

FORD TIMES



october 1952



design by Charles Harper

Horseless Carriage Adventures

No. 8—Brooklyn Bridge

Walking was not yet a lost art when the Brooklyn Bridge was opened in 1883. The wooden promenade down its center quickly became a favorite of pedestrians intent on either business or social pursuits. The health and pleasure they gained therefrom was enhanced by their conviction that this strong and graceful link between Manhattan and Brooklyn was, indubitably, the Eighth Wonder of the World.

Twenty-odd years later, when the first automobiles began to come along, civic pride in the bridge was still running high, though most people had got over the nineteenth-century craze for jumping off it. Brooklyn Bridge became, inevitably, the chosen spot for trying out and showing off one's new horseless carriage. The 1908 Model T Ford pictured above symbolizes the first of the millions of automobiles that, within fifty years, were to create traffic jams of monumental proportions on the bridge's narrow roadways, and cause pedestrians at its eastern terminus to be known as Brooklyn dodgers.

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Halloween

by Jay Dugan

paintings by Robert Collins

ON THE MORNING after Halloween, 1919, early risers in Anoka, Minnesota, were greeted by an astonishing sight. Cows, it seemed, had taken over the town!

Bovines were browsing everywhere. They were looking soulfully into store windows, calmly eating flowers from window-boxes, and strolling up Main Street singly and in pairs. Two were bawling lustily in the city lockup, another was sleeping soundly in the sheriff's office. One deep-chested milker, hungry for knowledge, meandered through the high school digesting information at a great rate. When found, she had chewed up three history books and two algebras, and had eaten her way to Madagascar on a globe of the world.

This hail of heifers was the Halloween prank of young Anokans. It had startling repercussions in the seat of certain pants—and other places, too. It set forces in motion which established Anoka's proud title of Halloween Capital of the World. In cities, towns and villages across the country it altered the observance of the holiday from a catch-as-catch-can affair to a carefully planned community activity.

These by-products began brewing the following September at a citizens' meeting in the general assembly room of Anoka's city hall. The problem was to curb the mischievous enthusiasm of the town's youth while still maintaining the spirit of the holiday. Druggist Bernard Witte recalls that it was real estate man George Green who had the idea.

"Tain't right to whip these young sprats of ours for the same things we did when we were boys," Green mused. "So if we can't beat 'em, let's buy 'em. We'll give 'em more fun than they could have playing pranks—and good things to eat in the bargain."

And so that year the first known community celebration of



the harvest feast of the ancient Druids was held. In this little town on the Mississippi, eighteen miles above Minneapolis, kids were too busy to steal gates, put wagons on roofs, or line up outhouses on Main Street like so many wooden soldiers. They marched in a gala costume parade, gaped open-mouthed at eerily decorated store windows, and played a variety of

games from apple bobbing to greased pole climbing.

The town paper lauded the event thusly: "The Herald does not know who suggested the Halloween stunt that was pulled off on downtown streets but we do know it was an unqualified success in its inception, staging and finish. Everybody except the dead, sick, halt and lame were there and joined in the revelry. Live wires, full of pep, had secured the Firemen's Band of Minneapolis for the occasion.

"We should describe the exceedingly splendid Halloween window displays—the disemboweled pumpkins, et al—but as every reader doubtless saw them, we'd only be wasting your time and our space."

In 1921 civic groups like the American Legion and Boy Scouts joined in as sponsors and some 10,000 spectators lined the streets for the parade and party. When the event had achieved state-wide recognition in 1925, the *Herald* took occasion to assure its rural readers: "This is not to be a grafting proposition and our friends from the country can rest assured they will receive a cordial welcome."

As it has for thirty-two years, Anoka, an otherwise mild community of 8000, will again this Halloween literally turn itself inside out in defense of its title. Committees will meet in the fire hall to gather prizes, draft judges, and sack candy, and to affirm the now-familiar pattern of the celebration.

Black cats, witches, pumpkins and all manner of ghouls leer from store windows and electric light poles. Schools close at eleven a.m. A pair of parades signals the start of festivities. In the afternoon, 1500 early-bedding grade school youngsters trot out their scariest outfits. Thousands of older marchers take part in the evening pageant of floats, military units, bands, visiting movie celebrities, beauty queens and even Minnesota's Governor Youngdahl. The parade terminates at the school stadium where the annual Pumpkin Bowl football game is played. A bizarre gallery of goblins, skeletons and assorted spooks wailing like banshees is on hand to strike terror into the opponents of the Anoka Tornadoes, who try to win this one for dear old Halloween.

After the game everyone drifts back uptown to roped-off Bridge Square where games, dancing and refreshments are the order of the day. Pie eating, balloon and bubble gum blowing and apple bobbing contests are held. The Anoka Jesters, grease-painted members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, cavort merrily through the crowd. Quite often



there's an important civic event on the schedule. Dedication of a new bridge across the Mississippi, for example, was tied in with the Halloween festival of 1939.

By nine-thirty, the combination of healthy fatigue and the Minnesota cold propels the revelers homeward—and another All Hallows' fete is history.

The beginnings of this spectral holiday go back to Ireland and Scotland. It was the New Year's Day of the Druids, when the harvests were in, when new fires were lighted and the long winter about to begin. But it was also the festival of Samhain, lord of the dead, when the spirits of those who died during the year were released from captivity and sped to Druidical heaven. To frighten away evil spirits who preyed on the heaven-bound souls, the Druids lit huge fires and wore grotesque masks. The frustrated phantoms in turn played pranks and caused weird things to happen. With both factions conjuring up spirits, spells and witches' brews, no one could tell the ghosts from the goodies without a program.

Most of it is legend now but Hallowmas fires still burn on certain hillsides in the British Isles. Farmers plait hay forks with straw, set them afire and wave them aloft in the misty

midnight. Such action is calculated to send broom-riding witches into power dives by singeing their airfoils.

Gaelic immigrants brought to this country only whimsical memories of such pagan hoop-de-do. The mystical trappings—masks, black cats, witches and fires—became decorations for parties at which fruits, nuts and gingersnaps were eaten.

But the young-uns, who knew a good thing when they saw it, refused to go along with this minor key rendition. Charged with an explosive mixture of crisp fall air and a priceless excuse for hellraising, they played the part of frustrated spirits to the hilt, and proceeded each year literally to take their towns apart.

Then came Anoka's solution to the problem. Word of its success spread far and wide, inducing many imitations. In Tucson, Arizona, a confectioner roped off the street in front of his store and gave a Halloween party for youngsters. Next year the whole block was commandeered for the kids. Now the affair, which annually overflows the high school athletic field, is called the Dooley Bookman Memorial Mardi Gras in honor of its founder.

Citizens of Irvington, New Jersey, long plagued with soaped and painted store windows, now arm their offspring with eighty-eight gallons of water paints and six hundred brushes, and tell them to go to it. This custom is vaulting across the country—and producing some first rate Halloween art in the bargain.

In Fort Wayne, Indiana, the darkened high school gymnasium is turned into a house of horrors. Stout-hearted juvenile revelers are launched into it via a sliding board borrowed from the playground and land on a plank lightly charged with electricity. To the accompaniment of chilling wails and screams in the best hobgoblin tradition they proceed through a weird maze of tilting boards, squeaky bed springs, eerie lights and wet mops hanging face-high in narrow corridors.

Good behavior is made a point of civic pride in Graham, Texas. Every schoolboy there is asked to sign a "no havoc" pledge. It says, "In appreciation for the support of the schools by the businessmen of Graham we will not molest property or permit others to do so."

Memphis has a gimmick that sends children scurrying home from the community's thirteen playground parties to sit beside their radios and telephones. Station WMC calls by phone more than a hundred of those who attended the parties

and distributes prizes donated by local merchants. This clears the streets during the witching hours when most mischief is perpetrated.

In Alexandria, Virginia, the big local skating rink is host to a free costume party. Outside the high school stadium there's a gigantic bonfire, and the tennis courts are given over to outdoor dancing. Hot drinks and soft drinks are furnished by the local Optimist Club.

Fireworks are the high point of the New Brunswick, New Jersey, celebration. Following the community parade there's a display of pyrotechnics with such eerie effects as witches riding back and forth on blazing brooms and ghostly pumpkins which explode in a shower of goblins and elves.

But perhaps the biggest buyoff of all takes place in Milwaukee. There the goodwill of the *Kinder* is courted with 100,000 favors, a like number of candy bars and boxes of Crackerjack, and 800 cases of soft drinks. One year more than 4500 costume awards were made.

Probably not a fraction of these nation-wide Halloween celebrators are aware that their safe-and-sane high jinks were originated in a small Minnesota city. But Anoka is content. Mischief there on All Hallows' Eve is at an all-time low, and every cow in the county can count on a good night's sleep. ■



New Road in Kings Canyon

story and photographs by Hubert Lowman

ANYONE who has ever prowled around the High Sierra of California in an automobile will agree that a new highway—even if it adds only three miles to the total in that wild and wonderful region—is an item of real news.

The new road, now completed, allows cars to penetrate deeper than ever before into Kings Canyon National Park, which is due east of Fresno and lies on the western slope of the Sierra. This park is adjacent to Sequoia National Park and the two together form one of the last truly unspoiled wildernesses left in the United States. The region includes Mt. Whitney, the highest point in the country, and two other peaks that are not much lower.

This is also the region of the Sequoia redwood trees, which are the oldest and largest living things in the world. Some of them were seedlings a thousand years before the birth of Christ. In the upper picture, opposite, is the General Lee Sequoia, in the General Grant Grove section of Kings Canyon National Park. Somebody once estimated that the lumber in this one tree would be enough for thirty-five houses.

The new road is an extension of State Highway 180, which runs east out of Fresno. At Grant Grove it swings northward for some fifteen miles until it turns east again to follow the south fork of the Kings River upstream into the national park. Along the new stretch it brings automobile travelers to Roaring River Falls, shown in the lower picture.

A short walk beyond the end of the new road is the Zumwalt Meadows area. Here the lush grass is belly-high on a horse and is merrily punctuated with wild flowers. The Kings River flows beside the meadows, great granite walls rise on one side, and all around are snow-capped peaks reaching two miles into the sky.



Autumn in Northern Utah

story and photographs by Carl Arentson

UTAH, noted for the brilliant landscapes of its arid southern counties, has an equally colorful, though transient, show along its northern border. From mid-September through October this land of rich farms and deep forests flaunts an extraordinary display of autumn color, due chiefly to the abundance of mountain maple, a rare and local variety.

In the canyon bottoms mountain maple is a tree thirty to fifty feet tall; on the slopes it becomes a shrub of ten to twenty feet; at 7,000 feet elevation it disappears. Autumn turns its dark green foliage to dark red, scarlet, orange, yellow and gold. Here in northern Utah it occurs in mixed stands with quaking aspen, which changes from delicate green to yellow and gold, and with cedar and fir which provide an accent of dark green. The open areas in the timber stands are filled with the gray and purple of sage, and the brown of maturing forage.

A good way to see this color pageant is to drive along U.S. Highways 89 and 91, between Bear Lake and Brigham City. In this sixty-six-mile stretch there is a change of altitude of almost 4,000 feet. Consequently, the fall show lasts unusually long and is unusually varied. Changes in moisture, exposure, and frost, as well as altitude, bring different effects in the same scene from day to day.

First to turn color is the foliage on the mountainsides overlooking Bear Lake, usually in mid-September. From Garden City on the shore, the highway, U.S. 89, climbs 2,000 feet to the top of the divide. Near the summit is an overlook with a view that surpasses all others. Gorgeous contrasts of foliage are emphasized by the deep blue of Bear Lake. Farmers' fields stand out in a neat and tranquil patchwork quilt, and in the distance the High Uintas and the snow-covered mountains of Wyoming form a stunning backdrop.

*Above right: Mill Hollow, a branch of Logan Canyon, in early October.
Below right: Autumn colors in the Sardine Basin, a dry farming area.*



Maple, wheat and dark conifers provide fall color contrasts→

From the divide the road winds westward, through the Cache National Forest with its wide belts of pine, fir and spruce, and down into Logan Canyon. Open at first, with rolling hills, the canyon soon boxes, following the Logan River. In its lower fifteen miles it is deeper and narrower than the Grand Canyon, and there is scarcely a straight stretch a hundred yards long.

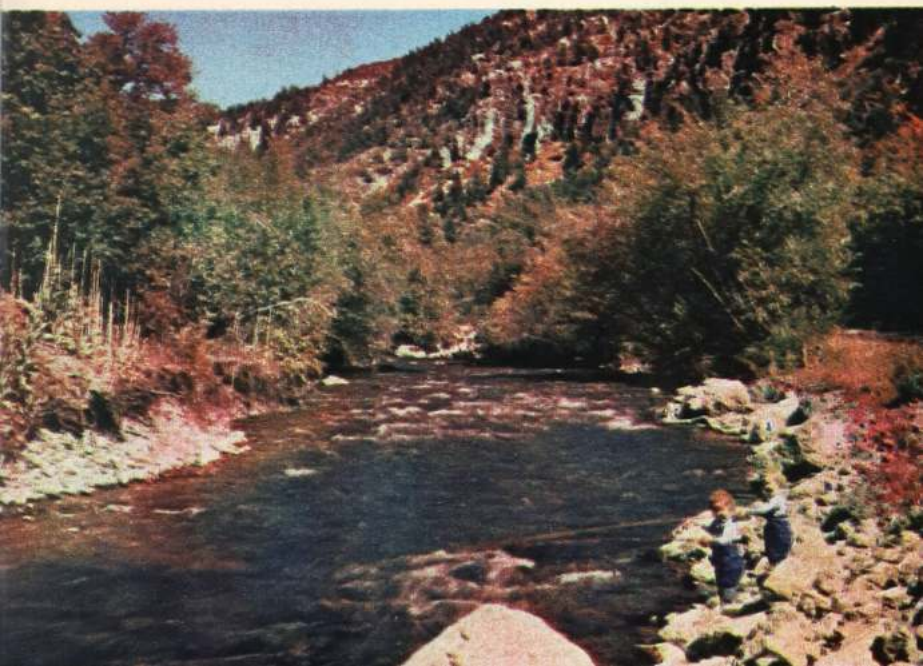
This is a playground area. The river and its tributaries offer eighty miles of good fishing—principally for rainbow, though America's record German brown trout, a thirty-two pounder, was caught here. There are generous facilities for picnicking and camping, and miles of foot and horse trails.

At the mouth of the canyon is the pleasant town of Logan, and beyond that, the Cache Valley. Milleniums ago this was part of the bed of Lake Bonneville. Old terraces, formed at the various levels of the now-extinct lake, are plainly visible on the surrounding hills. Its agricultural lands are deep and rich. Once it was known as Willow Valley, and it accommodated enormous colonies of beaver. Here early trappers made their winter quarters, partly because their horses found excellent forage in the native grass which grows tall, and cures on the stem until it is as nutritious as baled hay. Here, also, they cached their furs—hence the name.

West of the Cache Valley, after taking U.S. 91 from Logan, the color tour crosses another mountain range, through the Sardine Basin and the little village of Mantua before going down into Brigham City.

Sardine Basin takes its name from the empty sardine cans that early Salt Lake Valley settlers chucked into it while driving their cattle to and from summer pasture in the Cache Valley. If the Basin is less fertile than neighboring areas, it is perhaps more beautiful—in autumn, anyway. Here are marginal dry farms which yield nothing in poor years, but in good years mature wheat that buys the family a new car, new clothes, and small luxuries—but never, somehow, provides a coat of paint for the house or barn. Though he may sympathize with these marginal farmers, the October traveler can't regret the dilapidated buildings that, in the afternoon sunlight, make a satiny gray complement for the gold of wheat, and the brilliance of autumn foliage. ■

Fishermen begin angling at a tender age along the Logan→



Following the Apache Trail

photographs by Josef Muench

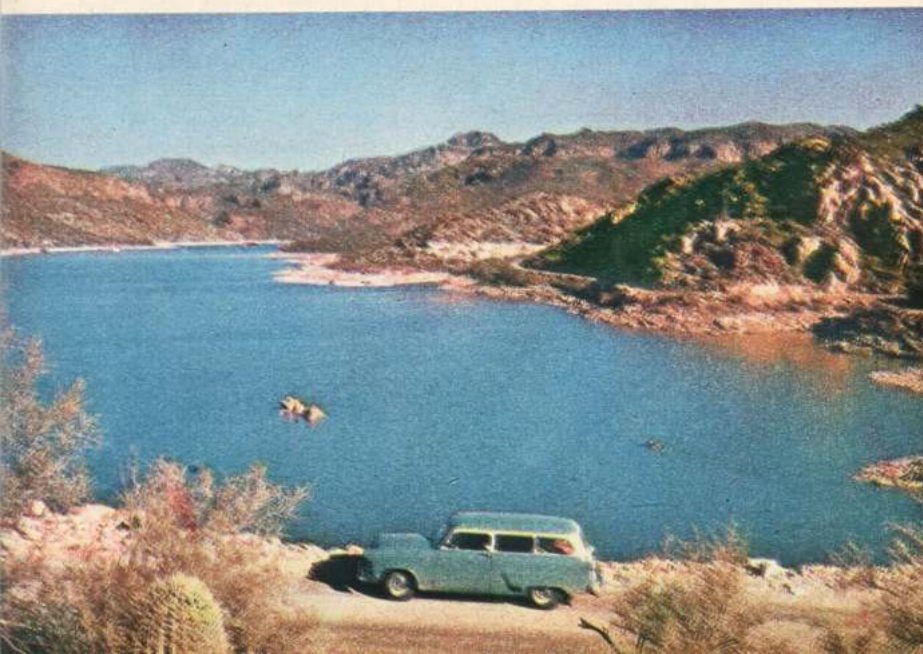
THERE are two ways to go from Phoenix to Globe, Arizona. People in a hurry take U.S. Highways 60 and 70, a direct route. Those with a little extra time and an eye for beauty turn off on State Highway 88, known as the Apache Trail. It squanders another handful of miles between the same points, but it explores some of the most spectacular scenery of the West, in hairpin turns and breath-taking descents.

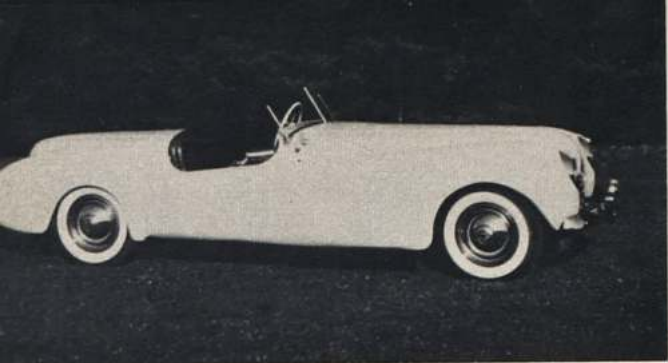
The road is named for the Apache Indians, some of whom were here as late as 1906 to help build the first wagon road into the area. This was built to service the construction of Roosevelt Dam, on the Salt River, the first of five dams which now anchor the river into an almost continuous sixty-mile stretch of lakes, providing power, irrigation, and recreation. Some, like Canyon Lake (*below right*) are seen from the road.

Pleasure craft now explore canyons that once knew the hoofs of wiry Indian ponies, and sleek cattle graze the meadows at Tortilla Flat. But as the Trail delves into brilliantly colored mountains it passes many reminders of turbulent yesterdays.

Oldest of these are the two cliff dwellings built by Pueblo Indians in the fourteenth century, now preserved as Tonto National Monument (*above right*). Of later date is Skeleton Cave, far up the sheer rock wall above Canyon Lake, where Captain James Burns of the 5th U. S. Cavalry routed a band of Apaches by means of ricocheting bullets. There are many enticing side roads to old asbestos mines and abandoned silver camps. Feud Turnoff leads to Pleasant Valley, scene of the Graham-Tewksbury feud that has been much romanticized in fiction.

Metal guard rails now girdle the road's more daring drop-offs, and it is wider than in the days when the Southern Pacific Railroad guaranteed "careful and experienced drivers" on the two-day motor trip along the Apache Trail. But the thrill is still there, and the scenery and the romantic history. ■





Custom Conversions

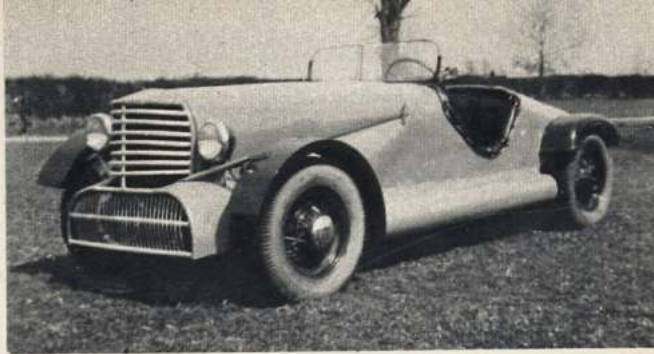
by Burgess H. Scott

THE SPORTS CAR trend in recent years so interested Raymond Zuend, 610 Park Row, Dixon, Illinois, that he set to work to build one. After three years' spare time work, he completed the car pictured above, which he named "The Heap." This wouldn't be unusual at all except for the fact that the car is an excellent job of home styling and that Zuend had never attempted any type of body work before.

The car is built on a 1949 Mercury frame with an 8.5:1 Mercury engine set 23 inches back. The engine has a single carburetor and special ignition, and runs through a standard transmission and Columbia rear axle. Zuend claims the car can do 120 mph.

Last year a train near Dillon, South Carolina, ran over a 1949 Ford Tudor, pretty well smashing it. The wreck was





taken to the shop of the Dillon Motor Sales, Inc., Ford dealer in that city, where the mechanics salvaged enough to build the abbreviated, Victoria-like car shown at lower left. A 22-inch slice was taken out of chassis and body to bring the wheelbase down to 92 inches. The V-8 engine, with high compression heads and special ignition, will push the car at 110 mph.

P. H. Thornton, III, a cotton planter of Webb, Mississippi, built the roadster shown above in his farm shop last winter. He started with a 1934 Ford chassis stripped of everything except channel runners and wheel hubs. The power plant is a 1939 V-8 truck engine. Thornton bent $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch pipe to form the frame and covered it with sheet metal. He hasn't altered the engine any, except for dual exhausts, because, he says, "It will snap your head off now." The body is painted yellowish with red fenders and upholstery.

The little roadster pictured below doesn't need much explanation except that it came out in 1919 and has been restored by Donald E. Rossi, a student at Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania. ■





← *Tugs and their crews awaiting orders near the Battery.*

A Day in the Life of a Tug Boat

•story and paintings by Fred Zimmer

The gay, energetic and alert work horses of the harbor, "so homely they're beautiful, and so businesslike they're romantic," are often considered just part of the scenery by visitors to New York but not by those who have to keep the waterfront in action. The following is a story in their praise.

YOU know how it looks in New York harbor, with the sun breaking through the mist in the early morning? You've seen the tireless sea gulls soaring along over the ferry boats, to and from Staten Island or Jersey? You've seen the cliffs, the low line of docks, the huge signs, and the tight-packed industry of the Jersey shore?

You know how it sounds on the piers—the hoarse voices, the rumble of the stevedores' trucks, the grinding gears of the winches, the rattle of chain? You've heard the shriek of whistles, seen the fire boats, smelled the harbor smell that's made of hot oil, steam, mud flats, and salt air mixed with city.

The harbor is one of New York's greatest sights. And its bedlam of traffic teems, ticks, churns and is unravelled largely by reason of tug boats.

They say a tug boat consists of an engine, a propeller, and

← *Two tugboats pulling a freighter from a Brooklyn pier.*



←Hauling barges into the bay off lower Manhattan.

a thousand yards of rope. Most of them are so homely they're beautiful, and so businesslike they're romantic. They have names—not like *Ile de France*, or *Aquitania*, or *Queen Elizabeth*, but like *Jenny B. Brannon*, *Rose M. O'Donnell*, and *Lilly May Smith*. Built to haul, push, nudge and bump, the tug boat's bow and sides are protected by rope fenders, although you can still see some that are protected by dozens of old rubber tires hung over the sides. The old-timers are steam propelled, but the modern ones are diesel electric.

Grouped off a pier near the Battery, lower Manhattan, a number of tugs are moored in the early morning. You go aboard a typical one, let's say. The cook is preparing the crew's breakfast in a spotless galley with plastic curtains over the portholes.

The working crew lounges about the deck, while the off-duty crew sleeps below. Engineer and oiler are checking the engines. The deck hands are sitting on a coil of rope talking with the crew of the tug alongside. The captain is waiting in the pilot house for his day's orders. He is shaving, and having a cigarette.

The day's orders arrive after breakfast. They are radioed from an office building in the city. The gentle movement of the moored boat swiftly changes. The deck hand hauls in his lines, the engines come to life, and you feel the air stir as you head for the lower bay, the hopeful gulls ever following astern and overhead.

A Norwegian freighter is to be undocked from a Brooklyn pier, after some papers are delivered in Jersey. Back to Jersey again to hook up to a couple of cargo barges. These are carrying grain, flour, crates of automobiles and machinery, and are to be towed across the harbor for loading onto a freighter bound overseas.

At lunch time, the crews change. The next job is docking a freighter from South America at a lower Manhattan pier. But the climax of the day comes with the bringing in of the giant *Queen Mary*.

The tug heads slowly up the Hudson River. Other tugs converge, engines idling. The huge liner is sighted in the distance. She dwarfs the tugs that swarm at her sides. She is ten times as long as the largest tug. She moves slowly, majestically

←Cook prepares food in galley during assignment.



← *Queen Mary moves upriver while tugs go out to meet her.*

past the skyscrapers of Manhattan's financial section. The six tugs gathered around her are like red bugs storming the sides of a huge black and white elephant.

Suddenly, a tremendous blast from the liner's whistle echoes over the harbor and the city. People in hotels and offices, knowing the deep, immense sound, say:

"The *Queen Mary's* in."

But she isn't. She never would be—except for tug boats. At the whistle signal, the tugs speed close to the famous ship. The *Queen* slackens speed and power, and the little red bugs take over. A pilot from the tug boat company, aboard the liner, gives the orders for the docking maneuvers. Decks are crowded with passengers and crew.

The six tugs, three on the bow, three on the stern, have made contact with the liner. A maze of ropes connects the giant with the pygmies. The *Queen Mary* signals with whistle and siren, and as the stern tugs push and the bow tugs haul, she is slowly and ponderously turned in the Hudson River, while the water is frothed white around her by the powerful propellers.

She is pivoted into a position facing the 50th Street pier of the Cunard Line. The tugs scurry to the port side, and with much honking and whistling the renowned liner is eased into its berth—a delicate operation in calculating currents, winds, forces, and the strain of ropes.

There is a spirit of wild excitement as the liner is secured. People shout greetings, deck to pier, and back to deck. Photographers flash bulbs. A traffic jam of cars and taxis increases the pandemonium as passengers begin debarkation.

But the tug boat finishes its stellar play when the anchor is dropped and the liner secured. Now it modestly withdraws into the river, and noses back to its home dock off the Battery to await further orders. Docking the *Queen Mary*, undocking freighters, hauling off a big boat stuck on the mud flats is just a job to the tub. Her blunt and battered nose is as scarred and knowing as a harbor cat's. She has hauled and bumped and worried the steel-plated hulls of the world's most famous ships carrying world-famous people. But it's just another day in the life of a tug boat—and something to remember when you see the great harbor again. ■

← *Tugs turn the huge liner, then maneuver it to its pier.*



VESTAVIA

by Warren T. Musgrove

paintings by John Argyle King

BIRMINGHAM, the industrial capital of Alabama, has a classical edifice at its elbow. Six miles north, on U. S. 31, sits Vestavia, a genuine Roman temple, or at least a reasonable facsimile. It is shown in the painting at lower left.

It was built in 1924 by the late George Ward, former mayor of Birmingham, who had visited the Temple of Vesta in Rome and come home enthusiastic. Vestavia's walls, three feet thick, are of pink sandstone quarried from the same Shades Mountain on which it stands. Its twenty massive columns of reinforced concrete are surfaced with crushed iron ore. The first floor, with its numerous statues and huge fireplace, was Ward's living room. From his bedroom on the second he could look out across Double Oak Mountain or, opposite, into the lights of furnace-red Birmingham. He bathed in a seven-headed shower copied from ancient Roman plumbing, and for added classicism he dressed his four servants as Roman slaves, and called them Caesar, Cicero, Nero and Brutus.

After Ward's death Vestavia was opened to the public. The attic, which he used only for storage, was turned into a museum, decorated by a mural eighty-eight by thirteen feet, depicting Vesta and the six vestal virgins. It was painted by Frances O'Brien, and is said to be the largest ever done by a woman.

The dungeon, once Ward's garage, has been converted into an elaborate, be-stated restaurant. Here guests can order Nero choice T-bone, Caesar extra-cut sirloin, or just plain Brutus sirloin with mushrooms. In warm weather they can eat out in the patio, and look out on a classic scene: the tiny temple of Sybil (*above left*), which Ward also built, and which now overlooks a garden and bird sanctuary. And, if classicism jades, they can wind up their meal with strictly twentieth century apple pie and coffee, while a pretty Alabama pianist plays good ol' American music. ■



The Woodcock—

BIRD OF MYSTERY

by Pete Barrett

paintings by Don Eckelberry

THEY call him Big-eyed John, bogsucker, night flit, timber-doodle—odd names for a game bird. But then nearly everything about the woodcock is strange. Supposedly a shore bird, he lives in the woods. Yet he cannot perch in a tree. Dogs love to hunt him but most of them won't retrieve him or even touch him.

In parts of Canada where they call him bogsucker some people still believe the woodcock lives on mud. A walk through an alder patch in which the birds have been feeding

will reveal dozens of holes in the moist earth about the diameter of a pencil. If this wasn't mud sucking, what was eaten?

The favorite menu is a whopping spaghetti-plateful of worms garnished with bugs—about twice the bird's weight, some naturalists say. Now, worms in their element are agile creatures; ask anyone who has dug them for bait. Nature took this into account when she outfitted the woodcock, and in addition to a dump-truck digestion gave him sonar and radar.

Most birds have their ears behind their eyes, like you and me. The woodcock's are *below* his eyes, so that when his long bill is thrust into the ground his ears are close to it, too. If worms can talk, woodcock can hear them.

This Schnozzola-in-feathers has a nose that really knows. The far end of the bill contains such highly sensitive nerves that tidbits can be identified out of sight in the earth. And then a remarkable thing happens—the woodcock flexes back the upper tip of his bill like a double-jointed finger, and grabs. The bird could actually sneer underground if it had a mind to!

A liking for night-watchman hours keeps the woodcock from being known to the public. Fairly plentiful in Atlantic Coast states and in northeast Canada—and present in dwindling numbers westward to the Mississippi—the bird is an enigma when it appears among nonhunters, as it does every fall during its southward migrations. As frost locks summertime haunts, night flights begin. Then woodcock, believed to be nearsighted, crash into church steeples, phone wires and other obstructions, to be discovered the next morning by wondering citizens.

One October day in New York, I was attracted by a small noontime gathering on West 57th Street, in the heart of the city. I squirmed through the ranks to find people staring at a dead woodcock. No one knew what it was.

Finally a man said brightly, "Why, it's a kiwi—like on the shoe polish cans!" Satisfied, the onlookers left. And this in a town that once harbored so many woodcock that the penalty for shooting them within the city was a stiff twenty shillings!

Hunters cherish the woodcock because it sits well for a dog and can even be hunted without one. It is not uncommon to find your dog frozen in a beautiful point with the woodcock only a scant yard away, and often in plain sight—sometimes lying on its *side*! In one such setup I found the bird performing a spirited rigadon almost under the nose of a baffled pointer.

For all I know, lots of woodcock are dancy. They are all



a trifle soft in their lofts. It shows in their flight, which often becomes maddeningly erratic as a man is about to pull the trigger. Fast-dodging males, fleeing Canadian frosts in late fall, have earned the nickname of Labrador Twisters. And it shows in their love-making.

Most game birds are real Easter-parade strutters. So is the woodcock. But he outstrips gaudier birds like the pheasant by staging a one-ring flying circus for his intended lady. The site is always a clearing close by a brush-tangled feeding area. Hunters call such places "singing" grounds, and performances are staged in early morning and at twilight.

After a bit of fancy stepping, the cock takes off and climbs in widening circles for perhaps a hundred yards, meanwhile making a wavering but pleasant call. The descent is a side-slipping chute-the-chute, pretty braggy in its own right and executed with the air of a small boy who has just mastered skating backwards. The whole deal is so pleasurable and successful that the cock will repeat it several times.

Most of the breeding is concentrated in upper New England and northeast Canada, but some woodcock nest in many of the eastern states. The hen is such a valiant sitter that she will often permit a person to touch her. Frequently she will refuse to desert her nest in the face of a forest fire. As you might expect, nestings are usually completely successful and the birds seem to be faring nicely. They are now under Federal protection as to the open season and bag limit.

Hunters have long argued about the noise a woodcock makes as it flutters upward through the brush. It is a sort of twittering whistle and the question is—does he do it vocally, or is it just the wind in his wings? For some odd reason the first three primaries of each wing—the fingerlike feathers at the leading edge—are extremely narrow. A warning device for other woodcock? No one knows for sure.

But the hot-stove league's favorite concerns the hen. It has been claimed repeatedly by hunters that at times of extreme peril a mother woodcock will transport her young to safety, one at a time, by holding each chick between her thighs. Ornithologists say this is blarney. Whatever the case, one thing is sure—the woodcock is a strange enough creature to have done that very thing. ■



*"I don't care what your speedometer says—
when I go over fifty, my hat flies off!"*



Penn Square: the Old Court House, Farmers' Market and Griest Building.

Lancaster County

by Richard Gehman

paintings by Tom Schenk

TO LANCASTER COUNTY, Pennsylvania, where they build a better mousetrap, come tens of thousands of curious travelers each year. The well-beaten path that brings them, U.S. Highway 30, divides the county roughly in half and passes through its major city, Lancaster, located some sixty miles west of Philadelphia.

Thence State Highway 501 goes north to Lititz where the Animal Trap Company of America busily turns out more mousetraps than any other manufacturer in the world.

Though these facts may not prove the familiar adage in regard to better mousetraps, they confirm the principle: that

the world will come, with interest and curiosity, to visit a community so noted for its history, its resourceful people and its productive land. Most obvious among the attractions are the picturesque, flat-hatted Amish folk who live around Smoketown and White Horse, and the cornucopian farmers' markets in Lancaster. But whatever it is that brings the outlander to their door, natives of the county believe they can offer him much that is "better."

Lancaster is, first of all, a land of striking rural beauty almost completely unblemished by roadside bazaars and frankfurter stands: easy, rolling hills that form a patchwork of green and brown, splashed pink, white, yellow and startling red in spring and summer. To enhance it are acres of flowers grown under glass—over a million square feet of greenhouse area. With its neighbor, Chester, these counties have the greatest concentration of greenhouses in the nation. Of all the communities that regard themselves as "The Garden Spot of America," Lancaster can argue convincingly for the title. There is also a simple, and literally down-to-earth, beauty in land which is so magnificently bountiful. The county spreads over 945 square miles, 85 percent of it under cultivation providing abundantly for the community.

"Ten minutes here," a friend of mine once remarked, "and a man begins to think about settling down." After one meal—home-grown, home-cooked, substantial provender that tempts one to eat too much—his mind would be made up.

The county is rich in beauty, rich in what its farmland produces, and rich in history. It is the oldest inland settlement in the United States, first cleared in 1717 by English, Palatinate, German, and Scotch-Irish immigrants who called their community Gibson's Pasture, and later, Hickorytown. The Continental Congress met in Lancaster on September 12, 1777, after being driven from Philadelphia by the British; George Ross, signer of the Declaration of Independence, lived there, and so did General Edward Hand, Washington's adjutant (sites of both homes are marked); and cannons were cast for the Colonial army in Baron Stiegel's forges at Manheim.

At every turn, the past still lingers. Lancaster is dotted with more than fifty historical landmarks and shrines. The Amishman who drives his horse and cheesebox-buggy past the New Holland Machine Company, a million-dollar farm implement plant that grew from a one-story garage, presents a striking contrast. In Penn Square the Old City Hall, built



Amish farms, near New Holland.

in 1795, creates a similar effect in the shadow of the fourteen story Griest Building, Lancaster's lone skyscraper.

The old and new, side by side, are particularly noticeable in the county's small towns and in the oddly-named hamlets—Bareville, Smoketown, Paradise, Peach Bottom, Blue Ball, White Horse, The Buck—names that attest to the gradual change from farm to village. Originally most of the houses had plots of land behind them large enough to cultivate. Today many erstwhile farmers carry on a business or small industry right in their homes as was the custom in the olden days; as a visitor pointed out, there's really no way of telling if you're entering someone's residence or a pretzel bakery, and a zoning commissioner could easily go mad after a visit to

such heterogeneous towns as Lititz or Ephrata.

In Lancaster, city and county, agriculture once ruled. When cigar-wrapper tobacco was still the principal crop, the tobacco barons vied with one another to erect the most grand and spacious mansion. But in the past few years, as industry has filtered in, expanded and filled the empty lots, these old homes have been partitioned into pigeon-hole apartments for workers from the county's 560-odd industrial plants.

Conscious of their past, aware of their industrial potential but living close to the soil, Lancaster people have stayed as they are—well-adjusted, comfortable citizens, simple in their tastes and cordial to visitors. They live in the midst of plenty: Lancaster ranks seventh among the nation's 3073 counties

on a per-acre yield. They eat in restaurants like The Village, on Chestnut Street east of Queen, which features Schnitz Und Knepp (dried apples, dumplings and ham) and Ponhaws and Schmier Käse (scrapple, apple sauce and cottage cheese); or in Die Schier at Brickerville, where for a modest price the hungry traveler can help himself from massive bowls of home-cooked food. Or at the Stockyards Hotel—Lancaster's stockyards are the largest east of Chicago—where they go for a one-pound steak, broiled and served with six vegetables.

Natives of Lancaster who enjoy spending a Sunday afternoon recalling their heritage can find many landmarks such as the Cloister in Ephrata, which is situated on U. S. 322. Here, in 1720, a group of Seventh-Day Baptists founded three strict religious orders, a brotherhood, a sisterhood, both celibate, and a group of married couples called "householders." Several of the old Cloister buildings are still standing. These have been restored by the State Historical Commission which is also replacing those previously destroyed.

The buildings, some of stone, some of handhewn timber, have been refurnished even to eating and cooking utensils, looms and spinning wheels, and primitive clocks. The Baptists believed in extreme self-denial, and so used narrow wooden shelves for beds and wooden blocks for pillows. They believed in extraordinary humility, and therefore built doorways so low that even a small man must stoop to get through. Mrs. Kathryn Zerfass Kachel, wife of the chief caretaker and guide, is directly descended from members of the original sect. Though no longer a guide, she occasionally takes friends into the buildings to point out the wooden hinges and latches, the wooden chimneys, and the room where footprints mark the ceiling. The legend is that one of the brothers proved his faith by walking up one wall, across the ceiling, and down the other side.

Another local showplace is the Landis Valley Museum, on U. S. 222 about three miles northeast of Lancaster. Back in 1877, two brothers, Henry K. and George D. Landis, aged ten and twelve, began a collection which, as they grew older, concentrated on the tools, implements, utensils and examples of folk art and handicraft of the Pennsylvania Dutch area. The collection, placed in a museum in 1924, now num-



bers some 225,000 articles and 30,000 reference volumes. It includes a number of "Kentucky" rifles made in Lancaster, a Conestoga wagon, and in fact, everything but the kitchen sink; or so I thought until I mentioned it to Henry, now 85, a twinkling-eyed, goateed gentleman who wears a turkey feather in his cap. "Oh," he said, "we've got several of them."

Lancaster people have taken great pains to see that their famous sons and daughters are appropriately honored and remembered. Wheatland, where President James Buchanan lived from 1849 to his death, sits on the western edge of the city. It has been completely restored and is open to visitors. Thaddeus Stevens lived a block or so from Penn Square, and is buried in the old cemetery at Mulberry and Chestnut streets; the Lancaster County Historical Society proudly exhibits one of his wigs. (The Society's headquarters once stabled horses for Washington's troops.) John A. Sutter, the man who started the California Gold Rush, returned to live in Lancaster County around 1871, and is buried in Lititz. A plaque in Manheim honors "Baron" Henry Williams Stiegel. He was not a baron, but the glass he manufactured is still highly prized by collectors. Stiegel gave land for a Lutheran Church in Manheim and asked only that his heirs be paid "one red rose, forever." The custom is still observed each year.

The Amish have so long been a part of Lancaster County that they are not regarded locally as curiosities—but tourists are urged to visit the areas where these interesting people live and work. The sect is concentrated along Route 340, due east of Lancaster. It is difficult to get Amishmen into sustained conversation. Among themselves they speak Pennsylvania Dutch and often experience difficulty in translating their thoughts into idiomatic English. Clinging as they do to the costumes and customs of their ancestors, which are based on a strict interpretation of the Bible and a belief that such modern necessities as the automobile are "worldly" things, the Amish are regarded as exhibits and are fully aware of it. Some of them appear to resent it, but most are too busy with their amazingly productive farms to pay any attention to the hordes of sightseers.

The Amish do not represent Lancaster, but they are part of many things—the people, the past, the strangely-named towns and villages, the city, farms, gardens and industry which make up the single community bound together by the Lancaster county lines. ■



photograph by Laurence Lowry

*Autumn in New Hampshire—
a one-picture story*

THIS extravagant burst of color is not likely to excite the residents of New Hampshire. They calmly accept the fact that in fall color they have few peers, and that a scene like the above can be matched a thousand times in their state.

The view is near the town of Center Sandwich, on the eastern slope of the White Mountains near Lake Winnepesaukee. There is a North Sandwich and a plain Sandwich and in between, with obvious logic, is Center Sandwich.

North of here are Conway, Crawford Notch and other sublime vacation areas. This month they are engulfed in color and a faint smell of smoke. Soon the simulated flame of the leaves will abate and this will become one of the finest ski areas in the East. ■

STANLEY:

Idaho's Feudin'est Town

story and photographs by Harry De Lasaux

TUCKED AWAY in the remote Stanley Basin, headwaters of the Salmon River, flanked by the dramatic Sawtooth Mountains, is Stanley, Idaho, population 150. It's Idaho's feudin'est town, though fortunately not of the shootin' kind.

At first, it was simply that the folks couldn't get along together. The town separated, and for years was known as Lower Stanley, located in the beginnings of the Salmon River canyon, and Upper Stanley, situated on higher ground a mile west. The loss of a beautiful friendship between these two settlements came when the Uppers built a new log house and called it the Stanley Post Office. The Lovers stole a march by wangling the mail contract for one of their boys. "If you want yer mail, come down and git it," settled that issue. The post office moved downhill.

Controversy flared at every contact of the two settlements, but the brannigan that made history was the quarrel over the location of the school house. The Lovers built a spacious log building, and unbeknown to the Uppers, secured the services of one Tom Williams to make benches, cabinets, and whatnots. One day the Uppers sent a delegation down to see what was going on. They found Mr. Williams, a bachelor,

*Above right: Historic Stanley—where the "Uppers" fight the "Lovers."
Below right: A panorama of the town, Stanley Basin and the Sawtooths.*



accomplished at bear hunting, fiddle playing, and the reading of Shakespeare as well as at carpentry, at work on the project. The delegation made derogatory remarks about his skill. Mr. Williams prided himself on his woodworking talent. Words flared hot, and the Uppers departed in a huff, intent on settling the issue with action.

First, they got the county health department to condemn the structure. Then one night a party of determined Uppers moved under cover of darkness and made off with all the benches, cabinets, and assorted furniture, installing them in a hotel in Upper Stanley.

The Lower Stanleyites, of dogged fibre, fought it out in the Idaho temples of justice. The case went to the state's Supreme Court, and the Lowers won. The very night after the purloined equipment was re-installed in the Lower Stanley schoolhouse, the place burned to the ground—cause of the fire undetermined to this day.

You would think that with the decline of the gold boom populations the two Stanleys would have mellowed. But not long ago the Upper Stanleyites made one final and supreme move to put the squelch on the Lower Stanley townsite. Incorporation papers were drawn up over at Challis, county seat of Custer County, for the town of "Stanley." Not "Upper Stanley," but just "Stanley." Therefore, legally speaking, there is only one Stanley, and that's the upper one, and the road maps say so.

But there is always at least one tie that binds society together. In the case of the feuding Stanleys, it's the little log house and enclosure located halfway between the two settlements, where Valley Creek rushes into the Salmon River. Here there is a hot mineral spring. Since plumbing and hot water and bathtubs are practically unknown quantities in the Stanley Basin primitive area, the natural warm springs bathhouse is used peacefully and with equal rights by both the feuding settlements.

As the folks from Stanley and Lower Stanley traipse over to the community bathhouse, towels over arms, there springs within the breast of many a Stanleyite a surge of community spirit, born of natural necessity. Perhaps, after a refreshing douse in the soft waters, many a feuding native feels a mellow glow of well-being for all the creatures of earth. Maybe this will some day extend to the members of the opposing Stanley community.



photograph by Lawrence S. Williams

Washington Crossing Park – a one-picture story

LORD CORNWALLIS, whose troops were ignominiously defeated in the Revolutionary War by a handful of ragged patriots, may at least lay claim to some success as a prophet. To General George Washington, after the surrender at Yorktown, he said, "Fame will gather your brightest laurels from the banks of the Delaware rather than those of the Chesapeake."

Practically every U. S. citizen knows that Washington once crossed the Delaware, even if he doesn't know where or why. In Pennsylvania's Bucks County, on State Highway 32, Washington Crossing Park has been established to help fix these details in the public mind, as well as to provide a recreation area. From this spot Washington ferried his 3000 ill-clad, ill-armed men across the ice-filled Delaware on Christmas night, 1776, to surprise General Rall's Hessian mercenaries at Trenton. It was the first victory of the Revolution. ■

My Favorite Town—

Barbourville, Kentucky

by Sidney Shalett

paintings by Joe Cox

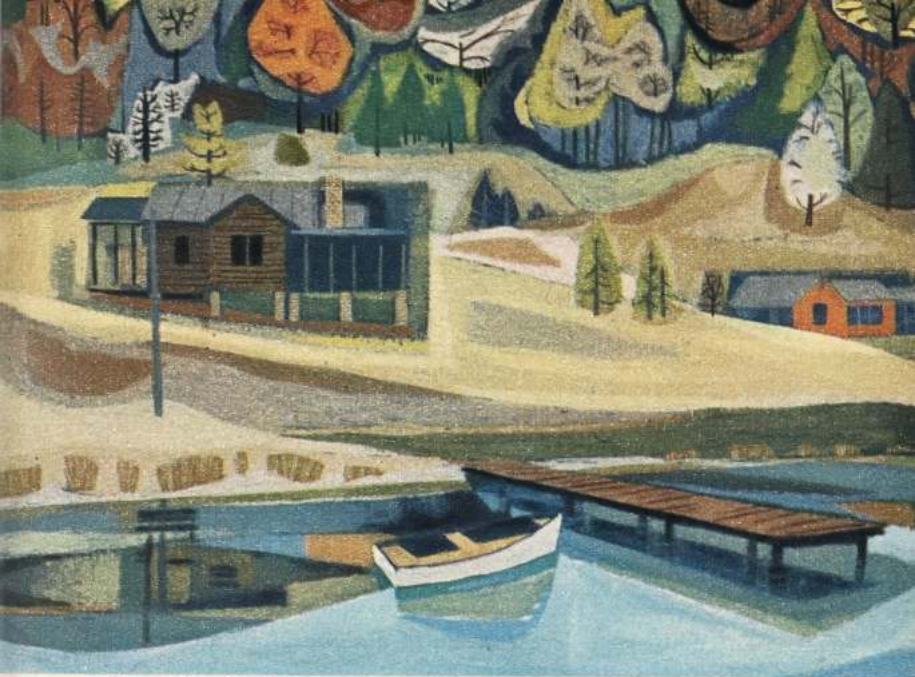
I HAVE a reason—a highly personal one—for falling in love with Barbourville, a little place in Kentucky with no night clubs, few bright lights and only two movies.

The reason centers around a little retreat with the intriguing name of Swan Pond, just about five miles from the Courthouse Square. It's a haven where I can go to escape completely from the pressures of Washington, my base of operations. There I can relax in my oldest pants and forget about shaving; I can enjoy good talk with real people, eat Kentucky ham and country sausage, and, to the best of my ability, try to teach my own city-born kids, Michael and John, something about fishing. Mike took a boat out by himself for the first time from the Swan Pond pier, and he was a lot prouder of it than he was the time Mrs. Atchison, his teacher at Brightwood School in Washington, gave him an "OP" (outstanding progress) in competition.

Swan Pond consists of some 220 privately-owned acres in a "holler" formed by Licklitter and Bee Gum Mountains, part of the mighty Cumberlands. The name goes back two hundred years to the time Dr. Thomas Walker, first white man to build a log cabin in the region, came through Cumberland Gap—'way ahead of Boone—on a surveying mission. Walker saw some large ducks, resembling swans, swimming on a little lake. The pond spotted by Walker long since has dried up, but a few years ago six friends—all Barbourville men—got together, bought up the acreage from Uncle Ed, built a dam and created a new seventeen-acre Swan Pond. It now is their private retreat, but they are generous, as Kentuckians are, in inviting friends and fellow townsmen to make use of its fishing, swimming and picnicking facilities.

Four of the members of the "corporation" have put up summer homes around the lake. They are:

1. Dan Herndon, town druggist, whose family was one of the first to settle in Barbourville. His drugstore in town—a



Swan Pond—Goelman cabin on left, Bacon cabin on right

cool, high-ceilinged place that smells the way a drugstore ought to smell—evokes a lot of nostalgia in me, but my five-year-old son, Johnny, is puzzled by it. “This isn’t a drugstore,” he told his mother first time she took him there. “No whiskey bottles. No comic books.”

2. “Coach” J. R. Bacon, who owns the town’s brickyard and used to coach the team at Union College, a Methodist institution of excellent scholastic reputation, in Barbourville. “Coach” has decided to make his cabin a “showroom” for his business and has built a modern rambler entirely of brick, even to the walls, flooring and bathroom.

3. I. H. (Izzy) Goelman, the town’s leading merchant and a Kentucky Colonel by virtue of commission from that master creator of colonels, ex-Governor Flem Sampson, a leading citizen of Barbourville. Colonel Goelman, my host, has built a place which he shares with his brother, Oscar. It’s a log cabin—but what a log cabin! The logs were seasoned for

Mike kept his whopping six-ounce fish alive in a pan→

three years, treated with termite-resistant chemicals, and the interior walls of his attractive living room were hand-rubbed and scorched for artistic effect with a blow torch. The cabin boasts such conveniences as indoor plumbing, a stall shower and a food freezer—in short, *my* kind of roughing it.

4. Allan (Keggy) Seay, civil engineer, fabulous fisherman, organ player and folk singer, and raconteur. “Keggy” is the real entertainer of Swan Pond; he can’t say good morning without bringing in a local anecdote. It was he who helped my oldest boy, Mike, catch his first fish—a whopping six-ouncer which Mike kept alive in a dishpan for three days.

Barbourville’s history as a town goes back to 1799 when Knox County was created by act of the Kentucky legislature. The early squires couldn’t agree on a county seat, so things rocked along until 1800 when an enterprising Virginian named Barbour, who held a land grant in the area, offered to lay out lots, provide an area for a courthouse and public square, and split profits with the county if they’d settle the seat on his land. The squires took him up and the town of Barbourville was created.

The courthouse is the scene of a wonderful annual bit of Americana. There are about seventy voting precincts in Knox County and it takes a couple of days to count the ballots. As the votes are slowly checked and the returns tallied, some local functionary—usually a deputy sheriff—steps outside and shouts out the returns, viz.: “Flat Lick pree-sink, eighteen votes for Jim Jones, candidate for jailer; Pete Smith, a goose-egg!”

The town is beautifully situated in a broad valley, above the confluence of Richland Creek and the Cumberland River, with the awesome Cumberlands in the background. Union College is its largest institution, and attracts students from all over the country, plus China, Hawaii and occasionally other spots. Principal industry is trading with the farmers; there are coal mines and lumber yards around the town, but inside the city limits there actually are only two manufacturing plants—“Coach” Bacon’s bricks and a branch of the La Resista Corset Company.

A famous Barbourville institution of pre-radio, pre-television days was the Barbourville Debating Society. Citizens would meet by candle and lamp light and debate the issues of the

The Knox County courthouse during vote-counting time→



day. There also is a long list of Barbourville citizens who achieved fame in politics—both in Kentucky and elsewhere. Currently, ex-Governor Sampson and ex-Lieutenant Governor Kenneth Tuggle, the latter a young man who is one of the town's leading attorneys and bankers, are residents of Barbourville. Politics, of course, is a major "industry" and diversion. One of Barbourville's more famous political documents is the circular once distributed by Mr. "Hoot Owl" Taylor, candidate for re-election as Circuit Court Clerk, an excerpt from which reads:

A Few Say Hoot Owl Drinks

I have taken a drink in time past, but I never went behind the door nor hid to do it. I have been seen in public at all times when I was at my fullest state of intoxication. I have never been seen off of my feet or too drunk to attend to business. If I have made you a good Clerk, what else do you want?

The town and county, incidentally, are strongly and traditionally Republican. Democrats are rarely elected to any office in Knox County. "If they are, it's in spite of being Democrats," a local politician says. In the Civil War, the town was largely pro-Union, and it claims that the first engagement on Kentucky soil was fought there between the Barbourville Home Guards (pro-Union) and some Confederate irregulars.

In late October, all Barbourville enjoys the annual Dan'l Boone Festival, when the leading citizens dress up in buckskins and coonskin caps, and real Indians come over from the Cherokee Reservation. Another local claim to fame is the staunch assertion that the last "horse-drawn" (usually it was a mule) trolley in America was operated in Barbourville. It used to run from the town square to the depot and it didn't shut down till April, 1924.

Every city dweller ought to have a Barbourville and a Swan Pond to get off to for at least a couple of weeks each year. It beats all the sunlamps and vitamin pills in the drug store, and I'm mighty proud that Colonel Goelman and the Swan Pond folks have hung out the latch string for us. ■





This is the key to Bremen's town hall. At right is the one which was used in the motion picture, "Seven Keys to Baldpate."



How Many Keys to Baldpate?

by Clifton Abbott

photographs by William R. Sears

SHOULD the occasion ever arise, Gordon Mace, an American innkeeper, would have little difficulty obtaining a privy audience with Her Majesty, the Queen of England. Gordon has the key to the side gate of Buckingham Palace.

It all started when Gordon and his wife Ethel opened an inn in 1915 in an area near Estes Park, Colorado. At that

Some wag left the master "key to the situation" below; at right is Earl Derr Biggers' "original" Key to Baldpate.





Key to the Royal Chapel, Westminster Abbey, is at left. Above is Robin Hood's key to the gate of Sherwood Forest.

time, Earl Derr Biggers' novel, *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, was a hit.

Rather than name their inn something like "Bide a Wee" or "Dew Drop Inn," they chose to call it Baldpate. One of the earliest visitors to Baldpate Inn was Biggers who left what is now a prized item in the Maces' ring: one of the "original" Baldpate keys.

Included are such keys as the ancient and historic one to the gate of Sherwood Forest, its tag a bit of the oak in which Robin Hood once hid his arrows, and the key to Edgar Allen Poe's quarters at the University of Virginia.

The collection has grown by itself. To date people have left about 12,000 keys at Baldpate. ■



Key at left opens side gate of Buckingham Palace; below is the ugliest key, used by early dentists to twist out teeth.





Officer, I Like Your Altitude

by Walt Curtis

ON U.S. Highway 66 near Joliet, Illinois, a hurrying farmer eased onto the main road past a yellow "stop" sign. No traffic was in sight, and the farmer didn't make a full stop.

Five minutes farther south, two State Police officers curbed the farmer, and chastised him for passing the arterial sign.

"How the heck," the bewildered driver asked, "did you fellows find out I didn't stop?"

The patrolmen explained that the farmer had been caught from an altitude of 1,500 feet by "Car" 906, a new member of the Illinois State Police fleet. Car 906, a two-place cabin plane, is one of four aircraft operating as the air arm of Illinois' highway troopers.

Equipped with three-way radio, pilots of the planes talk on the State Police district radio net, or on the car-to-car hookup. The planes of Illinois, as in virtually every other state, have become a valued aid in traffic control and law enforcement. They're on the job to aid motorists endangered by accident, flood or storm. And the air arm helps police crack down on the motorist who violates the law.

This system, typical of those in many states, is a cooperative program developed by the State Police and the Illinois Department of Aeronautics. Mark Cooper, chief of safety for the aeronautics department, and his three safety inspectors are the police pilots. Their planes are equipped with compact, lightweight FM radio sending-receiving sets which can reach stations thirty-five to forty miles away. The battery-powered radios work like the Infantry's World War II "walkie-talkies."

Cooper and his fliers journey all over the Prairie State on their regular inspection flights. In the air, they check in on the half hour with the nearest State Police radio station. On landing, they notify the station where they can be reached. Airborne or on the ground, they're available for emergency assignments.

Cooper spins fascinating yarns about the exploits of the air-ground police system. In a typical emergency case, a plane crash was reported near Buffalo, Illinois, and a pilot soon located the wrecked ship. By radio, he directed squad cars over backwoods trails to the injured airmen.

Above left: Police plane in communication with squad car below.

Below left: Plane flies in for a rendezvous with police squad car.

On one occasion, the driver of a black sedan roared away from a U.S. 66 service station without paying for his tankful of gas. State Police bulletins revealed this same driver had worked his way across Ohio and Indiana, rooking filling station operators as he went. Soon, Car 904 was "down on the deck" along U.S. 66 looking for the car. He found the cheat doing ninety miles an hour on a dirt side road, firmly believing he had fooled the police again. An arrest was made within minutes by a squad car which had been alerted five miles away by radio.

Most dramatic service to motorists on recent Illinois records is the flood and damage survey flown

after a tornado and heavy rains struck the central part of the state. Police pilots radioed back a running report of flooded roads, stalled vehicles and washed out bridges. Squad cars called by radio quickly reached stranded drivers. Flooded roads were barricaded.

Later in the year, as the dread Kansas flood crest surged down the Mississippi below St. Louis, another four-hour special aerial patrol coordinated highway and water rescue of farmers who saw their crops and homes ruined by rising water. The Illinois Highway Division Chief flew over the area to assay road damage and had his road network open to motorists in quick time. ■

Police cars on hand to handle traffic at University of Illinois game.





photograph by Edgar H. Carlson

Radioactivity at Ford

RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPES, used for measuring and testing Ford products, are in the custody of the young man pictured above drawing out a sample of tungsten isotope. He is Arthur Smith, an Oak Ridge alumnus, who might be called the company's most closely guarded man. His "guards" are Geiger counters and protective devices that stand in the way of harmful rays that might emanate from metals that have had a month's bombardment in the atomic pile at Oak Ridge. But Smith doesn't feel that he faces any hazards so long as he's careful. In fact, he says, you could even drink some of the diluted solution shown without ill effects. The solution, however, is not for drinking but for testing the performance of Ford engine gaskets. ■



The Oldest American Footwear

photographs by Joe Van Wormer

IN the lower picture on the opposite page you see the oldest footgear in the U. S. As a matter of fact, they are the oldest *anything* made by man that has yet been discovered in this part of the world.

They were found among seventy-five sandals in a cave in the desert of south-central Oregon; the entrance to the cave is seen in the upper picture.

Scientists have stated that the sandals are 9,053 years old and there is no guesswork about it. They *know*. The age was determined by an "atomic calendar," a device that came into being when science learned that everything that has ever lived—plant or animal—contains radioactive carbon. The carbon loses half its radioactivity in 5,568 years and because this radioactivity is measurable it is possible to learn the age of anything that ever breathed air.

The sandals are made of sagebrush bark and were found in the cavern, a mile or so west of Fort Rock, by anthropologists from the University of Oregon. At the time of the discovery, some of the sandals were treated to prevent decomposition. This was before the atomic calendar was developed and it turned out that the treatment kept the calendar from working. Later, other sandals were discovered and it was possible to learn their age, which altered all previous concepts of when man first appeared on this continent.

When the sandals were made, civilization was going strong in that part of the country. The Ice Age was not so far back (it ended about 12,000 years ago) and there was a big lake there. Flamingos flew around and deer and antelope played. Then the volcanic Cascades erupted and the native civilization disappeared. The ashes preserved the sandals and a few other artifacts intact until their modern discovery.

To get to Fort Rock you drive south from Bend on U. S. 97 and then bear southeast on State Highway 31. ■



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Saddle Inn, New Jersey

Goulash

2 pounds chuck beef
½ onion
1 clove garlic
Butter
1 bay leaf
Pinch paprika
1 small can tomato sauce
Salt and pepper, to taste
Carrot chunks
Whole white onions

Brown meat well in heavy skillet. Simmer onion, garlic in butter until golden brown. Add browned meat to this mixture as well as bay leaf, paprika and tomato sauce. Pour enough boiling water over meat to cover, add salt and pepper to taste. Cover tightly and simmer slowly for 2 hours or until meat is

tender. Carrot and onion should be added last half hour of cooking. Gravy may be thickened with flour or cornstarch when cooking is completed. Serves four to six.

In the beautiful Saddle River Valley, this restaurant is open for dinner every evening from 5:00 p.m. till midnight. Reservations advised over the weekend. It's on State Highway 17 in Upper Saddle River.

←painting of Saddle Inn by Edward C. Gressley

←painting of Conti's Cross Key Inn by Ranulph Bye

Conti's Cross Keys Inn, Pennsylvania

Chicken Cacciatore

2 three-pound chickens
Salt and pepper, to taste
1 onion, chopped fine
½ cup olive oil
1 bay leaf
Pinch of rosemary
½ cup dry white wine
4 fresh tomatoes, cut in small pieces
Garlic, to taste

Cut chicken into 6 pieces and season with salt and pepper. Cook chicken in olive oil for about 20 minutes or until brown. Then add onion and cook until transparent. Stir in wine and add remaining ingredients and cook for about 15

minutes. The chef here will make up this dish without garlic on request.

The Cross Keys Tavern was first licensed in 1758. Today this Bucks County landmark at Doylestown carries on its long tradition of hospitality with meals served from noon till midnight, every day except Sunday. Open year round.



Williamsburg Lodge, Virginia

Watermelon Rind Pickle

2 pounds watermelon rind
Brine

2 pounds sugar
1 pint water
1 pint vinegar
1 lemon, sliced thin
1 tablespoon each, ground stick cinnamon, whole cloves and whole allspice

Soak watermelon rind overnight in brine made in the proportions of $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salt to 1 quart water. In the morning drain off the brine. Cook rind in clear water until tender. Make a hot pickling solution of the remaining ingredients. (The spices should be tied in cheesecloth and removed before the pickles

are put into jars.) Add the drained rind and cook until it becomes clear. Seal in sterilized jars. Makes approximately 4 pints.

This pleasant informal inn is part of the extensive Williamsburg Restoration at Williamsburg. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; coffee shop open until 11:00 p.m. Overnight accommodations and recreation facilities.

←painting of Williamsburg Lodge by Alois Fabry, Jr.

←painting of Mrs. Sauveur's Coffee Pot by John Donnels

Mrs. Sauveur's Coffee Pot, Louisiana

Little Rice Cakes

1 cup boiled cold rice
3 whole eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Pinch nutmeg
1 cup flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
Hot fat for frying
Powdered sugar and cinnamon

Beat eggs until light and fluffy; add other ingredients. Beat vigorously until well blended; drop by tablespoons into hot fat. Fry to a light golden brown. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

Here these cakes are served with apple jelly or Louisiana orange marmalade as an added treat with a chicken or ham dinner. This recipe makes enough for six.

Surrounded by some of the oldest and most historic buildings in the city, this restaurant is at 710 St. Peter Street in New Orleans. Open for breakfast and lunch from 7:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Closed Sundays.



The Oaks Hotel, Minnesota

Rex Turkey Viennese

1 broiler turkey, 4-5 pounds
1/4 pound butter
1 tablespoon paprika
3 tablespoons flour
1 quart sour cream
1 1/2 cups stock
Salt and pepper, to taste

Disjoint turkey, season with salt and pepper. Roll in flour. Heat butter in pan and sauté turkey to a golden brown. Put in 350° oven and bake for about 30 minutes or until tender. Remove turkey from pan, add flour and paprika and fry for a few minutes stirring often. Add stock, stirring briskly. Add sour cream. Bring to a boil, then strain and pour over turkey or serve on the side with

wild rice or buttered egg noodles. Serves six to eight.

A reputation for outstanding food prepared under the direction of Chef Kelly brings visitors from a hundred mile radius to this spot in Minnesota City, six miles west of Winona on U. S. 61. The huge dining room is open daily from 12 noon to 1:00 a.m.

←painting of The Oaks Hotel by James F. Heinlen

←painting of Madeline's by Peter Emig

Madeline's, Texas

Chocolate Fudge Pie

1/2 cup butter, melted
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup flour, sifted
1 square bitter chocolate, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat sugar and butter together, then add eggs. Beat until thoroughly mixed, add flour and blend well. Add chocolate and vanilla. Pour into a greased pyrex pie plate and bake in preheated 325° for 25 minutes. Serve with vanilla ice cream. This recipe will yield eight servings.

Its tradition of fine French cooking brings Houston residents back many times to this eating place. Specialties are their cheese cake and their seafood and meat dishes. Open daily, except Monday, from 6:00 p.m. to midnight. The address is 4218 Montrose Boulevard, a ten-minute drive from the center of town.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

You may not care to see eye to eye with this collection of unusual creatures but you can try to identify them. Answers on page 63.

photos by Lynwood M. Chase



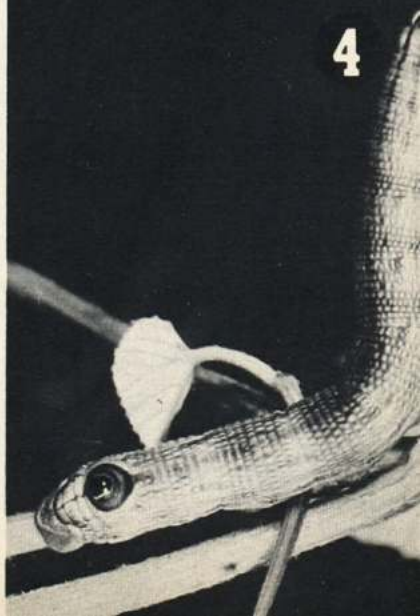
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Answers

1. Star-nosed mole. The star on the end of its snout is used as a feeler to take the place of eyes. It lives its entire existence in underground tunnels.
2. Magnified head of the tomato sphinx moth. The coiled tongue can be unwound to penetrate deep-throated flowers.
3. Bat.
4. The Thyreus Abbotti caterpillar has a large false eye at the rear end of its body to frighten away its enemies.



Contributors



FRED ZIMMER, who wrote and illustrated the merry story on tugboats (page 19), says he gets a lot of excitement out of boats and water because he was born and raised in the Midwest and for many years saw neither. Now he lives near the docks of Brooklyn Heights and all he has to do to satisfy his new love is look out the window on New York Harbor.

Born in Columbus, Ohio, he graduated from the art department of Ohio State in 1948 and then started to travel. He went to Mexico, he worked on a freighter escorting chickens to Poland, he bicycled through New England and he spent a long time in Europe. Meanwhile he was painting pictures that appeared in a number of prominent museums and he began to contribute drawings and paintings to *Holiday*, *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker* and *Park East*.

"I am thirty-one years old," writes **RICHARD GEHMAN**, "and have been in national magazines for ten years, beginning with fiction in *Story*, *The New Yorker*, *Esquire* and *Collier's*. My recent work has been mostly non-fiction, except for a novelette in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a novel called 'Each Life to Live,' and the book of a musical comedy, 'Wonderful Good.'

"I do not know what possessed me to become a magazine writer, but I know that my three sons, whose main business with magazines now consists in tearing them up, will be taught to be spot welders."

Mr. Gehman was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, hence his story in this issue (page 30).



When put to it to choose a profession at an early age, **SIDNEY SHALETT** ("Barbourville, Kentucky," page 42) first decided lazily to emulate an older brother, a violinist. A double-jointed forth finger interfered with playing the fast notes, so he decided lazily to emulate another brother, a writer. A double-jointed finger, he says, doesn't interfere with playing a typewriter, but he adds hastily that there's nothing lazy about writing.

Born in 1912 in Stamford, Connecticut, Mr. Shalett was transplanted to Chattanooga, Tennessee, while still a boy. He worked as a reporter for the Chattanooga Times until 1937 and then went east to work for *The New York Times* in New York, London and Washington, covering the War and Navy Departments from 1943 to 1947. He is a contributor to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Reader's Digest*, *Collier's* and *Look*.



photograph by Newell Green

Floating Bridge in Vermont

THE little village of Brookfield, about fifteen miles south of Montpelier, Vermont's capital, has had a floating bridge for a hundred and thirty-nine years. When the state offered the residents a modern over-water structure some years back they turned it down flatly with the statement that what was good enough for their ancestors was good enough for them. There are three hundred and eighty barrels supporting the bridge, which is the only one of its kind in daily use on a public highway in this country. It saves the people living on one side from going three quarters of a mile around the end of the pond to get to the store and postoffice. ■



Front Cover—In No. 7 of the Horseless Carriage Adventures series Charles Harper pictures the Wawona Tree in Yosemite National Park. Years ago irreverent hands cut a tunnel eleven feet wide through it to accommodate a road, and give early-day travelers—such as this couple in their 1907 Model R Ford—something to brag about to their incredulous friends back home.

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