

FORD TRUCK TIMES

september-october 1950



The cover photograph by Bob and Ira Spring shows Roy Kimbel, on his 60th birthday, "topping" a 105-foot tree at Shelton, Washington's Forest Festival. Upright trunk, known as a "spar," is used in loading logs. Portrait on pageant stage, foreground, is of Paul Bunyan, the famed legendary logger.

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William D. Kennedy, Editor-in-Chief
 Burgess H. Scott, Managing Editor
 Arthur T. Lougee, Art Director
 Jerome Palms, Associate Editor
 Charles W. Moss, Production

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Sure footed loggers take part in a Forest Festival birling exhibition. At work they walk the logs aided by pike poles.

Forest Festival

by Norma Spring

photographs by Bob and Ira Spring

EACH MID-MAY the cry of "T-I-M-B-E-R" echoes across the peaceful valley of Shelton, Washington, which has not heard the ring of woodsmen's axes nor the thud of falling trees in 70 years. Foresters aren't felling second growth timber—the lively townspeople are merely celebrating their annual Forest Festival with all the enthusiasm inherited from rugged ancestors.

Shelton is a town of 4400 located

on the southern reaches of Puget Sound near the forests of western Washington. Probably no other town in the United States is so dependent on the woods.

Its industries are two large lumber mills, a veneer plant, and an expanding pulp mill. It has a new and growing fiberboard industry using chips and board ends that formerly rotted in the woods and around sawmills. A new Shelton industry is the harvesting

An annual feature of the Festival parade is the "Timber Beast," a giant robot that spouts balloons and favors. →

of Christmas trees from lands not suitable for saw timber.

Hence, it follows that forest preservation is of ever-present importance to the community.

Tree propagation, controlled cutting, and fire prevention are each citizen's private everyday concern; but once each year the entire community joins in staging an event that advertises the lesson of forest preservation.

In mid-April the people of Shelton and its county of Mason begin preparations for the festivity that will combine pomp and pageantry to bring a program of sports events based on logging practices that have been followed since the Northwest's first ponderosa crashed to earth.

By mid-May the big show is ready. Seventeen bands have been mustered to lead the parade that will start things rolling with a procession down Railroad Avenue, the latter a puzzler to present visitors because no railroad is in sight. But until a few years ago logging trains steamed smack through the center of town.

Usually the hit of the parade is the "Timber Beast" robot, kept oiled and in good mechanical condition between Festivals by town mechanics. The Timber Beast has rolling eyes, ears, arms, and assorted sound effects. As it plods

through Shelton it disgorges balloons and candy for the children, winks its eyes at pretty girls, and generally heckles all bystanders.

Arena for the sports events is the town ball park where logging companies have "planted" in 15-foot holes the huge trees that will figure in the felling, topping, and climbing contests. Earlier events were staged on virgin timber within sight of the town, but lumbering has so removed the forest that today the 100-foot giants must be hauled 25 miles to the Festival site. Large logs are floated in the icy water of Puget Sound as a stage for birling matches between skilled boom walkers.

One of the speediest of the events is the highclimbing contest, which seems over almost before it starts. Contestants, equipped only with boot spurs and a short safety rope, scamper up 90-foot spars in less than 19 seconds and unfurl a red flag at the top. Climbers take their precarious job lightly, being concerned with only two dangers: absentmindedly throwing their safety loop over the end of the topped tree, or chopping the rope with their busy axes.

At one time the climbers also raced down the spar, but they devised too many dangerous short cuts. The downward race was discontinued after a few contestants

An F-8 logging truck is driven through a driving contest course between rows of eggs with but two inches to spare. →



In the tree felling race loggers, working at high speed, first chop out an undercut, and then stand on springboards to saw tree. →

forgot to stop at the bottom.

Men who cut down trees—the fallers—turn in the precision performances of the Festival. Standing on springboards wedged into the trunk, the fallers undercut and then saw through trees up to five feet in diameter in less than five minutes. Before the contest yellow flags are planted 20 paces from the bases and the contestants are informed that so many seconds will be added to their time for each inch they miss the flag. Many a tree thunders down, driving the flag out of sight into the ground.

Another contest is “bucking,” or sawing trees into proper lengths for milling. This job hasn’t changed in a hundred years, still requiring a strong back, a sharp saw, and a prayer that there “ain’t no knots where the teeth ride.” The filing job done on the saw before the contest may frequently determine the winner.

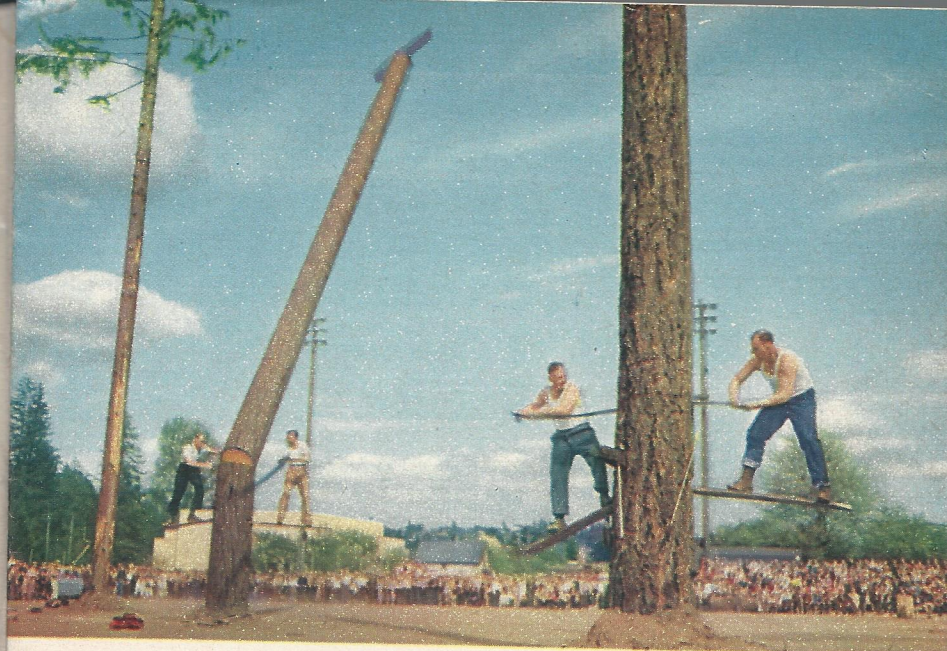
The strongest of the Northwoods loggers display their brawn in an annual tug-o-war match. The modern day Paul Bunyans threaten to snap the rope as they heave and pull back and forth across the contest field. A recent Festival program card carried the following footnote in reference to an earlier event: “Grisdale’s loggers were disqualified last year when opponents discovered that

Dave Adams, anchorman, had been buried three feet underground the night before the contest. Adams explained that it was a version of the old ‘dead man’ play.”

Climax of the sports show is the tree topping event, most romantic and spectacular of all the hazardous woods jobs. The contestant, weighted down with heavy felling axe and climbing equipment, ascends the 100-foot tree, chopping off limbs on the way. Then, as nonchalantly as cutting stove wood, the topper swings away at the tree top. As the top falls the contestant receives his ovation, riding easily on the swaying spar. In the old days, before safety regulations were imposed, the highclimber would signify the completion of his job by loosening his safety rope, hopping on top of his 100-foot stump, and waving his red hat. The descent is quickly made via pass-block and line.

Today’s logger has dispensed with the shenanigans practiced by his lusty forebears. He is usually an earnest family man with a comfortable home in a modern woods camp. And he is an eager practitioner of the controlled cutting and replanting which alone can assure himself and his descendants a steady supply of timber. ■

“Bucking” means cutting the fallen tree into proper log lengths. In the photograph at right loggers are in the midst of a race. →



Stories of the Road

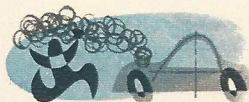
THE FORD TRUCK TIMES will pay \$25 each for true, unpublished stories of the road which are accepted for publication in this department. Humorous or unusual incidents that you have observed while hauling about the country are particularly eligible. The funnier they are, the better, but we won't mind 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



ON HIS WAY home from delivering a mule colt, my brother overtook a young lady on horseback, apparently trying to thumb a ride. He slowed down and called to her asking if she was fooling or if she really wanted a ride. She replied that she and the horse both wanted a ride. My brother got out and dropped the tailgate and the horse climbed aboard. The girl got in the cab and after riding for seven miles asked to be let off at the next crossroad. She thanked him, explaining, "We would have been late for supper."

—J. F. BENNETT, Fremont, Michigan



I WAS DRIVING down one of the busier streets of Hollywood when smoke began to ooze from the hood louvers of my old jalopy. Grabbing the first vacant space at the curb, I stopped, leaped out, yanked open the hood, and was immediately engulfed in a cloud of strangling vapor. I turned away and saw that I was parked right outside a drugstore. Panic-stricken, I dashed inside, shouting that my car was on fire. The soda-jerk eyed me calmly for a moment, evidently well accustomed to melodramatics in this city of actors. Then with dead-pan expression, he presented me with a small paper cup full of water. Dazedly, I grabbed the cup and fled into the street, only to discover that my fire was out. Double parked beside my car was a big Ford truck, its driver just replacing his fire extinguisher in its rack. I barely had time to shout my thanks before the big Ford was on its way with a cheerful wave from the driver.

—A. EDWARD HOWELL, San Diego, California



ANOTHER LADY and I were employed by a small town newspaper to solicit ads for a special edition. One day we drove downtown, and after parking in the only available space we proceeded separately to call on the prospective advertisers. We agreed to meet in the parked car at an appointed time, but I waited for almost an hour before Ruth, my partner, appeared, all flushed and embarrassed. When I asked her what was wrong, she said, "I got in the car behind yours by mistake, and after waiting for ever so long a little boy came out of the drugstore and told me his father said for me to get out of his car."

—MRS. ALVA SCHARY, San Francisco, California



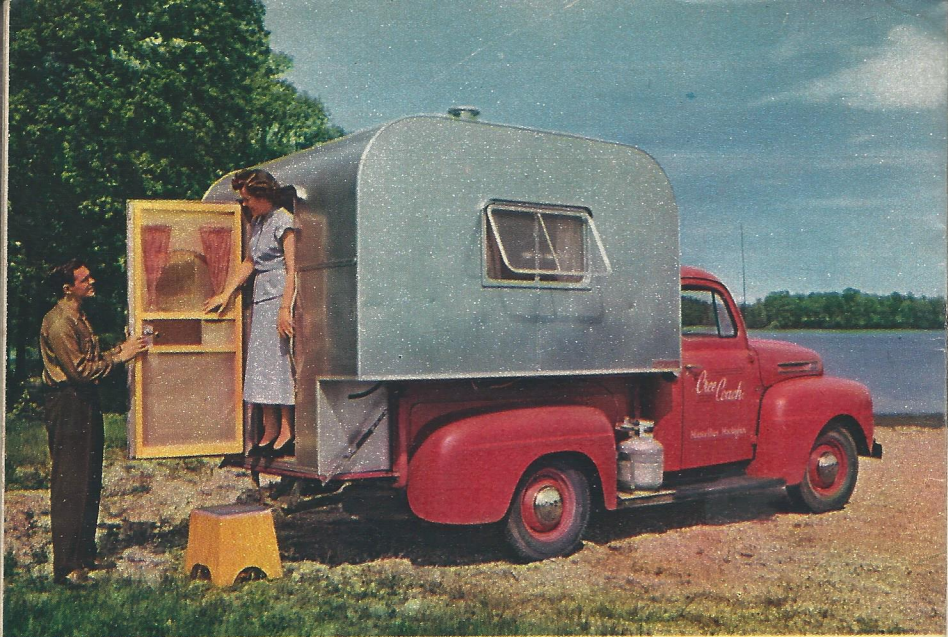
WE WERE BUILDING a large mountain camp located about eight miles off the main road on a narrow trail with numerous bridges. A big rig with 20,000 feet of mixed lumber loaded on the trailer attempted the route and went through the first bridge it came to. It was nearly dark when we heard of the accident. But with twenty-seven carpenters on the project, it took just one hour to build a bridge right around the old one, and saved forty men from spending a cold night on a wild mountain.

—HOWARD S. FRYE, New Ashford, Massachusetts



DURING the last war we acquired a driver short on what he called "readin' and writin' education," but a wizard at keeping a truck rolling. One day he handed the boss a blank accident report and told him to fill it out. He had been bumped in Ukiah and busted a fender, only, he hadn't gotten the woman's name. The boss hit the ceiling. "Always get names, Pete!" he roared. "We gotta have them." Months later Pete brought in another accident report. The boss asked him if he got the names. "Sure did," said Pete. "Little bald-headed fellow sideswiped me and busted a rabbit hutch on the back of his jalopy. The rabbits got away and he was madder'n all gitout, but I made him give their names. They was named Pinky, Flopear, and Daisy."

—ALFRED I. TOOKE, Los Angeles, California



←*Vacationers are shown inspecting their new home on wheels.*

Good Living in a Ford Pickup

by George Smedal

photographs by Krums Studio

FORD PICKUP OWNERS can now put that versatile vehicle to yet another use. A boat and trailer firm is now manufacturing a cottage, completely furnished, that slides onto the truck bed to provide living quarters on wheels. Arrived at a destination, the mobile residence can be removed to become a cabin by the lake or in the mountains.

This innovation is known as the Cree Truck Coach, and is built in Marcellus, Michigan, to retail at less than \$1,000. Initial installation of the 850-pound unit takes about two hours. Once that is done, however, it can be removed or replaced in from 15 to 20 minutes.

The exterior is of heavy aluminum sheeting, and the interior is finished in varnished plywood. Entrance is through twin doors at the rear, and large side and front windows provide ample light. Doors and windows are sealed in sponge rubber for quietness and elimination of leaks. Insulation is completed with walls of triple thickness construction.

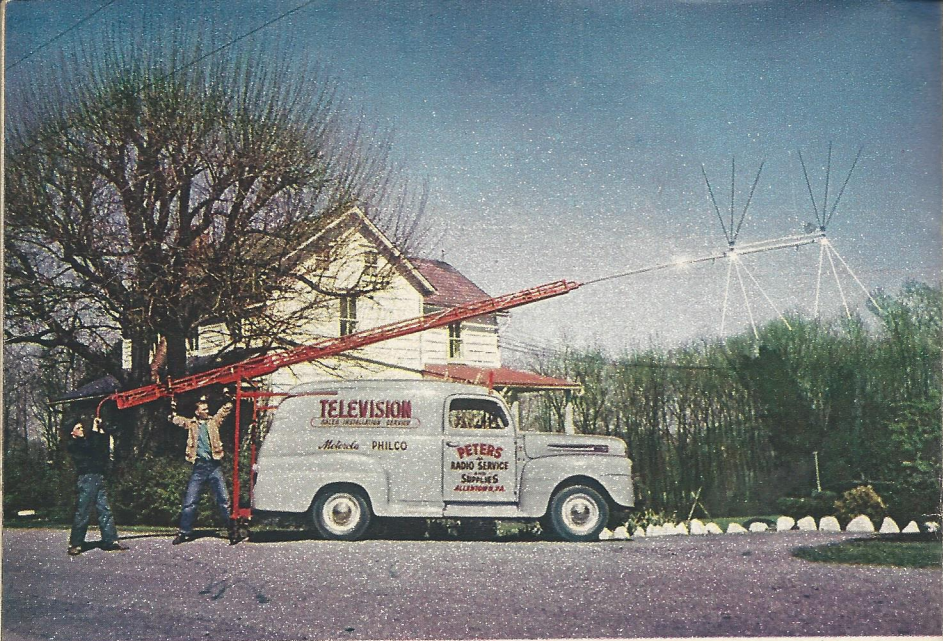
Large seats with deep cushions convert into a double bed six feet, six inches long, and a canvas bunk can be installed for a third person.

Ventilation is further aided by a 12- by 16-inch roof vent. Equipment includes a bottle gas range with oven, several cabinets fitted into the walls, and a full-length clothes closet. The bottle gas is also used for heating the coach. A galley sink and drain with water tank is also included.

The electrical system is so arranged that it can be operated off the truck's six-volt battery or from the regular trailer park or home current.

Completing the furnishings are large storage lockers under the seats, and a folding table for daytime use. ■

←*This interior shot shows the dining section of the Cree Coach.*



Video and Lightning Rods

FOR YEARS American farm buildings have been topped with tall spires designed to protect them from the fire and hazards due to lightning. Today these lightning rods stand side by side with a new adornment, the television aerial. At left are shown two Ford trucks engaged in promoting these devices.

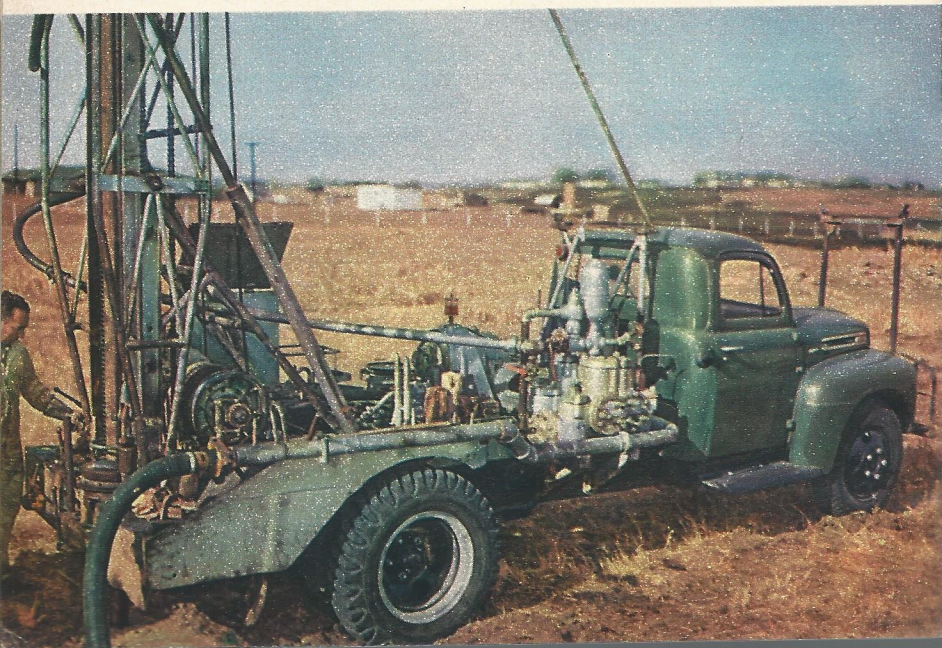
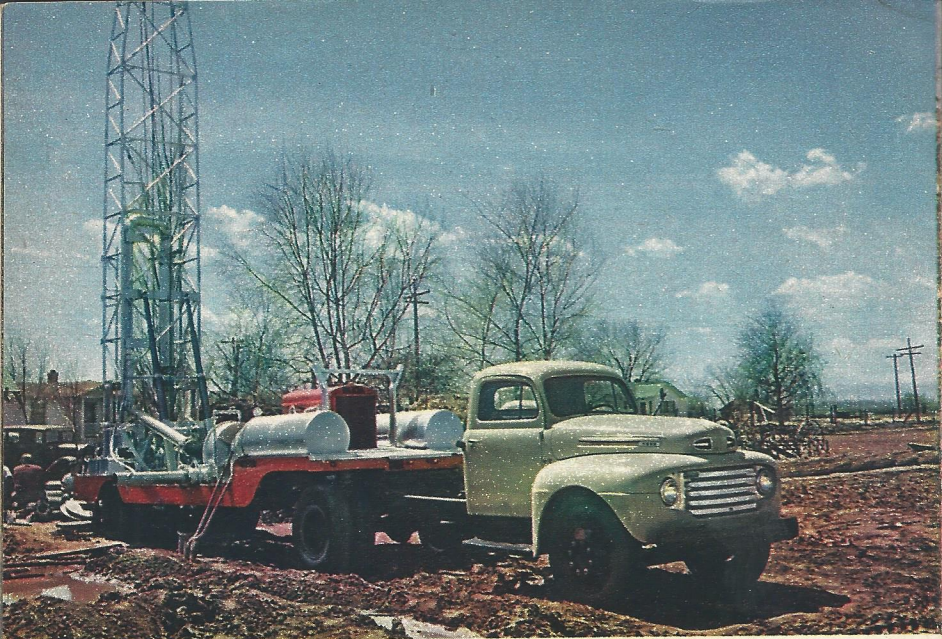
In the upper picture is one of the best salesmen employed by the Channel Master Corporation of Ellenville, New York, a three-quarter-ton Ford pickup named the "Challenger." Mounted on the truck is a 70-foot telescoping tower which holds both a Channel Master and a competing antenna. Equipped with a television set and full complement of test equipment, the truck travels about various cities comparing the antennas and arousing dealer interest.

Testing a new product called the "Super Fan," the Challenger travels out to the "fringe areas" promoting the purchase of sets and new antennas where the receiving of television signals was previously believed impossible.

At left below is a picture of the

lightning rod display trailer used by the George E. Thompson Company of Minneapolis for demonstrations of man-made lightning. In the twenty minute show, a 500,000-volt flash of lightning first strikes a model of an unprotected building, setting it on fire, then strikes the same building equipped with a lightning rod protection system. The aluminum conductors carry the current harmlessly to the ground. The average lightning stroke is a rapid series of about twenty discharges, delivered one after another within a fraction of a second like bullets from a machine gun, leaving behind a visible flash of burning air. As the greatest single cause of rural fires, lightning kills some 600 persons annually, destroys a hundred million dollars worth of property. Lightning rods, invented by Benjamin Franklin, offer a safe path for the bolts which in most cases strike upward.

The 32-foot aluminum trailer, hauled by an F-6 Ford tractor, is on the road throughout the year, travelling to all parts of the country generating sparks and impressing all who see it. ■



←The "Portadrill" is used in search for oil. Photo by Forrest N. Yockey.

Drillers on Wheels

IN HIDDEN FAULTS and crevices thousands of feet below the earth's surface, great pools of "black gold" await discovery. Ever-increasing demands for oil have forced geologists and geophysicists to join together in developing the modern methods and equipment which have opened a new era in underground prospecting.

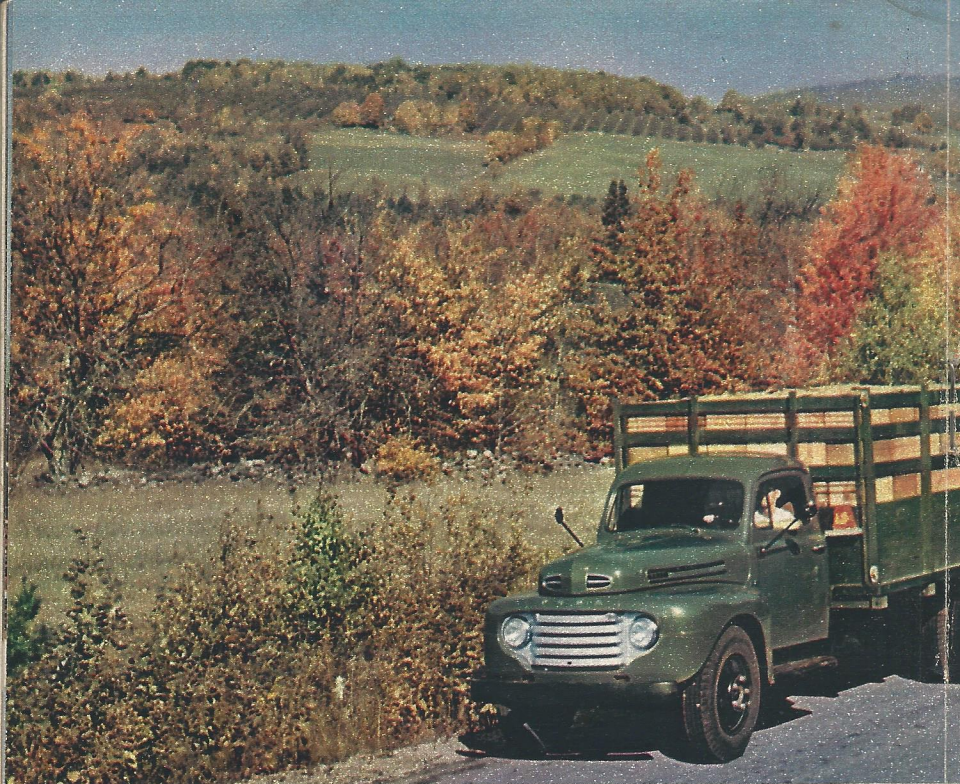
Most common procedure for discovering oil deposits is the seismographic reflection method. First step in this process is the sinking of four- to six-inch shot holes which range from 30 to 500 feet in depth. A "shooting truck" distributes dynamite to the holes, and the charges are then capped with water. As each powder charge is detonated, earth vibrations travel downward and outward and are reflected back by breaks or changes in the earth's rock layers. These reflections are picked up and recorded at the surface by sensitive seismometers, giving an accurate indication of the underground structure of the earth and enabling prospectors to determine where the oil is.

Mounted on the Ford F-7 in the upper photograph is equipment used to drill the test holes. Called the "Portadrill" it is being accepted throughout the Americas as ideal for seismographic explorations, field tests having proved its capacity to drill a 1500-foot, eight-inch hole. Other Portadrill rigs are produced for water well drilling.

Companion unit to the Portadrill is the shooting truck which has a specially constructed all-steel body with built-in compartments for transporting high explosives. On some units water tanks are also built-in with a pumping system for tamping the loaded shot holes. A portable mast, much like that of the drilling unit, lowers the dynamite charge to the desired depth.

In the lower picture is shown one of the approximately 300 Ford trucks used by the United Geophysical Company in its worldwide search for oil. ■

←Rig owned by United Geophysical Company. Photo by William N. Robbins.



Ford truck owned by Myron O. Lord, manager of Maine Fruit

Something New

by Burgess

photographs by C

FOR YEARS apples have been a staple crop in the State of Maine. Millions of bushels of Baldwins, Ben Davises, Greenings, and, later, the McIntosh, Delicious, and Northern Spy varieties have gone out to apple lovers over the country, in their original form, or as apple sauce, cider, or vinegar.

Apples are still big business in Maine, but the industry is sparkplugged today by a group which appears to have the fruit on the way to its greatest boom era. This group is Maine



Fruit Producers, Inc., traveling through apple orchard country.

w from Apples

by H. Scott

George French

Fruit Producers, Inc., of Kezar Falls, a cooperative made up of apple orchardists in the vicinity, and headed by Myron O. Lord, veteran apple man, and long a user of Ford trucks for the many hauling jobs involved in maintaining orchards.

In addition to producing apples and their better known by-products, the organization is marketing modernized items that vie with anything found in the frozen food department of today's super market. There is, for instance, a filling, frozen

Workers sort apples that will be taken to Maine Fruit Producers' storage houses and processing plant in Kezar Falls. →

and done up in a package containing the right amount for a single apple pie; experiments are under way to make a cattle feed out of the pulp and other residue from the cider presses; the laboratory is now busy figuring out a way to make apple candy.

But by far the hottest product yet offered by the Producers is Apple Sparkle, a concentrate packed with the flavor of tree-ripened fruit. Apple Sparkle is made like cider except that the juice is chilled, immediately after pressing, to prevent fermentation, and shortly thereafter is frozen. Then, by a controlled raising of the temperature, the syrupy concentrate is separated from the mass. Thus, the essence of a whole tree of fruit is gathered in a small case of 12-ounce bottles.

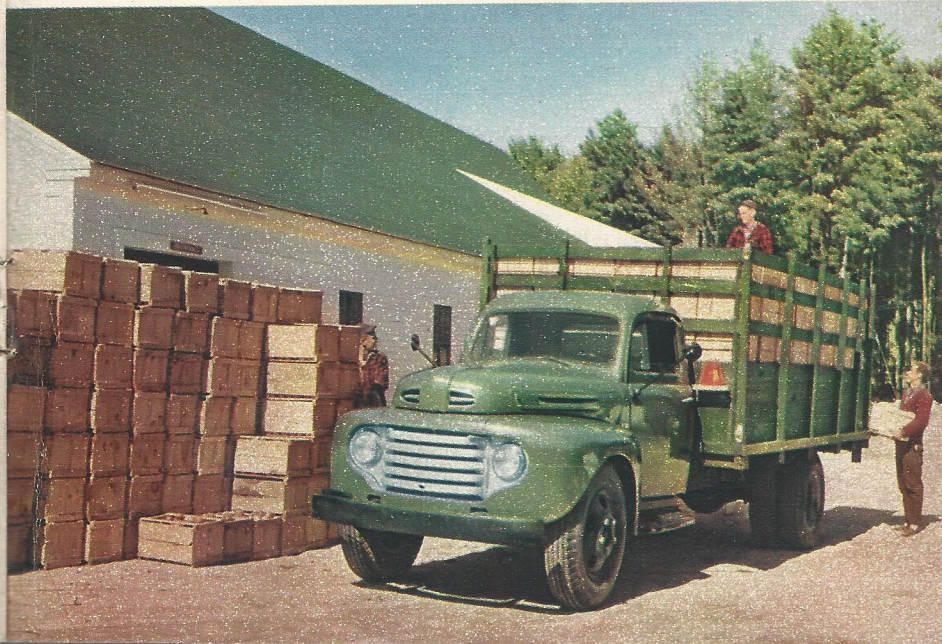
The concentrate is the invention of a Massachusetts scientist who thus far has licensed only Maine Fruit Producers, Inc. as a producer. A principal benefit of the concentrate is that desirable enzymes are retained. The organization expects to present it soon frozen in cans, and the concentrate will be the basis for the apple candy now under experimentation.

Apple Sparkle can be used as a soft drink with ice and soda or water, or as flavoring. It can also spare the housewife hours of jelly-making time in that it bypasses the peeling, cutting, and boiling of apples. A 12-ounce bottle of the concentrate, and an eight-ounce bottle of standard pectin, along with an equal amount of water and eight cups of sugar, will make 12 eight-ounce glasses of apple jelly.

The supply of concentrate has frequently run low, but Lord advises that there is now some stock on hand. It can be bought from participating grocers or direct from the plant at about 33 cents a bottle.

This apple enterprise has been thriving for several years now, and throughout Ford trucks have had a part in hauling the apples from orchard to plant, and the products from plant to market. Should the present trend continue, the cooperative people think it not at all unlikely that the apple may some day challenge the Aroostook potato as Maine's best known item of produce. ■

Truck has delivered load of prime Maine apples to processing plant. Some will be made into new apple concentrate. →



Transportation: Cash and Gas

ALONG with their thousands of routine activities, many Ford trucks find themselves working on unusual jobs such as shown in the photographs at right.

Hauling money by the truckload is the task of the F-3 in the upper picture. Each morning of every business day in the year, fleets of these vehicles line the curb in front of Armored Motor Service headquarters in Salt Lake City, Denver, and Albuquerque. Heavily armed, neatly uniformed guards stand by as bags of money from the company's vaults are loaded into the carrying compartments. At a signal the doors are closed and the truck departs. Route stops are brief. The change bags are carried inside, money to be banked is loaded, and the truck is gone with a minimum of fanfare. Thus a complete banking service is provided at a nominal fee.

The insulated body of the truck is constructed of heavy steel with two inch bullet-proof glass used in doors and windows. No handles are installed on the outside of the doors which must be opened with a special key. The company buys its trucks for dependability since no guard relishes the idea of being stalled with a million dollars in his care.

Shown below are Ford trucks helping with construction of the "Super Inch," biggest and longest natural gas pipeline in the world. Proceeding across the Mojave Desert, it's a job for men who can ignore 100 degree-plus heat, with choking, swirling dust devils, and isolation. It is so isolated that two-way radio is used to keep contact between working crews.

The "Super Inch," just a little bigger than the "Biggest Inch," will require a 75-foot right of way stretching from Midland, Texas, to Oakland, California. After preparation of the trench by bulldozers and ditchers, the 34-inch pipe is hauled to the site and welded into mile-long sections. Strength of the weld is checked by X-ray. An ingenious, self-propelled machine then moves along the pipe applying layers of felt and hot asphalt, and finally the entire length is lowered into the trench using up to ten side-boom tractors. ■

Ford trucks help to lay the "Super Inch." Photograph by Art Riley.→



Joyce's Rolling Store

story and photographs by Richard Schaus

ISOLATED RANCHERS in the rugged lands of northern Arizona are accustomed now to the sight of a 25-year-old girl in a trim green F-1 panel delivery, pulling up to their front doors. The girl is Joyce Nevin, and her truck is loaded with a wide assortment of cattle ranch supplies which she sells over a long and dusty route.

Joyce went west after a serious illness had forced her to sell her small farm and herd of Guernseys in Rhode Island. Her first stop was at a cattle ranch recommended by a friend, near Heber in the pine country northeast of Phoenix.

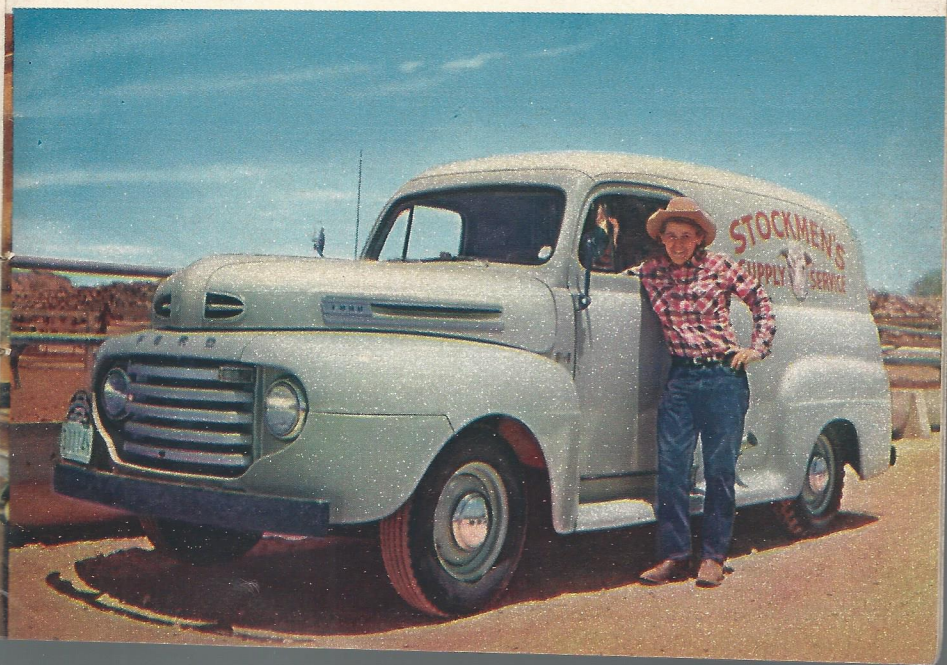
The cattleman and his family, expecting their visitor from the east to be a tenderfoot, were amazed when Joyce arrived in levis, boots, and western hat, pitched in to help with the ranch chores, and then entertained the whole crew with her accordion playing after work.

After a spell of ranch life, she went into business for herself. Joyce bought a truck and spray rig and hired out to rid cattle, corrals, pastures, and barns of troublesome insects. After a while the spraying business got too strenuous for her liking, and the idea of running a supply route was born.

She bought her F-1 panel job and stocked it with ammunition, leather tools, rivets, fence pliers, horseshoes, bridles, saddle blankets, veterinary supplies, flower and vegetable seeds, and many other items in frequent use on a cattle ranch. She laid out her route in the Heber area, and arranged monthly calls on each rancher.

The bulk of her business is in items the customer has been too busy to buy, and in supplying merchandise the rancher forgot the last time he drove 50 miles into town. In her first three weeks on the road, Joyce sold \$700 worth of supplies, and expects a steady increase in business as the route expands. ■

Joyce Nevin poses with her F-1 Ford panel delivery.→





ROLLING THE ROADS

by Dod Stoddard

IF YOU WANT a full-sized sample of "Cold War," never mind trying to drive through the Iron Curtain. Just try parking a truck on Main Street, U.S.A.!

Without a doubt, there's a special place in heaven reserved for truckers because they have their hell on earth day after day. The big rigs, the farm trucks, the pickups, the panels, the parcels, vans, and what-have-you—each has its special problems. But for one and all, in village, town, and city, there's simply *no room*.

I heard once that the Chicago Loop needs to be used by 120,000 vehicles a day. There is room for 15,000. This leaves seven out of eight with no place to go.

Now it may be that the passenger car driver *wants* to stop close to a certain spot. But, except for doctors or a few others on emergency missions, passenger car operators can park a block or a mile away from their ports of call.

Not the trucker. With a safe to deliver, or a side of beef or ten cases of soda pop, he *must* spot his load.

The Good Book says *love thy enemies*. Well, brother, the poor trucker has plenty of 'em to lavish his affection on! The chief enemy, of course, is *fate*—something you can't lick, can't even cuss out except by talking to your ancestors. Fate decreed that cities should be inconvenient places. The greater number of our cities and towns were originally located for *anything but* truckers. Some were down in a hollow at the foot of a waterfall—to use the power to run a mill. Some were on river banks or lake fronts for a water supply, boat transportation, or at a ferry crossing.

The original idea of a city was a place where lots of people could get close together—so they wouldn't have too far to *walk* to work, to bed, to stores, to the well for water.

The Twentieth Century in America suddenly changed things. Railroads, electric wires, gas mains, and roads made it practical to have a cluster of people—a town or a city—almost anywhere. But the cities were mostly already started. It is very costly to move a whole city. Then came the automobile—and the truck.

Narrow streets, many-storied buildings, inconvenient geography! Every family needing a car, furniture, appliances, lots of clothes, a good variety of foods and gadgets by the hundreds.

Fate built an ant's nest and then populated it with elephants. Worse still, a hundred years ago, eight out of ten families were rural. Now with *seven times* as many people, 80 per cent live in cities!

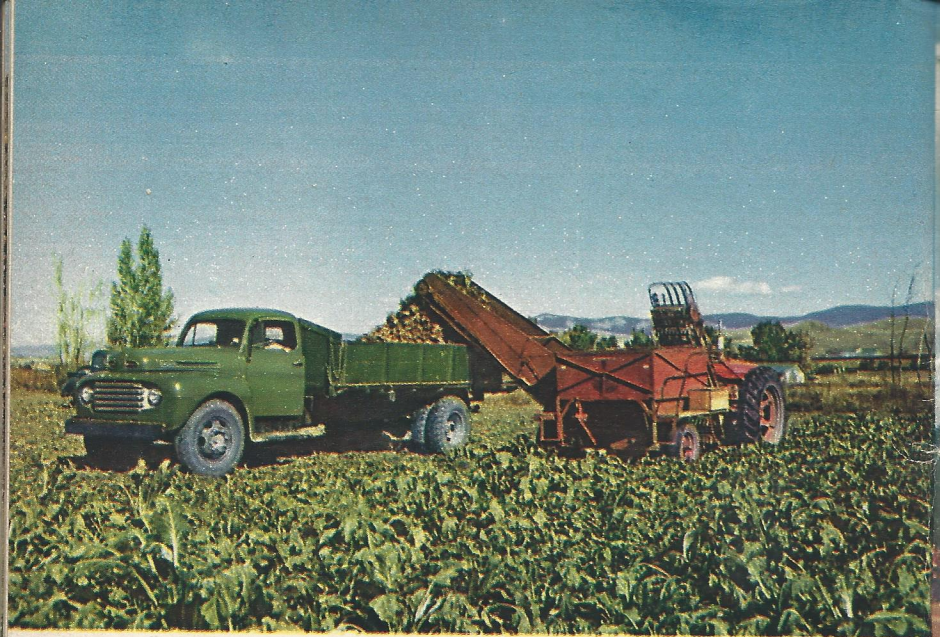
So you can charge *one* of your ulcers to fate if you are a trucker who has to buck city traffic. A hundred years from now the traffic problem will have been cured. Either cities will have been remodeled, or will have choked themselves to death.

In this war of nerves the trucker is fighting, some knothead is always suggesting that we "banish trucks." That bright idea is the equivalent of banishing hunger by cutting your throat!

The trucker's enemies run in packs, surround him, corner him, badger him all his driving hours. If he doesn't pick up a load on schedule, the customer is burned up. If he has to circle a block once (or ten times), a thousand passenger car drivers—and other truckers for that matter—have called him all the names in the book. Except for a few *choice* names reserved for him by the man waiting for a delivery. Then, in desperation, the poor devil double parks. The law swarms on him, traffic is snarled, he gets a ticket, with appropriate insults thrown in by cops, bystanders, and next day in the newspapers!

He is not through. Oh no! The boss wants to know why in the name of all the turtles and snails in creation did it take two hours to do a five minute job.

Some day there'll be a statue erected to truckers. It will sit upon a great marble base. At the top, wearing a halo and smiling like a saint, a driver will lean upon the wheel and gaze upon an open space in front of him—space enough to cramp his rig into the curb at just the right angle. And sure as sin, some dope will pick out that dream-space in front of the bronze gent to erect a neat little sign reading "No Parking!"



← On the left an F-7 is being loaded with a mechanical harvester. Truck hauls eight tons from field to rail siding.

It's Harvest Time for Sugar Beets

by Jerome Palm

photographs by Forrest N. Yockey and Ernst Peterson

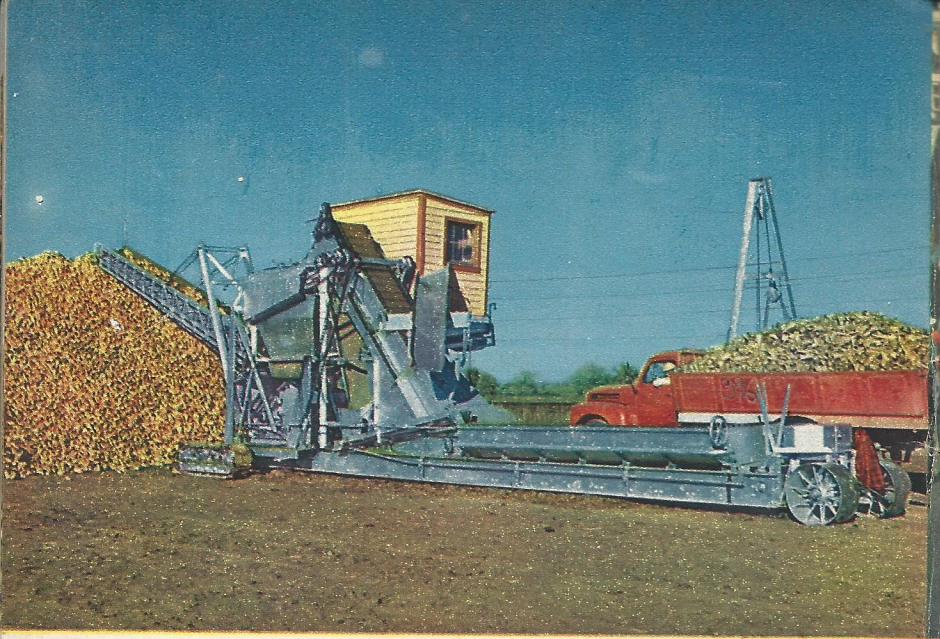
CENTER OF INTEREST in an annual flurry of activity among farming communities is the "Beta Vulgaris," the sugar beet, an unglamorous parsnip-shaped root with chard-like foliage. In twenty-one beet producing states, the months from August to November see thousands of farm hands and factory laborers pour into the areas, and giant refineries snap to life. Growling tractors snort and grumble in the pre-dawn darkness, trailing noisy contraptions of grinding pulleys, whirling knives, and endless chain conveyors. Purring trucks move slowly alongside. The sugar beet harvest is on!

Leaders among the beet producers are the states of California and Michigan, and the Rocky Mountain belt extending across Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Neb-

raska, Utah, and Wyoming. In a recent harvest California alone produced 2,819,000 tons of beets, having a gross value of nearly 37 million dollars.

The history of sugar dates back to 800 B. C. when cane was the only known source. Discovery of the richness which some types of beets have in sugar was made by a German, Andreas Marggraf, in 1747, but even then costs of extraction were prohibitive and it was another fifty years before methods of large scale extraction were developed. One of the first U. S. sugar beet factories was constructed in 1838 at White Pigeon, Michigan, but the earliest successful and still existing effort was begun at Alvarado, California, in 1870. Regardless of its source all granulated sugar in a refined form

← Endless conveyors pour a steady stream of topped beets into the bed of the F-6 at left. Beet tops make good stock feed.



← *Tons of sugar beets roll onto the platform of a piling machine. Eight-ton truck load is handled in a matter of minutes.*

is identical, being a compound known to chemists as sucrose. The average American eats about 100 pounds of it every year.

Sugar beet raising has been, traditionally, an expensive process, requiring much hand labor and involving entirely new principles of farm production, with profits almost entirely dependent on strict attention to detail. Emphasis is not on quantity but on cultivating a size that can be profitably harvested, and on maintaining high purity and sugar content. Recent improvements in seed and the innovation of mechanical methods have reduced cost per acre and greatly simplified the farmer's problems.

Seeding is done in early spring. When the young plants appear they are spaced and thinned to leave the stronger shoots, followed by irrigation and cultivating to provide the moisture essential for high sugar content. The complicated root system of the beet extends down as far as six feet to collect this water and to carry it up for combination with carbon dioxide brought in through the leaves. Sugar is then formed through the process of photosynthesis.

One of the outstanding examples of crop mechanization is in

beet harvesting. In Michigan one acre in three is mechanically harvested, an increase from less than one percent to thirty-four percent in four years, with many combines pulling and topping beets in one operation. The sugar beet is a biennial but is harvested the first year when sugar content is at its peak.

The large refining plants reach full capacity shortly after the start of harvest season. Trucks, moving between combines and refinery, dump the beets into mechanical pilers. These hoist the beets up onto the mountainous stock piles to await refining.

The process from sugar beet to refined sugar requires only twelve hours. After washing in giant agitators, the beets are weighed and dropped into slicers from which they emerge in long strips known as "cosettes" or "noodles." Raw juice is extracted from the cosettes, and is filtered and treated with lime and sulphur gas. Finally, boiling of the clear liquid causes the sugar to crystalize. High speed centrifugals separate the syrup from the crystals which then pass into granulators for drying and screening. Packaging completes the cycle which has added a vast new source of sugar to our supply. ■

← *A loaded Ford mounts a dump platform where the beets are transferred to a freight train for hauling to the sugar factory.*



photograph by Forrest N. Yockey

Pulp Feeds Cattle— a one-picture story

THOUSANDS OF CATTLE in sugar beet areas are now being fattened on “noodles,” the beet pulp remaining after extraction of sugar juices. Virtually none of the beet’s value as feed is removed with the sugar, and it is estimated that in the case of beef cattle the by-products from an acre of beets will produce 200 to 300 pounds of meat.

The wet beet pulp is stored in giant silos holding thousands of tons each. As the pulp ages it heats and sours, acquiring a strong odor which, however, does not appear to disturb the feeding cattle and has no effect on the taste of the finished beef. When fed to dairy cattle there is a tendency for the wet pulp to taint the milk, but when the pulp is dehydrated it keeps well and serves as feed for the milk cows.

The action in the picture as the Ford F-6 distributes its load shows plainly that the cattle like their noodles. ■



Economy Run Mileage Mounts

THE nationwide Ford Truck Economy Run now in progress will in six months total up an estimated 15,000,000 "on-the-job" miles of statistics on Ford truck economy. With the nation's highways serving as a giant test track, the entire Ford line, which includes more than 175 light and heavy models covering 21 vocational categories, is being represented in the demonstration.

Dalers and truck operators are cooperating in the tabulation of accurate service records on each truck, filing these figures monthly with the central office in Dearborn. Operating reports for the first two months have come in from 8,155 participating trucks, and are now being checked and classified for a preliminary report to be issued later.

Trucks taking part in the Economy Run are identified by large yellow-on-black shields of metal or decalcomania, bearing the inscription, "Official Nationwide Ford Truck Economy Run." The photograph above shows George Melnick of Bristol, Connecticut, about to take off on a scheduled run in a participating Ford F-7 semi-van. The F-7 is one of a fleet of Ford units operated by Connecticut Freight Lines, owned by John Melnick. Watch the streets and highways for the shields that mark Economy Run entries. The demonstration, to be concluded in December, will not only provide a complete picture of Ford truck economy throughout the model ranges, but will further benefit by promoting more economical methods of truck operation and building closer relationships between dealers and truck operators. ■

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