

Ford Times

62nd Year

February 1969



Mardi Gras Is for Everybody
How to Capture Wildlife—with a Camera
The Record-Breaking Mustangs



1969 Thunderbird 2-Door Landau

NEW WAY TO THE SUN WITH THUNDERBIRD '69

Thunderbird now gives you the sun . . . to go with the moon and the stars. Push the button to open Thunderbird's optional sliding Sunroof. Get an eyeful of sky as you go the Bird's way of long, low exterior design. Interior decor casts a spell of luxury. Power answers your every demand. Of all the 1969 personal-luxury cars only the Bird offers such a choice of rooflines, body styles and seating arrangements. Go Thunderbird for all this.

And heaven, too.

THUNDERBIRD



Ford Times



The Ford Owner's Magazine

February 1969 Vol. 62 No. 2

Publications Manager
RICHARD MORRIS

Editorial Director
FREDERIC W. FAIRFIELD

Art Director
JOHN C. WEIGEL

Senior Editors
JEROME PALMS
HAL BUTLER

Technical Editor
BURGESS H. SCOTT

Women's Editor
NANCY KENNEDY

Art & Design Editors
JERRY L. ANDERSON
LEONARD JOHNSON
MALCOLM T. YOUNG

Circulation Manager
RICHARD W. SMITH

CONTENTS

2 Mardi Gras Is For Everbody

HODDING CARTER

8 Aiken Is Great Horse Country

CHARLES LAYNE

13 How to Capture Wildlife... with a Camera

ERWIN A. BAUER

17 The Mysterious Mojave River

VICTOR BOESEN

22 The Big Guinea Hen Search

VERN SNEIDER

26 '69 Falcon: The Small Car with Big-Car Ride and Comfort

MELVIN BECK

34 Downhill Canoe Racing

BILL CALDWELL

38 Village of Violets

ROBERT C. BAUER

40 Mickey Thompson and the Record-Breaking Mustangs

BARRY COLLIER

44 Cross-Country Skiing

PAUL STEWART

49 Excitement in the Round

ROBERT H. WOODY

56 Luxury on Wheels

BURGESS H. SCOTT

62 Visit the 'Second Monticello'

JAMES RISSE

Glove Compartment—30

Favorite Recipes from Famous Restaurants—52



Published monthly by
Ford Motor Company
The American Road
Dearborn, Mich. 48121

Front Cover—This cunning fox is an example of the kind of animal photography that can be obtained by following the advice given by photographer Erwin A. Bauer in "How to Capture Wildlife... with a Camera" on Page 13.

Board of Publishers: T. H. MECKE, JR., Chairman, W. P. BENTON, G. C. CURRAN, F. W. FAIRFIELD, W. A. HELLER, L. A. IACocca, P. F. LORENZ, G. B. MACKENZIE, R. MORRIS, J. J. MORRISSEY, J. B. NAUGHTON, J. E. SATTler, FRED THOMPSON

Copyright© 1969, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan—Printed in U.S.A.—All rights reserved

Crowds jam New Orleans' famous French Quarter during Mardi Gras

WHEN REX, KING OF CARNIVAL, bursts upon the scene at New Orleans' Mardi Gras this year, he will be 97 years old. Age has not withered him, nor made him more mellow—on the contrary, the pre-Lenten madness under his reign seems to get more ecstatic every year. But time has brought changes. Once a local celebration for a few thousand people, Mardi Gras has grown with its mother city. It now hosts not only the million inhabitants of the metropolitan area, but another million visitors as well. From an aristocratic beginning, Carnival in New Orleans has become a people's holiday.

For the uninitiated, let it be known that "carnival" means "farewell to the flesh," and Mardi Gras, meaning "Fat Tuesday," is the day which precedes the penitential 40 days of Lent—a riotous observance of man's farewell on Ash Wednesday to earthly pleasures. That is, for the time being. Actually, few of the million New Orleanians, or the million visitors from across the country, are now aware of these religious implications. For almost everyone, Mardi Gras is simply an extravaganza of fun and romance and make-believe.

The first Mardi Gras parade took place in 1857, but Mardi Gras, as we know it today, began in 1872 when the city's socialites gave a parade, ball and tableaux to entertain the visiting Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. Doubtless the Duke felt more at home

MARDI GRAS

Is for Everybody

New Orleans' Carnival has gone out to the people in a way its aristocratic Creole founders never could have imagined

by Hodding Carter photographs by Dan Guravich



among the beauteous maidens at the ball than he did with the dukes and the king-for-a-day, Rex, who even then ruled over the festivities. But it is recorded that he had a merry time. So did the townsfolk, who were still smarting under the recent Yankee occupation (during the Civil War), with almost nothing but their pride and their Gallic love of mummery and parades to help them survive.

Had Alexis been around for the next 60 years he would have been delighted with the steadily mounting splendor of succeeding Carnival parades, with their costumed participants, their richly decorated floats, and the lovely ladies and the maskers at the balls. Then, as now, each parade, with its ensuing ball, was staged by a different Krewe—a Krewe being a jolly secret-membership club whose sole purpose was to produce a magnificent parade and a splendid ball once a year.

Besides the Krewe which honored Rex, there were four others in the early days: Comus, Momus, Twelfth Night and Proteus. By World War I, the Krewes of Oberon,, Nereus, Mystery, Osiris, the Athenians and the Atlanteans were giving annual balls. All represented the bluest of New Orleans and Creole blue bloods. The patrician young ladies they honored were the elite of the local social scene, and it was virtually impossible for outsiders to join, or even witness, the gala balls that followed the parades.

Since there were only a few parades, most of the people of the city sought their fun on Mardi Gras day in the streets, especially in the downtown area and the French Quarter, which were gay centers of make-believe and entrancing free shows in themselves. Maskers, forgetting their inhibitions for a day, delighted the thousands who didn't bother to mask, but wanted to get in on the fun. There were rollicking marching groups, such as the Jefferson City Buzzards, to entertain the excited multitude. The Zulus, a Negro carnival group with social traditions of its own, evoked unrestrained delight as, dressed in mock-African costumes, they tossed cocoanuts from their float to spectators who scrambled wildly for these choice souvenirs.

For the crowds, there were other joyous aspects of the Carnival: the masked dukes of the Krewes, mounted on beautiful horses; the flambeaux carried by cavorting white-robed Negroes; the sight of Rex drinking a toast to his queen in front of the Boston Club; the friendly pub-crawling; the showers of penny beads and trinkets



Once restricted to an elite few, Mardi Gras now belongs to the public. Happy people in masks and costumes pour onto the streets in joyous celebration



from floats, in answer to the importunate plea, "Throw me something, Mister!" All these made Carnival a joyous celebration for the thousands who knew little of balls and tableaux.

But there just weren't enough parades and parties and balls for the many who wanted to do more than sally forth into the streets in costume. And so, as the city grew, new faces began to appear in the Carnival. Since the 1930s, and especially in the past 15 years, Mardi Gras has almost literally burst its seams. Newcomers who were somebodies back home, and old-time Or-

leanians who had never been part of the exclusive, circumscribed social pattern, have carved Carnival niches of their own. They have organized their own Krewes, presented new parades to the public, and selected their own kings and queens, maids and dukes, for their own grand balls.

This is not to say that everyone can gain access to a Carnival ball. You still have to know somebody, or at least somebody who knows somebody, who will invite you. But with the proliferation of the Carnival Krewes and their parades and their balls, this is not so impossible as it once was. Even so, a good friend should be informed at least six months in advance that you would like to come. Invitations are limited to a very few for each Krewe member. You should also tell your friend that you will need quarters in a hotel or motel or in a private home whose owners rent rooms to help out. The accommodations are not cheap, but neither are they prohibitive.

Failing a friend, your next best chance is your local travel agency, which can offer a variety of package tours to New Orleans. These include not only grandstand seats along the major parade routes, strolling tours of the Vieux Carré, coach tours of the city, meals at world-famed French restaurants, but also attendance at a re-enactment of a Carnival ball, complete with king and queen and the coveted "call-out" by which the lady guests have the opportunity to dance with a costumed and masked member of the Krewe.

Instead of the four traditional daytime or night parades, there are now more than 15 in the 11 days just preceding the end of Carnival on Mardi Gras night. Instead of a handful of kings, there are now over five dozen, one for each of the more than 60 Krewes. At one time, being a member of a downtown men's club was a prerequisite for royalty; now the president of an uptown retailers' association can qualify. Many Krewes are organized simply to hold balls, without parades. Because the official Carnival season, from Twelfth Night (January 6) through Mardi Gras, is not long enough to contain all of them, some balls are held at Christmas. And whereas 50 years ago the kings and queens and knights and maids bore only Creole or Anglo or, occasionally, Irish names, today's Mardi Gras royalty has its Italian, Slavic and other national flavors in the city which was America's first melting pot.

The kings are all as regally bearded, and their queens as



A nighttime Mardi Gras parade lights the street with dazzling color

queenly, as their earlier, more exclusive counterparts. Their balls present tableaux which are duly described in the newspapers, as are the themes of their parades. The welcoming shouts of the street crowds as the floats roll through the streets are as vociferous as those accorded the first Rex in 1872. What is truly important is that so many more citizens are now in on the act—a beautifully gaudy never-never land which is created each Carnival period for grown-ups and children alike out of a human love of frolic and color and pretending.

Thus has Mardi Gras gone out to the people, not simply as spectators or street maskers as in the past, but as participants in new parades and balls. There may be those in New Orleans who mourn this change, but there are none who could halt it, and none who have tried. The majority which applauds and the minority which objects both know that if the Lenten season is for all Christian believers, the feast days of Carnival—farewell to the flesh—should also be for all, and to the fullest.

And so now it is. □



AIKEN

Is Great Horse Country

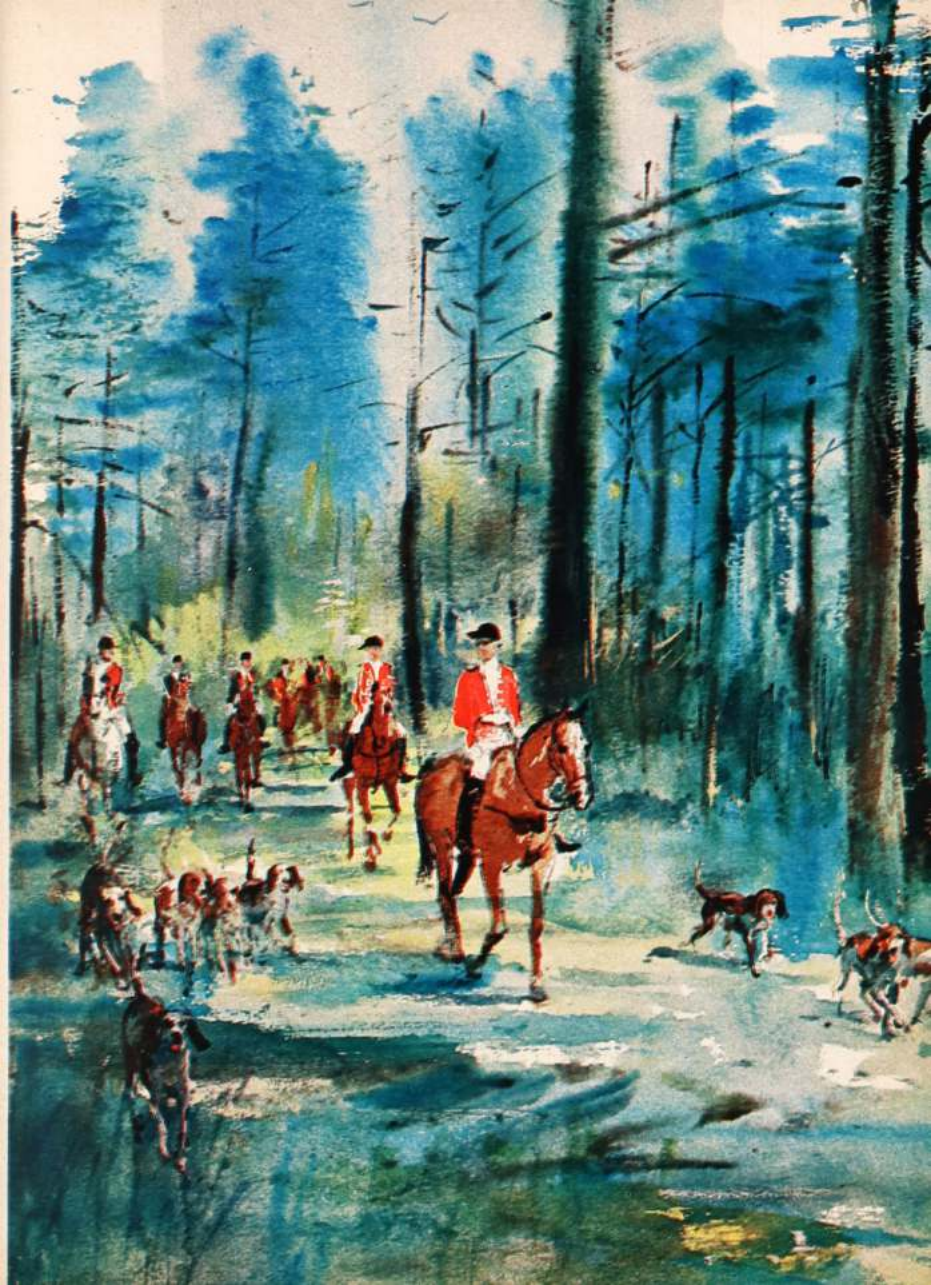
If you love horses, this South Carolina town will appeal. It's alive all winter long with harness and thoroughbred racing, steeplechases, polo, fox hunts, and everything else horse-oriented

by Charles Layng paintings by Harvey Kidder

THE PERVADING SOUND in Aiken, South Carolina, during the winter months is the clop-clop of horses' hoofs. This ranges from the steady hoofbeat of the harness horses and the rising crescendo of the thoroughbreds' pounding as they circle the tracks, to the thump of the jumpers in the steeplechase races and the thundering volley of the polo ponies as they chase the elusive ball. Then, too, there are all the exciting sounds of the various types of hunts. These range from the traditional cries of "Yoicks!" and "Tallyho!" at the English-type hunts to the less formal but equally exciting yells of the drag hunts and the conversation and occasional song at the "Southern" fox hunts. All of these, except the latter, involve the use of horses.

It's a wealthy group that gathers at Aiken in the winter, but the tourist need not be wealthy to be a fascinated spectator at all of these pursuits. Quite unlike other horse country, Aiken does not sequester its horses on large private country estates. They're housed either at the barns on the various tracks—all within a few blocks of downtown—or in the large stables at the polo grounds, or in the backyards of the big town mansions. The casual visitor cannot, of course, traipse around in the latter, but he's made

Drag hunts in Hitchcock's Woods can easily be viewed by cars parked at vantage points along the course





heartily welcome at the tracks where the thoroughbreds are in training and can see the practice running of the horses — which, except that there's no betting, amounts to a true racing card.

Like most horse people, the personnel at the track barns are a friendly lot and the stranger need have no hesitancy about wandering in and making his interest known. Similarly, at the polo field, spectators are welcome at the match games which have been held every Sunday afternoon during February, March and April for 88 consecutive years, and in which high-goal players star. The term "high goal" is used to rate the caliber of polo. Each player carries a rating from 0 to 10, something like a golfer's handicap. If the ratings of a team's members total more than 15, that's high goal. And there is plenty of that in Aiken.

The highest-handicapped polo players in the country, with seven-goal and upward ratings, are here. Even the Wednesday practice may see a "pick-up" match with a 20-goal-rated team involved.

One need not be an expert to enjoy these games and appreciate the superb horsemanship that's on display as the best players in the country get together in the famed Aiken matches. In fact, visitors who don't know a chukker from a hackamore usually find themselves cheering wildly after a few minutes of watching the exciting match.

Unlike most resorts, Aiken is a "downtown" city. Few cities can equal it, for all of the downtown streets possess a broad median strip planted with huge trees and adorned with flower beds. These are lovely any time, but during the azalea season of early spring they are positively dazzling. Just two or three blocks from downtown, one gets into horse country. With all the hunting that goes on, it's also dog country. A slow drive or, better still, a walk through the area will produce a veritable ambulatory dog and horse show.

In horse country, the streets are unpaved, even though they are lined with miles of the tallest and most stately magnolias to be seen anywhere and the houses along them

would sell for \$75,000 and up—almost indefinitely up. The reason for the unpaved streets in this swank atmosphere is to avoid injuries to hoof or fetlock that might result from riding along a hard pavement. At the intersections with main boulevards, traffic buttons are installed in trees, so that the horseman need not dismount to change the signal to green.

Visiting tourists may also see the start of the formal hunts. Hitchcock's Woods, where these and the drag hunts are held, is just a few blocks from the center of the city, although it comprises a couple of

thousand acres of wild land, where foxes find living enjoyable. The woods extend between the immediate downtown area and the new subdivisions that have been built to house the workers in the mammoth Savannah River bomb plant nearby.

More than 350 thoroughbreds train at Aiken in the winter and the number is growing rapidly. There are also a hundred or more harness racers. Counting the polo ponies and hunters and steeplechasers in everybody's backyard, the horse population of Aiken is very large. The winter human population of Aiken is vastly increased by the polo players,

Aiken, the Polo Capital of the South, features high-goal players



thoroughbred owners, huntsmen, exercise boys, grooms, trainers, veterinarians and other devoted horse followers of various sorts. Horse shows of every kind are held at frequent intervals and casual visitors are encouraged to come to look over the horseflesh and witness the expert judging.

The shows, though, are only a small part of the winter horse events of Aiken. In fact, during the winter, a visitor would find it difficult to be in Aiken on any day when some horse event was not going on at which he would be a welcome spectator.

All age groups have their own events. Pony shows and contests are even held for tiny tots who seem barely old enough to walk, but who ride like expert horsemen.

All types of fox hunting

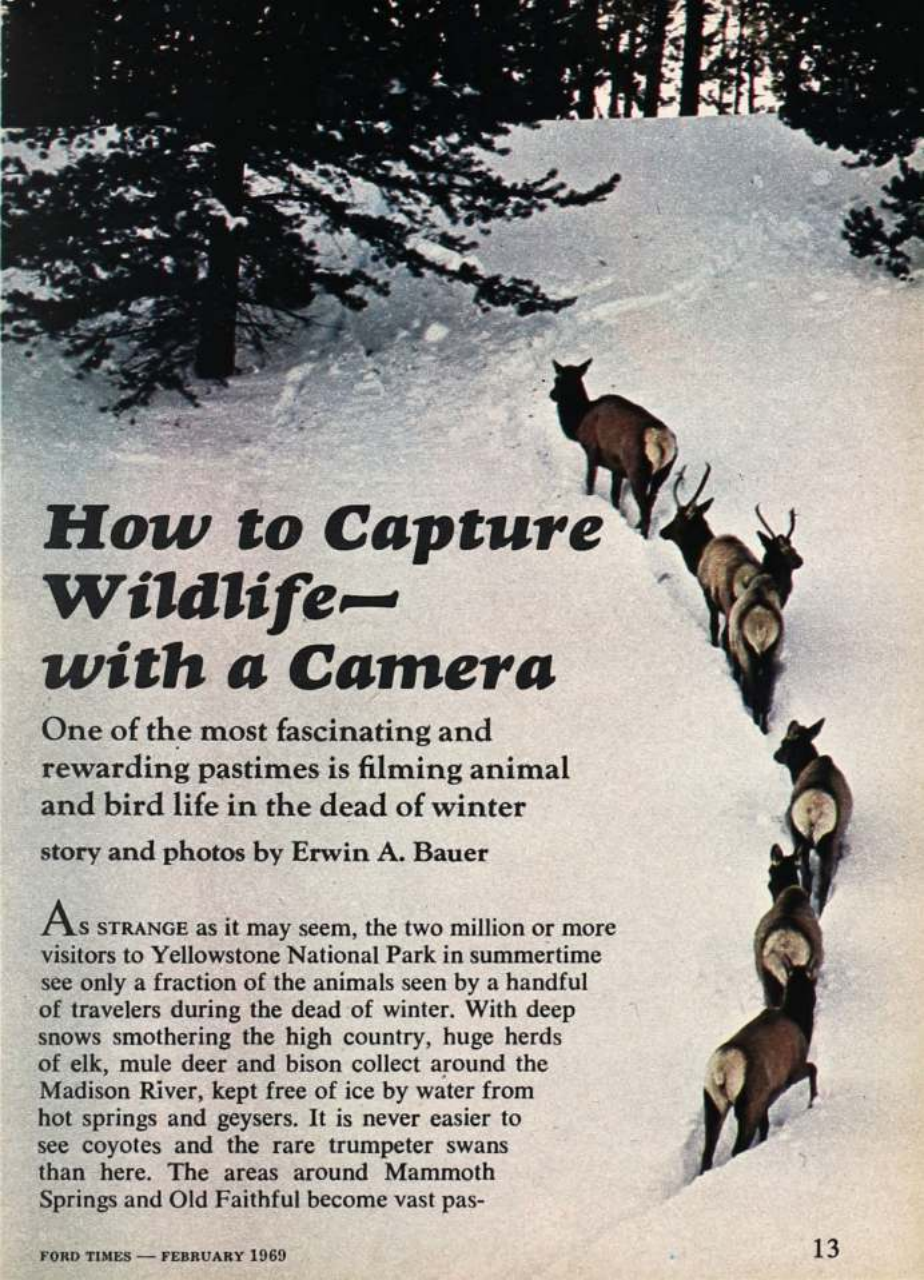
Aiken runs the gamut in fox hunting. There's the English-style hunt, with all the usual panoply and rules for this sort of thing. There are many vantage points from which visitors may watch segments of these hunts. The pink-coated field strung out behind the hounds, with the graceful jumpers and equally graceful riders of both sexes taking the fences, brooks and other hazards—all this makes for a magnificent and unusual sight on a crisp winter's morning. The rolling countryside affords ideal settings for this type of hunting. For the drag hunts, green coats considered appropriate for a foxless hunt are worn. Since the

course is laid out in advance, the visitor will find drag hunts easier to follow, almost in their entirety, from his car, if he inquires about vantage points in advance.

The "Southern" type fox-hunting, with the hounds, can be participated in by casual visitors on application to the Chamber of Commerce. These huntsmen don't ride anything; instead, they sit around a huge fire on a hillside. Just in case of snake bite, suitable precautionary swigs are taken at frequent intervals as the beagle pack chases the fox. This is not with the idea of catching him, which would spoil the hunt. This type of hunting could really be described as a purely artistic musical event, since the participants get their pleasure from the haunting music of the hunting beagles' call and from the companionship of their fellow hunters.

Aiken welcomes visitors to enjoy its unique and definite "air"—any town where quail may be seen just around the corner from a supermarket and where hunting dogs parade majestically to and fro in full knowledge of their own beauty, definitely has an air. Even the streets have unusual names. There's Whiskey Road, Brandy Road, Sherry Drive and Gin Lane, to name a few, and, of course, Easy Street, along whose few blocks an immense amount of wealth is concentrated.

This, then, is Aiken in the winter. In any horse-lover's book, it rates high goal. □

A black and white photograph of a herd of elk or mule deer walking in a snowy forest. The animals are seen from behind, moving away from the viewer down a snow-covered path. The forest is dense with evergreen trees, some of which are heavily laden with snow. The scene is peaceful and captures a moment of wildlife in their natural habitat during winter.

How to Capture Wildlife— with a Camera

One of the most fascinating and rewarding pastimes is filming animal and bird life in the dead of winter
story and photos by Erwin A. Bauer

AS STRANGE as it may seem, the two million or more visitors to Yellowstone National Park in summertime see only a fraction of the animals seen by a handful of travelers during the dead of winter. With deep snows smothering the high country, huge herds of elk, mule deer and bison collect around the Madison River, kept free of ice by water from hot springs and geysers. It is never easier to see coyotes and the rare trumpeter swans than here. The areas around Mammoth Springs and Old Faithful become vast pas-

tures for big game. It is an extraordinary spectacle, and no wonder stalking winter wildlife with a color camera is becoming very popular. It is, in fact, turning West Yellowstone, Gardiner and Cooke into winter as well as summer resorts.

But filming wildlife anywhere can be a fascinating and rewarding way to spend the winter for anyone who enjoys the outdoors. And although it would be difficult to match a photo expedition to Yellowstone, there are many other opportunities much closer to anybody's home.

Equipment needed

The average American may already own nearly everything he needs for winter wildlife photography: a station wagon (with snow tires if in northern latitudes), warm clothing, and either a still or movie camera. The last should have a telephoto lens and in most cases the longer the better.

The best places to go filming are those where wildlife is given complete protection or to which it is deliberately attracted. A list of these would include all national parks, most national wildlife refuges, many state parks and refuges, municipal or private game sanctuaries.

An excellent place for winter waterfowl photography, for example, is Remington Farms near Chestertown, Maryland, where shutterbugs have close access to a flock of several thousand Canada geese. Camera fans are welcome any time

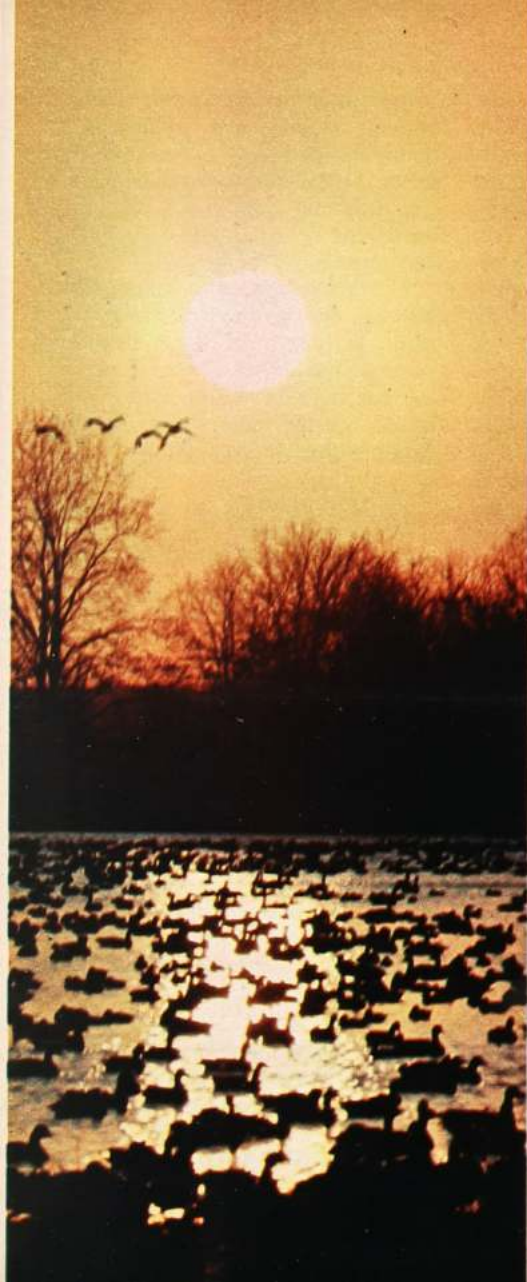
to this unique, inviting sanctuary.

Another great concentration of native wild waterfowl almost fills a five-acre pond fringed with ice from November through March in the center of Castalia, a small northeastern Ohio village. Most ducks soon become tame here, as they do in similar sanctuary waters well inside the city limits of Oakland, California, and Orlando, Florida. Brigantine National Wildlife Refuge near Atlantic City is another good place to "shoot" waterfowl at close range throughout the winter. So is the Jack Miner Sanctuary near Kingsville, Ontario.

However, hunting bigger game may be more challenging and for this the national parks are best. There are deer herds in practically all of them. But consider also Custer State Park in South Dakota's Black Hills (for antelope and bison) and the National Bison Range near Moiese, Montana (elk, antelope, mule deer and bighorn sheep).

Filming can easily be combined with a winter vacation trip southward. Laughing gulls and other sea birds willingly perform for shutterbugs who comb the beaches near Rockport and Corpus Christi, Texas. Nearby Aransas National Wildlife Refuge is famous as the wintering spot for the rare whooping cranes, but visitors seldom see them. However, they *do* see plenty of whitetail deer, wild turkeys and javelinas.

From a boardwalk built above a swamp, called the Anhinga Trail, in



Visitors are welcome to film wild Canada geese at Remington Farms in Maryland (left). Elk (below) are plentiful along the Madison and Firehole rivers in Yellowstone



South Florida's Everglades National Park, hikers can capture everything from limpkins and soft-shelled turtles to aningas and alligators on film. Caribbean Gardens at nearby Naples has the world's largest collection of free-flying exotic waterfowl, all easy enough to approach. Pelicans loiter around every Florida fishing dock. Myakka State Park near Sarasota was established principally for nature study and wildlife photography. Here a visitor can film almost every species of native bird, mammal or reptile from on foot, from his own car or from a daily conducted "wildlife train" trip away from the paved park road.

The best pictures naturally result from using good equipment in bright natural light—and with some attention to details. But this is a sport in which anyone can do well and often without a great deal of hard work. Many wildlife species, for instance, are far less alarmed by cameramen in cars than by cameramen on foot. In other words, some outstanding pictures can be made by lenses aimed through car windows. But always turn off the ignition (to eliminate engine vibration) and roll down windows rather than shoot through the glass. If possible, rest the camera on the window sill. When leaving a car to film on foot, the door should be left open or closed gently. A slammed car door ordinarily flushes any nearby wildlife out of range.

When the photographer is afoot,

game should be approached slowly, without making any sudden motions, and obliquely rather than directly. If the animal appears nervous, stop the stalk for a few moments and try to appear completely disinterested in the target.

Using a telephoto lens magnifies any camera motion and thus may result in fuzzy pictures. Whenever possible use either a rest (such as the car door or a tree limb) or a tripod for the most sharpness and detail in the finished picture.

Vary your range

Close-ups make the most dramatic and colorful wildlife pictures. But make long-range pictures, too, especially of herds or flocks for contrast. In these long shots, try to make the most of natural beauty in the scene.

Since winter is a period of hunger for many kinds of wildlife, it is comparatively easy to attract everything from songbirds and squirrels to deer and foxes with a bait of food. If the bait is located in the back yard, the cameraman can film in comfort from a partially open window. If the bait is farther afield, it will be necessary to use a blind, at least until the subjects become used to photographers and shutter noises.

Still—no matter whether the filming is done from a station wagon or the living room, on foot or from a woodland blind—stalking wildlife with a camera is a wonderful way to spend any winter day. □

THE MYSTERIOUS MOJAVE RIVER

**Here's a stream that flows backward, ends up nowhere,
and has to be explored by car**

by Victor Boesen

photographs by Robert Zimmerman

TO EXPLORE this river one uses not boats but wheels, because most of the time it's underground. In fact, nearly everything about this river is different from any other river in the world.

Besides flowing in three dimensions, it flows the wrong way, and goes *through* rocky surface barriers instead of around them. For want of tributaries it gets smaller as it goes—"flows upside down and backward," as the Indians used to say—finally ending up nowhere.

This is the Mojave of Southern California, historic highroad across the Mojave Desert, in use since Stone Age days.

Beginning at the base of the San Bernardino Mountains, the river

wanders northeastward across the desert in a sandy wash that is up to 100 feet deep and a mile wide. It sinks from sight repeatedly, only to be forced back to the surface as the water gathers behind the shallow bedrock rims of successive underground basins. Finally, 110 miles from its source, it vanishes for good in the dry basin of prehistoric Soda Lake.

A good place to pick up the river is at Victorville, site of the Narrows, where the river slices through a granite mountain.

In post-glacial times, about 15,000 years ago, the Mojave was a much larger stream, fed by melting glaciers. It still sometimes reverts to these pristine dimensions and the



The Mojave River winds through remarkable scenery—past towering, multi-colored walls, fortress-like rock formations, and deep canyons



sightseer is well advised to check the weather in the mountains before he starts out. One year, fed by 18 inches of warm rain falling on 10 feet of melting snow, the river rolled a sheet of water miles wide across the desert.

The flood knocked over telephone and power lines, carried away houses, thrust aside bridges, and tore up 600 feet of railroad track. At Barstow it took several lives, and backed up trains for 150 miles to the east.

Bonus for fishermen

But the news wasn't all bad. In Victorville, where messages were delivered by bow and arrow for a time and power lines were restored with the help of kites, Lee Dolch's milk house was left jumping with table-size bass and catfish, carried down from Lake Arrowhead. Shoals of fish were swept onto a trio of dry lake beds beyond Barstow which hadn't seen water in living memory. Delighted fishermen gathered them up by the sackful as the wind accommodately blew the water to one side.

At the Victorville Narrows you can see the profile of "Chief Mojave" limned against the sky, and find petroglyphs carved on the rocks by people who may have been contemporaries of the river before the mountain got in its way.

The bridge across the Narrows is located here, anchored in rock, because there was too much quicksand

at the old stagecoach crossing at Sixth Street. Not that things went too well with the first bridge even here, as Jean Goldbrandtsen of the *Victor Press* tells it. Built about 1887, it promptly collapsed as it was being tested with a wagonload of rock.

From Victorville it's only a short side trip, down State Highway 18, to Stoddard Jess' trout and turkey ranch in Apple Valley, where you can see how the underground river makes the desert bloom by vertical irrigation. Tapped by a battery of pumps, it yields up to 10,000 gallons of water a minute. At some stretches of the river, the water boils forth by artesian action.

But the climax of any Mojave River tour is Afton Canyon, not far from where the river ends. Interstate 15 offers a fast way to get there, but the old road, hugging the band of lush green studded with cottonwoods, which marks the river's course, keeps you to the path of history.

A look into the past

In the spell cast by this ancient desert landscape, shadowy figures trudging along the river materialize like the Indians in the autumn haze of John T. McCutcheon's celebrated drawing, "Indian Summer." These are the Stone Age men, coming and going between the Colorado River and the coast. The man in monk's garb is Father Francisco Garces, the first white man to cross the Mojave



Desert (in 1876). The company in buckskins, 50 years later, is a party of trappers headed by Jedediah Smith, who calls this the Inconstant River. Among the others who follow is Kit Carson.

Now you can make out mule caravans as California passes to Mexico and the Mojave becomes part of the Spanish Trail. Then, under the American flag, you hear the creak of wagon wheels. That ghostly band of Indians, driving a herd of horses, is led by Chief Walkara. The trail bears his name

at the moment, in tribute to his prowess as a horse thief.

And now, in the spring of 1844, a most remarkable cavalcade appears, guided by Indians and consisting of armed men, horses and mules, pack animals and horned cattle "... and the whole stretching a quarter mile along our dreary path," as the leader, John C. Frémont, records. Frémont, destined to become California's first governor, is pleased to have found the river and names it "Mojave."

Gold is found at Sutter's Mill and the river becomes the main southern road of empire into what, in two more years, becomes the Golden State. Five hundred Mormons, strung out in 150 wagons, find their promised land at Cajon Pass and lay out the city of San Bernardino. Like Paleolithic man and all the others who came after him, railroad and highway builders follow the river across the 80 miles from Barstow to the green land south of the San Bernardino Mountains. Over U. S. 91 and 66 (now Interstate 15), combining at Barstow, pass most of the millions that crowd into Southern California after World War II.

Thirty-five miles northeast of Barstow, a turn to the right on Afton road, unimproved but passable, shortly brings you to Afton Canyon. In a shrubby meadow, the water bubbles up from the ground for the last time and flows between towering walls of rainbow colors and manifold forms—spires, flutes,

minarets—carved by ages of erosion. More of this elemental sculpture, along with old mine tunnels and the remnants of Indian habitation, are found up side canyons. A layer of greenish sediment, up-tilted in the wall, is the bottom clay of primeval Lake Manix, where the bones of mastodons, camels and the three-toed horse have been found.

The reverberating rumble of a freight train intrudes on the silence. Not far from the tracks is the single cave which remains after two others were destroyed by the railroad builders in tunneling a shortcut into the canyon in 1905. The black of old campfires smudges its walls. No doubt primitive man squatted here, peering out at the rivulets which meander down the canyon floor. In the gravel beyond, you might find a pair of crude stone tools, used by

the cave dwellers in the very dawn of human culture.

Tiny fish, believed descended from Pleistocene ancestors, dart about in the pools, the prey of herons, egrets, wood ibis and other waterfowl that make a birdland of the canyon. The birds nest in pot-holes in the cliffs and in the heavy growth of the canyon, including the tree which "grows the screw," as Father Garces described the screw-bean mesquite.

Leaving the canyon, the Mojave flows on to the end of its passage "through caverns measureless to man" and goes down to its own sunless sea at Soda Lake, a few miles away. Those it has left behind, who have waded in its waters, are fated to return, legend says. The visitor leaves Afton Canyon knowing he'll return, anyway. □



Vacation in Canada—Each year Canada welcomes almost twice as many visitors as her own population, and the majority come from the United States. U. S. citizens can cross the border with a minimum of formality. No visa or passport is required, although some evidence of U. S. citizenship may be needed. You may bring in whatever you require for happy vacationing (duty-free) by declaring the items at entry. This includes boats and motors, camping equipment, fishing tackle, rifles, shotguns, and practically anything else except revolvers, pistols and fully automatic firearms. You can even take along a hunting or pet dog as long as you have a certificate showing vaccination against rabies within the preceding 12 months. And if you stay 48 hours or more, you can bring home up to \$100 worth of merchandise free of U. S. duty or tax. A booklet containing complete border crossing information is available in any of the 16 Canadian Government Travel Bureaus in major U. S. cities or by mail from Ottawa.

The Big Guinea Hen Search

A quest for this elusive fowl turned
up some surprises—I suddenly learned
something about the countryside I'd lived in so long

by Vern Sneider

YOU'LL FIND THEM in most small towns, here in the Midwest. They are the Men's Clubs, and often they are located over a store, a plain painted doorway being the only mark of their existence.

They frequently date back to before the turn of the century. Some say they were founded because it is a law of human nature that men must have a place to meet and play cards. At any rate, they were founded. And I, personally, have a soft spot in my heart for them—especially for my Club, because it was my Club that opened up something that I never knew existed.

It came about in this way: the Club wanted to appoint me Chairman of the Special Activities Committee, a committee we had never had before. Heaven knows we needed it, for much of the Club ac-

tivity had come down to playing pinochle in the afternoon, brushing cigar ashes from our shirt fronts, or sitting before the picture window and watching the cars drive the wrong way in the parking lot.

Here was a challenge. Here was an opportunity to build—to reestablish some of the old customs and traditions and to begin some new ones. I could see great things for us: Club trips to the horse races in Detroit; trips to the Lions' football games; and perhaps even driving over to Windsor, just across the Canadian border, for lawn bowling in summer and curling in winter.

One of the activities I failed to reckon with, however—although the waistlines of the members should have tipped me off—was eating.

"I think it would be nice if we had a guinea hen dinner some night,

just like we used to do," an 80-year-old gentleman suggested.

There was such a touch of wistfulness in his voice, such a longing for the old days, that I couldn't help replying with all the confidence in the world, "That's our next project. We're going to have guinea hen."

Guinea hen, or more properly guinea fowl, isn't easy to come by in this day and age. At one time many a farmer kept a flock, since they were as good or better than a watchdog. But today? "I never carry them any more," our butcher told me. "I'll try the poultry suppliers in the city for you, though."

"Good." I was wondering how we should have the guinea. Perhaps under glass like in *la haute cuisine*?

"Guinea fowl never caught on commercially," the poultry suppliers reported. "So we don't carry them."

"But I have to have some for a dinner," I told the butcher.

"In that case," he said, "why don't you get in your car and go gallivanting around the county? When you see a flock at a farmhouse, stop in and buy a few."

Gallivanting around the county! I never really knew this old county in which I live. I never knew its stories (although as a writer I should have) until I got behind the wheel of my car and started driving out in search of the elusive guinea hen.

For the guinea hen is an elusive bird, not to be found in one day's seeking. You must drive, day after day, down the unpaved back roads,

with an eye peeled, looking for it. And strangely, you'll find a pattern begins to emerge. As regularly as clockwork, the cross roads come up on the odometer, one mile apart.

Why exactly one mile, I wondered. Research provided the answer. Our township system in America was set up by the Ordinance of 1787. Each township was to be square and six miles on a side. So thirty-six square miles would comprise a township. One square mile would comprise a section. Thus the roads, one mile apart, were section roads.

And another factor began to emerge from the road names. Certainly, they were named after the farm families who lived on them. But you would find family names of German origin, or perhaps a road with a German connotation,



such as Strausberg Road. Then you would find French names, and names indicating other ethnic groups. I wondered why. And like most things, there was a reason.

In the early days the people of this Michigan Territory, sparsely settled by the French and Yankees, wanted to become a state. But they needed a population of 60,000 free inhabitants for statehood. So prior to 1837 they hired recruiters, sent them to Europe in an effort to persuade people to come to Michigan.

The people did come — from Germany, the Lowlands, and other places. Often neighbors would band together, taking over whole sections of land. So that is why the mail boxes in some sections bear names like Bitz, Schmidt, and Luft, while in other sections they bear names like Lebeau, Fix, and Navarre.

As I pursued the elusive guinea fowl, I noticed another pattern. The county villages would show up on the odometer as being about 10 to 12 miles apart. Why 10 to 12 miles? It was logical. This old county was opened up in the days of the horse and buggy. Each farmer had to be within a distance of 10 to 12 miles of a village. This was about as far as he could travel over muddy roads, with horse and buggy, to do his shopping and still return home at night to feed his livestock. So his trading centers, the villages, were laid out on that pattern.

Yet some villages, I noticed, were not laid out on the 10- to 12-mile



pattern. This was puzzling for a while until a friend of mine at the University of Michigan, an authority on local history, explained that these were the railroad villages. To survive economically, the railroads had to establish villages along their lines. Freight had to be carried in, and grain and livestock shipped out.

Thus the railroad villages came into being. And in my county their names are Azalia, Samaria, and Lulu. Why Azalia, Samaria and Lulu? Well, it seems the founder of this particular railroad was a great ladies' man and he named the villages, which he founded along his line, after his girl friends.

But the guinea hen remained an elusive bird. I wasn't finding the guinea, but I was finding something else. There was an almost forgotten industry, here in our county. There used to be man-made carp ponds where the fish were fed corn and grew to enormous size; then they were shipped live to the New York market. A carp pond still exists near one of our county towns and smoked carp can make a Clubman forget even his pinochle game.

I almost forgot the guinea hen when, near one of the villages, I found an old country store, operated by a couple recently over from Germany. They made country sausage — knockwurst, mettwurst, tea-wurst, and bratwurst — sausage that made you understand why people in Germany gather in mid-morning for a plate of it. And I found dozens of

places to buy fresh perch and pickerel, fresh out of Lake Erie.

But above all, I found a whole world of lore and legend which was there simply for the asking—and the listening. That little house by the lumber yard was a hospital in the War of 1812. That mound between the Saline River and Macon Run was an Indian burial ground. And that stretch of land by the lake was a factory of sorts where the Indians made those arrowheads.

Substitute dinners

To date, I haven't found the guinea hen. So I have tried a series of dinners, substituting more easily obtained items. We have had beaver, wild goose, boar, mountain sheep and goat. But just the other evening my friend, the 80-year-old gentleman, said wistfully, "I guess we're never going to have a guinea hen dinner, are we?"

"We are," I assured him again.

So the search goes on. Not only has this become a real challenge, but there's something more. In brief, there's no telling what you'll find when you get in your car and go looking for the guinea hen.

For one thing, you do feel a bit more at home, a little closer to the past and a little more in touch with the present as you see the life of the county unfold around you. And for another, it's pleasant to explore—even if the exploring only involves getting a county map and traveling a dozen miles from home. □



Above: Top of the 1969 Falcon line is the sporty Futura Sports Coupe

Below: The roomy Falcon Futura four-door sedan has a big-car ride



'69 Falcon: The small car with big-car ride and comfort

by Melvin Beck

FOR 1969 FALCON has combined a big car ride and comfort with one of the lowest price tags on any car, plus the famous Falcon operating economy.

Seven models are in the line-up—four in the Falcon Futura series, and three in the base Falcon series.

Star of the Falcon compact car team is the sporty Futura two-door Sports Coupe with cockpit-styled bucket seats, deluxe all-vinyl trim, and deep loop-pile carpeting. Other well-appointed models in the Futura series are the two-door Club Coupe, the four-door sedan, and the station wagon.

The economy champs are the base Falcon Club Coupe, four-door sedan, and wagon, each with attractive all-vinyl interiors standard.

All of these cars have a strong body construction with big-car suspension and generous sound-proofing that provides a soft, comfort-

able ride not expected from a car of compact size.

The front suspension incorporates a curved drag strut design with soft rubber mounting bushings which smooths out the ride by allowing greater rearward "give" when the wheels strike road irregularities.

The longitudinal leaf rear spring suspension is mounted near the axle ends for solid and stable support. The springs are mounted to the axles just forward of their centers to help maintain good body attitude during braking and acceleration.

Standard engine for the Futura is the peppy 200 cubic-inch seven-main-bearing Six rated at 115 hp.

The Falcon series' Club Coupe and four-door sedan have the economical 170 cubic-inch Six of 100 hp as standard power, and the Falcon wagon has the spirited 200



Futura wagon has 85.2 cubic feet of load space. Magic Doorgate is optional

cubic-inch engine as standard.

If you want a hood full of extra power, there's a 302 cubic-inch 220 hp V-8 that's optional for all models. All of the Falcon engines run on regular gas.

A smooth-shifting three-speed manual transmission synchronized in all forward speeds is standard, and the popular SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission that permits either manual or full automatic operation is optional on all models. The Cruise-O-Matic shift quadrant is lighted for easy nighttime readability.

Falcon Futura and Falcon station wagons have a generous 85.2 cubic feet of load space, and the sensational Magic Doorgate rear

closure that opens as a door or as a tailgate is optional.

Other useful wagon options are the power tailgate window which can be electrically raised and lowered by a toggle switch on the instrument panel or by key from the outside, and a stylish, bright-finished roof rack.

Falcons for '69 are dressed up with newly designed wheelcovers, new front and rear side marker lights, and a new rocker panel molding and wheel lip trim for the Futura series. There are six new exterior colors available, bringing color choices to 15.

A well-designed instrument panel groups the instruments directly in front of the driver for convenient

checking. Controls for the heater and optional air conditioning are lighted, and the ignition switch is illuminated when the parking lights are turned on. A newly designed steering wheel is standard on all models.

Futura models are upholstered in a top-grade new fabric, and have rich nylon wall-to-wall carpeting as standard equipment. The Falcon models have all-vinyl trim and color-keyed floor mats.

Comfort, convenience, and entertainment options are offered to make Falcon an even better-handling and more "livable" car. Some of these better ideas are:

- **Visibility Group**—This is offered on all models and includes lights for instrument panel ashtray, glove box, trunk (cargo area of

wagons), map reading, rear door courtesy illumination, and remote controlled outside mirror.

- **Selectaire**—an all-season heating and air conditioning unit with controls styled into the instrument panel. It keeps the interior pleasant in all seasons.

- **Power front disc brakes**—for models equipped with the V-8 engine. These have very high fade resistance under severe conditions.

- **AM Pushbutton Radio**—with full-transistor design that gives high reliability. Five pushbuttons are easily set to desired stations.

- **Vinyl Roof (for two-door models)**—this stylish option gives the car a very dressy appearance.

- **Tinted Glass**—for more comfortable vision in strong sunlight. □

Below left: Optional vinyl roof; right: Sports Coupe's standard bucket seats



Glove Compartment

In which
you find a little bit of
everything but gloves

Sugar-on-snow—When the sap begins to run next month in most of our northern states, it's a signal for maple syrup buffs to speed to the nearest sugar bush for sugar-on-snow. (For the uninitiated: you eat the pleasant chewy syrup as it congeals to candy and toss away the snow). State tourist bureaus can supply lists of maple sugar farmers who welcome visitors. Vermont, the nation's leading producer, offers a booklet on maple sugarhouses open to visitors. For a copy, write to the Vermont Development Department, Montpelier, Vermont 05602.

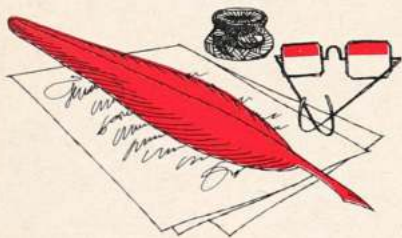


Geronimo Hotel—A century of GIs have nicknamed the Old Post Guardhouse at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, "Geronimo Hotel," because the famous Apache was once an involuntary guest there. This year, special events are being planned to attract visitors to Fort Sill as it celebrates its centennial. From a modest cavalry fort established in Indian territory, it has become one of the nation's largest military installations. The Fort Sill Museum, consisting of several original stone buildings, traces the nation's military history from the blue-clad cavalymen and proud Plains Indians of 1869 to contemporary methods of defense, including the U. S. Army Artillery and Missile Center, which is located here. The museum is free and is open every day except December 24 and 25 and January 1 and 2.—GRIFFITH G. GATES.

Plastics Centennial—Plastics are 100 years old, too. In 1868, John Wesley Hyatt, a printer in Albany, New York, cooked a batch of pyroxylin and solid camphor in his tiny home laboratory and came up with the first successful American commercial plastic—celluloid. In the past 25 years, plastics have almost literally mushroomed, with the development of astonishingly versatile materials for everything from human heart valves to Apollo space vehicles. The Society of the Plastics Industry predicts that in the next dozen years plastics will effect an even greater revolution in the products we use—including automobiles.

Gabby Girl—A talking woman isn't unusual—except when she's mechanical, transparent and ready to impart fascinating scientific information at the touch of a button. She's only one

of many exhibits in the Center of Science and Industry in Columbus, Ohio. Others include a Foucault pendulum, a \$5000 half-globe model of the moon's surface, a planetarium, and exhibits provided by Ohio industries. A Street of Yesterday portrays life in America as of 1840 to 1910. The Center is at 280 East Broad Street; come any day except Christmas and New Year's.—MERLE LEE SPUNG.



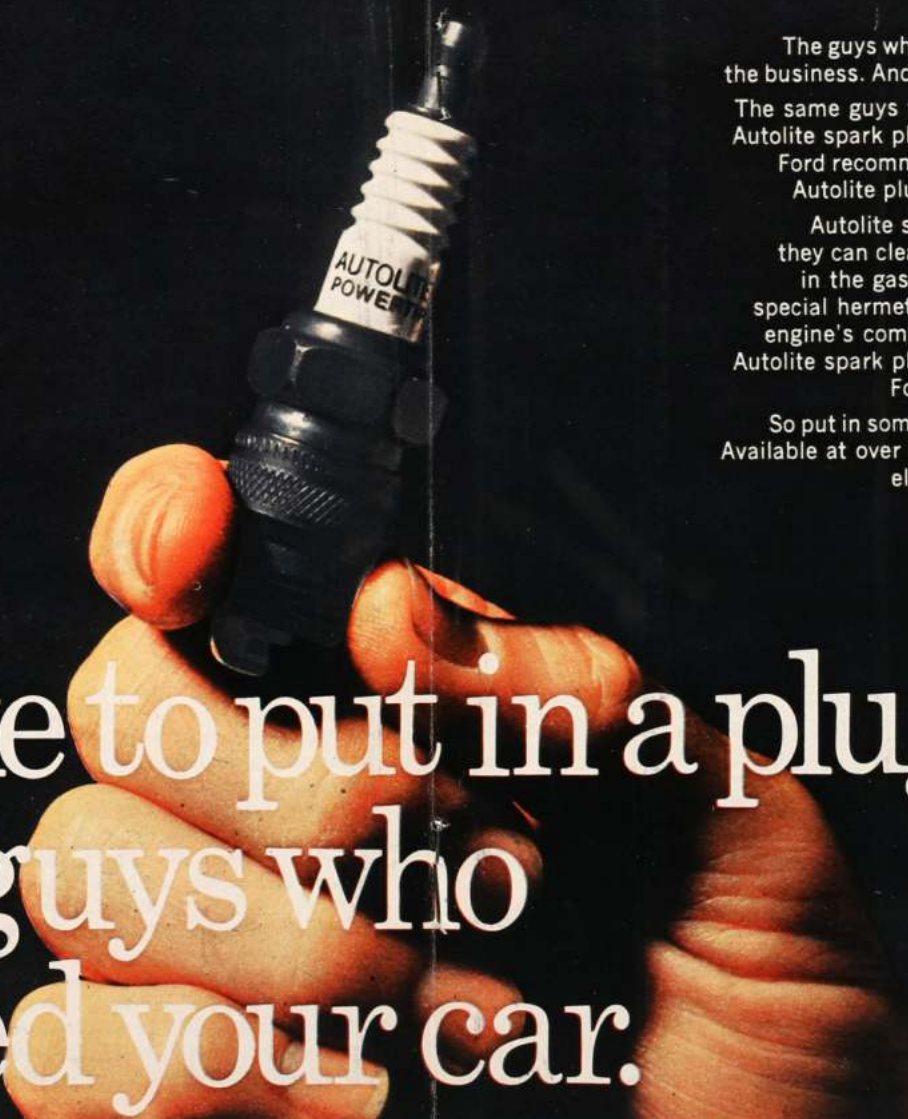
Goose-quill pens for sale—The dedicated antiquarian who yearns for authentic, hand-made goose-quill pens of the kind that Shakespeare, Washington and Jefferson used can obtain them from Lewis Glaser. He makes them by hand, with 15 deft strokes of the knife for each pen. He's busy enough supplying the Supreme Court, Colonial Williamsburg and their ilk, but quill-pen fans visiting Charlottesville, Virginia, may seek him out at 109 Second Street S.E., or order by mail. A gift package of two white pens, not less than 12 inches long, costs \$1.

Bradford Brinton Memorial—A gentleman's working ranch—what was it really like? You can find out for yourself at the Quarter Circle A Ranch, now the Bradford Brinton Memorial, 12 miles southwest of Sheridan, Wyoming. It was formerly owned by Mr.

Brinton, an industrialist. Within the 20 rooms of the ranch house, which is still furnished as in the late owner's time, there's much to see: western paintings and sculpture by famous artists, hunting trophies, guns, Indian arts and crafts. The Memorial is open every day from 9 to 5, May 15 through September 15—no admission charge.

Birthday of a National Park—Grand Canyon National Park is 50 years old this month. With 1.8 million visits annually, it has long since disproved the judgment of an early explorer, Lieutenant Joseph Ives, who in 1857 declared it to be absolutely valueless despite its "majestic grandeur." Of one "marvelous scene," he said, "It can be approached only from the south, and after entering it there is nothing to do but leave. Ours has been the first and will doubtless be the last party of whites to visit the profitless locality."

Other Side of the Circus—The newest exhibit at Ringling Museum of the Circus in Sarasota, Florida, provides an intimate "inside" look at circus life. You enter the exhibit through the "Back Door" of the Big Top where an unforgettable scene of wagons, equipment, costumes and props greets the visitor. To the right is Clown Alley, with its fascinating array of water pails, baggy pants, and dummy heads. The horse tent features saddles, bridles, plumes; the properties tent has aerial rigging, ladders, tightropes and other gear on display. There is a sailmaker's shop, a blacksmith's tent, and the wild animal wagons. A circus midget billed as the "Smallest Little Ringmaster in the World" acts as a guide for visitors.

A close-up photograph of a hand holding an Autolite spark plug. The hand is positioned in the lower center, with fingers wrapped around the black ceramic base of the plug. The spark plug's white ceramic insulator is visible, with the words "AUTOLITE POWER" printed on it. The background is dark and out of focus.

We'd like to put in a plug
for the guys who
designed your car.

The guys who designed your car are the best in the business. And that's why your Ford is the fine car it is.

The same guys who designed your Ford designed the Autolite spark plugs that came with it. And that's why Ford recommends that you replace your original Autolite plugs only with new Autolite plugs.

Autolite spark plugs have a longer tip so they can clean themselves by taking a hot bath in the gases your engine produces. And a special hermetic seal construction so none of your engine's compression can leak away. That's why Autolite spark plugs keep your car performing the way Ford meant it to perform.

So put in some plugs for your Ford. Autolite plugs. Available at over 6,000 Ford dealers and most anywhere else you service your car.

Autolite 



downhill canoe racing

This hair-raising new winter sport—
sliding down snowy slopes in a canoe—
was born in Maine but promises to sweep the country

by Bill Caldwell paintings by James Crabb

THE NEWEST THRILL in winter sports has been born here at Greenville, one of civilization's outposts on the edge of Maine's vast wilderness and a jump-off spot for the remote lakes and the famed Allagash country.

Hardy Greenville folks with typical downeast understatement call the new sport "downhill canoe racing." But outsiders with courage enough to try it believe that this new kind of sport, which the natives have made competitive, may sweep the nation as its thrills are broadcast afar.

Here's the recipe for the newest and wildest ride in Maine: Place an aluminum canoe at the top of a long toboggan run with a precipitous 45-degree snow-packed slope; persuade a partner into the bow of the craft to ride as ballast; then start shoving the light canoe down the

slick, icy slope until it gathers so much speed that you have to hurl yourself aboard, somehow managing to straddle the stern seat where you simply hold on for dear life. You'll be zooming down that steep slope at over 40 miles an hour in a wild ride that you'll never forget.

It must be thrilling to all who try it because downhill canoe racing is fast becoming the star attraction at Moosehead's new Winter Carnival. This event, only three years old, has become so packed with events and spectators that it is held on two weekends—one in mid-January and the other in mid-February.

There are sled-dog races with three, five, and 12-dog teams of Alaskan huskies, Siberian purebreds, and Indian dogs, covering courses up to 21 miles; there is sulky (harness) racing on ice with the horses specially shod for the





slippery work; ski racing for all classes on nearby Squaw Mountain; plus, of course, snowmobile races complete with obstacle courses, and every type of sport car racing across frozen Moosehead Lake.

To understand why Greenville invented this newest thrill of canoe racing, you must also understand the town's grown-ups and youngsters. The men are guides, game wardens, lumbermen, trappers, deer hunters and fishermen who search out the trout and land-locked salmon in remote lakes, or hunters for bear in the wilderness. The women, too, are outdoor-oriented. The storekeepers specialize in rods and guns, camping and survival supplies.

Through the rushing thaws of springtime when the ice goes out and the log drives start; through the exciting days when the big togue bite; through the warm days and chill nights of summer when Moosehead, over 40 miles long and 20 miles wide at some points, is thronged with summer folk; through the short, spectacular glory of fall in the forests and the deer-hunting season; and then through four or five months of winter when snow may form drifts up to second-story windows and Greenville's streets are filled with the roar of snowmobiles,

the clatter of skiers headed for Squaw Mountain, and the yells of tobogganning youngsters . . . through all four seasons, Greenville is geared to outdoor life. And its people invent new ways—like downhill canoe racing—to enjoy it.

Location is easy to find

This event takes place near an easily accessible road between Squaw Mountain and Greenville. The aluminum canoes are the very same ones used during summer to paddle around nearby coves of Moosehead, or for fishing on more remote lakes where outboards are forbidden, or even for running the Allagash. Little harm is done to them by this new hair-raising winter sport. The deep snow at Greenville provides adequate cushioning.

For added safety, the course of the race is laid out far from trees or other obstacles because even the resourceful natives of the community have not yet discovered a sure way of steering a canoe down the snowy slopes at 40 miles per hour. A shallow track is made over the virgin snow by first sending a score or two of children down on their 10-foot long toboggans. This mats down a hard packed course for the canoes to follow—if possible.

If a canoe jumps the track or gets out of control because of a faulty start, it usually simply runs "hay-wire" into the softer snow nearby and possibly turns turtle, tossing the racers out with scarcely more damage than wounded pride.

So far, the canoes race against the clock and therefore take the course one at a time. "But next year," says Mrs. H. F. Atherton, Jr., Chairman of the Winter Carnival, "we'll try building parallel courses and sending two or more canoes downhill at a time, racing against each other." This two-at-a-time technique has already been tried by the more adventuresome racers, but without any sure method of steering or braking there is a likely risk of collision.

For the most part, canoe-racing teams are still made up of Greenville's natives. Fathers and sons race together, pupils and teachers, or brothers and/or sisters make up teams. But thrilled by what they see, a growing number of spectators and visitors try the race on the spur of the moment. Most of them come back jibbering a thousand enthusiastic words to the minute. None have been hurt and many go back for more.

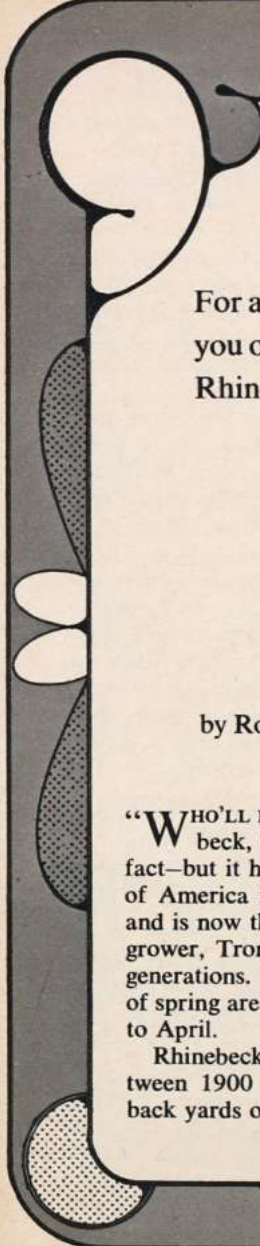
Greenville's Winter Carnival also provides competition for the less venturesome. In the windows of Sander's General Store, women race each other in the Mitten Knittin' Contest, and on the snow-covered sidewalks outside the Oxbow Bak-

ery, youngsters with hands tied behind them race to see who can eat the most pie in the shortest time.

Through the enthusiasm of outsiders, the news of Maine's newest winter sports thrill may soon spread across the nation, and summertime canoes that have hitherto had only lazy warm weather lives may come out of hibernation to join in the new winter sport of downhill canoe racing.

To reach Greenville from the south, take Interstate 95, a new four-lane highway north to Newport. Then turn north on good state roads through Dexter, Guilford and Monson to Greenville. Planes can land either at Greenville Airport or on Moosehead Lake if properly equipped. Everything needed for every sport enjoyed in that region is available there for purchase or rent—from ice fishing to a plane and pilot, or even sled and dogs to penetrate the winter wilderness. □





For a late winter trip that reminds
you of the coming spring, visit
Rhinebeck, New York, the—

Village of Violets

by Robert C. Bauer

“**W**HO’LL BUY MY VIOLETS?” is a cry never heard around Rhinebeck, New York. The town has violets—by the millions, in fact—but it has no lack of markets. The self-styled Violet Capital of America has specialized in violet production since the 1890s and is now the largest producer in the United States. Its principal grower, Trombini Brothers, has been in the business for several generations. Visitors with a hankering for this special harbinger of spring are welcome any time during the season from November to April.

Rhinebeck’s purple tide of violet production hit its peak between 1900 and 1908, when violet houses mushroomed in the back yards of 200 individual growers. Little wonder the town has

dedicated a Violet Hill Road, a Violet Place and a Violet Avenue to the little flower that has brought it fame.

Trombini's 18 greenhouses contain 140,000 plants and yield an annual crop of some five million violets. An average day's harvest is 65,000 blossoms. Depending on nimble fingers, and skill in tying 50-flower bunches, a good violet picker may chalk off 5,000 violets in eight hours with time out for lunch.

Stored in coolers just above freezing, the violets are shipped by air, rail, and truck to every large city east of the Mississippi. Violets have long symbolized the heart that is true for Bostonians, and a million violets are sent to Boston each Valentine's Day.

Duplication of the violets' natural environment is essential to growing these short-season, cool-weather flowers. A slow, even, springtime warmth is produced by hot-water heating systems in the violet houses. Daylight temperatures above 70 could prove disastrous, while 40 degrees is desirable at night.

Flowering from November to May, depending on the weather, the violets are usually at their best between mid-January and April. Leaf growth competes more noticeably with blossoms as the early spring days grow warm.

Visitors are welcome during weekday working hours but are reminded that the days preceding February 14 and Easter are the busiest on the violet growers' calendar.

Rhinebeck is located on Route 9, the historic Albany Post Road, 88 miles north of New York City. It is also convenient to the Taconic Parkway, and the New York State Thruway on the west bank of the Hudson.

The Violet Village is also famous for the Beekman Arms Hotel, which has hosted such distinguished guests as George Washington and Alexander Hamilton during its 228 years of continuous service. Other Rhinebeck attractions are the Greek revival Lutheran Church, and wooden-shuttered, Gothic-windowed meeting house.

Visits to the Vanderbilt Mansion may be included in a winter trip to Rhinebeck. The home, library, and grave of Franklin D. Roosevelt in nearby Hyde Park can be visited the year round, except on Mondays from Labor Day to June 15. □



The 1969 Mustangs startled the world of speed by setting 295 new records on the Salt Flats. Here's the inside story of—

Mickey Thompson and the

by Barry Collier

MICKY THOMPSON was an eight-year-old kid in California in the summer of 1937 when his father took him along on a trip to the Bonneville Salt Flats and introduced him to the world of automotive speed. Bonneville conquered him and speed has been his life ever since.

Last summer, age 39 and back in Utah for the *n*th time, he repaid the compliment by conquering Bonneville. He did it with a pair of 1969 Mustangs, and in the process he broke so many records that it's hard to count them all.

Thompson and his crew arrived on the Salt Flats in July determined to "blow off" all the existing speed and endurance records for American Class B and Class C stock cars (the former with engine displacement up to 488 cubic inches, the

latter limited to 183 to 305 cubic inches).

The 1969 Mustangs were complete with rear deck spoiler, ventless side glass, new grill, and all of Ford's standard safety features. But, of course, the Thompson Mustangs were specially modified for high performance.

Mickey and his co-driver, Danny Ongais, a native of Hawaii, were ready to challenge the books, but the day before they were to start, clouds rolled up, and the next day rain came. Rain is bad at Bonneville. Automobile racers have been going there for nearly fifty years because the surface of the dry lake is hard and flat as glass and there's nothing to run into except mirages, but rain falls occasionally and it spells danger. Salt can absorb only



Record-Breaking Mustangs

so much water, and the rest of it lies in pools until the sun dries it up or the wind blows it away.

Neither happened soon enough for Thompson, and the day after the rain stopped he strapped on his crash helmet, climbed into the bucket seat of a canary-yellow Mustang powered by a 302 cubic inch engine, and sped past the green flag for what was the beginning of a record-shattering run.

Thompson's speed was impressive as he toured the 10-mile course, and so was the roostertail of water rising up behind his car. The tires were as helpless as a dog on ice. Thompson and the Mustang seemed to be in a continual four-wheel drift, with the back end of the car "hung out" like a dachshund turning a corner.

Lap after lap, the Mustang chal-

lenged both the record book and the elements with speeds over 160 mph—substantially greater than the existing records and accomplished under truly adverse weather and course conditions.

After three hours, Thompson and Ongais came into the pit to an explosion of acclaim. They had broken 42 Class C records and in doing so had maintained an average speed of better than 159 mph for 500 miles. So much for that day.

His next objective was to return to the Salt Flats and demolish the 24-hour mark with the same car, but weather plagued him again. The salt stayed wet through July and was just beginning to dry out in mid-August. Thompson and his Mustangs returned and were greeted by thunderstorms—the heaviest rain-

fall Bonneville had seen in fifteen years. It looked as though the gods were against the project. September came. The public introduction of the 1969 Mustangs was two weeks away—and, frankly, Thompson wanted to break records before the new models were unveiled.

The decision was to go for broke, weather notwithstanding. Anticipating that some kind of stock-car speed history might be made, television and newspapermen were on hand to find out what the Mustang could do. To acquaint them with conditions, Thompson and Ongais took each reporter on a 150-mph tour of the circle course.

First they accelerated down the three-mile straightaway, leaving every newsman's breath behind. Then they took the two-mile radius turns without slowing up. The journalists emerged from the Mustang slightly ashen. It didn't calm them to know they were strapped in, fully helmeted, and there wasn't anything to run into between them and Disneyland. The car was going 300 feet per second—and they knew it.

With that finished, Thompson set off in a red Mach I, Class B Mustang (427 cubic inch), the faster of the two. Heading into the first turn at sunset, he waved to everyone and soon disappeared in the mirages on the back straight-away.

Never "letting off," Thompson sped to new highs for Class B cars, with an average speed of over 175 mph for 500 miles. He established

new mile and kilometer records for all distances between a minimum 25 kilometers and a maximum of 500 miles, breaking 174 records in all.

He crawled from behind the wheel around 8:30 that evening all charged up and ready for more. So were the newsmen—they wanted to see more Mustang magic.

Thompson suggested they break for dinner, after which he'd take out the Class C Mustang again and try for records he couldn't reach because of rain earlier in the summer. He was behind the wheel at 10:30 that night, taking the yellow Mustang for its second assault on the Bonneville books.

All night long, the headlights flashed past the pit every three and a half minutes, and the chalk board held by the crew chief continually indicated speeds over 165 mph. Winds gusted up to 30 mph, and halfway through the run had to be shifted to an auxiliary course.

Records tumble!

In 24 hours, Thompson and Ongais covered 3,783 miles of day and night driving at an average speed of 157.663 mph—breaking 101 Class C records. This performance bettered the previous 24-hour marks by 17 mph and 405 miles, and also surpassed the record 3,250 miles in the 24 Hours of Le Mans. In the late stages of the run, Thompson even abandoned auxiliary help and drove the final 1,270 miles

alone. On one of his final laps he exceeded 166 mph.

This says a lot about the 1969 Mustang—that it has tremendous durability and top performance. It now holds 295 U. S. and international speed and endurance records.

It also says a lot about Thompson, whose eyes had brightened when he first felt the power of automobile competition more than 30

years earlier. He has been an innovator and pioneer in the field all his life. He organized the first American dragstrip near his home in Long Beach, California. He developed the wide-oval tires now used by the monster machines that race at Indianapolis. And now he has gone into the record books again for his talents behind the wheel of the newest Mustangs. □

Mickey Thompson poses proudly with his record-breaking Mustangs



"I enjoy the pleasant solitude and quiet beauty of simply being outdoors in the wintertime," says Rudi Mattesich, a veteran of ski touring both here in America and in his native Austria.

Although most skiers tend to regard cross-country skiing—sometimes called cross-country touring—as the special province of hardy Scandinavians, the sport is neither difficult to master nor arduous to pursue. "It is as easy as walking," says a young suburban mother from Tenaflly, New Jersey, after swinging over the rolling hills of a local park. It was her first time on skis.

"It is that easy," comments John Wictorin, who describes the touring technique as "gliding and stepping, stepping and gliding." Wictorin ought to know. A veteran racer, he now judges cross-country competitive events for the United States Ski Association.

Wictorin and the others speak for a growing band of adventurous skiers who are discovering the spe-

cial joys of bashing through the snowy woods far from the madding crowds of today's downhill ski areas. Ski touring had almost been buried by an avalanche of popularity for the Alpine variety. That is, until Mattesich and Wictorin helped form the Ski Touring Council of 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York. This group sponsors regular tours and teaching workshops throughout New England every winter weekend. On a recent Sunday, for example, several dozen men, women, and assorted children turned up at Harriman State Park near Suffern, New York, for a half-day tour of five miles. A cold drizzle did not dampen the spirits of these skiers who strapped on skis—many for the first time—for a hike around neighboring Lake Sebago.

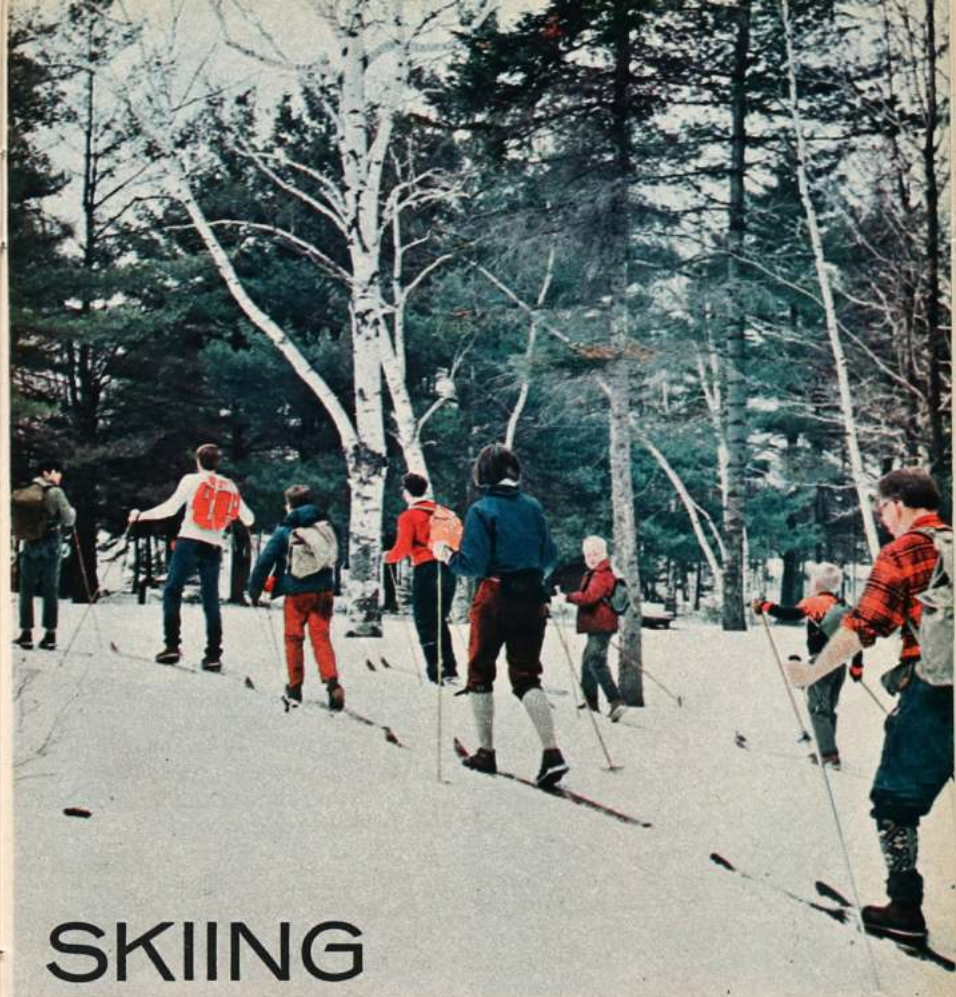
Most Alpine skiers—those who prefer skiing downhill and riding back uphill on comfortable lifts—would be surprised at the low cost of ski touring gear. Wictorin, who operates his business from his home

CROSS-COUNTRY

Skiing isn't all downhill. A growing number of outdoor enthusiasts are learning the special joys of skiing on the level

by Paul Stewart

photographs by Eric Sanford



SKIING

at 71 Overpeck Avenue, Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, offers a complete package—skis, boots, poles, and bindings—for less than \$50. And that, as every Alpine skier worth his fancy stretch pants knows, is barely enough to pay for those same pants.

"Virtually all touring equipment is made in Scandinavia where ski touring is the national sport," says Wictorin. "For instance, in one event in Sweden, some 10,000 skiers compete in one free-for-all race. Everybody has a good time. Skis for

touring are made of wood, being much smaller and lighter than downhill skis. The binding is essentially a cable or a simple clamp which fastens the toe of a light, flexible boot to the ski. This frees the heel to allow a skier to 'walk' or 'run' on his skis. A proficient skier can cover 30 miles or more in a single day—if he uses the right kind of wax on his skis. Without wax, you literally can not move. Furthermore, a good cross-country wax allows the ski to slide forward, but resists slipping backwards down a slight incline."

Another "horizontal" skiing proselytizer is John Day, a rugged rancher who took up cross-country *racing* a few years ago when he was in his 40s. He almost made the U.S. Olympic squad in 1964 after only three years of training. Now "retired" from competition with college kids, he is a USSA official and is still enthusiastic.

No need for mountains

"The best thing about cross-country touring is that a person doesn't need mountains," he explains. "Wherever there is snow, people can put on their skis just for some exercise. Anybody can tour on skis—from six-year-olds to grandfathers. You simply go at your own speed."

As a step and a glide in the right direction, Day points to the seventh annual Washington's Birthday Ski Touring Race in Marlboro, Vermont. Here whole families race over

gently rolling meadows and old Vermont stagecoach roads. There are special age classes for all. Last year, the event attracted some 1,000 people who paid \$2 per person to enter the event. "Why not?" asks a New York businessman who finished the race huffing and puffing behind his 12-year-old son. "Everyone knows how crowded the ski areas are on Washington's Birthday. You have to wait 45 minutes every time you go up the lift line."

It's inexpensive, too

This points up another advantage of touring. It's a lot less expensive. "Lift tickets now cost about \$8 a day per person. For a family, the cost for a weekend becomes significant," says Alex Burkhardt of Paterson, New Jersey, a long-time booster of ski touring.

Although the two terms are apt to be used interchangeably, there is a distinction between Alpine touring and cross-country touring. Cross-country is over level, or only slightly rolling, terrain, while Alpine touring may involve both downhill skiing and level traveling. "A skier would require Alpine touring skis for traveling over mountainous terrain as in the western part of the United States," says Wictorin. "These hybrid skis are slightly wider and heavier than cross-country touring skis (which are sliver-like by comparison), and come with steel edges to provide sharp control when negotiating downhill turns."



Proper adjustment of skis (above) is important before setting out. At right, three skiers start out on a cross field run

Touring has caught on with the deep powder skiers of the American West. Ted and Wilma Johnson, of Alta, Utah—two of the best skiers of the deep Rocky Mountain fluff—use touring techniques to find the last patches of powder before the crowds ski it off. “We convert our downhill skis to touring models simply by putting an extra cable hitch on either side of the skis. Then we are off for a picnic in the spring.”



Now that ski touring has become popular in the East, Rudi Mattesich and his friends of the Ski Touring Council in New York City are busy

touting the special delights of Alpine touring on the high mountain peaks of the Rockies and the High Sierra. "Under the right conditions, Alpine touring far from the beaten track offers peace, and a sense of harmony with nature," says Mattesich. He suggests, though, that one shouldn't tackle the mountains without a professional guide or a special knowledge of snow conditions and the particular terrain.

Ski resorts are now opening touring trails which combine the best of

Alpine skiing with cross-country trails. In the East, such well-known resorts as Sugarbush and Stratton Mountain in Vermont, Bellayre and Gore Mountain in New York, and others in New Hampshire have marked off trails for touring bugs.

And in Vermont, the Trapp Family Lodge, Box F, Stowe (famous family of "The Sound of Music") now has the hills alive with the sound of cross-country skiers. "No fancy clothes needed, no lift tickets" they say. So take the kids. □

ALL FROM A PINE STUMP

When I think of adventure, pirates and treasures, gypsies and music, and secret signs—stump fences are all those things.

If you don't come from the center of Michigan, you may not know about stump fences. In my childhood days, I took them for granted. Now I realize that they were no small matter. Trees were cut to make room for field crops. The farmers then had to get the stumps out of the way. These stumps were great gnarled roots the size of small elephants. The team dragged them to where the farmer planned the boundary of the field. With the roots like gigantic arms and fingers stabbing in all directions, the stumps dried and whitened, guarding the field. No jungle-gym ever offered more of a challenge to a child. But I never knew of anyone injuring themselves because of the sharp root-ends dried stiff and hard.

Some of the stumps—polished to a silky finish by the wind, rain and snow—took on a mysterious meaning. Some formed cave-like places. Others resembled pirate ships. Sitting snugly in a free-form seat offered by a segment of fence, I spent some of my most serene hours, thinking and feeling the excitement of far-away places.—MADELINE TABLER.



EXCITEMENT

You can't steer an inner tube. All you do is sit in it, cross your fingers, and slide downhill. But it's fun.

by Robert H. Woody

DON'T THROW AWAY those old inner tubes! Patched up and pumped up, they're dandy for an inexpensive and exciting winter pastime—tubing.

Tubing is like sledding, only more so. To sledding's one-track dimension, add the convolutions of a carnival whirly-go-round and the ups and downs of a trampoline. That's tubing.

The technique is simple: walk up the hill, with the tube over your shoulder (it's very light). Hop aboard—belly down, back down, feet first or head first—and let 'er go. The tube and you will move with surprising speed. But make sure your way is clear, for tubing lacks the control of sledding or skiing.

Tubing can be enjoyed just about any place where there's snow and an exclusive, unobstructed slope. (It's not a good idea to compete with sharper snow vehicles like sleds and skis.) Here in Utah we're blessed with the Wasatch Range, which is not only convenient to most of our cities and towns but is also, thanks to geographical quirks, an especially efficient snow-catcher.

Three of our ski resorts, Timphaven, Snow Park, and Gorgoza have special tubing runs. Timphaven, which incidentally was recently acquired by a group including Robert Redford of "Barefoot in the Park" fame, with a view to doubling its facilities, is about half an hour's drive east of Provo. Snow Park is about the same

IN THE ROUND

distance from Salt Lake City, close to Park City, a charming, if somewhat dilapidated, mining community that is finding new life as a year-round resort.

Gorgoza is brand new. Owned by Cal McPhie, Salt Lake City, it is located just off U.S. 40 in the mountains, about 14 miles east of the Utah capital city. Toboggan chutes and tubing runs are served by a double chairlift. The tubing run is 1,300 feet long and includes a 300-foot run-out to give the tuber plenty

of time to "put on the brakes." Price is fifty cents a ride, five, ten, and 15-ride tickets are available at correspondingly lower unit cost.

Otto Carpenter, owner of Snow Park, was one of the first to install tubing runs as part of a ski area, in a thick forest of aspen and pine. And a tuber, if he wishes, can spare himself the long walk to the top of the hill by riding Mr. Carpenter's chairlift. A day's pass costs \$2.50.

How to build a run? The slope can't be as steep as that for a ski hill. That would be too hazardous for tubers, because they have far less control over their tube than a skier has over his skis. Snow Park's tubing run has a grade of about 10 percent, with some gentle curves and bumps for thrills. The ride is about a quarter of a mile long—which makes that chairlift pass sound like a good investment.

The best way to ride is belly down, face forward, using your feet like rudders. If you go feet first, back down, your heels will kick up



snow in your face, which is something like driving in a blizzard without windshield wipers.

Tubing practitioners on the whole are far more innovative than they are survival-conscious, although accidents and injuries are surprisingly few. As many as six get aboard big truck tire tubes. Others link hands in pairs, swinging and turning as they slide, like a square dance

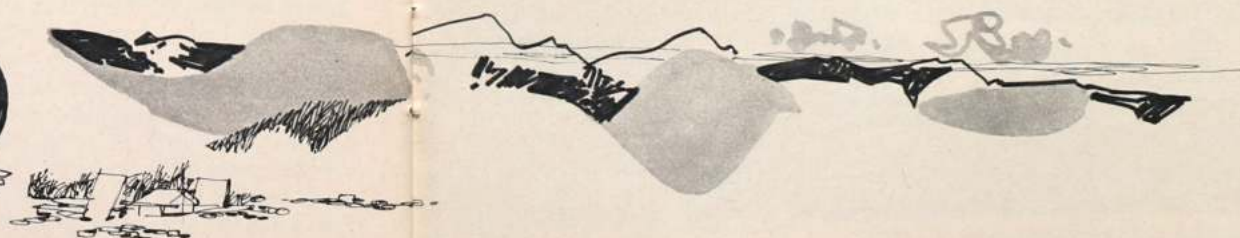
couple. Many church groups go to Snow Park and Timphaven for tubing outings. Indeed, one group of 40 has been observed all linked in one long train of screaming humanity and slithering tubes.

Snow Park and Timphaven will rent tubes to those who don't have their own. But for tubers with the pride of personal ownership, tubes are available at tire shops and garages for anywhere from a dollar to seven dollars, depending on size and condition.

The favored size among knowing tubers is the passenger car tube—just about right for one or two persons. Monster tubes from truck tires are occasionally seen on the hills, but they're harder to carry and tougher to handle.

But take warning, prospective tubers: Tubeless tires are beginning to take over the passenger car market. That beloved pneumatic doughnut may someday be as rare as the whooping crane.

Tube while ye may! □





Pope's Round Table Restaurant, Mehlville, Missouri

Its comfortable atmosphere, fine food, and famous nut torte dessert make this restaurant one of the city's most popular. Lunch and dinner served year around except Christmas Day. This restaurant is at Lindbergh and Lemay Ferry Road in Mehlville (St. Louis area) near the South County Shopping Center.

Nut Torte

Beat 3 room temperature egg whites with $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cream of tartar until whites form *soft peaks*. Sift together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, then add slowly to whites, beating each addition until whites are stiff and glossy. Thoroughly mix in 1 teaspoon vanilla and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract. Combine $\frac{3}{4}$ cup finely crushed graham cracker crumbs and 2 tablespoons pecan pieces and sprinkle a little at a time over egg whites, folding in gently after each addition. Place

batter into heavily greased 8-inch cake pan (2 inches deep), bake in preheated 300° oven for 30 minutes—will be light in color when done. Cool in pan. Arrange $1\frac{1}{2}$ bananas, sliced in $\frac{1}{8}$ inch slices on top of cooled torte which has been removed from pan. Whip 1 cup whipping cream and decorate top and sides of torte. Garnish with 2 tablespoons of slivered toasted almonds or pecans and 2 maraschino cherries. Cut into 8 pieces. Refrigerate until served. Makes 8 portions.

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS RESTAURANTS



Painting by Arthur J. Barbour

Stokesay Castle, Reading, Pennsylvania

This exact reproduction of England's Stokesay Castle is the setting for gracious wining and dining in the European manner. Overnight accommodations are also available at the castle. Open all year for luncheons and dinners; Monday through Saturday from noon until 10 p.m.; Sunday noon until 8 p.m. Reservations preferred on Saturday evening. At Hill Road and Spook Lane; take first right after Mt. Penn Diner on Route 422; go up Glen Road to Hill Road and right on Spook Lane.

Georgia Pecan Pie

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup pecan halves
1 scant cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup dark Karo syrup
 $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 whole eggs

9-inch unbaked pie shell

Mix all ingredients except pecans. Place pecans in unbaked pie shell. Pour mix of remaining ingredients over pecans. Bake in 300° oven for 1 hour or until pie filling does not adhere to knife inserted into it.



Normandy French Restaurant, Denver, Colorado

Provincial France provides the decor for this establishment which is noted for its excellent cuisine, superb service, and one of the finest wine selections in the Denver area. Open year around, for lunch and dinner Monday through Friday; dinner only Saturday, Sunday and holidays. The address is 4900 East Colfax Avenue (U.S. Highways 36 and 40). Reservations are required.

Coq au Vin Rouge

Cut two 2½-pound frying chickens in pieces. Rub pieces with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon white pepper, 2 chopped shallots (or onion), and 1 clove garlic chopped, and dip into flour, coating chicken thoroughly. Pre-heat 1 cup vegetable oil to smoking point in a heavy skillet. Add chicken and fry until golden brown on all sides. Remove and pour drippings from skillet into pot; add 1 quart chicken consomme, 2 tablespoons Kitchen Bouquet, 1 No. 2½ can of tomatoes,

and Bouquet Garni (herb bunch). Bring to boil. Thicken with either flour or cornstarch to consistency of sauce or gravy. Add chicken pieces and cook in sauce until done—about forty-five minutes. Add red Burgundy wine after chicken has cooked 20 minutes. Add 1 can tiny whole onions, 1 pound canned or fresh mushrooms (sauté fresh mushrooms first) and ½ cup diced fried bacon ten minutes before the chicken is done.

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAMOUS RESTAURANTS



Seven Seas, Panama City, Florida

Open-hearth cookery, tempting seafood dishes, and a Sunday evening smorgasbord amid an elegant decor attract diners to this famous northern Florida establishment. Open daily for lunch and dinner from 11 a.m. to midnight. The address is 18 West Fifth Street in the center of downtown Panama City.

Fresh Gulf Shrimp and Crabmeat au Gratin

1 pound lump crabmeat
1 pound shrimp, boiled
3 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons sherry
3 ounces sharp American cheese
3 cups medium cream sauce
Salt and pepper, to taste
½ cup crushed cracker crumbs

½ cup Romano cheese
1 tablespoon paprika

Sauté shrimp and crabmeat in butter, add sherry, American cheese and hot cream sauce. Season with salt and pepper. Cook thoroughly, pour into casserole. Sprinkle top with cracker crumbs, Romano cheese and paprika. Dot with butter and put in 350° oven until golden brown. Serves 4-6.



Luxury on Wheels

These self-contained, air-conditioned units offer complete home comfort

by Burgess H. Scott

THE TERM, "self-contained," applied to a trailer or other camping vehicle, means that it is literally a vacation cottage on wheels.

It contains all of the basic house-keeping necessities — shelter, heat, lights, bathroom facilities, cooking and dining equipment, and, of course, provision for sleeping. In addition, it can be equipped with any convenience or luxury enjoyed in the home.

This means that the owner can install air conditioning, television, electrical kitchen appliances — even stereo hi-fi, if he so desires. The self-contained camper is ready for instant use as soon as it is parked at the campsite or stopped for a quick roadside lunch.

It is wired for regular 110-volt house current and has a cable to plug in at campsites that provide

outlets. It is also wired so that its prime mover's 12-volt electrical system will provide lights at less developed locations. It carries an emergency gas mantle light fixture that operates from the vehicle's propane gas supply.

However, the owner can install his own 110-volt gasoline-powered generator with self-starter and be entirely independent of outside electrical sources. For instance, Ford now offers an optional regular current generator for pickup trucks that is mounted in the engine compartment.

It has a water system with pressure supplied either by compressed air or electric pump. It has its own sewerage system in the form of a chemical holding tank. It has a gas furnace with pilot light that provides heat at a moment's notice.

These are only a few of the features that make self-contained units among the most popular of all camping rigs. On these pages are shown and described an example of each of the three basic types: the

Shown opposite, top to bottom, are examples of self-contained recreation vehicles: the Avion travel trailer, Condor motor home, and the Goldline pickup truck camper



Condor motor home's luxurious interior looking toward the rear bedroom. Twin dinettes, foreground, convert to beds

travel trailer, the pickup camper, and the self-powered motor home.

The Travel Trailer

This type of recreation vehicle generally offers the most complete facilities for the reason that, being towed by a separate vehicle, its entire space can be devoted to the living arrangement. The travel trailer shown on these pages is a 22-foot Avion, a size well suited to the 1969

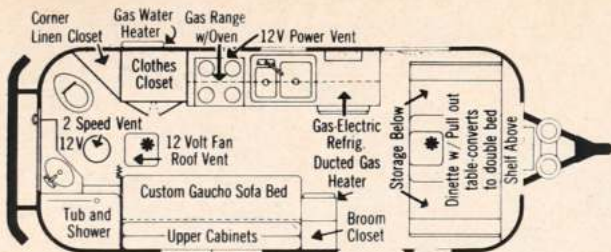
Ford Country Squire which is shown as a tow car.

It is weatherproofed with insulation that the manufacturer says will protect between any extreme of temperature likely to be encountered. A generous amount of storage space is offered, including broom and linen closets in addition to a clothes closet and overhead cabinets.

Plastic safety windows similar to those used in aircraft are bronze-



Avion travel trailer has a feel of Pullman elegance. This view is from the front dining area, looking toward the rear galley and sleeping areas



Floor plan for 22-foot Avion

tinted to reduce glare and heat. Walls and ceilings are finished in vinyl-laminated panels, and cabinets are of birch.

A long standard equipment list includes accouterments such as:

A 35-gallon water system with an automatic 12-volt pump.

Four-cubic-foot gas/electric refrigerator.

Six-gallon automatic gas water heater.

A two-battery 12-volt electrical system with exterior battery case, 110-volt converter-charger, and fuse panel.

Complete bath with 17-gallon waste holding tank, lavatory, and shower/tub.

Interior and exterior 110-volt receptacles for appliances.

Ducted heating.

Air conditioning and a stereo tape system are among many options offered. For more details write Avion Coach Corporation, 1300 East Empire Avenue, Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022.

(Your Ford can be the ultimate

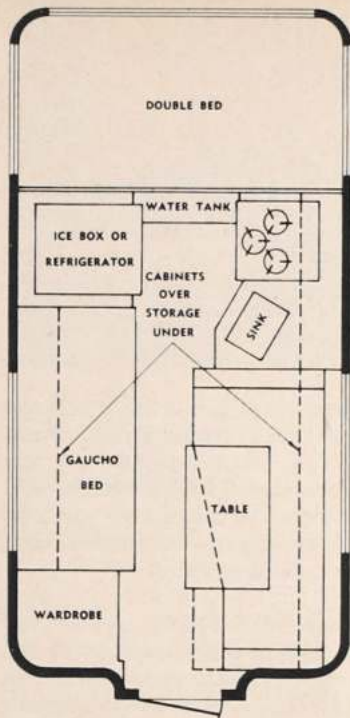
in tow cars if you order it with the special Ford Trailer Towing Package. This option turns the car into an exceptional towing vehicle with such items as heavy-duty rear suspension, power disc brakes, and extra-cooling radiator.)

The Pickup Camper

In the past 15 years or so the pickup camper has grown from an oddity to one of the most popular types of camping vehicle. It is chosen by persons who prefer a single vehicle rather than a car and towed unit.

In its short history it has developed into a complete apartment-on-wheels, some of the larger models having sleeping room for six persons. Jacks have been designed that allow one-man off-loading of the camper at the campsite so that the truck can be used for errands and side trips.

The pickup camper shown in this article is the revolutionary plastic-molded ten-and-one-half-foot **Gold-line** that is sold exclusively by Ford



Goldline 10½-foot front kitchen model pickup camper floor plan



dealers. Two new floor plans—the Gaucho/Side Dinette, and Front Kitchen—have been added to the original Side Dinette arrangement. These plans are available on the three models offered: the luxurious, self-contained 440, the 220, and the 110.

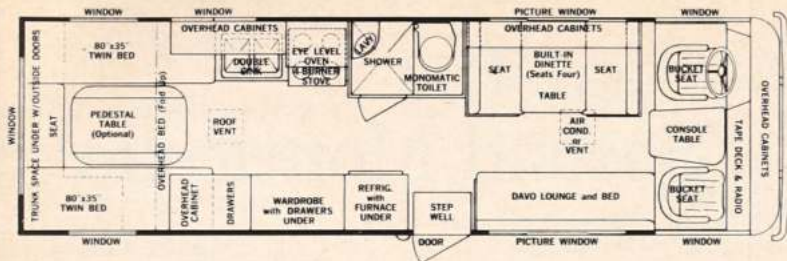
Goldline interiors are a rich blend of wood, fabric, and space-age materials that create a living area that is practical and attractive. Highlights of the new interiors are a choice of Avocado, Blue, or Harvest Gold decors with color-coordinated cushions, drapes, and appliances. A new three-burner gas range has a see-through glass oven door.

Goldline's unique molded construction process offers a completely insulated floor plan, front wall, and over-cab floor. The body consists of a one-inch "sandwich" wall of Cicolac ABS plastic and polyurethane foam with an insulation factor equivalent to nearly five inches of fiber glass. This contributes to interior summer and winter comfort and lighter overall weight.

For additional information and the name of the nearest Ford dealer handling the Goldline, write Travel Industries, Inc., Fourth and Commercial, Oswego, Kansas 67356.

Ask your Ford dealer about the Camper Special Package that spe-

Goldline camper's tasteful interior



Condor eight-sleeper floor plan

cializes your F-250 pickup for camper hauling.

The Motor Home

The newest big trend in recreational equipment is the motor home, which combines living quarters and transportation all in one single vehicle. Probably an outgrowth of the pickup camper, motor homes are being seen more and more in the campgrounds and on the highways.

They are surprisingly easy to drive and offer all of the modern self-containment features.

The **Condor** motor home shown here is built on the new Ford P-500 parcel delivery chassis, powered by a 330-cubic-inch V-8 medium duty truck engine. The 178-inch wheelbase chassis has been altered by re-locating steering, transmission, and brake controls farther forward and to the left to allow maximum interior body space.

Vacuum power brakes and hydraulic power steering are among many standard driver conveniences.

The Condor shown has twin beds

and convertible dinette and lounge for sleeping eight persons. Driver and front passenger seats are big individual easy chairs that can be swung around to face rear when the vehicle is stopped in camp.

Behind the front seats, the facilities, front to rear, are dining and lounge area, bathroom and galley area, and bedroom and dressing area. In addition to complete living facilities, the Condor offers as standard equipment many items that usually cost extra.

Some of these features are stereo tape and hi-fi radio system, 30-cubic-foot storage trunk with outside access from side and rear, outside wind-up patio awning, gas furnace, and air conditioning. Many options are also offered.

The Condor has a 60-gallon water supply with electric pump, and a four-burner gas range with illuminated overhead oven and see-through glass door. Complete details may be obtained from the Kelson Engineering Company, 11262 East Rush Street, El Monte, California 91733. □

Visit the 'Second Monticello'

by James Risser

paintings by Edwin Fulwider

Fairview, home of William Jennings Bryan, is open to visitors



William Jennings Bryan— three-time Presidential candidate—never made the White House, but his Nebraska home is now a historical site

WHEN WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN made his third effort to become President of the United States, he envisioned his brick mansion in Lincoln, Nebraska, as a "second Monticello."

Bryan never realized his dream, but today the home which he called "Fairview" has been restored and opened to the public as a historical site. Visitors see Fairview as it looked in 1908 when Bryan was called for the third time as the candidate of the Democratic party.

It was here that Bryan welcomed Woodrow Wilson as a guest in 1912, and it was Fairview that Bryan called his home during the years he served as Wilson's Secretary of State.

Three years before his death in 1925, Bryan willed the land on which Fairview is located to the Lincoln Methodist Hospital, and his old home now lies in the shadow of Lincoln's largest hospital.

Fairview was restored in 1962 as a joint venture by the Junior League

of Lincoln, the Bryan Memorial Hospital Board, and the Nebraska State Historical Society.

With funds provided by the Junior League, the entire first floor, consisting of five rooms and a large reception hall, has been restored. Repairs and painting, and even the placement of the furnishings, have been carefully supervised by the Historical Society, so that the restored portions coincide with photographs taken of the home in 1908.

The most striking room is what the Bryan family called the Curio Room. Here, William Jennings Bryan, Jr., as a boy, arranged the gifts and souvenirs which his famous parents brought back from their world tour of 1905 and 1906. Cobra candlesticks, a suit of Japanese armor, unusual furniture, and pieces of Japanese Satsuma pottery decorate the Curio Room. The family silver, Bryan's collection of gavels, and the couch from his Lincoln law office are also on display.

The desk from Bryan's law office is now in Fairview's library, and at the desk is Bryan's chair, with a piece of wood added to each leg to make it more comfortable for Bryan's large frame. In the library, bookcases contain volumes once owned by Bryan.

A large parlor, William Junior's bedroom, and a small back parlor complete the first floor. The large parlor centers around a grand piano, similar to the one around which the Bryan family often gathered to sing



Artifacts from Bryan's law office are featured in home

songs. The back parlor served for many years as a bedroom for Mrs. Bryan's aged and blind father.

It was after the famous orator's unsuccessful try for the Presidency in 1900 that he decided to build Fairview, which he named for the beauty of the valley which the site overlooked. Bryan owned a farm near the tiny suburb of Normal, which was then outside Lincoln, and it was here that he began construction in 1901, on his 17th wedding

anniversary. By 1902, the home had been completed at a cost of \$10,000, and Bryan moved in with his wife Mary, his son William Junior, and his daughters, Ruth and Grace.

Today, rapidly-growing Lincoln has surrounded Fairview. The home, located at 4900 Sumner Street, is easily accessible by taking 48th Street south from "O" Street (U.S. 34), 15 blocks to Sumner, or by taking 48th Street south from U.S. 6 or Interstate 80. □

For subscription information, see your Ford dealer. To change address send your new address (include zip number) together with name, old address, and dealer information on back cover to FORD TIMES, Ford Motor Co., The American Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121



1969 Mustang Mach 1

Start living an action story. Go Mustang!

Take off in a new Mustang Mach 1. It's down-to-earth excitement! Comes with a 351-cu. in. V-8 that comes on. Comes with the works: GT suspension, fully synchronized 3-speed floor shift, styled steel wheels, wide-tread tires, external hood latches, built-in rear deck spoiler, high-backed buckets, faired side mirrors. And lots more. All five Mustangs for '69 are longer, lower, racier. Get a Mustang and let the good times roll.



It's the going thing!

MUSTANG



This superb Ford LTD two-door formal roof hardtop is the last word in elegance and luxury. It's distinguished by a divided grille and concealed headlights. Interiors boast cloth and vinyl upholstery and carpeting, with wood-like accents on instrument panel and doors. You owe it to yourself to see it at your local Ford dealer.



STOP BY SOON AND TEST DRIVE THE NEW FORDS