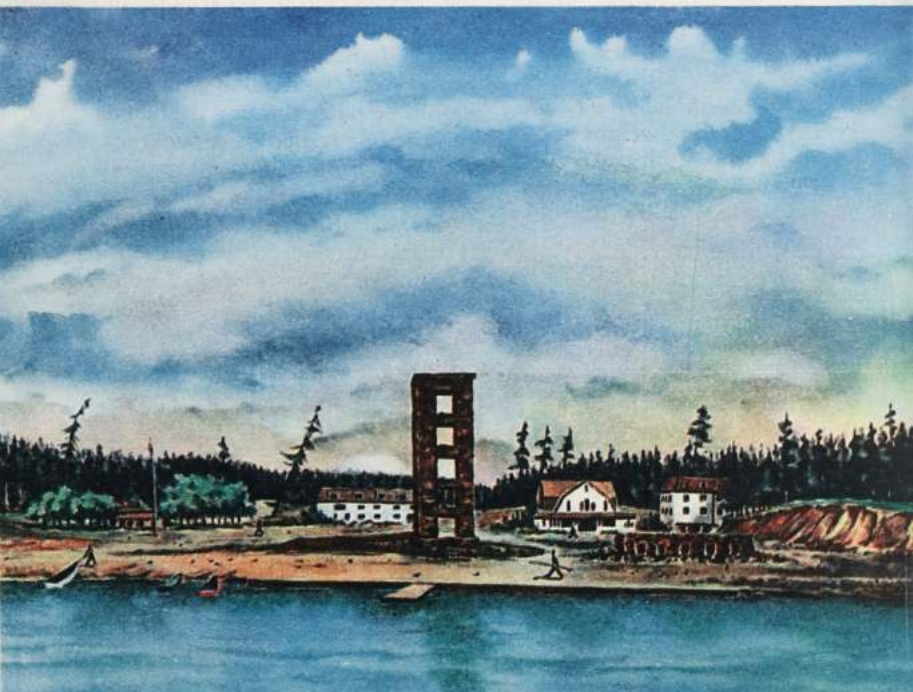
By mid-July, the really rough characters of the insect world are gone, but there are still enough around to justify a bottle of bug-dope in the pocket of each member of the party. The Department sprays the area during June. But for insurance, camp on windswept points and you won't even need a canopy.

Unless you're pretty husky, you won't get your canoe and all your duffel across a portage in

one trip. Just let the excess lie and come back for it. It will be there; thieves don't seem to travel in the woods.

The reward for this Adirondacks canoe vacation is a feeling of adventure and satisfaction you'll get nowhere else. You come back feeling tanned, fit and tough. You may even fancy yourself a bit of a woodsman. And that's exactly the way the folks who wrote the handbook and put up the signs want you to feel. Write the New York Department of Conservation, Albany, New York, for a copy of Adirondack Canoe Routes. ■

Paul Smith's, N. Y. Painting by Robert Boston.





"A ticket? A ticket to what?"



My Favorite Town— **Enterprise, Oregon**

by Richard L. Neuberger

paintings of Enterprise by Alfred Dunn

THE ALPS are 7,000 miles away, but they could have been the models for the frowning mountains so close to Main Street in Enterprise, Oregon, that one of the high school's long-armed basketball stars might reach out and touch a snowy summit. Distance does not dilute the presence of the mountains in this Arcadian trading center near Oregon's northeast corner. Mountains are as much a part of the community as the wide bridges over Prairie Creek or the old box-shaped hotels where all rooms have the same key and no one locks his door, anyway.

The traveler on State Highway 82 drives through the twisting slot tooled by the Wallowa River, and Enterprise suddenly is framed in the windshield. Over the cowl the wayfarer sees a compact collection of church steeples, bungalows and squat two-story business buildings tucked in an elbow of crags.

This embrace of municipality and granite range is an affectionate one; the tight lasso of timberline seems only a snowball's throw beyond the musty courthouse with its recessed windows and piano-crate contours. Two thousand people live in Enterprise, but the dwarfing proximity of the mountains makes it appear little more than an upland village. What edifice of brick and mortar could be a match for Ruby Peak or Traverse Ridge?

People do not even turn around for a second look at a hulking blond young man, 6 feet 5 inches tall and constructed proportionately, who trudges into the First National Bank with a pair of black-and-tan hounds in leash. He is Allan Wilson, who hunts alone for cougars on the rim rock of the nearby Snake River Canyon, deepest in the nation. Once Allan



bagged five during an afternoon and banked \$300 in bounty money; for *felis concolor*, America's biggest cat, is a menace not only to Enterprise's calves and horses, but also to their foraging wild brethren such as elk and mule deer, on the other side of the valley's neat fences.

Allan Wilson is just another citizen performing a workaday job. What matters if the task takes him along chasm thresholds where the Eiffel Tower might be lost in the dim depths below? Nor did Enterprise residents ever waste curiosity on a rosy-cheeked girl working in the sheriff's office, who walked barefooted on an apron of ice down to the congealing waters of Wallowa Lake in December and splashed in to keep her backstroke from rusting. This was commonplace to Enterprise, although the *Portland Oregonian*, 350 miles away, put it on the front page when an excited tourist described the girl's feat.

Enterprise is off the principal thoroughfares of the Northwest. One always must specially plan an itinerary to enjoy its pastoral atmosphere. Incongruously enough, this distance of the region's culture from mid-channel makes Enterprise impervious to pomp and power, just as contiguity makes it indifferent to the solitudes. Opposite extremes produce the same reaction.

That rangy man with sandy hair, clad in Levis and mackinaw, hunched over a bowl of soup in the dining room of the stone-built Enterprise Hotel, is Justice Bill Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court. From the cabin of tamarack logs which he put together himself, Douglas has used the Forest Service phone line, strung from the lodgepole pines in Lostine

Canyon, to decline invitations from two Presidents of the United States to be their running mate on victorious tickets. Yet the local *Chieftain* gave the episode a whole lot less attention than did the *Times* or *Herald-Tribune*, on the other side of the continent in New York City.







Some Western towns on the fringe of the backwoods are robust and boisterous. They express their individuality in rodeos and stampedes. Although Ranger Grady Miller, a hawk-nosed man who was brought up in Enterprise and lives in a frame house near the library, manages what the Chief

Forester at Washington calls "the most rugged ranger district in the U. S. A.," the community is staid and placid. Its new \$230,000 hospital will not have to be guarded by "Quiet" signs.

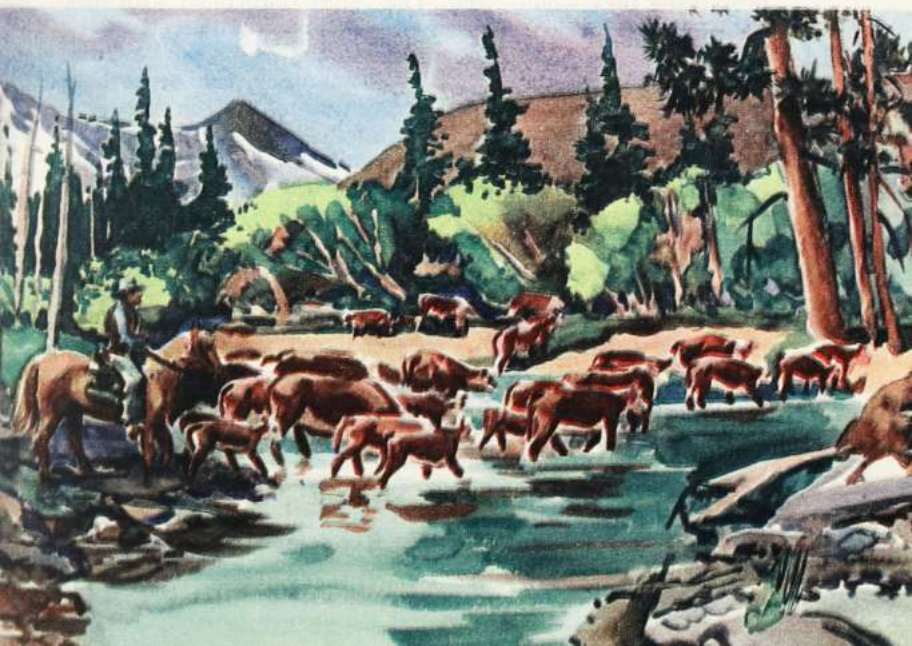
On the narrow fields between the last row of Enterprise's homes and garages and the first tilt of the mountains, dairy herds graze in an alpine setting. Up an occasional draw can be seen Eagle Cap, granite capital of the Wallowa Range, where a dozen rivers rise like spokes from the hub of a wheel. These rivers enrich the valley. Grass flourishes in the spring until it tickles a Holstein's belly. Pastures present a sylvan picture against the dark grandeur of the peaks. Ponderosa pines, with orange-colored bark seamed like alligator hide, grow along the dirt roads which lead to the county seat.

The county seat is Enterprise, and it reflects both economically and spiritually this tranquil farming vista. Last year the town shipped \$2,800,000 worth of cattle, \$1,344,000 worth of hogs and \$1,250,000 in dairy products. The Mt. Emily Sawmill hires 90 men, but 60 of them are logging in the woods, so agriculture remains the dominant influence on Enterprise. People study the grain and cattle market before they peer at the dates set for the fishing season.

The outdoor life is accepted with matter-of-fact acknowledgement in Enterprise. Most

boys have drawn a bead on an elk by the time they are old enough to take their Tenderfoot tests for the Scouts. Allan Wilson's son Kimmy shot his first cougar when he was 9. It is the breach rather than the observance of this code which draws attention. The *Chieftain* has





been crusading against visiting hunters who use planes to spot the quarry. What chance does this give the poor critter of antler and hoof?

Walter Brennan and Eugene Pallette, movie actors with nearby ranches, shop on Main Street and are accepted as casually as Justice Douglas. This is probably because all these celebrities can throw a diamond-hitch, wrestle a yearling and ride a rim-rock trail. They thus acquire protective coloration. In Enterprise they would be conspicuous only if they could not accomplish these deeds. Ability to weave a diamond-hitch on a pack horse is as essential to locomotion outside Enterprise as a driver's license is to travel on the highways.

Enterprise is in a calendar-art setting. The town of steeples and poplar trees, the cows in their carpet of green, the tassels of pine, the majestic ridge of the Wallowa Range—this makes more than one venerable nomad nostalgic for the illustrations in the *Heidi* book he read long ago. "Switzerland must be like this," is a common reaction of tourists who leave the well-worn Oregon Trail for State Highway 82.

The reaction is not new. It was that of men who wandered into the Wallows before the internal-combustion engine revolutionized American life. The pioneers saw before them everything they would need. The valley burgeoned with fish, game, timber, water and rich alluvial soil. Nez Perce Indians had been promised they could live in the region for "as long as the sun shall set in the sky," but now they were ordered to move on. The Stone Age had to give way to the Iron Age.

Under Chief Joseph, the Indians fought for their homeland. At White Bird Hill, east of where Enterprise now dots the valley, more soldiers died than on any day during the Indian wars except when Custer fell. But the Nez Perce were outnumbered. Joseph led them on a meandering 1,000-mile retreat to Yellowstone Park and then north toward Canada. The 2nd Cavalry cut them off and, surrounded by stacks of his dead, Joseph at last surrendered.

"I am tired of fighting," he told General Miles. "Our children are freezing to death. From where the sun now stands, Joseph will fight no more forever."

From this somber beginning, in 1877, stemmed the prosperous hinterland economy which now centers in Enterprise. The town was incorporated nine years later. Shortly after the turn of the century, the highway and a branch-line railroad were thrust up the Grande Ronde and Wallowa Rivers



from La Grande. Tucked away behind its ranges, Enterprise has been a thriving but remote community ever since.

People who see Enterprise lose their heart to a scene which is at once uniquely alpine and rural, and combines the best features of each. Two or three Enterprise professional men actually got there by going through *Dun & Bradstreet* to find the strongest financial settlement west of the Rockies, within 30 minutes of good hunting and fishing. From widely-scattered points, all of them eventually arrived at Enterprise.

Because of their own fierce sense of loyalty to the town, Enterprise's people think they know how the Nez Perce must have felt long ago when ordered to abandon their encampment in the alder trees along Prairie Creek. It is too late now to make amends, but the majestic beetling summit which is closest to town of all the Wallowas bears an honored name. It is Chief Joseph Mountain. The choice was unanimous in Enterprise, where more than one generation has looked up at the snowy crown in salute to a warrior of another time and race who loved the little vest-pocket valley enough to pledge his life for it. ■

Glove Compartment

(Where you always find a little of everything except gloves)

SLEEP AT ANY PRICE



A driver named Ernest Ellis was loading a table onto a van. The drawer slid from the table. An envelope containing \$7,000 fell from the drawer. Driver Ellis casually returned it to the owner of the furniture he was moving.

"Did you regret returning all that money?" someone asked.

"No," replied Ellis. "With only the reward on my mind, I can sleep tonight."

★ ★ ★

SERVICE NOTES



In many small garages, the service men identify cars by the names of their owners. When repairs are needed, or special services required—other than storage—this practice leads to some interesting notes in the day book of orders. To wit:

Mrs. Ellis won't start.

Give Miss Jackson some alcohol. Two quarts ought to hold her.

Something wrong with old man Pitt's wiring.

Mrs. Wyndham's fenders bumped. Not responsible.

Wash Miss Jenkins.

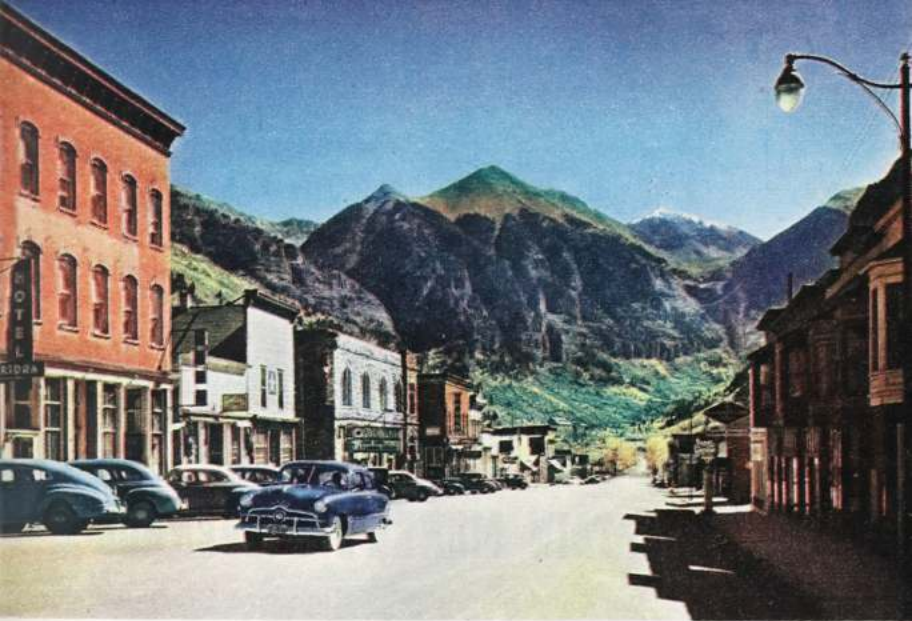
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WHO AM I?

Associate Editor Ed Smith, of the *TIMES*, reports several instances of losing his identity while touring from Kingsland, Ga., to Detroit recently. He says he kept turning up in places he had never been before. In Tennessee, Ed Smith was a Trucking Service. In Kentucky, a bakery bore his name. A roadside diner in North Carolina carried the sign: Ed Smith—EATS.

Back in Detroit, our *TIMES* man researched himself in the local telephone book, where he appeared 86 times, not counting 15 Ediths and Ednas. Said Ed Smith, defiantly: "Anyway, my room mate in college was named Jones!" Office skeptics checked the point, found ex-room mate Robert H. Jones, owner of the Golden Lamb Inn, Lebanon, Ohio. ■





photograph by Josef Muench

Telluride—a one-picture story

BY AIRLINE Telluride is only five miles from the Camp Bird Mine near Ouray, but unless you climb a forgotten trail, reaching an altitude of 11,000 feet, to cross the divide, you must drive at least 50 miles to reach it. From Ridgway the road twists for nearly 40 miles to avoid crossing the barrier of the Uncompahgres. It passes through Placerville, Fall Creek, Saw Pit and Vanadium—tiny mining camps whose booms were brief—and enters Telluride's main street. On every mountainside are thin zig-zag trails leading up to mines and shafthouses. Telluride, named for its tellurium deposits, was one of the great gold camps of the '90's, when its big mines—the Liberty Bell, the Black Bear, the Smuggler and the Tomboy—were producing a steady stream of gold. Today Telluride's most numerous "prospectors" are the tourists who explore old mine roads, wander through empty mills and hopefully handle specimens of ore left on the window ledges of long-empty mine offices. ■



CAPTAIN MENKE'S GOLDENROD

story and paintings by Katherine Grace

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are prone to take our quaint institutions for granted until they show signs of passing from the scene; then we clasp them fondly and talk of how they bring back "the good old days." Witness the cigar store Indian, the Chautauqua, the medicine show. To this nostalgic group must be added the scrimshawed showboat which once plied inland waterways in great numbers. Today in St. Louis the showboat is making what might be called a last stand, in the form of Captain Menke's Goldenrod, which has been going strong for years. The FORD TIMES sent Chicago artist, Katherine Grace, to visit the Goldenrod, the assignment being to recapture some of the old showboat color. She was also asked to take "plenty of notes." Miss Grace met the showboat folks, saw their performances, and sent back the accompanying paintings. Her "notes" turned out to be a good story about showboats and appear in their entirety below.*

FOR THE PAST 14 years Captain Menke's *Goldenrod* has been anchored off the foot of Locust Street in St. Louis. For 14 years the good old "drammers" have tickled the crowds that come nightly to laugh at the stilted mannerisms and quaint posturings of the actors as the hero declaims the value of pure honesty and the heroine's small sweet voice sturdily





defends her unsullied honor from a fate worse than death. And for 14 years villain and hero alike have played their roles "straight"—with cheers, hisses and peanuts the order of the evening.

Oddly enough, short and unexpected silences greet the protagonist's moving speeches as he states the ancient cause of justice and right. However, wolf crys and catcalls break the tension before the secretly sentimental break publicly into tears.

The humorists in the audience heckle the players with witticisms that bring quick retorts from the stage, to the howling delight of all concerned. Sometimes the wisecracks are so sharp, and the spontaneous exchange of repartee so agile, that E. S. Fletcher, actor-stage-manager, steps to the footlights and gravely compliments the crowd on its performance.

The old-timers will tell you that at one time the cry, "Here comes the Showboat!" meant something different: a brass band's shrill excitement, a thousand pleasure-starved people converging on some small lonely wharf, drawn by the magic of a flat-bottomed opera house rocking gently at the landing. The plays were complicated and full-bodied: "Lena Rivers," "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," "St. Elmo," "The Convict's Daughter," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They were filled with passionate but highly moral love (this was whole-family entertainment), with





Portrait of the Goldenrod by Katherine Grace.

ripe homespun humor and with grim tragedy neatly averted.

The audience believed implicitly in the drama unfolding on the tiny stage. Once it was aroused to such a pitch of indignation by the villain's evil intentions toward the wide-eyed heroine that the more righteous customers rioted. The actor's co-workers barely succeeded in rescuing him from the earnest protectors of American womanhood, intent on doing their duty as they saw it, even over the footlights.

Captain Menke comes from a family of four brothers and a sister, all of whom have been showboat people. He has had a number of floating palaces, remarkable in their day for luxury and modernity. One was the first to be electrically lighted. Another, the *Hippodrome*, was the first and *only* one to go to sea. It was in 1914 and the boat was being drawn





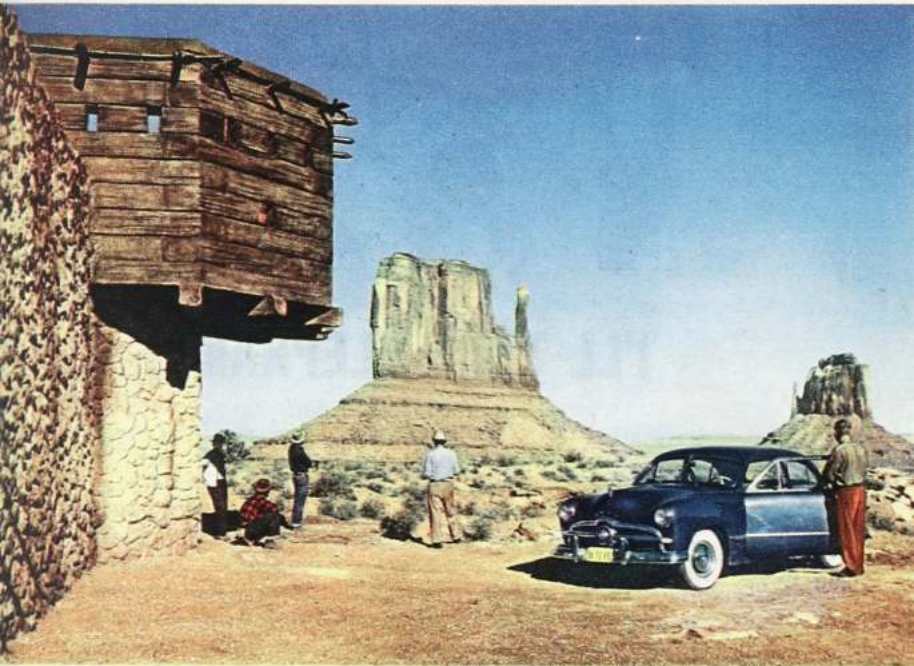
through Lake Ponchartrain and the Mississippi Sound to Mobile Bay. At Pascagoula a gale held it storm-bound for 20 hours. For 20 hours it wallowed in mid-channel, 30 miles from shore, a gaily decorated bauble on an angry tide. "Never knew actors could pray like that," the Captain chuckles as he recalls how the troupe knelt on the stage, pleading with heaven. Even the drammers of that era seldom provided such a vehicle for all-out histrionics

as that thrust on the frightened little band in the tossing boat.

Today, after 40 years of river shows, the colorful captain sits and reminisces in the little office on the boat. Its walls are covered with theatrical pictures ranging from a faded chromo of Edwin A. Price, one of the real founders of show-boating, to an autographed portrait of Walter Huston. Gertrude Lawrence's picture hangs along with that of a prim heroine, 1910 vintage. A framed telegram from Edna Ferber is displayed beside the sad loveliness of Helen Morgan. A snapshot of John Kane, the Pittsburgh artist, making a sketch of the *Goldenrod*, elbows a group picture of an early troupe in bustles and boaters.

The *Goldenrod* is, and will be for years to come, a living reminder of the players and rivermen who created the floating playhouses for an entertainment-hungry Midwest of the last century. ■





photograph by Joseph Muench

The Mittens—a one-picture story

BEFORE 1921 only one automobile was known to have passed through the desert country that includes Monument Valley, in southeastern Utah and northeastern Arizona. Since then the valley has become increasingly popular as a tourist attraction, although it's somewhat out of the way for the average two-weeks-off-with-pay traveler. But thousands have thrilled to it vicariously, for the movies, *My Darling Clementine*, *Kit Carson* and *Stagecoach* were filmed here. "The Mittens" formations in Utah, between Goulding's Trading Post and the Arizona line, on State 47, are characteristic of its topography: red sandstone buttes rising abruptly to a height of 1200 feet above the flat valley floor. The buildings at left are typical of the stage sets used by movie companies. ■



I'LL TAKE ELEPHANTS

by Edison Marshall

decorations by John Davenport

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It may seem odd that the TIMES publishes herewith an article which convincingly places elephants above autos as a means of getting around. However, this is not the first time that Edison Marshall's writing has beguiled editorial policy, and broken precedent. He once sold a story on big game hunting to Good Housekeeping!*

THE PRODUCTION of elephants, unlike that of automobiles, has never been mechanized. It still takes two years to make an elephant, and I suspect it always will. This is not the reason I prefer elephants to autos. It is just an observation. My preference will be explained and documented later in this article.

While the horse was the foremost projector of man's strength—his original Seven League Boots—other animals widened his range and served his restless spirit, in various parts of the world.

Thousands of years before the first piston-thrust turned a wheel, man had tamed and used for transport dogs, goats, oxen, asses, horses, camels, alpacas, buffalo, Scandanavian elk (we call 'em moose), reindeer (we call 'em caribou), yaks—and elephants.

Of these 12 animals, I have ridden on or behind only eight. I have no personal knowledge of the fine points of thoroughbred alpacas, reindeer, yaks, and—to my great regret—elk. In

fact, it may well be that the early-day, assembly-line elk shaded the elephant for best midship ride and road performance. For, about two centuries ago, a law was passed forbidding the raising of elk because, "Criminals, having used these animals as a means of escape from punishment, cannot be caught or overtaken." There is a record of the distance once covered by an elk rider in 24 hours—an astounding 240 miles!

There may also be buffalo lovers, as there are horse lovers. I am not among their number. But I *am* a member of the elephant set. I became one after three four-month expeditions into the jungles of India and Burma. Others can have their alpacas and yaks, their sled dogs and oxen. But when it comes to the super-perfect, midship ride in tiger country, give me an elephant!

The usual circus elephants, called Dwasala, are good-sized and fairly intelligent. But they are middle class. The real aristocrats among elephants—the chauffeur-driven, custom convertibles, with white-walled tires and overdrive—are called Kumeria. The Kumeria are so snooty they will rarely marry outside their class. When you ride a Kumeria elephant, you are really traveling.

A full grown Kumeria stands nine feet tall. They can be trained for shikar (hunting)—bird-doglike, they will point a tiger in a thicket, and, if the beast charges, slap him down. It is doubtful if these talents can be built into any auto, except possibly as radar and the guided missile develop.

The Kumeria also makes his own road simply by mashing down ten-foot jungle grass, or underbrush that gets in his way. This results in no fender dents or headlight damage,



and the Kumeria's differential is too far off the ground to impede progress. The Kumeria's axles are likewise high.

The view from elephant-back is the finest in all transportation. The no-glass windshield gives you full, 360-degree vision. You can see up, too. Of course you can see farther from an airplane, but there's no close-up detail. You might do a little better on vision from a parachute, but the parachute is a means of descent, not travel.

The elephant has other features on all standard models. These features are seldom found in autos. For instance, the pad on which you ride—only ostentatious rajahs use howdahs—permits you to loll about at will, and drive no hands. You can even go to sleep, after you get accustomed to the one-two-three jerk of the rhythmic pace. If you drop your cigarettes, just tell the mahout, and he will tell the elephant. Thereupon the giant Kumeria wheels with great dignity, picks up the pack, and hands it to you. Hence, in a single elephant, you have a pickup, a station wagon, a big boy, a convertible with top down, and—technically—overdrive. Cruising speed is only about six mph. (But what car has a flexible trunk?)

Autos, incidentally, so far have but one sex—elephants, two. A female elephant, unlike any other vehicle of my acquaint-

Author Marshall, center, takes delivery on his new Ford. Mrs. Marshall appears at left.





ance, will fall into your mood. When you are in good cheer, she will step blithely along, swinging trunk and tail, and gurgling like a pleased infant. When you are sad, her ears and trunk dangle dejectedly, and she sags fore and aft. This is the reverse of autos. You fall into *their* mood. When your car feels sad, due to a missing plug or a deflated tire, you, too, feel dejected—and possibly may even sag, as above.

On at least two occasions, an elephant has saved me from serious danger. Once a big male Kumeria bluffed out a wild bull elephant with whom we almost collided on a bend in a steep-walled watercourse. I was not in position to kill the bull with one shot, and if he had attacked us I would have been knocked off the pad and trampled or dismembered. Again, in similar terrain, a small male elephant stood like a rock while I aimed at and killed a crouching tiger on the bank level with me, and not ten feet away. In that hair-raising second, the merest movement of my elephant might have undone us, as the saying goes.

Of course it is true that in the same emergencies, my car would afford protection, or rapid means of escape. But my car will not take me where an elephant will. However, I am constrained to admit, it is a great pleasure to get into my car and drive to the circus to see the elephants! And it seems, moreover, that man's love of travel and need of transport have brought about not only the improvement of the elephant, but the perfection of that most widely successful of all space-masters, the modern automobile! ■



A research worker weighs a sparrow hawk as part of a study on predatory birds. Fluctuation in weight will be a key to the amount of wildlife the bird preys on. Below, a mule deer fawn rests in the foliage, protected from its enemies by coloration that blends with its surroundings.

Wildlife in the Rough

by Tom McHugh

A MOTORIST from Massachusetts, dreaming of Beacon Hill, ancestors, and cod, for the moment forgot that he was driving in Wyoming. His return to reality was conditioned by the abrupt appearance of a herd of 70 elk.

"Home," he said, applying his brakes, "was never like this."

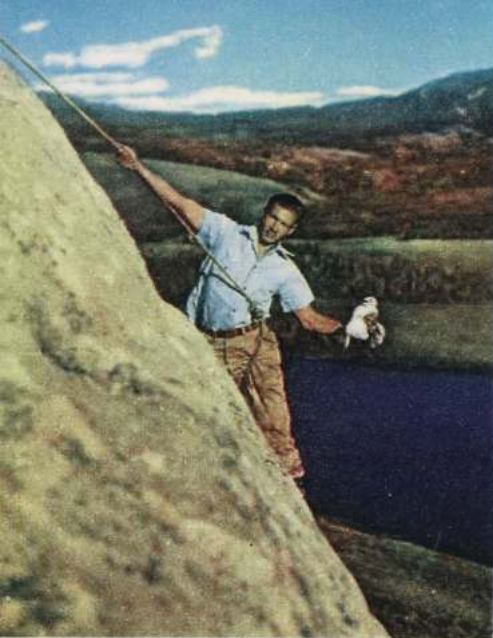
He was of course referring to his own home. For the home of the elk herd had always been 'like this'—exactly like it, which is one of the chief features of Wyoming's Jackson Hole Wildlife Park.

Jackson Hole is a great natural bowl of lush forest and meadowland, surrounded by mountains, of which the Tetons are most famous. The park itself embraces 1,500 acres. Four hundred of these acres are surrounded by a fence, cunningly placed behind small hills, or running through densely wooded areas, so that it remains almost completely invisible. It is

this naturalistic area which has been stocked with 125 large game animals, including buffalo, mule deer, whitetail deer, moose and elk. Geese, ducks, sage hens and grouse live on the swamps and meadows, and the clear lakes are stocked with trout.

Passing directly through this region of the natural zoo, U.S. Highway 287 provides ready access to the big game. For a still closer look, the motorist can drive through more of the park through a secondary road, and may even find himself in the midst of a herd of buffalo!

No animal in the park creates more interest than the buffalo. Perhaps it is because the story of this animal is so closely interwoven with the settlement of America. As near as naturalists and historians can figure, there must have been at least 70,000,000—civilized man has never seen a



Dr. Robert Rausch, University of Wisconsin, utilizes rock climbing to further his studies of prairie falcons. He holds a young one in his hand. Below is a general view of Jackson Hole Wildlife Park, with the Tetons in the distance.



greater aggregation of animals anywhere on the earth.

Most of these millions of buffalo were squandered. Indian-fighting strategy on the northern Great Plains required killing of the bison to deprive Indians of food. Multitudes were shot and never touched. Finally, in the United States only one wild band survived—about twenty animals in Yellowstone Park. The remainder of the surviving buffalo were kept captive in zoos and on ranches. The herd exhibited in the Wildlife Park are descendants of the original surviving wild band in Yellowstone Park, a band which now numbers over 1,100 individuals.

Elk are inseparably identified with Jackson Hole. The total herd in this valley numbers 15,000 and is reputed to be the world's largest. One of the outstanding natural phenomena in wildlife is the southward migration each fall of thousands of these creatures to the Federal Elk Refuge near the town of Jackson, Wyoming.

The old reliable of the region is the moose, the largest-antlered animal that ever lived on earth. Bull moose are giants. They stand seven feet to the shoulder line and ten feet to the antler tips. Their antlers are truly magnificent—spreading to almost five feet. The weight of bull moose varies from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds. In summer moose regularly feed on water plants, often in water deep enough to require complete submergence

of the head. Modified nostrils that can be closed allow this unique method of feeding.

The antelope, having been clocked at almost a mile a minute, is probably the swiftest of all our American mammals. Coyotes or wolves sometimes run in relays in order to tire and pull down an antelope. One of these predators will chase an antelope for some distance and then turn it over to a waiting companion who is freshly rested. This continues until one of the pack can overtake the victim. Even young antelope one or two days old can run at the rate of 25 miles an hour for a short time.

Besides the above species many of the rarer forms of American wildlife are making one of their best stands in the Jackson Hole region. These include big-horn sheep, grizzly bears, trumpeter swans, sandhill cranes, sage grouse, pine martens, and golden and bald eagles.

With such a wealth of wildlife, the Jackson Hole Wildlife Park has recently initiated a biological field station for scientific research in the Rocky Mountain area. Although field scientists have made long-continued studies of the important needs of wildlife, there is still much to be learned if this natural resource is to be preserved intelligently. The park is a vast laboratory where scientific workers can operate effectively—and where the animals can say—with security: "Home was always like this!"



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Four High Road Tea Room, Massachusetts

Pineapple Mintfreeze

½ cup sugar
½ cup water
½ teaspoon mint extract
Green food coloring
½ cup lemon juice
½ cup crushed pineapple
1 cup ginger ale

Put sugar, water, mint and food coloring in saucepan and simmer for 10 minutes. Add lemon juice, pineapple and ginger ale and pour into refrigerator tray. Freeze and serve either as a dinner sherbet or a refreshing dessert. Delicious

also as a fruit salad topping.

Open March through November, the Four High Road Tea Room is on U.S. 1A in Newbury, Massachusetts. The first newspaper in town was published in the house which was built in 1670. Guests enjoy examining the beautiful old fireplaces and woodwork.

←Painting of the Four High Road Tea Room by F. W. Saunders

←Painting of The Spanish Inn by Charles Harper

The Spanish Inn, Ohio

Sopa De Garbanzos (Chick-pea Soup)

2½ quarts water
1 pound garbanzos (chick-peas)
2 garlic cloves
3 tablespoons ham drippings
1 tablespoon paprika
1 cup rice
Salt to taste

Soak garbanzos overnight. Cook slowly for two hours in the water, adding more water when necessary to maintain the same amount of liquid. Fry the paprika in the ham drippings; add a little cold water to separate the fat from the sediment. Skim off

the fat and add it to the soup with the garlic cloves which have been lightly browned. Add the rice 15 minutes before it is done.

Amusing murals, sketched by well-known artist patrons, and hand-carved furniture combine to make The Spanish Inn an interesting eating place. On Eighth Street in Cincinnati, it serves American as well as authentic Spanish dishes.



Green Shutters, Nova Scotia

Fish Chowder

2-2½ pounds fish (halibut, cod or had-dock)
2 ounces salt fat pork
1 large onion
1 quart milk or cream
2 medium-sized potatoes
6 crackers
Salt and pepper

Dice pork, onion and potatoes. Boil fish in small amount of water until nearly separated from the bones. Remove skin and bones, break up any large pieces of fish. Save water. Fry pork in soup pot until cubes are a delicate brown. Add onion, potatoes and fish water. When the potatoes are soft, add

fish, milk and cream. Heat but do not boil! Roll crackers and add to chowder. Season to taste and serve.

A delightful small inn overlooking the Bay near the town of Mahone Bay in Nova Scotia, Green Shutters is nearly 100 years old. It was modernized recently but the old Dutch ovens and fireplaces remained. It's on Provincial Highway 3.

←Painting of Green Shutters by Robert Boston

←Painting of Cold Spring Tavern by Ralph Hulett

Cold Spring Tavern, California

Monte Carlo Sandwich

Break one large egg in a bowl; add two tablespoons of cream. Blend with a two-tined cooking fork. DO NOT BEAT TOO MUCH. Take two slices of white bread and trim crusts. Butter both slices. On one piece of buttered bread, put a layer of sliced breast of chicken; a slice of baked ham; and a slice of brick cheese. Top with the other bread slice, and halve diagonally. Toothpick each side to hold together and dip into beaten egg and cream. Grease an ordinary pancake griddle with oil and let it get hot. Cook sandwich on both sides and edges until golden brown. Serve with cold potato salad with a little mustard in the mayonnaise.

On the same route traveled by John C. Fremont 103 years ago, stands rustic Cold Spring Tavern, just 14 miles northwest of Santa Barbara, California. Unique among restaurants it serves only sandwiches and beverages. Cars whiz by on State Highway 150, a stagecoach trail years ago.

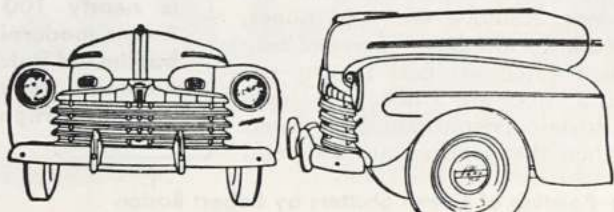
GAME SECTION

Guess Their Birthdays

Are you good at guessing your friends' ages by their faces? Here is the game for you! Just give the vintage year of these Fords—you have a front and profile view to help you, too. In five minutes you should be able to get them all. Don't be mad if the six-year-olds beat you. Answers on page 63.

1

Year



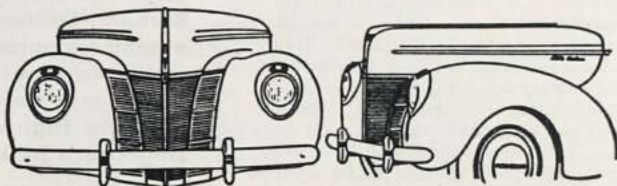
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Year



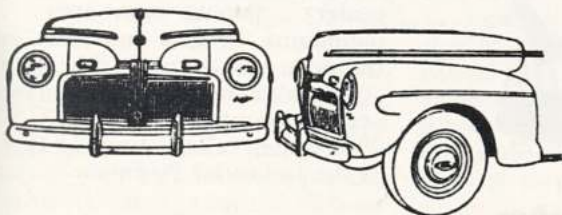
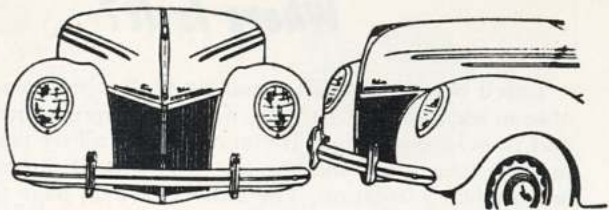
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Year



4

Year

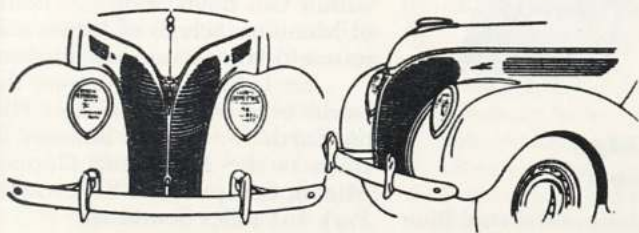
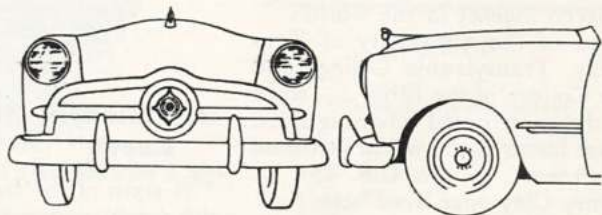


5

Year

6

Year



7

Year

Where Is It?

Listed below are clues about six U. S. cities. You should be able to identify at least four, if you are up on your road atlas and travel information. If you can name all six places you are in the expert class and the one who should direct the family on this year's vacation. The answers are on page 63.



1. Nags and Smokes Raised Here

Said to be the largest loose-leaf tobacco market in the world . . . home of the University of Kentucky, Transylvania College and the College of the Bible . . . some of the most noted Thoroughbred horse farms in the world surround this town . . . On U.S. 25 . . . Henry Clay once lived here.



2. Blue Ridge Community

In the foothills of the cool Blue

Ridge Mountains . . . textile center . . . popular resort area . . . mountains, streams and lakes in the area attract many fishermen . . . town's name well describes the verdant countryside . . . on U.S. 29 . . . often called "Leading City of the Industrial Piedmont."



3. "Richest Hill on Earth"

A sixth of the copper mined in the world comes from this town . . . five well-known hot springs, including Boulder, Pipestone, Alhambra and Gregson, are within two hours' ride . . . home of Montana School of Mines and its world-famous mineral museum . . . on U.S. 91 . . . known the world over as "The Richest Hill on Earth" . . . largest industry in town is the Anaconda Copper Mining Company . . . Yellowstone Park 161 miles Southeast.



4. Queen City

Opera at the Zoo a summer attraction . . . Coney Island about 12 miles from town . . . U.S. 25 and 42 lead into it . . . Xavier University one of the local colleges . . . once called Losantiville . . . in 1860 was the sixth largest city in the nation . . . on the Ohio River . . . Taft Museum popular with visitors . . . General Anthony Wayne battled Indians in the area.



5. Home of the Dixie Cup

The Ozarks lie to the north and northeast and the Ouachitas to the south and southeast . . . hunting and fishing attract thousands yearly . . . factories here make furniture, food products, trailers and textiles . . . in the mid-section of the Arkansas river basin . . . take U.S. 64 or 71 . . . Arkansas-Oklahoma Rodeo held here yearly . . . founded in 1817 as a frontier post and center of law for the whole Southwest.



6. Close to the Clams

A state capital on the southern end of Puget Sound on U.S. 99 . . . industry concentrated in wood products . . . a major port . . . oysters and clams from here shipped all over the country . . . a lake center with fine fishing just a short drive away . . . St. Martin's College three miles from downtown . . . visitors enjoy the 256 acres of the town's natural wooded park—Priest Point—on the Sound.

ANSWERS

Guess Their Birthdays

1. 1947
2. 1936
3. 1940
4. 1939
5. 1942
6. 1949
7. 1938

Where Is It?

1. Lexington, Kentucky
2. Greenville, South Carolina
3. Butte, Montana
4. Cincinnati, Ohio
5. Fort Smith, Arkansas
6. Olympia, Washington



Dear Sirs:-
A prospect of Henry Johnson's letter in your April FORD TIMES, I have been making my own picture cards for many years. And your interesting and attractive magazine supplied me with most of the pictures, as you can see. I thought this idea was only very own



I must read Mr. Johnson's letter and, by the way, use ordinary mucilage with satisfactory results.
Very truly yours

Mrs. P. Schoen
137 Coolidge
Long Beach, Calif.

POSTCARD POSTSCRIPT

Dear Sirs: Apropos of Henry Johnson's letter in your April FORD TIMES, I have been making my own picture cards for many years. And your interesting and attractive magazine sup-

plies me with most of the pictures as you can see. I thought this idea was my very own until I read Mr. Johnson's letter. And by the way, I use ordinary mucilage with satisfactory results.

MRS. C. SCHOEN
Long Beach, New York

JOHN BANVARD

Dear Sirs: Although your FORD TIMES has always been a source of pleasure and has been read with keen interest by the entire organization the May, 1949, issue was of exceptional interest.

We do not know whatever became of John Banvard's three miles of picture but a Liberty ship was named "John Banvard" in 1942, and in 1947 it sank in front of the Sinclair Refining Com-

pany's deep water terminal in the St. John River in Jacksonville, Florida. We have spent many a sleepless night and many thousands of dollars trying to have the "John Banvard" removed.

Until reading the article, "Three Miles of Canvas," in the FORD TIMES, none of us knew where the name "John Banvard" came from, but we wish he had stuck to skiffs and let the 500-foot Liberty ships alone.

P. E. FRANK
New York, New York

ALL RIGHT LOUIE—

Dear Sirs: Your magazine is a worthy piece of reading; however, there are a couple of errors, I believe, in your May issue with regard to the location of some places in the Southwest. And you know how we Southwesterners are about this part of the U. S.!

On page 17, the map of New Mexico has Silver City and Santa Rosa reversed in position. On page 35, you state that Shiprock is located in northeastern New Mexico. I believe if you will check your

atlas, it will show the location to be northwestern New Mexico.

I'll put my shootin' irons back in their holsters, and still say you have a darn good little magazine.

I. D. BRAY, Jr.
Hurley, New Mexico

Ed. Note: Our artist, who, it appears, must have been standing on his head when he labeled his drawing, is hereby officially reprimanded. The error in locating Shiprock was one of those last-minute slips that make proofreaders firm believers in gremlins. ■



photograph by Josef Muench

*Mexican Hat Butte—
a one-picture story*

IN SOUTHERN UTAH, off State Highway 47, a mound of red shale nearly 400 feet high balances an eroded "hat" on its top. The brim is 62 feet across. The formation is called Mexican Hat Butte, sometimes just "High Hat." The nearby San Juan River is famous for its boat trips and rapid-running. In the picture, the man in the white shirt is Norman Nevills, who runs Mexican Hat Lodge, and is widely known as a white-water boatman. ■



Front cover—Josef Muench's camera captures the drama of touring the western highways. Above: storm in the Garden of the Gods, near Denver. Below: sunlight in the big trees of Sequoia National Park, about 200 miles southeast of San Francisco.



The TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.