

FORD TIMES

AUGUST 1970



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FORD TIMES

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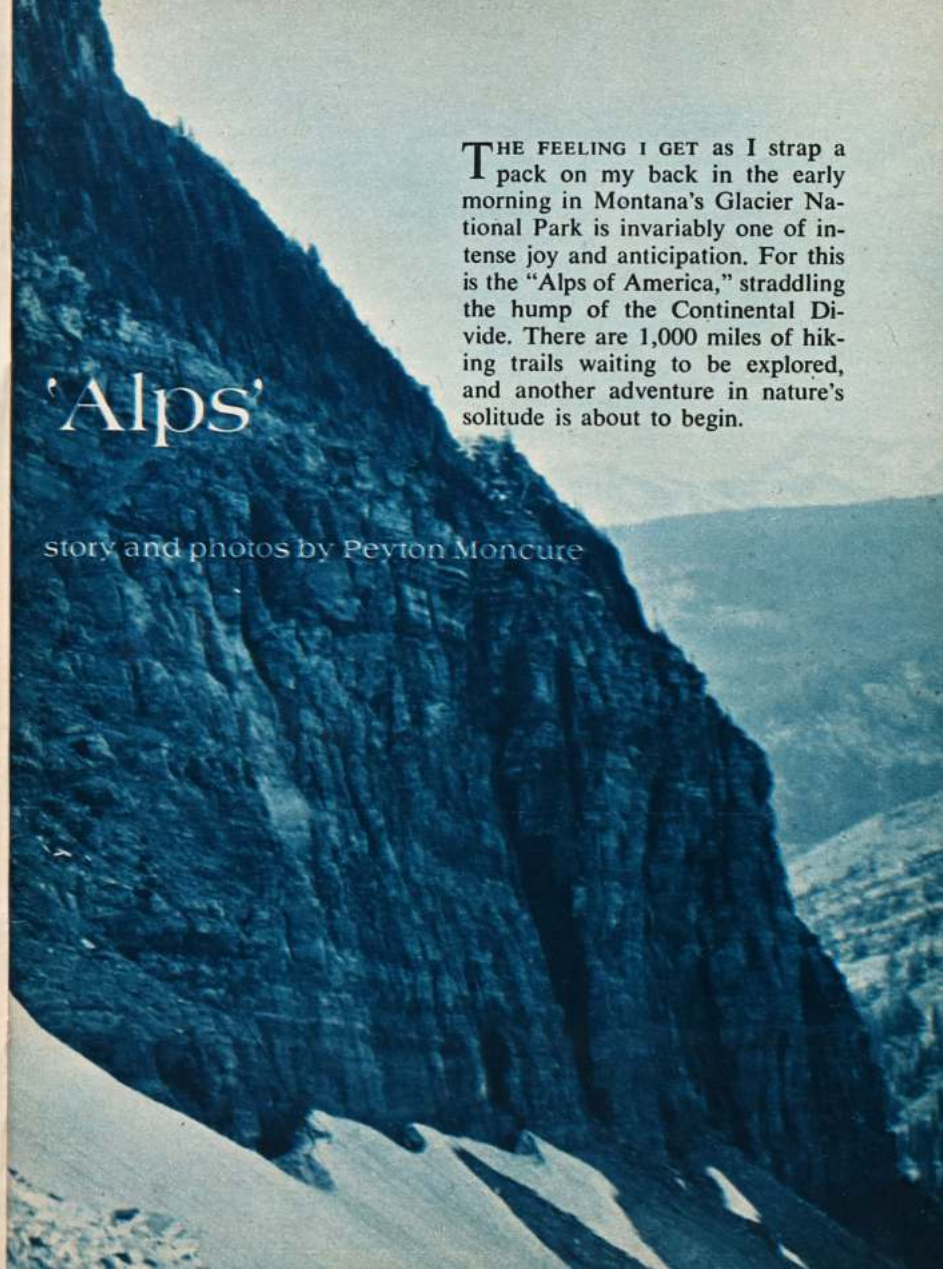
COVER

These inflatable boats and rafts are just a sampling of the colorful new blow-up beach and patio items photographed by Ralph Poole at Lake Havasu City, Arizona, for Burgess Scott's story, "Here Come the Inflatables," page 40.



Hiking America's 'Alps'

story and photos by Peyton Moncure



THE FEELING I GET as I strap a pack on my back in the early morning in Montana's Glacier National Park is invariably one of intense joy and anticipation. For this is the "Alps of America," straddling the hump of the Continental Divide. There are 1,000 miles of hiking trails waiting to be explored, and another adventure in nature's solitude is about to begin.

Though I'm still in valley-bottom shadow, the rising sun always lights up the barren crags above me and the distant snowfields glisten with dazzling brightness. I'm usually on my way up into the high back-country for a few days and nights.

I've been making these hikes for a great many years. When I was first married, my wife hiked with me. Now she's content to drop me off at the head of a trail and then pick me up a couple of days later at some prearranged destination, perhaps up in Canada at Waterton Lake Village or at any of a dozen other convenient spots.

Although a marvelous motor road crosses the backbone of the park, and spur roads penetrate to the interior from both east and west boundary highways, Glacier is still a hiker's park. As a matter of fact, the number of backpackers and family-group hikers is increasing each year. If you want to say that you've really seen Glacier National Park, then you should consider hiking a few of its trails.

I'll introduce you to some of my favorites. But first, some preliminary considerations: How good a hiker are you? Do you want to return to your camp or hotel the same day? Would you prefer an easy family-style hike in a group guided by a ranger naturalist? Or do you want to camp out one or more nights along the trail?

If you're new at hiking or not sure of your ability, you might try one of the many short self-guided nature walks originating at hotels, campgrounds and points along the highway. There are also longer guided hikes, consuming most of a day and led by ranger naturalists.

All you pack is lunch

Two of these easy, one-day hikes start near Many Glacier Hotel and go to Grinnell Glacier and Iceberg Lake. To join them, just pack a sack lunch and fall in with the group. Another naturalist-guided trip starts at the top of Logan Pass, winds along the Garden Wall Trail to Granite Park Chalet and back.

Now maybe you're ready for a night or two on the trail. One overnight group hike goes to Sperry Chalet from Lake McDonald Lodge.

You'll need some kind of rucksack for carrying food, cooking and eating utensils, a jacket and rain slicker, a lightweight sleeping bag, and warm night-clothing. In addition to this standard gear, I carry a flashlight, cameras and film, fishing equipment, and such small items as matches, a pocketknife and adhesive tape. Excellent food items are wieners, bacon, bologna, and cheese (empty cans must be packed out).

Sleeping under the stars is a memorable experience, but there are alternatives. Shelter cabins — duplex



structures with each side containing a cook stove, table, and two army cots — are scattered throughout the park, and there are also two chalets or “hikers’ hotels,” offering both food and lodging. If you plan on staying at one of the chalets you won’t need to carry a sleeping bag, but you will need reservations and a bit of money; beds at these places cost \$4.50 each and full meals \$3.75. Good hot soup, a sandwich and coffee, however, cost only \$1.00.

Photographing mountain goats

Now to the trails. One of my favorites takes me up to Gunsight Pass and Sperry Chalet to photograph mountain goats. There’s a shelter cabin at Gunsight Lake, where I sometimes stop to fish and stay the night, and another at the top of Gunsight Pass. From Sperry Chalet, an excellent side trip is the several-mile hike up to Sperry Glacier and back and then down the valley to Lake McDonald Lodge.

For more adventurous hikers, there’s an international proposition that should prove interesting.

If you’ll look at your trail map, you’ll notice that Waterton Lake lies half in the United States and half in Canada, and that several trails converge at the new U.S. ranger station at the southern tip of the lake. Here a large sight-seeing boat docks three times daily, remaining 45 minutes for passengers to sight-see before returning to Waterton Lake Village at the Ca-



Rocky Mountain goats abound in the area of Gunsight Pass

nadian end of the lake. Many hikers who have backpacked in from the Park’s interior make the return trip to Canada. At the Canadian end of your trip, you can have someone meet you, catch a bus back to the States, or stay overnight at Waterton Village.

Unless you are thoroughly acquainted with western back country hiking, however, and particularly with Glacier Park, it’s a good idea to check out your proposed hike with

a ranger (some trails are snowed-in until July, some even later). And certainly you should notify friends or relatives of your itinerary and when to expect you back.

Your hiking highlights might turn out to be similar to mine—struggling over late snowfields, photographing wild mountain goats, being invited to a meal of fried trout over a friendly campfire, or sharing a shelter cabin for the night with a happy group of hikers.

Or maybe you'll remember other things — the eerie loneliness that comes over you on the chilly, grey-blue expanse of Sperry Glacier, or the welcome sight of a shelter cabin

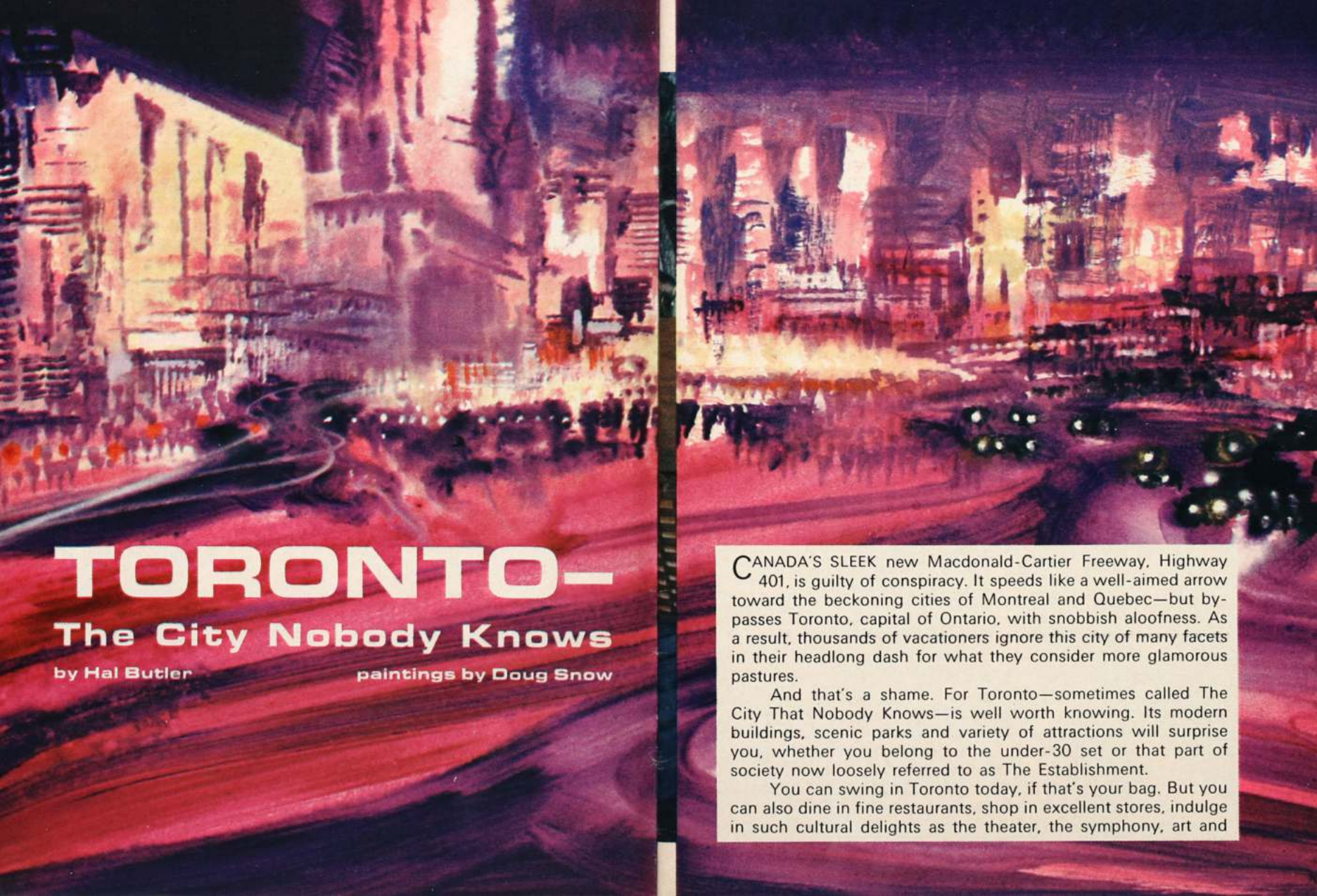
as darkness covers the trail.

As for me, one highlight I can always depend on is the day I emerge from the back country after an extended hike, hear the sounds of a motor boat on a lake or a car on the highway, and then look around to see if I can spot my car with my wife and daughter waiting for me. For I've accomplished a minor feat of endurance, and have returned to family and civilization with a greater appreciation for both.

And each time, though I'm physically "dog tired," as we make the 150-mile drive back home, I somehow feel mentally and emotionally many years younger. And wiser. □

Granite Park Chalet, one of Glacier's two "hikers' hotels"





TORONTO—

The City Nobody Knows

by Hal Butler

paintings by Doug Snow

CANADA'S SLEEK new Macdonald-Cartier Freeway, Highway 401, is guilty of conspiracy. It speeds like a well-aimed arrow toward the beckoning cities of Montreal and Quebec—but bypasses Toronto, capital of Ontario, with snobbish aloofness. As a result, thousands of vacationers ignore this city of many facets in their headlong dash for what they consider more glamorous pastures.

And that's a shame. For Toronto—sometimes called The City That Nobody Knows—is well worth knowing. Its modern buildings, scenic parks and variety of attractions will surprise you, whether you belong to the under-30 set or that part of society now loosely referred to as The Establishment.

You can swing in Toronto today, if that's your bag. But you can also dine in fine restaurants, shop in excellent stores, indulge in such cultural delights as the theater, the symphony, art and



Swan boats dot park lagoons

opera, have a picnic in one of Toronto's lovely offshore island parks, or just ramble through town sampling its historic sites and family attractions.

There was a time—and not so long ago, either—when Toronto grew slowly, changed reluctantly, and clung like a jealous lover to its Victorian past. The city was dubbed Toronto the Dull in those days, and a popular joke said that "Toronto is perhaps the finest city in the world in which to die—especially on Sunday afternoon." That's no longer true. Today, Canada's fastest growing city has changed dramatically, and is happy to be called a swinging town—on Sunday or any other day.

Focal point of much of the swinging is Yorkville Village. This seven-year-old town-within-a-town is located in mid-Toronto

and consists of three blocks of Victorian houses converted into plush boutiques, colorful coffee houses and noisy nighteries. Patterned along the lines of Chicago's Old Town and Atlanta's Underground, Yorkville possesses one unique and important difference. With a kind of Jekyll-and-Hyde approach, it manages to cater successfully to both the swinging youngsters and the affluent oldsters at one and the same time.

Why Yorkville swings

To explore this phenomenon further, I walked into an expensive *haute couture* boutique and talked to the elegant woman who owned the place.

"Frankly, I'm puzzled," I began. "Your shop is sandwiched between a discotheque and a coffee house. Isn't that a rather strange location for a fine shop?"

She smiled patiently. She had apparently explained this paradox to people before.

"In Yorkville it's not really all that strange," she said. "Yorkville changes character twice in every 24 hours. During the day the affluent women of Toronto come here to do their shopping in our elite establishments. At night the young people—yes, and some hippies—take over. The nightclubs open and the discotheques rock until the wee hours—and then the next day Yorkville reverts to a quiet and reserved shopping area again."

"Do you get many out-of-

towners?" I asked, eyeing the street.

"Yorkville seems to be *the* target for all tourists," the lady replied. "This remarkable change from shopping street to nightclub strip seems to fascinate out-of-town people. Thousands of them simply walk up and down the street day and night, just watching people watching other people."

The mixture of shops and night spots is as delightful as it is confusing. Boutiques, salons, art galleries, antique shops and several of the city's best restaurants are

hedged in on both sides by clubs devoted to folksinging, avant-garde drama, progressive jazz, and some of the wildest discos in the business. If you're a family traveling with teen-agers, you can bet Yorkville will require two visits—one by day and one by night.

Toronto's after-dark entertainment is not limited exclusively to Yorkville, however. There are excellent night clubs and theaters—some posh, some not—all over the city. They feature everything from top name artists doing their thing

Yorkville's swinging shops: renovated old homes on tree-lined streets



at places like the fabulous O'Keefe Center to go-go girls doing *their* thing at hole-in-the-wall bars.

Every city has certain attractions that seem tailor-made for tourists, and Toronto is no exception. Black Creek Pioneer Village, a restoration of an Ontario town of 100 years ago, is one of them. Here visitors not only see 20 restored century-old buildings but experience the sights and sounds of a living community. All the buildings are occupied by people who live and work in the village, operating—among other things—a blacksmith shop, a school, a flour mill, a church and an inn. There's also a large farm, with domestic animals including Berkshire hogs, guinea fowl, horses, oxen and sheep to delight the children.

Casa Loma is another stop made by most Toronto visitors. This spec-

tacular 98-room castle was conceived by Sir Henry Pellatt, an industrialist and financier of the early 1900s. The work of hundreds of North American and European craftsmen, it is built of stone, marble, glass and paneling from Europe, teak from Asia, and oak and walnut from the Americas. A stroll through the baronial hall, richly decorated drawing room, bedrooms with canopied beds—and even through hidden doorways up secret passages to embattled turrets—takes the visitor back to medieval times.

Sitting in a space capsule

There is much more in the same vein. Fort York, established in 1793 by John Graves Simcoe, first Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, was the birthplace of what is now Toronto. The Ontario Science Center has some of the most unusual exhibits in the world, encouraging visitors to become personally involved—by sitting in a space capsule, looking into the eye of a spider or watching the birth, life and death of a glacier.

For families, Toronto's park system is outstanding. In Toronto Harbor, just half a mile from the downtown area, nine picturesque islands have been transformed into a green necklace of parks. Covering 612 acres, they provide a full gamut of delights: swimming, picnicking, canoeing, bicycling, miniature train rides, puppet shows, exquisite gardens, an amusement

Parading guards at Fort York





City Hall's twin towers and plaza, showpieces of the new Toronto

park, even an animal farm. The islands are reached by a ferry that crosses from downtown Toronto every 20 minutes.

Toronto is good to the sports fan, too. In season there is golf, curling, thoroughbred and harness racing, the Grand Prix of Canada, major league hockey at Maple Leaf Gardens and big-time football by the Toronto Argonauts. For the browser, there's also the Hockey Hall of Fame.

One center, 100 stores

When it comes to shopping, it's almost more than a man can stand to turn his wife loose in Toronto. In addition to Yorkville's notable boutiques, there are handsome and spacious shopping centers everywhere. Prominent among them is Yorkdale, in the northern part of the city; the 80-acre site houses 100 stores, making it the largest enclosed shopping center in the world.

It may come as a surprise to a lot of people, but Toronto is a cosmopolitan center, too, with more than 30 ethnic groups living together in harmony. Where else, for example, would you find an Association of Danube Swabians, a Jamaica-Canadian Association, a Greek Ladies' Philanthropic Association, a Turkish Cultural Organization, a German Harmonie Club, and a League of Norsemen?

Of course, where there are ethnic groups there are ethnic restaurants, and for the visitor with a taste for

foreign food Toronto offers unlimited discoveries. Gourmets can titillate their tongue-tips at such restaurants as the Tiroler (Viennese), Lichee Garden (Chinese), Dooley's (Irish), the Taj Mahal (Indian), Hungarian Village (Hungarian), L'Aiglon (French) and Ciccone's (Italian). Ports of Call has five separate rooms—French, Italian, English, Polynesian and American.

A progressive city, however, can be most accurately measured by the things it has added *recently*. Toronto's new City Hall, completed in the fall of 1965, is an example. It's a city hall to top all city halls. The brainchild of Finnish architect Viljo Revell, its two eyebrow-shaped office towers encircle a huge eye-like rotunda containing the offices of the mayor and other officials. The top of one of the towers is open to the sky and offers an exciting view of the city. Fronting the City Hall is Nathan Phillips Square, a large plaza with gardens, fountains and benches providing a park-like atmosphere.

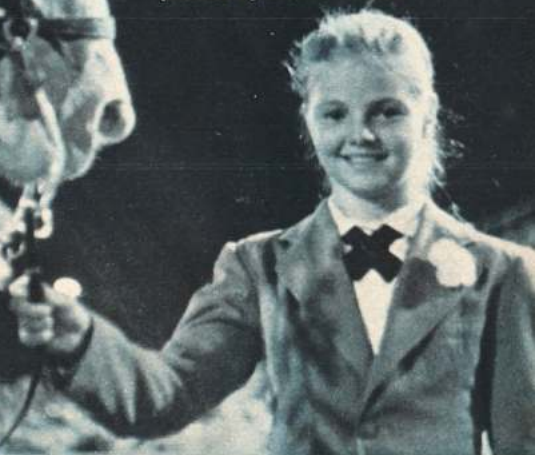
The point to be made here is this: How many cities can you name that have a City Hall that's a tourist attraction? Toronto does. Since it opened in 1965, the city's newest showpiece has attracted 1,182,697 visitors, a daily average of 880.

That ought to tell you something about Toronto—and why you should get off the freeway next time to see it. □



Where Horses Walk To Glory

by Jack Knox
photos by Monte Arnold



At Shelbyville, Tennessee, prize horses
take a walk—and the crowds love it

IN SHELBYVILLE, Tennessee, in the horse country 50 miles south of Nashville, they call it the "Celebration."

In the annals of horsemanship it is acknowledged as one of the most extraordinary horse shows in America. For it is a horseman's horse fair—an immense convention of train-

ers, owners, and horse lovers—and also a fiercely competitive sporting event. Altogether, it lasts a week, day and night, and has been an annual late August event in Shelbyville for almost 32 years.

More than 1,500 horses crowd the entry lists, from most of the 50 states and the District of Columbia:



Gentlemen wear hats, but the crowds watch the horses

five-gaiters, walk-trotters, fine harness horses, roadsters, ponies of all colors and descriptions, mares, colts, yearlings, and—by the trailer load, truck load, and van load—Tennessee Walking Horses, all prepared to compete in the 62 classes listed on the program.

Horse enthusiasts from near and far push the total attendance well over 100,000 each year—and that doesn't include owners, trainers, grooms, and an assortment of "rail birds" from the stable area.

The Celebration is an outdoor event, and horsemen like it that way. Grandstands seating 26,000 spectators surround the big show ring, a

white-railed oval large enough to encompass a football field. In the center, inside the 30-foot-wide clay track on a smaller oval of bright green grass, an announcer, organist, Celebration officials and a bevy of pretty girls who hand ribbons to the winners occupy a canopied viewing area. Judges and ringmasters wearing dashing white and red coats stroll the edge of the grass, scoring the horses working the rail.

Officially the week-long event is called the "Tennessee Walking Horse National Celebration," and Walkers dominate it, both in entries and in the sheer number of classes devoted to the breed. A beautiful

horse exhibiting a showy flash of speed, the Walker has long been a stirring sight to horse lovers. In comparatively recent years, however, the long-striding Walker, with his gliding, running-walk gait, has developed into one of the truly spectacular speedsters of the ring.

"Running walk!" turns 'em on

A decade ago, it was the fast rackers and the speedy trotters in the five-gaited and roadster classes that could bring a crowd to its feet cheering. And to this day the ring-master's call to "Let 'em rack!" or "Turn 'em on!" will inspire a swell of applause from spectators. But, now his call to "Running walk, please!" brings the crowd up to an electric pitch.

And with good reason. For in form, gaits, high action, and speed at the running walk, these horses now match the show ring's fastest beauties. The top Walkers, usually four-year-olds and older, have been bred, foaled, trained, groomed and tested just to compete in the Shelbyville event.

The ultimate aim of every owner is the show's championship ring, the most demanding test of horse and rider in Walking Horse competition. This is the final class of the final night—always the first Saturday in September—when the winner is named "Grand Champion Walking Horse of the World."

At the announcement, the crowd, perhaps 30,000 or more, packed in

the grandstands and along the rail, already hoarse from cheering favorites, goes as wild as any crowd at a hotly contested sports event. Horse enthusiasts of all ages swarm into the arena, cameras flash and microphones are pushed through the crowd toward the face of the winner while the Celebration's ring masters try vainly to restore a semblance of order.

But the whole show isn't in the arena under the floodlights. Beginning with the Celebration's first day, a continuous performance is taking place in the stable area.

There, 50 permanent barns are filled with horses, their stall rows and tack rooms decorated with the bright colors of stable owners and their trappings as splendidly clean as a new Mustang in a dealer's window. Well-manicured, blanketed, and decked out in colorful leg bandages, the horses stand in stalls deep-bedded with fresh straw, munching sweet-smelling hay from wall racks and looking inquisitively over the half-doors at whatever is going on.

"Cooling out"

Mounts are also being worked under saddle at all hours of the day and night, their action, gaits, form and speed appraised by trainers, grooms, old horsemen and plain sight-seers. Other horses are being led around the track by grooms, "cooling out" after a hot workout. Still others, standing cross-hitched in the shed rows, are being washed



Walkers dominate the show, but harness racers also win prizes

or rubbed down, and stable boys are busy polishing saddles, bridles, harnesses and boots.

There's special to-do in the stables whenever a highly favored contender fills an appointment with the farrier for a manicure or a set of new shoes. "Times have sure changed," said one horseman. "Nowadays,

farriers drive long, shiny new cars—and their assistants follow them in pickup trucks equipped with portable forges, anvils and tools."

At the barn office, where the judges' scorecards are posted, a constant stream of owners scans the big board, second-guessing horses and riders, winners and losers. "Make no mistake," said one seasoned horseman, "showing a horse is dead serious business. A professional showman riding a \$25,000 horse for his owner is under as much pressure as any football coach in October. And," he added, "the judges' decisions are just as exacting—and occasionally as debatable."

"Several million" is about as close as one can come in estimating the total value of horseflesh at the Celebration, but show horses come high. Watching a beautiful \$6,000 bay stallion work under saddle, one trainer shook his head. "He's a real good horse. Plenty game. Got lots of action and speed. But out there in the ring he'll be working against some real good \$30,000 horses."

The 1964 champion, Perfection's Carbon Copy, sold for \$125,000. "That's \$7.63 an ounce," his buyer told me, "and he's worth every penny of it as a sire." At the 1966 Celebration, Carbon Copy was stabled in an air-conditioned stall with a picture window—just to be seen, not shown in competition.

That's what they think of horses down in Shelbyville—at the Celebration or any other time. □

ELVE COMPARTMENT

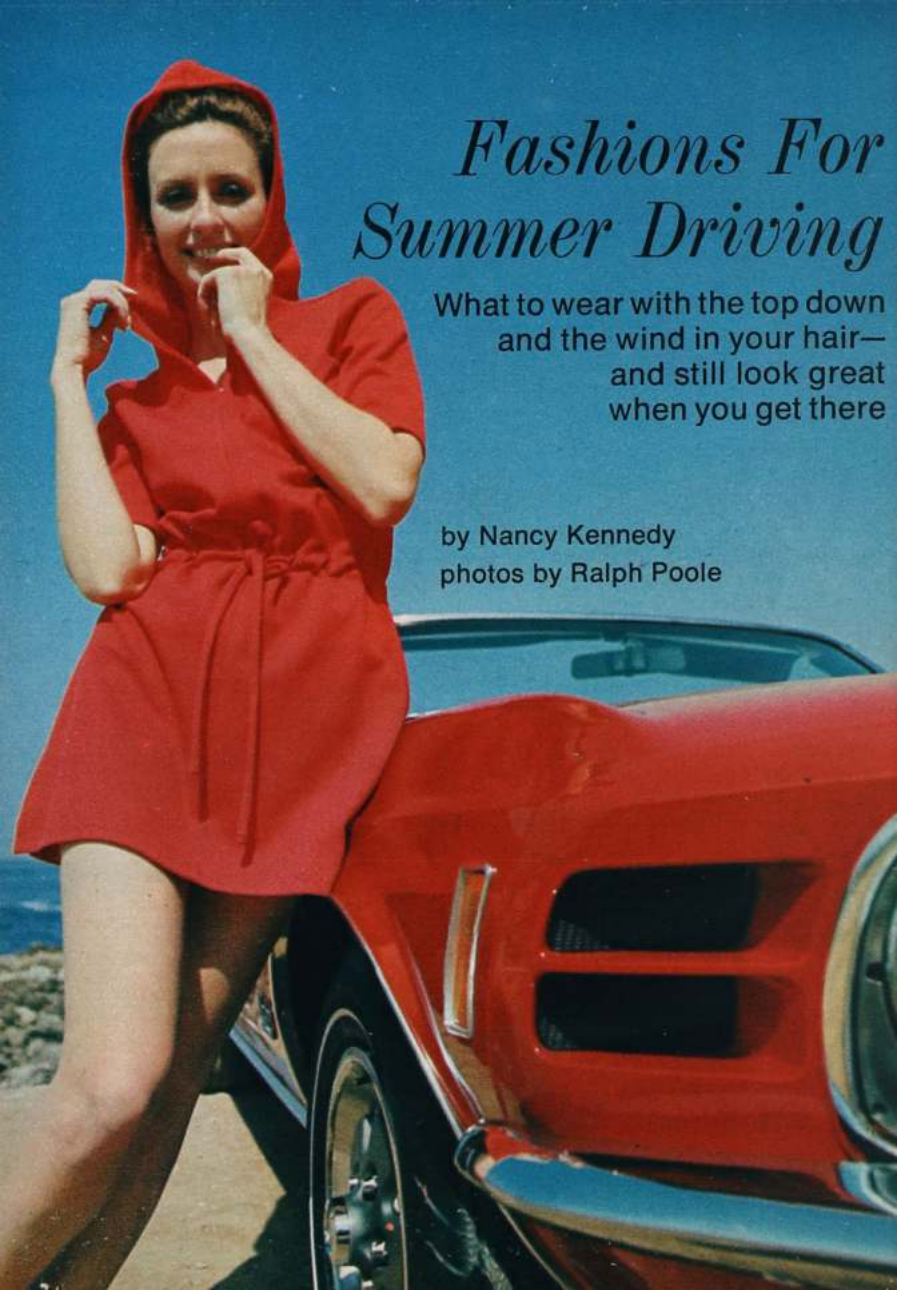
IN WHICH YOU
FIND A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING
BUT GLOVES

Get It In Painting—Anaheim, California, was an old and beautiful city long before Disneyland made it famous, and Mrs. Calvin Pebley, an amateur artist, wanted to paint some of its historic buildings before urban renewal erased them from the landscape. Twice she set up her easel—and twice returned only days later to find that wrecking crews had leveled her subjects. That did it. Determined to beat the bulldozers, Mrs. Pebley organized 48 local artists. Their paintings, all painstakingly researched, are now on permanent display in the Anaheim Public Library, to perpetuate the city's heritage and develop civic pride in its young people and new residents. "It just proves you *can* fight City Hall," says Mrs. Pebley "—with paintbrushes." She ought to know. She happens to be the wife of Anaheim's mayor.

Fort Near the Falls—Families visiting Niagara Falls will find a fascinating side tour just 12 miles north: Old Fort Niagara, at Youngstown, New York. Located in a beautiful state park overlooking both the Niagara River and sail-dotted Lake Ontario, the fort was occupied at

various times by France, England and the United States during the French and Indian War, American Revolution and War of 1812. The fort is reached by crossing a medieval style drawbridge with chains, windlasses and huge stone weights. Inside, the blockhouses, French castle, bakery, cannons and furnishings are all authentic.

Second Honeymoon—Ford dealers often meet customers with unusual stories, and this one comes from Boone Ford Sales, Olympia, Washington, and their long-time customer, Victor Swartsel. Back in 1922 in a small Florida town, Swartsel had eloped with his childhood sweetheart, Virginia Rose. He was 17, she was 15—and pursuing parents had the marriage annulled. Both married other partners and raised families. Then last Christmas, 47 years later, they met again by chance in Sacramento, California—he a widower and she a widow. He invited her to dinner and they drove to Reno that very night to be remarried. Swartsel had just bought a new Ford pickup camper, and it became their honeymoon express. □

A woman with dark hair, wearing a bright red short-sleeved dress with a matching hood and a tied waist, is leaning against the side of a red convertible car. She is smiling and has her hands near her face. The car is a classic convertible with a chrome bumper and side trim. The background is a clear blue sky and a rocky coastline.

Fashions For Summer Driving

What to wear with the top down
and the wind in your hair—
and still look great
when you get there

by Nancy Kennedy
photos by Ralph Poole

"EASY DOES IT" is the style of the '70s, and wrinkle-free mix n' match clothes, casual hair styles and colorful scarves reflect the trend.

"As a result, open-car travel is now a breeze," says Margi Daniel, fashion director for Bullocks Westwood of Los Angeles. "Sensible dark suits and rolled-up windows are no longer necessary; we're even finding that it's *fun* to be practical."

An authority on travel wardrobes, she proves her point with the selection of outfits on these pages.

A good example is the red mini dress at the left. It's lightweight and porous, with a comfortable drawstring waist and zip-up hood—perfect for summer driving. It can also be worn over slacks or a swim suit. Another versatile outfit is the navy wash-and-wear tunic

Left, a washable, wearable and packable mini dress by Ellen Tracy, with drawstring waist and attached hood. The car is a 1970 Mustang convertible, another good choice for easy vacationing. At right, a harlequin print Wilroy Traveler dress with stand-up collar and drawstring waist. The scarf is a hand-washable chiffon by Francis Hirsch; in the background is a luxurious 1970 Ford LTD.





At left, emerging unruffled through the Ford Thunderbird's electric-powered sunroof, is a perfect traveler—a silky Ban-Lon dress by Delani. The scarf by Vera is tied turban-style, leaving only a topknot of hair exposed to the frisky winds. Below, a Rudi Gernreich tent dress of washable polyester is complemented by a foldable white crocheted straw hat from Bullocks Downtown, tied down by a Vera scarf.



top on page 24, shown with white ribbed slacks. It can double as a mini dress or swim suit cover-up, and also looks good with a kicky little pleated skirt.

For open-air driving and quick change artistry, however, "colorful scarves are the best magic of all," says Miss Daniel. "They pack small but make a big difference. Worn as head coverings, they're great for driving, and as stoles or sashes they add color accents to every outfit in your bag."

The op art scarf on page 21, is made of a water repellant, hand washable chiffon. Our Thunderbird sunroof girl (*left*, page 22) models a Vera scarf, worn turban-style. Both are perfect for breezy travel.

Another approach to easy hair care is the delightfully floppy hat at the left on this page. It fits all sizes, and presto!—it's foldable for easy packing. Add a scarf to it for decoration and then it can also be quickly employed to tie down the hat in the wind.

Nighttime glamor, however, takes as much planning as daytime comfort. Both are combined in the dresses Miss Daniel has selected here. Any of them will take a busy vacationer from an early morning start right through an evening cocktail party and a late walk on the beach. For after-five wear, just add a "knock-em-dead" pin or a half dozen ropes of pearls.

Below, left: a navy wash-and-wear tunic top by Ellen Tracy, over white ribbed slacks; it doubles as a mini dress or after-swim cover-up. Below, right: Her no-iron polyester pants suit is by Norman Wiatt, with Echo scarf tied turban-style with a side bow; he's wearing a cotton knit shirt, flared slacks and wide belt by Bill Blass, and his car is a Thunderbird two-door Landau with sunroof. Right, a tiger print in Enkalure nylon, accented by a necklace of chunky clear lucite squares linked with bronze chains. At far right, a sheer summer wool by Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Print, with loop-over sash; the Vera scarf is worn off the shoulder to accent the dress, can be quickly switched over the head for driving. (See Vera's booklet, "14 Ways to Tie a Scarf," available at most department stores.)





Wool is always a great traveler, in the sheer summer weights. The solid pink dress by Rudi Gernreich (*right*) is a good example.

Select your car clothes with these tips in mind, and you'll achieve an important part of a winning vacation—an easy-to-carry-and-care-for wardrobe that will take you around the clock looking well-dressed and unrumpled at every hour.

Best of all, on the way you can roll down those windows or buzz back that top with carefree abandon. You'll still look great when you get there. □





THE SCYTHE TREE

Trees have long memories—carved initials and childhood valentines last a lifetime. But this one is different

by Harold Helfer

PRESIDENT LINCOLN had called for volunteers, and on an October day in 1861 an apple-cheeked farm boy named James Wyman Johnson put down his scythe, said goodbye to his tearful parents, and went off to war. As he left, he carefully placed his scythe in a nearby sapling and said, "Leave this here—I'll pick it up when I return."

He joined Company G, 85th New York Volunteers, and for three years he fought well and bravely. From an apple-cheeked youth, he turned into a bearded young man with melancholy eyes, credentials that showed he'd been in the thick of things, in the worst of what was happening.

When it finally came, his parents refused to believe the news of

his death. They kept praying he would return and reclaim his scythe. But he never did.

The tree continued to grow though. Over the years it developed into something quite grand, measuring 100 feet in height and five feet through its trunk. Almost miraculously, in 1916 it even survived a bolt of lightning. And in 1917 two unknown farm boys went off to World War I and left their scythes in the great tree, too.

The scythes are still there today, incorporated by the great tree, six inches of their steel blades still visible. And people, somehow having heard about the Scythe Tree, come from miles away to look at it. The farm, some 2½ miles west of Waterloo, is now owned by the Lohr family and they don't seem to mind.

There's a sadness about this great tree, with the points of steel sticking out from its very heart. But somehow there's a restfulness and a peace about it, too. Perhaps the innate loveliness of the tree makes for this, and its pastoral surroundings help. You can get the feeling that maybe someday the young men will return, pick up their scythes, and go back to the field. Just as you can believe that some day there will be no more war anywhere on earth.

An interesting thing about all this is the kind of tree this is. It is rarely found in this area, and no one knows how it got there in the first place. It is a balm of Gilead. □



The Torino GT takes on a racy look with the laser stripe option and Magnum 500 chrome wheels



This quick-shifting four-speed transmission is equipped with a Hurst Shifter (TM)

FORD OPTIONS

Great buys for sporty looks
and effortless driving

by Melvin Beck

EVEN THOUGH Ford Division's five lines of cars are remarkably well equipped with standard features, you can add greatly to driving enjoyment—and personalize your car as well—with selections from the wide variety of options offered.

Every Ford dealer has a virtual department store of options and accessories for added comfort and convenience, all designed to make a short drive or a long vacation more pleasant and relaxing.

On these pages are shown examples of the variety of options you can choose from, some of them available on more than one car line.

Automatic Fingertip Speed Control and rear window Electric Defrost are among many options offered in the Ford car line. The speed control makes turnpike driving easier and more relaxing by holding the car at a chosen speed. The car can be slowed down and then returned to a desired speed simply by



Automatic Speed Control and Electric Defrost are popular Ford options



Mustang's good-looking Decor Group

Mustang SportSlats and rear spoiler



manipulating buttons in the steering wheel spokes.

The Electric Defrost uses heating elements in the rear window to clear it of mist, frost or light snow.

Many models in the Ford line can be equipped with the reclining front passenger seat which adjusts rearward for more relaxation or naps on long trips.

Your Torino GT takes on a fast and modern look if you order it with the Laser Stripe, a reflective side tape with graduated coloring in red, blue, brown or green.

Torino sedans and hardtops powered by the 429-cubic-inch V-8 and wearing F60-15 wide oval tires with raised letters are eligible for the racy Magnum 500 chrome wheel option.

The fast-handling four-speed manual transmission with Hurst ShifterTM is offered on Torino two-door models powered by 351- or 429-cubic-inch V-8s.

A power-operated sunroof can be chosen by purchasers of two-door and four-door Thunderbird Landaus. At the touch of a control the center portion of the roof is electrically opened to admit more sunlight and scenery.

Mustang buyers choosing hardtop, SportsRoof or convertible models will be interested in the interior Decor Group which includes a choice of knitted vinyl or blazer stripe cloth with vinyl upholstery, deluxe two-spoke steering wheel and woodtone instrument panel appli-

ques as well as other attractive extras.

For the sporty-minded buyers of Mustang SportsRoof models there is a functional rear spoiler to improve rear end stability, and rear window SportSlats to add a racy look and keep direct sunlight, rain and snow off the rear glass.

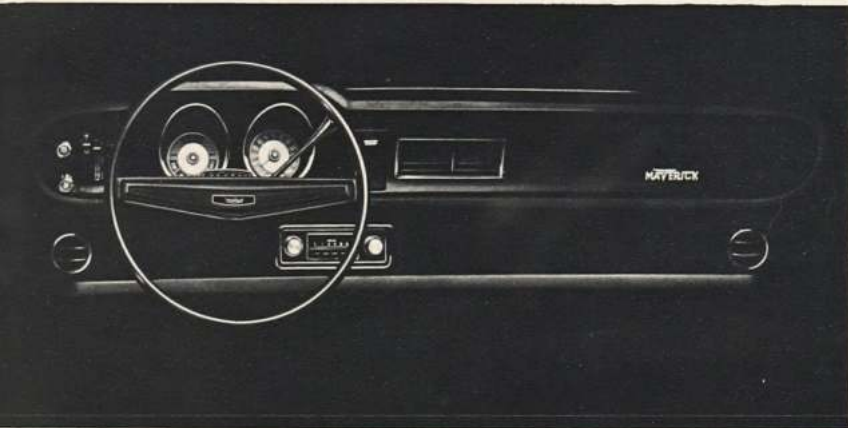
The Selectaire air conditioner, which has cooling, defrosting and heating all in one unit, is available on all lines including Maverick for all-season comfort. Another Maverick option is the SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, which lets you hand-shift or go fully automatic whenever you choose.

For the full options story—including entertainment items such as AM and AM/FM stereo radios and Stereo-Sonic tape system—see your local Ford Dealer. □



Reclining seat for LTD Brougham

Maverick can be equipped with built-in air conditioning and SelectShift



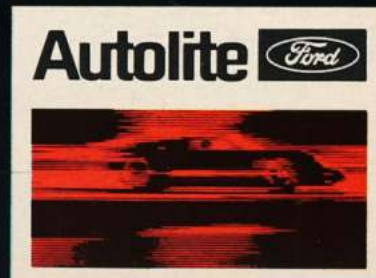
Replace the original with the original.



The oil filter in your Ford says Autolite. But it's as Ford as your Ford, because it was designed by the same engineers who designed your Ford. The filter they created has a two-stage design: one stage for trapping abrasive contaminants, and one stage for removing sludge from your motor oil. Which is why the Autolite filter can cut wear in vital engine parts by as much as one-third, and has up to twice the



service life of conventional paper filters. Replace your Autolite filter with the original. Another Autolite filter. Available at over 6,000 Ford dealers' and most anywhere else you service your car.



We're as Ford as your Ford

NATURE MUST HAVE been in a generous mood when she made her blueprints for the fisher. For in no other 8- to 12-pound bundle of wild flesh has she combined more courage, cleverness and persistence.

Anyone looking at this slender, short-legged weasel might well wonder where he packs all his muscle. But this toughy of the treetops has it and knows it—and so do all the other four-footed meat-hunters in his territory.

Actually, though thousands of people have worn his coat, only a few have seen him wearing it; his lone-wolf personality and burglar's hours preclude that. Even old-time woodsmen have rarely seen him outside a trap. A trapper friend once told me of his only meeting with a fisher "on the loose:"

"A red squirrel was out on a limb right above me, fussing at something," he said. "Suddenly it let out a terrified squawk and raced for its home tree. Sure enough, a fisher was hot on his tail—he must have been hungry to be on a daylight prowl. The squirrel didn't have a chance; that brown brigand nailed him in no time."

Out-foxing Reynard

On the ground, even rabbits and foxes are often his prey. Either can outrun him, but by cutting across the rabbit's circular path or by running it in smaller circles, sooner or later pursuer and pursued meet at the center. The fisher trails a

The Fisher Fights Back

**He was "king of the treetops,"
but trappers and lumbermen
almost knocked him out.
Now he's making a comeback**

**by Roy Abbott
painting by Charles Harper**

fox so persistently that that canny fellow often loses his nerve and "holes-up"—which is the end for Reynard.

Like his notorious cousin, the wolverine, the fisher is also a bandit—he seemingly enjoys following a line of marten traps, devouring the baits and any creature caught in them. Marten traps are often baited with fish, which may account for his name; for he never really "fishes" on his own.

What happens, then, when there's a meat shortage in fisher-land? He may turn mouse-hunter, or even make a meal of beechnuts. When desperately driven, he can even dine

Fisher's recipe for porcupine:
turn upside down and avoid
the quills. Serves one



on that ever-present vegetarian, the porcupine—and he's the only animal, except possibly the bear, that can devour one without paying a terrible penalty.

It's quite a trick for a small animal armed only with tooth and claw. No, the fisher doesn't barge in and gulp the porky, quills and all; instead, he flips the "armored pig" upon its back and crunches its unprotected belly. Amazingly, even if he picks up a few quills, they don't appear to harm him.

No prizewinning father

Every year, come April, the fisher gets the urge to keep his race alive, but his family habits won't win any prizes. After a brief pairing he goes on his way, leaving his mate all responsibility for the family.

Nor is her task an easy one. Although her three or four fertilized eggs start development at once, the birth of the young does not occur for nearly a year after mating, a phenomenon scientists call "discontinuous development." Thus driven to find a father for next year's family while still tending her present one, she soon begins leaving her young fisherlings overnight to search for a new mate.

Fisherlings grow fast, however. In three months they are able to follow their mother on hunting trips, and by fall they're on their own.

Loping along on the food-trail, the adult fisher is in little danger from his competitors. Bears are too

clumsy to bother him, coyotes too wise, and he can whip almost any animal his own size. But he knows when he's over-matched; if a cougar, gray wolf or wolverine appears, he takes to the trees.

Against man, however, the tallest trees have been no protection. The fisher's star began to wane the day trappers and lumbermen first found him in that vast forest belt stretching across Canada and the northern United States. Loggers felled his trees and trappers plodded endless freezing miles to take his skin, a silky pelt worth \$345 at the fur-peak of 1920.

Judging from the number of skins taken—some 8,000 per year from 1821 to 1905—a million fishers inhabited the continent at the turn of the century. Yet a decade ago they had almost completely vanished from the United States—and it looked like "taps" for the fisher.

Recently, however, this scrappy little fellow's star has been rising. It pays to have friends, and the fisher has them; farmers find him a great help in controlling rabbit and squirrel populations, and a number of states—among them Idaho, Oregon, Massachusetts, Michigan, New York and New Hampshire—have introduced him or have passed laws to protect him.

Thanks to such concerted action, the "king of the treetops" still reigns—and another name has been kept from the lengthening roster of extinct animals. □

A Co-Ed and Her Car

A girl and her Mustang aren't easily parted—
except when she meets the boy in English 101

MAYBE WE NEVER should have given our daughter that Mustang as a high school graduation present. She's away at college now and the Mustang has reluctantly been entrusted to our keeping because the college prefers it that way.

But distance has not diminished the love affair.

I place in evidence the following recent exchange of letters:

"Dear Mom,

Well, I'm settled in my dormitory room and I have the world's

greatest roommate! Her name is Shirley and she wants to be a social worker someday and right all the world's wrongs. She said I can help her if I want to, so that it won't take as long. I'm thinking it over.

Do *not* let Rick drive my Mustang! You can drive it occasionally, Mother, to the supermarket and back, but not that young brother of mine! Under any conditions!

Say hello to Dad. Write soon.

Love,

Ann"

by Dick Emmons

illustrated by Lou McMurray



"Dear Ann,

Your father and I think it would be very nice if you and your friend Shirley right all the world's wrongs. He's willing to give you a full year, he says.

For your information, Rick has been absolutely darling about your car. He cleans and waxes it every weekend, sits in it by the hour, but hasn't once asked to use it.

I have not told your father, but I drove it to the hairdresser's last Friday morning and got whistled at!

As ever,

Mother"

"Dear Mom,

Fantastic news! There is this boy in English 101! His name is Jim and he has long lashes and big shoulders and he worked as a garage mechanic to make money for college. What he doesn't know about cars—and other things!—isn't worth repeating.

Tell Rick that I am secretly pleased that he is cleaning my baby every weekend and that maybe I'll let him back the Mustang out of the garage for me when I come home for Christmas!

Whistled at? Mother—*really!* The next thing I'll hear is that you've run off with another man or something. If you do, make the other man drive his own car, not *mine*.

Love,

Ann

P.S. They expect you to study here.

You might have told me!"

"Dear Ann,

All is well here. This note will be hurried because the service garage man is due any minute to get your Mustang started so that I can get to my "Trim and Slim" class. It's been below zero here for a week.

Be good,

Mother"

"Mother—

What do you mean my car wouldn't start! Has Rick been messing around under the hood? Jim (English 101, remember?) says he bets he could start it in *any* weather! He told me that just after he kissed me goodnight last night. It was very romantic!

Concerned about my car,

Ann

P.S. For your private information, that wasn't the *first* time English 101 has kissed me!"

"My dear daughter:

As you know, your father and I share everything with each other. *How many times*, he wants to know, *has English 101 kissed you?*

Concerned about my daughter,
Mom"

"Dear silly Mom,

You don't count these things! If I had to make a guess—well, I just *couldn't!!*

Also, kindly do not refer in the future to Jim Hastings as 'English 101.' We are getting lavaliered.

Love,

Ann



"Dear Ann:
You're getting *what*?
Answer immediately!
Father"

"Dearest Daddy,
Lavaliered only means we're
sort of 'pinned.' Going together,
you know. Don't get so upset. Is
my car OK?

Yours,
Ann"

"Dear Ann,
Thanks for your prompt note.
We're breathing easier around here.
Your car's fine, but Rick has a
couple of things he'd like to see you
add to it.

We can hardly wait until you
come home for the holidays!

All our love,
Mother
P.S. Say hello to Jim for us!"

"Dear Parents,

The most wonderful news!
Jim's mother wrote and invited me
to spend the three days before
Christmas with them! I'm delirious!

Rush your OK—pul-leeze!
Breathlessly,
Ann"

"Dear Breathless:

Your father and I have chatted
on the telephone with Mr. and Mrs.
Hastings. They called us as soon as
Jim told them you would like to
accept their very nice invitation.
They sound like fine people and
you certainly have our permission
to stay with them—on one condition.

All love,
Mom and Dad"

"Dear, *Dear* Parents—
On what condition?
Ann"

"Dear Daughter,
On the condition that, right
after Christmas, Jim comes up here
and spends the rest of the holidays
with us.

As always,
Mom and Dad"

"Dear Perfect Parents!
Zowie!

Ecstatically,
Ann

P.S. Tell Rick he can drive my
Mustang around the block!
Twice, if he wants to!" □

Here Come The Inflatables

A little air and a lot of fun—that's the magic of these new beach and patio bargains

by Burgess H. Scott
photos by Ralph Poole



A MINOR PHENOMENON of the present day outdoor scene is the sight of thousands of persons lolling, floating or bouncing on blobs of low-pressure air.

The air is encased in vividly hued plastic or rubberized envelopes that take the form of lounge chairs, pool floats, children's trampolines and other toys, and even boats that go 25 mph. These are known collectively as inflatables, and each year they are appearing in greater and more colorful profusion in campgrounds and on the beaches and water.

Now the big inflatables family includes outboard motor-powered

runabouts, sailboats, canoes, rafts, and floats, some of the latter with built-in eyepieces for viewing the underwater scene while drifting along. The kids are romping with blow-up animals of varied species—swans, seals, octopi, ducks — both ashore and afloat.

The old standby, the beach ball, now comes in enormous sizes, and in some cases with a handle attached so that the user can straddle it and kangaroo-hop. For the campground there are inflatable tents, mattresses, random cushions and stools. One cube-shaped stool has its upper surface decorated with a checkerboard so that camp loungers

The two-seater *Tahiti*, left, is by Kayak. Below, inflatable furniture by Sears



can enjoy a game outdoors.

The inflatables have also left the beach and moved onto the patio and into the living room. You can get armchairs and barrel chairs, hassocks and cushions, and a deep comfort easy chair with matching ottoman, all supported by a few pounds of air pressure.

It's been less than a decade that such an array of inflatable merchandise has been on the market. Before that there were principally air mattresses, which probably date back less than 30 years, and boats which some say are traceable to the



The wading pool above, by Cragstan, includes a foot-operated pump. Zipping along below is Kayak's *Speedyak 60*; it has separate air chambers, can take outboards up to 18 hp. The colorful pool toys and mini-rafts at right are also by Kayak







Poolside chairs and mattress by Fabrigo come in bright plaids

life rafts of World War II.

One observer says that the Adam of the inflatables was a balloon devised by the ancient Chinese. The first recorded instance of a practical balloon was a linen bag filled with smoke and hot air from a straw smudge. It was set aloft in France in 1783, and rose to a height of 1,500 feet before descending to earth a mile and a half away to the astonishment of a large crowd.

The early recreational inflatables were blown up by mouth, a tedious and dizzying chore, or with bicycle and car tire pumps. Now most manufacturers offer as standard or optional equipment a foot-operated bellows pump. A little casual toe-

tapping quickly does the trick.

An experimental car in France has inflatable upholstery as an option. If you want to carry goods instead of passengers you simply deflate the back seat and use the rear compartment as a trunk.

What new shapes the inflatables will take is anybody's guess. There could be blow-up camp tables and cots, or even an inflatable extra room for the tent, trailer or house.

Who knows? Perhaps compressed air outlets will soon be as common as charcoal grills at campgrounds, and families may pack their vacation homes in the car trunk. Blow-up housing may be the breeze of the future. □

CREDITS—The above photos were all shot at Lake Havasu City, the glamorous new watersports resort on the Arizona shore of Lake Havasu, where the famed London Bridge is being reassembled. Manufacturers: *Cragstan Industries*—200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010; *Recreonics, Inc., Kayak Division*—29 Mileed Way, Avenel, N.J. 07001; *Fabrigo* 1300 W. Exchange, Chicago, Ill. 60609

THE MASTER SLEUTH OF MANZANITA LAKE

*Charlie Braun learned his fishing techniques from the
Paiute Indians, his patience from the FBI*

CHARLIE BRAUN is a legend in Northern California. His squat figure, African explorer's hat and green kayak gliding through islands of duckweed are a familiar sight on Manzanita Lake. Here at the center of Lassen Volcanic National Park, 75,000 anglers a year try for the giant brown trout that doze in 30-foot depths. Park officials estimate that 95 percent fail. And of the remainder, not one can challenge this master sportsman who hooks from three to seven fish an outing.

All of the 17- to 25-inch beauties are taken on barbless flies, because Charlie releases most of his catch unharmed. What matters most to him is the challenge, the battle, and the assurance that the lake is replenished.

As former head of the Shasta County Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation, he once served all agencies including the FBI as a demolition, fingerprint, and ballistics expert. Now in his third year of retirement, Charlie spends most of the summer applying his detective talents to sleuthing



story and photos by Ken Sherwood Roe



Using a homemade kayak for silence, Braun often fishes weedy shallows

out the wisest, most elusive of trout.

As a boy, Braun was initiated into the lore of fishing by the Paiute Indians to the east. "The greatest thing I learned from them," he recalls, "was patience and silence. Listen to fishermen around you," he suggests. "It will astound you. They talk; they slap the water with their lines; they stomp their feet, or crack their oars on the boat. Such noise has no place in the wilderness. Nature has a natural rhythm. You can't hurry her, you can't change her. The man who learns that is on his way to being a good fisherman."

He first visited what is now the Park region in 1914 when Lassen Peak erupted. Since 1941 he has fished Manzanita Lake annually.

"Guess I've caught over a thousand trout here," he estimates. "Lots of them may have been the same fish," he adds—for unless he plans to keep a trout, he never takes it from the water.

Instead, he works the catch close to his kayak, alongside a measuring rod painted on the stern. Then with a half turn of his surgical clamppliers, he releases the fish untouched. Often he simply plays them, offering enough line to let them shake free. "I learned that from the Indians—never take more than you need," he says.

His fly pattern has been developed over the years, largely through trial and error. With chenille or heavy thread, he binds two streamer-type

hackles onto the long shank of a number 10 or 12 hook. The gray or brown feathers are tapered outward, so that they press and part when forced through water, their action remarkably resembling that of a darting minnow. Removing the reel from his rod, Charlie works the tapered line between his middle and index fingers, alternating slow pulls with dramatic jerks. "I never feed these trout," he explains; "I antagonize them, make them mad, so that they fight, and strike at the lure."

Most fishermen wait for the hatch, which is only an hour of feeding in the morning or evening. Charlie's method? "I fish when I want, not when the fish dictate." Consequently, to the disgust of most fishermen, he ignores traditional routines. For example, he never fishes earlier than nine a.m. ("I don't like to get up early"), nor later than two p.m. ("Fishing's fun, why work at it?").

Flies don't matter

Willingly he has given away hundreds of sample flies to anxious rodmen. "But what really matters is how you present it to the fish," he confides, fingering through a box fluffed with assorted flies. "Take any one here," he says, "learn a technique, then present it."

He proved his theory once by dramatically catching a 17-inch trout with a piece of driftwood! Using a sinking line and a 7½-foot light leader, he retrieved a hook

gut-wrapped to a stick, using only long sweeps and intermittent jerks. The resultant brown won him a five-dollar bet.

With his homemade kayak he skims smoothly over the water, using a gentle dip of the paddle to slide above the secret holes where big ones lurk hidden by thick weeds. Here he employs a 3¾-ounce rod, his detached spinning reel, a weight-forward sinking line, and a three-pound leader, perfectly balanced for long casts.

Light tackle is sportier

His actions are wrist controlled. He never moves his elbow, but flicks the rod, belting the line out as far as possible for gentle sinking. "I prefer light tackle—it's sportier," he says. "It makes for a more exciting battle, and it doesn't hurt the trout. That's why I won't offer natural foods. A fish will swallow bait, so that you have to kill him to get the hook loose. A barbless fly merely snags his outer lip."

With resignation, the National Park Service admits Charlie is an attraction rivaling the steam pits, the volcanoes and the glacial lakes. "No doubt about it," sighs Les Bodine, former Chief Ranger—"he's the best fisherman in this section of the state, and probably one of the best in the country. His kind of talent hardly exists anymore."

Charlie's explanation is less pretentious. "As a detective," he smiles, "I just learned to wait." □

The Ageless Adirondacks



From Placid to Cranberry, New York's Land of Lakes is a four-season spectacular. Come once and you'll be back



IT'S A LATE summer morning in the Adirondack Mountains of New York—before the sun really illumines the east—and the silence is so deep it seems to enter, and ease, the soul. A cap of mist hovers on a far peak, the smell of sweet grass floats on the air, and a grouse whirs from a tree in a brown flurry. At such moments the road unfolds, the heart takes wing and the word is go.

Only a five-hour drive from Manhattan, these mountains never disappoint me as a retreat for all seasons. The still whiteness of the winter forests, prizes of spring abounding, summer's shimmering lakes and the incredible colors of autumn—all have their charms, and there's really no "bad" time for a visit.

But if seasons are equal, places are not. Cranberry Lake is one of my favorites—a scenic little village 80 miles northeast of Watertown, on Route 3. It is blessedly serene,

A resort town atmosphere prevails at picturesque Lake Placid, with shopping district overlooking Mirror Lake

by Betty Kjelgaard
paintings by Richard Kane

the natives are amiable, and there is a beautiful campsite at the north end of the lake, competently equipped with tables and benches, bathhouses and grills. Autumn waves charge the windswept shore, or lap at it tenderly under a hot summer sun. The sand is soft, welcoming eager young feet and the pavement-sore soles of weary adults with equal warmth. For a stopover cookout; a week of rest or an afternoon's reverie, it's an ideal spot.

Topping Tupper Lake

Some 20 miles farther east, Tupper Lake rests in sublime beauty amid panoramic environs. A fine boat-launching site permits tranquil canoeing or serious trolling for fish. Or perhaps Dad and young Bobby might like to share the heady pleasure of a 3,000-foot ride to the summit on Big Tupper chair lift. For that matter, they well might choose to come back with their skis, when the fresh powder snow is just right on the vagrant trails below.

To horseback riders, the area's Cold River Trail also grants handsome rewards. Traversing some of the most remote regions in the state, it presents the contrast of soaring peaks on the Santanoni and Seward Ranges and wooded lowlands bordering the river. Beginning at the Stoney Creek assembly area, the trail complex offers two loops, one a baker's dozen miles in length for a one-day ride and another over 30 miles long for those who are one

and kin with a saddle. Shelters are provided and, needless to say, the route meets up with some vistas that have a durable effect on the memory.

Well-defined riding and hiking trails also ribbon their way through the core of the mountains at Saranac and Lake Placid. The glacier-born Upper Saranac River's eight scenic miles abound in brook and rain-



bow trout, and nearby is the cottage, now a literary shrine, where Robert Louis Stevenson lived one winter. The village of Lake Placid itself embraces not the lake of the same name, but tiny and lovely Mirror Lake. Here are the gorgeous motels and inns where being waited on hand and foot can be a luxury way of vacation life, or simply a base of operations.

Just a glimpse away from Placid on Route 73 is the John Brown Farm, where the great abolitionist lies entombed. Standing inside his simple home, it is not impossible to drift back more than a century and hear the voices that once filled those rooms, envision the master of the house reading the now-powdery pages of his books, smell hot cakes puffing on an ancient griddle and see saffron candlelight wavering through the gloom of dusk. Brown once wrote, "I believe the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence to be one and inseparable." Emerson and Thoreau, both personal friends, praised the spirit of this man, who was hanged in 1859 for his efforts to liberate the slaves in America.

From the front door of his house, John Brown could gaze across his own beautiful plateau of land to the saw-toothed crags facing him like shoulder-to-shoulder Goliaths. The tallest one, purple-peaked in summer, is Mt. Marcy, New York State's highest point at 5,344 feet. Should stout feet and a love of walking be one's thing, it's only a 10-mile hike to the top.

JFK Games scheduled

Near Marcy is Mount Van Hoevenberg, bearing on its broad bosom the signal glory of the only Olympic bobsled run on the North American continent. During the summer, visitors can inspect the bob run and see some of the champion sleds. Be-

tween late December and late February, should weather be kind, the races draw thousands of tourists. And a spectator walkway along the entire run allows the camera devotee to obtain indelible souvenirs of this spirited sport. The John F. Kennedy Games, in honor of the late President, are scheduled for Mount Van Hoevenberg in 1971.

Long Lake, on Route 30 south of Tupper, is long. And beautiful. At night it holds the shimmering moon in a still life portrait challenging to even the most endowed artist. The watercourse follows the gentle contours of shore, dipping into a narrow lagoon, purling around an ever-green island. Those seeking only pause elect simply to lie beneath the sun, while the bubbling-over





Blue Mountain Lake provides a spectacular backdrop for sailing

set board sleek little seaplanes for an unforgettable airing.

Blue Mountain Lake is also aptly named. It's a restful spa amid the undisturbed grandeur of mountains, its azure waters lying cupped and waiting for every enjoyment. Blue Mountain itself, called "Hill of Storms" by the Indians, has a trail carved directly to its peak, a climb of nearly 2,000 feet with a look-

out tower perched at the top.

On an island at the end of Raquette Lake is a cottage surrounded on three sides by water. It should be called "Halcyon Haven." A holiday there is many things, all of them enchanting: the warming sun, the hush of night, the matchless fragrance of grilling trout, an afternoon dip, the call of birds and the drift of wood smoke, like an

Indian's calumet to peace.

Could there be such a phenomenon as golden sand? At Golden Beach, close to Raquette, there is. And sand that looks and feels like silver velvet? You'll find it at Silver Beach nearby, where driftwood pulled from the water is the color of pewter.

Pick paddles or skis

And canoeing. One Adirondack voyage could be from Oswegatchie Inlet to Cranberry Lake, a 30-mile upstream paddle into virgin territory.

A great many canoeists also start at Blue Mountain Lake, proceeding west to Raquette Lake and then southwesterly through the dimpling Fulton Chain of Lakes. Those who prefer simply to see these interlinking waterways can do so superbly from McCauley Mountain at Old Forge, where a chair lift provides a box seat for summer viewing, and in the winter a passage to the top for some of the grandest skiing in the Adirondacks.

One could laud with limitless truths this enrapturing country, because the eyes catch and click to the mind vivid records of what they behold. It's an echo of the adage, "You have to see it to believe it."

My own mental pictures are bright and soft and happy, and of extraordinary clarity. There is one of a boy about ten. The locale is a campsite. The day is summer-bound, and the boy is sprawled on

his back. He is motionless, but his eyes are wide open, contemplating the lazy drift of clouds across the sky with something like wonder.

Another is of a motherly woman crocheting on the porch of a house-keeping cottage motel, set in a wreath of pines. A gray-haired man is sitting beside her, his hands clasped behind his head, his face content. A fishing pole leans against the porch railing. I always imagine that inside the house some fresh-cleaned bass are awaiting the skillet.

The pages of the album turn. A young couple, probably honeymooners, stand arm in arm against a backdrop of tapestried October mountains . . . evergreen forests reaching for sky, their tapering cones emerald green . . . children swimming in the deeply, darkly beautiful blue waters of almost any lake . . . a fawn watching from woods, the spots on his baby coat looking almost like daisies . . . snow flakes circling the dizzy heights of "Snow Bird," the jump near Lake Placid where the supreme champions of the skiing world take off into space . . .

There are always more pages to fill with memories of these mountains, always something for everyone to do and to see. Thus, as one vacation's valedictory is sung, another's salutation waits in the future.

The Adirondacks are like that, spring or fall, summer or winter. Come and see, and you'll be back.□

What's New in Travel Trailers

These towable cross-country cottages are still the most popular of all camping vehicles

by Henry Gentry

photos by Don Rockhey and Ray Krisan

TRAVEL TRAILERS are far and away the most popular of all recreational vehicles simply because they offer the most complete living facilities. They range in length from 12 to 30 feet, and even the smallest has the benefit of stand-up room for its full length. Anyone who has had to spend time stooping in a low-ceilinged vehicle will fully appreciate this attribute.

Travel trailers can be ordered with any facility or appliance that is enjoyed in the home. They can have a bathroom, complete with tub

and shower. Their kitchens are as handy as the ones at home, with such advanced equipment as eye-level see-through ovens, double stainless steel sinks, gas refrigerators and ranges, air conditioning and automatic heating.

The 1920s are accepted as the time when trailers began to be seen on the roads, and most were home-made from car wheels and frames. They were first built as load haulers, but it wasn't long before somebody got the bright idea of throwing a mattress aboard and rigging a roof

At left, *Sunset* features an optional outside barbecue grill. Below, *Trans-Por-Teer* includes space to haul boats, trail bikes or snowmobiles





over it, and with that the first travel trailer was born.

By the 1930s they were being commercially manufactured. Henry Ford bought a Stagecoach travel trailer in 1935, and had it placed in the museum at Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan, observing that "this seems to be a coming form of transportation." In 1942 he lent the trailer to Charles Lindbergh, who used it for 15 years in extensive American travels.

This trailer is still on display in the Henry Ford Museum.

Now the travel trailer is nearing the half-century mark as a recreational institution, and its popularity is increasing each year.

One of the new ideas in trailers

At left, *Orbit Galaxy* travel trailer. Standard accessories include shower, panelling. Below, interior has room divider, rear bedroom



is the combination of a living and vehicle-transporting unit. In addition to providing complete living facilities, this trailer can haul your snowmobiles, boat, dune buggy or trail bikes.

The one shown is the *Trans-Por-Teer*, with fully equipped coach quarters and above-floor plumbing which will not freeze up in winter. It has a big double bed in its rear extension, and a roomy dinette which converts into another double bed.

The *Trans-Por-Teer* is completely self-contained, which means that it has all cooking, lighting, bathing and heating equipment, plus a 30-gallon water tank and a six-gallon gas water heater.

Medium-sized travel trailers are very popular because they are a good compromise of roominess and maneuverability. The 19½-foot *Orbit Galaxy* is an example of this size, which ranges from 18 feet up to 22 or 23 feet.

The *Galaxy* has a rear bedroom with a home-like innerspring mattress. This bedroom is set apart by an attractive plastic divider with a translucent stained glass design. The builder says this unit was specially designed for retirees.

It is self-contained, meaning that it has practically any living convenience you enjoy at home.

There are many options available, including nylon carpeting, stereo eight-track tape, extra bunk, a fold-down rear tire carrier and 6,000



Trans-Por-Teer's folding bunk ladder

BTU air conditioning.

With a weight of 2,800 pounds and a hitch weight of 390 pounds, the *Orbit Galaxy* is ideally suited to the Ford Custom 500 sedan shown with it.

Another roomy yet compact trailer is the 17-foot *Sunset* which sleeps six in its attractive wood paneled interior. It has a 30-gallon water system with pump, a 12-volt lighting system and also 110-volt

wiring for hook-up to an outside power source. A marine-type toilet with holding tank, shower, gas range with automatic oven/broiler, and gas/electric refrigerator are among many items of standard equipment.

An interesting option is an outdoor barbecue grill that attaches to the outside of the trailer.

If you're interested in a trailer, but want to find out more about it before buying, it's possible to rent travel trailers in most parts of the country. You can locate a rental agency in the Yellow Pages.

In the Detroit area a 17-foot six sleeper, completely equipped including hitch, wiring and insurance, rents for about \$100 a week. □

MANUFACTURERS OF TRAILERS
DESCRIBED ABOVE

Trans-Por-Teer — *Trans-Por-Teer Corporation, 530 McDonald Street, Elkhart, Indiana 46514*

Orbit Galaxy — *Orbit Industries, Inc., Granger, Indiana 46530*

Sunset—*Sunset Traveler, Incorporated, Falls City, Nebraska 68355*

Sunset's 20-foot interior has complete galley, fold-down table



Favorite Recipes from Famous Restaurants

by Nancy Kennedy



Clock Tower Inn, Vail, Colorado

painting by James Haughey

CLOCK TOWER INN, VAIL, COLORADO

A year-round vacation resort at Gore Creek Drive and Bridge Street in downtown Vail, this hostelry is a popular rendezvous for après ski and indoor and outdoor dining. Also popular is the downstairs fireside bar where guests gather around the player piano and sing old favorites. In the summer the sidewalk cafe features a tempting array of soups, salads, desserts and soda fountain treats. Closed Mondays and April 15 to June 1 and October 1 to November 15.

CLOCK TOWER CAESAR SALAD

(A gourmet's salad, tossed at tableside for each guest.)

2 heads of romaine lettuce

Garlic bud, optional

½ cup salad oil

⅓ cup wine vinegar

1 raw egg

1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

Juice from 1 small lemon

Salt and pepper to taste

½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

1 cup crisp croutons

For a faint whisper of garlic flavor, rub chilled salad bowl with garlic bud before adding crisp romaine pieces. Dribble oil over greens so they are coated, add egg and toss lightly. Add vinegar, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, Parmesan cheese, salt and pepper and toss again. Add croutons for final garnish. Serve immediately on large chilled salad plates. Serves 8.

FOR MORE THAN 20 years the restaurant-recipe section has been a popular monthly feature of FORD TIMES. The restaurants selected are suggested by our readers, staff members, Ford dealers, interested gourmets and even the restaurants themselves.

Because the recipes are usually cut down from much larger quantities, they are always kitchen-tested by our Women's Editor, Miss Nancy Kennedy, before being published in the magazine.

Five volumes of FORD TIMES restaurants and recipes have been compiled. All but one of them are now out of print and collector's items, but many well-thumbed copies still stand on kitchen shelves or in home libraries as frequent recipe sources and reminders of pleasant holiday trips.

The latest volume, THE FORD TIMES COOKBOOK (Simon and Shuster, 1968) is still available in bookstores or by sending \$2.95 to Ford Books, Dept. C, Box 359, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.



SKYLINE RESTAURANT, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

A bountiful buffet is offered every day for lunch and dinner at this fine restaurant which overlooks the Herndon Airport in Orlando. Closed on Sunday. By special reservation groups of four or more can make arrangements for a deluxe Gourmet Dinner which features a mountain of shrimp on ice, oysters Rockefeller, fabulous stone crabs, lobster thermidor, char-broiled filet mignon plus many garnishes and salads. C. Champ Williams is the owner.

ALMOND TORTE

*1 egg
1 egg yolk
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sweet butter
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
1 teaspoon each vanilla and almond
flavoring
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups ground or chopped almonds
32 social tea biscuits (or any plain
cookie), broken into 6-8 pieces
1 pint whipped cream or 1 quart
vanilla ice cream*

Beat egg, egg yolk, butter, sugar, cocoa and flavorings in mixture until mixture is fluffy. Spoon into oiled $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart mold; refrigerate 6 hours or overnight. To unmold run knife around inside mold; dip in hot water 30 seconds. Invert on serving dish. Serves 12 in thin slices topped with whipped or ice cream.

Skyline Restaurant,
Orlando, Florida
—painting by Robert C. Smith

OAKHURST TEA ROOM, SOMERSET, PENNSYLVANIA

A delightful spot for travelers to stop, this 30-year-old family-operated eating place is conveniently located six miles west of Somerset on Route 31, which runs parallel to the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Open daily, noon to 11 p.m.; smorgasbord Tuesday through Saturday, 5 to 9 p.m.

BREAD STUFFING BALLS

1 loaf of stale white bread, cubed
3 eggs
Pinch of baking powder
1 green pepper, finely chopped
1 onion, finely chopped
1 cup celery stalks, chopped

¼ cup dried parsley flakes
Salt and pepper to taste
2 cups chicken broth to moisten
¼ pound browned, melted butter

Mix ingredients in one cup of broth; form into loose 2-inch balls. Arrange on pan and add remaining chicken stock. Bake in 350° oven for about 45 minutes.

COLE SLAW DRESSING

1 pint sweet cream
⅔ cup vinegar
⅔ cup sugar
¾ tablespoon salt

Combine ingredients and whip at medium speed, about 6 minutes, until thick and creamy. □

Oakhurst Tea Room, Somerset, Pennsylvania

painting by Bill Kastan



Letters

Dear Sirs: Yours may be the Ford family with "Grabber" cars, but ours is the Grabber family with Fords—cars and trucks. At present my three brothers and I are operating four Ford cars, four Ford pickups and four Ford trucks. My dad bought his first Ford in 1923, and among his four sons we have had between 30 and 35 Fords.

JOHN GRABBER
Umbarger, Texas

Dear Sirs: Having thoroughly enjoyed the several recent Maverick stories in FORD TIMES, we are prompted to share with you a fun snap of our own "Magic Maverick." It carried my two sons and me more than 5,000 miles in the first five weeks we owned it—to Michigan, South Dakota, Wyoming and points west. In Montana, our little Maverick almost outshone the Badlands and Big Sky country. The inquisitive burro in Custer State Park seemed to be wondering if he could hitch a ride in that cute little car!

MRS. LORRAINE PRUNO
Osceola, Wisconsin

Dear Sirs: We have enjoyed FORD TIMES for many years. As a teacher, I keep our junior high school study hall well supplied, because the students devour them.

I recently found a new use for the covers that I thought might interest you.

I took a hamburger press apart and enameled the two parts white. Then I cut the designs from your April cover (a modern impression of an antebellum home) and glued them in the center. They make beautiful decorator pieces for my tangerine kitchen wall. I've received no end of compliments—and hardly anyone thinks I *made* them!

MRS. A. C. DALLASE
Pectus, Texas



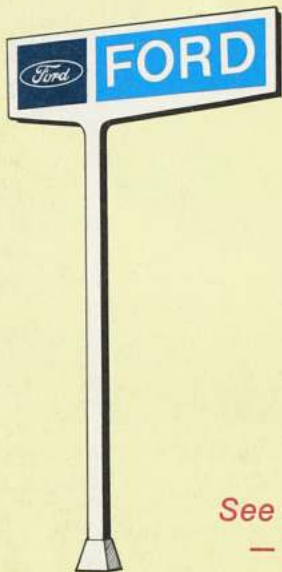
For subscription information, see your Ford dealer. To change your address, send address label from the back cover with your new address and zip code. If you use a post office address change form, be sure that all code numbers from address label are shown. Mail to FORD TIMES, Ford Motor Company, The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.



What's Maverick's Success Secret? It's Simple...and still \$1995.*

Simple to drive. Simple to park. Simple to feed and simple to maintain. Maverick—the machine that brought back the simple life—still just \$1995. And Grabber—the turned-on twin. Either way, so simple to buy, it simply couldn't have been less than a success!

*Ford's suggested retail price for the base Maverick model. White sidewall tires are not included; they are \$30 extra. Since dealer preparation charges (if any), transportation charges and state and local taxes vary, they are not included, nor is extra equipment that is specially required by state laws.



*Ford Times
is sent to you by*

***Ford Division
and Its Dealers***

*See Our Display of New Fords
— The Going Thing for '70*