FORD TIMES

november 1951





John Calkins photographed the car and figure on shell mounds (above) and the boat livery (below) on Marco Island. For more Calkins pictures of Florida see "Last Frontier South" (page 25).



Vol. 43 No. 11

FORD TIMES

November, 1951

Contents

Greenville, Mississippi 2
HODDING CARTER

The Ghosts of Plymouth 10
ROBERT HODESH

Custom Conversions 16
BURGESS H. SCOTT

The Weasel's Wettest Cousin 18
PETE BARRETT

Last Frontier South 25
CHARLES E. COX, JR.

The Bad Man from Bodie 32
LUCIUS BEEBE

The Road the Devil Made 40
LUCILE WEIGHT

Rolling Retirement 46
MARJORIE AND GRANT HEILMAN

Call Him Fire Bird 48
HAROLD TITUS

The Horse in the Belfry 51
GUY BROWNING ARTHUR

Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns . . 57

Americamera—8, 14, 23; Final Exams for Ford Engines —21; Cartoon—31; One-Picture Stories—39, 50; Games—60; Contributors—64.

William D. Kennedy . . . . . Editor-in-Chief
Arthur T. Lougee . . . . . Art Director
Edmund Ware Smith . . . . . Managing Editor
Burgess H. Scott . . . . . Roving Editor
Nancy Kennedy . . . . . Associate Editor
Mary R. Zimmer . . . . . Associate Editor
Malcolm T. Young . . . . . Production
Pauline Syler . . . . . Circulation Manager

The Ford Times is published monthly by the Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan. Board of Publishers: Walker Williams, Chairman; Charles E. Carll; J. R. Davis; B. R. Donaldson; Arthur T. Lougee; W. D. Kennedy. Copyright 1951, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in U.S.A. All rights reserved.

My Favorite Town—

Greenville, Mississippi

by Hodding Carter
paintings by Don Brown

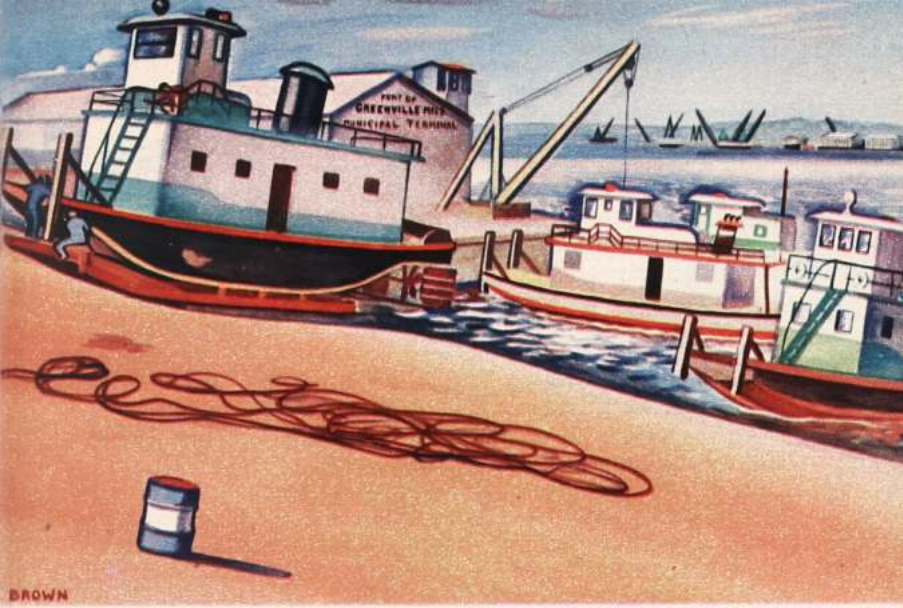
ONE spring night, nearly seventeen years ago, I listened while a friend told me of a little Mississippi city which I had never visited although it was only 300 miles upriver from my own home town in Louisiana.

He was an erudite, cosmopolitan man who had long since left the place he described and become noted in faraway cities; but he was forever returning there, and even when he was away he carried, as he still carries, a love for it which to me was then incomprehensible. The little city's name was Greenville, and it lies in a fabled region of the deep South called the Delta—not the true delta of the Mississippi but rather a long strip between the Yazoo and Mississippi rivers.

"The Delta," my friend once wrote, "begins in the lobby of the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, and ends on Catfish Row in Vicksburg."

The description is both amusing and almost exact geographically; but on that night he described the Delta in other terms. He told me of the great oaks that with the soft coming of spring almost obscured the river town. He talked of the river, curbed now, that had marked the little city with its challenge, its deep restlessness, its reminder that it linked the valley to exotic, distant lands. He talked of the golden days of cotton and cotton's present predicament, and of the social and human problems which were yet unsolved there.

But most of all he talked of the friendliness of the river people, a friendliness which a brave poet and philanthropist, whose home was Greenville, had made immortal. This is



The port of Greenville, on the Mississippi

what William Alexander Percy, who is now dead, had said of the river people:

The river town that water oaks
And myrtles hide and bless,
Has broken every law except
The law of kindliness.

I didn't know then that within a year and a half Greenville would become my home; that I would go there to found a new little daily newspaper and would later acquire the established one; and that I would learn first hand of the kindliness and the odd tolerance of the river town named Greenville. I had no thought that the picture my friend drew would become a reality, and that I would soon come under the spell of that river and would share absorbedly in the problems—and the hopes—of the river people. I would not have believed then that men like the poet William Alexander Percy, Frank England, who is the Ford dealer in Greenville, William T. Wynn, a cosmopolitan lawyer, Edmund Taylor, businessman

The two-story, yellow-front building houses the "Democrat-Times"→

and truly a civic leader, and others of their friends, would back me financially, give me a free hand, and permit my eventual acquisition of their own shares in the venture.

But a year and a half later my wife and I—and the first of our three sons—were Greenvillians, newcomers to the land of cotton planters. And what we happily recognized first and will remember the longest was the ready friendship of people we had half feared might not be too cordial to the stranger. The real reason for their warmth was that we had come with the endorsement of Will Percy and his friends; for such approval is the clue so often to acceptance or rejection in the close-knit, slowly changing towns of the lower valley. Without it we might not have kept our paper alive at first.

And so Greenville means to me above anything else friends, and the rare spirit of Will Percy.

It means also the spell of the dark, fecund river. The Mississippi is still the great catalyst for the people of the Delta. Once in a while we worry about it, but more often we enjoy it and count upon its presence for aid. Out of the river, and the lakes which the river fashioned, come a multitude of fish. Staid citizens fish from our little yacht club (a reconditioned quarterboat), jugfish in the river, fish with minnows and poles, fish skillfully with rod and reel. In the thick forests between the river and the towering levees, we hunt the deer; on its sandbars we burrow in pits to await the Canada goose; and we go by boat to ambush the migrant duck.

Along Greenville's eight-mile lake which was once the main channel—diverted now by the amazing feat of straightening out and shortening the river channel—purr the modest power boats of our yacht club.

To our waterfront come laden barges, for the river carries a lot of the cargo destined for Greenville—and it carries much of our hope for industrial growth. Its traffic is swelling again, and we insist that our location beside it gives us an advantage in the South's competitive search for industrial balance. And we know that the river long ago gave us an advantage which we did not properly press; the sediment which it carries off from so much of the nation was deposited here by overflow for thousands of years, so that our earth is deep and rich, and worthy of more profitable use.

A cypress pond on the grounds of the Greenville Garden Club→


DON BROWN



Greenville, so close to the dark, turgid Mississippi, has for me yet a third meaning. I am conscious here of living through a momentous revolution. The man and the mule and the hoe are giving way to the mechanical cotton picker, the mechanical cultivator, the mechanization of almost all of our agriculture. Cotton is no longer undisputed monarch. Along the levees and over broad, flat fields that once knew only the white boll and the stooped back, herds of beef cattle graze now. Farmers, skeptical at first, have begun to turn to small grains, even to dairying, in the land where a plantation psychology long rejected so-called dirt farming. Nor is agriculture itself the only concern of the river people. We have a phrase that is almost a fetish—"balance agriculture with industry"—and we work toward this end today.

A revolution indeed! It makes for excitement and purpose; and it belies the old epithets of "lazy and backward" that may once have been deserved in part. I have worked elsewhere, and visited elsewhere, but nowhere else have I found such ferment and determination as exists in my little city on the river.

But in our revolution in Greenville I sense also a minor danger and the makings of human tragedy. Twenty years ago, many people could say honestly that they knew almost everyone in town. There is comfort in such wide acquaintance. But now Greenville's population is doubled—we are claiming more than 30,000—and what we are gaining in numbers we are losing in intimacy. I hope the one balances the other, but I am not sure. That is the minor danger.

And the potential tragedy is vast. The transition from mule to tractor, and the curtailment of cotton production, are forcing into our town—and from thence to cities north of the Mason-Dixon line—a new kind of displaced person. Thousands of unskilled Negro sharecroppers and their families are leaving the plantations and coming to cotton-belt Greenvilles all over the South. The problem they present is local now, but it will become national as they move to what seems now to be greener pastures to the north.

With this transition in mind, I cannot describe Greenville in the familiar hackneyed terms. We aren't a "sleepy, dusty, typical little Southern town." Our loungers don't obscure the courthouse steps or clutter the postoffice door. We don't live in fear of floods or fever or the wicked Yankee. My town is exciting for a different and encouraging reason.

Seventeen years ago a friend talked to me of a kindly little



river city. I needed to discover such a place, for we had been battling for four years against a stone wall of civic apathy, political corruption and economic despair, and our tiny little Louisiana newspaper was not a strong enough battering ram. We found all that we lacked in Greenville, on the river—friends, and a certain security, challenge and hope, and a great contentment with what we are doing and trying to do. Will Percy wrote this also of Greenville:

The river country's wide and flat
And blurred ash-blue with sun,
And there all work is dreams come true,
All dreams are work begun.

Entrance to the home of the poet, William Alexander Percy



A Boat Named Minto

photographs by Floyd Bryant

IN THE upland solitudes of British Columbia, on the western slope of the Canadian Rockies, the Columbia River widens out into two sizable bodies of water known as Upper Arrow Lake and Lower Arrow Lake. Plying the cold and deep water of these lakes, which occupy a slot in the Selkirk Range, is one of the most sought-after characters in the Province—a fat and chunky old stern-wheeler called the Minto.

For more than half a century now, the Minto has been the chief connecting link between civilization and the lonely settlers of the Selkirk Mountains. She is also the only direct connection between Arrowhead at the north end of the lakes and Robson at the south end, a gap of 134 miles.

Besides being of importance to housewives waiting for a ball of yarn, prospectors anxious for an assay report on their colors, children hoping for new toys, and lumber camp managers needing new saws, the Minto is becoming a purely tourist vehicle for people discovering the beauties of Canada's West. All summer her tiny cabins are jammed with vacation travelers and her freight deck with cars. The food served in her dining saloon and the views seen from her rails are thought to be outstanding.

There was once a rumor on the lakes that the Canadian Pacific, which owns and operates the Minto, was going to send her far down the Columbia to the open sea and then up to Vancouver for duty in the harbor. This would have been possible before the U. S. built its Grand Coulee Dam 181 miles south of Robson. There are no locks around that monster structure, and the people around the Arrow Lakes breathed a sigh of relief when concrete was laid on the dam's highest parapet. Now the Minto belongs to the lakes as long as she'll hold together. ■





The Ghosts of Plymouth

by Robert Hodesh

photographs by Hal and Margaret Nielson

I ONCE HEARD Plymouth, Massachusetts, described as a ghost town. At first the term seemed facetious, because I knew Plymouth as a thorny traffic problem on the road from Boston to Cape Cod, a town of 15,000 in winter and twice that many in summer, a place no ghosts would inhabit.

But I went there again this summer to sample the place, to do more than view the Rock and buy a postcard, and surprisingly, the term "ghost town," in no derogatory sense at all, took on some meaning.

If you pay more than a perfunctory courtesy to Plymouth and its Rock, if you wander about the town, look at and into those of the old houses that remain and meet the people who have charge of them, sooner or later Plymouth will talk to you, and more than likely its ghosts will come alive.

In the summer, the guides in the town are a selected group of boys, mainly of high school age, who have been trained by Arthur G. Pyle of the history department of Plymouth High School to escort visitors to the historic places and acquaint them with the stories of the early years when the beachhead was first secured on the New England coast. The boys are dressed in Pilgrim costume, and when you first see their steep-sided hats with the buckle in front, you begin to hear the old ghosts stirring.

On Friday afternoons in August, the residents enact Pilgrims' Progress, a custom that started with the tercentenary celebration in 1921. A group of residents don the old costumes and, with solemn drums beating, march from the waterfront up Burial Hill. There are fifty-two persons, representing the number of survivors of that first cruel winter. Someone reads

Above right: On Friday afternoons in August "Pilgrims" climb Burial Hill. Below right: The Sparrow House, built in 1640, is the oldest in Plymouth.





Pilgrim Hall contains personal effects of many early colonists–

from the records left by John Bradford, and the visitor knows this is not merely play-acting but the re-creation of a great story: "*They had no friends to wellcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repaire to, to seek for succoure.*"

November is a good time, too, for then the Plymouthians delight in the holiday that the Pilgrims invented. The old houses are open to the public and cider and doughnuts are served, and if the visitor should, by chance, have dinner there with his hosts dressed in colonial clothes, he will have no difficulty imagining the ghosts of Massasoit and his ninety braves who sat down in friendship with the white man after the first, tragic winter.

I went up Summer Street to talk with Katharine Alden, a ninth generation descendant of John and Priscilla Alden and thus the living representation of the pretty story of New England's first love triangle with its "Speak for yourself, John."

Summer Street is a little sad, for among its few remaining old houses are some now occupied by persons to whom the past talks in a foreign language, houses that resemble old people about whom no one really cares any more.

Not so Miss Alden's house, which has had loving attention. This is the Richard Sparrow House, built in 1640 and now the oldest in Plymouth. I saw its wide, wide floor boards, the huge hearth, a trundle bed, the start of the beautiful New England tradition of fireplaces and candlelight, the various evidences of a life that was austere and which yet was happy because of its purpose and its great human warmth.

Then I walked out back and sat with Miss Alden in her garden. She has cultivated a hill of poppies, lilies and peonies which leads down perhaps fifty feet to a brook. I asked her if the brook had a name.

"Why, yes indeed. That's Town Brook," she said. "The Pilgrims found their first fresh water in it. And down that hill" —she pointed to the opposite bank—"came Squanto, the first Indian to see the white man in New England."

A ghost had stirred again, and I half expected to see Squanto, friendly, perhaps a little cautious, come padding down the bank. ■

Candles are poured in colonial molds in the Harlow House→





photograph by Leo Litwin→

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆
☆ *Americamera* ☆
☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Round Barns

DURING the early part of this century, one of the fashionable phrases among smart teen-agers was, "Run for the roundhouse, Nellie! He'll never corner you there!"

Now, it is entirely possible that in rural sections such as East Calais, Vermont, where the upper picture on the opposite page was taken, or Centre County, Pennsylvania, where the lower one was taken, the phrase was altered to, "Run for the round barn, etc."

If this is true, it offers a possibly valid reason for such unusual architecture. If not, then the round barn joins the covered bridge in defying any explanation that everybody can agree on. One school claims a round barn is cheaper to build, while another asserts otherwise. One says it affords a more convenient use of space, which another will deny. Some claim it is prettier, others hold that the customary shape is more pleasing.

One of the more widely held opinions on round barns is that they gave witches no quarter—it being stated that these creatures gravitate to the dark places. This belief can account for interesting decoration in colonial houses, but it will not explain round barns because they were built mostly at the turn of this century, when witches were nearly extinct.

There is a round house in Northampton, Massachusetts, which is said to have been converted from a round barn, and in the Shaker colony in New Lebanon, New York, there is a round stone barn far larger than either of those shown here.

One sardonic urban visitor, seeing a Vermont round barn for the first time, said, "Poor place for a square dance!" ■

photograph by Lewis F. Greene→







CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

by Burgess H. Scott

THE Postoian brothers, Harry and Serop, operators of a speed shop in Farmington, Michigan, say that their '41 Ford convertible, upper left, is one of the fastest as well as cleanest cars in the state. The car is made up of Ford, Lincoln, and Mercury parts. The Mercury engine is stroked and bored, has Navarro heads, Iskenderian racing cam, and a three-pot manifold.

Felix Garzon of Bacolod City, Philippine Islands, was inspired to build the car pictured at lower left after seeing something similar in a comic strip entitled, "The Batman." Garzon confined his conversion work to the rear and top of the car, achieving the over-all appearance of a grounded Alexander Eaglerock. The signboard in the rear advertises the





Bacolod City Ford dealer, and at right rear is a typical native house, made of bamboo, nipa, and rattan materials.

Pictured at upper right is what Stanley J. Davidson calls his "Ford Sportster." The chassis is '40 Ford, engine '41 Ford V-8 hopped up, instrument panel converted from '39 Ford, and steering column and wheel from a '47 Ford. The car is topped off with a hand-formed body and removable plexiglass canopy. The top of the car's firewall stands about as high as the average man's trouser pockets. It is registered as a '48 Ford (assembled). Davidson indicated he would be willing to part with this little gem, so, for all interested, his address is 3150 Ivy Street, Los Angeles 34, California.

The picture lower right is of a 1911 Model T taxicab owned by Jerry S. Foley III and his wife of Jacksonville, Florida, also pictured. Foley writes that restoration of the old cab was so perfect that it couldn't be distinguished from a new one today, if this model were still in production. He thinks that his is the only one in existence. Is he correct? ■





The Weasel's Wettest Cousin

by Pete Barrett

paintings by Charles Culver

ANYTHING connected with water is a snap for the otter. I was treated to a display of an otter family frolicking in Idaho's Big Wood River, on a rock-studded stretch down which water hurtled and foamed at millrace speed. I wouldn't have risked it in a sealed barrel. But for those five otters it was Coney Island with a tail wind on the roller coaster.

The parents came first, showing their pups the way. The superb style with which the porpoising otters avoided the rocks was impressive enough. But this really

got me—they were swimming downstream with all they had. Their chute-the-chute wasn't tough enough.

I eased into the Big Wood seventy yards downstream and later looked back wonderingly at the rapids. Darned if those otters weren't hurrying back along the bank to make the run again!

Nature equipped the otter well for an aquatic life. His streamlined form, terminating in a flat, tapered tail which serves as a rudder, is driven through the water by fully webbed feet.

One would suppose that a creature so at home in water would be born knowing how to swim, but no, the parents must teach their pups what those big webbed feet are for.

Similarly, the pups must be taught that fish are good to eat—a parent gives a lip-smacking performance that is really comical—and then how to catch them. This is accomplished through sheer swimming ability. While fishing a beaver pond one day, my eye caught a splash beside a log. In a moment an otter swam by under water with the speed and grace of a seal. Trailing bubbles, it swung through a sunlit patch and executed an incredible turn to catch a dodging trout.

Normally, otters avoid man. Yet because of their amiable disposition, unlike that of their bloodthirsty cousin, the weasel, they can be tamed, and many have become affectionate household pets. Domesticated otters have even been used by hunters for retrieving wild fowl. Ordinary ducks are a cinch, of course. However, certain diving ducks, when injured, swim to the bottom and hang onto weeds, eluding the best dogs. This never succeeds with an otter, who considers hunting great sport.

In North America, trappers work hard for otter pelts, often not too successfully, because the animal is so adept at concealing its presence in winter. The entrance to a cold-weather den is under water and leads upward to a comfortable, dry, living chamber and to another which is used as a toilet.

Talk about privacy—an otter can catch a fish in his river, swim home with it and eat it there without leaving a sign to betray his existence!

Mostly the animals travel and play in family units, going from pond to river to lake in a circuit that often covers fifty miles. And always there is time to devise a game of some sort. I am sure the sort of water-polo affair I witnessed one day was strictly impromptu.

Approaching a river cautiously so as not to spook the trout, I came upon three otters splashing lustily and chittering happily to themselves. They seemed to be passing something around. Every now and then there'd be an extra flurry of excitement and one would dive under briefly.

I put on Polaroid glasses to cut

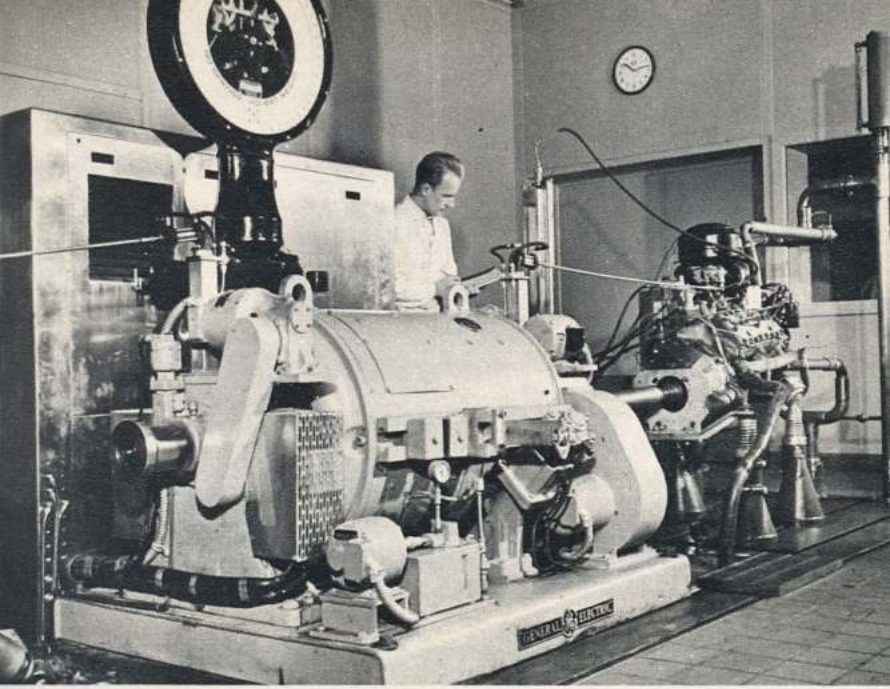
the surface glare and finally discovered what the "ball" was: a piece of white clamshell. I don't know what the rules were, but the game was a great success.

The otter's greatest joy is a slide which ends at the water. One summer George Heinold watched a family belly-flopping into a river near his home. As their dripping bodies slicked the earth, the slide got faster and faster. George told me that they would keep at it tirelessly, yipping like kids on a playground.

The only otter I have seen in winter was using a slide, a steeply pitched affair worn to glassy smoothness on a snowbank overlooking a pool. Man and beast saw each other at about the same moment. The otter made a couple of awkward bounds through the snow to the head of his chute, folded his front legs back and launched himself headfirst.

He was a big one, almost four feet long and weighing twenty-five pounds. He fairly shot down the slide, caromed swiftly across a patch of ice and smacked the water with a mighty splash. He didn't *have* to splash, of course, but I think he wanted to, for the otter's year-round motto is, "Come on in, the water's fine!" ■

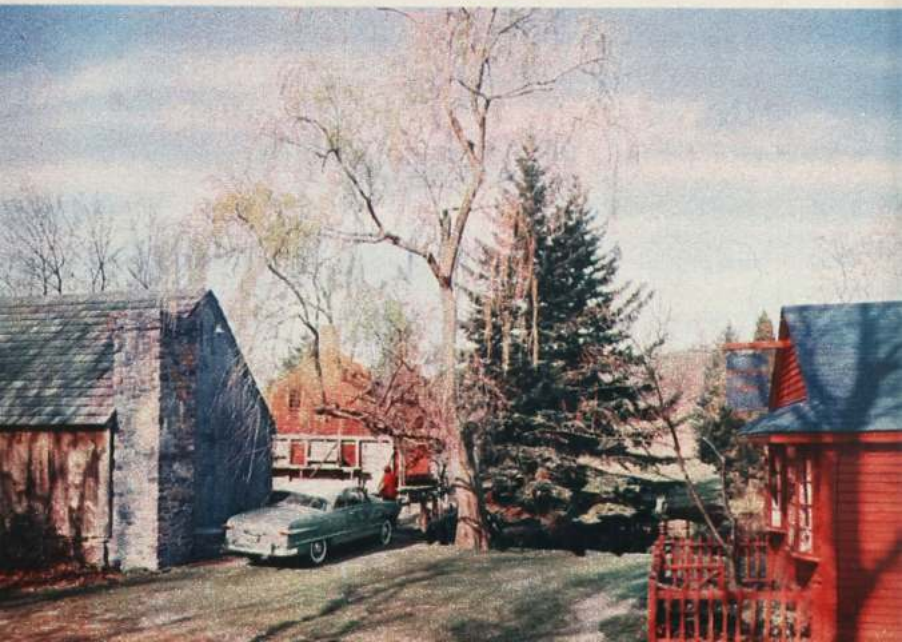




Final Exams for Ford Engines

THE machine shown above is a dynamometer, a device which tests the horsepower and torque (twisting power) of Ford-built engines. It is one of seventeen such machines in the Ford Research and Engineering Center, all of which make up a "million-mile" test highway on which practically any road or grade condition can be duplicated. A dynamometer is actually a dynamo that can be used either as a generator or a motor. Coupled directly to the engines to be tested, the dynamometers accurately measure torque, providing figures from which engineers can compute the exact horsepower being developed by the engines at various speeds. A car or engine attached to these testing machines can be made to climb a "hill" 500 or more miles long, and from electronic measuring devices the engineers are able to learn what happens inside the cylinders, transmission, and differential. ■





Two Buildings in the Tiniest State

photographs by Bob Holland

EARLY on a trafficless Sunday morning a lady from the West once drove clean across the teeny state of Rhode Island in less than an hour, after which she said, "For heaven's sake, it isn't any bigger than a sneeze."

When you look at the statistics of Rhode Island's geography, you look through the wrong end of a telescope. For instance, a person doesn't have to fly too high over its center on a clear day to see the whole 48-by-37-mile area of the state. And as if that were too much land, a hefty chunk has been pilfered by Narragansett Bay, which reaches from the Atlantic 28 miles up to Providence.

In spite of its miniscule size (220 Rhode Islands would equal the size of Texas), the state is quite a big frog in the pond. It has the densest population in the U. S. (if Texas were settled as thickly, it would have 178,000,000 people). It also has Newport, once the most famous high society community in the country. It has one of America's most famous chickens, the Rhode Island Red (nonpolitical). It has Providence, the world center for the manufacture of costume jewelry. It is the most heavily industrialized state in the Union.

And the wee state with the longest name, officially called "State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," has its share of history and interesting buildings. The upper picture, opposite page, shows an old wind-driven grist mill on Conanicut, one of the many islands choking the mouth of Narragansett Bay.

In the lower picture is the birthplace of Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated American portrait painter of colonial days. One of his works has been copied more often than any other work of art in the history of the world. It is the engraving made from one of his many portraits of George Washington, which appears on our one-dollar bill and on $25 U. S. savings bonds. ■





Last Frontier South

by Charles E. Cox, Jr.

photographs by John Calkins

ALONG the western tip of the thumb called Florida, the frontier islands lie. Mangrove-green, sand-beach-white, they crawl and creep from Gordon River to Cape Sable under intense blue tropic sky. Remote islands; the vacationer must dismount from his car and go down to the gulf by boat to know them.

Three principal ports of entry give access to the entering estuaries and slow rivers that have source in the great river of grass, the Everglades: Naples on the north, Marco Island midway, and south, the town of Everglades. All three are on or close to U.S. 41, the Tamiami Trail.

The famous "Trail," first road to cross the impenetrable Glades, was not completed until 1928, and although today tourist tires sing a constant song of speed over straight pavement, the vast sweep of marsh, water, cypress strand, and palm hammock remains much as it was a century ago. Wilderness, pressing close, screens the islands from the traveler, and so they remain remote.

Rolling south to Miami, the "out-state" cars pause at the Naples stoplight. The drivers' eyes are dull with flatness and the burning sweep of sky. In a Connecticut convertible a woman, remembering the soft green of New England, turns to her husband. "If there were only hills."

The husband nods agreement.

Standing out of hearing on the Naples corner, John W. Prince, licensed treasure hunter under Florida law, speaks

Above left: North end of Marco Island and the village.
Below left: Site of the Everglades Rod and Gun Club.

to a friend: "So I said to myself, I'll think like a pirate with a Spanish ship in tow. And of course, thinking that way, I pick Marco Island as headquarters. Sure enough, lying off-shore, I find two of them. Both galleons. Using my water lung, I walked around 'em on the bottom for an hour. Even counted their fourteen cannon. I think I'll be going down again next week."

In the "hardware" across the street, Fingers O'Bannon, charter boat captain, stocks up with feather jigs. "Went to Unknown Bay yesterday, Walt. Doctor tied into a tarpon third cast. Coming back we went outside and got a hundred pound of kings."

The traffic light changes to green, cars gather speed and move on. The lady from Connecticut settles back and resumes her snooze.

John Prince with his treasure hunter and pieces-of-eight.



At Naples the islands are close. Driving south you get the first feel of them here. The little town, accessible only by water for half a century, has rested in the sun for seventy years. Now it is being discovered by a few of the thousands who speed past it on the Trail. New homes are springing up beside an immaculate beach. Golf course greens flash in contrast to the blue Gulf.

One of the discoverers is Gertrude Lawrence, the actress. And should the resonant outburst of a beach-home bathroom singer startle you with its vocal power, be calm: Lawrence Tibbett also lives in Naples.

Gordon River bounds Naples on the south. The long white beach ends—chopped off by the first of the mangrove isles. South by water, you will find the sand again in lonely, half-moon pockets along the outer island barrier.

A well-marked inside passage leads to Marco Key twenty miles down the coast. Large cruisers and outboard-powered rowboats ply it with equal safety. Trout, tarpon, and snook fishing is good. Inland, myriad channels lead to fresh water creeks and in the pre-dawn dark of winter mornings canoe-toting duck hunters park beside Trail bridges and use these wandering waterways to enter the vast marsh lying between the islands and the land.

At Marco, Highway 92, a paved off-shoot from the Tamiami Trail, ties the islands to the mainland. Settlement of this large key began with a race of prehistoric Indians. Conquering Spaniards came and passed on. Fishermen followed and beside them traveled the plume hunter, the alligator skinner, the outlaw. Their shacks can still be seen there, some deserted now, moon-washed silver with age, stilt-legged above low-lying oyster flats.

But the Islands—the green, crawling, lonesome necklace—loop onward for sixty miles below Marco Key. The town of Everglades, twenty miles south, huddles on a low shore embraced by them. Lush, flower-fragrant, here is a south sea village under the U.S. flag. At the Everglade Rod and Gun Club, Claus Senghaas makes a record of the phone calls and cables from Boston and Buenos Aires that request charter boat service. The Club register is a Who's Who of the angling world. The reasons are all sound.

For south a hundred miles is Key West. And between are no roads—only the vast Everglades and the islands. No other tropic area in the United States is comparable.





←*Marco Island fishermen have no trouble catching sheepshead.*

From out of the Glades the silent rivers come. Through the grass to the mangrove, through the islands and the sands to the sea. Wide, slow-moving, some are rock-girt, others are cut by intricate and lonely channels that change with the great autumnal storms.

Lostman's River and Broad and Shark and Little Shark. Follow inland to the never completely known and you move over solitary lakes, half fresh, half salt, glaring under windless noonday sun. The waters teem with fish. Tarpon from one pound to two hundred are ready to have a go at a flyrod popper or trolled feather jig. At sunrise and sunset the wavering lines of ibis, the arrow wedge of pintail, the solitary flight of heron. And above it all, relentless, that blazing, tropic sky.

There is a strange thing. The people who come to the fringe towns and remain to know the islands never again move on. The retired railroader from Milwaukee and the local commercial fishermen are calmly sure that here is the life men seek. During the emergency of a kingfish run millionaires sign on as deck hands. During slack periods, natives guide the rich to tarpon. No one talks of Democracy; it is something that is lived.

Island women agree with their men. For where else may you enjoy a twelve-dollar yearly family membership in a spacious golf and beach club? It's even rumored that fur coat ownership is frowned upon.

After a month among the islands, comely matrons from Minnesota, who never wet a fishline in their native land of lakes, outdo their husbands in the fervor of their angling. With thoughts of a reduced household budget they can eagle-eye an oyster bed or slip a net under a crab faster than the predatory males.

And always for everyone are the shells! They gleam on the beaches in shining windrows of saffron and green and creamy white. Because shrimp nets scoop up perfect specimens, badly bitten collectors follow the boats, the way bookies follow horses. And you need not be an expert to recognize the beauty of the rare specimen; when you swoop down on your first perfect Angel Wing, you'll instinctively know you've found a jewel of the sea.

←*On the uninhabited beach, northerners tan and hunt shells.*

Walking the Naples beach in quest of shells you will again encounter John Prince, treasure hunter. From his right hand, swinging free, he will be carrying his only-one-like-it-in-the-world gadget. John will tell you it's a Geiger counter of sorts, but with a Midas touch. It disregards lowly ores. Only gold and silver have the power to make it swing and sway toward a hidden treasure trove. Taking a chinking fistful of Spanish doubloons from his pocket, he will broadcast them pell-mell on the sands and demonstrate the pendulum-like pull of his invention.

But sooner or later an old timer will tell you that the treasure of the islands is not gold. "Come in June," the early settler will say. "That's when fishing is best and you can live like a king on small change."

It's in summer when the leisurely village life is best. Bird dogs sprawled in palm tree shade dream of autumn hunts to come. And the islands, cooled by slow, steady winds, are almost deserted—yours alone to explore.

The oldtimer is right as far as he goes but he should tell you to spend the year. ■

Cottage owners on inland canals use boats to fish and explore.





"For heavens sake, where do I hit Jefferson Road?"



The main drag in Bodie, California, with the bank vault (red building, at rear, left), fire house (rear, right)

The Bad Man from Bodie

by Lucius Beebe

paintings by Parker Edwards

Now and then in his chronicles of frontier mining days in California and Nevada, Sam Clemens, who called himself Mark Twain, makes reference to "the bad man from Bodie." On South Virginia Road outside of Reno there is a saloon tucked away between the motels called "Bodie Mike's" and here and there elsewhere in the Far West the uninitiated may come across some mention of Bodie and ask to know who or what is or was Bodie anyway?

So pass away the glories of the world.

In Bodie during its golden noontide of boom and bust, bonanza and borrasca, the wicked were like a troubled sea and salvation was far from them. When John Hays Hammond, the great engineer and mining expert, spent a week there in the seventies, he reported that in that period there were six fatal shootings or stabbings, one for each day of the week with time out for the observance of Sunday. At the Bodie House where he put up he complained that the slugs from the revolvers of celebrants in the tap room immediately below his chamber frequently penetrated his bedding and were generally an inconvenience.

Even the *Sacramento Union*, which kept close track of California's more robust aspects of the time and was acknowl-

Blair and Tovey protect a Wells Fargo coach from three bandits→

edged a connoisseur of frontier excitements, admitted Bodie's supremacy in the matter of tumults and remarked editorially with chamber-of-commerce modesty that Bodie was experiencing the "wildest, maddest years the West has ever known." Bodie was outrageous with pride at the accolade.

The contemporary witticism which rocked the West on its Congress gaiters was naturally attributed to bold, bad Bodie. When a miner in the neighboring but more tranquil diggings of Aurora was preparing during a temporary local recession to move his family down to Bodie it was reported that his little girl, when saying her prayers the last evening, addressed the Deity tearfully as follows: "Goodbye God, we're going to Bodie." The wicked *Bodie Free Press* reported her sentiments but alleged there had been a mistake in punctuation. "Good, by God, we're going to Bodie!" was what the tot had really said.

From the very beginning Bodie enjoyed a macabre repute. The outcroppings of what was later to become Esmeralda County were first discovered by a "Dutchman from Poughkeepsie" named William S. Bodie who, shortly after his contribution to Western legend, perished in a snowdrift. His skull, discovered with the coming of spring and refurbished by local craftsmen, subsequently occupied a prominent position on the back bar of the Cosmopolitan Saloon.

Today Bodie and its twin ghost city, Aurora, are prize items among collectors of the souvenirs of bonanza towns of the old West. But, although their fame is fully as effulgent as that of Deadwood, Tombstone, and Virginia City, not all today's road maps show Bodie and Aurora. Rand McNally's Road Atlas, for instance, shows only Bodie, but both are available to passenger automobiles either from U. S. 95 at Hawthorne, Nevada, and over Lucky Boy Pass, or from U. S. 395 about three miles south of Bridgeport, California, seat of Mono County. Bodie is in California, Aurora in Nevada, with the state boundary about equidistant on the canyon road connecting the two ghost towns.

Both are indeed ghost towns in the proper sense of the word, not as "ghost" is sometimes applied to such still inhabited though once populous communities as Central City, Colorado, or Tombstone, Arizona. Neither Bodie nor Aurora can list a single permanent resident although there is in summer a

The hearse, still in Bodie's museum, was once in constant use→





part-time caretaker who watches over Bodie's tiny museum, and sometimes a line crew puts up in a well preserved home in Aurora while working on the high-tension wires which pass over the mountain there.

At a time when the fabulous earnings of the Comstock Lode a scant hundred miles to the north were making San Francisco a city of millionaires and helping to pay the Union expenses of the Civil War, the cry "greater than the Comstock" possessed a magic which brought prospectors from all over the West. For a time Bodie was thus hailed by its more ardent and exclamatory partisans, and the old staging roads of California and the high passes at Ebbet's, Sonora, and Tioga boiled with the dust of emigrant wagons heading posthaste for the new Eldorado.

From the dubious estate of a "new diggings," Bodie and its neighbor up the canyon, Aurora, passed almost immediately into the category of "proven camps," which meant that their future and stability were reasonably assured. All the conventional ornaments of a frontier community appeared overnight: a newspaper, a bank and half a score of false front hotels, and, of course, a multiplicity of plush gaming halls and saloons with central gas, plate glass mirrors, and big, economy-size spittoons.

Mine hoists sprouted in wonderful profusion along the slopes of Silver, Middle, and Last Chance Hills. Wells Fargo, the surest of all harbingers of bonanza, took offices in the Windsor Hotel. Three breweries started operations: the Bodie, the Pioneer, and Pat Fahey's, and were swamped with business. Opposite Wells Fargo was the town's posh pub, the Philadelphia Beer Depot ("The Handsomest Saloon in Bodie and Patronized by All Classes. Sandwiches for Customers at all Hours.").

No fewer than three newspapers: The *Bodie Free Press*, the *Bodie Standard*, and the *Esmeralda Union* started chronicling the gunfights and stabbings, and their yellowing files, happily preserved today in the Nevada State Library at Carson City, make brisk reading. In the first year of operation the Bodie graveyard boasted sixty-seven graves attributable to "sagebrush whiskey and poor doctors." Bodie was one hell of a place and the fame of its wicked ways and spacious life was celebrated all over the world.

With great wealth daily being put into circulation from its reducing works, it was only natural that Bodie should attract

the attention of a number of citizens who could by no stretch of fancy be termed law-abiding. The newspaper columns sometimes read like a bill of fare for hungry highwaymen. "It looked like old times in the Wells Fargo office Thursday night," reports a yellowing issue of the *Standard*. "There were ten leathern sacks, five from Bodie and five from Benton, lying on the floor while three armed messengers with shotguns and self-cocking revolvers sat behind the counter."

So frequently were bullion shipments being seized that Wells Fargo at length called in its most celebrated armed guards, Eugene Blair and Mike Tovey, to get the situation in hand. Secreting themselves on a midnight coach of the United States Mail Stage Company, they only emerged when the conveyance was held up by three masked miscreants just short of the Five Mile House. Wells Fargo's answering blast of gunfire made formal identification of the three corpses out of the question and for a time the stages were as free from molestation as in other and better ordered civilizations.

The mortality rate among gunmen was so high in Bodie

Somebody used to be killed in Bodie every day except Sunday.



when Wells Fargo was aroused that an undertaker in Virginia City was moved to lament the situation. "We never get any breaks in this business," he moaned. "As soon as the local talent get to thinking they're tough they try it out in Bodie and then the Bodie morticians get all the business."

The mines at Bodie supported a populace of 15,000 and a succession of bedlamite tumults for the next thirty years while an estimated $50,000,000 was recovered from its deep quartz mines and true fissures. Its golden noontide began to wane with the turn of the century but there were sufficient inhabitants as late as 1905 for a monster fireman's ball, as is attested by the grand marshal's ribboned badge of office visible today in the little Bodie Museum in what once was the Miners Union Hall.

The museum (which the caretaker will open for interested visitors if he can be discovered, which is usually possible in all but the worst part of winter) contains a variety of interesting evidences of the civilization that vanished with the "great fire" of 1932: bustled evening dresses and battered silk hats, typewriters of early Ordovician vintage, gamblers' derringers, and schedules of the several staging companies which served the district. It is not difficult for the imaginative intelligence to conjure up from these wistful souvenirs something of the florid and commotional past that once was Bodie's.

Many of Bodie's once vital inhabitants are buried on the hillside, and in an adjacent cemetery, but removed from holy ground, lie the remains of the town's "fair but frail," whose profession forbade their association, even in death, with churchly folk. At this remove such moral snobbishness seems no more than humorous.

The town's hand-operated hose cart, which was of so little avail in the "great fire," still stands in its station; the unpainted spire of the church points resolutely to the California skies and a series of regimented fire hydrants gives evidence of the town's once impressive extent. The ruined vault of the Bank of Bodie, empty these many years of its minted double eagles, and standing alone amidst the ruins, has a sort of doomsday permanence about it.

Bodie is a rewarding and authentic ghost town for the amateur of the storied past, and once, in a world of mining excitements and sudden riches, its name bulked large in the mining security exchanges of a younger and probably happier United States. ■



photograph by William Robbins

On the Appian Way—
a one-picture story

THE ROAD referred to by Romans as *longarum regina viarum*, the queen of long-distance roads, has been often mentioned in old writings that have choked many an unwilling high school Latin student. With the help of color film and brevity, however, history is easier to swallow.

Back in the year 312 B.C., a Roman named Appius Claudius Caecus began the construction of the first world-renowned highway in history—the *Via Appia*. It ran from Rome southward something more than a hundred miles to Capua and served chiefly to support Roman military penetration into southern Italy.

This picture was taken near Rome. The buildings are Roman tombs and catacombs, built there because Roman law forbad burial of the dead within city limits. ■

The Road the Devil Made

by Lucile Weight
photographs by Harold Weight

NOT long ago we were making a week-end camp with an old-time prospector at the historic watering place of Tinajas Altas on the Devil's Highway in southern Arizona. Tinajas Altas cove once was one of the loneliest spots in the western deserts. That Saturday night it still seemed utterly remote. There was no sound even from the little border patrol camp on the mesa to the east. We were alone with the night, the stars, and the ebony shadows of the towering granite mountains.

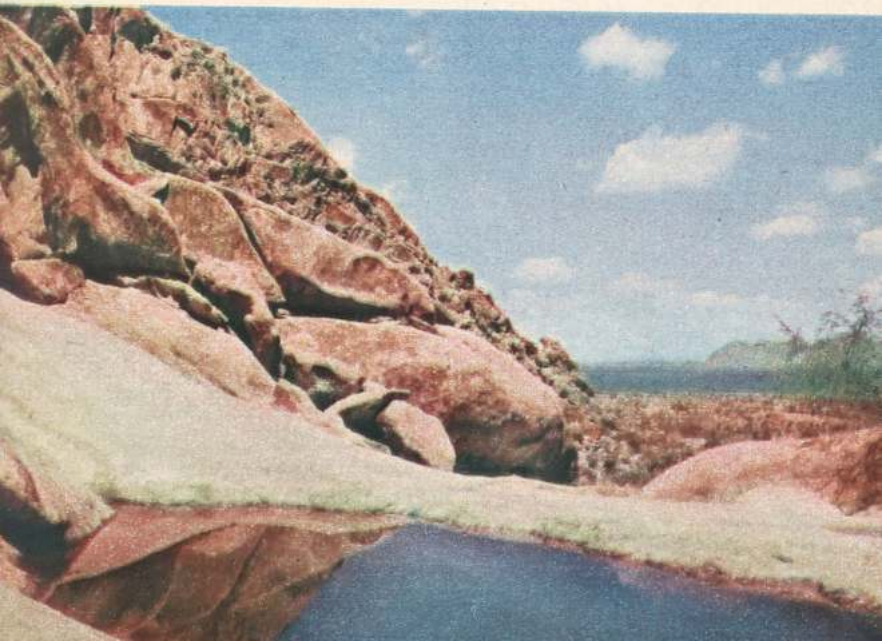
But we had scarcely cleared away after breakfast Sunday morning when a caravan of visitors rolled into the cove from U. S. Highway 80 which lies twenty-seven miles to the north. Our old-timer friend clamped his pipe grimly between his teeth and sat in the shade of a mesquite, whittling furiously as he glared at the shining automobiles and their city-dressed occupants. The visitors, unconscious of his unuttered protest, scattered happily over the desert, exclaiming over the wild-flowers, climbing the rocky crags and photographing just about everything and everybody in sight.

Our pipe-smoking volcano erupted when a group of young people gathered around a lunch fire in the wash below. "Them tourists!" he rumbled. "Why, dang it, I close to died of thirst right there where they're poppin' marshmallows!"

We could understand how outrageous marshmallows would seem to a man remembering a time when only the most rugged adventurers survived the burning trail to the scum-flecked granite pools at Tinajas Altas. *El Camino del Diablo*—the Highway of the Devil—was shunned then as the most deadly road in the Americas, with an unparalleled record of deaths from thirst, heat and violence along its 130-odd miles of almost waterless desolation between Yuma, Arizona, and

Above right: El Camino Diablo winds southeastward toward Mexico. Below right: Spanish adventurers drank from this granite "tank."





Flaming ocotillos bring vivid color to the green-gray desert→

Sonoyta in Sonora, Mexico.

But we couldn't share our friend's resentment that increasing numbers of tourists, seeking something different on their Southwestern vacations, have discovered the Devil's Road. It's good for people to go to a spot now and then where all the conveniences we have come to regard as necessities simply do not exist.

Parts of the Devil's Road are as deadly as they ever were. Long stretches of sand, wash and rock are impassable to high-speed, low-clearance cars, and may always remain so. But during, fall, winter and spring it is possible to reach two of the most famous stopping places along El Camino del Diablo in relative safety.

One is Tinajas Altas—the High Tanks whose recorded history goes back through more than two and a half centuries of desert exploration. These nine natural rain storage tanks in a granite cliff offered the largest and surest supply of water between Quitovaquito Springs and the Gila River. The gravel road leading down from Wellton, Arizona, is bladed from time to time, making it navigable even by low-slung cars.

The other is the beautiful little oasis of Quitovaquito. It lies on the Mexican border, in the southwestern corner of Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. The dirt road leading to it, maintained by the National Park Service, leaves the Ajo-Puerto Peñasco highway just north of the border. There are no supplies or accommodations of any nature at either Tinajas Altas or Quitovaquito.

But there is much to draw the hardy vacationer out along El Camino del Diablo today. There are no more spectacular mountains than the incredibly rugged granite Gila, Tinajas Altas, Copper and Cabeza Prieta ranges. Bright blue skies, fantastic green and gray Sonoran vegetation, and black, white and brown mountains make it a photographer's paradise. In the spring, when the rains have been right and countless flowers bloom, the Lechuguilla desert—down which the road wanders to Tinajas Altas—and the Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument are perfumed fairyland gardens, where towering saguaro cactus, wand-like ocotillos, and palo verde and ironwood trees follow the twisting auto trails.

And the road is rich in history. The Indians—Areneño or

One of the better stretches of the road, traversable by car→





Grinding holes used by the Sand Papagos long ago to prepare meal→

Sand Papago—drank from its granite water tanks, hunted the wild sheep once abundant in its jagged mountains, gathered the fruit of the saguaro and the beans of mesquite and ironwood.

Melchior Diaz, bold follower of Coronado, may have come this way on his march to the Gulf of California in 1540—eighty years before the Pilgrims landed on the New England coast. Father Eusebio Kino—the fabulous Jesuit of the Spanish frontier—used the Camino as a highway for many of his missionary adventures. He was at Tinajas Altas in 1699—seven years before Benjamin Franklin was born. And in 1771—four years before the muskets crackled at Concord—the great missionary-explorer Father Francisco Garces, who wandered 5000 miles on foot among savage tribes, was at the High Tanks.

But it was with the discovery of gold in California in 1848 that the Camino gained its name and its ill-fame. We think of the Gold Rush as being almost exclusively from our eastern and southern states. There was a rush from Mexico, too, particularly from the mining state of Sonora.

Most of the Mexican adventurers were totally unprepared for the struggle across the deadly desert. They brought their families, their belongings, their stock. They taxed the natural tanks and water holes beyond possible capacity. And they died by hundreds along the thirsty trail that they named El Camino del Diablo.

There was another period of violence and death when they returned from the rush. Travelers were murdered for the gold they had earned at such cost. Stories became current of treasure buried under every tree, around every cove and watering place. A second rush, around 1859, to the Gila and Colorado river placers, added more mounds to "The Trail of Graves." Then new routes which avoided the Camino and its well-earned dread reputation reduced travel along it almost to the vanishing point.

Will America's scenery-hungry, history-loving tourists bring El Camino del Diablo back? With only a few now venturing out on the historic trail, the idea seems far-fetched. But we can remember how few were the avant-garde motorists in Death Valley not long ago, and how rapidly they changed that valley from a fabled land of terror to a nation's winter playground. ■

The pond at Quitovaquito, a desert haven for migrating wild fowl→





Rolling Retirement

by Marjorie and Grant Heilman

photographs by Grant Heilman

FRED LOOMIS joined the ranks of the home-on-wheels builders when he went into semi-retirement from his dairy business in Perrysburg, Ohio. He drew his plans full-scale on the dairy barn floor, placing furniture in different arrangements within the marked-off space to see which was the most practical. Then he called in a builder of specialized truck bodies, who built the "Roamer" to Fred's specifications. Fred had it placed on a 1½-ton Ford truck chassis because he'd used Ford trucks in his dairy business, and found them economical and dependable.

That was eighteen years and 115,000 miles ago. The Roamer has taken the Loomises four times to Yellowstone, three times to Quebec, and to Florida for eleven winters. In between they've traveled the rest of the U. S.—with never a hotel bill.

The Roamer is unusually compact and comfortable. Its interior is sixteen feet from dashboard to rear wall, and seven and a half feet wide. The driver's seat can be removed to provide additional space, and the two easy chairs in the front can be unfolded into single beds. There's a tiny coal stove for heat and occasional cooking. The Loomises use Ford briquets for maximum heat with minimum storage space.

The kitchen, amidships, is equipped with a two-burner electric hot plate and a gasoline pressure stove for use when electricity is not obtainable. There's a good-sized stainless steel sink. A hand-operated pump provides water from a fifteen-gallon storage tank when the Roamer is parked where running water is not available. There are two lighting systems. The dining nook at the rear, which seats four persons comfortably (*picture, below right*) makes up into a full-sized double bed at night.

In his youth Fred worked for a railroad, and he still has a touch of railroading in his blood. This accounts for the observation platform on the rear of the Roamer. It doubles as an extra bedroom and its canvas curtains provide privacy.

The Loomises enjoy sitting out on the platform, and with it they have achieved some sort of ultimate in houses-on-wheels, for if they park the Roamer in the right place they can even fish for their supper over the chrome railing (*above right*). ■


AMER





Call Him Fire Bird

by Harold Titus

WE'RE talking about the sharptail grouse. Officially he isn't yet known as fire bird, but the name is a good one and should stick. For nearly a century he was driven from pillar to post by man, escaping extinction by a hair's-breadth. A few years ago it looked as if he was going down for the count, but he was saved by fire. Like the mythical phoenix, he is rising from the ashes.

Pioneer naturalists, first taking notes on American birds in the early 1800's, found the sharptail most abundant on the prairies of northern Illinois. He did not congregate on the vast grasslands like his cousin, the prairie chicken, but preferred the open spaces that were bordered by timber. He rested, nested, and took shelter among the trees; his livelihood—leaves, seeds, insects, and berries—grew among the rippling grasses.

Everything went well until man came, and with man, the plow. It wiped out the sharpie's food. He pulled up stakes and headed north. There was plenty of cover, but not enough openings where his kind of food grew. Pioneer farms appeared in the timber. There were bugs and a few familiar plants on the edges of fields, and there were blueberries and catkins of birch, but not really enough for three squares. The sharpie just barely hung on.

Then the grouse learned about the corn that man had brought. The famine was displaced by a

feast and the sharptail census grew by leaps and bounds.

This, alas, was only temporary. In came the silos, and into the silos went the corn before it was ripe enough to tempt the bird. In wide areas he faded out again.

Hitting the road, the sharptail roamed still farther northward until he came to the places where fire had followed the cutting of the pine, keeping down all but islands of scrubby timber and encouraging a ground cover where his kind of food grew. He went for those pine plains in a big way. By 1900 he had followed them clear to upper Wisconsin and Minnesota, 300 miles from his original habitat. In another ten years, he had shoved into upper Michigan and the grouse population grew to astonishing numbers.

All was well until man came again. Man didn't like forest fires. He curbed them, and in so doing enabled trees to jump up on millions of treeless acres. The sharptail cocked his head sorrowfully and knew that once again he was looking for a home. As demand for maple and birch grew and slashings appeared in hardwood forests, sharpie found new foods. He adapted himself and managed to get a toe hold, until the second growth began to flourish and again left him no place to go. This time—we are now in the 1930's—it looked like curtains.

But now man, who had bothered the poor sharpie to the limit of his endurance, stepped into the breach. Technicians began to study the grouse. They unfolded the saga of how he had rolled with the punches for a century and learned that in spite of his adaptability where food, cover and climate were concerned, he had to have openings in the woods in order to live.

To provide the sharptail with openings posed a problem. Making them by axe was too expensive and time-consuming. To create them by fire was too dangerous. In 1946, the State of Michigan decided on an experiment. The location was a tract in Kalkaska County, where the bird had once thrived. A square mile of timber was surrounded by fire lines and touched off. Flames thinned the growth, providing sun and moisture for ground cover.

Back came the seeds and berries, and back came the sharptails! Their number doubled in a year. In 1948 another locality was selected for similar burning. The sharpies increased 200 percent. So fire became another tool in the game management kit and now some 6000 acres a year are given the flame treatment—in small blocks and in widely distributed areas.

The sharptail will wander no more. A strong flier, wide ranger, defiant of severe winters, he has now, at last, settled down in the timber country. The nomadic days are over. He will probably be in this final homeland forever—if man does his part. ■



Old Plank Road— *photograph by Carl Arentson*

a one-picture story

OFTEN the shifting sands off U.S. 80, about fifteen miles west of Yuma, Arizona, uncover short stretches of an old plank highway which testifies to the rigors of the pioneer motor trip. This stretch of desert, with its blowing sand and tremendous dunes, is often used as a movie set when the script calls for a shot of the Sahara. The early motorist found the area impassible and dangerous, and detoured south into Mexico and around the dunes. Then in 1915, San Diego and Imperial counties of California cooperated to construct a single-lane plank road which twisted around through the dunes for six miles. Because it had only one lane, turnouts were provided every mile for passing. Until 1925, when an oiled highway was opened to use, this road carried the cars and trucks across the Sahara of America. ■

The Horse in the Belfry

by Guy Browning Arthur

paintings by Crawford Livingston

IT IS TOLD in the archives that certain smugglers wished to land contraband in St. Marys, on the coast of Georgia, one day in 1812. The revenue officers of the time were keen of eye and true of aim, and the smugglers pondered darkly. How could they divert the attention of the law? Whatever the scheme, it must be ingenious, for the revenue people were very zealous citizens, their sense of duty being of the type known as unswerving.

So the smugglers, jettisoning the last shards of conscience, enlisted aid from the Presbyterians. Of course the Presbyterians were innocent and unaware. It was just that they had a beautiful little church with a tall belfry. And their minister had a horse!

The smugglers were expansive characters who could put one and one together and make a lot out of it. So one Sunday night they led the minister's horse up the steep steps and tied the hapless creature in the belfry of the St. Marys Presbyterian church.

Monday morning broke fair and serene. The minister's horse looked out over the railing of the belfry, eyeing the village below from a noble point of view. The animal was noticed by an early riser, who, rejecting the evidence of his eyes, was much affrighted, and cried out for brandy and witnesses in the order named.

Soon the entire population of St. Marys was assembled on the spacious lawn around the church to speculate on the phenomenon. The horse alone remained calm.

But the populace of St. Marys was of practical mind. Presently they ceased wondering how the horse had got in the belfry, and began to wonder how to get it down. The





←*In the belfry of the church the minister's horse was stabled.*

quadruped was of trifling help in answering either of the questions, and there is unfortunately no record of the method of freeing the steed from its belfry jail. However, there is reliable evidence that the horse got down. For St. Marys' beautiful little church and its belfry are still there, and the horse isn't.

Presumably, while the citizens were concentrated on unloading the minister's horse, the buccaneers were down at the wharf unloading their wicked cargo and pocketing pelf. And presumably, when the populace discovered they had been hoodwinked, the smugglers' sullied sails were but specks off the Georgia Coast.

In the St. Marys of today, you don't hear much of St. Marys' dramatic past, or the horse in the belfry. But a number of good books on the region may be found in the stores and libraries.

St. Marys is Georgia's southernmost coastal town, with Fernandina, Florida, just a skip away. All of St. Marys' important buildings still stand, and if they were articulate the place would throb with sprightly interest.

The little brick building a block from the Presbyterian Church was a branch of the famous Bank of Darien. Darien, Georgia, now a small town, is about twenty miles north of Brunswick on U.S. 17, the coast road running from Virginia to Florida.

In St. Marys, another interesting building is Orange Hall, an extraordinary example of colonial architecture and workmanship. It was finished in 1820 by John Wood for his daughter when she married Reverend Horace Pratt, the Presbyterian minister and horse owner.

Across the street is the Clark House, built by Archibald Clark, who was appointed Collector of the Port of St. Marys in 1807 by President Thomas Jefferson. General Winfield Scott was among the notables who visited the Clark home. He was returning from one of his forays against the Seminole Indians in Florida.

Another guest was Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States, while he was visiting his friend Major Pierce Butler on St. Simons Island. Burr had come down to remain in seclusion for a time after killing Alexander Hamilton in

←*Main Street, St. Marys, with Hotel Riverview at left.*



←*Orange Hall is now a loose-jointed apartment house with aerials.*

the regrettable duel.

Near these homes is a small park strip in the middle of St. Marys' broad street. Within the strip is an area enclosed by a wrought iron fence. Here is a live oak tree said to have been planted in honor of George Washington on the day of his funeral.

At the other end of the enclosure is one of the finest old-time pumps yet to be found. It is made from the bole of a tree, bored to fit the plunger, and stands about five feet high. The curved handle, spout, hinges and fittings are all hand-forged of wrought iron.

Before this comparatively recent history, St. Marys was an important place in the conflict between Spanish conquest on the south and English colonizing to the north. Pedro Menéndez de Avillés had founded St. Augustine, Florida, in 1565, and taken possession of all Florida. He was hurrying to extend his domain northward, and with missionary zeal established missions far up the coast. As one of them, St. Marys was settled in 1568.

When the English pressed down upon these missionary outposts, the St. Marys River became the boundary between the two nations. British and Spaniards glared across at each other, and raided back and forth for political, religious, and commercial gain.

The battle of Bloody Marsh, fought on St. Simons Island, drove the Spanish out of Georgia entirely. That was not till 1742. The next year the British occupied the area, and the Spanish soon evacuated Florida. St. Marys River was no longer a boundary river, and the importance of the town dwindled rapidly.

Today, with railroads, highways and a lessening here of coastwise shipping, the town of St. Marys is not one of bustle and commerce. The shrimp fleet brings cash for the perpetuation of village business, and the town has a weathered look.

But it is well worth a visit, having history and age sufficient to warrant turning off U.S. 17 at Kingsland, Georgia. Eleven miles on a good paved road brings you to this dramatic port of long ago, once viewed by Reverend Horace Pratt's horse from the belfry of his church! ■

←*Spanish moss in abundance festoons the streets of St. Marys.*




Clinton Inn

Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Green Mountain Diner, Vermont

Venison Stew

Place a pound and a half of shoulder or saddle of venison in an earthen jar and cover with vinegar, combined with 3 or 4 sliced onions and 6 bay leaves. Marinate in vinegar mixture for two days then wash meat in cold water. Add to boiling water and stew slowly until meat is tender. When venison is cooked remove from water and bone. Dice 4 carrots, 5 celery stalks and cook in meat broth until tender. Cut meat in medium size pieces and add to vegetable-broth mixture; thicken broth, salt and pepper to taste. Serves six to eight.

Guests here enjoy marvelous venison stew, roast young Vermont turkey and maple nut cake. The decorations in the Pine Room include the original works of some of Vermont's well-known citizens such as Norman Rockwell and John Atherton. In Arlington, it is open daily from 7:00 a.m. to 1:00 a.m.

←painting of Green Mountain Diner by Douglas A. Jones

←painting of Clinton Inn by Grant Reynard

Clinton Inn, New Jersey

Salad Dressing

6 ounces sugar
3 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 small onion, finely chopped
1 teaspoon paprika
1 pint salad oil
1 pint white vinegar
Pinch of black pepper
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon salt

Thoroughly mix all ingredients, adding the salad oil last. Shake well before using. Makes a little more than a quart of dressing, which may be kept in the refrigerator.

The Clinton Inn has been a landmark of Tenafly for over sixty years. Today it boasts one of the most modern and scientifically planned kitchens in the country, but the atmosphere to the overnight guest or diner still retains the homeyness of an Early American hostelry. Open for lunch and dinner every day. Overnight accommodations.




Tarantino's
Tarantinos

Hotel El Rancho, New Mexico

Spanish Omelet

4 thin slices bacon, minced
1 tomato, diced
1 onion, chopped
1 bell pepper, chopped
5 mushrooms, chopped
6 eggs
3 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon red pepper
1 tablespoon butter

Brown bacon, add tomato, onion, pepper and mushrooms. Cook slowly 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat eggs with milk, salt and pepper. Melt butter in another pan and pour eggs in. Fry slowly until eggs are set. Pour tomato sauce from first pan over eggs. Fold omelet and turn onto a hot platter. Cover with remaining sauce. Serves six.

On well traveled U. S. 66 just outside of Gallup, this Western-style hotel and dining room have welcomed guests from every part of the world. Open every day from 6:30 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. Overnight accommodations.

←painting of Hotel El Rancho by Geneva J. Yockey

←painting of Tarantino's by Parker Edwards

Tarantino's, California

Halibut Florentine

2 pounds halibut steak or filet
1 pound spinach, cooked and chopped
4 green onions, finely chopped
4 lemons, juice
½ cup white wine
½ cup grated Italian cheese
4 egg yolks
1 cup heavy cream sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Place halibut in shallow sauce pan, cover with water, add wine and lemon juice. Simmer five to ten minutes or until liquid is reduced two-thirds. Add broth from halibut, spinach, egg yolks and green onions to cream sauce. Season and bring to a boil. Pour sauce over halibut and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in 400° oven until golden brown. Serve hot from baking dish. Four portions.

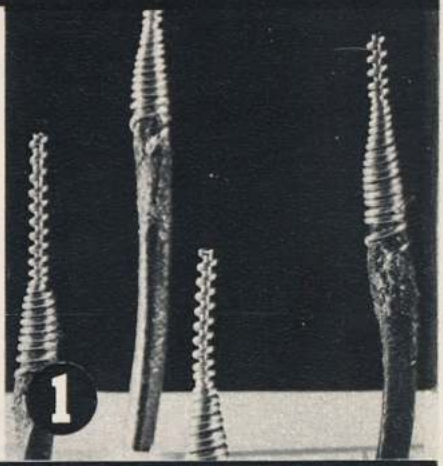
Set amidst the color and excitement of San Francisco's famous Fisherman's Wharf, Tarantino's affords the diner a wonderful view of the harbor framed by the Golden Gate. Open every day from 11:00 a.m. to midnight, except Thanksgiving and two weeks at Christmas.

GAME SECTION

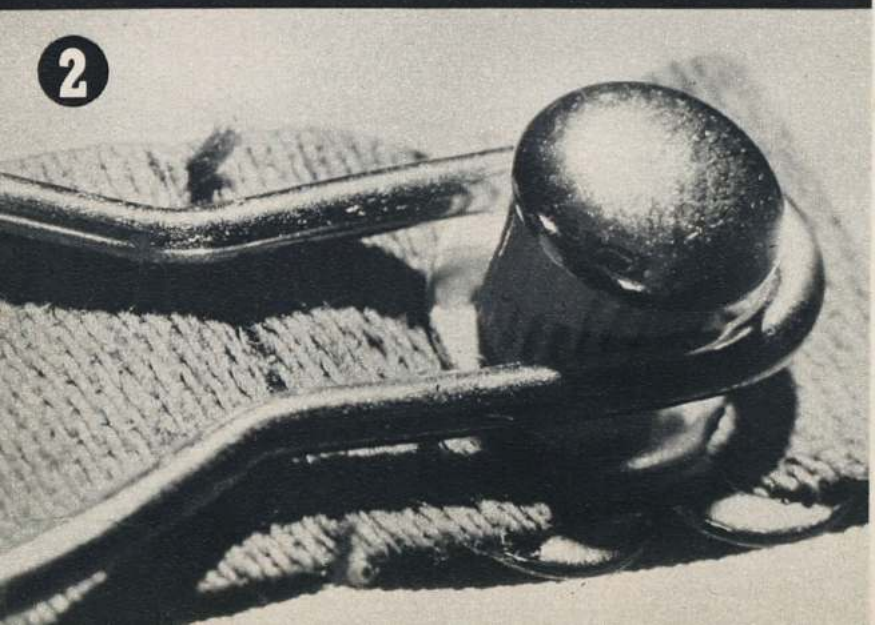
WHAT IS IT?

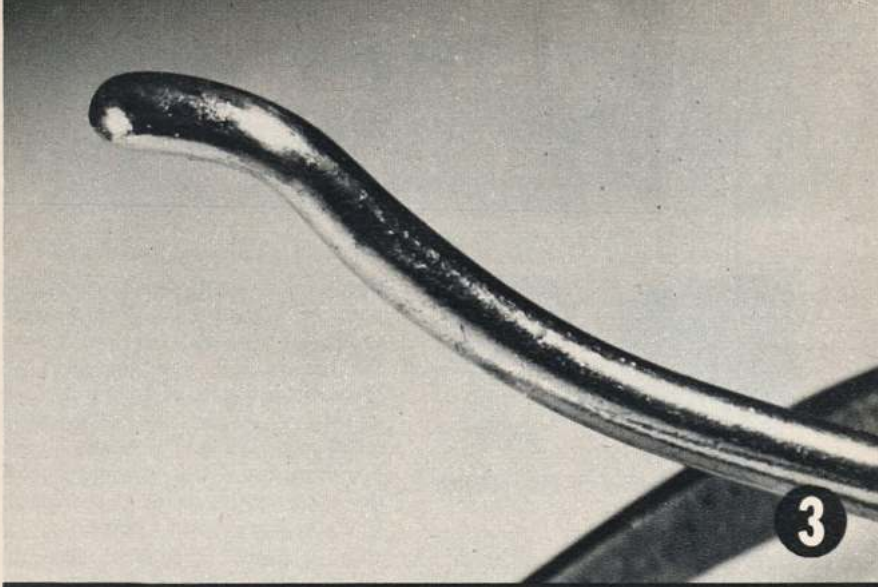
This time the camera spotlights wearing apparel—magnified many times to see if it could confuse you. After you've made your identification check the answers on page 63.

photos by Three Lions



Neither entwined serpents nor a pipe line . . .





. . . not a striking cobra or a straw mat.



Where Is It?

On a map you can probably point out many towns and tourist spots you have visited, but how much can you recall about them after you get home? Here is a good test for you. Below there are descriptions of six spots you may have explored on your vacation—see if you can identify them before checking the answers on page 63.



1 Birthplace of Stephen Foster

The Allegheny and Monongahela rivers twist through this town . . . noted for its steel and coal . . . nearly thirty miles of city-owned steps going up mountainsides . . . there is a City Inspector of Steps . . . birthplace of Stephen Collins Foster . . . originated as a settlement around Fort Pitt . . . a forty-two story building is part of one of the universities . . . on U.S. 19 and 30.



2 Where Four States Meet

The only point in the United States where four states meet . . . noted for its scenic beauty and historic associations . . . the government put up a concrete marker on the state lines and tourists can have their pictures taken in four states at one time . . . a few miles north on U.S. 666 is Mesa Verde National Park, best preserved cliff dwellings in the country . . . west on U.S. 89 lies Grand Canyon . . . a short distance southwest on U.S. 66 are the Petrified Forests . . . the Aztec Ruins are in the area.



3 Law Center

Home of the first law school in the United States, the Tapping Reeve Law School . . . birthplace of Ethan Allen, Harriet Beecher and Oliver Wolcott, signer of the Declaration of Independence . . . noted for its many fine old Colonial houses . . . first law reports and first collection of American poems printed here by the early American printer, Thomas Collier . . . on State Highway 25.



4 Washington Slept Here

Served as base hospital for the Colonial Army throughout the Revolutionary War . . . not far from Lake Hopatcong where there are swimming and sailing in summer and ice-boating and skate sailing in winter . . . at the junction of U.S. 202 and State Route 24 . . . main camp site of the American armies during the winters of 1776-77, and 1779-80 . . . two units of National Historical Parks are in the City and are open to visitors daily.



5 Gas and Oil Country

In the center of one of the greatest oil and gas producing areas in America, with twenty-three oil and gas fields within seventy-five miles of the city . . . an annual spring festival is held in March or April . . . nearby is Barksdale Field . . . redbud trees lining the scenic drive around Cross Lake bloom in February or early March . . . named for Captain Henry Miller Shreve . . . on U.S. 79 and 80.

6 Capital and College Town

Headquarters for the Francis Marion and Sumter National Forests . . . on the Congaree River at the meeting point of the Broad and Saluda rivers . . . the center of the agricultural and industrial development of the state . . . important in textile manufacturing, lumbering, printing and power generation . . . on U.S. 1 . . . the Relic Room in the State House is open to visitors daily . . . six colleges in the town . . . Woodrow Wilson's boyhood home also open to visitors . . . good fishing and boating on Lake Murray . . . capital of the Palmetto State.

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Metal-tipped shoelaces
2. Garter clasp
3. Tongue of a buckle
4. Buttonhole on a tweed suit

Where Is It?

1. Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
2. Contact point of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Colorado
3. Litchfield, Connecticut
4. Morristown, New Jersey
5. Shreveport, Louisiana
6. Columbia, South Carolina

Contributors



It is characteristic of HODDING CARTER, *one of the best known Southern newspapermen, that he should think clearly and deeply about his favorite town and about the social background that affects it. His story on Greenville, Mississippi (page 2), is proof of this. Born in Louisiana in 1907, Mr. Carter was educated at Bowdoin, Columbia, and Harvard. He has been editor and publisher of several southern newspapers, and has served with press associations. He has received a Nieman fellowship for newspapermen at Harvard, a Guggenheim fellowship for creative writing, and a Pulitzer prize for editorial writing. Harvard gave him an honorary M.A., and Bowdoin an honorary Doctor of Letters. During the war he was Near East editor of* Yank *and* Stars and Stripes. *Known as a liberal in his attitude toward the South's problems, he has been accused down there of being a Republican. He is not only unfazed by this, but says he would even be willing to go north and start a Democratic paper in Maine. No one on either side of the Mason-Dixon denies that Hodding Carter is brave.*

Whenever an oldtimer with stories and information on the boom towns of the Southwest passes away, HAROLD *and* LUCILE WEIGHT *get a little more anxious about the area's so-far-unrecorded history. Dedicated to the proposition that too much Southwest history is dying by default, they track down miners, prospectors, and anyone else who lived its violent days.*

The Weights have assembled a formidable amount of information on the Southwest. Part of this is distilled in "The Road the Devil Made," page 40. Harold took the pictures, Lucile did the writing. This team of assiduous historians publishes the Calico Print, *which is the revival of an old newspaper published in the 1880's in the California silver town of Calico. The Weights live in Twentynine Palms, California, but they're not always home. Just repeat a rumor that an old desert rat with some ghost town stories is on the loose anywhere within five hundred miles, and they will be off like a shot, with camera and tape.*



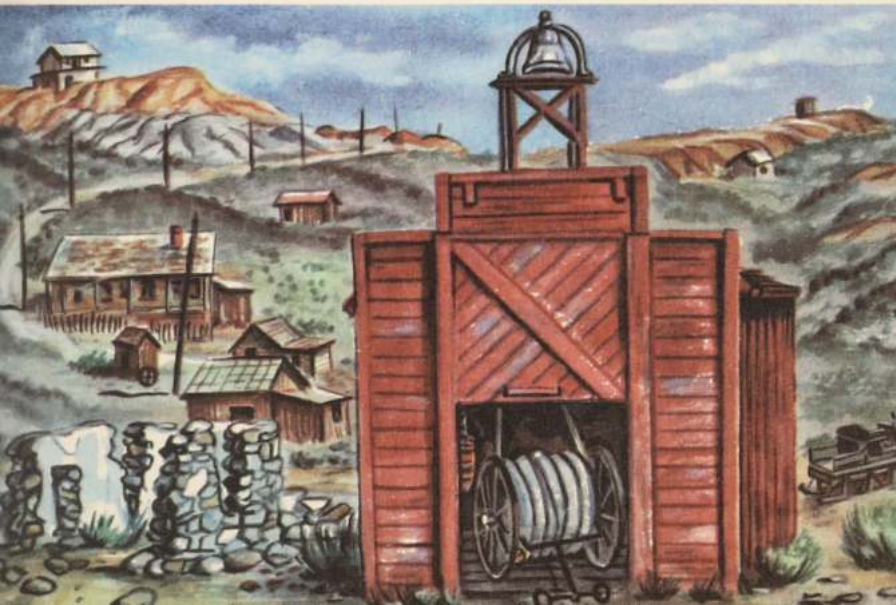




This is the photographic team of HAL *and* MARGARET NIELSON. *They took the pictures for the Plymouth story on page 10 and have shot a good deal of New England in color for past issues of the* FORD TIMES. *Hal got started in photography at the age of 12 when his parents gave him a Brownie. Instinctively he knew when and where to snap it and has been a press and free lance photographer for fourteen years, with time out for the Air Force. Margaret joined up in 1946. The woolly character is Jo, their six-year-old cocker, who guards their Ford convertible when they step out to take pictures.*



Above: vault of the Bank of Bodie; below: the Bodie fire house. Parker Edwards' pictures accompany the story on Bodie, page 32.





Front cover—Harry Borgman painted the "elephant" erosions in the Windows section of Arches National Monument, a spectacular natural attraction that lures many travelers to eastern Utah.

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