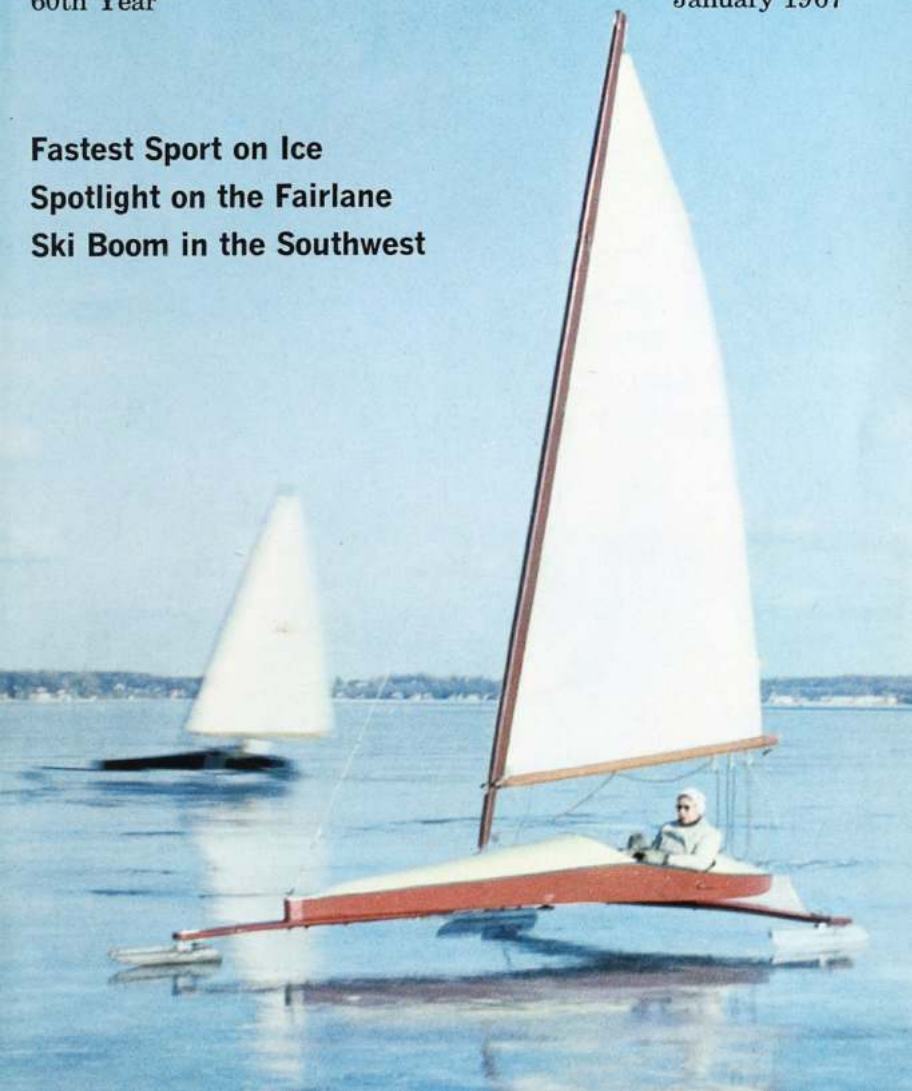


Ford Times

60th Year

January 1967

Fastest Sport on Ice
Spotlight on the Fairlane
Ski Boom in the Southwest



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The Ford Owner's Magazine



January 1967 Vol. 60 No. 1

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Cover—A fast-moving iceboat on the run! An old sport, iceboating is gaining new enthusiasts. See the story on page 32. Photograph by Alfred Levy

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The Art of Ship

Feel the glamor and excitement of ocean travel as you tour one of these giant queens of the sea

OF NEW YORK'S SUNDRY hidden secrets, one of the most glamorous is that visitors are welcome aboard the giant ocean liners that regularly tie up at the Hudson River piers. A half dozen other big coastal cities share the same secret.

For no cost at all, or in some cases for just a 50-cent donation to a seamen's welfare fund, you can spend two or three hours visiting one of these seagoing hotels, wandering its decks, exploring the elegant lounges and cabins, and, perhaps, looking toward the horizon in response to that unfulfilled urge to run away to sea.

In New York, where the passenger ships of some 20 steamship lines make regular calls, you find the greatest variety of shipboard sight-seeing possibilities. Every day of the week, there are at least two or three ships available; perhaps it will be the mighty *Queen Elizabeth*, the largest passenger liner ever built; or maybe the *Shalom*, the flagship of Israel's Zim Lines, is in port. Whatever its flag, each ship has a special atmosphere, a quality linked to its national origins, and a

visit aboard any one of them is like a brief visit on foreign soil.

The procedure for visiting a liner in port is simple enough, but there are a few ins and outs to bear in mind. First, the majority of lines allow visitors aboard only during the embarkation hours just before the ship sails. This is because most liners adhere to a rigorous schedule and the "turn-around" time in port is rather brief. For example, a ship will arrive in the morning, discharge its passengers, unload the baggage and cargo, load its cargo of food and supplies, clean the cabins and public rooms, and be prepared to sail the next day at noon. Little time remains for escorting visitors around the ship.

In New York, the major steamship companies adhering to the embarkation-only visits are the Cunard Line (the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*); Greek Line (the *Queen Anna Maria* and *Olympic*); Furness Lines (the *Queen of Bermuda* and *Ocean Monarch*); Moore-McCormick Lines (the *Argentine* and *Brasil*); Holland-America Line (the *Nieuw Amsterdam* and *Rotter-*

Visiting

by Joel Lieber

paintings by George Samerjan



Aboard the "United States"

The "Queen Mary" steams up the Hudson



dam); Grace Line (the *Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*); and Zim Lines (the *Shalom*, *Zion*, and *Israel*).

Other lines, however, permit visitors aboard during the afternoon of arrival day. All that is required is a call to the line's office and a pass either will be mailed, left for the visitor at the line's midtown office or left at the pier office.

The principal steamship companies that allow arrival-day visits, when the ship is empty of passengers, are the French Line (the *France*); Swedish-American Line (the *Gripsholm* and *Kungsholm*); United States Lines (the *United States*); Norwegian-American Line (the *Sagafjord*, *Bergensfjord* and *Oslofjord*); American Export-Isbrandtsen Lines (the *Atlantic*, *Constitution* and *Independence*); and the Italian Line (the *Michaelangelo*, *Raffaello* and *Leonardo da Vinci*).

To some habitual ship-visitors, the quiet of the afternoon on arrival day is the best time for a visit. The ship is practically empty and the pace is leisurely. Other ship-visiting buffs see it differently. On embarkation day, no advance passes are needed. You simply go down to the pier and board with the passengers.

These fans enjoy the exhilaration of climbing out of a car at a pier throbbing with activity: taxis piling up, porters toting away baggage, trucks unloading provisions, visitors outnumbering passengers five to one. The massive liner sits

there, powerful and inert, tied to land by great hawsers. A feather of smoke wafts from the stacks; jets of water squirt from the side into the mass of harbor flotsam below. It looks a city block in length—two city blocks, even—and it sits five, six, often eight stories high.

The clue to your visit is the Blue Peter, the white code flag with blue border snapping at the foremast; its presence means sailing day, that in an hour or two tugboats will nudge the big ship out into the channel and point her nose toward the sea.

It feels like England

A sailing-day visit to the *Queen Mary* brings on an unmistakable feel of England. In the garden lounges, banks of English flowers bloom summer and winter, the public rooms are stately and Georgian, and the ship's officers in starched whites look terribly correct and competent.

Aboard the 25,300-ton *Shalom*, whose owners spent over \$300,000 for the original art that adorns the public rooms, you get the sensation of being in a seagoing museum.

But suddenly your sailing-day visit is over. Loudspeakers urge visitors to conclude their touring, to tear themselves away from the champagne parties, to go ashore. There follows a tremendous blast of the horn; the lines are cast off, the gangplank drawn in; the crepe paper streamers spin out. All this

"*Magdalena*" visitors find it hard to leave as the warning whistle blows



is the bonus of a sailing-day visit.

On lay-over afternoons, the ship visit will be more sedate, the atmosphere less electric. At the pier there are only the lines of trucks disgorging their provisions. As you walk through the shed, you will probably see men on scaffolds draped over the ship's side, engaged in the endless task of repainting.

Suddenly, it's France

Aboard the 66,000-ton *France*, you may wander through glass-enclosed libraries; through the *salon de bridge*, the green-carpeted card room; through the empty *grand salon* where on the bandstand the musicians' instruments sit quietly under big covers; past the closed gift shops of the *Galleries Lafayette* and their decorative display cases of perfumes and atomizers, and out onto the veranda-deck nursery (*la salle de jeux des enfants*) where a trio of rocking horses sit in a playroom whose walls are alive with murals of cavorting animals.

On the 23,000-ton *Gripsholm*, the atmosphere is thoroughly Swedish. The hands of Scandinavian designers seem everywhere in the tasteful chairs and fabrics of the lounges, in the teak writing tables in the library, in the gift shop cases that display Swedish crystal, Finnish sweaters and Danish pipes. From the outside, the *Gripsholm*, like its sister ship, the *Kungsholm*, is easy to identify by its yellow funnels with the traditional three crowns on a blue field.

A weekday visit to the 52,000-

ton *United States* might cast you amid a thousand school youngsters on a tour of the huge vessel. Whether you join the tour or go it alone, a staff of green-uniformed guides will lead the way for you. Here the emphasis is on grand size and modern building. The ship is 990 feet long (over four city blocks), and more aluminum has been used on the vessel than in any other single structure on land or sea. Its air-conditioning system could cool three theatres the size of the Radio City Music Hall, the guide tells you, and before you can digest that fact, she adds that its interior required 92,000 gallons of paint, enough for 15,000 average-sized homes.

New York isn't the only place to visit these modern leviathans. If you're in Montreal or Vancouver, you can visit the liners of the Canadian Pacific fleet. In Port Everglades, Florida, just outside Miami, the *Federico C* of the Atlantic Cruise Lines can be visited whenever it is in port. In New Orleans, the South America-bound *Del Sud* and *Del Mar* of the Delta Line are open to visitors on sailing days only.

On the West Coast, in San Francisco, the American President Lines ships—the *Roosevelt*, *Cleveland* and *Wilson*—receive visitors on an embarkation-day-only basis, and the Matson Company ships have an open-door policy on embarkation day. The SS *Lurline* (bound for Hawaii) and South Pacific liners *Mariposa* and *Monterey* receive as many as 3,000 to 5,000 visitors each on a sunny, weekend day. At



These visitors get a VIP tour during open house aboard the "Independence"

San Francisco and Los Angeles, boarding passes are required for arrival-day visits to the nine liners of the P & O-Orient Line, England's venerable steamship company.

The Navy welcomes you

Then, too, don't overlook the U.S. Navy, many of whose ships call regularly at New York, Norfolk, Boston, Philadelphia, Seattle, San Diego and San Francisco. It is the prerogative of the individual commanding officer to invite the public aboard; most ships, from aircraft carriers and missile cruisers to destroyers and tenders, are open for inspections on weekend afternoons.

The crew's living quarters, the bridge, and the engine room are off-limits to visitors, just as they are on passenger liner visits. The biggest Navy ships draw the biggest crowds,

and on a weekend of nice weather, 15,000 visitors to an aircraft carrier is not unusual.

Finally, a word should be added about the one danger of visiting a ship on embarkation day. A couple of years ago, some girls seeing a friend off on the *Monterey* at San Francisco port, became so engrossed in the *bon voyage* party that they failed to hear the all-ashore announcements. Their presence wasn't discovered until the ship was in open waters, and a launch had to be sent to retrieve them.

"It's not much fun for a woman in heels to climb down a 30-foot Jacob's ladder into a launch," explained an official of the line. "The best advice I can give to enthusiastic sailing-day visitors is this: Pay attention to the all-ashore warnings—or else wear tennis shoes." ■

If it has to do
with fun on ice or snow,
you'll find it at

LAKE PLACID

story and paintings
by Cecile Johnson



The after-ski warm-up

LAKE PLACID VIEWS with mild surprise the current fuss over winter sports. Practically since the advantages of snow were discovered, Lake Placid has enjoyed the best in all seasons and made the most of winter when it blew in. For many years, competitors in the winter sports world have gathered here at the Olympic Arena, on the heights of the Ski Jump and on the curves of the only bobsled run on the North American continent, to challenge each other for the top awards, ribbons, medals and trophies.

A Lake Placid high schooler gazing dreamily out across Mirror Lake rarely reflects that having a double

ice rink in front of the school, plus a fast hockey rink, a school ski jump, and an adjoining Olympic Stadium, is unusual. However, it is apparent even to an outlander that winter sports have an innate place in the local teenager's curriculum. The not-unexpected result is the exciting number of Lake Placid names in the roster of national and Olympic champions of winter sports events.

The frozen classic which has carried the name of Lake Placid to distant climes is the fast-steel-on-faster-ice sport of bobsledding. Flashing through curves of blue ice at breathtaking speeds, the pros of bobsledding constantly chip away



Above: Whiteface Mountain is the focus for skiers in the Lake Placid area. Below: Two-man team of "Chuck" Randolph and Charles MacDonald are recent world's champion bobsledders



at the world records. The phrase "cutting corners" was born here.

As a spectator sport, it is mesmerizing. Loudspeakers report the progress of each sled from second-splitting takeoff to roostertail finish. The announcers relay the information in exactly the same phrases on each run so that seasoned spectators can judge the speed by the measured cadences. Echoing along the canyons and across the snow is the repeated chant:

"Approaching the curves—zigging—zagging—through—on the straight-away above 25—taking the curve—through—approaching the finish curve—around—down!"

With a final spray of snow, it is

over, and the spectators are invited to take a ride with the experts. It is encouraging to know that on *this* trip, brakes will be applied during the ride instead of only at the finish.

New sport on the scene

A recent addition to the winter sports picture is the snowmobile which can operate almost anywhere—on hill or dale, land or ice—but which, for competitive purposes, has moved out onto Mirror Lake. Cutting long paths crisscross over the snow, it divides the lake into an enormous pie, like the game of fox and geese that children play. The corner markers are Christmas trees.

A snowmobile might be described as a very small auto crossed with a very large pair of skis on which one or two can ride in equal discomfort—depending on the weather. The very heavy clothing of the snowmobiler is reminiscent of a friend's story of his Iowa grandmother during Indian days. When in the dead of winter, an absolutely shirtless Indian appeared at her door, the kind woman inquired if he were not terribly cold. "Is your face cold?" the Indian countered. When she assured him her face was quite warm, he looked at her stolidly and said, "Indian *all* face."

An earlier form of winter transportation is evident most mornings on the south shore of the lake where beautiful, blue-eyed huskies stand harnessed, impatient to dash across

the lake pulling a genuine dog sled behind. You are welcome aboard for a ride, and among the sights you will see is the Lake Placid Club, where the pioneers of the rugged outdoor life began all this healthy business.

Skiing is really the mainstay of winter sports, and it was the 1932 Olympic Winter Games at Lake Placid which turned the eyes of the nation to the new sport and put America on skis. The surrounding area is now gay with skiers and ski tows and lodges. Whiteface Mountain has the greatest vertical drop, and soon will have the longest double chairlift in the East. Other names like Big Tupper, Mount Pisgah, Fawn Ridge, Scott's Cobble, Alpine Lodge, and Paleface make

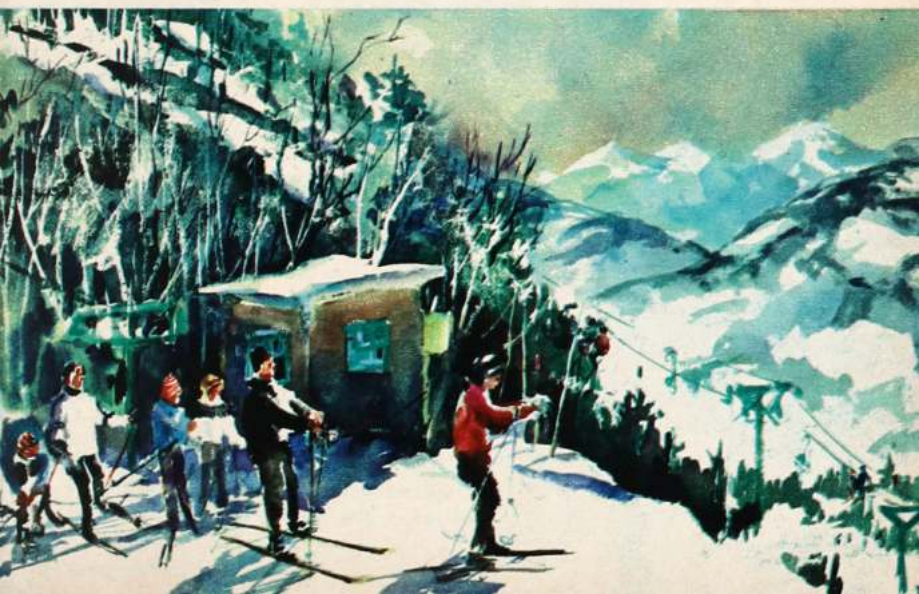


Snowmobiles on Mirror Lake

up the ski world around Placid. Of these, Paleface is the newest. Along with ski trails and a Canadian ski school, it has night skiing.

If skiing palls or the weatherman's order of powder is not prop-

Tows will soon include the longest double chairlift in the East



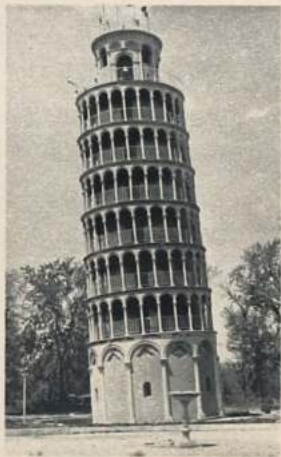
erly filled, the spectator sports offer unusual alternatives. The arena winter schedule is filled with events such as the National Figure Skating Championships. In the mornings, the experts hold practice sessions, and the evenings are pure delight when you watch the Gold and Silver Dance Championships, also captured by TV cameras for those not lucky enough to see this ethereal skating "live."

While the activities themselves are many and varied, all are set off by the sheer beauty of this winter park. The chasm of the Au Sable River is one of the deepest in New York, and skiing excursions along the trails that follow this river are memorable experiences.

The events scheduled for this coming year will include, as in pre-

vious years, the Outdoor and Indoor Speed Skating Championships, the Master's Ski Jump, Alpine Ski Races, and a full bobsled program, along with hockey and figure skating. Each December, the North Atlantic Figure Skating Championships are held in the Olympic Area. The coronation of the King and Queen of the North American Winter Festival takes place the weekend of the North American Bobsled Championship, this year on February 17, 18 and 19.

When the pioneers of the outdoor life had all of the wild North at their disposal, they chose Lake Placid as a place of beauty and vast possibilities for a great sports area. We can only admire their discernment. Very likely it would still be their choice. ■



The Leaning Tower of Niles, Illinois—Built in 1934 rather than 1334, this 94-foot-high replica of the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa is located in Niles, Illinois, a northwest suburb of Chicago. It was put up originally to conceal a water tank in Ilgair Park, the former estate of a local inventor and industrialist. Called upon to make it lean on purpose, the builders set a concrete foundation deep into the earth, then formed thick walls at the base, interlacing these with heavy steel bars. As construction progressed, they made sure enough of the building's weight remained over the center of gravity to keep it from toppling over. Five bells, over 334 years old, are installed in the bell tower. This unusual landmark is now owned by the Niles YMCA, and serves as an observation platform from which, on a clear day, visitors can see the skyline of Chicago.—ARMAND B. FERRARA



A broom stands without support

Oregon's "House of Mystery"

**Strange things go on at Gold Hill
where laws of nature are defied**

by William N. Matthews

photographs by Marguerite Johnson

ONE OF THE WEIRDEST PLACES on earth is the Oregon Vortex. An area approximately 165 feet in diameter, it is located along the banks of Sardine Creek about 30 miles from Grants Pass in southern Oregon. The strange phenomena occurring there have been attracting people since 1930.

The Oregon Vortex is a roughly circular area described by an unknown spherical field of force. Within this zone, the visitor will find the House of Mystery. What appears to be a dilapidated wooden shack all cockeyed on the side of a hill was at one time a gold mining company's assay office. The little

town of Gold Hill, five miles to the south, testifies to the days when this area produced many thousands of dollars in gold.

But around 1890, the old assay office was abandoned when the company's scales began to play tricks. At that time, the little house was at the top of a hill, about 40 feet outside the Vortex area. Gradually, the hill began to slide toward the Vortex, carrying the shack with it, and as it did so, the building became warped and twisted and finally settled into its present position.

For a modest admission fee, a guide will conduct you on a tour through the house itself and the surrounding woodland glade within the Vortex. He will demonstrate many different experiments in the house and inform you on the theories that explain them.

Many years before gold was discovered, this place was avoided by the Indians who believed it to be cursed. Early settlers noted that their horses instinctively shied away from it. Even the trees seem affected, for within the strange circle their limbs droop and the trees themselves lean toward magnetic north, while trees outside the circle are unaffected.

A strong visitor attraction

The visitor being shown into the house is startled by the strong gravitational pull downward. If he leans backward, towards the outside of the Vortex circle, a force pulls at him to lean instinctively toward its center. Cigarette smoke will be-



gin to spiral faster and faster until it vanishes within the shack. Brooms or poles can be made to stand on end without difficulty, and round objects such as bottles or rubber balls, when placed on a sloping board, will, surprisingly, roll uphill. It is suspected that one reason for a person's inclination not to stand erect in the house is the psychological one of trying to orient oneself normally in an abnormal situation. However, anyone witnessing the unusual demonstrations in the House of Mystery will find that this answer doesn't cover everything.

Outside the House of Mystery, but still within the circumference of the circle, further strange manifestations can be demonstrated. Compasses won't function at all. There is an optical phenomenon which can be shown, and actually photographed: A person going away from another person towards the south apparently becomes taller, contrary to all laws of perspective. The visitor's posture automatically



In both these experiments, partners of different height switch places to demonstrate optical illusions that flout the laws of perspective

inclines to magnetic north, and nowhere in this circle will that person normally stand erect.

The House of Mystery has been copied in fun zones throughout the country, but the authentic original can only be viewed in Oregon. The guided tours last about 45 minutes

and involve no more than 200 yards of walking. Whether it is one gigantic optical illusion, a magnetic or gravitational field of force, or just a freak of nature, there is much to amuse and mystify the casual visitor and to challenge the imagination of the scientific-minded. ■

What Makes a Safe Driver?



JOSEPH FARKAS

**How the thinking driver gains a margin of safety—
an interview with the noted race driver, Dan Gurney**

by Don Davis

IT WAS A WARM Hoosier spring day as we sat on the pit wall just 40 feet away from the screaming race cars hurtling by at 200 mph. Dan Gurney had qualified for his fourth Indianapolis 500-mile race and was relaxed and enjoying the sights, sounds and smells that permeate a championship race course. We discussed a subject of great interest to both of us—car safety.

I was interested in drawing out the thoughts and advice of one of the world's greatest auto racers. It's not surprising that he dwelt on driving and driver training, but he emphasized that responsibility for traffic safety also lies heavily with the car, the highway and law enforcement.

"Safety in a car begins with the driver," he said above the roar of the racers. "He, after all, is the only thinking component in the whole chain. They blame a piece of highway for accidents after literally a hundred thousand cars pass safely over it; then some combination of inexperience, responses dulled by alcohol, drugs or lack of sleep, or total lack of vehicle maintenance causes Car 100,001 to crash there."

Get the feel of the car

Regarding the car itself, Dan says that "a good driver will immediately 'feel' if a car is not handling properly and refuse to drive it until the improper condition is corrected. No car can be made safe for the individual who accepts no responsibility as a driver."

Whether on a race track or on a

highway, Dan asserts, to be a good driver you must:

1. Know your own abilities or limitations in a car and stay within them.
2. Know how your car operates so you can instantly detect a problem and correct it before it gets out of hand.
3. Avoid completely the habits that rob you of driving skills.
4. Develop the ability to anticipate potential hazards before they actually occur.

Anticipation is the big word in Gurney's safety vocabulary.

"Any violent evasive driving maneuver is proof of failure to anticipate," he continued. "If a driver finds he frequently has to brake hard or swerve violently to avoid contact with another car, or if he just seems to be constantly dodging 'bad drivers,' his anticipation abilities aren't sufficiently developed.

"I try to avoid being frightened. When I've been frightened, it's the result of doing something that is not safe."

Dan does his best to stay out of the "bunch" even during a race. "You can tell the really experienced racing drivers. They're the ones who leave themselves racing room." Following too close behind other cars is always dangerous.

As a driver, Dan actively works at being aware of factors that can affect his safety in a car. Consequently, he doesn't smoke or drink. "I've found that even a single cocktail can measurably affect my driving ability on the highway." The

mere suspicion that smoking could affect his driving skill caused him to quit smoking.

Current "drinking and driving" laws are not being properly enforced, he believes. "The habit is so universal that many law enforcement officials are too indulgent regarding the potential hazard it represents."

Learn to skid, slide and spin

Dan would like to see advanced driving schools as well as very early and more detailed driving training in schools. "The racing driver is uniquely equipped to train others in the fundamentals of controlled skidding, broad slides and spins. A huge skid pad would allow the learning driver to experience both partial and complete loss of control without endangering himself and others. Once experienced, it is a lesson well remembered and its accidental occurrence is much less likely. Ideally, the experienced driver knows how to skid either right or left under full control, how to wipe off speed through controlled slides, and how to spin.

"When he feels the first symptoms of lessened control, he will know what it means and will slow down and regain control."

It is Dan's conviction that working with a car on a skid pad and a carefully planned instruction track can develop a driver's appreciation of the differences in car-handling characteristics. He pointed out that half a dozen cars of exactly the same make and model can vary

greatly in their handling, depending on the tires chosen, the suspension setup, tire inflations used, maintenance, and so forth. The driver who is interested in his car and his driving will naturally take steps to give his car proper care. It is the casual, "It's-just-transportation" driver who, Dan feels, needs to be reached by improved educational programs. Dan drives a standard Ford Mustang with standard six engine and automatic transmission. The only other options he ordered for his car were handling components such as disc brakes on the front wheels and heavy duty suspension.

"These changes make the car more forgiving and therefore easier to handle," he said. "Car handling skill and driver anticipation will do more than anything else to keep drivers out of trouble."

You can be too brave

Dan remarked that young drivers, whether on the highway or race track, are not as safe as they think they are. "I was lucky because I didn't get to race until after I was 25. Actually, I was 'too brave' before that and would have gotten into lots of trouble."

Dan intends to teach his own youngsters high-performance driving. "I want them to learn what I already know. Most of the lessons they need to know I can teach them on a dirt road where they can get the car out of control at low speed and find out what self-delusions they may have regarding their skills."

Explanation of traffic laws and

the reasons for them, rather than the mere blind obedience to them, is very necessary for youngsters, he feels. Once they realize that it costs up to \$100,000 to put in a full four-way traffic light system at a major intersection and that the expense is incurred only because the intersection has already proven itself to be accident-prone, they approach that corner with a different attitude. They know that the light is there not only to regulate traffic flow, but also to bring them to greater alertness as they approach a potentially hazardous intersection.

Dan thinks the typical racing fan

and car buff is likely to be a better driver than some of his less interested neighbors. He likes cars, and he's interested in seeing driving skill used to its fullest. "He is a more 'choosey' car buyer and is more likely to make the recommended 'pit stops' during the life of his car," Dan said.

"Race driving seems more dangerous than it is because the fan often is ignorant of the tremendous emphasis on safety. Of course, racing is more dangerous than traveling on the highway. But, then, fighting bulls is always more dangerous than milking cows." ■

"Develop the ability to anticipate potential hazards"

ROBERT BORAM





THE PROUD AND SPUNKY PECCARY

*This native American pig is an independent type,
but he has been known to become a friendly pet*

by Weldon F. Heald . . . paintings by Charles Culver

ONE OF THE STANDARD STORIES OF the Southwest is about hapless persons being treed by hordes of vicious peccaries. Fortunately, hunters have always arrived in the nick of time for a rescue, but only after the victim has spent many harrowing hours perched on a limb barely inches above sharp deadly tusks and snapping jaws. There may be some truth to these stories, but they invariably happen to someone who is never available to recount his experience at first hand.

The peccary is actually one of America's most distinctive and unusual animals. He commands respect for his independence and insistence upon his rights. I have never

met one that didn't consider himself just as good as anyone else.

In any case, this proud and spunky little animal can lay claim to fame on several other counts. He is the only native American pig and, though distantly related to the wild boars of the Old World and the domestic swine, he is individual enough to be classified in a zoological family practically by himself.

There are several species that range northward from Paraguay to Mexico and one, the collared peccary, crosses the border into Southern Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. Locally called *javalina*, this species is equally at home in arid deserts, oak-covered hill country

*Above left: Peccaries usually travel through desert and forest in groups
Below left: When angered, the peccary shows his sharp tusks in a snarl*

or high-mountain pine forests. Like the coatiundi, armadillo, ocelot and trogon, the collared peccary is today a citizen of the United States. He has doubtless been here much longer than we have. Wildlife experts estimate that there are now more than 40,000 peccaries in this country.

Sharp-eyed visitors to the Southwest may be rewarded by meeting one or more along any desert road or mountain trail. Chances are, too, that the peccary will not turn tail and run, but will stand his ground and stolidly stare with disconcerting intensity until the human trespassers are out of sight.

However, pugnacious and self-assured as they are, it is fortunate that peccaries are not particularly bloodthirsty. Attaining weights of 40 to 65 pounds, they stand two feet high and measure about three feet from pointed, piglike snout to rudimentary tail. Their plump, solid bodies and spindly legs are covered with coarse, bristly black hair, grizzled with grayish white, and just in front of the shoulder is a broken, whitish collar.

He commands respect

When aroused, a peccary erects its long-haired mane, grunts or barks, opens its mouth and displays two pairs of interlocking needle-sharp tusks which command respect from people and animals alike. A secondary defense is a musky, evil-smelling odor which is emitted from a gland under the skin of the rump.

Peccaries often roam the deserts and forests in groups of three or four. Like domestic swine, they are untroubled by specialized appetites—their menu consisting of insects, worms, toads, frogs, snakes, lizards, turtle and bird eggs, acorns, nuts, roots, cactus, fruit or almost anything else that turns up.

Makes a nice pair of gloves

It is interesting that the owner of peccary-skin gloves is invariably a proud individual. He will show you how pliable they are. "Much more so than real pigskin," he insists. "You'd never dream the hides of those little devils could be softened up, would you?"

Fortunately for them, peccaries have no special economic value. They are not prolific and, unless rigorously protected, they may become extinct in the United States. The female usually gives birth to two or three young a year.

I know of at least one young peccary that was domesticated. He appeared one morning in the yard of friends of ours in southern Arizona's Huachuca Mountains and was immediately adopted by the family. Named "Pecky," he ate with the dogs and cats, played with them, and became so attached to the people that he rubbed against them with pleasurable grunts and closed his eyes in delight when scratched behind the ear.

Which simply proves that even a tough customer like a peccary may become an interesting and valuable citizen when we get to know him. ■

FORD TIMES

ANTIQUE OF THE YEAR



RELATIVELY FEW 1942 FORDS—something over 40,000—were built before production of civilian cars stopped and industry devoted itself to armament production for World War II. But the few that remain become 25 years old this year, and are here saluted as the FORD TIMES *Antique of the Year*. The '42s were introduced in the fall of 1941 and included six models: Fordor, Tudor, Coupe, Convertible Club Coupe, Sedan Coupe, and Station Wagon in Super DeLuxe and DeLuxe series, plus an Economy Special with six-cylinder engine.

In both series, there was a choice of six-cylinder or V-8 engine, both of 90 hp, and the literature emphasized Ford's soft, quiet, and level ride. There was a choice of broadcloth or mohair upholstery with leather-trimmed armrests, and the instrument panel had a wood grain finish. Many of the '42 Fords went into military service in this country and abroad as staff sedans.—BURGESS H. SCOTT

Spotlight on the FAIRLANE



PHOTOS BY DEAN RUSSELL



This stylish, trim, nice handling automobile offers big-car performance, roominess and comfort

by Burgess H. Scott

FAIRLANE FOR 1967 offers the happy combination of solid performance, sporting style, and the roominess and comfort of a much larger car.

Its performance options range upward through six engine choices to a 427-cubic-inch V-8 delivering 425 hp. Transmission choices include a three-speed manual, fully synchronized; a four-speed manual, fully synchronized (not available on wagons); an overdrive (not available on GT models); and the Cruise-O-Matic three-speed automatic.

The Cruise-O-Matic is equipped with the SelectShift feature, which permits the owner to shift manually or automatically as desired.

Its styling has a sleekness and nimbleness that is strongly emphasized in the top-of-the-line XL and GT series. Exterior features include a smart new aluminum grille, and vertical rectangular taillamps with backup lights built into their centers. On the GT models, the turn signal indicators are incorporated

within the dual hood power domes.

The roomy interiors have a restyled instrument cluster, engineered for easy readability and use. There is a bright new look inside resulting from a broad choice of interior trims and colors.

The 13 Fairlane models for '67 range from the sporty and luxurious XLs and GTs to sedans, hardtops, and station wagons. There are also three choices of convertibles in the Fairlane line.

These new Fairlanes have the interior room to serve most family needs, yet are compactly built to provide easy and responsive driving and handling. The coil spring front and leaf spring rear suspensions are designed to give a smooth, plush ride.

Heading a long list of Ford Life-guard-Design safety features is a dual braking system. This includes two hydraulic master cylinders which have separate brake lines to front and rear wheels. Should one set of brakes fail, the other provides

At left above is the sporty Fairlane 500 XL Hardtop. Below is the roomy, smooth-riding Fairlane 500 4-door Sedan



A pair of eager Fairlane GTAs: at top, the 2-door Hardtop; below, the Convertible, with a top that nests nearly flush

braking until repairs can be made. A red instrument panel light comes on as a warning should either of the two hydraulic systems have a pressure loss on braking.

A long list of comfort, convenience, entertainment, and appearance options are available for the '67 Fairlane line. Examples of these are power front disc brakes, tachometer for models powered by a V-8 engine, a station wagon luggage rack, and vinyl-covered roof for hardtop models.

A Stereo-sonic Tape System is available in all models, as is Selectaire all-season climate control. Two 390- and two 427-cubic-inch V-8 engines are available in addition to the 289-cubic-inch V-8 that is standard on GT models and the 200-cubic-inch six cylinder engine, standard on other models. ■

A trunk of 15-plus cubic feet is under this stylish rear deck



Top to bottom: The grille, the hood, and the cockpit of the GT

The amazing walk-through heart



The imaginative exhibits at Franklin Institute don't just sit there—some entertain you, others ask your participation, and all nudge your curiosity

Philadelphia's Exciting Museum



Cub Scouts take a trip to the moon in the Fels Planetarium

by Patricia Talbot
paintings by Charles Harper

FIVE MINUTES from Philadelphia's Independence Hall is the imposing building that houses Franklin Institute, a museum that is much more than a museum.

Here you can view the heavens above the Holy Land 2,000 years ago, you can see what the well-dressed astronaut will wear when he visits the moon, and you can walk right inside a giant replica of a beating heart. While children are entertained by fascinating teaching exhibits, elsewhere scientists work in research labs on far-reaching scientific and engineering projects. With all its variety, Franklin Institute adheres to a basic purpose which can be stated simply: to awaken the spark of science in young minds through its exhibits and related educational activities.

Dedicated to the Quaker City's most famous citizen, Benjamin Franklin, this combined science museum, classroom, and research center draws more than 500,000 visitors a year. Undoubtedly the primary attraction is the Fels Planetarium with its Zeiss projector. One of the few in the country, this highly complex instrument can reveal the heavens on command, whether the rain is falling or the sun is shining brightly. It can reproduce 8,900 different stars on command, can recreate the nighttime sky as it appeared in Christ's

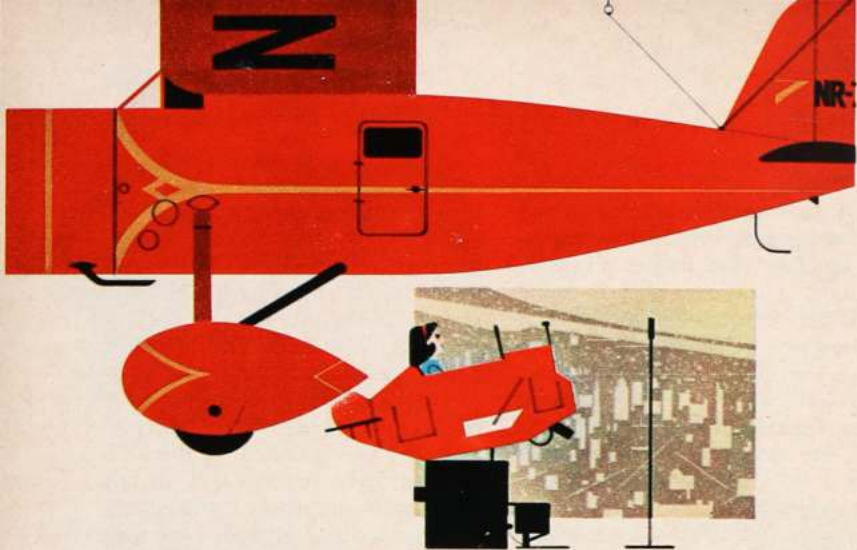
time or project the heavens 5,000 years in the future. The visiting armchair astronaut may take a visit to the moon or see Jupiter through Galileo's eyes.

In addition to this "theatre of the stars," there are literally thousands of other exhibits to inform and intrigue you. School children, particularly, are attracted by the 350-ton Baldwin locomotive in the Railroad Room where it makes regularly scheduled six-foot runs with junior engineers aboard.

The Aviation Room contains such notable craft as the Wright Brothers' 1911 biplane, a U.S. Air Force Jet Trainer (T-33), and a Link trainer, all complemented by an exhibit which explains how a plane really flies. The adjacent hall is lined with antique bicycles, tricycles, tandems and motorcycles.

Like a midway

In the Hall of Illusion, rather like the midway at a carnival, light reflection and refraction are demonstrated with trick mirrors. Elsewhere, by pushing a button, you can have fundamental principles of chemistry explained, see as you talk on a modern Picturephone, hear your own voice on a Bell Telephone Company playback device, learn how much you would weigh on Mars, sail a ship, or become involved in the intricacies of Telstar.



Left: An early-model plane overshadows a young visitor "taking off" in a Link Trainer. Below: Self-portrait of the artist in the Hall of Illusion

In a two-story-high model of an Apollo capsule, the visitor can observe what conditions would be like on a space voyage amid a bewildering array of instruments. Within the beating papier mâché heart, you can follow the path of a corpuscle through the eerie red glow which lights the heart's chamber. Then, as a change of pace (and for a mere dime), you can see such silent film favorites as "The Great Train Robbery" in the vintage nickelodeon.

To the children who throng the corridors, not even the space-age marvels can rival the excitement of the 19th-century writing doll who sketches and pens poems in Victorian script; the working thumb-sized steam engine designed from two tiny silver spoons; the Poor Richard Line of the Penn Reading Railroad in H-O scale; or Franklin's electrostatic generator, used in his experiments on electricity, which makes your hair stand on end.

Science fairs and career forums held at the Institute often point the way for enterprising students to choose their life's work—work that might take them back to the museum behind the closed doors leading to the laboratories. A new building constructed across the street from the museum houses the Institute's research staff of 300 scientists and technicians working in applied physics, nuclear, electrical, mechanical and aerospace engineering, chemistry and the life sciences.

It was during the second presi-

dential term of James Monroe, in March, 1824, that the Franklin Institute was established as a school where anyone—rich or poor, young or old—could learn the mechanical arts. With the country moving into the industrial revolution, the new school quickly became a nucleus of America's early scientific community. The Institute held lectures presented scientific exhibitions, founded a journal, and began a library which grew into one of the world's most complete technical collections.

In the magnificent center entrance hall of the Institute there is now a heroic seated figure, a statue of Benjamin Franklin. That this statesman and founding father of America would be pleased with the 143-year-old institution dedicated to his memory is evident. It was Franklin who said, "The rapid progress science now makes occasions my regretting that I was born too soon." ■

Your hair stands on end





Colorful iceboats are lined up on Fox Lake

THE ICE IS TWO INCHES THICK!" The word goes out along the grapevine to members of the Fox Lake Ice Yacht Club about the second week in December. The ice will be even thicker before long, but two inches is enough to encour-

age hardwater sailors from all over northeastern Illinois to load their slim, swift craft onto cartops and trailers for the beginning of three months of the most thrilling sport imaginable. Iceyachting is for men, women and children—anyone who

is exhilarated by the excitement, the incredible speeds, and the out-of-doors in winter.

The oldest ice yacht club in the country, Fox Lake, located northwest of Chicago, draws members from 50 miles away and even farther.



Sailing on Ice

Try skimming across a frozen lake at five times the speed of the wind, and you could become addicted to iceboating

The lake for which it is named normally offers good conditions because its shallow waters freeze early and remain relatively snow-free, with generally light to moderate winds. It offers ample room for both racers and "Sunday drivers,"

and has a protected harbor on its west shore where boats are left during the week, perched on sawhorses to keep them from sinking into the ice under a warm sun.

It was five years ago that we enjoyed our first iceboat ride. As summer sailors, we had only heard of iceyachting as a sport, and went to Fox Lake one December day hoping to see some of the fabled action. Our excitement at seeing *sails on ice* was capped by a hair-raising spin on the runner plank of a single-seater boat. This is akin to clinging to the wing of a jet plane in a steep bank. Nevertheless, the exhilaration of skimming over clear ice at ever-accelerating speeds was so enchanting we bought a boat of our own that same day. Three boats and five zesty winters later, we now own a 17-foot two-seater of fiberglass with 80 square feet of Dacron sail, in which we are content to "cruise" about at 50 mph.

Behemoths are of the past

While some boats—the DN60 for example—are single-seaters and weigh only 150 pounds, there are antique behemoths of an earlier era which steer from the stern and spread 1,000 feet of sail on 70-foot hulls—and require three husky men to rig and sail them. Lovingly maintained and skillfully sailed, they are still showpieces at regattas.

The popular boats today are bow-steering skeeters, racy and omi-

nous-looking, with long, thin hulls, delicately balanced runner planks, carefully honed runners and adroitly cut sails. These boats regularly travel four to five times the speed of the wind. The only class limitation on the racing skeeters is 75 square feet of sail, so after every race there is much discussion and cerebral pondering about subtle modifications in the shape of structural members and adjustment of the rigging.

It started with the Dutch

Iceboating goes back to the Dutch settlers on the Hudson River in the mid-18th century. For more than a hundred years the boats remained basically the same—until some Wisconsin sailors began experimenting with smaller boats and altered steering gear. This resulted in a much more maneuverable boat, and a less expensive one. The new low-cost kits, fiberglass boats, and the lightweight yet warm clothing which makes winter activity so much more attractive now—all have given hard-water sailing greater popularity than at any time in its history. The number of boats at Fox Lake has doubled in the last three years, from a scant two dozen to more than 50.

There are roughly 30 clubs of approximately 40 members each in 15 states from Maine to Minnesota—chiefly in Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts.

Close-up view of a masked sailor at the controls



As much as any other sport, iceboating is at the mercy of climate. Ideal conditions are subfreezing temperatures, five to 15 miles of wind, and no snow. Areas cold enough for ice are often subject to frequent snowfalls. A couple of inches of light powder does not impede an iceboat, but more than that, especially if it is wet and sticky, "grounds" the boats. In compensation, surprisingly little wind is needed, since the light, narrow boats, traveling on razor-sharp runners, offer little resistance. Should the boaters' favorite lake be weathered in, they think nothing of dismantling the craft, toting them on cartops, inside station wagons, or on trailers to the nearest sheet of snow-free ice where the boats are reassembled in about 20 minutes. This mobility further adds to the icyachtsman's enjoyment, for racing is a major facet of iceboating. Each club runs its own schedule of races on Saturday and Sunday, and there are regional, district and national regattas. It is at these colorful events that the handsomest, fastest boats with the latest innovations in gear and construction can be seen. With daring and skilled helmsmen pressing fast boats to the limit, speeds exceed 100 mph.

In spite of the velocity, and in spite of the split-second timing and instantaneous reactions required, there are remarkably few accidents. At the speeds the boats attain, there are elements of hazard which are part of the thrill of the sport, but they are met with good reflexes, ex-

perience and cool judgment. Races, five to six miles long, twice around a windward-leeward course, are started with a gun, flag, or whistle. Marks range from brightly painted plastic cones to abandoned Christmas trees stuck in the ice. Skippers stand beside their boats with the front runners resting on a line, and at the starting signal give them a push to get them under way and jump aboard, trimming the sails at the same time.

Iceboating's attractions challenge

Iceboat stowed in and on a wagon



the vocabulary, and attempts at description often end up sounding merely strained and hysterical. Even parked, an iceboat's dynamic beauty creates the illusion of motion. As the craft gets under way, the rate of acceleration is incredible, and the vibrant hull seems to come alive.

The passenger's closeness to the ice, the thunder of runners, the stinging, ice-flecked wind, the perceptible lightness of the hull as the runners barely skim the surface—all of these sensations build to the

climactic experience of "hiking." This maneuver, akin to banking in a plane or heeling in a sailboat, means sailing on just two of the three runners, with one completely off the ice. At first, hiking is frightening — something to correct as quickly as possible. As a skipper's skill increases, he can actually hike his boat at will, sustain the glide for 30 to 40 seconds with the windward runner several inches above the ice, and, in full control, ease gracefully out of it. There are moments,

though, when that puff which seemed to be abating, grows in intensity instead, and the hike becomes taller, and sometimes even reaches the point of no return.

Many iceboaters are "softwater" sailors as well. Thus, with a full spring and summer afloat, a brisk autumn, possibly in frostbite dinghies, and the challenging exhilaration of iceboating in the winter months, no matter what his geographical location an avid skipper can sail the year around. ■

Enthusiasts continually modify their boats to add a touch of speed



It's Time to Dip for the Bonneville Cisco



Hardy enthusiasts go out into
the midwinter cold
to catch this unique little fish

by Lena Aken Sexton
illustrations by Don Bennett

EVERY WINTER, along the middle of January, hardy fishermen and dip-net enthusiasts from Idaho and Utah, joined by more and more out-of-staters, head for the rocky, often ice-covered shores of Bear Lake. Cisco fishing is high adventure, enjoyed by both men and women, old and young, who don thermo-wear and arm-pit waders and sally forth into the frigid waters.

Nothing in their previous fishing experience can rival the excitement of being poised, alert and ready when the blue-green of the water changes to black as thousands of fish swarm shoreward. Certainly for the dip-netters, the thrill of bringing up that net alive with the silvery flash of cisco is worth all the time,

trouble and shivering. Heavy ice or deep snow never daunts these sportsmen. They simply bring along equipment, cut fishing holes over water in the two-to-five-foot depth and down go their nets.

The Bonneville cisco is a little fish with a big name and a growing reputation. He is classified as a member of the herring or whitefish family, yet is a distinct and separate species. As far as is known, he is found exclusively in the icy waters of Bear Lake that sits astraddle the Utah-Idaho state line. Bear Lake is 30 miles long, five to seven miles wide, with an area of about 120 square miles.

For years, the natives took the ciscos for granted, until Don Hale, fishery manager for Utah's northern region at the turn of the last decade, first recognized the Bonneville cisco's potential as a sport fish for dip-net fans.

Dip-nets in hand, fishermen line the shore of Bear Lake



Bemis

Cisco move into shallow shore waters to spawn when between five and six years of age. They measure seven inches or slightly more, tip the scales at an average of two ounces. One 1966 double limit of 100 fish weighed in at 10 pounds and was netted in 10 minutes.

Dip-nets are the only way to garner this plankton feeding fish which turns up its snout if you try to lure it with baits or flies. Nets are not to be over 18 inches and are usually mounted on eight-foot poles. Many people construct their own nets.



These tiny fish are particular about their spawning area. Only one place along Bear Lake's shore is suitable, a stretch of rocky shallows a mile to a mile and a half in length. This is along the eastern shore line, within the state of Utah on what is known as Fish Road. Arrival of the fish on these spawning beds is usually between the ninth and the 19th of January. In 1966, they checked in on January 14.

When the run is in progress, fishermen are observed in large num-

bers even prior to daybreak, but the cisco seldom arrive before seven a.m., with highest densities noted and netted between seven and ten o'clock in the morning. Spawning season may last three to four weeks; anglers can expect a week, ten days, or if lucky, two weeks of shore line density. As the spawning season progresses, cisco move too far from shore for the wader-clad fishermen to follow.

Fishermen may net the cisco with either a Utah or Idaho fishing license under reciprocal licensing agreements. Limits of 50 fish per person per day apply currently. There are stations at each end of the only road into the area where fish are counted and checked for any previous research tags. Careful records of age and size of spawners are made. According to Osborne E. Casey, area fishery biologist from the Idaho side of the lake, any change in spawners as to age, class, length, or numbers would be indicative of over-harvest. Biologists of both states keep an eye on the cisco during all seasons to assure a continuing dipnet sport.

To reach the fishing grounds, leave U.S. 89 at Garden City, Utah, and follow the lake shore east through Pickleville, then on to Laketown, Utah, where a junction to the left will take you to the eastern shoreline. Here, follow Fish Road past the first fish check station, and it will be no trouble to find the line of cars, pickup trucks, trailers and campers that identify the spawning area. ■

Head for the Sun Country — to Ski!

There's a ski boom
going on in the Southwest
where the avid skier
finds the best of everything

by Rick Kiefer

SOMETIME EARLY THIS YEAR, a ski buff from the eastern seaboard will don his slope togs, throw the boards over his shoulder and clamber onto a Sandia Peak aerial tram car at the lower terminal, just north of Albuquerque, New Mexico. He will have arrived at this particular spot with one idea in mind: to prove to himself that all the ads about skiing in the Southwest were fraudulent—that no such skiing Shangri-la could possibly exist. But

Taos Ski Valley in New Mexico



exist it does, and during this year upwards of 150,000 enthusiasts will learn for themselves that skiing in New Mexico, southern Colorado, and Arizona is unexcelled anywhere else in this country. This is a big claim, but it is based on many reasons: the unbelievable air at 10,000-plus feet; the powder snow that is magnificent even when hard-packed; the nearly constant sunshine; the perfect trails amidst sparkling scenery; the proximity of a shirtsleeve environment for tourists when not on the slopes; and, perhaps even more important, the uncrowded conditions for a sport better known for elbow-to-elbow hordes.

The heartland of this new ski boom is New Mexico, and the Sandia Peak Ski Area will probably be the first stop for the touring skier testing New Mexico's best for the first time, simply because it is so close to the booming metropolitan area of Albuquerque. The lodge is 18 miles from the city limits on paved roads, or 10 minutes away, through breathtakingly beautiful scenery, on the Sandia Peak Aerial Tramway. The tram carries skier and nonskier from the western foothills of the Sandia Mountains on a 2.7-mile ride to the Summit House Restaurant atop the granite range.

While the ride will be beautiful, it's what's on top that counts. And for the skier, that means eight runs totaling about 7½ miles, uncounted informal slopes and trails, four lifts carrying 2,250 skiers per hour, and a full range of services.

Probably the best known of the



New Sandia Peak Aerial Tramway

New Mexico ski areas is Taos Ski Valley, located 19 miles northeast of the art-conscious community of Taos. Taos Ski Valley is a complete ski village, with six hotels, a new apartment complex, and restaurants featuring Continental cuisine. Adding new lifts almost every year, it now has six in operation to serve the 18 formal runs.

Seven-mile run

While the beginner isn't forgotten, seven of the trails are for the experts, including one that is seven miles long. Altogether, Taos has over 36 miles of formal ski runs—and one of the new lifts has opened up the other side of an 11,800-foot ridge that is soon to be developed.

"Oldest Ski Area in New Mexico" is the title claimed by the Santa Fe Ski Basin, located 16 miles northeast of the oldest capital city



Balcony of restaurant atop Sandia Peak enjoys a commanding view

in the nation. Improvements made each year keep the Santa Fe complex young, and four lifts are now in use, with a total capacity of 2,400 skiers per hour. Eleven major runs have been cut from the high country timber—seven of them in the expert class. However, beginners have now “found” Santa Fe, and the Ski School staff is enlarged annually to instruct them.

The sparkling new complex known as the Sierra Blanca Ski Area, located 16 miles northwest of Ruidoso, New Mexico, is the only ski resort in the nation wholly owned by Indians. And these Indians, descendants of Mescalero-Apache tribesmen, are anything but old-fashioned when it comes to running a modern ski resort. The Sierra Blanca Gondola Tramway, one of five lifts to the nine miles of formal runs, is the only gondola

lift in New Mexico outside of Albuquerque's new tourist-ski tram. Sierra Blanca's major claim for attention seems to be in the diversity it offers, especially if you wish to take a break from skiing with a shirtsleeve picnic at nearby White Sands National Monument.

Night skiing, too

While the major ski areas of New Mexico offer the best in everything, the smaller ski basins aren't without certain claims to fame. The Cloudcroft Ski Area, 20 minutes from the Sacramento Mountain community of the same name, is now operating snow-making machinery to insure good powder for the seven major runs. What's more, lights have been installed for night skiing.

At Sipapu, 25 miles southeast of Taos, the emphasis is on family

skiing. The ski area is small, but the five runs fit right into the way of life in a small mountain ski village. The formal runs at Red River, New Mexico, are also within snowball range of the community's main street. A half mile west of Red River is a new ski area, Powder Puff Mountain, and also new this past year is Angel Fire, with 12 main runs and four double chairlifts, located 23 miles east of Taos. Write the New Mexico Department of Development, Tourist Division, State Capitol, Santa Fe, for a New Mexico ski brochure.

High snows cover Purgatory

Complementing the New Mexico runs is a new ski area called Purgatory which was opened a year ago in southwestern Colorado near Durango. To paraphrase, it is one heckuva ski complex—and the run names, such as “Hades,” “Tinker’s Dam” and “Pandemonium,” are named in the same spirit. Last year’s mid-season total of 82 inches of fine snow brought in ski buffs from all over the Southwest to test the 13 major runs.

The Southwest also boasts the southernmost ski area in the United States in the Mt. Lemmon Winter Sports Area, 42 miles northeast of Tucson, Arizona, in the Colorado National Forest. Mt. Lemmon’s slopes occasionally suffer from a lack of powder, but the beginners give the ski area good play and the rope tows seldom go up empty.

Arizona’s biggest winter fun complex is the Arizona Snow Bowl

located 15 miles northwest of Flagstaff. Here, the 10,000-foot elevation insures good snow during the season, while the three lifts have sufficient capacity to insure “no waiting” rides to any of the formal runs. The Snow Bowl is a favorite weekend sports spot for the collegians at Flagstaff’s Northern Arizona University, but the crowds are by no means impossible.

Another small but well-attended Arizona ski area is located four miles south of Williams—the Bill Williams Winter Sports Area. The slopes range from beginner to advanced intermediate, and the two lifts now in operation are sufficient to handle the crowds. Bill Williams Mountain also offers the full range of services, from ski shop and school to light refreshments.

Night skiing came to Arizona recently when the Big Cienega Ski Area, 20 miles east of McNary, lighted the slopes. Big Cienega is small—with but a rope tow, a small lodge, a rental shop, and weekends-only business—but it is fast getting a reputation as a family ski center.

“Skiing” and “Southwest” may not seem to fit in the same sentence—but they do. The land of the atomic scientist and the jackrabbit has had the snow bunny in residence all along. But it is only recently that touring ski buffs have discovered the heady wine of southwestern air, the sparkling sun-washed landscapes, and the thrill of skiing the high country under such conditions. ■



Above: Lodge at the new Purgatory ski area in southwestern Colorado.

Left: Skiers ride up the double chairlift at Arizona's largest ski complex—the Snow Bowl.

Below: Skiers at Sierra Blanca, New Mexico, may take a picnic break on the desert



BUILDING THE PERFECT HIGHWAY CRUISER

How a naval architect applied his skill to land travel
by customizing the interior of a Ford Supervan

story and illustrations by Charles Bell

MY WIFE AND I sailed the Pacific Ocean for several years in a 30-foot sailboat, a boat I designed and built and which we found to be the ideal size cruiser for two people. The cabin was small, but we had plenty of space for the essentials of living so necessary for long trips, and we were safe, snug and comfortable in all kinds of weather.

Recently we decided to make a dry-land voyage across the U.S.A., and it seemed only natural to seek some of the same comforts we had enjoyed in our earlier travels—in effect, to sail across the land in a boat on wheels. We would design our land boat to be as safe and as comfortable as our sea boat by using the same planning approach we had followed before.

We began by looking through brochures of auto manufacturers describing their trucks and vans, but became discouraged, for it appeared that auto engineers had not given serious consideration to the

land yacht as such. Then I chanced upon an ad by the Ford Motor Company announcing the debut of a new Econoline bus called the Supervan. The picture was captioned, "28% more space inside the Supervan." There was a choice of engines, including a 240-cubic-inch six, an automatic transmission, and other features. To our eyes, here at last was a van which would handle like a car but which had approximately the same inside cabin space as our 30-foot sailboat, a space volume with which I was well acquainted and knew how to arrange and equip for comfortable living aboard. To us it seemed the answer to our dream.

And it was. We bought the Ford Supervan, and I designed and built our conversion of it into a Super Highway Cruiser Van with all of the traveling advantages and "at anchor" comforts we had enjoyed in our boat—plus a few extras.

We have proved the design on



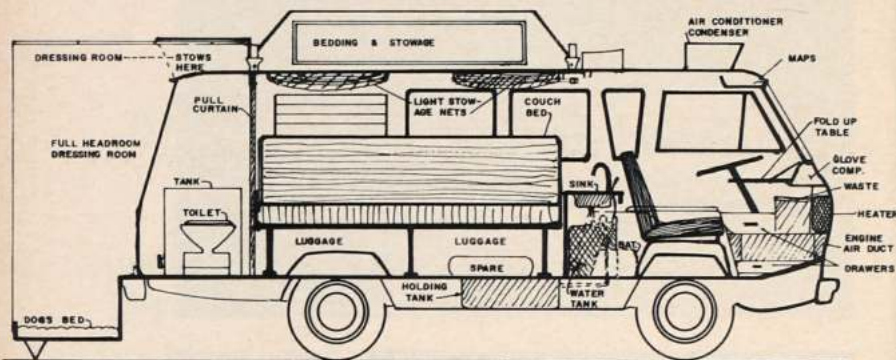
Above: Converted Supervan with rack on top ready for travel.



Left: Combination couch, being used here while dining, also folds down for sleeping.

Below: Looking into the forward section of van at stove and driver's compartment. Details of conversion are shown in plans on the following pages





VIEW WITH SIDE REMOVED

an 8,500-mile cruise of the U.S.A. from Mill Valley, California, to Boston, Massachusetts, and the van has performed beyond our expectations. My approach to the conversion was from the standpoint of total design: that is, to work out the required necessities of the equipment and to then design equipment and built-ins to the requirements.

Our requirements were:

Good Visibility—Both for safe driving and enjoyment of the scenery, our factory-built window van took care of this for us.

Temperature Control—For comfortable temperatures both under way and while parked overnight, I installed complete insulation of the floor, motor box, walls and cabin top, a heater, and refrigerated air conditioning.

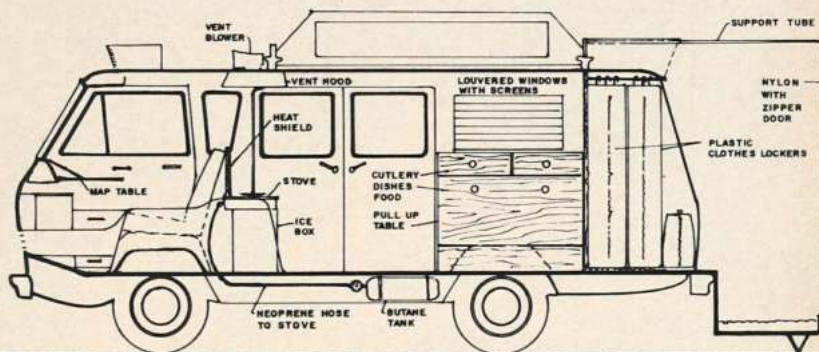
Roadability and Comfortable Riding—From the factory I ordered springs with an extra leaf, heavy-

duty shocks and sway bar, 14-inch wheels and heavy-duty tires, foam rubber seats, and, of course, seat belts.

Adequate Power with Economy

—We bought the 250-cubic-inch Big Six engine, and I installed a fresh air duct to the top of the radiator and to the carburetor and also a hot air relief duct with venturi suction action from the top of the motor box, to control engine heat.

Living Accommodations—I built in a galley stove with blower ventilation, an aluminum hood and a Ford heater-blower operated from the engine battery. Next, I installed an ice box, counter tops, a sink, fresh water tank (five gallons was adequate for cooking) and a 20-gallon waste water holding tank for the sink. I built in a dish and food locker with a folding table top, towel rack, etc. And I built our



VIEW WITH SIDE REMOVED

combination couch for sitting and lounging, which, when pulled out, becomes a double bed. We have a separate compartment with a sliding, insulated curtain which folds, full headroom dressing room, a hanging clothes locker for two and an electric, automatic, chlorinated, permanently installed toilet. The toilet has its own holding tank, permitting lengthy trips before pumping and refilling with water.

Luggage and Cargo - Carrying Unit—I built and attached to the cabin top an aluminum carrier of 28-cubic-foot capacity. Here we stow light stuff such as bedding, aluminum camp chairs, folding table, etc. Heavier items like luggage are stored under the couch bed on the carpeted floor. Small items like maps, extra shoes, cameras, etc., are stowed in cargo nets at the top of the cabin and in small bins in the control compartment.

The cost of the Super Highway Cruiser Van and extra equipment (excluding labor, which I supplied myself) ran approximately \$3,500. Its weight, fully loaded, is about 3,000 pounds. We can travel up to 500 miles a day in comfort, can stop at parks and camp sites everywhere—overnight or for a week or two—and leave nothing but our tracks when we move on. We contribute nothing in the way of litter or pollution of lakes or streams. Many service stations around the country can and do pump holding tanks as a service to their customers.

Of course, we found things that we wanted to change and will continue to find more, as we did on all of our boats, but this is part of the fun. ■

NOTE: Plans may be purchased from: BELL CRAFT, 521 Marin Avenue, Mill Valley, California 94941.



FAVORITE RECIPES OF



Painting by Kenneth Harris

The Barn, Texas

There are three dining rooms at this interesting Austin restaurant, located at 8611 Balcones Drive (four miles northwest of the intersection of Interstate 35 and U.S. Highway 183). One of the first-floor dining rooms has a rustic atmosphere with red-checked tablecloths while the second floor is more formal in atmosphere. The third, called the Silo, is a formal dining room adjacent to the Barn. Dinner only, served daily. Reservations necessary. Closed Christmas Day.

Stuffed Crab

1½ cups fresh crab meat
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon onion juice
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
1 tablespoon green onion, chopped
1 tablespoon melted butter
¼ cup milk or cream
½ cup bread crumbs
1 large, or 2 small, eggs
¼ teaspoon dry mustard

½ teaspoon Accent
4-5 crab shells

Sauté chopped onion and parsley in melted butter. Add bread crumbs and milk. Bring to boil and cook until mixture is thick. Add crab meat and remaining ingredients. Mixture should be stiff. Pack into crab shells and brush tops with additional melted butter. Brown in 375° oven until golden brown, 15-20 minutes. Serves 4.

FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

The Captain's Grill, Virginia

In the John Marshall Hotel at 6th and Franklin streets in Richmond, the Grill has the warm, robust decor of an old English inn. Desserts, salads, and flambés are brought on carts and served with a flourish by the headwaiter. Open daily noon to midnight. Reservations advisable.

Treasures of the Sea

1 cup cooked lobster meat, diced
1 cup cooked crab meat
1 cup cooked shrimp
1 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons chili sauce
1 hard boiled egg, chopped
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickles
1 tablespoon capers
Lettuce

To make sauce, blend together mayonnaise, chili sauce, chopped hard boiled egg, salt, lemon juice, and

chopped sweet pickles. Combine sauce with mixture of seafood. Serve on lettuce leaf. Sprinkle capers on top of seafood. Makes 5 portions.

Fruit of the Sea, Old English Style

Mix 1 egg with 1 cup milk. Sprinkle salt on 12 shrimp, roll in flour. Dip shrimp in egg-milk mixture and drain shrimp in bread crumbs. Prepare 12 scallops, 12 oysters, and 6 pieces fillet of sole (3 inches long) in same manner as shrimp. Deep fry all seafood at 360°. Split 6 lobster tails and broil. Serve all together. Makes 6 portions.



FAVORITE RECIPES OF



Old French House Restaurant, Mississippi

A combination of good food served in an antebellum atmosphere has made this three-year-old restaurant, managed by Mary Mahoney, a success from the start. Located in the oldest house in Biloxi, which was built in 1737, it is at 138 Magnolia Street a block north of U.S. 90.

Open for dinner weekdays 5:00 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.; closed Sundays and Christmas. Reservations advisable.

Chicken Bonne Femme

3 pound spring chicken, disjointed
1 bell pepper, sliced
1 clove garlic, chopped fine
1 medium onion
2 ounces julienne ham
1 large potato, sliced
1 8-ounce can mushrooms
4 ounces red wine
Salt and pepper, to taste

Dredge chicken in seasoned flour, brown pieces in butter. Place chicken in dutch oven with bell pepper, garlic, onion and ham. Place potato slices on top of chicken and sprinkle with mush-

rooms. Cover and cook over low fire. When potatoes are done, add wine and let stand for 10 minutes before serving. Makes 4 portions.

Shrimp French House

Chop 1 medium onion and 1 stalk of celery and sauté in butter until tender; add 2 pounds of cleaned medium shrimp and cook for 10 minutes, then add ½ pint of sour cream. Stir well, then add 2 teaspoons sherry wine and let simmer for 10 minutes. Serve on bed of green noodles. Sprinkle with chives. Makes 4 portions.

FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

Jager House, New York

One of Manhattan's famous neighborhood restaurants, Jager House features German food with a Viennese accent—the schnitzels, sauerbraten, sausages and pastries, prepared under the direction of Chef Noel Vaz. Open every day from noon until midnight, Saturday to 1:00 a.m. The address is 1253 Lexington Avenue near 85th Street.

Jager House Beef Goulash

6 pounds shin or stewing beef, cut in 1-inch cubes
6 pounds onions, chopped fine (or better, grated)
½ cup vegetable shortening
1 pint unsalted beef stock or water
3 cloves garlic, crushed
Pinch of freshly ground pepper
½ cup sweet Hungarian paprika
⅓ cup tomato purée
Salt to taste
Boiled potatoes or noodles

Brown meat very carefully in 350° oven, keeping watch so that meat does not dry out. Sauté onions in vegetable shortening until golden. Place browned meat in heavy pot with beef stock, garlic, onions, pepper, paprika, tomato purée and salt, to taste. Cook covered on top of stove over low fire for 2½ to 3 hours, or until tender. Add stock or water during the cooking if more liquid is needed. Serve over hot noodles or boiled potatoes. Makes 10-12 portions.

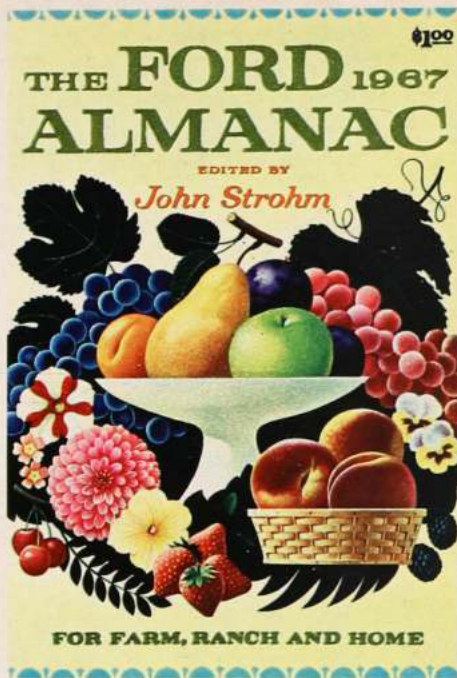
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Treasure Hunting Aboard a Bronco



It was like a Sunday drive
as this family of six (plus dog)
struck out across the Mohave Desert

by Jordan Detzer

DESERT FROST HUGGED the sand dunes on a bright, clear winter day in the Mohave Desert. The expanse of dry lakes, volcanic craters and smooth blue sky made us exuberant. The day was perfect!

We packed our family—six of us and a dog—half into a station wagon and the rest into our new Ford Bronco four-wheel-drive and drove 140 miles northeast of Los Angeles to one of our favorite arrowhead hunting sections of the Mohave Desert. This sandy inferno, famous for

stalling four-wheel-drive vehicles, consists of a variety of terrains—all attractive to rockhounds, pebble puppies, artifact collectors and sun seekers—such as stretches of silky silt and sage land, sand traps, boulders, sloughs, steep hills and sand dunes. At this point, we left our station wagon parked near the highway and loaded all the family, including the dog, into the Bronco.

We knew the Bronco was a gem in sand and mud, but we found out it is excellent also for plowing

through torrential stream beds and potholes. In order to reach the best hunting spots, we had to cross 25 miles of bowl-shaped terrain to the farthest hillsides. Even before we left the highway, I had noticed that the runoffs from the last rains had filled nearby dry lakes and stream beds with thick ooze, and I wondered about the possibility of a closer encounter with runoffs in the desert. Shortly thereafter I received the answer.

Six swirling streams

We had driven 15 miles inland from the freeway, down talus slopes of crushed volcanic rock onto the sagebrush apron of a dry lake. Encountering the first of six swirling streams, we found the water three or four inches deep and drove cautiously. I had put the wheel locks into position before crossing the first stream so all four wheels pulled in compound low (4L). The second

stream took us off guard. While crossing we had a few rough bumps when suddenly we almost became a submarine! We hit a deep, elongated pothole which actually put the top of the Bronco hood under chocolate-brown water. All six of us and the dog bounced about. I gunned the Bronco in 4L with fast power motion and in split seconds, never losing forward motion, we came up like an emerging whale.

We are convinced that our Bronco would have drowned at this point if it were not for its high clearance—9.45 inches in front and 13.2 inches in the rear—which kept it from hanging up in the deep trough.

As we reached the remaining streams, our oldest sons ran ahead and helped locate the best and smoothest spots to cross. They did this by wading over their knees into the muddy torrents of water.

Successfully completing all six stream ordeals, we followed a path

We spent the afternoon scooping up assorted rocks and relics





Returning home, Bronco forded the six streams without incident

by the railroad tracks to the center of the artifact hunting area, and spent the remainder of the sunlight hours scooping up excellent samples of ancient Indian relics. We scooted over sand dunes, slithered through mud sinks, and meandered happily over the desert.

Our own proving ground

When it came time to head home, everyone had the feeling that we should try another way—even if it meant many miles' detour to reach the place where we had parked our station wagon. However, after detailed map studies and worried debates, we decided at sunset to return the same way we had entered—via the six streams. We approached them with caution and our oldest son led the way on foot. Fortunately, we found the crossings shallower, as the porous sand had absorbed a few inches of the surface run-off. But 4L was needed to get

through the slick mud, which we accomplished without “nobbies” or snow tires. By the time we completed our return trip, we decided that we had put the Bronco through the toughest possible test course in the world outside a proving ground, and it had proved itself brilliantly.

Since this experience, we have had the Bronco undercoated to protect it from exposure to alkali. But we know now that come rain or high water, our Bronco can pull six people, a dog and a full load of gear through radiator-deep streams—and we still have the mud freckles under the hood to prove it.

Nimble in tight spaces, fast on the pickup, our Bronco gives us confidence with its power in the back country and class in the city as a miniature station wagon. We plan to test it next on the hills to La Paz in Baja California, and later on we will take it into Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula. ■

Lucky Baldwin's Fabulous Rancho



Visit the estate and lavish "cottage" built by
one of the early West's most colorful characters

by Dorothy Lee McMillan

paintings by Earl Thollander

“**M**AN, THIS IS PARADISE!” Those are the words said to have been uttered by E. J. “Lucky” Baldwin, one of the early West’s colorful characters, upon getting his first glimpse of the Santa Anita area in the San Gabriel Valley of Southern California.

In March of 1875, Baldwin started out from Los Angeles heading toward Bear Valley in search of gold. After only half a day’s trip, he came to a halt momentarily in the fields of the San Gabriel Valley and exclaimed, “I’m going to buy this country!” It was love at first sight, and scarcely a month later he returned to purchase 8,000 acres of the lush and fertile land for a reported \$2 million, part of the wealth he had attained from Nevada silver mines. It was on this land that he built his fabulous “Queen Anne Cottage,” which is now open to the public.

Baldwin had a reputation to maintain—that of a generous host and a builder of extravagant structures. He was renowned for having built the Baldwin Hotel, the Tallac Resort at Lake Tahoe, the Baldwin Theatre, and a sumptuous home on San Francisco’s Nob Hill. After purchasing the 8,000-acre tract, known as Rancho Santa Anita, he put into action a plan to develop the land into a veritable showplace designed to entertain his friends and business associates and especially to win their admiration.

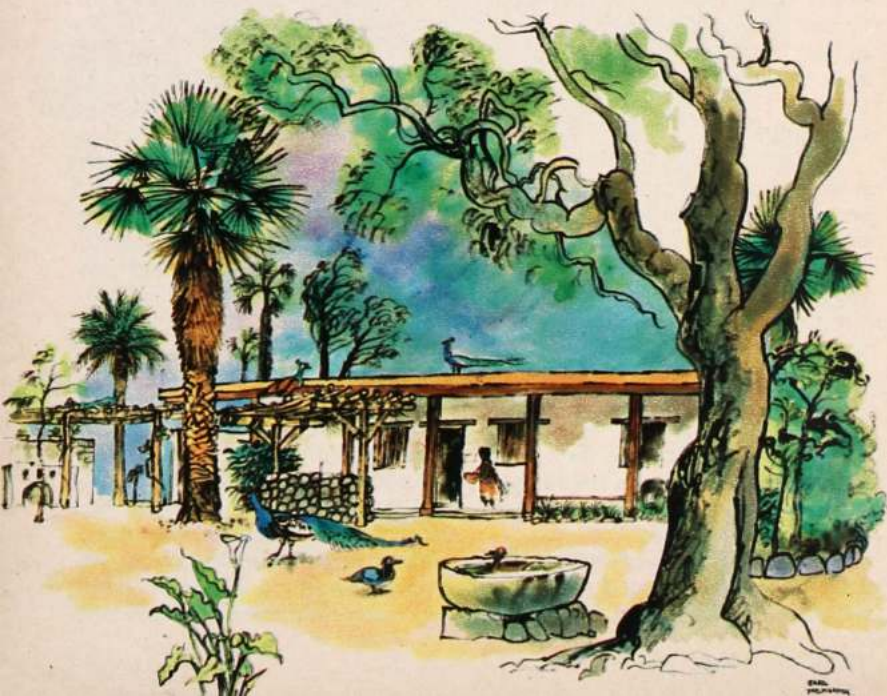
Baldwin’s plan centered around a house to be used solely for entertainment. A. A. Bennet, the archi-

tect who planned the state capitol at Sacramento, was commissioned to work on the cottage. The style of the structure was typically Victorian, featuring the then-popular “gingerbread” with, of course, a cupola.

Surrounded on three sides by a lagoon, the cottage nestled among tall trees and thick pampas grass. A stone fountain was built directly in front and supplied with water from one of the Rancho’s numerous artesian wells. A wide veranda encircled the building so that guests could admire the surrounding beauty from any angle.

Extravagant furnishings

A winding stairway led to the cupola where there was an unobstructed panorama of the landscape and the deep blue Sierra Madre beyond. The interior of the cottage consists of an entrance hall, a parlor, a music and game room, bedroom, study, and bath. There today’s visitor sees endless examples of Baldwin’s extravagance in décor. The four main rooms are abundant with such luxuries of that era as huge gilt-framed mirrors, white marble fireplaces, crystal chandeliers, stained-glass windows, floral carpets and embroidered bell-pulls. Red velvet and paisley draperies accent the many windows. All doors are of rich black walnut. Ceilings extend to 14 feet in height. For its day, the bathroom was ultra-modern with pine and redwood-grooved panels, a zinc-lined bathtub, marble-topped wash basin and



Lucky Baldwin's portrait is reflected in the bedroom mirror

a wonderful pull-chain toilet. There was also an iron safe with five-inch-thick door and walls, in which valuables were stored. For indoor recreation, there were music boxes, a square piano and table games, all still in evidence, while outside there is the inevitable croquet court.

Typical of an earlier era, the cottage had no kitchen. All meals were prepared and served at a small, nearby adobe house. Guests who naturally roamed the ranch were summoned to meals by Chinese servants who rang an old mission bell. All food was homegrown. In fact, Baldwin's plantings included vast vineyards which he developed especially for producing wines and brandies. Guests were offered not only a greatly varied cuisine but also the finest of port, muscatel, sherry, angelica, Madeira and tokay. Grape and orange brandies, along with apricot cordial, were Baldwin specialties.

In an exotic grove

Baldwin continued to develop this estate, adding everything his fancy suggested to fulfill his dream of heaven on earth. The cottage stood like a queen among groves of oranges, English walnuts, almonds, peaches, pears, apricots, figs, persimmons and olives, as well as camphor and pepper trees. Peacocks roamed the grounds. Flowers grew in profusion along the paths, and springs flowed through the Rancho's

rich terrain—all a perfect setting for the fabulous cottage.

The building was completed in 1881 at a cost of \$45,000—an extravagant figure for that era. It was used by Baldwin until his death in 1909, after which it was partially dismantled and some of the more valuable furnishings were stored away. Over the ensuing 40 years, the building became badly run down until a project to restore it was started in 1949. This work was completed in 1954 and the cottage stands today, just as it appeared in its heyday, complete to the lacy "gingerbread" trim and red siding.

Now open to visitors

In 1947, the cottage and 127 acres were purchased jointly by the State of California and Los Angeles County for use as an arboretum in Arcadia. It is open to visitors every day of the week. Admission is free, and great numbers of people have taken the opportunity to view the cottage and tour the grounds. The site is considered a historical landmark.

Visitors to the cottage are invariably struck by the sumptuous elegance of its interior. Oldsters who view it must feel a touch of nostalgia as they recall a period in the nation's history that saw many estates of truly regal elegance. Few, if any, could have offered a more beautiful setting than "Lucky" Baldwin's charming "Santa Anita Rancho." ■

Meals were prepared and served in this nearby adobe house

Gourmet Geography

Test your knowledge of regional specialties—
then sample these gourmet delights on
your next trip

by Patricia K. Brooks

WHEN WE THINK of American cooking, such familiar national fare as hot dogs, hamburgers, sodas and apple pie came to mind. But certain dishes, some as old as our country itself, are associated with particular locales. A couple of dozen are listed below. See how many you are acquainted with, identifying the state where each dish can be found and, if possible, the contents. Answers on the following pages.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Benne wafers _____ | 13. Lady Baltimore cake _____ |
| 2. Blueberry slump _____ | 14. Fannie Daddies _____ |
| 3. Kedgerree _____ | 15. Shoo-fly pie _____ |
| 4. Pieplant pie _____ | 16. Calas _____ |
| 5. Syllabub _____ | 17. Gooseberry fool _____ |
| 6. Abalone steak _____ | 18. Scootin'-long-the-shore _____ |
| 7. Featherbeds _____ | 19. Baked walleyed pike _____ |
| 8. Key lime pie _____ | 20. Sweet potato pie _____ |
| 9. Jambalaya _____ | 21. Scrapple _____ |
| 10. Huff juff _____ | 22. Crackling bread _____ |
| 11. Hoe cakes _____ | 23. Beaten biscuits _____ |
| 12. Jonny cake _____ | 24. Indian pudding _____ |

1. **South Carolina.** Benne seeds are grown only in the area around Charleston and are used extensively by Carolina cooks in baking. They resemble sesame seeds in appearance and flavor. Benne wafers are a favorite cookie of the area.

2. **Massachusetts,** particularly the Cape Cod region. Blueberry slump—or grunt or flummery, as it is sometimes called—is a type of bread pudding made with blueberries.

3. **Massachusetts and Connecticut.** This old-fashioned dish consists of cooked fish, boiled rice, hard-boiled eggs and curry powder mixed with sautéed onions in a cream sauce. Kedgerees are often served with fried tomatoes for breakfast.

4. **Iowa.** Rhubarb is known as pieplant in Iowa, which makes this simply a rhubarb pie.

5. **Virginia.** From an ancient English recipe, syllabub was a favorite drink of our earliest settlers. It consists of light cream, sherry and sugar, whisked together. As the foam rises, it is spooned into tall glasses and served chilled.

6. **California.** Abalone is a shell fish, reminiscent of scallops in flavor.

7. **New Hampshire.** As the name suggests, featherbeds are light, fluffy rolls made with potato dough.

8. **Florida.** Made with limes, this Florida special is similar to lemon meringue pie, but more tart.

9. **Louisiana.** This might be called a spicy Creole version of hash, with rice as the base. Onions, green peppers, shrimp, fish, chicken, pork, or whatever is at hand, plus spices, can be added with impunity.

10. **Maine.** Called Holy Pokes in Connecticut, this is simply deep-fried bread dough. Served with butter and maple syrup, it makes a delicious breakfast.

11. **Georgia.** Corn meal, a staple of the early settlers, was mixed with lard and boiling water and formed into a dough. The dough was originally baked on a hoe in the hearth ashes, hence, hoe cakes. Pans are used instead of hoes nowadays, but the dish is still a Georgia favorite.

12. **Rhode Island.** If spelled with an "h"—johnny cake—it could be found almost anywhere in New England. Both spellings are corruptions of the original "Journey Cake," a staple accompaniment of travelers in Colonial America. The "cakes" consist of corn meal mixed with boiling water, beaten and browned on a hot skillet. They could easily be packed and kept for days.

13. **South Carolina,** specifically Charleston. The title suggests Maryland, but this is purely a Carolina product and a local source of joy. Like most Charleston cooking, it is rich, elegant and full of calories. Badly corrupted when transported to other regions, the *original* Lady Baltimore is a light white cake with a frothy raisin, pecan and fig filling and delectable egg white frosting.

14. **Cape Cod, Massachusetts.** This is the Cape's whimsical name for fried clams. Rolled in corn meal or bread crumbs and deep fried, they are delicious.

15. **Pennsylvania.** The pie is better than the name, thank goodness. A flour, sugar, molasses, butter and

baking soda mixture, it is sprinkled with crumbs and baked in a standard pie shell.

16. **New Orleans, Louisiana.** To describe calas graphically cannot do it justice. Baldly stated, it is a boiled rice dough, mixed with eggs, sugar and nutmeg and dropped by spoonfuls into deep hot fat, to form round cakes. Drained, sprinkled with powdered sugar, the cakes are served with morning coffee.

17. **Virginia.** This favorite of Colonial times can still be found occasionally. Mashed, boiled gooseberries are mixed with sugar and sieved. When the mixture is chilled, boiled custard is poured over it, with whipped cream on top. The "fool" is served with cookies.

18. **Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.** This fisherman's dish is still highly popular on the island. Raw potatoes and thinly sliced onions are sautéed slowly in bacon fat until crusty. Then they are served with fried or boiled fish, hearty fare for old whalers and today's tourists too.

19. **Minnesota.** In this state probably the favorite fish of all.

20. **North Carolina.** Boiled, mashed sweet potatoes are mixed with beaten egg, sugar, butter, milk and rum, and baked in a one-crust pie shell. A Carolina favorite, but variations are found throughout the South.

21. **Pennsylvania.** Another one of those dishes that taste better than they sound, scrapple is made from meat of a hog's head and feet, boiled, with seasonings, and corn meal mush added. It is cooled until it stiffens. It is then cut in thick slices and lightly browned. It is served for breakfast with fried apples.

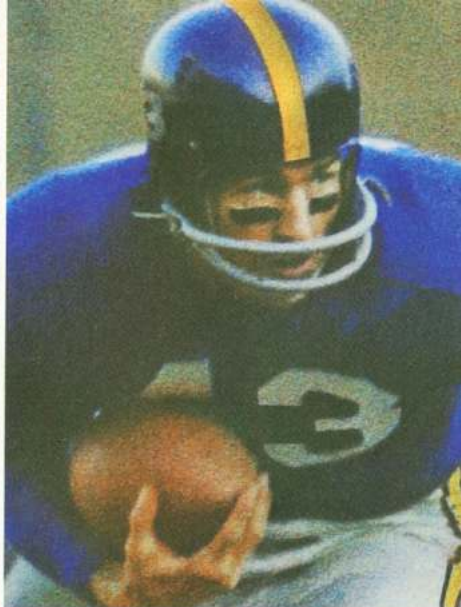
22. **Georgia.** Another corn meal stand-by, crackling bread is almost as old as Georgia. Corn meal and scalded milk are mixed into a stiff dough to which cracklings, cut in small pieces, are added. The dough is then molded into oblong cakes and baked.

23. **Maryland.** A biscuit mixture of flour, salt, lard, milk and water, this dough literally takes a beating—for 30 minutes with a rolling pin on a floured board. The dough is then shaped with a biscuit cutter, baked and served hot.

24. **Massachusetts.** This pudding was once made in all of the original thirteen colonies, but it is associated most consistently with the Bay State. Corn meal—here we go again—is cooked with molasses, salt, sugar, ginger, cinnamon and butter, and then turned into a baking dish. Cold milk is then poured over the batter, and it is baked for three hours and served hot with cream, hard sauce, or ice cream if desired.

Scoreboard: Allow two points for each state identified correctly, two points for each dish you recognized, and add four for good luck. A score of 80 to 100 indicates you are well-traveled, well-read, well-fed, or all three; 60 to 80 suggests you could be more adventurous in your eating habits. If you hit below 60, it could mean the time is ripe for you to make a trip around the country!

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Fairlaner!

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Fairlaner!

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