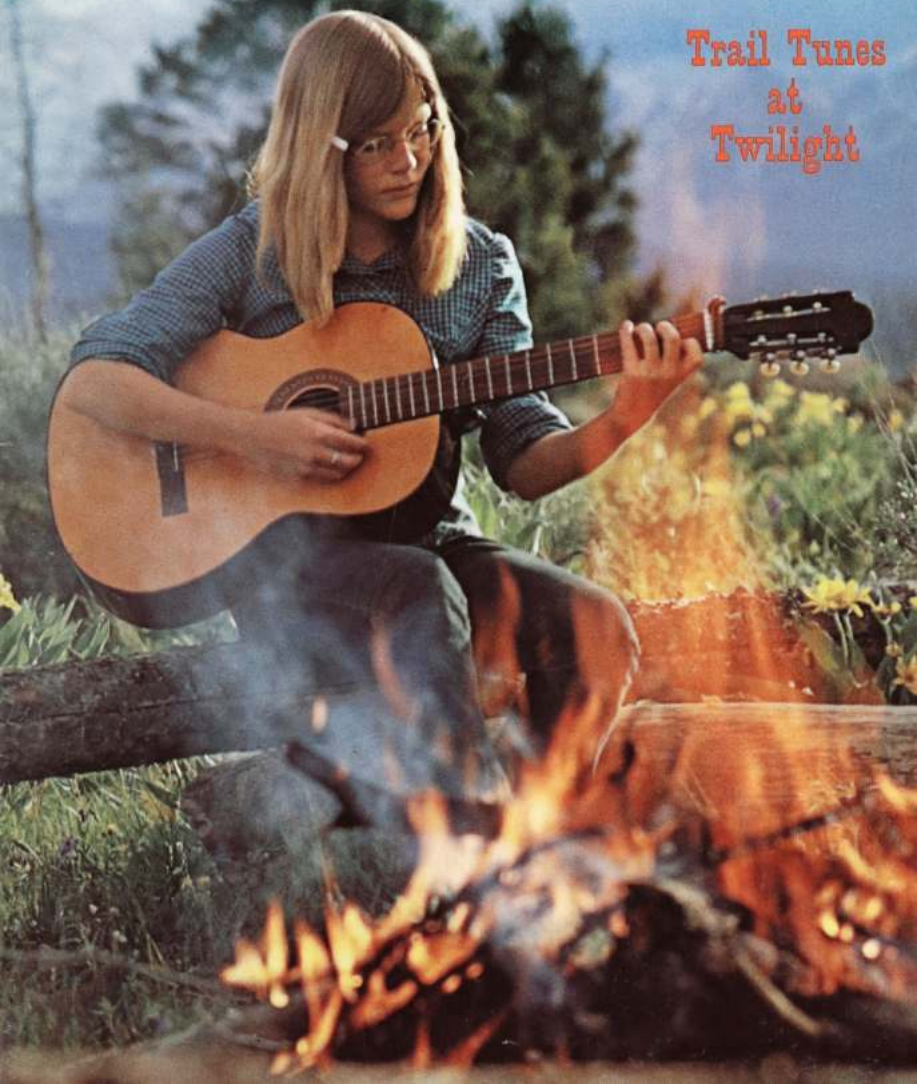


FORD TIMES

SEPTEMBER 1973

Trail Tunes
at
Twilight





The 1973 Thunderbird.

In appearance,
in appointments, it's a luxury car.

In ride and handling, it's
distinctly Thunderbird.



The new Opera Window: a modern classic.

Options shown: Deluxe wheel covers, power antenna, Exterior Decor Group, Deluxe Bumper Group, Sunroof, right-hand remote control mirror, cornering lamps, leather seating surfaces, and other interior features not detailed.



Individually adjustable seats with armrests.

The automobile known for ride and luxury has even more to offer this year.

Thunderbird's remarkable suspension system has been refined and tuned to its steel-belted radial ply tires. Result: an extraordinarily smooth ride.

Here are a few other special contributions to luxury that are *standard* with Thunderbird: luxuriously cushioned front

seats with twin center armrest, very cool SelectAire Conditioner, opera windows, power side windows, vinyl roof, plus power brakes and power steering. And the smooth power of Thunderbird's 429 CID engine.

There is really only one way to completely experience this new Thunderbird. In person. At your Ford Dealer's.



FORD TIMES

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COVER—Her father may be wagon master, but when it comes to making music on the trail, Kristi Frome plays second fiddle to no one. For related story, "Covered Wagons West," see page 32. Photograph by Erwin A. Bauer.

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Sail to the Top of the World

**The M. S. Norweta carries a dozen
adventurers 1,300 miles "up south"**

story and photos by Dolly Connelly

A 1,300-MILE CRUISE "going up south" on Canada's magnificent Mackenzie River from Tuktoyaktuk at the top of the world to Great Slave Lake? It sounds like an impossible dream of Arctic explorers. Even the hardy people of Hay River on Great Slave, well above the 60th parallel in Canada's vast wilderness Northwest Territories, shook their heads when first they heard of it.

"You'll never get people to sail up and down that muddy river," they told Don Tetrault, founder of Arctic Cruise Lines. "Why, even in June, a ship can be frozen in the middle of Great Slave Lake for days. The river's level can rise 20 feet within hours from an ice jam miles away,

and the channels shift in the blink of an eye."

In time some 33 investors—Hay River workers and business people—shared the dream of a luxurious cruise ship following the route of Sir Alexander MacKenzie, first white man to explore the river that bears his name. Stationed at Lake Athabasca for the fur-trading Northwest Company in 1789, MacKenzie yearned to find the legendary Northwest Passage. He was despondent to emerge on the vast, 40-mile-wide Delta where the river flows north into the Arctic's Beaufort Sea, never realizing that his great river—the second largest system in North America, stretching 2,635 miles



from Rocky Mountain sources to the Delta — was destined to become the “highway” of Canada’s western Arctic.

Arctic Cruise Lines Limited ordered its ship constructed in River-ton, Manitoba, and railroaded over-land in sections. The M. S. Norweta, named by borrowing from the first letters of *Northwest Territories*, was rewelded at Great Slave Lake, a body of water so immense that it could supply the world’s drinking water. Launched in 1971 with a steel hull for bashing through lake ice in early-season voyages, the Norweta is 100 feet in length at the waterline. Her power plant has three high-speed diesel engines, each developing 295 horsepower at 2,300 revolutions per minute. The radar- and radio-equipped Norweta was designed and commissioned for northern service and safe and comfortable cruising. She carries, as an example, a power winch — specifically for pulling the ship off uncharted sandbars.

From the first voyage—a wild one in mid-June through “green” ice $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick and candle ice piled in huge mounds — the Norweta has been the pride of the people of Hay River. Her seasonal sailing schedule calls for seven journeys north, seven south, the last trip a thriller in October through skim ice and the brilliant fall color of riverbank willow, alder and aspen dusted with first snows.

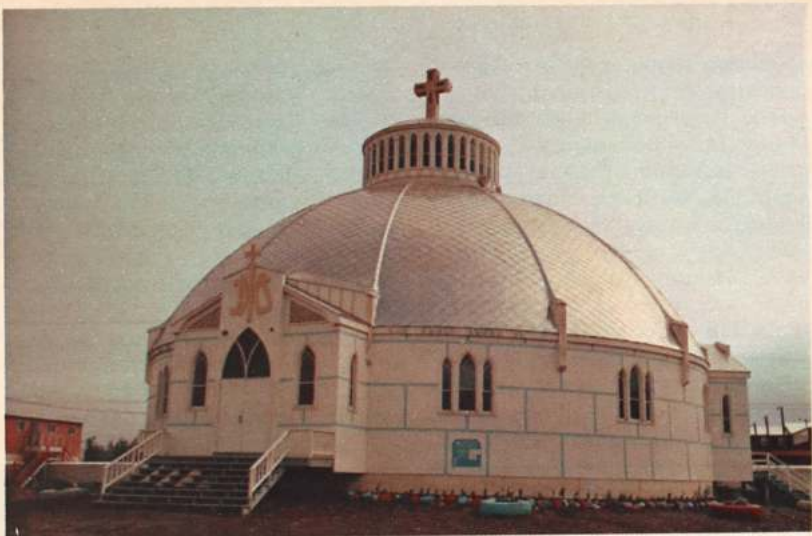
The doughy little ship carries only 16 passengers, with a crew of

eight. Reservations are taken up to a year in advance. No one shakes his head any more when the community-financed company plans another cruise ship for the 10,550 square miles of Great Slave Lake, deepest lake of the continent, within the next two years. Or a five-year plan for a cruise ship on Hudson Bay out of Churchill.

Untapped natural wonders

Keen interest in this unknown land, occupied by man for at least the past 10,000 years but still so scant of population that there are 40 square miles to the inhabitant, has been stimulated by many factors. Arctic oil exploration, discovery of a treasure house of minerals, the Canadian government’s decision to extend the all-weather, graded-gravel Mackenzie Highway north from Fort Simpson to Tuktoyaktuk on the Arctic Coast within the next five years at a cost of \$100 million, an urban civilization’s yearning for untouched natural wonders — all have played a role in this urge to go north.

A good part of the Norweta’s popularity is her contrast of luxurious living in a land so wild that its maps still contain blank areas of the unknown. Thus she carries Master Chef Earl Gragg, who plans his menus around caribou steak; Arctic char, most delicious of all northern fish; filet mignon; pâté de foie gras; fresh raspberry trifle; stuffed mushrooms; ripe melons, and fresh vegetables, taking aboard \$3,200 worth



Inuvik's famous Igloo Church
Arctic Red River residents await Norweta's arrival



of superb foods and a selection of fine wines for each round trip.

The Norweta delights with such thoughtful appointments as an excellent collection of the major books about the Northwest Territories, including accounts of early exploration. Charts of the entire voyage, with markers indicating "we are here," are posted along passageway walls. The coffee urn perks 24 hours a day, and complimentary bar service always is open, except when the ship is in port.

If there is a small disappointment, it is that animal-sighting is rare. The Norweta's powerful engines are detected by animals well in advance of the ship's arrival. Yet there are thousands of the beautiful birds of the Arctic in view, including nesting swans, and on almost every sand bank the tracks of barren ground grizzly, wolf, caribou or moose are seen.

We chose a south-bound sail for the fun of bashing through the Rapids, Sans Sault and Green Island Rapids against the river's current. The drop in the river from Great Slave Lake to the Delta is only 640 feet in 1,100 miles, but narrows step up the current from four to 10 miles per hour. Twenty-four-hour sunlight and warm, dry weather—the lower Mackenzie Valley country approaching the Arctic gets only 2½ inches of rainfall during the entire summer season — were an extra bonus. Nobody did much sleeping.

The cruise takes over its passen-

gers at Edmonton, flying them via Pacific Western Airlines to Inuvik or Hay River. Inuvik is the model Eskimo community of the famed "Igloo Church," utilidors (above-ground pipes and cables used to carry water and electricity to communities situated in areas of permafrost), and Father Joseph Adam, for 35 years grower of spectacular flowers and vegetables over permafrost, undoubtedly the northernmost "farmer" of the continent. From Inuvik, a kind of capital of Canada's



Loucheux Indians welcome visitors

far north, we sailed north to Tuktoyaktuk on the vast Delta of the Mackenzie.

From "Tuk" we cruised across the open Beaufort Sea, its ice pack glittering blue-white in the distance, to Peel Channel, westernmost of the waterways. Next visit was at Akla-vik, "Place of the barren ground grizzly bear," the Eskimo community that refused to die when the

bulk of its people were moved to the comforts of modern Inuvik.

Again in the main river channel, the Norweta tied up at Arctic Red River, a Loucheaux Indian fish camp for centuries past, at the junction of the river of the same name and the Mackenzie. A day's sail south of Arctic Red River brought us to the Arctic Circle, reason enough for a swim in the chill, silted water of the Mackenzie and for a toast on "Champagne Ridge," high above the river.

The scant settlements along the river—Fort Good Hope, Norman Wells, Fort Norman, Fort Wrigley, Fort Simpson, Fort Providence — all produced a full quota of Indian youngsters, no matter the hour. The Norweta thoughtfully carries a special freezer on her observation deck filled with ice cream for all comers.

Hay River, southern terminus of the cruise, is a bustling shipping point reached by the Mackenzie Highway in 1949 and the Great Slave Lake Railway in 1964.

The Mackenzie Cruise is one of many adventurous tourism ideas opening to American visitors this wondrous new country of the wild and rocky Precambrian Shield. Northwest Territories Commissioner Stuart M. Hodgson believes completion of the Mackenzie Highway—the first all-weather road to the Arctic on the North American continent—will bring about a surge of visitation similar to that stimulated by the Alaska Highway.

Other adventures now on tap are guided beluga whale hunts with Eskimos of Tuktoyaktuk, guided mountain climbs in the 7,000-foot Penny Highlands and icecaps of Baffin Island out of Pangnirtung, and small-plane flights to the true North Pole in nine-day hops out of Edmonton or Montreal.

Ready for tourists

Discovery of this magnificent waterway to the Arctic Ocean is just a first step toward new recognition of Canada's "land down north." This stirring country has known fantastic adventures and heroic exploration for almost 200 years. Now it is ready for tourist adventure.

TravelArctic, an agency in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, Canada, is prepared to answer questions and supply river guide books and maps. Arctic Cruise Lines Limited will send brochures. Write to P.O. Box 63, Hay River, NWT, Canada. Cost of the cruise, inclusive of air fare from Edmonton to take off point and return, with no extras of any kind, is \$1,185 Canadian. For passengers who make their own travel arrangements to Northwest Territories, the shipboard fare is \$985.

The trip northbound, with the current, runs seven days. Pace is 17 miles an hour, with frequent tie-ups. Southbound against the current, at 10 miles per hour, requires eight days. Turn-around time at either end is one day. □

The Great Golden Fish Of Cozumel

by Bern Keating

paintings by Charles Shaw



WITH A DAZZLING FLASH of golden flank, a bull dolphin soared through the air to hurl himself on our mullet-laden outrigger line, setting the hooks deep in his jaw by the explosive impact of his attack. For 30 minutes he charged and sounded, leaped his own length and more above the sea and blazed a zigzag path of gold through the ink-blue water of Yucatan Channel.

Clyde Ormond, veteran of 35 years of hunting and fishing as an outdoor writer, fought the dolphin to the side of the boat and the Mayan boatman gaffed him aboard.

Clyde's hands trembled as he tried to set his camera to photograph his first *dorado*, or Golden One, as the Mexicans call the dolphin. For even so experienced an angler as Clyde cannot remain blasé after his first encounter with this savage fighting fish that prowls the warm waters between the Island of Cozumel and the shore of Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula.

I thought Clyde was going to cry when Tex Purvis of Cuernavaca, our outfitter and Great White Fisherman, ordered Clyde's magnificent *dorado* of shimmering gold cut into bait for the big bluefin tuna.

Like Captain Ahab, Tex is obsessed by an elusive leviathan—in his case it is the 500-pound bluefin tuna often sighted in the Yucatan Channel.

Tex's obsession with the big tuna has had a most serendipitous fallout for sportsmen, for he has almost

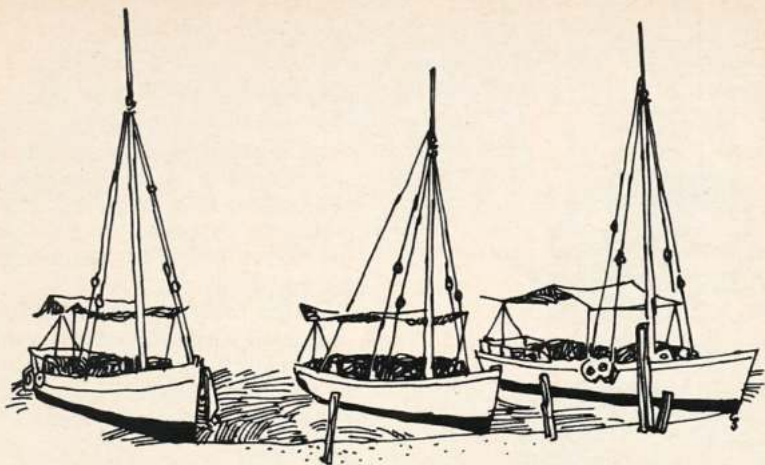
singlehandedly imported the basic equipment to establish one of the world's few remaining virgin fishing grounds.

First announced to the world by an article in *Holiday*, Cozumel had a skyrocket success as a beach resort in the early 60s, a success that caught the natives by surprise and overwhelmed the island's scanty accommodations and tourist services. Then the world's scuba divers discovered the Palancar Reef off the island's coast in the Yucatan Channel. With underwater visibility along the coral reef ranging to 150 feet, divers swarmed to the island, and the Hotel Cabanas del Caribe and the Club Akmul Caribe became snorkel and scuba headquarters.

Four other major hotels had never quite caught up with demand for space, but opening of the 110-room El Presidente has boosted available first class space to 400 rooms and apparently relieved the shortage, at least for the moment.

Even when visitors clamored for room, Cozumel's hotels tried to outdo each other in luxurious touches. Now that El Presidente has introduced a true element of competition, managements threaten to become almost hysterical in pampering guests. For instance, at breakfast the women in our party were delighted by waiters who slipped brocade cushions under their feet.

Guests at surrounding tables, veterans of the Cozumel scene, advised newcomers on how to pass the day.



Women already lobster red from the ferocious Yucatan sun planned to shop in San Miguel's duty-free shops. A handsome gringo, with the harassed look of the demon-driven tycoon, was going to sit beside the pool, sip planter's punches from the palm-thatched poolside bar and relax with a little light reading in *The Wall Street Journal*.

One-man broncos—flatbottomed, high-powered speedboats rented through the hotel concierge—were already snarling up and down the beach front in impromptu races. Rental sailboats schooned along at a more graceful pace. A pair of amateur archeologists had rented a dune buggy at the desk and planned to explore the interior wastelands of the 12- by 30-mile island looking for the 10 Mayan temple ruins already discovered and hoping to turn up a ruin not yet mapped by modern man.

Most of the nonfishermen, however, had signed up for the trip to Playa San Francisco, a boat ride along the jungle waterfront to a sandy beach where native divers bring up conch, lobster and reef fish for a shore luncheon cooked over open coals.

Until recently fishing equipment has been hopelessly primitive for the avid sports fishermen. But true professionals running charter rigs have discovered this new fishing grounds. Though the tackle situation steadily improves, sportsmen who own tackle are wise to bring it along to Cozumel. Simple equipment for the less demanding is available at the marina.

With the increase in facilities, the Yucatan Channel is beginning to draw sportsmen eager to be among the first to fish the incredibly rich new fishing grounds before the hordes descend.



On our outing we boated 17 *dorado*, a respectable seven-foot four-inch sailfish, and a locker crammed with Spanish mackerel, bonito and school tuna.

During the short intervals between strikes we had the leisure to study our surroundings. Rain squalls occasionally blotted out the tropical sun. On the Playa de Carmen shore of Quintana Roo Territory, 12 miles across the channel from the hotels, the Mayan shrines of Ixcarat crumble into decay.

As the cruel sun declined, flocks of parrots passed overhead returning from feeding on the mainland to roost for the night on Cozumel where they have no enemies. In the gathering dusk *dorado* and sailfish jumped all about us feeding in the day's last light. Great flights of flying fish showed where other rapacious raiders from the deep had slashed across surface schools.

When we abandoned the hunt, the moon had risen. On the dock the usual loafers exclaimed with awe at the unprecedented size of our catch, made possible by Tex's serious game fishing equipment and trained charter boat crew, a combination new to the island.

We missed the plane we had planned to take back to the capital, and so we dined on our fresh caught *dorado*, one of the world's great delicacies, cooked to our order by the understanding chef. The rest of the party sipped a well-chilled Montrachet, but I spread a layer of the chef's superb and incandescent *salsa brava* on my serving so I put out the flames with a stream of Mexico's matchless beer. Though jackets and ties are forbidden even



at dinner everywhere on the island, the scene after dark hardly resembles your average fishing camp mess hall. The women are dazzling in gaudy outfits by Pucci and cocktail pants from Oscar de la Renta. Men wear startling cotton print pants from Lilly of Palm Beach or Jaeger. A fair sprinkling of the men have discovered the local cotton shirt-jacket called a *guayabara*, perhaps the most sensibly comfortable garment ever invented for tropical evening wear.

After dinner we danced all night in the dim La Boya Bar to Brazilian and Mexican airs, interrupted occasionally by a slow romantic drag

for the honeymooners who abound on Cozumel.

Next day we had to drag Tex aboard the plane back to the capital. He still grumbled about losing a golden chance to get that devil of a bluefin tuna lurking out there.

I couldn't care less about hooking a 500-pound fish that will probably feel like a rusty tank on the end of the line. But the next time Tex offers a chance to help catch the great golden dolphin as tuna bait, to come upon ruined temples in the interior brush, to dive on the magnificent Palancar Reef, to dine superbly and dance till dawn, I'm his volunteer. □

Ford Has That 'Something Extra' That Makes a Good Car Great

*Better Ideas continue
to add customer appeal
to the Ford Division lines*

by Burgess H. Scott

THE FORD DIVISION car lines for 1973 are the culmination of 70 years of innovative manufacture which brought many advanced automotive concepts to the industry.

From the start, Ford Motor Company pioneered in engineering designs that ultimately were taken up by the entire industry. Some of the early ones were left-hand steering instead of a center or right-hand tiller or steering wheel, longitudinal instead of crosswise placement of the engine, and use of safety glass in windshield and windows.

In later years Ford pioneering included self-adjusting brakes, ball-joint front suspension, and long service intervals between oil changes, lubrications, and replacement of oil filter and engine coolant.

One of the latest Ford Division "extras" was making the long life,

Big Ford wagons have 96.2 cubic feet of cargo space





Pinto Runabout fold-down rear seat cargo space



Spare tire lock option discourages theft



Steel-belted radials

smooth riding steel-belted radial ply tire available on all domestic passenger car lines. Tests show that the average driver can expect up to 40,000 miles of tread life under normal driving conditions.

Owners of all the 1973 Ford Division car lines enjoy the economy and convenience of an interval of 36,000 miles or three years (whichever comes first) between major chassis lubrications. These car lines also enjoy a servicing schedule of 4,000 miles or four months between oil changes, an oil filter change initially at 4,000 miles and at 8,000-mile or eight-month intervals thereafter.

All 18 versions of the big Ford line share the smooth and silent ride that has become a landmark of the

industry. The quietness goes down deep in the cars' design, based on the long 121-inch wheelbase that is a foundation for driving ease and riding comfort.

And then the rugged new five-crossmember frame, isolated from the body by cushioning rubber body mounts, has a big part in screening out harshness and vibration. Adding to this noise barrier is full coil suspension with precision mounted shock absorbers.

The sturdy Ford body is built with advanced soundproofing techniques and strategically placed acoustical materials. A new anti-noise development is a "pocketless" door weather-strip.

The '73 Fords have a high level of standard equipment, including a



Ford-pioneered Magic Doorgate opens as a door with rear glass



up or down, or as a conventional tailgate for longer loads



351-cubic-inch V-8, SelectShift transmission, power steering and power front disc brakes. They have an abundance of better ideas such as wiper-mounted windshield washer jets that direct cleaning fluid to the right spot, the three-way Magic Doorgate on wagons and dual facing rear seat wagon models. Another better idea is the Power Mini-Vent window for improved ventilation without the noise of the pivoting design.

The 11 Ford Torino models are definitely mid-size in dimensions, but their strong five-crossmember frame with 16 rubber mounts for the solid body gives them big-car quiet, comfort and driving ease.

Standard brakes are power front discs for the wagons and manual front discs for the car models. Also among standard equipment items: three-way Magic Doorgate for wagons, an extra-large 14.8-cubic-foot luggage compartment, a 302-cubic-inch 2V V-8 for wagons and Sport models and 250-cubic-inch Big Six for other models. Five optional V-8s are offered.

New among many options is a Luxury Decor Package in super-soft vinyl with distinctive fold-down center armrest, 25-ounce cut-pile carpeting, deluxe steering wheel and woodgrain instrument panel.

Mustang brings a memorable experience in control, balance and roadability. Its five models offer a wide choice in the sports/specialty field. Independent front suspension



Above: Optional Thunderbird Sunroof brings outdoors inside. Below: Maverick's Luxury Decor Option includes contoured vinyl reclining seats

and anti-sway bar give good handling. The totally welded unitized body contributes to a quiet, smooth ride.

The 250-cubic-inch Big Six is standard in all models except the Mach 1, which comes with the 302-cubic-inch 2V V-8, all with three-speed manual floor shift. Optional



engines are 351-cubic-inch 2V and 4V V-8s. Selectshift and four-speed manual transmissions are optional, the latter available only with the 351-cubic-inch 4V V-8.

With the many options offered you can virtually design your own Mustang. An example is the Mach 1 Sports Interior Option for Sports-Roof and Mach 1 models, including high back bucket seats, molded door trim panels with integral pull handles and armrests, and an instrumentation group.

Maverick's three models continue to build on a tradition that started four years ago: to give the compact car buyer everything he wants or needs in an automobile. This year the four-door sedan, two-door sedan and the two-door Grabber have a high level of standard equipment, including curved side glass, full width seats tailored in cloth and vinyl, color-keyed carpeting, a new door trim panel with unique recessed door handles and integral door-pull/armrests.

Mavericks can be brought to a high degree of luxury with optional appearance packages. One is the handsome Luxury Decor Option with such features as vinyl roof, steel-belted radial ply tires, reclining independent front seats and soft vinyl trim. Standard engine is the 200-cubic-inch Six. Optional are the 250-cubic-inch Big Six and 302-cubic-inch 2V V-8.

Ford drew on its vast experience as a small car builder to produce the

Pinto, the 1970s' version of a little, dependable, economical car. It's a comfortable four-passenger car that comes in three models: two-door sedan, three-door Runabout and station wagon.

Ball-joint suspension and rack-and-pinion steering help provide excellent handling. Pinto's 1600-cc and 2000-cc four-cylinder engines are of the same type that have been proven through millions of miles of customer use. The 2000-cc engine is standard on the wagon and optional on the other two models.

And then there's Thunderbird, the automobile that has become the byword for ride and luxury. It's even better for 1973 with refinements to its remarkable suspension system tuned to its standard steel-belted radial ply tires. The long, low Thunderbird proportions are even more dramatic with a bright new grille, tasteful ornamentation at the headlights and new parking lamps. A distinctive new feature is the roof quarter opera windows with Thunderbird's insignia etched in the glass.

Thunderbird has an outstanding list of standard equipment including items such as SelectShift, power steering, AM radio, power front disc brakes and 429-cubic-inch 4V V-8 engine. The owner can still add the finishing touch from a generous lineup of options, including such items as power-operated Sunroof, a Glamour Paint Option Group, power antenna and Sure-Track Brake Control System, among many others. □

IN THE NORTHWOODS specific events mark changes in the seasons as clearly as red numerals on a calendar. Spider Web Day is one of them. I wish I knew all the factors that go to make Spider Web Day; it is a breathtakingly beautiful event and happens only once a year up here north of the "Tension Zone."

This morning our daughter de-

I don't know if they've ever seen it or not." A few minutes later the neighbors were with us on the boardwalk through the swamp.

Mist still hung low on Lake Shishibogama. It was a bit higher in the cool swamp. At eye-level along the trail details of vegetation stood out clear and sharp. In the east, a September sun was burning its way

SPIDER WEB DAY

*Each September these tiny weavers
turn the Northwoods into a forest fairyland*

by Alonzo Pond

photos by Dennis S. Yermak

cided to walk down the swamp trail right after breakfast. "It might be Spider Web Day," she said. "The lake has a thin veil of mist that doesn't quite hide the trees along the far shore."

In a few minutes she was back.

"Came for the camera," she explained. "Let's call Dick and Louise.

through mist above our heads to make the larches and the black spruce spires as soft and mysterious as a painting by Corot.

Farther out the mist was denser, a low fog bank almost blocking out the distant shore. Above the shroud line the foliage stood sharp and clear. As we watched, the sun



climbed above the hill behind us and became a brilliant spotlight that struck the distant treetops.

It was a light that made details so clear, so brilliant, so beautiful that it lifted our eyes above the low fog bank. Now, close by our trail, the sun suddenly began picking out the spider webs.

Every young black spruce along the path had 10, 20, or more tiny blue-white awnings stretched among its branches. Each was gossamer-thin but firm and solid as a sheet of silk. The sheet-web spiders (*Linyphiidae*) had been busy during the September night stretching suspension lines from which to hang horizontal nets. Their work was all over the swamp.

Silk-like snares

When the traps are finished these little night hunters hang back down on the underside of the sheet to wait for insects. Unsuspecting mosquitoes and other insects flitting through the vegetation blunder into the invisible maze of silk threads strung above the sheet and tumble to the solid platform. Instantly the predator darts across the under side of the trap, bites through the silk sheet to paralyze the victim, then pulls it through the web and devours it.

Back at the lake we used field glasses to study the swamp. We found the whole forest of young spruce and larch twinkling like decorated Christmas trees with the webbed awnings. An eighth of a mile

away the little silk handkerchiefs and tiny hammocks were everywhere.

Near the trail we found two or three large webs of the orb-weaver spiders. Unlike the smaller, horizontal sheets the orbs hang perpendicular to their tree-branch or rail support. The open net of spoke and bar design brings to mind gigantically magnified snowflakes. These traps snare larger insects that feed the spider "waiting in her parlor" at the center of the orb.

Special stage set

Why do we have only one Spider Web Morning a year? Surely these tiny creatures must set their traps as regularly as other hunters.

Every morning for the past several weeks we had seen occasional spider webs. Once in a while there were two or three of the awning-like, sheet webs but never any spectacular number. The large, spoke-and-bar orbs often hung from the trail-side railings if we were out early but never were they as perfect as on Spider Web Day. This observation led us to speculate that there might be a special stage in a spider's life cycle when a universal need prompted the whole spider world to full activity; like the urge of the lemmings for the sea.

We checked our records. Spider Web Day isn't as fixed a date as Labor Day but it does fall in mid- or late September on a morning of heavy dew. Our outdoor ther-



Orb-weaver's handiwork

at night. Some of the more fragile structures barely last until daylight. However, many of the sheet webs are strong enough to stand repair of nightly damage and are used for several nights. But even soft breezes at the hour of sunrise often tear away anchor threads. Swaying anchor branches stretch the silken strands far beyond their steel-strong tensile strength.

As the sun climbed the hill it burned away the white shroud over the lake and changed the solid white band to misty streamers waving upward from the placid

momenter at the house registered the night's low of 34°F. The high on the day before was in the 60s so for some time the warm waters of the lake had been pumping moisture into the atmosphere. Just at sunrise the heavy air had reached the dew point. Those tiny threads of spider silk became focus lines for condensation.

Spiders spread their nets and traps

water. In a few moments the lake was clear. In the swamp we no longer saw the spider webs. The morning sun had warmed the air above the dew point and sucked up the moisture lenses that had made the silken webs so clearly visible. They were still there, of course, but so delicate that in stronger, harsher daylight they were almost invisible. □

IT WAS A CHIAR-
OSCURO scene,
all monochromatic—black
boats on a wide
river, grey cakes
of ice looming out
of the darkness
and gliding past
silently, grey and
black figures
moving along the
bank toward the
river and the
waiting boats, and
over it all the pale
cast of a thin win-
ter moon, misty
from the oncom-
ing blizzard, en-
veloping the land-
scape like a
shroud. It was
also a scene com-
pounded of equal



parts hardship,
courage, and
sheer desperation.

On the west
bank of the Dela-
ware was the
Continental
Army, or what
was left of it,
whose mission this
Christmas night
of 1776 was to
strike a blow at
British-held Tren-
ton, nine miles
downstream on
the opposite shore,
which was garri-
soned by three
regiments of Hes-
sians. Under the
very best of cir-
cumstances it
would have been
a difficult under-

Christmas Day 1776—"Victory or Death"

Washington Crosses the Delaware

by Richard M. Ketchum



paintings by Louis McMurray



taking—a river crossing at night, in foul weather in the dead of winter, executed by three widely separated bodies of amateur soldiers who were supposed to converge like clockwork on a strong enemy post at an appointed hour before daybreak. The trouble was that no best of circumstances remained for this army—only the worst—and what happened tonight would determine not only its own survival but that of the five-month-old nation it represented.

The year gone by had brought George Washington's troops to this pass. Between July and December there had been an unbroken string of disasters: the British under General William Howe had run them off Long Island and out of Manhattan, beaten them again in Westchester, and pushed them across New Jersey to the Delaware River. Each succeeding day had taken its deadly toll. Hungry, exhausted, clothed in rags, demoralized—only a ghost of an army had survived the shattering retreat; and during their flight the sole hope that sustained this "flock of animated scarecrows," as someone called them, was that they might somehow escape the oncoming British regulars.

By the first week of December the redcoats had chased the rebels across the Delaware. Howe, after posting detachments of soldiers in a string of towns from Staten Island to Trenton, declared the campaign at an end for the winter. But for Washington, the calendar was show-



ing events toward another sort of climax altogether: the specter that haunted his hours was that the Continental Army would cease to exist on the last day of December, when the men's enlistments expired. Ten days more, he wrote to John Hancock on December 20, would put an end to it. Hence his resort to a plan no sensible general would even contemplate.

On the twentieth heavy snow fell continuously, drifting into ravines along the Delaware. Then came a

thaw, followed by two bitterly cold days when the river began to freeze. Off in the distance snow clouds piled up and the wind shifted to the northeast, threatening a severe storm.

Just before noon on Christmas Day huge chunks of ice that had broken up farther north began drifting by. At two o'clock that afternoon the first rebel units broke camp and headed toward the river; soon the entire army — 2,400 men — was marching toward McKonkey's ferry landing where the boats were assem-

bled. A few hours later an officer paused to make an entry in his diary: "Christmas, 6 p.m. . . . It will be a terrible night for the soldiers who have no shoes. Some of them have tied old rags around their feet, but I have not heard a man complain." And another officer who watched them pass by remembered to his dying day that their path to the river was "tinged here and there with blood from the feet of the men who wore broken shoes."

Darkness had fallen when they began loading cannon and horses into big, flat-bottomed Durham boats, that had to be poled to the opposite bank, 350 yards away. The wind was rising and at 11 p.m. it began to snow; five hours passed and the boats still shuttled back and forth. It was sleeting hard now — a terrible wind blowing tiny granules into the men's faces so they cut like knives. As the columns finally formed up and stepped off on the road that led to Trenton a violent hailstorm broke.

Officers moved up and down the ranks, speaking softly to the men, telling them to be as quiet as possible, reminding them that the pass-word was "Victory or Death." Washington rode along the lines calling, "Press on, press on boys!" (It was fatal to stop; two soldiers who dropped off to sleep during a halt could not be wakened.) Artillerymen had fixed torches to the gun carriages and the flames danced in front of the marching men, tiny circles of light that bobbed along

through the falling snow, illuminating the black trunks of ancient trees that lined the road. Past silent farmhouses they tramped, feet crunching and slithering on the ice, cannon squeaking along. The first glimmer of daylight was visible when Washington trotted back to speak again to the men. "Soldiers, keep by your officers. For God's sake, keep by your officers!"

Guides estimated that the nearest enemy outpost should be about 800 yards off, but it was half an hour past daybreak and there seemed no hope of achieving a surprise. Pushing on through the violent storm, the Americans emerged from a clump of woods and noticed, in the cleared fields beyond, a small hut. The men in the front ranks saw the door open. A Hessian sentry came out, pulling on an overcoat, stretched his arms, and looked around to see what the new day would bring.

What followed was a near miracle wrought by the ragamuffins who came forth on the wings of the storm. That day they won a victory at Trenton; nine days later, an equally stunning triumph at Princeton; and because of what they achieved, new life and hope were breathed into a cause that was all but lost. The war would drag on for five more years, with no end to the unspeakable hardships, but never again was the dream of independence so faint as it had been in the waning light of Christmas Day, 1776. □



Mustang Magic:

People Wrote This

THE NEWS that had been a rumor for a year became official last Spring when Ford Motor Company announced that the first of a new generation of little Mustangs—Mustang II—would be introduced this Fall. The following article by Joe McCarthy recalls some of the public reaction to the original Mustang when it appeared in 1964. Mr. McCarthy is the writer of the recent best seller, *“Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye,”* the Kenneth P. O’Donnell-David F. Powers memories of John F. Kennedy.

THE MODEL A stirred up a storm because it was the first completely changed standard Ford in 20 years. The Mustang was entirely something else again, a new car with a new name and no past history creating an immediate sensation all over the country, apparently, as *Newsweek* pointed out, because it was so different from every other automobile.

On the day when the Mustang went on display, April 17, 1964, the dealers quickly sold their few available models and then were swamped with money-down orders that could not be filled for more than 60 days. “I’ve never seen anything like it,” a

Ford dealer told *Automotive News*. “People are in a trance when they come in. All they do is mutter, ‘I gotta have that car.’”

The dealers had promised the Ford management to keep at least one Mustang on display in their window until April 25 to take advantage of the introductory advertising campaigns, but they had trouble hanging on to it until that date. The dealer in Garland, Texas, had 15 local residents bidding anxiously on the Mustang in his window, so he decided to hold an auction. The winner insisted on sleeping in the car overnight so that nobody could buy it out from under him before his check cleared at the bank

a Ford dealership that he drove his truck through the showroom window.

Ford was flooded with letters praising the Mustang. “I never thought I would be writing a love letter to a car,” many of the letters began. A mother in Philadelphia went on to say, “I’m madly in love with my new Mustang. For the sake of my brood, I’ve been dragging a nine-passenger station wagon around for the past 15 years. For about 14 years, I’ve been tired of this whole deal. The Mustang was my key to liberation. My sons refer to it as, ‘Ma’s mill with four on the floor and eight up front.’ I’ve no idea what they’re talking about but it sounds

Car Love Letters

in the morning.

At a stock car race in Huntsville, Alabama, a Mustang appeared as the pace car. Most of the 9,000 spectators climbed the fences, and crowded around it for a close look, delaying the start of the race for more than an hour. A school teacher in California complained to the company that his new Mustang was so stained with the fingerprints of fondling admirers that he hesitated to park it unguarded on a street. “If I had known it would get all this much attention,” he wrote, “I might not have bought it.” A driver of a cement truck in Seattle was so busy looking at a Mustang on display at

as good as the car looks.”

A 44-year-old bachelor wrote from Texas, “I traded my ‘62 Galaxy hardtop in on this pony, V-8, Rangoon Red with accent paint stripes, panel molding and air conditioning, and, man, this is the greatest! A widow with 7,000 acres came 60 miles so I could take her riding in it. I thought the jig was up for me. Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

The company received a letter from a man in Brooklyn, New York:

“New York is no place to have a car. Pet owners urge their dogs on the wheels. Slum kids steal the radio aerals. Cops give parking tickets and who knows someone who can



fix them? Pigeons roost on the car, and worse. Streets are always torn up. Buses crush you, taxis bump you and inside parking requires a second mortgage on the house. Gas costs 30 percent more than anyplace else. The insurance rates are incredible. The garment district is impassable, the Wall Street area impenetrable, going to New Jersey impossible. So as soon as I can raise the nut, I'm buying a Mustang."

So many of the 4,000 letters received from pleased customers during Mustang's first summer stressed the same point—how the sporty little car had brightened up their lives—that Iacocca decided to allow Ford's advertising agency to change the tone of the Mustang advertising. Taking a cue from the warm and witty Mustang love letters, the creative staff at the ad agency produced a series of amusing television commercials picturing the rollicking pony car as a magic chariot that carried the shy and repressed wallflower

up and away from this hum-drum existence and transformed him into a carefree Romeo. One of the more memorable Mustang film fables, which became almost as famous as the car itself, concerned the secret life of Henry Foster, a Walter Mitty-type antique dealer.

Character conversion

Henry is seen leaving his shop, wearing a conservative dark suit and a derby hat, squinting behind his rimless pince-nez glasses, grasping his bag of lunch. He carefully locks the door and turns around the "open" sign so that it will show "out to lunch." In the background, the gossipy voice of the little old lady who runs the nearby tea room: "Have you heard about Henry Foster?" Around the corner, Henry approaches his new red Mustang. Out of the lunch bag he pulls a sporty plaid tweed cap and throws away the derby. Off comes the coat of his dark suit and the pince-nez glasses

are tossed aside. He slips behind the wheel, smiling, in a red vest and racy black sport goggles. The old lady's voice quavers, "Something's happened to Henry."

The next voice is sweet and seductive — "A Mustang's happened to Henry." A lovely young lady is waiting on the green meadow with a picnic lunch and a bottle of wine when Henry pulls up smiling in his Mustang. He throws himself down on the grass beside her, laughs happily and flings aside his cap and all his cares and inhibitions. "Something's Happened to Henry" was hailed by *Advertising Age* and millions of TV watchers as one of the nicest automobile commercials ever seen on television. Then there was Sarah, the drab housewife whose life was washing one diaper after another. Her husband brings her romance in a Mustang. The next scene shows Sarah back at the sink washing a new lot of diapers.

"Mustang Generation"

The sporty little car became such a favorite with young people, and youthful-minded older ones, that its name became a symbol of carefree youth. *The Wall Street Journal* began the use of the phrase "Mustang Generation" in a front-page headline above a report on advertising and services aimed at the 20- to 34-year-old age group. One of the *Journal* reporters picked it up from Howard Ruby, a California builder of garden apartments for young

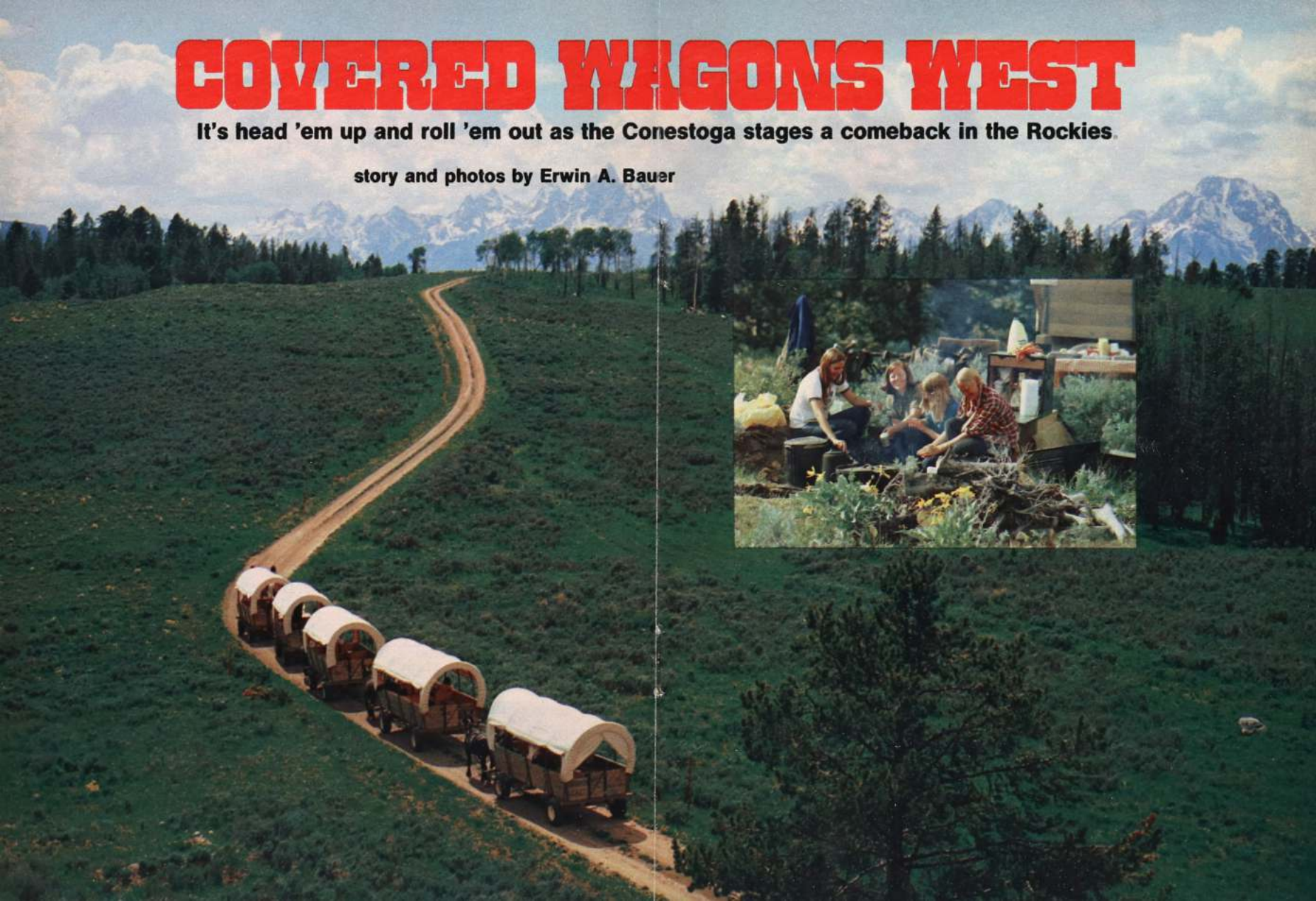


single people. Ruby called his tenants "the Mustang Generation" because so many Mustangs were parked around his buildings and used it in his promotional brochures. ("A country club atmosphere catering to the champagne tastes of the Mustang Generation.") Soon the stores catering to young people were selling Mustang slacks and shirts, Mustang sunglasses (at \$20 a pair), and Mustang boots and earrings, and a chain of men's clothing stores called their youth departments Mustang Shops with an enlargement of the Ford horse emblem dashing across the wall above the racks of leather jackets. □

COVERED WAGONS WEST

It's head 'em up and roll 'em out as the Conestoga stages a comeback in the Rockies.

story and photos by Erwin A. Bauer



Last summer on U.S. 287 near Togwotee Pass, Wyoming, motorists could scarcely believe what they saw along the highway. The busy traffic to Yellowstone Park was briefly delayed, as a "train" of Conestoga covered wagons led by scouts and loaded with "pioneers" crossed the road and disappeared up along a thin cattle trail into the Teton National Forest. It was a scene out of America's colorful past.

The wagon train was not part of a western motion picture then in production, as most assumed. Nor was it associated in any way with the tourist traps which are all too familiar along the nation's byways. Rather it was the creation of one modern pioneer and is certain to become a familiar sight to travelers in the Rockies.

L. D. Frome is a veteran pack trip and trail ride outfitter based in Afton, Wyoming. In the past he has catered mostly to sportsmen—hunters, fishermen and their families—conducting outdoorsmen on wilderness holidays. Frome is also a western history buff who spends his spare time exploring the trails which the first settlers used to cross the continent. Recently he put his two interests—outfitting and history—together in one unique package: covered wagon tours of the still unspoiled West.

The tours were an instant success and perhaps that isn't any

wonder. A good many summer travelers would like to escape the pavements and discover the back country beyond. But not all are physically able to backpack and fewer still can afford a lengthy trip on horseback. The covered wagons open up the wilderness to all, regardless of age and including many of modest budget.

With several feet of snow covering the ground, the wagons were built during winter in a barn near Afton according to plans nearly a century old—exactly the way the original ones were assembled. Hickory staves for the roof were cut and bent by hand. Canvas was cut and custom fit. The only concessions to change were the installation of steel leaf springs and rubber-tired wheels. There are two reasons for the latter: the comfort of passengers even on rough trails, and to permit towing the wagons quickly from place to place behind a pickup.

Frome's main problem was not in re-creating the wagons. Rather it was in obtaining horse collars and proper harness tacking (he had to search in antique stores rather than saddle shops) and in employing experienced teamsters. Fortunately he located several old-timers who had hauled supplies by horse train and who were as colorful as their forgotten profession.

A trip by covered wagon is a

unique and happy experience, as I discovered during several days in June. It duplicated pioneer life in the West, without all of the uncertainties and dangers.

Our trip began in Turpin Meadow along Buffalo Fork of the Snake River and not far from Grand Teton National Park. Our wagons had to ford Buffalo Creek, still swollen because of snows melting rapidly in the high country, and that made an exciting beginning. From there it was a steady, plodding climb upward through cool forests of lodgepole pine punctuated with open alpine meadows.

In places the Indian paintbrush colored the meadows red, and elsewhere these were purple from the common larkspur or yellow with arrowleaf balsamroot. Passengers could get out at anytime and hike to stretch their legs or ride as scouts on saddle horses taken along for that purpose. The younger travelers preferred the horses while their parents were content to stay in the vehicles. A roster check of our group revealed that the youngest were 10 and 11. The oldest were 72- and 75-year-old grandparents who may have had the best time of all.

All hands were treated to good

**Teamster fitting up the stock
for a day's work
on the trail**



views of moose. Once at dusk, a herd of cow elk with young calves crossed the road ahead of the lead wagon and from the conversation later on, that was among the highlights of the expedition. The grandfather, who lived in Kansas City, admitted he had never seen any big game in the wild before—and that this alone was worth the trip.

On these covered wagon tours, evening is perhaps the best time of all. As is traditional—and in pioneer days was necessary for safety—the wagons form a circle and a large campfire is built in the center. Horses are unhitched, hobbled and fed for the night—guests can help with these chores if they care to. Kids invariably do. In fact all are welcome to participate in anything or everything, even to driving the teams.

Dinner is cooked chuck wagon style either over the open fire or in great iron Dutch ovens. So is breakfast. The aroma is maddening long before the meals are ready.

After dinner someone produces a guitar. The soft music lasts until pitch dark or until all are ready to turn in, whichever comes first. There is the option of sleeping inside the wagons, or in warm bags underneath or beside them. The last sounds usually heard may be of coyotes calling in the distance, the whinny of a lonely horse, embers crackling in a dying fire, or drovers discussing tomorrow's

journey in soft western accents.

The covered wagon trips begin early in April and move northward with the season to take advantage of the best weather. Until mid-May the first rides wind through Utah's color country—Escalante Canyon, the Escalante Desert and Lake Powell.

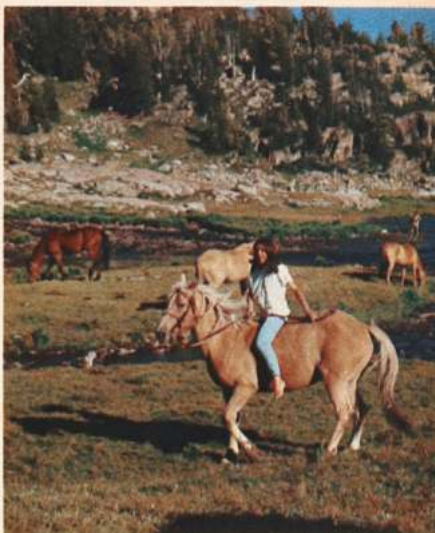
From there the wagons wander northward to spend late spring on the prairies of central Wyoming, mostly to follow in the ruts of the historic Mormon and Oregon trails, and the Lander cut-off trail. Beginning in mid-June, the wagons explore springtime in the lower Rockies, specifically in the foothill country near Afton. Summer finds the white-topped train winding again through the mountains east of the Tetons or in the magnificent Wind River country which is still farther east. From April to September, the trips coincide with the peak of wild flower blooming in each area. After the western hunting seasons end, it's back to Utah in November and December for more exploring.

All trips are packaged for three or five days starting on Mondays. Figure expenses at \$40 a day for each adult and \$30 a day for children.

Summed up, the covered wagon is making a comeback. And it just may be the best way to savor the wild Wild West, a heritage which may be disappearing all too fast today. □



After supper there's spontaneous singing. Passengers often help with the chores. Some round up the horses, others fix chuck wagon breakfast





Before you quit the big city, be sure you're

TICONDEROGA

I AM ONE OF THOSE people who has moved a lot all his life, but for the most of my 54 years my family has owned a summer place on the northern end of Lake George, New York. The nearby village of Ticonderoga is famous chiefly for its fort, which draws some 200,000 visitors a year, and its paper mill, which used to drive most of them away with its fumes fairly fast. The mill has now moved from the center of town to the banks of Lake Cham-

plain and has made heroic attempts to stop fouling the air and the water. As the smoke cleared, it became apparent that Ticonderoga is really a very pretty little town.

The idea of living in Ticonderoga the year around came to me when I saw a nice old house with vine-curtained verandas for sale near the post office. My wife and I had just done a lot of traveling and we wanted to settle down in a place which would be good for our seven-year-



ready for the pace of a small one

RAT RACE

by Sloan Wilson

paintings by Michael Ringer

old daughter. Suddenly the idea of small-town life seemed good. We loved the prospect of being on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, where we had spent so many happy vacations, and we had a hope that people in a small town would be more relaxed and friendly than those who are subjected to the pressure of city and suburban life.

"We have to keep our friendships in good repair up here because there are no replacements handy," an old

man who taught me to hunt and fish when I was a boy said. "And if you make an enemy, he'll still be your neighbor all winter long. We're not nicer than city people. We just have to hold ourselves in more. The valley's too narrow for meanness."

"You'll go crazy if you try to live up there," my relatives in New York and Washington said.

"I'd like to try it," my wife replied.

"Can I have a horse?" my daugh-

ter asked. "Can we really fish through the ice like Eskimos?"

The house by the post office has a big old barn in the back yard. We bought it and moved in.

I was fairly sure that my daughter would like small-town life, and since I rarely do much but read, write and talk, I didn't think that the winters would hold many terrors for me. My wife, however, is a former dancer and theatrical press agent who had spent most of her life in Dublin, Ireland, and New York City. I was afraid that the much-touted leisure of a small town would bore her to death. Would she find friends who could share any of her interests?

The answer to that came quicker than we had any right to expect. A few days after we moved into our house, we were asked to a party given by people I had known for many summers. A group of handsome middle-aged women there were joking about the problem of keeping their weight down, especially in winter when some of them didn't go outside much. There was talk of driving to an exercise salon in Glens Falls, some 50 miles away, for advice. Now, one thing a former dancer knows is how to exercise, and before long Betty was being asked to lead groups of ladies through their paces, first in one home, then another. Exercising is more fun when done to music, and soon the exercising group turned partly into a dance class. By the end of the winter Betty decided to turn our big old living

room into a regular studio. She now has pupils ranging in age from about six to 60 and is planning a Christmas show to be performed with a local choral group. She has hopes for starting a summer theater in our old

barn. Scene painters and people who have always ached to act are springing up everywhere. When I stray from my study at the back of our house to the dance studio at the front of it, I see more pretty girls

twirling and kicking then I've seen since the days of the Rockettes.

I have always been an indoor man, but in the fall a fellow isn't considered a man at all up here if he doesn't take rifle in hand and go



charging up the mountains with a group of cronies in hot pursuit of deer. Shooting deer used to seem unkind to me, but I soon realized that the deer are in very little danger. The more easily accessible level parts of the forest near the highways are swarming with city fellows who make life perilous for cows, horses, dogs and each other. Wise countrymen avoid this battle by climbing back trails high into the mountains. The scenery is great in that thin rarified air. It's fun to build a fire in the shelter of a boulder on a granite knoll and look out over the sea of red and gold foliage, which is often frosted by snow. After the long climb no one feels much like hunting. Someone produces a pint of bourbon and the chief danger is in getting too convivial for the long walk back through mountain ravines in the moonlight.

When the hunting season is over, quieter souls start fishing through the ice. They don't do it the way the Eskimos do at all. They shove whole villages of huts on runners onto the shallow bays of Lake Champlain. With a glowing stove, comfortable chairs and a jug of wine, no one cares whether the perch and pike bite as long as someone has a good story to tell. It's fun to sit there with the wind whistling down the white canyon of the lake, telling lies and feeling sorry for men who waste their winters on hard work.

In the spring it's time to get ready for the summer invasion of tourists,

but the days are long and the trout streams are near enough for a couple of hours of fly fishing after work.

People like me who get tired of the outdoor life organize expeditions of friends to the restaurants and theaters of Montreal, which is only an hour and a half away by car, to concerts at the University of Vermont in Burlington, which is closer, or to Saratoga, with its horse races and its Center of Performing Arts, which is closer still.

If tripping around the North Country gets tiring, the local Democrats and Republicans offer plenty of diversion at home. What politicians here do is hold dances, dinners and outdoor ox roasts. So do dozens of organizations formed by veterans and the chapters of national organizations which have all kinds of lofty goals. There's a limited amount one can do to reach lofty goals up here and no one likes long speeches, so what most of the organizations really do is arrange dances, dinners and ox roasts, with an occasional street dance thrown in for variety.

The most admired organization in town is the volunteer fire department. One of its jobs is to put out fires, which it does very well, but its chief importance is the chance it gives the young men of the village to demonstrate their strength, dedication and courage, all of which are magnificent. Generally we have only one or two big fires up here a year, but all the engines go screaming out of the fire house for every grass fire

or smoldering sofa. From all over the village the volunteers come running. They jump onto the moving fire trucks with the grace of cowboys leaping to the back of running horses. What with false alarms, drills and careful attention to the smallest spark, this heroic demonstration takes place almost every day and every other night. The sirens rock every bed in town, but no one complains. The wild dash of the young firemen trying to beat the record of their last time out excites the admiration of even the most jaded

drama critic.

The only trouble with Ticonderoga is that so much is going on that I find it hard to get much work done. I love the North Country, but I'm not sure that I can stand the pace. If I cannot learn to cope with these distractions, I may have to rent a quiet apartment in New York City and make one more attempt to get away from it all. □

(Sloan Wilson is the author of many novels, among them Man In The Gray Flannel Suit.)



Of all the things that people do in cars to wile away the miles, yoga is the most beneficial. That's not to say that singing, humming, gritting your teeth and making up

spy mysteries involving your boss aren't fine things to do, but yoga exercises relax the body, concentrate the mind, tone the muscles, and puzzle your fellow

If jogging jolts your joints and you're too pooped for push-ups, try these easy car calisthenics

AUTOYOGA

by Theodosia Gardner



highwaymen so they will watch you cautiously from a very safe distance.

You don't need a flute and a cobra to practice yoga, nor bedsheets and a red spot between your eyes. Just loosen your belt and collar and breathe.

The following exercises can be done in perfect safety by any driver (depending, of course, upon the driver).

The Abdominal Breath. We Americans are a nation of shallow breathers, historically cinched in by gun holsters, girdles and money-belts. In order to fully expose the lung cells to fresh oxygen which nourishes, refreshes and reinvigorates the whole system, we must loosen up and learn how to breathe.

Sit up straight and inhale deeply through the nostrils. Expand the abdomen, then the diaphragm and the chest. Hold the breath. Exhale, and contract the abdomen, the diaphragm and the chest. This will not only relax and energize you, but will massage sluggish intestines and tighten flabby abdomens, free.

Hand Exercises. Tension and fatigue in any part of the body affect the whole person. If your hands are white-knuckled from clawing the wheel, likely as not, wrinkles are also furrowing your brow and grey hairs sprouting from the tip of your nose. Exercise one hand at a time: 1—Make a tight fist. 2—Open the fingers out wide, and

stretch hard. 3—Shake the whole hand vigorously, letting the fingers flop. 4—Circle the hand at the wrist, in both directions. 5—Relax it and feel the fresh circulation. Repeat with the other hand. This exercise also develops a traffic-line of new friends, all waving and laughing, particularly if combined with the two following poses.

Necks. Beneficial to eyesight and corrugated chinlines, the neck roll should be practiced only at stoplights or in the park position. One red light should do for one cycle. 1—Slowly bob the head forward three times, touching the chin to the chest. 2—Bob the head to the left shoulder three times. 3—Backwards three times, and 4—to the right shoulder three times. 5—Slowly roll the head clockwise three times, and if there's time, counter-clockwise three times. If you hear cracking sounds like glass breaking, do not pull the emergency or honk your horn; it is merely the old neck limbering up.

Eyes. If your eyes are bleary from the traffic fatigue, at the next red light 1—vigorously rub your palms together and cover the eyes. 2—Blare them wide and 3—squeeze them tight. 4—Open wide and blink rapidly. (You may stare straight ahead for this one or gaze into an adjacent car, whose passengers may call the police.)

To strengthen eye muscles, watch an imaginary ball bounce diagonally across the hood. Now

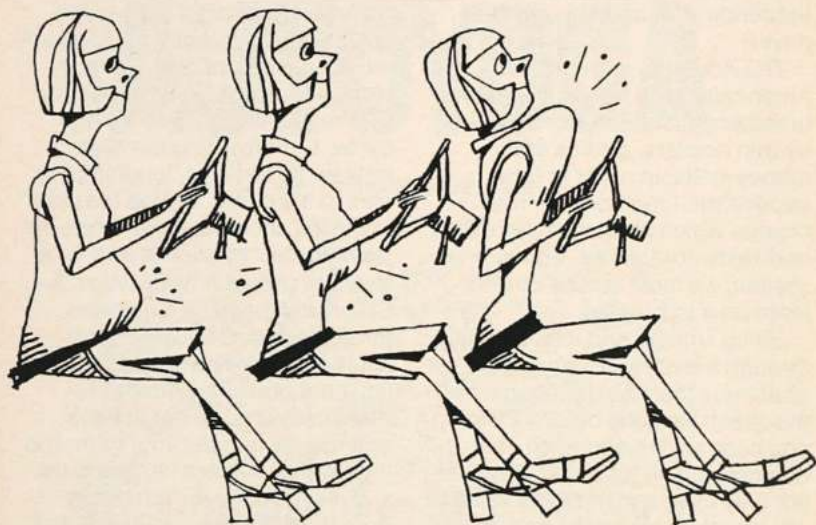
watch it bounce up and down. Roll the eyes one way, then the next. Try not to get seasick.

Spine. For dull moments when car pool members are not sleeping, scuffling, or counting cows and Mustangs, they may loosen up with the *Spinal Twist*.

1—Sit on the edge of the seat

around the waist as far as you can, rather like being hugged by an invisible stranger. 4—Turn your head as far as you can to the right, then to the left. 5—Slowly unwrap yourself and repeat in the opposite direction.

The Spinal Twist stretches and massages back muscles, the neck,



and cross the right leg tightly over the left, hooking the toes around the ankle. Keeping a straight face and straight spine, 2—twist slowly to the right, grasping the right ankle with the left hand and straightening the left elbow against the right knee. (Note the mental discipline here.) 3—Bend the right elbow behind the back and reach

shoulders, waist and abdomen. If there are more than two people in the back seat, the proper arms and legs may be difficult to locate, but the benefits are greater if you use your own.

The Lotus. Sure to attract the attention of circus lovers, bone specialists and German tourists, the pretzel-like lotus

for passengers is excellent for stretching leg tendons and learning to control shrieks of pain.

1—Sit with back straight and mouth firmly shut. Lift the right foot on top of the left thigh, and bounce the knee down to the seat, gently. 2—Clasping the ankle, raise the foot to the left shoulder, to the nose, the forehead. Lower, and repeat with the opposite leg. (Or not, if you suddenly want to take a nap and forget the whole thing.) So much for the warm-up. 3—Lift the right foot and place the heel against the groin. Taking a deep breath, lift the left leg on top of the right thigh, pulling the heel strongly into the body. There you are, tied up for the rest of the day. Breathe deeply and slowly, realizing how the mind is playing tricks on you . . . your legs are not really bursting into flames or being



hacked off at the joint. Breathe deeply and unwind slowly. At your destination, the normal disembarking procedure of Yogis and others is *The Lunge*. Excellent for firming flabbing thighs, whittling down secretary's spread as well as for getting out of the car. 1—As you open the door, take a large step forward, with a straight back, and stop. Hold the pose. Relax the shoulders and arms. Feel the stability and security of the terra firma. Do not let parking attendants disturb your concentration as the fire begins to creep up your thighs. When you feel you have created enough of a spectacle, repeat with the opposite leg.



You will not only be exhilarated and invigorated, but you will have attracted policemen, psychiatrists, and autograph hunters who have never seen an autoyogi □

GLOVE

IN WHICH YOU
FIND A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING
BUT GLOVES

COMPARTMENT

Scottish Games—Middleton Place, the oldest landscape garden in America (established in 1741), and home of Arthur Middleton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, becomes a wee bit of Scotland, September 22. That day the Scottish Society of Charleston, South Carolina, will host competitors from the Southeast and all parts of the U.S. in traditional highland games as well as bagpipe band divisions and dancing competition. Performers and many of the spectators will be in traditional Scottish costumes. Booths will serve Scottish food. Middleton Place Gardens and Plantation Stableyards is 14 miles northwest of Charleston on U.S. 61.

Turnpike Travel — An 82-page Turnpike Guide covering 16 states and the District of Columbia is now available. The Turnpike S-Trip Map Company guide lists eating, sleeping and refueling accommodations for turnpike travelers. Copies of the guide may be ordered for \$1.95 from Box 8, Reading, Pennsylvania.

Georgia's Great Art Show — If you're interested in arts and crafts, Powers' Crossroads in Newnan, Georgia, is the place to be Labor Day weekend. Powers' Crossroads Country Fair and Art Festival (August 31–September 3) features 1,700 exhibitors from the U.S. and numerous foreign countries. In addition to paintings, pottery, sculpture, and hand-made quilts, all types of country foods including fresh breads, jams and jellies will be on display and available.

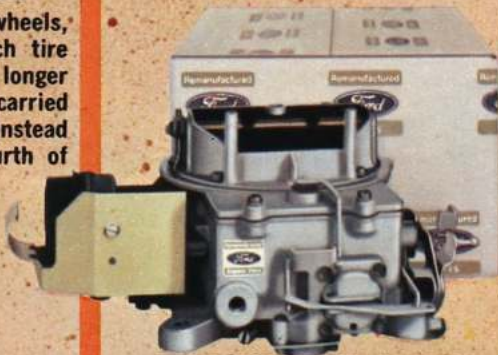
Sun and Fun Guide — The official Southern California Travel Guide, designed and used primarily by travel agents, is now available to the general public. The all-color guide contains travel information plus photographs, maps and listings of areas of interest in Southern California. Attractions, accommodations, transportation, calendars of events and restaurants are included. It may be ordered for \$2.25 from Windsor Publications, Box 1500, Woodland Hills, California 91364.

SOME IDEAS NEVER CAUGHT ON



The 1911
Octoauto

...had eight wheels,
claimed each tire
would last longer
because it carried
one-eighth instead
of one-fourth of
the load!



**BUT THIS
BETTER IDEA
FROM FORD
HAS BEEN
GAINING
ACCEPT-
ANCE FOR
MORE THAN
40 YEARS!**

Back in 1932 Henry Ford wanted to make sure his customers could maintain their Fords economically and dependably. So he started remanufacturing engines to Ford specifications and Ford quality standards. And they sold at low prices.

This same better idea is working for you today. A Nationwide Network of Ford Authorized Remanufacturers is producing a line of engines and parts built to Ford engineering specifications, at a real saving to you. Next time your Ford needs a replacement part ask for a Ford Authorized Remanufactured part at your Ford dealer's service department or parts counter.

You'll save money.

It's an exclusive service for Ford owners.

Remanufactured



Engines • Parts

MAP MANIA

On this treasure hunt an old map is the booty

by Preston Figley

photos by Edward Simonek

Guillaume Delisle's map of Nouvelle France, circa 1720, features Detroit



HERMAN MOLL USED TO think California was an island.

So did most of his friends. So did most of the world for more than a hundred years in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, and Herman had a lot to do with it.

Moll, a London mapmaker, printed some of the first of the thousands of maps showing California detached from the mainland, floating out there in the Pacific. He was pretty positive about California. "I have had in my office," he said, "mariners who have sailed around it."

Old maps may be the most inherently interesting of all antiques. Many are outstanding works of art, but maps have a depth beyond simple ornamentation. Their historical, educational and even personal significance is equally fascinating to the collector—and they can be worthwhile investments, too.

Colorful conceptions of America as she used to be (or never was) over 300 years ago can be bought for surprisingly easy-to-take prices, although their value, like that of most antiques, is rising steadily.

One major dealer carries maps of America and every part of the world ranging in price from about \$45 to \$50,000. It's possible to build a collection to be proud of without straying beyond \$500.

Of special interest to twentieth-century Americans are maps displaying early conceptions of the new world. Some false ideas persisted for a lot longer than that of

California as an island.

In fact, the real reason Columbus found us can be traced to a Greek mapmaker's error a hundred years before Christ, still current 1,600 years later in Columbus' day. (The Norsemen, who touched on the new world earlier, weren't much for making maps. Columbus probably never knew they went.)

The Greek error shrank the circumference of the known world, and helped fool Columbus into believing that his Caribbean landfall was indeed Asia, right where it ought to be. He died thinking that.

Columbus, his brother Bartholomew, and even the Niña's navigator all sketched maps of the early voyages, but they are museum pieces. The first map of America the average collector might run across could be from about 1540 to 1550, and it probably would be German.

By 1600 mapmakers all over Europe, especially in the Netherlands, were busy turning out conceptions of the new world. To find a beauty from this great period of ornamental mapmaking, which lasted until 1720, should be relatively easy.

Incidentally, the prettier a map, the less accurate it's likely to be—not that accuracy matters to most collectors. Lack of knowledge in the early days of mapmaking implies no lack of imagination, and as English satirist Jonathan Swift observed:

*So Geographers, in Afric-maps
With Savage-Pictures fill their
Gaps;*

*And o'er inhabitable Downs,
Place Elephants for want of
Towns.*

Substitute armadillos (a favorite illustration for maps of the new world) for elephants, and that's a fair description of maps of America up until 1700 or so.

The most delightful maps are alive with colorful creatures, fanciful and real — Red Indians, often looking vaguely Greek; various flora and fauna, palm trees, and as a last resort to cover a blank area, large block letters reading: TERRA INCOGNITA.

Those are the European maps of America. It was 1789 before we began to make our own, and by that time scientific cartography had replaced the mapmaker's imagination.

Maps don't have to be exotically illustrated or very old to be ornamental, interesting and valuable to the collector. American maps of the nineteenth century, atlases especially, are prime targets for the collector in second-hand bookstores, in antique shops, at auctions and estate sales. An old European map of America might be found in these places, but more likely would be in the hands of a dealer.

How can the beginning collector tell whether a map is valuable, or whether it's worth what the seller is asking?

To begin with, there are fewer

forgeries than you might suspect. The non-collector interested only in ornamentation is perfectly happy with a reproduction, and most reproductions are clearly labeled as such. Map dealers buy and sell only originals, and are very careful about it.

Also, early maps of America were printed in surprising numbers, accounting for the fact that a good many are available and relatively inexpensive today. It hardly makes forgery worthwhile.

Still, it is possible to be fooled, and possible to pay too much, even for an original.

Kenneth Nebenzahl of Chicago, a leading dealer, gives these tips:

"Look at many maps, check collections in libraries, read books, about early maps, know what you are looking for. Decide whether you want to collect maps of a period in history, a region, a state, a country, or maps by a particular mapmaker.

"Maps are roughly comparable with prints in value, but what you pay can depend pretty much on what you feel a certain map is worth to you, within reasonable limits. Visit a dealer, know what he is asking for maps of the kind you are interested in, find out what he looks for in a map in determining its value."

As an example, Nebenzahl points out that "a map of Utah from 1840 would be more valuable than a map of Massachusetts from the same pe-

Top left: Virginia by Willem Janszoon Blaeu, Amsterdam, 1640

Bottom left: 1587 copper engraving of the world by Abraham Ortelius



Iceland by British cartographer Moses Pitt, London, circa 1680

riod — frontier regions are more intriguing than long-settled, often-mapped areas.”

Another rule of thumb is that the larger the area covered by a map, the more it is likely to cost. The reason is simple: More people are potential buyers. Therefore, world maps are comparatively costly, since potentially there is a universal demand. Everybody lives in the world.

But not everybody lives in Delaware or Florida. The collector might pick up an 1825 map of Delaware for \$50, a fine 1683 map of Florida

by an outstanding French mapmaker for only \$125, to use two actual examples.

The map collector who has studied well and chosen wisely should have more than a display of beautiful decorative pieces—he should have a sound investment. For illustration, Guillaume Delisle’s 1700 map of North America sold for about \$75 10 or 15 years ago. Its market worth today is \$350. □

(Maps courtesy Kenneth Nebenzahl, Inc., Chicago, Illinois.)

THE FAMILY CAR or station wagon is the recreation vehicle of the basic camper.

This vehicle can be rather completely equipped in that it carries shelter, food, kitchen equipment,

heaters and lanterns in addition to the campers themselves. All of this camping gear is stowed away in spare corners of the sedan trunk or wagon cargo area, and often on roof racks.

Tent Camping Up-To-Date

New shelters for cartop and ground
and other items that add to outdoor fun

by Henry Gentry

photos by Michael LeRoy

Air Camper provides off-ground sleeping





Because of this, manufacturers of tents, gas stoves, sleeping bags and many other types of camping items have made them remarkably light and of easy storing size. The average family car or wagon can haul a complete camp without overly crowding the occupants.

A newcomer to the ranks of basic camping is the Air Camper, a spin-off from the old ground tent. This lightweight unit puts sleeping quarters for two on top of the car, an

Above: Air Camper folds into cartop carrier. Below: Wenzel's Wanderlust sleep tent and Wile-Away screen house



agreeable system to the many who avoid regular tents because of a fear of insects and snakes.

It fastens to almost any type of car and looks like an ordinary cartop carrier when closed. In camp with the cover removed a quick pull on the tent's built-in ladder sets it up quickly, providing a seven-by-four-foot bed with foam rubber mattress. Openings are fitted with insect screens.

Bed linens, blankets and pillows



Above: Dayton Catyak can be car-carried to launch site. Below: Coleman products shown in front of tent





can be folded up with the unit.

A recent trend in tent camping is having separate shelters for sleeping and dining. The Wenzel tent line includes the matched pair shown here, the Wanderlust cabin style sleeping tent and the Wile-Away screen house for cooking and serving meals.

The Wanderlust sleeps six (or more on double-decked cots) in its 14 x 10-foot interior with sewn-in floor. Center height is seven feet with five-foot walls. The Wile-Away is 10 x 10-foot-square with seven and one-half-foot center and five-foot, 10-inch walls. A splash cloth holds wall bottoms to the ground. Both tents come complete with zippered doors.

Shown in front of the Wenzel sleeping tent are items from the Coleman total propane camping system. The two-burner stove, lantern and catalytic heater are shown being fueled by a central 11-pound refillable propane tank.

These items can also use a Coleman disposable LP gas cartridge individually attached. The lanterns come in double and single mantle models, and the catalytic heaters in two models: one adjustable from 2,000 to 5,000 Btu's, and the larger from 4,000 to 10,000 Btu's.

Any campsite on or near the

Top: Catyak easily fits atop Pinto Wagon, center: Palco Deluxe Aluminum Cook Kit, bottom: Instant Auto Screen

water needs a boat, and one of the most popular is the Dayton Catyak, a catamaran weighing 95 pounds that can be easily towed or cartopped on a vehicle as small as a Pinto wagon. Catyak's wide-stance hulls are designed for stability, and the 4x5-foot trampoline center deck offers roomy cushioned seating.

Hulls are molded of linear polyethylene. Length is nine feet, four inches, beam is 61 inches, and overall height is 14½ feet. Area of its orange and white nylon sail is 55 square feet. The Catyak's twin rudder, mast, gaff and boom are all made of aluminum.

Cooking and eating utensils are usually considered bulky, but the Palco No. 450 Deluxe Aluminum Cook Kit provides enough of these items for six people in a package about the size of a gallon picnic jug. The kit includes three kettles, a coffee boiler, six polypropylene plates and cups and two Teflon fry pans, all of which nest into the largest utensil. The nested set then goes into a lightweight canvas tote bag. There's a detachable handle for the fry pans, and the cups can be used for measuring.

The Instant Auto Screen should interest campers who sleep in their station wagons and vans, and are looking for a way to keep the insects out. This is a fine-mesh nylon screen with a permanently magnetized flexible vinyl strip frame. The magnetized strip adheres to the body metal surrounding the window and, being

flexible, follows the curvature of the vehicle body.

The screens come in a kit with simple iron-together instructions. Each kit makes either two side windows for station wagons, trucks and vans, or one full-width rear gate screen for station wagons. □

MANUFACTURERS OF CAMPING EQUIPMENT SHOWN

Air Camper

Air Camping
832 North Meridian Street
Indianapolis, In. 46204

Wenzel tents

The Wenzel Company
1280 Research Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo. 63132

Coleman propane items

The Coleman Company, Inc.
Wichita, Ks. 67201

Catyak

Dayton Marine Products
Division of Woodall Ind., Inc.
7565 East McNichols Road
Detroit, Mi. 48234

Cook Kit

Palco Products, Division of
Worcester Pressed Aluminum
Corp.
15 Hope Avenue
Worcester, Ma. 01603

Instant Auto Screen

Leisure Camping Equip., Inc.
2100 East Maple Road
Birmingham, Mi. 48008

FAVORITE **Recipes** FROM
FAMOUS RESTAURANTS
by Nancy Kennedy



THE MAYFLOWER INN, WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT

Nestled in the Berkshire foothills, just 90 miles from New York and 125 miles from Boston, this old-fashioned country inn recreates a mood of a bygone era. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; reservations necessary for meals and overnight accommodations. Tristram C. Gailard is the manager. On State Route 47 in the village of Washington.

VEAL CUTLET à la FRANCAISE

8 *veal cutlets, 1-ounce each*
1 *cup Chablis*
1 *whole lemon*
2 *ounces butter*
3 *tablespoons flour*
1 *teaspoon salt*
2 *whole eggs, beaten*

Pound veal with meat mallet. Dip in flour, then in beaten eggs. Heat butter in a medium pan, gently sauté cutlets in butter until they loosen from the pan and turn a light golden color. Add wine and a few slices of lemon, cover pan and simmer for 5 minutes. Arrange veal on plate, placing a slice of fresh lemon between each cutlet. Pour sauce from pan over veal and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves 2.

SHRIMP IN BEER BATTER

Butterfly 24 jumbo, cleaned shrimp. Combine 1 12 oz. bottle of beer, 1 teaspoon salt and 1½ cups flour.

Blend until smooth. Batter should be thick but not pasty. Dust shrimp with flour, then dip in beer batter. Deep fry at 350° for about 5 minutes until golden brown. Serve with Pungent Sauce (see recipe below). Serves 4.

PUNGENT SAUCE

1 *cup orange marmalade*
1 *teaspoon ginger*
1 *ounce lemon juice*
2 *tablespoons horseradish sauce*

Puree in blender and serve with shrimp.

FROZEN VANILLA SOUFFLE

4 *egg yolks*
1 *cup sugar*
⅛ *teaspoon salt*
1 *cup milk*
1 *cup light cream*
1½ *teaspoons vanilla*
2 *cups whipping cream*
Shaved sweet chocolate,
for garnish

Beat egg yolks over hot water in double boiler; slowly add sugar, salt and ¼ cup of the milk. Add vanilla to remaining milk and light cream. Heat milk mixture slowly, stirring constantly, until lemon colored and thick. Add to egg mixture. Cool. Whip whipping cream and fold into cooled egg mixture. Pour into 1 quart souffle dish with 3-inch paper rim. Freeze 6-8 hours. Garnish with chocolate shavings. Makes 6-8 servings.

painting by George Guzzi



painting by G. Hyer

THE MAGIC PAN, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Diners can watch more than 21 kinds of crêpes cook on the magic pan wheel which rotates over a gas flame. In a charming brownstone at 149 E. 52nd Street in New York City the restaurant is open from 11 a.m. to midnight, Monday through Thursday; until 1 a.m. Friday and Saturday. Sunday: noon to 10 p.m.

Strawberry Crêpes

Basic Crêpe

Beat 3 eggs well with a fork, add 1 cup unsifted flour and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt. Beat until batter is smooth. Gradually add 1 cup milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, beating until smooth.

Melt 2 tablespoons butter and set aside. Before preparing each crêpe, brush an 8-inch crêpe pan or skillet with butter. Add batter to cover entire bottom of pan. Cook 1 minute or until lightly brown. Flip, brown lightly for about 30 seconds. Makes 12 crêpes.

Strawberry Filling

Mix 1 cup fresh sliced strawberries with 2 tablespoons brown sugar. Place 4 tablespoons sliced berries in the crêpe's center. Spoon 3 tablespoons sour or whipped cream over mixture. Fold edges of crêpe over to make a roll. Garnish crêpe with 2 tablespoons sour or whipped cream and whole strawberries.

LA TOUR, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Located on top of the 35-story Indiana National Bank Tower, at One Indiana Square, this fine eating establishment offers diners elegant Continental dishes. Lunch and dinner served daily (no luncheon on Saturday); closed on Sunday. Reservations necessary.

Crevettes en Caissette Rothschild

Croustades: Trim crusts from an unsliced loaf of white bread and cut slices 1-inch thick. Leaving an edge of about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch on all sides, cut a pocket into the bread a half inch deep. Cut out the inside. Sauté croustades in 2 tablespoons peanut oil and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup unsalted butter until golden brown. Keep hot in the oven.

Shell one pound shrimp, set aside. Blend shells in a blender with one cup water or fish stock. In a saucepan heat 2 tablespoons peanut oil and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup unsalted butter, and cook 2 tablespoons chopped shallots, 1 medium onion chopped, and 1 cubed carrot. Add shrimp shell paste. Cook over medium heat for a few minutes. Add 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 cup Chablis. Cover, simmer 20 minutes. Strain sauce into another pan. Return to stove and cook until reduced to about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup. Stir 2 tablespoons whipping cream and 1 ounce of cognac into the sauce and bring to boil. Sauté shrimp in another pan in butter for 5 minutes. Place shrimp in croustades and cover with sauce. Brown quickly under broiler. An appetizer for 4.

painting by Elroy Grady



Letters

Home at Heart

Dear Sirs: Your story, *Going South, Going Home*, in the March issue could have been written by me if you only changed two lines. Home is New Orleans, Louisiana. Husband is a director in television and that's in Hollywood. So here I have to stay. Thanks for the story.

Martha Harwood
Granada, California

SuperVan

Dear Sirs: We bought a Ford Econoline E-100 SuperVan in the winter of 1972 with intentions of equipping it as a camping-recreation vehicle. Into the bare metal interior we put all the conveniences of home—a bed, closet, gas stove, sink, icebox, cupboards, ceiling light, toilet and even a night stand. We enhanced the outside with brown paint, chrome striping, bumper guards, duel spotlights,

chrome reverse rims, wide oval tires and exterior running lights. Recently on vacation in the Grand Canyon we noticed a Chevy van following us. We kept on truckin' for another 30 miles before pulling into a wayside. The Chevy followed. Its owner drove 10 miles out of his way for a closeup look at our van.

Carolyn R. Zeman
Lodi, Wisconsin

Shutter Bug

Dear Sirs: I'm 14 years old and my parents have two Fords. One is my mom's and the one pictured here is the one my dad's company rents. I was taking pictures with my camera and came up with this photo which I think is very complimentary to your LTD. I hope you think so too.

David Carsel

North Hollywood, California

(Editors' Note: Dear Dave: We do.)



Are You Moving?

Because FORD TIMES will not be forwarded to your new address, please notify us in advance so you will receive your copies regularly. Send us the address label from the back cover with your new address and zip code. If you use a post office address change form, be sure that all code numbers from address label are shown. Mail to FORD TIMES, Ford Motor Company, The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.



The new LTD Wagon. (We should have thought of it before.)

Now you can get a wagon with the interior comfort and luxury of an LTD combined with classic LTD styling.

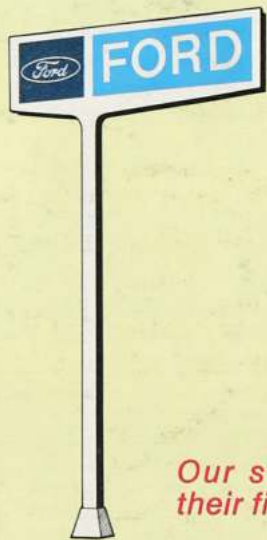
Here's the perfect combination of prestige and practicality. LTD comfort, luxury conveniences and features that have made Ford America's Wagonmaster. Standard equipment includes a 351 CID V-8 engine, power front disc brakes, 3-way doorgate that opens like a door with window up or down, or as a tailgate. There's lockable below deck storage and loadspace that accommodates 4 x 8 panels flat with the doorgate closed and, of course, Ford's quiet ride for six or eight persons. LTD options include the luxurious Brougham interior with reclining

passenger seat, Power Mini-vent and side windows, right-hand remote control mirror, electric rear window defroster and stowaway recreational table. See the new LTD Wagon, the elegant new companion of the LTD Country Squire. See it at your Ford Dealer's soon.

Options shown above on both cars are deluxe bumper group, deluxe wheel covers, and white sidewall tires. (LTD Brougham) vinyl roof, front cornering lamps. (LTD Wagon) luggage rack and convenience group.

**When it comes to wagons,
nobody swings like Ford.**

FORD WAGONS



*Ford Times
is sent to you by*

***Ford Division
and Its Dealers***

*Our station wagons are leaders in
their field—stop in and see them today*