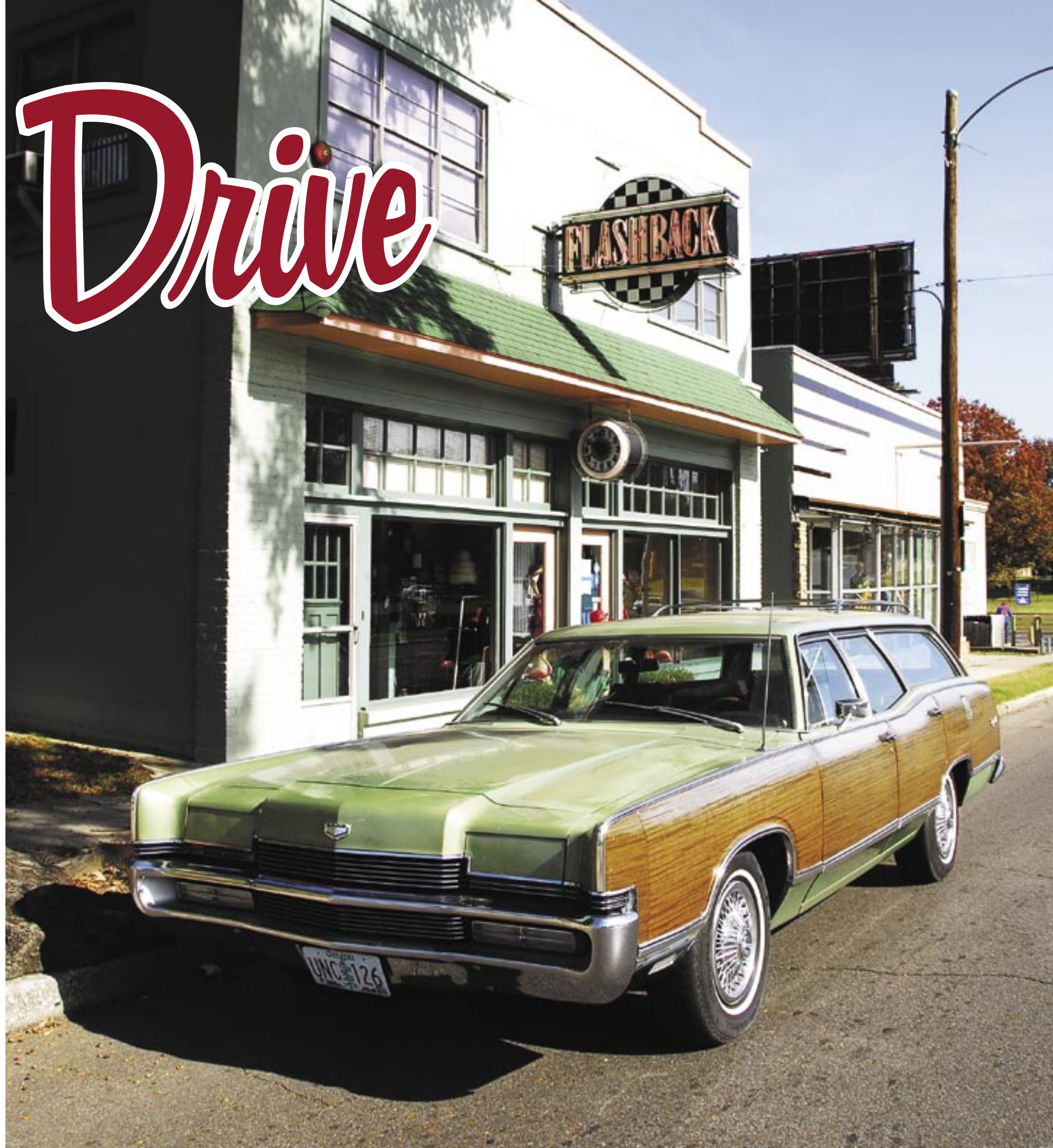


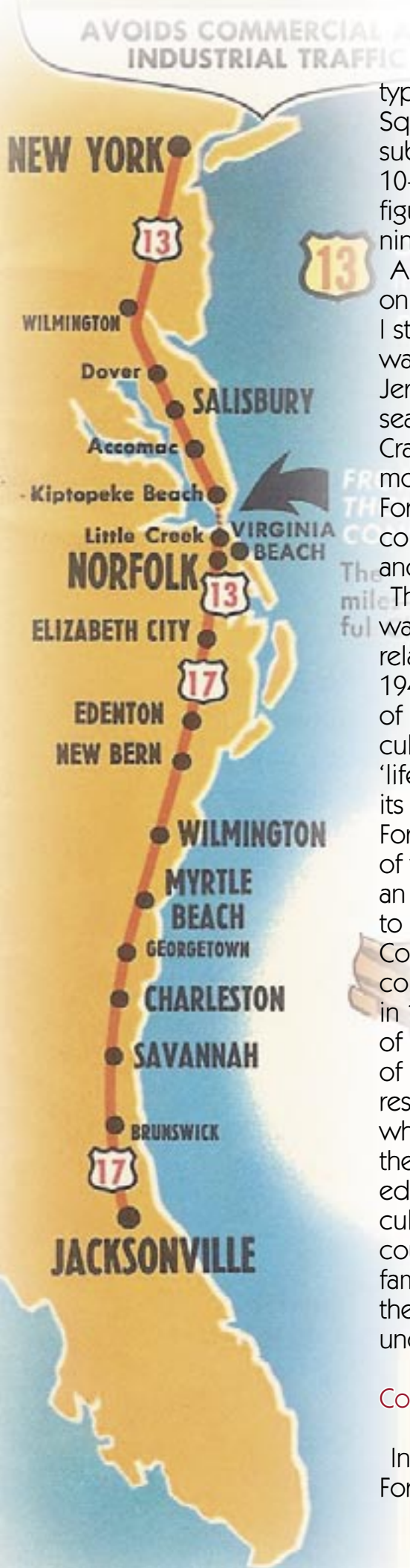
Inspirations for great road trips come from many sources. In this case there were two: The first was to recreate a family vacation from a summer long ago, the other was - believe it or not - a series of cookbooks! Let me explain...

**Words & Photography:
Richard Truesdell**

I GREW UP IN NEW JERSEY, JUST across the Hudson River from New York City. And each summer, starting in 1964, my family would drive to Miami Beach for a late summer's week in the sun before heading back to school in the fall. In 1964 our chariot of choice was a white 1961 Ford Thunderbird coupe. In the years that followed we made the trip several more times in a number of different cars, among them several station wagons.

In the Sixties, long before the advent of the minivan, the station wagon was the vehicle of choice for countless suburban moms, and no one company was better known for its grocery getters than Ford, so much so that they were known as 'The Wagonmaster'. And when it came to station wagons, the wood-clad, full-size Country Squire best personified Ford's leadership role. At the height of its popularity, up to the first OPEC Oil Embargo in 1974, Ford would





typically move 120,000 or more Country Squires annually. It was the staple of the suburban American driveway, and in its 10-passenger, dual-facing-rear-seats configuration, could carry Mom and an entire nine-man Little League baseball team.

All of these memories were not lost on me in the summer of 2007 when I started to look for a suitable station wagon to recreate one of those New Jersey to Florida summer-time trips. My search centered on eBay (ebay.com) and Craigslist (craigslist.org) as I looked over more than two dozen

Ford woodie station wagons, available in compact Falcon and mid-sized Fairlane and Torino Squire models.

The reason why I zeroed-in on Ford's wagons, beyond their popularity and relatively high survival rate, was that from 1940 to 1980 Ford published a number of cookbook anthologies, with recipes culled from the pages of Ford Times, a 'lifestyle' magazine published by Ford for its dealers and mailed to owners of new Fords. Ford Times was an early example of what we now call custom publishing, an extension of manufacturers attempt to extend their brands. The Ford Times Cookbook series would assemble in a compact volume (up until the last edition in 1980, it would fit in the glove box of many Ford vehicles) a wide variety of restaurants, thus making it a great resource when looking for places to eat while travelling. Broken down by region, the restaurants profiled changed from edition to edition, reflecting changing culinary tastes. The restaurants featured could offer up everything from simple family fare to five-star dining. To say that the choices were eclectic would be an understatement

Country Squire or Colony Park?

In spite of the fact that in the Sixties Ford would typically produce 200,000

wood clad (officially called 'Di-Noc', a 3M product) station wagons across three series, I wasn't having much success locating my dream Country Squire. I was looking primarily for a 1968 to 1972 model, the 1968 through 1970 models featured hidden headlights. Whilst I had an affinity for the 1971/1972 models, during the bicentennial year of 1976 I circumnavigated the US from coast-to-coast with two friends in a brown metallic 1971 Country Squire.

Then, through the help of members of the Yahoo Station Wagon group, I stumbled upon a beautiful 1969 Mercury Colony Park, Mercury's even more upscale counterpart to Ford's much more ubiquitous Country Squire. In 1969 the Colony Park benefited from the same new body style as its Marquis sedan, hardtop, and convertible counterparts, including a very Lincoln-like front end featuring covered headlights.

The look was so much like its more expensive cousin that the ads of the era proclaimed 'If Lincoln offered a station wagon, this would be it.' Riding on a 121-inch wheelbase (three inches shorter than the sedans and shared with the Country Squire), the Colony Park measured 220.5 inches long (more than four inches longer than the Country Squire's 216.9 overall length with most of this coming forward of the front wheels) but almost four inches shorter than the Marquis sedans.

Prelude – Little Rock, AR to Wildwood, NJ

The Colony Park was located in Little Rock, Arkansas which presented the first logistical challenge. It required a flight from Las Vegas at the conclusion of the SEMA Show to pick up the car from its previous owner, Shelly Smith. Shelly, who operates a dog rescue service which serves the greater Little Rock area, bought the car several years ago in anticipation



The Chosen One: 169 Mercury Colony Park

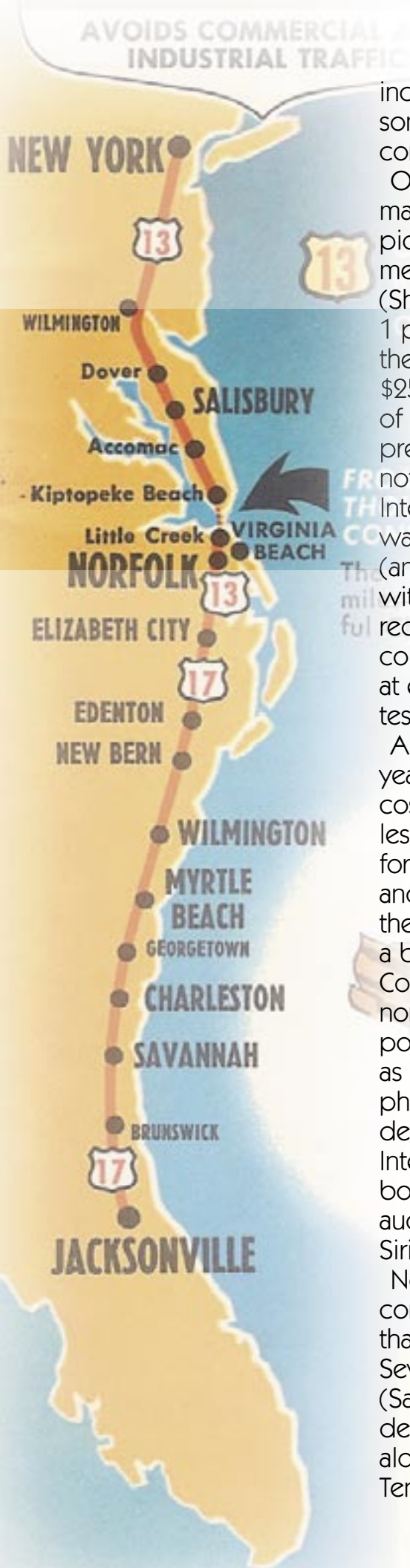
Previous owner Shelly has photos of the car, more than 100 in all, which are still available online at farrellonline.com/Waggon/69Waggon.html.)

of using its cavernous cargo capacity to transport her four-legged friends, but realized that it was much too nice, thus hadn't driven it much. Whilst it was my intention to drive from New Jersey to Florida along a pre-Interstate route made up of older US highways, from Little Rock to New York City, I would be sticking to the Interstates for two reasons. First I needed to be in New York City by Tuesday at noon to attend an awards ceremony (my online magazine, Automotive Traveler – automotivetraveler.com – had won an industry award that I needed to accept) as well as to be on well-traveled roads should I run into any unexpected mechanical difficulties.



Before leaving, I had packed my collection of Ford Times cookbooks as well as a pair of Sixties-era Rand McNally road atlases picked up on eBay, as well as my Rand McNally portable GPS navigation system. After flying into Little Rock late on Friday evening, Shelly and I conducted our financial arrangements, she bid me good luck (not before saying that my plan was daft) and I headed east, staying the first night in Brinkley, Arkansas, halfway between Little Rock and Memphis, Tennessee.

The following morning I took a quick tour of Memphis, checking out Graceland, but not having enough time to check out the Lorraine Motel where Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated in 1968. Driving through Memphis I found Flashback, a retro Fifties and Sixties clothing store which I felt would make a great photo op, and inside I was able to buy a collection of vintage road maps, along with many old travel brochures,

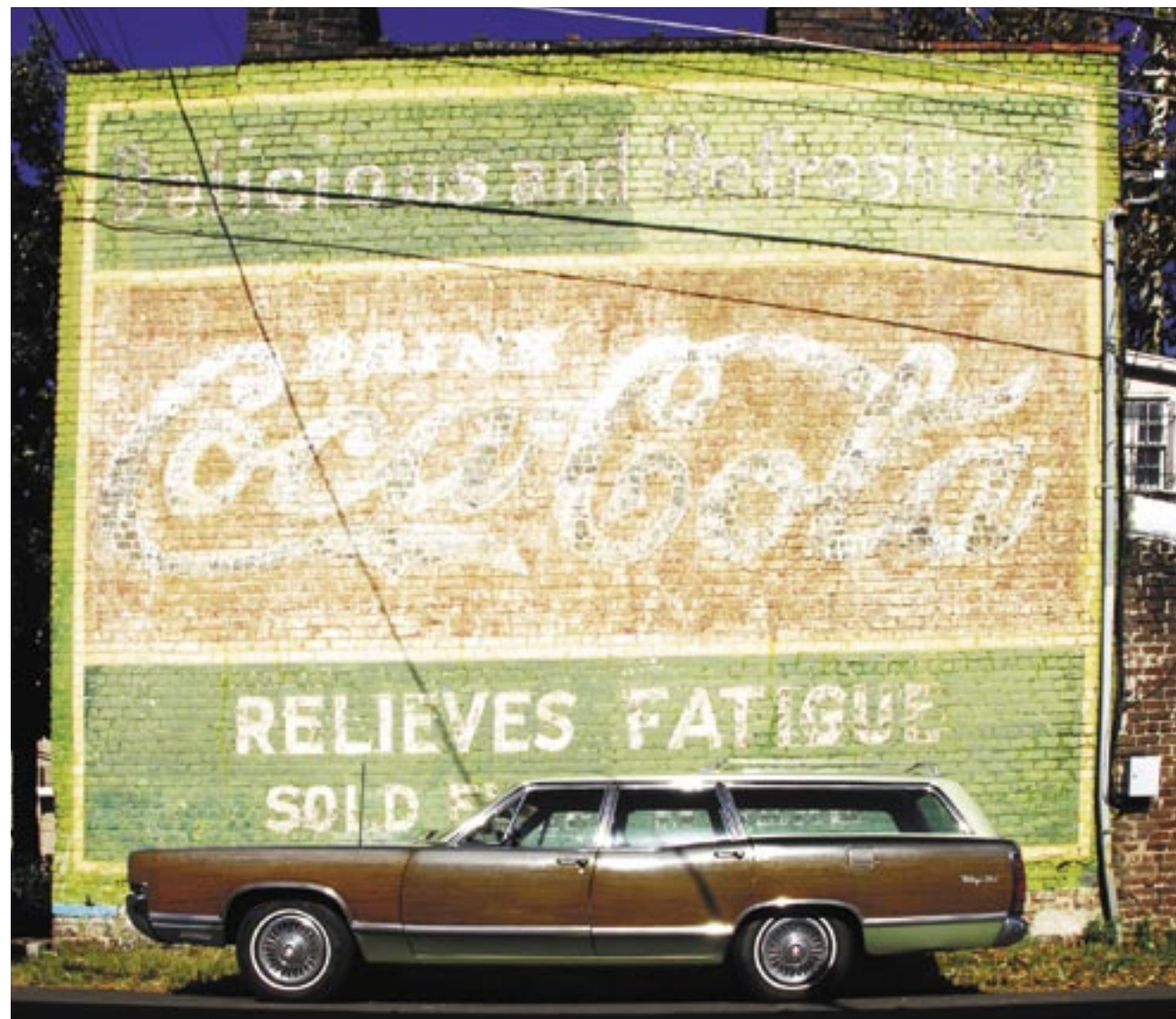


including several from the Sixties from someone's family vacation to Florida. I considered the find a good omen.

On the outskirts of Memphis a stop was made at an Auto Zone parts store to pick up essentials like a tool kit, replacement wiper blades, a case of Mobil 1 oil (Shelly had the oil changed with Mobil 1 prior to my arrival as well as having the A/C system recharged with R-12, a \$250 cost that we split equally), a case of automatic transmission fluid (older, pre-1980 Fords use an older style of ATF, not always available at stops along the Interstate), and because the Colony Park was equipped with a 429 2V engine (an odd combination that is combined with a 10.5 to 1 compression ratio) it required a steady diet of lead substitute combined with 91 octane premium fuel at each fill-up. (In 1969 a gallon of high test leaded cost about 35 cents.

Applying the rate of inflation over the years, that same gallon of petrol should cost about \$2.04 cents today, quite a bit less than the average \$3.30/gallon I paid for fuel on this trip. Covering 2,600 miles and averaging 13 miles per gallon, fuel for the trip would eat up almost \$700 - quite a bite!) As Shelly had warned me that the Colony Park's high fidelity AM radio was non-operational, I brought along my Sirius portable satellite radio. But as I didn't want to drive with headphones on, shortly after the Auto Zone detour I stopped at a Best Buy along Interstate 40 and purchased a powerful boom box with an iPod-compatible audio input, perfect for use with my Sirius portable.

Now I had tunes, but decided to confine my listening to the channels that played the hits from the Sixties and Seventies. The second night on the road (Saturday) was spent at a classic, yet non-descript cinderblock motel somewhere along Interstate 40 west of Knoxville, Tennessee. The best I could say about it



was that it was clean, warm, and the TV worked.

The rest of the trip to New Jersey was uneventful, except for one small mishap in Tennessee when I attempted to top off the ATF with the car running and the engine hot. An overspill caused an under hood fire, which required a mad dash back into the Auto Zone to grab a fire extinguisher to put out the blaze. Thankfully there was no apparent damage but it encouraged me to buy a small extinguisher to add to my collection of tools and spare parts in the rear seat well.

Night three on the road (Sunday) was spent in Hagerstown, Maryland, along Interstate 81 which required a very early start, so that I could make my awards ceremony at New York's famous Tavern

on the Green, in Central Park. Because of the size of the Colony Park, I was charged the parking rate for oversized SUVs, which was basically twice the price for a car. The bill? About \$70 for three hour's parking, something of a rip-off!

Now the Fun Begins

With the awards ceremony in my rear view mirror I crossed back into New Jersey just ahead of rush hour traffic and headed south on the Garden State Parkway, a road very familiar from countless trips to the New Jersey shore in my youth. Along the way I made a short side trip for dinner to The Smithville Inn in Absecon, near the gambling Mecca that is Atlantic City. The reason for selecting The Smithville Inn was that it was featured

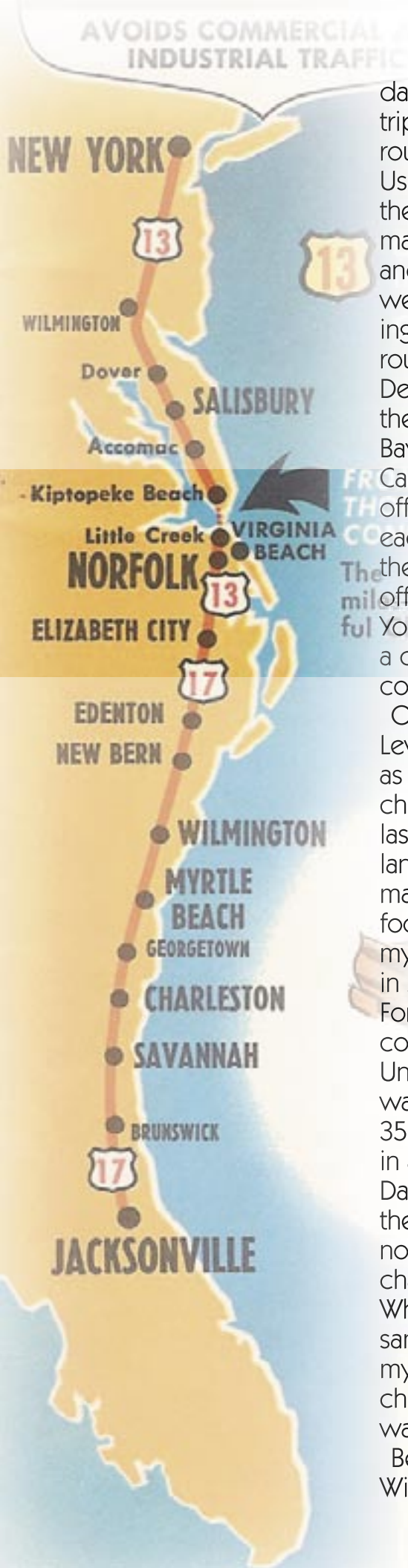
in The Ford Times Cookbook. While the menu had changed from the time it was featured in the 1969 edition of The Ford Times Cookbook, The Smithville Inn maintained its reputation for culinary excellence. Order the seafood entries if you visit.

My destination was the Starlux Motel (thestarlux.com) in Wildwood. The Starlux, originally built in 1953 as The Wingate, was extensively renovated several years ago as a boutique hotel and convention center, is the hip place to stay in Wildwood, a classic Jersey shore resort town. When The Wingate opened in 1953, rooms cost from \$8 to \$10. Applying more than 50 years of inflation, today's prices of \$69 (standard room) to \$229 (two-room suite) for accommodations (off-season) seemed entirely reasonable. (Using the trusty inflation calculator westegg.com/inflation/) the rate of inflation, \$8 in 1953 translates to \$65.38 in 2008.)

Ocean Drive Day 1 – Wildwood, NJ to Virginia Beach, VA



Today, if one makes the trip from New York to Florida, one is most likely to choose the New Jersey Turnpike (Interstate 95) all the way to the tip of southern Florida. Without pushing, it's possible to make the trip with two full



days of driving. But in keeping with my trip's retro theme, I would be taking the route better known as The Ocean HiWay. Using primarily US Routes 13 and 17, the Ocean HiWay hugs the coast and if making the trip in winter back in its Fifties and Sixties, would most likely offer better weather with less chance of encountering snow. An integral part of the coastal route is the Cape May, New Jersey-Lewes, Delaware Ferry. Starting operation in 1964, the ferry spans the 17 miles of Delaware Bay, with a relaxing 80-minute ride from Cape May to Lewes, Delaware. In the off-season the ferry runs four times daily each way (up to eight times each way in the summer) and costs \$23 one-way in off-season (\$29 each way in the summer). You can make reservations and pay using a credit card online (capemaylewesferry.com).

Once on the other side of the bay, Lewes and the rest of Delaware was not as I remembered it; rural and dotted with chicken farms. In the forty years since my last visit, it has become built up, with the landscape covered in outlet and strip malls, big box stores, along with fast food and Starbucks. (In the course of my search for a suitable car for the trip, in Jacksonville, Florida I located a 1970 Ford Torino Squire that was used by UK comedian Dave Gorman for his book *Unchained America*. His Torino Squire was equipped with a high compression 351 cubic inch V8, a very rare option in a Torino station wagon. Dave's idea was to traverse the US, west to east, then north to south, totally avoiding chain-style establishments. While I attempted to do the same, I simply couldn't wean myself of my addiction to cheeseburgers or WiFi along the way.)

Because of a late start from Wildwood, I traversed the



At the Starlux, a refurbished retro/vintage motel, originally known as The Wingate in Wildwood, NJ



Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel, one of the seven greatest engineering feats in the world; it was already after dark, thus no photos. First opened in 1964, the same year as my first trip to Florida, Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel is a 23-mile long combination of 4-lane bridges and 2-lane tunnels over the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay that links the

southern tip of the Delmarva (Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia) Peninsula with the cities of the Virginia Tidewater region.

Ocean Drive Day 2 – Virginia Beach, VA to Nags Head, NC



Day two would turn out to be both frustrating and a short day's drive. First, the day was miserable, weather-wise. Second, I needed to conclude the purchase of another car on the Internet,

that being a mint, four-cylinder 1988 Pontiac Fiero. At the time a barrel of oil was flirting with the magic \$100/barrel barrier so I thought that would be a good idea to have a car that would get 30 miles per gallon or more. But the seller wanted payment in three days, so I needed to facilitate a wire transfer, requiring a trip to a local branch of the Bank of America.

It took me almost before noon before I gassed up the Merc and headed south having made the decision to stop at sundown. A quick look at the maps showed that somewhere on Cape Hatteras was the logical place to stop that evening. This required a slight detour from the US 13/US 17 Ocean HiWay route, instead heading southeast out of Virginia Beach on US 158 towards the coast, along the way passing a retro-style diner and a long-closed Esso station just as the sun was setting, affording me two great photo opportunities.

It was dark as I passed Kitty Hawk, site of the Wright Brother's first flight and after making another \$60 stop for fuel I spotted the vintage-looking Sea Foam Motel (seafoam.com/) in Nags Head and decided to call it a night and have dinner at a reasonable hour. The Sea Foam turned out to be a masterful stroke of luck, a charming place right on the ocean that unlike many other area motels wasn't closed for the season.

The Sea Foam, built in 1947 and listed in the National Register of Historical Places, is a bit of perfectly preserved postwar Americana, where it seemed that time had stood still. Pulling up in the Colony Park I realized that in 1969, The Sea Foam was already 22 years old. The rooms, slightly updated over the years, were by no means the Ritz-Carlton, but as my head hit the pillow, it was easy to image that it was again 1969. Speaking with the night manager whilst checking in, he told



me that many patrons return year-after-year to The Sea Foam Inn. He proved his point by showing me a hand-written ledger almost completely filled for the summer of 2008. But he also explained that The Sea Foam was under siege, from both Mother Nature whose wrath was eroding the very beach the motel was perched on, as well as by greedy developers who eyed the same ground



Vintage Esso station on US 158 on the way to Kitty Hawk, NC...yes, I have detailed shots of the pumps

Vintage Esso station on US 158 on the way to Kitty Hawk, NC...yes, I have detailed shots of the pumps



as a potential site for more faceless and characterless condo development. If you want to experience a real slice of mid-century American life, before it's too late, book yourself a room in The Sea Foam Inn.

Ocean Drive Day 3 – Nags Head, NC to Savannah, GA



The third day on the road proved to be the longest, covering more than 550 miles. Thankfully I was up early and was able to take advantage of a spectacular sunrise to get some shots of the sand bags along the beach that was protecting



The Sea Foam from the advance of the Atlantic Ocean.

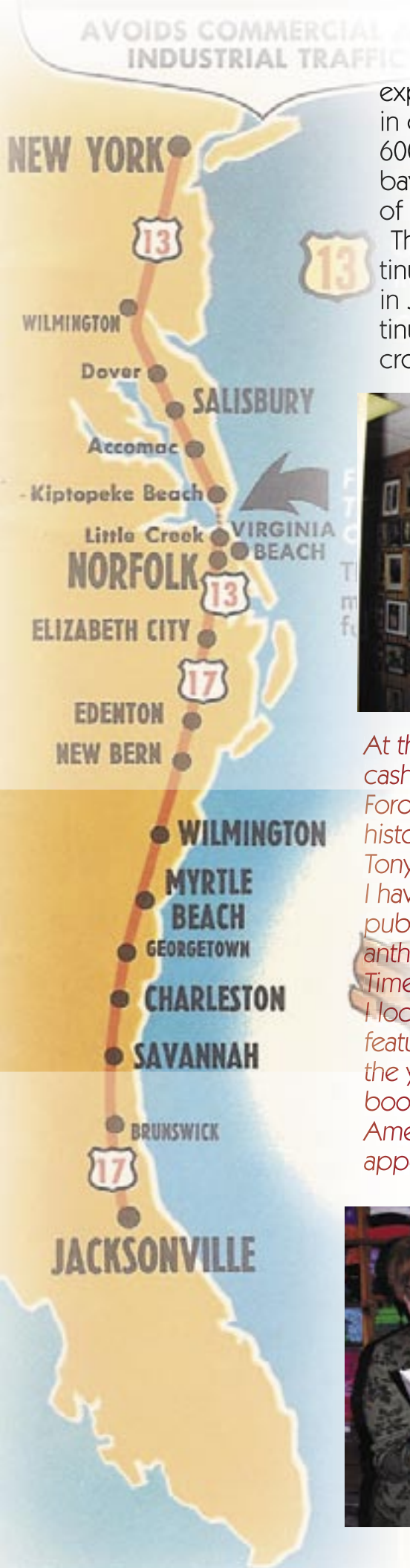
Grabbing breakfast in Columbia, a charming town on US 64, I continued west. Driving through the lowlands of the Albemarle-Pamlico peninsula, I was struck by its natural beauty as well as the fact that little had probably changed over the last 40 years; no overpowering influx of development, just the rural south almost perfectly preserved. If I hadn't a schedule to maintain, I would have detoured to Cape Fear, the site of the landmark 1962 film of the same name starring Gregory Peck, and its equally inspired 1991 remake featuring Robert Di Nero and a then 18-year-old Juliette Lewis.

US 64 was the direct shot west to the official Ocean HiWay route, US 17



The beach at Nags Head, NC behind The Sea Foam Motel, built and opened in 1947, just after World War 2. This wonderful, charming, and classic motel is on the National Register of Historic Places but is threatened with demolition if they can't be allowed to keep their sandbags in place to stem beach front erosion. The rooms and atmosphere of The Sea Foam is simply wonderful; it's hard to believe that this hotel had been opened more than 20 years when the Colony Park was built

but not for long, as another detour was required, this one US 70 to Morehead City, North Carolina for lunch at The Sanitary Fish Market www.sanitaryfish-market.com, another restaurant featured in the Ford Times cookbooks. In 1968 it was known as Tony's Sanitary Fish Market & Restaurant, and has a long history dating back to the Thirties, it started with 12 stools as an adjunct to the thriving seafood market; today, after several

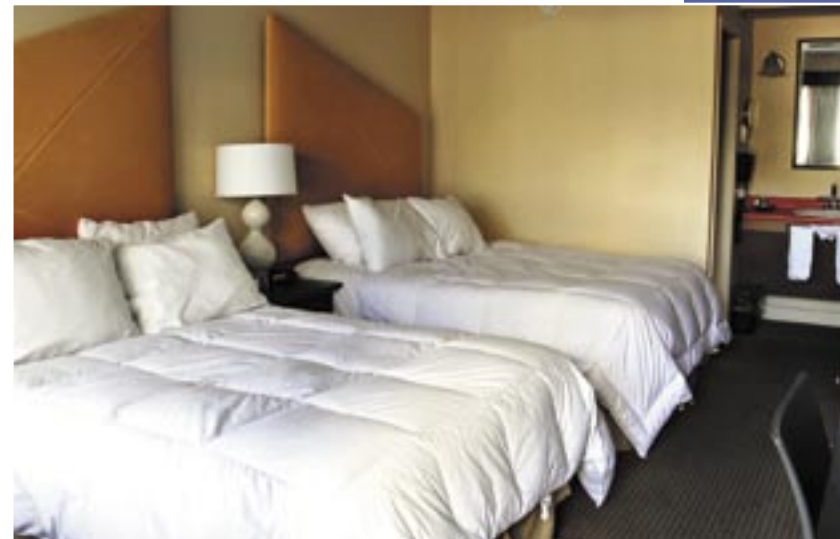


expansions over the years and a change in ownership, it now can seat more than 600. Sitting at a table with a view of the bay, I was able to enjoy a relaxed lunch of broiled trout.

The rest of the day had me continuing south, again picking up US 17 in Jacksonville, North Carolina and continuing south through Wilmington and crossing the border into South Carolina



At the Sanitary Fish Market, one of the cashiers looks over my 1964 copy of the Ford Times Cookbook, which featured the historic restaurant when it was known as Tony's Sanitary Fish Market & restaurant. I have four different editions (of seven published) of the Ford Times Cookbooks, anthologies of recipes from The Ford Times magazine and along the way south I located several eating establishments featured in the cookbooks, published in the years between 1940 and 1979. These books, which give a fascinating look into American roadside history, constantly appear on eBay



The retro-renovated Thunderbird Inn in Savannah; I think that as a kid we stayed here on our 1965 trip to Miami

where I drove through Myrtle Beach just before sundown. Wolfing down some fast food in the car for the first time on the trip, I filled up for the third time that day (due to a leak in the top of the tank, I was only able to fill it three quarters of the way, thus cutting down my range to about 200 miles between fill-ups) and the Merc headed south in the darkness, finally picking up Interstate 95 in Florence, South Carolina.

A town of wall-to-wall motels, I recalled that using the then newly completed I-95, we were able to make Florence non-stop from New Jersey back on our 1967 family vacation, illustrating how much time could be saved by taking the super slab as opposed to the more leisurely coastal route.

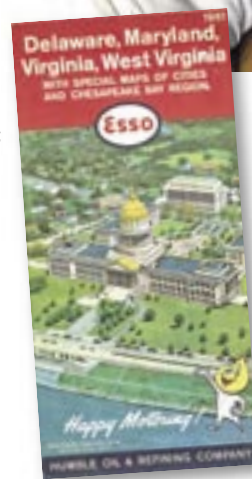
It was after 11 PM when I finally pulled into Savannah, Georgia and the vintage-retro Thunderbird Inn, see their website www.thethunderbirdinn.com, a hotel that I had stayed at over 40 years ago. It seemed that besides the colour TV replacing the original black and white set, little had changed. Exhausted from 15 hours on the road, I hit the bed immediately, waking up the following morning with my clothes still on. Centrally





located near the Savannah city center, with an off-season rate of around \$100, The Thunderbird Inn is a great alternative to far more expensive downtown hotels, especially when you pull in with a period-correct Colony Park woody.

Day 4 – Savannah, GA to St Augustine, FL



Typical room at the Thunderbird Inn

After doing some sightseeing in downtown Savannah, I again headed south but not before stopping on the outskirts of Savannah at the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum, see website at www.mightyeighth.org.

Dedicated to the memory of those who served in the Army Air Corps whose B-17s and B-24s helped to pound Nazi Germany into submission, the museum is well worth the time to stop, even if you aren't a World War Two buff.

While the museum and its displays are outstanding, so are some of the later planes on display outside, including a swept-wing B-47, a MIG-17 and a Viet Nam War-era F4F Phantom, which coincidentally was in service the same year



The Pirate's House restaurant in Savannah, another place featured in The Ford Times Cookbook





the Colony Park was built. Because of the time well spent at the museum, day four would be a short day, driving only 200 miles to St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest city in the United States.

Day 5 – St Augustine, FL to Fort Lauderdale, FL



B-47 featured at the 8th Airforce Museum outside of Savannah



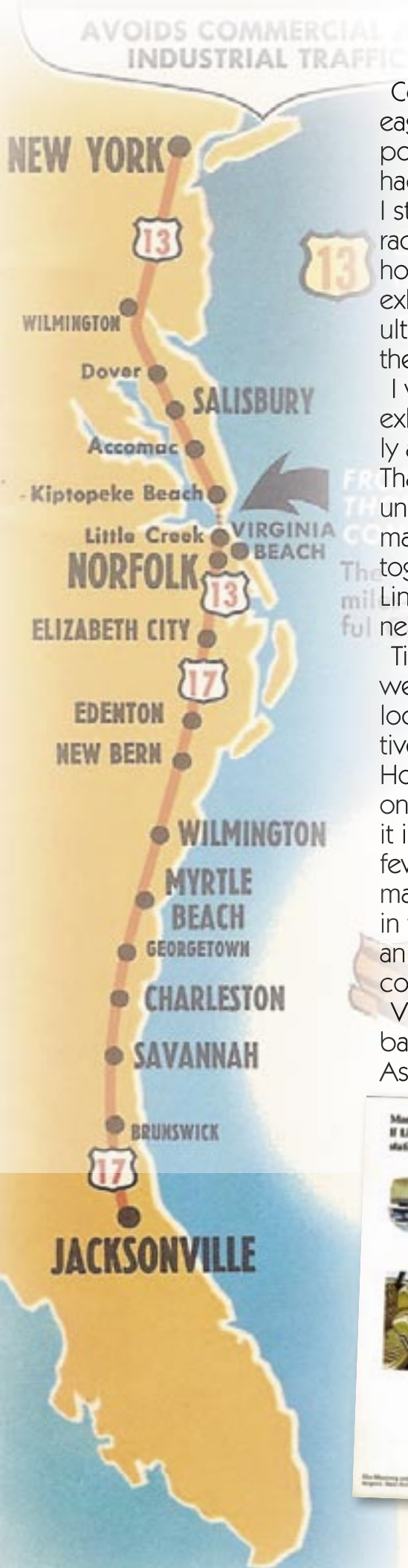
Ocean HiWay Association “Pines to Palms”

Winter snowbirds and summer vacationers have migrated from the northeast to Florida almost from the era of the Ford Model T in the Twenties. And as the US highway system evolved, especially in the period following the Great Depression, tourism gained importance. This was not lost on the founding fathers of the Ocean HiWay Association, a trade organisation of states and tourism interests running from New Jersey to Florida, who looked to promote tourism along the route. Dubbed the 'Pines to Palms' highway, the Ocean HiWay ran from New York City, New York to Miami Beach, Florida.

Starting in the late Thirties, the association published a series of map/travel guides that promoted the route as being warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the more inland route, US 1, which to this day runs from Maine to Florida along the US east coast.

The travel guides included ferry schedules, tourist attractions, as well as listing dozens of motels along the route. Replaced in the Sixties and Seventies by the completion of the Interstates, especially I-95 which made it possible to drive from New York to Miami Beach without encountering a single traffic light, cutting days off of a drive between the two cities, from four or five days to as little as two.

The guides often come up for sale on eBay, typically priced from \$2 to \$10, and provide a looking glass view of the US east coast from the immediate pre World War Two period right up through the second OPEC Oil Embargo in 1980. Colorful in a way that a modern portable GPS navigation systems are not, these map/guides are a great way to add a period-correct touch to the glove box of your Yank.



Coming down the home stretch, I was eager to get on the road as early as possible. Unfortunately the cool evening had an adverse effect on the Merc. When I started it up it made a horrendous racket, surely waking up many of the hotels sleeping guests. I suspected an exhaust leak, possibly at the donut, but ultimately that turned out not to be the case.

I would later learn that the driver's side exhaust manifold was cracked, apparently a common malady for big-block Fords. Thankfully, as things heated up once underway, the noise became tolerable, making the trip to Daytona, where I photographed the car at a period-correct Lincoln-Mercury dealership and Titusville, near the Kennedy Space Center.

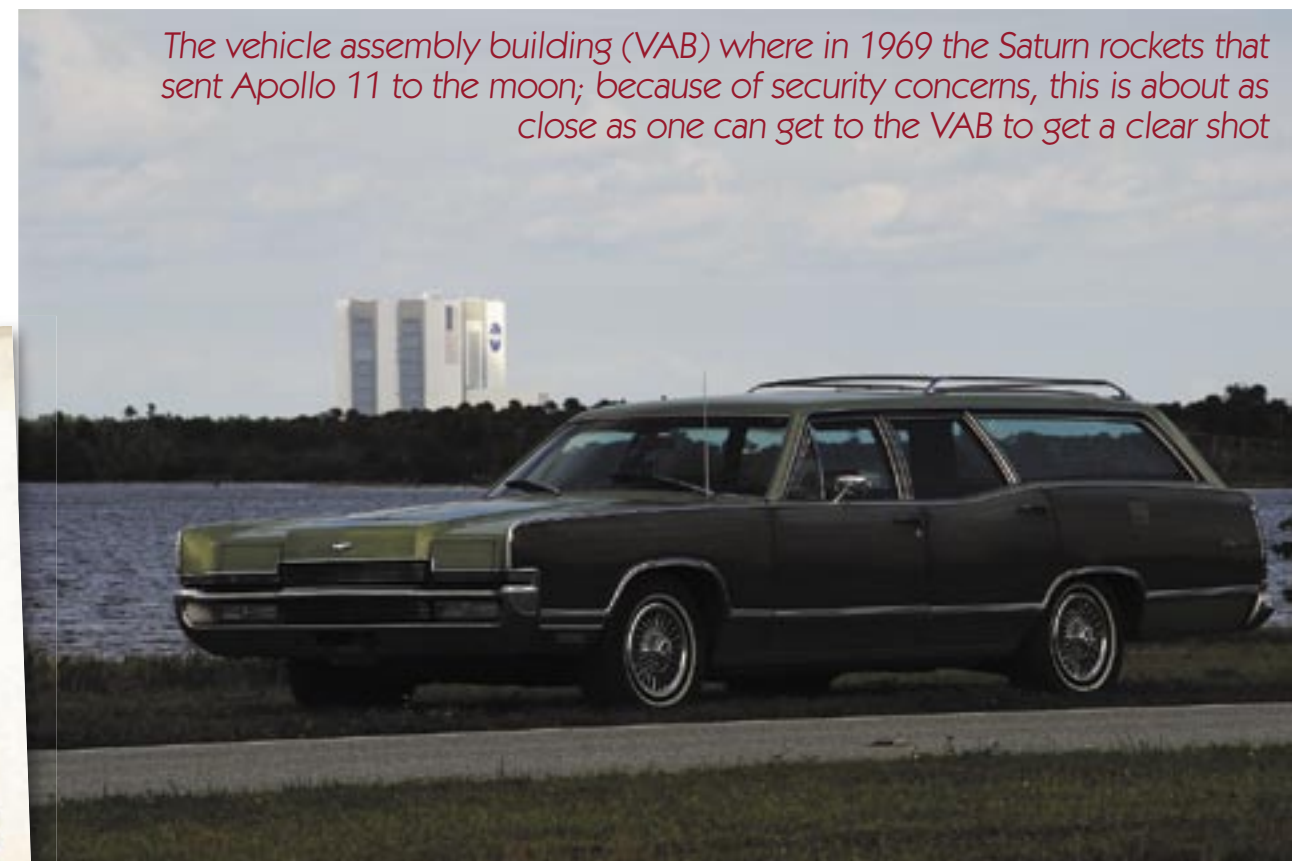
Titusville turned out to be the home of a well-preserved Howard Johnson's motor lodge and restaurant. With its distinctive orange-roofed restaurant structures, Howard Johnson's, also know as HoJos, once dominated the US landscape. Now it is a shell of its former self, with just a few locations remaining. For more information on Howard Johnson's and its role in the life of mid-century America, visit an excellent tribute sit at www.slamtrak.com/hojo2003.

Visible from the HoJo, across the bay, is the Vehicle (originally Vertical) Assembly Building www.kennedyspace-



60's era signage at Daytona Lincoln Mercury

center.com , where the mighty Saturn V rocket booster were assembled for the Apollo trips that landed on the moon, the first of which occurred in 1969. On a previous trip to the area in the Eighties, it was possible to drive much



The vehicle assembly building (VAB) where in 1969 the Saturn rockets that sent Apollo 11 to the moon; because of security concerns, this is about as close as one can get to the VAB to get a clear shot





closer to the VAB, but in the post 9-11 world, this is no longer possible even though road maps show roads bisecting the area. For me, I had to be satisfied photographing the Merc with the VAB in the background, miles away. Thankfully, with a 200mm lens, it was possible to pull the two together for a wonderful 1969 portrait.

Thanks to Kevin Marti www.martiauto.com. I was able to learn that my Colony Park was an early build car, assembled on September 23, 1968, 10 months before Neil Armstrong first set foot on the moon. After packing the gear, and with time of the essence, I made my way back to I-95 so that I could make my 4:30 dinner reservation at Vero Beach's famous Ocean Grill www.ocean-grill.com, another restaurant featured in The Ford Times cookbooks. Vero Beach, about 80 miles south of the Kennedy Space Center, is an excellent location to view Space Shuttle launches.

Because of all my unplanned detours, I wasn't able to drive all the way to The Colonial Inn in Miami Beach, where I had vacationed four decades ago, I had to be satisfied to make it as far as Fort Lauderdale, about 30 miles north. That's because I would be shipping the Colony Park home to California from a shipper (Dependable Auto Shippers - www.dasautoshippers.com - at a cost of \$590



Famous Ron Jon Surf Shop in Cocoa Beach

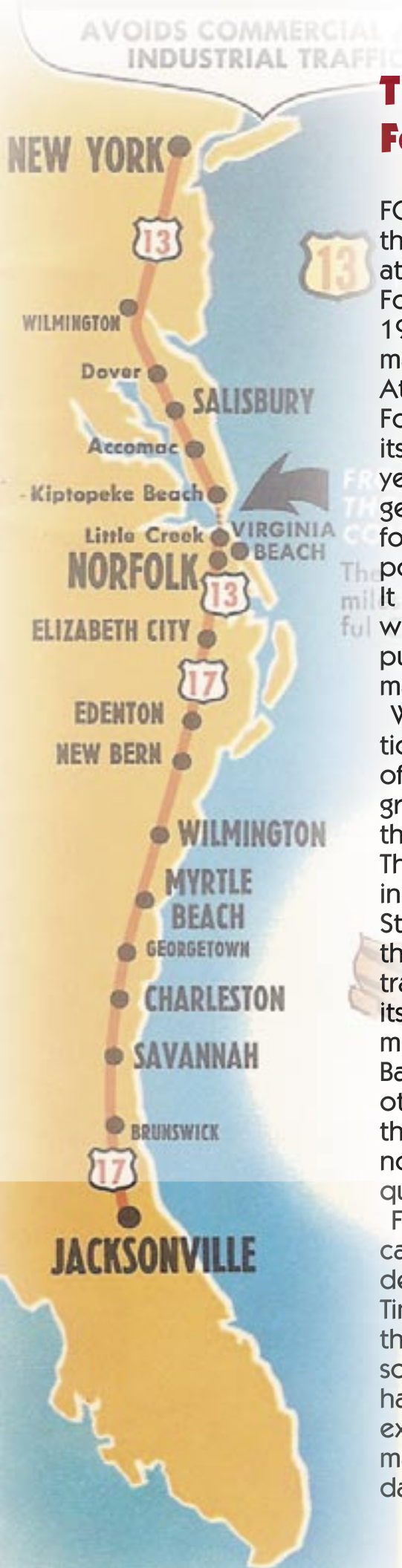


Sunset view from my table at the Ocean Grill

terminal-to-terminal) located in Fort Lauderdale. And five miles from my final destination, the power brakes went out and the car started to shift erratically. I suspected a vacuum problem and I was correct.

Upon its arrival in Los Angeles two weeks later, I was able to determine that a \$2 rubber seal had failed on the vacuum tank, leaving me the task to drive the 5,000-pound Colony Park its final 80 miles to my home in Sun City, California with marginal manual brakes. But other than that, the trip, of almost 3,000 miles, went along almost without incident. Quite a testimony to the condition and toughness of the Colony Park; Mercury certainly doesn't build them like they used to.





The Ford Times and the Ford Times Cookbooks

FOR those of you who are fans of the Blue Oval, I want to bring to your attention to another publication, The Ford Times. Published continuously from 1908 until 1993, The Ford Times served many purposes over its illustrious history. At its start, it was a way for Ford to communicate with its workers, but over the years it evolved into a general-interest magazine focusing on travel and popular culture subjects. It was the forerunner of what today is called custom publishing or integrated marketing,

What made the publication so special is the roster of authors and artists who graced its pages. Among the scribes published in The Ford Times the list includes William Faulkner, John Steinbeck, and Ogden Nash. Some of the artists – for much of its history illustrations rather than photographs were its primary form of graphic enhancement – included Charles Harper, Arthur Barbour, and Harvey Kidder among others. (What's even more interesting is that some of their works of original art now pop up on eBay and sell for some quite princely sums.)

For those of us that love to drive our cars rather than trailer them to far-flung destinations, the credo of The Ford Times, “to present a view of America through the windshield,” illustrates a sophisticated marketing approach that has been followed by countless “brand extension” magazines published by many vehicle manufacturers to this very day.



One part of almost each issue was the recipes from famous restaurants across the nation. Normally edited by Nancy Kennedy, from 1940 to 1980, these reviews and recipes were compiled into lavishly illustrated hardbound volumes that document America's changing culinary tastes over the years. And remarkably, many of these restaurants still exist, many operated by the same families, showing continuity lost in our fixation with fast food, chain style.

Where can you find copies of The Ford Times? Well the most obvious place to look is of course eBay and there you can find individual copies, most selling for five bucks or less as well as multi-issue lots, some hard bound (throughout the sixties and seventies The Ford Times was published in a pocket-sized 5-inch by 7-inch format that Henry Ford himself favored). Antique stores and estate sales are

also fertile hunting grounds for back issues that will look period correct along with the owner's manual in your glove box at shows.

The issues make fascinating reading, giving us an insight into America during a simpler era, especially the fifties, just as the country was asserting itself in the aftermath of World War Two. It was a time when baby boomers first looked out of the rear windows from the rear-facing third seats of many Ford station wagons, as their car guy (and girl) sensitivities developed, and tried to convince their parents, typically Dad, that the family station wagon should be replaced by a high-performance Mustang, Fairlane, or even a 7-liter full-sized Ford. Those were wonderful times and I can only hope that they elicit equally fond memories for many of you.

Streamline-style motel in Daytona Beach

