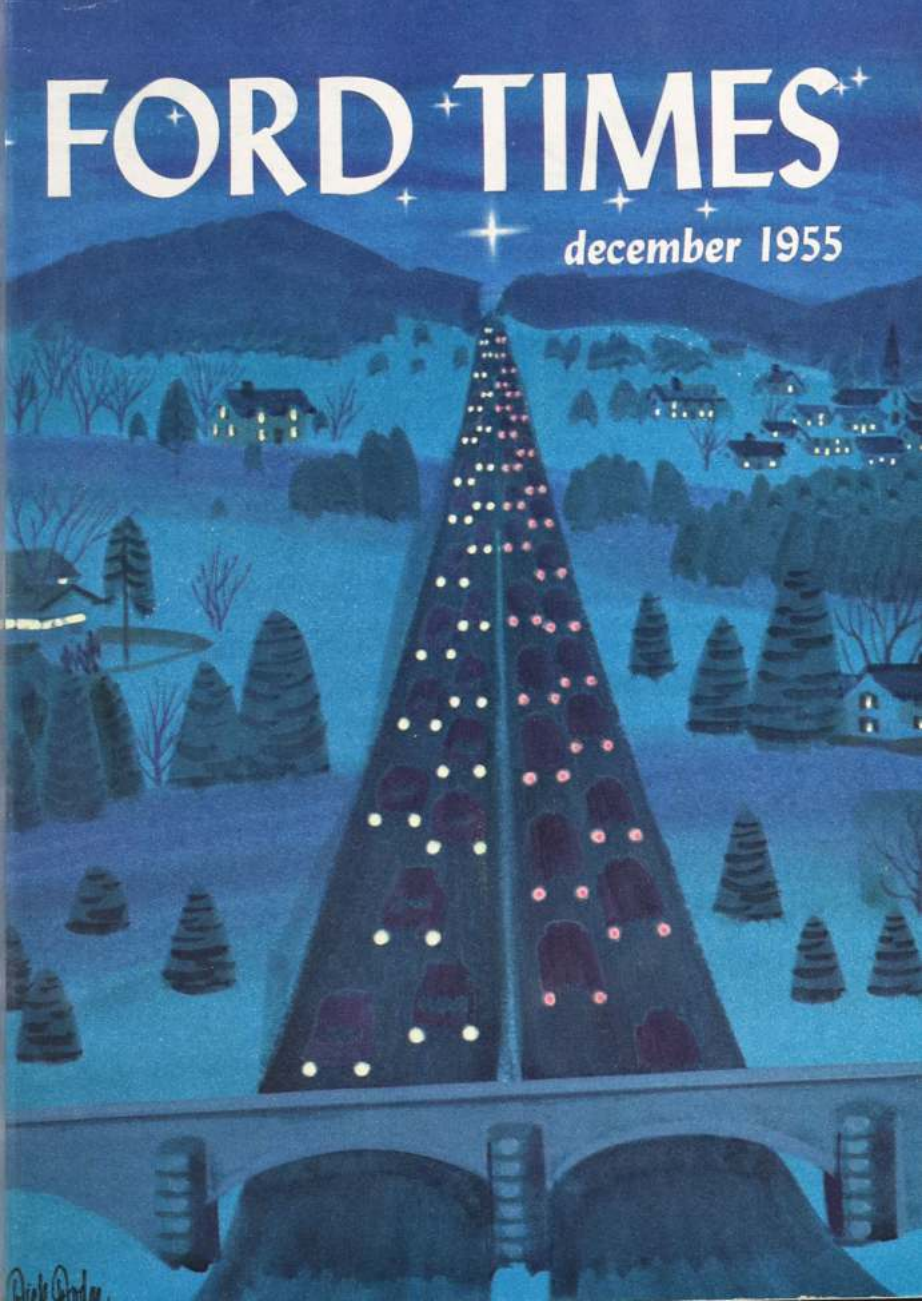
FORD TIMES

december 1955



photograph by Dick McKay

They Crash for Your Safety

THESE TWO Fairlanes are among many new cars Ford Motor Company deliberately wrecked in the crash injury research program from which came the new Lifeguard safety features built into 1956 Fords. They are shown shortly after the car on the left smashed into the car on the right at nearly 50 miles per hour.

Inside both cars were $3,500 instrument-bearing dummies which revealed to the safety engineers what happens to a human body caught in the forces of such an impact.

For a story and more photographs on Ford's safety studies, see "Safety First Crashes" starting on page 16.

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FORD TIMES

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Right Now in Brighton

by Marjorie Nelson Sheffield
paintings by V. Douglas Snow

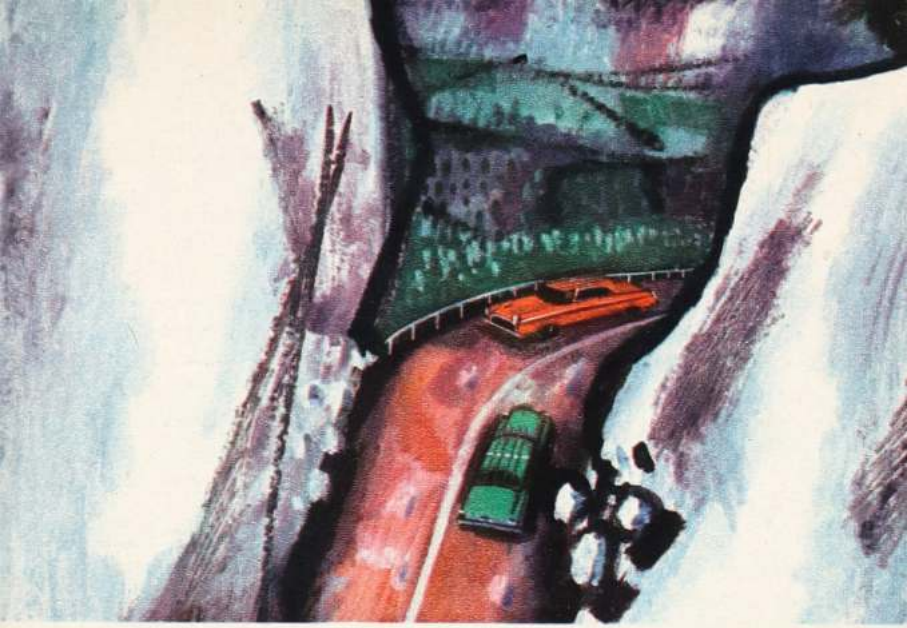
THE NEWSPAPERS are filled daily with stories of disturbing events and more disturbing prospects, but high in this forested valley, perched almost nine thousand dizzying feet up in the Big Cottonwood Canyon of Utah's Wasatch Mountains, the problems of the world are readily forgotten—or considered, at least, from a better perspective.

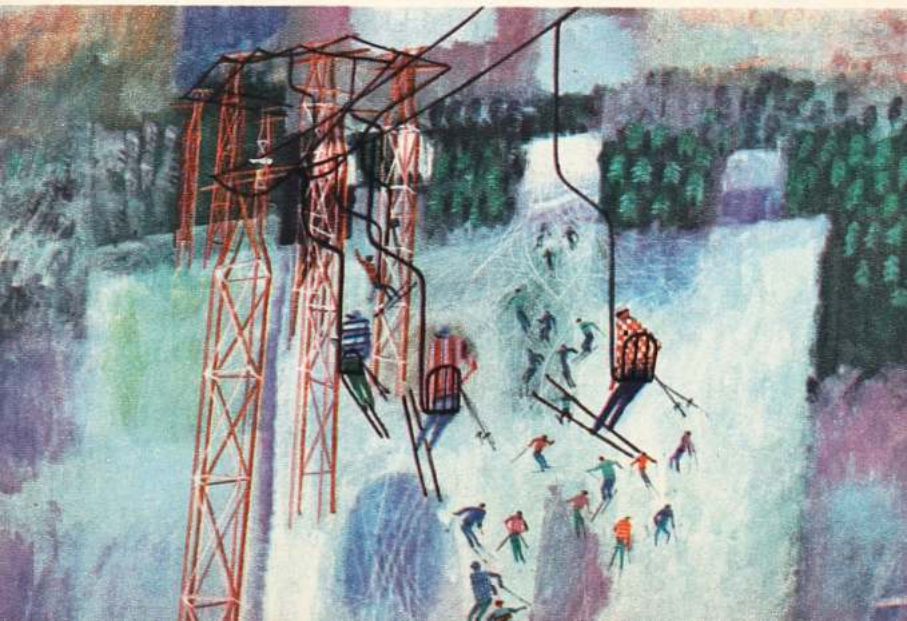
Here in Brighton, by the crashing streams and soaring rocks, nothing seems to exist but you and the sparkle of the sun and the wind leaping down from the ridge. It matters little where you've been or who you are or what you may do tomorrow. Right now is all there is.

There is the summer in Brighton, like the one when I was a kid and stayed for a week at the M.I.A. Lodge. I remember the shimmering secret lakes, the fat stable horses that were Pegasus and Man O' War rolled into one, the lanternlit hike to Mount Majestic, the fear and hope that I might see a bear, the Indian chant sung to squirming leave-takers of this enchanted paradise. So much for childhood—the enchantment never left. And that is Brighton in the summer.

But suppose you should take a trip to Brighton in the

Above right: Walls of snow guard the entrance to Brighton.
Below right: One of Brighton's many superb skiing slopes.





Favorite rendezvous for skiers: terrace of the Alpine Rose Inn→

winter. Now that is entirely different. Let us say, for instance, that it is December and you want to ski. You leave Salt Lake City late in the afternoon bathed in the glow of a blood-red Western sunset. By the time you are in the mountains a chill has fallen and the rocks take on lonely gray shapes where the wind has brushed them clear of snow. The sky is high and alien, and a moon as big as a dinner plate is pushing across it. The tires crunch on the snow, and the car climbs through rocky gateways past whispering aspens and in less than an hour reaches Brighton, where lights are etched in glowing squares on piled-up snow and an old-world Christmas card coziness prevails. Your room in the lodge will overlook the ski slopes, the trees, which look like frosted tents, and that same moon—big and yellow over the snow.

In the morning, you'll wake up to sun glinting on the icy windows and the sight of skiers, decked out like bright parakeets, already plunging down the slopes of the mountains. You'll eat a magnificent breakfast and then, ski boots clumping, walk out into the tingling air. There, you'll sling your skis over your shoulder and stride down the street until you reach the mile-long chair-lift that climbs Mount Millicent. And then, there you are swooping up the mountain, your breath hanging before you like steam, the ground sinking under your chair. The trees skim by, the landmarks dwarf, and soon you're at the top, ready for the soaring flight back down.

You'll probably spend all day at it, and it may already be twilight when you start back to the lodge. The night falls quickly and the penetrating cold will reach up from the ground. You'll knock the bindings loose from your boots and kick the skis free. The lights are on at the lodge, and from inside, somewhere in that smoky warmth, come the strains of guitar music. Take a last look about you—at the darkening slopes still echoing with the shouts of departed skiers, and at the faint pale stars over the ridge. That is Brighton in the winter.

The great bell of the M.I.A. Lodge echoes throughout the valley→

The ski lifts provide a spectacular ride for summer visitors→

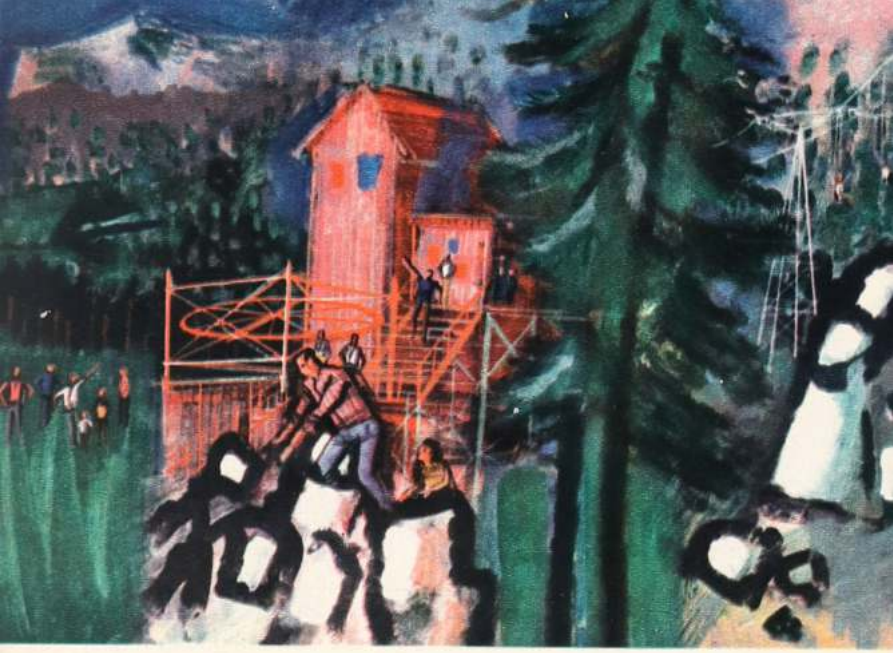
There are the other seasons, too, of course. The ski lifts run the year around and in fall permit an extravagant view of the aspens and maples as they turn and color the slopes in yellow and flaming red. The hiking trails that wander off in every direction, reaching out to the many lakes of the valley, are at their best in the springtime when the hillsides come to life, when flowers cover the meadows.

As for Brighton's history, it stretches back to July 25, 1857, when 2600 Mormon pioneers, 500 wagons and 1500 animals labored up the rugged canyon road for a celebration. In holiday spirit, they pitched their tents by the side of Silver Lake and proceeded to worship and sing, climb and picnic, play games and dance to the tunes of six brass bands. They had gathered at the invitation of Brigham Young to celebrate the tenth year of their arrival at Salt Lake Valley.

There at Silver Lake, at the Brighton camp, the Mormons received the news, brought by three dusty scouts, that the U. S. Army of the West was approaching the Territory to put down what had been characterized unjustifiably as their rebellion against the U. S. Government. In the course of time, the campaign against the Mormons bogged down and they were allowed to live in peace, but not before preparations had been completed for a new trek to a more isolated land. A natural granite shaft, the Mormon Tenth Anniversary Celebration Monument, has been erected in Brighton, bearing an inscription which describes the circumstances of the event.

There it is, Brighton today—just twenty-eight miles from Salt Lake City, a forty-five-minute drive from this bustling city. But a place, withal, where you can still see the aurora borealis on cold winter nights; where you can hike into the back country and let off steam with a lusty yodel. In this valley, surrounded by spectacular mountain peaks of the Wasatch Range—Mount Majestic, Mount Wolverine, Mount Millicent, Sunset Peak and others—you will find a place where time has lost importance, where right now is all that matters. ■

View from mountain top of Brighton and nearby Silver Lake→



photograph by Robert Boram and Hy Fisher→

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Christmastime at the Ford Rotunda

CHILDREN who are lucky enough to visit the fabulous Ford Rotunda, this month, will see a glittering storybook land, complete with a huge castle for Santa Claus and a Christmas Fantasy show. This is part of the annual Rotunda Christmas display that starts in late November and continues through Christmas Eve.

The show and displays will be open from 8:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Mondays through Saturdays, and from 1:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m. on Sundays. The colorful pageant will be approximately twice the size of last year's, which attracted 600,000 visitors. The Fantasy includes twenty-five animated characters, live reindeer, the multi-story castle in which Santa will visit with youngsters, shown at above right, and several dioramas.

Among the animated displays, all of which are in Christmas and winter settings, are Hansel and Gretel, Robin Hood, Wee Willie Winkie, Little Bo-Peep, Little Boy Blue, Puss-in-Boots, Mary and her little lamb, and Humpty-Dumpty. In addition, a group of tiny elves will be seen working along a moving toy assembly line. Santa's workshop is shown in the lower picture.

Santa's castle is nearly forty-five feet high and the young people will have the fun of walking up a curved ramp to meet St. Nick. The dioramas show the Nativity scene, the story of "The Night Before Christmas," and the traditional tree-cutting story. There will be a thirty-five-foot Christmas tree, Christmas cartoon movies, and Yuletide music.

Two other items of interest are included. The entire line of 1956 Ford cars will be shown, and the Ford Girls Club will have on display one thousand dolls which its members have dressed as presents for underprivileged children. ■

photograph by R. S. Johnson→

How Does It Look in Winter?

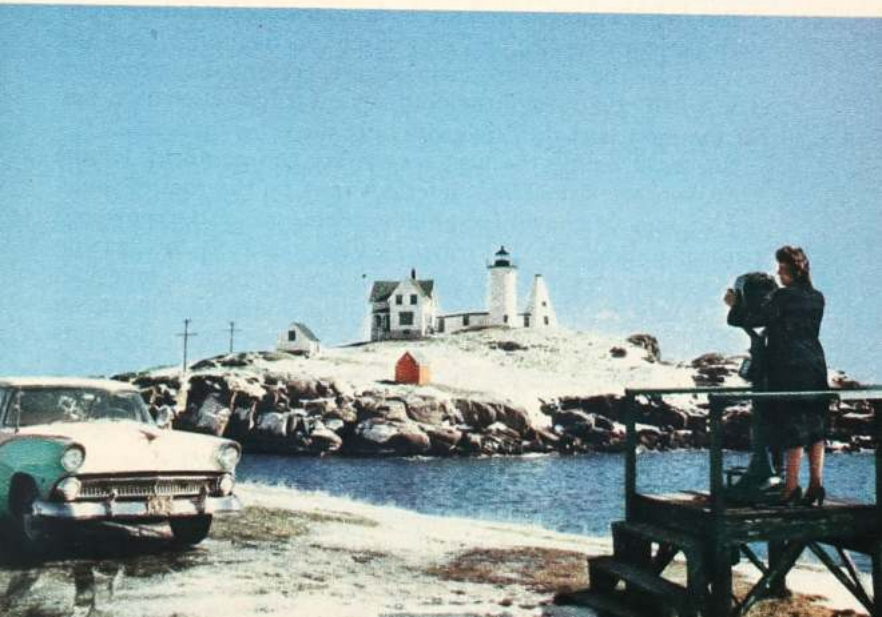
story and photographs by Hal and Margaret Nielson

THE SUMMER TOURIST, visiting the Maine coast, frequently asks: "What is it like in winter?" As a partial answer to this question, we present the two pictures on the opposite page.

The photograph at the top of the page shows the First Parish Church of York. It was built in 1747 and was one of the first structures of its type. The church is controlled by the Parish, a system of church proprietorship dating back to the Puritans and now quite common in New England. The first building to the right is the present Town Hall—formerly the York County Courthouse. It was built in 1811, a hundred and forty-four winters ago.

If you happened to drive north of Kittery on the Maine Turnpike or on U.S. 1, last summer, you may have stopped for a look at Cape Neddick Light, shown in the lower picture.

Cape Neddick Light, known also as Nubble Light, guards an especially stern and rockbound portion of the Maine coast. It is located near York Village, a step from U.S. 1. Built in 1879, the famous light is now electrified. It gives off a red glow, and there's a fog bell for use when the visibility is low. In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold called this area the "Savage Rock." There's a parking area across from the island, shown in the foreground of the picture. The coin-operated binoculars are available for a view of Boon Island Light, a few miles out to sea. On the May, 1954, front cover of the FORD TIMES there appeared a painting by George Yater showing Cape Neddick Light in summer. The photograph opposite shows how it looks in winter. ■



Winter Homes for Wild Life

by Mel Ellis
photograph by C. P. Fox

THE DAY was—not too long ago—when the fields of the Middle West were covered in the fall with corn shocks that provided winter homes abundantly for the lesser wild folk.

These brown tepees stood like winter camps across tens of thousands of otherwise barren snowlands. There was hardly a wind that could topple them nor a freeze that could bite deep enough to kill the creature hidden in their rustling rooms. The big snows that came up over the cattails blew around the corn shock cones and whirled away again leaving openings for the rabbits to slip through down to their beds of grass.

But today's mechanized methods of farming have done away with the corn shocks, and now rarely do they offer food and warmth for the wayward coon, mouse, cottontail or pheasant. The small creatures of the outdoors must look elsewhere, and for the most part they live with only the snow for a roof.

So, tread lightly the next snowy day you go afield, for the crust you are crunching underfoot may be the roof of someone's home. Mice will be nibbling rooms out of the snow and scurrying down icy hallways. A dark circle in the blazing background of white will mark the front door to a long hall and a rabbit's single room. Slick little holes, hardly as big around as broomsticks, show where a weasel went down its snow elevator. A crater may be the shattered ceiling where a ruffed grouse burst from a night's hiding. Scribblings under the conifers' bowed branches point to the front doorsteps of cardinals.

The pheasant treads out a trough in really deep snow between twin apartments. A possum may be dreaming hungry dreams beneath the big drift at the fence line where you

are about to step. They might all have more substantial homes if there were more corn shocks.

There's little help for it. A nation can't retreat from the progress which is providing full feed bins. But for an individual there's fun and a certain satisfaction in building tepees out of cornstalks, cattails or brush—wild life apartment houses in your own backyard or on the property of any farmer who will permit it. This shelter is as important to wild life as food. Resistance to disease and cold decreases as the winter wanes.

If you are truly interested, build your homes in fall. A framework of willow or alder branches thatched with marsh grass provides an excellent apartment house. Even your Christmas tree will furnish living quarters for a meadow lark or robin which refused to move south. Come spring, mount old wire on a frame a foot or two high, so that grass grows up through it and dies hanging there. Go into it in a big way and you'll soon have a whole community of shelters to replace the vanishing corn shocks. ■

Crossing the Delaware in '55

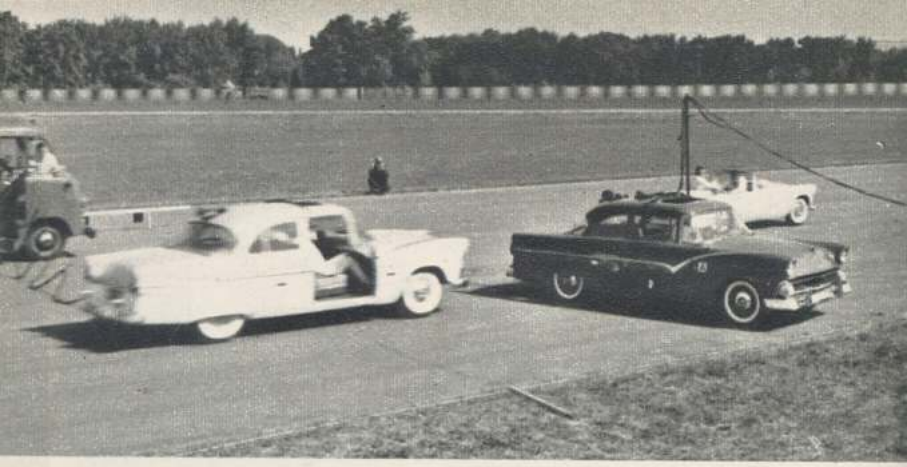
story and photographs by Chuck West

AT TWO O'CLOCK on Christmas afternoon, a small group will gather around a blazing campfire at Washington Crossing State Park, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, to wait for word that it is time to "strike back at the British." A mounted figure will approach suddenly at full gallop, weaving through the trees to the little knot of men.

For the thousands of visitors lining the edge of the park, the re-enactment of Washington's famous crossing of the Delaware River will have vividly begun. From this same spot, marked by a small stone, the memorable event which led to the defeat of the British at the Battle of Trenton first took shape on Christmas night in 1776.

Meticulous planning of the performance, now in its third year, has been under the guidance of St. John Terrell, a New York play producer, who took the famed painting of the scene by Emanuel Leutze as inspiration. Every detail, from the construction of the boat—a scaled-down, twenty-two-foot version of the sixty-six-foot Durham-type ore-boat used in the original crossing—down to the colors in the regimental uniforms of his officers, has been carefully copied. Leutze's painting, on loan from the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York since 1952, may be seen at the Methodist Church at Washington Crossing where it covers an entire wall (*above right*).

The painting, commissioned by Congress seventy-four years after the event occurred and actually painted in Dusseldorf, Germany, is familiar to every schoolchild. Despite criticism of certain details, such as the flag (not yet adopted) and the presence of ice, it is believed to be a close representation of the actual crossing which will come to life once again on Christmas Day (*below right*). ■



Safety-First Crashes

photographs by Joe Farkas and Dick McKay

THE accompanying photographs were made during the two-day National Safety Forum and crash demonstration sponsored by Ford Motor Company last fall. The proceedings were planned and executed to turn the attention of the automotive industry and the public toward the grim and growing total of annual highway slaughter—this year the deaths may reach 40,000.

About two hundred safety experts and automotive writers came to Dearborn to see and hear results of a thirteen-year research into crash injuries by Cornell University, of long term exploration of the same subject by the U. S. Air Force, and study by the Ford Motor Company on how to "package" motor car passengers to provide maximum protection from injury in highway and traffic accidents.

The Air Force studies revealed that there is a surprisingly wide range of forces which the human body can tolerate, while the Cornell research showed the areas within an automobile that produce the highest number of injuries. The latter findings showed that about 40 per cent of all injured drivers

are hurt by the steering wheel assembly; that about 38 per cent of injuries sustained by passengers on the right and center parts of the front seat are caused by striking the instrument panel and sun visors; that about four per cent of all injured front seat passengers are hurt by striking the rear view mirror.

A most significant fact brought out is that occupants of a car are approximately twice as safe if they remain in the car during an accident. In other words, being "thrown clear" amounts to a second accident.

Taking these findings, Ford Motor Company became the first in the industry to tackle the problem of protecting car occupants by building safety features into all these areas in its 1956 line of passenger cars and trucks. The danger of the driver's position is greatly reduced by the new dish-type steering wheel designed to distribute and absorb the energy of an impact on the driver's chest, and to lessen the possibility of injury from the steering column.

Padding for sun visors and instrument panels was provided to help the passenger absorb the force of an impact against them. Seat belts can be installed to arrest the forward motion of the body in the event of sudden impact.

A new type of safety mirror reduces the possibility of flying glass. Safety locks are installed on all 1956 Ford doors which


MOBILE INSTRUMENTATION VAN

resist opening on impact and help keep occupants within the comparative safety of the car's body shell.

The statistics were quite impressive, as were photographs and movies of the various crash injury research experiments, but the most forceful safety message was told by four 1955 Ford Fairlanes that were deliberately wrecked in two crash tests before a grandstand full of Safety Forum visitors. There was something of the atmosphere of an atom bomb test as the crowd awaited the first crash. This was to be a thirty-five-mph impact at right angles against the rear quarter panel of a parked car. Seated quietly in the cars were expensive anthropometric dummies, articulated, weighted and textured as nearly as possible like the 190-pound male human beings they represented.

The dummies carried delicate instruments in their hollow skulls, their faces were smeared with blue chalk to mark where heads would strike when the terrible forces of the wreck took charge inside the cars. Other electrical instruments were placed at various points within the cars, their wires joining in a cable which led into an accompanying instrumentation van. Automatic cameras were there, too, ready to add their information to the story of the wreck.

The striking car was towed at the predetermined thirty-five mph by a Thunderbird and a hushed grandstand saw the mighty blow of the impact, and heard the sickening wreck sound, a blend of clank and crunch. The second crash test was run at nearly fifty mph with the point of impact at the front fender area of the parked car.

The results of the two crash tests were a tribute to the painstaking crash injury research and an endorsement of the safety features Ford has designed to meet the problem. Dummies which were secured by seat belts remained in their seats; those which were thrown struck the prescribed padded areas; in each case the "drivers" were held away from the steering column by the deep-dish steering wheel; the safety seat tracks held the entire front seat assembly stationary, and not one of the car doors was forced open.

The deep-dish steering wheel, safety door locks, safety mirror, and safety seat tracks are standard on the 1956 Fords. The seat belts and padding are offered at cost. ■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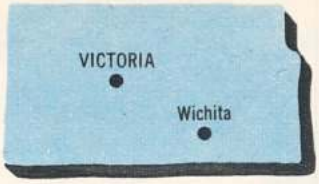


The Parable of Victoria, Kansas

by John R. Clawson

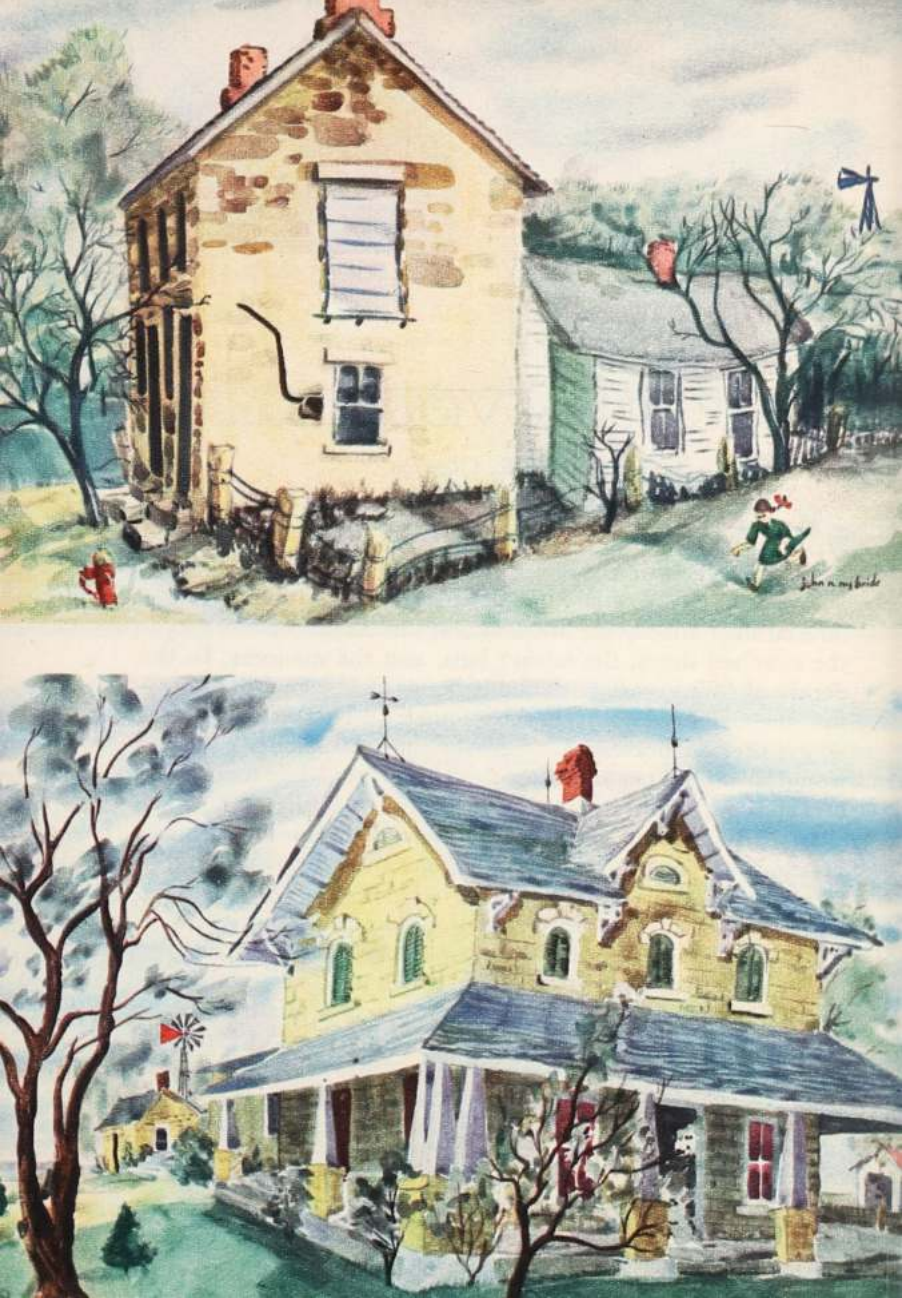
paintings by John and Marcella McBride

BRITISH ATTEMPTS at colonization, especially in the nineteenth century, were often attended by great hilarity. No matter how strange and savage the location, the English never forgot the starched shirts, the cricket bats, and the manners. In the depths of Africa, with lions and baboons just beyond the campfire, they would don tuxedos for dinner. In Rugby, Tennessee, which they founded in 1880 in the moonshine country, they would take high tea and utter British phrases while mountaineers stared at them in amazement from the bushes.

In 1870, arriving on the plains of western Kansas with red hunting coats and a respect for gracious living, they proceeded to establish the town of Victoria, named, of course, for their reigning Queen. It was a region in which the refinements of high court life had up to then been conspicuously absent.

For example, nearby was Rome, which had been established by Buffalo Bill Cody and in thirty days had a hundred dance halls, gambling tents and saloons—surely a record for pickup from a standing start. There was also Hays City, which was associated with Wild Bill Hickok. In the general area there was the celebrated Calamity Jane, who could shoot and swear

Above left: The towers of St. Fidelis Church.
Below left: Business section of Victoria, Kansas.



←*The only original English mansion still standing inside Victoria.*

with the best of them. And nearby was Fort Hays, with a few eastern colonels and their society-minded wives, but mostly a hard core of tobacco-chewing soldiers whose job it was to ride herd on tribes of brightly-painted Indians.

Into this rip-roaring, uninhibited commotion arrived a band of Englishmen of whom some were listed in Burke's Peerage, others were merely of the rich upper classes, and many had in common the civilizing effect of Oxford educations. All had command of elegant and precise English, wore the products of London's most exclusive haberdashers, and were equipped with truly refined breeding. To the rough and tumble cowpokes of the region, the English were quite a sight.

Why had the English come in the first place? The originator of the enterprise was a certain George Grant. On a visit to America he had once seen the prairies glistening after a spring shower and it seemed so lovely to him that he thought a group of his eligible countrymen would appreciate living there.

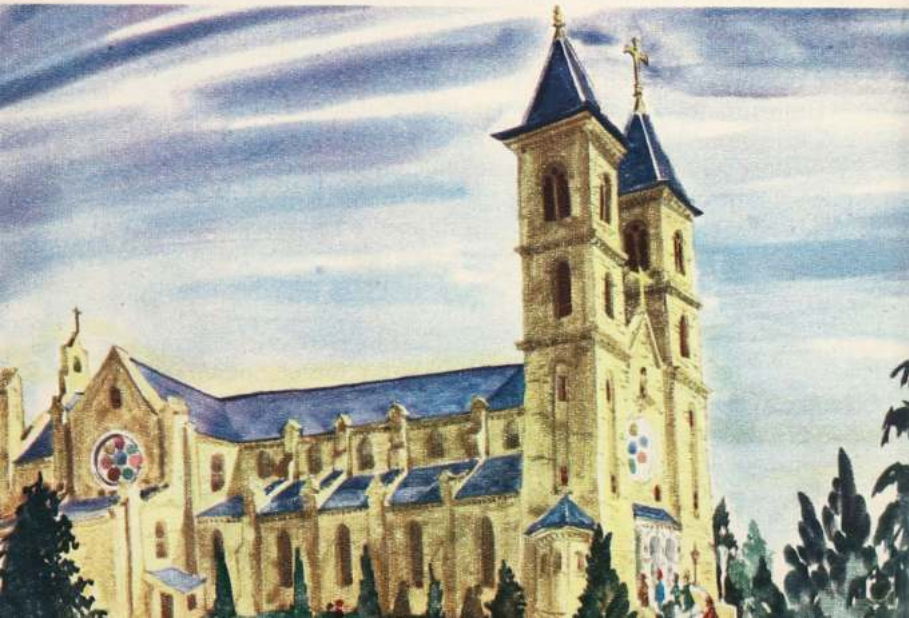
He dreamed of a city with no poor, for he would recruit only families of wealth, and though the railroad owned half the land there was still enough left over for huge estates in the English manner. The climate was healthful, the air was like champagne, and the soil was so rich that it would yield wealth in agriculture.

Unfortunately, Grant didn't estimate the ambition of his colonists accurately. A few of them were ready to roll back their sleeves and get to work but some of the others were rich idlers whose major ambition in life was having a good time. As a matter of fact, their families had shipped a few zesty boys off in the hope that pioneer life in America might sober them up.

It didn't turn out that way. One of the first things the settlers did was organize the Victoria Hunt and Sports Club. They imported wine in large amounts. They played cricket from eleven a.m. until sunset. They held all-day hunts. Sometimes they would go over to Tommy Drumm's saloon in Hays City for an evening's drinking with the natives, after which Tommy's place would look as though it had been hit by a Kansas twister.

Longing for the sea that was always at hand in England, they

←*The mansion built by George Grant, known as Grant Villa.*



←*The Smithies' house and the original farm buildings.*

took time out from the fun to build a dam over Big Creek. When the water had backed up enough, one of the wealthiest families bought a steamboat, which was hauled across the prairies by train and oxcart. They christened it with a bottle of wine and sent it down the ways. When it hit water it promptly capsized, for they had forgotten the ballast. Finally, it was afloat and the playboys had a gay time steaming around their lake, firing pearl-handled pistols at jackrabbits on the shore.

Six years after Victoria started, a new group arrived in town. They were German Catholics fleeing from tyranny in Russia. They had odd clothes, they were poor, and they couldn't speak English, but they were ready to work and they had brought the seed of Turkey red wheat, which was to become the basis of much Kansas wealth.

Building sod houses with thatched roofs in the old-world way, they created their own neighborhood and called it Herzog, their town in Russia. They even surrounded Herzog with a four-foot wall and it wasn't long before the English discovered that this was great for steeple-chasing with their bobtail horses.

While the redcoats were having their fun, the Herzogers were quietly buying land an acre at a time from the railroad and planting it in wheat. Bit by bit they were achieving wealth and independence. Before long it was noted that the Hardtacks, as the Germans were contemptuously called by the English, had more land than the original settlers.

Slowly, Grant's colony came out of its dream. Broke and disillusioned, some of the young bloods began to drift off. They couldn't square their "Paradise" with wind, dust storms, and grasshoppers. One of the gayer families left town in a rickety wagon drawn by four mules.

Now when you go through Victoria you can see the old women dressed in severe black, wearing heavy shawls over their heads. In the fields around will be healthy-looking wheat, and dominating the skyline for miles around will be the twin hundred-and-forty-one-foot towers of St. Fidelis, the great cathedral built by the German immigrants. ■

←*St. Fidelis Church, called the Cathedral of the Plains.*

Ann Arbor Santa Claus

story and photographs by Laurence Critchell

WHEN Albert Warnhoff of Ann Arbor, Michigan, gets ready for his yearly vacation, the fact is duly noted by the local police. His movements are of concern also to the sheriff and the governor of Michigan. More than a score of local institutions, dozens of clubs, extension groups and women's organizations coordinate their activities with his, and when he sets out from his small home on Franklin Street he sometimes has a police escort. For Albert Warnhoff's hobby is Santa Claus, and in fifty years that hobby has made him an institution.

Each Christmas he gives away more than two thousand toys. They go to underprivileged and handicapped children, to state hospitals and schools for the deaf, blind and crippled. He makes most of the toys himself, working two or three hours a night the year around in a little six-by-eight-foot workshop in his basement. Other toys come by the boxful from local clubs like the Kiwanis, from farm and women's groups; and by December his house is crammed full of dolls, scooters, wagons, cradles, toy animals, models of the Nativity, and musical toys for the blind.

It's his fiftieth year of giving. In his middle sixties, now, he's a spare, wiry man with short-cropped hair, crinkling eyes, and a lean-back-in-the-chair kind of easiness. His hands have the toughened sensitivity of the woodworker's, and his lean body needs a whopping pillow to become a satisfactory Santa. At a time of life when most people are thinking of retiring, he's going stronger than ever.

"It's rewarding work," he says happily. "Lots of hugs and kisses . . ."

Falconry for a Family

story and photographs by Floyd Bryant

CURIOUS STARES and surprised comments from fellow drivers always amuse the Morlan Nelsons when they are out for a ride in their Ranch Wagon. Not that there is anything unusual about the Nelsons, with the possible exception that the rear of the Ranch Wagon is shared by their four children, one large German shepherd dog and two trained falcons. The latter, always the focal point of interest, ride on their special perch in complete harmony with the group. The falcons are an essential part of a most unusual family hobby.

The antiquated art of falconry is all but forgotten by most people today. In ancient times only the ranking members of the nobility were allowed to fly the great falcons. To violate the strict laws on the subject made it an easy matter to lose one's head over falconry. Today, fortunately, there are no such restrictions. Modern falconers have only the inherent problems of the sport. They are many and varied. Perhaps no one is more cognizant of this fact than Morlan Nelson. Mr. Nelson, who lives in Boise, Idaho, is considered to be one of the outstanding authorities on falconry today.

Falconry is unique in that perhaps no other sport has had so much misinformation written about it. Contrary to popular

Above left: Nelson family, German shepherd dog and two falcons.
Below left: Morlan Nelson holding a prairie falcon—a fine hunter.

←*Nelson holds "T" perch for his trained eagle as it lands.*

conception, falcons are not fierce, ill-tempered birds. Quite the opposite in fact. Once their natural fear of man is overcome, they display remarkable intelligence and adaptability.

Actual training of a falcon is comparatively simple; the greatest requirements are time and patience. The bird is kept in a darkened room until it is accustomed to the trainer's voice and to hand feeding. Gradually the falcon is allowed to have more light in the room and is carried on the trainer's gloved fist. The glove is used not for protection from the bird but rather to give the bird something firm to grasp with its talons.

The next step is to break the bird to the hood, which is made of soft leather and is fitted to the bird so that it cuts off all vision. Nelson always has his falcons hooded when traveling in the car or among strangers. Such treatment avoids exciting the birds unnecessarily.

When the training has progressed to this point, the falcon is leashed to a low perch with short lengths of leather, known as "jesses," that are tied to each leg. Left on this perch among the family, the bird soon becomes accustomed to children and to animals such as cats and dogs. The latter quickly learn to leave the falcon strictly alone.

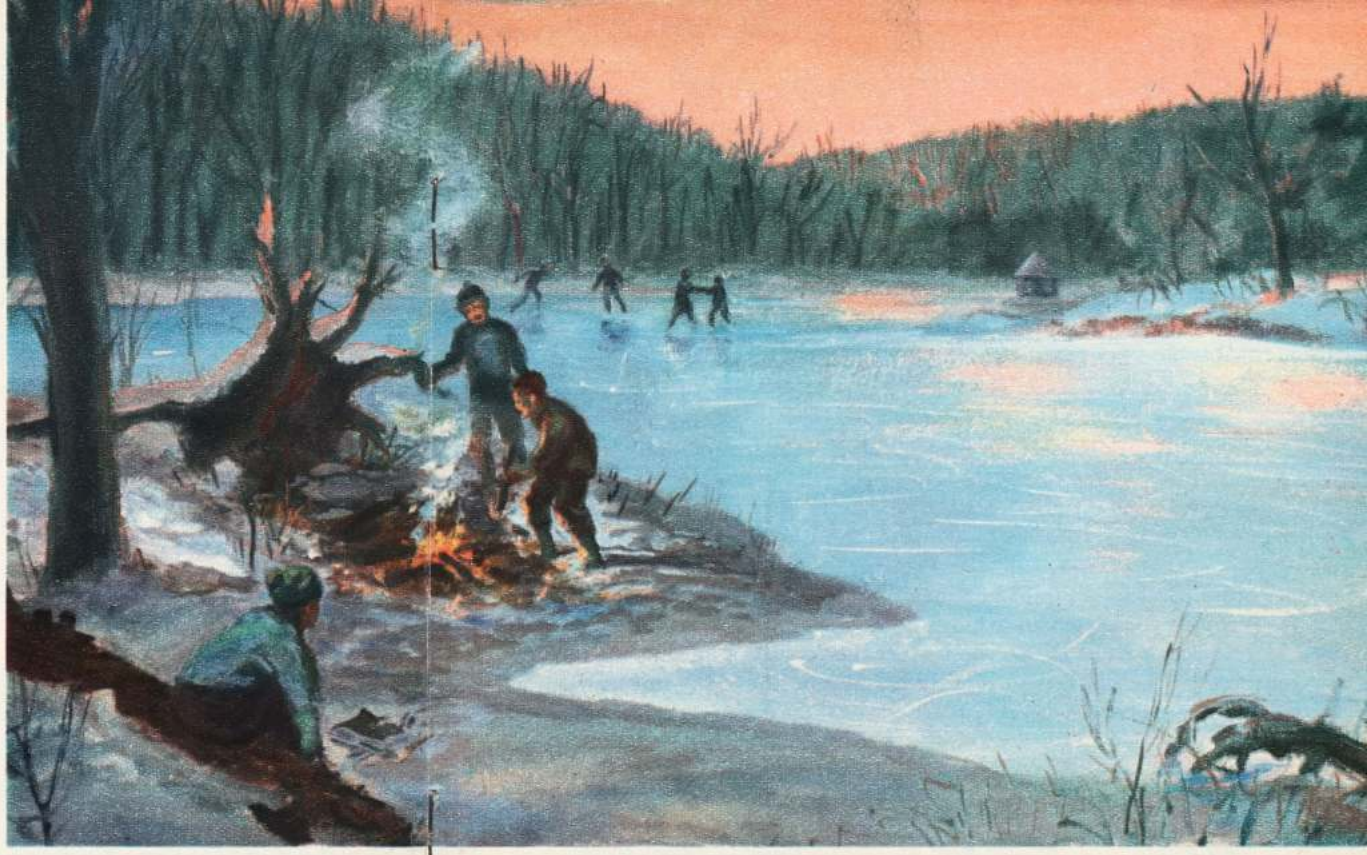
The falcon's strike calls for the utmost precision in flying. Having sighted its target, the bird peels off in the manner of a jet fighter and with wings folded drops with terrific speed making any corrections in course with its tail. Wings remain folded until the last possible instant when the falcon suddenly opens its wings and extends its talons. At this point the forward motion of the bird is changed from a downward angle to one of horizontal line. The legs of the falcon are constructed to withstand the tremendous shocking power of the strike.

The falcon is a most efficient flyer, able to lift a quarry equaling about 25 per cent of its own weight. By comparison, eagles, also trained by Nelson to hunt, can carry 15 to 20 per cent of their weight, which averages fifteen to twenty pounds. Prairie falcons average about two and a half pounds while the gyrfalcon is slightly larger. ■

←*Inspecting falcon eyrie on cliffside near Boise, Idaho.*

My Tom Sawyer Town— TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK

by Peter Barrett
paintings by Dom Lupo



Skating on Tarrytown Lakes

ONE WAY or another in my Tom Sawyer days, the fish and game around Tarrytown were always getting me into trouble. My father ran a grammar school—Repton, on Prospect Avenue—which was somewhat secluded in its eight acres. There were squirrels and rabbits and an occasional possum. But there had to be bigger game in the wilderness lots below our place. Finally I ran a trapline through it. Two traps.

Next morning the screams of a mountain lion chilled my blood. As I approached, bow and arrow ready, I was astonished to find a woman at my first trap. The "lion" proved to be her cat, a big tom. My windbreaker blanketed its savagery while the trap was opened.

The cat fled. I picked up my jacket. The woman picked up the trap, yanking it free. Then she cuffed me.

"What in the world did you have in that trap?" she said.

"Finnan haddie."

Tarrytown, especially the upper reaches of it, commands a magnificent sweep of the Hudson River. The houses are

A view of the Hudson from the hills of Tarrytown→

arranged to take full advantage of this and many of the streets seem to plunge straight for the river so that the traveler is constantly fed glimpses of lovely vistas. Something I remember vividly about these hills was the difficulty of walking them with a .22 rifle or a two-piece steel bow rammed down one trouser leg. It was ever so difficult to appear nonchalant while walking peglegged up or downhill.

The object of this was to pass nosy Parker houses without arousing suspicion en route to the hunting grounds—usually Detmer's Nursery on Benedict Avenue. The place was absolutely stiff with pheasants early mornings in the fall and presented a unique challenge to the dedicated young stalker.

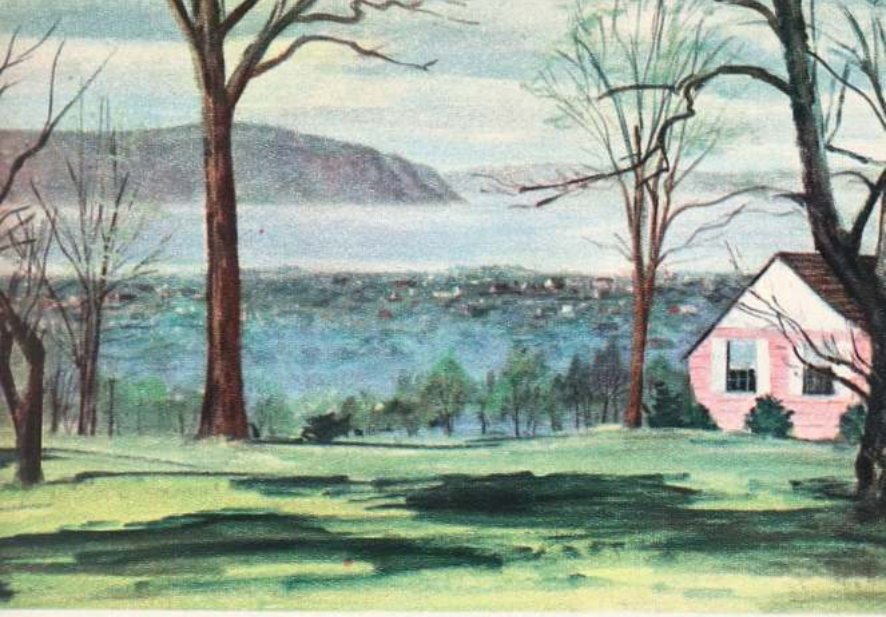
The town has changed some since those days. There used to be a pasture with a cow and a couple of benches in it opposite Russell & Lawrie's drugstore where there is now a big block of stores. A trolley navigated the dizzy height of lower Main Street. You didn't have to look far to see a stable recently converted to a garage.

It was a sight to see the ice breaker come pounding up the river in the old days, clearing a lane for the ships bound for Albany. There was no question of making a way for the Tarrytown-Nyack ferry; you just accepted the fact that when there was a lot of ice the ferry didn't run. The ferry has been out of existence for quite a while and now the town is in a sweat over the thruway bridge that will take over its old route.

One thing that seemed to go on forever was Mr. Rockefeller's car. The one I mean is a black electric coupé with large windows and, I believe, solid-rubber tires. I've seen it a number of times parked by the stone church at Pocantico Hills of a Sunday morning and once actually saw a Rockefeller driving it. Looked like John D., Jr.

Part of the huge Rockefeller estate sprawled down to the Tarrytown Lakes, whence anyone on a horse could enter the bridle path which angled upward into open woodlands. In these woods were a number of tiny ponds in which, according to a rumor that reached my boyish ears, there lived hungry

The Music Hall Theatre where movies were shown→




MUSIC HALL
MUSIC HALL

Rockefeller's car at the stone church, Pocantico Hills→

trout as long as my leg. And so it was that an equestrian friend and I conceived a daring plan. We would ride to a pond and Mike would dismount to fish with a handline. If anyone came along, "unhorsed" Mike, his face dirt-streaked, would be innocently nursing his wounds by the pond. I was to ride scout.

We chose a sparkling Saturday morning. Though this was our first time on the estate, it was easy to find the ponds. And they looked terrific. Mike got down and handed me his reins. In no time he had a nightcrawler soaking.

"I can't hold your horse. It doesn't look right," I said.

"Ground-hitch him." Mike had read a lot of Will James.

I dropped the reins to the ground. The horse wheeled and bolted. I had to follow her clear to the barway down by the big Tarrytown lake before I could get the reins. When I returned Mike was at another pond.

"Nothing," he said with disgust. "Absolutely nothing."

It was at the Tarrytown Lakes that I acquired my first respect for game laws. My mother and I were bass fishing and I kept one about half an inch short. Later we saw old Mr. Bailey, the warden, approaching. I chucked the bass in and was horrified to find that it floated. Several frantic pokes with our rods failed to sink it. That bass was as dry as a board.

Old Mr. Bailey pretended not to see the bass. He talked pleasantly for several minutes and there was the bass out there as plain as a surfboard but he never even glanced at it. It seemed hours before he left. I have never deliberately killed a short fish since.

A part of my growing up was interwoven with chemical experiments and a boy named Louis Bradford. We specialized in explosions. Fortunately the encyclopedias around Tarrytown were maddeningly vague as to the exact way to make stuff like TNT. We were always trying mixtures that didn't quite work. Except, one day, in the case of gunpowder.

Louie had brought an old cast-iron cannon, of the type used to start yacht races, to our barn. We rammed our powder down

There used to be car races on the frozen Hudson River→

its barrel and as an afterthought hammered a wood plug into its muzzle. A match flared.

"Watch out for that plug, ya dummy," Louie said, and touched her off. There was a detonation which pressed my clothes against my body. The cannon had disintegrated even to the wheels. Somehow neither of us got a scratch but Tarrytown heard us that day!

I believe it was Louie who suggested fixing up arrowheads. You removed the blunt target head and put the shaft into a pencil sharpener, then wrapped copper wire just back of the point. This was said to give great penetration.

My bow and new arrows were handy when we saw a coal truck approaching our barn. The truck had wooden doors and we decided to quiver an arrow into the door panel for dramatic effect. Somehow the arrow struck the fender and glanced upward. Out leaped the coalman, my arrow in his jaw. Among other things, my father remarked that this was the most expensive load of coal *he* had ever bought!—the coalman lost two teeth—but strangely he was less harsh than on an occasion that struck me as being far milder.

We had driven home from a short vacation over miles and miles of wretched detours. I had in the back with me a cigar box containing several sticks of dynamite I had found near a quarry. For a while, with the bad jolting, I had been a little worried about that dynamite but by the time we reached Tarrytown I had learned to live with it.

My father pulled up at the school and said, thinking mostly of the boxes of toads, etc., in the back with me:

"And how are you fellows back there?"

I replied, "Oh, me and the dynamite are fine!"

For a time my father just sat there, a tired sort of look on his face. When he got his voice organized he told me to take *that* box and leave it in the middle of the big soccer field. Long before the fire department came for the dynamite I was given a lecture with gestures which ended in my surrendering to force. That licking was doubly memorable. It marked the end of my chemical experiments, and shortly afterward I became engaged in more exciting work.

I began to go out with Tarrytown girls. ■

photograph by John L. Russell, Jr.

Fowey Rock Lighthouse—

a one-picture story

SERVING and protecting the highly traveled sea lanes off the coast of Miami, Florida, Fowey Rock is one of the most unusual looking lighthouses on the Atlantic seaboard. Equipped with beacon, radio communication and emergency supplies, and manned by the Coast Guard, it stands as guardian and dispatcher of aid for those in distress at sea. Helicopters, seaplanes and motor launches based at Dinner Key are on twenty-four-hour alert. Typical of their speedy rescues was one enacted recently when a sudden squall upset several sailboats about five miles from the light. Minutes after the upset the soaked sailors, spotted by a Fowey Rock lookout, were plucked from the sea by helicopters. ■

Jekyll and Hyde of the Desert

by Weldon F. Heald
paintings by Charles Culver

TAKE an Indian beaded bag with orange and black designs, add four legs and a tail, and you have a fair approximation of the Gila monster, the most remarkable and contradictory of all Southwestern reptiles.

The Gila monster is a law unto himself in appearance, physical characteristics, and temperament. He is beautiful and ugly, gentle and savage, sluggish and quick, wise and stupid. The most celebrated characteristic of this reptile is his venomous property, shared among lizards only with a very close southern relative, the Mexican beaded lizard. Just how and why this faculty arose is a question. It serves no use in food-getting since this extraordinary creature seems to eat eggs more than anything else. The exact toxicity or strength of the venom has never been agreed upon by scientists. The glands which secrete the venom are in the lower jaw, where the lips are swollen. When the animal bites, the venom runs along the grooves in the anterior teeth and flows into the wound. Unless the Gila monster hangs on for a considerable period, there is little opportunity for the full effect of the venom to be realized. Some say that its poison is equivalent in deadliness to that of the rattlesnake, but others maintain that no death of a human has ever been caused by the bite from one of these lizards.

Found only in the arid regions of northern Mexico and southwestern United States, as far north as southern Utah, this gaudy reptile was named by the pioneers after Arizona's Gila River, along which it still thrives. Gila is a Spanish-

Indian word of unknown origin and is pronounced *hee-la*, but "monster" is pure inspired Yankee.

Growing to a length of two feet, the Gila monster has a flat, blunt head, heavy set, cylindrical body, an oversize, pointed tail, and powerful, stubby legs. Most of the time the animal is awkward and slow, lumbering along in apparent contented reptilian stupidity. But don't let that fool you. It can suddenly flash into action, raise itself on its legs and run for short distances, or when aroused, twist and thrash about with remarkable agility, hissing violently. People who come too close when a Gila monster is on the prod may find it hard to avoid its jaws. Once those jaws have snapped shut, they remain firmly imbedded and even in death are opened with difficulty.

But such is the dual personality of this amazing Jekyll and Hyde of the desert that he is usually mild-mannered and retiring, and even docile and friendly in captivity. He then enjoys being handled, loves to have his back scratched. Just what Gila monsters eat when foraging for themselves is problematical. But they are thought to feed on smaller lizards and their eggs, snakes' and ants' eggs, birds' eggs when they can be found on the ground, and probably assorted insects. When times are good Gila monsters store fat in their tails, which they can live on for several months during periods of drought and famine.

But there is still much to be learned about their life and habits. For instance, no one knows how long a Gila monster lives. As with most reptiles, home life is apparently sketchy. In July or August, during the summer rainy season, the female lays from six to thirteen eggs in damp sand exposed to direct sunlight. These are large, tough-shelled and oval, often measuring two and a half inches long and one and a half inches wide. Incubation takes a month and the newly hatched young are about four inches long, much more brightly colored than their elders, and exceedingly frisky.

All in all, Gila monsters are hardly lovable characters. However, neither are they destructive varmints, predators or pests, and they present no danger whatever to people who live on the deserts or visit them. All they ask is to be allowed to live their strange life in their own way. ■

photograph by Ray Atkeson and Phil Davis

Mt. Hood in Winter

— a one-picture story

CONSIDERING how frozen, stable, and magnificent Mount Hood looks in this picture, the information on the mountain in the Oregon state guide book is somewhat startling. As late as 1865, the book says, smoke and fire were seen coming from it. A few years later Hood was hot again—a childish throw-back to the early days when it and many other peaks of the Cascades were active volcanoes.

Of late the mountain has shown no undue signs of eruption. It has become one of the major winter sports areas of the West Coast, which is a very pleasant and useful old age for a volcano. ■

The Christmas Putz in Pennsylvania

by Richmond E. Myers

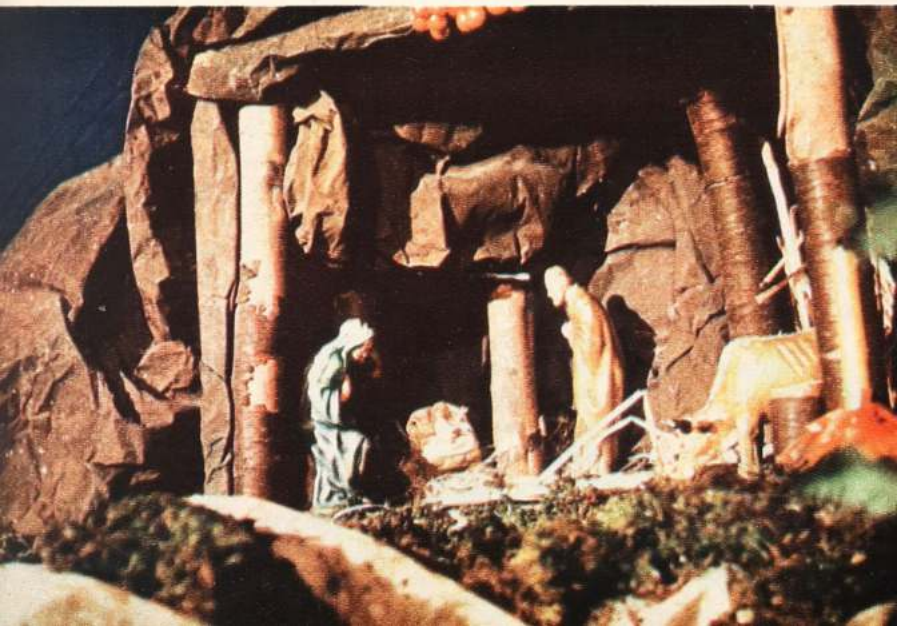
photographs by Richmond E. Myers and Daniel Jones

For more than two hundred years the Germans of eastern Pennsylvania have included in their Christmas celebrations a custom that is among the most unique and pleasant in the country. It is called a "putz" and in its simplest form is a miniature landscape placed under the Christmas tree to represent the Nativity scene. In this it resembles the *crèche*, fairly common throughout the U.S., which includes the Holy Family, the cradle, a few animals, and often the Wise Men.

As the Germans, or, more strictly, the Moravians, have developed the putz, it is often highly detailed and complex. Sometimes a putz, which is also called a Christmas yard or a Christmas garden, will cover the whole floor of a family living room. Besides telling the story of the Nativity with carved figures, it will include rocks made of papier-mâché, a tiny forest, streams fed through pipes, fields, a stable, a desert with an oasis, and angels hanging by wires. In recent years the putz has grown to include electric lighting, recorded Christmas music, and in more than one a toy train that chugs through the landscape.

The word "putz" is German and it means to shine or polish. In the Saxon dialect of four hundred years ago it also meant to decorate and was applied to the decorating of churches, not only at Christmas but all through the year. Today, in this country, it applies solely to Christmas decoration, whether in churches or the home.

Above right: An angel announcing Christ's birth to the shepherds. Below right: Group of Nativity figures carved in Oberammergau.



The Wise Men adoring the Child→

The building of these scenes in churches goes back to the Middle Ages when they were used simply to illustrate the Christmas story. In time the displays became elaborate and ornate and before long the custom was carried into homes. The homes of the mountain sections of Germany had the finest putzes because the people were wood carvers. They practiced this craft during long winters and many of the figures they carved were true works of art.

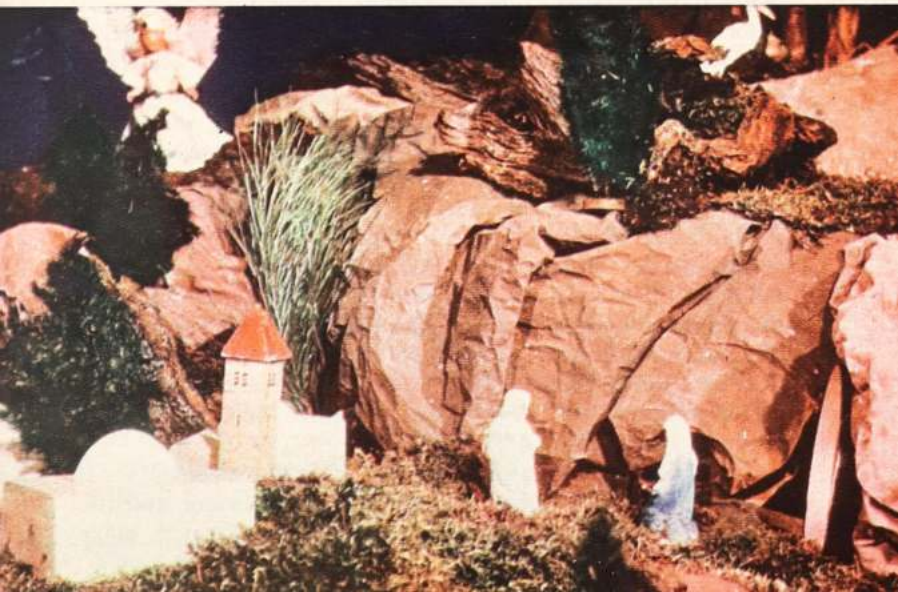
The figures used in Pennsylvania putzes are saved from year to year, and those treasured by some families are more than a century old. Some are imported from the old country, some carved in Pennsylvania, and others bought at local shops. There is a story that one family went all the way to Palestine with graph paper and slide rules and actually measured temple sites, gates, wells and the land itself in order to build a putz that would be an exact model of the Nativity scene as it would have appeared in Christ's time.

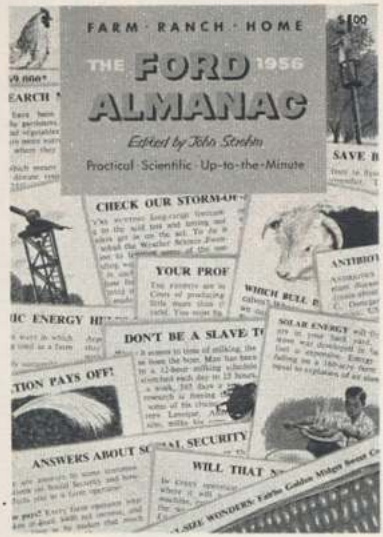
The history of Pennsylvania putzes goes back to 1741, when the Moravians named their new settlement in the Lehigh Valley Bethlehem, under the inspiration of a hymn they sang during their first Christmas in this country.

Bethlehem is still the center of putzing in Pennsylvania, although the custom is followed in other cities in the eastern part of the state. Many Pennsylvanians of German descent have taken the custom to other sections of the U.S., but nowhere else is it so well established as part of the Christmas festivities.

For a long time it was a tradition in Bethlehem for friends to visit one another's houses during the holiday season in order to compare putzes, but in recent years this pleasant activity has fallen off because so many visitors came that it was impossible to accommodate them. Nevertheless, it is possible to see fine putzes in Bethlehem, and one of the best is the community putz in the city's Moravian Church. Since 1935, when it was established, it has drawn thousands of persons who wish to view this unique and charming aspect of the season. All who come are given a warm welcome. ■

A detailed Annunciation scene→





Just off the press—

THE 1956 FORD ALMANAC

for Farm, Ranch and Home

IF YOU own a farm . . . have a family . . . put out a garden . . . or just wish you lived in the country, then you'll get a big kick out of *The Ford 1956 Almanac for Farm, Ranch and Home.* It's fun to read—and chock-full of really useful ideas.

We think the 208-page book, richly illustrated, with sixty-four pages in full color, would make an ideal Christmas gift. And, for the benefit of the 750,000 folks who read the '55 edition, this is a brand-new book—no two stories are the same.

Hundreds of readers of last year's Almanac wrote such comments as: "Both issues of the Ford Almanac have solved many problems for me on my farm" . . . "We are pleased with the Almanac because we're always looking for new ideas" . . . "It's a very necessary addition to every farmer's kitchen and rancher's living room reading" . . . "Tremendous volume of useful information" . . . "Most complete book of modern methods I've ever read."

The 1956 Almanac is all of this and more. Farmers will want to read about new hormone feeds and hybrid vigor and the latest fertilization techniques, and why some farmers make

more than others. Gardeners will find the 1956 Insecticide Guide—ninety-four of the most common insects reproduced in color, with the latest recommendations on how to control them —is alone worth the dollar price of the whole book. Homemakers get the latest information on dryers, freezers, house furnishings and child care. There are dozens of stories about flowers and gardens and new nut trees and dwarf fruit trees, many examples of how to make a profit on everything from rabbits to bittersweet, and "Storm of the Month" forecasts prepared by one of the country's most highly regarded long-range weather forecasting institutions.

John Strohm has come up with another outstanding Almanac. We believe it's the best yet. Incidentally, Editor Strohm was singled out as best qualified farm expert to coordinate the trip of the Russian farm officials throughout the U.S. last summer. He is past president of the American Agricultural Editors Association, is one of the top farm editors in the country, and has traveled in sixty-five countries around the world.

You can buy the 1956 Ford Almanac at your Ford dealer's, at the newsstand or in bookstores. Or purchase it directly from the publisher, Simon & Schuster, Dept. FT, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. (price $1.00, postpaid). ■

Volumes I and II of Ford Cookbook Now Available

Two volumes of the popular *Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes from Famous Eating Places* are available for this year's Christmas shoppers. The first volume, which was long out of print, has been completely revised and brought up to date. The all-new second volume features a completely different set of restaurants than the first book. Each restaurant featured in the 256-page books is illustrated with original art work in color and is accompanied by a favorite recipe—family size. The books are $1.95 each. (Make sure you specify which volume you want.) Try your local bookstores or order directly from Simon & Schuster, Department FT, 630 Fifth Avenue, NewYork 20, NewYork.

SIX ROADS IN THE U.S.

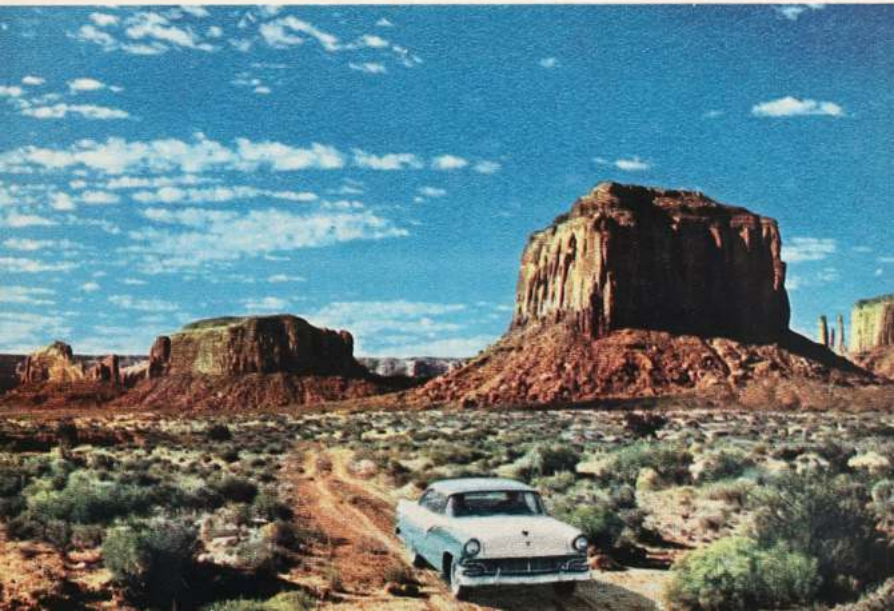
photographs by Thomas Peters Lake

THE MAIN PURPOSE of the six highway pictures shown on this and the succeeding pages is to indicate the enormous variety of scenery and roads in this country. No six pictures, of course, could do the whole job; we would need nearer six hundred. The half dozen, therefore, are to be considered the merest indication of the limitless possibilities for observing different roads in different seasons, different modes of life along the way, different houses, different heights, depths, colors and moods of the American scene as they are revealed to motorists.

The upper picture on the opposite page shows a happy aspect of this season: the Christmas tree on its way home. It was taken in Cream, Wisconsin, on State Highway 88, and indicates typical midwinter in dairyland. In this southwestern part of Wisconsin, steep-sided hills shelter farm homes from the knife stabs of the northwest wind after storms. These are the days to be in the countryside—if you are dressed for it! The temperature is probably below zero. Road crews will be out cutting away the drifts to make a roadway so dazzling that sunglasses are as welcome as heavy mittens and fur-lined boots.

The shift to languid Louisiana is almost shocking. This is the region of the Bayou Teche. The town is St. Martinville, in the heart of the Acadian country, and the road leads from the

Above left: Bringing home the Christmas tree, Wisconsin.
Below left: An alley of live oaks and pines in Louisiana.



←*Pacific Coast below Big Sur, California.*

home of Charles Durand, who arrived in the region in 1820, a full three miles to the Bayou Teche wharf, planted all the way with live oaks and pines.

They tell a lovely story about this road. As the wedding of Durand's two daughters approached, Durand sent slaves to a nearby lake where they collected thousands of spiders, which were then set free in the moss-covered trees. On the morning of the wedding, he sent the slaves down the alley of trees with little bellows to blow gold dust on the cobwebs. It created a fairyland, of course. That fairyland kind of life is gone now, but many of the trees still remain to suggest at least an echo of former days.

The upper picture on the opposite page was taken below Big Sur, California, along the road that follows the Pacific Coast. This section of State Highway 1, between Carmel and San Simeon, was opened in 1937, and since then an uncountable number of motorists have used it not necessarily to get somewhere but to marvel at the beauty of the Pacific along the way. It flanks the Santa Lucia Range where the ocean has cut great cliffs. Along the base of the cliffs there are constant swells that send foaming white water to contrast with the milky green of shoaling water and with the deep green of the deeper water beyond.

At the bottom of the page is a view of a desert road in Monument Valley, near the Utah-Arizona line. Many of the Monument Valley roads were bulldozed through sand and sage by moving picture companies. The first work of this kind was done in 1939 when *Stagecoach* was made. It was this movie which gave the country its first view of the region, but other pictures have been made there since.

Driving these roads is not recommended highly to persons whose experience has been confined to hard surfaces and the comforting proximity of other cars and people. If you decide that a trip through this strange world of eroded sandstone is a "must," don't load your car heavily, keep the tires a little soft, have a compass at hand, and pay close attention to turns

←*A desert road in Monument Valley, Utah.*

←*Trail Ridge Road, Rocky Mountain National Park.*

and landmarks. Don't forget to fill the tank.

The picture at the left was taken from the Trail Ridge Road, which is also U.S. 34, in Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado. The peak in the distance is Mount Ypsilon, and the clearly defined Y is formed by snow which has filled depressions in the rock.

Trail Ridge Road is so named because it follows an old Indian trail, but this is hardly a distinction, since a good many roads in this country, especially those known as trails, were first laid out by Indians padding along in moccasins. It was haphazard engineering but it served the Indians beautifully and even took care of the white men from the time they walked the trails, through the use of horses, of wagons, and finally of early automobiles.

But now, the needs of the modern car are such that the Indian trails, no matter how widened and flattened, won't do the job. Today, for the first time, our modern superhighways are cutting through places where there never were roads before. This is fine for the people who are in a hurry, and it is also fine for people whose main objective on the road is to stop for a look at, say, Mount Ypsilon. For, when the superhighways are finally installed, roads like the Trail Ridge will revert to a highly useful old age of providing a vantage for people interested in looking at views and taking their own sweet time about it.

The final picture is one of America's most famous scenes—autumn in New England. This shows maples and barns at the home of Col. Fairfax Ayers on U.S. 7 in Shaftsbury, halfway between Bennington and Arlington, in Vermont. If, as many people insist, Vermont is our most beautiful state, this highway is in its most beautiful section. The time to see it, of course, is after an autumn frost has touched off a few fires in the leaves. This brings the motorists to the region in huge numbers, but there is a lot of room left. Vermont has more back roads than anybody could cover in a lifetime—and enough fall beauty to make it interesting forever. ■

←*Maples and a barn in autumn, Shaftsbury, Vermont.*


CHARPENTIER
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STEAKS · CHOPS · LOBSTERS
OPEN ALL YEAR
CLOSED MONDAYS

Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Charpentier Steak and Lobster House

is noted not only for its fine food, but for its permanent exhibit of contemporary art work and its wild bird display. Lunch and dinner served daily except Mondays and Christmas Day. On Sundays, dinner is served from noon to 9:00 p.m. The location is 232 East Avenue in Norwalk, Connecticut.

SHISH KEBAB

2 pounds of leg of lamb
1 cup vinegar
⅓ cup olive oil
1 large onion, diced
1 large carrot, diced
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
Salt and black pepper, to taste
12 small tomatoes

Cut the lamb into 1-inch cubes and place in a bowl. Mix vinegar, oil, vegetables (except tomatoes) and seasonings together and pour over the lamb. Let marinate approximately 2 hours, turning the meat so that it is well seasoned. When ready to serve string the meat on skewers placing a small tomato on each end of the skewer. Broil in the broiler, or over a grill, basting with the marinade. Serve hot with rice pilaf (rice cooked in beef broth). Makes six servings.

←*painting of Charpentier Steak and Lobster House by Donald W. Rogers*

←*painting of Gulf Hills Dude Ranch by Harry D. Reeks*

Gulf Hills Dude Ranch

Gladys and Dick Waters both own and manage this seven-hundred-acre luxury dude ranch which is one mile north of the village of Ocean Springs, Mississippi, and U. S. 90. Meals are served ranch style, and reservations are requested during the busy seasons. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; overnight accommodations and complete vacation facilities.

GULF HILLS PIE

½ cup soft butter
1 cup sugar
6 egg yolks
1½ tablespoons sweet cream
1½ teaspoons vanilla
1 cup dates, chopped
1 cup nuts, chopped
3 egg whites
1 nine-inch thin pie crust, baked 5 minutes

Cream sugar and butter. Add well-beaten egg yolks and cream. Beat well. Mixture should be thick and creamy. Stir in vanilla, dates and nuts. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten stiff. Pile into the pie crust which should still be warm. Bake 30 to 40 minutes in moderate oven. Serve either plain or with whipped cream or ice cream.

Clara's El Patio is owned and operated by Clara Lopez Mier, a decendant of original Spanish settlers. It is in the Old Spanish Quarter of St. Augustine, Florida, at Number 1 Aviles—204 Charlotte Street. Minorcan and Spanish food are specialties. Lunch and dinner served from 11:00 a.m. until 9:00 p.m. every day in the 150-year-old tropical garden setting.

SPANISH CHRISTMAS CANDY

3 large coconuts
6 cups granulated sugar
1½ cups coconut milk
2 teaspoons vanilla

Grate coconut meat and mix with sugar and coconut milk. Stir well to blend, place over very low fire and cook until thick and heavy. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Drop in small mounds on lightly buttered cookie sheet and allow to harden. This makes almost 4 pounds of candy which improves with age if kept in a tightly covered tin—and under lock and key.

←*painting of Clara's El Patio by Marion Terry*

←*painting of Bush Garden by Harry Bonath*

Bush Garden is located two blocks east of the Union Terminal at 409 Maynard Avenue in Seattle, Washington. The owner, Mr. Seko, has furnished his establishment in authentic Japanese style. Meals are served from 5:00 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

MR. SEKO'S SUKIYAKI

2½ pounds sukiyaki beef strips (beef sliced ⅛-inch thick from the "eye" of prime rib)
Suet, as required
1 small can bamboo shoots
4 bunches green onion in 1½-inch lengths
4 large dry onions, sliced
1 small can yam noodles
1 cake bean curd (tofu), softened in water and cubed

SAUCE

Combine 1 cup soy sauce, 1 cup water, ¼ cup sugar and 4 tablespoons sake (optional).

Render out suet and sear meat in fat until brown. Put meat to one side of pan, add vegetables, and pour sauce over all. Allow to simmer uncovered for about 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender but crisp. Add noodles, heat through and serve with rice. All meat may be seared at one time, but it is advisable to cook only as much of the vegetables as needed for the first serving, adding more later for seconds. Serves 6-8.


Henry's
RESTAURANT
Henry's


FOLSUM
WHITE PINE INN

Henry's There are five dining areas in this restaurant to accommodate gourmets who come for this establishment's excellent seafood specialties. Meals are served from noon to midnight daily, year around. The address is 48-54 North Market Street, Charleston, South Carolina.

SEAFOOD A LA WANDO
(for one)

¼ cup butter
¼ cup mushrooms, sliced
1 tablespoon chopped green onion
¼ cup fresh crabmeat
¼ cup raw shrimp
⅛ cup fresh lobster meat
6 oysters
2 ounces white wine
Salt, pepper and cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon flour
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 slice fried hominy

Melt half the butter in a pan. Add mushrooms and green onions, and simmer. Then add crabmeat, oysters, shrimp and lobster meat and let cook for a few minutes. Add white wine and seasoning; cover and simmer 5-6 minutes. Melt remaining butter and blend flour and parsley into it. Stir this mixture into seafood casserole; simmer for a few minutes. Test seasonings and finish with a touch of cayenne. Serve on fried hominy slice.

←*painting of Henry's by William Halsey*

←*painting of White Pine Inn by Syd Fossum*

White Pine Inn This country inn, seventeen miles east of the Twin Cities in Minnesota, is in Bayport, on State Highway 95. Breakfast, lunch and dinner are served every day during summer season. From October 15 to May 15, dinners only are served and the inn is closed on Mondays. Overnight accomodations; reservations requested.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

¼ cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg
2⅔ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1½ cups blueberries, fresh, frozen or canned

Mix ingredients in order given. Fold in blueberries. Pour greased muffin cup half full and bake in 400° oven for 20 minutes. Makes 18 large muffins.

SWEDISH PANCAKES

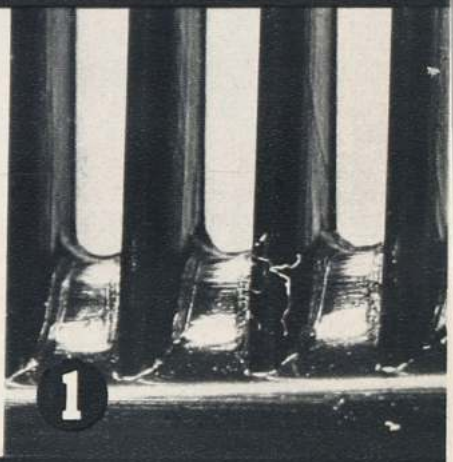
Beat 6 eggs in a mixer. Reduce speed and add ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups flour, scant, 4 cups milk, and ½ teaspoon baking powder. Drop small amounts of batter on buttered hot skillet. Thin and small are best. At the inn they are served with wild blackberry syrup, strawberry jam or powdered sugar in addition to maple syrup. Serves 6.

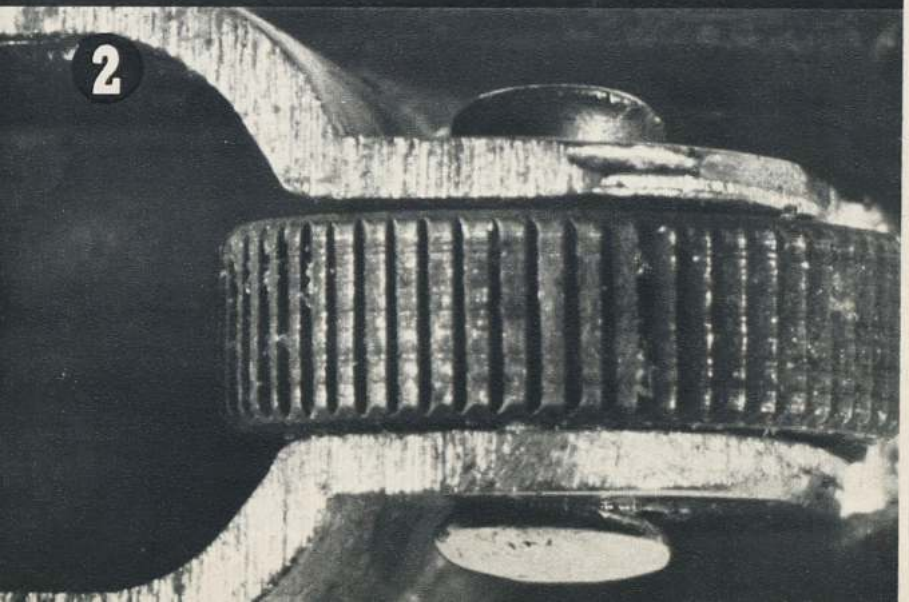
GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Take a close look inside a woman's purse and chances are these objects will be among those you see. Identify them before checking with the answers below.

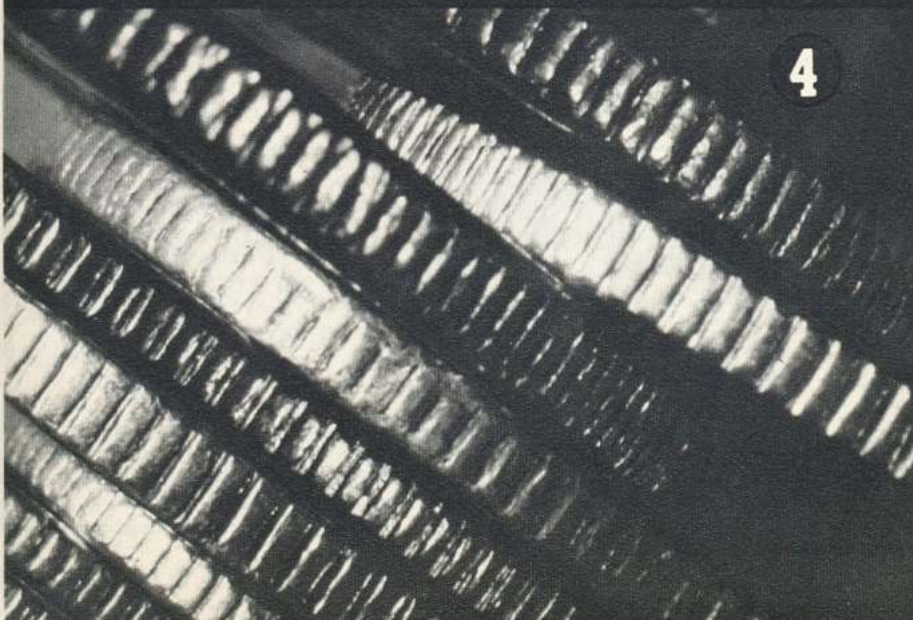
photographs by Three Lions





1. Teeth of a comb
2. Cigarette lighter friction wheel
3. Rings of a key holder case
4. Edge view of silver coins


3


4

Dear Sirs: In your September issue there was a fine story on La Grange, Tennessee, which gave the history of Lucy Holcombe Pickens, who was known as the Queen of the Confederacy. As the story said, she was the wife of Francis Pickens, who became governor of South Carolina when the war started. Because of this and because of her great charm, the Confederacy honored her by putting her picture on Confederate banknotes of several denominations, including the one-hundred-dollar bill. Thinking your readers might like to see this, I enclose one bill from my collection of Confederate money.

ALVIN SEAMSTER, Mayor
Bentonville, Arkansas

Dear Sirs: I thought you might be interested in this picture, which shows me and my present car. I am ninety years old and still going strong. I bought my first Ford in 1911 and have been driving Fords ever since. In fact, I can't even remember how many Fords I have owned, but they all served me well.

CHARLES G. NELSON
Tracy, Minnesota

Editor's note: *If Mr. Nelson is not the oldest living Ford owner-driver in the country, it may be that the combination of his age and the period of his Ford loyalty set some sort of a record. Can our readers top it?*

painting by Marcella McBride

NOT MANY communities in this country got such a merry start as Victoria, Kansas. It was founded some eighty years ago by a gay and foolish group of young Englishmen who would don red hunting coats, climb on bob-tail horses and go shooting coyotes on the plains. After the English had had their fling a more practical group of settlers arrived—Germans, whose cemetery is shown above in a painting by Marcella McBride. Other paintings by this artist illustrated John R. Clawson's story of Victoria—page 20.

Front cover—To the artist, Dick Dodge, the pattern of car lights approaching and receding on a modern superhighway suggested a Christmas tree. Why not, especially with the top of the "tree" right where it should be—at infinity—and a "Star of the East" to top it off?

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