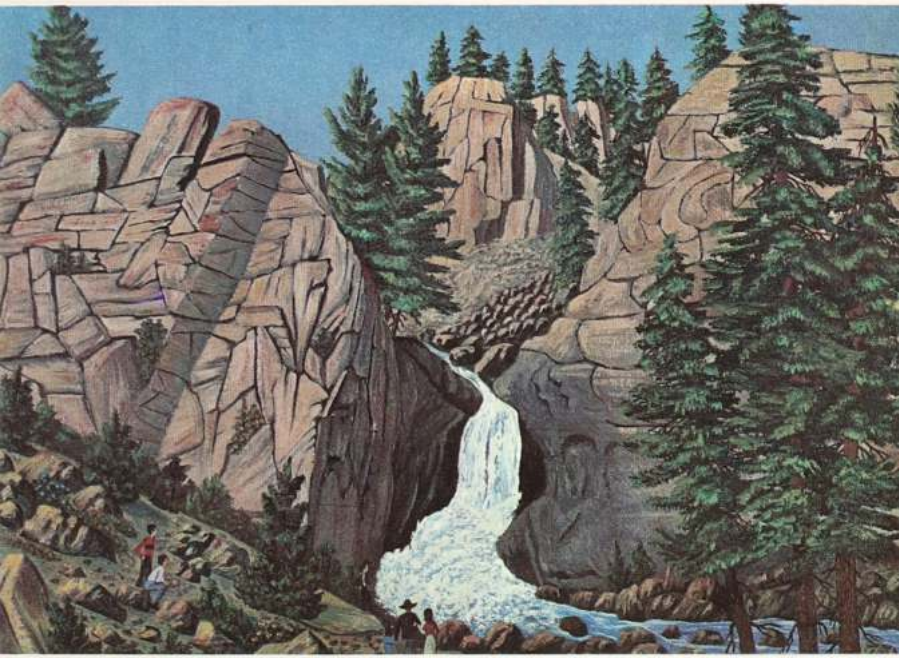
FORD TIMES

july 1960



painting by Gaell Lindstrom

THESE PULLEYS and timbers are the remains of a cable lift which fulfilled a prophecy made by Brigham Young. In the 1880's, when the upper Virgin River in Utah was being settled, Young looked up at the ledge that was later to be called Cable Mountain and said, "Lumber will come down like a hawk flying."

Twenty years later, the Flanigan brothers built a hoist from which a million feet of lumber "flew" down to the valley floor. It was a triumph of ingenuity, nerve and strong backs.

The story is told on page 46 of this issue by Gaell Lindstrom, who provided this painting and the photographs which illustrate the article. ■

VOL. 52 • No. 7 JULY 1960

FORD TIMES

Contents

Ford Times is published monthly by
Ford Motor Company, The American Road, Dearborn, Mich.

DRIVING THE WARPATHS OF THE PLAINS

by Bill Dalzell

paintings by Fred Zimmer

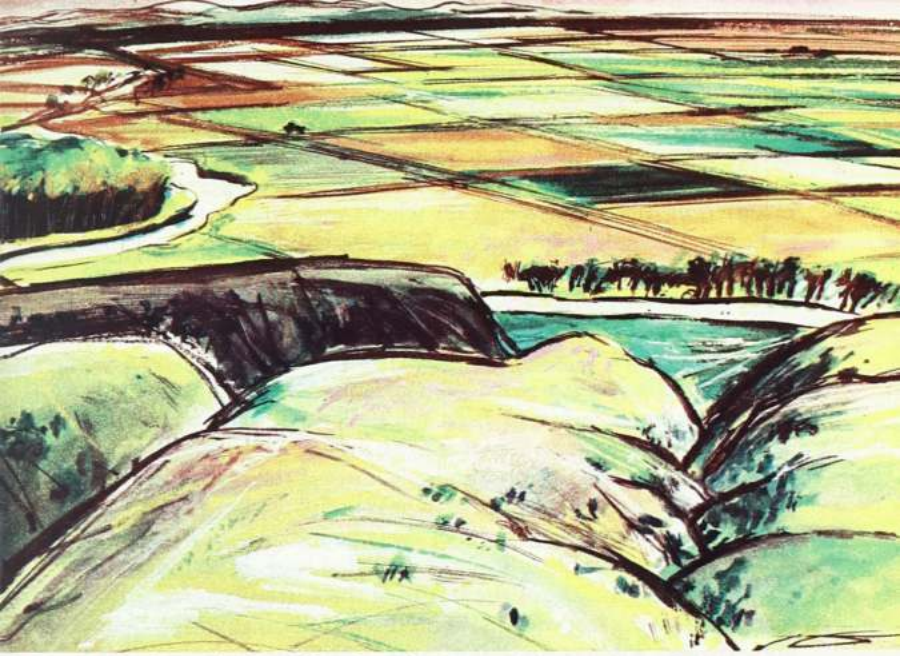
MOST MOTORISTS know that the Civil War is just beyond the windshield. Road maps note the major battlefields, and the fields themselves are so well documented that a visitor can almost relive the battle by wandering from marker to marker.

Not so well known but almost as well documented, I found, are the great battles with the Indians on the plains. Though bloody in the extreme and historically important, they involved fewer people, fewer engagements, and not such close reporting as was accorded the Civil War.

Yet it is possible to use your automobile today to follow the route along which the American Indian made his most determined and successful stand against the White Man. Here thousands of mounted Sioux and Cheyenne warriors fought victoriously until overwhelmed by the full weight of post-Civil War United States military power.

Good roads go through this "warpath country." From near Fort Laramie, Wyoming, U. S. 87 runs 360 miles northwest to the Custer Battlefield where, in 1876, the Plains Indians gained their greatest victory. The highway crosses country which, for a decade, witnessed the climactic Indian battles.

The warpath circuit can be completed by returning from the Custer battleground in Montana to Sheridan, Wyoming, then southeast through the Black Hills, Deadwood, Custer Park and Pine Ridge, S. D., to Wounded Knee Creek, where, in 1890, the U. S. soldier and Sioux fought for the last time.



Custer's Last Stand took place on these grassy slopes.

Fort Laramie, my starting point, began as a log stockade for trappers, became a stopover on the Oregon Trail, and a key cavalry post during the Indian campaigns. Many of the sixty or more buildings are preserved today as a national monument, but the life has gone and a melancholy wind blows across the parade ground.

Signs along the highway from Fort Laramie mark sites of massacres, battles and the remains of forts built by the government to protect the Bozeman Trail into the gold fields of Montana. One, Fort Kearny, near Story, Wyoming, has been rebuilt by the Boy Scouts. It had been put to the torch and the trail closed under terms dictated by Red Cloud, the Sioux chief who harrassed the fort for two years before the government gave up. The repeating rifle, which ultimately won the West, made its debut near here.

Seventy-five miles north of Sheridan, Wyoming, on the

barren hills overlooking the Little Big Horn River in Montana, is the Custer Battlefield Monument. The rusted revolvers, buckles, and spent bullets picked up over the years on the grounds have been put in a museum. A short walk from the museum, on windswept Custer Hill, lines of markers lead off in different directions, a marker where each soldier fell.

From this high point for the Cheyenne and Sioux warriors it is 390 miles to Wounded Knee Creek, the scene of their final defeat fourteen years later. It is reservation country and tells a sad story—of little log houses, junked automobiles rusting in front yards, and "rock-n-roll" blaring in dreary road houses. Did the Indian suffer more than defeat at our hands?

By braving a few side trips on sometimes gummy roads, never out of range of a motel for the night, you can still trace actual war trails, find first-hand accounts of the stories behind the markers, and walk the battlefields with Indians who can remember those last struggles of their people.

One of them was Grindstone, a shriveled eagle of an old man. He was telling me about the battle of the Little Big Horn, the scene of Custer's last stand. "I could see Indians shooting bows and arrows, soldiers shooting guns," Grindstone said. "My father brought me papers from the dead soldiers to play with. We tore them all up. After the battle another Indian told me it was money."

We were sitting on the porch of his cabin in Little Eagle, a village on the Standing Rock Reservation in South Dakota, while a neighbor obligingly translated, for Grindstone spoke only Dakota, the language of the Sioux. He was only one of the witnesses I had found just by asking. He had known the high-water mark of the plains wars, when the white man came to final grips with the Indians and crushed the Cheyenne and Sioux nations.

Still you can run into someone who retrieves a little humor from the past. Clarence Grey Eagle, for example, had lived in the same tepee with Sitting Bull and had seen him killed. Sixty-three years later he helped take Sitting Bull's remains from Fort Yates, North Dakota, over the border to Mobridge, South Dakota. "The governor of North Dakota very mad at me," chuckled Clarence Grey Eagle.

In Pine Ridge Reservation an official directed me to Spotted Thunder, one of the few survivors of the massacre of Wounded Knee Creek. He offered to show me how it happened and we drove forty-five miles to the site, where I had the rare experience of being conducted over the field by one of those who faced the cavalry bullets.

"Indians gathered here," said Spotted Thunder, pointing to the grassy slope. "Chief Big Foot was brought up . . . soldiers were here, here, here . . . one shouted 'Fire' . . . my father and uncle and older brother were killed . . . then the soldiers say for all who lived to walk over to center here and they shot again. My mother camped there for two years and came to the grave every day and every day she cried."

Nowadays tepees are pitched in profusion only at rodeos and celebrations, and the braves bring out their war bonnets only for peaceful occasions. But the past is not far behind. I met Dreamer at a rodeo, sitting in front of the same sort of tepee she had lived in for the first twenty years of her life.

"I miss the old days," she said. "A tepee is cleaner and cottonwood smoke is healthy to breathe." She talked on about life in the tents, of buffalo hunts, or curing hides and making clothes. Suddenly she looked at a jet trail high above and smiled. "Times have changed," she said, tapping a moccasined foot. ■

Crow Indians at rodeo.

Michigan's Mysterious Rock Painting

story and photographs by Eugene T. Petersen

IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN are two man-made marvels. One is the multimillion-dollar Straits of Mackinac Bridge; the other, a strange drawing thirty feet up a sheer limestone cliff. While only a hundred miles separates them geographically, they are a thousand years or more apart in time.

Little is known about the origin of this 24- x 20-inch prehistoric painting, located high on Burnt Bluff overlooking Big Bay De Noc. Professor Emerson F. Greenman of the Museum of Archeology of the University of Michigan suggests the picture may represent an adult man attached by an umbilical cord to a figure supposed to be the sun. It was not unusual for the Ojibways and Ottawas and other tribes of this comparatively cold climate to worship the sun. Moreover, similar designs have been found in ancient cemeteries and other caves in nearby Ontario.

Unfortunately the prehistoric artist did not date his work, but geologists can give a few clues to its age. They tell us that three thousand years ago the cliffs were under water, but after the retreat of the last glacier the land started to lift gradually. About fifteen hundred years ago, the water was on a level at which it would have been possible for the artist to work on the drawing from his canoe. With painstaking effort, he etched the design into the rock with unknown dyes that have survived the ages remarkably well, though the once-brilliant colors continue

to fade with each passing year.

Today, a good road down the peninsula near Manistique enables tourists to drive within a few miles of the site, above. The tedious hike along a limestone-covered beach to Burnt Bluff can be avoided by hiring a fishing boat at Fairport and making the rest of the trip by water.

Since this is the only prehistoric painting in Michigan, the state hopes to preserve it from further deterioration by sun, rain and snow and from vandalism that has obscured some of the detail. ■

Patent Model Museum

by Morton M. Winthrop

paintings by Gerard L. Paine

BUTTON HOOKS, sausage stuffing machines, truss pads, steerable roller skates—they're all part of the nation's most unusual museum, located thirty miles south of the famous "Old Man of the Mountain," in Plymouth, New Hampshire.

The O. Rundle Gilbert Patent Model Museum houses an unusual collection of Americana: working models of American inventions which once were the property of the United States Patent Office. Spanning half the nineteenth century, these models are a demonstration of American genius, the wellspring of our modern industrial might, and some of the wackiest products of the mind of man.

More than twenty thousand patent models are at the Patent Model Museum. Among them are the Gatling gun, farm machinery invented by John Deere and Cyrus McCormick, locks by Linus Yale, Morganthaler's first typesetting machine —in all, 110 categories of inventions, from household to industrial. In addition, O. Rundle Gilbert has another 200,000 or so models still crated and stored at his home in Garrison, New York, awaiting the time and money it will take to identify, label, classify and display them.

From the establishment of the U. S. Patent Office in 1793 until 1880, when the number of models got out of hand, working models were required with each patent application.

These models date from Patent No. 1 issued in late 1836, when the Patent Office started afresh after a serious fire.

How they came to be displayed at Plymouth is itself an odyssey. When the model requirement for patent applications was dropped by the Patent Office in 1880, most of the 225,000 models were crated and stored. In 1925, a budget-conscious administration decreed that they be sold. The Smithsonian Institution took five thousand, a few were reclaimed by the original owners and their heirs, but the vast majority were sold at competitive bidding to a drug chain. The firm's plans for a museum fell through and the collection passed through a number of hands until O. Rundle Gilbert purchased it at auction in 1941. Gilbert, him-

self an auctioneer, settled the museum in its present location in 1955 when he took over the old Plymouth Hospital.

From a start of five thousand models, the museum has grown to its present twenty thousand as the receipts of the previous season are used to add new models from the tremendous backlog. A room-to-room tour reveals industrial scales patented by Thaddeus Fairbanks, founder of Fairbanks-Morse, Inc., the Westinghouse and Maxwell air brakes, a piano sounding board which was the invention of Amos Pratt, founder of Pratt & Whitney. In a lighter vein is a pretzel bending machine by—guess who? *Mr. Bretzel.* Emanuel Brunswick's billiard table still displays the original green felt after more than seventy-five years. For musicians, a new display consists of piano inventions by Henry Steinway and Henry Steinway, Jr.

One of the strangest inventions is a "velocipede" patented by Helander Karlss of Chicago in 1880. Mr. Karlss was a forward thinker for his time, and perhaps for ours, too. His claim covered fifteen kinds of driving mechanisms, including pivoted spindles carrying swinging segmental gears, slow and fast driving belts, and ratchet driving gears. His five-pound model was a labyrinth of wheels, gears, chains, levers and cams, but the propelling force was old-fashioned leg power. Only you had to have *three* legs!

A tribute to man's ability to develop labor-saving devices for the housewife is a wheelbarrow washing machine invented by Thomas J. Price in 1855. This gadget looks like a high-sided wheelbarrow with its single wheel, posts, and handles. Dirty clothes, soap, and several gallons of water were placed in the tub and as the wheel rotated, a ram battered the laundry against a washboard surface. If Thomas Price ever got his wife to sprint this contraption around the barn under a full head of suds, water a-spraying, he deserved far more credit than he ever received.

There's something for every member of the family at the Patent Model Museum. Humorous, serious, trivial—they're all there. The museum is open every day from July 1 through October 12, from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. Admission is 90 cents for adults, children under twelve free. ■

The Sparkling Galaxie

by Robert M. Hodesh

SOMETIMES we are asked how an automobile company sets about creating a new car, especially a car directed toward a particular kind of person. The problem is not a simple one, but the general principles of a solution can be illustrated with our 1960 Galaxie, which has specific appeal to well-developed tastes in style and luxury.

This appeal has been borne out by the great attention lavished on the Galaxie by people interested in automotive styling from both the professional and amateur points of view. They like it. It has been called one of the great Fords. How did it achieve this distinction?

In designing the Galaxie (note the car's silhouette in the picture on the next page), Ford stylists purposely created its personality, its appeal to style, by combining two contrasting qualities. One is the curve and easy flow of the lower body, the other the crispness and near angularity of the upper body, or greenhouse. One Ford stylist said, "We took a gentle body and capped it with a sophisticated roof."

Such blending is a composite approach to automotive design and it applies to other fields, too—for example, to cooking. Gourmets are familiar with this basic fact of great cooking: combine two unlike seasonings properly, let us say sweet and sour, and the result is a delight to the palate.

In the case of the Galaxie, the application of this principle has brought into being a car that appears custom-made in the best old-fashioned meaning of that phrase. It suggests the formality of the limousine, or town car, hence the stylist's use of the word "sophisticated."

The Galaxie achieves this formality through the use of broad "roof quarters." These are the rear corner pillars which rise from the deck to support the roof. Their broad surfaces provide

photograph by Robert Leahey→

a hint of privacy for the back-seat passengers, and in this privacy lies the town car connotation.

There is also an acknowledgment of the individuality of the sports car in the Galaxie's low beltline—the graceful, unbroken silhouette line along the top of the main body. This is what gives the car the low look which borders on rakishness—and lets you drive with your elbow on the sill if you want to.

Aside from style, there are some factors connected with the Galaxie greenhouse that add to the pleasure and safety of driving. One goes back to the rear window—the way it drops abruptly from the roof to the rear deck. This positioning of the glass virtually eliminates sky reflection, thus giving you non-glare visibility, making driving less tiring and safer. Moreover, the sharp drop-away of the window allows for a longer decklid, which gives added accessibility to the trunk space plus the pleasing illusion of a longer car.

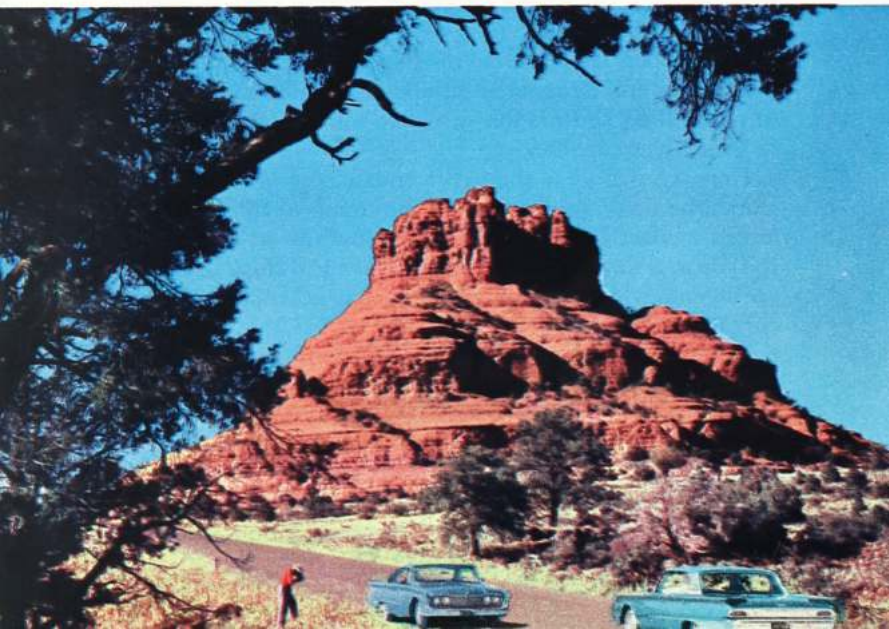
Now let's get inside the Galaxie. Here you find the quality theme carried out in the use of luxury fabrics. For the first time in a medium-price car you find decorator fabrics. These materials, as every style-conscious woman knows, are ordinarily available only through decorators on exclusive order.

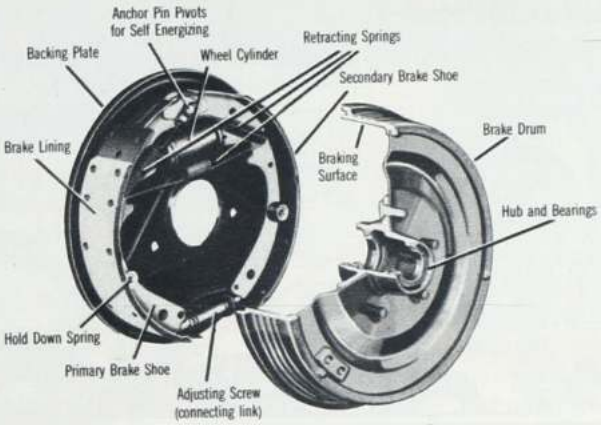
The way in which these fabrics are used in the cushions and backs of the Galaxie adds to the car's look of exclusiveness. They are pleated. This requires more material and added workmanship, but the richness is immediately apparent.

The finely carpeted floor of the Galaxie sets the background for these custom-looking seats. It is a heavy-loop, lustrous material which not only feels luxurious under foot but promotes quietness at road speeds.

The story of Galaxie quality was recently summed up in a single sentence by *Autocar*, one of the most respected and conservative of British automotive magazines. Following a road test of the Galaxie in England, *Autocar* concluded its lengthy report with this: "By many standards the Galaxie is a notable achievement"—quite a compliment from a magazine of typical British reserve. ■

photograph by Ed Carlson and John Kroll→





The Working End of Your Ford Brake System

by Burgess H. Scott

IN THE MAY, 1960, ISSUE OF FORD TIMES we discussed the amazing job demanded of, and performed by, Ford brakes in controlling the motion of a two-ton vehicle at the speeds of which it is capable.

Here we will view the nerve ends of the braking system at work; the final action wherein the lining of the brake shoe is forced against the brake drum to slow the wheels and bring the car to a slower rate of speed or to a full stop. In doing this an ingenious engineering development is employed: the self-energizing brake.

Although not new, the self-energizing principle (also called self-servo, duo-servo) remains one of the cleverest advancements in braking. The self-energizing brake may be properly defined as "a type of brake with a shoe so designed that its tendency to follow the drum when pressure is applied is converted into additional pressure of the shoe against the drum."

This design is a linking and pivoting action whereby the

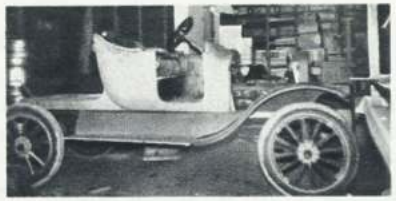
forward motion of the vehicle is actually harnessed to aid in stopping it.

Ford brake drums contain a primary and secondary shoe on opposite sides with a floating adjustment link connecting the lower ends of the shoes. Besides providing for adjustment, the link allows flexibility between the two shoes. When you step on the brake pedal hydraulic power causes the front, or primary, shoe to contact the brake drum and attempt to follow in the direction of drum rotation, this action causing the lower end of the primary shoe to press against the connecting link and, by a wedging action, force the rear or secondary shoe in contact with the drum. The secondary shoe has a larger area of lining in contact with the drum, and hence provides the greater share of stopping power. The anchor at the upper end of the secondary shoe is the part that the brakes work against to stop the car.

Thus, the speed attained at the time of braking is transformed into stopping power by pivoting the free end of the primary shoe against the free end of the secondary shoe. This principle works in reverse as well as forward, but inasmuch as 99 per cent of braking is used to halt forward motion, the primary and secondary shoes are arranged so as to handle this greater need.

The self-energizing principle is in effect only so long as the brake pedal is depressed. When the pedal is released retracting springs pull the brake shoes out of contact and force the brake fluid back into the master cylinder reservoir to await the next need for braking.

This self-energizing principle may be likened to the old Chinese finger trap puzzle—remember the woven reed cylinder that goes easily on the finger when pushed, but which clutches tightly when you try to pull it off? The unimpeded forward (or reverse, in a much smaller sense) motion of the car represents the trap going on the finger. When the brake pedal is pushed the top of the forward shoe is pressed against the drum and the drum rotation causes the pivot to press the lower part of the front shoe against the rear shoe, and the rotating movement causes both to bind and wedge against the drum, representing the binding of the finger trap when you try to pull it off.



Custom Conversions

HANDIWORK OLD AND NEW

FIRST COMES the old: Harold R. Huston of West Milton, Ohio, writes that he found a 1923 Model T roadster that was a basket case. The photograph at upper left shows the condition in which he found the old critter. The photo upper right shows the condition in which it is now, a sprightly pet of the century. It is fitting that this crisp little car helped celebrate West Milton's sesquicentennial in 1957. It will be fitting for many years to come.

Now here's the new: the '52 Fords are probably getting scarce on the market, so you had better take note of the conversion Wade Christian did on his '52 club coupe, opposite below. He replaced the original Ford V-8 with a Ford Six, and built up the front work with grille parts taken from a late model wrecked car. He took seven and a half inches of metal out of the front fenders to make it look like a newer car.

When the problem of push-button handles came up, Christian had the answer. He had some old water faucet press buttons marked "H" and "C." He chose the "C" ones because they worked in fine. Anybody interested in learning more about this car may write to Wade Christian, Star Route, Clifty, Kentucky. ■


ROCK CREEK
NATURE
CENTER

Nature in the Nation's Capital

story and paintings by A. John Oakley

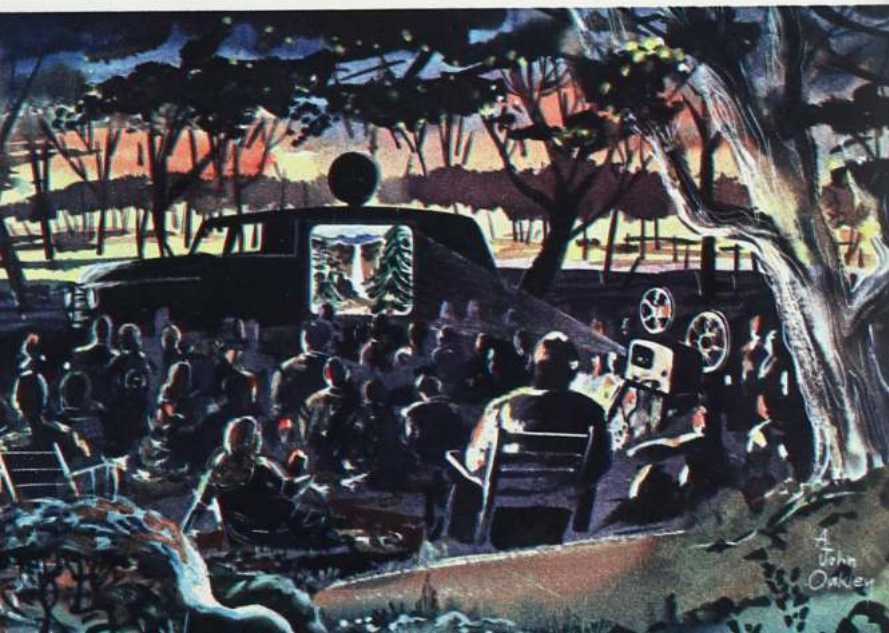
SINCE ONE OF THE LARGEST GROUPS of professional naturalists in the world conducts courses in nature and outdoor living in Washington, D. C., it is quite logical that our nation's capital should have a large share of citizens who enjoy, understand, and appreciate the natural world about them.

The administration of the many nature programs takes place in the Rock Creek Trail Center Building, located in Rock Creek Park. Appropriately the "home office" is situated in the middle of two thousand woodland acres which make up one of the country's most unusual city parks. A billion years ago the rocks strewn along Rock Creek were part of a gigantic mountain range three to five miles high; the remains of dinosaurs have been exposed nearby, and ancient sharks' teeth have been found, since the Atlantic Ocean once covered the area. Algonquin Indians who hunted and fished here found an excellent source of stone for making implements. Today the greater part of Rock Creek Park is a deciduous, hardwood forest, harboring many species of wildflowers, birds and small animals.

My acquaintance with the work of Washington's professional naturalists began when my son, Tommy, and his cousin, Gary, registered for a six-week Junior Naturalist Training Course conducted for fifth and sixth graders. I was surprised to see the large turnout at Fort Dupont Park in southeast Washington—over six hundred children. On four Saturdays through four different parks, these eager young naturalists-to-be, divided into groups of forty-five, were expertly encouraged to partici-

Above left: The nature program headquarters at Rock Creek Park. Below left: Embarking for a geology cruise on the Potomac River.


A. John Oakley


A. John Oakley

←*A nature walk on Theodore Roosevelt Island.*

pate in examining stones, earth, plants, and trees. They saw animal shelters and bird nests, and learned the habits of the profuse wildlife living in the parks.

I thought that successive meetings would weed out those who were not true nature-lovers, but the bird observation walks on those early spring mornings before school showed few deserters. Two indoor meetings included lectures and color movies, and the course was concluded by an "Awards Night" with honors distributed to children who had earned them.

For older teen-agers and adults, the park naturalists conduct a Training Course in Outdoor Leadership and a Field Leadership Course in Bird Study. These are primarily intended to aid camp counselors, teachers, and leaders of recreational programs, but anyone interested in nature is welcome to attend. At each session of the outdoor leadership course, which begins early in May, participants explore the various local habitats such as ponds, marshes, woods and fields, while the naturalists demonstrate techniques and methods that may be used by leaders in presenting nature studies. Trainees should bring their own picnic lunches. Meetings of the leadership course in bird study, which starts early in the spring, are devoted to field study of the habits, habitats, migrations and identification of the common birds of the area. This course is open to all interested adults.

Most of the programs for public participation are scheduled from the end of February through November. But on any day except Monday throughout the entire year you can take your children to the Rock Creek Nature Center, where you will spend absorbing moments, and even hours, learning about nature. Unique exhibits, visual devices, and working demonstrations show the amazing ways of animals and plants. Your children will learn by pushing buttons or by playing simple games. They will hear recordings of insect songs and animal calls, and a glass-sided beehive allows them to observe bees making honey. As scheduled, specialists have conducted nature craft sessions in basketry, modeling from native clay, leaf printing, insect collecting, plastercasting, trail labeling tech-

←*Naturalists conduct an "Evening Adventure."*


A. John Oakley


John Oakley

←*Bird watching class on an early spring morning.*

niques, and making fire by friction. The Nature Center has been such an attraction that it was moved this year to a modern building (with a planetarium) dedicated on June 4.

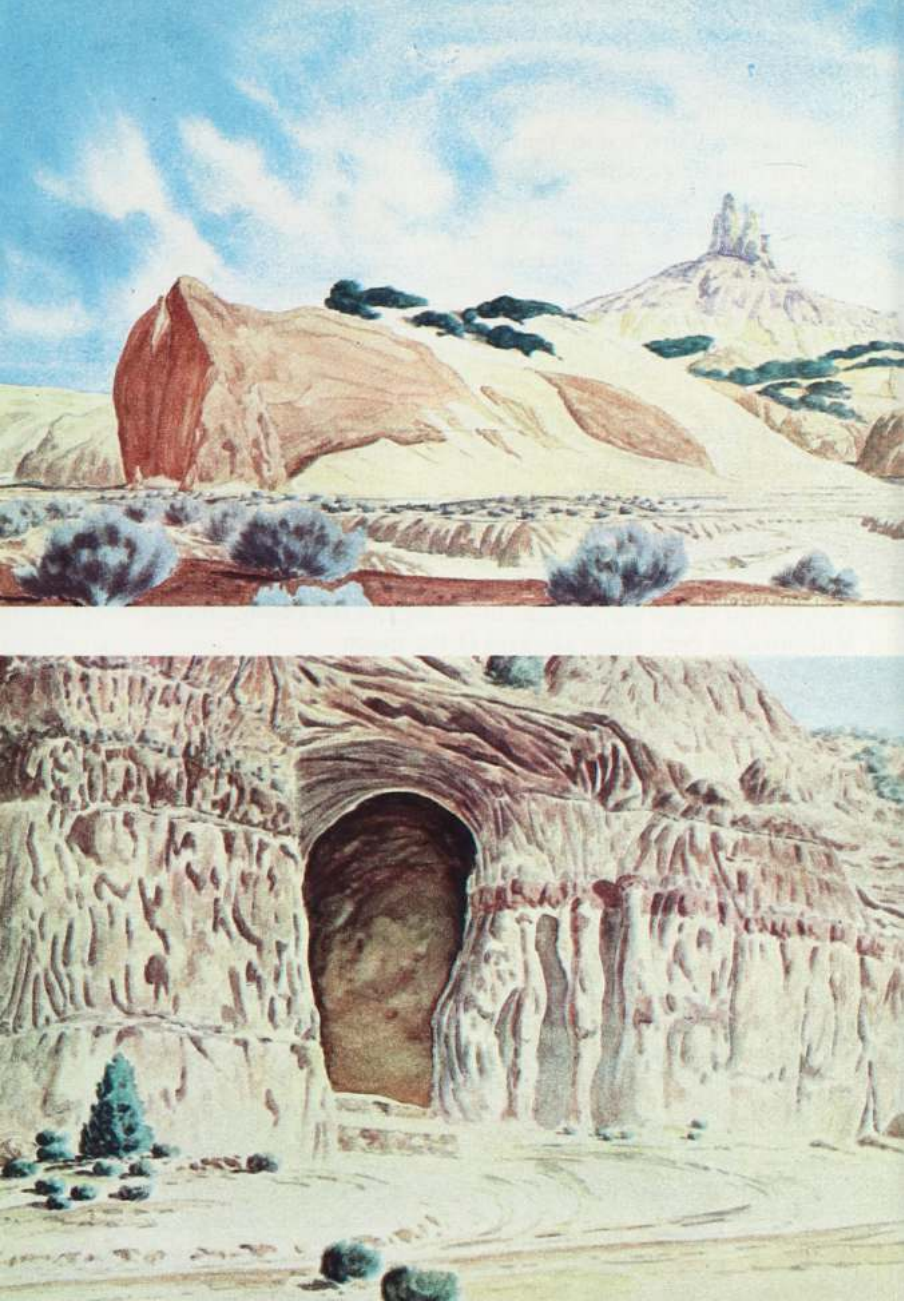
As a unique way of teaching geology, the naturalists conduct leisurely trips on the Potomac River in a landing craft type of motorboat. Another over-water excursion is via a mule-drawn barge that travels up and down the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal as in earlier days, starting in historic Georgetown. Unlike the other activities, there is a transportation charge for the water tours, and reservations must be made in advance.

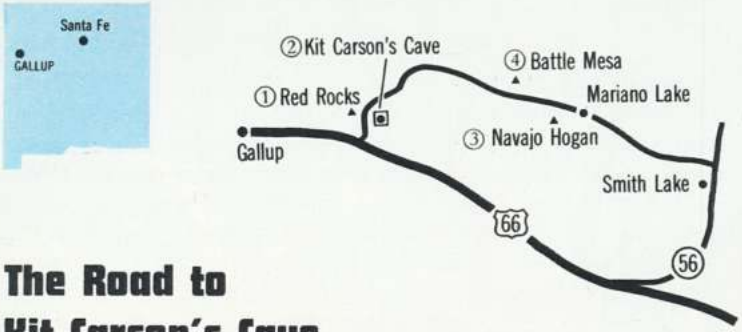
Numerous evening activities are also available for the entire family. Scheduled on each Tuesday and Thursday from June through August is a park naturalist's "Evening Adventure." This may be an outdoor nature movie or participation on a nature hobby theme. Other evenings are planned for exploration of the sky with members of the National Capital Astronomers, who focus their telescopes on the stars, moons, and planets and relate legends and mythology of the constellations. Visitors may even shoot pictures of the moon.

The naturalists lead numerous nature walks throughout the Washington parks. For the hardier hikers there are longer, more extensive walks, often with cookouts included. Naturalists explain the geology, botany, and zoology of the hiking area. Free day camps sponsored by the District of Columbia Recreation Department also draw on the services of the National Capital Parks naturalists.

A surprising convenience about these opportunities for Washington citizens to experience the wonders of nature is that no activity is beyond the reach of public transportation. For the motorist, all roads are paved, with ample parking at points of departure and return. The National Capital Parks publishes a program of the year's events, available annually in March. For a copy write: The Superintendent, National Capital Parks, United States Department of the Interior, Washington 25, D. C., or call the park naturalist, REpublic 7-1820, extension 2557. ■

←*A session of the Junior Naturalist Training Course.*





The Road to Kit Carson's Cave

by Herbert J. Taylor . . . paintings by Nello T. Guadagnoli

SEVEN MILES EAST from Gallup, New Mexico, along U. S. Highway 66 is a marker with this notation:

Kit Carson's Cave—4 miles

While scouting for the Army in its campaign against the Navajo in 1864, Kit Carson camped in the vast sandstone cave. It offered a good vantage point, protection, spring water.

The well-maintained road which turns north at this point bounces across the Santa Fe Railroad, passes Christensen's Trading Post, and heads into the canyon. For over two miles it follows the gentle slopes of the canyon floor between the tremendous, unscalable, red, orange, brown and lavender cliffs and mesas that typify "Indian Country" in the minds of so many people.

The road then makes a sharp switchback, climbs steeply out of the canyon, and starts down a long, easy grade through hills dotted with the scrubby piñon tree. From these trees the Indians of the Southwest harvest thousands of pounds of piñon nuts annually. An expert can pop several of the whole nuts into his mouth, crack the light shells with his teeth, deftly sort out the meat with his tongue, and spit out the accumulated shells.

Three miles from the highway, a well-marked road turns off

Above left: The famous red cliffs, near Gallup, New Mexico. ①
Below left: Entrance to Kit Carson's Cave, now a picnic spot. ②

←*A Navajo's hogan, outdoor stove and summer dwelling.* ③

to the right and arrives shortly at Kit Carson's Cave. There is a large parking area, and the grounds around the cave make an enjoyable picnic spot. The picnicker should bring his own water supply, however, since the available springwater is not considered safe for consumption.

The spring, which is located at the rear of the cave, was the cause of the cave's formation. Moisture seeping through the face of the rock gradually led to its collapse until a deep cavity eventually was formed in the mountain.

As the cave is unattended, visitors are free to explore the vicinity but at their own risk. Broken pieces of pottery, remnants of a civilization which was forced to leave this part of the Southwest due to drought as much as eight hundred years ago, are quite easily found scattered on the hills and mesas of the area. The cave is at the base of a steep-sided mesa near the top of which is one of the many uranium deposits of western New Mexico. Due to the difficulty of reaching the site with heavy equipment, the deposit has never been mined.

If the traveler continues along the road beyond the cutoff to the cave he will come upon other interesting sights such as the many trading posts. These were established years ago when transportation was primitive and it was impossible to get to town for months at a time. They have changed little, however, and all still do a flourishing Indian trade, though most of the customers now drive pickups. They are literally trading posts, in that rugs, sheep, piñon nuts and jewelry are taken in trade for the merchandise.

About fourteen miles beyond the turnoff to the cave is "Battle Mesa," a small, flat-topped mesa near the Pinedale Trading Post which was used by the Navajo in their wars with the Utes from the north. The Navajo would pull up the ladders with which they climbed to the top and throw rocks down on their attackers.

At Smith Lake the motorist turns south to rejoin U.S. 66, completing a loop of approximately forty-four miles through a fascinating area. ■

←*Battle Mesa, where the Utes and the Navajos fought.* ④

Mineral Collecting in the TOE RIVER VALLEY

story and paintings by Russell Henderson

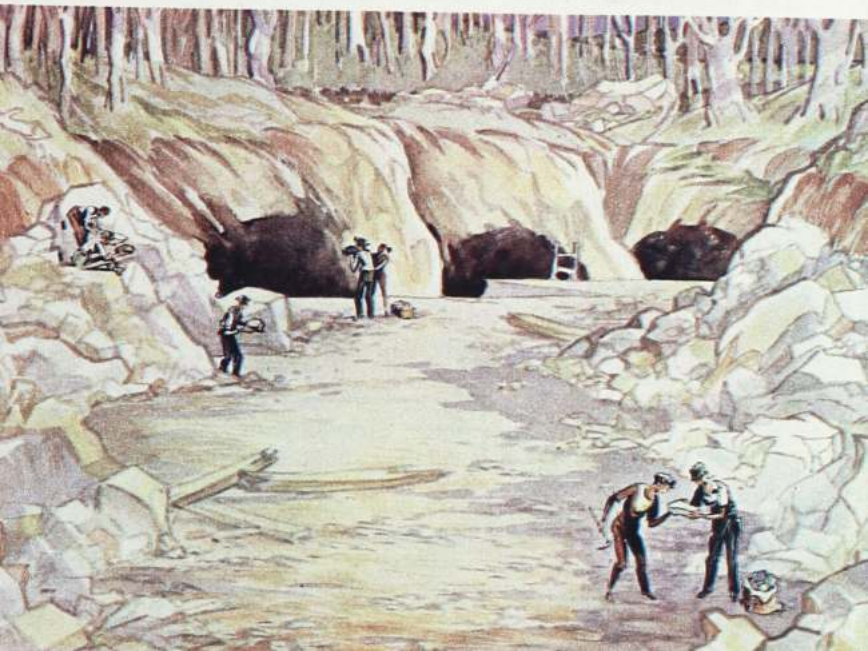
IN ALL the Carolina mountains no spot has the peculiar character and strange beauty of the Toe River Valley, and certainly none approaches its rich store of mineral wealth. Concentrated here in the northwest corner of North Carolina are a majority of the more than three hundred minerals found in the state, including the plentiful mica, rarer gold and silver, and even the emerald. Over fifty mines are scattered about the valley, offering the rockhound a perfect hunting ground.

The nation's chief supply of mica, feldspar and kaolin is produced here, mostly from open pits or gashed cliffsides, while the more numerous metal and gem mines lie tucked away in the higher reaches of the mountainsides. In the piles of cast-off rocks heaped about these mines and pits you may dig, tap and scratch to your heart's content. Discovery of garnets, amethysts, and certain other semiprecious gems is rather common, while rubies, aquamarines, and true emeralds are occasionally reported.

There is deep mystery concerning the origin of many of the older mines and pot holes. Relics and tools of by-gone races have been found in the Sinkhole Mine located two miles south of Bakersville. Crude stone picks and remnants of other odd implements smack of unknown, forgotten men, while bits of armor, iron tools and expert timber-shoring tell of later times when Spanish explorers passed through in quest of gold.

The loneliness and mystery of the abandoned mines has

Above left: Gashed cliffsides are a sign of mica, feldspar and kaolin.
Below left: At the Emerald Mine, rockhounds search for precious gems.



←*The Sinkhole, oldest mine in the Toe River Valley, is still active.*

attracted me for a good many years, and considering them all, the Emerald Mine is the most alluring. Local inquiry will reveal its exact location. Plastered on the side of a steep hill, this mine is a forlorn looking thing, still operated by primitive methods. Just recently a wire fence has been placed around the area and tourists are charged one dollar for an hour's hunting (the only fee imposed in the valley). Anything you discover in that time may be hauled away. A beautiful one-carat cut emerald was recently presented by the owners to the newly established Museum of North Carolina Minerals.

The edifice of this government-sponsored museum stands just off the well-known Blue Ridge Parkway at Gillespie Gap on paved State Highway 26. It houses many fine specimens of North Carolina minerals and is supervised by two accredited geologists, W. J. Nowlan and Anthony L. Worth. It is also the focal point for authentic information, free literature, and maps pertaining not only to the Toe Valley country, but other mineral-bearing areas of the North Carolina mountains. It is open from May 1 to October 25. (*See inside back cover*)

Down Highway 26 about two hundred yards is Greene's Mineral Shop, literally chuck full of all manner of interesting items, for sale or for swap. There are several other like outfits, one at Hawk, specializing in locally cut stones. Another source of information is the Chamber of Commerce at Spruce Pine, the largest village in the valley. On August 10, 11, 12 and 13, this year, Spruce Pine sponsors its annual Mineral and Gem Festival, which draws fans from many points of the nation.

Some of the largest mines that are most easily reached are the McKinney, Pink and Hawkins Mountain mines, all still active, the Sinkhole and Emerald mines, previously mentioned, and the Fanny Gouge, Number 20, and Wiseman Aquamarine mines. Specific directions to these and many others may be had at the Mineral Museum, the Spruce Pine Chamber of Commerce, or Green's Mineral Shop. Since the side roads are frequently closed during the winter, the best time for a visit is between April 1 and November 1. ■

←*Like many others, the Lawson Mine is easily accessible from the road.*

Seen against the thundering sky is a Shoshone sun dance lodge; abandoned center poles remain from previous years.

SUN DANCE OF THE PLAINS INDIANS

story and photographs by Peyton Moncure

THE SUN DANCE, or great medicine lodge ceremony, of the Plains Indians is not just another pow-wow of social and war dances. In fact, it is not a "dance" at all, but a formalized, highly complicated religious ceremony in honor of the Great Medicine. Only in the culture of the Plains Indians, such as the Blackfeet, Cheyenne, Sioux, and Arapaho, is this ritual found, handed down from memory since time immemorial.

The sun dance occurs when a member of the tribe offers to sponsor or "put on" the ceremony. He makes this pledge usually in thanksgiving or supplication for some favor. It may be to thank the Great Spirit for healing a member of the family, or for sparing himself or a relative from death or misfortune.

The ceremony in all tribes is divided into the private or preparatory stage and the public phase. The participants consist of the lodge maker (sponsor), the leader of the dance, the medicine men, wives of the chief priest and the lodge maker, instructors or "grandfathers," and the dancers, varying in number from two to two dozen. The latter are friends who have volunteered to assist.

The "dance" itself can be compared to nothing else. While a group of drummers, chanters, and rattlers furnish the music, the dancers bob up and down in rhythm with the drum; with every bob each dancer blows a blast on a feather-tipped, eagle bone whistle held in his mouth. The dancers are always men, clad only in skirts which vary in form from the gaudily colored silk and wool shawls of the Shoshone to the plain white muslin of the Arapaho. Each dancer is painted with an over-all color and special symbols to correspond with the phase of the dance. At his side sits a "grandfather" who applies the paint at the various stages of the ceremony and guides the dancer in the many complicated procedures.

The leader dances somewhat apart, while the medicine men sit together near the altar and the two female participants occupy a leafy bower at the rear of the lodge.

Neither food nor drink is taken throughout the two or three days of the ritual, but rest periods are observed when the dancers either sit on the pallet of sagebrush upon which they dance or stretch out full length and nap.

Each morning just before sunrise, the dancers move to the eastern edge of the lodge to dance facing outward toward the lightening sky. As the sun comes over the hills, the dancing, drumming, and chanting becomes more violent; when it finally bathes the dancers entirely in its light, the dancing comes to an abrupt halt.

Two to three days after the public phase of the ceremony began, the final dance takes place. The dancers rush out of the lodge to the east, then return and circle the center pole of the lodge. This is repeated for each point of the compass. Finally the paint is washed from the dancers, and the dance is finished. Another vow of thanksgiving to the Great Medicine has been fulfilled.

Sun dances are usually held in July and early August, never more than once a year, and with some tribes only once in several years. The Arapaho dance is held at Ethete, Wyoming, usually the third weekend in June; the Cheyenne at Lame Deer, Montana, over the July Fourth holidays; the Blackfeet at Browning or Heart Butte, Montana, on varying dates in July; the Shoshone at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, on the third or

Visitors who arise early enough are thrilled to witness the sunrise ritual of the Cheyenne sun dance.

fourth weeks of July (last year it was held simultaneously with the Arapaho); the Sioux at Pine Ridge, South Dakota (last year, from July 29 through August 1); and the Crow, if held at all, at Lodge Grass or Pryor, Montana (write the Superintendent, Crow Agency, Montana).

The visitor should witness this strange and weird bit of primitive Americana during both the night and the dawn ceremonies. The effect will never be forgotten. The sun dances of the various tribes are entirely uncommercialized, providing an opportunity that is gradually vanishing to be present at an authentic American Indian ceremony. Cameras are ordinarily permitted, though one exception is inside the Arapaho medicine lodge. Non-Indian visitors are welcome to all tribal sun dances and are always received with traditional Indian dignity and friendly reserve. ■

Within the Cheyenne lodge visitors watch dancers as they bob up and down blowing on eagle bone whistles.

The Windsor Locks Canal

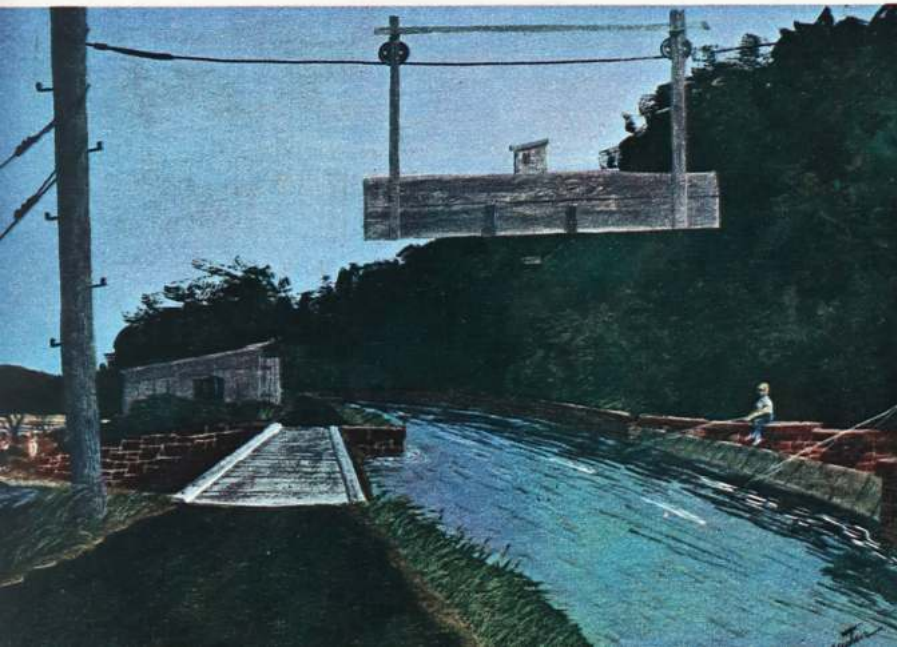
story and paintings by John Austin

THE OLD BARGE CANAL in Windsor Locks, Connecticut, is still operating exactly as it was back in 1826 when it was dug out by four hundred workmen with picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. Measured against the mighty Erie, and the nearby Farmington Canal, the little six-mile ditch pales in historical significance—but here you can see how a barge canal operates. It is in action for pleasure boats about fifty times a year from spring through fall at Windsor Locks, some twelve miles north of Hartford.

The canal was built in 1826 to bypass the famous Enfield Rapids which had been an almost insurmountable obstacle to Connecticut River shipping. Prior to its construction all cargo headed upriver had to be transferred to land transportation below the rapids, a costly process. In the early 1800s, shallow-draft flatboats were developed that could be poled up the rapids, but the going was slow and laborious.

The canal can first be seen as the motorist enters Windsor Locks from the south on U. S. 5A between Hartford and Springfield. The road runs side by side with the canal all the way through town, then both veer off, almost meeting again at the head lock in Suffield. The canal is six miles long, averages thirty feet wide, four and a half feet deep. The locks are eighteen feet wide and ninety feet long. There is a three-stage

Above right: Stoney Brook, where canal crosses on a wooden viaduct. Below right: Looking down the canal as it passes over Stoney Brook.



A sailboat entering the first-stage lock at canal's lower end.→

lock system at the lower end with a total lift of thirty feet; at the upper or head end there is a single lock in conjunction with a massive breast wall fitted with penstocks to permit the regular flow of water into the canal. The excess water is run off at the lower end by a vertical spillway pipe eight feet in diameter which drops the water twenty feet and then bends horizontally to sluice off into the river.

The canal is owned and operated by the Windsor Locks Canal Company, a subsidiary of the Connecticut Light and Power Company. Since its commercial future was killed in 1844 by the coming of the railroad, the big question is, why has the canal survived for 116 years with fundamentally the same physical plant? Aside from historical sentiment, it provides water to the half dozen or so mills along the tow path in Windsor Locks.

A great many pleasure boats pass through each summer. They pay no toll, but must phone ahead sufficient advance notice so that the canal company can co-ordinate the manpower necessary to manipulate the complicated network of foot and vehicular bridges that must be raised or pivoted along the right of way. The headlock is presided over by Reno Cerri. Cerris have been in this line of work at this location for three generations. There is an interesting arrangement at the halfway point where the canal is carried over Stony Brook in a wooden viaduct supported by huge red sandstone piers. (Although the view of the viaduct on the previous page shows a group of picnickers, locations for picnicking are not available directly on the company grounds; however, Connecticut is noted for its numerous parks, and motorists will find many pleasant picnic spots close by.)

While the canal property is private, visitors are always welcome to inspect the facilities, by arrangement with the Enfield office of the power company, and are permitted to walk the towpath which had not changed an iota since the canal was built. A visit to the canal in any season should be of great interest to sightseers and antiquarians alike. ■

View downstream of lower locks and railroad that ruined the canal.→


MARY ANNE


THE WINDSOR LOCKS CANAL CO.

The American Eagle in Alaska

by Joyce Rockwood Muench . . . photographs by Josef Muench

THE INDIAN VILLAGE of Eagle, Alaska, perches on the high banks of the Yukon River, a mere 125 miles south of the Arctic Circle. Clustered around a steep-roofed little church and a spindly-legged wooden bell-tower are the few sturdy log cabins with their unusual looking, sod-covered roofs (above right). When the brief summer season comes, grass and flowers sprout from the house-tops. Then, too, the permafrost melts for a few inches down and all the world around is a green meadow except for the swirling brown waters of the river.

These are Athapascan Indians, who call themselves the "Thinneh," and belong to the same linguistic stock as the Navajos, the "Dineh," of our southwestern desert. With the Aleuts and the Eskimos, they form the original, native population of our forty-ninth state.

Their prime concern is fishing. Big, red-meated salmon are taken from the river in fish wheels and tossed into troughs from which they can be removed at leisure to be cleaned and slit lengthwise. The meat, looking from a distance rather like dried jerky, is hung on racks formed by wooden poles. High, out of reach, it is the winter supply for the tribe. On lower racks is the dogfood. The racks are shown in the lower photograph.

Nearby is the white man's town of Eagle, end of the Taylor Highway. In 1905 Captain Roald Amundsen traveled by dog-sled to Eagle across five hundred miles of wilderness from his ship wintering at King Point to tell the world that the long-sought Northwest Passage had been traversed at last. ■

Ferryman at Upper Ferry handpulls his scow across the Wicomico River.
①

MARYLAND FERRYLAND

story and photographs by C. H. Echols, Jr.

FOUR PRIMITIVE CABLE FERRIES still operating on Maryland's rustic Eastern Shore offer a startling contrast to the fast-moving superhighways and huge steel suspension bridges of today. These quaint ferries have changed little since their beginning years ago, some as early as 1690, and they are the remainder of many that operated before them throughout this area. Two of the surviving ferries still depend entirely on the ferryman to hand-

Close-up shows "pull stick" in use.

pull them from shore to shore, while only one uses motor power exclusively.

During the early years ferries played a vital part in the transportation system of this stream-infested region by providing the only direct link between many communities. Private ferries were the first to come into use, springing up wherever a person with a boat thought he could make a profit by ferrying travelers across the stream.

Now tourists come from afar to seek out and ride the ferries just to be able to experience a real old-time ferry ride. All four can be visited easily in an afternoon as they operate within a ten-mile radius. All are cable ferries, which means the boats are guided by cables strung across the stream.

By driving six miles west on Maryland Route 349 from Salisbury to Upper Ferry Road, then south a mile or so you will arrive at Upper Ferry on the Wicomico River which a hundred years ago joined the stagecoach road from the west with the county seat and the highway from the south.

The ferryman's first operation before crossing is to tighten the cable. While the ferry is idle the cable is loosened to prevent

②
The Redding Ferry depends solely on manpower to cross the creek.

③

The photograph above shows an old wooden scow, propelled by an outboard motor, that was substituting for the regular Whitehaven Ferry, a steel boat then under repair. Below is the ferry at Tyaskin which the ferryman pulls across using only his gloved hands.

④

boats from cutting it or getting entangled therein. If yours is the only car (he can carry but two) chances are he will "walk" the boat across by the use of "pull sticks," which are wooden clubs about the size of a baseball bat notched at one end. The notched section is placed on the cable in such a manner as to prevent slipping, and by straining against the stick and walking backward the length of the boat the ferryman causes the boat to glide easily along to the opposite shore, while being guided by the cable. If two cars are to be carried you will discover that the Upper Ferry has succumbed to modern convenience and may use an outboard motor. There is no charge on any of the cable ferries during the week, but there is a small toll on Sundays and holidays.

From Upper Ferry drive south to a small town named Allen, bear west and you will come to Redding Ferry. This ferry has remained practically unchanged for sixty years and depends solely upon hand-pulling to propel it.

The next crossing is found at Whitehaven, on the lower Wicomico River. This is the busiest of all the cable ferries, since it serves a community that at one time was an important point of call with an imposing fishing and boat building industry. The regular ferry is a steel boat powered by two outboard motors, one on each side.

Later you will come to Tyaskin Ferry, the most picturesque of all the cable ferries, situated on a dirt road near a declining waterfront village by Wetipiquin Creek, near the Nanticoke River. This ferryman uses the oldest but least bothersome method of propelling the craft over the short distance—he scorns the use of pull sticks; instead, he merely grips the cable with gloved hands and tugs or pulls the boat across.

The entire area surrounding the ferries will furnish a pleasant tour, and while you will not find any accommodations to speak of, you are never more than a few miles from the town of Salisbury, where tourist facilities are available. ■

The Cable Mountain Drop

story and photographs by Gaell Lindstrom

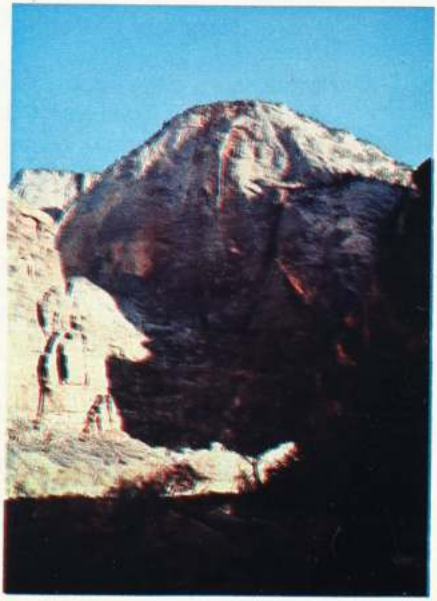
USUALLY the Yankees get all the credit for ingenuity, but those who opened the West deserve some, too. They conquered mountains with it. A good example is the way the Flanigan brothers sent lumber down from Cable Mountain to the settlers in the Virgin River Valley in southwestern Utah around the turn of the century.

The lumber was badly needed and it was only 2,700 feet away—but straight up. Dave and Will Flanigan had seen it as boys—a beautiful stand of yellow pine half a mile in the sky. To cover that distance by existing roads necessitated a trip of 120 miles through mountains and desert.

The Flanigans were not satisfied just to stare. In 1901 they built an ingenious device of telegraph wires and pulleys. On one trip up the mountainside via an old Indian trail he had discovered, Will Flanigan carried a hundred pounds of wire on his back—plus the usual thirty-five-pound pack of food. Are there many men like that around today?

When the cable was complete it was used to lower hand-cut barrel staves, two and a half minutes per load. A few years later, a steam sawmill was completed and then the cable was the vehicle for moving a million feet of finished lumber in the next two years. Some of it went into the building of the present lodge in Zion National Park. Cable Mountain is located within the park, and visitors to that spectacular part of Utah can see remains of the machinery. (*See also inside front cover.*) ■

The photograph above offers an indication of the spectacular views of Zion Canyon that can be enjoyed from the rim of Cable Mountain. The mountaintop is accessible from the canyon floor via the East Rim Trail. Remains of the old cable drop can also be seen here. In the view of the mountain at right, taken from the Virgin River on the north side, the scaffold machinery at the summit is barely visible.

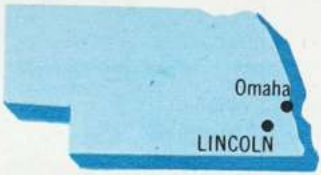


A Rare Bridge in Maine

story and photograph by Harry A. Packard

THE WIRE SUSPENSION BRIDGE which has hung majestically over the Carrabassett River at North New Portland, Maine, for more than a century is the only survivor among four built about the same time in New England. Doubtless it is the only bridge of its type remaining in the entire United States, and it will soon get a new lease on life. The town is restoring it with assistance from the county and state.

The bridge has a single wooden roadway suspended from wires fastened to two huge cables which are draped over huge rock-filled towers. The ends are embedded in ledge rock on the shores of the river. Ever since this bridge was designed and built by a retired United States army engineer 118 years ago it has borne the derisive name of "Colonel Morse's Fool Bridge." But it has long outlived a wooden covered bridge, the more conventional form of construction in the 1840s, that was built nearby over the same stream. ■



NEBRASKA'S BIG GAME ANIMALS

by Wilbert H. Rusch . . . paintings by Reinhold Marxhausen

AT RISK OF HERESY, it may be stated that the largest hog is—or was—not from Iowa. To continue in heresy, the largest elephants are not from Africa, nor are the largest camels from Egypt or Arabia. The largest hog we know of, called *Dinohyus*, once resided in Nebraska. So did the largest elephant, *Archidiskodon maibeni*, and the largest camel, *Gigantocamelus fricki*. You won't find live specimens in any Nebraska zoo, but they will stand patiently in the University of Nebraska State Museum while you take their picture. Hog, elephant and camel are all fossils that lived long, long ago. But having been found within the state's borders, they class as natives of Nebraska—record-breaking natives, as to size.

Among the featured attractions on the roadside signs as you approach the state capitol at Lincoln are Elephant Hall and the Nebraska State Historical Museum. These attractions, located within a few blocks of each other, invite the study of Nebraska's past.

The University State Museum is located in Morrill Hall on the university campus at the corner of 14th and U streets. Its nine divisions cover the fields of anthropology, botany, entomology, geology, health sciences, paleontology, planetarium and astronomy, and zoology. An outstanding new

Skeleton of a Stegosaurus, dinosaur with a walnut-sized brain

exhibit is the Hall of Nebraska Wildlife, showing the animals of the great plains in their natural habitats. But interesting as these fields may be to many travelers, it is Nebraska's geologic past that makes up the high point of the exhibits.

The abundance of Nebraska fossils and the extent of the museum's collections are impressive. For example, more dif-

The world's largest mammoth

The fossil of a giant hog

ferent kinds of fossil camels have been found in Nebraska than in any other collecting ground in the world, and representatives of the various sizes are on display. A large number of different rhinoceroses are on display, and for just a dime you may listen to recordings of tunes played on the bone-o-phone, a sort of xylophone made of the fossil rib bones of a rhino.

But the main attraction of the museum is the world-famous Elephant Hall. Fossil elephants, both mammoths and mastodons, have been collected in over eighty of Nebraska's ninety-three counties. Mastodons seem to have been the first of their tribe to arrive in Nebraska, and long-jawed, short-jawed, two-tusked, four-tusked and shovel-tusked types are on display, either as skulls or as whole skeletons.

The mammoths arrived a bit later, about the middle of the Ice Age, and they seem to have remained until ten to twenty thousand years ago. Nobody knows yet why the gigantic creatures died out. The most impressive skeleton is that of the world's largest mammoth. "Archie," as he has been called, attains the impressive height of fourteen feet at the shoulder. As a sort of anticlimax, two pairs of mounted Indian and African elephants stand dwarfed by this huge fossil of the past.

In the north corridor is a display showing a slab of rock from Sioux County, Nebraska. This slab will give you an idea of how fossils look when the museum workers discover them, and of the work involved in preparing them for exhibit. Artistic members of the family may find the second and third floors of the building more to their taste, since it is here that the extensive art galleries of the university are housed. These are open to the public at the same hours as the museum.

Before leaving Morrill Hall, the visitor should see the newly installed Ralph Mueller Planetarium. A planetarium, of course, is the very complex projector used to recreate the skies in all their majesty, so that the audience can see the moving parade of heavenly bodies on any given night. Even the paths of Explorers and assorted Sputniks can be demonstrated in a very realistic fashion.

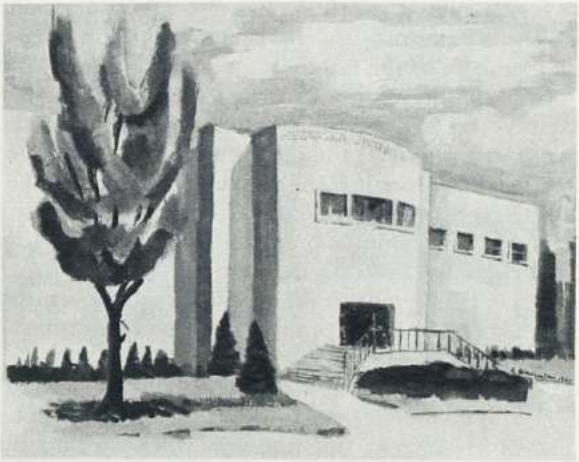
A short drive south and east from Morrill Hall will take you to the Nebraska State Historical Society Museum, located at 15th and R streets. At this museum you step into the near

rather than the distant past as in Morrill Hall. The primary theme is man's occupation of the Plains Area. The foyer of the building provides a sort of preview where a panorama of human experience greets the visitor. Here is the graphic story of man from the early prehistoric Indian hunters to the modern farm that benefits from current crop improvements and irrigation practices.

There are two major galleries. One is the Indian and early white phase of plains life, followed by the pioneer phase in the east wing. A special exhibits gallery, located in the west end of the second floor, features four period rooms. In the basement is Collector's Lane, a series of special exhibits of items commonly collected by hobbyists.

The museums are worth every minute of time spent in them, but it is well to remember that Lincoln has other interesting places to see: the unusual and imposing state capitol, for example, or Antelope Park with its beautiful sunken gardens, or Pioneer Park, a wildlife refuge with large picnic and play areas. All are added rewards on your visit to Nebraska's capital city. ■

Headquarters of State Historical Society, Lincoln, Nebraska



RECREATION UNLIMITED—

Holiday Fare

IN OUR MAY ISSUE in 1959 we announced the newest outdoor novelty—camping in paper. The items we showed—tents, for the most part—were frankly experimental. The material of which they were made, not actually paper but only looking like it, has now been fully developed and for the first time new outdoor items made of it are on the market.

The material is Kaycel, a product of the Kimberly-Stevens Corporation. It is cellulose, reinforced with nylon and specially treated in order to keep out moisture and wind. It is extremely light, remarkably durable, and very inexpensive.

At the top of the page is a children's sleeping bag, the only one we know of designed specifically for youngsters. Four and a half feet long, it can accommodate children up to nine or ten

years old either for indoors or outdoors. Being insulated, it is good enough for camping, but it also makes an excellent house toy for days inside.

At top left on the opposite page is the beach cooler, an insulated bag that will keep drinks and sandwiches cool for an average summer afternoon by the water. It is large enough to carry refreshments for a person or two, and with its rope handle is easy to tote around. Although it can be considered disposable, the beach bag will last a season's normal use. It was recently tested on the beach every day for four weeks.

At top right is the beach pillow. Like the cooler it is insulated and can be used for picnics, but it has an added function. Fill it with sand and you have a fine beach pillow, a much needed item for waterside comfort, but one which few people carry because of the bulk.

At center left is the Moss King Arthur Tent. Like the beach items it is made of Kaycel and is thus adaptable for both indoor and outdoor fun. Children can carry it easily—only two pounds. It is three feet four inches square by three feet nine inches high.

At center right is the station wagon pad and beach blanket. It is cut to fit the station wagon floor but is so light and so easily folded that it can be used readily for picnics and beach loafing or for any emergency use in which a blanket is required.

The item at bottom left is a beach bag, unlike the beach cooler shown at top left in that it isn't insulated. Extremely capacious, it makes an excellent container for wet towels and bathing suits. A pocket is sewn into one side for books, cigarettes, dark glasses, and anything needed on the sand.

The garment at bottom right can serve as a stadium blanket, a cape or a picnic pad and can be folded up small enough to fit into a glove compartment. A pocket sewn into one corner forms a head shelter and enables you to wrap the garment around you if a squall arises at the beach or you need a little extra protection at the stadium.

The beach gear was designed by Geraldine Sakall and is called Holiday Fare. Inquiries on these products should be addressed to C. William Moss Associates, 4291 Geddes Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan. ■


The Caverlock


Colonial Inn

painting of The Overlook Hotel by Robert Perrin

Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

THE OVERLOOK HOTEL is on a hillside on famous Nantucket Island, Massachusetts. The address is Three Step Lane. Each guest room bears an authentic Nantucket Indian name and most have an excellent view of the colorful harbor. Breakfast served 8:00 to 11:00 a.m. every day; after Labor Day dinner served to hotel guests only. Overnight accommodations. Open May 15 to November 1. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Devine are the owners.

DATE AND PINEAPPLE BREAD

⅓ cup milk
1 egg, well beaten
⅓ cup shortening, melted
1 cup dates, chopped
9-ounce can crushed pineapple
1 cup walnuts, chopped
3 cups sifted flour
¾ cup sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
¾ teaspoon salt

Combine milk, egg, shortening, dates, pineapple and nuts. Sift remaining ingredients together; add to first mixture, blend only to moisten. Bake in a greased 1-pound loaf pan in a 350° oven for 50-55 minutes.

COLONIAL INN Jack Davis and Fred Renker are the owners of this elegant, antique-filled summer hostelry in Harbor Springs, Michigan. The area offers golf, boating and sightseeing. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; reservations advisable. Overnight accommodations. The Inn and dining room are open June 15 through Labor Day. Motel accommodations year around.

BARBECUED PORK SPARERIBS A LA COLONIAL INN

2 pounds back pork spareribs
1 cup apple juice
1 cup grapefruit juice
¼ cup chili sauce
¼ cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon soya sauce
Few drops Wright's Liquid Smoke
Few drops Worcestershire sauce
1 clove garlic, chopped
Pinch freshly ground pepper

Bake spareribs, seasoned with salt, in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Combine remaining ingredients and baste spareribs often with this sauce during the next half-hour of baking. Makes 4 portions.

SPECIAL SEAFOOD SAUCE

½ cup chili sauce
½ cup tomato catsup
1 teaspoon horseradish
½ stalk celery, chopped fine
¼ small onion, grated
1 clove garlic, grated
¼ green pepper, chopped fine
Few drops of Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper, to taste

Combine ingredients well and chill. Serve with shrimp, crab meat, oysters or lobster.

painting of Colonial Inn by Charles Culver


Alberts
LODGE

—*painting of Albert's Lodge by Neil Koch*

ALBERT'S LODGE, on Oregon's famous McKenzie River, is in Vida, Oregon, 27 miles east of Eugene on U.S. Highway 126. Dinner is the only meal served to non-resident guests and reservations must be made. Overnight accommodations and excellent whitewater boating and trout fishing in the area; reservations necessary. Closed the month of January. Each meal is cooked to order in the Lodge's small kitchen.

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

6 large baking potatoes
Cream
1 tablespoon onion, grated
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
Salt, to taste
6 pats of butter

Scrub potatoes well and bake. Cut off tops and scoop out cooked potato and mash. Then add remaining ingredients except butter and beat well. Heap seasoned potato into shells and at serving time heat in 400° oven for 15 minutes. Top each potato with a pat of butter.

GREEN GODDESS DRESSING

2 tablespoons chives
2 tablespoons parsley
1 can flat filet of anchovy
1 cup mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon coarse ground pepper
Dash of garlic powder
⅓ cup tarragon vinegar
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

Chop chives, parsley and anchovies together in a wooden bowl. Add to combined remaining ingredients and mix until blended. Refrigerate. This salad dressing is served with a tossed green salad and is also delicious with pan fried trout or other fish.

LAKE McDONALD HOTEL in Glacier National Park, Montana, was once a hunting lodge, but in more recent years it has been a comfortable vacation hotel for families. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily. Overnight accommodations and excellent recreation facilities. Open every day during the season, June 15 to September 15.

BEEF STEAK STROGANOFF

1 pound sirloin steak, in ¾-inch strips
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon paprika
2 tablespoons fat
½ cup onion, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
6-ounce can mushrooms
1 cup sour cream
10-ounce can mushroom soup
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 cups hot cooked rice

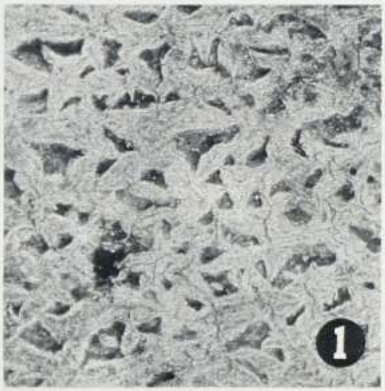
Combine flour, paprika, salt and pepper. Roll meat strips in flour mixture and then brown in hot fat. Remove meat when browned, then add onion, garlic and mushrooms. Cook gently until onions are golden—don't scorch. Add remaining ingredients except cream and rice. Cook until thickened and bubbly. Return meat to pan and simmer about 1 hour or until meat is tender. Stir occasionally. Add cream 15 minutes before serving, *don't boil.* Serve over hot rice and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese, if desired.

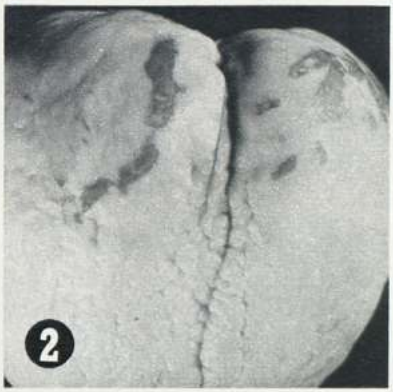
—*painting of Lake McDonald by James Dew*

What Is It?

AT ONE TIME or another nearly everyone has enjoyed the objects in this quiz. The camera has captured them at close range and therefore their appearance is quite different than it is in real life. Answers below.

1. Skin of a cantaloupe 2. Seed of an avocado 3. Hide of a pineapple 4. Two rows of blueberries





photographs by Three Lions, Inc.

The Voter Gets a Hand

IN RESPONSE to America's rapidly growing interest in politics, Ford Motor Company is making available to the public this summer two important sources of political information. One is a specially prepared film entitled "Where Were You?" The other is "The TV Viewer's Political Convention Guide."

The film, twenty-eight minutes long, with narration by Joseph N. Welch, is a fictionalized account of how one "John Doakes" was elected to office. In making the point that John Doakes gained public office largely because too few citizens took part in his nomination and election, the film describes how political parties choose candidates, nominate through primaries, and campaign for elections.

"Where Were You?" reviews the right of the average citizen to participate in all political processes. It tells the story of a typical election, and while demonstrating how the apathy of many enables the few to win office, urges citizens to become active in a political party at the community level, where government policies are born.

The Ford Guide, thirty-two pages of text and illustration, is an important aid to understanding the conventions on television. It contains scoring charts, tells the number of votes needed for nomination, and provides such valuable background information as a list of all our presidents and their opponents, the origin of both major parties, and the meaning of American political phrases like "dark horse," "favorite son," "stumping," and many others.

The Ford Guide is available free to everyone who asks for it at a Ford dealer. The film, 16 mm, can be borrowed free from your nearest Ford Film Library. Address Film Library, Ford Motor Company, at 4303 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland 9, California; The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan; or 16 East 52nd Street, New York 22, N. Y. ■

THE ONE AND ONLY FALCON

Dear Sirs: So far as I can find out, I am the only person whose first name is the same as that of your little compact car. Are there any others?

Falcon Simpson
Jacksonville, Florida

THE LOGS FLOATED FURTHER

Dear Sirs: Robert Moser, who wrote about the lumber industry's last flume in your April issue, says its nine-mile stretch made it the longest flume ever built. I patrolled a flume for Three Pines Lumber Company in southern Oregon long ago that was a little over eleven miles long.

Donald H. Clark
Seattle, Wash.

. . . in years past two lumber companies in Fresno County, California, had similar flumes about forty miles long, of the same type, over terrain that compares favorably with the Columbia River Gorge.

J. C. Riggs
Dinuba, Calif.

. . . In 1914 I worked at a mill at Shaver, California, from which lumber was sent to Clovis via a flume said to be forty-five miles long. We worked from 1 a.m. to noon for the reason that it took six hours for the lumber to get to Clovis. When the mill shut down in winter, three of us walked the flume. It took two days.

Charles Arthur Dobbin
Ferndale, Michigan

ALL QUIET ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT

Dear Sirs: In a recent issue of FORD TIMES the author of the story on palm leaves in Florida says that the U.S. is still officially at war with the Seminole Indians. I believe this is wrong. Both sides signed a treaty back in 1934.

S. G. Gilbert
Avon, New Jersey

Editor's note: Our correspondent is right. He has the backing of the World Book Encyclopedia, which states that "the Florida Seminoles did not make peace with the U.S. Government until 1934. In that year they signed a treaty and ended what has been called 'the longest war in American history'."

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

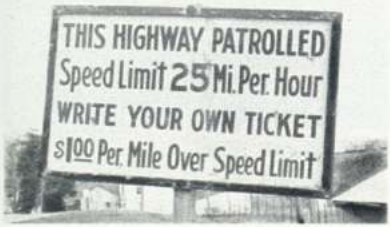
Dear Sirs: I note that in your May issue you have begun an interesting series entitled "Civil War Backgrounds." May I take this opportunity of acquainting you with our organization, the Gettysburg Battlefield Preservation Association. This group, which numbers many governors and congressmen on its advisory board, is dedicated to saving portions of that terrain, unowned at present by the government, that are in imminent danger of exploitation.

We propose to purchase, with monies contributed by American citizens, this land which should be preserved as our natural heritage.

Anyone interested in aiding this movement should write G.B.P.A., P.O. Box 1863, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Major William M. Haller, USA
President, G.B.P.A.

BETTER ROADSIDE READING



At the edge of Ainsworth, Iowa. Picture from A. M. Wettach, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

In a suburb of Detroit. Picture sent by Mary-August Rodgers, Detroit, Michigan.

Roadside tombstone in San Antonio. Sent by Irvin Weinman, Kelly Air Base, Texas.

Taken near Willow Beach, Arizona. Sent by Mrs. Theodora Kendall, Oakland, California.

DRIVING THE WARPATHS OF THE PLAINS

After graduation from Ohio State and a brief crack at show business, **Bill Dalzell** turned to travel writing and photography, has circled the globe twice in the past five years. While filming a TV movie of the Australian aborigines and in other distant places, he was frequently asked, "Have you ever seen an American Indian?" He hadn't and made this his first project on his return home. **Fred Zimmer,** who collaborated on the resulting story, met Dalzell during World War II, traveled through Europe with him, crossed paths again in New York where Fred was supplying art work to various national publications. Last fall, he accepted an assistant professorship at Ohio State University, at the moment is painting in Mexico.

NATURE IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

Excepting three years of war service in the Pacific, **A. John Oakley** has lived continuously in Washington, D.C. He studied at the National Art School and has been active in the art field since 1938, presently as an art director at Johns Hopkins University. The son he mentions in his article has six sisters.

SUN DANCE OF THE PLAINS INDIANS

An authority on Indian battles and the Custer campaign, **Peyton Moncure** acquired this interest from his father who was an Indian trader whom the Cheyenne called "Sharp Nose." Young Moncure (also known as Sharp Nose) is a graduate of Montana State University, a photographer with the U.S. Forest Service, a free-lance writer and frequent contributor.

NEBRASKA'S BIG GAME ANIMALS

As Professor of Science at Concordia Teachers College in Seward, Nebraska, and co-author of a new book on Darwin, **Wilbert H. Rusch** writes with special interest on the natural history of Nebraska. He earned a master's degree in biology at the University of Michigan in 1952, is a member of the Nebraska Academy of Science and the American Institute of Biological Science. **Reinhold Marxhausen,** a fellow staff member, heads the art department at Concordia Teachers College. His extensive training in art in Chicago, Pittsburgh and Minneapolis complements a degree in biology from Valparaiso University. He has exhibited in major midwestern cities, currently is experimenting in three-dimensional media.

photograph by Frank J. Miller

SHOWN ABOVE is the attractive Museum of North Carolina Minerals, located at the intersection of the Blue Ridge Parkway and State Highway 26 in the Spruce Pine section of western North Carolina. Rockhounds from all parts of the nation are lured to this rich mineral country, which is described in detail in an article beginning on page 29. In addition to its gem exhibits, the museum serves as an information center and a jumping-off place for gem hunters. Jointly sponsored by the state and the National Park Service, it is open seven days a week from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. ■

FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your dealer who hopes thus to add to your motoring pleasure and to suggest that his service will also add to the enjoyment of your car.

Front cover—Boulder Canyon Falls, shown in this summer scene, are located within a huge mountain park on the outskirts of the university town of Boulder, Colorado. The painting is by Nan Phelps, wife of a Hamilton, Ohio, Ford employee, and a self-taught artist, whose every spare moment since childhood has been devoted to her painting.

When requesting a change of address, be sure to send us (1) your name and address as shown above, (2) the corrections and (3) the name and address of the dealer supplying your subscription. Mail to FORD TIMES, Ford Motor Company, The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan.