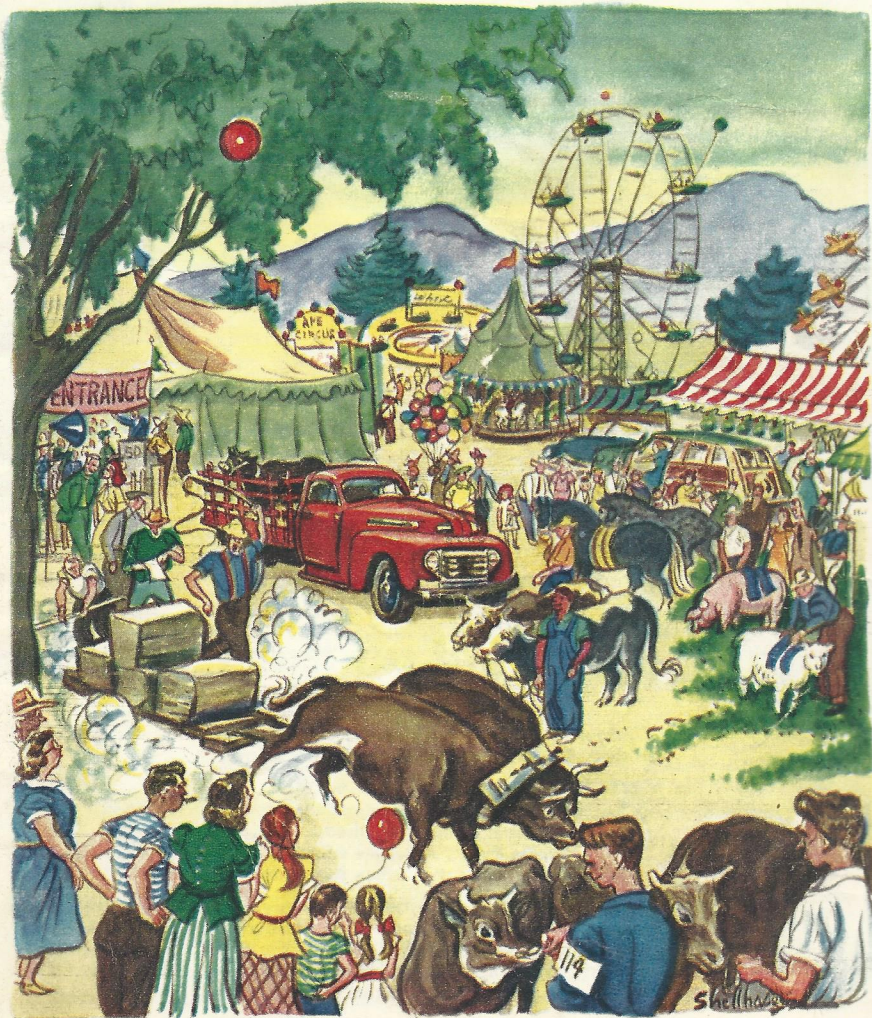


FORD TRUCK TIMES

july-august 1950



The cover scene by George Shellhase is typical of the thousands of county and state fairs that will spring up from coast to coast between now and November. Almost as familiar as the ferris wheel are the Ford trucks that bring in blue ribbon produce and perform chores around the grounds.

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Thousands of Ford Trucks—F-1 through F-8—are now rolling over the highways in history's largest scale economy test.

Biggest Test on the Biggest Track

*by Burgess H. Scott
painting by John Davenport*

FOR MANY MONTHS NOW contented owners of all types of the F Series trucks have volunteered information of exceptional fuel mileages.

Operators of F-7's and F-8's regularly engaged in extra heavy hauling of payloads up to 25 tons

have reported averages of about 6.5 miles per gallon . . . an F-5 user reports a consistent 14.5 m.p.g. . . . an F-6 owner got 9 m.p.g. as compared with 7 m.p.g. turned in by a competitive make of truck . . . one F-8 on a 720-mile round trip saved its owner 22 gallons of



The whole United States is the scene of the current Economy Run in which Ford trucks of all sizes and types are taking part.

gasoline . . . other owners' reports show all around Ford fuel consumption to be as much as 25 per cent less than that of competitive makes.

Up to July 1 it was mainly buyers and drivers of Ford trucks who were aware of this high operating economy. But on that date was launched a nationwide economy run demonstration that will give every American the story in matter-of-fact figures.

Now going on, and to continue through December, the Ford Truck Economy Run is the greatest demonstration ever conducted by a vehicle manufacturer. Stars of this show are many Ford trucks of every type, model, and size. Their stage is the entire United States,

the largest test track ever employed.

These trucks will roll up 15,000,000 "on-the-job" miles in which will be encountered every kind of terrain and weather condition that can confront a trucker in this country. Figures will be compiled at the end of this six-month run to give a detailed account of the performance of all participants.

The Ford line of more than 175 light, heavy, and extra heavy models has been broken down into 21 vocational categories covering every type of duty. Deployment of the trucks is on the basis of agreements between dealers and owners.

Participating trucks are identi-

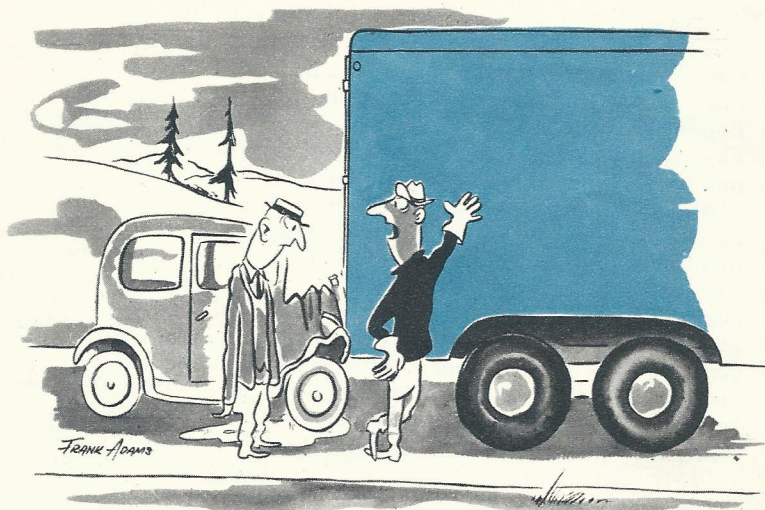
fied by large yellow-on-black shields of metal or decalcomania appearing on sides and back, bearing the inscription, "Official Nationwide Ford Truck Economy Run." The various operators will keep careful service records to make up the performance figures that are filed monthly during the six-month period. You can spot the signed up drivers by smaller reproductions of the shield worn as cap or shirt badges.

Every dealership is sponsoring at least one truck—all entries being 1950 models—and larger dealerships have as many as three units



taking part in this program.

Look for current and subsequent advertisements in newspapers and magazines, including *Time*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Newsweek*, and *Business Week*, and watch the roads and highways for the Economy Run participants. ■



"How do you manage to stop when there's not a nice big truck around?"

Operation Pulchritude

photographs by Robert Mackenzie

IN 1933 WINTER HAVEN, Florida, had as environs a muck swamp and an abandoned yacht club; today the area is "Beautiful Cypress Gardens," filled with rare and brilliant tropical flowers, and with, in particular, beautiful girls. Talking a swamp into being a garden spot requires high pressure promotion. This was furnished by a real estate salesman by the name of Dick Pope who had run out of prospects, which was like generating a head of steam and putting a cork on it. The cork popped and Cypress Gardens rose from the muck, the tourists came, and some of them bought land. Fellow realtors, townspeople, and others who benefited were so impressed that Pope is still promoting, mostly Cypress Gardens but also Florida in general, the Florida citrus crop, and along with most other males, Florida bathing suits.

As one of the most highly publicized tourist attractions in the nation, Cypress Gardens is featured incessantly by the movies, magazines, and any other outlet that finds something newsworthy about a pretty girl. Called Aquamaids, the Gardens' chorus of pulchritude can swim and water ski, or just look photogenic dressed as southern belles or as next year's bathing girls. It's not easy to assume a casual smile with one foot in the air and the other foot on a ski hitched to a speeding motor boat, but the Cypress Gardens Association Training School teaches the girls poise for all occasions.

One of the luckiest inhabitants of the Gardens is Pope's Ford truck which could probably boast of hauling around more pretty girls than any other pickup ever hoped to. Dashing across the white, sandy beaches, which were brought in a hundred miles from the sea, the F-1 helps with the many chores required to keep the Gardens looking beautiful. ■

A training school teaches poise to the Gardens' curve-some models, even while one-footing it on water skis. The F-1 pickup, below, is the jack-of-all-trades at Cypress Gardens, hauling tools to preen the lush landscape, running about the grounds on innumerable chores, and hauling the girls and props for scores of publicity photographs the management constantly sends to the nation's press. A boatload of sightseers can be seen passing through the cypress trees in center background, while on the bridge stands one of the costumed models who lend an atmosphere of the Old South to the place.



Stories of the Road

THE FORD TRUCK TIMES will pay \$25 each for true, unpublished stories of the road which are accepted for publication in this department. Humorous or unusual incidents that you have observed while hauling about the country are particularly eligible. The funnier they are, the better, but we won't mind considering tear jerkers. Keep your offering under 200 words and mail it to: Editor, Ford Truck Times, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. If you want your story returned, you must enclose return postage.

decorations by John Davenport



IN 1945 I was on my way to Mexicali in my Old Faithful '37 Ford V-8. About ten miles west of Yuma, Arizona, the radiator began to boil and smoke. I stopped and found that I needed water, but all I could see was sand, and more sand. It was hotter than the dickens. After four long hours of waiting in the car, a Model T truck, driven by an Indian and loaded with four goats, ambled up and stopped. I told him my story, and without explanation he took out a big bucket and began to milk the goats. When he finished he had filled the bucket with milk which he told me to pour in the radiator. I did so, but asked him if it would work instead of water. "You bet," he replied, "I've done it many times. Other cars may not run on milk, but these Fords take anything." To my amazement it did seem to run better, and I reached my destination without any further trouble.

—MANUEL VIDAL, Chandler, Arizona



LAST OCTOBER, I loaded my boat into my 1937 short wheelbase Ford truck and took off for the Jumbo Lake for what I hoped would be a good day of fishing. To unload my boat I had to drive to the edge of the lake down a steeply sloping bank. I fished till 3:30 p. m. and failed to catch a single fish, so headed for shore and home. To get out of there I had to cramp my front wheels and back up till my rear wheels were in the edge of the lake. Then my right rear wheel started to sink and the more I worked the deeper I sank, until the prow of my boat was fully submerged. I went to the ditch rider's house for help. He brought his Ford truck and his Model A car with a cable, and pulled me out. When safely on the bank we heard a splashing in the boat and investigated, and there were two of the finest crappie I ever caught. The combined weight was 4½ pounds.

—PAUL M. CLEMENTS, Holyoke, Colorado



SOME TIME ago my brother and I were heading toward Nashville in our 1½-ton Ford truck with a load of corn. At the edge of a small town was a short, but steep hill, and at the bottom was a railroad, hidden from view until we were part way down. I was driving and my 250 pound brother was on the floor with his head resting on the seat sleeping. As I dropped off the crest of the hill the red lights suddenly began to blink, and a fast freight roared through. I instantly applied the foot brake and grabbed the emergency, yanking it as far back as I could. After the train had passed I discovered my passenger was wedged fast between the emergency and the seat. Traffic was held up about ten minutes, and a wrench and a large hammer were required to free my very scared but otherwise unharmed brother.

—HAROLD CLINE, Paris, Illinois



ABOUT TWO years ago some friends came up from Aliquippa, Pennsylvania, to visit us. One day I was out working in the barnyard unloading alfalfa, so Frank took off his coat and vest and gave me a hand. When we finished he put his coat back on but the vest had disappeared, including his watch which was in one pocket. We soon concluded that a calf which was in the barnyard had eaten it, watch and all. This fall I killed the calf for beef and to my surprise I found that watch lodged between the heart and liver. The constant motion must have kept it wound because in two years it had only lost a few seconds.

—W. H. JOHNS, Emlenton, Pennsylvania



LATE ONE summer evening I overtook three lumberjacks who were returning to camp after an evening's celebration in a nearby town. The three men were milling unsteadily around a large black bear lying on the road where their car had struck and stunned it. Feeling sorry for the bear they had administered first aid in the form of a quart of whiskey poured down its throat. This brought no results so after some argument they loaded the limp form into the back seat of their Ford sedan and proceeded on to camp, while I followed in my timber truck. Everything went well when, just as they entered the camp yard, pandemonium broke loose. The car stopped with a thump against the bunkhouse wall, and three men and a battling bear erupted from it, landing in a heap. Mr. Bear, apparently uninjured but well intoxicated, untangled himself from the seething pile and staggered to the nearby woods.

—J. K. KNIGHT, Bigfork, Minnesota



The above photograph of F-1 units of the Good Humor Detroit operation was taken at the Ford test track in Dearborn, just before the fleet dispersed to minister to thousands of ice-cream-hungry children. Below is a typical curbstone scene.



Good Humor

photographs by Edgar Carlson

AT ABOUT five p.m. the tinkling of a bell down a suburban street brings the kids out for an evening ritual reenacted in hundreds of communities across the land. With their dimes and pennies and occasionally with just a button or a hopeful smile an exchange is made and the kids trot off with globs of ice cream on a stick, and chocolate on their faces. At seven the truck is back again in case mother forgot to fix dessert. With this kind of service the Good Humor Corporation has in three decades become the largest street vendor of ice cream in the world.

It was back in 1920 when Harry Burt, owner of a candy and ice cream parlor in Youngstown, Ohio, first pushed a stick into a brick of vanilla coated with chocolate and called it a Good Humor. They don't take all the credit but since the Good Humor craze started, people today are eating twenty times as much ice cream. Although main plants are now in Brooklyn, Detroit, and Chicago, with franchised concerns operating in Oklahoma, California, and Washington, D. C., the basic sales approach, the white trucks and uniforms, and the bells which originally came off the Burt family bobsled, are still the familiar trademarks. The company attributes its success to its good ice

cream, but just as important has been the friendly, personal attitude of the Good Humor Man himself. He probably won't give you the shirt off his back, but he has been known to lend his uniform for masquerades, and on one occasion a high school band was completely outfitted with Good Humor pants for a special parade.

Although the Good Humor season in general is limited by weather, the Good Humor Man keeps on the job as long as he can sell his wares. In Detroit, to minimize delays, a crew of eight men work at night checking tires and transmissions and washing the entire fleet of Ford F-1 trucks. Shown with their special custom bodies, the trucks, refrigerated with dry ice, haul about 2,000 items made of Good Humor ice cream.

Contrary to popular opinion, adults out-eat the kids by about three to two. In parts of the country where Good Humors are not sold, cartons of them, packed in dry ice, can be ordered by air express. Shipments have been made to points as far away as Palestine. Patents on the ice cream concoction ran out several years ago, as evidenced by the numerous competitive brands now seen on the streets, but Good Humor still leads the business.



← *The F-8 tractor-trailer, loaded with rare chemicals that must be moved quickly, is shown at left, ready to leave for Los Angeles.*

Trona Mining

photographs by Daniel Otto

THE WEST END of Death Valley in California is made up of Searles Lake, a vast, glaring white bed of crystalline minerals. There is little to attract the visitor on the surface of this crusty wasteland, yet underneath lies a storehouse of valuable chemicals: sodium chloride, sodium sulphates, sodium carbonates, potassium chloride, borax, bromides, lithium, tungsten and many others.

One of the largest reclaimers of these chemicals is the American Chemical and Potash Company, which has built the town of Trona to furnish living and recreational facilities for nearly 1,500 employees and their families.

More than 500,000 tons of bulk chemicals are transported yearly by rail, but there is also the need for more rapid and frequent delivery of rarer chemicals to Los Angeles, and the return of perishable products to Trona.

The only answer to this need was to move the materials by high-

way, a tough run inasmuch as the 190-mile route rises from sea level to 3,000 feet and then down again in a series of steep climbs and descents.

The problem was turned over to Bert Rapp, owner of Pacific Fleet Systems in Los Angeles, who operates a fleet of more than 40 Fords ranging from coupes to F-8's.

Rapp chose the F-8 tractor and trailer, shown above left at Trona, for the job. With a third axle and three-speed progressive Brown-Lipe transmission added, the unit makes four trips to Trona a week, hauling loads of from 20 to 22 tons. Special safety equipment was needed because of the nature of chemicals carried, so a locker was built behind the cab to carry heavy duty respirators and rubberized clothing.

The green cab of the F-8 and the silver trailer with "Trona" on its sides is a familiar sight now, making the trip from Los Angeles in less than six and a half hours. ■

← *The picture at left is of Searles Lake looking eastward from Trona toward the Panamint Mountains. Brine pools are in foreground.*



photograph by Bev. Washburn

Chinese Furniture Truck— a one-picture story

HENRY K. WONG started his Ti-Sun furniture and hardware company 10 years ago in a small cubicle in San Francisco's Chinatown. Since that time Wong has built his firm into the largest of that type in the colorful community, and at one time or another has served every one of its 30,000 inhabitants. For years Wong thought contract haulers were the most economical means of moving his merchandise—that is, until a salesman from S & C Motors, San Francisco Ford dealer, sold him on the trim van above. Now he considers the truck his number one advertisement as well as a big money saver. The letters are trimmed in fluorescent gold and glow on the darkest nights. The girls are from Charlie Low's famous Forbidden City, Chinatown night club.

Mail Truck

Dear Sirs: My F-3 Ford 6, which I purchased from Powell Motors at Deer Lodge, now has 12,092 miles on it. Most of these miles have been over very rough, mountain country roads, which are hard to travel in all kinds of weather. I haul groceries and vegetables in the Nevada Valley almost 50 miles away, and get an average of about 20 miles per gallon with loads as great as 2 tons. I have hauled 72 boxes of apples and many loads of 40 sacks of potatoes. In these 12,092 miles, I have had no repair bills except for one brake adjustment and of course my regular lubrications and oil changes. I give my highest recommendation for the Ford Six Truck from every angle. I think it is the best truck I ever drove.

RAY WEBER
Deer Lodge, Montana



Dear Sirs: We are enclosing a picture of our local fire truck which we feel is worthy of consideration. It is an F-7 with an 800-gallon water tank on it that makes it ideal for fire fighting out in the country where wells and hydrants are far apart. It allows firemen to start pumping water the minute they arrive at the fire, and it is also ideal for going through back lots and cross country for grass and wood fires.

JOHN BALDONI
Old Saybrook, Connecticut

Dear Sirs: My brother and I used a Ford truck for three years to deliver groceries for our store. The motor was very good, but since the body of the truck started to wear we decided to buy another second hand Ford truck. This truck we used for two years and then traded it in for another Ford truck. We did a complete overhaul job on the motor of this, the third of our Ford trucks. To our surprise, we found the engine was the same engine we had in our first trade in. The engine number proved this to us. Apparently the motor was taken out of our old truck and put in this newer body. After five years of being out of our possession the motor is still as good as gold.

DONALD DERLE
Long Island City, New York



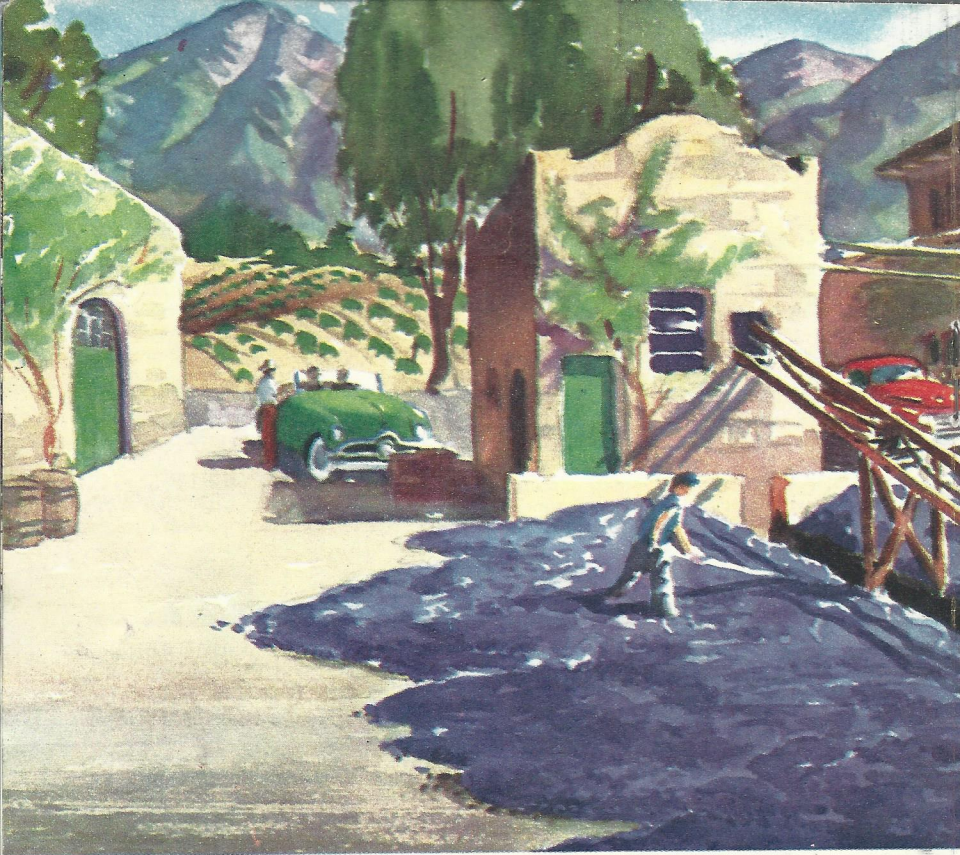
Dear Sirs: My husband is strictly a Ford man, and I'm sending you a picture to prove my point. He owns, operates, and maintains all three of these vehicles; the truck is a '48 model, '49 car, and '50 tractor. He has owned the milk route three years last October, and has about thirty acres of land to work afternoons. Our house, too, is new.

MRS. HARRY MALESKI
Willis, Michigan



Dear Sirs: This Ford F-8 carries a load just like I like and knew that it would do. I have been driving it for two months and so far have never used first gear regardless of mountainous driving. I recently drove from Louisa to Pennsylvania, and only used second gear twice with a load of 46,900 pounds.

R. S. McDONALD
Louisa, Virginia



At harvest time the grapes pile up at the winery and a

Wine Making

story and paintings



CALIFORNIA WINE MAKING has come a long way since the industry was introduced in 1769 by Franciscan missionaries in the chain of missions which formed the historic El Camino Real.



are carried by conveyor belt to the crushing machine.

in Cucamonga

by Yale Gracey

The early wine grapes came from vines imported from Mexico and Spain, plants which took hold and thrived in the California soil. In later experimentation about 1,400 different varieties of



As pruning progresses through the vineyard, cuttings are burned in a mobile incinerator pulled slowly after workers by a tractor. →

vines were imported from Europe, most of which were destroyed by a blight which attacked their roots. The situation was finally corrected when the foreign vines were grafted on American roots.

Shortly after the first of the missions was founded at San Diego many wine grapes were planted, a welcome sight to the thirsty travelers who stopped for rest and refreshment. The wine making continued as, one by one, 21 of the missions were built up the West Coast. However, it wasn't until about 1824 that wine was made commercially in California. In that year a man named John Chapman planted a vineyard near Los Angeles, using the same grapes the Franciscans had developed.

By 1860 California wine production had reached the point where export became possible. First, around the Horn to eastern cities and, later, to the ports of Europe went the wine, where its quality was such that it won many prizes at expositions.

No longer are the grapes crushed beneath the bare feet of Indians, and the juice stored in cool adobe vaults. Now the wineries are brisk and efficient, whether they are the big, factory type plants or smaller one-family enterprises.

The center of Southern California's wine industry is the sleepy little village of Cucamonga, about 45 miles from Los Angeles; sleepy, that is, until fall, when the community bursts into a flurry of activity. It is harvest time, and Mexican workers stream in from all directions to gather the grapes. They work in the vineyards by day, and at night guitar music can be heard in the camps built for them.

A visit to a winery had best start in the vineyard, where you learn that it takes four years for a vine to become commercially productive. The grapes are planted at the rate of 600 vines per acre, and during the off season months the growers are kept busy spraying, fertilizing, and pruning, the latter a colorful activity in which cuttings are picked up and thrown into a mobile incinerator pulled through the vineyard by a tractor.

As the grapes begin to ripen, a constant check is made of the sugar content. The wine will have approximately one half as

After crushing, the grapes are pumped in a steady stream into great open fermenting vats where the transformation to wine begins. →



much alcohol content as it has sugar, and as a 10 to 14 per cent alcohol content is about right for wine, a 20 to 28 per cent sugar content grape is the goal. Sweet wines have a grape brandy added to them which gives them a higher alcohol content. Dry wine grapes are picked early, and sweet wines when they have more sugar.

When the grapes are picked they are dumped on cement platforms. The mountainous piles of grapes are pushed, sometimes by hand, and sometimes with bulldozers, into a trough along which they are carried by a conveyor belt into the crushing machine. It removes the stems and crushes the grapes without breaking the seeds.

If red wine is to be made, the skin and pulp is pumped along with the juice into open fermenting vats where it stays for from one to six weeks, being checked for temperature and rate of fermentation. These checks are made almost hourly to get the maximum quality in the wine. White wines are made for the most part from the same grapes, but only the juice is allowed to ferment. After the fermenting process, the juice is strained and pumped into huge redwood vats, as tall as a three story building. These vats are sealed at the top and filled to the lid to prevent air from deteriorating the wine. Here it stays for from one month to four years, depending on the type of wine. During the aging process, some wines are blended with each other to bring out the best in flavors. The proportions of these blends are a secret with the particular winery. Vermouth, for instance, has more than 100 different herbs that go into its making.

Most wines age at cool temperatures, but sherry is kept at about 140 degrees from a month to a year. This process is called "baking," and gives the wine its distinctive flavor.

Champagne or other sparkling wines are made by a second fermentation of ordinary wines. This is done in dimly lit cellars where the bottles are kept neck-down in racks so that sediment will collect behind the cork. The sediment is then removed and new corks are forced in.

There is a hazard to the job of clearing out the sediment, as pressure often builds up in the bottles to as much as 100 pounds to the square inch, enough to cause an explosion. Workers engaged in this process therefore wear safety masks of wire or plastic.

At the bottling works, a big Ford truck unloads cases of empty bottles. Inside the building is a bedlam of noise contrasting with the silent, moist storage vaults. Wine is being

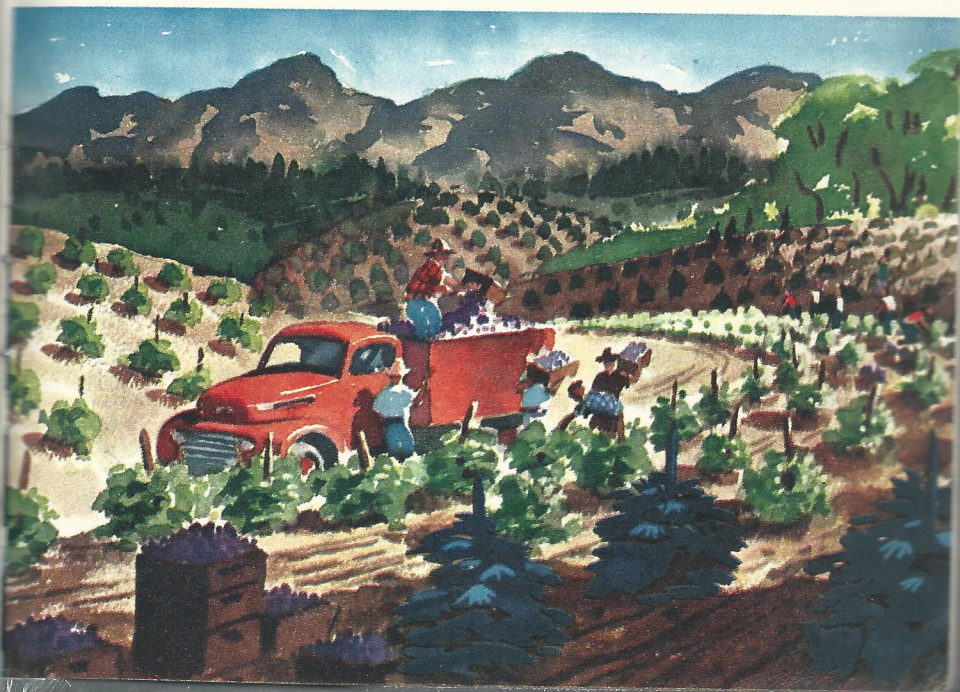
pumped into a moving line of bottles, which are snatched off and packed almost faster than we can count them. Bulk wine is shipped in tank cars, sometimes in a concentrated syrup-like form, to which water is later added to bring it up to normal.

There is constant danger of fire in a winery due to alcohol fumes, especially when the big redwood storage tanks are cleaned out. The only entrance to one of these tanks is through a tiny manhole near its base. A man wriggles through this into the dark interior, which is saturated with wine and gives off highly volatile fumes. There must always be a second man outside in case the cleaner should be overcome.

The danger of fire is of great concern to forestry officials, as even a small blaze could imperil surrounding woodlands. Hence, they make regular check-ups on safety precautions.

At the end of a tour, the visitor can look forward to a visit to a tasting room where glasses are filled with clear gold and ruby liquid that has in it the essence of warm sunshine, wind-swept slopes, and refreshing rain. ■

Grapes cannot be picked until sugar content is exactly right.



PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD



THE PROBLEM: Two oilfield winch trucks came to a low place in the road where the water was three to four feet high for half a mile. The circumstances were such that the exhaust could be extended above the water line, but there was danger of water splashing the electrical system and stalling the motor. The problem was to get both trucks across the water with as few alterations as possible.

THE SOLUTION: Using the winch of truck A to lift the nose of truck B above the water line, truck B provided the power through its rear wheels to push them both. Using truck A for steering the two men proceeded across the overflow.

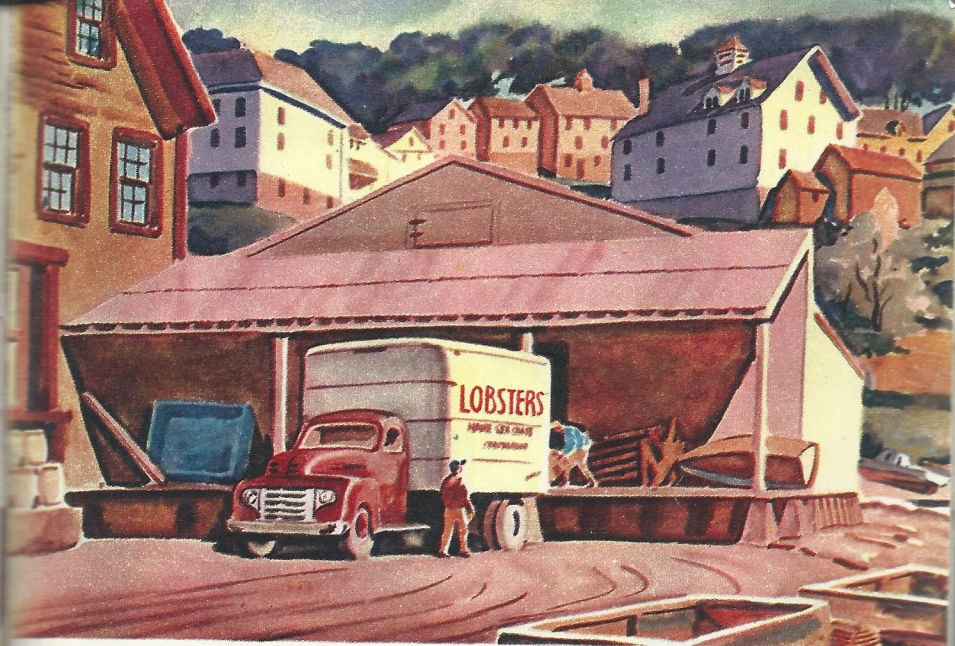
—KELLEY W. WILLIAMS, Ivanhoe, Texas



THE PROBLEM: In the winter of 1948 farmers and ranchers in most of the western states lost many cattle and sheep, due to the snow and sub-zero weather. I was living in Kansas then where it was very cold, and everywhere you looked there would be from one to ten head piled up in the fence corners. As hides were worth up to ten dollars apiece my brother-in-law decided to do some skinning. We had to skin half of a critter, then roll it over and skin the other half, and with cold hands it is pretty hard to keep from cutting the hide. It was slow work and the freezing weather didn't help any. Then we got an idea.

THE SOLUTION: We both had half-ton '46 Ford pickups. We loaded three or four hundred pounds of sand in one truck and put on tire chains for traction on the snow and ice. After skinning the head and legs of the critter and splitting the hide down the belly, we fastened one truck to the head using a log chain, then put the truck in gear and set the brake. We fastened the other truck equipped with the chains to the loose end of the skin which had been taken from the head and pulled the hide off slick without a hole in it. This way we could skin a critter in about fifteen minutes and at anywhere from five to ten dollars per hide it wasn't a bad deal.

—BILLY J. BURRELL, Lancaster, California



painting by F. W. Saunders

Maine Lobstering— a one-picture story

THE SCENE above is a familiar one to citizens of Rockport, Maine, where the taking of lobsters and other seafood is a principal industry. Lobster boats bring their catches to large storage bins known as lobster pounds, some of which can hold several thousands at a time. From the pounds, the lobsters go out to various consumers: restaurants, seafood stores, canning factories, and live packing plants such as the one above. The lobsters, alive and squirming, are placed in a sealed metal container, which is buried in ice in a barrel. With careful re-icing along the way, the containers can deliver fresh seafood safely to the West Coast. Many Ford trucks, such as the insulated F-6 shown, help speed the palatable catch to nation-wide destinations. Perishable as the shipments are, mishaps are few. Train wrecks, mishandling, and incorrect routing have spoiled some, but* this accounts for less than two per cent of all seafood shipped.



photograph by Tom Franklin Studio

Modern Day Horse=Trade— a one-picture story

THE PETTIT MOTOR COMPANY of Charlotte, North Carolina, is probably the last dealership in the country to take draft horses as trade-ins. Shown above are two of the final six of the big animals to be turned in for new Ford delivery trucks by the City Ice Delivery Company, whose ice wagons and teams have been a picturesque addition to the Charlotte scene for the past 15 years. The sadness of the handler isn't warranted, because his faithful charges didn't go to a used horse lot. They were sold to a neighboring trader and have wound up in greener pastures. The "Charlotte News" recorded the departure of the friendly horses in a feature headed: "Ice Company Swaps Clop-Clop for Beep-Beep."

Mystery Solved—Almost

IN OUR March-April issue there appeared a picture and story titled "Prehistoric Big Rig." It concerned an old photograph, found in a desk in a long-vacant building in Portland, Oregon, of a Model T truck and trailer which hauled the show of one "Hurd, The Famed Magician." The finder, A. J. Sandstrom, mailed us the picture, saying that he had no idea who Hurd was, or where he had performed.

The answer turned out to be simple. Hurd's picture had strayed too far from his scene of operations: the Midwest. Shortly after the picture was published word came from Harry Cecil, Detroit confectioner-magician, that the man was Fred Hurd of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and had performed his feats extensively through that state and Ohio. Both were members of the International Brotherhood of Magicians, which organization informed Cecil that Hurd died July 25, 1941, in Fort Wayne. Cecil was master of ceremonies at many magic shows in which Hurd appeared.

This was followed by a small flood of mail from Hurd friends and fans. Excerpts from some of the letters follow:

"... In his later years he traveled out of Fort Wayne . . . for an electric supply house and Versailles, Ohio, was on his route. He gave several shows here. The trailer outfit was built here . . . it was painted a fiery red with yellow lettering."—J. K. Long, Versailles, Ohio.

"... I happened to be lucky enough to appear on the same bill with Fred . . . at Kenton, Ohio, in June, 1932."—Donald Newbold, Urbana, Ohio.

"... From 1920 to about 1929 he sold electrical supplies . . . and called on me . . . During this time he bought about 30 Ford trucks and cars and had them stored at Botkins, Ohio . . ."—C. B. Moore, Arcadia, Ohio.

"... He put on a show in our schoolroom to the delight of the younger generation . . ."—R. E. Lacy, Anna, Ohio.

"... My folks ran the New Anna Hotel and Fred Hurd used to stay there . . . He gave me a big white rabbit when he left the hotel, and in two weeks that rabbit had nine little rabbits . . ." Hazel Anspaugh, Anna, Ohio.

Another bit of information from Harry Cecil leaves one remaining shred of mystery. He wrote: "I learned that he never traveled west with his evening show of magic." If so, then how did the picture get all the way out to Portland? ■



F-5-load of Ford briquets, above, is part of many tons of the fuel used by Boy Scouts at their National Jamboree in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

Valley Forge Encampment

story and photograph by Jay J. Dugan

THIS SUMMER 46,000 Boy Scouts got together and proved that they could eat a stack of pancakes more than five times as high as the Washington Monument, all in one sitting. This occurred late in June at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, where a city of 25,000 tents appeared overnight on the occasion of the Second National Scout Jamboree. The city ranked fifty-third in size among American cities, and was the largest gathering of youths ever assembled in the Western Hemisphere. The city vanished seven days later, but the Scouts took home with them a memorable experience which demonstrated the

great effectiveness and strength of the nation's leading youth movement. It was a climax to this year's celebration of the Boy Scouts' fortieth anniversary.

Vast preparations for the 600-acre camp had been made at Valley Forge Park during the winter and spring. Twenty miles of electric lines had been strung, and over six miles of water lines were laid to supply the expected 750,000 gallons of water each day. The Scout City had its own telephone system with 25 trunk lines and a special telephone number, 'Jamboree 1950'. Plans had been made by the Post Office to handle some 500,000 letters a day.

The source of heat for cooking and warming water, and for boiling 25 miles of hot dogs, was furnished solely by charcoal briquets. Ford engineers worked with the Jamboree committee in developing charcoal stoves and planning menus which would make most efficient use of the Ford briquets—260 tons of them—which were trucked in from Perkiomen Junction by McCausland Motors, Phoenixville Ford dealer. One New Jersey troop, testing the fuel on sample menus, developed new economical methods of using the briquets which were later demonstrated at the Jamboree. A total of 60 tons of food, including 5,000 gallons of ice cream, was issued to units of ten boys each who prepared it themselves and served it on paper plates.

The First National Scout Jamboree was held in 1937 on the banks of the Potomac, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt. Valley Forge was chosen as the site of this second encampment as the historic scene of cold, sickness, and starvation suffered by the 10,000 men of Washington's Continental Army through the winter of 1778. These events were the subject of ceremonies which opened the Jamboree, and similar pageants, demonstrations, and tours occupied succeeding days of Scout activities. Achievement of certain standards of rank and Scouting experience gave to Scouts who had reached their twelfth birthday the opportunity to attend the Jamboree. Total cost for each Scout during the seven days was only forty dollars. Groups of boys travelling to and from the camp added to their experience by stopping off at points of interest on the way, and several thousands, for example, toured the Ford Rouge Plant in Dearborn, Michigan.

The success of the Jamboree, which piled up some amazing statistics in seven days, was the result of a vast amount of careful planning but depended more than that on a lot of boys living a very worthwhile adventure. ■



← *Newest of the nation's dog racing plants. More than 2,000 cars can be handled in its acres of superintended parking space.*

Greyhound Racing

by Jerome Palms

photographs by Robert Leahey

ALTHOUGH the greyhound was brought into this country to chase western ranch rabbits, a Californian named Smith discovered in 1919 that the speedy animals were also eager enough to chase robot rabbits. Six years later, on the afternoon of January 3, 1925, a group of Florida business and civic leaders found good use for this discovery, and the world's first greyhound racing track was inaugurated at St. Petersburg. Last winter the oldest of the nation's twenty-three tracks, the now-famous Derby Lane, also became the nation's most modern (and it is claimed, the finest) with the building of a 280-foot steel and concrete grandstand. The new structure seats 4,000 with room for an additional 4,000 in the spacious ramp. In this setting of tropical foliage beneath the Florida moon, watching the races on a warm February night has become the attraction which founders of the historic St. Peters-

burg Kennel Club hoped for.

Essentially dog racing isn't much different from horse racing except that the dogs are saddled only with a colorful numbered blanket, and the tracks are smaller, generally 550 to 660 yards in length. Most of the racing occurs at night, although Derby Lane features matinee cards on Wednesday and Saturday during the season which lasts through winter tourist time—late December to the middle of April. Highlight of the season is the St. Petersburg Derby, oldest blue ribbon event in the sport. Two dogs, Lucky Pilot and Mick the Miller, have won purses totaling \$50,000 each in less than three years of racing. Most valuable dog was Flashy Miller, winner of 62 out of 68 races, who was sold for the top price of \$40,000. Dogs usually bring from \$300 to \$1000, their racing lives averaging about four years.

This country breeds some 6,000 greyhounds annually and most of

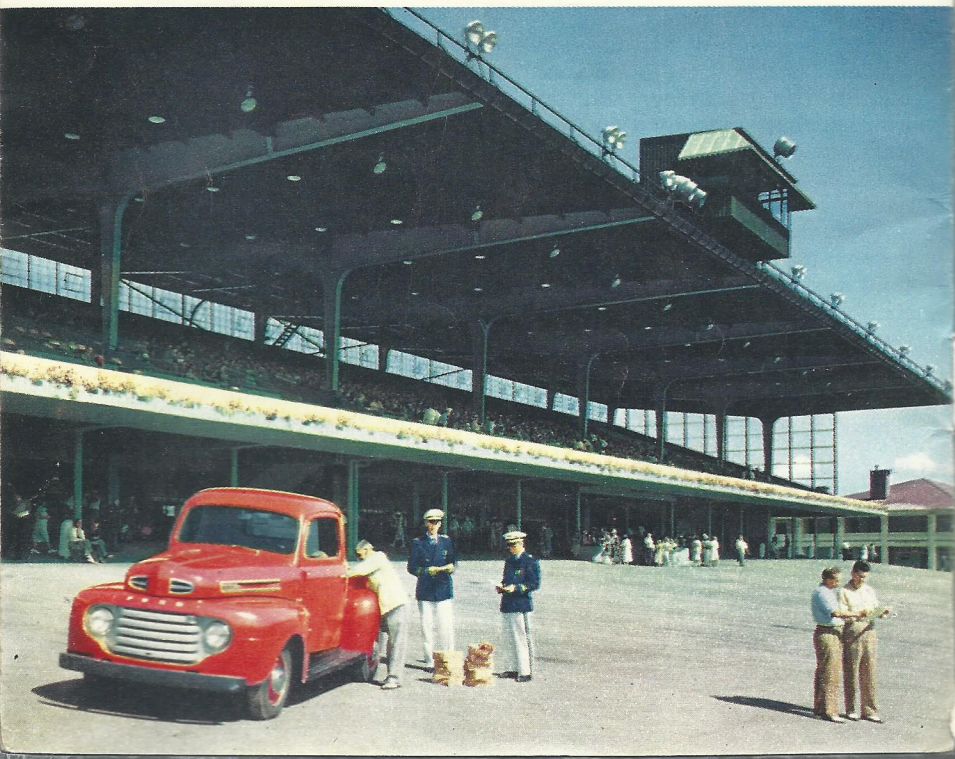
A pack of fleet greyhounds springs from the starting stalls to chase mechanical rabbit in one of the Derby Lane race meets.

them don't lead a dog's life. Rigid laws for governing the sport are laid down by the International Greyhound Association which along with state officials supervises all dog racing. The dogs run only twice a week, and they eat heartily after each race which may be some compensation for not getting the rabbit. Before starting time at Derby Lane the greyhounds are placed in stalls in a racing strip which is pulled on to the track by a Ford tractor. With a whirr to attract the dogs' attention the rabbit passes the starting line on

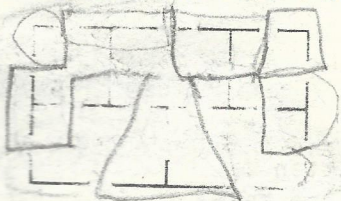
the inside lane, the gates are raised, and the race is on. Chasing the bobbing robot with sixteen and twenty foot strides, greyhounds can travel 40 mph—as fast as a horse for short distances. At the finish line there is a camera to make the decision and the rabbit disappears to end the race.

One of the many uses of the red Ford pick-up is to rush the daily racing program from the printers to news dealers throughout the city, and to the main entrance of the track where it is shown being unloaded.

Programs fresh off the press are delivered by the F-1 pickup.



Can You Close All the Gates?



A RANCHER partitioned his property as shown, but he put in so many gates that one was always being left open. One evening he told a hired-hand to get in his Ford pick-up and to shut each gate after he had passed through it, warning him not to return until all the gates were shut and padlocked. The hired man followed his instructions carefully although he had no keys and could not return once he had padlocked a gate. He finally gave up and went in search of work elsewhere. One gate had been left open. See if you can do better, but padlock all gates after driving through, and naturally you cannot return through a closed gate. Start anywhere and end anywhere, and if you succeed let us know how you did it.

—Contributed by Eugene Pokorney, Arcadia, Nebraska



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