

FORD TIMES



july 1952



designs by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures No. 2—NIAGARA FALLS

It was a great adventure in those turn-of-the-century days. Luggage in the rear seat, more in the running board rack. Tank under the front seat, full of gas. Acetylene tank refilled and ready. Brasswork shining. Dusters and goggles for the grown-ups. Basket of fried chicken on the floor boards. "Climb in, children. Father's getting impatient."

Spark low, throttle high. Mother pulls the wire choke. Father bends. One yank, two, three. A muttered phrase while mother looks anxious. Then four cylinders sputter into life. Mother releases the choke, shoves up the spark lever, edges down the throttle—familiar moves, learned the hard way.

The engine is purring. Mother thumbs the Blue Book, reading: "7.3 miles. Turn right at the Baptist Church." It's the first lap of the first trip to Niagara Falls, eighth wonder of the world and mecca of honeymooners and tight-rope daredevils.

Parked on the bank, Ford Models N, C and T. Remember?

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My Favorite Town—

BUTTE, MONTANA

by R. H. Fletcher

paintings by Elizabeth Lochrie

BUTTE's most loyal citizens concede that their town isn't beautiful. But in the same breath they point out proudly that it is the greatest mining camp in the world—a mile high and a mile deep—the richest hill on earth. The Hill is a western spur of the continental divide, honeycombed to a depth of 4,200 feet with over a thousand miles of drifts and stopes. Its complex vein system has produced millions of dollars' worth of copper, zinc and manganese, and there is no end in sight.

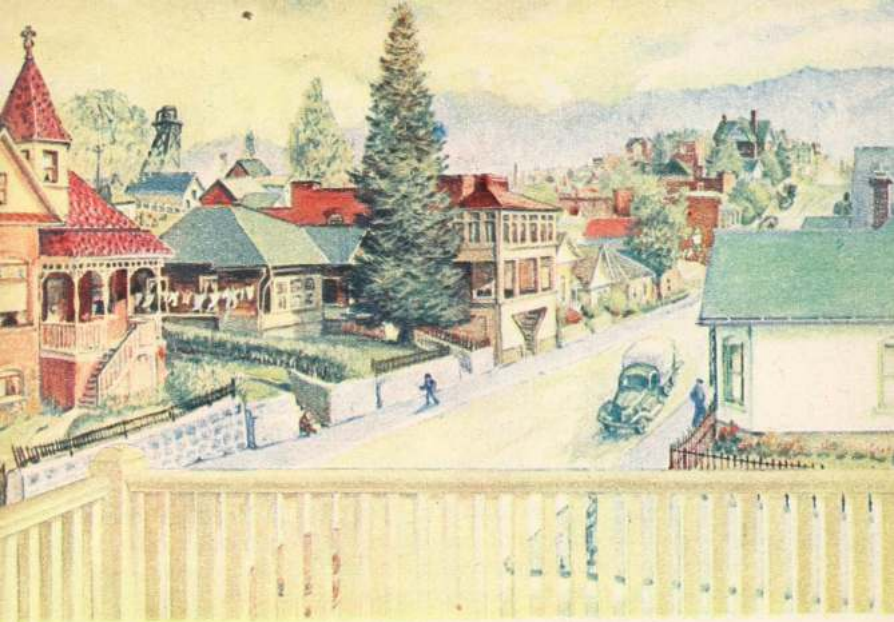
It isn't a big city—maybe 40,000, including suburbs. Residential areas are widely scattered. There is a democratic, if not esthetic, mingling of log cabin, imported chateau, modest bungalow, Colonial mansion, gingerbread cottage and plain, uninspired house. Interspersed among them are occasional mine shafts, tracks and dumps. The dull reverberation of blasting far beneath the surface may startle visitors, but it's a homey sound to the Butte born-and-bred.

To be known as a Butte miner carries distinction in the craft. The Hill has always attracted master miners from other states and countries. Anyone from a foreign land is almost sure to find a neighborhood here that speaks his language. Each group maintains its individuality, and topping them all are the volatile Irish, who came early and are staying late. There are more Sullivans than Smiths in the Butte phone book.

Strange stories have been told about Butte's many facets—

Above right: Looking east along Granite Street

Below right: "Big Butte," northwest of town



her industrial importance, her turbulent history, her weird politics—but it's the lovable, laughable antics of her people—especially the Irish—that give the camp color and make it my favorite town.

It was the Irish who used to hire the Cornish band to head their St. Patrick's Day parades, because they could never organize a band of their own. Not that each broth of a bye couldn't lilt a lay or toot a horn with the best of musicians, but each one insisted on being the leader.

The name of Mayor Pat Mullins goes ringing down the corridors of time for having introduced President Teddy Roosevelt to the assembled Butte populace as "the Hero of San Diego Hill." Callahan the Bum was a big-hearted soul with an uncontrollable thirst. In an indigo mood he spent most of one afternoon trying to hang himself. Being a gregarious individual he chose a busy downtown street for his farewell performance and used a convenient awning rope. The passing crowd displayed only a mild interest and offered no interference, on the assumption that it was a private rather than a community affair. This piqued Mister Callahan no end. He finally gave up the attempt, darkly avowing to the world at large that he "would have shown 'em something pretty fancy in suicides if the damn rope hadn't choked me so."

Another Butte Irishism concerns Patsy O'Hara, who called at the light company's office to register a kick and encountered Danny Leary at the desk. Said Patsy, "Oi have a complaint to make. Me light meter crapes."

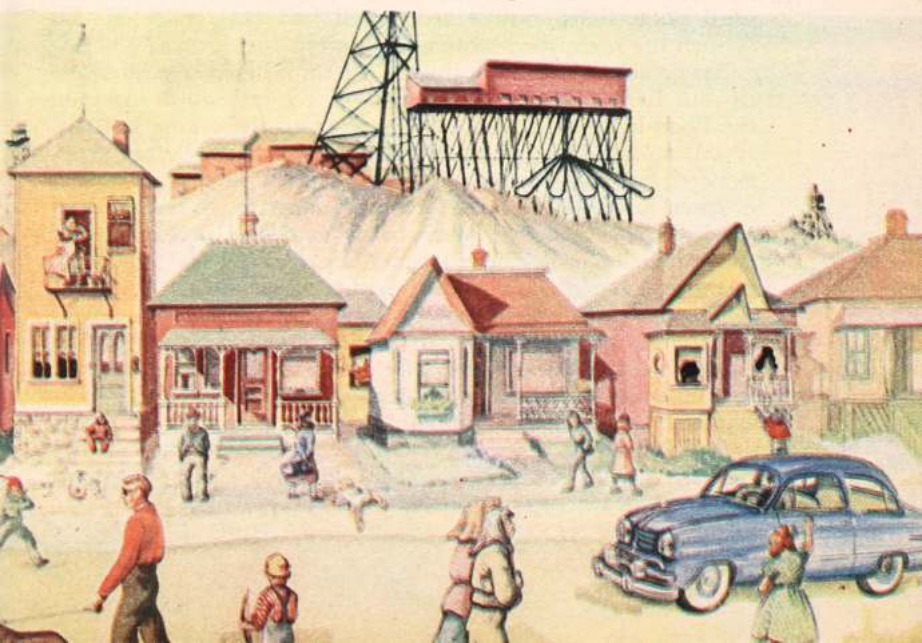
"Creeps, is it," said Danny, "and how do you know?"

"It's in a dark closet," said Patsy. "Oi've suspected the spalpeen for a long toime so this mornin' I snuck in, turned on the light real quick, and there is was crapin', bad cess to it."

Said Danny, "And if it wouldn't be creepin' when you turned on the light we would be after puttin' in a new wan."

The party-loving, sentimental folks from the Emerald Isle get a temporal as well as a spiritual satisfaction out of wakes—a custom which they have made prevalent in Butte. Irish eyes can weep as readily as they can smile, but not for long. Friends go to pay their respects and to convey their condolences, then linger for the social aspects of the occasion. They know that the departed would encourage them to do so were he

Alice Mine, from Daly Street→



in a position to express himself, but unfortunately his position is usually recumbent.

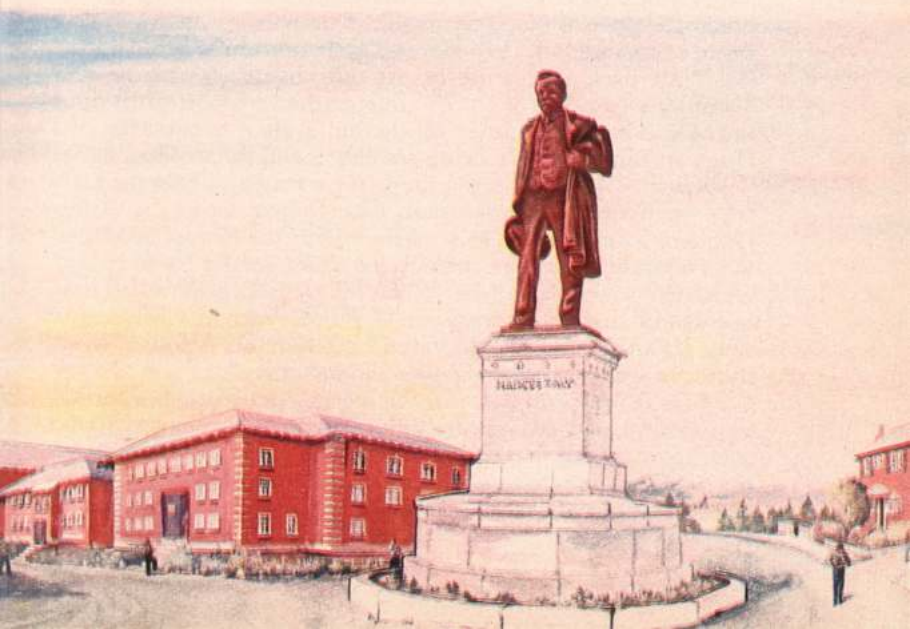
Next to wakes, the Irish enjoy politics most. This penchant makes a Butte ballot read like a Dublin directory. They also have a flair for nicknames and it is a drab character who doesn't have some descriptive moniker added to the one his parents gave him. Sometimes they are more frank than complimentary. Redneck, Ears, Straight-back, Mickey the Scamp, Wrinkle, Gooseneck, Skid, Hammer Head, The Bull, Creeper, Rimmer, and Rags are among the milder appellations, current and past. When Mrs. Finnegan and her brood of comely daughters blossomed out in new mink coats, or reasonable facsimiles thereof, they were dubbed the Fur-bearing Finnegans.

However it was the Cornishmen, or Cousin Jacks, as they are known in mining circles, who introduced dog racing in Butte. Out of that pastime grew the country's professional dog racing, with the greyhounds pursuing Rusty, the uncatchable electric rabbit that runs on a rail. On certain summer nights at the track out on the Flat south of town the pari-mutuel windows are very busy. Much ritual attends the procedure from the time the lean entries are paraded in the paddock until photo-finish results are posted and bets collected. To disturb the prescribed sequence is heresy.

Nevertheless, one night during the third event some humorist—an Irishman, maybe?—turned a live jackrabbit loose on the flood-lighted back stretch, in front of the racing hounds. It was an inspiration such as the dogs had never before experienced, but they were equal to it. They let out an extra link of speed and left the track for parts unknown, in the wake of the bouncing, dodging quarry. Pandemonium broke loose in the grandstand, and there was neither rejoicing nor lamenting in Butte that night, for all bets had to be declared off.

Butte citizens are partial to dogs, and the canines are as variable in antecedents as are their owners. The job of dog catcher pays well, but the City Council always has trouble finding someone willing to accept the honor and the honorarium. It makes a person unpopular with much of the citizenry, and as fast as the dog catcher can clap unsponsored dogs into the cage on his truck, Butte kids quietly let them out.

The real story of Butte literally goes deeper than the surface



froth and frosting. It is a story of brains, industry and engineering, the tale of two cities, one beneath the other, the saga of thousands of men at work underground, with not much more indication on top than the throaty harmony of mine whistles, the spin of sheave wheels on gallows frames, the occasional rumble of ore trains. It is a story of progress from hand-operated windlasses to million-dollar electric hoists that snatch skips full of ore from levels 2,000, 3,000, even 4,000 feet below surface, and dump them in bins on top with delicate precision—15,000 tons a day for a normal operation.

Miners in hard hats and digging clothes gather, lunch buckets in hand, at shaft collars when it is time to change shifts. Men appear or drop out of sight as double deck cages shuttle up and down the shafts. It is all very orderly and efficient. There is no perceptible glamour, yet out of those shafts has come about three billion dollars' worth of metals. For years the Hill furnished one third of the nation's copper, and it now produces ninety-five per cent of its manganese. This story of production is important for without it there would be no Butte, with its checkered past and picturesque present.

The only one of Butte's copper kings to be memorialized by friends and admirers was Marcus Daly, the Irishman whose faith turned Butte from a moribund silver camp into a copper bonanza. One of his race horses, Tammany, was the idol of Butte's track addicts. Whenever Tammany was entered on the Big Time back east, Butte bet its collective shirt on him, and Tammany came through. In appreciation, his portrait is done in colored hardwood inlay on the buffet floor of the Montana Hotel in Butte's neighboring smelter town, Anaconda.

When the Irish collected funds for a statue of Marcus Daly they went first class, as usual. The bronze figure by Saint-Gaudens stands on the crest of the hill at the School of Mines, where Marcus can scan the city for which he did so much and which did so much for him. When the statue was unveiled only one complaint was registered. Timothy Aloysius McCarthy said, "Faith, they should have had him on a foine, white harse. Marcus was always nuts about harses."

There is only one Butte in the world—generous, boisterous, sentimental, swaggering, friendly. Nowhere else have I found such spontaneous and prodigal response to charitable or patriotic call, such whimsical humor and mischief, or such an assortment of unusual characters. Live there a little while and Butte will be your favorite city, too. ■

No Bag Limit —on Trash

story and photograph

by Mildred J. Ericson



Visitors to the national parks this summer may be left "holding the bag," but most of them won't mind. Brown paper sacks will be handed to them as they enter, to enlist their cooperation in keeping the parks tidy. On the bags, in bold green letters, is this plea:

**This is Your
TRASH BAG**

Please use it as a container for your waste paper, tin cans, bottles and other debris, and empty it in one of the trash cans provided for your convenience.

This is your National Park.
Help maintain its beauty.

National Park Service

The idea, originated by District Ranger Gordon K. Patterson, was

tried in Mount Rainier National Park, Washington, for one week in 1950. The public responded magnificently. The park lost its littered look, rangers were freed for more important tasks than picking up garbage, and the Park Service, never too affluent, saved money badly needed for other projects. This year trash bags will be used in many other national parks.

The Mount Rainier experiment proved that most tourists like to share the responsibility of keeping the park clean. Only one person objected. When a ranger handed her a trash bag, the visitor haughtily replied, "Young man, we eat our garbage!" The rangers wish all tourists did. Failing that, the trash bag system works admirably. ■

The Multitude Climbs

story and photographs by Willard Luce

How would you like to hike to the top of a 12,000-foot mountain, past myriads of waterfalls, fields of wild flowers, and a clear, glacier-born lake? How would you like to climb a mile-long glacier and slide back down it again? How would you like to stand atop Mt. Timpanogos and look down into Utah Valley, seeing the checkerboard of fields and orchards, of towns and cities, seeing the smoke and towers of Geneva Steel, seeing Utah Lake and beyond to the desert with its row after row of low mountain ranges stretching on to the end of the earth?

People in Utah have been doing just this for the past forty years; and you can do it, too, if you'll come during the last of July and participate in the annual Timp Hike, sponsored by Brigham Young University of Provo.

Last year 1294 people made the five-mile trek from Aspen Grove to the top of Timpanogos. As many as 1500 have reached the summit in peak years. Despite this and the fact that youngsters of four and youngsters of eighty have made the hike, it's still a hard and grueling climb.

Things officially get under way the night before with a prehike program in the outdoor Theatre of the Pines at Aspen Grove. Upwards to 4000 annually attend this program which is usually climaxed by a pageant portraying the Legend of Timpanogos.

According to the legend, a long, long time ago, the God Timpanogos became angry with the people, and Utahna, the loveliest, most beautiful of all the Indian maidens, was chosen as a human sacrifice to appease him. Sadly Utahna left her people and went up the mountain, higher and higher, past even the clouds, until at last she reached the top-most crags. Here, as she prepared to throw herself over the edge, she heard her name called. Turning she beheld the figure of a brave, tall and straight and handsome.

*Above right: Many waterfalls cross Timpanogos Trail.
Below right: From the Saddle the trail still goes upward.*



Believing him to be the God Timpanogos, she became his bride and was wonderfully happy at first. But as the days grew into weeks, she came to know within her heart that there was no god. Instead he was a man of human flesh and blood. She had been fooled and the God Timpanogos was still angry and unappeased.

One night she slipped away and again climbed to the tip-top of the mountain. This time she threw herself over the edge. That's why today you can see the form of beautiful Utahna creating the skyline of Mt. Timpanogos.

This isn't an Indian legend, incidentally. It comes instead from the imagination of E. L. "Timpanogos" Roberts, who founded the Timp Hike forty years ago while on the faculty of Brigham Young University.

After the program, a huge bonfire is lighted and at four o'clock the next morning, hiking begins.

The trail leaves Aspen Grove, zig-zagging across the face of the mountain. Here the trees and shrubs and smaller plants grow thick, and crowd against the trail. As you climb higher, the sun comes out and you pass countless little icy springs and numerous waterfalls. Some years you have to cross over huge snow banks that cover the trail. And always on the mountain side you pass fields of wild flowers. Farther up are a few huge evergreens; then these, too, fall behind and you come to the scrub spruce at timberline.

Eventually you come to Emerald Lake at the foot of the glacier. This is a favorite resting spot and a good place to eat the lunch you brought along.

Above you stretches the mile-long glacier reaching up to the low pass called The Saddle. It isn't a glacier really, but a perpetual snow field. By now the sun is hot and the snow is slushy and slippery, and a hiking stick comes in handy. The first part isn't steep and you can make fairly good time. After that comes the hardest part of the hike. You go slowly, kicking the sides of your feet into the snow and zig-zagging back and forth. The last little bit is almost straight up. You climb it by a series of foot-and-hand holes kicked out by those who went before you.

Then quite suddenly you're on top.

On two sides of you the mountain ledges push still higher

Emerald Lake is at the bottom of the glacier→



into the sky; but somehow you disregard this and the feeling comes that you have reached the top of the earth. Below you the glacier sweeps downward to the now distant Emerald Lake. Beyond it the world drops away, only to shoot up again in the form of huge mountain peaks.

You move through the Saddle and look down to the westward. Here, 7000 feet below, is the patchwork quilt of farms and orchards, of towns and cities, that is Utah Valley.

The top of Timpanogos is still a mile farther on. Later you will look down on these same scenes, but they will not seem the same, for it was here that you came up one side of a mountain and looked down the other side. Nothing that comes later will give you quite the same feeling.

But there's a different feeling waiting for you on the way back down—the tingling, stomach-tickling thrill of glacier sliding!

Glacier sliding is really quite simple. You don't need a sled or a toboggan or even a scoop shovel. You just sit down and push yourself off, and suddenly you're shooting downward like a roller coaster on the down-grade. Snow flies into the air and back into your face. You gasp for breath. You fight to keep in a sitting position.

Your stomach keeps flopping and the seat of your pants gets wet. You want to stop and shake the snow out of your pants legs. But you don't stop; not, at least, until you've slid the length of a city block. Then you can usually stop and stand up and do a little shaking; but you don't have to. With a little pushing with your hands and heels you can easily coast for another block. And after that you can stand up and skate on your feet to the bottom of the glacier.

After a short rest at Emerald Lake, your clothes dry out and you're ready for the rest of the hike back to Aspen Grove and your car.

Back home you'll tell how hard it is to hike to the top of Mt. Timpanogos. You'll tell how your legs and your back ached before you got there. And you'll swear by all the gods of Timpanogos never to go glacier sliding again. But you will. Next year you'll be back along with about 1200 other people.

It's that way with the Timp Hike. 

(For further information about this year's Timp Hike, write to Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah.)



photograph by Fred Nunn

On the Hangtown Trail— a one-picture story

LATE IN JULY each year they tear a century or more off the calendar in the California gold country by running a wagon train caravan over the old Emigrant Trail—sixty-eight miles from the Nevada-California border at Lake Tahoe, westward to Placerville, or Old Hangtown.

It was a major route of the gold-hungry Forty-niners, and today they try to simulate it as closely as possible—stage coaches, covered wagons, overland freighters rescued from dusty barns, sheriff's posses, masked riders, plus a little corn, such as a damsel in distress.

The trip is popular and exciting, and the route, U. S. 50, is lined with visitors, whose kids sometimes get a ride in a stage rig, or behind the saddle of a bewhiskered posse-man. They don't care who joins them in celebrating "the days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."



CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

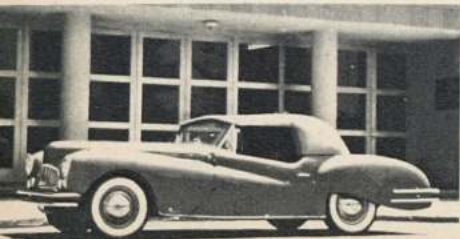
OW. TIMM, who is engaged in the manufacture of aircraft sub-assemblies in Van Nuys, California, sent the above picture of what he calls the Timm Coach, offering spacious and complete living quarters for four persons.

Construction of the coach in general is similar to that of the N2T-1 Navy training plane which Timm's firm built during the recent war. Powered by a Ford V-8 engine with three-speed synchromesh transmission, the coach is built of steel, aluminum, and natural-finish mahogany plywood.

Seats at the front and at the rear each convert into a double bed, their five-inch foam rubber cushions sliding together to form mattresses. By day the rear seats, with a table set up between, serve as a dining nook. The 70-gallon water supply, carried in an aluminum tank under the front end of the coach, is automatically pumped to the galley sink and to the bath room which contains a shower, wash basin, toilet, medicine cabinet, and lockers. Electric outlets are provided for a variety of appliances.

Timm reports that in ten months of traveling through deserts and mountains fuel consumption has averaged 10.9 miles per gallon at cruising speeds of from 50 to 60 miles.

In the January, 1951, *FORD TIMES* appeared a photograph





of the Nacional, a custom automobile built around a Ford engine and chassis by the Mexican firm of Distribuidora Mexicana, S. A. At lower left is a picture of the second custom body put out by that concern. The body is mounted on a standard 1950 Mercury chassis and engine.

Eel Small, body shop foreman for the Willis Brothers Company, Leitchfield, Kentucky, saw a small picture of the Model A Ford of 1903 and was inspired to build the replica shown above. Small collected a Model T Ford, a couple of buggies, and odd pieces of sheet metal as materials for his project. He used a two-cylinder motorcycle engine to approximate the engine that powered the original car. Six months later he came up with his creditable reconstruction of the early Model A. Wheels are from the later vintage Model A. He believes the car will go 60 mph, but hasn't summoned the nerve to try it.

Desire for a custom-built car and lack of cash caused Stanley Davidson, Los Angeles, to spend three years building his own, pictured at lower right. With no knowledge of welding, metal working, or body building, Davidson combined parts of a half-dozen different makes in assembling his trim sports car. Heart of the car is the suspension system from a '49 Mercury and a '41 Ford V8 engine modified from stock by an increased bore, a high-speed camshaft, and 8.75:1 high compression heads.





Playland in Westchester

by Robert Hodesh

paintings by Alois Fabry, Jr.

IF ANY American amusement park deserves to be known as the model of them all, it is Playland, at Rye Beach on Long Island Sound.

Here when the kids shriek with joy, an assortment of birds will join in the fun. Here, instead of garish advertising and barkers with gravelly throats, you have gentle music and more flowers than anyone could count. Here, for the first time in the history of American amusement parks, a gardener got priority over a pitchman.

Statistics can't do the job of assessing the value of Playland. It doesn't hold a candle to, say, Coney Island. It has, for example, a mere fifty fun rides. But these are grouped along a thousand-foot-long park which is lined with colonnades and filled with flowers and formally-arranged pin oaks. The lawns are cared for tenderly, and it takes sixteen gardeners to keep the place in top shape.

When Playland opened in 1928, there wasn't an amusement park like it in the country. It was built from the ground up on the theory that trees, flowers and tasteful landscaping wouldn't diminish the fun of the merry-go-round, the whip, and the Ferris wheel. The theory has worked out fine. Last year a million and a half people had fun at Playland. Foreign countries and other communities in the U. S. have noted the success, and commissions have come from as far as Brazil, Israel and Japan to study ways of adapting its innovations to their own park and playground systems.

In the presence of such refined and intelligently-planned fun, it is hard to believe that before Playland was established, Rye Beach was a conglomeration of bungalows and assorted buildings. John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy, used to train for fights there in the old days, while pickpockets circulated through the crowd. Among the amusements were a

Above left: The pool and an excursion boat.

Below left: Midway and rides at Rye Beach.



←*Children's park at Playland.*

steam-driven merry-go-round and any number of crooked games. The place was a scandal to the jay birds.

In 1926, Westchester County, acting on strong protests from surrounding towns, bought the land and buildings for \$10,000,000 and proceeded to clean house. Displaying the characteristic regard for public recreation that has made Westchester one of the most progressive counties in the country, the park commission hired Frank W. Darling, an engineer for a scenic railway, to redesign the place. Darling even named it, thus adding a new word to the English language.

Among Playland's innovations is the use of scrip, which visitors buy on entering and use for the amusements instead of money. The management itself operates the rides, thus eliminating the competition that leads to lurid signs and loud pitchmen.

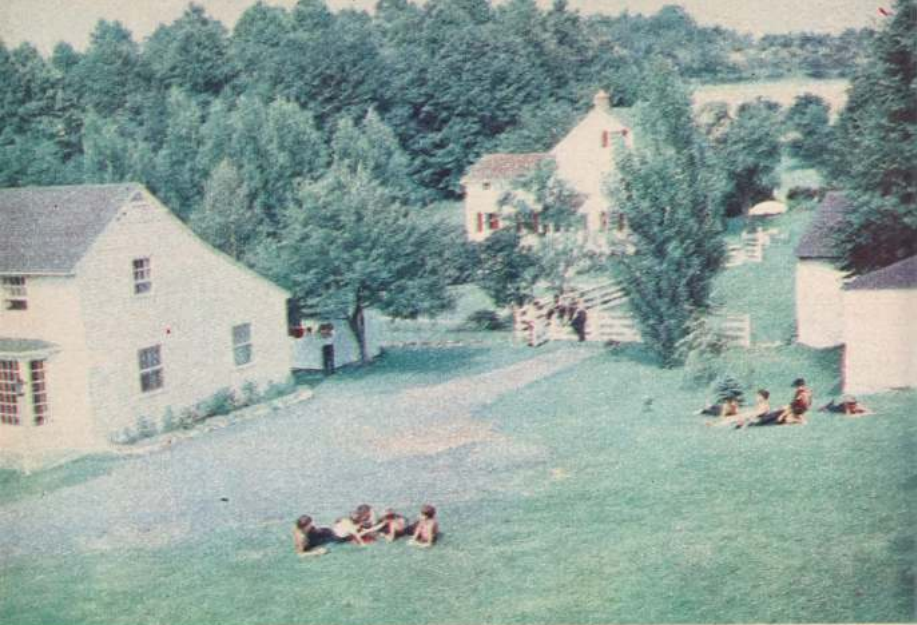
Playland is a favorite destination for high school outings, and on a spring day special trains bring students from as far as Springfield, Massachusetts, and Philadelphia. Visitors also come by boat. Sometimes as many as nine boats will come in on Long Island Sound to Playland's dock, decanting up to 3000 persons each.

Typical of Playland's attention to its visitors' pleasure is the expenditure of \$60,000 a year on checking the safety of the rides. One year the commissioners appropriated \$50,000 to spread new sand on the beach because the strand had worn thin and the soles of the swimmers were being cut on razor-back clams.

If Playland was designed for the common man, it has also attracted the nobility. Years back, the Duke of Windsor, when he was the Prince of Wales, used to play there with his friends, sliding down a forty-foot chute-the-chute on a burlap sack. On another occasion, people riding on the fast merry-go-round, whose horses were hand-carved in France, saw Clark Gable on the horse ahead of them.

When children are lost, it is Playland's policy first to describe them on the public address system, and then admit them to all rides free until they are claimed. One day recently, when there seemed to be an unusual number of lost children, Col. Allan MacNicol, Playland's director, conducted an inquiry. It turned out the *mothers* were getting lost—not the kids. ■

←*An acre of fun for tiny tots.*



United Nations, Jr.

story and photographs by Jay Dugan

UP in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania there is a boys' camp based on the theory that baseball and chocolate sodas can do as much to cement international relations as military treaties.

During the summer eighteen boys from six foreign countries go to a handsome ninety-acre farm at Riegelsville and learn from an equal number of American boys about an America that is tanned, wears dungarees, and loves sports. Selected in their home countries for qualities of leadership, the boys go back and become a teen-age Voice of America, spreading by word of mouth American customs, lore and history.

International Boys Camp is the brainchild of Karl J. Hansen, a New York advertising executive, and his wife. It opened in 1949, with the Hansens donating the facilities of the camp and footing the bill for transportation. Since then, the idea has received so much attention that other organizations and individuals have underwritten the costs. Among the distinguished Americans behind this experiment are Mrs. Ruth Bryan Rhode, former minister to Denmark; Harold G. Hoffman, former governor of New Jersey; and George J. Beldock, justice of the New York Supreme Court.

The boys, who have so far represented Denmark, Norway, China, Greece, France, and Sweden, live a typical camp life during their stay in the Poconos. It includes early reveille and plenty of swimming, baseball, eats, and music. A European-Asiatic sextet singing "Home on the Range" around the camp fire is said to be an experience worth hearing.

Only two of the boys elected to go to church the first Sunday in camp, but the number grew to ten the following week. The sudden conversion was explained when it turned out that there was a drug store near the church. The other eight boys were sluicing down chocolate sodas during services. ■



Four Forts in Four States

photographs by Robert Holland

THERE could hardly be a more appropriate day to visit forts than the Fourth of July, and there is no lack of forts to visit. Almost every state has its quota. They range in size from tiny blockhouses where pioneers sought the doubtful shelter of wooden palisades, to modern, multiple-acred establishments equipped with antiaircraft batteries ready to do business at the drop of a hat. The first-named variety, however, has the advantage of being educational, quaint, and open to the public. Here are four samples, in as many states:

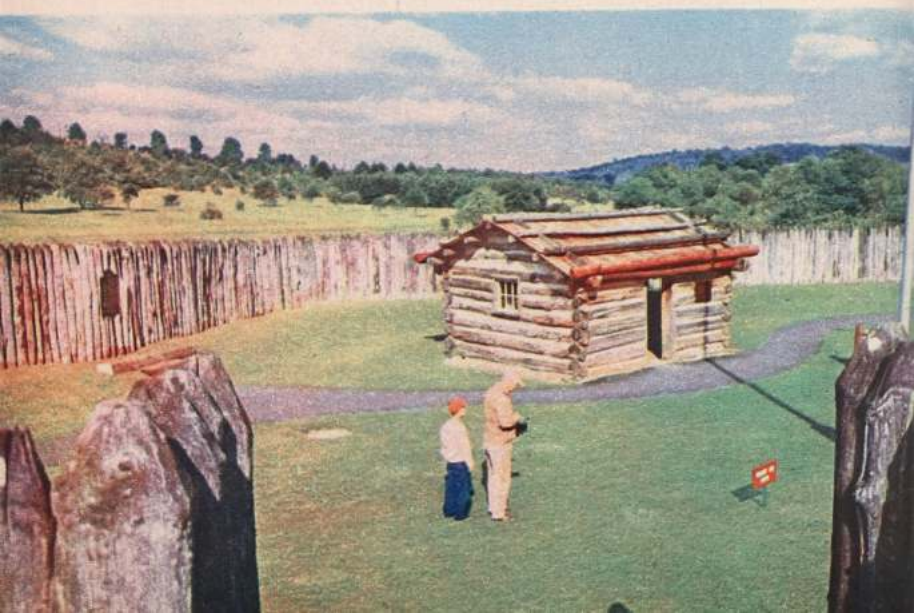
Tiny Fort Edgecomb is about forty-six miles north of Portland, Maine, just off U. S. Highway 1. It was built in 1808-1809 to protect the village of Wiscasset from unfriendly warships, either French or British. The octagonal wooden blockhouse, built of wooden-pegged square timbers of pine and ash, is well preserved. Earthworks and the remains of the gun emplacements are still visible. In 1816 Fort Edgecomb's heavy armaments were removed, never having been used in an engagement. Now the fort is surrounded by a pleasant park, with picnic facilities and a nice view.

Fort Ticonderoga, between Lake George and Lake Champlain in northern New York, had a much different destiny: its site saw action before the fort itself was built. In 1609 the first pitched battle between white men and Indians is supposed to have taken place here; 150 years later the French built Fort Vaudreuil on the site. Later it was enlarged and known as Fort Carillon and then, under English control, Fort Ticonderoga.

On May 9, 1775, Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys surprised the British garrison in the fort. There are two versions of Allen's remarks on this occasion. One is that he demanded a surrender "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The other is that he hollered something like, "Come out of your hole, you white-livered skunk!"

Above left: Fort Edgecomb, Maine.

Below left: Fort Ticonderoga, New York.



← *Fort McHenry, Maryland*

The fort was later retaken and held by the British. Fort Ticonderoga is owned by the Pell family, which is restoring it. The fort is a mile east of the town of Ticonderoga.

Fort McHenry, in Baltimore, Maryland, is one which every schoolboy knows as the birthplace of "The Star Spangled Banner." At the time Francis Scott Key wrote the lyrics that became our national anthem he was being detained, because of an accident of circumstances, on an American ship at the rear of the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay while the British attempted a land-and-sea attack on Baltimore, during the War of 1812. When morning broke on September 14, Key finally got an affirmative answer to his impassioned question, "Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?" Fort McHenry was made a National Monument in 1939.

Fort Necessity, Pennsylvania, was so named by its builder, George Washington, whose first major military skirmish occurred here. It is now a National Battlefield Site, and is located on U. S. 40, eleven miles east of Uniontown.

The opening engagement of the French and Indian War, fought by England and France for the control of the North American continent, occurred at Fort Necessity in 1754. The French, flouting the suggestion of Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia that they withdraw from the area, had built Fort Duquesne at the fork of the Ohio River, where Pittsburgh now stands. A small regiment of Virginians under Colonel Joshua Fry set out from Virginia to repulse them. After Fry's death Washington took command. In the subsequent fighting the French commander, Jumonville, was killed, and it was his death which set France and England at each other's throats. Washington established Fort Necessity at Great Meadows and attempted to defend it, but was hopelessly outnumbered by French and Indians. He did, however, achieve an honorable settlement, under which he and his men were allowed to retain their arms and baggage. The date of his retreat was to become doubly historic. Twenty-two years later, to the day, Washington was again fighting—this time against the British instead of with them—and the Continental Congress in Philadelphia had just adopted the Declaration of Independence. It was the Fourth of July. ■

← *Fort Necessity, Pennsylvania*



Two Views of the Pacific Shore

photographs by Josef Muench

ONE of the most photogenic stretches of land and sea in the U. S. is the Pacific coast in the vicinity of San Diego. Thousands of feet of film have been exposed to it, yet each new picture is as fresh as the last.

In the upper picture, opposite, is the seascape from Torrey Pines Park, framed by trees that seem to flee before the wind. These trees are thought to be the rarest in North America. There are three thousand in the Torrey Pines grove, and another hundred on Santa Barbara Island, and none elsewhere in the world, so far as anyone knows.

The picture was taken from U. S. 101, which threads its way along the edge of the Pacific, and climbs, near this place, up a bluff to Torrey Pines Mesa.

In the lower picture is La Jolla—"the jewel." Here, within the city limits of San Diego, is a fine combination of suburb and exclusive beach resort. The ruggedness of the shore and the diamond-brilliance of the sea have persuaded easterners and others to build beautiful homes here.

Besides the exceptional man-made architecture, La Jolla is endlessly fascinating because of what nature provided. This includes La Jolla Caves, a series of caverns hollowed out by the action of the sea. Visitors reach it by a tunnel from Cave Boulevard, and then sample many views of the Pacific from the cave openings.

Also at La Jolla is the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, which has a marine museum and an aquarium open to the public. On the beach below the Institution it is possible to see the strange and varied sea life of the region. The sculpin darts about in rocky pools; the stingaree, with its whip-like tail, shows up in quiet waters; and that great mystery of salt water, the grunion, is caught while it lays its eggs in the high tide when the moon is full. ■



Convention City

Stock Yards

by Jay Dugan

paintings by Cal Dunn

ONE THING is certain about the national political conventions to be held this month in Chicago. Most of the weight will be carried by a burly delegation from the Southwest who will make plenty of noise but won't cast a single vote. Most of them will wear brown overcoats, bawl all the time and smell as if they lived in cow pastures—which they do.

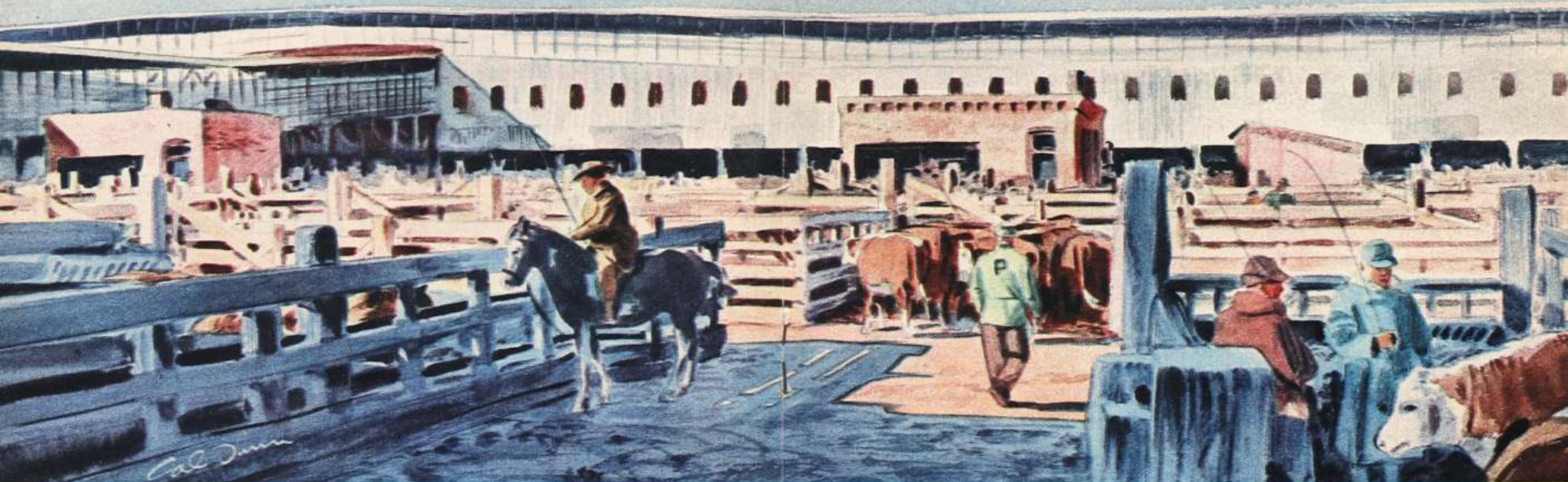
These are beef cattle, steak on the hoof, some 400,000 luscious pounds of it. They'll put up for a short stay at the Chicago Stock Yards, locale of the International Amphitheatre, where the convention sessions will be held.

Each day the Yards, biggest outdoor hotel in the world, furnish room and board to some 4,000 beeves, 3,000 petulant pigs and 1,500 shy sheep—none of them long for this world. But during his stay not one guest wakens to discover he's missing a prime rib, bacon slab or mutton chop for the Yards are merely a gigantic market. Here since Christmas Day, 1865, more than one billion animals have been sold.

Chicago's is the largest of the eight principal stock yards in the country. Besides facilities for handling record numbers of animals it has an imposing Inn for two-legged guests, a bank, 150 miles of railroad tracks, many stores including one where the dying embers of the harness-making art are fanned into life, a section of the city's elevated system and a mammoth auditorium where our next President will be nominated.

Above left: Old stone gate at the Chicago Stock Yards.

Below left: Buyer and commission man at work in pen.



General view of stock yards—scale house center and left, commission man at extreme right, overhead ramp in background.

All this occupies an area one mile long and half a mile wide in the southwest part of the city. Zeroing into it are vast fleets of trucks and twenty-eight railroad lines. Since two-thirds of the nation's livestock is raised west of the Mississippi and eaten east of it, this traffic is nearly all one way.

On foggy days Stock Yards visitors who can't see the skyscrapers of the Loop in the distance feel they've been transplanted to Montana. Everywhere there's the bustle, verve and aroma of a cow town. Mounted riders jog up straw-littered streets. Ten-gallon hats and high-heeled boots are the uniform of the day. "Roll your own" cigarettes hang limply from cracked lips. The heavy air is pierced with the shrill squeal of porkers and the whining complaints of steers.

Best place to view the Yards is from the roof of the Exchange Building in which the business of buying, selling, shipping and feeding the stock is transacted. It sits in the middle of the Yards like a nine-story bachelor surrounded by bawling babies. Stretching out on all sides are the pens, thousands of them. The scene suggests a newspaper puzzle maze out of which you try

to trace your way with a pencil. Through the maze runs a network of alleys down which the animals move after sale to weighing houses. Some of them are then reloaded for rail or truck shipment East. On most, though, the roof is about to fall in. This happens in the slaughter houses in adjoining Packingtown where little ones are made out of big ones.

Over to the East beyond the famous Stone Gate is the colossal Amphitheatre. It was built to house the annual International Live Stock Exposition, the fifty-second of which was held last November. This is the beauty contest of the cattle world and some 11,000 head of prize, preened livestock vie in it for \$100,000 worth of prizes. Blue ribbon winner in '51 was a bashful bovine named Toby whose top tenderloins, on the basis of his show auction price, would be valued at some \$30 per pound retail. While OPS set aside ceilings on prize show cattle for the auction, the Eastern distributor who bought Toby at \$6.70 per pound on the hoof had to absorb, possibly as advertising, the difference in price when those prime cuts were served to the public.

So huge is the auditorium that a full Army division of 12,000 men could be seated in the Arena, while all of its equipment and vehicles were comfortably housed nearby in the wings.

Adjoining is the Stock Yard Inn, a rambling hostel of surprising extremes. Inside the gingerbread exterior of ornate Tudor the forty-five-year-old hotel is somewhat spartan with dark wood paneling and hard wood chairs. Lounging about, some of them dressed like unemployed janitors, are visiting cattlemen many of whose holdings rival those of the Sheik of Kuwait. One in dogeared dungarees admitted when pressed that he had a "place" in Nebraska. When queried further it developed that "the Chicago-Northwestern Railroad runs through about twelve miles of the southern part."

The Sirloin Room of the Inn is built around an ice-capped Steak Throne. Here are displayed choice cuts of raw beef from which the Yards' recent prize guests were grudgingly parted. Diners select their steaks and with a branding iron from a blazing brazier personalize it as their own.

In one wing is the Saddle and Sirloin Club, a sort of Phi Beta Kappa of the stock world. Its membership is composed exclusively of cattle men responsible for millions of memories involving inch-thick tenderloins, juicy prime ribs and other epicurean ecstasies. Covering its oak walls is a handsome collection of three hundred oil paintings. Subjects are master stockmen who have made outstanding contributions to the science of animal husbandry.

The Yards never sleep. Most of the animals arrive at night or early in the morning. Under powerful floodlights they're carefully unloaded and guided into pens where they're watered and fed.

During sale hours from eight a.m. to two p.m. the pens are visited by pairs of mounted men. One of these is the commission agent representing the stock raiser. The other is a buyer, usually for a packing house, though any individual can purchase a single animal or a carload. With a slender whip the buyer nudges the animal around to see its conformation. This helps him judge whether the meat will be graded prime, choice, good or commercial by government inspectors. Buyers who aren't right at least ninety-nine per cent of the time in this exacting process suddenly find themselves suffering from an acute shortage of paychecks. All sales are the auction type, the broker accepting or rejecting offers

depending on the current demand, and on the quality and supply of his animals.

In the big packing houses livestock is dispatched and butchered under conditions of almost surgical sanitation. The process is a marvel of efficiency. In fact meat packers preceded even the automobile industry in the development of the assembly—or more accurately, disassembly—line techniques. So deft is the entire operation from sale to sirloin that a steak eating hay in the Chicago Stock Yards on Monday morning can be broiling in a Philadelphia housewife's oven on Saturday afternoon.

By-products of the butchering are their major source of revenue, packers say. The meat, surprisingly, is barely in the profit picture these days. One packer converts his inedible items into scores of different chemicals and drugs.

All of which would seem to substantiate the old saw that every part of the hog except the squeal is used. One wag goes that even one better. He claims that this elusive item is now being caught, canned and sold to hog callers. ■

Cattle shuttle through maze of alleys to scale house.



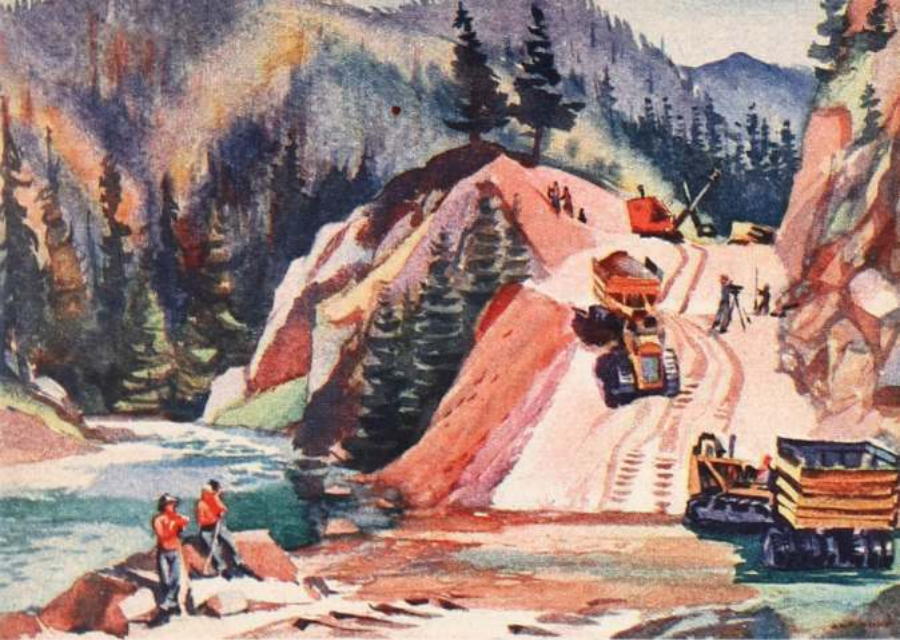


"Oh, Mr. Loveland, Mr. Loveland . . . speak to me . . . speak to me . . ."



Bill O'Malley

... did I flunk?"



Road construction along the Lochsa River

Lewis and Clark Highway

by Richard L. Neuberger

paintings by Alfred Dunn

AS HE DRIVES along the road through Black Canyon, Glenn Boy peers ahead intently for a look at the distant ridges which beckon from beyond the rim rock.

Glenn is a U. S. Forest Ranger and he could be searching for the first faint hint of fire. But another reason, too, turns his woodsman's eyes in the direction of the towering uplands. On those knife-like summits of rock and pine, history once was made—indeed, the most eventful history in all the stirring annals of the Pacific Northwest.

The ridges above Black Canyon are pitted with dark gorges,

but over this perilous route in 1805 staggered a column of hungry men and one slender Indian girl with a papoose seven months old on her back. They searched for a portal to the legendary Western Ocean, and the lean adventurer who led them carried a banner with a strange device, a banner never before seen in that vast wilderness. His name was Meriwether Lewis and the banner bore fifteen stripes of red and white and fifteen gleaming stars.

So this is why the tall forest ranger slows his automobile and looks upward in tribute toward the lofty Lolo Trail, when he wheels through the chasm carved by the murmuring Lochsa Fork of the Clearwater River. It was this fork which Lewis and his fellow Army officer William Clark called *Kooskooskee*, the stream that runs fast and clear.

No water could be clearer than that which surges in the Lochsa. Legend tells us that when Lewis and Clark dropped into this river one of the medals which President Jefferson intended as a gift for Indian chiefs, the words "Peace and Friendship" still could be read as they glistened from the river bottom. If a modern wayfarer boasting 20/20 vision were to repeat the deed today with a coin, perhaps he could discern through the marvelously transparent mountain water the date that the money was minted.

Not so long ago it took a remote pilgrimage by horseback or on foot to flip a coin into the Lochsa. Now it can be done from the comfortable seat of a sedan.

Up this stream of crystal-clear water and great tradition threads a road. For twenty-three miles eastward from the Idaho town of Kooskia, which is on State Highway 9, the road follows the Middle Fork of the Clearwater River. At the trading post of Lowell, twin streams merge their foaming resources to form the Middle Fork. One is the Lochsa, and this the road follows. The other is the Selway, and five miles up this companion stream stands Fenn Ranger Station, an oasis of trim buildings in the dense timber.

For twenty-three more miles the twenty-six-foot gravel road, gently graded and gracefully curved, pursues the Lochsa toward its snowy birthplace. This is farther than any other improved highway penetrates into the most immense primitive area remaining in the United States. At the upper

Swimming in the Lochsa—cold but thrilling→



end of Black Canyon, the road trickles off into steep slopes. A gap of thirty-two miles exists before the other prong of the road is reached. There, men have constructed a similar thoroughfare westward for approximately twenty-five miles out of Lolo Hot Springs, Montana.

Only one name could be given this road, and engineers of the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads looked at maps of the first American expedition across the continent and gave it: the Lewis and Clark Highway.

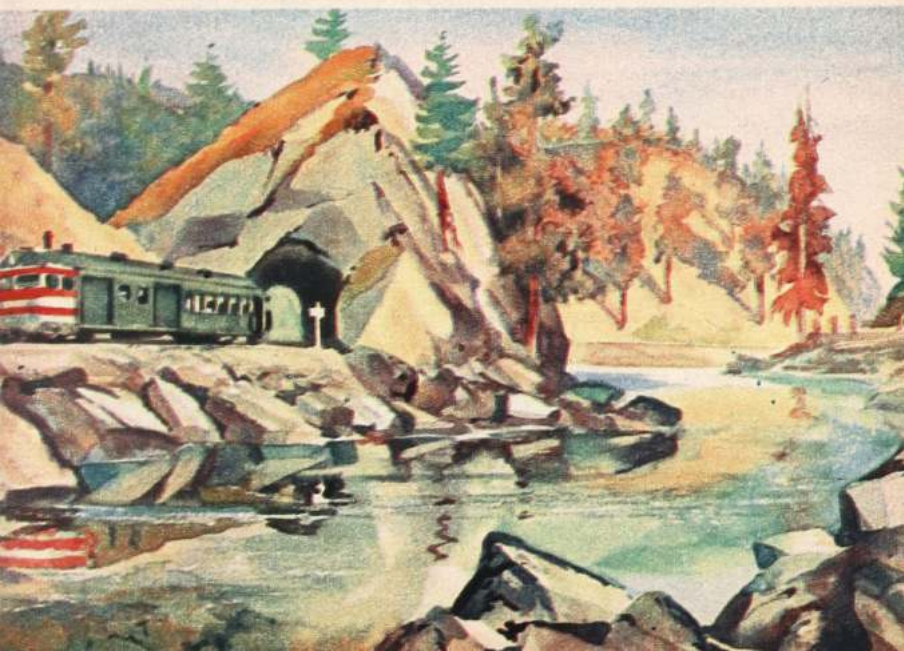
For many miles the road and the tortuous Lolo Trail, where Lewis and Clark nearly perished of starvation, are as much sisters under the skin as the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady. The road clings to the water-level grade along the Lochsa. The trail peers down from the ridges above the chasm.

Idaho's people regard the Lewis and Clark Highway as a road of destiny. No state is so barricaded by majestic but impassable solitudes. Idaho can be crossed from east to west by U. S. 30 near its southern boundary. In the north U. S. 10 spans the state. Yet for 412 miles between Boise and Coeur d'Alene not one all-year road traverses this sovereignty of vast distances and imperial scenery.

The Lewis and Clark Highway, when the breach of thirty-two miles has been closed, will provide the first permanent avenue by either road or rail across Central Idaho, a domain of mile-deep canyons and soaring crags. Furthermore, it will slice forty-four motoring miles off the northern route across the country between Portland and Minneapolis.

Completion of the project relies upon Congressional and state appropriations. It has been an expensive undertaking. Built to the same Public Roads standards as the Alaska Highway, in some places it has cost two or three times as much a mile as that wilderness corridor. On one particular stretch in Black Canyon, where blasting powder had to notch a granite shelf, the outlay was \$214,000 a mile. The average cost has been \$115,000. The surface of the Lewis and Clark Highway now is deep gravel; eventually it will be asphalt.

But even before construction crews from east and west meet in some lonely abyss along the Lochsa, the road offers easy access to superlative fishing, hunting and camping. In addition, the Lochsa is dotted with sandy beaches. The



crystalline water tempts swimmers. Thomas H. MacDonald, commissioner of the Bureau of Public Roads, plunged in at the age of sixty and pronounced it a "handsome" bath, paraphrasing Meriwether Lewis. My wife was equally enthusiastic about her dip in these fair riffles which guided the original westbound Americans.

Lewiston, Idaho, is the taking-off place, and Lewiston (population, 12,910) may be reached either over U. S. 95 or U. S. 410.

From Lewiston a paved road thrusts east and south in a wide half-moon arc beside the foaming Clearwater. Could there possibly be a better locale for Junior's history lesson than the back seat of a car, with maps spread out on a patient maternal lap?

There, just off the road, is where Lewis and Clark felled five logs of Ponderosa pine so that white men might voyage for the first time on the headwaters of the Columbia River system. Here is Lolo Creek, where the explorers glimpsed navigable shallows after weeks of footsore wandering in the mountains. And down on the Clearwater's bright shore a surveyor of the Corps of Army Engineers felt his hair stand on end when he unearthed a rusty branding iron that went all the way back to America's early stirrings toward the sunset. This was its inscription:

U. S.

Capt. M. Lewis

At Kooskia civilization runs out. This is the last of the pavement. At Kooskia the motorist hears for the final time the bray of the bouncing one-car Diesel train, its cab striped a candy-cane red and white, which brings the mail and the *Daily Tribune* the sixty picturesque miles from Lewiston. At Kooskia the grub box and the medicine kit must be stocked. There are no supermarkets between Kooskia and the present end of the Lewis and Clark Highway, forty-three miles directly eastward in the fastnesses.

Above the union of the Lochsa and Selway Rivers sprawls a gabled house built of scoured stones, taken from the riverbeds. It is not precisely the kind of house one might expect to find in these forests where Lewis and Clark suffered their sternest hardships.



Early American period furniture graces the quiet living room. A maple sideboard is decorated with Sheffield silver and Dresden china. Pliable coin spoons hang on the walls. A pendulum clock ticks ceremoniously in the corner of a pavilion-sized kitchen. Poster beds with crocheted spreads can be seen off the carpeted hallways. Portraits of stately ladies are omnipresent.

How did the Virginia of colonial days get to the Nez Perce National Forest?

Frank Bowles, six-foot two-inch son of a homesteader on the Lolo Trail, married a Virginia belle. But when he looked out on the orderly countryside of the Old Dominion, he could hear in his ears the persistent trilling of the distant Lochsa. The broad fields of alfalfa seemed to stiffen into the ramparts of Black Canyon. Finally he persuaded his wife to go back with him to the wild realm which beckoned so urgently.

It was exactly 3,000 miles from Petersburg, Virginia, to the wooden bridge across the Lochsa which leads to Fenn Ranger Station. Bowles completed the journey at the wheel of a discarded school bus, with his wife's piano and hutch and bedsteads tied down where once the pupils had sat. Trout fishermen and elk hunters looked up bewildered as the yellow vehicle, with the legend, "Prince George County, Virginia," merrily spattered gravel into the river.

"I guess I really followed in Meriwether Lewis' footsteps," statuesque Butler Bowles reminisces now. "He trekked from Albemarle, Virginia, to the Lolo Trail and I migrated from Virginia to the Lewis and Clark Highway!"

In spite of the high-standard gravel road into the core of the Nez Perce National Forest, these are not solitudes where the supply of wildlife has been ruinously marauded. But rich though this domain may be in trout and whitefish and mule deer, its greatest single resource is history. The lurking presence of the Lolo Trail is felt by everyone who drives over the incompleted Lewis and Clark Highway or who bulldozes it a little wider.

The mountain river murmurs plaintively in its trough of scrubbed rock. Motorists hear the same lilting lullaby which the first frontiersmen listened to in the era when the United States was very young.

. . . So the Lochsa flows to the Middle Fork. The Middle Fork flows to the Snake. The Snake flows to the Columbia. And the Columbia flows on to the sea. ■



Unpredictable Little Guy in Armor

by Edward B. Cope

paintings by Charles Culver

I ONCE made the statement that armadillos are the most unpredictable animals in the business. The possum-sized, hard-shelled creatures with the dull, squinty eyes, and hard, scaly back look

like nothing happening, or about to happen. It's a false non-alarm. My thesis, still, is that they are unpredictable.

On a recent trip from Houston to St. Louis I saw scores of car-

flattened armadillos by the roadside. What a way, I thought, for America's oldest living native to die! For an estimated 3,000,000 years this hardy little critter survived the perils of the ages—but not the modern highways.

But don't get the idea that America's only armored animal is a slowpoke. He isn't. He may look like Dopey the Dwarf, but he can outdistance a man in a hundred-yard dash. Somehow, all this speed seems incompatible with the armadillo's land-of-mañana background. Through the years this hard-shelled oaf worked his way slowly and patiently up from South and Central America to Mexico, where some of Cortez's boys gave him the Spanish name of *armadillo*, which any college professor can translate as "little guy in armor."

Señor Armadillo crossed the Rio Grande into Texas about a century ago. Today, he's found from New Mexico to Louisiana and as far north as Oklahoma and Arkansas. There's a story told, even, that armadillos are numerous in parts of Florida, but this is rather unglamorously explained by the fact that several lammed out of the Cocoa, Florida, zoo in the middle 1920's.

Deer hunters have no love whatsoever for armadillos. My friend Ray Patterson, who hunts with the best of them, once told me that 'dillos make so blamed much noise rooting around in the underbrush they keep the alerted

hunter in a tizzy. By human ear it's hard to separate the armadillos from the deer.

Next time you're in Armadillo Country, Southwest, U.S.A., you'll hear all kinds of tales about this relative of the anteater and sloth. Some folks will take an oath they've seen Mr. A. curl himself into a ball and roll away from his enemies. 'Tain't so. Yet I've heard a West Texas rancher swear and be-danged he once saw a coyote lay siege to a balled-up 'dillo, waiting for him to unroll. Finally, the coyote lost patience and walked away in disgust. Had irontop dug himself into a hole, wily Don Coyote would have given up the project immediately. Because once the burrower gets his four legs underground, he locks them in a rigid position that defies dislodgement, except by seasoned 'dillo hunters, who know the animal can be relaxed if they tickle his tummy.

The armadillo takes his unpredictability to water, too. An extremely heavy animal, he gets across a shallow stream by walking on the bottom. For deep rivers he puffs himself up with air and swims across. That's right. He has the ability to gulp air and retain it in his stomach and intestines.

Sexwise, the armadillo is more predictable. His mating period is in July, and the young usually arrive in March or early April. The litter is nearly always four in number and *always* of the same sex—four males or four females.

This unmixed quartet is due, say the biologists, to the fact that a single fertilized egg is bisected twice.

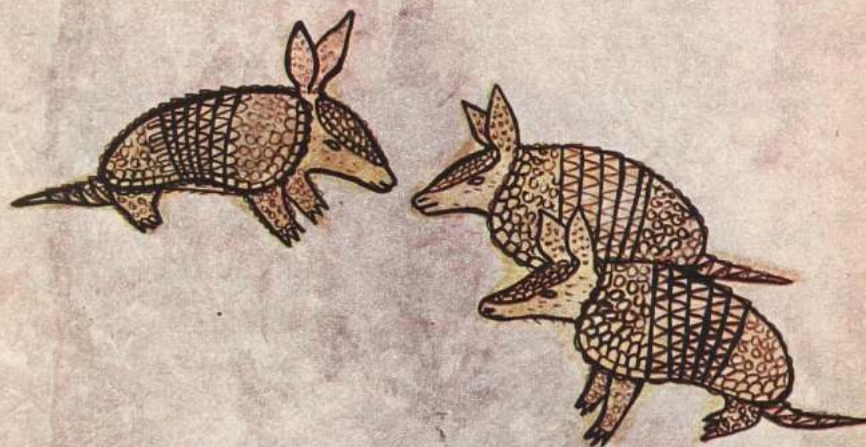
In certain regions of Central and South Texas, armadillo meat—light in color and porcine in taste—is considered good eating. A 4-H girls' club once put up 2,000 cans of this "poor man's hog" as a group project. Mexicans on both sides of the Rio Grande claim that 'dillo oil is a sure cure for rheumatism.

Here and there are small, thriving businesses using for the raw material of manufacture that notable by-product of the armadillo—his shell. The shell is pol-

ished, carved and to some extent shaped. The result adds baskets, ashtrays, and profusion to the gimcrack and souvenir industry. So far as I know, armadillo shell is not—like tortoise shell—used to make combs for senorita's hair. But it could be.

An armadillo "farm" in Salado, Texas, does a rushing business in selling armadillo hides fashioned into baskets, table and floor lamps, desk sets, etc. In fact, you can even buy live ones there, and there are those who claim that a 'dillo makes an intelligent, affectionate pet.

But not for me. I'd rather have a good hound dog, any day—it's more predictable. ■





Least Ford Engine Pulls a Train

MAIL arrives almost daily telling of varied uses of Ford industrial engines. The six basic types, ranging from the 120-cubic-inch, four-cylinder model of 38 horsepower to the big 317-cubic-inch overhead valve unit of 140 horsepower, are bought as power plants by crane and shovel manufacturers, builders of ditch digging machinery, and makers of materials handling equipment, to mention but a few users.

Every now and then, however, the mail includes information on an out-of-the-ordinary use of one or another of these rugged engines. The picture above of the miniature sightseeing train is an example of such an unusual use.

The train operates on a narrow-gauge track of 24-inch width that winds through scenic Rolling Green Park in Sunbury, Pennsylvania. The train, manufactured by the National Amusement Device Company of Dayton, Ohio, is known as the Century Flyer, and is used in parks and amusement centers throughout the country.

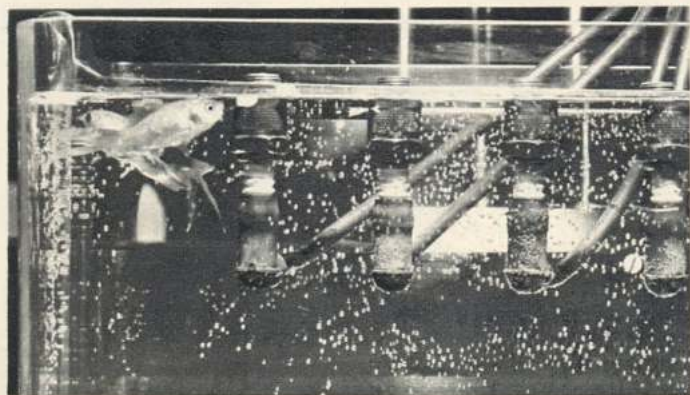
This locomotive is powered by the 120-cubic-inch industrial engine operating through eight drive wheels. With a gross weight of 3500 pounds, the locomotive can pull as many as twenty cars with a total capacity of 440 children or 120 adults, at a speed of more than 13 miles per hour. The train can also climb grades up to 15 per cent.

One of the main selling points of the Century Flyer is the power and economy of the four-cylinder Ford engine and the fact that parts and service can be obtained from any Ford dealer.

* * *

The three goldfish shown in the picture below are living happily in a plexiglass tank used to demonstrate the effectiveness of the waterproof spark plug coverings with which all Ford-built engines are protected. The spark plugs shown, submerged except for a small portion of their firing ends, would short out immediately if it weren't for the insulation on caps and wires. But high voltage sparks crackle day after day across the gaps of these plugs, proving that even a prolonged ducking doesn't interrupt the Ford ignition system.

The goldfish aren't harmed when the current is sent through the water during an intentional shorting of a plug. Their presence is merely to show that the spark plugs are immersed in ordinary tap water and not some special insulating solution. The Ford electrical engineering department also wants it pointed out to fish lovers that the three goldfish are well cared for. They are fed daily and their water is changed and aerated regularly. ■





Chautauqua— At Home and Abroad

story and paintings by Revington Arthur

A SURE WAY to tap a lot of pleasant memories is to mention Chautauqua.

The Chautauqua circuit was a big thing in people's lives twenty, thirty, forty years ago, and the original Chautauqua on Chautauqua Lake in New York has played an important part in the summer vacation plans of thousands of people for almost eighty years.

Ever since 1874, when it started, Chautauqua has been synonymous with straw hats, palm leaf fans, and education. It meant oratory, music, famous names, excitement and entertainment. The traveling, or circuit, Chautauquas were a bright sail on the summer horizon of rural America from 1904, when they were first thought of. They kept one-horse America in touch with the big time. But whether the folks were going to Chautauqua-under-the-tent (traveling variety) or to the well organized community on the lake, the shout "Chautauqua time is here!" was greeted with joy.

Chautauqua began in the town of the same name in southwestern New York as a convocation of Sunday School teachers. Several hundred people—teachers, Sunday School superintendents and preachers—came together for a two-week meeting along with students, college presidents, and other like-minded souls. These included Frank Beard, the artist, whose brother was Dan of the Boy Scouts. All went home in such a

Above left: Along the front of the lake at Chautauqua.

Below left: The home of the late Mrs. Thomas Edison.



←Chautauqua art center

state of enthusiasm that a bigger session was assured for the following summer.

In a few years attendance had become nation wide and the programs had grown to include almost every kind of wholesome entertainment that the country had to offer. Chautauqua's success was based on a vast hunger: America wanted to be amused, improved and educated.

"Chautauquas" were established all over the country, and a sharp idea man dreamt up the Chautauqua circuit which swept the country, although it had absolutely no connection with the community on the lake in New York state. During the peak summer of 1924, the nostalgic age when Dobbin was becoming a memory and the automobile had taken over, road company Chautauquas played in 12,000 towns before an audience of 30,000,000 people.

Carol Kennicott, the heroine of Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*, attended Chautauqua in her home town and "was impressed by the audience: the fallow women in skirts and blouses, eager to be made to think, the men in vests and shirtsleeves, eager to be allowed to laugh, and wriggling children, eager to sneak away." Lewis' picture of America on a cultural kick while seated on folding chairs borrowed from the local undertaker isn't exactly fair, because America was soaking up culture sincerely, and what Chautauqua was offering was generally on a high level.

Schumann-Heink brought tears to Podunk with her singing of Schubert songs. Edgar Bergen sharpened his ventriloquism on the natives of Kokomo. Citizens of the back country were amazed, delighted, and enchanted by Swiss bellringers, a choir of hymn-singing Kaffir boys out of South Africa, and genuine Hawaiian guitarists.

Six thousand times Russell Conwell gave his talk, "Acres of Diamonds," on the Chautauqua circuit and audiences thundered their applause when he shouted his joyful advice, "Get rich! You have no right to be poor!" And Chautauqua may have fathered America's first traffic jam when it sent William Jennings Bryan around to inveigh against the gold standard with his you-shall-not-crucify-mankind-upon-a-cross-of-gold speech.

The mother of it all is the town on Route 17J on Chautauqua

←Norton Memorial Hall

Lake, near Lake Erie. Its permanent population is only about 300, but it has room for 15,000 guests. There are ninety rooming houses and nineteen hotels. The stores are excellent and the shops are smart. The concert master of its symphony orchestra in summer is the concert master of Toscanini's orchestra in winter. It has an art school, a music school, a theatre school, a summer high school, and a division of New York University. Besides the country club, there are too many other clubs to list.

In some ways, Chautauqua reminds you of an old New England town, with everything seeming to center around the Green-Plaza, as it is called. The library, post office, colonnade—a building containing shops and stores—and the St. Elmo Hotel surround it.

If you walk directly east you go down a sharp hill and come to Miller Park and the Bell Tower. The park is a large, open affair, well planted with magnificent trees and equipped with hundreds of benches so that visitors may enjoy the lake.

The Bell Tower



Along the water front are several of the clubs, two beaches, and countless boats, some of them always in use by people fishing for muskellunge, with which the lake, among the few in the country so favored, is stocked.

Chautauqua has always attracted tourists and probably always will. Many of those who came stayed on and built houses and today Chautauqua is practically a living museum of American housing back to 1874—from the modern ranch house right back through history to Victorian and the Swiss chalet. These last are in the older sections, in streets “whose picturesque crookedness beats even the tortuous windings of Boston.” Today, immense, old, and beautiful trees shade these windings. One of the chalets hidden away belonged to Mrs. Thomas Edison, whose father, Lewis Miller, was one of the founders of Chautauqua.

There were other celebrated names to be found there: Presidents from U. S. Grant to F. D. R., Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, William Lyon Phelps. Many of them probably stayed in tents. Today's guests, such as Karl Menninger, of the famed mental clinic, Harry Overstreet, of “The Mature Mind,” Artie Shaw, who has played with the orchestra, and Dr. Ralph Bunche, enjoy all the modern comforts of home and hotel.

“Where Education and Recreation Meet” is the motto of Chautauqua. This is a fundamental of modern teaching, but it was practiced by the founders of Chautauqua from the start. There are other “firsts” for Chautauqua. A book club is one of them. Chautauqua can lay claim to having started the correspondence school in its modern form. Chautauqua is the forerunner, also, of the university extension course.

“How ezy it iz,” sang Melvil Dewey, a leading advocate of simplified spelling and a Chautauquan. Could be. In 1904 there were 158 Chautauquas scattered throughout the land. One of them, started by a Baptist group, was right across the lake.

Chautauqua should not be considered a memory. Perhaps the “circuit” is not what it was, but the place by the lake is humming along. It has a president, S. H. Hazlett, and a board of trustees. There have been difficult days. The depression nearly floored Chautauqua, although that is no distinction. Things look better now. A million dollars was raised in 1948, for instance. Perhaps the first seventy-eight years were the hardest.



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Johnson's Hummocks Grill, Rhode Island

Baked Oysters on Half Shell

32 fresh oysters on the half shell
¼ pound butter, softened
¼ pound lard
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
1 ounce anisette
1 ounce gin
¼ pound cracker meal

Cream butter and lard; add remaining ingredients and mix well. Drop teaspoon of above dressing on each oyster. Bake in 400° oven until dressing turns golden brown (about 8-10 minutes). Garnish with lemon wedge. Serves four.

One of the largest year around seafood restaurants in New England, this eating place needs eight dining rooms to accommodate all of its patrons. One of the many unusual sea food dishes is a miniature clam-bake. Henry Johnson is the owner of this establishment at 245 Allens Avenue in Providence. Lunch and dinner served daily.

←painting of Johnson's Hummocks Grill by Maxwell Mays

←painting of Stock Yard Inn by Cal Dunn

Stock Yard Inn, Illinois

Marinated Beef Slices

1 pound sirloin steak, cooked
1 onion, sliced
Salt and pepper
1 ounce lemon juice
1 cup sour cream
Lettuce

Slice cooked sirloin into Julienne strips. Add sliced onion and salt and pepper, to taste. Sprinkle lemon juice over meat mixture and blend in sour cream. Mix well and serve on lettuce leaf. This is fast replacing shrimp cocktail as the most popular appetizer here.

Located in the heart of Chicago's stock yards, this restaurant has been catering to cattle men and meat lovers for decades. You may pick out your own steak, "brand" it and then wait for it to be cooked to your taste. The Inn is open for lunch and dinner every day. The address is 4178 South Halsted.



Amity Hall Inn, Pennsylvania

Waffles

2 egg yolks
3 tablespoons molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons chicken fat
2 egg whites, beaten stiff
3 teaspoons baking powder

Beat egg yolks, syrup and salt well. Add sifted flour and milk. Beat well. Mix in melted butter and chicken fat. Fold in beaten egg whites. When ready to bake add baking powder.

For over a century this inn at Duncannon has served travelers who have come in turn by stagecoach, canal and auto. Today it stands at the intersection of U. S. 22, 11 and 15. Specialties are fried chicken and waffles. Lunch and dinner served daily from May 20 to September 20; overnight accommodations available.

←painting of Amity Hall Inn by Ernest Krape

←painting of Rocky Mountain Cafe by Elizabeth Lochrie

Rocky Mountain Cafe, Montana

Ravioli

FILLING: Grind together 3 fried pork chops, one fried veal sirloin steak and $\frac{1}{2}$ boiled chicken. Mix thoroughly to make a paste with $\frac{1}{2}$ pound spinach chopped fine and fried in butter or olive oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ bunch parsley, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese, 2 cups bread crumbs soaked in broth, and seasoned to taste with allspice, thyme, salt, pepper and a dash of garlic juice (optional).

PASTRY: Roll soft noodle dough very thin to form 2 sheets. Place dabs of filling on one sheet 2 inches apart. Cover with second sheet and press down around filling. Cut around each mound with pastry wheel. Boil 15-20 minutes in salted water, then drain thoroughly.

SAUCE: Dice and sauté 2 stalks celery with one medium onion. Add one No. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ can of tomatoes and simmer for 20 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ can diluted tomato paste. Chop in a little parsley and garlic. Season to taste with salt, pepper and allspice. Simmer for an hour. Serve over ravioli.

This colorful eating place in Meaderville on the fringe of Butte is famous for its incredible steak dinner. Open for dinner every day, year-round.



Holiday Inn, Colorado

Stuffed Summer Squash

6 small slim summer squash
1 pound lean uncooked lamb, diced
1 cup rice
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
1 can tomatoes

Core center of squash and place in mixing bowl. Mix remaining ingredients and stuff squash shells. Place in greased baking dish and place remaining stuffing over squash. Bake 45 minutes at 350°. Serve individually.

Holiday Inn is popular with vacationists who like their outdoor life accompanied by all the conveniences. Meals are served to both drop-in and regular guests from 7:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. It is on U. S. 24. You may get further information by writing to the Inn, at Box 11, Hartsel.

←painting of Holiday Inn by Otto A. Kuhler

←painting of The Windmill Steak House by Harry Bonath

The Windmill Steak House, Washington

Sam's Famous Salad Dressing

1 pint salad dressing
1 egg
1 tablespoon paprika
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 quart Wesson oil
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons A-1 sauce
Vinegar, to taste

Whip together salad dressing, eggs, paprika and salt. Then slowly add oil, seasonings and

vinegar to taste. Whip about 10 minutes. Keep remaining dressing in refrigerator. This recipe makes two quarts of dressing.

All the meat and chicken served at this Wenatchee eating place on U.S. 2 is prepared on order. Dinner is served from 5:00 p.m. to 12:00 p.m., every day except Sunday.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

The photographer displaced the cook for a few minutes in the kitchen to snap a few familiar friends in that part of the house. See how many you can identify. Answers below.

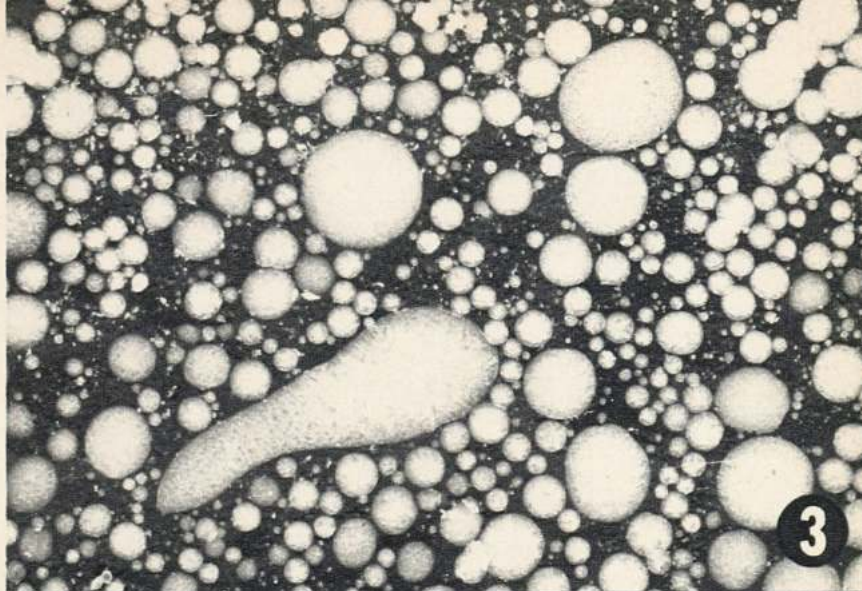
photos by Clyde McClary

1. Broom texture. 2. Meat tenderizer. 3. Bacon fat globules. 4. Egg carton.

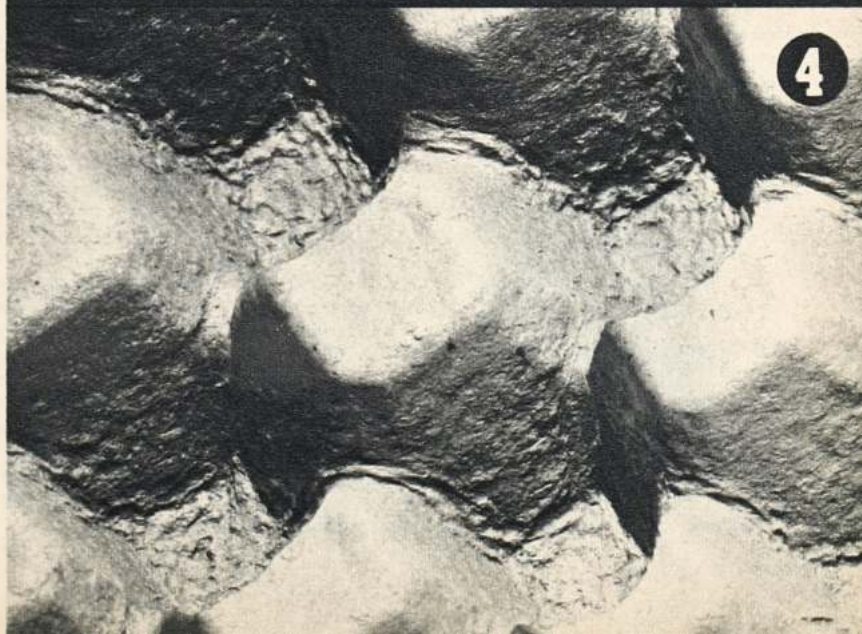


Neither a porch shade nor fabric . . .





... not a germ culture or rubber padding.



Contributors



ELIZABETH LOCHRIE, illustrator of the story on Butte (page 2), feels about Montana the way Texans feel about Texas. Born in Deer Lodge and now a resident of Butte, she has had a look-see at most of the U. S. and much of Canada and Mexico, but maintains that nowhere are the people so fine and the scenery so grand as in Montana, an opinion reflected in her paintings. People in nearly every state and in South America and Europe own examples of her work. She used to teach, but the demand for her pictures has kept her at the easel nine hours a day for the past ten years.



Although **REVINGTON ARTHUR** is living and working in the Glenbrook, Connecticut, house where he was born, his

paintings have done a lot of traveling for him. They've been shown at the Farnsworth Gallery in Maine, the Whitney in New York, and at colleges in Florida, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. He teaches during the winter at the Silvermine Guild in Connecticut, and spends his summers teaching at Chautauqua (he illustrated his own story on it, page 51), and plays the viola with the Norwalk Symphony Orchestra. Being a bachelor, he writes, paints, and makes music when he pleases. When these don't please, he goes touring. It adds up to the good life.



WILLARD LUCE, photographer of "The Multitude Climbs" (page 10) and many-time contributor to the **FORD TIMES**, says his nickname should be "Foot." Although a native and resident of Utah, he has knocked around in other states and did a stretch in the Merchant Marine that had him thinking the world is more than three-fifths water. He says he has been squeezing a shutter, punching a typewriter, and pressing an accelerator as long as he can remember. In winter he's a school teacher, in summer he collects material for travel stories. During these happy excursions, he has three assistants: a wife, a son, and a car.



photograph by Willard Luce

FOR the past forty years Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah, has been sponsoring a mass mountain climb that takes hikers on a fascinating trip to the top of 12,000-foot Mt. Timpanogos where they are rewarded with a breath-taking view of Utah Valley's farms, orchards, cities and towns. On the descent they slide part way down a mile-long glacier and after a short rest are ready for the rest of the trip. The picture above is looking eastward from timberline. In the middle distance is Deer Creek Reservoir and beyond is the town of Heber at the edge of Heber Valley. See "The Multitude Climbs" by Willard Luce on page 10. ■



Here, in No. 1 of a new series of "Horseless Carriage Adventures," Charles Harper pictures a scene as familiar in the days of the magic lantern and the stereopticon as in the home movie era—presenting that great transparent gulf of color known to generations of tourists as "The Grand Canyon." Memory quiz: Did you recognize the Model C Ford on the rim?

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