

FORD TRUCK TIMES

november-december 1950



Christmas comes to our sunny beaches just the same as it does to the more conventional snow-clad north. In the Yuletide panorama on the front cover John Davenport, Detroit artist, takes us behind the scenes to show how Ford trucks help bring the tinsel and glitter to warmer climates.

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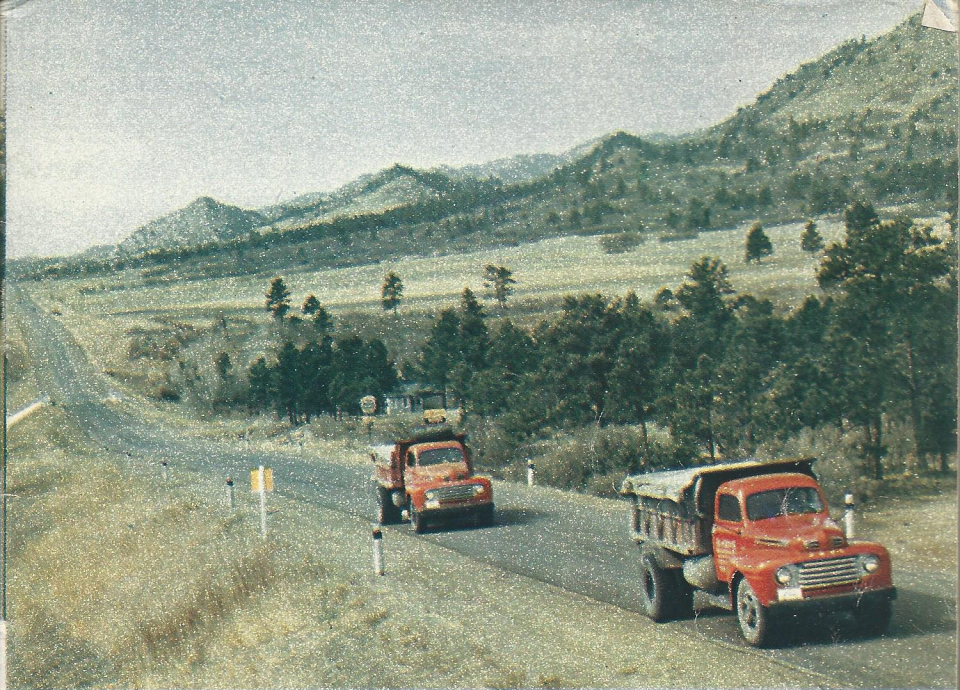
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Across mountain roads, "Big Job" dump trucks make a daily 140-mile round trip from mine to PerAleX plant.

The Rock That Pops

by Geneva J. Yockey

photographs by Forrest N. Yockey

TEARING down a mountain of solid rock, trucking it 70 miles over mountain roads, and converting it into a new type of building material sounds like a full time operation, but it's just a sideline for two Colorado Springs brothers and businessmen, J. Don and D. M. Alexander.

The mountain they are working on is made up of almost pure perlite, a glassy, obsidian-like rock that geologic action has endowed with remarkable insulation properties. This operation is called a sideline because the brothers Alexander concurrently run one of the largest advertising film companies in the country.

Perlite is crushed and screened before it is trucked to the plant.→

The film business had a start 46 years ago when the brothers, as boys in Keokuk, Iowa, dug up a kerosene-operated stereopticon and devised a means of throwing scenic slides and advertisements on a Main Street store front.

Shortages of building supplies during World War II gave J. Don the idea for the latest Alexander project: the conversion of a mountain into housing. Vermiculite deposits in Wyoming were first considered, but transportation costs to the Alexander plant at Colorado Springs were too much. With the usual Alexander initiative, the brothers sent out scouts who located the mountain of perlite near Rosita, about 70 miles from Colorado Springs. This turned out to be an even better material.

In its natural state perlite is a medium-hard rock that is mined principally through an open-pit process. The ore goes into a primary crusher and is then dried in an oil-fired rotary. After this it is screened into various sizes to be processed at the Alexander plant or to be shipped to other plants.

The Alexanders have a fleet of F-7 and F-8 dump trucks to haul the thousands of tons of ore to the Colorado Springs plant where it is converted to PerAleX. Concerning this fleet, they say, "[we] have found that our Fords, by comparison, do the best job at lowest maintenance cost, in transporting ore over mountain roads."

The ore is dropped into a rotating chamber kept at 1900 degrees, where it is "popped" like so much popcorn.

The popping comes from expansion of moisture contained in the rock, and causes each piece to increase to about seven times its original size. When the ore particles cool they contain millions of permanently sealed air cells that resist heat and water.

PerAleX has found favor as a lightweight aggregate in concrete mixtures, and for closing up fractured formations in oil wells; plaster containing it can be nailed or sawed like wood, and its structure withstands heat and cold.

The expanded and sealed-in air cells make the product acoustically correct for walls and ceilings of radio and television stations and all types of auditoriums.

Thus, a volcanic mineral in new dress continues a resistance to the elements that has been going on for millions of years. ■

This Ford tractor is loading crushed ore from the stockpile.→



Super Bucket Drop

story and photographs by Allen C. Reed

UPSTREAM from the Grand Canyon is an almost perpendicular gorge known as Marble Canyon. In it a U. S. Bureau of Reclamation field crew is investigating one of the most inaccessible sites ever considered for a power dam across the Colorado River.

To start with, the field crew had to cut a road 25 miles long from Cedar Ridge on U. S. Highway 89 through the Navajo Reservation to the canyon rim where a base camp was set up. This placed the crew only 2,100 feet from the proposed site, but it was straight down the sheer canyon wall.

The first of the group to descend to the canyon floor had to hack a trail down the side of nearby Twenty-Nine-Mile Canyon, living and eating on the job as they progressed in a two-dimensional world of straight up and straight down. The cook tent had to be pitched across the trail, and once or twice a day cookie had to step aside while pack mules plodded through, their bulging loads brushing utensils off his racks.

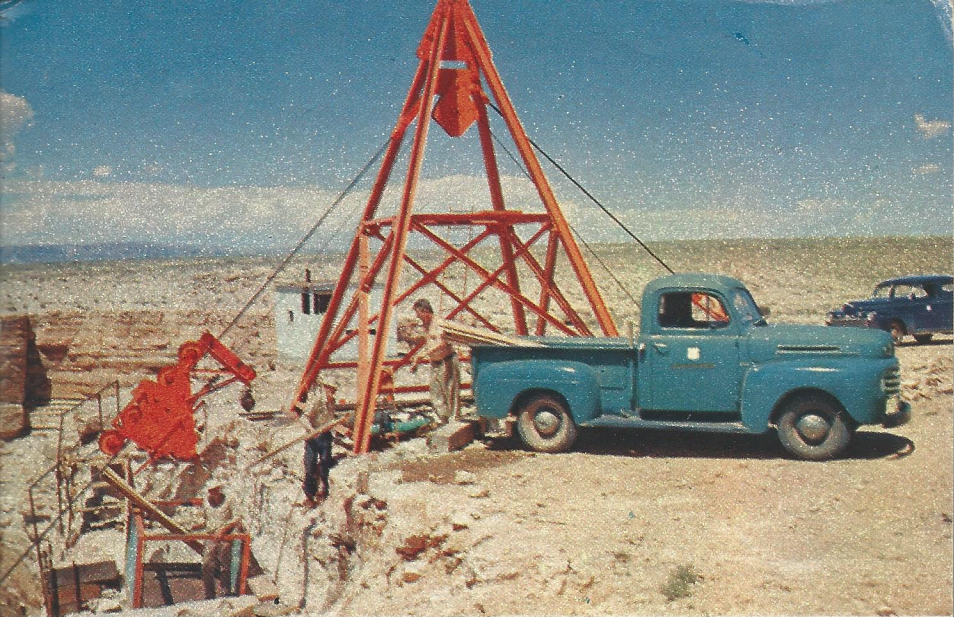
Once at the bottom, the crew decided that the difficult trail

could more than double the two-year investigation normally required, as tons of heavy equipment would have to be moved in. So another method was decided on: a single-span inclined cableway. Ski lifts and cableways in this and foreign countries were studied, but none seemed applicable to the Marble Canyon project.

Requirements were set down and a contract was let for a single length of steel cable nearly three-quarters of a mile in length. It was to be anchored at only two places, on the canyon rim, and down on the canyon floor.

The cableway parts arrived and the crew installed it. The picture upper right shows the top terminal point, a 20-foot structural steel tower, to which the needed equipment is trucked. In the lower picture can be seen the 3,667-foot cable descending the chasm to where its lower end is anchored to a 40-foot system of take-up blocks to allow for expansion and contraction adjustments, and for tension control. A power hoist on the rim speeds the loaded freight cage at 350 feet a minute. ■

The loaded freight cage makes the descent into the chasm.→





Convoy to Alaska

by Melvin Beck

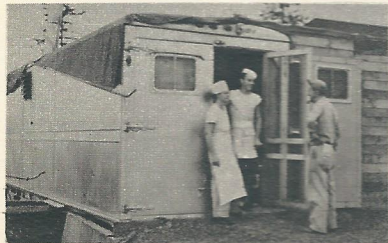
FLEETS OF MOTOR TRUCKS are tackling the giant task of strengthening Alaska's strategic position at the top of the world's air routes. Backbone of the truck corps is a fleet of 19 Fords ranging from light F-1 pickups to "Big Job" F-8 tractors equipped with 11.3 cubic yard dump box semi-trailers.

The Ford fleet, moving in caravan, made the 4,200-mile trip from Des Moines, Iowa, to Anchorage, Alaska, in 15 days, arriving ready for work at the site of a \$5,000,000 international airport. The convoy included equipment unusual even in the varied construction industry.

The new airport is intended to give Alaska, an important link in the shortest air route to the East, better facilities for handling a steadily increasing volume of passenger and cargo traffic between the States and key Oriental points.

Included in the truck cavalcade was a kitchen trailer equipped with all modern cooking utensils and fixtures such as oil-burning range, electric refrigerator, electric food mixer, sinks, worktables, shelves and storage cabinets. The interior of the trailer is lined with two-inch insulation backed with sheet aluminum. Fluorescent lighting fixtures are used.

In the bathhouse trailer are



Cooks and camp superintendent stand at the door of the kitchen trailer.



This truck caravan completed a 4,200-mile jaunt to Anchorage, Alaska.

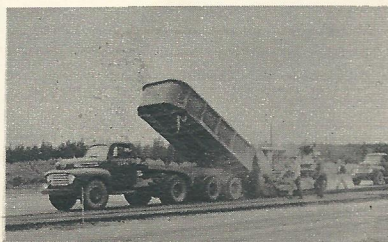
six separate shower units, a small heating stove, and a long lavatory arrangement with individual wash basins; also mirrors, electric lights, shaving outlets, and hot and cold water faucets to accommodate 16 men. An oil burning automatic heater provides hot water. The walls are insulated, and an industrial type steel floor has been installed.

Two van trailers are fitted out as machine shops with such built-in items as workbench, bench tools, drill press, air compressor and parts bin.

Starting construction of the airport, the F-8 tractor and dump trailers hauled, from a pit three miles distant, about 20,000 cubic yards of pit run material for use as sub-base. Next, 43,000 cubic yards of one- and two-inch crushed aggregate was brought in and dumped in stockpiles at either end of the airport, and finally the trucks formed a 20,000 cubic-yard stockpile of crushed gravel to be used for the hot mix asphaltic pavement on the runways.

The F-8's haul approximately 18 tons and average 20 to 30 six-mile round trips per day over gravel roads and field areas which are dusty when dry and extremely muddy when wet.

More Fords with special equipment for varying types of work are expected to make the 4,200-mile journey to join those already on the job. Contractors are the C. F. Lytle Company of Sioux City, and the Green Construction Company, Des Moines. ■



F-7 semi's spread gravel 18 inches deep across the 7000-foot runway.



←A sample of fish is taken to check growth, coloring, and health.

Thar's Gold In Them Thar Fish

*story and photographs by
Marjorie and Grant Heilman*

"GOLDFISH make ideal pets," says G. L. Thomas, Jr. "They don't bark at night, they don't starve if you forget them for a day, and they don't have to be housebroken."

Much of the United States agrees with Thomas' statement, for last year his Three Springs Fisheries sold more than 60,000,000 fish for pet and bait use. In addition Thomas produced vast quantities of nearly 50 varieties of water lilies.

Thomas advertises his company as the largest growers of goldfish and water lilies in the world. It is so big that it even has its own postoffice—appropriately called Lilypons, Maryland, a few miles south of Frederick.

The artificial ponds in which the fish and lilies are produced vary in size from an overgrown bathtub to better than 10 acres, totaling some 600 acres of water. Because ponds are continually being reshaped and improved, the area has an atmosphere of permanent construction, with bulldozers grunting up fresh piles of earth all over the place.

It's along the slippery pond banks that the fisheries' Ford pickup comes in handy. The green F-1 zips along crude trails, sloshing through mudholes, and rolling over rough terrain.

Ponds to be used for breeding are drained and cleaned so that walls and bottoms are free of any protrusions on which the females might lay their eggs.

The ponds are filled and wooden frames with Spanish moss attached are dropped in. When brood fish are put in, Mrs. Goldfish obligingly deposits her eggs on the moss, and Mr. Goldfish fertilizes them. The eggs are then removed and placed in hatching tanks. In from three to seven days the fry are hatched.

The fry are fed a diet of dried eggs for about 10 days and then are changed to grain and other fish foods, of which more

←The Three Springs pickup stops at one of the water lily ponds.

than two tons is consumed weekly.

In addition to the food which man gives them, the fish get a healthy handout from nature—including any unwary mosquito which hovers over a pond or deposits eggs in the water. As a result, there's a delightful lack of bugs around Three Springs, despite its immense amount of slow moving water.

Fish in the shallow ponds are natural prey for birds and wild animals. To combat this, Thomas has set up his own bounty system: 40 cents for every fish-eating bird, 30 cents each for frogs, and 15 cents each for snakes.

The fish are six weeks old before they begin to show any color. When Thomas began his business back in 1917, only about half the fish grew up to be gold. The colorless half was usually discarded. But through selective breeding over the years, Thomas has managed to boost the gold color to more than 90 per cent.

Oddly enough, as the strain improved they discovered a growing market for the non-gold fish: anglers liked them as bait for game fish. The bait end now accounts for nearly half

Before they are sold, fish are sorted as to size and color.

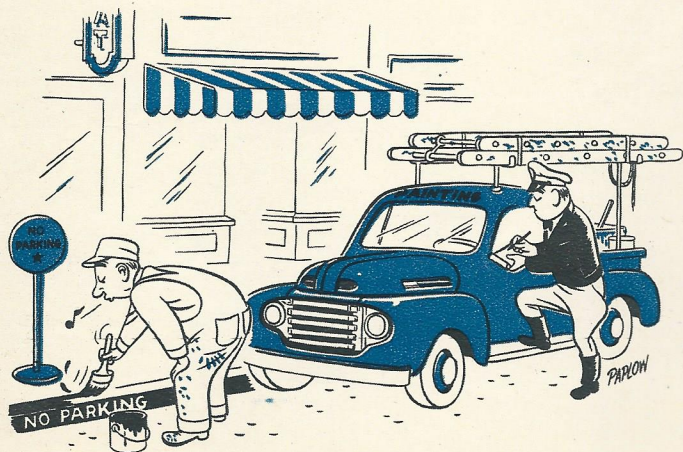


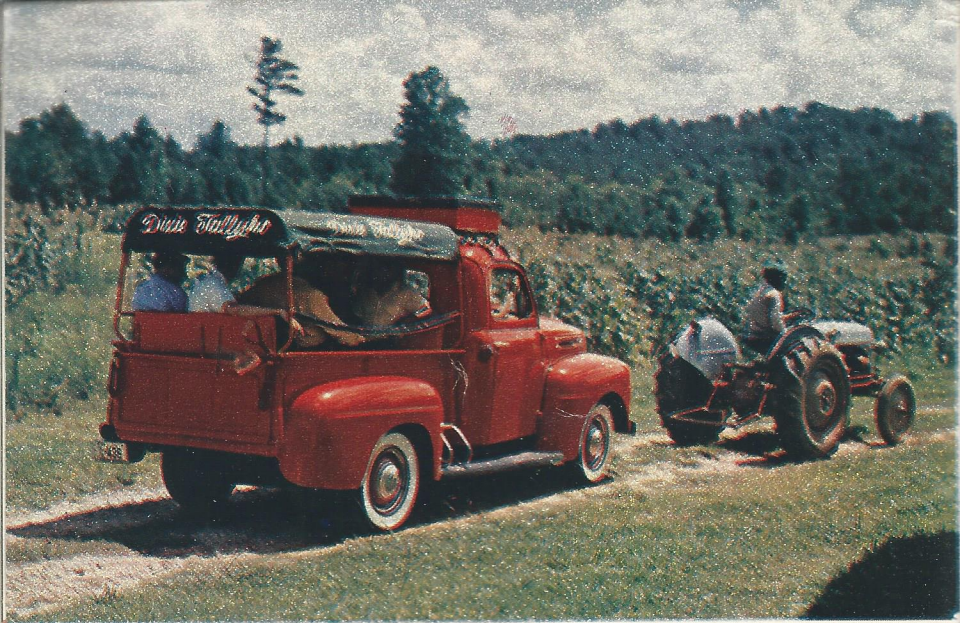
of the yearly output, and they've bred a special uncolored fish for this purpose.

For years the Thomases have supplied some of the country's biggest stores. "Goldfish may sound like a minor item for a company like Rexall," says Mr. Thomas, "But last year we shipped more than 3,000,000 fish to its stores."

For the most part the goldfish are shipped in small quantities in specially built cans. But bait fish are bought in huge quantities and are often shipped by tank truck. Typical of these trucks is one operated by James Brannon of Rock Hill, South Carolina. It's an F-5 with a 1500-gallon capacity tank. A single bulkhead runs across the middle of the tank to prevent water from sloshing when the truck goes up or down hill.

Twenty-three wire baskets, each holding up to 10,000 fish, fit into the tank. The usual load totals about 150,000 fish. During the 12-hour run to Rock Hill from Lilypons the water is aerated by two small gasoline engines. Tank haulage of fish is no easy job, requiring smoothness of operation and dependability. The fish mustn't jostle around too much, yet speed is important. The F-5 was chosen because there's no time for breakdowns when the load is 150,000 perishable fish. ■





← *Truck and Tallyho are shown carrying workers to the fields.*

Enter the Dixie Tallyho

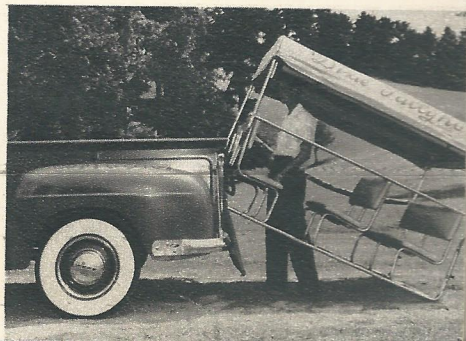
photographs by David Minor

FEW REALIZE that the pickup truck hauls people in as great, if not greater, quantity than it does equipment and produce. It transports workers to the fields and it takes families to town and to church. However, passengers whose lot it is to ride in the back have a rough time of it from bouncing around in wind, rain, and sun. But Albert T. Pitman of Fairburn, Georgia, was long aware of this problem, and set to work on a solution. The result is what he calls the Dixie Tallyho, a compact framework of seats, canopy, and side curtains. Made in one piece from metal tubing of the type used in porch furniture, the Tallyho slides onto the pickup bed and attaches in a minute or so. It is light enough to be handled by one person, and its plastic-covered seats provide space for eight passengers. Pitman says that the Tallyho makes of a pickup "the lowest cost 10-passenger station wagon in the world." The half-ton

size retails for \$178.50 and the three-quarter-ton model for \$195. Arrived at a destination, the Tallyho can be removed to serve as a field office, a beach cabana, or a picnic shelter.

Since its introduction in Georgia, the Dixie Tallyho has been received with enthusiasm through the South, but its use is spreading rapidly to other parts of the country and a great variety of purposes is being found for it. Contractors use the combination for transporting workers, as do sawmillers, farmers, power companies, and other commercial outfits. Tallyho-equipped pickups are also being used extensively for pleasure purposes by sportsmen, fishing parties, ball teams, and picnickers. It is safe, comfortable, weatherproof, and very stylish on the Ford pickup, as the accompanying pictures point out. ■

The Dixie Tallyho allows ten passengers to ride comfortably to picnics and outings as is shown at left. The picture at right demonstrates the ease of installation on the Ford pickup.





White Wings, one of the educated albinos at the

Albino Hea

by Jerome

photographs by

HERDS of snow-white horses roam the 3,000 rolling acres of the White Horse Ranch in northern Nebraska, located six miles south of Naper. Here, circus riders and movie cowboys, the Lone Ranger, and anyone else who ever dreamed of riding a white horse can find his pick of pure-bred, pink-



White Horse Ranch, rears for his trainer.

dquarters

Palms

Edgar Carlson

skinned albinos, complete with college educations.

White horses are the main concern of Ruth and Cal Thompson, founders of the ranch, but the range is also well-populated with white cattle, white pigs, white deer, and chickens, ducks, turkeys, dogs, cats, and a few coyotes—all white. The animals

live in long, white barns with white corrals nearby the rambling white ranch houses. Feeling runs high against intruders and chances are only white mice feel safe around the barn.

According to Nebraskans, the Thompsons were "born in the saddle," but probably not on a snow-white horse. This is the only ranch of its kind in the world and white horses were once extremely scarce. The old-fashioned white horse was born near-black or tattle-tale grey, and as he grew older the color of his hair lightened. But albinos at the Thompson ranch are pure white at birth, with pink skins, and they stay that way.

The breed dates back to a stallion of Morgan and Arabian blood purchased for \$200 by Cal and his twin brother, H. B., and remembered by the name "Old King." He was mated to colored mares, furnishing foundation animals which were in succeeding generations continually mated to white stallions until an all-white herd was developed. These horses are of medium size, 14 to 16 hands high and weighing about 1,000 pounds. They have well-proportioned heads with large eyes set rather far apart, a well-arched neck, powerful shoulders, and long flowing manes, tails, and foretops.

In 1936, when Ruth and Cal officially founded the White Horse Ranch, training in addition to breeding was undertaken. Now every graduate of the ranch is gaited and learns the manners of a show horse at an early age. Each horse will kneel for his rider to mount, then will bow generously to rider and audience. He will stand at attention, dance, mount and balance on a high pedestal, pick up a handkerchief, ring bells, and do many other tricks. The horses seem to enjoy their accomplishments, and like nothing better than to join in a parade.

Training begins early despite warnings once given the Thompsons that horses should be two or three years old before schooling begins. Cal and Ruth have discovered that the younger colts respond more readily and are easier to handle. Their two- and three-year-olds are already well-trained and bring a high price. The breed is intelligent but has a calm, even disposition, and shows great loyalty. Ruth began the school for the baby colts on her own, and the first lesson she taught them was to lead. This, she has discovered since, is also the hardest lesson. It takes weeks of patient, persistent coaxing, but once the colts begin to learn they will neigh with annoyance if Ruth is late for a training session.

The success which the Thompsons have had can be traced to at least one rule which they never break—training is

accomplished through kindness rather than with the whip. Sugar is not considered an appropriate reward. Generally a kind word, a love pat, and a good feed of oats is sufficient to put the high-spirited animals through their paces.

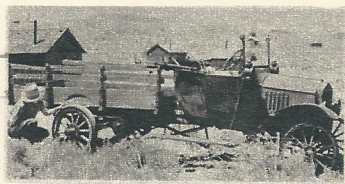
If the market for albinos ever eases up, the Thompsons can confidently wish themselves back into business. Since it's a known fact that in the presence of a white horse a lick of the thumb and a stamp of the fist makes a wish come true, the Thompsons can call up a lot of good wishes with a single blow. Meanwhile, circuses, horse shows, and Western thrillers are providing a ready market for the beautifully trained horses.

There are two nationally known attractions which originate at the White Horse Ranch and travel a wide show circuit every year. These are the All-Girl Review, conducted by Ruth Thompson, and the White Horse Troupe, conducted by Cal, both playing throughout the West and Southwest. Riders for these shows are chosen from a training school for youngsters which is another of the ranch's activities. Ford trucks, white ones, hauling white trailers decorated with murals, carry the troupes on their extended tours. The rest of the fleet stays at home to take care of the many chores. ■

This mural bedecked trailer takes the White Horse Troupe on tour.

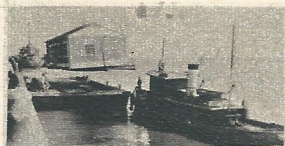


Mail Truck



Dear Sirs: My work as a Western historian took me last month to Gold Point, Nevada—a typical desert ghost town, where I discovered behind an abandoned store building one of the oldest Fords I have ever seen. I had no means of determining its age, but it was a chain-driven affair with coal oil headlamps, solid rubber tires, and its last valid license plate was issued a quarter century ago. Making inquiries I was told that the truck had been owned by Martin W. Mitchell, formerly proprietor of Gold Point's leading mercantile establishment. During the earlier lush days of the camp, Mitchell had used the machine regularly for freighting supplies from the railroad to his store (about 40 miles) and for making deliveries from the store to isolated mines situated throughout his immense trading area. Along with blasting powder, drill steel, mule shoes, drugs and groceries, the little truck had transported more than a million dollars' worth of gold and silver bullion from Mitchell's store to the Wells Fargo office at Goldfield, on the railroad. When the mines closed, the boom collapsed, and nearly everybody moved away. Mitchell drove the truck up behind the shed, and that's where it has been ever since.

NELL MURBARGER
Costa Mesa, California



Dear Sirs: Concerning your article by Melvin Beck in the May-June issue of *FORD TRUCK TIMES*, in reference to the hauling of houses on semi-trailers, we wish to offer as information the enclosed picture which will act as a reply, from this section, that is. The house is 35 feet wide and 63 feet long, and rests on a 50-foot trailer from which the wheels and axles have been removed for loading on the lighter. We enjoy reading *FORD TRUCK TIMES*.

L. A. CHITWOOD
Charleston, South Carolina



Dear Sirs: The Ossippee Oil Company was awarded a contract to supply 40,000 gallons of kerosene to the summit of Mt. Washington at 6,288 feet using four Ford trucks. The gravel toll road used is eight miles long and so narrow that the fully-loaded trucks were often forced to stop to allow cars to pass. Steepness of the grade would not allow drivers to shift above first speed. Average running time up the mountain was seventy minutes and gasoline consumption for the round trip averaged nine gallons with negligible use of oil. Trucks operated constantly for three days, stopping only to load, fuel, and for a thorough check before each trip. No mechanical trouble was encountered, showing the effectiveness of Ford service and the reliability of Ford products.

ERNEST E. GILE
Wolfeboro, New Hampshire



photograph by Charles M. Sheridan

Ice Water Worker—

a one-picture story

DIVING under ice to work on below-surface installations is a commonplace occurrence to John Thompson, 48, of Duluth, Minnesota. Thompson has made his living in a diving suit for 27 years, and when the above picture was taken was being readied for a descent through the ice of Chequamegon Bay, Lake Superior, to repair a water intake for the town of Washburn, Wisconsin. For people who ask if it is cold down there, he has the surprising reply that it's warmer than the surface. "My brother Jim, my tender, is the one who suffers. He has to stay above and shiver when it's 20 to 30 degrees below zero while I am comfortable underneath. Remember, the water is just above freezing and there's no wind down there." Freezing of the air line is his principal hazard. ■

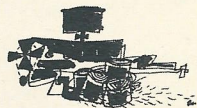
PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD



THE PROBLEM: A few years ago a friend and I were out on the Mojave Desert in my Ford pickup hunting rabbits when one of my front wheels began to wobble, as I thought, in the loose sand. I finally got out to look at it and saw that it was out at an angle of 30 degrees, and I realized that I had burned out a bearing. Nearby towns were too small to offer that type of work, and I was faced with the possibility of a towing bill to Los Angeles, 90 miles away.

THE SOLUTION: We made it to a small general store where the village blacksmith overheard my predicament and assured me that he would soon have me rolling again. He went to his shop and cut a piece of wood out of a hickory whiffletree. He bored a hole through the center and whittled it into a cone shape. He then set the makeshift bearing into the hub, coated it with axle grease, and replaced the wheel. We made it to Los Angeles with no trouble, and I carried the hickory "bearing" with me as a spare part for many months afterward.

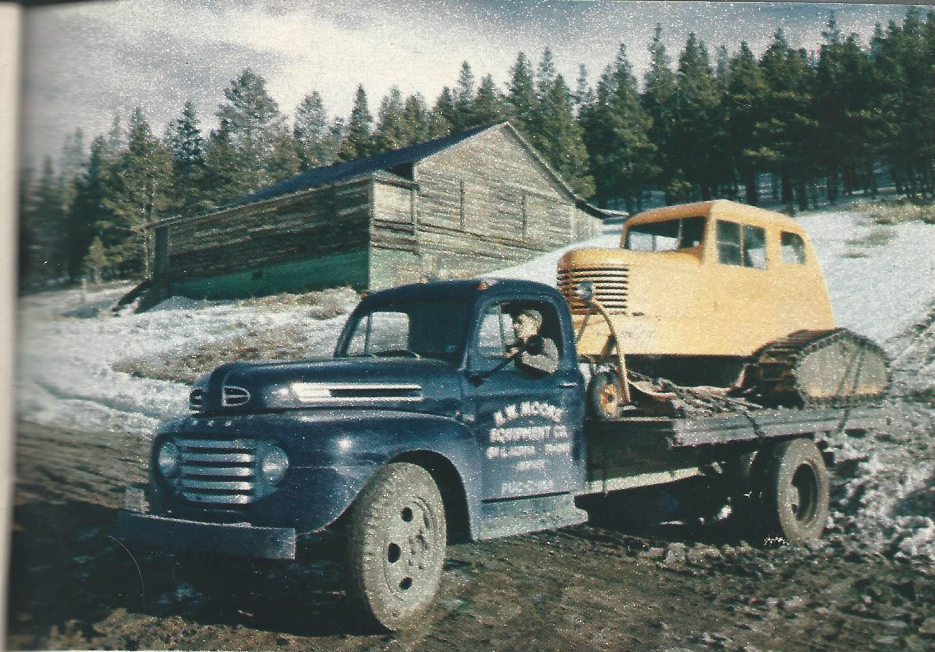
—J. F. HANTKE, Los Angeles, California



THE PROBLEM: We went on a camping trip to a beautiful park in the mountains and planned to stay several days. When we arrived, however, and unpacked our luggage we discovered that we had forgotten to bring along our cook stove. Since we wished to keep travelling about, we found it inconvenient many times to build a campfire.

THE SOLUTION: We found that by merely fastening cans of food, both meats and vegetables, to the exhaust manifold with a soft wire, in an hour the food was piping hot. In opening the cans we first made a small hole to let the steam out slowly. We found this a very safe, inexpensive, and quick way of cooking our meals.

—MRS. C. E. GODDEN, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



photograph by Forrest N. Yockey

Cat Handler—

a one-picture story

MOUNTAINEERS, loggers, and others who have occasion to travel through the deep snows of our higher altitudes have made wide use of the Sno-Cat, a tough little vehicle operating on a half-track and ski runners that can negotiate the deep drifts and steep grades. Its cruising speed of from 10 to 15 mph is a good clip for the tough terrain but too slow for conventional travel, hence many operators have bought Ford pickup or flat bed trucks to haul these vehicles to the scene of operations. The Colorado State Patrol, for instance, has five F-1 pickups to haul its Sno-Cats about in rescue work. Pictured above is an F-6 flat bed used by a film company in making a recent movie in the Colorado mountains. The F-6 hauled the Sno-Cat into the difficult location area. Then a sled was hitched to the Sno-Cat so that cameras and cameramen could be towed over the deep snow. ■

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 Don Silverstein



ONE DAY at Humbird, Wisconsin, years ago, my father drove his old Ford to the depot just as the train was coming in. There was an old horse on the road that was "skeery" of trains, and looking for safety it ran directly for my father's car. It didn't stop when it arrived, but proceeded to mount the radiator and flop itself down on the hood. The train went on but the horse didn't. It stayed right where it was until my father's rising indignation over such undue familiarity from a strange animal caused him to say "shoo" and other like words at it. After more of such taunting it finally came down, not badly injured, and the car after receiving minor repairs to hood, lamps, and fenders, was as good as ever.

—CALMER O. OVERBLEIN, Black River Falls, Wisconsin



AS I AM ONE of 3500 taxicab drivers who drive Fords for the fleet of Yellow Cabs in Philadelphia, my dog, Prince, has many times been given a ride in a Yellow Cab. One day Prince wandered off and became lost, but in his wanderings he passed a Yellow Cab garage, and associating the cabs with his master he paced back and forth across the driveway, barking until he had drawn the attention of one of the drivers. Looking at Prince's tag, the driver saw his name and address, opened the door for him to jump in, and drove him home. This was probably the first time a lost dog ever flagged a cab for a ride.

—CHARLES L. SHAPIRO, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



WHILE RETURNING home with a bucket of live minnows for a fishing trip, my Ford pickup fluttered and stopped running. I was out of gas. I was also out of luck, for there was a mile of dusty Texas road between me and the nearest town. A typical Texas sun was unmercifully pouring it on, but I started walking. Quite soon one of the telephone company's Ford "trouble trucks" overtook me, and the driver asked me if I needed a lift. I told him I wanted to get to a phone and summon help. He said nothing, but pulled his truck to the side of the road, and climbed out, towering over me with a wide grin on his face. He climbed a nearby telephone pole, made a few deft motions, and lowered a phone to me. I dialed my number and was almost immediately talking to my son direct from the wide-open spaces. That evening my benefactor had two nice bass for dinner, for my interrupted fishing trip was successful.

—C. T. SPIKER, Warsaw, Virginia



ONE COLD January night while my husband was driving from Oklahoma City to Chicago he grew too sleepy to continue. Pulling off to the side of the road, he headed his truck into a billboard to break the north wind, pillowed his head in his arms on the steering wheel, and promptly went to sleep. An hour or so later he roused and, having forgotten that he had stopped, was horrified to see the billboard looming in front of him. Quickly opening the door, he jumped to the ground and found to his amazement and embarrassment that the truck hadn't been moving, and that instead of saving his life he had bruised himself considerably.

—MRS. MARSHALL DAVIS, Hobart, Oklahoma



WHILE DRIVING for a trailer company in Detroit, my husband picked up a load of trailer frames that were to be delivered to Kansas City. Having driven many miles that day, he came home to get a few hours' sleep before starting out with his load. He asked me to awaken him at 11 p.m. which I did, and I also had a lunch ready for him, but as this was the middle of winter he thought he would start the truck and let the motor warm up a few minutes. After waiting for him a short time, I went back to bed thinking that he had left. The next morning, he came in for his breakfast at 8 a.m. It must have been very comfortable inside the truck, as he fell asleep and didn't wake up until morning when he could have been in his own bed all that time.

—MRS. MARTIN WELTER, Manchester, Michigan



Barrels filled with gum are brought here on the wagon and reloaded on the Ford truck which transports them to the still.

America's Oldest Industry

story and photographs by Joe Van Wormer

THE BLAZED FACE of a pine tree is a familiar landmark to motorists in the southeastern United States but most of them would give rather vague answers if asked what the blazes were for.

They might tell you that they exude a white, gummy substance from which turpentine and rosin (naval stores) are produced. From there on you'd have to guess, for despite the fact that the naval stores industry is one of our oldest and most colorful it is little known.

The principal products derived, turpentine and rosin, reach into almost every home and industry. The former is used in paints and medicines, in most kinds of polishes, and in rubber cements, insecticides, and some inks. Rosin, the non-skid solid used for treating violin bows and boxing rings, also is an ingredient of waterproofing compounds, adhesives, axle grease, and linoleum.

The term "naval stores," now outmoded, stems from the original use of these products for caulking wooden ships and preserving sails and rigging. The industry is an ancient one, dating back into Biblical times. Noah was instructed to waterproof the ark with pitch, a tar-like substance formed by partially burning the crude gum.

Early Americans were jubilant to find their new home plentifully stocked with pines and established an industry that is today the world's largest producer of naval stores. The turpentine producing area now includes only Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Georgia has the greatest production with Florida next.

This mule-drawn wagon follows the "dippers" and "scrapers" through the woods carrying barrels of turpentine gum.



This is a "scraper" in action. The wooden prop at the base of the tree catches the gum as it is scraped from the "face."

Harvesting the gum is substantially the same as in early colonial days although some improvements in tools and techniques have increased the yield and reduced tree damage.

The flow of gum is started by cutting through some of the inner bark with a special sharp cutting tool having a U-shaped blade. This procedure is known as chipping. The first streak, in the form of a V, is made as low as possible and each week during the gum-flowing season (April to October) a new streak is cut just above the last one.

Contrary to what many people think, the gum is not the sap but a secretion found in a network of minute openings called resin ducts.

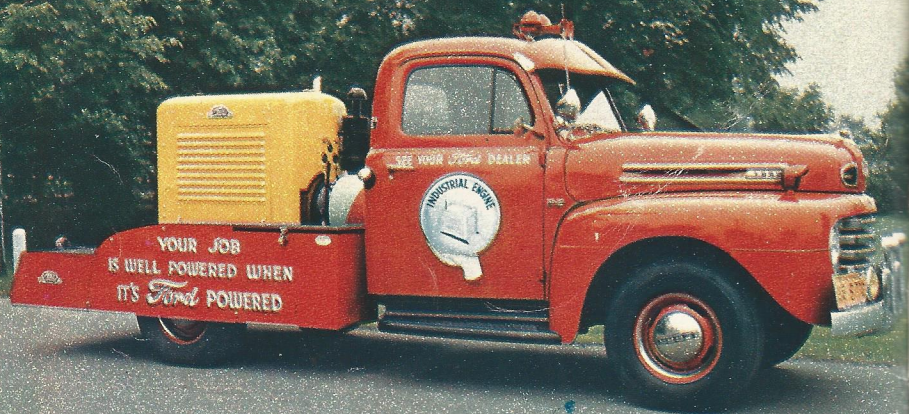
This chipped area, called a "face," will sometimes extend as high as 15 feet. The raw gum flows down and is deflected by two metal gutters into a "cup." Part of the gum thickens and adheres to the face. The cups may fill up and have to be emptied (dipped) every four weeks or so, but the gum adhering to the face is removed only twice a year. A special scraping tool is used and the material obtained is called "scrape."

The gum is collected by groups of "dippers" and "scrapers" followed through the piney woods by a wagon loaded with barrels. From the wagon, full barrels are transferred to trucks and hauled to the still.

Turpentine farmers measure the size of their operation in terms of "crops." Ten thousand trees constitute a "crop." A considerable amount of raw gum is produced from small stands of pine by individuals as a sideline, but others, such as Claude Sparkman, of Yankeetown, Florida, whose operation is illustrated, currently work from five to seven crops and find it a full time job.

Sparkman, like most other turpentine farmers, was born into the business. Naturally, motor transportation has had its effect on the industry and Sparkman has found the rugged dependability of Ford trucks ideal for the rough conditions under which he must operate.

It is doubtful, however, if mechanical progress can eliminate the colorful chipper who travels the piney woods with his peculiar long-handled knife and blazes the faces higher and higher in an industry that was old in Biblical times. ■



Industrial Engine Pin-Up

photograph by Robert MacKenzie

THE DRESSED-UP F-2 pictured above is used by Ford's Industrial Engine Department to demonstrate its line of five stationary power plants. The truck was painted a brilliant red and equipped with every eye-catching accessory possible, the idea being to have it visit fairs, conventions, and meetings where industrial engine customers would gather. The engine is mounted so as to run while on the truck and the appearance of the complete unit is such that it has attracted far more attention than expected. The truck has not only sold many power units, but has made additional truck sales. Orders have come in from admiring viewers who immediately wanted a truck "fixed up like the display unit."

It is expected that more will be seen of the Industrial Engine Display trucks as the success of the original job has brought in many requests for similar units. ■

PUZZLE PAGE

HERE'S a little trick that will make you appear to be a mind reader. Ask a friend to think of a number, but not tell you what it is. (We'll say he thought of 2.) Then you have the friend do the following calculations mentally:

1. Double the number he thought of. (4)
2. Add any number, for example, make it 4. (8)
3. Take half of the result of step No. 2. (4)
4. From that subtract the first number he thought of. (2)

You don't have to do any figuring yourself because the answer will always be one-half of whatever number you tell him to add. If you should tell him to add an uneven number such as 5, the answer will be $2\frac{1}{2}$.

* * *

ANOTHER TRICK that will mystify your friends is done as follows: Before even suggesting the trick write the figure 1089 on a piece of paper, fold it carefully without letting the subject read it, but hand it to him to look at later. Then have him write down any three-digit number on another piece of paper, making certain that no two of the digits are alike. For the second step have him reverse the order of the digits in his selection and subtract the smaller from the larger. For step number three, have him reverse the order of the digits in the result of step two and add the two figures. Then have him compare his answer with the figure you had him hold at first. He will be amazed to find that you gave him the answer before he started figuring. The answer will always be 1089.

* * *

A TRUCK DRIVER came home one evening so pleased with the work he had accomplished that day that he offered a prize to his children for the one who came the closest to guessing the number of loads he had hauled. The oldest child guessed ten, the next guessed eight, and so on, but the youngest said that he would guess nothing at all. The truck driver then revealed that he had hauled twelve loads. Why did the youngest child immediately demand the prize?

—H. H. Bliss, Riverside, California

He explained that, after all, nothing was closer to twelve than twelve itself, so that by guessing nothing he had come closer than anyone.

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