

FORD TIMES

march 1957





painting by Charles Culver

EARLY TRAVELERS of our great plains who chanced to see the above pictured bird of prey (or its close relative, the prairie falcon) execute its swift attack on its victim, called it the "bullet" hawk. It is truly bullet-like in its folded-wing descent and sharp impact with the hapless bird singled out for a meal. The duck hawk is also known as the American peregrine, and is one of the most popular sporting birds used by American falconers. For more information on this fabled bird, see "The Feathered Lightning," by Durward L. Allen, on page 12. ■

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Nova Scotia's Little Rivers

story and paintings by Henry E. McDaniel

A fine, new ferry running from Bar Harbor, Maine, to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, brings excellent fishing in the little rivers of the Canadian province many miles and many hours closer to U. S. fishermen. Enumerated here are some of the small streams along Nova Scotia's Atlantic Coast, with an indication of the pleasures to be sought in their waters.

LISCOMB, Quoddy, Ecum Secum, Musquodobit, Stewiacke, Petite Riviere, Sheet Harbour River, Moser—these are the strange names of some of Nova Scotia's little rivers. The names stir curiosity in some; and they arouse memories of flashing trout and salmon in the minds of those who have fished them.

These rivers and streams, all located along the Atlantic Coast of Nova Scotia, Canada, are pleasantly reached from the United States via the new ferry from Bar Harbor, Maine, to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Your car rides with you on the ferry. Let there be a good supply of fishing tackle in the trunk of the car.

As you drive along the lower end of the province, on Highway 3, you will find the Tusket River. This is the first stream along the highway for good trout and salmon fishing in the early spring. The Tusket flows through a number of lakes and ponds which contain squaretail trout.



The Medway River

Next along the highway is the Clyde River. Here, in April, you will find sea-run trout and salmon. They move into the river mouth on a rising tide, and you have to be in the right place at the right time.

If you are looking for squaretails, i.e., eastern brook trout, or speckled trout, fish the Jordan River in May—but hire a guide. This is generally a good rule, since the fishing is sometimes spotty, and without a guide you might fish endlessly on enticing but unproductive pools.

The Jordan is a fine stream for a real wilderness camping trip. It winds deep into the interior. There are lakes and tributary streams, and trout of three and four pounds are not rare.

Another important river is the Sable, and again you will need a guide to show you which of its stillwater pools hold sea trout and salmon.

Moving up the sea coast to the little hamlet of Mill Village,

you come to the Medway—a famous salmon river. The Medway is noted for its May and early June fishing. The Medway flows out of Ponhook Lake at Greenfield, which is reached via a dirt road from Mill Village. Though a small stream, the Medway calls for the skillful use of a river boat in order to reach its best pools.

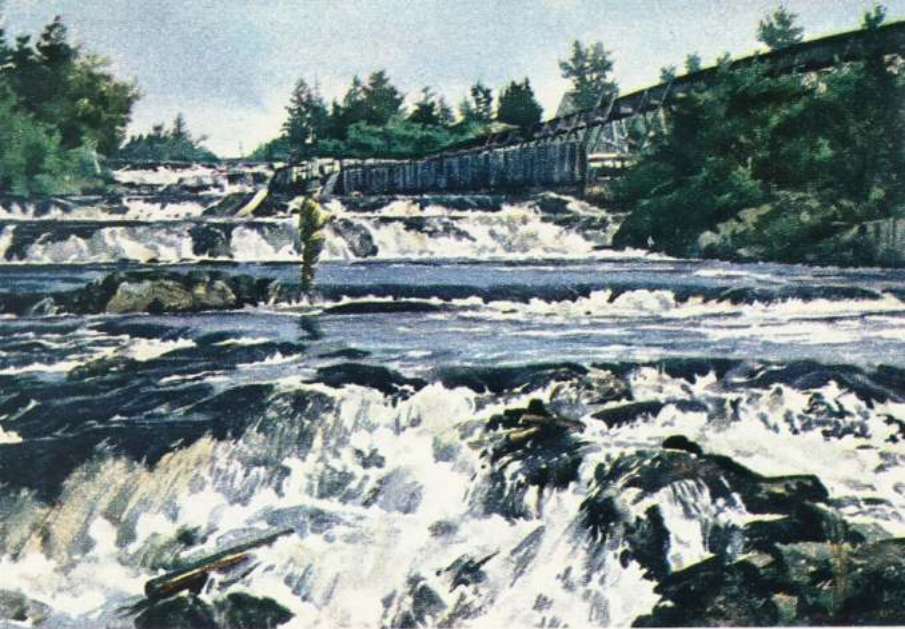
Between here and Halifax are other rivers which, under proper conditions, produce salmon and trout. Proper timing is one of the “proper conditions.” Try the Petite Riviere, which is reached by leaving the highway at Italy Cross and driving to Petite Riviere Bridge, where you will find accommodations. There are grilse (first run) and medium-size Atlantic salmon in the pools of the Petite Riviere.

North of Halifax on Route 7, the country is more sparsely settled, and the streams less heavily fished. Highway 7 is of recent construction, and a fine paved road. Along it you will find the Musquodobit River. Though small in width, the Musquodobit is a long river, reaching far inland. It produces trout and salmon from early in the season on throughout the summer. A good guide is recommended here, too, for best results. He will know when and where the sea trout and salmon are hitting.

Farther on along Highway 7 you will come to the Tangier River, an ideal stream for a canoe trip. It will take about five days to explore and fish the river properly.

Not far from the Tangier is the Sheet Harbour River, perhaps the most spectacular stream in this section of Nova Scotia. Here you fish the swift eddies in successive pools which form the steps of a giant ladder of rock ledges extending down to the sea. The West Branch of the Sheet Harbour is good for salmon fishing even in August.

Every small stream has a personality of its own, and these eastern shore rivers are strong examples. There is an intimacy to the smaller streams which is lacking in bigger rivers. On most of them salmon and trout will take the standard fly patterns. The Quoddy, and the Moser—a beautiful stream of



ledge pools—and many small, unnamed brooks, all produce excellent fishing in July, August and September. The Quoddy is a stillwater river. It slips so unobtrusively into the sea that you are apt to miss it entirely as it winds its quiet way through the marshlands.

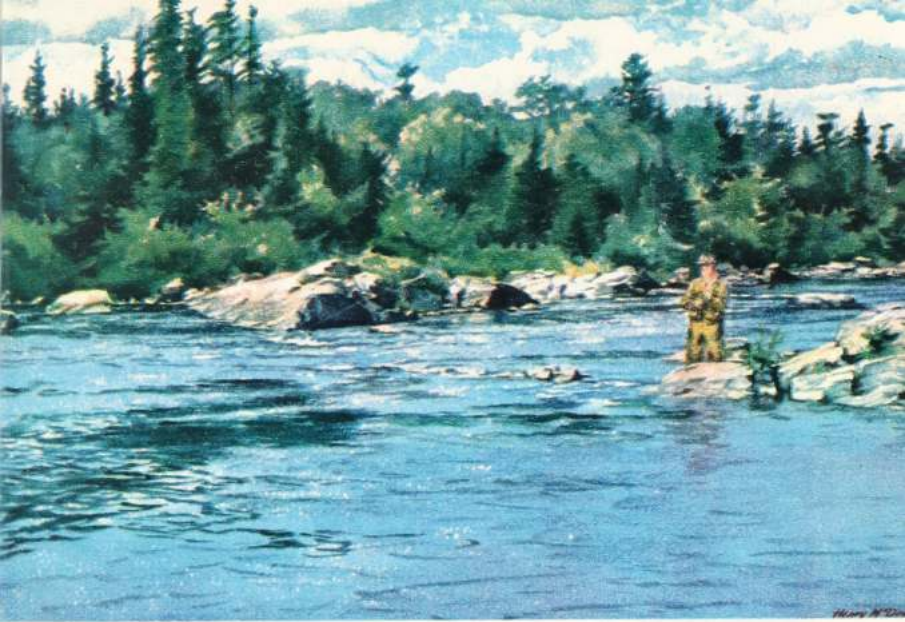
Yet the Quoddy is a stream that will satisfy the most eager fisherman, especially if the services of Bert Publicover are engaged. Bert Publicover lives in Port Dufferin, and has the only boats and camps on the “ponds,” as the stillwaters are called. It takes three days to make a good trip along the stillwaters, and your wrist will ache from holding sea trout. Try it in August and September.

We now come to the *Ecum Secum*, the river with the strangest of all names, which is pictured on the front cover of this issue of *FORD TIMES*. When you first see the *Ecum Secum*, you will be surprised and skeptical. It's a “jackpot” river—a feast or a famine. But if the salmon and sea trout are in, you will never forget it. Unlike any salmon river you have seen, the *Ecum Secum* is a series of stillwaters connected by channels narrowing through tall grass and reed marshes. It looks like bass or pickerel water, yet I have seen hundreds of trout and salmon rolling in its deceptive pools. The *Ecum Secum* produces best results on locally-tied flies, the moose hair and squirrel tail types, with no authentic names.

Above the *Ecum Secum* is the *Liscomb*. Like the *Tangier*, the *Liscomb* is for a camping trip with a good guide. Allow four or five days. Inquire at the village of *Liscomb*.

The last small stream is *Gaspereaux Brook* at East *Liscomb*. You might hook a salmon, squaretail or sea trout in the little pool right beside the road.

This is the story of Nova Scotia's little rivers. Between its lines is the song they make among the ledges, and their whispering in the grasses of their banks. There is the fragrance of sweet grass, spruce and pine; and the tang of sea air and woodsmoke. And if you strike your little river right, there will be memories of flashing trout and salmon. ■



Announcing

New England Journeys—Number 5

AUTHORS, artists and photographers who are themselves New Englanders, either native or by adoption, have contributed over sixty original articles to the all-new, 1957 edition, "New England Journeys—Number 5," which is now available to the touring public as a gift from the Ford dealers of New England.

Like its four predecessors, the newest edition of Journeys—which is not intended to be either a tourist's guide or a latter-day Baedeker—might best be described as an essence or anthology of New England places and pictures. Widely varying subjects, not yet touched upon in previous editions, embrace old and picturesque New England towns, parks, museums, historic shrines, and places to fish, ski, hike and sail. Such topics as "New England Eating," "The Yankee Language," and "New England Fishing" provide pleasant reading and a useful background for a tour of the six New England states. Some ninety paintings and photographs, reproduced in full color, accompany these articles.

In all, more than forty writers and forty artists and photographers have combined to produce "New England Journeys—Number 5." In its 128 pages you will find numerous vacation

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NUMBER 5

FORD TIMES SPECIAL EDITION
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ideas for the coming summer. But even if a New England vacation is not in the offing as yet, you can still enjoy a fascinating armchair journey by filling in the coupon and sending for your free copy of *Journeys—Number 5*. The Ford dealers of New England welcome your request. ■

You may obtain your free copy of "New England Journeys—Number 5" by stopping at any Ford dealer in New England or by mailing the coupon on the opposite page. A useful, decorative map of the New England states is also available on request, as a supplement to the booklet. Fill in the coupon (be sure to print clearly) and send to New England Journeys, Dept. F., Back Bay P. O. Box 151, Boston, Massachusetts.

America's "Rude" Bridge

by Philip Brady

painting by Loring W. Coleman

By the rude bridge that arched the flood . . .

THESE ARE stirring words which are engraved deeply in the memory of every American. In the years since they were first penned, they have served to paint a vivid picture—but one that has not always been accurately borne out by the real thing.

Countless thousands of tourists have journeyed to Concord to stand where once the "embattled farmers . . . fired the shot heard 'round the world." But the ugly concrete bridge, which for nearly half a century led to the historic site, placed a hard strain on the imaginations of these visitors. The impact would be much the same if a Garand rifle was placed in the bronze hand of the Minuteman.

Now, thanks to surging August flood waters whipped by the winds of 1955's Hurricane Diana, the unsightly structure has been replaced.

"On this green bank, by this soft stream," as Concord's great poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson, put it, now stands a new North Bridge. And the new North is a replica of the wooden span that Captain Laurie's British regulars attempted but failed to destroy.

For the first time since 1793, when the original North Bridge—built in 1660—was carried downstream, Americans can see a structure that is almost identical with the one our ancestors fought so successfully to defend.

Designers of the new span have been guided by a model of the original bridge preserved by the people of Concord. Other aids were the Amos Doolittle print of the battle scene, made a



few weeks after the historic date of April 19, 1775, and the Theodore Pitman diorama, on display at the Concord Antiquarian Society.

From 1793 until 1875 visitors who wished to reach the battle site had to take a round-about route, for North Bridge had ceased to exist. In 1874 the first “Minuteman” bridge was erected, prior to the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the battle and the unveiling of the monument. But it, too, was washed away and in 1888 a second “Minuteman” bridge replaced it. This one lasted only until 1908 when floods struck again.

It seemed that the “concrete” bridge, built in 1908, would last forever. When hurricane-lashed waters weakened its foundations so badly that it was condemned, everyone was overjoyed. The new timber replica of the first rude bridge makes the stirring scene of that momentous April morning in ’75—when our rebel ancestors in their homespun dress charged across to victory—much easier for visitors to conjure up. ■

The Feathered Lightning

by Durward L. Allen

paintings by Charles Culver

NO ONE SAW HIM; but if they had, they would have known he belonged there, a mile high, in the vastness. In the easy chop of his pointed pinions they would have sensed deceptive power and untapped reserve. Almost in seconds, he crossed the valley; it was as though the mass of air moved with him.

Abreast of Mount Evans he wheeled, rose on the crest of an invisible wave, then hurtled steeply down. For a quarter-mile the feathered meteor gained momentum. Too fast for startled eyes, he shot through a flock of milling ravens, turned completely over in a false pass at one of them, and was lost to view over the conifers, far below timberline.

No man with an eye for elegance or a feel for cheek and freedom could soon forget such a performance in the clear Colorado sky. Among the creatures of primitive America, this, the western "prairie" falcon, and his close





kin the "duck hawk," were unmatched for speed. A Navy pilot in a diving plane once was passed by a descending duck hawk, with the air speed showing 175 mph.

High in the rimrock in early March, the male will carry out his inspection of each crypt and ledge, fluttering frantically, and uttering a run of duck-hawk verbiage. At first the female falcon is unimpressed, but eventually she makes a choice and settles down.

By June the young are fledged, and they are one in temperament with their elders. They hop alertly along the ledge, following with telescopic eyes the movements of songbirds far below. The parents glide by, dangling prey in their talons, until the ravenous infants finally launch into space. There they are suddenly at home and gain quick mastery of their element. They follow the adults, catching dropped prey which they carry to a perch for rapid plucking and gorging. They

learn to course low over the river, delightedly herding flocks of frantic migrants. Soon, they'll force a bird into water, or strike and pass on, in sheer abandon.

The duck hawk takes his food a-wing, streaking out of the blue to club down a duck, large or small, with a heavy foot. He may turn over in full flight to pluck a swallow or dove daintily out of the air. His diet features a wide assortment of birds, not excepting crows, bluejays, small hawks and owls.

Peregrines, the world around, were the *falcon gentil* of hawk-hunting royalty, noted for their fierce willingness to take on birds of nearly any size. Our duck hawk is in the forefront of the sport in this country, the seeking of young birds by falconers being something of a hazard to the eyries.

John Hamlet is a man of fabled skill in the capture and training of wild creatures. At Ocala, Florida, he has an exhibit of every wild thing man has used for hunting, including a collection of eighty-nine birds of prey. The peregrines are his special love.

But he'll have none of the slow and sticky-footed "eyas," or young taken from the nest; nor yet the "brancher," a juvenile flyer in training by its parents.

"Give me the passage bird, an immature on migration," says Hamlet, "and I'll show you a courteous, intelligent, even-tempered bird that is a joy to behold and handle." A rare jewel is a "haggard," or adult, that can be reclaimed from the wild. Correctly managed, "never looked at directly, all movements rounded, plenty of soft talk," and one out of two peregrines will eat from the hand the same day caught. John Hamlet has the amazing record of flying a hawk free eleven days after it was captured.

The duck hawk is wary and elusive, but its high intelligence permits it to accept man—under some conditions. A few have nested on ledges of skyscrapers, and individuals have wintered, on pigeons, around such notable places as Times Square, Philadelphia's City Hall, and the old Post Office Tower in Washington. From several points along Pennsylvania Avenue, duck hawks have watched the inaugural parades of presidents.

In a world where the human mark is everywhere, these splendid freebooters bring us a refreshing breath. ■



photograph by Janette Rainwater

Florida's Sewage Tank Mural— *a one-picture story*

TRUST CORAL GABLES to see beauty in a sewage treatment plant. On the tank in the picture above is a vinyl mural painted by John St. John for the progressive Florida city's government. It depicts in symbols Florida's history from aboriginal days to the present.

The monumental mural, which is 325 feet long, is the first public use of a new vinyl paint especially modified for the artist from a formula used by Mexican muralists. It is believed it will last indefinitely even in the tropics.

The sewage treatment plant is on the edge of the University of Miami campus and can be seen from U.S. 1, a block away. ■



Custom Conversions

A Rolling Home and a Waterborne Car

BASED on a Ford P-350 chassis, the vehicle pictured on this page is a self-propelled outing unit that is complete down to the proverbial kitchen sink. It is built to order by V. H. Herrmeyer of Route No. 1, Denver, Iowa, and has the unique feature of expanding to create more space when encamped.

It has a water storage capacity of thirty-one gallons under pressure, a double sink, shower, stool, septic retention tank, three-burner stove and oven, gas refrigerator, and gas floor furnace. There are two forty-pound cylinders for L. P. gas. Optional equipment includes a light plant and air conditioner.

The unit has ample storage space in drawers and lockers and will sleep up to five persons. Its dinette area is so arranged that passengers ride forward and it can be converted for sleeping while traveling.

The forward roll above the windshield encloses additional storage space and conforms to modern mobile home design.

Jack Heggstad of Madison, Wisconsin, decided he wanted to be the first man to drive across an unfrozen lake in a car and set about rigging up his 1941 Ford to accomplish that objective. The result was the strange craft below which couldn't quite qualify for being a sidewheeler or a sternwheeler.

He mounted his car on two war surplus pontoons and attached wooden blocks to tire chains for propulsion. He attached a sailboat rudder in back and operated it by wires from the front seat. Engine cooling was accomplished by connecting a marine water pump with hose and filter to his car cooling system.

After some discussion as to licensing the craft, he was assigned a number applicable to power boats there, No. 11248. Heggstad crossed the lake easily and in the time expected. He said the craft will make from twelve to fourteen mph. ■





THE BIRDS OF CAPE ROMAIN

by Charles W. White

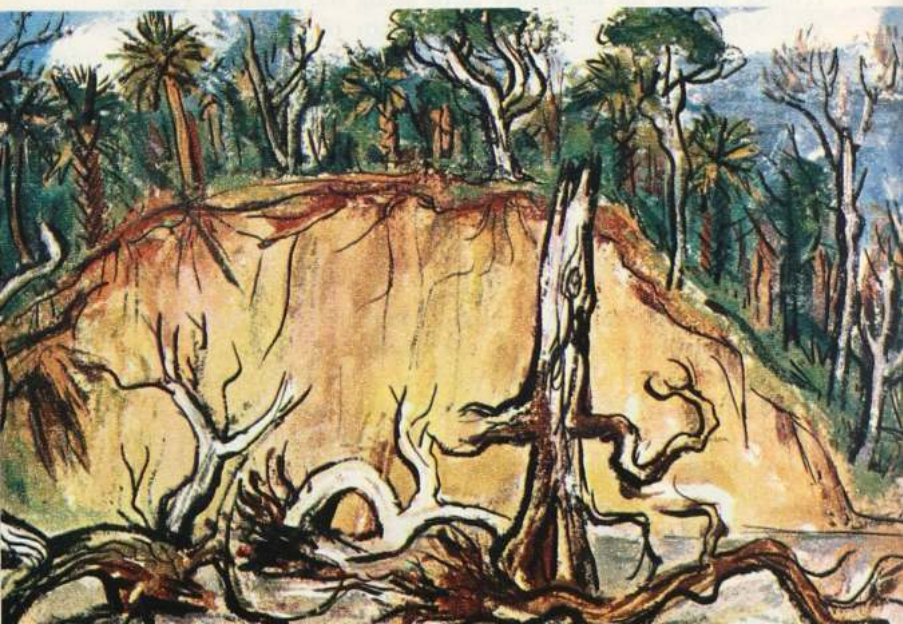
paintings by William Halsey

CAPE Romain National Wildlife Refuge, a 60,000-acre wilderness of salt marches and sea islands on the South Carolina coast, is one of the few places where city people can see America almost as it was when galleons from Spain first came to these shores; particularly, it offers a chance to observe what is being done to protect and increase our heritage of waterfowl, shorebirds and wild animals.

The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service operates 272 wildlife refuges, mostly for migratory birds along the Atlantic, Pacific and Mississippi flyways, and their sign of the flying goose means that you are welcome, although you are not allowed to hunt. Most of these refuges do not have accommodations for tourists, but Cape Romain has Dominick House, on Bulls Island, where as many as fifteen guests can come out by boat and stay overnight or longer. Bulls Island is a pristine miracle by itself, where you may see great loggerhead turtles, alligators, white-tailed deer, otter, mink, wild turkeys and thousands of waterfowl and songbirds—yet you are only a few miles from civilization.

This is a storied region, replete with tales of pirates and buried treasure. Bulls Island was named for Stephen Bull, an English sea rover who settled here in 1670. The island, about twenty miles northwest of Charleston, is about six miles long and two miles wide. Its only contact with the mainland is by a lonesome, sagging telephone line which stretches from

*Above left: Dominick House, where Bulls Island guests stay.
Below left: One pair of wires connects island with mainland.*



←*An ancient tabbywork ruin, once a fort.*

Moore's Landing, where you get the boat.

Forest lanes from Dominick House lead off through fantastic aisles of palmetto, moss-hung live oaks and loblolly pine tangled with tropical vines. The trails and beaches are favorites with Audubon club visitors, who come out occasionally to help take census of more than a hundred varieties of birds that range from the numerous kinds of warblers and vireos to American bald eagles.

At the north end of the island, near Jack's Creek Pool, is an ancient tabbywork ruin ("tabby" is the local name for this curious oyster shell and clay masonry) and tradition says this was either a pirate fort or an outpost against pirate depredations. The U. S. Department of Interior states cryptically that nobody, so far as is known, has discovered buried treasure on Bulls Island.

We did find treasure, though, in the form of silvery, salt-preserved driftwood which abounds on an isolated beach near the old tabby fort. The Cape Romain refuge manager calls this section of Bulls Island "the boneyard." Wind and tides from Bulls Bay have overcome this part of the island, killing oak, pine and magnolia trees. Along the sunken strand lie twisted branches and fallen old trunks.

Nature has played other pranks on Bulls Island. You hear the low calling of turtle doves, and the woods are alive with songbirds. A wild turkey may fly up ahead of you any time. Yet there are no rattlesnakes, no English sparrows, no bluejays. There are no opossums or skunks, but all the Cape Romain islands are plagued with raccoons which swim over from the mainland or ride floating logs and devour valued turtle eggs and the eggs of nesting birds.

In Summerhouse Pond, reached by forest lane from Dominick House, lives a bull alligator. Once he rushed two refuge workers who were pushing a shallow duck-boat along the edge of the pond. The men escaped, scrambling through cattails to the bank.

As many as 80,000 ducks and geese come to Cape Romain

←*Beach with a treasure of driftwood.*



← *Bulls Island boneyard.*

Refuge every year, it is estimated, besides thousands of gulls, terns, teals, pelicans, and other shorebirds and waterfowl. Lordly Canada geese come honking in late in the fall, either in passage or to remain until spring takes them to their far northern haunts again. After the shorebirds and waterfowl have flown north in the spring, flocks of wood ibises, herons and snowy egrets feed in the marshes. Bumping through a sedgy channel in one of the refuge motor launches, or exploring a white sand beach, you may surprise a flock of pelicans at one of their interminable conferences. Cape Island is famous as a nesting grounds for sea turtles that weigh as much as 450 pounds. The females crawl up at night in June, July and August and scoop holes in the sand, depositing as many as two hundred eggs in each hole. Those pesky raccoons sometimes follow the turtles and dig up their eggs almost as soon as they are laid.

The refuge manager and his team of trained assistants are able to keep nature more or less in favorable balance for waterfowl by killing predators, disking out weeds which smother food plants in the ponds, and by a year-round job of amphibious farming which takes in everything from planting oats and rye to blasting out drainage ditches with dynamite. The refuge headquarters house is on Five Fathom Creek at the edge of McClellanville, a town of about 400 just off U. S. Highway 17.

Once there, you have those small adventures and experiences which are the spice of travel. It may be the fun of watching a ten-inch horseshoe crab on the Cape Island beach, perhaps turning the monster on his back with your foot to see if he can kick himself upright again. You may remember the throng of laughing gulls that flew along with you on the waterway, or the manner in which people waved at you from the deck of a passing schooner.

The deep, mysterious, life-teeming forests of Bulls Island linger in mind. Right next to cities, gas stations and super-highways, it's another world entirely. ■

← *Jack's Creek Pond.*



Safari to Coal City

by Norman Sklarewitz

paintings by Cal Dunn

PERHAPS you've always yearned to travel in search of exotic relics of the ancient past, but have never had the time to cross the burning Gobi Desert or to push up the Orinoco River.

The perfect opportunity awaits you if you set a course along U. S. Highway 66 to a point about seventy miles southwest of Chicago. Then swing west on State Route 113S to Coal City where you'll come upon the unique "spoil banks" of northern Illinois—one of the largest fossil beds to be found anywhere.

Here visitors can hike the slopes and collect exciting mementos of the prehistoric past. All it takes is a sharp eye, a small hammer (to break open the fossil-bearing rocks) and a knapsack to carry your specimens. The fossils are Nature's own reports on conditions that existed an unbelievable 240 million years ago! It was the age of coal formation. In the process of strip mining the Illinois No. 2 coal, huge quantities of Pennsylvania shale and overlying glacial deposits were removed and dumped nearby. In these "spoil banks" the first fossils turned up. They were imprints made when leaves, ferns, plants and even insects from that primeval forest fell into the soft mud which hardened and retained a perfect cast.

As a tourist attraction, the 8,000 acres of spoil banks of Grundy and Will counties should rank about zero. They are desolate, roads in are gravel, and not a refreshment stand nor picnic table is to be found. Yet each year many scientific discoveries are made by geology students and museum experts, and the ordinary visitor can explore the beds with equal success. ■



Down the Blow Gourd Trail

by Warren T. Musgrove

paintings by Richard Brough

“**H**ow do you get rid of a lazy son-in-law?”
“Feed ‘im salty meat and don’t tote ‘im no water from the spring!”

Dick Brough and I accidentally found this salty proverb in Spoon Handle the other day. In fact, the whole day happened quite by accident. It was Dick’s idea to just sorta bear around and let the spirit guide us.

On this mild morning Dick spun a bottle on a Birmingham sidewalk. When the bottle stopped the neck was pointing in the general direction of Alabama Highway 38 west. About twenty miles out we stopped at a little filling station-store, and for no reason at all somebody said something about Spoon Handle. Dick’s head popped up and his eyes got wide open.

“Where is this Spoon Handle?” he asked.

“Over yonder toward the Rosy Prong of the Warrior River. You drive through Spunky Hollow and come to Turkey Foot Fork. Take the middle toe and you can’t miss it.”

We took the middle toe and before we knew it we were right sock-up in Spoon Handle. It was recommended that we have a talk with Mr. Ed Youngblood about Spoon Handle. He was down in the pasture sugaring his buggy horse while a young frisky colt tried to swipe an apple out of his pocket. We learned that Spoon Handle got its name because the little cluster of houses around its single store was shaped like a spoon and a line of houses ran off up a hollow to form the handle. Big John Rutherford wrote the name on a slab and stuck it on the side of the road. Big John also originated the salty meat proverb.

Above left: At the Spoon Handle General Store.

Below left: Mr. Youngblood’s shed and buggies.



← *A formality fence on the road to Blow Gourd.*

Mr. Youngblood slapped his colt on the back and said, "One night Big John was coming home from Blow Gourd and . . ."

"Blow Gourd?" Dick asked.

Spoon Handle couldn't hold us much longer. State 38 cuts right through the heart of Blow Gourd. Mrs. Bullard told us, "The church here is called New Bethel. Some maps call the town Tidwell, and some call it Concord. But the folks call it Blow Gourd and that's what it is."

Then she happened to mention North Joy.

We were off again. We whizzed past Locust Fork and Cleveland, over the Warrior River and took a sharp left off 78. We found a fork in the roads, a few houses and a beautiful old abandoned school house where an inscription announced, "Jody do love somebody."

It's a good two miles from North Joy down the sandy pair of ruts that lead to South Joy. We talked to Mr. Chuck Richards who hasn't been but a little ways from the section he was born on, except to venture about three miles across the mountain to Sky Ball to find his wife back yonder about the turn of the century.

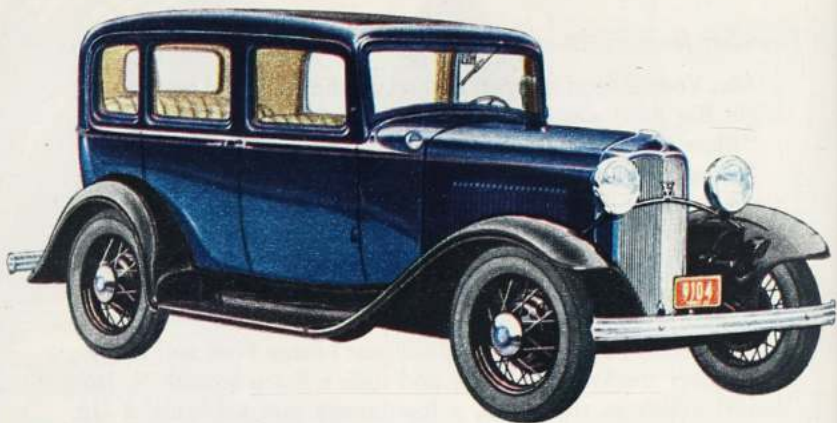
In Sky Ball we saw a couple of TV aerials, but we were told that boys still meet up on Sunday afternoons and ride bull yearlings for recreation, or go exploring one of the nine big caves that go back in the side of the mountain.

"Ever hear tell of Peep-Crack Church?" a man in Hayden asked. Dick gave me the signal to be moving on toward Peep-Crack, but the man kept on talking. "That ole church was tore down a long time ago—yessir, long before I moved from Scratch Out."

We were told in Scratch Out that Uncle Doc Woodwin's goats would stay under the church and the fleas would cause people to scratch something terrible during services.

That night we asked Dick to stick around our house for a spell, but he allowed he better get on to Tuscaloosa. "My daughter Carol Ann's aiming to get married some day, and I'm going to stop on the way and buy me some salty meat." ■

← *Strip mine between Peep Crack and Scratch Out.*



'32 Ford Becomes Antique

THE 1932 FORD CAR, pictured here in one of its fourteen body styles, has just become an antique. Introduced on March 31, 1932, the car is now celebrating its silver anniversary, achieving an age which gives it the status of antiquity according to fanciers of old cars—and the laws of most states.

The '32 Ford is historically important not only because of its age but because it marks the introduction of the Ford V-8. This was the year when Ford brought out the first mass-produced, low-priced V-8 in the automotive industry. A total of 207,866 V-8's were made that year, plus a smaller number of four-cylinder Model B's for the few who insisted on loyalty to the older engine.

Although V-8's had been produced before, 1932 marked the first time such an engine had been cast in a single block. With this engine Ford not only dominated the V-8 field immediately but has done so ever since. Through 1956, the company had produced close to 23,000,000 V-8 engines, far more than the rest of the industry combined.

The V-8 of the early years had a bore of $3\frac{1}{16}$ inches, a stroke of $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches, compression ratio of 5.5 to 1, and 221

cubic inches piston displacement. It developed sixty-five hp. The car had a wheelbase of 105 inches and road clearance of nine inches.

A number of states have passed laws granting special licenses with special low fees to antique cars. The rules vary from state to state, so if you have a 1932 Ford, check with your state vehicles office to find out about eligibility.

Persons planning to restore a 1932 Ford will find that parts are still available, although it may take some looking around. The first place to inquire is your local Ford dealer; many still have parts in stock, due to the fact that V-8's were not greatly altered for the first few years after 1932.

If your local Ford man is not able to help here are four useful addresses among many where older model car parts are still available:

Parkinson Motor Sales, Ponca City, Oklahoma
McKenzie Motor Sales, 109 Broadway Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Model A, B & T Club, Box 217, Unionville, Connecticut
Connecticut Valley Model T Club, 51 Scheafer Road,
Middletown, Connecticut

Literature Available

Ford Motor Company's Archives Department offers a service of value to antique car enthusiasts who plan to restore Ford-built cars to original condition. The department will send, free on request, the "Model A Restorers' Manual," and specification sheets on both Model A and Model T Ford cars. It will also send, free, photostatic copies of plans, specifications, etc., for restoring problems not covered in the aforementioned literature. Send your request by mail to:

Archives Department,
Ford Motor Company
Rotunda, The American Road
Dearborn, Michigan

*This is from New England Journeys—
Number 5, just published. Copies are
free—see bottom of page 9.*

SUMMER PLACES IN WINTER TIME

by Charles Rawlings

paintings by Edward Turner

“**W**HAT’s it like in winter?” is a question asked frequently by the summer tourist along the coast of Maine. “What’s it like at Schoodic Point? On Blue Hill Bay? At Swan’s Island, or Stonington Harbor?”

I was assigned to describe in words the scenes which Mr. Turner, the Maine artist, has painted so effectively.

I waited for a settled weather report, a steady glass and



Smelt fishing on the ice at Jones' Cove

a bitter, star-studded night—and left on my mission at dawn.

It was a be-jeweled winter morning. The sun sparkled on the snow-saddles the white pines were carrying, and the diamond-and-ermine laden spruces looked like great, regal birds dragging their wings. But as I neared West Gouldsboro, visibility became suspiciously crystal clear. By ten o'clock there was no doubt what this day was—a weather-breeder,

with something big and fat behind it.

Jones' Cove was basking in the forenoon sun that was as warm and bright as what you saw in August. The water of Frenchman Bay beyond was as blue as a girl's eyes. But beware of tomorrow's look!

The last half mile of road from Winter Harbor to Schoodic Point, beyond the Naval Radio Station, had been plowed two snow storms back. Now it was a perfectly level stretch of alabaster too deep to attempt with a car but a soft, moist joy to slog through in a pair of Bean boots.

Around a bend was the last of the spruce stand and there suddenly was Cadillac Mountain and all Mt. Desert, white, blue-black and beautiful. And there, right before us, was famous Schoodic Point; and beyond, the mild, just-breathing North Atlantic Ocean. There was a single lobster boat hauling trap. Its tattered riding sail flopped and filled, as the gentle swell rolled shoreward.

The beautiful still air was electric with the drama of treacherous, impending evil. If our nostalgic summer visitor was out there in a cruising hull and he was as smart as he ought to be, he would know the danger. He would be getting out of there, to where he could get a good mooring down. He'd get back to Southwest Harbor and know when he was well off.

That night in the hotel sitting room at Ellsworth the radio exposed the plot. "Snow," it said, "beginning in southwestern Maine and spreading rapidly over the rest of the state. Winds fresh to strong. Northeast storm warnings up at six o'clock, Eastport to Block Island."

That small-shot pellet snow that only a northeaster hurls crunched underfoot the next morning. Drift was piling up right in the heart of town. The plow had started for Blue Hill, and if you could get chains on in a hurry and catch up with it and follow close enough astern so the drifts would not have time to build again, there was a chance to roll.

On Blue Hill Bay there was visibility of thirty yards. It was a very alive thirty yards filled with snarling, snow-hissing, gray-



green, white-capped sea beating on an icy shore. Beyond was nothing but swirling snow and fog. The northeaster owned Blue Hill Bay and all the world. Out there in the murk somewhere was Swan's Island. The draggers were there, too, laying over again if they had been lucky enough to make it.

If you kept squinting ahead out that metronomic wiper beat for another desperate hour, you could see the big coat hanger bridge to Deer Isle looming up big and, all at once, pale and unreal through the snow. Under it was sweet Eggemoggin Reach that is a warm, lovely sail with started sheets and a steady deck in summer. But now it was so angry, so wind-torn and so cold that you yearned for the hiss of wood in a hearth.

At last there were the steep hill streets of little Stonington. The harbor, a picture of angry water, snow and fog, and the islands showing up now and then like pale ghosts in between squalls. Most of the lobster fleet was up in winter storage deep under drift; but the few hardy hulls that were still fishing were out on ton granite moorings pitchpoling in the sea, all headed the same way, all straining their hawse until you could hear it twang. The hawse looked stout enough to hold a battleship fleet because it was all as thick as your arm with ice. Once in a while a dory with a pitiful, cold, hunched man in black storm gear and a sou'wester chin-strapped down tight would fight her way out, tossing and plunging.

Toiling through the grainy snow that slipped under your boots like coarse sand, we fought the wind just before dark, heading out for scallop stew for supper. In the lee of the town wharf at least a hundred gulls all with head to wind were floating side by side in a fleet. When we came back they were in the same place with the night howling overhead and the light from the drugstore window shining dimly out over their cold, fluttering, feathered backs. They were going to make the best of a stormy night, like us, like everyone in the sounding, cold, windripped, but vital world of winter on the Maine coast. ■



CEDAR KEY

by Burgess H. Scott

paintings by Bill Moss

STAND in the main street of Cedar Key today and it is difficult to realize that back in the eighties this quiet little village had a population of 5,000—some say that the “floating” population reached 10,000.

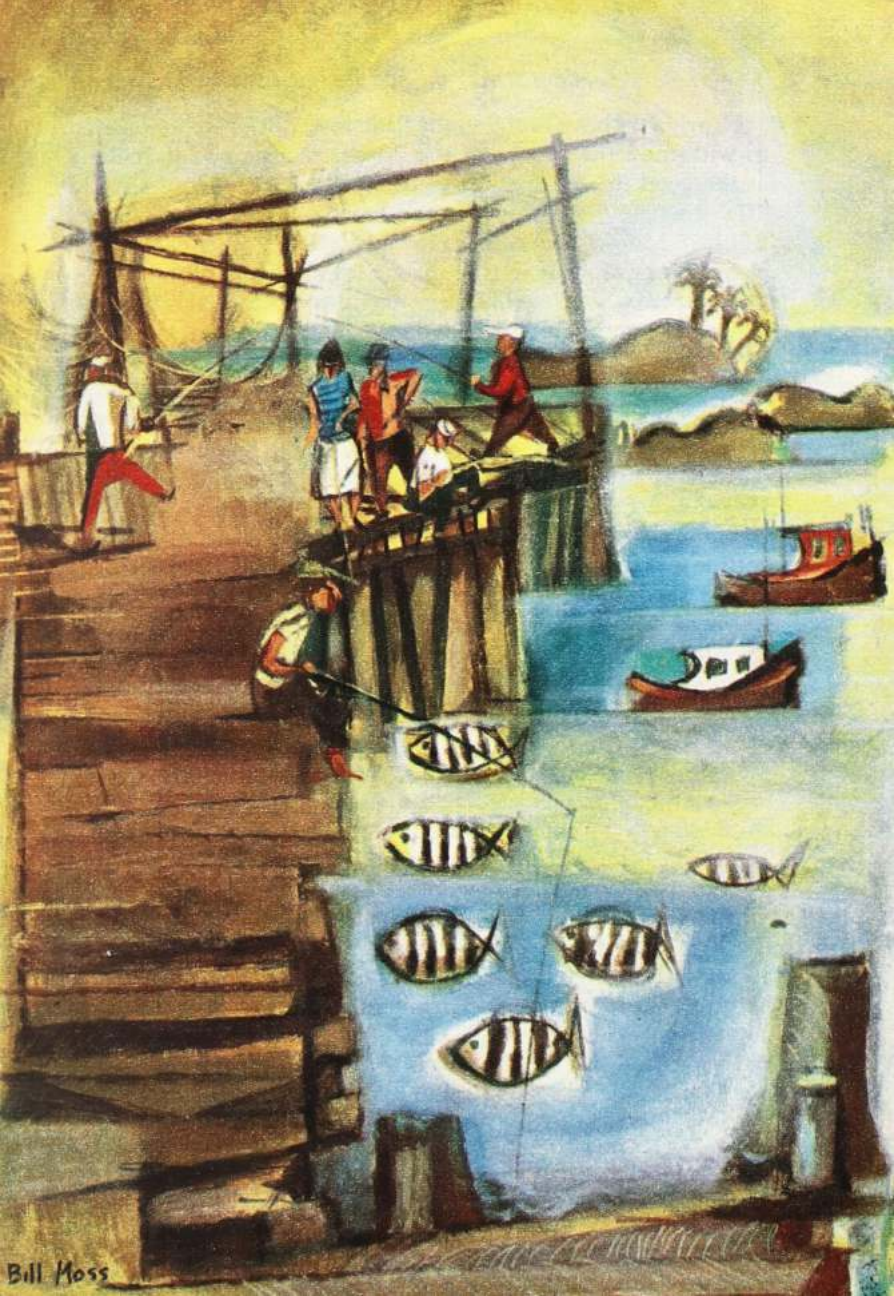
That is all behind the town now, and the population has stabilized at something under a thousand. Cedar Key’s chief distinction today is that it is a bit of what Floridians call “the old Florida.”

Its location is well up the Gulf Coast, a hundred miles or so north of St. Petersburg, and it occupies one or two of a group of small islands known collectively as Cedar Keys. Travelers on U. S. Highway 19 can reach Cedar Key by turning west on State 345 at Chiefland or onto State 24 at Otter Creek. By either route the side trip to the town is about twenty miles.

The first impression is quaintness and quietness, and it is a lasting one because only a tiny portion of the main highway throng have discovered Cedar Key. The short row of frame buildings that line the main street suggests a frontier town of the old West, in contrast to the New England feel of the harborside with its wharves and canted piers and weathered fish houses.

Cedar Key got its name from great stands of cedar that attracted lumbering interests—especially the pencil companies—and an abundance of yellow pine. Old timers can remember when its harbor and roadstead were crowded with European schooners taking on cargos of sawn lumber.

The wharf at Cedar Key, where anglers fish for sheepshead—



Here is the main street; the building at right is the Island Hotel→

Hurricanes have buffeted the little town, but it has managed to withstand their fury. One resident, accustomed to looking at the good side of things, described the hard blow of 1896 as "the hurricane that put out the fire that ruined the cedar." But it didn't do the cedar in for good. The groves came back in time to be of value during the great land boom of the 1920's.

Cedar Key is probably the only town in the country with a free cemetery. Long ago a lady resident gave the town a large tract with the provision that it be used for that purpose.

The weathered headstones—some of them made of yellow cypress—tell a story of the early Cedar Key. Many of the graves bear dates of the Civil War years, and contain not battle casualties, but victims of a yellow fever epidemic that almost wiped out the town.

The residents devote Thursdays to tending their cemetery, cutting weeds and decorating the graves with colored stones and seashells. On one of these Thursdays an elderly gentleman was seen putting the finishing touches to a concrete slab over the grave of his wife, a project, he said, that had taken him seven years of waiting for the ground to settle. "I might have done it earlier," he explained, "but I didn't feel like tamping her down,"

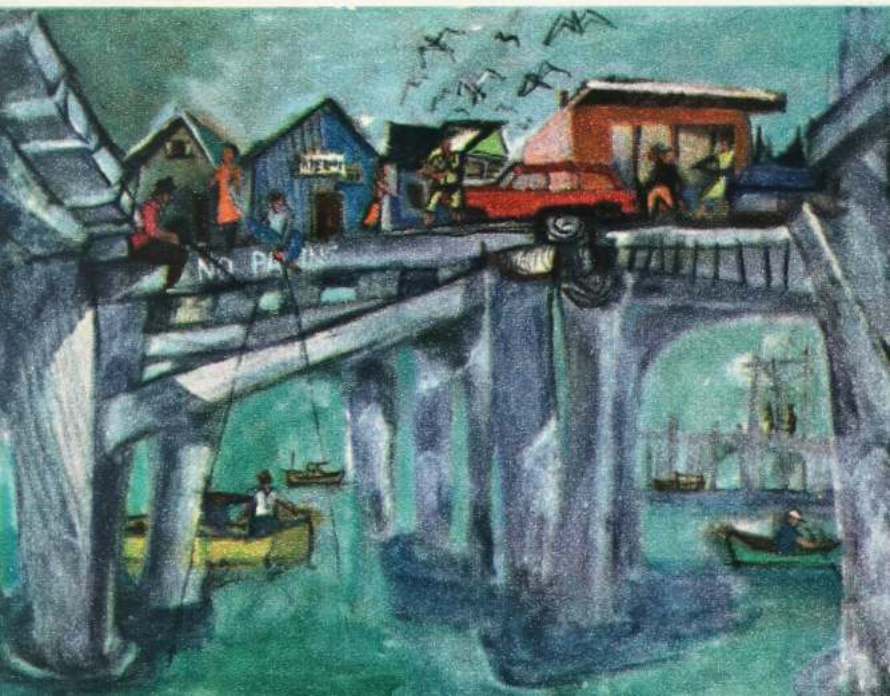
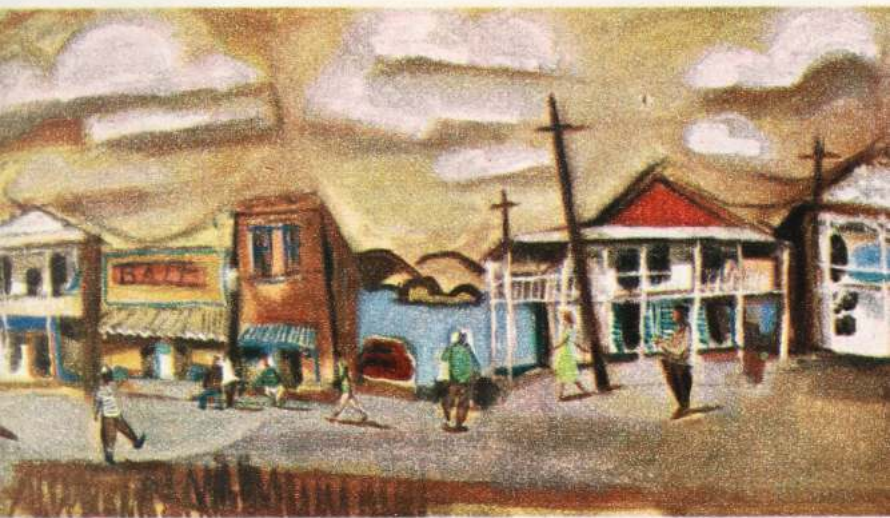
A project that promises the return of a valuable industry to Cedar Key is being carried on almost single-handedly by R. B. Davis, an energetic fisherman and merchandiser. He intends to bring back the near-obsolete stone crab.

Through a controlled process of using only the claws for meat—they are removed with no pain or injury to the crab—the live crab is returned to the water where he soon grows another claw. As no females are taken, Davis' plan yields a harvest of meat without reducing the crabs, which can then increase their numbers.

This rare dish can be enjoyed at a small restaurant on the pier, or in the excellent dining room in the Island Hotel.

There are many varieties of sporting fish to be taken, both from the shore and by charter boat. ■

From the water the many-legged wharves present a weird appearance→



Early Spring Gardens

PICTURED here are two early spring gardens which reach their height of color and bloom during March and April. During these months the Holly Bluff Gardens (*upper photograph*) near Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi, about sixty miles east of New Orleans, attract numerous tourists, botanists, and garden societies. More than three hundred varieties of camellias and rare and varied azaleas, as well as mountain laurel and redbud, combine in a magnificent display. Holly Bluff on-the-Jordan comprises nearly 3800 acres of which fifty have been developed into a semi-tropical woodland garden by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. James L. Crump. An admission fee of one dollar is charged.

Karl Baedeker, whose guidebook was the standard source of information for travelers early in the century, rated only three attractions in America with a double star: Niagara Falls, Grand Canyon, and Magnolia Gardens—shown in the lower picture. The name may be misleading, for these famed gardens in Charleston, South Carolina, are noted for the beauty of their camellias and azaleas. They are one of three groups of gardens in South Carolina's Low Country, known collectively as Charleston's Famous Gardens, including also Middleton Gardens—the oldest landscaped gardens in America—and Cypress Gardens.

Magnolia-on-the-Ashley had been the ancestral home of the Drayton family since 1671. The Reverend Dr. John G. Drayton retired there in 1843 to create Magnolia Gardens. He imported camellias and azaleas, some of which reach twenty feet in height with a heavy profusion of bloom in colors ranging from purest white through pale pinks and lavenders to deepest flame and purple. New varieties are constantly being introduced by the present owner, C. Norwood Hastie, Jr. These gardens are open from January to May. ■



Atlanta Burns!

—but a Ford Fairlane Steals the Show

ORDINARILY a fire as spectacular as the burning of Atlanta could be depended on to attract a huge crowd—even if the fire was only a motion picture reenactment of Sherman's depredations in Georgia.

The picture on this page shows Atlanta in an advanced state of ruin, with smoke visible in the background. Crowds in the motion picture studio had been watching the conflagration with great interest—until the 1957 Ford Fairlane 500 appeared.

Immediately, Atlanta's great fire lost its charm, not only for the employees of the movie company but for actors and extras, some of whom may be seen admiring the car in their Civil War uniforms.

Part of Atlanta was reconstructed and set ablaze for the filming of "Raintree County" at the M-G-M studio in Hollywood. It will be released this May with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Eva Marie Saint heading the cast. ■





The former Lake Elsinore, in Southern California

Everything But the Water

story and photographs by George Goodman

WHEN YOU STAND on the shore of Lake Elsinore you'll discover that Southern California's largest natural lake has taken a vacation. It's now possible to walk across the once-popular water sports lake without getting your feet wet. Automobile tracks criss-cross the dry lake bed, and along the shore broken-down piers stand on stilts high against the sky.

Weather-beaten and forgotten are the highway signposts offering swimming, water skiing and fishing. On the southwest corner of the lake, the "Showboat Hotel" still carries a "No Vacancy" sign at its front entrance, but it's just in memory of the past. In the quiet town of Elsinore, the stately old bath house on Graham Avenue, a Victorian structure frilled with

Elsinore was named for a Danish seaport in the Zealand Islands→
gingerbread, is now an antique shop.

Elsinore, at the merging point of highways 395, 71 and 74, less than seventy-five miles from Los Angeles, San Diego and Palm Springs, hugs the eastern shore of the former lake. Natives of the town will tell you it was only a few short years ago that a one-day regatta or a weekend of water sports would bring 35,000 people to the lake. Many of the stores still display pictures of crowded beaches, sailing boats and fishermen proudly showing the day's catch.

The source of the difficulty is a five-year drouth. Lake Elsinore is fed by waters draining from the San Jacinto Mountains, but there has been little rain, and evaporation has completely dried up the lake. Nevertheless, the townspeople patiently await its return. Realtors are busy showing lakeside lots, a boat builder is still hard at work, and the lakeside academy continues to be known as the "Elsinore Naval and Military Academy" even though the naval cadets have run aground.

The mysterious depths of a lake are easily explored when there's no water. No diamond rings have been found, but one person stumbled across a set of upper plates protruding from the sand, indicating that some unlucky angler lost his teeth in the heat of battle.

The Lake Elsinore Park and Parkway District recently purchased the 2900-acre lake bed to become its twenty-first legal owner. The State of California has appropriated \$350,000 for the development of a water sports state park. A levee across the south end of the lake is expected to reduce evaporation.

Lake Elsinore is thirty-two miles from the Pacific Ocean and is on the popular routes to San Juan Capistrano and the Mount Palomar Observatory. The surrounding mountains are ideal for hiking and horseback riding, and Railroad Canyon Lake, just four miles from Elsinore, offers excellent fishing. Thousands of touring motorists and six and a half million people who live within seventy-five miles of Elsinore are awaiting the return of Southern California's only large natural lake. ■

Waves once lapped the sides of the deserted Showboat Resort Hotel→



FORD SHOP TALK

decorations by Eleanore Pietruska



Since the fall of 1955, when Ford Motor Company took the lead in stressing the safety of car passengers, it has deliberately smashed more than one hundred cars in order to test safety belts, crash padding, and the effects of accidents on dummies serving as passengers. Through its efforts, the company equipped 70,000 cars with padded panels in 1956, and promoted the installation of safety belts in 320,000 cars.



Visitors to Ford Motor Company, the Henry Ford Museum, and Greenfield Village have often seen Ford vehicles in the Dearborn area with circular tags attached to the rear license plate—red tags with a white T. The tag means that the car is assigned to some branch of engineering and is being used in testing. Even though not visible from the outside, some aspect of tomorrow's car may be inside—a new braking system, some experimental form of propulsion, a radically different suspension.

Since the end of World War II, Ford Motor Company has built or begun the construction of thirty-nine new manufacturing and assembly plants, twenty-one parts depots, two huge proving grounds and nineteen engineering, research and office buildings. This coast-to-coast expansion has added 50,000,000 square feet of floor space. Also part of the program of growth is a new ship, the *S.S. William Clay Ford*, an ore carrier of 19,000 tons capacity. The total expense of this program when completed will be \$4,148,000,000.



means of sound waves. The "shock tube" is used in a study of engine knock, which is caused by uncontrolled explosions. When the Ford men learn what causes these unwanted explosions, they'll be on the road to making the family car more efficient and more economical.



The scientific laboratory at Ford Motor Company has found a way to bombard glass with atoms of pure gold. The resulting layer of gold, 30,000 times thinner than a human hair, lets light rays through the glass but keeps heat rays out. Though far in the future as an assembly line item, this glass may some day prove more practical than air-conditioning. ■



Recreation Unlimited

Kitchenette for Wagon Campers

photographs by Robert Logan

SHOWN ABOVE is a complete kitchen unit for wagon campers. It's called the Camp-N-Wagon, and it has drawers for

utensils, storage for groceries, water tank and sink with pump faucet, and a two-burner Coleman stove. You work on a Formica counter. The unit draws out over the tailgate for cooking, shoves back in when you're ready to travel.

As the picture at the bottom of the next page shows, the



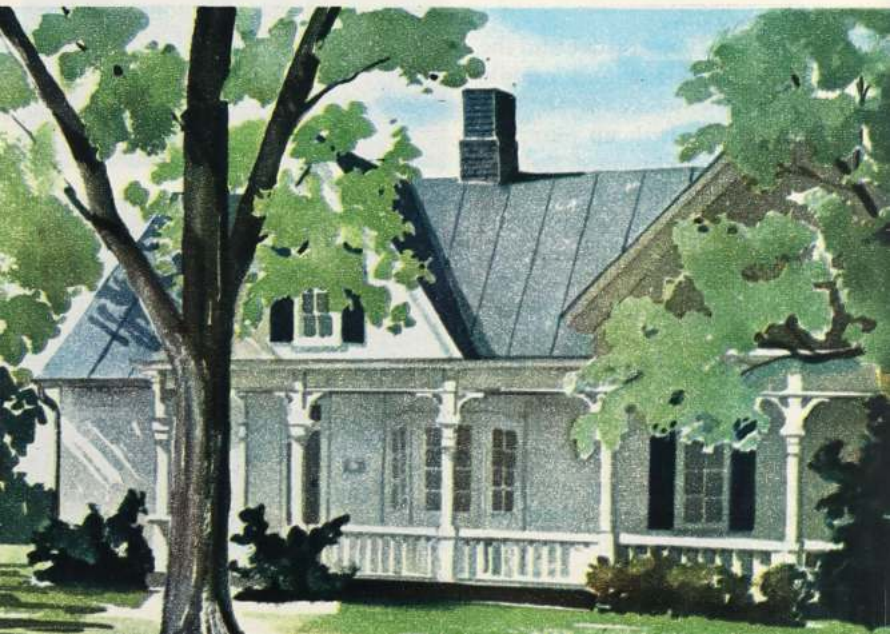
Camp-N-Wagon has a level top for sleeping, and there's room under the front half for storing luggage. When you want to use the middle seat, the front half telescopes back. Made by Camp-N-Wagon, Box 145 E, Pasadena, California. Specify the year and body style of your wagon.

At left, below, is a sleeping bag that will keep you warm in sub-zero weather, the manufacturers assure you. It's called Vac-U-Sac and is made of two layers of nylon coated with a low temperature compound. Developed for Arctic use. Made by Techno Efficiency Council, 5020 Fourth Avenue, Brooklyn 20, New York.

The two-burner stove and the yard light at top and middle right burn cans of pressure fuel. Burns clean, with no pumping or priming. The yard light is on a pole that sticks in the ground. Both made by Insta-Products Co., St. Louis 16, Missouri.

Editor's Note: These reports are offered as a service by Recreation Unlimited, the Ford Publications project to lend aid and comfort to car campers. Later this spring, all the reports will be collected in a book picturing 140 items of camp gear. Watch for further announcements.





Marshall, Illinois

by James Jones

paintings by W. W. Meese

A LOT OF PEOPLE have asked me why, after getting to be “famous” and making a lot of money with a novel, I would choose to live in Marshall, Illinois. Writers are supposed to go to New York or Mexico City or Hollywood to live after they write a book. My reason is simple. I like living in Marshall better.

Here’s a reason why: One day a friend of mine and I were having a beer downtown on Main Street. We were talking about why I didn’t go to Hollywood and while we were talking my friend wanted to write a check for some pocket cash. He didn’t have a pen, though, so he asked the bartender for one. The bartender didn’t have one, either, but he offered my friend a pencil.

“All right, then, let me use the pencil,” my friend said, and just wrote the check, handed it to the bartender, and got his cash.

That ended our argument about Hollywood. Could you sit down and matter-of-factly write a check in pencil in Hollywood? I doubt it. I like a place where you can, though. Not merely for the convenience, but because it tells a lot about the people, and friendship, and trust, and ease in getting along with one another.

Marshall is an old town, founded in the 1830’s by a mixture of Ohioans who came overland through Indiana, and Kentuckians who came up “The River” from Evansville.

Above left: The square in the center of town.

Below left: This home is typical of Marshall.



Later additions on an old house

Today you see those same names coming up with comforting regularity on the high school football team, generation after generation, some one year, some the next. A few of those named undoubtedly traveled up the Wabash in the company of young Lincoln when he came this way.

The result of this admixture is a town which is a curious combination of eastern frugality and taciturnity, and southern laziness and easy-going living. You can feel this strange mingling of two national character types as you walk along the streets. The architecture of the courthouse, set in its square of big trees, is equal parts eastern plainness and southern ro-

Old creamery at the edge of town



coco. The same thing shows in the faces of the lounging farmers and businessmen on the sidewalks. It even shows up in the local accent, which is a combination of wry nasality and lazy drawl, almost impossible to reproduce on paper.

Basically a farming town, Marshall draws a lot of its business from the country people. Consequently Saturday is a big day. They pour in from the outlying settlements, places like Bullskin and Darwin, lazy little communities of a few clustered houses weathering away in sun-dappled shade among the trees on high banks over the Wabash, places the townsmen rarely see except during duck-hunting season in the fall, or a fishing trip or two in the summer. They come in from Spiketown and McKeen, flat little places on the endless flat prairies, and Clarksville where the Younger brothers were raised and got their first taste of fame by shooting up the town, back in the seventies and eighties.

All these places were wide-open frontier towns a hundred years ago. Now the inhabitants of all of them come in to Marshall. They stand on the sidewalks on Saturday, and buy next week's groceries and shop, and gossip, and park their cars along the streets and sit in them under the streetlights after dark while the kids are at the show.

Some sixty or seventy years ago, some far-sighted city planner saw to it that young oaks and maples were planted along all the streets, in the New England manner. They are still there, and now their branches have arched across, high up, over most of the wide, calm streets. In the summer you travel through tunnels of green screening, and in the fall under golden covers.

There are even older, bigger trees on the lawns of some of the big old brick mansions like the Dulaney place, and the Booth home, and the Schofield house where Booth Tarkington



A Marshall landmark



What's a wheat town without a grain elevator?

ton's people used to come to visit and he played with the Schofield boys. *Penrod and Sam* was written about Marshall and those childhood visits. I hope no one ever decides to cut those trees down for civic improvement.

Perhaps the first thing that really caught me, outside of Marshall's oldness and its sense of permanency, was the humor. Not long ago, while my house was under construction, there was a national Legion convention in St. Louis. A bunch of the boys from the Marshall Post went over, all friends of mine. During the course of one of the many parties they made a point of bringing it out that they were from Marshall where "that Jim Jones that wrote *From Here to Eternity* lives." The girls were impressed and wanted to know what he was like.

"He's just a guy," one of the boys said, and I can hear that nasal drawl. "Just like anybody else. You want to meet him? That's him sittin' right over there."

The girls were titilated and clustered around, and the mem-

ber of the gang who had been indicated played the game along for an hour until they were all tired of it, giving out autographs and basking in the interest, while the whole gang of them laughed up their sleeves with that queer, quiet, peculiar country humor that I've not only come to love, but have also acquired a healthy respect for.

And what I learned, I think, is that this kind of a community is the spine, the tough, straight resilient spine, from which we hang the ribcase and the pelvis of our "economies" and our politics, our "policies," and from which dangle the appendages of our industries. And as long as that queer, sly, irreverant humor with its iconoclastic overtones continues to operate in Marshall, Illinois, I'm not going to be too worried about America and her future. ■

Bind Your FORD TIMES Permanently

IN the past year, you have probably read in FORD TIMES of many far-off places you would enjoy visiting. But now, with vacation plans taking shape, perhaps those special issues have been misplaced. If so, you may be looking for some way of keeping back issues of your FORD TIMES that contain stories you want to re-read or review in planning your vacation trips.

Many of our readers are so inclined and have written to ask the possibility of obtaining a special FORD TIMES binder for preserving back issues in convenient form. Such a binder is now available, tastefully designed in colors of sand and black. The handy size is ideally suited to fit your bookshelves. Each binder will hold a full year of FORD TIMES or the special editions of *New England Journeys*, and when filled has the look and feel of a well-bound book. The price of \$2.00 each includes postage. Make out check or money order to Ford Motor Company and mail with your name and address to Publications Office, Ford Motor Company, The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan.



ROVING EDITOR'S PAGE

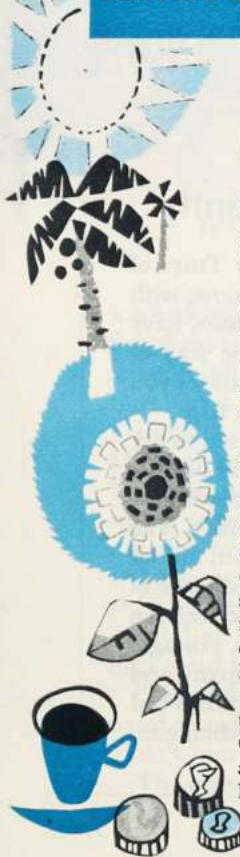
Watch for this sign—The sign pictured at left is the new official Ford trademark and will be used to identify genuine Ford parts packages. This red and white sign will also identify for traveling Ford owners throughout the country the thousands of authorized Ford dealers and the other thousands of selected independent garage owners where genuine Ford parts and maintenance may be obtained.

New turnpikes to drive—Forty-six miles of the new Kentucky Turnpike have been opened between Louisville and Elizabethtown, giving motorists a sample of a superhighway system being planned for the Commonwealth. Its two 24-foot roadways, separated by a grass median, have a shoulder for disabled cars, and slow and fast lanes.

The 108-mile Miami-to-Fort Pierce section of the new Florida Sunshine Parkway which opened in January (see Feb., 1956, *FORD TIMES*) has one feature not often found in the new superhighways: most of its interchanges and service areas are beautified with special paintings that include nearly all of the state's famous tropical plants and artificial lakes. The one-way toll on this section is \$2.40 per car.

The 236-mile Sunflower Turnpike, linking the three principal cities of Kansas—Kansas City, Topeka, and Wichita—with the Oklahoma line went into operation last October. Later it will connect with an Oklahoma turnpike to be built northward from Oklahoma City. Full length tolls, from Kansas City, Kansas, to South Haven, are about \$3.80 each for passenger cars, regardless of the number of passengers. There are two 24-foot roadways separated by a 20-foot grass strip and 10-foot outside and four-foot inside shoulders are surfaced for emergency use. The fenced right-of-way is 300 feet wide along most of the route, and the entire length includes 10,000 acres of land.

With the opening, last November, of the final 16 miles of the trans-Indiana turnpike, motorists had an 850 mile route between Chicago and New York City, unbroken except for fuel, food, toll, and rest stops. The cost for the entire trip, through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, is approximately \$11.





tv looks at traffic—The Edsel Ford and John C. Lodge expressways running east and west and north and south through metropolitan Detroit to surrounding communities have the newest TV motoring equipment to regulate traffic during peak periods of use. The cameras feed pictures to viewing screens in a monitor room containing remote controls for operating the cameras and special phone lines to the police dispatcher. The cameras have “zoom” lenses which can focus from the general traffic scene to close-ups of small portions of the scene to locate trouble spots.

do-it-yourself lake—Citizens of Greenup and Boyd counties in eastern Kentucky wanted a fishing lake and went at it in the most direct manner: they built themselves one. They formed an organization known as Greenbo in 1952 and, with the aid of the Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources, built a dam that backed up a 225-acre lake on a 3,300 acre tract of land. The lake is now open and fishing is going on.

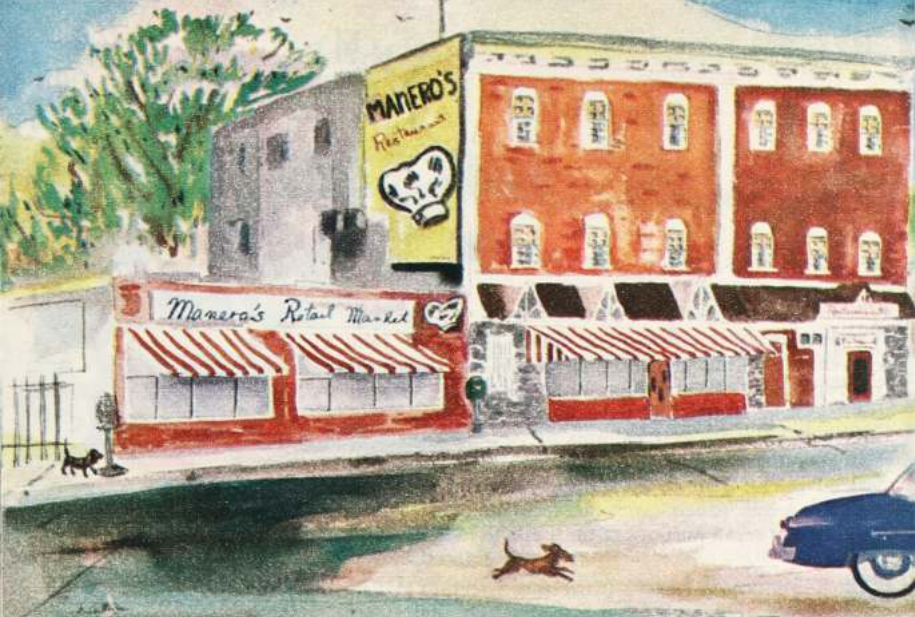
Statistics of note—Some recent figures reveal that 71 per cent of all automobiles in the world are owned in the United States, a ratio of one car to every 2.6 persons. The same figure for Europe is one car for every 32 persons; in South America one for every 66 persons; in Africa one for every 114 persons; and in Asia one for every 644 persons.

Pogo-land up north—Natural history enthusiasts who are touring through New York state may want to investigate Bergen Swamp in northeastern Genesee County. Its 838.57 acres, rich in out-of-the-ordinary flora and fauna, are preserved and administered by a society for use by school groups and nature organizations.

duelling Oaks—When you're in New Orleans pause at City Park to see the massive hardwoods under which pistols for two and coffee for one have been set out many times when arguments were settled in that manner. Sometimes as many as five duels were scheduled for the crack of dawn hour of combat.



Collins



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Manero's Seven tons of beef are consumed in an average week by the customers of this steak house owned by Nicholas Manero. Customers select their own cut of the perfectly aged beef and then it is cooked exactly as ordered. Meat and chicken dinners are served daily, noon to 10:30 p.m. You can also buy meats for home cooking. Take the Round Hill Road exit from the Merritt Parkway to 559 Steamboat Road, Greenwich, Connecticut.

TOSSED GREEN

GORGONZOLA SALAD

1 average head crisp lettuce, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
1 tomato, peeled and chopped
2 tablespoons celery, chopped
1 small onion, chopped
Freshly ground pepper, to taste
4 tablespoons cider vinegar

4 tablespoons salad oil

Grated Gorgonzola cheese

Rub wooden salad bowl with strong garlic. Add lettuce, green pepper, tomato, celery, onion and pepper. Mix oil and vinegar well, then sprinkle on salad. Completely cover top of salad with grated Gorgonzola. Toss gently with two forks and serve at table from bowl. Serves 4.

←*painting of Manero's by Revington Arthur*

←*painting of Davy Crockett by J. Noel Tucker*

Davy Crockett White River catfish with hush puppies are typical regional specialties served by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Snapp. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. The Snapps also operate the adjacent Alamo Court. Both establishments are located on U.S. 67 in Walnut Ridge, Arkansas. Crowley Ridge State Park is near by.

HUSH PUPPIES

2 cups corn meal
1 tablespoon flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
3 tablespoons onion, chopped
1 cup buttermilk
1 egg, lightly beaten

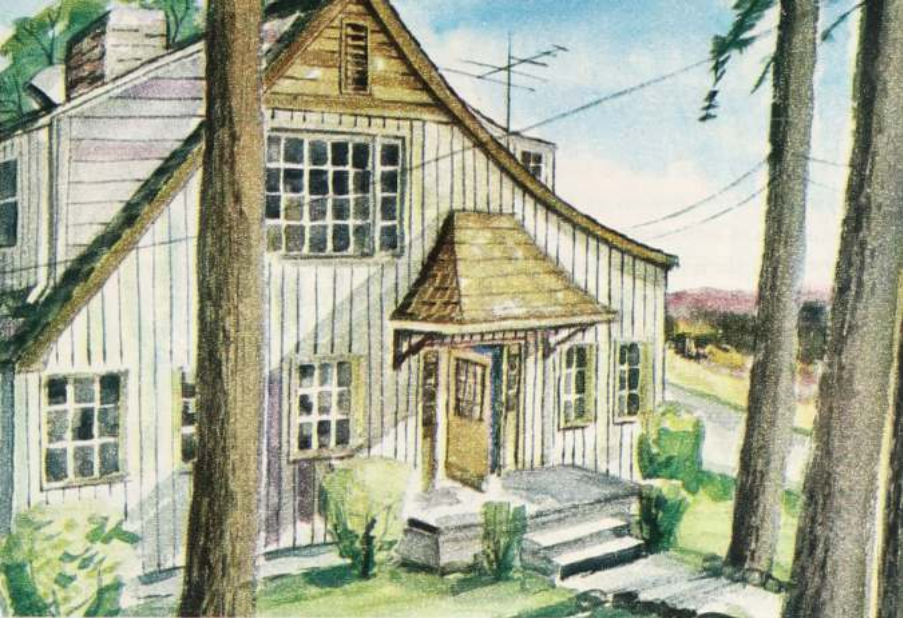
Mix all dry ingredients together. Add onion, buttermilk and egg. Drop by spoonfuls into deep fat. Fry to a golden

brown. Drain. Usually served with fish, and may be fried in same fat.

CHERRY COKE JELLO

2 packages cherry Jello
1 No. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ can crushed pineapple
1 No. 303 can black cherries, quartered
2 bottles Coca Cola

Dissolve Jello in hot juice drained from pineapple and cherries; then add Coca Cola. When Jello starts to jell, stir in fruit and chill in refrigerator. Serve as dinner salad. Serves 16.



The Pancake House A popular place to stop for breakfast on the way to Oregon's beaches, this specialty restaurant features thirteen kinds of pancakes—each a different national favorite. Open 6:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. everyday, except Monday. It is on Barbur Boulevard (U.S. 99), at S. W. 24th in Portland, Oregon.

OLD-FASHIONED GERMAN PANCAKES

4 eggs
1 cup cream
1 cup hard wheat flour
3 tablespoons confectioner's sugar
Dash of freshly grated nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
Lemon juice and confectioner's sugar
Break eggs in mixing bowl, then add remaining ingredients, except lemon

juice. Whip to a smooth batter with a wire whip and pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup batter into a well-buttered 11-inch pan. Use $\frac{1}{4}$ cup in 8-inch pan for Dutch Babies. Place over burner until set. Then turn over and put in 500° oven for 3 to 5 minutes. Follow same procedure with remaining batter. Coat with confectioner's sugar and serve with lemon juice. Serves 2-4.

←*painting of The Pancake House by Harold Craig*

←*painting of Idle Spurs by Rollin Pickford, Jr.*

Idle Spurs Charcoal-broiled steaks and African lobster tails are the only main courses served by Jeannie and Charles O'Harra, owners and managers of this western establishment. Served with the meat course are a tossed green salad with a choice of three original dressings, toasted sourdough bread and baked potatoes. Dinner served daily 6:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m. Closed Sunday and Monday and from the first of October to November 15. It is on U.S. 466, a block west of the junction of U.S. 466 and U.S. 91 in Barstow, California.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE DRESSING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Roquefort cheese
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cream
1 teaspoon dry mustard
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
3 teaspoons paprika

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup salad oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Crumble cheese or mash with a fork; add mustard, seasonings, cream. Blend in electric blender or with electric beater. Stir in salad oil, a tablespoon at a time. Add lemon juice. Makes about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of dressing. Keep covered in refrigerator.

letters



Dear Sirs: These pictures illustrate thirty-six years of safe driving in Ford trucks. Above is William Older beside the Model T truck bought for him in 1920 by his employer when his horse ran away and smashed the laundry's delivery buggy. The picture



on the right shows Mr. Older a few months ago with the firm's latest Ford truck. In between the two trucks are 360,000 miles of safe city driving.

MARVEL Y. INGS
Madison, Wisconsin

SOLD OUT!

Dear Sirs: My letter mentioning Model T parts for sale in your January issue sure has me in trouble. Please publish the fact that **EVERYTHING IS SOLD OUT**. I can never hope to answer all the telegrams, letters and phone

calls. It is unbelievable, but so far I have heard from twenty-eight states—and the stuff is still coming in.

W. J. PETERSON
Akron, New York



Dear Sirs: I think you'll be interested in Kentucky's direct action in administering its new

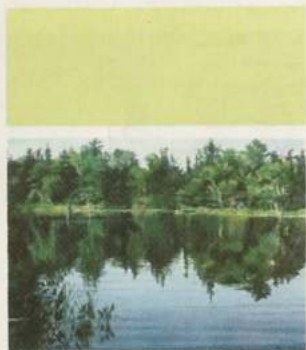
motor vehicles inspection law. While 82-year-old B. D. Treacy of Frankfort, owner of the 1923 Model T, looks on, Sergeant John Ed Tomlinson lifts the car and Trooper Bob Calvert checks the muffler. "Pop" Treacy drives his old Ford every day.

JUDSON E. EDWARDS
Frankfort, Kentucky



Both Nectar (above) and South Joy are encountered in a journey down Alabama's Blow Gourd Trail—see page 27. Paintings by Richard Brough.





Front cover by Henry McDaniel, artist with paint brush and flyrod. The scene shows a fly-fisherman on a stillwater pool on one of Nova Scotia's little rivers, the Ecum Secum. The rivers of this eastern Canadian province have strange names, and a variety of fishing. Story and paintings by Henry McDaniel, page 2.

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