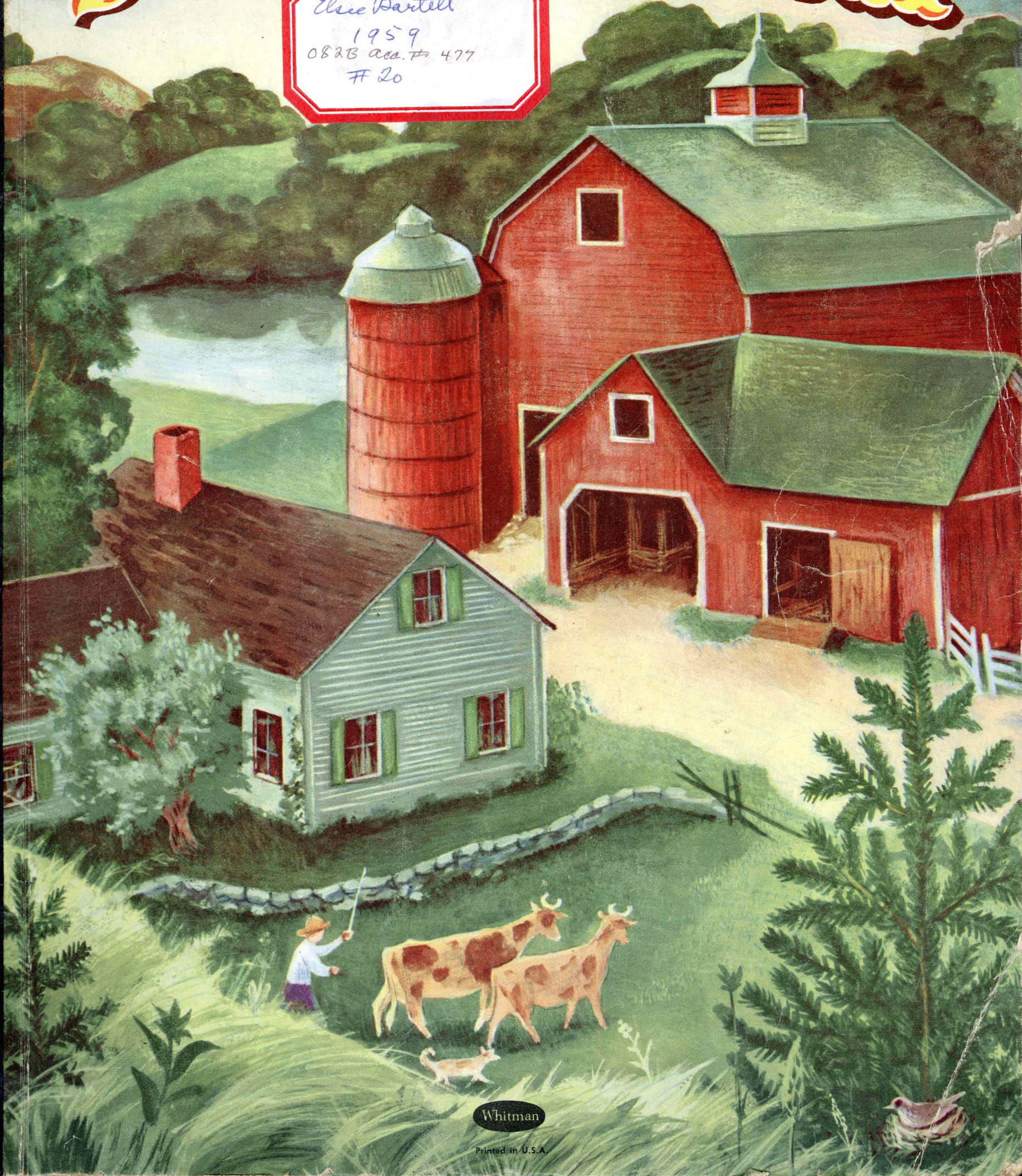


3763

15c

# SCRAP BOOK

*Elsie Bartlett*  
1959  
082B acc. # 477  
# 20



Whitman

Printed in U.S.A.



The Worthington  
Historical Society, Inc.  
Worthington, Mass. 01098

082  
B.V. # 20  
#577

March 17<sup>th</sup>, 1959.

**Escapee From All This!**



WORTHINGTON—Standing in a foot of snow near her home here last week, Lois Ashe Brown, Gazette correspondent contemplated escape—and fulfillment of a 10-year-old dream, a trip to the West Coast with husband on the 10th anniversary of their marriage. With their two sons, they left last Tuesday for far California. Her initial report, from Pennsylvania, tells of sunny skies, balmy weather and beautiful Pocono Mountain country.



## Shawangun Mountain Blizzard A Pointed Reminder Of Home

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

MILFORD, Pa. — On St. Patrick's Day in the morning, one average American family—a father, a mother, and two boys, aged 8 and 3½ set forth on a cross-country jaunt that promises to be a 10-year dream—a 10-year plan come true. Way back in 1949, my husband, Harold E. Brown of Worthington, and I started planning, shortly after we were married, a trip to the West Coast for our 10th anniversary. All too quickly, the years have passed and now the day is at hand.

An unfavorable weather forecast and still another day's preparation on Monday, combined to put us a day behind schedule, which proved to be a blessing with sunny skies and a suggestion of balmy weather in spite of high snow banks and heavy blanketed fields all about us as we journeyed forth on St. Patrick's Day.

The course of our first day has brought us only slightly more than 200 miles from home. Just over the New York line, we have entered the Pocono Mountain country and are bedded down for the night at a motel so lovely that we even entertained notions of going no farther, but only for a few moments, of course.

In the interest of others who may be considering trips this season, it may be important to tell from time to time of the accommodations from here to there. Ours tonight consists of a charming white clapboard cottage with a veranda and chairs, a large bedroom with two full-sized beds, foam rubber mattresses, three upholstered chairs done in a dubonet tapestry, a closet, full bath with eight of the fluffiest pink towels ever, automatic hot water heat, and free television, so we aren't missing our favorite Tuesday night TV shows at all! And all this for \$8.

There's been so much to see and so many folks to talk to that we are not making the time tourists tell about, but that is not our intention, even if we never see the Pacific. Among the interesting sights today was the erection of a steeple on a church in the center of Salisbury, Conn. We happened along as a giant crane was hoisting the topmost part into position.

Back in Great Barrington, the chalk white Doric pillars on the front of the new post office made an impression, and the rocky crest of Monument Mountain charmed the children as I told them about the Indian maiden who plunged to her death from its jumping-off place.

Keeping children happy on even a short trip is not simple, but we are told that one of the secrets is in keeping them occupied. One of our favorite occupational past-times today was collecting trees—collecting them in our mind's eye, that is. This idea came to us from our Worthington neighbor, N. F. Glidden, who claims spying for perfectly shaped and perfectly beautiful trees to be one of his favorite hobbies. It costs nothing, requires no care, takes up no space, and can be indulged in at almost any time.

Perhaps the best trees we have seen thus far, including several acres of young white birch clumps near Salisbury, Conn., acres and acres of fruit trees in the Hudson Valley all pruned to perfection for another season, and several individual trees, were the elms on the knoll at Cranwell Preparatory School in Lenox. A row of elms, each trimmed by an artist, reaches heavenward against an open skyline near the main building. All this loveliness so near home!

Perhaps the highlight of this day was a brief visit to the Smith Brothers factory in Poughkeepsie. Our plan had been to have dinner at their famous restaurant but we were disappointed to find that it had closed some years ago. The factory interested me, too, because for a long time I've been sputtering about their cough drop package that seemed to be packed contrary to the instructions for opening.

The receptionist turned me over to Mr. Van Vlack, their production manager, and he patiently explained to me the reasons, which are excellent ones, and now I want to pass them on to all those who have wondered about it, too. He told me that they receive lots of letters about the package and seemed glad to have an opportunity to explain.

If you look at a closed package of their cough drops, you will see the word "Open." When you open that flap, the rest of the instruction reads "To open inner protective seal, just press and flick with tip of thumb at notch below." The trouble seems to be that most people, myself included, don't read the whole message, and just push ahead, turn the box end for end and open it their own way.

Mr. Van Vlack said his company had planned this package as a special convenience for the public so that it could be easily and quickly opened with no rustle of paper that can be so embarrassing in church or in a movie. I conceded that the idea was a good one and now I shall be spreading the word.

Following our conference on the package, Mr. Van Vlack introduced me to two of their new products, a fruit flavored cough drop assortment in a striking new package that does retain the famous trade mark and a mint flavored drop especially for smokers. Both have been on the market for nearly a year and have been introduced recently into Canada. A quick look at the factory operations revealed the big mixing kettles, where 4,000 lbs. of Smith Brother's secret formula can be cooked at a time. A peek at the shipping department showed thousands of cartons packed for shipment and assured me that the country wouldn't be running short of one kind of cough drops for a long time.

Our next thrill came as we crossed the Hudson on the silver suspension bridge at Poughkeepsie. Ben asked, "Is this the Golden Gate already?" Lyndon spotted a "freighter" tied up and that pleased him. Around the boat, seagulls were scavenging.

A real live hobo walked along the road near Ardonia, a man with an unshaven face, a battered hat, a stick with his worldly possessions, and his independence. Lyndon was unbelieving for he had thought hoboes were only in books.

Burma Shave signs were in evidence along New York highways, a sight we had not seen in several years. Christmas decorations were still in place on some homes; in one small hamlet where outdoor toilets were a part of the scene, one stood out from the others in that along the path from the house leading to it were strung electric lights!

Through the Shawangun Mountain area, we drove through a wild blizzard that finally subsided into brilliant sunshine as we reached Port Jervis. That town was formerly bustling with an Erie Railroad roundhouse and repair shop.

Boys in a field flying kites reminded us that this is March and just the time to do that. Acres of vineyards told us that this is grape country. An enormous-trailer bed piggy-backing another trailer bed made an interesting sight. Broad stone walls that were actually stone piles made strange looking boundaries at one point in southern New York near the Pennsylvania line.

Everywhere is evidence of spring. The frost is coming out and the roads are deceiving with heaves and depressions. Soft shoulders of mud show here and there marks of unfortunate ones who have floundered up to the hubs. Tomorrow we will stop to see the Delaware Water Gap and to get our first glimpse of the Pennsylvania Dutch region. That is, if we can bring ourselves to leave the beautiful Poconos!



## Worthington Correspondent Enjoys Pennsylvania Sights

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

YORK, Pa. — A look at the map and at our speedometer shows that we have again driven only about two hundred miles, but oh, the sights we've seen! Bright and early we left Milford, Pa., and arriving in Stroudsburg, the birthplace of the nationwide J. J. Newberry chain, we paid a brief visit to their store. It is probably no bigger than Northampton's. Prettied up for Spring which seems even closer at this point, it is just like their other stores we're familiar with, but I don't remember anything elsewhere that compares with the deliciously fresh grinders being sold at a cash and carry counter up front.

Leaving the main route at Stroudsburg, we detoured for about five miles to see what the Delaware Water Gap was all about. It is a spectacular cut through the mountains with the Delaware River winding its way through the bottom. We thought that it resembled the scenery of the Westfield River around Woronoco if that were magnified many times. Great old white frame inns and hotels are everywhere in the area, for it is a popular vacation spot.

In Bushkill, Pa., a favorite spot for honeymooners, so we were told, are two great waterfalls. Winona Falls, which drops for 175 feet and includes 5 separate falls, and Bushkill Falls, advertised as the Niagara of Pennsylvania, are both outstanding attractions it would appear if one were to judge by the enormous hotels at close intervals.

Old rural schools converted to dwellings looked not unlike many such in Hampshire County. Roadside banks of shale were everywhere in this section of Pennsylvania and the broad fielded countryside is studded with the finest barns we have ever seen. One even had an oversize bay window hanging off from its second story. Sturdy four and five storied stone barns marked the landscape looking as if they would survive even atom bombs. In this section, we saw our first robins of the season. A cup and saucer cactus and a giant Christmas cactus in full bloom filled a show window at a filling station at Dingman's Ferry. Pink houses — some painted pink, and some built of a delicate pink brick, made us turn and look again through this part of Pennsylvania.

Our favorite trees today were all elms; woodlands of slim elms which give a lovely appearance of openness through the woods. Steep hillsides of elms along roads made it possible to look clear up through to the top even though they were thick and the lack of undergrowth made us wonder.

Outdoor swimming pools time and again in the yards of homes that would sell for from \$20,000 to \$25,000 back home made us understand who's buying all the

home pools the ads claim are being bought. Beer signs on every hand and signs advising "Getcha Beer here" were a common sight all day to remind us that this is German country, the Pennsylvania Dutch being of German extraction. At one point, we met a trailer hauling an I beam in one piece long enough to stretch across the span at West Chesterfield and easily ten feet high.

At Neffs, Pa., we saw a lovely covered bridge painted a delicate blue and decorated with the Peter Hunt kind of art. Homes banked with bales of hay and with bundles of corn shocks told us that they have winter here, too, even though we have now emerged from the snow belt. Picturesque corn cribs and great acreages of corn stubble showed us that this part of our country is noted for its fine poultry and for the refining of many corn products. Later we saw a co-operative farm warehouse near Lancaster where trucks were unloading dried corn on the cob into vast corn belts.

In a public park in Kutztown, Pa., is an open picnic pavilion about a quarter the size of the ball diamond at Look Park set in a grove that looked like an ideal spot for a camp meeting. At the Mahoning interchange of the northeast extension of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, we entered and drove to Allentown. This route took us through the Lehigh Tunnel which the boys agreed was a lot bigger than the Look Park tunnel.

Farms in this section are kept meticulously, many of them owned and operated by the "plain people" as the Amish and Mennonites are called. We saw three horse hitches being used by men in tall black hats and full beards to plow fields that were many times the size of our biggest potato fields back home. Many of their big white barns are decorated with gaily painted medallions such as are seen in Pennsylvania Dutch art. In the villages, we saw horses hitched to black box-like wagons such as the milkman and the ice cream man used for deliveries in my childhood in Vermont.

Crossing a wide part of the great Susquehanna at Columbia, Pa., on a multi-million dollar bridge that was built in 1932 to replace what we were told was a rickety old toll bridge was thrilling for us. When we parked at the Wrightville end of the bridge to go back on it and take pictures, we realized it was much simpler to cross the river on it than it was to simply cross the width of it. Fast moving traffic in both directions seemed endless.

In York, we found Worthington's own Daniel R. Porter II and his bride and spent a most enjoyable evening with them. Danny is now director of the York County Historical Society which has just recently moved into a fantastically beautiful new fireproof building of colonial architecture which will protect and display the historical treasures of this region. Dan's parents and the rest of Worthington would be flabbergasted to see the wonderful establishment that their boy is in charge of. We were taken on a tour of York and then to Dan and Joan's home which was a treat in a strange land.

Our second day on the road finds us about 28 miles from Gettysburg, another historical site that we shall explore in the morning. Good weather is forecast and another day may find us as far as eastern Kentucky or Tennessee. We'll see!



## Many Gettysburg Residents Have Not Seen Battlefield

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

NEW MARKET, Va. — Leaving historical York, Pa., a housing development of rows and rows of garrison-type houses caught our eyes, quite in keeping with the surroundings. Meeting a car with green flags mounted on its front fenders, perhaps for advertising purposes, we were reminded of the flag clusters folks use to mount on the front of their cars for patriotic reasons and wondered what made that fad fade away.

Fine farms with wide board white fences surrounding the buildings lined both sides of the road all this day which has brought us from York to New Market, Va., less than 200 miles. Unusually large well-kept barns with pretty shuttered windows made us stop to snap pictures several times. Immense flat fields that seemed wholly free of stones had already been prepared for spring planting in many places. Windmill driven pumps for wells at home farms especially pleased the children. Everywhere today we saw cows in the pastures for the first time since there has been snow and bitter cold up until today. We did see snow again for a few miles through the hills between Gettysburg and Chambersburg.

Substantial stone and brick houses are common in this region and the appearance of most of the manifests the pride of the owners. President Eisenhower's farmhouse is of this type but we didn't see it and were told that it was pretty well hidden.

In the edge of Gettysburg, we came upon two oversize brick beehives that turned out to be kilns for curing drain tile. A friendly man who said he had worked there since he was a kid explained the process to us and posed for pictures. When we questioned him about Gettysburg he confessed that though he had lived around there all his life, he had never been over the battlefield or seen the electric map, yet he advised us not to miss either. Our waitress in York also said she was a native but had never been to either the historical shrines of her town or over to Gettysburg but said that someday she was going to take a day off, not tell anyone where she was going and go to Gettysburg and hire a guide to show her the place properly! A clerk in the store of the National Museum at Gettysburg told me that she was so busy working that she had never seen half of the sights of that historical town and when I told her that we had come from Massachusetts to see them, her eyes sparkled. She confided that she had read so much about Massachusetts that she was going to take time off in June and go up there to see the sights. People are indeed funny in their pursuit of the diamonds that Russell H. Conwell lectured about.

The most beautiful trees put in our mind's eye collection today were the tree-line sycamores in many of the towns we passed through. Interesting, too, were the chestnuts on the Gettysburg battleground, some bearing the wounds and still embedded with bullets.

At the National Museum in Gettysburg, we paid our 50c and went in to listen to the 35-minute lecture on the battle of Gettysburg enacted in colored lights on a map about 25 ft. square. The man at the control panel explained that it had taken five

years of planning to build the map which has more than 300 bulbs and is wired with more than two miles of wire. While we were there, busloads of school children were coming and going. The museum includes besides the famous electric map, display cases of Civil War relics of every description. Cases of old surgical instruments used in treating the wounded of that war were on display, and many chairs and tables bore the marks of bullets as well as the actual bullets. Cannons and guns, Confederate money, household furnishings, tools, swords, pictures, documents, uniforms and army gear made up the display in the rooms surrounding the little theater where the map lecture is presented. This adventure was the best of today's.

In Chambersburg, Pa., the extensive Memphis Equipment Co. with its rows of heavy army trucks and other surplus equipment covered a vast hillside. It looked as if there would be jeeps enough for everyone.

Golf driving ranges are common back home, but a strange one cropped up today on a sign that said "Baseball Batting Range." It seemed like a sound business venture. Another sign that afforded us a chuckle was on a barber shop. It said, "We need your head in our business." Signs advertising "Ice cold Watermelon and Cantaloupe" are becoming more frequent as we proceed southward.

Great billows of smoke greeted us as we approached Chambersburg and we met and followed one of their pumper as it was responding. In fact, Worthington's assistant chief was the first car behind the pumper and way ahead of the next one to arrive! The fire was burning grass that covered a wide area and was consuming a shack and spreading into brush when the firefighters arrived. In the course of the day, we saw two other large grass fires and many little ones.

Signs bearing Scripture, are common along the roadways and the churches are Lutheran, United Brethren and Pentecostal congregations more often than any others.

The three per cent sales tax in effect in Pennsylvania gave us a forecast of things to come in our own state. The clerk in one store said "We don't like it, but there's nothing we can do about it."

In Williamsport, Maryland, we crossed a narrow part of the upper Potomac and at one point saw a whole family fishing. In a park in Williamsport, was a bandstand that struck a nostalgic note reminding me of the weekly band concert that was such an important part of our lives a few years back. Here we saw women sweeping the sidewalks in front of their homes and everywhere was an air of cleanliness. In many towns where the houses were built right at the edge of the sidewalks, the eaves were extended out over the walks to drain into the gutters.

A most beautiful public park in the town of Hagerstown, Md., made the children want to stay there forever. Swans and geese swam gracefully on the waterways of the park and everywhere were seats in stony groves. Fairfield Aircraft Corp. has a plant in Hagerstown and nearby is a busy airport. A modern school to top all modern schools made a good subject for our camera.

Deep in the Shenandoah Valley, we are seeing signs for pecan pralines, and are greeted with "Sir" and "Ma'am" to remind us that we are now south of the Mason and Dixon line. More of that tomorrow.



## Travelers Find That Spring Really Arrives In South

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

BLOUNTVILLE, Tenn.—Today we broke our previous record and drove 299 miles, stopping tonight just over the Virginia line, headed for Knoxville. The weather has been glorious, growing steadily warmer and showing signs of the spring that is due tomorrow. Daffodils have appeared frequently; green fields, apple orchards being sprayed, very warm red earth freshly plowed and harrowed stretching here and there on the landscape, and picnic tables at a premium as folks respond to the warm air, have all made us aware of the season.

Frequently, we have seen sizeable flocks of sheep so it would seem that the wool business is not yet dead. Cows in the pasture are mostly Herefords and Black Angus though we did see a few milk cows at intervals and each time they were in mixed herds of Holsteins, Guernseys, Jerseys, and Ayrshires. One breed that was strange to me was a white faced, short-legged, black coated animal that might have been a cross between an Angus and a Hereford. Whatever their breed, they made a handsome looking herd on a well-kept farm near Lexington, Va.

Large brick farmhouses with white pillars set at the head of tree shaded lanes with the shabby quarters of the help nearby, were reminiscent of plantation days which have not passed away at all. We noticed that many of the large brick houses had many windows in the front, but their ends were bricked up solidly and often had two chimneys at each end, emerging above the roof with a show of four chimneys. White board fences usually surrounded the buildings and beyond extended broad fields that would dwarf our biggest ones back home.

Women working outdoors wearing sunbonnets look quaint and pretty. That made me wish the sunbonnet style were in vogue in New England.

Multi-flora hedges are in common use in this part of the country and many looked as if they had been growing for years. Rail fences in some places are useful as well as ornamental and have made work for more than one man judging by the stretches of them we have seen. All through our travels today, we have noticed the great number of homes set in the open on the very tops of hills; in fact, there were so many that hills unadorned with houses stood out. In many villages, the main road was laid along at the foot of a hillside with steep streets of houses rising one above the other as if seeking a spot with a clear view. It is not to be wondered at either, for we have seen miles and miles of spectacular scenery on this route through the Shenandoah Valley.

At a high point in the mountains above Wytheville, the road turns at the top of Draper Mountain, an elevation of 2,500 ft., and at a right-handed turn out, was a panoramic view of the towns we had just come through to the north, and crossing the road diagonally to another turnout, we looked ahead to the town of Wytheville. The Blue Ridge Mountains have been on our left hand all day and this climb to the top of Draper was an added thrill.

Perhaps the highlight of this day was our visit to the Natural Bridge which is listed as one of the seven natural wonders of the world. The entrance to the bridge is through a brick colonial building where tickets are sold for \$1.20 each and then out a rear

door and down a rustic path of steps and walks most as long as Northampton's business section. (The return trip seeming three times that long!) until at last a turn in the path brought us face to face with the wonderful natural bridge which is 215 feet high and 90 feet wide. With 36,000 tons of limestone and a simple mountain stream, Dame Nature has created this enduring masterpiece that attracts crowds the year 'round. While we were there, busloads of pupils from Richmond were sightseeing, and a bus of high school seniors from Tulsa, Okla. arrived for this part of their class trip. Most of them were eager for bits of stone to take home.

On the walk down to the bridge, several ancient arbor vitae line the path. These are said to be the oldest ones in the New World. Thomas Jefferson was the first American to own the property that includes the bridge and he had George Washington survey it at which time the latter carved his initials 23 ft. up in the wall of the bridge above Cedar Creek. They are marked with an arrow now. During the Revolutionary War, for lack of a "Shot-Tower," molten lead was dropped from the top of the bridge into the creek, to make bullets for the colonists.

That the whole property is so commercialized was a disappointment to us. We had looked forward to driving over the top of the bridge and looking down, since US highway 11 passes that way, but when we got there, we found high solid board fences extending so far on both sides of the road that we couldn't even see into the woods around the bridge. If you don't buy a ticket and pass through the building that is filled with every kind of device to get your money, you can stand right on top of the bridge and never get to see the seventh wonder of the world! Hotels and motels take up every available spot that isn't used by the antique automobile museum or some other commercial venture.

Signs along the roadside told us many things about the people and places we were passing by. "Palm Springs" or signs showed up here and again; "Very Cherry" Ice Cream is the newest flavor we have yet heard of; "Careful Drivers are Survivors" warned the motorist at intervals, and big "Fireworks" signs told us that the State of Virginia is doing a good business in that field while so many of her neighbors have banned them. "Old Country Virginia Ham" came in for its share of promotion, too.

Any notions that I have ever had that New England had the monopoly on antiques have been dispelled. Antique shops are on every hand offering a wide va-

riety of ancient treasures including wagons and sleighs.

On the mountain back of Buchanan, Va., we came upon a furious forest fire that had already destroyed four homes and was threatening several others. We had seen the smoke for a great distance before coming close to it. With field glasses, we could see the flames leaping beneath the smoke and reaching out further and further. Headlines in the Roanoke paper told of another forest fire the day before that had burned over more than a thousand acres. The ground is very dry here and in the woods, the underbrush is thick and junglelike in many places.

In a supermarket in Abington, Va., prices were about the same as in the Northampton area, though bread seemed less. When I tried to buy ordinary store cheese, I was greeted with a blank look and introduced to Wisconsin cheddar of which they had every variety. It is very good cheese and we like it.

At one point, we saw a handsome pair of slick mules with red furry ornaments rising from their manes. Flowering quince in Roanoke were lovely. Fast moving traffic in that city impressed us.

Gullies and other signs of erosion were common. Even the brooks flowed through deep gullies in many places. Corn cribs full of corn tell us that animals are being fattened. Hogs of several breeds have been part of our scene today, and we passed one donkey farm.

Clinics and health centers seemed well established in this region as we saw them in nearly every town of any size and all looked of modern design and busy with parking lots full of cars.

Tomorrow will find us deeper in the south as we cross Tennessee and make our way into Alabama where we shall turn due westward and head for Texas. At the rate we are going, we shall not be in Tyler in time for Palm Sunday after all.



## Winter Clothes Welcome Down South Last Week

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

JACKSON, Miss.—This account is being typed on a nine pound Italian machine, whizzing along at a mile a minute on a straight ribbon of road between Jackson and Vicksburg where we will cross Old Man River into Louisiana. The day is gloriously clear with hot sun and a biting wind and the Palm Sunday traffic is heavy. Winter clothes are welcome even in Dixie today.

We are just now seeing the first oil wells on this trip; isolated ones at intervals. Huge herds of Herefords and a few herds of milk cows of as many as a hundred animals; also one flock of about three hundred sheep, all grazing in lush green fields. Sizeable stock yards in the towns necessarily follow. Horse farms have appeared occasionally and mules are a common sight.

Wood colored cabins dot the scrubby landscape and at one cluster of cabins where we stopped to take pictures, there was no sign of life until we got out of the car, then the whole place sprang to life with moving humanity all curious at our motive. Houses of considerable size even are built up on brick piers as well as the simplest cabins. Crawl space underneath makes a welcome shelter from the sun for dog and man alike. Chairs for resting and visiting and watching the world go by are important furnishings on the verandas of all. Also included on many of the porches are modern washing machines. Electricity serves many of the most humble ones and TV antennae are common as are late model automobiles. A two seated rocking chair on one porch especially took my eye.

Further signs of the season on this the second day of Spring include budded trees, roses in bloom, a wide variety of flowering bulbs, the deep pink of the black cherry on lawns and wild in the woods, too, and fields being prepared for planting. The main crops in Alabama and Mississippi are corn and cotton. We were told that farmers today are raising less and less cotton because the price is so low. Many have gone into the poultry business in a big way and are setting their land out to pine trees for which the government pays them well. Grazing cattle is profitable, too.

Birmingham, Ala. is an impressive industrial city with its smelting plants and belching chimneys. It is the industrial center of the south and like Jackson, Miss., has skyscraping office buildings, and extensive housing developments. Crisler Brothers, Inc. in Jackson seem to be in the real estate busi-

ness in a big way. Their prominent signs say "Trade your old home for a new one. Let us handle all the details. Builders—Real Estate—Insurance."

The Alabama State Fair Grounds in Birmingham looked not unlike the Eastern States grounds in West Springfield. Huge shopping centers in that city included the chain stores familiar in our home state and their spacious parking lots were well filled. Numerous trailer courts full of the most elegant house trailers were an indication of prosperity in this field. A giant vacuum cleaner used to sweep the streets, and that followed by a man with a hose, showed us how the streets of Birmingham are kept clean. It was also in this city that an ultra modern Howard Johnson showed up with only its orange tiled roof to relate it to hundreds of others.

Bunches of bananas encased in plastic bags made a strange sight in this part of the south. Hush puppies are listed on menus along with biscuits that melt in your mouth. Southern fried chicken and fried shrimp are specialties.

Leaving the Birmingham area, we came upon orange piles of sawdust-colored earth thrown up over an area many times the size of Donovan Brothers' bank in Huntington and inquiry revealed that during the war, strip mining for bauxite ore (for aluminum) made this a busy place. Now building sand is processed instead.

Deep green clover along the roadsides with the curbs painted a mustard yellow made a striking color combination in several places. Healthy crops of kale in household gardens reminds us that this is a popular southern green when cooked with salt pork.

Clusters of people around the village pump in some sections made us realize the running water is at a premium. A water tub at the pump caught the excess and the pleasant social custom of visiting at the pump lightens the task.

Mount Vernon type houses and trees hung with Spanish Moss tell us again and again that this is southern United States. Fruit trees in bloom and pecan groves further confirm it.

In Eutaw, Ala., we stopped to have our shoes shined by a pleasant mannered bootblack doing business in front of a bank. He had two brothers in business with him and kept them busy doing the shoes of people who drove up to the curb and left them off. He told me that ladies are not allowed to sit in the chair to have their shoes done and offered me a chair to one side while he took my shoes to his work chair. A well dressed

man who seemed to know the town well was also waiting and I questioned him. He told me that Eutaw is mostly a colored town; the county seat of Greene County, that unemployment is widespread and many people are hungry. The inhabitants depend on farming and the industries of Birmingham. He said that the whole of Greene County is owned by only a few individuals.

I asked what the effect of desegregation was in Eutaw and he said there was no noticeable difference so far; that both colored and whites like it the way it is and that laws can't change it for segregation is by nature God's law and that is above man's. "The Jay Bird don't mix with the Sparrow, does he?" the man asked, and he went on to quote scripture to prove his point further. It left me with something to think about.

Possums splashed on the roads as common as we have seen skunks at home; miles of swamp and marsh dotted with grey cabins with only foot paths leading to them; fine brick ranch homes built lately in the center of shabby clusters of cabins with apparently no heed for the value of their own property; splendid fire ponds at most farms; hog pens with scrawny looking hogs; all of this is a part of the face of America.

The smell of hot rubber told us we were near the Tuscaloosa, Ala. plant of B. F. Goodrich long before we saw it. In Brandon, Miss., banners strung across the main street told us that we were in the home town of Mary Ann Mobley, Miss America of 1959. It was in this Mississippi town that we saw the biggest flock of sheep we had ever seen in one place. They were grazing in an endless green field of clover, a pastoral scene that needed only a shepherd to make it complete.

In Jackson, Miss., a big General Electric plant (lamp dept.) stands alongside an Armstrong Asphalt Tile plant. A sign welcoming us to Jackson gave the following interesting information: 195 churches, 38 schools and colleges, 275 industries, and a University Medical Center.

Crossing the Alabama line into Mississippi, we noticed but little change in the landscape. The swamps and marshes continued and the long needled southern pines began to extend into ever bigger forests. Occasionally we came upon sawmills surrounded by the little cabins of the workers. In the villages, we often saw pulp piles around paper mills and the smell of sulphur used in the manufacture of the paper was strong.

Reaching Vicksburg late in the afternoon, we stopped at a filling station high above the river and near to the end of the toll bridge. We lolled on the grassy bank for a time thrilled by the great river at our feet. The children were fascinated by the tugs and barges and especially by the houseboats.

After this respite, we paid the 50c toll and drove across the bridge which is built like the old South End bridge in Springfield, old and dangerously narrow considering the heavy traffic that it carries. On the Louisiana side, a narrow built up ramp carried us for what seemed more than two miles across swamp that was criss-crossed with paths and cabins. Before stopping for the night, we saw many miles of this bayou country. Tomorrow should surely see us through to Tyler, Texas, the first lap of our trip.



## Impressed By Courtesies In Cities Of The South

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

MONROE, La. — This is a bustling college town in the heart of "Sportsman's Paradise"; a town with a wide variety of tourist accommodations. Nearly every motel offers free TV, wall to wall carpet, telephones, air conditioning and swimming pools for no more than motels back home with none of these extras. For seven and eight dollars a night, the four of us have had the best of accommodations. Our motel here served coffee and sweet rolls in our room this morning at no additional charge. We simply had to pick up the phone and say we were ready, and in no time flat a uniformed boy was at our door with a covered tray.

In Monroe, we saw palms for the first time, most of them dusty and ugly, but palms none-the less. A shrub and a tree, both with heavy dark green shiny leaves attracted us, and by the time I write again, I shall try to get them identified. More pecans and the beautiful southern pines are still with us as we drive toward Shreveport. Sugar mills and oil wells are becoming frequent sights and the cabins along this way appear to be more substantial than those we have seen in the past few days.

Water shut-offs with unsightly piping and meters attached are on the lawns of fine homes, and in the mud packed yards of the poor people alike.

In Ruston, La., we stopped at the post office and watched the people on the street for a little while. Men wearing black derbies and string ties were commonplace and the way they lifted their hats to ladies was noticeable. I talked for a minute with some children on the street and they seemed so polite and well-mannered. "Snow-Freeze" is a popular sort of frozen custard in these parts.

Outside of Shreveport, we stopped in another "Memory Garden" to let the children exercise and to have a picnic lunch. These cemeteries are good places to rest as they afford shade usually which is getting scarcer with each mile. Miss Marion Bartlett in Worthington tells about a teacher friend of hers who travels a good deal in a car equipped for sleeping and she purposely seeks out cemeteries to spend the night in, for they have running water!

Shreveport, one of the main gateways to the West, is a busy modern city with wide streets and high buildings. The houses look more western as we proceed. Most typical perhaps is the hip-roofed, one-story, high-ceilinged, long-windowed houses with screened porches and white clapboard siding. We crossed the Red River over the Long-Allen

bridge, another project built under the administration of Huey Long. The streets teemed with people, no one hurrying. Some stood visiting, some window-shopping, and some walked along aimlessly.

Yards of equipment companies are filled with heavy road equipment like we have seen used on the turnpikes back home. At a yard in Shreveport, a crowd had gathered for an auction of heavy machines. On the highway, we keep meeting trucks and trailers hauling giant machines and just over the Texas line, we saw one loaded with parts to an oil derrick. The spaces are now more wide open.

A shiny new Cadillac hearse just passed us. A refinery of the Bird Oil Co. rises on our right hand and on our left is a large shetland pony farm. The trees are nearly leafed out here and the daffodils are going by.

Flying above the first school we have seen in Texas is a bright new flag of America and underneath it another bright new flag of the Lone Star State. It makes us wonder if anywhere else in the Union such pride is manifested.

A billboard at the entrance to Shreveport advertised the Shreveport Times as a paper with a daily circulation of 83,000 and a Sunday circulation of 110,000.

This is a blustery day with hot sun and here and there folks are fishing in the creeks, for this is Sunday, a day of rest. Men, women and children fish, the popular catch being catfish, white perch and bass.

Plastic corrugated roofing is used a good deal here, mostly for porch and patio coverings and window shades like awnings are made of the same material. Air conditioning is almost a necessity in this hot climate and nearly every house is equipped. Many of the newer homes are completely air-conditioned.

The smell of oil is now strong as we drive deeper into East Texas. This part of Texas looks not too unlike the areas around Worcester and Fitchburg except for places where the red earth shows through. The pines and sand are so much a part of central Massachusetts and the rolling wooded hills make us feel quite at home. Oil derricks are becoming thicker, and tamale stands along the way bring us back to reality, for this is Texas at last.

In Longview, in the middle of the afternoon, we stopped for ice cream at a stand on high ground overlooking the town and country beyond. While we sat resting, we pretended that we were pioneers crossing in a conestoga wagon, resting and enjoying the long view of a hundred years ago. We talked about the hopes and fears they must have had and tried to re-create for Lyndon and Ben that life.

The map shows airports near every town of any size and we are noticing much air activity. Helicopters have already appeared on our scene today and small planes are at least as common as sailboats back home.

Clumps of tiny jonquils are growing wild on the roads, as are iris in full bloom. Flowering peach in both white and deep pink are lovely. And now near

the end of the day, I am told that the trees with the shiny dark green leaves are magnolias, and the sharp shiny-leaved bushes are a species of holly.

Arriving in Tyler late in the afternoon, we circled the downtown district to see the beautiful new courthouse where Aunt Evelyn is a deputy county clerk. And thence to the village of Swan outside Tyler where the George H. Browns live. Here we will visit and explore, getting into the spirit of life in Texas. Tomorrow I'll write about the people and the life they lead, the things they do and how they do them, what they eat and how it is prepared, and so on and on.



## Fire Hydrant In Texas Found In Washertorium

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

TYLER, Texas, March 25 — Another heavenly day of warm air and flowers everywhere make us glad we are here. Early this morning, Mother Hicks came over to welcome us. She is Mrs. George Brown's mother and lives just two houses down the road. She was born here and is so typical of Texas women that I shall use her as an authority on Texas life as the need arises.

When she came in, she said "How yo'all gittin' along?" I mention this because it is the greeting that I've heard over and over today. She told us that she had been up early and down to the creek fishing for breakfast. Everyone fishes here. After breakfast, she said she had planted Kentucky Wonders and black-eyed peas, it being still early for the latter. She visited with us for a spell, then went back home to work in her yard.

Later, we stopped by to visit with her as she worked. At the front of her house, camellias in bloom made a colorful spot. Trees of white and deep pink flowering peach were beginning to shed their petals in the breeze. Delicate yellow mist enfolded the sassafras trees in the pasture at the rear of the house and Miz Hicks told me that sassafras tea is made from the roots of the tree. She said the good weather made her feel "on the boom"; that when she was sick "and off her feet" she yearned to work in the yard and such a pretty day made her feel "like" she "was in hawg heaven."

For working outdoors, Miz Hicks wore a stiff-brimmed sunbonnet to shield her face and to keep her hair in place. It was made of pink and white pin-checked gingham with the bonnet part buttoned to the brim with small flat pearl buttons. Now, I've never been fashion conscious but this sun-bonnet idea is one that I would like to see in vogue in the north. It is perfectly charming and practical as well.

In the middle of the morning, we gathered up a load of washing and drove over to Lindale to a washertorium. This was a new experience for me, for even though we have them in the north, I had never had an occasion to use one. The young woman who operates this one is a native Texan who was very cordial and helpful. Her business includes 20 washing machines and four driers. She confided that it is an ideal business for her husband and herself since he would rather fish than eat. They also operate a movie house which affords them plenty of leisure time, too.

While we were there, an elderly couple from the next town came in with a big clothes basket heaped high and proceeded to fill six machines. I exclaimed, and the operator said, "Shucks, this is nothing. We have one customer with several children who come here every Saturday morning and uses 13 machines!" At 20c a load, each one talking a half hour to run, her day's work is done in short order. It's a wonderful age to be living in.

The operator told me that if I wanted to add any bleach to my load, I could draw water at the "hydrant" at the end of the battery. My blank expression drew the explanation that the valve at the end of the row of washers was what she meant. I asked her what she called a fire hydrant and she said "a fish plug." And the paper bag that I brought my laundry in, she referred to as a "sack."

On the way home, we stopped at a small grocery store. It was operated by a man named Mr. Jarman who told me that his ancestors had been early settlers here. He was pleased with a \$1,500 ice-making machine he had recently installed and he claimed it was the biggest drawing card he had in the store. It produced 1½ discs of ice which he sold in insulated bags for 29c a bag. In this hot climate, ice for drinks is in great demand.

His meat case interested me. An enormous tray of pork sausage made with sage and hot peppers is popular fare here and sells for 59c a pound. Cube steaks that were piled high and of dark color sold for 89c a

pound, while better grades sell for \$1.09 and \$1.19. Pork roasts and pork chops took up a good portion of the showcase and he said pork was more favored here than beef as a whole. Eggs in a big basket were sold by the dozen and put up in paper bags.

This store is open every day from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m. and when I suggested that the storekeeper must be tired when night came, he said "Yes, ma'm, ah reckon ah'm ready to keel in then."

Poultry raising is an important enterprise here in East Texas and southern fried chicken is as popular here as it is at home. It appears that fruit is eaten more here than in the north. For in-between time snacks, oranges, grapefruit, bananas, pineapples, peaches and pears are eaten freely. Fruited gelatin is common dessert; vegetable salads are often served; and cold meats and dips for chips and crackers are standard fare.

One dip that is especially appealing is a creamy cheddar mix to which a canned blend of tomatoes, hot chili peppers and onions is added. Spanish influence is felt in much of the cooking.

Tomorrow is "Western Day" at the local high school. The students have been busy for a week assembling their costumes of western gear to appear in on that day. I'll go over and take some pictures and get a first-hand report on the goings-on and tell you about it in the next dispatch.

Also on our agenda tomorrow is a visit to the oil fields at Kilgore and to the salt mine owned by the Morton Salt Co. at Grand Saline. Three tornadoes to the north of us are in the news today as well as the word that temperatures today range from 22 degrees in the Panhandle with four inches of snow, to 68 degrees in south Texas. Thunderstorms are forecast for tonight in this area.

Floyd and Rita Anderson, who live nearby at the State Experiment Station where he is head herdsman, stopped by to call today and to ask us how we are getting along. We got into a discussion on a recent TV showing of "Green Pastures" which had quite shocked them. Rita said "Why, just fancy Jesus Christ stepping out of a cloud in a 1959 business suit! What kind of impressions will children grow up with seeing scenes like that? And there came Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden all dressed up in modern clothes and shown as if they were colored folks. Miz Taylor was so het up over it, that she just turned her TV out and went off to bed."

The lawns here are greening up fast and needing mowing already. Walnuts from the trees here in the yard are so thick that they will have to be raked up before the grass can be mowed, else the mower casts them dangerously aside. The back yard has 10 mimosa trees that are not yet leafed out, twin elms and several walnuts that are budded. Beautifully shaped cedars stand out in the pastures and yards alike. Cows are in the pastures and it is warm enough for windows to be wide open; but not yet hot enough to close the houses up and turn the air conditioning on. Wonder if the snow is gone from Worthington . . . (End for today).



## Attendance, Collection High At Texas Revival Service

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

TYLER, Texas — During the past night, a ripping electrical storm swept through here and today folks are talking about the "gully washer," and little Ben said it was a pretty thunder-light. Great puddles are all about in every depression, for water doesn't drain through this red brick dust very fast.

This is Western Day at the local high school. We went over and took pictures this morning and watched the youngsters promenading with their high heeled boots, turned-up-brim hats, and ornate belts with holsters and toy pistols. The teachers and parents used to encourage this day of fun, so we were told, but it has now got so out of hand that the young people spend the week in advance planning, and classes are disrupted to the point of chaos. The principal told us that Western Day in his school may be a thing of the past by another year.

Today I heard of a Mrs. Hercules who is society editor of the Tyler Courier Times — a woman of unusual journalistic ability who has won more than eighty-five awards for her work, including several in national competition. I telephoned her for an appointment so I might meet her. She was most gracious and told me to come right along down, so Evelyn and I dressed as fashionably as a couple of country girls can and headed into town.

We found Mrs. Hercules easily and for more than an hour, she entertained us with tales of her experiences and showed us the Tyler Times plant, including a whopping press that will print their paper in a new type beginning on Monday. I gave her a box of maple sugar made in Lyndon, Vt. and bought from the Vermont Store in Northampton which seemed to please her.

All day long, people are being introduced and some of the names are very different. For instance, at the Smith County Courthouse where Evelyn works, there was Lona, Quoquoise, Drusilla, Almarita, and a fellow named Quincy among others. It reminded me of India and Honey in "Gone With the Wind."

This afternoon, George took us sightseeing in Tyler. First stop was the General Electric plant where air-conditioning and heating equipment is made. We drove through streets of little houses built to sell for around five thousand; sorry looking little three room houses with car-ports and only breathing space between them. Then we drove through sections built with quarter million dollar homes and gardens with bridges over little brooks and fountains. The azaleas are blossomed now and plans are afoot for an azalea festival on Sunday. "Azalea Drives" have been mapped out and people will be driving around to see them in all their glory on Easter Sunday.

It was interesting to me to see children playing the same games as the children play at home. Shooting for baskets mounted on trees or over garage doors is favorite sport and jumping rope and playing marbles are all in season now. The sun is warm and coats are not needed. Women strolling with baby carriages, hanging out clothes, shaking mops, washing windows, planting, and doing the same household chores I've left behind. The pattern for everyday living is the same the world over.

Miz Hicks came over today and brought me the prettiest sunbonnet ever. She had sewed it up just since I had admired hers. Mine is of pincheck blue and white gingham and buttoned onto the stiff stitched brim just like hers. Now I'm hoping that lots of friends back home are going to want sunbonnets, too!

Signs along the way today that especially caught my eye said "Spiritual Readings," and another

advertised "Driftwood from the Gulf." Restaurants feature Mexican and Spanish food along with real southern cooking. Where we favor Italian, Swedish, Polish and German foods in the North, the hot food of the folks south of the border is popular. We ate out tonight and with my dinner, I ordered tea, having in mind hot tea in a pot with milk. The waitress brought me a tall glass of "ahssed tay" with lemon, and Evelyn whispered that few here ever think of tea in any other way.

We followed a car that was burning oil and belching smoke aplenty and George said "That clunker must be burning soft coal." Big high powered cars are the thing in this Cadillac country and the second hand ones find their way down the line to the poorer people who drive them, and sometimes live in them, until they will smoke no more. It surprised us to see so many late model cars of quality in the yards of perfect hovels.

This afternoon included a visit to the East Texas oil fields at Kilgore where we saw acres of oil wells with their pumps and super structures like we had seen in geography books. The smell of oil which in this country means the smell of money, was strong, but not nearly as strong as it was at the refinery on the way out.

On the way to Kilgore, we crossed from Smith County which is a dry county into Gregg County which is "wet." At the county line, for the convenience of the neighbors in Smith County we saw one liquor store after another and were told that the traffic to Kilgore is heavy aside from that headed for the oil fields.

Home of the workers in Kilgore were more than modest and we were told that the oilionaires live in Tyler and other metropolitan areas nearby, though some still live in cabins in Kilgore as they did before they struck it rich.

Tonight, as if our day had not been full enough, we slicked up and drove to Lindale where a revival is being held all this week at the Baptist Church, or rather, at one of several Baptist churches in this town which is about the size of Huntington. The church was filled with men, women and children, dressed in summer clothes and the windows were wide open.

The large choir sang with great inspiration and the congregational singing of the old hymns was the most lifting thing I've heard since a Philathea convention in Winthrop that I went to 15 years ago when more than a thousand sang "He Lives." The choir director was a young man who looked and acted like Philip Aldrich, Worthington's young principal.

The revival leader, a Brother Moseley from Birmingham, welcomed the faithful ones and asked for the pew captains to stand. These were members of that church and of surrounding churches who had been assigned the task of filling as many pews as possible and they were being cited for their success. The Lions Club of Lindale filled three pews, as did the Rotary Club whose members had been in attendance every night of the revival. The attendance for the night before was listed at 262 with an offering amounting to \$370.58.

Among the ideas that Brother Moseley imparted that come to my mind now are that it pays to be a Christian because of the brevity of this life; that only children of God can rise above the troubles of this world; that the path that leads by our heart's door should, by our lives, lead others to God; that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap; hence, we should sow as

few wild oats as possible; that salvation and security are yours if you will accept Jesus Christ as your Savior; and that we all have the choice of believing and being saved, or not believing and being damned!! Throughout the service, there were soft amens as if to show approval and agreement.

At the end of the service, after singing "Blest Be the Tie," everyone shook hands with the one next to him and identified himself, and much visiting ensued but while we were in the church, something the people were calling "a blue norther" had blown up, and it was too chilly to stand around in a summer dress, so we went home.



## Cemeteries, Street Parking Surprise Visitors In Texas

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

TYLER, Texas, March 28 — The "blue norther" that blew up last night chilled the air and made it necessary to turn up the heat. We have heard so much in the north about the way folks down here suffer when it is cold, that a word is in order here to explain what they do about it. In the cabins and shacks of the poor, heat comes from wood burning stoves, from butane or kerosene space heaters, while in the better homes, central heating and year 'round air conditioning is installed. Window units for air conditioning and floor furnaces that burn butane, heat and cool the middle class homes.

This is the day Earlene, Evelyn's laundress, comes to iron. It being a cool day, we decided to go domestic and stay at home to clear up household chores before the Easter weekend. I had such fun going to the washertorium the other day that I volunteered to gather up the washing and go again.

When I got there, several were there for the same purpose and while we waited there was time for visiting. I had already met the lady operator and she said that she was working alone again because her husband had gone fishing, as usual. Another woman from Kilgore was full of information when she learned that I had been out there to see the oil fields.

She had been born and brought up there. I asked her if the lives of people there were radically changed when they struck oil. She said, "I'll let you be the judge" — that is a popular comment here when you ask for an opinion. She went on to tell about her mother and daddy. (Everyone refers to his parents as Mother and Daddy.) Hers had lived in Kilgore and had operated a big automobile sales agency out in the country where people came to them.

Her folks extended credit to the people who bought automobiles and later to their customers at a mercantile store they operated. When many of these same people struck oil and subsequently became "monied," some came and settled their debts first, and some went on and spent freely as if they had no previous debts. Her conclusion was that people are the same about paying their bills, whether they have money or not.

Then I asked her if their standards of living changed greatly, and she said in some instances it did, but usually when folks who had been poor began to mix with others of means, a race began to keep up with the Joneses, and then to do better than they. She also cited many families she had known all her life in Kilgore who were happy to go on living just as they always had, even though they are today rich. "Mostly, it depends on the individuals," she said.

When I got back with the wet wash, I stopped at Miz Hicks' to hang it up since she has a much bigger clothes yard than her daughter. Mr. Hicks was just eating lunch and getting ready to go down to the "tank" fishing. Mrs. Hicks quickly fixed a plate for me, and this is the typical Texas lunch I had: scrambled eggs with cheese and hot chili sauce poured over it, a hot sausage made with hot peppers, fresh corn bread, ginger snaps and iced tea.

I was curious about this fishing in a "tank." It turned out that the "tank" is what we would call a fire pond or a farm pond which nearly every farm has down here. It is stocked from time to time with croppies, white perch, bass and catfish. Fishing is just the most important recreation of all!

The Sabine River which caused such serious flooding here two years ago, passes a few miles from where we are visiting. We wanted to see, so drove to it today. It is a deep murky swirly river but about as wide as the Housatonic through the Berkshires.

This afternoon, a trip to Grand Saline to see the salt mine of the Morton Salt Company was our aim. We arrived there to find that daily tours are scheduled at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., and it was then well after two, so we were out of luck. We did see the outside of their big plant and saw the yard of hard packed salt.

On the way, we saw buzzards for the first time. They are great ugly looking birds with the wingspread of a large hawk and they soar gracefully in search of dead animals to devour, thus serving humanity as nature's clean-up squad.

In the village of Grand Saline, we were amused by a sign that said "Skinny Hawkin's Used Furniture Mart." Nick-names are very descriptive here and many babies are given names for life that northerners wouldn't feel proper outside the family circle.

Another sign advertised "Hog Jowls" for 19c a pound. Pork in every form is the popular meat in this part of the country and many people raise hogs.

Mid street angle parking in Grand Saline surprised us. In a western town with a great wide main street laid out in days when automobiles were still unheard of, perhaps there was a rail mounted down through the center for horses. Whatever the case, there is now plenty of room for a battery of automobiles to angle park double with one way traffic at the sides.

The cemeteries in this section have held a surprise for us, too. At first, what looked to us like a cemetery that had just recently been moved from some other location, turned out to be a cemetery already more than seventy-five years old right where it was. The surprise to us was that there was no grass—just sand. The rain spatters it up on to the stones and where the earth is red, that too, spatters up and turns the granite to redstone. The answer to my question on this subject was that grass requires too much care and that costs money. It costs nothing for a family plot in a cemetery that belongs to the church to which

one belongs, and it costs nothing to be buried in a cemetery of a town where one lives. For an outsider, the cost is very little, and to keep the expenses of the cemetery maintenance down, it is necessary not to make work such as upkeep of grass would entail. Only low perennials and small shrubs are allowed. However, wax flowers and set-pieces are permitted and are much more popular than in the north.

Dyeing eggs for the egg hunt on Easter morning and making the little Easter bird nest cakes for the children will keep us busy tonight.



## Excellent Farm Country Brightens Texas Scene

LOIS ASHE BROWN

TYLER, Texas — Easter Sunday in the Lone Star State! We arose early and were thankful for a sunny spring-like morning, especially so since we had heard the weather report from the northeast telling us of a forecast of near zero temperatures, and nine inches of snow at home. We thought of those who would be getting out early to go to the sunrise service in Chesterfield.

A Sunday School session at 9:45 followed by church at 10:45 consumed our morning. We were delighted to see how 10-year-old Cousin Louie takes part in his church. Louie has already been baptized by immersion and received as a full-fledged member into the Hopewell Baptist Church where his parents and grandparents are also active members. It was his duty in the service to take up the offering with another little boy about his age. Before passing the collection plates, Louie offered the prayer and we were very proud.

Following the service, the people gathered around in the churchyard to meet us and were more cordial than any group I said in parting. "Now yo'all gettin' long?" and invariably ever met. They said "How yo'all come baack reall soon."

This was one of the many small churches we have seen all through the south. I asked how so many little churches could support pastors and buildings and was told that a good many people tithe. The record of the week previous showed an attendance at Hopewell Baptist of 56, including children, and a collection of \$98.75.

Mr. and Miz Hicks had invited us, the Texas Browns and the Massachusetts Browns, for Easter Sunday dinner at their house which is about a quarter mile down the road from the George Browns. After a turkey dinner that included cornbread dressing, giblets in white sauce, baked pin-

to beans, and a big green type of string bean dressed with meat drippings, among all the other goodies that go with such a dinner.

The egg hunt for the children, which had been delayed from morning, was staged outdoors after dinner. The grownups hid the eggs which Evelyn had dyed, and then each child was given a basket in which a nest of green shredded cellophane had been placed. This was a new adventure for Lyndon and Ben and the air was rent with their squeals of delight. To their collections of gay, hard-boiled eggs, Grandmother Hicks added a candy chicken and a foil-wrapped chocolate egg.

Later in the afternoon, we loaded the car, made our farewells and drove northwest to visit briefly with Leslie Cole Marr, formerly of Worthington and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin T. Cole of East Windsor Rd.

On the way north, we passed through some of the finest farming country we may ever see. Heavy black loam, plowed and planted in endless fields, husky Herefords grazing in the lushest, greenest clover, one sizable flock of sheep, and a flock of blue-grey guinea hens crossed our landscape on the way to Sherman. We learned that this part of Texas is seeded to grains and cotton. Here and there we saw bulkhead-like entrances to what we thought were root cellars. They turned out to be shelters from the tornadoes that occasionally strike here.

Before I get any further away from Tyler, I should tell about the acres and acres of rose cuttings that this city is famous for. Tyler is called the "Rose Capital of the World" and in October they have a rose festival with a queen. Evelyn lamented once that she saw more roses in bloom in New England than she saw at home. This is because the roses are shipped out before they bloom.

Blackberries are grown in quantity in Tyler and canned there as well. One lady remarked that she had seen so many blackberries picked and shipped in an over-ripe condition that she wondered if they were being sent to a wine press.

In Tyler State Park, a few miles out of the city, we heard of an encampment of modern day gypsies. The Tyler Courier Times described them as folks who enjoy living in Trailers and move around in trailer caravans. The story said they were a better class than the yesteryear gypsies. The pressure of plans for this day precluded a first-hand report on the gypsies.

In Greenville, on the way to Sherman, we were impressed by the many fine old homes and especially interested in the haunted-looking deserted ones we saw here and there alongside well-kept properties. Under what conditions a large house of the gay ninety period could be abandoned right in the village limits left us wondering. Cactus became a more common sight in this section but we haven't seen any palms since we left Tyler.

Sherman is a western town from every appearance. Several grain elevators overlook the town and here oleo and salad oil are processed; Quaker Oats, flour, and corn meal are also run through the mill, and cotton warehouses line the railroad tracks. This is the home of Austin College and Perrin Air Force Base where jet pilots receive the last stage of their training.

Tonight we are with Leslie Cole Marr who lives with her children, Linda and Keith, while her husband is on duty in Iceland with the Air Force. Tomorrow morning, we will drive to Dallas for a brief visit with Kenneth Paul and his family. Ken is a former Worthington boy. Will write more about that tomorrow.



## Mayor In Texas Given Worthington Maple Syrup; See Dallas Skyscrapers

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

DALLAS, Texas, March 30 — This is being written on the beautiful expressway between the twin cities of Texas: Dallas and Fort Worth. We are driving into the sun after a thrilling day with Kenneth and Mary Jean Paul and their children, Billy and Peggy, in Dallas.

After spending the night with Leslie Cole Marr in Sherman, we visited a bit and explored Sherman before going south to Dallas. It was windy but warm in Sherman and it wasn't hard to imagine a tornado blowing up, especially as we looked about and saw one crumpled or crumbling building after another — some large, and some of the backhouse variety. Leslie said they had had four small snowstorms this winter, all of which quickly melted. Once, she said that she woke Keith and Linda in the middle of the night to see it snow! The wind there terrifies her and she is planning a shelter.

Through the night, we heard the diesel engines blowing their horns weirdly as if calling their mates. Sherman is laced with railroad tracks serving the many warehouses and grain elevators. Main streets are crossed over and again with bumpy tracks and the dips at intersections to carry off the rain are to be negotiated with care.

Some of the women folks on Highland St., between Worthington and Chesterfield, will be interested to know that one of their autographed patchwork quilts is doing its duty in Texas! When we got ready for bed, much to my delight, there was Tressie Donovan's name embroidered right down a strip in the middle of the quilt, and there was Eunice Donovan's, and so on up and down Highland St.! It is one of Leslie's treasures from home.

Leaving Sherman, we saw a flock of wild geese flying high in a shifting formation that fascinated all of us. Because of Perrin Air Force Base nearby, there was much air activity over Sherman. It was in this town, in the heart of the plantation country, that a huge Texan — most of them are huge! — dressed in a handsome dark brown pin-striped suit, black string tie, and a light tan stetson, looking every bit the part he was playing.

A baby blue Cadillac hearse turned up for the second time. Passing us both ways on the highway between Sherman and Dallas, were trailer trucks of every description, including several of the big yellow, half-cab variety. Milk tank trucks were also a common sight in this state where everything is BIG. The more I see of it, the more convinced I am that Texan tall tales are not too far from the gospel truth.

Plows with three discs shining like the large size snow saucers children in the north play with, attracted our attention. I was told that Ben Albert in Worthington has used this type of plow at times. Double XX hamburgers with buns to match are popular here. Besides the meat in them, lettuce, tomato, onion, green pepper, cheese, mayonnaise or catsup are also included.

Out in the country on the super highway between Sherman and Dallas, we were surprised to see a big modern plant carrying the sign IBM — Supplies Division, with a spur track all its own.

Passing through the town of McKinney — another county seat with a fine new courthouse set plumb in the middle of the village square with traffic passing on four sides, as we had seen in other county seats, we saw lilacs and iris in bloom. A sign on a big house said "Love and Care Rest Home." Women working in their yards wearing sunbonnets were a pleasing sight.

We could see the beautiful city of Dallas across the plain long before we came to the city limits. In the eleven years since I had last seen it, it appears to have grown fantastically and I was assured that it had. Not acres, but literally miles of white roofed ranch homes surround the city proper, and from a distance they seem to merge all into one great white field.

Skyscrapers rise from the heart of this great city. Tallest ones towering over Dallas are the Southland Life Building, the Sheraton Dallas, and the Republic National Bank of Dallas.

Driving through University Park and the campus of Southern Methodist University with its handsome colonial buildings that cover many blocks was a sight to behold. University Park is a small municipality, surrounded by Dallas, which we were told has its own government, refusing to be swallowed up by the growing city.

One of our missions in University Park was to call on Roy C. Coffee, the mayor, with a can of maple syrup from Nathaniel F. Glidden of Worthington. Mr. Coffee was cordial and seemed pleased with Massachusetts syrup. He is a tall Texan with china blue eyes and the easy friendly manner that we have found among the folks of the Lone Star State.

In Dallas, too, we called on Kenneth and Mary Jean Paul. Ken is a Worthington boy now in the oil business. Our visit with him was short as he was just leaving for a month in Amarillo where a new well is being drilled. We remained for a few hours with Mary Jean and their children, Billy and Peggy.

During this time, we made a quick trip to the great Neiman-Marcus store. Merchandise of the finest quality and beautiful displays in a modern airy building met our eyes. In the toy department was a man-size clown that could be bought to stand in the corner of a child's room for \$125. Little girls' pinafores, of simple but elegant design, retailed for \$16.95 and up.

In this beautiful store where fashions for the whole country are tested and set, we saw women and girls dressed in the height of fashion and we saw others dressed in a manner to make you blink. When we went into the store, sitting at a cosmetic bar giving directions for a face powder mixed to her specifications, was a squash-shaped, blond-haired woman with a very red face and steamy neck. She wore a tight black jersey with pants to match and high heels. Mary Jean told of having seen a similar sight. The woman she saw was wearing a mink stole and waddled in high heels, with a cigarette in a silver holder — all that in the middle of July!

In a grocery store in Dallas, we saw gallon and five gallon jugs of distilled water from the Ozarks, bottled in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Water is not now such a serious problem as it was when I was last here because so many reservoirs have been built in the intervening years, but people living in cities where the water is strong with chlorine, are willing to buy spring water.

Air-conditioned busses, Mexicans, a rotary ditch digger, all passed in revue in Dallas and we decided that we could be very happy living in this city that is affectionately called Big D by the folks here.

Leaving Dallas via the turnpike to Fort Worth, we saw more sheep grazing in lush green feed. Pecan groves had been preserved here and there between the roads of the turnpike. The view backwards of Dallas was thrilling, and in just a short time, we were straining for our first view of Cow Town, as the natives call Fort Worth. Just at dusk, we drove into this other great city in the heart of Texas.

The greater Fort Worth telephone directory, we were told, is the first in the country ever to have a picture on the cover. This one shows the Casa Manana Theater and Fort Worth is in the territory of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co.

After supper in Fort Worth, we are driving thirty miles deeper into the woolly west where we will spend a couple of days with the Darwin Coxes in Weatherford. Alice Cox was a Billings frim Ripton, Vermont and we used to have wonderful times together when we were girls.



## Mary Martin's Home Town, Chandor Gardens Visited

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

WEATHERFORD, Texas — This is the hometown of Mary Martin. She is in town today and the hometown folks are very proud of her. Just ahead of us, we were told, she toured the famous Chandor Gardens and lunched at the Weatherford Country Club.

As a county seat, Weatherford surrounds the court house with traffic running on four sides. Three banks and one building and loan association serve the town with deposits said to total \$25,000,000. Our host is assistant vice president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank so we got in a tour of that institution. Much building is taking place in Weatherford, including blocks and blocks of new ranch type homes. Many of the people here are dependent upon the industries of Fort Worth for employment.

Here, as elsewhere in Texas, the two flags on every flagpole impress me. Ford's slogan, "Made in Texas by Texans" which appears on their Fords built in Dallas is perhaps one of the best pieces of promotion ever thought up in an advertising office. It would seem that every Texan

Cadillac owner would feel a compulsion to also own a Ford or two.

Today's highlight was our visit to the Chandor Gardens, the creation of a heavenly spot out of rock and dust by one of the greatest portrait artists of his time, Douglas Chandor. In sixteen years, he conceived and brought to fulfillment one of the most enchanting gardens in the United States and the only thing of its kind in the Southwest.

In the beginning, the ground was caliche, an ancient seabed of matted shells, hard as concrete. In the summertime, the blasting Texas sunshine parched everything. In winter, there were sudden killing freezings and thawings. Using dynamite, picks, shovels, mules, and elbow grease, Douglas Chandor cut holes and brought in a hundred trees, mostly hardy live oak and rock elm.

He dug a winding ditch across the top of the hill for an artificial stream. He gouged out caliche and filled the land two to four feet deep with soils. Then he gathered plants from inclement regions where the weather runs to extremes and is as changeable as in North Texas.

The garden plans that Chandor drew up in 1936 were almost realized when sudden death overtook him January 13, 1953. In the garden, you are in a thicket of trees and shrubs and flowers, the overhanging boughs and vines (wisteria, honeysuckle, clematis, roses) serving as shields against the scorching sun. These leafy ceilings help make the garden a series of outdoor rooms, one leading into another and each with a different mood. If you shut your eyes, your nose will tell you the flowers nearest to you.

The front door faces the East. Two or three steps in front of it, a Chinese bridge leads to an entrance arch of live bamboo. The bamboo rises above a tiled pavement and antique Chinese marble statues of guardian goddesses.

North of the bridge lies a long sunken bowling green, its English rockwall banks resembling a tapestry of blossoming plants. Along the top of the low wall grows a hedge of pink Alpine roses, interspersed with flowering bulbs. At the far north end of the bowling green is a terrace fringed with live oaks and blanketed in spring with a mass of tulips, above which rises a crescent border of lilacs and creme myrtle against a cedar hedge.

Southward from the front door you walk along a stream filled with water lilies. Here and there are small islands on which stand temple pagodas and Chinese sculptured waterbirds. Then you walk down an azalea bordered path under a ceiling of wisteria. From there you catch sight of what seems like a courtyard at the back of the house.

This is the silver garden, a sunlit circle with a pergola of roses overlooking rings of terraces which are planted in gray-green and silver hedges. Leaving this circular silver garden, you go southward down a shady brick walk paved in patterns that spell out a Latin

inscription: "May the little garden flourish. Dedicated to Ina."

Suddenly you catch your breath. You have come to the side of the hill that was once a gully. Today, it's an avenue of pear and apricot trees, their branches (trained on iron lattice) overarched and interlaced to form an arcade, a tunnel of blossoms in spring, of foliage in summer, and hanging fruits in September.

You descend this arcade to what was originally a sprawling hollow. It's now a floral amphitheater, one side constructed in tiers, the other side a rock-made wall as steep as a little cliff. Small flowering plants hang from crevices in the rock. Curving up through the "cliff" are a pair of brick stairways which the artist built with his own hands. Below, between the stairs, is a niche he made of colored marbles for the Chinese goddess of peace, Kuan-Yin.

He used to ask visitors, "Do you like my fountain?", pointing to a large oval pool where Ming dragons are spurring patterns of water twenty feet in the air. "It took me two years to build it. My wife and I baked the tiles in the kitchen oven." High overhead, beyond the jets of water, wires spread a spider web of wisteria. In spring, it's as if the sky were hung with mauve, white, and violet colored tassels.

Now comes another thrill. The uphill driveway to the house is arched with 400 feet of peach trees trained overhead like vines. Behind the peaches stand columns of Southern magnolias. Between the magnolias grow other flowering trees: crabapple, quince, and red bud. Beneath them all, to hold the moisture in the imported soil, the ground is covered with flat sandstones like a jigsaw puzzle. Creeping out through the cracks are a thousand narcissi in spring, and crawling plants such as crimson verbena, in summer.

Of this whole garden fantasia, the culminating effect occurs at the top of the uphill drive. It's the mountain Chandor built of weathered stones he brought from miles away. These stones weigh as much as 15 tons each, and though the mountain is not yet finished, it's nearly 40 feet high. Designed with a cavern in front and a miniature lagoon at the base, it might have been lifted out of a Chinese fairy tale.

Obliquely facing the "mountain" across the driveway, are mythical animals formed from mammoth stones. They stand on the edge of a large circular pool filled with water flowers and gold fish. Millstones used as stepping stones lead across the pool, and at one side, as if at anchor, lies a Chinese junkboat in stone, its deck a carpet of blossoming plants, its masts a trellis for yellow jasmine. Nearby, a towering mass of matted sea shells, caliche, has been lifted above the earth and strewn with niches in which stand Chinese

marble figures, saints and sages, some graceful, some wonderfully grotesque.

This early paradise is now open to the public for a small fee. Mr. Chandor lives in the studio-cottage tucked away in the garden and hopes to carry to

completion the plans of her late husband.

Douglas Granville Chandor was born in Surrey, England, in 1897. He studied art at the well-known Slade School in London. Six months after he started his studies, his need to earn a living started him off on portrait painting as a career. He advanced so swiftly that two years later, he held his first one-man exhibition in London.

Before he was born, his father had come to the United States and studied law at Harvard. The glowing tales he told his son kindled his imagination, so when the celebrated art dealer, Joseph Duveen, impressed with the young artist's talent, offered to introduce him to art collectors in the United States, Chandor jumped at the chance.

He arrived in New York in 1926 and within a few days was in Philadelphia at work on a pastel portrait of Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury.

Soon after, came portraits of the Atwater Kents and their children, then portraits of Mary Anne Scripps, Mrs. Duke Biddle, the eighteen trustees of Duke University, President Hoover and each member of his cabinet, and so on.

In 1934, he came to Texas to marry a red-haired Weatherford girl, Ina Kuteman Hill, who was at all times a happy partner in his career. The portraits for which he is most noted are Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and the young Queen Elizabeth. His portraits and his fabulous garden are fitting memorials to the full life of a great man.

Tonight, this area is on a tornado alert. An ominous sky was spitting rain when we were leaving the Chandor gardens at dusk and the wind was whipping up little dust storms. In the evening, the rain came, and with it hailstones the size of mothballs. We were assured that they were

nothing as compared to the hailstones they often get.

Tomorrow we will leave Weatherford and head for Carlsbad, New Mexico. The plan to call on Archer Fitzgerald, another Worthington boy who is now president of the Rotary Club of Albuquerque, has been abandoned for this time. We will see the caverns at Carlsbad and the White Sands Reservation on our route to Phoenix.



## Melon Parks In Southwest, Eat Your Fill For Quarter

**LOIS ASHE BROWN**

CARLSBAD, N. M., April 1—This day has brought us from Weatherford through West Texas to Carlsbad, N. M., the land of enchantment. When I asked this morning what we would see of importance in West Texas, the reply was "miles of nothingness." If that reply were serious, we have been happy that it has turned out to be an April Fooler.

At intervals through the south, I have asked various ones what's being done about integration—how they feel about it, etc. Once more the question was posed, this time to our host in Weatherford who is chairman of the school board. His reply was similar to all the others: that if the government would keep out of it, the problem would be resolved by the people concerned. He told us that the colored people resented the interference just as much as the whites. Equal facilities and equal opportunities are provided for the peoples of Weatherford and public relations are healthy.

Darwin told us that the 12 colored high school students of Weatherford are being transported to a school of their own in Fort Worth at considerable expense to the town and they are happy about it. To integrate them in Weatherford High which is already overcrowded would represent a savings to the town, but would stir trouble with no one more peeved than the colored parents.

His opinion was that the whites who are most offensive about the integrating problem and who cause the most trouble are those of a type somewhat below those they would discriminate against.

One of our Texas treats has been fresh corn on the cob, grown in the Rio Grande Valley. Not yet in season are the watermelons for which the Lone Star State is famous. Outdoor watermelon parks, closed up with the benches turned bottom-side-up on the tables, reminded me of the wonderful melons, both the red and yellow hearted kinds, that were such a pleasure when I was here some years ago. You can go to these melon parks, pay a quarter, and sit at a table where you are served as much melon as you can eat. The melons are split lengthwise and each person is served a half. You then proceed to eat out the heart and before you have nearly finished, another one is offered.

If you should have a hankering for some New England baked beans, you would probably have to prepare them yourself. They have baked beans here, but quite different. One variety is a pinto bean boiled with a smoked bacon; another is a sort of pea bean cooked in a hot tomato sauce. If you go to the market to buy salt pork to go with your beans, you should ask for "sow belly bacon." And don't forget your molasses, for no one here will remind you—they use white or light brown sugar instead.

A Texas expression we learned today is "turtle," the designation for an automobile trunk. They tell about loading the turtle for a trip and it strikes us as apt and descriptive.

April Fool jokes were flying thick and fast this morning and whether it was one of those, or gospel truth is a matter for debate, but Darwin's parting word to us was that fish in Texas are so big that it is a nuisance to measure their length, so they just measure them between the eyes and let it go at that!

Air-conditioned automobiles are necessities in this hot climate. When you see a car with its windows closed and the temperature above 90 degrees, you can be sure it is air-conditioned.

On the open road through West Texas, we have had an interesting day and had lots to see. In Mineral Wells, the Pinto County seat, we saw another courthouse with the community revolving around it. The huge Baker Hotel towers over the town and a giant Welcome sign is set on the mountain behind the town. A flashing sign in lights alternately tells you the time of day and the temperature.

The roadside rest areas in Texas are furnished with heavy duty tables and benches made of concrete. They are placed at frequent intervals — except when you are looking for one—and all are under shelters, since there is little shade in many places otherwise. We have enjoyed them over and over again. At one of them, we were surprised to find that the miles of dead-looking trees we had been passing were a thorny kind of apple just beginning to bud out.

One big billboard on this route told us that "Church going families are happier. Bring your family to church on Sunday." Cactus of a few varieties were a common sight today. Sheep in barren looking pastures appeared, and then some miles further, we came upon sheep grazing in a lush field of green.

In West Texas, we were pleasantly surprised to find miles and miles of green grain growing in the midst of arid areas that looked impossible for the support of any vegetation. We were told that this is a new type of grass that is proving a boon for the cattle ranchers.

Ben Albert's potato fields in Worthington, big and fine as they are, fade into miniature alongside the fields we saw miles of in West Texas all prepared for cotton. At intervals, were cotton gins and little cabin settlements. Irrigation set up like that back home, only on a bigger scale, made a refreshing picture as we drove through temperatures of about 85.

Sand storms greeted us in some places along the route and we were thankful they were no worse considering the high winds and the vast acreages plowed up. In some places, the sand was drifting badly enough to need plowing.

On the road were dead skunks, possums, and jack rabbits. Nearly every time we stopped, we saw carcasses in the ditch, leading us to think this arid country is well populated. Near Albany, Texas, we came out of miles of scrub cedar into vast plains of green grass. In some fields, cattle were grazing, while other fields stretched for miles with no sign of life.

Headlines today tell of the tornadoes in Texas during the night that took six lives. It is hot today but blustery. Perhaps this kind of weather explains why we saw an outdoor movie backdrop near Mineral Wells made of brick with great flying buttresses also of brick.

Rural electrification is perfectly thrilling in these wide open spaces. It just seems that no place is too remote to have electricity, and telephones as well. We have seen lines strung out into the wilderness repeatedly. Gateways to ranches have shown up today, and farm roads have intersected our route frequently.

In the town of Seminole, we saw the first Catholic Church in many miles, a forecast of many more to come as we get closer to New Mexico. Near this town, too, we came upon a plant of the Ohio Oil Co., and later found another of theirs. With some interest in that company, it was fun to see them actually at work.

The beautiful red bud is still with us but becoming fewer and farther between. More cactus and more palms are appearing.

With night approaching, we can now see the lights of Carlsbad, N. M. Neon lights illuminate this desert spot that is the greatest potash producing area in the world. More than 90 per cent of the world's supply is shipped from Carlsbad, we were told. The mines employ about 4,000, most of whom live in this town.

Here we will spend the night and tour the famous caverns tomorrow.



## Carlsbad Caverns Tour Takes Nearly 4 Hours

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

EL PASO, Texas, April 2 — We are feeling pretty insignificant tonight after spending several hours of this day in one of the seven wonders of the western world, the magnificent caverns of Carlsbad.

Last night we stayed at a motel which happened to be owned by Bill Colvert the advertising manager of the Carlsbad Current-Argus. Noting the Gazette press card on the car he invited us to be his guests at the caverns today. He wasn't able to accompany us, so he turned us over to the superintendent of this national monument, a Mr. Carlson.

At the office of the Current-Argus, Mr. Colvert, who is by the way a bachelor, presented me with a dress. It is no ordinary dress, but one that would make the wearer the center of attention anywhere. It is essentially a sack dress, but dotted lines make it convertible to either the trapeze or balloon line. There is also a marking for the empire line. Printed across the front of it is this message: "Be beautiful in a potato sack: Looks like a sack—Feels like a sack—Is a sack. Fill with 100 lbs. or more of charm, and save money on new French inspired creations. Guaranteed to lose shape without ironing. For evening wear, add mink trimmings."

The caverns are about 26 miles below the town of Carlsbad. The way is through some of the most spectacular country in the new world. A winding mountain road leads to the summit which seems to command a view to the ends of the earth. The visitors' building, completed a year ago, houses the dining room, lounge, museum, laboratories, washrooms, observation tower, and the elevators that carry visitors 750 feet underground.

John M. Greene Hall in Northampton would easily fit into the mouth of Carlsbad Cavern. It is at the grand entrance to the cave that the bat flight is one of the park's great attractions. On summer evenings, we were told that incredible numbers of these Mexican free-tailed bats spiral upward, stream southward over the rim, and later separate into flocks for night foraging. During the winter, most of the bats of Carlsbad Caverns migrate to warmer regions. They had not yet returned, so we missed this spectacle.

The first permanent settlers here were cattlemen who arrived in the 1880s. They knew of the cave and referred to it as Bat Cave. The first real interest in the cave resulted from the findings of its bat guano, a nitrate-rich fertilizer. Mining began at the turn of the century, and among the miners was a local youth, Jim White. He was much interested in the cave and took every opportunity to explore it. Later, he became an unofficial guide, and subsequently, under the National Park Service, he was made a park ranger. Finally, he was appointed chief ranger.

It was in 1923, that a report by Robert Holley, of the General Land Office, so stressed the scenic beauty of the cave, that Carlsbad Cave National Monument was established by presidential proclamation on October 25, 1923. Nationwide publicity came when the National Geographic Society published findings of comprehensive explorations made in 1923-24 by Dr. Willis T. Lee. The chain ladder with the wooden rungs now broken that men in Dr. Lee's party used in exploring one of the more inaccessible parts of the great cave is still in place.

When it was first established, the park surface area was only 700 acres. It now has an area of over 77 square miles. There are said to be many other caves of either scenic or archeological interest which have not yet been developed.

Indians knew about the cave and there is evidence that they used the entrance, but because they lacked any sustained light of sufficient brilliance, it is unlikely that they ever explored far beyond the opening.

We were told that this cave was made by underground water in two rock formations known as the Tansill and Capitan limestones. The limestones were deposited in a shallow sea 200 million years ago during the Permian period. The area finally raised

far above sea level by earth movements, beginning some 60 million years ago, which were also responsible for the Rocky Mountains. Since that time, water dissolving the limestone has hollowed the vast cavities, and has formed the amazing decorative deposits.

Settling of the original sediments and repeated earth movements made numerous cracks in the limestone rocks. The cave began when fresh waters from above found their way along these cracks and through pores in the rock.

All large caverns owe their origin to the solution of limestone by water. This took place down in the rocks, in the zone of complete water saturation. Small original crevices grew larger through solution until they became rooms and corridors. More and more water entered and all cavities were kept full, allowing effective solution work to proceed on all exposed surfaces.

With the passing of time, the simple cavities were converted into a wonderland. A myriad of beautifully shaped formations hang from the ceilings. Some of them are large icicle-like structures variously ornamented and known as stalactites. Some are small delicate growths resembling plants. Rising from the floor are spires of more massive forms known as stalagmites. Sometimes stalactites from the roof and stalagmites from the floor join to form columns. Less commonly, irregular spiral and curiously twisted and branched forms develop; these are called helictites.

All these fascinating forms are due to the deposition of carbonate of lime, carried in solution by descending ground water. As the water evaporates and becomes saturated, or is agitated, this carbonate of lime crystallizes upon the ceilings, walls and floors of the cave.

Many of the formations are delicately colored. This results from a small amount of iron oxide (shades of tan) or other mineral matter in the limestone. When saturated with water, formations glisten and appear to be translucent. If seepage of water stops, our guide told us the cave's appearance gradually becomes dull and the surfaces slowly assume a powdered look. Such a dry cave is spoken of as dormant or mature.

The Carlsbad caverns are unique because of the vast size of the underground chambers and their high ceilings, features brought about partly by rock collapse. We were concerned about more rocks falling as we looked at the vaulted ceilings and thought of the atomic experiments going on in the Los Alamos area not too far away. Our guide assured us that no rocks

had fallen within the cave for thousands of years.

We asked how the ceiling height was measured and were told that balloons filled with helium are sent up and the attached string is measured.

The complete tour of the caverns takes 3½ hours. Walking shoes and a sweater are recommended attire. Temperature in the cave year round is 56 degrees. Surface temperature varies from nearly zero in the winter to over 100 degrees in summer.

Desert flowers are just beginning to bloom and are perfectly lovely. The grounds of the Carlsbad Caverns are colored with the deep purple and golden yellows or some of the earlier species. We were told that these desert plants flower only briefly, then go to seed. The seeds lie dormant until the following spring.

On the summit of the mountain near the entrance to the caverns, is the administration building and the homes of the employees of the Park Service. These buildings are of the pueblo type and Mr. Anderson, our guide, said tourists are often disappointed when they find that they are not occupied by Indians.

The Park Service records of the past year showed 2,500 visitors from Massachusetts out of a total 435,000. At White City, near the entrance to the national monument of Carlsbad, we attended a lecture by Charlie White who homesteaded this area. He built White City to accommodate the thousands of tourists who come to the caverns, and has gathered

curios for his museum single-handed. Many of his so-called antiques of the Old West are in common use in New England and his mummies, claimed to have been discovered in the caverns, looked to us quite man-made! Food in his cafe was of the poorest quality and high priced. We were told that his Yankee Trader techniques have made him a millionaire.

One good thing about Charlie White, who stages his nightly lectures on the caverns in the manner of one of the original medicine men, is the way he presents traffic toll figures and warns the tourists to drive carefully. He said that 390 people were killed in New Mexico highway accidents last year — more than half of them from out of state, and more than half were one car accidents on straight roads. He stated the main cause was too many miles and too many hours. The visitors were implored to stop frequently and walk around their cars safely off the highway. This was good advice in a country where the roads run perfectly straight to infinity and with even a single filling station often as much as forty miles from the last one.

Leaving Carlsbad in the middle of the afternoon, we drove to El Paso through some of the most spectacular mountains — Gaudalupe Mountains of New Mexico on our right and the Delaware Mountains of Texas on our left — that we have ever seen. At one point we saw a radar screen high on a mountain top and recalled being told back in Texas that the people are just as deeply concerned about the possibility of enemy attack as we are in New England. Much industry is concentrated here with a high percentage of it in the interests of national defense.

We are arriving here at supertime and I will tell you about El Paso later.



## Much Traffic Controlled By Radar In Southwest

By LOIS ASHE BROWN  
ENROUTE TO PHOENIX,  
Ariz., April 3 — Leaving Deming, N. M., this morning, we have proceeded the rest of the way across the state, passed border inspection for fruits and vegetables or plants that might be carrying insects, and come into the Grand Canyon state.

Last night we arrived in El Paso at dusk and stopped for supper at a spaghetti house such as we had not seen since leaving the east. The food was excellent and the real thing. This was refreshing after having come across some poor imitations. You'd never guess that spaghetti and pizza could be served poorly so many different ways!

In this region close to the border, we are seeing many Mexicans and among them we have seen some very handsome ones. We are hearing Spanish spoken commonly and Catholic churches rise in every hamlet. In the larger towns, we have seen beautiful churches of Spanish architecture.

Back of the city of El Paso rise mountains like a great backdrop to the colorful metropolis below. Splendid homes and extensive new housing developments stretch around this town which has had tremendous growth within the past decade. Great modern buildings and fine stores take away the severe western look we had remembered.

The mountain directly back of the city bears the huge letters: J-A-E-B. I asked our pretty Italian waitress what they stood for, and she said that they represented the four high schools of El Paso: Jefferson, Austin, El Paso and Burgess. During the football season, they are lighted to indicate which team is playing. She added that during the Christmas season, a giant star is lighted up there, and during Holy Week, a lighted cross looks down on the town.

In the cool of the evening we drove on to Deming, N. M. where we spent the night. Approaching the town of Las Cruces on the way, a billboard told us that "You're invited to Las Cruces, N. M. by 25,000 friendly people."

Starting out from Deming, we are delighted to see borders heavy with petunias and poppies. Bigger palm trees have appeared, and in the middle of arid areas, a lacy tree that resembles a weeping willow from a distance. Close to, the tree is piney.

This part of our country was frontier land and wilderness less than a century ago, and towns through here were not settled until the 1880's. The pioneers must have been people of great vision.

In Lordsburg, N. M., we caught a glimpse of our first adobes. These are the mud brick square or round houses of a pinkish orange hue found here in the southwest. Thatched roadside picnic shelters at rest areas have turned up and are a welcome sight in a land where shade from the broiling sun is at a premium.

A thrill was in store for us today as we came upon Texas Canyon. This is a vast wonderland of boulders cast up crazily and balanced precariously in weird piles. Of the redstone variety, this stony expanse reaches out to high mountains on both sides and finally fades away to flat lands of cactus and sand again. Texas Canyon is on Route 86 about halfway between Wilcox and Benson, N. M. It is not marked on the maps we have, but it is worth coming a long way to see.

Through the south and the southwest, it would appear that the pleasure boat business is good. Every town of any size has had beautiful boats displayed, and autos hauling boats on trailers are a common sight. Today, we met a car hauling a bateau of the type seen around the Connecticut Lakes and the lakes of northern Maine.

Strict enforcement of speed regulations must be the reason we have seen nothing but sane driving thus far on our trip. In many places all across the country, signs warn that traffic is controlled by radar.

Dry lake beds and dry creeks crossed by great bridges tell us that it isn't always so dry in Arizona as the part we have come through today. Miles and miles we have come with no sign of water. And then, like a veritable oasis in the desert, we came upon a verdant patch with willow trees and flowers. It was only a patch and we were quickly by it.

Splendid roads everywhere tell of much construction since the war. Deep cuts throughout mountains and long bridges across low points have made for superior roads. Turnpikes in Massachusetts could be constructed in a fraction of the time they are if we had this same dry weather for a half of the year.

A billboard in this arid country said "Make straight in the desert a highway for our God." In Tucson, a decrepit building was marked "Labor Temple." Funeral homes in this section are called mortuaries. Park benches along the sidewalks bear advertising and seem like a good idea.

Tucson seems to snuggle up to the mountains behind it, but this is probably an optical illusion. We have driven toward high mountains all day that we have never come to.

Near Phoenix, we saw folks playing golf in dust and wondered that it could be played here at all. In Phoenix, a city that has become rich through extensive irrigation, we saw a beautiful golf course. Great hotels and miles of motels beckon the tourist. Mesa and Tempe, cities leading into Phoenix, share in the prosperity of this great irrigated desert.

This is the prosperous citrus grove area, and here carrots are raised to supply the rest of the country the year 'round. Nearly every restaurant plate is garnished with carrot strips. Fruit stands add color along the streets and the aroma of orange blossoms is so strong as to be almost sickening. As we approached this section of Arizona,

we drove into what seemed like a heavy smog. We closed our windows and put our headlights on. This continued for a distance of about a half mile through lush citrus groves hanging heavy with oranges and grapefruit. The smog appeared to have been caused from aerial spraying of the orchards. We were glad not to live close to the fruit trees after all.

Our mission in Phoenix was to call on Mr. and Mrs. William Bartlett and to present them with Denworth Farm maple syrup sent by their Worthington cousins, the Misses Elsie V. and Marion L. Bartlett. Mr. Bartlett, who is a civil engineer, left Worthington in his youth and settled in Phoenix back when the population was around 3,000.

In 1917, Mr. Bartlett found the site for the storage dam and reservoir that serves Phoenix today and bears his name. He surveyed it and a multiple arch dam, the largest of its kind at the time it was built, was designed for the site.

A member of the class of 1909S at Yale, Mr. Bartlett will be coming East in June for the 50th reunion of his class. He will visit friends and relatives in Worthington at that time.

We were interested to find out from Mr. Bartlett that a classmate of his, Raymond Cleveland now of Prescott, Ariz., and a man with Worthington connections, has had a hand in digging the shaft for the elevators at Carlsbad Caverns. Mr. Cleveland was a nephew of the late Charlie Kilbourn of Worthington, and worked at Carlsbad under Charles Dunning who was in Mr. Bartlett's class at Yale.

Phoenix is a beautiful modern city with avenues of elephant palms as well as several other kinds of palms. If one were to wake up there, it would be hard to tell that it was not southern California. Bleached hair and extreme fashions on every hand would further add to the delusion.

Arriving in Phoenix at 6 o'clock, we were delighted to hear the church bells ringing the angelus. There are many churches of every faith in this city whose population includes a high percentage of the leisure class. Churches seem to flourish among folks with time on their hands.

U-Haul trailers are not uncommon sights in the East, but out here in the West we've seen hundreds of them. Invariably they are headed for the coast. Large trailer settlements are at both ends of towns which would seem to indicate a temporary population; people following jobs or at school; a nearby army camp; or a lag in local building.

We left Phoenix on a super highway which intercepted streets with stop signs where traffic paused momentarily and then raced across in a crazy manner. We were relieved to be off this kind of super highway.

Our supper was in a restaurant that was like a page out of the Old West. A good many eating places out here are designated as cafes and this was that kind. At the bar which stretched down one side of the dining room sat characters that might have stepped out of a first class western. Trestle tables with benches, crude and heavy duty, furnished the dining room. The food was excellent, but that, too, was heavy duty.

For the night, we are in Prescott which was once a gold mining town. Catering to tourists is now an important business and many people who are in this line are folks who have come from the east for the sake of their health. We have talked to many such.

On to Grand Canyon tomorrow where we will celebrate Lyndon's eighth birthday. His only wish for his birthday was to see Grand Canyon and we couldn't have planned our time better if we had tried!

3,000,000  
3,000,000



## History Of Jerome, Ariz. Hard Rock, Work, Liquor

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

Flagstaff, Ariz. — We have just come via the magnificent Oak Creek Canyon from Prescott where we spent the night. We left early without breakfast, thinking we would stop to eat in Clarkdale twenty-seven miles beyond. Little did we know that the adventure ahead would be so exciting. The short stretch to Clarkdale looked so innocent on the map.

First we came to another area that looked like Texas Canyon which we had seen earlier in the southern part of Arizona. Great red boulders at crazy angles and tossed over a wide area made good picture material. While we were still enjoying this spectacle, we started climbing and winding up Mingus Mountain. Here we saw snow and the most breathtaking views at each level of the winding mountain road. With the glasses, we picked out cars in the canyons below at two points and were not surprised.

Coming around the top of Mt. Mingus, we came face to face with Jerome. A sign told us that this is now a ghost town with a population of 300, dwindled down through the years from 15,000 in 1929 when the copper mines here were going full blast. We were to find out that this is one of the most famous ghost towns in the whole country and that it has received considerable national publicity. We had not hitherto been tuned to it but will henceforth be alert to any news of Jerome.

A great town nestled and propped on a 30 degree mountainside, 2,000 feet above the Verde Valley floor, Jerome is now the home of some folks who work down in Clarkdale which is six miles away by a switchback road, some artists, and some retired people. All are devoted to the ideal weather and the spiritual lift that comes from living in a place so close to civilization, yet so apart from the world.

We met one such couple, a Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, retired from the University of Connecticut at Storrs. Dr. Wallace found us in the mine museum and we were attracted to him because of his wealth of information on the town and its history. He was glad to meet folks from the East and was

very helpful to us. He pointed out public buildings, including two large elementary schools, a 180 bed hospital, two very large hotels and some lesser ones, and a huge dormitory where miners once lived and some fine private homes. All are now deserted, some are locked by owners who hope one day to return, while others are fast returning to dust. Windows are broken in many buildings and doors are wide open.

The lady in charge of the museum which houses treasures of the mines and of old Jerome, deplored the way tourists invade private property and wreak havoc, breaking windows and stealing parts of the houses. Signs are posted offering rewards for tips leading to the arrest of such vandals.

Dr. Wallace invited us to his home to meet his wife and this gave us an opportunity to ask more questions. They told us that it had been a hope of theirs long before retirement to find a spot in Arizona since Mrs. Wallace is asthmatic. They studied weather reports of various western areas and were pleased to find that year round temperatures in Jerome were near ideal. The history of the town fascinated them and it was not hard for them to sell their big colonial house in Storrs and move west. They disposed of most of their furniture, saving only a few treasures and their books for their new home high up on the side of Mingus Mountain.

We sat with them at their table in front of windows that looked away to the San Francisco Peaks back of Flagstaff. Humphrey Peak is the highest of the three and the highest point in Arizona. Fifteen hundred vertical feet separate the upper level houses from the lower ones. Few towns, if any, are more precariously anchored on an inclined plane.

Mrs. Wallace said at first they missed the green of Connecticut but after a while the browns of this dry country become just as appealing and lush greens are almost offensive. The air is dry and the relative humidity about ten. Jerome has a good supply of excellent water from a spring high up on the mountain and costs \$1.50 per month.

We asked about real estate in a ghost town such as this and were told that actually very little property is for sale. The James S. Douglas family owns much of the town and there is hope that some turn of fate will bring Jerome back to life. Dr. and Mrs. Wallace rented a house for a time and recently bought for \$2,000 the little house that hugs the side of the mountain. On the street level, they have four rooms and a bath. Below, is another complete apartment that Dr. Wallace plans to spruce up for guests, and below that on the basement level are more rooms and a small terrace so that in the rear, their little house is three stories high!

Surely there had to be a fly in the ointment of such appealing living. Dr. Wallace confessed there was. Because all food has to be hauled up the mountain, it is very expensive and he thought that item might eat up the difference between living costs there and in the valley.

The history of Jerome is a story

of tough men against a rough mountain. It's a hard story of hard rock, hard work, hard liquor, and hard play. Jerome's ups and downs have never been confined to its streets and houses, nor to its shafts and pits. Rises and falls in the price of copper forced ups and downs in employment and payrolls, in population and prosperity. Fortunes were made and lost. Hopes soared upward with a widening vein of high-grade ore and fell to new lows when the vein pinched out.

The history of the town goes back to 1876 when Al Sieber staked the first claim but his didn't arouse much interest. It wasn't until the claims of M. A. Ruffner and Angus McKinnon filed also in 1876, called the Eureka and the Wade Hampton, reached the ears of the financiers of Wall Street that things began to hum in Jerome.

Two eastern financiers sent James A. Douglas Sr. out to look over the prospects in 1880. He saw no railroads but he liked the color, but not the distance to market so he advised against investing. Later, James A. MacDonald and Eugene Jerome of New York became interested in forming a company to open mines here. Jerome agreed to put up the money if the town were named after him. This seemed a good claim to fame at the time, but one other member of his family gave him some stiff competition; his grandson, Winston Churchill became Prime Minister of England!

It was toward noon when we finally with great reluctance tore ourselves away from Jerome, but with promises to ourselves of returning. Snaking our way down the mountain, we waved up to the Wallaces at each level and eventually came into Clarkdale. Apache and Navajo Indians live all around there and we saw some picturesque ones in town. Many were in native dress, and just as many were dressed as you and I and appeared they are.

After an ample brunch at the Black Hills Restaurant, a real gem where you would least expect to find it, we drove out of Clarkdale to explore Tuzigoot. This is a national monument at the remnants of a prehistoric fortified town of Indians who farmed Arizona's Verde Valley for two centuries before A.D. 1300.

Tuzigoot is a typical hilltop pueblo of 110 clustered rooms. It covers the summit of a long limestone ridge that rises 120 feet above the Verde River, and is terraced part way down the slopes. Two storied in part, the pueblo is about 500 ft. long and 100 ft. across at its greatest width. Many of the rooms are quite large; the average being 12 x 18 feet. The pueblo was entered by means of ladders to the rooftops and from there into the rooms through roof hatchways.

Modern excavations indicate that the adult Indians were buried in the great refuse piles on the hillsides below the dwellings. Babies were buried beneath the room floors or sometimes in the walls, perhaps in the belief that the little one's soul would be born again in the next child—so the Hopi Indians believed up to a half century ago.

For five centuries, Tuzigoot pueblo lay forgotten and undisturbed, its rooms obscured under fallen material from the ruined upper floors and roofs. In 1933-34, complete excavation of the site

was carried out by the University of Arizona.

Quite transported by our experiences of the morning, we drove toward Flagstaff through the Oak Creek Canyon. This route winds and rewinds up snow-capped mountains with deep canyons falling away at the side. At each level were turnouts for fabulous viewing and we stopped repeatedly to look and to take pictures.

At one of these points near the summit, a low white sports car tore around the curve right at us, then veered from side to side, coming to a stop on the wrong side of the road against a dirt pile. I noticed that the driver was having an epileptic spell and was relieved when he came to a stop without disaster to himself or anyone else. A California car close behind him carried people who were travelling with him. They stopped and took charge of him. The young man was a victim of cerebral palsy and it seemed a miracle that he could at all pilot a car. We were glad not to be witness to a fatal accident.

In Flagstaff, we drove around to see the town, and it, too, had gone modern since I saw it eleven years ago. A JayCee auction was going on and we stopped to find that it was just like any of Joe Sena's back home. The crowd looked somewhat different, as Indians made up the majority of the spectators.

Just outside of Flagstaff, we were at last on the road to Grand Canyon. Hopi Indians inhabit much of this route which traverses a part of their reservation and the ones we saw looked well dressed and prosperous.

At intervals we saw deer in herds which were tame enough for us to take pictures easily. We had good views of the canyon for many miles before we actually came into the park area which we finally reached at sunset. This is the third wonder of the western world that we have seen on this trip and we are overwhelmed at the beauty and mystery of it.



## Tourists From Worthington View Hoover Dam, Big Canyon, Boulder City, Las Vegas

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

**EN ROUTE TO LAS VEGAS, Nev., April 5**—There was no need to set the alarm this morning for we were awake early and dressed to see the sunrise over Grand Canyon. It was somewhat disappointing since the skies were overcast. We took the west rim drive for a distance of less than 10 miles and enjoyed the views of the canyon and the tame deer en route.

At some points, we could see the great Colorado winding its way through the bottom and the mule trails winding roundabout were interesting. With the glasses, we could pick out Phantom Ranch down near the bottom where some stay overnight rather than to make the round trip in one day. Hardier souls hike or ride burros for the 26 mile trip down to the canyon floor and back, all in a day.

Everywhere through the park are picnic groves with tables and fireplaces. At frequent intervals along the rim are protected turnouts for viewing the canyon close up. The sun did finally break through and we took a number of views.

Before leaving this wondrous canyon, perhaps it would be interesting for the folks back home to hear about available accommodations. There are three large hotels or lodges with every tourist facility averaging about twice the price for equal accommodations elsewhere. There is one unit of new and well furnished motel rooms that rent for \$12 single and up depending on the size of the party. This is slightly more than twice for the same elsewhere. A colony of so-called auto cabins, shabby and poorly furnished, but with inside plumbing, rent for \$8 single and up. These were heated with oil space heaters and smelled offensively. Others of these without plumbing rented for \$6 and up. Tenants in these shared a toilet shack nearby. Cabins with one of the lodges were of rustic design, furnished simply but comfortably and in good taste, but with only the necessities for sleeping overnight and rented for \$8 and up—mostly up!

An inviting camp grove attracted many trailers and autos loaded with camping gear. The smoke from the campfires this morning smelled good and the families gathered around for breakfast and warmth would have made a pretty page in the Face of America. The temperature stood at about 40 but wasn't very cold because of the low humidity.

The Fred Harvey chain operates all of the sleeping and eating facilities within the park and it struck us that some competition would make for a more healthy situation. Food in the large cafeteria was of ample variety but high priced and of poor quality. Most of the help were Indians and seemed very efficient and pleasant. Food in the coffee shop was somewhat better but not commensurate with the price.

It is more than 150 miles into Grand Canyon village from Flagstaff and most folks plan to stay overnight in order to see the sun rise. It is not expedient to boycott these poor services at high prices so people pay them rather than to forfeit the sunrise. We found excellent accommodations on the way out on the road to Williams which is the other entrance to the Canyon, and wondered that so many people, even at this off-season, would crowd into the village at the rim. Perhaps many of them had ap-

proached from Flagstaff as we had. Williams is 59 miles out from the Grand Canyon.

Out on Route 66, called the Main Street of America, we stopped in Williams for break-

fast. A large picture of Arizona plateaus hung on one wall, while on the other was a beautiful snow scene in blues and white. Food here was first class and the prices were normal.

To Kingman from Williams, the road goes through 146 miles of barren stony land, too stony to even support much cacti. Even in this kind of country, we did see at one point a cowboy with four dogs driving a sizeable herd of "dogies" that looked too scrawny to ever be eaten.

In Flagstaff yesterday, we secretly got a birthday cake for the celebration of Lyndon's eighth. After we got to Grand Canyon which had been his birthday desire, we watched the sunset, then lighted the candles and sang Happy Birthday to him and he wished as he blew them out. It was then that he told us that so long as he had already got his wish to be at Grand Canyon, that now he had wished to have a toy rifle!

Going back to yesterday again, as we descended into Jerome, we came upon a funeral procession assembling at one of the inhabited houses. The hearse stood in front—one like Leslie Porter's in Cumington—and Mexicans in black suits stood around the porch and sidewalk. Soon, women in black with heavy veils appeared and the little procession wound its way down the mountain to Clarkdale for the funeral.

Soon after the funeral scene, we saw an Indian wedding party gathered around the front of a church in Clarkdale. The members of the party were beautifully dressed in modern day attire but with flowers that weighed them down. Guests were mostly Indians and in mixed dress. Fine new cars were parked all up and down and the bride's car was white decorated with garlands of flowers.

Now, to take you westward once more. In Kingman, we came upon a retired Santa Fe locomotive set on a track on a little common. Ben and Lyndon, born in the age of the diesel, were delighted and we explored it with them. Pictures of it were taken

to be added to our collection of "passing scenes."

At this point, we heard a siren blowing close by and waited to see what direction the engines went in, then followed. The volunteers came quickly and the small house fire was soon out.

We have now turned off Route 66 and are heading north to Hoover Dam, Boulder City, and Las Vegas where we will spend the night. This road leads through rugged mining country and the mountainsides are streaked with workings. It has been fun picking out mining camps and roads on the sides of mountains that appear to be solid brown rock. Out of these hills, millions of dollars in silver and gold have been taken.

After 83 miles through semi-desert, we came suddenly upon the great Hoover Dam, the highest dam in the world, 727-feet from base to crest. It has a thickness of 660 feet at its base, comparable to the length of two average city blocks, and diminishes as it rises to a thickness of 45 feet at the crest.

The dam, power plant, and appurtenant structures, contain enough concrete to pave a standard highway diagonally across the United States from Seattle to Miami, a distance of more than 3,000 miles, according to the lecture which is given to tourists.

The principal purposes of this great project are: flood control, water conservation for irrigation and domestic purposes, and the generation of hydro-electric energy. While the generation of power is secondary, it is important in that the sale of electric energy is liquidating the cost of the project. The lights of Las Vegas alone must consume millions of kilowatts.

Above the dam, we could see the deep blue waters of Lake Mead. In broiling sun with just no shade anywhere, the water looked very appealing. White-sailed boats dotted the surface and from a lookout we could see a large beach colony. All the way from the dam into Boulder City, we could find not a smitch of shade. All this brown barrenness

changed as soon as we entered the city. A beautiful oasis, Boulder City has green lawns and tree shaded streets. A heavenly park lay ahead of us and we fell upon it, rejoicing and relieved.

Families were enjoying the park in the same manner people do the world over on a Sunday afternoon. Lyndon and Ben rolled on the green velvety grass like puppies. It was hard to tear ourselves away from such a pretty spot.

Outside of Boulder City, the land was just as hot and naked as that we had just come through, but it was only 20 miles into Las Vegas. Here also, except for the hot pavements of the business district, streets are tree shaded and lawns are green.

Approaching Las Vegas from the east, we noticed vast trailer colonies stretching for blocks and blocks. Here again, we were conscious of a transient population. Before choosing a place for the night from among the hundreds of places up and down the main streets, we toured the city sight-seeing. The streets were teeming with people even though this was Sunday afternoon. Fast traffic and fine cars moved madly about with California number plates seeming to far outnumber Nevada's.

On the "strip" leading out of town toward Los Angeles, we saw nightclubs of the most fabulous proportions with familiar names we had heard on television, and announcing the presence of show people well known to all of us. Mae West was playing at one; Four Lads at another; Georgia Gibbs, and a host of others all up and down the avenue....

We looked at several motels before choosing one and found them generally more expensive and not a whit better than we had seen all across the country. We were told that prices on a Saturday go up to over \$20 for a double because folks pour in from California for the weekend. Even on Sunday, we saw crowds coming off a Santa Fe train and getting into taxis and limousines.

In a recent copy of "This is Las Vegas," published by the Nevada Club, I read that the Duke and Duchess (of Windsor, of course!) had been in town. They had come from Tucson; the Duchess riding up front with the chauffeur and the Duke riding on behind with three pug dogs.

Overnight in Las Vegas wouldn't be complete unless we visited the gambling halls which are wide open everywhere. Needless to say, our overnight stay was not complete, but we did walk a few blocks in the downtown area looking and listening.

What surprised me most was the appearance of so many ordinary looking people; folks that looked fresh from the country, and all busy playing the coin machines that are placed in even the grocery stores. Old folks and young folks alike faced up to these clanking machines with their faces set in dead earnest and oblivious to the world. These were the little players. Those playing for bigger stakes go to the Golden Nugget and such gambling halls where fortunes change hands quickly.

People passing on the street gave off the clink of silver dollars with each step; waitresses wore sturdy black change aprons from which they passed out nickels, dimes and quarters in quick conversion. Food in the gaming houses is said to be cheap so as to entice all levels of society. Baby sitting is a big business here and most motels include it on their signs.

Second floor windows in the downtown list lawyers by the hundreds, for there is much business here for them, too. Loan sharks are busy in Las Vegas which is also fertile ground for every con game known to man. Wedding chapels get in on the act, too. Apartment signs offering six week leases are common and a good many of the women we saw on the street looked like likely tenants. Spiritual advisers and palm readers offered their services here and there, and blind musicians sang or played their way down the street.

In the restaurant where we ate, a motherly waitress who looked, wholly out of her element in Las Vegas, told me that she just loved the excitement of the town and wouldn't want to live anywhere else. She was a native so I asked her how the citizens of Nevada felt about the gambling. She said that they know which side their bread is buttered on, and besides she thought most of them enjoyed the sport of it for themselves. She said, "You'd see the cars hi-tailing it out of town if gambling were outlawed and this would be a ghost town." She said that Nevada businessmen poured thousands into fighting the attempt of the city of Phoenix to legalize gambling—as far away as that city is! I asked her what would happen in Las Vegas if California were to legalize gambling. She shrugged and said, "We'd surely be ghosts then." I asked what stand the churches take, and she said, "Oh they keep in their place and mind their own business."

We asked Lyndon if he knew what a "one-armed bandit" is, after we had watched him eyeing a man engrossed in playing one. He looked puzzled and said he thought it might be a bandit with only one gun. We enlightened him. With thoughts of getting up early to cross the Mojave Desert, we returned to the peaceful confines of our motel and tomorrow we cross into the Golden State.



## Most Las Vegas Stores Don't Open Until Noon

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

Enroute to the coast—After a good night's rest in the middle of this glittering city, where night life is far busier than that of the day, we got up early to drive through the Mojave Desert before the heat of the day. The streets of Las Vegas were ours, for most of the people were snoozing and checkout time in the motels is not until noon. Stores bear signs advising that they will open at noon, and the gambling halls are quiet and closed up at this hour.

But if you should have the urge to try your luck, there are numerous places where you can play the machines. On a street corner in the downtown, there is an old beat up slot machine of gay ninety vintage with a sign on it saying, "This is the machine that made Las Vegas famous." In drugstores, theater lobbies,—everywhere you turn, there are these one-armed bandits. And folks who look no different than those you would see on the streets in Northampton are busy seeking their fortunes.

Back in Grand Canyon reservation yesterday, I forgot to tell you about the Indian horses we saw in the road. They had been tied at the hocks with clothesline rope so they hobbled as they walked. This is the way the Indians keep them from getting too far away while they are grazing.

Another interesting feature of this great park are the groves of gnarled old cedars and junipers. Believed to be hundreds of years old, they appear quite like those of the Natural Bridge park and those there were claimed to be the oldest known in the western world.

Now back to the Golden West. We are riding along at 60 through the Mojave Desert which is cool and windy at this hour. At our right, heavy equipment is raising a dust cloud in the business of laying a matching strip for this super highway. Traffic between

Los Angeles and Las Vegas is obviously heavy.

While it is still early for some desert flowers to bloom, others are out and strange beauties line the roadsides in many places. One lovely cactus with the big flat prickly leaves growing close to the ground has a cerise blossom that is very colorful, especially in a desert background. Yellow flowers with orange centers growing like the wild snapdragons at home, and great clumps of velvety green with white star-like flowers grow in the most barren places. There is an enchantment about the desert that is overwhelming and it is not hard to understand why some are drawn to it.

The air is dry and the wind often strong according to one woman I talked with. Las Vegas advertises an average annual temperature of 80.3 degrees, with a relative humidity of 15, and 348 days of sunshine. Rainfall averages 2.4 inches and there is no smog, so the signs say. When I tried to spread some bread for a snack in Boulder City yesterday, it dried nearly to toast before I could get it buttered!

Signs further invite people to settle in Nevada because there is no state income tax, no inheritance tax, death transfer, or intangibles tax. At this piece of news, it will be a wonder if there isn't a great exodus out of the Bay State and on to Nevada!

A sign welcoming us to Nevada went on to say: "Recreation Unlimited—Uninhibited." The peo-

ple appear casual and informal to a fault. Some are overbearingly friendly and familiar. Men, bare to the waist, step out of pools and into the business district while women are only slightly more formal in short shorts and halters. And some are dressed in the extreme fashions of Hollywood. Big straw hats attached to neck scarves are different from the sunbonnets worn in Texas, serving the same purpose.

High tension lines leading from Boulder—Hoover Dam into the cities of California cross the mountains and desert alike, threaded along on super-structures six abreast at some points.

Wide dry rivers are crossed by great bridges such as we have seen in other places in the southwest. Headlines tell of flooding in other parts of the country. We are passing acres of burned over semi-desert land north of San Bernardino with fire lanes plowed at the edge.

On our left, stretching away to high mountains, are desert shrubs in bloom that look like purple and white lilacs from a distance. They are fragrant and this mass of beauty extends for miles.

A giant B on the mountainside back of Barstow warned us that we were near that town whose growth has been largely set by the nearby marine supply base. Marine personnel are on the streets and we have just passed a trailer carrying an army tank. This sight pleased Lyndon and Ben.

Garages along are marked as "auto clinics." Signs bearing

scripture and exhorting people to turn from sin are appearing. One such sign not far out of Las Vegas said "Are you tired of sin?—Jesus saves and satisfies."

Mirages on the roads today have fascinated the children as they had their first experience with them. Another mirage of a different kind has been the golden glitter along the roadsides of beer cans.

Tandem trailer trucks are permitted in some western states and are common sights on these long straight roads. They look like overland freights and judging from their number, it is no wonder the railroads have suffered.

Passing through San Bernardino, we passed out of the smog that covered the region between it and Barstow. Now we are seeing vast blankets of pansies, and marigolds. California poppies which grow wild here are appearing.

At noon today, we arrived in Riverside where we will spend a few days with Ruth Moulthrop Babb and family. Ruth was a Vermont classmate at Lyndon Institute and came "down country" and worked at General Electric in Pittsfield with me. The Babbs are typical of many of the folks back home who have sought their fortune in the West.

The Gold Rush more than a century ago brought emigrants out here in great numbers and the emigration westward has slowed at times, but never stopped. The lure of cheap land, of better living conditions, of a mild climate and of work itself still brings people west every day.

Irrigation has been, perhaps, the greatest single factor in the growth of this part of our great country. Plumb in the middle of desert that formerly was held in low regard, you now see verdant fields of truck garden produce of the highest quality, and citrus groves second to none in the world.

To Oriental settlers, much credit is due for the tremendous strides in agriculture that the West Coast has enjoyed. We are seeing these people now for the first time on this trip. Their prosperous farms cover many acres. The smell of the citrus blossoms fills the air, while at the same time, trees, in groves and private dooryards alike, hang heavy with oranges, lemons and grapefruit. This sight is thrilling to folks from the North.

Out in the country, the Babbs, like many others who can manage it, have a ranch. In the West, a ranch means a country place and it is not measured by the number of acres contained. Very often it is in a canyon, which means a little valley of sorts. "El Rancho Babb-O" is fenced with a high board enclosure with an impressive entrance hung with Mexican lanterns which light the yard. A grove of Chinese elms makes this ranch a cool sheltered spot for the family's animals.

The ranch is the home of June,

an ex-Santa Anita runner. She belongs to 14-year-old Janice Babb, who has trained her to shake hands. June is a quarter horse and has been bred with an Arabian stallion. Janice has high hopes for the expected colt.

Nugget is the name of Janice's goat at the ranch. She is a black and tan Nubian and the biggest nanny I've ever seen. Her size is not her claim to fame, though. Nugget stands out because she is educated and intelligent. When you speak to her, she answers in the most human fashion and she dances on her hind feet in spite of her great size. She stands up as if to beg, and then tosses her head like the aristocrat she is.

This super goat, as any goat will, has eaten up some valuable property from time to time. For it, her very life has been threatened. To redeem herself, she performed so well at the fair last year that she was given a blue ribbon and a plaque. Besides that, she won the attention of a press photographer and landed herself on the front page of the Riverside paper.



## Carefree Life In California Reflected In Jobs, Stores

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

RIVERSIDE, Calif. — For this day, after travelling more than 4,400 miles in the past three weeks, we will try to put our feet on the ground and just soak up the atmosphere of this fantastic land that is southern California. Here in Riverside there is enough to keep us busy sightseeing for weeks, but we will have to cram it into a few days and are ready to start forth right now.

A short way from where we are staying is Girls' Town, a Christian home and school for girls, founded by the radio evangelist, Essie Binkley West. The big sign at the entrance and the buildings that look like a reclaimed army camp whetted my curiosity. So, this morning my hostess and I drove up there to see what we could find out about the place.

We were greeted by a motherly woman who turned us over to another one who answered our questions and gave us much literature explaining the place. We were anxious to meet Mrs. West herself and were directed to the chapel on the grounds. We found her in the middle of a movie on Girls' Town which her son is producing. Mrs. West is a woman of ample proportions, as the saying goes, and for the movie scene that was being shot, she wore a becoming navy shirtwaist gown and a corsage as big as a dinner plate. From the back of the chapel, the flower she wore looked like a large size peony, but goodness, it doesn't seem as if it could have been. But then, anything is possible in California! We didn't get close enough to identify it and after a considerable wait, during which time the movie scene went on, we took the booklets and left.

From what I can find out, Mrs. West is well-known here on the west coast because of her radio mission which she conducts daily. She is a Pentecostal and her Sunshine Mission in Los Angeles for women in trouble and her Girls' Town are both operated solely on faith. The only support for these two projects comes from the free will offerings that come in from folks all over the United States. The girls are mostly from the western states, but there are students from nearly every state.

Mrs. West claims that Jesus Christ came to her in a vision and commanded her to act as his messenger in lending a hand to underprivileged women and children. The newspapers here have called her the "Angel of Skid Row." She says she asked her Lord for a job no one else wanted to do, and was directed to her work among unfortunate women and children.

Essie Binkley West — Mother West, as her followers call her, is a showman from the word "Go!" and her pictures in long white flowing gowns remind one of some other chosen ones who have left their mark out here in the Los Angeles area.

Leaving Girls' Town, we set out for the Arlington Plaza to do some small shopping. This magnificent shopping center is quite like many others out here, and on the way out here. They are an important part of the modern trend and are serving a good purpose. The parking lot was crowded at noon and the stores all seemed busy. Many of the stores are self-service and at that hour, it was not easy to find a clerk to even answer questions.

A shaded courtyard in the center of one of the major sections was an inviting spot and a whole day could have passed there with-

out notice. Stores of every description lined the walks of the center with plenty of variety and choice. Palms and flower beds of gay colors make this seem like another world.

Finally we got down to business and got into a vast layout of groceries and sundries. I like to walk up and down the aisles comparing prices and merchandise to that back home. Where we might find special sections of Italian or Polish foods in our New England groceries, here it is Mexican foods that are more apt to be featured in super markets and specialty stores alike. Prices are not noticeably higher or lower on staple items. Fruits and vegetables, as might be expected, are slightly lower. Oranges, which we have seen hanging heavy in groves all over this section of California, are cheaper and it is no wonder. We keep wondering how many of the millions we have seen ever get to market. Something we seldom see as much in the north are "seconds" in the orange world. Here these can be bought by about the half bushel for a dollar.

This kind of orange may have a bulging navel; may be pulpy; may be course skinned; or even deformed. These oranges are not worth their shipping weight which accounts for their not being seen back home. However, there is much goodness in them.

The carefree life that is so much a part of California living, even for folks holding down full-time jobs, is reflected in the stores. It is very noticeable in the clothing displays, and just as evident in the foods offered. Cold meats of every description and roasts quite in the minority in the meat cases point to the eating habits. Potatoes are sold in small plastic bags more often than by the peck in paper bags—sacks, they are called.

Strawberries, fresh picked, are

offered over and again at roadside stands for five baskets for a dollar. Avocados are popular here. They are cut up and mixed with other fruits sometimes; or they may be halved lengthwise like a pear and eaten with salt and lemon juice. Eggplant is more common than in the north. At its best, it is dipped in egg batter and deep-fried.

Recently when the weather here was cold and raw and much complaining was being done about it, our hostess commented that it was balmy compared to what she had known back in Vermont. She was promptly quoted and shown without a coat on the front page of the local paper. That made news!

At dinner today, the bread was left on for the dessert course. When it was passed to go with the boysenberry pie, that was a surprise. Ruth said, "What kind of a Vermonter are you if you don't eat bread with your pie?" That was a new one to me, but she should know.

Late this afternoon, we went out to El Rancho Babb-O for some more life in the California countryside. It seems to be the heart's desire of every child who ever faces to the west, that one day he will go to the land of the cowboys and be one. Our boys were outfitted with boots and hats in Texas by their uncle and aunt and have been looking for an empty horse ever since.

Out at the ranch they were in

their glory. A frisky little toy collie and a big tiger tom live out there besides June, the saddle horse, and Nugget, the Nubian goat.

Among the pictures we took out there today was one of Janice on the horse, and with Nugget standing on her hind legs up to the horse as if asking to get on, too. This goat has a near human face that reminds me of a woman in Worthington whose name I will withhold.

Tomorrow, we will drive on the Santa Ana Canyon to spend the day with Ethel Oslund Whelton and family. Ethel is a Pittsfield friend who was matron of honor at our wedding 10 years ago. The sights of Long Beach where she now lives will come to you tomorrow.



## Freeways In California Unlike Many Toll Highways Over Much Of Nation

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

LONG BEACH, Calif., April 8 — Today we are off to Long Beach which lies down the coast to the south of Los Angeles. The way goes through Corona and Anaheim. Many back home will recall that Anaheim is the town where some Pittsfield people were transferred some years back to the General Electric plant there. It is also the home of Disneyland.

Pet farms seem to be good business here as we see them at frequent intervals. Pets of every description are offered. Besides small dogs of choice breeds and Siamese and Persian cats, there are monkeys, birds, fancy fish, and even snakes.

Sidewalk cafes are appearing and look very appealing in this summer climate. Trestle tables and benches to match are the common furniture, though we have seen some of the wire ice-cream style painted in pretty pastels. In many of the public eating places, there is an open courtyard or a shaded sideyard where meals are served. We have many such places back home that are used in season, and I am told that most of these here are not used the year 'round either.

Approaching Long Beach, the most outstanding sight we will always identify with that town, and the scene we remembered seeing in geography books of long ago, is Signal Hill. This broad expanse overlooking the whole vast area is covered with oil wells. Against the horizon the derricks appear in a solid maze. Here and there, pumps can be seen in action.

A jungle of signs heralds our approach to Long Beach just as we have seen at the entrance to every town along the way. Objectionable as they are, we must admit, that many good purposes are served by them. The traveller gets all kinds of helpful information from the signs, and now again, there is a good laugh.

The flowers are overwhelming everywhere. Today we saw a great field of Easter lilies. Geraniums that are now selling for from 65c to \$1.10 a pot back home at this season, are growing in hedges higher than my head, and in places are considered a nuisance. Orange blossoms make the air heavy with their sickening sweetness. They are thick on trees that are also hanging with ripe oranges.

Arriving at the Whelton home in Long Beach, we were charmed by the quaint houses, mostly of stucco painted either white or pastel, and many with shiny brick colored pavements. Wee lawns of lush green velvet, like that on the greens of the country clubs in the north, are cool looking. The smog we had seen on the way in had lifted when we arrived and all was bathed in brilliant sunshine.

What I had been thinking was rambler roses turned out to be bougainvillea. It hung as heavy as Dutchman's Pipe would in the northeast, covering the side of the Whelton house with flaming color. Hibiscus bloomed in the front yard, and there in the border along the house was a poinsettia. A little walk at the side and a quaint gate led into the high-walled courtyard that is so much a part of many California homes, especially those in cities.

In this courtyard, like many others, a part is grassed and a part is paved. It is edged with banana palms against the wall. At the rear of the courtyard, you can peek through a gate that leads to a paved alley which passes behind all the houses. At one side of the Whelton courtyard is a guest cottage and a small workroom-storeroom. Here the washing machine is kept so that it is a simple pleasant matter to step outside and hang the wash which dries in no time.

I suggested that this would be a poor territory to sell automatic dryers in and was told that they actually sell quite well because the heavy smog which hangs over this section so much of the time retards drying, besides making the clothes dingy. At other times, the wind blows up so much dust, that a dryer is welcome.

There are many beautiful houses in this town with the great long beach from which it takes its name. It was the small quaint houses with balconies,

tiny turrets, heavy oak doors with tiny peek holes, and much iron work that caught my fancy. Much of this section is a popular summer resort and is quiet at this season.

At the end of this street is the beach and on beyond, the blue Pacific. From the time we left Worthington, the boys talked of swimming at Long Beach. The wind was whipping up high waves and it was no kind of a day for others than the most experienced to be in the water. They were happy with the beach, but felt quite frosty from the cool wind off the ocean. On a clear day, we were told that Catalina Island can easily be seen.

The Wheltons are like many others we have talked with out here. They are easterners who have come out here to live and to work, thinking they can always return if they don't like it. Most have adjusted quickly, are happy here and have no thoughts of going back at all. As for a visit back home at some indefinite time, even that is not in their thoughts, for they are more anxious that the folks left behind will come out to see how lovely it is in California. Ethel says that she is so eager to have everyone share her new found pleasure here, that she feels like the bride who wants all her single friends to be married.

People from the north are slow to recover from the enchantment of the citrus trees. A small lemon tree with giant lemons grows in a tiny spot of earth at the edge of Ethel's courtyard. When she took me out to see it, she gasped, "There's one missing" . . . We laughed because that clearly showed how closely she watched that little tree.

When folks at home say they can't afford to die, they can be thankful that they don't have to face the end on the west coast. Laying the dead away out here is big business. At one point today near Anaheim, we saw a new "Memory Garden" being laid out like a city park. A big sign at the edge said, "For your convenience — Everything in one place . . . Mortuary, Flower shop, and Chapel."

Ethel told us that the first greeting they had from the Welcome Wagon was advertising from a local mortuary offering

free use of their chapel and rooms for meetings and parties. Pencils for the children bore the advertising of the mortuary.

One of the curiosities of Long Beach, and probably of many other places out here, are the one or two seated electric cars driven on the sidewalks by the senior citizens. They are pastel in color and are something like the golf cars seen at home, only a little more developed.

On the way home tonight we came upon the U. S. Naval Ammunition and Net Depot in the edge of Long Beach. There were tanks that looked about like 1,000 gal. capacity, and what they contained we could only guess. They were stacked high like log wood and if they contained ammunition as the sign suggested, it would be frightening to think of the consequences were they to be touched off. A high barbed fence surrounded them and warning signs of the danger at hand were posted at intervals.

At this point a word should be said about California's wonderful freeways. One of the first questions asked of us when we meet new people here is, "How do you like the freeways?" They are referring to the turnpikes that are toll free, connecting the major cities in every direction. Judging by the heavy flow of traffic we have seen on them, none were built ahead of their time.

Californians who have been on the toll turnpikes in the east are bitter about having to pay there when their roads are free. Some have suggested that out-of-state cars be charged a toll. This would seem to be fair enough. It wouldn't take very long to fill their coffers either from the great flow of non-California cars.

On the freeways, it is possible to traverse great distances in a short time. This is, of course, at the expense of seeing much of the towns you are by-passing. For our own purposes, we are avoiding the turnpikes most of the time, but have on several occasions been grateful for them, too. Tomorrow will be such a day, for we are slated to take Lyndon and Ben to Disneyland in Anaheim.



## Fears That Disneyland Version Of Coney Island Was Fully Unfounded

By LOIS ASHE BROWN

DISNEYLAND, U. S. A., April 9. — This day has been consumed with a visit to the most fabulous city in this country. Walt Disney's biggest dream come true in the form of Disneyland located in Anaheim, Calif. It is strictly a commercial venture and we entered in at the gate this morning with some misgivings.

Mr. Disney's idea is that many of us fondly remember our small home town and its friendly way of life at the turn of the century. He thought that this represented an important part of our heritage and thus he endeavored to recapture those years on Main Street, Disneyland, U. S. A.

"Here is the America of 1890-1910, at the crossroads of an era, where the gas lamp is gradually being replaced by the electric lamp; the plodding horse-drawn street car is giving way to the chugging 'horseless carriage.' America was in transition; the discoveries of the late 19th century were beginning to affect our way of life. Main Street represents the typical small town in the early 1900's."

When you visit the apothecary, the ice-cream parlor, the market house and the exhibits which have been re-created from this bygone era, it is easy to imagine yourself a part of those times. At the Firehouse, you will see the stalls of Jess and Bess who pull the old fire engine that is polished to the hilt. You will hear the bells clang and see the horses go tearing away with the fire engine as if for real. For 10c, you can ride on the engine.

At the Main Street station you can board a train of the Santa Fe and Disneyland line for a complete trip around Disneyland. We did just that and were delighted that the young engineer looked quite like Worthington's Ted Porter. Sitting up front in one car was a sporty gentleman who resembled Joe Hebert, even to the two little boys with him!

Perhaps the highlight of the train ride is the part that takes one through the Grand Canyon diorama. Passing into what appears to be a tunnel, you are suddenly passing by this great natural wonder — riding right along the rim, it seems. Stuffed birds and animals, whose natural habitat is the Grand Canyon, appear real to life and a make-believe thunder storm is staged in a convincing manner. The train also carries you along the shores of the Nile and the Amazon where you catch glimpses of life in those parts.

For us, the train ride was only the beginning of a thrilling adventure. Getting off the train, we walked up and down the main street which includes a round park near the railroad station. This park has a flag pole in the center and walks crossing it. Facing on the park are the public buildings of the town. The shops are all very high class ones and perfectly in keeping with the times.

Leaving Main Street, we walked about 500 feet into a suburb called "Adventureland." This was a short trip to a mysterious far-off place in an exotic tropical region somewhere. We boarded the "Irawaddi Woman" for a cruise down the Amazon and back on the Nile. Tropical plantings, including bright flowers of the jungle, orchids and trees imported from such real

places lined the banks. Colorful basket trays of fruit stood on posts at the dock. "Wild" animals stood here and there on the bank as the boat passed and the misty tropical rainforest breathed on our faces. Hippopotamus and crocodiles swam around our boat (on a concealed underground track) and threatened with their wide open mouths until at several points the captain was forced to draw a gun on them. We thought at one time his timing was a little off and that he acted bored with his

drama! And who could blame him. Throwing such a big line of bull day in and day out could be very wearing on one's nerves.

A lifelike encampment of head hunters were encountered on this boat trip, too, and the boat passed close to dangerous rocks as it just missed passing under a waterfall. On the return trip, the captain did maneuver the boat so that it passed directly and wholly under the falls. Near the dock for this trip was a fascinating tropical bazaar. Exciting as this was, it was to be only a small part of the whole.

Frontierland was the next suburb we toured. This was a trip to the America of about a century ago. Davy Crockett's Fort Wilderness delighted the boys and they shot Indians from the towers to their heart's content on mounted guns that seemed to shoot for real.

Here we boarded the Mark Twain, a Mississippi sternwheel steamboat, that glistened with brass and fresh white paint. We passed Tom Sawyer's island with his tree house and Injun Joe's Cave. Later we took Huck Finn's raft to the island and explored every inch which took more than an hour. All sorts of wonderful ideas were brought away from there and it won't be surprising if Mrs. Burr's woods are eventually full of caves and tree houses after we get home!

In this same area, the Golden Horseshoe Saloon featured a rollicking floor show and drinks no stronger than root beer. Tables for ladies were provided. A stagecoach drawn by prancing horses would take you to see the wonders of the painted desert, and the Rainbow Ridge Mine Train takes you deep into underground caverns abounding with multi-colored waterfalls.

On the "Chicken-of-the-Sea," a three masted tuna schooner, you could have lunch that featured the tuna. Everything was spotless and even though prices seemed a little higher than elsewhere for food, the quality and service were so superior as to make the prices actually low. Chicken dinners served at the Plantation House were beautiful and served in all the elegance of that period.

A trip into Fantasyland came next. This included a tour of Sleeping Beauty's Castle which we reached by crossing the moat over the drawbridge. Nothing has been spared in making every part of Disneyland realistic and romantic. The very best of everything has been put into it and nothing seems cheap and flimsy.

The children loved the castle and were properly impressed. Telling of it afterward, Ben said that "A stinking old witch tried to give Lyndon a poisoned apple, but he didn't take it!" Lyndon said that the witch also tried to roll boulders on his head but somehow he managed to get away in time.

Other features here include a walk with Snow White through the dark forests to the home of the Seven Dwarfs; a flight with Peter Pan from the clutches of Mr. Snee and Captain Hook; and a race with Mr. Toad on his wild ride through Old London Town.

You can take a breathtaking ride in giant tea cups at the Mad Hatter's tea party, and you can

ride in a wild animal car on a cog railroad with Casey Jr. at the throttle. Gay canal boats will take you on a cruise through storyland — tiny little villages set up in great detail along the banks.

We wound up our day in Tomorrowland. A trip through Monsanto's dream house of the future made us realize afresh what a wonderful age we are living in and facing into. Here a rocket ship blasted off into outer space so realistically that Ben asked his father, "How are we ever going to get back to Mommy?" Lyndon is still pondering whether or not he actually left the earth.

As if all these thrills were not enough, multi-million dollar construction is underway at Disneyland for more attractions. These will include a 14½-story high replica of the famed Swiss Matterhorn. Exciting bobsled runs will circle down and through it for breathtaking views of Alpine grottos and caverns inside; and passing thro' it will be the Skyway ride. A submarine voyage beneath the seven seas of the world; under the polar ice cap, and to the "Lost Continent of Atlantis" and the graveyard of sunken ships will be ready. Too, exotic underseas plant and animal life, swimming mermaids and sunken treasure will be on view.

The nation's first practical monorail train system, considered a key to future travel will circle the new area on a concrete highway in the sky, 35 feet off the ground. A futuristic speed-ramp will carry passengers to its ultra-modern station. Four new multi-level "super autopias", winding through the "New" Disneyland over this freeway of the future will attract guests who will drive individual gasoline powered cars. Two new lakes will be made over which guests will take memorable motorboat cruises through rapids and rushing "white water" to serene lagoons. All these proposed attractions, together with those already in operation, should keep folks coming back for years to come.

A perfect ending to our day came when we were making our way back to the railroad station to go to the parking lot. Along the street came the colorful Disneyland Band. They marched to the village common with many of the tourists following. There, the American flag and the Disneyland flag were lowered and the band played the "Star Spangled Banner."

Our fears that Disneyland would be another version of Coney Island were unfounded. Everything is of the highest class and a cleaner place is not to be found. The personnel are the most wholesome appearing and enthusiastic folks they could have hired, that is, with the exception of the captain of the Irawaddi Woman!



# SCRAP BOOK

