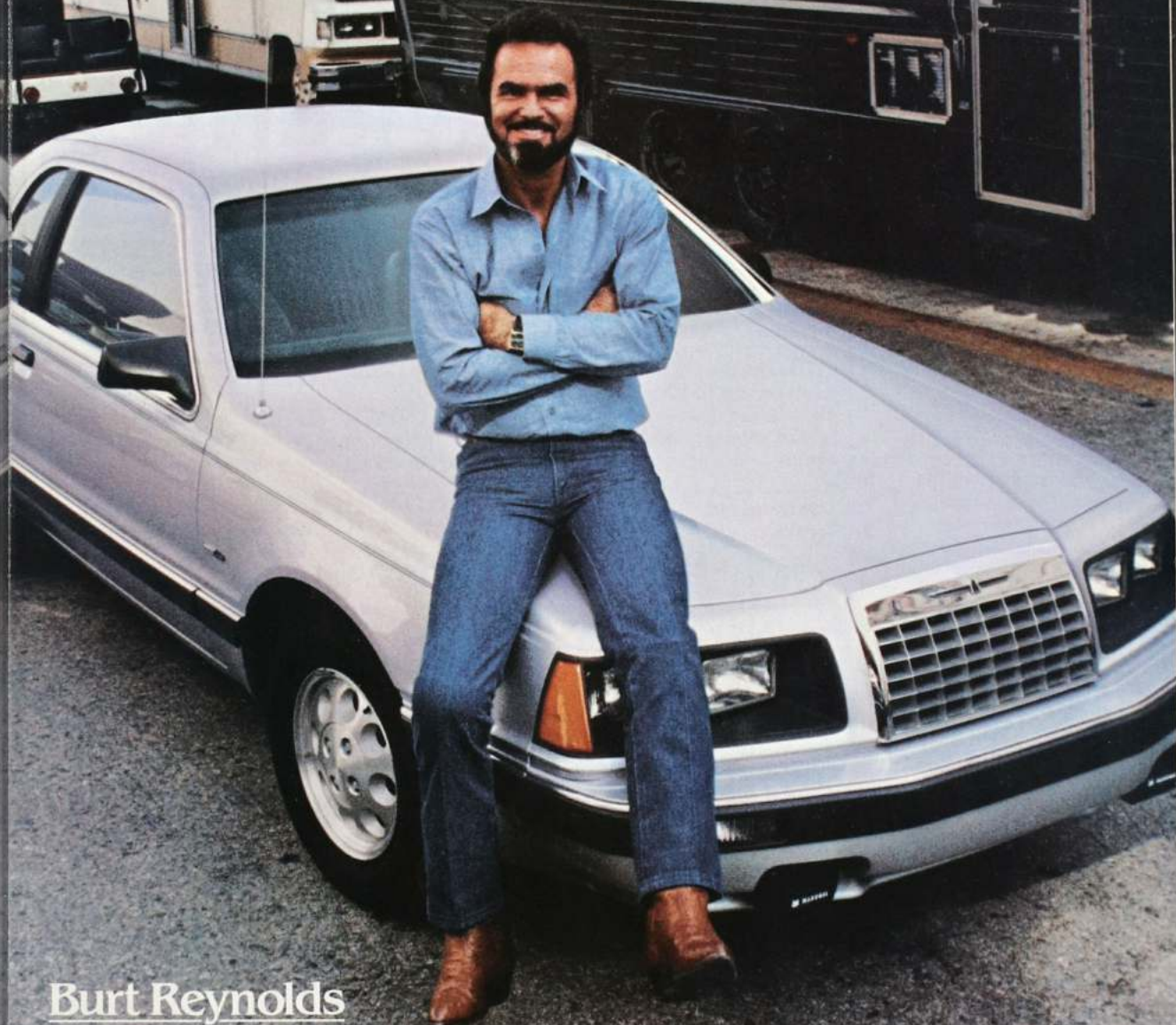


October 1983/\$1

Ford Times



Burt Reynolds

The Movie Star
Who Delights in
Staging Fine Plays

Thunderbird. The way it looks...



improves the way it drives.

Thunderbird's design has much to do with the way it holds the road. Thunderbird's fluid lines were tested over 500 hours in a wind tunnel to make the shape of the car contribute to cornering and handling stability.

The design of the front.

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on the front tires. And the more a tire presses to the road, the better it holds the road.

The design of the doors.

Thunderbird's doors curve into the roof. This smooths and quiets the airflow, improving aerodynamic efficiency.

The design of the rear.

The trunk lid incorpo-

rates another aerodynamic shape called a spoiler which further reduces "lift" and aerodynamic drag. (P.S. Underneath this lid, you'll find a trunk larger than you'd ever think possible in a car this smooth.)

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When we say "Quality is Job 1," we are talking about more than a commitment. We are talking about results. An independent survey concluded Ford

makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S.

Pure Thunderbird.

Thunderbird. See how it moves. Consider the shape. It is all one. And it is uniquely Thunderbird.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?



Get it together—Buckle up.

FordTimes

October 1983

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LETTERS

A Bike He Likes

I read with interest your June article on mountain bikes ("Biking's New Breed"). I have a three-speed, very similar but with a heavy frame, that I bought for my oldest son in 1961. Eventually he got to liking automobiles instead, so I took it over. It's still going strong. I've always thought that 10-speeds are just a fad. They require far too much servicing and adjusting. That sturdy mountain bike sounds like it could be the coming thing, all right.

Daniel F. Quinlan
Hayward, California

A Note on Nachos

I have just read your July issue and was particularly interested in Nancy Kennedy's article on nachos. Ms. Kennedy seemed to be in a quandary about the origin of this snack served on a tostado (fried tortilla). The original nacho was a "quick fix" snack created for a ladies social club in the city of Laredo, Texas, in the late 1800s. History has it that the club was having a large social and wanted an unusual snack to be served in lieu of the normal food. Several of the ladies went across the river to Nuevo Laredo and requested a new dish to be created for this party by a well-known Mexican chef. The chef appreciatively obliged and created a dish using a tostado covered with refried beans, cheese and topped with a jalapeño pepper slice. To honor this Mexican chef, the social club named the snack after him. His name was Nacho.

Gorman Green
Dallas, Texas

Food and Mr. Grizzly

We recently returned from a vacation in Yellowstone National Park and were pleased to find the July issue waiting for us. I always enjoy your varied articles, but must take exception with one piece of advice offered in "Curb-ing Campground Crooks." Author Earl Clark suggests keeping such items as "ice chests, camp stoves,

stereos or food" inside the tent rather than on a picnic table or elsewhere where they might be seen and taken by thieves. Those of us who live near Glacier and Yellowstone national parks know the number one piece of advice given to park visitors is: *Never* leave any food-related items inside your tent where bears (especially grizzlies) may come around. I'm sure most of your readers would prefer to take a chance on having such items taken by thieves than receiving a nighttime visit from Mr. Grizzly Bear.

Sandy Munson
Shelby, Montana

- *Writer Clark's response: When in bear country, it's always wise to check with a park ranger first about the best place around camp to keep food.*

In Select Company

There are thousands of magazines issued in this country every month. *Ford Times* has a higher percentage of truly interesting articles than almost any other. It's about time someone printed only the good stories!

Brad Puschel
San Francisco, California

Texas-style Treatment

I noticed the June ad that mentioned "Four good reasons to have Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealers service your vehicle." I submit a fifth reason: caring. Recently we went to visit some friends near Granbury, Texas. When we reached our destination, we realized we had a problem with our LTD. We checked the phone book and called Everett Hooks Ford in Granbury. We took the car into them, and it was repaired at a minimum cost. We told them we were returning to west Texas on Sunday. On Monday, Everett Hooks Ford called our friends to inquire if we had reached home safely — which we did with no problems. Never had we experienced such caring.

Mrs. A. V. Blue Womack
Anson, Texas

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The Lady With a Carousel Soul

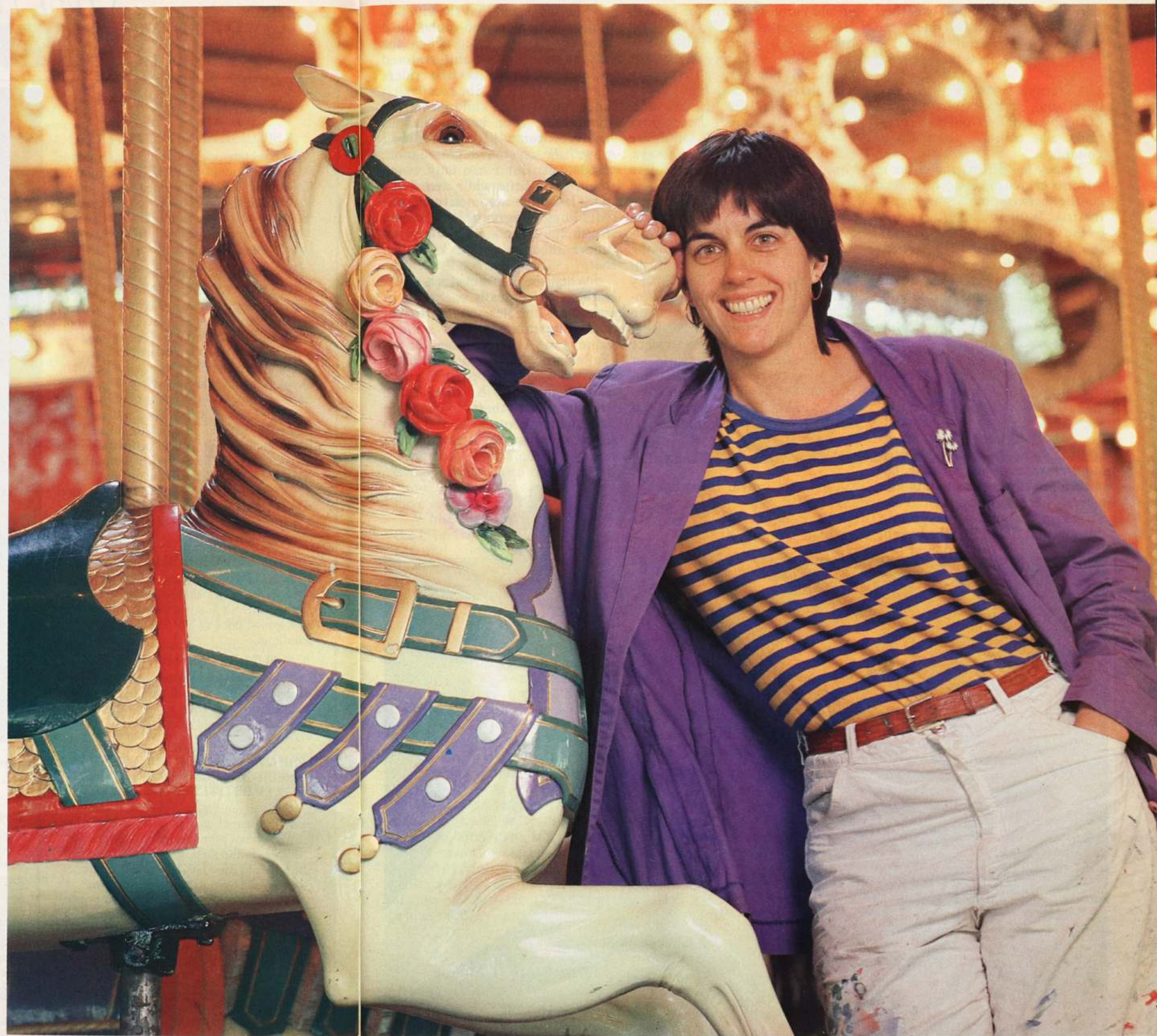
Artist Tracey Cameron brushes new beauty onto time-worn merry-go-rounds

By Ruth Pittman
Photos by Mark Harmer

Even in paint-spattered coveralls, Tracey Cameron displays the poise that comes from knowing you're very good at what you do. Attractive and self-confident, she talks frankly about her life, her opinions, and her two crafts: illustrating children's books and restoring old carousels. "I've done nine merry-go-rounds," she says, "and probably a couple of dozen books."

Although only in her early 30s, she has earned renown as an ex-

Tracey Cameron's merry-go-round career keeps her in a whirl.



pert at transforming weather-beaten, rider-ravaged merry-go-rounds into colorful objects of beauty which reflect their original glory.

"Tracey is endowed with a carousel soul," writes Sally Fecteau of the National Carousel Association. "She captures the spirit of childhood."

Tracey has also attracted some adverse criticism. It is the classic conflict between purists and pragmatists. William Long, president of the Carousel Preservation Institute, is in the vanguard of her critics. "She's a hired spray gun," he charges, "using techniques and materials that damage the precious old horses instead of preserving them." He also claims that the colors she applies are not authentic.

Tracey defends her work with equanimity, conscious of the many letters of praise in her files from owners of merry-go-rounds she has restored. "These horses are supposed to give the kids a hundred years of joyful riding, not to turn the carousels into museum pieces," she observes.

Tracey became an expert in this unusual field after she bought

an old carousel figure for herself. Her restoration was so successful that she was offered \$800 for it. Soon after, at a meeting of the NCA, she met a wealthy Texan who hired her to help him locate a merry-go-round for his backyard. "I traveled around the country and catalogued a whole lot of rare old wooden carousels," she says, "but he went broke before we found one for him."

The knowledge gained during those travels paid dividends in 1973 when city officials in Hartford, Connecticut, started looking for a carousel to install in Bushnell Park. At that time Tracey was working as an exhibit designer at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. The director of that museum, aware of her experience with the Texan and admiring her single figure restorations, recommended her as an expert in complete carousel renovations. "Of course, I wasn't," she confesses, "but I'm a quick learner."

She suggested that the city buy a promising merry-go-round she'd seen in Canton, Ohio. Then she saw to the purchase of it, restored it, and watched its first riders mount up in 1976. She recalls that she cringed when children started scrambling over her meticulous coats of paint. "It's not so bad now," she says. "I've gotten more used to it. But I can only watch them for a little while and that's why I use the automotive enamel Mr. Long objects to. It's the only finish tough enough to stand up under the abuse that kids dish out."

When she contracts for a restoration, Tracey calls on a pair of assistants she has found efficient and compatible: a paint stripper from Los Angeles named Chris Fallon and her younger brother Steven, who is her partner and a skilled carpenter. All three fly to the site, where their first concern is to locate housing for the six to eight months they'll be working



Tracey's brother, Steven, puts his carpentry skills to work on the tail of a dismantled horse.

there. Steven ships his favorite chisels and other woodworking tools to the scene, but Tracey travels light, taking along only her airbrush. "I just buy everything I need locally," she explains. "It's a good way to establish a relationship with local people. The enamel is a national brand and the brushes I use are inexpensive ones that get worn out on each job."

She starts a renovation by removing the jewels and other ornaments. They're all carefully bundled together and the wrappers marked with the numbers assigned to the horses. Then the steeds are dunked in a paint-stripping solution. This step is another that Long objects to. Tracey defends it, saying, "It would cost more than \$6,000 to do one horse if we stripped them down by hand, and nobody could afford to have it done."

While the stripper is removing the layers of paint and grime, Tracey and Steven paint the canopy and mounting, and touch up the band organ, if necessary. They locate a local mechanic to service the carousel mechanism. "In Santa Monica, we got somebody from Knott's Berry Farm," she remembers, "and in San Francisco, the zoo had its own people do the job. Sometimes the operator can do the mechanical work," she says, adding that she and Steven realign the machinery and show the workman where to lubricate it. They also lay out a maintenance schedule, so the mechanism will last almost as long as the paint.

After each horse is stripped down to bare wood, it's rubbed to satiny smoothness, repaired where needed by Steven, and then sprayed with acrylic enamel in horsey shades of butterscotch, gray or white. Tracey adds the fanciful



touches with airbrush and stencils, hand-painting the bridle, reins and saddle. After the detailing is complete, the entire figure is glazed with clear plastic so its beauty will endure. She then replaces jewels and ornaments and the horse is ready to resume its place on the carousel.

It usually takes her half a day to decorate an ordinary horse, two days for the "lead" horse, which is more elaborate. The average three-row carousel has 48 to 54 animals plus two or four chariots. A huge, four-row machine can have as many as 70 horses and as many as six chariots. She enjoys painting the chariots, too. "They usually have brilliant flowers or other designs that are fun to do."

When she's not working on an old carousel somewhere around the country, Tracey does book illustrations and paintings in a barn-like studio three dusty flights up from Allyn Street in Hartford. She shares the studio with a huge, carved white rooster, the torso of a Boer War soldier, assorted other merry-go-round refugees, and a real-life parrot named Wally. The green bird often perches on her shoulder as she works, or on the lamp, or at the edge of her drawing board. "He's

looking for mischief," Tracey says. "He's just like a kid — you can't turn your back on him for a minute."

In her studio, Tracey creates illustrations that are delicate and airy, in marked contrast to the brilliant colors and bold lines of her carousel work. She recently held the first showing of her art — some 25 oils and watercolors that presented perceptive looks at summertime. "Getting ready for the show turned me into a nervous wreck," she admits, "but I was stunned," she adds with pride, "when every single one sold!"

Would she rather be off somewhere working on merry-go-rounds or at home doing illustrations? "Oh, I couldn't do either all year," she says. "I wouldn't want to travel all the time — but I wouldn't want to stay home all the time, either." She feels her life is just about perfect the way it is, but she's sure she'll eventually become bored with restorations. "When doing merry-go-rounds gets to be a drag," she says, "I'll find something equally exciting to take its place."

That time doesn't seem to be at hand, since she's in the midst of negotiations to restore carousels in New York City's Central Park, on

Tracey's hand-painted carousel figures like this riding rooster give parks a lot to crow about.

THE ROAD SHOW

AS WE DROVE through New Mexico we stopped to take a few pictures of a cross atop a mountain. Afterward, my wife's friend commented that she had been able to get some nice close-ups. I looked at the simple pocket camera that she was carrying and asked, "How the heck did you get close-ups with that?" "Easy," she replied, "I just turned the camera around and it brought everything closer!" — *W. Paul Brandt, Mount Joy, Pennsylvania*

A FRIEND WHO was eight months pregnant was in Memphis to visit a sick relative and took a wrong turn. Stopping at a filling station for directions, she said, "I don't know where I went wrong, but I am trying to get to Baptist Hospital." The attendant, who couldn't help but notice her condition, smiled and replied, "I don't know where you went wrong either, but if you drive four blocks straight ahead, you'll get there." — *Mrs. Joe Alexander, Trenton, Tennessee*

WHILE VACATIONING on Padre Island, Texas, one of our party, a very attractive blond who knew she was good

looking, went for an early morning jog. While running along a stretch of sidewalk, she held her head high, ignoring the shouts of a group of street workers. It wasn't long before she found out why they were yelling. She ran right into a section of their freshly poured concrete. — *Joy Richardson, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma*

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS of fast-food during our family's cross-country drive from New York to California, we decided to have a meal at a better-quality eating place. Our 12-year-old son examined the silverware, then whispered to his sister, "You can tell this is a nice restaurant — it's a two-fork place." — *Lila Anastas, San Diego, California*

I WAS RELUCTANT to allow my 7-year-old son to use the men's room unaccompanied while we were traveling on the New York State Thruway. I wanted him to use the ladies' room with me. "With your hood on, no one will know you're a boy," I assured him. "Oh yes they will," he countered. "My feet always point in the wrong direction." — *Edna M. Dorsey, Victor, New York*

We pay \$50 for each Road Show item. These brief, never-before-published anecdotes relate amusing incidents from personal travel, vacation, automotive or dining-out experiences. If you have one to share, mail it to: The Road Show, Ford Times, The American Road, Room 765, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Items should not exceed 150 words. We regret that volume prevents us from acknowledging or returning submissions.

Carousel

(Continued from page 7)

the waterfront of Seattle, Washington, at Shelburne, Vermont, and at Lighthouse Point in New Haven, Connecticut. "The one in New Haven has 69 horses and a camel," she says. "I've already restored the camel to show what the finished job will look like and to help the sponsors of the project

raise the money to complete it."

Naturally, the first merry-go-round she ever restored is special, and Tracey carries a key to the pavilion that houses it — in Bushnell Park, right across the street from her apartment. "I love to take people to see it," she says. After showing off the gaudy horses in action, she points to the bright, stained-glass panels that top the circumference of the pavilion. "It was my first — and last —

attempt at stained glass," she says. "It's too picky!"

Inside the pavilion hangs a sign, **BE NICE**. "I thought of all the things it could say," Tracey recalls, "like **NO RUNNING** or **DON'T PUSH**, and finally decided that **BE NICE** covers it all."

She wishes everyone everywhere would "be nice" to aging merry-go-rounds. "Since there are fewer than 300 of these old wooden machines left in the United States, it's up to all of us to see that they're protected," she declares.

Organizations and individuals disagree about how best to save these survivors, since preservation efforts often draw attention to them and increase the danger that they'll be broken up. Fred Fried, author of *A Pictorial History of the Carousel* and one of Tracey's staunchest supporters, suggests that they be placed on the endangered species list.

Tracey concurs, mourning, "We lose 15 or 20 each year to people who take them apart and sell the individual figures for a fortune. At that rate, your grandchildren will never know the joy of riding on a beautiful old wooden carousel." □



UNITED STATES TREASURY MINTING ERROR*

Creates Rare Collecting Opportunity



Actual Size of
Susan B. Anthony \$1 Coin

AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS MAY NEVER OCCUR AGAIN IN YOUR LIFETIME! It's the result of a most unpredictable turn of events. When the United States Mint first issued the Susan B. Anthony \$1 coins in 1979, they never intended them to become coins for astute collectors or investors. But, since they stopped minting them in 1981, this is how it seems to be turning out.

Here is the story that makes the Susan B. Anthony coin a rarity. In 1979, the United States Mint produced millions of SBA coins for general circulation, and then found that no one wanted to use them. In 1980, they drastically curtailed the minting and in 1981, they did not mint any at all for general circulation.

What's so remarkable about this set?

Consider these facts:

- These are most likely the last one dollar circulating coins the United States will ever issue.
- For every 75 Susan B. Anthony coins struck in 1979, the first year of minting, *only one* was minted in 1981, the third and final year of minting.
- This final 1981 minting was *never released* through banks to the public.
- Congress has debated whether they should order the U.S. Mint to melt down the remaining Susan B. Anthony coins.
- This may be the only complete "closed" coin issue you will ever be able to buy in your lifetime at this price.
- Susan B. Anthonys are undoubtedly one of the shortest lived American dollar coins ever minted.

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The Columbia Mint has acquired a limited quantity of Susan B. Anthony United States Mint coins in Brilliant Uncirculated condition and assembled them into complete nine-coin collections, consisting of one coin for each of the three years they were minted (1979, 1980, 1981) and from each of the only three U.S. Mints (San Francisco, Denver and Philadelphia) that minted them. Each coin bears the individual mintmark S, D, or P of the mint that produced it. This unique collection is

housed in a specially designed custom case. The case protects their value and provides an attractive display showcase as well as convenience for your safe-deposit box.

When our supply of the Brilliant Uncirculated nine-coin collector sets is depleted, this offer will automatically expire and any unfilled orders and remittances will be returned. We urge you to place your order immediately. We regret that we must restrict each individual order to a limit of three collections. This limit applies whether you are a collector or a professional dealer, ensuring the same opportunity for all. Do not delay, order today.

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The last time there was a similar coin was more than 100 years ago when 20-cent coins were minted in 1875, 1876, 1877 and 1878. The similarities between that 20-cent coin and the Susan B. Anthony coins are astounding. The old 20-cent piece was about the same size as a quarter just like the Susan B. Anthony. Consequently, the people rejected it—just like the Susan B. Anthony. Circulation quantities of the old 20-center were struck—just like the Susan B. Anthony. Believe it or not, 1875 20-cent pieces in Uncirculated Condition—the same condition as the Susan B. Anthony's in this collection—100 years after they were minted, are worth as much as \$1,200.00 today. What are the possibilities for the 1981 Susan B. Anthony's 100 years from now?

Not only will these SBAs enrich your own collection, but they should become family heirlooms to be passed along to your children and your grandchildren.

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MINTING ERROR

* The error that makes this a rarity? Take a quarter and lay it on the Susan B. Anthony pictured above. Note the similarity in size that turned out to be its problem. People refused to use it—perhaps you were one of

them. When the U.S. Government became aware of this public rejection, they recognized that there had been an error in judgment. Susan B. Anthony coin minting ceased, destining the coins to collector status. *

My Favorite Car

By A. Joyce Brown

In the fall of 1955, when I was beginning my third year of high school, our family moved from Rankin to Paxton, Illinois. My sisters and I were a little frightened, knowing our new schools would be much larger.

However, one of the early fall activities at the high school was the annual homecoming, and my new classmates elected me Junior Class queen. I was very delighted and honored. One of the girls in my class submitted her uncle's name as a possible driver for the homecoming parade because he had a nice convertible. Because she called him her "uncle," I assumed he would be an older fellow.

On the evening of the parade, a handsome young man drove up to our house in a shiny, dark blue 1953 Ford convertible. His name was Robert and he looked real sporty — he had on a

bright hat, a bright shirt and a winning smile. I was so happy to learn he had graduated from high school just two years earlier.

Robert and I rode in the parade in his Ford convertible — and we have been together ever since. We recently celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary. Occasionally we see a '53 Ford convertible and we'll think back to some of the very good times we had in ours. □

A. Joyce Brown and her homecoming chauffeur-turned-husband Robert now live in Rantoul, Illinois. We would like to hear about your favorite Ford and what made it that way. We will pay you \$100 if the entry is published. Limit your account to 250 typewritten words and send it to My Favorite Car, Ford Times, The American Road, Room 765, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Please don't include photos. Submissions can't be acknowledged or returned.

Memo To Stollen Lovers

Once again I am coming out of retirement to bake a limited edition of my "Genuine Dresden Butter Stollen" — that I first made over 50 years ago in my native Germany. Plump white and dark raisins and diced fruit are marinated for days in a crock of fine white Bacardi rum before I work them into butter-rich, hand-kneaded dough. This rum soaking gives the stollen a distinctive flavor and provides the moisture that keeps the cake fresh for up to three months without refrigeration. There are no preservatives or artificial colors!

Tucked in the ribbon of each gift-wrapped stollen is a folder telling the history of this traditional German Christmas fruit cake. (Featured in Ford Times, December 1982.) Order soon, the quantities are limited.



Leo Schaeffer

Leo Schaeffer

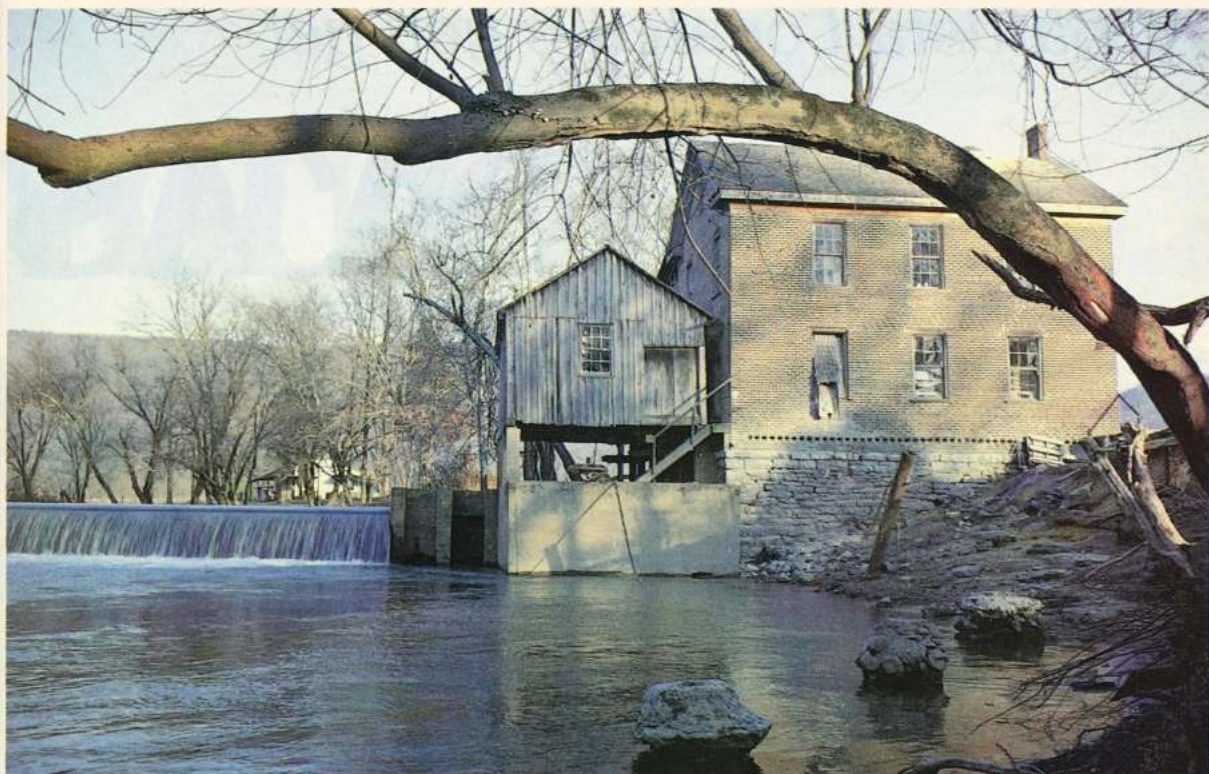
WORLD RENOWNED ALL BUTTER

Dresden Stollen

"A truly magnificent specimen of stollen." — Nancy Kennedy, Ford Times, December 1982.

One-pound gift wrapped stollen — \$4.50 Two-pound — \$8.75 Three-pound — \$12.85
Add \$3.00 for orders up to \$10.00 and \$3.75 for orders from \$10.01 to \$20.00. Order by December 1 to assure Christmas delivery. Send orders to: Dainty Confections, P.O. Box 523, Valley Stream, NY 11582.

Free catalog available on request.



Once a year Clyde Ketner's tranquil farm and mill become fairgrounds for thousands of visitors.

Clyde Ketner stands on the porch of his great-great-grandfather's mill, one foot propped on a millstone, and shakes his head. "You never saw such a mess in your life. We had a traffic jam that beat anything I ever saw. They were backed up for miles!"

He's talking about what happened when the first small old-fashioned country fair he planned attracted thousands of visitors to his small farm and mill nestled in the Tennessee hills.

Clyde Ketner is a miller — fifth in a long line of Tennesseans — who grinds corn, wheat, rye, and buckwheat, on huge stones that are turned by water power. Ketner's lovely old brick mill stands on the bank of the Sequatchie River near Whitwell, Tennessee, 25 miles northwest of Chattanooga on State Highway 28.

For 363 days of the year, the mill and farm are quiet and peaceful. But, on the third weekend in October (this year it's October 15-16), the world discovers the Ketner Country Fair. Last year more than 12,000 adults came — "and there were almost that many children," Ketner adds. "They were everywhere!"

At the fair, sorghum molasses bubbles in shallow trays while a mule walks in an endless circle, turning the sorghum mill that squeezes the sweet juice from the cane. A muscular blacksmith demonstrates his trade over a hot fire, while a potter turns her wheel

The Country Fair That's Clyde's Pride

By Jean L. McCoy

and throws lovely clay bowls and pots. Hand-stitched quilts dance in the sunshine on long lines stretched between trees. Cloggers clog and fiddlers fiddle, and if you want to join in you can clog or sing or just tap your toes.

For 50 cents you can ride all over the Ketner farm in a wagon drawn by a team of horses, and if you happen to be hungry you can choose from country barbecue or beans and cornbread.

Ketner reigns in the mill, talking to visitors, weighing up corn meal, and, most of all, showing off his pride and joy — the handcarved wooden carding machine that his great-great-grandfather, David Ketner, brought to Tennessee in the early 1800s. The "double card" machine is a complicated combination of rollers, pulleys,

wheels, and wooden bearings. Raw wool is carded and combed into long rolls, ready for the spinning wheel or to be used as batting for linings in coats or quilts. Ketner thinks there are only five or six of these machines left in the country and his may be the only one in operation.

The Ketner Fair is eight years old now and the traffic problems have been solved. The Ketner Mill road is simply closed to traffic. "Now that we know how many folks to expect, we're ready for them," Ketner assures, indicating the broad pastures that one weekend a year become parking lots. □

Michael LaForest

At Battista Locatelli's you get

'AIDA' AS YOU EAT-A

By Nancy Kennedy

I almost didn't answer the phone when it rang late one night in 1974 as I was wearily leaving the office. But it seemed to have a special insistence, so I went back and picked it up. "Hello, Miss Kennedy, this is Battista. When you going to come to my restaurant?" Even after writing about restaurants for more than 30 years, I was startled by so direct an invitation.

"My family and I run the Hole in the Wall restaurant in Las Vegas," the richly Italian-accented voice continued. "Now we think we good enough to be in *Ford Times*' restaurant section."

A few months later when a trip took me to Las Vegas, I found Battista's tiny, 45-seat restaurant tucked away in a small shopping strip across the street from the towering MGM Grand Hotel. I was greeted warmly by a charming woman and made to feel at home immediately. The dining room was filled with the fragrance of Italian sauces simmering in the small kitchen, and amid the tables stood a casually dressed man singing an aria from *Aida*.

Without introducing myself, I ordered dinner. A beautiful teen-aged girl served my delicious veal scaloppine and cappucino, and the youngest cashier I'd ever encountered efficiently processed my credit card.

Then I introduced myself — and discovered that the hostess, the server, the singer, the busboy, the cook and the cashier were all members of the Locatelli family — mother Rio, daughter Desiree,

Battista Locatelli serves and serenades son-in-law Robert, wife Rio, Rio's friend Eileen Maglier and son Gigli.



father Battista, son Gigli, and daughters Pier and Heidi. They gave me a rundown on the short and never-dull-for-a-moment history of the family and their restaurant.

As a young man, Battista left his birthplace of Bergamo, Italy, to stay with relatives in Los Angeles and continue his operatic studies. His dream of an opera career

was eclipsed by another kind of drama, however, when he met a lovely blond Californian named Rio Bornholdt at a dance. Both were still in their teens, but it was love at first sight and they were soon married.

Over the years Battista landed occasional jobs singing in local nightclubs, but his regular work was driving a giant oil tank truck.

Between babies, Rio drove a school bus.

In 1970 came the break Battista was hoping for — the offer of a singing job at a big nightclub in Las Vegas. He, Rio and their four children (ages 7-15) pulled up stakes and moved to the entertainment capital of the world. But disaster struck; the "sure thing" singing job fell through and they

Ford Times' Nancy Kennedy (right) toasts Battista and Rio Locatelli (foreground below) and their working family (from left) son Gigli, his wife Judy, nephew Rudy, daughter Pier Leigh, her husband Robert, daughter Desiree, her husband Richard, daughter Heidi, her husband Jerry, and nephew Mike.



were stranded, away from family and friends.

Luckily, Rio quickly found another job driving a school bus. Battista took what he could find — a counterman's job at a 14-seat truck stop and pool hall. A few months later, the owner of the place decided to sell. With the help of their families, Battista and Rio bought it — with \$17 left over to run their new venture. They renamed it the Hole in the Wall after the gang of the same name in the *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* film. The name fit the little place perfectly.

The family pitched in with the tremendous energy and cheerfulness that characterizes the Locatelli clan. Battista was behind the counter 18 hours a day; Rio came in and cooked after a day of driving the school bus. The four youngsters worked after school, including Heidi, 7, who manned the cash register, and Gigli, 8, who waited on tables.

Whenever they accumulated a little money, they bought another piece of equipment for the kitchen. Neither Rio nor Battista was a professional cook but they were learning, and when word of their unusual family enterprise got around Las Vegas, chefs from the big hotels began dropping in for a snack, to shoot a game of pool — and to offer informal cooking lessons. As Battista tells it, "Because we were Italian, customers would come in and ask for things like fettucine Alfredo, and I'd ask them to come into the kitchen and show me how to make it."

Sometimes even the non-pros lent a hand. "Sergio Franchi came in one night and cooked dinner for us to help out," Battista remembers. "We were humble; we wanted to learn."

And learn they did. During the next two years, the quality and variety of the food improved dramatically, and the more complex veal dishes they had learned to make so well were proudly added to the menu. A wall was torn down, the pool tables were donated to a charity, and the restaurant was expanded to 45 seats.

Ed Sullivan, Jerry Lewis and Betty Grable were among the celebrities who dropped by for din-

ner because it was such a pleasant contrast to the glitzy supper clubs that abound in Las Vegas. Dinner at Battista's was more like a visit to the home of old friends.

Betty Grable became so fond of the family and the restaurant that she and Harry James celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary at the Hole in the Wall with friends. Just a few weeks before she died, she came into the cozy back room

***One night
singer
Sergio Franchi
came in
and helped
Battista
cook dinner***

named for her and made a last request of Battista: She begged him not to add any more funky wall or ceiling hangings to the decor! In her will, she asked that Battista sing at her memorial service in Hollywood, which he did.

When I returned to Las Vegas

in 1976 another store in the strip had been annexed, and now the restaurant could serve 100 people. In addition, a carryout homemade pasta shop was in full swing next door. All the children still worked there and the two oldest daughters had been joined by their husbands. I'll never forget the sight of daughter Pier serenely making pasta in the spotless kitchen, her tiny baby asleep in a basket nearby. The

menu had been enlarged again,

and the family obviously was prospering. Some nights they turned away a couple of hundred would-be diners.

So it was really no surprise when I revisited the Hole in the Wall earlier this year to find that the restaurant now seats 160, a 100-capacity banquet room has been added, and a pizza and ice cream parlor is located next door. They now own the entire shopping strip. But that's not the end of it: Battista showed me blueprints for a small hotel and casino he plans to build on land adjacent to the restaurant some day.

Success hasn't spoiled the Locatellis. First-timers as well as old customers are still warmly greeted by the family, and Battista serenades the guests most evenings.

Battista still works 18 hours a day, sleeps about four hours and gets up at 3:30 a.m. to work out at a health club for a couple of hours. At 6 a.m., he meets Rio at the restaurant to start the day's round of activities.

On my next visit to Las Vegas I fully expect to see the logo removed from the MGM Grand Hotel and the flag of Battista Locatelli and the Hole in the Wall hoisted above the parapets of the family's latest acquisition. □



ALASKA'S CABINS OF HOPE

When perilous weather sweeps in,
these crude but well-stocked wilderness
sanctuaries can mean survival

By Kenn Sherwood Roe

Lacy flecks of sudden snow sharpened the scarlet of fall huckleberry; threatening clouds had shouldered the horizon, covering the sheer green of mountains, then moved sinuously up the Inland Passage, their probing mists reaching around us. The island wilderness of southeastern Alaska is that way, unpredictable, challenging, but always edged with danger. And now twilight had encroached suddenly. A flight of Canada geese swarmed anxiously over us; a nearby loon dipped nervously in the pearly water. "We can't make it back to camp now, can we?" I asked my hunting partner, the minister.

"No," he replied, matter of factly. "Everything — it's all stacking against us."

"Maybe if we hurry," I urged, trying to conceal my fear.

"No," he said with finality, "we would only flounder around hopelessly. Probably get lost, or break a leg. A man doesn't dare

lose his senses, not in this country."

As a young instructor, a year new in the Big Land, I understood the icy truth of his words. Almost weekly, the radio, the local TV, or the newspaper carried some story, usually about a *cheechako* — a visitor — but too often about seasoned natives who had been injured or hospitalized, or had disappeared or died, because they had unwittingly confronted nature's fury and failed.

Five of us — my boss, two buddies and the minister — had ventured by boat out of Ketchikan along the Behm Canal into the hinterland. In Alaska it is common to cram a weekend with fishing, crabbing, clamming, duck and deer hunting, and sometimes even stalking the big brown bear, usually more for distant fun than seriously. This day while one member tried fly-casting for trout, the remainder paired in a pincer movement for deer around a promontory that

sheltered a narrow bay along which we now tramped.

The Sitka blacktail is a small deer averaging 60 pounds dressed. During its entire life, the fragile creature may travel less than a mile or two, so thick and nurturing is the rain forest. The minister, who had spent most of his adult years in the state, bushpiloting his spiritual message to isolated Indian and Eskimo settlements, had grown as one with the land, while coming to know and love it — the people, the lore, the wilderness. For that reason, I had been entrusted to him, "put under his wing," as my boss phrased it.

Throughout the day, we had observed with delight a surprising number of rare, bald eagles; we had sat on a river bank watching thousands of spawning salmon struggling upward to deposit new life in a final death thrust.

We had examined the intricate leaves of some maidenhair ferns, dense above a gushing

stream; we had sprawled on a sandy shore, cluttered with driftwood, to eat our sandwiches.

We had seen bear signs, salmon munched in half, and wide footprints in the mud. But no deer.

Privately, the minister had admitted an abhorrence of hunting but had carried a rifle, really as an excuse to move around the wilderness. Although he was knowledgeable in woodcraft, had camped for months at a time in the back country, and had even wandered the tundra, I felt somewhat queasy. The fact he was an ordained man of God added little assurance for the moment.

"What'll we do?" I asked, trying desperately to be quiet inside. Snow now draped the surrounding trees. It piled slightly on our packs, and even accentuated the gray hair and streaked brows of the minister. Flakes fluttered around us, increasing in



Illustrations by Neil Boyle

intensity as he studied a frayed map, his glasses low on a thin nose. "There's an old line-cabin, maybe half a mile from here."

"What's that?"

"A cabin built by trappers originally, or maybe miners later, kept up now by hunters and fish and game men," he said. "Sprinkled over the North, you find caches, a place to bed and to eat, a sanctuary if stranded. Saves many lives."

Shivering, I readjusted the 270 rifle. "Okay. Where from here?"

"Near the head of the inlet." He glanced at the map once more for exactness, then tucked it in his small backpack. In my short time in Alaska, I had learned that there are many such shelters, a few maintained by the government, even marked on special topographical maps, but most existing because of enterprising citizens. A wise outdoorsman kept careful records of their locations, then shared them with others.

"The fellows will worry," I said.

"Not really," he responded confidently. "They'll know, because we have an understanding. Besides, there's a cabin on the other side, too. Harold and LeVern may not be back in camp tonight either."

The snow flowed steadily in thick globs that washed the sky milky and blotted out the opposite shore. I buttoned the parka flap around my neck and chin as we strode silently. Two hundred inches of rain a year carpets everything — rocks, downed trees and limbs — in a spongy moss that is as safe as landing on a water bed should one fall, but difficult to maneuver through, particularly with the rich plant growth.

Fortunately, he found an old deer trail that wound steadily toward a wooded flat which he claimed was "home."

"What if it isn't there?" I asked, apprehensively, peering through the pressing darkness.

"Have faith," he chuckled.



Through the trees, by a stream that plummeted noisily, a wooden structure appeared, weathered, leaning slightly, its 12- by 15-foot walls punctured by two tiny windows covered by wind-rippled burlap. There was a narrow door, rough-hewn from nearby spruce. Around the chimney, numerous roof shakes had fallen free or lay askew. "We must fix that," said the minister.

The door was unlocked, a piece of bark holding the flap latch. We pushed in, the rusted hinges squeaky. The interior was simple, compact, nothing like the popular Hollywood conception; through the cobwebbed dimness, a pot-bellied stove welcomed us. Beside it rose neatly piled wood and kindling topped by a hatchet and a keg of nails. Some little animals had left their trace. A slab of plywood supported by two legs sufficed

as a table surrounded by two crude stools and a stump.

The minister found a lantern and soon filled the room with a cozy glow; he ignited a crackling fire in the stove, then set to sweeping walls and floor with a stubby broom.

"I can't believe it," I said, stopping to scan stacks of staples, fruit, dried milk, juice.

"A code of the North," he explained, leaving with a coffee pot, "Better wash this out and get some water."

He returned quickly, snow-splotted, to have the container perking shortly. A bubbling pan of beans mixed with spaghetti filled the place with a tempting aroma as the snapping flames flickered rosily over dark walls. Before we settled into a fitful sleep on the floor, the minister peeked outside.

"Storm's passing; most will be melted by morning," he said,

bracing the door closed. "Will give us a chance to pay back."

I was puzzled about what he meant until awakened by a lemony dawn, the sky azure, the trees sparkling. For two hours we worked, side by side, tacking boards and siding into place, afterward reinforcing a crude ladder left out back so that we could renail the loose shingles.

We readjusted the door. "Needs oiling, really rusted," the minister said. "Got to remember that." He had an inward, note-taking look. We chopped wood, made kindling, stacking it near the stove.

Wordlessly, we finally trudged the miles back to camp, breathing deeply, aware of a rhythmic crunch of feet in slush and the plop of melting snow as unburdened boughs sprang free. At camp we were met by our companions, their faces relieved, but unworried. Our two hunting partners had made it back before dark, we learned. The minister and my boss looked knowingly at each other. "When we leave, we'll swing back," said the latter.

By noon, our gear packed, except for select objects set aside, we headed home, but not

before my boss swung the inboard up our inlet to the shore below the cabin. Together we carried canned food, kerosene, oil for lubricating the door, plus various practical articles that could be spared. In addition, one man sharpened all cutting instruments; another distributed some battered paperback books, and yet another contributed an extra blanket. Caught up with the spirit, I set my compass on the table. Observing me, the minister commented softly, "This may be a primitive land, but not so much we cannot be our brother's keeper." □

Calls of the Wild

By Lou Ann Ruark

*Bye, baby bunting
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To fetch a baby rabbit skin
To wrap his baby bunting in. . .*

When Daddy's gone a-hunting, he's attuned to the call of the wild. It may be the bull elk's bugle or the snort of a deer. Or it may be radio station KBCR in Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

KBCR is one of 36 commercial stations in Colorado that form the Buckskin Network, a high-country communications system whose purpose is to contact hunters who are otherwise out of touch with civilization.

Dialing (303) 242-7447 will get you the network's clearing house at Grand Junction. But don't try calling Uncle Fred to wish him a happy birthday. You'll be talking to the Colorado State Patrol, and the officers who answer don't take kindly to frivolous messages. Senior dispatcher Buddy Chadd makes clear that the network, organized 26 years ago, is designed strictly to get emergency messages to hunters. Distress calls dealing with serious illness and death are the most

common ones handled.

But Chadd, who's been channeling calls since 1967, has fielded some non-emergency doozies. Not long ago, his dispatchers dealt with a California wife who dialed the number and immediately began reciting a love poem dedicated to her husband/hunter. After her request to broadcast it was politely turned down, she offered to pay to have it put on the air. That, too, was rejected.

A woman from Texas called repeatedly about "a serious illness" in the family that required her spouse's immediate presence. It turned out that she and her husband owned a dairy farm; the cows were sick.

"One season we were asked to tell a hunter he had become a proud father," Chadd recalls. "But since the birth was expected and the delivery normal, we didn't put it on the air. After all, the hunter knew his wife was pregnant when he left. If she had had triplets or the baby had come six weeks early, we would have tried to make contact."

Chadd says the key phrase in making a judgment is "unforeseen situation or event." Among the more serious unforeseen events have been the flooding of a home,

the robbery of a family business, and the abduction of a child.

The Buckskin Network operates only 32 days a year, running according to the big-game hunting dates set by the Colorado Division of Wildlife. It begins two days before the elk hunting season starts in October, and ends two days before the end of the combination deer-elk season in November.

In 1982, the network handled 186 message requests from people in 22 states, and all but a handful of the hunters sought were contacted.

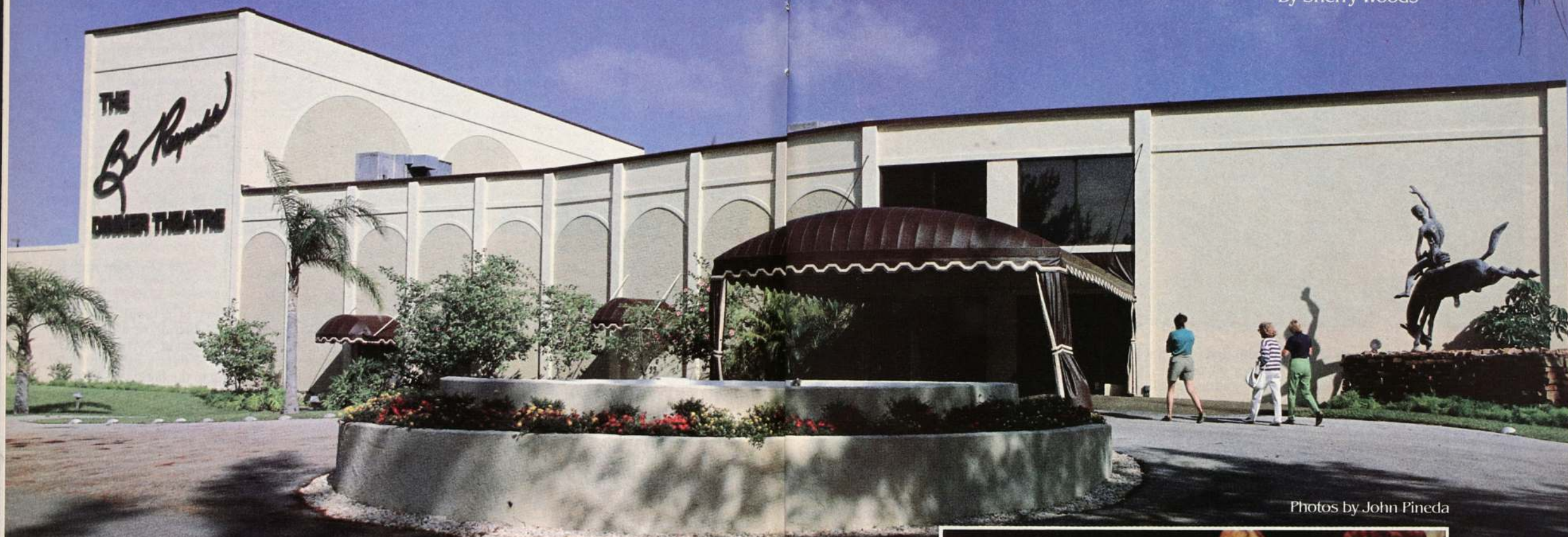
The system is so far unique to Colorado. It's operated by five state patrol dispatchers who work rotating shifts 24 hours a day in the Grand Junction office. After a message has been received and cleared, the hunter's name is added to a list that is broadcast at 6 a.m., noon and 6 p.m. on commercial radio stations. It also is aired each evening by members of a citizen's band React Club. The hunter's name is broadcast three days, or until he responds.

"It's a service, a valuable one," sums up Chadd. "But we want everyone to understand that we can't yodel from mountaintop to mountaintop, and we're not sending singing telegrams." □

In Jupiter, Burt's Plays Are the Thing

Tourists and local folks alike flock to Burt Reynolds' classy dinner theater to see some of America's finest actors perform

By Sherry Woods



Photos by John Pineda

Even if the signature weren't reproduced in letters several feet tall across the front, it wouldn't take long for anyone to guess that the small but stately dinner theater on Florida's A1A coastal highway in Jupiter belongs to Burt Reynolds.

In the lobby, where theatergoers stand elbow-to-elbow vying for space at the hors d'oeuvres table, you can buy a drink at Burt's Brass Rail, snatch a close-up look at the block of cement bearing his hand- and footprints from Grauman's Chinese Theater, gaze at the huge, lighted portrait of his mother, or buy the gift shop's

most popular item — a bright red T-shirt declaring, "I spent the night with Burt Reynolds."

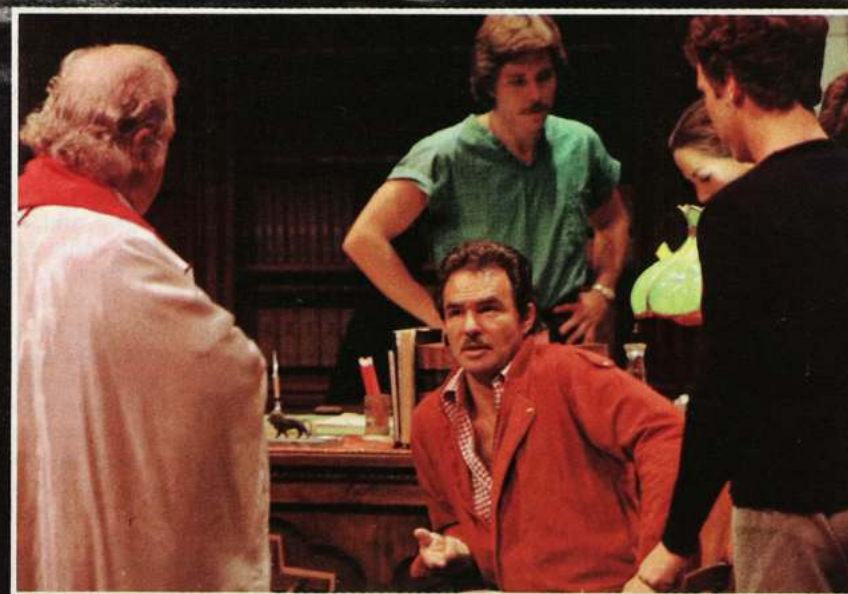
But if the lobby seems an almost gaudy shrine to the hometown hero, inside the theater itself it's all business — show business in the finest sense of the phrase.

Although the Burt Reynolds Dinner Theatre is barely a toddler in the theater world (it opened in January 1979), it has attracted an impressive assortment of the nation's most talented performers. Here it's Carol Burnett or Julie Harris, Martin Sheen or Charles Durning, Ned Beatty or Vincent Gardenia, Sally Field or one of

dozens of others who have left their Oscars, Tonys and Emmys at home in New York or Los Angeles to spend six weeks in this tiny community nestled along the edge of the Atlantic Ocean, just up the road from Palm Beach. It is no small commitment.

They spend two often-grueling weeks in the theater's second-floor rehearsal hall, while another show

Playhouse entrepreneur Burt Reynolds sometimes also directs. Here, he works with actor Charles Durning (left) and playwright Bill C. Davis on Mass Appeal.





Just about everything from the autographed building to the namesake bar carries box-office baron Burt's brand.

plays to audiences downstairs. They conduct workshops for the students in the Burt Reynolds Institute for Theater Training, which is held here in cooperation with Florida State University. Then it's a demanding four-week run before enthusiastic crowds. And the pay — well, by Hollywood standards it may be considered little more than grocery money. So why do they do it?

Some come, of course, simply because the nation's hottest box-office star asks them to. But according to the theater's vice president and producer, Dudley Remus, many more are drawn "because they want a chance to go against what they are, what they're known for. We give them that chance."

Many get their wish. Marsha Mason directed last winter's *Heaven Can Wait*. Charles Durning, who's been on the theater's stage twice in the last year, expressed a desire to direct a future

production. Farrah Fawcett, best known as one of "Charlie's Angels" and a top-selling poster girl, wanted some stage experience before taking a role in a Broadway play last spring.

The risks in such experimentation are minimal. Somewhat greater are the chances the theater takes with its lineup of plays. Mixed in with such staples as *My Fair Lady* are untried shows such as Jonna Gault's *Walls* and a trio of one-acts by Ernest Thompson, who wrote *On Golden Pond*. Last winter's lineup was heavy on Broadway hits, including *Dracula* and *They're Playing Our Song*, but it also had the two-character drama *Mass Appeal* by Bill C. Davis, who co-starred with Durning in the play.

"We don't want to be a regional theater," says Remus. "We want to be a good commercial theater. At the same time, we're not restricted. Not everything we do has to make a buck."

The 450-seat playhouse, built at a cost of \$2 million, is filled to 75 or 80 percent of capacity during the slow summer season. In winter it's approaching 90 percent with nearly 8,000 subscriptions.

"People want to see the musicals," Remus explains. "But they don't want to take a chance on missing them by waiting until they go on sale for single performances. So they buy the season. Now we have an audience that's being educated to different kinds of things. They're learning to trust us."

That trust is important to Reynolds, who is actively involved in the theater's operation, in its apprentice program and in plans for the \$7.5-million regional theater and video studio he'd like to build nearby in cooperation with the state.

The star of such diverse films as *Smoky and the Bandit*, *Deliverance* and *Starting Over* makes final script selections for the dinner theater from an assortment offered to him by producer Remus. He suggests casting, does an occasional bit of persuading to land a reluctant star, frequently directs. On the occasions when he stars himself, the performances are sellouts.

Last fall Reynolds was cast as a soap-opera star opposite Stockard Channing in the third of Ernest Thompson's trio of plays, *Answers*, about lightly issued invitations which have unexpected

consequences. The breezy little comedy was made-to-order for the actor's deft style, but it's doubtful he could have predicted the near-farcical overtones the play would assume before the end of its run.

When Stockard Channing became ill, someone had to step in and fill her role as an Ohio housewife smitten with soap idol Reynolds. The actor looked around and tapped one of the play's three directors — Charles Nelson Reilly. By all reports, those final performances were hilarious, as the two men tried to carry on with the love scenes in the best show-must-go-on tradition.

For the 18 or so apprentices in the 1982 class, it was an opportunity to see two comedic masters at work. These young people, like their successors in the 1983 class, have a chance few other aspiring performers are ever given.

As Richard Fallon, dean emeritus of the theater program at Florida State University and director of professional programs for the institute, explains, "This program was designed by Burt Reynolds as a bridge between the academic world and the real world of the profession."

The students work in the theater's shops, try out for each show, attend regular classes and special workshops and even meet with people in the talent-agency business. They receive a scholarship for living expenses and three hours of credit in continuing education. "It gives them an opportunity to see if they wish to pursue this as a career," Fallon says.

It is also clear, Fallon adds, that those who come through the program "have tremendous contacts," not the least of whom is Reynolds himself. His commitment goes far beyond lending his name to the project since he is one of the teachers.

Reynolds told the *Miami Herald* in an interview last winter, "I can't afford to turn down a million-dollar movie. But somewhere in my heart of hearts, I think this is more important. When I come down here and walk into that funny little rehearsal hall with those kids, I know I'm home."

Among all those connected with the Burt Reynolds Dinner



Theatre there is a feeling that there is something truly special going on in Jupiter. "There's magic here," producer Remus declares.

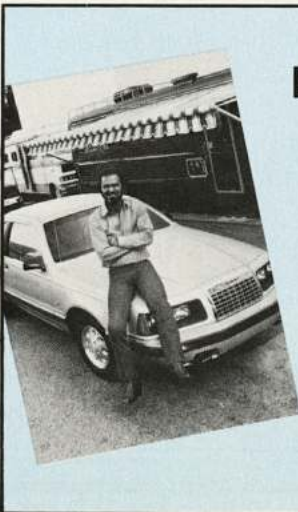
For audiences it's magic and a little more. In tough economic times, it's a good deal — dinner or brunch, champagne and a Broadway-caliber show — all for less than the price of a theater ticket in New York or even down the road in Miami.

"When Burt would come in to

Julie Harris shows off one of several souvenirs tailored to please patrons.

do his act in *Answers*, he said the biggest thrill he got was driving in and seeing all the pickup trucks in the parking lot," Remus recalls.

For the man who built a theater to give something back to the community in which he grew up, those pickup trucks are a symbol of a unique success. □



Burt & 'Bird

Burt Reynolds had his first encounter with a 1983 Thunderbird when he played a driver who wheels a race-prepped 'Bird around the stock-car tracks in the movie, *Stroker Ace*. Now Reynolds is wheeling one around off-screen. The personal car is the silver Thunderbird Turbo Coupe he's shown with here.

Enter the SVO:

A Very Special New Mustang

By John Clinard

Photos by Mark Harmer

In the early 1960s Ford Motor Company launched a performance-car program that would bring legendary Ford victories in races worldwide and an exciting array of performance cars to dealership showrooms across North America — the 427 Galaxie, the Falcon Sprint, the Talledaga, the Mustang 2+2, and many more. Reflecting their era, these cars offered tremendous performance from their large V8 engines. Horsepower ruled the day.

Then came the '70s. Concerns with ecology and oil supply and prices moved to the forefront at Ford and throughout the auto industry. Performance cars

quickly faded as buyers were drawn toward fuel efficiency rather than power.

But by the early 1980s, an underlying public desire to put some fun back into driving bubbled back up in the marketplace. With energy concerns successfully addressed by the new generation of fuel-



Ford's new Mustang SVO blends muscle-car power and the fuel efficiency of aerodynamic styling.

efficient cars and trucks now filling showrooms, buyer attention was returning to the pursuit of excitement and personal expression.

Auto makers initially responded with new convertibles, with great success. Meeting the growing interest in performance, while still providing reasonable fuel efficiency, was a greater challenge. But a by-product of the development of engines that would deliver more miles per gallon has been the discovery of new ways to extract more power from small engines. This technology is being applied to a lithe breed of contemporary performance cars unlike the muscle cars of the past. These new cars not only accelerate quickly but are lightweight and responsive, with nimble handling and braking — and excellent fuel economy.

Perhaps the most perfect example of this new generation is now being brought onto the market — the 1984 Mustang SVO. It is a genuine grand touring (GT) car, combining impressive performance and handling with surprising comfort and fuel economy.

The Mustang SVO gets its name from Ford's Special Vehicle Operations, begun in September,

1980, by a small group of performance experts who were charged with leading Ford into the performance limelight in the 1980s.

SVO embarked upon its task by zeroing in on an arena of auto racing that features small-engined, lightweight cars in "real-world" conditions. This arena is the Camel GT Series, sanctioned by the International Motor Sports Association (IMSA). These races are held on road courses designed with left and right turns, uphill and downhill segments, and straights of varying length. Such racing demands outstanding acceleration and top speed and also puts handling, braking and fuel efficiency to the test.

In surveying the Ford product range for the most suitable competitor in the Camel Series, a natural appeared — the Mustang.

Two versions of racing Mustangs have been designed by SVO — The Mustang GTX, which raced with great success from 1981 through early this year, and the even more sophisticated Mustang GTP, developed by the teamwork of Ford Aerospace and Communications Corporation, Ford Design Center, Ford Glass Division, and Special Vehicle Op-

erations. The GTP debuted last July. These racing Mustangs, using turbocharged four-cylinder engines and highly refined suspension systems and aerodynamic designs, serve as rolling test beds for development of technology adaptable to production cars — vehicles available in dealer showrooms.

From the outset in 1981, SVO engineers began parallel development of a new, ultra-sophisticated production Mustang that would incorporate race-bred state-of-the-art technology. The result is the 1984 Mustang SVO.

In the interest of aerodynamics, many revisions were made to the standard Mustang body. A new hood was designed, featuring a "grilleless" front and a small scoop for the turbocharger intercooler. A revised front fascia, unique and very functional rear spoiler, flush-style wheels, and "spats" just forward of the rear wheel openings also contribute to minimized drag, reduced frontal lift, and maximized rearward downforce. The result is a body offering striking aesthetics and outstanding technical ability.

But the *real* changes are beneath the skin. The Mustang SVO

The SVO's Special Delights

Among the more noteworthy features of the 1984 Mustang SVO:

- Addition of an intercooler to the 2.3-liter, overhead cam, fuel-injected, turbocharged four-cylinder Mustang engine. The intercooler, an air-to-air heat exchanger similar in appearance to a radiator, is mounted between the turbocharger and cylinder head. It cools the induction air on its way into the cylinders, resulting in a denser air charge. This allows increased ignition spark advance for more power, with negligible effect upon fuel economy.
- Turbocharger boost control that varies with barometric pressure to provide consistent performance at sea level or high altitude. This electronically controlled system modulates boost, ignition timing, and air charge, making it Ford's most advanced application of electronic engine controls yet, and the most sophisticated turbocharged powerplant available in the United States.
- A "premium/regular" cockpit fuel-selector switch that allows the driver to instantaneously recalibrate the engine electronic control system to accommodate a wide range of unleaded fuel octane ratings.
- Engine-mount shock absorbers for improved driving smoothness.
- Power four-wheel disc brakes.
- Lincoln Continental-type front suspension and a modified Mustang stabilizer bar.
- Unique adjustable Koni gas shock absorbers and struts, which allow the driver to tailor the car's handling characteristics to suit a variety of driving modes.
- Uniquely tuned rear springs, stabilizer bar and traction bars for a smoother ride and improved rear-axle control during rough-road driving.
- A cowl-mounted driver's footrest for left foot support during hard cornering.

- High-performance Goodyear tires mounted on special 16-by-7-inch cast-aluminum wheels.

- A five-speed manual transmission with unique Hurst shift linkage for shorter, more precise throws.

- Revised positioning of brake and accelerator pedals to facilitate heel-and-toe downshifting.

- Special multi-adjustable performance seats.

- Unique instrumentation including an 8,000-RPM tachometer and a 0-18 psi boost gauge.

The SVO has as standard equipment features that are optional on other Mustang models. In fact, the only major options available on the SVO are air conditioning, power windows, power door locks, cassette player, flip-up sunroof, and leather seat trim.

The Mustang SVO is available in black, silver metallic, dark charcoal metallic or medium red metallic. The interior color is charcoal.

bristles with new technology, including features never before offered on a production car by any manufacturer (see box).

Designed and engineered to compete directly with the best European grand touring cars, the Mustang SVO has open-road

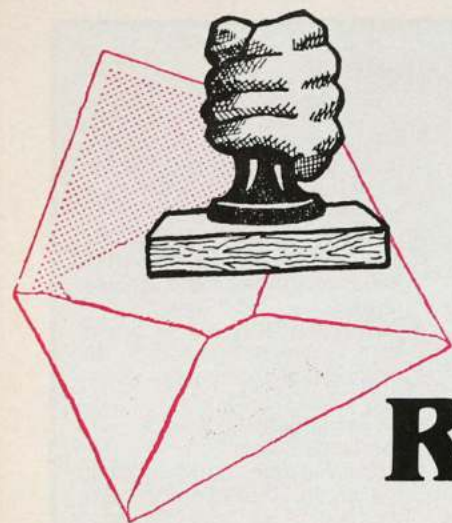
manners that may surprise drivers not familiar with the combination of power, precision and suppleness that leading auto makers are beginning to achieve.

At the same time, the Mustang SVO willingly demonstrates its ample performance credentials — acceleration from 0-50 in 5.4 seconds, a top speed of 134 mph and exceptional braking ability. With such performance, the SVO is not only a satisfying car for everyday road use, it can also serve as a very capable entry for drivers who compete in showroom-stock road racing and autocross competition.

In a spirit similar to the '60s but in a manner far more contemporary, the Mustang SVO is fulfilling the dreams of performance enthusiasts while demonstrating to the world that American technical know-how and innovation are second to none. □

The Mustang SVO's aerodynamic features include a rear spoiler and flush-style wheels.





Arty New Life for the Resilient Rubber Stamp

By James Joseph



he mail-art craze is turning millions of ordinary letter-writers creative. What they are creating, using nothing more than rubber stamps and ink pads, is what one observer calls "envelope art."

But in fact, mail art is considerably more. It's an outpouring of self-expression that can set postal clerks to chuckling, psychologists to pondering, and recipients to responding in kind — with a letter made even more rubber-stamp happy than the one received.

"Correspondence" art has been a special link between artists around the world for centuries. Both Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo are said to have "signed" their correspondence to other artists with artistic designs and doodles. Perhaps, even as

some mail artists today, they may have sealed the envelope without even bothering to enclose a letter. Done right, envelopes can say it all.

Now, with rubber stamps ordinary citizens who have no particular artistic talent, nor aspire to any, are joining in the fun. They



have responded, as can you, to a perceived need to stamp the ho-hum, look-alike drabness out of the ordinary envelope, postcard, note, letter or package. In so doing, of course, they personalize their correspondence and send subtle and not-so-subtle messages. "Stamping," declare Joni K. Miller and Lowry Thompson, in their book, *The Rubber Stamp Album*,

"... is the grand communicator."

Communicating in such fashion is a recent role for the rubber stamp. More commonly, it has been used to certify meat, date bank deposits, trademark products, grade lumber, validate passports — and urge slow-pays to mend their ways. Annually, the U.S. Postal Service alone buys thousands (in one year more than 170,000) of the familiar "Fragile," "First Class," "Address Unknown" and "Returned For Postage" models.

As toddlers, most of us used alphabet stamps in learning our ABCs. At high school dances, hands still are dutifully held out for rubber-stamped proof that the price of admission has been paid.

Scores of rubber-stamp makers, many of them artists, offer a mind-boggling array for creative use. They are priced from 50 cents for small designs to more than \$30 — typically, for a 19-stamp set of sea



WHERE YOU CAN BUY THEM

Here are some "stamp houses" — mail-order rubber-stamp makers:

Bizzaro Inc., Box 126, Annex Station, Providence, RI 02901. Catalog, \$1.

Great Atlantic Stampworks, Box 172-T, Woods Hole, MA 02543. Brochure free, catalog, \$1.50 (refundable with purchase).

Leavenworth Jackson, 175 Belvedere Street, San Francisco, CA 94117. Catalog, \$1.50.

Emerald City Stamps, 24 Carpenters Run Drive, Cincinnati, OH 45241. Catalog, \$1.

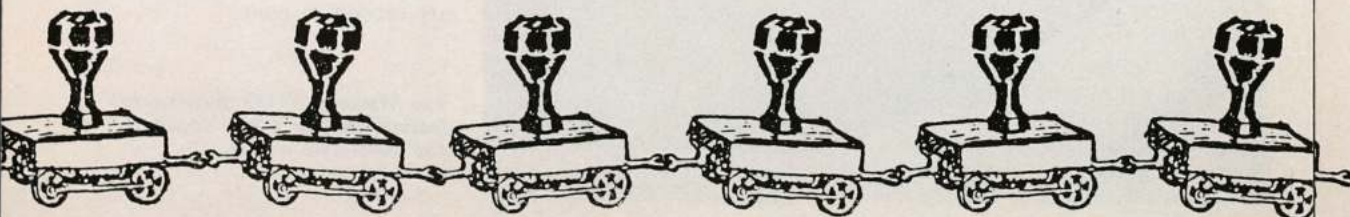
Stampworks, P.O. Box 7501FT, Overland Park, KS 66207. Catalog, \$2.

Aesthetic Melody, 1952 Everett Street, North Valley Stream, NY 11580. Catalog, \$1.50.

Asya Graphics, 3139 Benton Street, Denver, CO 80214. Catalog, \$2.

Good Impressions, 1122 Avery, Parkersburg, WV 26101. Catalog, \$2 (refundable with purchase).

Gumbo Rubber Stamp Works, P.O. Box 606, Midland, MI 48640. Catalog, \$4 (includes one free rubber stamp, on request).





SOME BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

THE RUBBER STAMP ALBUM, by Joni K. Miller and Lowry Thompson. Workman Publishing Company, 1 West 39th Street, New York, NY 10018. \$6.95. 215 pages. A comprehensive guide to rubber stamps, their origins and uses. Lists and shows hundreds of mail-art stamps and where to buy them.

CORRESPONDENCE ART: Source Book for the Network of International Postal Art Activity. Contemporary Art Press, P.O. Box 3123, Rincon Annex, San Francisco, CA 94119. \$15.95. 450 pages. Probably the first major anthology devoted solely to "correspondence" art.

RUBBER STAMPS & HOW TO MAKE THEM, by George L. Thompson. Pantheon Books, Division of Random House, Inc., 201 East 50th Street, New York, NY 10022. \$5.95. Step-by-step how to create your own mail art rubber stamps, including those made from erasers.

SWAK. The Complete Book of Mail Fun for Kids, by Randy Harelson. Workman Publishing Company, 1 West 39th Street, New York, NY 10018. \$4.95. A mail art fun book for "kids" of all ages. Shows how to make and decorate envelopes and postcards; how to use and where to obtain mail-decorating rubber stamps.

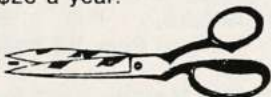
STAMPOLA. P.O. Box 1493, Eureka, CA 95502. Quarterly tabloid devoted to mail art and those caught up in the craze. \$10 a year, \$2.50 a copy.

RUBBERSTAMPNADNESS. P.O. Box NLT, Trumansburg, NY 14886. Bi-monthly founded by one of the craze's stalwarts, Lowry Thompson, co-author of *The Rubber Stamp Album*. \$10 a year.

NATIONAL STAMPAGRAPHIC. 19400 Beach Boulevard/ Suite 14, Huntington Beach, CA 92648. New but fast growing, graphically expert quarterly for stampers. \$12 a year.

UMBRELLA. Umbrella Associates, P.O. Box 3692, Glendale, CA 91201. Bi-monthly international review and digest of what's new in art and with artists, including new books, periodicals and alternative media, with a keen interest in mail art. \$20 a year.

cut along dotted line



socket was stamped a string of barbed wire. Stamped on the skull's forehead was a butterfly of delicate beauty.

"My correspondent was saying," analyzes Hoffberg, "that while things are very bad and very dangerous in his country just now, there is hope for the future. The butterfly stamp expresses his hope."



Some rubber stampers consider their work to be Art. Springing up everywhere are stamp art exhibits, workshops and seminars. Rubber-stamp art is even being collected. San Francisco

artist William Gaglione often invites 40 or 50 international artists, working with rubber stamps, to hand-stamp 150 identical examples of their work. These signed and stamped originals are bound into books by Gaglione. Each contributing stamp artist receives one copy free. The remaining 100 or so copies are offered to collectors.

But for most people, stamping



is simply good, sometimes-smudgy fun. To join the rubber-stamp craze, you need only a few rubber stamps, an inked pad or two (preferably several different colors), and some imagination.

As inspiration to potential stampers, *Ford Times* commissioned California artist Shirlee Frank to stamp out some creative examples. Using envelopes as her "canvas" and a modest collection of rubber stamps, she illustrates, on page 29, how to create your own mail art.

"Mail art," enthuses artist Frank, "can be anything you want it to be." □

creatures, from smiling whales to crabby lobsters to a deep-sea diver. The average rubber stamp, even by well-known stamp artists, costs \$2.50-4.50.

You can buy rubber stamps of dancing girls, flying fish, the Stars and Stripes, a horse-drawn fire wagon — or such slogans as "Thank You," "Have a Nice Day," "Merry Christmas," "No-Nukes," or even "Stamp Out Stamps." Some of the more whimsical stamps are anatomical: a pointed finger, a staring eye, a pair of ears, a wide-open mouth.



The possibilities are

unlimited. Imagine receiving (or sending) a letter stamped with a colorful array of gaping mouths — and nothing more. Or just ears, from envelope flap to front. Or maybe an endless parade of single-file armadillos walking across the envelope's face.

But stamped expressions can be serious, too. "Mail artists in troubled lands often let their stamped art say what, in those countries, it is unwise to say in words," says art archivist Judith Hoffberg, whose bi-monthly art review, the *Umbrella*, receives stamp art from readers around the world. She recently received from a stamp artist in Argentina a single wordless page. On it was stamped a livid skull. Through each gaping eye-

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FORD PARTS AND SERVICE DIVISION





**Glad as
a Hatter!**

With men's headwear staging a fashion comeback, San Francisco's Michael Harris is brimming with success

By Jay Stuller

Photos by Jim Karageorge

The device, made of ebony, wires and black metal, looks downright bizarre; it could have come straight out of a 1930s horror movie. In a small shop on San Francisco's Geary Street, a man tentatively slips the contraption over the top of his head, his eyes betraying a tinge of doubt, concerned perhaps that it might at any moment suck his brains out.

"Pull it snug," counsels Michael Harris, who then reaches over, snaps down the top of the object and smiles. "There," he says. "Now we've got your head shape."

The man removes the device, which is in reality a *conformature*, a French-made "head shaper" that hatter Harris says was made in the 1800s. "I've got a new one, too," he says, "made in 1920." Harris flips open the top and removes a card which has been punched with holes, forming a kind of pear-shaped pattern. With it, Harris will mold a hat that will fit the client like the client's skin — a *real* hat; a *killer* hat, as fine a piece of headwear as seen in decades.

After an absence of nearly 30 years, men's hats are making a fashion comeback. These are styl-

ish hats — fur-felt fedoras, dressy Chesterfields, dapper homburgs and devastating Panamas — not the Western hat adopted by urban cowboys a few years ago, or the baseball cap bearing the logo of a farm-machinery manufacturer. They are what *Time* magazine's fine essayist, Lance Morrow, calls "serious hats . . . the opposite of disguise. It is a working piece of clothes and an adjunct of character."

Serious hats have gotten a boost from movies such as *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Chariots of Fire* and the television series, *Brideshead Revisited*. Set during the heyday of men's hats — the first four decades of the century — these entertainments have shown men that they can look good in hats.

Although a cardinal rule is never to wear a hat that has more character than yourself, men are overcoming the notion they look silly in them. Besides, a hat is a

**Men are
overcoming
the notion
they look silly
in a hat.
Besides, it's a
wonderful prop**

wonderful prop — tipping it to ladies is sheer elegance. And a hat holds in the 30 percent of the body heat that escapes through the top of the head in cold weather, shades one in the summer sun, and obviates the need for carrying an umbrella.

The problem for the serious hat aficionado, however, is acquiring one as truly righteous as that worn by his grandfather. "In the 1920s a man would work an entire week for \$10 and he'd pay \$8.50 or even \$12 for a good hat," explains Harris, who owns and virtually single-handedly operates Paul's Hat Works. "It would be a quality hat that he'd take care of and that would last. But most of what you find in department stores today

are not fur-felt hats; the inside band is as much cardboard as leather. And the sad part is that there's not that many expert hatters left. What's in most stores is stamped out by machines."

Indeed, the average age in the profession is better than 70 years. Most of the hatters are in New York. The 35-year-old Harris is one of only three people in California licensed by the state's Board of Fabric Care to renovate old hats. "The whole business is very secretive, in terms of techniques and where they get their materials and equipment," he says. "There are few, if any, apprentices in hatmaking; the trade has been nearly stripped of true knowledge."

The finest hats in the world, says Harris, are the Borsalinos made in Italy. "Borsalinos have been the standard for 100 years. Originally the company had its own hunters out getting beaver and rabbits, their own felters and sellers. In the 1930s there was a plague in Europe that was associated with rabbits, so a virus was used to eradicate them. It really hurt their business. But although they won't tell you where they get their felt, you see it coming from Australia, Poland and Canada."

The affable Harris has acquired his knowledge of hats over 12 years of research, trial and error — and cajoling any bit of information he can get out of old-timers. His Geary Street shop is festooned with 50-year-old hats, 30-year-old hats and those in the process of being made. Antique hat boxes are piled on shelves up to the high ceiling. Here, Michael Harris fusses over customers like a grandmother, padding around to find samples for clients to try, pulling out rolls of hat-band ribbon so the end product will be just right.

"Man, this is some hat shop you've got," marveled one customer. "Hey," says Harris reverently, "this is *your* hat shop. I'm just the proprietor."

The San Francisco native had been a professional sign painter before he became a hatter. "I've always liked to wear hats, but I could never find anything with real quality," he says. So he began buying second-hand hats and tear-

Michael Harris demonstrates how the conformature makes head-shape patterns for tailor-made hats.

ing them apart, just to see how they were put together. Then, while living in Santa Cruz and painting signs, he began making hats for Dickens-era fairs, and for a San Francisco hat company. Three years ago, when he heard that Paul's Hat Works, the last custom hat shop in San Francisco, was up for sale, he bought it, sensing a resurgence.

Men's hats had gone out of fashion in the 1950s. "One major reason was that automobile roofs were cut lower, and the economy was good," observes Harris. "Gas was 24 cents a gallon and people were driving more so they weren't out in the elements as much. And then there was President Kennedy."

Ah, yes, JFK, with his thick shock of uncovered hair. He practically destroyed the hat industry in America. During the 1960s and '70s, hats were generally worn to conceal baldness — which made even hairy hat-wearers suspect.

"But today," says Harris, "if you ever watch MTV — the cable channel that plays video rock and roll 24-hours-a-day — you see young musicians wearing hats." In fact, among Harris' burgeoning clientele, which includes bankers,

bureaucrats and printers, is a goodly number of musicians. Two members of Peter Tosh's reggae band recently stopped by. One of them ordered two new hats, and asked if he could bring in his classic Borsalino for refurbishing. Also in the shop, cleaned, spiffed up and ready to go, was singer Boz Scagg's trademark Panama.

While one can get a reasonably fitting hat just by picking it off the shelf, a custom job entails the use of the *conformature*. "There are really only four or five major head shapes," Harris says, thumbing through a file drawer, pulling out dozens of little pieces of paper. "But as you can see, there's a lot of variation. I have one client with a head shaped literally like a kidney bean. Here's a classic pear shape. Some people have really little heads, while one of my customers has a 29½-inch, as big as many people's waists."

Getting good materials is perhaps Harris' greatest problem. "Most production hatters use wool felt," he says. "It's tougher to find beaver and rabbit felt. A lot of what I get is from hatmakers going out of business." Harris, however, has a line on Monticristie Panama straw, the stuff of the

Using one of 150 flanges, each with a different pitch, Harris steam shapes the brim of a hat.

very best, tightly woven Panama hats.

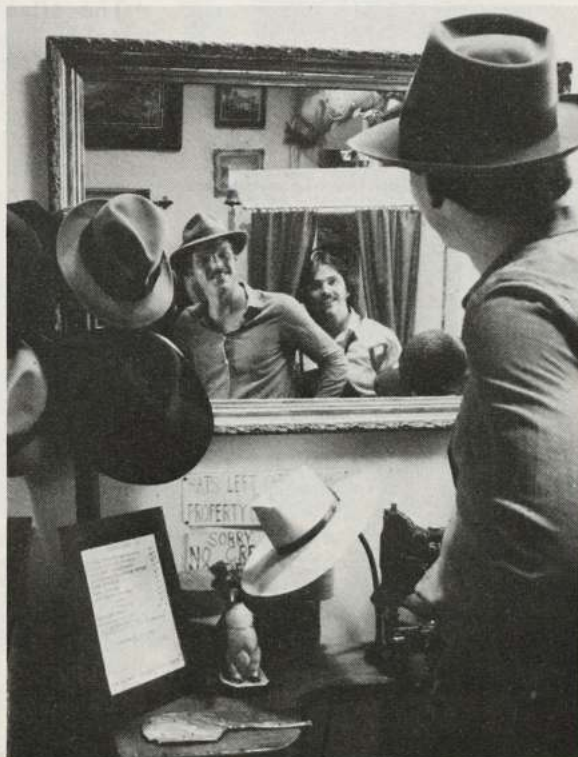
"Panamas got their name during the Gold Rush when people were cutting across the Isthmus of Panama," he explains. "But the straw for the hats actually comes from Ecuador. The best is Monticristie, taken from a scruffy, sea-coast palm." In what is literally a cottage industry, men and women weave the straw in water, so the grains in the hat are incredibly tight. The straw is also incredibly costly; on the New York wholesale market the straw for one quality Panama can cost from \$100 to a whopping \$1,000.

The only hat-making help Harris has in his shop is an 86-year-old seamstress, who has been in the trade since 1929. She sews leather bands on the inside of the hat and decorative bands on the outside. In an average week Harris may finish two dozen hats, and renovate two to five dozen more. Since he spends so much time at the front counter, sizing and visiting, he must do most of his work at night.

"It takes three to four hours to do a single hat, if I follow it straight through," says Harris. "That's an average hat. A top hat might take 10 to 15 hours."

Harris' hats are not inexpensive, ranging from \$75 to \$100 or more. "But a person who wants a *real* hat, a person who appreciates and understands hats, is going to take care of it, so it will last for years," he says. The gray fedora is his most popular number at the moment, but Panamas were a hot item during the summer months.

Harris would like to hire apprentices. "If I had a bright person in here, he or she could learn in about six months what took me 12 years on my own. It might take an average person a couple years. There are so many nuances — odd hats and such — that you might run across only every few years. It just takes a lot of experience to know this craft." □



Hatter Harris helps customer select a style that reflects the desired image.



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BUILT FORD TOUGH



Keeping the Beat in Cajun Country

The Louisiana French are fiercely preserving their rollicking musical tradition—and loving every note of it

By Bern Keating

Just hold my dentures, and let me show you how to dance," sang the guitar picker in 16th-century French to the two-stepping Cajuns in Fred's Lounge, the social center of Mamou in south Louisiana's rice and sugarcane country. He followed it with a love song about a sentimental chap who loved his "bêbê like a pig loves mud."

Beginning shortly after sunrise, Cajuns from the strip of coastal parishes running from the western edge of Baton Rouge to Lake Charles had begun drifting into the bar for the Saturday morning *fais do do* that for 22 years has piped Louisiana French music over radio station KEUN in nearby Eunice. By mid-morning, more than 200 cattlemen, oilfield workers, rice farmers, trappers, their wives and girl friends had jammed the low-ceilinged lounge, about the size of a suburban living room. (A sign forbade the premises to anybody under 18 but in the best Cajun tradition, every other *pater familias* had brought his whole family, to the youngest toddler.)

Everybody bellowed greetings in French, whooped with *joie de vivre*, and danced with surprising style and grace to the ear-splitting two-steps and waltzes that make up the entire repertoire of Louisi-



Accordionist Jack Leger keeps two-steppers stepping at Fred's Lounge, where lively Cajun music fills the air every Saturday.

ana French music. (A fading hand-scrawled sign announced, THIS IS NOT A DANCE HALL, a warning cheerfully ignored by everybody including Fred Tate, the owner.)

Through the brain-blasting uproar, Revon Reed kept up his patter into the microphone as he has since 1961, translating into the Cajun *patois* advertisements, community announcements and gossip items from the columns of the Mamou *Acadian*. When a pretty blond teen-ager asked if

she could announce a high school dance, Reed replied, "Yeah, *chère*, so long as you say it in French."

Because the Saturday morning broadcast from Fred's is by far the longest continuous program of Cajun music in history, a pair of earnest outsiders prowled through the crowd, smelling of Ph.D. and wielding tape recorders to capture an authentic bit of living Americana for their doctoral theses. Even they were welcomed by the Cajuns who treat English speakers — "foreigners" as they call them — with amused tolerance.

When the frolickers discovered that I have spoken French from my Quebec childhood, I was smothered in Cajun hospitality, for I represented the French Canadians who stayed behind when their Cajun ancestors were thrown out of Canada in the mid-18th century. "Do them Canadians eat much crawfish jambalaya?" the fiddler asked me. I replied sadly that they had never had the pleasure. He grunted, "No wonder my *grand père* got out of your country."

When the party broke up at 11 a.m., a dozen Cajun hostesses pelted me with invitations to jambalaya festivals, pig roasts and crawfish boils. Another party tried to drag me by the lapels across the road to the continuing



café concert at Manuel's Lounge. Instead, I took a short course in Cajun history from John Parsons, a New Orleans impresario who had made his Maple Leaf Bar the metropolitan center of a small but worldwide renaissance of interest in Cajun music. He had come to Mamou on a talent hunt.

The senior fiddler at Fred's, Parsons told me, was Sady Courville, one of the giants of the Cajun revival and a regional treasure

because of his vast repertoire of Cajun tunes, which are in danger of extinction. "Being around Mamou right now is a little like being in Europe at the turn of the 19th century," Parsons said. "Every day you meet the equivalent of Mozart or Beethoven, Haydn or Schubert. Most of the greats are still alive or only recently dead."

Just 10 miles down the road, according to Parsons, was perhaps the biggest of all the defenders of

the faith, Marc Savoy.

When I entered the Savoy music store, east of Eunice on US-190, Marc was speaking in French to a trio of musicians as he worked on the repair of a Cajun accordion. The three bystanders checked me over and, once satisfied that I was a foreigner, resumed their conversation about an upcoming musical gig at a non-Cajun festival. They showed little surprise when I addressed them in

Cajun music leader Marc Savoy (with accordion) joins wife Ann, Vinus LeJeune (left) and Euel Allison in a backyard session.

French, because they understand, as a Cajun trapper once told me, that "people speak French all over the world — Thibodeaux, Lafayette, New Iberia, all them places."

Obviously obsessed by his craft, Marc took off on a warm and learned discourse about the music of south Louisiana, its history (which is remarkably short), its greatest practitioners, and its prospects for continued existence. The loss of their musical tradition, he said, would reduce Cajuns to being the same plastic clones as the rest of North America.

When the young people gave up Cajun music for Nashville country or for rock and roll, he observed, "it was as though they were giving up a delicious bowl of gumbo for a cold and tasteless hot dog."

During his high school days, in the late 1950s, Marc was already experimenting with musical instruments to recreate the sounds he had heard at his grandfather's house where a sharecropper named Dennis McGee joined the old man in playing Cajun fiddle tunes.

"Nowadays, of course, we realize that Dennis McGee, who is still playing at the age of 90, is maybe the greatest Cajun fiddler who ever lived," he said. "But in 1958, my Cajun schoolmates would have hooted and jeered if they had known that I listened to Cajun music. In those days, we were embarrassed to be Cajuns."

Nevertheless, the sounds from his grandfather's hearth gave Marc a secret passion. He took apart the first mail-order accordion he owned because he didn't feel it gave the right Cajun tone. He tinkered and rebuilt it and dozens after it, until he had become a skilled craftsman, custom constructing the accordions of virtually all of today's top Cajun musicians.

"The single-row diatonic-scale accordion came from Germany to Louisiana about the turn of the

century," Marc told me. "It was loud and overpowering but enormously seductive because Cajuns like noise and are not subtle. Only trouble was the diatonic scale limited it. The old-time fiddlers could not tune their second strings to it, and so the jigs and reels and contradances died away — except at the hands of a genius like Dennis McGee. By the time the accordions of greater scope came along, the repertoire had shrunk to two-steps and waltzes, where it is today."

One of the three bystanders, a highly reputed Cajun musician named Vinus LeJeune, picked up his fiddle, and the three of us drove to Marc's house, the graceful Cajun-style cottage of his grandfather where he was first enchanted by Dennis McGee's magic. Marc's wife Ann joined us with her guitar. Marc called in the

Everybody bellowed greetings in French and danced to ear-splitting two-steps and waltzes

gardener, Euel Allison, who exchanged his shovel for a fiddle (they had to speak in French, for Euel had no English).

The four swung into *Allons à Lafayette*, a plea for a cruel damsel to go with the singer to the Big City and change her name to his; *J'ai passé*, a toe-tapping dirge about a beautiful girl stretched out in her coffin; followed by even jazzier numbers about even drearier themes with strange *patois* names like *Blues de la prison* and *Two-step de maman*.

The shadows lengthened and it was time to let the musicians go, but I begged Marc to steer me to where I could hear more of the hard-driving dance music.

"Half a dozen places around Lafayette serve up two-steps with dinner," he said. "Since the foreigners have discovered Cajun

cooking and Cajun music and we bring a few tourist dollars into the area, we don't have to be ashamed of being Cajuns any more. You find everybody bragging about having a Cajun band."

Bob Guilveau at Prejean's Restaurant in Lafayette presides over a Cajun jam session with musicians from all of Acadiana coming and going. When I asked him what was the dish he had served me, he shouted over the din: "It's alligator tail. You'll find it's exciting to eat, because it's the only dish that if you don't eat it first, it will eat you."

Farther east in Breaux Bridge, I found Michael Doucet and his Beausoleil group playing their regular Thursday night concert at Mulate's Restaurant. Doucet has spent years in a discouraging struggle to build a recorded library of Cajun music. The formation and dissolution of recording Cajun bands is a bewildering history of giving in to pressures from the public to take on country or rock-and-roll overtones and of reverting to the purist classic style. Marc Savoy has said that the wedding of Cajun and Nashville sounds is like mating a jackass and a horse — the offspring is always barren. But other Cajun musicians have argued that no music in history has set itself in concrete and survived. Arguments rage about Beausoleil's purity of style.

Kerry Boutte, the owner of Mulate's, pointed out that the dance floor stayed crowded with skillful two-steppers. Carrying out the tradition that dancing is a Cajun family game, young mothers danced with their 18-month-old babies in their arms.

"Check the instrumentation," Boutte said. "Fiddle, accordion, mandolin, guitar and just a triangle — a *ti fer* — for the whole percussion section. You can't get more Cajun than that."

Driving north toward Alexandria the next morning, I felt saddened as the French names dwindled on the mailboxes along the road. Cajun music on the car radio slowly gave way to the Nashville country sound. I missed that hard-pounding two-step, and decided that the Cajuns provide the Tabasco in America's musical melting pot. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN REVIVAL

The centuries' old crafts, food, music, dance and art of the southern Appalachians will be showcased October 15-16 at the annual Fall Festival Weekend at the Museum of Appalachia in Norris, Tennessee, about 16 miles north of Knoxville. Some 100 descendants of pioneer mountain people will demonstrate the folk arts of soap-making, tinsmithing, rail-splitting, blacksmithing, coopers, geese-plucking, shearing, corn-shucking, hound-swapping, story telling, Jew's harp-playing, banjo-picking, fiddling, and clog dancing. For more information, write the museum at P.O. Box 359, Norris, TN 37828. Or call (615) 494-7680.

TAKE A TAPED TRIP



Tape cassettes give guided tours of selected national parks and historic attractions around the country for motoring vacationers. Complete with mood music and sound effects, the tapes tell what to watch for and explain the significance of sights as they come into view. Tapes, accompanied by map routings, cost \$9.95. For \$8.50 you can rent one along with a tape player at specified locations. For more information and a list of auto tape tours, write CCInc., P.O. Box 385, Scarsdale, NY 10583. Or call (914) 472-5133.

ARTISTIC ROUNDUP

The Cowboy Artists of America Museum provides a showcase for the paintings and sculpture of ranch-hands who are as handy with a palette or chisel as they are with a cow pony and lasso. The museum is located on an oak-shaded hill-top just off I-10 in Kerrville, Texas, 60 miles west of San Antonio. Open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Saturday, and 1 to 5 p.m. on Sundays (closed Mondays during winter). Admission is \$2 for adults, 50 cents for youngsters. For more information, write the museum at P.O. Box 1716, Kerrville, TX 78028. Or call (512) 896-2553.

SMOKEY AND THE BANNER

A reflective banner asking passing drivers to "Please Call Police" should help bring aid to stranded motorists. The reusable plastic banner, which can be kept in the glove compartment, is designed to be stretched across the rear window with stickers. Signs can be ordered, for \$4 each and a self-addressed envelope bearing 37 cents postage, from Car Safety

Signs, Los Angeles Commission on Assaults Against Women, P.O. Box 48903, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

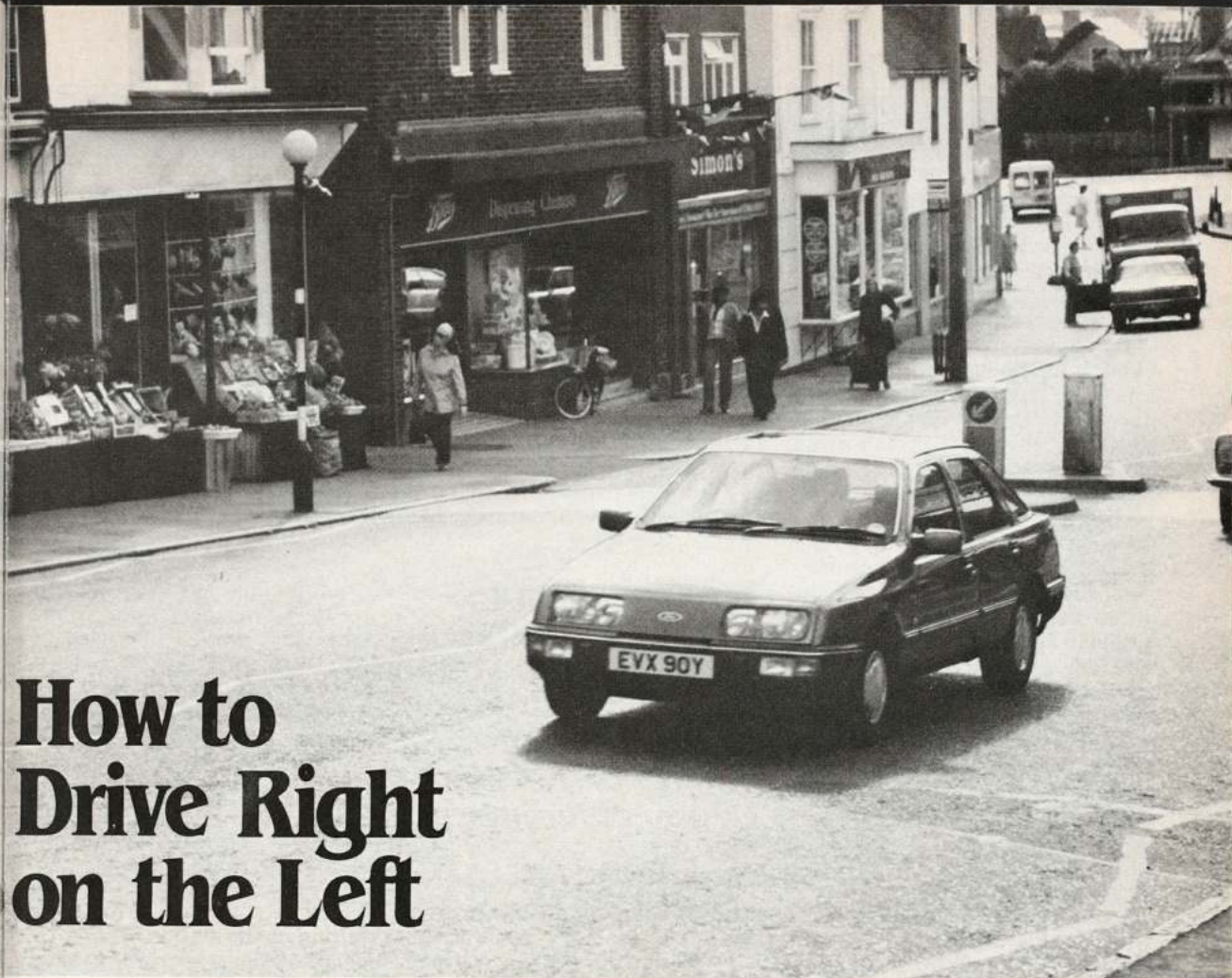
PENNSYLVANIA'S PUMPKIN PARTY



Treats without tricks await Halloween weekend travelers at the Great Pumpkin Festival October 29-30 in Old Bedford Village, Pennsylvania. Attractions include musical entertainment, jack-o-lantern carving and painting contests, scarecrow-making workshops, and pumpkin-flavored foods. The festival's biggest pumpkin (past winners have weighed 210 to 225 pounds), will bring its grower a \$50 cash prize. Admission for the festival and village tour is \$4 for adults, \$2.75 for senior citizens and \$2.50 for children 6-12. For more information, write Old Bedford Village, P.O. Box 1976, Bedford, PA 15522. Or call (814) 623-1156.

GETTING THE SCOOP

A chiller of a new book takes the mystery out of locating the nation's best ice cream parlors for travelers. *The Very Best Ice Cream* lists 203 flavors ranging from Prickly Pear at Licks in Scottsdale, Arizona, and Olallieberry Ice at the Oakville Grocery in San Francisco to Cinnamon Chocolate Chip at Steve's in Atlanta and Coor's Beer Ice at Bay's in Reno, Nevada. Authors Carol Robbins (no relation to Baskin) and Herbert Wolff also include tips on unusual restaurants and historical inns that specialize in ice creams. If the book is not yet available at your local bookstore, it can be ordered for \$9 (including postage and handling) from The Very Best Publishers, Inc., 149 West Newton St., Boston, MA 02118.



How to Drive Right on the Left

Advice on adapting to the British way of motoring, from one who's been there

By Robin W. Winks

Driving on the wrong side of the road isn't at all difficult. Nearly a third of the people in the world do it, which means that it isn't exactly the "wrong side," but merely the "uncomfortable side," especially for Americans.

The people who are most obsti-

nate in holding to the wrong lane are, of course, the British, though there are millions in their former colonies in Asia and Africa who have not yet chosen to change over, and there are also those efficient Japanese. Still, the average American isn't about to pop into a motor car and take to the roads of India or Japan, so it is Britain most of us are concerned about.

The British know that the world is against them. Immediately outside every car-hire (rental) office at London's Heathrow Airport, and at the exit ramps from every ferry arriving from the continent of Europe, there are signs that say (in English, French, and German), **DRIVE ON THE LEFT**. Once upon a time foreign visitors made political jokes about these signs but given the solid entrenchment of the Conservative Party, nearly everyone knows now that they mean what they say.

So how does one keep to the left after a lifetime of instinctively reacting to the right side?

It's all really very easy. In my work, I change from right- to left-hand drive frequently. If anything, I drive faster and better after each change, for the thrill of the chase is on me: Will I find the right lane in time? Can I park looking over my wrong shoulder? Can I react instinctively in the appropriate way in heavy traffic? The Institute of Advanced Motorists, based in London, awards a special badge (it goes on the car, not the person) to those who know how to "read the road" right and left. I passed their final test in a small car in which the steering wheel was on the "American side" while driving on "the British side" — so it can't be all that difficult. Let me suggest why.

First, remember that if you are driving on the wrong side of the road in Britain, so is everyone else. In the land of the mad, anyone can be king, and in the land of the wrong-siders, everyone can be right.

(To be sure, Britain conspires

against the newly arrived American by permitting, in most cities, parking on streets on either side facing in either direction. So you can't tell as you swing into a street whether it is one way against you by glancing at how the cars are parked. This takes getting used to and is probably the single most confusing problem for the visiting American. So ignore the parked cars and look for other clues, like the giant lorry — as they call a truck in Britain — thundering down on you from the wrong side.)

Second, don't forget that the steering wheel is also on the wrong side of the car. This makes matters simple, so that all but the most deeply and instinctively engrained actions become easy. A steering wheel on the left makes driving on the right correct and sensible — the British have little trouble adjusting to *our* roads, after all, when they come visiting — because we want to be on the side from which we can watch approaching cars best, or cars that are coming up from behind. So there is no problem in having a steering wheel on the right and then driving on the left. Within the first 30 minutes of driving on British roads, one nearly forgets that there is any difference.

Learning to drive on the wrong side of the road is rather simple then, since most of the reflex actions fall into place with the rearranged machinery. An American ought to rent a smaller car in Britain, of course — Ford Fiestas and Ford Escorts are as large as it's wise to try — to adjust to the narrow country lanes. And it's probably a good idea to spend 10 minutes or so in the rented car driving in circles around the airport to get used to the traffic lights (those long-delay yellows can be a puzzle), and the international highway signs, and the startling speed at which cars overtake (that is, pass) from behind. But if you are a good driver at home, you'll be a good driver in Britain.

Driving in Britain is a rare joy. The roads are more varied, the edges are generally better kept, and certainly the views are more handsome than in most of America. The road signs themselves are a wonder of clipped British preci-

sion, and the highways, even in the remotest corners, are much better posted than in the United States, which quickly helps remove one's fears.

On the whole, drivers are more courteous, and they wait for you to make your decisions. In nearly a thousand miles of driving during one week in June this year, only once was I hooted at by a motorist impatient with my need to consult a map at a road junction. Nor are the roads in Britain (except in London) any more crowded than in North America. So there is

***Within the first
30 minutes
of driving on
British roads,
one nearly
forgets there is
any difference***

learning time — time to drive slowly and carefully, to adjust to the new car, to the new warning sounds of fire engine and police car, to the new hazards of the roadway.

There *are* new hazards, of course. Not as in Asia or Africa, where pedestrians throng the streets. Not as in New York City, where cab driver and walker alike ignore red lights. In these matters the British are highly disciplined. There is very little sneaking through on the yellow light, or tailgating, or blinding use of headlights. Rather, the hazards are in keeping with the country:

- Pedestrians have the right-of-way at all zebra-striped road crossings and may simply step out in front of you, confidently expecting that you will stop.
- The sidewalks are often quite narrow, so that pedestrians seem very near.
- The British like to convert two-lane highways spontaneously into three, and passing on hills seems to give them a thrill.
- Finally, there is the language — “road up” (under repair), “diversion” (detour), “lay-by”

(rest stop or parking area off the highway), and “petrol” (gas) — to which we must all adjust. But that is part of the fun of driving in another country, for in just such a way does one begin to learn the language.

And did I forget the encouraging news that, except on the motorways (highways), the cars will be going more slowly than in the States, and in London they will hardly be moving at all? Of course, if driving in London traffic is frightening (it is really far less so than in New York or Los Angeles traffic), there is an easy solution or two.

Picking up your rental car at Heathrow and spending the first few days driving *away* from London is one answer. Or, perhaps even better, don't begin your driving in the London area. I never do, for the challenge of driving in London is best left to when you are fully prepared for it. There are excellent car-hire firms all over Britain. I always take a train from London to some city an hour or so away — Bath, Winchester, Cambridge, even a lesser town like Rugby — and have a rental car waiting at the station. Then I can ignore the long hour or more that it will take to get out of London's congestion and know that my first day on the road behind a strange steering wheel will be in the comparative quiet of the countryside.

If all this fails, there is one last remedy. At any automotive supply store in Britain you can buy a large sign with the letter “L” printed on it. You hang this from your back bumper. It tells everyone who sees it that you are a Learner (even if you aren't), and they'll give you a wide berth. And that's all that driving safely on the wrong side of the road ever requires. □

Robin Winks, author of An American's Guide to Britain, spent three years as cultural attache at the U.S. Embassy in London. Now a professor of history and master of Berkeley College at Yale University, he recently returned from a summer of lecturing on American history and foreign policy in Africa, where they also drive on the “wrong” side of the road.

FORD GALLERY



Mark Harmer

Pizza With Pizzazz

Small, medium or large, Domino's pizza orders-to-go are now being Escorted to customers. Patriotically painted Ford Escorts are helping drivers like Ken Biela (left) and John Mason "carry out" their company's promise to provide fast, friendly, free delivery.

Domino's, the world's largest pizza delivery chain, has leased 250 oven-equipped Escorts to get hot pizza to hungry patrons. It is the single

largest vehicle lease in Domino's history and, based on Domino's research, the largest single-vehicle lease arrangement of its type in the industry.

The company added the new Escorts to its fleet of 700 corporate-owned delivery vehicles to keep pace with a growth rate that has it opening one new store a day. Domino's has 1,000 stores scattered throughout every state except Alaska and just set up a new Canadian operation. □

We're looking for owners of late-model Ford cars who use them in interesting ways, or who have unusual jobs or hobbies. Send your candidate's name, address and phone number to: Gallery, Ford Times, Room 765, The American Road, Dearborn, MI 48121-1899. Submissions cannot be acknowledged.

FAVORITE RESTAURANT RECIPES

By Nancy Kennedy

Fat Charlie's Pizza and Spaghetti Factory

Incline Village,
Nevada

Just a half mile from Lake Tahoe, Fat Charlie's is one of the few family-oriented restaurants in the Reno area. The owner is Mike Bramlett, a former chef in a fine French restaurant. It is open every day, all year, serving lunch and dinner from 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sunday through Thursday, and from 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m. on Friday and Saturday. Reservations aren't necessary. Incline Village is 30 miles southeast of Reno. From State Highway 28 take Southwood Boulevard, turn right on Mays Boulevard for about a quarter of a mile. The address is 754 Mays Boulevard (unit 12).



LASAGNA

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 lb hot Italian sausage,
browned and drained | 7 to 8 lasagna noodles,
cooked according to
package directions
and rinsed in cold
water |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb ground beef,
browned and drained | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan
cheese |
| 4 cups spaghetti sauce | |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb Mozzarella
cheese, sliced or
grated | |
| 2 lb Ricotta cheese,
blended with enough
milk to spread easily | |

Add sausage and beef to the spaghetti sauce. Put enough sauce in the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch baking pan to cover it lightly — this keeps the noodles from sticking. Line the pan with half the noodles. Spread half the Ricotta cheese mixture on the noodles. Cover the Ricotta mixture with half the spaghetti sauce. Top with half the Mozzarella cheese. Arrange the balance of the noodles, Ricotta cheese mixture, spaghetti sauce and Mozzarella in layers, in the same order. Sprinkle Parmesan over the top. Bake in a 350° oven for 45 to 60 minutes or until casserole bubbles and cheese is browned. Serves 8 to 10. (May be made ahead of time and refrigerated or frozen.)

Paintings by Max Altekruze

CREAMY BLEU CHEESE DRESSING

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups mayonnaise | $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp black pepper |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup buttermilk | $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp garlic salt |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water | $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp parsley flakes |
| (approximately) | 3 oz bleu cheese,
crumbled |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Burgundy wine | |

Combine first seven ingredients and mix until smooth. The amount of water needed will vary according to the thickness of the mayonnaise. Add bleu cheese and refrigerate overnight or 12 hours to blend flavors. Makes 2 cups.

Rubens Restaurant

Hotel Europa,
Chapel Hill,
North Carolina

The best elements of American and European design have been blended in this elegantly contemporary hotel, which also displays a large collection of paintings, sculptures and other art works by North Carolina artists. The restaurant, which is named for the Flemish painter Peter Paul Rubens, offers fine European classic and nouvelle cuisine, as well as traditional American steaks and seafood. Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner every day. Reservations are necessary in the evening. From U.S. 15 and 501 on the eastern side of Chapel Hill, take Europa Drive to the hotel.



CHILLED MELON SOUP WITH LOBSTER AND MINT

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 2 small lobsters (save shells) | 2 Tbs cream |
| 1 Tbs olive oil | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup yogurt |
| 1 Tbs tomato paste | 6 fresh mint leaves |
| 1 Tbs cognac | 4 small cantaloupes |
| 2 Tbs white wine | Cayenne pepper |
| $\frac{2}{3}$ cup chicken bouillon or fish stock | Additional cognac |

Boil the lobsters for 5 minutes in lightly salted water. Cool, remove the meat (reserving the shells), cut it into small pieces and set aside. Grind the shells fine and roast lightly in olive oil. Pour off the olive oil, add tomato paste to roasted ground shells, deglaze with cognac and wine and reduce by half. Fill up with bouillon and again reduce by half. Add cream and simmer for 20 minutes. Strain this sauce through several thicknesses of cheesecloth. Chill. Scoop out the melon fruit and place melon shells in the refrigerator to chill. Blend the fruit with the yogurt in a blender until very smooth. Pour it into a bowl and carefully stir in the lobster pieces, mint and lobster sauce. Season with cayenne pepper and a dash of cognac. Serve in chilled melon shells. Serves 4.

POACHED BEEF TENDERLOIN WITH VEGETABLES

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 4 fillet steaks, 6 oz each | 2 small cucumbers |
| 10 oz small spinach leaves | 16 small radishes |
| 2 tomatoes | 12 button mushrooms |
| 2 carrots | Beef stock |
| | Sea salt and pepper |

Sauce for Vegetables

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp chervil | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil |
| 1 tsp parsley | 1 Tbs lemon juice |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp tarragon | 1 Tbs prepared mustard |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp chives | Salt & pepper to taste |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp basil | |

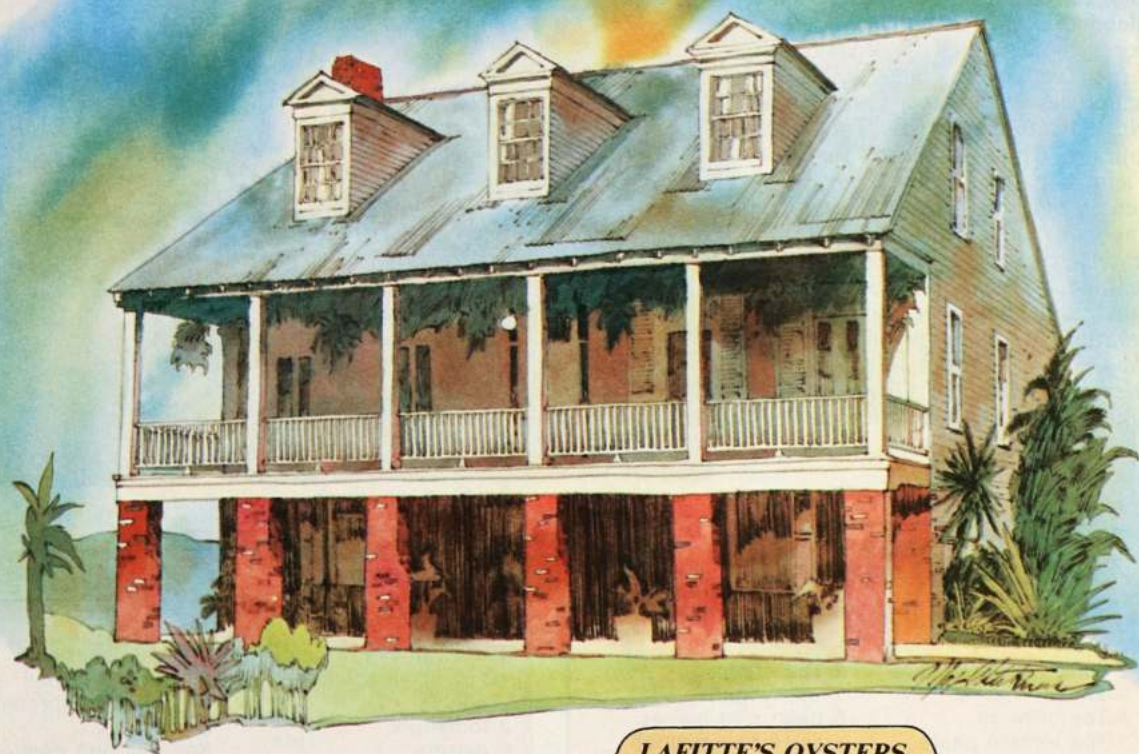
Wash the spinach. Peel the tomatoes and cut into fine strips. Pare carrots and cucumbers and cut into fine strips. Wash radishes and mushrooms and slice fine. Mix all ingredients for sauce in the blender until smooth. Bring the beef stock to a boil. Place fillets in a wire mesh basket and lower them into the beef stock, being careful that the fillets do not touch the bottom of the pan. (Use enough beef stock to cover the fillets.) Simmer for 10 to 15 minutes. DO NOT BOIL. Arrange the vegetables on four plates and spoon the sauce over the vegetables. Place a fillet in the center of each plate and sprinkle with sea salt and pepper. Serves 4.

Lafitte's Landing Restaurant, Donaldsonville, Louisiana

The large, Creole-style raised cottage on the banks of the Mississippi River was once the home of Jean Lafitte, the infamous — but since romanticized — pirate of the early 19th century. Originally it stood two miles upstream; in 1964 it was moved to its present

location in the heart of plantation country, between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. In 1978 John Folse bought it and completely renovated it. He serves as executive chef. Open for lunch Monday through Saturday, 11 a.m. — 3 p.m.; for dinner Tuesday through

Saturday, 6-10 p.m.; for lunch and dinner Sunday, 11 a.m. — 8 p.m. Reservations are necessary. Take I-10 to the Donaldsonville-Sunshine Bridge exit; Lafitte's Landing is on the access road on the west bank of the Mississippi.



SHRIMP MALARCHER

½ cup butter
2 cloves garlic,
chopped
1 tsp chopped parsley
½ tsp chopped bay leaf
½ tsp chopped
rosemary

12 jumbo shrimp,
peeled and deveined
1 Tbs all-purpose flour
2 Tbs white wine
3 Tbs hot water
Salt & pepper to taste
Paprika

Melt butter in sauté pan. Add garlic, parsley, bay leaf and rosemary. Sauté until well-blended. Add shrimp, turning frequently until pink on each side. Sprinkle with flour and flame with white wine. Add water, blend well and season to taste with salt and pepper. Smooth sauce will develop over shrimp. Garnish with paprika. Serves 2. (May be served as an appetizer or over seasoned rice as an entrée.)

LAFITTE'S OYSTERS MARIE LAVEAUX

¾ cup butter
2 Tbs chopped onion
2 Tbs chopped celery
2 cloves garlic,
chopped
8 oz white crab meat
1½ Tbs flour
1¼ cups hot half-and-
half

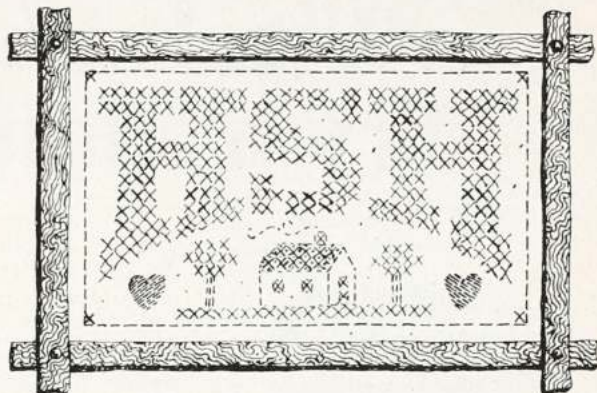
½ tsp salt
½ tsp white pepper
1 oz white wine
12 medium oysters,
reserve liquid
½ Tbs chopped parsley
Dash of paprika

Melt butter in saucepan over medium heat. Add onions, celery and garlic. Sauté 10 minutes. Add crab meat and oyster liquid. Blend well. Add flour, stirring constantly. Add half-and-half and white wine. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer until mixture thickens. In each of 2 or 3 au gratin dishes divide oysters. Cover with sauce and bake in a 350° oven until bubbly (about 10 to 15 minutes). Garnish with parsley and paprika. Serves 2-3.

PUZZLERS

Proverb Analysis Test

Each line of letters in this provocative little test represents a familiar proverb or saying in which the key words have been replaced by their initial letters. For example, H. W. H. is L. stands for "He who hesitates is lost." Mental flexibility and an ear for the cliché are helpful tools in solving this Puzzler. You'll find the answers on page 48.



1. T. H. are B. than O.

13. N. is the M. of I.

2. W. in R. D. as the R. D.

14. D. L. a G. H. in the M.

3. A. W. and N. P. M. J. a D. B.

15. The G. is A. G. on the O. S. of the F.

4. An O. of P. is W. a P. of C.

16. S. and S. W. the R.

5. H. W. L. L. L. B.

17. D. P. A. Y. E. in O. B.

6. The E. B. C. the W.

18. T. M. C. S. the B.

7. I. at F. Y. D. S. T. T. A.

19. O. G. T. D. A.

8. The R. to H. is P. with G. I.

20. S. the R. and S. the C.

9. A. that G. is N. G.

21. F. R. in W. A. F. to T.

10. The P. is M. than the S.

22. B. of a F. F. T.

11. An A. a D. K. the D. A.

23. Y. C. T. an O. D. N. T.

12. P. W. L. in G. H. S. T. S.

24. S. and Y. S. F.

Witch Way to Go? Try a Visit to Salem

By James Joseph



tinuously operating museum.

Peabody Museum was established in 1799 by the East India Marine Society, whose membership was restricted to Salem sea captains whose voyages had taken

Getting There

Leave I-95 (Route 128) at Exit 25E. This puts you on Route 114 (North Street). Drive east approximately 4 miles to Salem.

conducted and tariffs collected; the Bonded Warehouse (1819), once the storage place for such "exotic" cargoes as rum and tea; the Scale House (1826), its scales still operating; and the West India Goods Store (1810), where imported goods were sold.

A quick-stop at Salem is to return to the days of tall ships and to those who skippered and manned them. □

For More Information

For brochures on Salem's many historic attractions and for information on "Haunted Happenings 1983," the town's week-long celebration leading up to Halloween, write: Salem Chamber of Commerce, Old Town Hall, 32 Derby Square, Salem, MA 01970. Or phone (617) 744-0004.

Answer to Puzzler

1. Two heads are better than one.
2. When in Rome, do as the Romans do.
3. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
4. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.
5. He who laughs last laughs best.
6. The early bird catches the worm.
7. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.
8. The road to Hell is paved with good intentions.
9. All that glitters is not gold.
10. The pen is mightier than the sword.
11. An apple a day keeps the doctor away.
12. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.
13. Necessity is the mother of invention.
14. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.
15. The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.
16. Slow and steady wins the race.
17. Don't put all your eggs in one basket.
18. Too many cooks spoil the broth.
19. One good turn deserves another.
20. Spare the rod and spoil the child.
21. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
22. Birds of a feather flock together.
23. You can't teach an old dog new tricks.
24. Seek and ye shall find.

It was the first capital of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Its docks were crowded with tall ships — the sailing vessels of whalers, Yankee traders and privateers. Still preserved is its courthouse, the scene of New England's notorious witch trials. At its North Bridge, on February 20, 1775, townsmen first raised arms against the British, nearly two months before the first shot of the Revolutionary War was fired at Lexington.

Salem, Massachusetts, just off I-95, a few miles northeast of Boston, is among New England's most picturesque and historic quick-stops.

Founded in 1626, only five years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, it quickly became one of the colony's most important shipbuilding, fishing and trading ports. It was later eclipsed by Boston, but Salem's merchants, ship-owners and sea captains left a handsome legacy — some of colonial New England's finest homes.

A walking tour of Salem takes you to the courthouse where, in 1692, 19 accused "witches" were judged guilty and sentenced to death. A few blocks away is the Peabody Museum (adults \$2; over age 62, \$1.50; children 6-16, \$1), said to be the nation's oldest con-

tinuously operating museum. Peabody Museum was established in 1799 by the East India Marine Society, whose membership was restricted to Salem sea captains whose voyages had taken

them near or around either South America's Cape Horn or Africa's Cape of Good Hope. The "curiosities" they brought back to Salem were the basis of the museum's original collection. Among the most interesting old homes are four operated by the Essex Institute, across from the Peabody Museum. Oldest of the group is the John Ward House, built in 1684. Nearby is the Crowninshield-Bentley House (1727), furnished much as it was in the 18th century; the Gardner-Pingree House (1804), a brick mansion indicative of Salem's merchant prosperity; and the Andrew-Safford House (1818), an imposing three-story example of Federal architecture.

No tour of Salem would be complete without viewing the House of the Seven Gables (1668), which inspired author Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel by the same name.

But perhaps it is the Salem Maritime National Historic Site at Derby Wharf (1762), once an anchorage for privateers and square-rigged Yankee Clippers, which best recalls 18th-century seafaring Salem. Guides take you through the old Custom House (1819), where port business was

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