Tord Incs

America's Love Affair With the Cat

My Atlanta By Griffin Bell

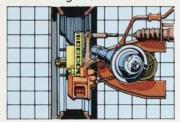
Chicago's Pizza in a Pan

FORD MUSTANG GT

No stripes, just a serious mean streak.

Find a corner and knock it flat.

Mustang GT...it's a name that's earning a lot of respect from people who know about suspensions, engines and looking good on the street. The Handling Suspension, standard on Mustang GT, offers revalved



shocks, less deflection from a set of heavier rear coil springs and some serious corner flattening stabilizer bars (1 inch diameter in the front, .55-inch in the rear). You could choose even more suspension performance with the optional TRX suspen-

sion. Of course, there's the precision of rack and pinion steering. All together it's not a soft ride. But it sure is a sweet ride.

Mustang's magic metal. The 5-liter HO V-8.

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people are
talking
about a
sizzling new
piece of Ford engineering. It's Ford's
new 5.0 liter High
Out put engine,
rated at 157
horsepower.*

When you combine the pure punch of the 5.0 liter HO engine with Mustang GT's suspension, you have a combination that produces a distinctly suspicious grin.

Buckle into the command position.

Mustang GT offers fully reclining bucket seats. Purists have



for providing excellent driver support. From this command position, you'll monitor full instrumentation; speedometer, tachometer, oil temperature gauge, and more.

Solar sizzle.

Choose personal convenience options like Mustang GT's flip-up open-air roof. Or feel the freedom of the T-Roof option.



Make your Mustang match your mood with an AM-FM stereo cassette player, air conditioning, leather-wrapped steering wheel, and much more. Whether you buy or lease, see Mustang GT at your Ford Dealer now.

*Net vehicle horsepower as measured by SAE standard J245.



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Cover: Detroit model Cheryl Guttridge and her feline friend "Chum" get along purr-fectly. Joan La Mell's cover article about the current cat craze begins on page 32. Photo by Russ Berry.

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You Can, Roger, You Can

I have been driving Ford cars for over a decade now. However, I never have had the opportunity to buy my own. First I drove my parents' LTD Wagon, then I "inherited" my trusty 1971 Maverick (which still runs and looks well today with 160,000 miles on it). After college I took up a career with a company which has been supplying me with Ford Fairmonts. Being associated with Ford vehicles for these past 11 years I have but one complaint to register: Since I have not personally purchased a Ford vehicle, I have not once received my own issue of Ford Times. I only get to read other persons' copies of the magazine. I would like to request my own subscription to your magazine.

Roger R. Miller Chesterton, Indiana

 There now are two ways to receive Ford Times regularly. Ask your friendly Ford dealer to add your name to his mailing list, or send a \$6 check to Ford Times for a 12month subscription.

Cheers for the Cheerleader

Reading the story on present day cheerleaders in the September issue I was carried back to Roosevelt Junior High School, Rockford, Illinois, in the early 1930s. When cheerleading tryouts were announced, my girlfriend and I decided to go for it. Six people turned out. Four of us at least acted as though we knew the name of the school so we became the cheerleaders. Like the kid who owns the ball. I was elected head cheerleader because I owned a megaphone. We had a great time. The next year I went to high school. I confidently reported to cheerleader tryouts. The coach immediately sent me to the assistant principal's office where I was told that girls would not be allowed to be cheerleaders as it was unladylike. Times certainly have changed in the cheerleading world.

Phyllis Wells Pincombe Rockford, Illinois Sorry About That

This letter is not to tell you how much I love my LTD (or loved my Mustangs). Nor is it to tell you how much I enjoy Ford Times (and cookbooks, too). But rather, this letter is to tell you — you GOOFED! I've been saving my Ford Times for years. I put them into hard covers to keep for others to enjoy. I liked their compact size. Now you want me to get used to a new size (and advertisements). Okay, I will. I'm easy to get along with. But why in the middle of a calendar year? How do I store a split year? Thanks a bunch.

Helen K. Gross Sarasota, Florida

 We regret the inconvenience. The contract with our former printer expired in July, so September was the best time to make a change — both in size and printer.

1949 F-1 Officially Retired

I thought you might be interested in knowing about the 1949 F-1 Ford pickup which I recently reconditioned. This truck traveled over 100,000 miles up and down West Virginia hills without a major overhaul. Although this truck still is capable of a full day's work, I have officially retired it and my family and I only drive it on "nice" weekends. I think this F-1's longevity can be attributed to previous owners' maintenance, quality materials and sound construction. I own two other Ford vehicles, an Escort and a Courier, but our '49 is my 9-year-old son's favorite.

Richard Vandernoot Petersburg, West Virginia

Classroom Choice

I just wanted you to know how much I enjoy this free magazine. I am a teacher and I use many of the stories in my classroom. The article in the October, 1981, issue about the jelly-beans has been one of our favorites. Keep up the good, clear, informative work.

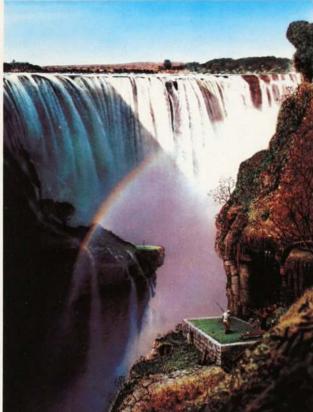
Jenny Lind Read O'Donnell, Texas

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S.S. Oceanic Independence

Hawaii's 'Floating Island'

thought she looked familiar. Yet I wasn't confident enough to say I knew her for sure. After all, it was close to 30 years since we'd sailed together. Maybe it was a matter of close look-alikes. Certainly there had been some updating in her style, some touches of modernization. But they weren't sufficiently drastic to destroy the elegance for which she was famous in the 1950s. Her classic features. Her ample but well-proportioned size. They were the

Was I right? Was the 750-passenger S.S.

Oceanic Independence, which had recently begun to offer one-week cruises between the Hawaiian islands, the former S. S. Independence?

"She is. And I was an officer aboard her when she sailed regularly between Italy and the United States," said Captain Vinton Antworth. He was standing on the bridge shortly after the Oceanic Independence sailed on Saturday at 10 p.m. from Honolulu for Hilo. A few minutes earlier there had been several shattering blasts of the ship's horn. Confetti and streamers covered decks on which occasional puddles of

champagne reflected a crescent moon.

"After the American Export Line sold the Independence, she changed hands — a lot. But fortunately, the different foreign owners never tampered with her much," Captain Antworth continued. "Now that she's back in American hands and I'm back on board as well, it's good to be able to report on how much vintage beauty remains. To come aboard again is to relive old times."

It was in 1954 that I first climbed the ship's gangplank, en route to New York from Naples.

I gazed in amazement at the two mammoth smokestacks, and played shuffleboard on teakwood decks. They are still there. So are the many big staterooms with ample closets and roomy chests of drawers.

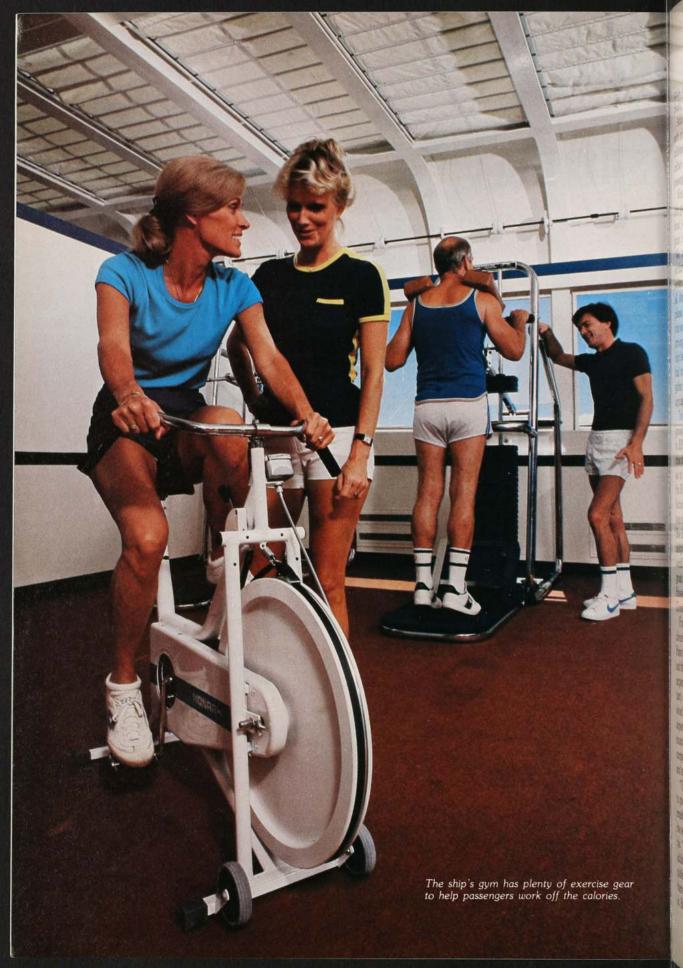
There are also spacious salons with understated Eisenhower-era decor. A low-key dining room with clusters of potted palms and tables far enough apart so that you don't have to eat with your neighbors. Two outdoor swimming pools. A gym to rival Jack La Lanne's. Saunas hot enough for any Finn. And an Ultra Bright



The Oceanic Independence steams past Diamond Head on its way to Maui, Hawaii and Kauai. At right: the aft deck and its swimming pool.

4 Ford Times





cruise staff capable of understudying Love Boat's

Add a ship's log full from 6 a.m. until 2 a.m. with enough events - including hula lessons, calisthenics classes, lei making, Broadwaycaliber entertainment - and the most go-go

passenger is panting for breath.

What about meals? The truth is, like the little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead, when the food is good, it's very, very good. And when it's bad, it's very, very bad. "We recognize we've got a problem in the kitchen. But we're improving each cruise," a waiter confided. Like most of his co-workers all Americans - he was young, eager to please, but rough around the edges. While service isn't heel-clicking, it is willing, friendly, and striving. "Almost none of us had worked on a ship before," the waiter said. "So at first, we had to learn. Now we've gotten our act together. There are fewer complaints and more applause."

The result, according to line officials, is a growing popularity for coming aboard, at \$120 to \$292 a day, depending on the cabin and the time of year. The first American passenger vessel to be recommissioned under the U.S. flag, the 30-ton Oceanic Independence — known affectionately as "Hawaii's Floating Island" was expected to break even within three years. She did so within eight months. The public's delight in being able to sail between some of the world's most enchanting islands has been so great, in fact, that the ship's owner, American Hawaii Cruises, is adding a sister ship, the S.S.

Constitution, to its fleet in June.

For me, much of the Oceanic Independence's charm is in the laid-back approach. Here is a chance to sample several islands without the hassle of packing and unpacking, or the expense of inter-island air fares. More important, unlike some other cruise ships which are wired for 24-hours-a-day sound, the Oceanic Independence has minimal loudspeaker announcements, no dinner gongs, and a pleasant, competent and nonaggressive cruise director and staff.

"This isn't the Catskills, it's Hawaii. It's kapu to pressure anyone here in the islands," said a smashing-looking waitress. Each day at 10 a.m. she served sherbet on deck - guava or pineapple. "The line's philosophy is: Passengers are adults. We make lots of activities available and publish them in the ship's newspaper. They are there for anyone to read about and participate in. But so are the deck chairs," she said.

And so are the islands. Escaping the highrise skyline and jam-packed crowds on Honolulu's Waikiki Beach on Oahu, passengers wake up on Sunday morning to look out on the barely settled lush tropical shorelines of mountainous Molokai and Lanai. While these and the other seven major Hawaiian islands were discovered by British sailors under Captain James Cook in the 18th century, it was American missionaries and their families from New England who came to live among the natives, to praise God, condemn gods, and put "Mother Hubbards" on women who were intrigued by the dresses of the missionary ladies and wanted "to get in style."

Today, the missionaries' descendants own much of the islands. And it is often the visitors who need to be saved, or rather, directed to see and do those things which are the most worthwhile. Especially cruise passengers with limited time. While the Oceanic Independence offers half- and full-day tours on the three islands it visits - Maui, Hawaii and Kauai - renting a car at about \$30 a day provides greater flexibility and adventure. With a fleet of rental cars on the dock, staff from the Gray Line greets passengers in each port. Thirty minutes after docking, usually by 8 a.m., I'd turned the keys in an ignition, and I was off. In my estimation, each island visited by the Oceanic Independence has major highlights. Here are some suggestions to

choose from:

Hawaii - Anchored in Hilo, the Oceanic Independence allows passengers to explore the towering volcanoes and brittle barrens which make Hawaii different. Black, not green, is the predominant color here. Solidified intestines spill down the slopes of Hawaii Volcanoes National Park where lava flowing into the ocean has added 200 acres to the desolate moonscape since 1969.

Volcano House provides meals and a roaring fire to take away the high-altitude chill. Nearby, at the Park Service Headquarters, a film recreates the flames which have repeatedly soared from the mouth of nearby

Kilauea.

Shimmering black sand beaches, fields and blood-red, waxy-petaled anthuriums, and forests of eucalyptus trees lie at the ocean edge.

On the island's other side at Kona, the ship drops anchor another day. Here, the 250,000acre, privately owned Parker Ranch tells its 100-year history at the museum in Waimea. The Rockefeller-owned art collection on display throughout the famed Mauna Kea Beach Hotel nearby is an equally appealing excursion. Asian and Pacific art — Indian Buddhas, Japanese temple toys, New Zealand wooden masks, Hawaiian quilts — overflow in a resort noted for

its striking, low-profile architecture.

Take along a swimsuit to enjoy Mauna Kea's exquisite beach, your golf clubs to play its world-renowned links, and an appetite for its Tuesday night luau. Begin with opae (crisp shrimp in a spice sauce), lomi lomi (salted salmon), namasu (marinated cucumbers and papayas), ho'io u'i u'k (fern shoots), and ulu (breadfruit).

Polynesian delicacies cooked over coals include kalua pua'a (roast pig) and lau lau (salt pork and butterfish wrapped in taro greens). Leave room for dessert: haupia (coconut pudding), ko'ele palua (mashed sweet potatoes),

and papaya and pineapple flan.

Maui — With a day to head out from the port of Kahului, passengers motor through towering sugarcane fields, past cow towns with wooden sidewalks and old-fashioned general stores selling seaweed and sushi (filled rice balls). Paia is good for antique hunting, Makawao for bridles and bits. Maui is Hawaii as it was yesterday — and as tourist interests have made it today. There are discoveries down every road. Some are wonderful, others depressing.

Pounding surf, dramatic lookouts, and twisting curves are part of the 50-mile drive to heavenly Hana, the retreat and burial site of Charles Lindbergh. At Puohokamoa and Puaakaa, you'll swim in ice-cold waterfalls. You can also plunge into the Seven Pools at Kipahulu, once the exclusive retreat of Hawaii's royal family.

For golfers and sunbathers, there is the spectacular resort of Wailea, also the many bigname hotels and fairways cheek-to-jowl along the Kaanapali coast. Hikers can explore the lunar-like Haleakala Crater, home of the unique

silver sword plant.

History buffs enjoy the 18th-century whaling port of Lahaina, the story of which is explained in the museum aboard the Carthaginian II tied at the pier. Among the vintage buildings open to the public is Queen Kamehameha's Brick Palace. Finished in 1801, it was the first Western-style structure in the islands. There is also the Baldwin House, built by a physician in 1834, and the 1901 Pioneer Inn. A two-storied, galleried landmark, it has swinging doors leading to a mariners' saloon where Captain Ahab would have felt comfortable.

Steering past endless souvenir shops, de-

pressing in their tackiness, discriminating collectors enjoy the Lahaina Scrimshaw Factory. Scrimshaw is a recognized American folk art with a booming revival. Pieces in the store are available for under \$50, while museum-worthy examples are priced at over \$20,000.

Kauai — The film South Pacific was shot here. It could be again. The Hanalei area of this enchanted island where the Oceanic Independence spends two days is twin sister to Bali Hi. Totally mountainous, Kauai is covered with sugarcane fields which sweep across plains and up peaks as jagged as the Andes. Red flame trees stand out like bonfires. And the 400- to 600-inch annual rainfall on Mount Waialeale makes Kauai the wettest spot on earth.

Equally miraculous, the beach where Nelly sang, danced, and washed that man right out of her hair remains unharmed by hotels and condos which are breaking ground elsewhere. Like the other phenomenal beaches bordering the jungle near the hamlet of Hanalei, Nurses' Beach is saved by a 45-minute drive from the towns of Wailua and Lihue. And an owner who

won't give in!

Even greater stretches of sand are accessible by climbing aboard one of the big rubber rafts of the Na Pali Zodiac Boat Expeditions. Looking back at the state-owned Na Pali Coast—also hovered over by several helicopter companies—you realize why this stretch of Kauai is considered its most spectacular. Gigantic, rust-colored cliffs, topped by an 11-mile hiking trail, are covered by fog, veiled in mist, dubbed by rainbows, and bathed in sunlight from minute to minute.

For Zodiac passengers, half- and full-day trips are an adventurous way to land on some of the earth's most remote, inspiring stretches of shoreline.

Astride a horse from Pooku Stables, back at the Princeville Ranch, is still another way to see Kauai other than from the highway.

In the same way, the Oceanic Independence is a means of exploring Hawaii other than by air. For many passengers, taking a three-island, seven-day cruise is a means to an end. "I wanted a nibble of every island to know which one I liked best," said one passenger. "Now I know, but I'm not telling. I hear that the gods are very jealous of one another."

In next month's Ford Times, Franke Keating tells of another way to island-hop Hawaii on a budget.

Here is something that every driver should have.

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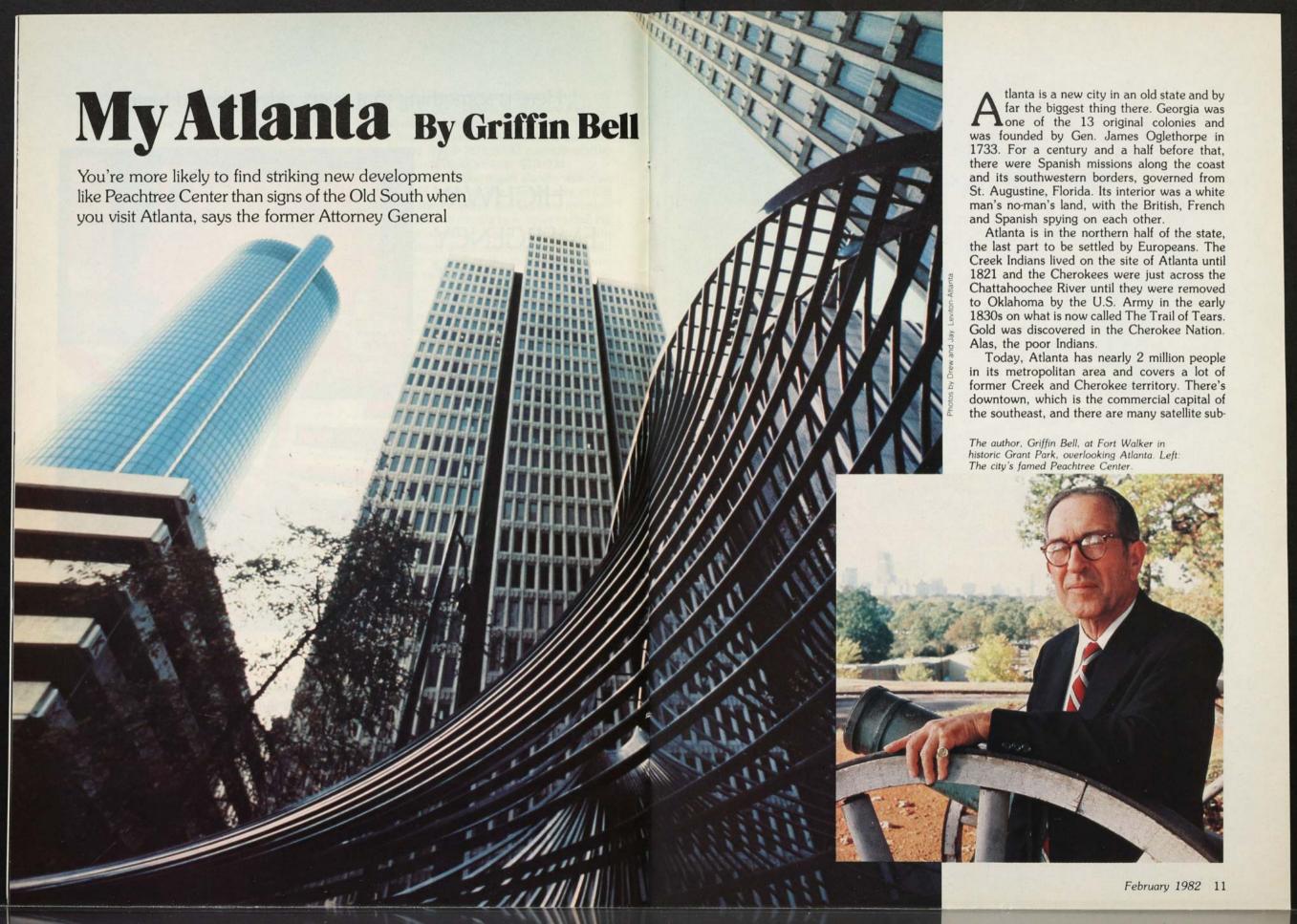
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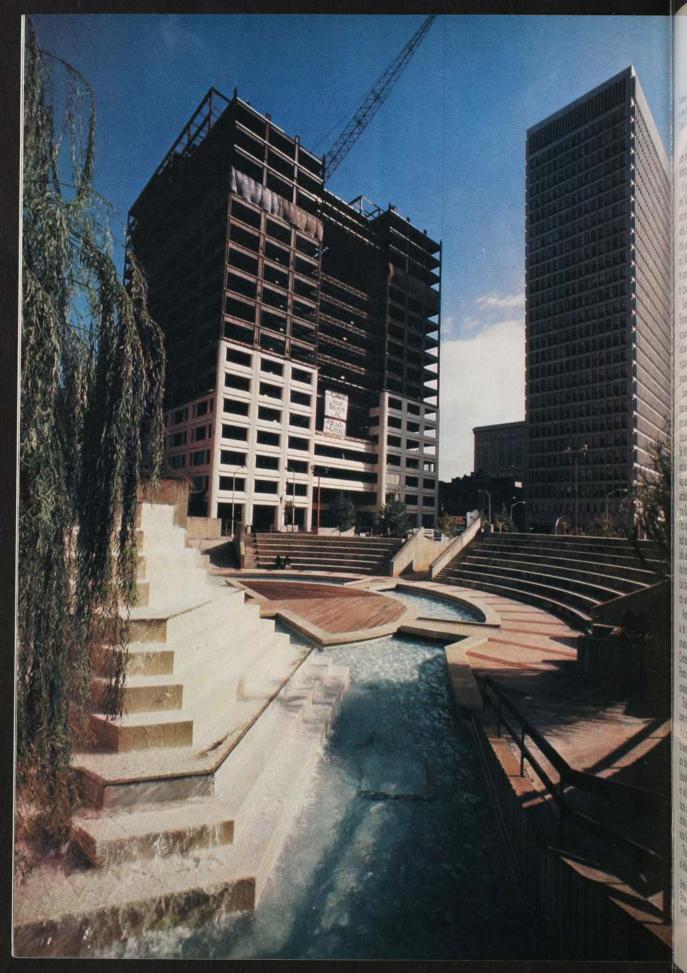


Executive

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Central City Park, at Atlanta's famous Five Points. is one of many gifts to the city from Coca-Cola's Robert Woodruff.

urbs and towns, some of which are older than Atlanta itself.

If you're looking for the white columns of the Old South, forget Atlanta and travel to the suburbs. Roswell has a few and so has Marietta. while farther down the road are the beautiful little antebellum cities of Madison, Washington and Milledgeville. But Atlanta is new, and like its symbol, the phoenix, renews itself from time to time.

Remember that General William Tecumseh Sherman ordered the town destroyed after its surrender in 1864 during the Civil War and before he began his March to the Sea, thereby originating the scorched-earth policy for later generals to follow.

Some Atlantans still refer to General Sherman as the father of urban renewal. His modern counterparts are developers who seem to find anything remotely old a personal reproach. So Atlanta has an almost new downtown, and a very handsome one indeed. Its pattern was established by John Portman, the Atlanta architect and developer, when he built Peachtree Center and designed the Hyatt Regency. This hotel was the first of the new ones to be built around an enormous atrium, an economic folly, according to the financiers of the day. But the hotel was a bonanza instead with the result that there is a copy of it now in every American city with any sort of vigor and pride.

Another mark of the new downtown Atlanta is its parks - small triangles where major streets come together, and a big one, known as Central City Park, at famous Five Points. Five Points is the center of town, once the site of an artesian well that supplied the place with water.

This is still the center of town, but it's a new town made up of bankers, brokers, lawyers and other professionals who wear suits and neckties to work. The horse trough is long gone and so are the drugstores in which citizens of more leisurely times sat around in their shirtsleeves or white linen suits and sipped a refreshing dope, now known as Coke. The first of these drinks, by the way, was served in a Five Points soda fountain.

This drink brought great wealth to a number of Atlantans and the city was fortunate in that

Griffin Bell was Attorney General of the United States from January, 1977, to August, 1979. He is now a partner in an Atlanta law firm.

most of these people staved home and gave their money to good causes instead of moving to more glamorous places and spending it on vachts, race horses and chorus girls. The park at Five Points is a \$13 million gift from Robert Woodruff, who has been running Coca-Cola since 1923. It is one of his many gifts to Atlanta, the total being estimated at more than half a billion dollars.

Atlanta began when the State of Georgia built a railroad to tap the riches of the lands west of the mountains and bring them through Georgia to the sea. The southern terminus of this road is the Zero Mile Post, under a viaduct near Five Points. Other roads connected there.

The city was founded in 1837. It was known first as Terminus, then as Marthasville and finally Atlanta, a play on the name of the stateowned road, the Western and Atlantic. It was un-Southern inasmuch as the first members of its elite were railroad engineers and mechanics rather than planters and slave owners. The first dance was given by a Mrs. Mulligan, wife of a railroad construction foreman, and the Mulligans put a wooden floor in their cabin for the occasion. Merchants, doctors, lawyers, etc., moved in as the smoky little junction point developed.

Atlanta grew rapidly, a steam-age crossroads from which the whole South could be reached. People changed trains then as they change planes now. The Civil War emphasized its strategic importance. It was a prime target as an arsenal and nerve center and when Atlanta fell, the last real Confederate hopes fell with it.

Later, interstate highways met here, as the railroads still do. Today, Hartsfield International Airport is the second busiest in the world (O'Hare in Chicago comes first) and is expected to be Number One soon. People and enterprises move to Atlanta now because airline schedules make it possible to service the nation and the world, no longer just the southeast.

What to do? There's a full metropolitan list of restaurants, theaters, nightclubs, shops and stores. The northern part of the city is wooded and hilly and has one of the most beautiful residential sections in the country. Stone Mountain is a state park with a great carving on the face of the mountain, a memorial to the Confederacy.

The High Museum of Art on Peachtree has a good permanent collection and usually one or two interesting traveling exhibitions. This museum, by the way, has begun a \$15 million building, half of its cost given by Woodruff as a challenge grant. The Atlanta Symphony is good. Music enthusiasts say that when Robert Shaw conducts Beethoven's *Ninth* (or any choral work), Atlanta is the music capital of the world.

The Atlanta Historical Society is in the heart of the best residential district and has beautiful grounds, fine gardens and two interesting museum houses in addition to the usual archives, library, etc. The Martin Luther King, Jr. birth home, tomb and Community Center are near Dr. King's Ebenezer Baptist church on Auburn Avenue.

Sports? Professional football, baseball and basketball have their seasons. The city is the home of the Rambling Wrecks of Georgia Tech, while 70 miles to the northeast is Athens, the kennel of the Junkyard Dogs of the University of Georgia, national champions of collegiate football in 1980. Golf and tennis are played year round. Don't forget that Bobby Jones, the nonpareil golfer, was an Atlantan.

The city also is an education center. Atlanta University, the largest predominantly black center of higher education in the world, is a major asset. It has provided the city with a black pro-

fessional class and responsible political leadership which helped save it from the burnings and confrontations of less fortunate places when integration was a more fiery subject. There is Tech, and Oglethorpe, and the Atlanta College of Art, and Mercer-in-Atlanta, and Agnes Scott and Emory, this last the chief beneficiary of Coca-Cola largesse, and Georgia State, a great and populous urban university.

Past writers on Atlanta have mentioned its spirit, and spirit it does indeed have. Atlanta never thought of itself as a small town, even when it was a small town, and this attitude has a lot to do with its present position. For instance, the Metropolitan Opera came for a week in 1910 when Atlanta was much too small a town to support such an extravagance. Yet the week was such a success that the Metropolitan still comes, and Atlanta is and has been the favorite stop on its spring tour.

The city's heroine is Scarlett O'Hara of Gone With the Wind, which is, of course, Atlanta's own story. Like Scarlett, Atlanta generally gets what it goes after, and while its more stately Southern peers may consider it a pushy, common sort of place, Atlanta, like Scarlett, doesn't give a fiddle-dee-dee.



"Yes, Bernstein, it's very pretty — but the question is, does it cure anything?"

Now—Serve wine at its most agreeable temperature from this unique wine bucket that chills without ice.

No ice to melt. Bottle and label remain dry. Wine stays at constant temperature for as long as 5 hours!

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- It chills it without ice so that both bottle and label remain dry.
- It takes a wine to perfect serving temperature in just 10 minutes – and will keep it there for as long as 5 hours!

No longer need you keep wine in your refrigerator — where it can become overchilled. No longer need you worry about the label's becoming soggily unsightly or slipping off. And, because the bottle does stay dry, no longer need you wrap it in a napkin when you serve it.

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Chicago-Style Pizza

The popularity of these great meals-in-a-pan is spreading beyond the Windy City

By Nancy Kennedy

Photographs by Dean Russell

fter nearly 40 years of hometown-only acclaim, Chicago-style pizza suddenly is showing up in restaurants from Los Angeles to London. Rich and hearty, this Windy City version of the old Neopolitan favorite is no snack. It is serious eating - a hangthe-calories, sink-vour-teeth-into-it meal.

The Chicago product really merits the name pizza pie. It is round and is baked in a special deep dish. (Pans for making it at home are now being sold in housewares departments and gourmet food shops all over the country.)

The filling is at least an inch deep and is piled on a chewy crust whose texture is firm and breadlike, not doughy or yeasty, and not so heavy as to overpower the other components.

These meals-in-a-dish are created with great attention to the arrangement of the layers of ingredients. First comes the thinly sliced, topquality mozzarella, then a generous amount of browned, well-seasoned ground sausage. Then come the tomatoes - real tomatoes, not the heavy pastes of so many mediocre pizzas, but plum or pear tomatoes, minced or crushed. Then there is the artful seasoning with fresh basil and oregano. Additional layers of fresh mushrooms, anchovies, fresh onions or green pepper rings are optional.

There are also variations of the "classic" Chicago-style pizza. You can get the stuffed variety, and, in the trendier Chicagoland pizzerias, you can order spinach souffle and broccoli

pizzas on golden wheat crust.

Chicago-style pizza was started inadvertently by a transplanted Texan, Ike Sewell, back in 1943. "I had planned on opening a Mexican restaurant," he confesses, "but my partner came back from Italy raving about a dish he enjoyed there. He locked himself in the kitchen

and began experimenting with what he called 'thick-crust pizza.' I'd never heard of it and wasn't too enthusiastic. At first, no one would try it; we used to cut it in wedges and give it to the people with their drinks at the bar.

"Then a story, written by a soldier who had just come back from Italy, went out across the country. He raved about our pizza and said it was better than any he'd ever had in Italy."

The rest is culinary history. People began lining up at the door of Sewell's Pizzeria Uno at 29 East Ohio, just off Michigan Avenue. It wasn't long before Sewell suggested making the hearty deep-dish pizzas into a whole meal accompanied by a zesty green Italian salad and beer or wine.

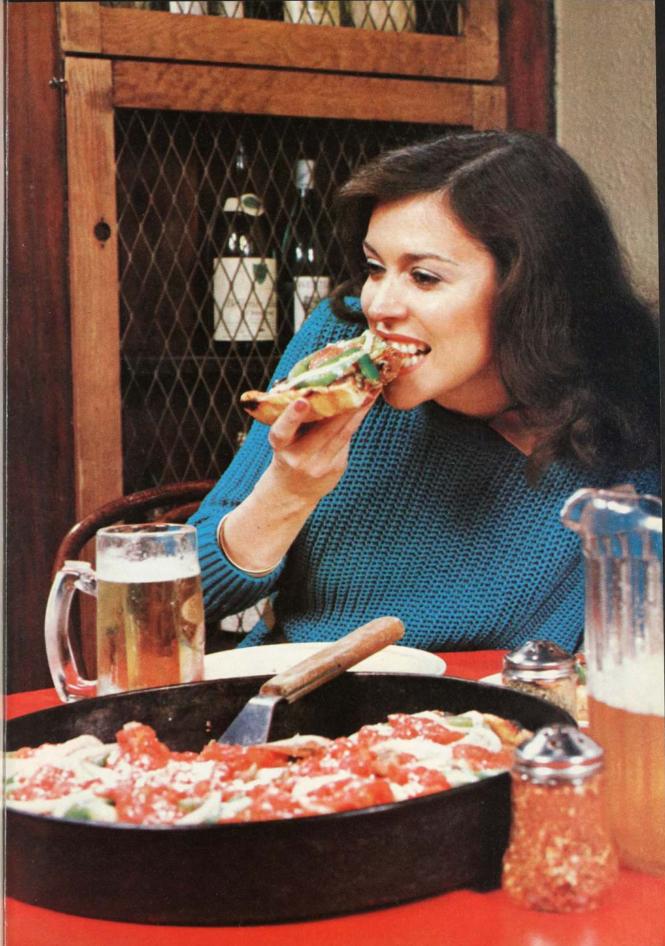
Business eventually got so good that Sewell opened up Pizzeria Due (Italian for "two") at the corner of Wabash and Ontario to take care of the overflow.

For more than 32 years, Sewell's pizzas have been produced by Mrs. Eleanora ("Mama") Russell. She regularly turns down offers from competing pizza entrepreneurs for the secret recipe. Mrs. Russell's daughter and granddaughter work at her side in the small, hectic and immaculate kitchen at Pizzeria Due.

For years, Ike Sewell resisted efforts to franchise, but not long ago he finally relented. San Francisco, Washington, Atlanta, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Louisville and Cincinnati each has a Pizzeria Uno, and there are three in Boston. Others are on the way in Philadelphia, New Orleans, Columbus, Ohio, and Ann Arbor, Michigan.

As might be expected in a city with deep-

Mary Hardt savors a slice of classic deep-dish Chicago-style pizza pie at Pizzeria Due.



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Eleanora Russell presides over the kitchen at Pizzeria Due, aided by her granddaughter, Carolyn. Mrs. Russell estimates she's made "at least a million" pizzas during her 32 years at Pizzeria Uno and Due.

dish pizza embedded deep in its psyche, there are thousands of pizzerias in Chicago. Each has its own variations — and fiercely loyal partisans. Cab drivers, bellboys and even gourmet chefs all have their favorite pizza place. Louie Szathmary, the rotund owner-chef of Chicago's famous Bakery restaurant, who has a selection of gourmet delights at his fingertips in his own kitchen, often pops into Bacino's, next door at 2204 North Lincoln, for stuffed pizza.

Bacino's deep-dish pizza pie has a sort of double-decker construction. Its chewy bottom crust is covered with as many as seven layers of fresh ingredients. Then it is sealed with a thin layer of dough stretched to near-transparency by expert twirlers who whirl it through the air for an added touch of show biz.

Among the newest variations of the classic Chicago style are the spinach souffle and fresh broccoli pizzas. These trendy, lighter varieties, which are available with a whole-wheat crust, were introduced by Edward Jacobson. The small, dapper, collegiate-looking restaurateur Italianized his first name and opened his first Edwardo's Pizzeria at 1937 West Howard Street in 1978. He opened a second 18 months later in the Hyde Park district near the University of Chicago, and a third will soon be open in the Loop.

So Chicago-style pizza continues to grow and flourish as its fame and name travel across the country and across continents.

DEEP-DISH PIZZA, CHICAGO STYLE

Crust

1 cup water

1/4 cup shortening

1½ tablespoons sugar1 teaspoon salt

11/2 packages active dry yeast

½ cup lukewarm water 34 cup yellow cornmeal

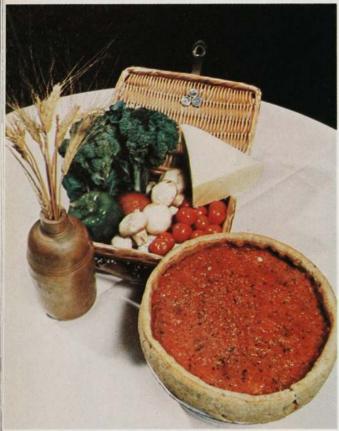
3 to 3½ cups all purpose flour

Olive oil

Yellow cornmeal

Heat 1 cup water, shortening, sugar and salt until shortening melts; cool to lukewarm. Soften yeast in ½-cup lukewarm water. Combine yeast and shortening mixtures in large bowl.





Edwardo's stuffed broccoli pizza with some of the ingredients that go into it.

Add cornmeal. Add 2 cups flour; beat well. Stir in enough additional flour to make a soft dough. Turn onto lightly floured board; knead until smooth and elastic, working in more flour as needed. Brush a round 12- or 14-inch pizza pan (at least 2 inches deep) with oil and sprinkle lightly with cornmeal. Press dough evenly over bottom and up sides of pan. Bake at 425° for 7 minutes. Set aside.

Filling

1 pound pork sausage meat

1-pound 12-ounce can peeled, crushed plum tomatoes

1 teaspoon dried basil

1 teaspoon oregano Olive oil

12 ounces mozzarella cheese, thinly sliced ½ cup grated parmesan cheese

Cook pork sausage meat over medium heat. Remove from heat and drain off excess fat. Mix basil and oregano into tomatoes. Drizzle small amount of olive oil over partially cooked crust. Arrange mozzarella slices all over crust. Crumble cooked pork sausage meat over cheese. Top with tomato mixture; sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Bake at 425° for 45 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Let stand 5 minutes before serving.

Note: Other favorite pizza ingredients can be added — fresh mushroom slices, anchovies, black olives, thinly sliced onions, green pepper rings.

EDWARDO'S SPINACH SOUFFLE PIZZA

Dough

5 cups bread or low-gluten flour

1 tablespoon salt

1 tablespoon granulated sugar

5 tablespoons vegetable shortening

2 4-ounce envelopes dry yeast

11/4 cups warm water

Dissolve sugar and yeast in water. Let stand 5 minutes. Mix all dry ingredients well. Blend in shortening. Add water. Mix well. Let rise in warm place for one hour. Roll out half of dough on floured surface to ¼-inch thickness. Grease 12-inch deep-dish pizza pan and place rolled-out dough in pan. Press up sides of pan and overlap slightly. Set aside.

Tomato Sauce

2 16-ounce cans tomatoes, drained and chopped

1 16-ounce can plum tomatoes, drained and chopped

1 ounce olive oil

1 teaspoon oregano

2 teaspoons fresh basil, chopped

1 teaspoon salt

1 clove garlic, crushed

Mix above ingredients in bowl. (Do not cook.)

Stuffing

Thoroughly wash and dry ¼ pound of fresh spinach. Remove stems and chop. Combine with 2 cups chopped mozarella cheese. (Do not slice cheese.) Put into deep-dish crust. Mixture should be about half up sides of pan. Roll out remaining dough on floured surface, ¼-inch thick. Lay over cheese mixture. Crimp the two edges of crust together. Spread desired amount of sauce on top of dough. (It should just cover top. There will be extra sauce.) Bake for 30 minutes at 500° in pre-heated oven.



Checkbook Follies

(or Why Can't the Bank Be More Understanding?)

By Bill Farmer

Ski-masked and concealing a water pistol in my coat pocket, I entered my bank and approached the first teller: "Okay, sister. Freeze. This is a sum-up."

"Don't you mean a stickup?"

"Just do as I say and don't ask so many questions."

I slipped her a note and a paper sack. The note said: "Here are my canceled checks. Balance my checkbook and put it in this paper sack. Or else."

"One moment, please, Mr. Farmer," she said.

"How did you know it was me?" I demanded.

"It was easy. Your canceled checks are legendary here at Hammer & Sickle National Bank, Mr. Farmer."

People have unusual hobbies — collecting string, building sailing vessels inside bottles. Mine is misnumbering checks. I start by accidentally writing a check for the wrong amount or to the wrong bail bondsman and tearing it up. Then do you know what I do? You, too? We forget to void that torn-up check, so all the rest of the checks will be misnumbered.

How can being broke take so much book-keeping?

My bank tries to be of assistance. With each statement, it thoughtfully sends me a form called, "How to Balance Your Checking Account." It is a snappy little piece that they plagiarized from the Internal Revenue Service. I haven't felt so giddy since I accidentally got locked in

an abandoned refrigerator.

Beside the instructions are two columns called Column A and Column B. In Column A, I am supposed to list the amount of checks not yet paid by the bank and other withdrawals and charges not listed on my statement. I usually avoid this by taking a hot bath.

"Perhaps there will be a clue in Column B," I tell myself, toweling off two hours later. "After all, if something is not paid or not listed I am always the last person to find out about it. Normally I wait for a salty note from a collection agency."

Column B says I am to write down the amount of deposits and other additions not

listed on my statement.

Well, if they haven't got the time to list all this unlisted stuff, what do they think I'm doing all day long — shooting rubber bands at coworkers? I have better things to do with my time than list unlisted listings. I take another hot bath and think about an alternative lifestyle. The term "hobo" drifts into the psyche a lot.

Below the two columns are arrows pointing to categories labeled, Ending Balance, Plus Additions, Sub-Total, Minus Deductions and Balance in Your Account.

Those sound like great trapeze tricks to me. "And now," I hear the ringmaster saying, "The Great Farmeroni will attempt an Ending Balance, followed by a Sub-Total and climax with a Balance in his Account. Drum roll, puleeeze!"

I should never try these stunts without a net

total.

Perhaps I take my checkbook too casually. I squint at May 24 and if there is \$100 in the account about then, well, I assume that the bank should have about \$100 listed for me at about the same time.

And rather than start at the beginning of the "How to Balance Your Checking Account" instructions, I delve in waist deep at about No. 7,

which says:

"Now, refer back to your register. Enter in your register and add to your register balance the amount of any deposits or other additions, which are listed on your statement but NOT listed in your register."

No. 8 keeps the momentum going:

"Enter in your register and subtract from your . . ." Zzzzzzzz. Foop.

I am sound asleep in a hardbacked chair. Sixteen hours later, I am hard at it again. Checks that I bounced several months ago in Truth or Consequences, New Mexico, have been routed around Cape Horn.

Latest calculations put me somewhere between \$32.51 in the black and \$1,788.97 in the red. My subtractions get fuzzy when the top number is smaller than the bottom number and 7s and 9s are the worst of the lot. And to take a 9 away from an itty-bitty 7, even when I can borrow 1 from the next number sends me into a coma. One thing is always constant, however — my calculator is out of batteries.

And just in case I come dangerously close to balancing the whole act, the bank always hides behind a spirea bush and jumps out at me with "Charges" or "Transfers." It keeps \$7.66 for itself without telling me exactly why. "Penalties" I can understand. Sort of.

I cannot quite cope with the rate, however. Why do I get charged \$6 for a check when there is no money in my account to pay off the check? That doesn't make any sense at all to me. They should be giving me \$6 during those stressful moments. They're the ones with the bank. Not me.

Besides, I can check out War and Peace at the library and it can be overdue for weeks and it only costs me a quarter. Sometimes the librarians even have a grace period and proclaim to all of us that our sins are forgiven if we will

only bring the books back.

Why can't the bankers do that once in awhile with overdrawn checks? They could say, "Hey, it happens to the best of us, right? So if everyone will just bring a little cash down to the bank next Wednesday to cover all this mess we have made of things here at Hammer & Sickle National, we'll let bygones be bygones. We all make mistakes so why make a big deal out of it? We won't even penalize you for it this time."

They could do that each Wednesday — better make that Tuesday — and it would be just dandy with me.

On the Right Track

While vacationing in Wisconsin, we were stopped by a road-construction flagman in a small town. As we waited, the line of cars behind us grew. When the flagman started us, he pointed down a side-street detour. Either we missed a detour sign or there was none, because the next thing we knew we were driving around the local high school track — and still leading the other cars. Before long they were honking and waving. This continued until an alert local policeman appeared and led us out of town. We expected many of the drivers to be angry with us, but as they passed our station wagon they honked and waved good-naturedly, apparently happier because of the misleading detour.

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I have enclosed my remittance as follows:

Carbide wheel Glass Cutter(s) @ \$12.00 each. . . \$ Steel wheel Glass Cutter(s) @ \$7.50 each \$ Shipping and handling @ \$2.00 each cutter Total amount enclosed* *Michigan residents add 4% for sales tax. Name_

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"I just like to turn heads," says Carl Stonerock, and whenever he drives this customized Ford F-150 down the street that's exactly what happens. A custom car painter by trade, Stonerock now works on experimental fiberglass bodies for future model vehicles at Ford Motor Company's Design Center in Dearborn, Michigan. He describes the paint work on his pickup — executed over a three-day period with the help of a friend —

as "Seaweed Flames."

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A Shrimper's Life for Her

Nora Warren knows the perils of fishing the Gulf Coast of Texas, but she couldn't be happier

Story and Photos by Diane K. Gentry



Shrimper Nora Warren: "A closeness to God."

lack clouds moved across Corpus Christi Bay like a heavy curtain drawn over a lighted stage as the wind cut through the water, bouncing the St. Jo on a mattress of waves. When the old wooden stern of the 38footer dipped dangerously low into the salt water, the heavy wooden doors on the shrimp nets banged together like wooden cumbals.

Nora Warren gripped the mast. With her

ample figure, red cheeks and fogged glasses — and despite her 48 years — she looked like a chubby Midwestern teenager bracing for the first snow on the farm. Her husband Buddy, frowning with concentration at the wheel, deftly guided the St. Jo through Suicide Cut and Sam's Gut, then glided into home port. After shrimping the bays together for 11 years, Nora and Buddy understood the ocean's moods. This wasn't the first time the unseasonable, unpredictable storm Texans call a "wet norther" had destroyed the calm of a good shrimping morning.

"At times the swells are so high that all you can see is foam in the night," Nora says. "The boat pitches and jumps as bad as a wild horse.

You wonder if the Lord will get you back this time. You just hang on and ride out the swells. You respect the water because it is powerful.

"More than that, you respect the Creator because He's even more powerful. That makes for a different kind of human being. We were lucky to find the one thing that satisfies us. Most people never do."

The Warrens didn't embark on the precari-

ous shrimping life until they'd raised their three children, James, Margarette and John, more conventionally on a truck farm south of San Antonio. Buddy worked for the same company 24 years as a carpenter, was also a master of electrical work and welding. Nora divided her time between bookkeeping jobs and PTA activities. It was Buddy's lifelong dream to build a boat and spend the rest of his life fishing, shrimping and oystering on the Texas coast.

"Fishing to me was catching polliwogs, perch and catfish in the San Antonio River," says Nora, "but if that was Bud's dream, it was good enough for me. If he wanted to go to Pismo Beach, wherever that is, and dig clams,

that's what we'd do."

not alone. In the darkness you feel all by your The children followed them to the coast, Buddy (he's in the cabin) and Nora Warren lonesome, in a vacuum almost. Out there on found jobs and are raising their families near aboard their boat during a quiet moment. the water Buddy and I feel a closeness we've Ingleside, Texas. The entire Warren clan, including seven grandchildren, lives within a twonever gotten anywhere else." Both Warrens were products of broken mile radius of Nora and Buddy. It wasn't long before Nora caught Buddy's "shrimp fever." "Shrimping gets in your blood like gold fever," she explains. "It fulfills a need homes. Nora's father was 32 years older than her mother - "a rich man's son from a different world than my barefoot, country-girl in us that nothing else in the world satisfies, like mother," she says. Armed with a geology degree from Harvard, he turned into a Texas being real thirsty and taking a long, cool drink of water. To me, shrimping is a closeness to God. "We push off the dock about 4 a.m. It's quiet in the early morning darkness. The night seems so soft. The stars are out and the waves are hardly moving. All you hear are the birds singing. The calm can fool you. Any moment may be your last. When you are out on the water, you are just one breath away. "Then the sun breaks, fingers of light on the horizon after all the darkness. The water is slick, like a mirror. You want to start singing or shout, 'Glory Hallelujah!' Soon you can see all the little boats around you and know you are



Sea gulls zero in for leftovers as the Warrens' net is hauled in

wildcatter. "He was three times a millionaire and four times broke," Nora says. "They divorced when I was 6 years old."

Nora spent her childhood working hard on her grandparents' farm. "When the morning star crossed over the bedroom window about 4 a.m., I had to get up and start milking the cows," she remembers. "After chores, I made my bed, cleaned my room, then walked two miles to school. On my way home, the roads would get so sizzling hot I'd jump from weed to weed grown up in the cracks to rest my burning feet."

Buddy was 4 when his parents divorced. Custody was awarded to his father, a nomad who followed the oil pipeline. Buddy lived in a tent they broke down quickly to move to the next location. When his father married a woman with a daughter, they rejected Buddy, leaving him to roam through the West, picking up odd jobs wherever he could. His life stabilized when he found work in a San Antonio machine shop and met Nora. After a 2½-month courtship, they married. She was 15; he was 20.

"There was always this need in both of us that was never fulfilled until we found each other," Nora says. "That need was to love someone who loved us back. In a way, we grew up together."

Buddy completed his dream boat, *Dott* (Nora's middle name), in the spring of 1970. It took him almost five years because he had to work from 8 to 5 building other people's boats in Rockport to finance it. He'd drag home and work on the *Dott* five or six more hours. His exhaustion cost him three heart attacks in 1968 which nearly killed him. To keep the family eating, Nora worked as a bookkeeper, leaving Buddy at home looking wistfully out the window at his unfinished dream.

But Buddy is strong. It made him feel better to go out and tinker with the boat, and he finally finished her — a sleek 30-foot bay shrimp boat with a small cabin just big enough for the two of them. Perfectionist Buddy used only the finest lumber, matching every joint perfectly, sanding each plank silky. To prevent rust he used brass screws — 4,800 of them — at \$2.60 a dozen! The *Dott* shone with three coats of marine paint when the family ceremoniously launched her to catch the last days of the spring shrimping season in 1970. She worked perfectly, a shrimper's dream. Then they tied her up, waiting impatiently for the August 15 start of the big fall shrimping season.

Hurricane Celia blew in August 3 with 190-mile-per-hour winds. The eye of the storm hit the yacht basin.

The Warrens paced frantically. Son James

and his wife Lynn were out shrimping on their boat, the *Sir John*. Bud couldn't reach them by radio to warn them the hurricane had changed course and was heading right at them. Finally, he got through. Then, as winds whipped the *Sir John*, an oil line on the engine broke. They still had to maneuver through the mile-long rock jetties of Port Aransas.

Lynn took the wheel while James held the oil line together with his hands, his fingers burning under the extreme heat. They made it to the dock and the family was reunited.

By then, it was too late to drive out of the hurricane area to safety. But it was suicidal to remain in their coastal homes, so Buddy led the whole family to the International Motel in Aransas Pass, thinking it the newest and safest building in the area that could provide shelter. Buddy chose a corner room, then put all the children and their mothers on mattresses in the bathroom.

The rest of the family played canasta to calm their nerves. But before they completed the first round, pea gravel from the roof pelted the window and smashed it out. Cards and people went flying. The walls peeled off and took away the top floor of the motel in hunks. When the storm finally passed, the Warrens had the only room left with four walls — and none of the family was hurt.

It was a sad August 4 morning when the Warrens and all the other shrimpers converged on the yacht basin to find their boats — their

livelihood — sunk or smashed on shore. The *Dott* was buried in mud on the ocean floor, under six other boats. Gone was Buddy's lifelong dream, five years of work and \$10,600.

"It never occurred to us to fall backward and quit, just move forward and buy another boat," Nora says. "The government would loan you the money value of the boat you lost to help you start over."

Their current boat, the St. Jo, looks a little shabby compared to the Dott, but it works. "When you live down here with the hurricanes that wipe you out of everything, you don't try to keep up with the Joneses," Nora says. "You learn that the greatest treasures on earth are people, not possessions."

Plagued by storms, the high cost of diesel fuel, offshore oil exploration which threatens bay shrimping, and illnesses which ground them frequently, the Warrens refuse to give up. With their 55-foot-long net dragging the bottom of the bay behind them, they are like farmers of the sea. "It's important to work the land, even if it is underwater," Nora says, "just like plowing a field. That gets rid of the sediment and congestion that stifles plant life. Without plankton and grasses, there's no marine life — no shrimp, fish or crabs.

"Shrimping satisfies my mind and heals my soul. When I began to understand the water, its waves and its tides, I developed respect for the tremendous being God must be and realized how small we humans are in comparison."



"Wasn't it a good suggestion of Dr. Pfister for us to take up tennis!"

The Great American Cat Craze

By Joan La Mell

Photograph by Russ Berry

Pive years ago, I thought I had it all. I was a young copywriter in a top New York ad agency. My dreams of success in the Big Apple had come true. But what did I know then about the joys of the good life?

I was catless.

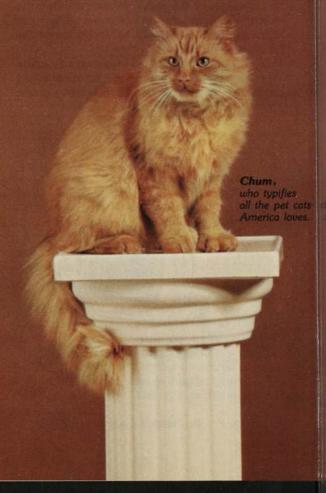
Since then, two stunning, elegant, funny and very talkative Siamese have entered — and infinitely enriched — my life. They came into my life suddenly. One day, I was strictly a dog person. The next, I passionately wanted to be a cat owner.

What happened to me is not just a singular case. It is part of a revolution. All at once, the bad press is over. The lean years are gone.

Cats, once second-class citizens, are now popular. Not only popular, but on their way to becoming the world's most-wanted pet.

In France, it's true already: Cats outnumber dogs 7.5 million to 6 million. And in England, the felines number 4.2 million, while the canines number only 4 million. In America, there are about 50 million pet cats littering the land-





Heathcliff.

scape. And more and more felines are being bought — and adopted — every day.

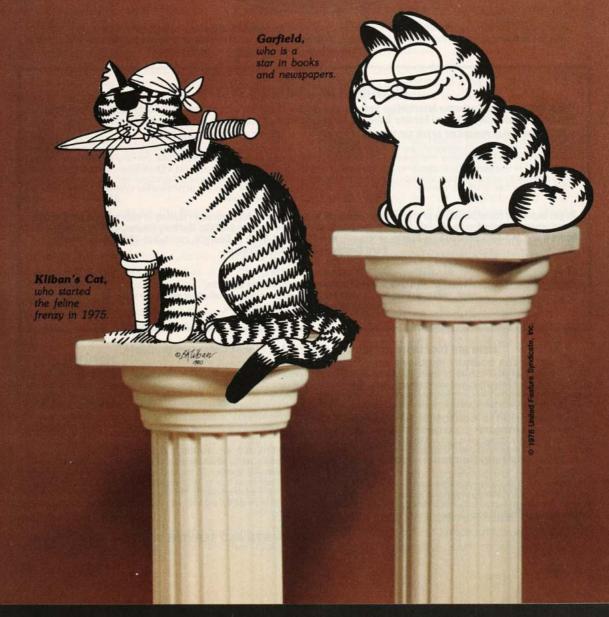
Cat food sales are up, too, as you might expect. About 25 percent or more over the past five years, according to a pleased supermarket manager in my East Side Manhattan neighborhood. Why the current craze for cats? Much of the credit must go to a Marin County recluse named B. Kliban, who fired a bombshell back in 1975 with his first book of cat drawings.

Over the intervening years, Mr. Kliban has steadily turned out a series of cat books, cat posters, cat T-shirts, cat cups and saucers, cat bedspreads, bath towels and beer mugs, cat wristwatches and executive desk clocks and cat calendars — all of which became instant and super best-sellers. (To date, the first Kliban

"Cat" book has sold more than 800,000 copies.)

It seems to me that I have started every year with a Kliban calendar. But the first one actually didn't appear till 1977. (What did I do before then?)

Fat, juicy cats stirring soup with their tails, enormous cats peering down through the bare branches of trees at a tiny "human" highway, smiling cats brushing — and admiring — their sparkling teeth, these are the images that have endeared Kliban's cats to millions of people and helped Mr. Kliban form the basis of a \$50 million worldwide industry.



Ford Motor Company introduces the Customer Information System.

It makes great after-sale service even better.



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Under the new Ford Customer Information System, you're able to obtain information from Ford regarding Ford-Paid Repair Programs and Technical Service Bulletins for your vehicle or the vehicle of interest to you at no charge.

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All vehicles need repairs during their lifetime. Sometimes Ford issues Technical Service Bulletins and easy-to-read explanations describing unusual engine or transmission conditions which could lead to costly repairs. We recommend what should be done and offer the latest repair procedures to protect against a more costly repair later.

To get copies of these bulletins or information concerning any adjustment programs relating to your vehicle or to obtain a one-year subscription to the Information System, just ask your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury Dealer, call us toll-free 24 hours a day at 1-800-241-3673 (in Alaska or Hawaii, call 1-800-241-3711; in Georgia, call 1-800-282-0959), or write:

Ford Customer Information System,

P.O. Box 95427, Atlanta, GA 30347.

We'll need to know your name and address; year, make and model of your vehicle; engine size; and whether you have a manual or automatic transmission.

Here are four more reasons to own Ford or Lincoln-Mercury products.

THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY EXTENDED SERVICE PLAN.
E.S.P. is an option that could pay for itself. If you purchase it at the time you buy your new vehicle, you extend protection to most major components beyond the basic warranty period. You may never need E.S.P., but it's sure nice to know it's there. See your Dealer for details.

THREE-YEAR LIMITED CORROSION WARRANTY. All Ford Motor Company cars and light trucks (under 10,000 lbs. GVW) carry a no-cost 36-month limited corrosion perforation warranty (excluding exhaust system components). It takes confidence to offer that kind of warranty. A warranty that means protection for you. See your Dealer for details.

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corrosion can begin in severe weather conditions. Buy Super Seal with your new privately owned vehicle, and you get Lifetime Repair Protection against inside-to-outside corrosion repair for as long as you own your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury product. Super Seal also provides a five-year protection plan for the original owners of commercial vehicles.

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 CONTINUED MECHANIC SERVICE TRAINING. Ford Motor Company Dealer mechanics never stop going to school. They are continuously updated on the latest techniques and procedures to help them know how to keep your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury product running at peak efficiency. We know that if we want your next new vehicle to be a Ford product, we'd better take care of the one you're driving now.

FORD PARTS AND SERVICE DIVISION (



As of now, the great Kliban has stopped drawing cats for books. But his calendar drawings - every single one of them - have been gathered into the Cat Calendar Art Book from Workman Press.

Mr. Kliban's clever creations have not only made cats more popular, they've also made books about cats more popular. Collections of cat cartoons abound, these being some of the

most popular:

Garfield, a cat who loves to eat pasta and who pays for it with a fat figure, is the star of a third album of feline drawings done by Jim Davis of Muncie, Indiana, Garfield is also the hero of a daily comic strip that appears in more than 800 American newspapers. As of now, 634,000 copies of Garfield at Large and 550,000 copies of Garfield Gains Weight are now in print. The new one, Garfield Bigger Than Life, is expected to out-do the others by more than a whisker.

Heathcliff, a particularly feisty feline, is the brainchild of George Gately of Saddlebrook, New Jersey. Heathcliff puts in a lively appearance in the funny pages of 950 newspapers, making him the top cat in syndicated comics. He also appears on Saturday morning TV on the ABC network and three television specials are in the works. So far, nine collections of Heathcliff cartoons have been published, with sales of more than 6,500,000 copies. And 100 licensees now crank out some 650 different Heathcliff products.

There's a Swiss cat on the horizon, too. His name is Jacob, he was invented by Sven Hartmann and Thomas Hartner, and he is a great favorite in his native land. Jacob: Little Cat Tales, brought out about a year ago, has already sold 85,000 copies. Jacob 2: Me and My

Human came out last fall.

Cartoonist George Booth doesn't concentrate on cats exclusively, but he does admire them. His book, Think Good Thoughts About a Pussycat, published last year, has sold 113,000 copies. His Pussycats Need Love, Too recently arrived on the scene.

A disarmingly crafty cat named Sam practices his many wiles on a dachschund named Schnoodle in the recently published Schnoodle and Sam. This book is the work of Eric Gurney, an old hand at children's book illustration and an alumnus of the Walt Disney Studios. Gurney's How to Live with a Calculating Cat came out in 1976. He followed in 1978 with The Calculating Cat Returns.

Clever cats who outwit big-city humans run through the pages of the 1979 Another Cat Book. This is a collaboration between writer/ magazine publisher Arthur Howard and actor/ cartoonist Charles Ortleb. Those who want another can look for the recently published Yet Another Cat Book by the same authors.

Of course, cats appeared in cartoons before today's craze. In the 1920s and 30s, the felines of illustrator Gus Arriola frolicked in the Krazy Kat and Tom and Jerry cartoon films. In more recent years, Mr. Arriola has given us Gordo, a syndicated newspaper strip, and a new book, Gordo's Cat.

Enough, you say. What about all the popular

books for people who detest cats?

As a cat-lover, I am loathe to mention them. Let it just be said that Skip Morrow, author of The Official I Hate Cats Book and The Second Official I Hate Cats Book, recently won a kitten at an autographing party for cat-book authors. He promptly took it to his countryside home, which he shares with - you guessed it another cat.

You say you have all the books about cats and want one for them? Beverly Conrad has a book of bedtime stories exclusively for the cat set, with tales like Pinokitty and Acatin and the

Magic Lamp.

While it's true that books have certainly fostered feline fame. I would like to advance a pet theory of my own: Cats are smarter than people and have been patiently sitting around for centuries, waiting for us to discover it. (Of course, the ancients of Egypt knew how great cats are, but they didn't have the right cartoonists around to show their appreciation.)

Sure proof that cats are smarter than people is that cats never work. In fact, they never do anything but look cute. (Even when they sleep.) They scatter litter over the carpeting, mash cat food into the linoleum, shed their hair liberally, and make a general mess around them, while they remain perfectly cool and clean. Now, that's cute.

Further proof of the cat's superior intelligence is that it discovered meditation long before society did. That's why your cat doesn't always come when you call it. After all, you can't break away from your mantra just because you hear your master's voice. Unless, of course, there's food. Human food, that is. The rule being this: When human food is placed on the table, break away from whatever you're doing and get all you can.

Cats may scatter litter and shed hair but they take up almost no space and need almost no care. One reason why they make such perfect pets — especially in a cramped city apartment.

The beautiful thing is that you can give a cat as much love — or as little — as you choose. And you'll get back exactly what you give. They're really the original one-to-one animal. Shower them with kisses and they'll constantly lick you head to toe. Keep away from them and they'll pretend you aren't even in the same room.

But it's hard to ignore the cat you own. There is something in the cat's nature that coaxes and inspires love. Maybe that's why emotionally disturbed children and adults given a cat as a pet, so often emerge from their shell and shed their neuroses.

While the cat is well on its way to becoming the pet favorite, is there a favorite breed of cat? Siamese and Burmese seem to be the most desired, with the good old American tabby coming in a close third.

TIVE, AUTHORITATIVE, CHALLENGING, INNOVATIVE, ANALYTICAL, CAPTIVATING...

Every Friday night on PBS, over six million viewers tune-in to Public Television's longest-running and most popular public affairs program, "Washington Week in Review."

Ford Motor Company and Ford Aerospace & Communications Corporation are proud to be underwriting a program of this stature. A program that's not just another news show, but an in-depth behind-the-headlines look at what's happening in our world and why.

"Washington Week in Review," produced by WETA/26 Washington D.C. Consult your local listing for day and time in your community.



Cats are not just popular with the general populace, but with celebrities as well. An actress who shall remain nameless has close to 70 cats, while one of our most beloved humorists owns three furred children, whom he refers to as "necessary bric-a-brac."

Cats have other devotees besides their owners. One Manhattan veterinarian refuses to treat anything but felines. And Dr. Louis J. Camuti, author of All My Patients Are Under the Bed, has been making house calls on Manhattan's felines for the past 60 years.

Vets aren't the only ones who find the cat a source of income. Cat photographers are considered the elite of the picture-taking world. In many cases, they earn even more than their fellow fashion photographers.

There are others who earn their living by providing various services for cats and their owners. There are people who board cats, people who feed them while you're away and a limousine service that uses a Ford van, equipped with 15 kennels, to transport cats to and from the vet in high style.

Dr. Graham Paul, a young Englishman from Wolverhampton, West Midlands, has just invented the first magnetically operated cat door. Opened by a flap in the cat's collar, it's the talk of London cocktail parties, where you're sure to hear this key question: "Does your cat have its flap yet?"

Why this plethora of cat-related services? Because there's no end to the devotion cat owners will show to their pets. A dear friend of mine gets up in the middle of the night to feed his five ravenous felines, while he dons a robe that has a Kliban "Popcat" striding across its back.

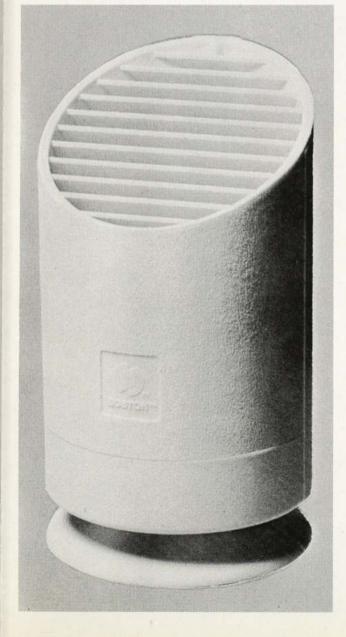
My best girlfriend loves cats to an extreme point. While she owns two of the four-legged variety, this is not enough. She is searching for a "human cat" to fall in love with. Failing that she would like to turn into a cat herself, and be happily, purr-manently adopted.

As I write this, Crayola, my tiny Torti-shell Siamese, is chewing the typing paper thoughtfully. Nabby, my lanky Creampoint Siamese, has given up and fallen fast asleep on his red and blue blanket — formerly mine. Which is their way of telling me that it's time to bring this cat-talk to a close. (Or to a claws, as the case may be.)

To which I will just add:

The world will seem a better place
When you live with someone
Of the feline race.

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The Boston Ecologizer Air Cleaner works anywhere. In the office, home, studio, computer room, or small conference area, wherever there is a 120 volt outlet. It measures 9¼" high x 5" diameter and weighs 2¾ libs. One filter is included in the price, and additional filters can be ordered from this office. The price of the Air Cleaner is \$34.95 plus \$3.00 for shipping and handling and the price of additional filters is \$4.95 each. Allow three to four weeks for delivery. Send your order and remittance to:

Executive Dept.,B/E, 33004 Grand River, Farmington, Mich. 48024 Please enter my order for Boston Ecologizer(s) I have enclosed my remittance as follows: ______ Boston Ecologizer(s) @ \$34.95 each . . . \$ Shipping and handling @ \$3.00 each \$ Total amount enclosed* \$

*Michigan residents add 4% for sales tax.

Cinveiling the Inner Beauty of Seashells

People have been collecting seashells for centuries. Some shells were worshiped by ancient civilizations, others were prized as good luck pieces whose mysterious powers could bring love and eternal life.

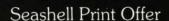
Until recently, the timeless fascination with seashells focused on their surface beauty. But now, with the help of modern technology, that mystique has been enhanced even further. William A. Conklin reveals the inner dimension





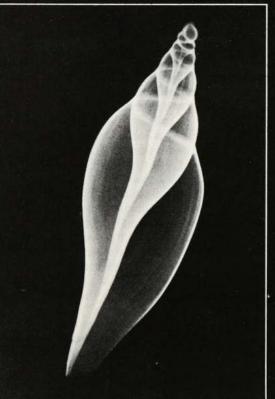
The Sundial shell takes on the look of planetary rings when shown on X-ray.





The seashell prints shown here have been selected specially for Ford Times from William Conklin's collection. A set of prints — one color photo of a shell with one black-and-white matching X-ray, each 8x10 inches, mounted on a 16x20-inch mat — usually sells for \$45.

Ford Times readers may order them at \$28 per set, plus \$2.50 for postage, within the continental United States. Checks or money orders should be made payable to Inner Dimension and mailed to Ford Times Offer, Inner Dimension, 1571 Marshall Avenue, Orangeburg, SC 29115. Allow six weeks for delivery.



of seashells with X-ray photography.

Conklin, chief radiologic technologist at Orangeburg Regional Hospital in Orangeburg, South Carolina, created this unique art form after vacationing with his family several years ago in Florida. He became fascinated with the variety of shells washed up on the beaches, and before long began using his scientific talents to discover the beauty within his sea treasures.

"I've always been interested in structure," says Conklin, "and a seashell represents a mastery of nature's design. Some shells are as striking on the inside as they are on the outside. Even many simple shells, which some collectors believe are too ordinary to bother with, are geometric wonders when seen through the unveiling eye of the X-ray."

In pursing his art, Conklin photographs the exterior of each specimen using a special four-light illumination system to control shadows and maintain correct color balance. Then he shoots a matching X-ray. Because radiography discloses even the slightest crack or chip, he sometimes has to photograph a dozen mollusks of the same species before finding a perfect specimen.

Conklin, twice winner of the Pfahler Cup, the top scientific exhibit award of the American Society of Radiologic Technologists, also has radiographed other forms of nature, including rocks, flowers and snakes. But shells give him the most satisfaction. "I call it 'God's Art,' because I know of no other way to describe the exquisite beauty of a seashell" he says

exquisite beauty of a seashell," he says.

His Inner Dimension Collection, which includes photographs of more than 100 different shells, each with a matching X-ray print, is currently on a four-year tour of museums across the country. The collection has been accepted for permanent display at the Smithsonian Institution.

— Ann Sabatini Blask

The structure of this Kiener's Volute shell resembles that of a delicate flower.

The Joy of Mail Ordering

By Frances Fox Sandmel

Illustration by Marcus Hamilton

bout the time in my life (last spring) that I began to notice how often I was shaking my head and sadly muttering "Any more," L. L. Bean, Inc., the venerable mailorder specialty house of Freeport, Maine, restored my faith in the simple pleasure of being a customer.

As far back as I can remember, L. L. Bean has been a dependable New England personality. Not long ago it was the subject of a New York Times article which cited some of the brass-tacks (no, hand-sewn) aspects of the business: Eight million catalogs are sent out in each of the four seasons; 85 percent of the firm's revenues are from mail orders; the company's creed is "Treat your customers like human beings and they'll always come back." I always have.

Dealing with the people at Bean's by mail makes you feel somehow known to them, sight unseen. Their policy of staying open 24 hours every day of the year except Christmas to accommodate hunters, fishermen and tourists — all of whom keep unpredictable hours — sustains in me the kind of confidence I used to have in the winter milkman. As a long-time customer at their store (I have never actually been there, but at rather than of indicates the overthe-counter relationship they inspire) I have always felt that ordering by mail from L. L. Bean was like being waited on by a trusted uncle, possibly wearing overalls.

Therefore, when I at last ordered a long-coveted skirt (pleated blue denim, cinched at the waist with a cord run through eyelets), I confidently expected it to arrive, postage prepaid, having been mailed within 72 hours after receipt of order. I was looking forward to enjoying its longevity. Bean's goods, I have observed, mellow but do not wear out; when you mention Bean as the source of a garment you also tend to state its age. But instead of a parcel I received a check — the amount and signature

superimposed on a beautiful Maine scene — and a letter informing me that the article I had been kind enough to order was discontinued.

Discontinued!

I was outraged. L. L. Bean articles are simply not discontinued. It was a betrayal of the trust which they in their goodness had created, comparable to removing a word from the dictionary or a line from Shakespeare. I wrote and told them as much. I mentioned how I depended on them. I confessed that I had always conceived of their store as a large, comfortable attic, and I urged them to send someone upstairs right away to look and see if there wasn't just one skirt left.

A few days later, I received a reply. In response to my plea, they said, they had taken one more careful look and had discovered the last remaining skirt, extra small and blue, as I had specified. Because it was indeed a closeout, they had reduced the price by one-third, and they were sending it at once, COD, so that there would be no further delay. If it was not satisfactory, of course I could return it.

Of course it was satisfactory, and of course it fit. It redeemed my faith, and I expect to wear it until I myself am discontinued.

This will come about sooner than it should if the present frustrations of trying to maintain or to replace things continue. How do you withstand the betrayal of a third-generation clockmaker who flatly insists that you must *bring in* your grandfather's clock for repairs? How long can the hopeful seeker endure the repeated, disinterested answer, "No, we don't carry anything like that!" followed by the cheery, inane dismissal, "Have a good day!"

However, before I myself am removed from the inventory, I would like to record, gratefully, two other encouraging experiences with old, household-word businesses who care.

One encounter involved my need to replace an ancient canvas hammock. In a letter to Ham-

macher Schlemmer in New York, I attempted to describe how it hung from an iron frame by chains terminating in metal rings from which ropes fanned out and were threaded through grommets in the cloth at both ends. I even enclosed what I hoped was a clarifying sketch. Hammacher Schlemmer's letter of regret recognized the hammock and stated that it was no longer made, adding, "but we remember swinging in one, sipping lemonade, at a great aunt's home in the Adirondacks."

The other instance has to do with English biscuits. As a child, in Philadelphia, I once received a little tin box that was shaped like a cottage. It had a pitched roof made of soft lead,

easily cut through. Inside were cookies shaped like all the characters in the Red Riding Hood story. Well into my middle age, on a visit to London, I phoned the Peake Frean Company. After having my inquiry about the little cottage box relayed from one polite but bewildered young voice to another, I at length found myself talking to a lady who seemed to be familiar with it.

She listened to my description in a way that somehow suggested that she was nodding sympathetically. Then she said, gently, "Oh, yes, madam, that was a charming item. But you must have had it so *very* long ago!" We both sighed, and rang off.



Meet Mississippi Shorty, the Highballin' Grandma

By Don Cunningham

A ttention, all Smokies: Be on the lookout for a grandmother beaver pushing a big rig due north like a bat out of . . . Mississippi. Subject is 72 years old (but refuses to look or act her age) and approximately five feet tall — five foot three if she's sitting on her "Keep On Truckin" cushion.

She has an admitted addiction to Victory Red lipstick, fried catfish and Fuzzbusters — not necessarily in that order — and was last seen wearing high-heeled Tony Lamas, the largest cameo in captivity and more diamonds than

you can shake a stick shift at.

She is heavily armed with a dozen Milky Ways and three packs of Oreos and has been known to dispense both with a liberal hand. Consider her extremely undangerous — unless you're both trying for the outside lane. She'll probably have the pedal to the metal, but if you know what's good for you you'll let her roar.

But do give her a holler as she passes, and if she doesn't answer to "Mississippi Shorty" try her by her other handle — Mrs. Zennie Mae Moreland. Whichever, you're in for some extra good jawin' on everything from double clutch-

ing to double time.

The lady has been trucking professionally for more than 10 years ("And when I say trucking, son, I don't mean running over to Alabama for a pickup load of peaches. I'm talking about hauling a two-tonner out of Detroit when it's sleetin' to beat 60 and the snow is seven or eight feet deep.") And she's good at it — as good as any man half her age and twice her size. And no wonder. Zennie Mae's had loads of experience.

"I've been driving something or other since I was 10 years old," she says. "I started out helping my daddy haul timber in an ol' T Model

truck that didn't even have a windshield. Come winter, we'd might near freeze to death in that dadgum thing. I've always been a little ahead of my time. I like being feminine, but I want to earn my own way and be respected for it."

And she's never needed any formal doctrine to help her succeed in a so-called "man's world." Mississippi Shorty was liberated long before anyone ever heard of the ERA — and

willing to speak her mind about it.

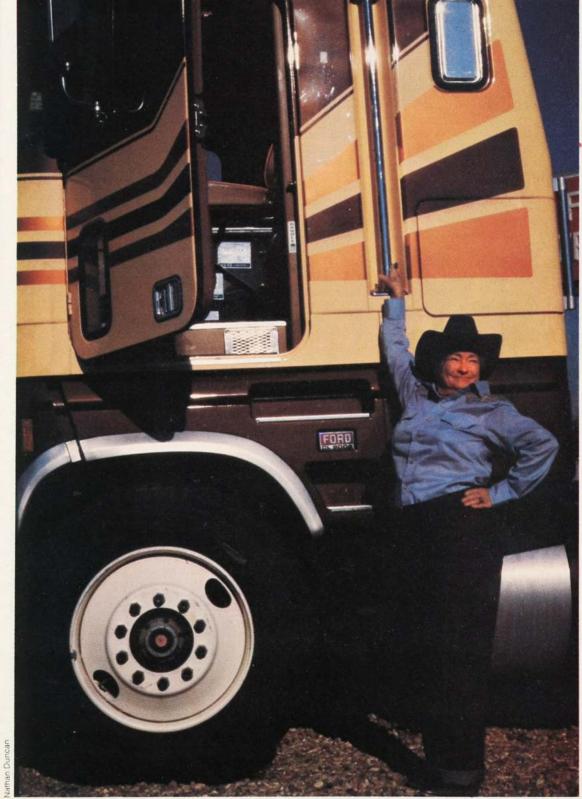
"If a woman can make a good living by trucking, I don't see a blamed thing wrong with it," she declares. "When I first started hauling, people would look kind of shocked when I'd let it drop that I'd just been to Chicago or somewhere in an 18-wheeler. I don't understand that kind of thinking and I don't pay it one dab of mind. A lady can be a lady anywhere she is — if she wants to be."

Off the road, this lady retreats to her farmhouse in rural New Site, Mississippi, where her quaint ideas of rest and relaxation include anything from baking a humongous batch of molasses cookies to fixing a fan belt with her crochet hook. She kills time by thinking about where she has been, where she's going and how she'll

handle traffic when she gets there.

And because she modifies her driving technique to suit the particular style of whichever city she happens to pass through (and since she has visited practically all of them at one time or another), Zennie Mae has come to regard herself as something of an authority on the native automotive idiosyncracies of dozens of places most people never even heard of — much less

Zennie Mae Moreland, otherwise known as Mississippi Shorty, looks tiny next to one of the highway rigs she handles so easily.



squealed a tire in.

"You don't drive the same way in Cicero that you do around here," she explains. "Everything is faster up North, and they don't want you dragging around up there like folks do in this neck of the woods. They want you to move it up!"

Moving it up — and on — comes naturally to Mississippi Shorty. Even so, the life of a long-distance trucker can be lonely and boring, and it's certainly no easier for a woman than a man. But Zennie Mae has her own survival system

down pat.

"I don't drive any later than sundown if I can help it," she says. "And I take good care of myself. I don't average eating a hamburger a month. I stick to vegetables and I always eat lots of carrots because they're so good for the eyes. I don't drink much coffee or tea — I like my milk. I roll my hair every night and I'm up early enough to fix it and put my face on. I dress up for the road just like I would to go to church."

Miles and years of experience have given

Mississippi Shorty some souped-up insights — about herself and human nature in general.

"You learn an awful lot on the road," she observes. "You see so much that you've never seen before — and you see a lot that you may not necessarily approve of. But you have to be broad-minded. One of the most lasting things I've learned is the value of honesty. I think you gain everything by being honest, in business and in life. I also believe in being myself. I'm the same wherever you see me and whoever you see me with. I'm as common as pig tracks and I'd drive off in a river if it come natural.

"I never do relax. I keep my mind and hands occupied with something useful. Age has nothing to do with it. You can't let age stop you or even slow you down very much. Where do I get my energy? Well, I come from good Southern stock. And I guess I'm about as happy as any we've got around here, but I don't reckon there's any secret to it that I could pass on to anybody.

"Just do your best, child. That's all a mule can do!"

The Road Show

When my brother was a small child, our parents took us to dinner at one of St. Paul's finer restaurants. But as the waiter served the many courses at a suitably leisurely pace, my little brother grew increasingly impatient. Finally, as the meal came to a conclusion, the waiter presented everyone with a finger bowl. Eager to finish and leave, my brother picked up the bowl, downed the water and popped the lemon slice into his mouth. "That's the weirdest dessert I've ever tasted," he declared. "Now let's get out of here!"

J. Y. Goddard, Virginia, Minnesota

My husband, a dedicated fisherman, was practicing his casting on our front porch. I was in the living room reading the newspaper, half-listening to the familiar sounds of the whining reel, the click, and the rewinding of the line, when suddenly I heard the shrill squeal of a runaway line followed by an outburst of expletives. "What did you hook, Honey," I teased, "a Great White?" "No," he grumbled, "I think it was a yellow Mustang."

- Pat Sobleskie, Albany, Georgia

In our travels to national and state parks, my husband and I have heard many amusing questions asked of rangers, and we are always eager to see how they handle them. The answer that tops our list occurred while we were at the California ghost town of Bodie one summer. A woman asked, "What was the population, I mean, after everybody left?" With a straight face, the ranger looked her in the eye and replied, "Not too many."

- Alice Kraus, San Pedro, California

Visiting Lake Brownwood in central Texas, we were driving around the water's edge when we spotted a middle-aged couple seated in camp chairs beside their car — each of them holding a fishing pole, with the lines in the lake. On the rear of their car, on ropes affixed to genuine davits, was a motorcycle. We stopped, got out and examined the bike. It turned out to be a plastic replica. This was too much for my curiosity. Ambling over, I asked about the fake bike, the davits and the whole idea. "We're kinda shy folks," explained the husband. "We need something to get others to break the conversational ice." "Does it work?" I asked. "You're here and we're jawin', ain't we?" he laughed.

- E. I. Lambright, Lubbock, Texas

On vacation at Virginia Beach, Virginia, a few summers back, my wife, our 7-year-old daughter and I decided that an afternoon movie would be a great way to spend a rainy vacation day. The second feature was a Zorro film from the 1950s. As the sound began and the blurry, black-and-white images appeared on the screen, I leaned over to my daughter and whispered that this was from back when I was her age. An expression of concern came over her face as she asked, "Daddy, what was it like back when the world was black and white?"

- William Loving, Bluefield, Virginia

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Reap Next Summer What You Can Sew Right Now

By Nancy Kennedy

Want to create some customized, good-looking and low-cost picnic accessories to pop into the hatch of your new Escort this summer? If there is someone who sews in your family, it's easy with McCall's Picnic Package pattern (No. 7583). It offers dozens of variations for your own use or for gift-giving.

Several of the items are shown in finished form. The small, square green picnic bag with self handle and zipper opening has batting insulation and a water-repellent lining. Two of these bags are designed to fit into the larger striped picnic bag with webbing handles.

The picnic cloth has a contrasting reverse

side. Handles make it easy to carry when folded. (If you use terry toweling on one side and fabric on the other, this pattern produces a fine beach mat.) The place mats have pockets for dishes, napkins and cutlery. A set of four can be rolled up and carried in the tablecloth.

The striped duffel bag, carried by the young woman, has cable drawstrings in casings. The package also includes a pattern for an over-the-shoulder tote bag and a foam exercise mat (neither of which is shown). The exercise mat can be rolled up and carried in the duffel bag.

You can be enjoying all summer the picnic gear you sew yourself this winter.

oartment

Compiled by Lin Albertson



Frosty Frolic

More than 100 indoor and outdoor events. from speedskating championships, ice-fishing contests, mini-boggan and ski racing and softball games on ice to ice carving and snow sculpturing demonstrations are scheduled for the 96th annual St. Paul Winter Carnival, February 1-7. For more information, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to St. Paul Winter Carnival Association, 98 East 7th Street, St. Paul, MN 55101.

Florida Fish Fry

Nearly 25,000 visitors from all over the country are expected in Grant, Florida, to chow down at the seafood festival. February 20-21. For less than \$5 a plate, folks can feast on hot fish fillets. fried oysters, hushpuppies, baked beans and cole slaw. There also will be booths selling a la carte servings of rock shrimp, frog legs, deviled crab and clams, steamed crabs, and clam chowder. The festival runs from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the Grant Community Center, just off U.S. Highway 1, south of Melbourne. For more information, write the Chamber of Commerce, 1005 E. Strawbridge Avenue, Melbourne, FL 32901, or call (305) 724-5400.

Back in Time

Eureka Springs, Arkansas, literally hangs on the side of two mountains and is known for having a mountainside hotel where every floor is a ground floor, and the only church in the world that you enter through the steeple. Now a major restoration and preservation effort is under way, with downtown business buildings and homes returning to the architecture of the 1880s. The Bank of Eureka Springs has a pot-bellied stove, brass teller cages, wall telephones and roll-top desks, and the town even brought back trolley cars and old steam trains that were used before the turn of the century. For a free brochure about the town, write the Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 551, Eureka Springs, AR 72632.

Earth Science

Animated and static exhibits are combined with living plants and animals so visitors can trace the development of life from 5 billion years ago to 60 million years in the future at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum in Tucson. At the recently opened second phase of the Stephen H. Congdon Earth Sciences Center, films, graphics and photographs are used to illustrate the earth's complex changes. For information, write to Chris Helms, Rt. 9, P.O. Box 900, Tucson, AZ 85743.

The Viking World

Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry will exhibit a re-creation of daily Viking life, February 25-May 9. Visitors will tour a replica of a Viking house specially constructed to show the everyday world of the Vikings and their Maps and forefathers. texts will illustrate the Vikings' voyages. For group reservations or information, call the Museum of Science and Industry, (312) 684-1414.



Winter Sports

Some 275 downhill and cross-country skiing vacations are listed in a single I Love New York Skiing brochure published by that state's Department of Commerce. Details on winter sports are provided for 75 alpine ski centers and more than 200 public and private cross-country areas. Also highlighted are special ice fishing and spring whitewater rafting vacation packages, as well as locations marked and maintained for snowmobiling. For a free brochure, write SNOW, P. O. Box 992, Latham, NY 12110.

Favorite Recipes by Nancy Thennedy from Famous Restaurants

THE MIDNIGHT SUN, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

This elegant restaurant is in the Garden Mall of Peachtree Center in downtown Atlanta. John Portman, the well-known architect who designed the Peachtree Center complex, owns the restaurant. Open for lunch Monday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; dinner Monday through Sunday, 7 to 11 p.m. Reservations necessary. Located at 235 Peachtree Street N.E. Fred Halimeh is the manager.

CEVICHE BAHIANO

- 1 pound small bay scallops or sea scallops sliced horizontally
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup orange juice $\frac{1}{3}$ cup lime juice
- 1/2 green pepper, cut in 11/2-inch strips
- 1/4 Bermuda onion, chopped
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon white pepper
- 2 tablespoons white wine
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh coriander or parsley

Combine ingredients for mari-

nade in a glass or ceramic bowl. Add scallops. Toss well and refrigerate, covered, to marinate overnight. Turn occasionally. To serve, spoon mixture over lettuce and garnish with small pieces of shredded pimento. Serves 6.

ESCARGOTS en CROATE FIRENZE

Butter

- 1/4 cup finely chopped shallots 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 3 cups finely chopped fresh spinach
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons heavy cream
- 2 tablespoons white wine
- 2 tablespoons Pernod
- 18 large or 24 small escargots, chopped (bite-size) Pastry dough Egg yolk, beaten Egg white, beaten Bernaise Sauce

Sauté in butter the shallots, garlic and spinach. Add nutmeg, cream, wine, Pernod and escargots. Roll out pastry dough on floured board. Cut in squares. Brush with egg yolk, let sink in, then brush with egg white. Place a mound of escargot mixture in center of each square. Fold pastry basket-style to seal. Brush outside with egg yolk and then egg white. Bake in a 350°-375° preheated oven for 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with Bernaise Sauce. Serves 4-6.

MONGOLIAN LAMB CHOPS

4 one-inch center cut lamb chops with bone

Glaze

- 2 cups apricot preserves
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup white wine
- 2 teaspoons teriyaki sauce
- ¹/₈ teaspoon cayenne pepper Salt-pepper

In sauce pan combine apricot preserves, lemon juice, wine, teriyaki sauce, cayenne pepper, salt and pepper. Stir until blended. Cook and reduce to a glaze texture.

Broil lamb chops until done, then dip in glaze. Serve with wild rice and prunes sauteed in brandy, or snow peas. Serves 4.

COLONY VILLAGE RESTAURANT, WILLIAMSBURG, IOWA

Famous Amana foods — homemade breads, pies and pastries — are served family style in the spacious dining rooms at the Colony Village Restaurant. Open from 6 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. daily, serving breakfast, lunch and dinner. The Lounge, which features live entertainment nightly, is open until 2 a.m. Reservations not necessary. Overnight accommodations available. Close to the Amana Colonies, a well-known tourist attraction. The

closest main highway is Interstate 80 at Amana Exit 225.

COLONY VILLAGE SAUERBRATEN

- 1 pint vinegar
- 1 quart water
- 2 tablespoons salt
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 lemon, thinly sliced
- 3 bay leaves
- 3 whole cloves
- 5 peppercorns
- J peppercorns
- 1/4 cup red wine
- 4 to 5 pounds lean rump beef roast

In large kettle combine vinegar, water, salt, onion, lemon, bay leaves, cloves and peppercorns. Bring to boil, then let cool. When cool, add red wine. Put roast in large bowl. Pour brine over meat. Cover and let set in refrigerator for three days. (Turn meat each day so pickling will be uniform.) After the three days, remove meat from brine. Put in pan and roast in a 325° oven until tender (about 21/2 hours). Strain the brine and save. At end of roasting time, remove roast from pan and al-



The Midnight Sun/illustration by Robert Bragg

Colony Village/illustration by Bruce Bond



low to cool before slicing. Pour juice from roasting pan into a dish, let cool and remove fat. Save for gravy.

Gravy

Brown 1 cup of flour in lard. Add gradually to strained brine and meat juices. Stir and cook until thickened. Serves 10 to 12.



Garden of Eatin'/illustration by Robert Boston

GARDEN OF EATIN', ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

The Garden of Eatin' restaurant is in a Quonset hut that was built as a residence in 1947 by an ex-Army sergeant and his wife, who was a lieutenant in the Navy. In 1951 they opened their home for public dining. In 1970 Larry and Ardelle Osenga bought the restaurant and added a bar plus banquet facilities for 150 quests. The menu features beef, king crab, chicken and pork. Open for dinner from 6 to 10 p.m., Monday through Saturday. Closed Sunday and Christmas week. Reservations necessary. The address is

2502 McRae Road.

CHICKEN PAPRIKA

2 small broilers, cut up

Lightly flour chicken pieces. Deep fry at 375° for 8 minutes. Place in shallow baking pan.

Sauce

1 medium onion, diced pound butter

1/3 to 1/2 cup flour
21/2 cups chicken broth tablespoon paprika
2 cups cream
1/2 cup tomato puree
11/2 teaspoons celery salt Salt and pepper to taste

Sauté onion in butter until soft but not brown. Add flour to make a very thick roux. Cook roux slowly for 10 minutes, stirring several times, being careful not to burn roux. Add broth, paprika, cream, tomato puree and celery salt. Add salt and pepper to taste. Pour sauce over chicken, being sure to cover all the pieces. Place in a preheated 350° oven. When sauce bubbles (about 10 minutes) reduce temperature to 200°. Cook for one hour. Turn and baste chicken and continue to cook for one more hour. Serves 4.

HOLIDAY HOUSE RESTAURANT, DELAND, FLORIDA

This Holiday House is in an old house that has been renovated by the owners, Bob and Willa Cook. Original oil paintings and stained glass by Mrs. Cook are part of the decor. All meats, vegetables, salads and

desserts are prepared fresh for the family-style lunch and dinner buffets. Lunch is served from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., dinner from 4 to 9 p.m., Monday through Saturday. An a la carte menu is available from 2 to 4 p.m. On Sundays and holidays the buffet is served continuously. Reservations not accepted. It is at 704 N. Woodland Boulevard (U.S. Highways 17-92). (There are 12 more Holiday House restau-

rants in central and southern Florida.)

CARROT CAKE

21/2 cups cake flour

- teaspoons baking soda
- teaspoons cinnamon
- 11/2 teaspoons salt
- cups granulated sugar
- medium eggs
- 11/2 cups salad oil
- 22/3 cups carrots, grated very fine
- cup crushed, drained pineapple
- cup pecan meats, chopped fine

Mix together flour, baking soda, cinnamon, salt and sugar. Mix until cinnamon is blended completely with other ingredients. Add eggs, salad oil, carrots, pineapple and pecan meats. Mix on medium speed until batter is smooth and shiny. Pour batter into 2 9-inch layer cake pans that have been lined with waxed paper. Bake in a 350° oven for 40 minutes or until cake springs back when pressed with finger. Cool to room temperature before icing. Serves 6 to 8.

Icing

- 1 16-ounce box of powdered sugar
- 1 8-ounce package of cream cheese
- teaspoon vanilla extract

powdered Combine sugar, cream cheese and vanilla. Beat until smooth and creamy. Don't overbeat.

KEY LIME DANISH

- 2 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup lime juice

- 1 drop (only) green food coloring
- 1 layer of yellow cake Whipped topping

Beat together sugar and egg volks. Blend in sweetened condensed milk. Add lime juice and green food coloring. Mix until very creamy - two minutes or more on medium speed. Set mixture in bowl in refrigerator until firmly set. Crumble layer cake (remove brown edges, they do not crumble well). Put crumbs in a 2-quart oblong glass dish. Spoon lime filling over entire top of cake crumbs. Spread a thin layer of whipped topping over the filling. Chill. Frost with whipped topping using 8 evenly distributed petals of topping. Garnish with a thinly sliced, halfmoon of fresh lime in the center of each petal of topping, or a cherry half, or both. Serves 8.



Let's Go Pet a Whale

If your timing is right, you may even get to kiss one of the big, gray 'Friendlies'

Story and Photo by Bill Thomas

favorite pastime among California coastal residents, and many visitors as well, during the winter months has been watching the annual migration of the great gray whales from their summer feeding grounds in the Arctic to the peaceful calving grounds in the lagoons of Baja California. But few realize a new recreation has evolved from this activity: whale petting.

The whale-petting season begins around New Year's Day and lasts almost to Easter. although it varies from year to year. Specific times and places for whale petting are infrequent and unpredictable. But researchers have found over the years that two elements are virtually a necessity for bringing about a whalepetting session: First, the would-be petters must place themselves in the same watery neighborhood as the whales. And second, they should be in a small, safe boat that is low enough in the water to allow them to stick their hands into the ocean.

Not all whales are pettable, of course, and not all the whales that do ultimately strike up a relationship with humans are in the mood to be petted at just any time. But many of the leviathans seen 10 miles off the coast of Southern California in January have expressed not only definite curiosity about humans but have come within reach alongside sightseeing boats. These whales are known by researchers and tour guides as "Friendlies."

"It's ironic," said Dr. Ted Walker, formerly of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, who once worked with the Costeau expeditions, "that these same whales, which are hunted by Alaskan natives in the Arctic and grow to be most wary of man there, come down the coast and exercise such rapport with people. It proves, in my estimation, they possess a far greater intelligence than many people would give them credit for.'

An encounter with a Friendly is a most rewarding experience, and Dr. Walker, who

A whale gently surfaces under a rubber raft and allows itself to be stroked.



now works as naturalist aboard the cruise boats of Sea-Fari Natural History Adventures out of San Diego, has had many of them over the past few years. He believes the number of Friendlies is increasing yearly. Most encounters have come late in the season, after the young calves have been born and the whales are in a more playful mood. March and April are actually the best months to meet a great gray whale face-to-face. But that doesn't rule out other times.

It was much earlier in the year, for instance, when I met my first giant whale. I was with a group of whale-lovers who were members of the Massachusetts Audubon Society and the Albuquerque (New Mexico) Zoological Society. We had come to San Ignacio Lagoon in Baja California to study the calving and mating activities of the great gray whale. Once there, we used small inflatable boats powered by outboard motors to get close to the whales.

It was precisely 2 p.m. on January 20 when our guide, Tim Green, noticed a gray whale, about 38 feet long, only a few feet behind our boat. He slowed the motor and turned the boat around to face the whale, which by this time had submerged. "I believe," he said, "we have a Friendly." Hardly had he spoken than the great creature arose like a monster from the deep just 10 feet away, stood on its tail, snorted a plume of saltwater spray 15 feet into the air — and submerged again.

The sight of a whale at such close distance was both awesome and spellbinding. The water of San Ignacio Lagoon was quite clear and there was little wind, offering visibility 25 feet down. We were all peering into the water, wishing we could see beyond that distance, when Elsie Scott of Albuquerque screamed: "I see it . . . I see it!" And then we all saw it as the

whale came directly up under us.

I cuddled my cameras for I knew I'd be in the water in another instant. Surely the whale would upset the boat! But it did not. Instead, it emerged only two feet away, spouted and then edged alongside. A half dozen pairs of hands extended to pet it, to tug at the barnacles imbedded in its hide, to caress it. And the great whale lay there, suspended in the water, watching us with the one eye on our side. It seemed to enjoy all the attention, and soon two other boats crowded close.

The Friendly dived again, leaving quietly, slipping under the water with hardly a ripple. We watched it go down, down, down, until it was merely a black shadow. Then the shadow began to grow again and moments later, the

great whale broke water and spouted again. It then swam close to our boat, actually sticking its head over the side to be petted. Elsie kissed it. Others in the boat were exuberant. One lady asked the guide if she could jump overboard to swim with it. Whale mania was setting in.

Only when the day was nearly done did we leave the Friendly and head for the Finalista 100, our parent boat, for the night. The whale trailed along like a great puppy following a newfound master home. When we got close to the large boat, however, it went on its way, emerging periodically and rolling over, apparently in farewell to its newfound friends. Although we stayed a couple of more days in the winter grounds of the gray whale, we did not see the Friendly again.

Dr. Walker, who had observed all this activity, was delighted. "It doesn't happen often this early in the year," he said, "but later in the season, friendly whales are quite common. We can never promise people coming here they're going to have such an experience, but the chances often are quite good for a close-up

encounter.

"The whales will sometimes permit themselves to be petted along the migratory path, too, if approached carefully in boats small enough to allow for an intimate experience."

Most of the friendly whale encounters, however, occur in the lagoons of Baja. Wherever and whenever it occurs, it's certain to be an experience to be cherished. The California gray whales travel about 3.800 miles in their annual migration to the lagoons. They begin their southern migration in September and October. Those feeding in the Sea of Okhotsk swim toward Korea. But a much larger number heads southeastward. They reach the coast of Oregon and northern California in November and December. By New Year's Day they can be observed spouting off Point Reyes, Cypress Point and Point Lobos as well as along the Southern California coast. A prime spot for landlubber whale-watching is the Cabrillo National Monument at San Diego, beginning on Christmas Day.

Dr. Walker believes the whale's intelligence equals or even surpasses that of dolphins. He sees them as individuals, each with its own character and idiosyncrasies. Perhaps at some time in the future, not only a rapport will be established by man with the whale, but even a means of communication. In the meantime, nothing surpasses a personal encounter with a friendly great gray whale.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Here and There By Barry Tunick and Sylvia Bursztyn

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(Solution in next month's issue)

ACROSS

- 1 Pops' companions
- 5 Weep
- 8 Junk buver
- 14 With, to Watteau
- 15 _ ____- -lala
- 16 "She's ___ _Mover"
- 17 Nothing, in Nogales
- 18 Desire
- 19 City in Connecticut, New Hampshire and Germany
- 20 Of a group of people
- 22 Artisans' association
- 24 Novelist Rand
- 25 Duelist's assistant
- 27 Old Greek coin
- 31 Silvery grey
- 33 Island group near New Guinea
- 34 \$100 bill
- 35 Thanks _
- 37 _ jongg
- 39 Time
- 40 City in Montana and Minnesota, river of Israel
- 43 City in Nebraska, North Dakota and 40 Across
- 45 Muhammed, nee Clay
- 46 Recent
- 48 Indulgent

- 49 Homer epic
- 51 Perform
- 53 Number of sawbucks equaling a 34 Across
- 55 Endure
- 56 Burns and Allen name
- 58 Recede
- 61 49 Across figure

- 63 Bureau part
- 65 City in California, Kansas and Utah
- 68 Up to, for short
- 70 Composer Schifrin
- 71 Showered
- 72 Lyric poem
- 73 Woody Guthrie's son
- 74 Pointe (Detroit suburb)
- 75 Signal assent
- 76 Pallet

DOWN

- 1 Devilfish
- 2 Egg producer
- 3 City in North Dakota, Ohio and Arabia
- 4 Plant disease
- 5 Fashion
- 6 Wash. neighbor

- 7 City in Maine, Pennsylvania and Wales
- 8 Fanatical
- 9 Son of Eve
- 10 Georgia county, Nebraska city, Australian river
- 11 Danish measure
- 12 Philippine people
- 13 Communications code "N"
- 21 City in Kentucky, Oregon and Virginia
- 23 Pluribus follower
- 26 Persian or Siamese
- 28 African of Dutch descent
- 29 Other, in Oaxaca
- 30 ". . . a _____ and hungry look"
- 32 Melancholic
- 34 City in Illinois, South Carolina and England
- 36 Small bill
- 38 Triumphant cry
- 40 Imprison
- 41 Spicy stew
- 42 Social reformer Jacob
- 44 Good-
- 47 Pottery
- 48 And so on
- 50 City in Tennessee, Georgia and Greece
- 52 City in Missouri, North Dakota and China
- 54 City in Delaware, New Jersey and England
- 56 Forest clearing
- 57 Lazed
- 59 Lawver Melvin
- 60 Animal's young
- 62 out a living
- 64 Oh woe!
- 65 Work unit
- 66 Mideast initials
- 67 So. Amer. metropolis, familiarly
- 69 June words

Solution to last month's puzzle

AMERICA'S TRUCK. BUILT FORD TOUGH.



BUILT TO GET TO THE TOP! AMERICA'S BEST-SELLING 4x4!

The tough '82 Ford with husky 4.9L Six engine has an FPA estimated MPG of (18). 25 estimated highway. And does it with the most torque of any standard 4x4 engine. Fore's also the only American-built 4x4 pickup with independent front suspension. And it gives you a choice of options like automatic locking hubs and 4-speed overdrive. No wonder Ford has topped all 4x4's in sales for the last 5 years.†





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