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OCTOBER 2023

magazine



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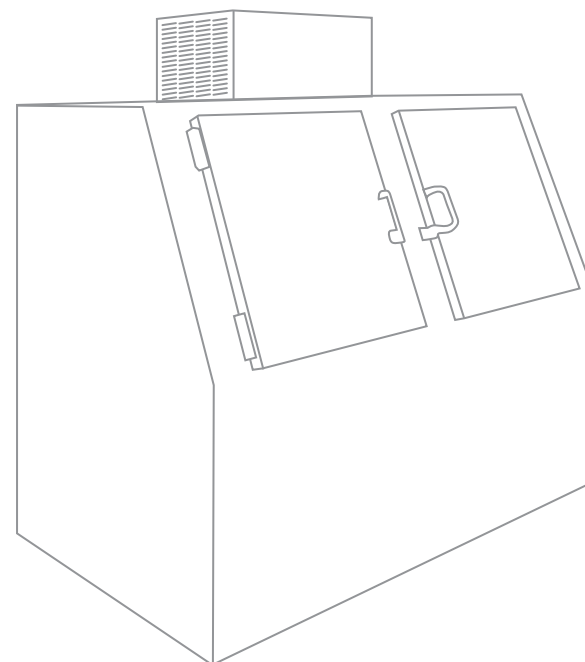
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Keep moving, always improving

The seasons are changing. Again.

War continues. Still.

Our industry continues to evolve, becoming more automated and precise. Every system in place, whether in nature, or within our ice industry, will either improve, decline or adapt.

I see our ice industry continue to adapt and make better, systems and manufacturing, designed with the consumer in mind. At the end of all the thought, effort, design, cost and implementation, it is supposed to be about the individual benefiting.

But is it?

This issue will be looked at and discussed during Refrigeration Magazine's 2024 Editorial Calendar.

Also here, take a look at expert ice carving, just in time for the holidays.

Happy Holidays All !

Mary Yopp Cronley
Editor, Refrigeration Magazine



"Our industry continues to evolve, becoming more automated and precise. Every system in place, whether in nature, or within our ice industry, will either improve, decline or adapt."



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TUBULAR

By Mike Landino

Dude

Continued from September issue

Benny stood at the door's entrance, took a deep breath and peered in. A man of ice, the man the newspaper spoke of, sat on the couch that groaned under his weight. His head was down. A sorrowful cry filled the room. Frozen tears bounced off the concrete floor in the form of little ice pellets that looked like tiny pieces of hail. Large frozen hands cupped his head as he rocked back and forth in anguish.

Benny wanted to run away but could not. This is unbelievable! This is the guy! He saved me. I'm not dreaming. The young employee felt a sadness overcome him as he watched the man of ice. "Your him!" Benny said, fully prepared to run for his life.

The iceman's head jerked up quickly and fear showed in his face. Frozen eyes opened wide. He was ready to run from this human but something in the man's eyes showed concern.

"Are you . . . ok?" Benny asked, not fully believing what he was looking at. There is so much expression of pain in his face. This is the guy! The man of ice trembled as he looked into Benny's eyes. He saw fear, but also compassion. Something about this man allowed him to feel a tiny ray of hope.

"Your him, aren't you? The guy that rescued that young pregnant woman and her husband." Benny could see that the iceman was terrified. So am I.

"You're going to be ok. I'll help you."

Still not getting a response, Benny added, "Ya know what they're calling you, don't ya?"

The question created an expression of interest on the iceman's face. He felt certain that the word, monster, would come out of the man's mouth.

"They're calling you Tubular Dude."

Confused and frightened, the man of ice looked at Benny with an almost pathetic look. "Who am I?"

A few blocks away, police officer Henry Smotes pulled in the back parking lot of the 7th precinct. He had a drunk driver in the back seat of the squad car. Getting out of his car and reaching for the door handle to the back seat, his peripheral vision guided his eyes to the large garbage container located near the back steps of the police station. "What the..."

Two kicking pairs of legs stuck out of the trashcan. Henry looked in. Two men, bound from head to toe, lay in the trashcan, upside down, with wide terrified eyes. Tied to one was a small plastic bag containing two purses and a man's wallet. A note, secured with a length of string, hung from the other's neck. In small, almost un-readable script, it read, "Bad men."

Officer Smote shook his head as he recalled the radio dispatch alerting all cars to be on the lookout for a couple of purse-snatchers. As his eyes look up in disbelief, he muttered, "Not again!"

Chapter Three

Officer Smotes laughed at the young reporter. His undisciplined youth spilled out in animated excitement as he peppered the officer with questions about the two purse snatchers that were hog tied and placed into the trash can behind the police station.

"Do you think it was Tubular Dude? You said in your report that the two men had ice shavings in their clothes and there was a small puddle of water on the ground in front of the trash container."

The officer humorously evaluated the young man sitting in front of him. Longish black hair, maybe twenty-five years old at best and still in need of pimple cream. He sure is an eager beaver.

"Look Bob, it is Bob, isn't it?"

"Yes sir, Bob Jacobs." the reporter for the local newspaper replied. Bob was not offended that the officer not taking him seriously. After all, he thought with unmasked enthusiasm, this is a crazy story; a man made of ice! What an opportunity.

"Well Bob, I have to hand to you guys in the media. First, you run this crazy story ..." Henry shook his head. "And then . . . you guys really love your headlines. 'Tubular Dude.'"

Henry Smotes laughed, reached forward, and slapped the reporter playfully on the leg. "What's next; Tubular Dude - Day Two- The Day After. You guys in the press love your sensationism!"

"But the young couple... and now the two purse snatchers. They both say the same thing. A man of ice!"

"Well, I will say this, my young reporter of the news. You're right; they did say they saw a man of ice. People say a lot

of things when they are under stress. And, I do not know who told you, but I did think I saw some kind of white mist around the man on the steps of the police station. But I had a long, hard shift, and sometimes, people see things that are not there."

Officer Smotes put forth his open hand. "Well, it was good to meet you, Bob. I know you'll do a good job as a reporter." Raising an eyebrow, he continued. "Been on the job for what, a couple of months now?"

"Yes sir," the reporter said, taking Henry's extended hand and shaking it. "Have a good day, Mr. Bob Jacobs. Duty calls."

Bob watched the officer walk out of the precinct's lunchroom. Hmm. The pregnant couple swears about being rescued by this man of ice. The janitor heard Officer Smotes tell his sergeant that just before he saw the armed robber tied up on the precinct's steps, that a small tornado that appeared to be filled with snow was over the bound man, and now, the purse-snatchers.

Bob scratched his head, delicately rubbed a large pimple that was forming under his chin, and walked out of the station. His editor said to investigate but not want him spending too much time on a wild story. But he did authorize the reimbursement on the Black Angus gift card he bribed the janitor with. My first confidential source. How very cool. Maybe I need to get him front row seats to the next ballgame.

Benny nodded his head in acknowledgement. "I know; it doesn't make sense." Getting up from his chair, he began to pace the floor. He had come in to work an hour early to see the man of ice, but also to see if he could find his wallet. His jaw still hurt from the robbery attempt, but thankfully, Tubular Dude had come to his rescue. Feeling the empty space in his back pocket, he looked at his charge.

"But this is what I do know. You are alive. You're made of ice and you can think, talk, and you're scared out of your wits. And, you saved me last night. You saved the company from being robbed. Thank you."

The man of ice looked up at this human he considered to be his protector. Maybe he would help him figure out who he was and why he was. So many questions plagued his mind it was hard to think of anything else. He sat on a pallet of ice bags while they talked. Benny stood just feet away. The man of ice could feel his warmth though they were in the freezer room. He studied Benny from head to toe. Pink-skinned, with small amounts of facial hair, his eyes were brown and expressive. He had thick, dark eye brows the rose and fell as he spoke. The man of ice unconsciously placed a frozen hand to where he should have had, but did not have, eyebrows. A timid frown showed a question he was afraid to ask. Benny sensed it and smiled broadly. It was comforting.

"Go ahead, T.D., ask. Ask me anything. I am your friend.

"T.D.?"

"Remember, I told you. They're calling you Tubular Dude. T.D. Tubular Dude. Like a touchdown." Benny nodded expectantly for Tubular Dude to acknowledge what he just said.

The man of ice jerked a bit at the word, touchdown. What was so familiar about that word; touchdown? Did it hold a key to how he came to be? Were they really calling him Tubular Dude?

He held out a frozen hand. Large, fat fingers consisted of tubular pieces of ice, approximately one inch long and almost that in diameter. The same with his arms. He was a man made out of tubular pieces of ice. Tubular Dude; that's me. I am the man of ice! I saved that couple from the bad man and I saved Benny...my friend! Tubular Dude. Man of Ice. I like it! For the first time, T.D. smiled. He viewed his dilemma as good and bad. He did not know how he came to be, but knew he was safe with this human. He was made of ice, but had this freezer to live in. He only knew Benny, but this shaggy-bearded man wanted to help. A head shorter than he was and much thinner, this man was his only link to sanity. He wore a heavy jacket and warm gloves. Each

word he spoke emitted a small amount of misty vapor. His head was covered with a fur-lined cap. Benny's tolerance to the sub-freezing temperature in this freezer room that had been his home for the last two nights, was considerably less than his.

"But why am I here and how?" Well over six and a half foot in height, bulky, and muscular looking, the frozen man looked at his body. Tubular ice cubes, approximately 7/8's in diameter and one inch long were stacked together tightly, forming his legs, feet, arms, and the rest of his body.

For a moment, Benny thought Tubular Dude would cry. Would he cry ice cubes? Far out! More little ice pellets, maybe.

"I don't know, T.D."

"What did you call me?"

Benny laughed and felt his face flush. Pulling his longish brown hair from his eyes, he answered. "The newspapers are calling you Tubular Dude. I'm your friend, so I can call you T.D.

Like in a touchdown. T.D. Get it?"

The man of ice stood. "I know this game, football. I don't know how, but I do. John Elway was the man... wasn't he?"

"Back in his day, he sure was, T.D., back in his day. But for now, we have



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to figure out how you know that...and how do you know the words and..." He stopped talking. His frozen friend looked very hurt and confused. His forehead, solid ice and shiny, seemed to furrow. T.D. frowned and scratched his head with long, thick fingers. As he did, ice shavings fell to the floor. He looked at Benny, smiled sheepishly, and together they laughed as they viewed the falling snow.

"Well, one thing is for sure; you're safe here." Benny viewed the ice storage freezer. It was 40 feet by 80 feet and 16 foot tall. "I'm the one that fills the freezer and I'm the one that rotates the pallets. In fact," Benny said, his expression showing surprise at a new thought, "I'm about the only one, besides the night baggers, that does come in here. So, my frozen friend, you are safe."

Noticing the concern on T.D.'s face, he continued. "Look, T.D., I know you're confused." He walked over and placed a bare hand on his new friend's shoulder. Man, he's cold!

"But here's the good news. This is home" Benny waved his arm about the room. "Sanctuary; a safe haven. Nobody comes in here during the day but me. During that time, you can stay here and not be bothered. Night is when you can go out . . . as long as you're not seen."

Benny could see that he had not assured Tubular Dude. The man of ice paced the floor. He was deep in thought.

What is my purpose? Why am I here? Where did I come from? Why do I feel as if I know this man? And not just because I saw him in here the other day, picking up a candy wrapper. It's like I've seen him before.

He looked around the freezer. And this place . . . T.D. stopped. Picking up a bag of ice off a pallet, he looked at the bottom gusset of the bag.

He turned to Benny with a nervous smile. Though the man was made of ice, Benny laughed at the thought that T.D. had a very human-like smile. Around his eyes were laugh lines and his eyes, though they had no real color, brightened when he smiled.

As his grin grew, T.D. unexpectedly tossed the bag to him. "Have an Ice Day." It's on the bottom of the bag. I said that to the pregnant lady and her husband the other night. Where did that come from, me saying that to them? It seemed so natural. It felt good to say it."

"T.D., my man, life is a mystery and, no doubt, this is a big one. It's crazy, I know that, but it is what it is. You're here. It's not like this happens to me every day. I laid awake most of the night thinking about you and how you came to be."

Looking at the phrase, "Have an Ice Day" that was printed on the bottom gusset of the ice bag, Benny squinted his blue eyes and shook his head.

"I can't answer your questions. I don't know much, but this I know. You saved that lady and her husband. You saved me, and the company. Whatever the reason you're here, it is a good thing."

The man of ice looked exhausted. His head hurt and though this man before him was befriending him, and the freezer did seem safe, there were too many unanswered questions.

"How is it that I know what you do?"

Benny shrugged his shoulders in confusion. "What I mean," the man of ice continued, "is that I know that every night before you go home you load your delivery truck with ice and that every morning you come in, jump into your truck and deliver the ice." T.D. slapped the top of the pallet he was standing next to. "How do I know these things?" "I'm as confused as you, T.D."

Benny suddenly smiled brightly. "Hey, I've got an idea." Looking at his friend, and seeing an expectant but nervous look on his face, he paused.

Yea, we can do it. I'll grab the old overcoat from the supply closet and give him my Bronco hat. Yea, that'll get it done.

"How'd you like to go with me on my deliveries today? We'll put you in the back of the truck. It's got a small side door you can look out. Hey, we'll show you the sights! Twenty-two degrees, my man."

"I won't be seen?" Tubular Dude's eyes widened at the thought of getting out of the freezer for a while.

"No way, T.D." Benny put his arm around his large, cold friend. "Gotcha covered. You in?"

"I'm in." For the first time since he came into being, the man of ice took a deep breath and laughed. "Yea, buddy; let's do it."

Feeling the blast of cold air against his face resulting from his cold friend's laugh, Benny said, "You talk very cool; just like one of the guys." As they walked out of the freezer and towards the truck, Benny asked, "Hey, you haven't seen my wallet, have you?"

Officer Henry Smotes sat in his shift sergeant's office. A ten-year veteran of the force, Henry held a wallet handed to him by the sergeant in charge of the second day shift. "Benjamin Blythe.

Twenty-five years old. I thought purse-snatchers just stuck to women. So, our boys still sticking to the iceman story?

"I'm afraid so. Of course, they have no knowledge of how this wallet got into the can with them. Big surprise. Well, I guess we'll be hearing about Tubular man, or Dude, or whatever the press is calling him for a while. Amazing how this kind of stuff takes off. Every old lady that hears a sound in the night will be calling us with sightings of the iceman." The sergeant laughed. "Slime ball reporters!"

"Well," Henry said getting up, "I guess I'll get a hold of this Benjamin character and see what his story is."

"Ok, Henry, take off; and," he said laughing, "Have an Ice Day."

Officer Smotes shook his head and grinned. He walked out of the office to start his day. On the other side of the sergeant's office rear door, the janitor was stocking the supply closet.

Hmmm, Benjamin Blythe. He was still savoring the New York steak he had enjoyed last night at the Black Angus Steak House. Wonder if that reporter will ante up another meal? **RM**

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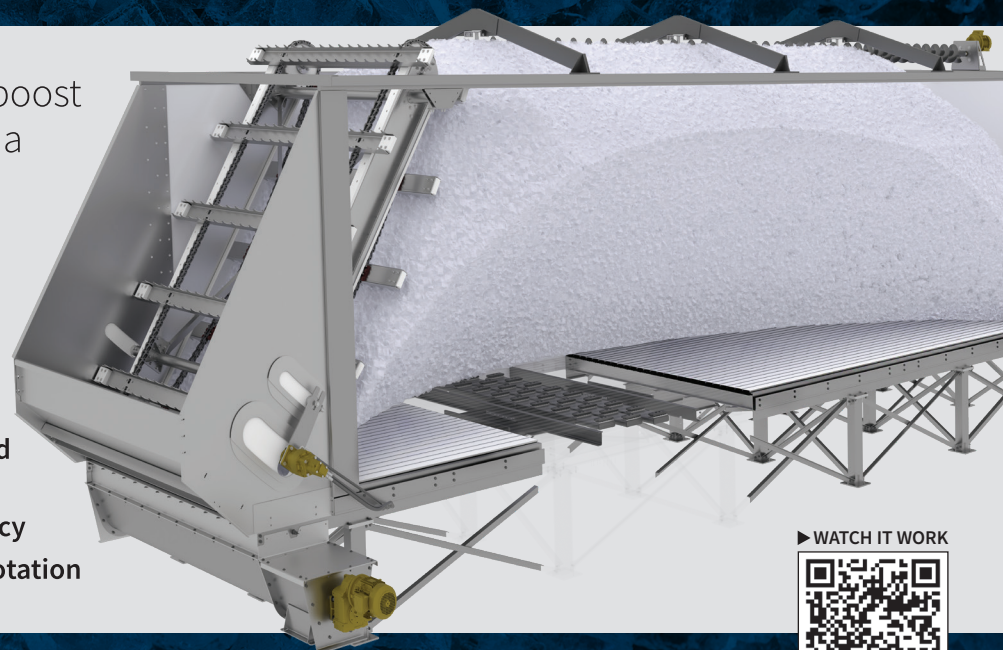
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As a nod to KEITH's rich agricultural history, Plant Manager Mike Feigner has been on a seven-year quest to create a special display for the company and the Foster family. It started when Mike set out to find vintage KEITH agricultural equipment, which he would run across from time to time in some farmer's field or up for auction. He was finally able to locate all the pieces—a chaff saver, blower and combine to complete the display.

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The addition of the Allis Chalmers combine is a fitting piece. After relocating to Central Oregon from Oklahoma in the late 1940s, Keith was a partner in the Allis Chalmers dealership in Redmond.

"The display was a surprise for CEO Mark Foster. It serves as a link to our past and reminds us of the foundation on which the company was built," KEITH said.

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