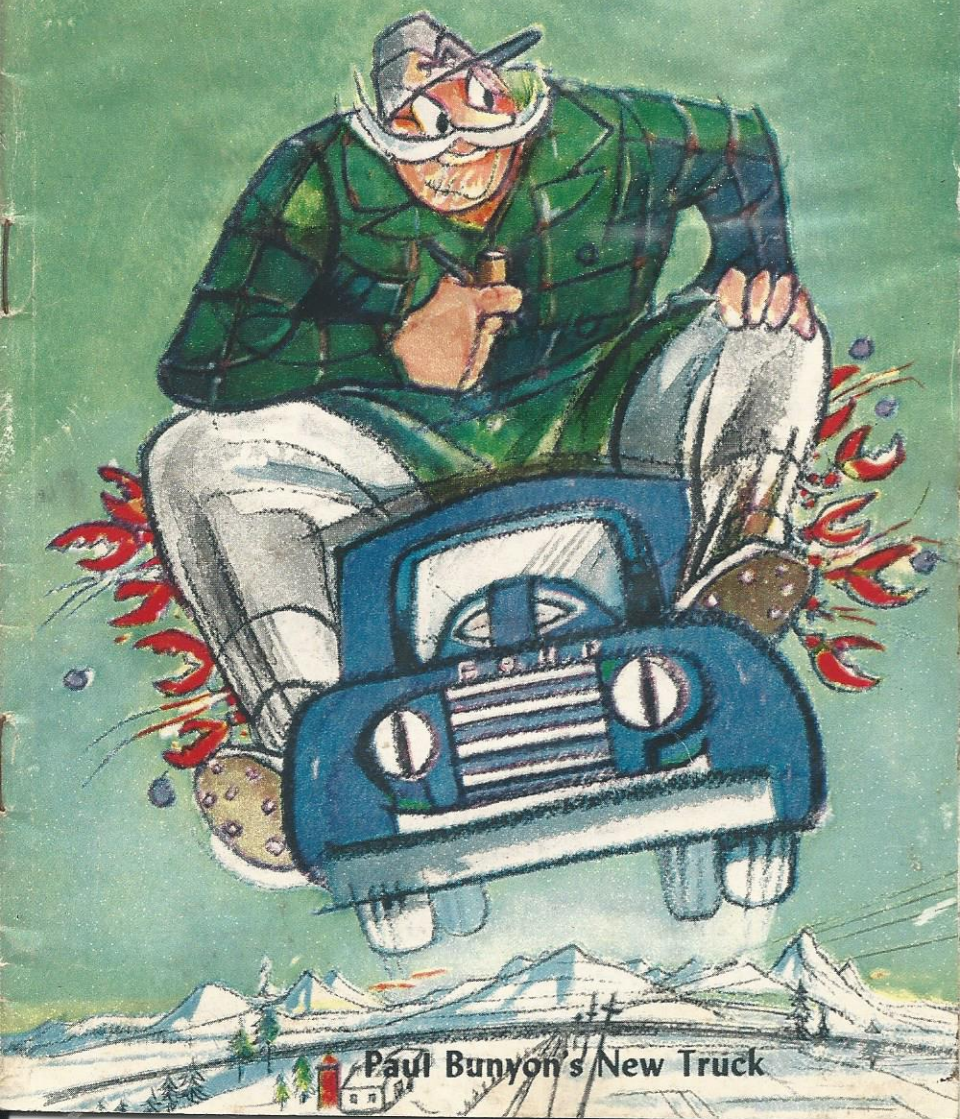


FORD TRUCK TIMES

july-august 1948



Paul Bunyon's New Truck

FORD TRUCK TIMES

July—august 1948

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Paul Bunyan

versus the

Curvature of the Earth

by William Hazlett Upson

WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON is the guy who writes those stories about Alexander Botts, the Earthworm tractor salesman. Recently when he was on a job with Botts in the north country he ran across Paul Bunyan. When he had recovered he decided to write a series of stories about the great American hero. This is the first.

YOU MUST HAVE HEARD about Paul Bunyan's disappearance some years ago in search of his lost blue ox, Babe. But you may not have heard that several weeks ago he suddenly reappeared at his woods camp at Nowaday Valley in the



Smiling River country. You can well imagine the reunion that took place with all his old friends: Hels Helsen, the Big Swede, Johnny Ink-slinger, Ford Fordsen, the mechanical genius, and all the others. After the greetings were over, he told them he had given up trying to find the blue ox and that he wanted a truck instead—the biggest, most powerful truck ever built

Ford Fordsen worked out the plans and the Big Swede built it in 36 hours, almost beating the record of the Rouge plant. They painted it blue, the exact color of the blue ox and Paul named it Big Babe. As you see he was just as sentimental as ever.

Paul's first job was carrying a truckload of live lobsters from Eastport, Maine, to a big Chinese restaurant in San Francisco. These particular lobsters had developed very long claws from fighting the tides in the Bay of Fundy. Paul trained them to lean out of the truck as he sped along and pick fruit off trees by the roadside. When he reached California he swung around through Santa Clara county and reached San Francisco with six tons of fancy grade prunes.

He sold the prunes for more than he could have got for the lobsters. Then he

turned the lobsters loose in the Pacific Ocean—another proof that he was just a sentimental softie in spite of his heroic size and strength.

For a return load to the Atlantic Coast, Paul made himself enough dry ice to consolidate several cubic miles of the San Francisco atmosphere into an enormous block of frozen fog. He put this on his truck and started east. He was going to sell the frozen fog to the First Families of Virginia to use as frost on the outside of mint julep glasses.

Unfortunately, the tourist traffic was so heavy through the Rocky Mountains, that he was delayed three weeks. The fog melted and formed a temporary lake in the middle of Colorado. This made Paul so mad that he went back and dug a tunnel extending completely under the state of Colorado all the way from Utah to Kansas. He dug at high speed, using both hands, both feet and all fifty-six of his teeth. He moved the dirt out in Big Babe, and after each truck-load he would squint along the bore of the tunnel to make sure he was getting it straight. When he finished, the tunnel was over 400 miles long, and it did not deviate more than three-sixteenths of an inch from an



exact straight line—either sideways or up and down. It was the most perfect job in the history of tunnel building.

As the Kansas end was over 1,000 feet lower than the Utah end, Paul supposed he had enough slope for adequate drainage. He was wrong.

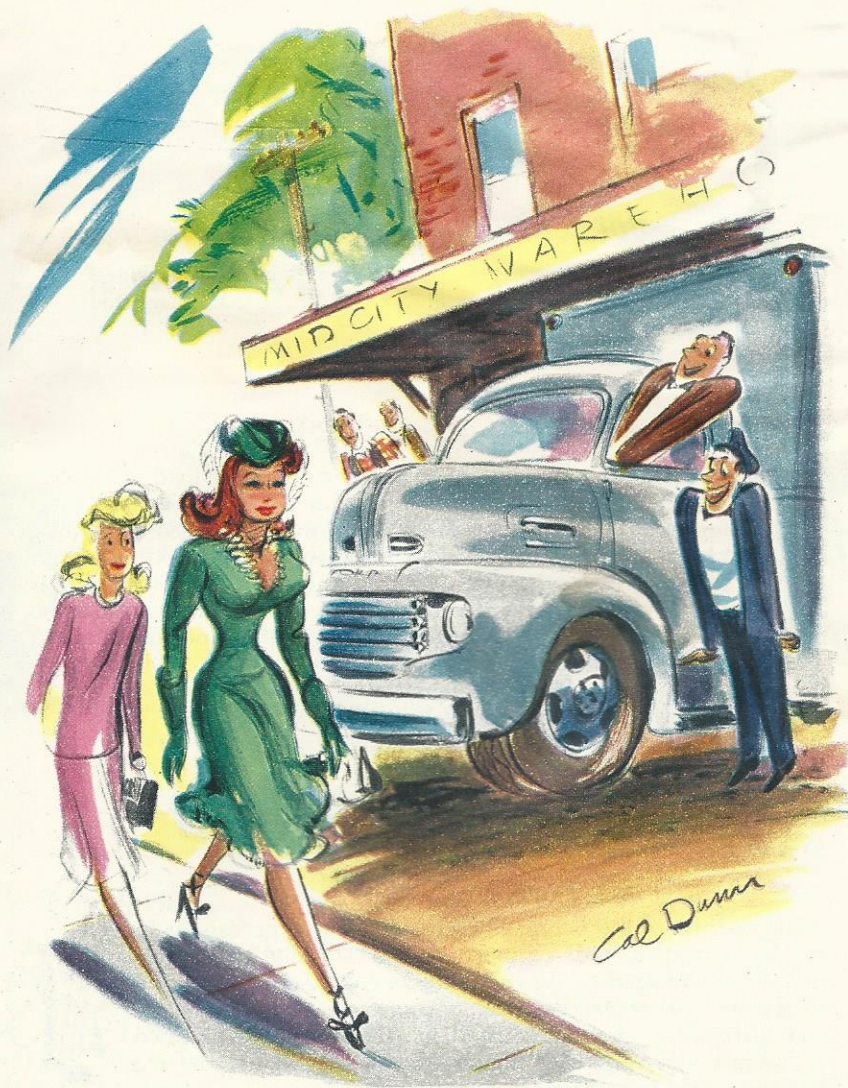
A week later, when he got back from Vermont with a load of live Green Mountain brook trout to be used in stocking the streams of Northern California, he found that the water from the lake made by the melting of the San Francisco fog had seeped through the ground and completely filled most of the tunnel. As the blue V-8 was not equipped for underwater driving, he started the fish swimming ahead through the standing water in the tunnel. He wired a friend in Utah to meet them at the other end.

Then he rushed back to Harvard University and asked his friend, Professor S. Codfish Bean, of the Department of Universal Knowledge, why water would not run out of a perfectly straight tunnel when one end was over a thousand feet lower than the other. The professor thought for three days and then came up with the answer. He said, "You forgot about the curvature of the earth. When you made your tunnel follow an absolutely straight line you introduced such a sag in the middle that the water would have to flow up-hill to get out of either end. If you want your tunnel to be level, or if you want it to follow a uniform slope, you will have to put a hump in the middle."

Paul thought this over for six days until he finally understood what the Professor was talking about. Then he drove back to the tunnel, loaded his shotgun with dry ice, shot it into the water in the tunnel and froze it into a plug of ice four hundred miles long. He started pushing against the Kansas end of the plug with his Big Babe, the V-8. He shifted to low gear for the first time, gunned his engine and pushed the entire ice plug into the Colorado River Valley in Utah.

Then he took his double-acting super-hydraulic jack back to the middle of the tunnel, dug down under the floor, and jacked up the whole center section of the tunnel until he had a hump in it about five miles high. This gave it a uniform downhill pitch all the way from Utah to Kansas which took care of the drainage from then on.

People are still talking about the way he chased the Colorado River out of the Imperial Valley. But that is another story. ■



"Wow! There's another 'Bonus Built' job!"



For Distinguished Service

FORD TRUCKS have earned citations in every kind of business. Here's what owners say about the performance of their new Ford Bonus-Built trucks:

In The Produce Business

Series F-8 Ford truck 21,500 pounds GVW rating

"... Pulling a tandem trailer with a gross load of 54,000 pounds actual weight between Wymore, Nebraska and California ... gas mileage, loaded one way, averaged 4.75 miles per gallon. As you well know there are several good mountain passes between here and San Francisco and this truck has ample power to take them even with dual chains on and some snow. We have 11,000 miles on this unit ... put on in about a month."

Virgil Marshall
MARSHALL PRODUCE COMPANY
Wymore, Nebraska

* * *

In The Petroleum Industry

Series F-6 Ford truck 15,500 pounds GVW rating

"The operation of this unit has exceeded our expectations for the load handled. Our regular run is a 344-mile round trip, and we are amazed by the reduction of gas usage as compared to the unit we replaced. In fact we are now completing the round trip with a savings of 20 to 30 gallons of fuel consumed. In dollars and cents this means we are completing the trip with a saving up to \$7.50 per haul."

C. W. Cory, Jr.
THE CORYPENN COMPANY, INC.
Tucumcari, New Mexico



In the Dairy Business

Series F-6 Ford truck with six-cylinder engine 15,500 pounds GVW rating

"... I am more than pleased with the all around performance ... Present mileage is 5,721, hauling an average load of 108 milk cans each trip and making two complete trips each day from Waterloo to Watertown to the milk plants ... This new six-cylinder Ford truck is a dandy for power, economy, handling and comfort in driving."

LESTER HOLSHUETER

Waterloo, Wisc.

* * *

In The Construction Business

Series F-7 Ford truck 19,000 pounds GVW rating

"... Our new F-7 Ford truck is surpassing all other makes and models in all around performance in its field ... In the past we had to hire bigger trucks than those we owned to do our heavy hauling (trenchers, 15-ton, cranes and drag-lines, 20-tons, 'Cats,' 19-ton) but now we do all our hauling with ease, and a very confident feeling that our equipment will get to the job on time. Omaha and surrounding territory is a mass of hills, but with that new '48' truck motor you people have come out with this year it's certainly a pleasure to know we don't have to send a 'pusher' truck along to get over the humps."

HART CONSTRUCTION CO.

Omaha, Neb.

* * *

In The Oil Fields

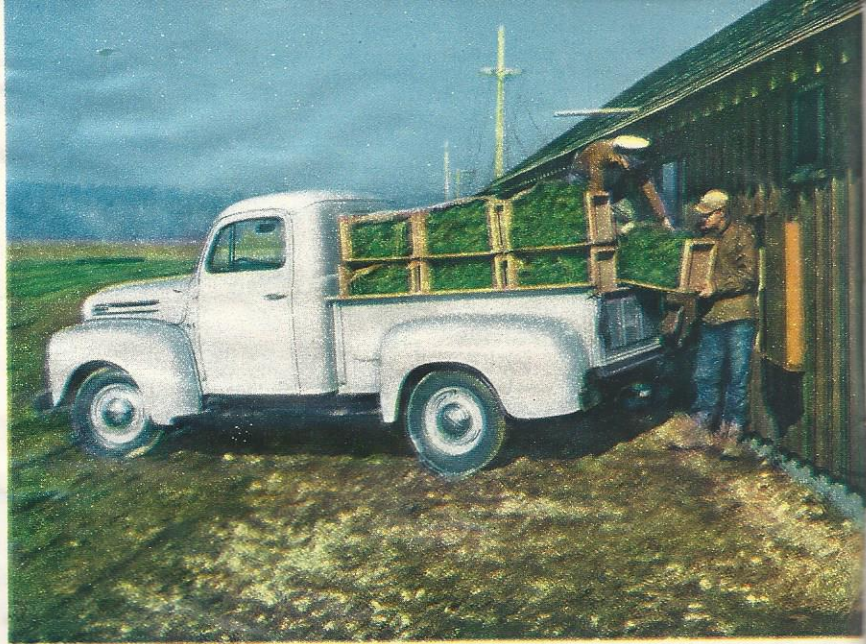
Series F-7 Ford truck 19,000 pounds GVW rating

"I have been in the trucking business for about 15 years and I have never had a truck that pleased me as much as the Big Ford F-7. I have been hauling 20,000 lbs. of drilling mud on my F-7 and using no more gasoline than my smaller trucks. It has more power than I thought it could possibly have. It really does the job in this sandy country."

NOLA FERRELL

Seminole, Texas





Squirrels make the trees grow

by Kay Byrne

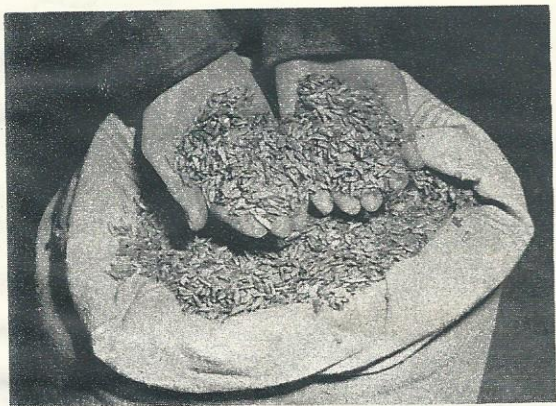
THERE'S A WOMAN out in Washington who makes a very nice living by making squirrels work.

She's Mrs. Cliff Rice and she usually takes in \$35,000 gross per year in what is probably the only business of its kind in the world. What she does is to collect and sell seeds for spruce and fir trees and thereby goes a long way toward helping rebuild the nation's forests which have been taking such a licking for the last few decades. The squirrels help.

The world badly needs more trees for lumber for a thousand products ranging from houses to newspapers, from trucks to rayon clothes. No seeds, no trees. The governments of our own and several other countries have recognized the importance of Mrs. Rice's business. Here's the way it works:

A tree's seeds are contained in pine cones and it would be an impossible job to try to collect all the cones that are scattered over the millions of acres of forest floors in America. That's where the squirrels come in, and it's also where Mrs. Rice got the bright idea that was the foundation of her flourishing business.

She noticed, in one of her many visits to Washington's forests, that in the summertime squirrels nip the green pine cones off the branches high on the tree, carry them down and store them in caches in hollow trees or stumps or in holes in the ground. The squirrels never pick a bad cone, either; they choose only the ripest for immediate eating and scorn any which is worm-eaten or decayed. Mrs. Rice decided that once the little rodents had done the preliminary job of gathering, it would be relatively easy to collect from them.



So she let it be known that she'd pay \$1 to \$5, according to variety, for every sack of pine cones brought to her. In practically no time at all people from seven to 70 were industriously rooting about tree trunks and filling their burlap bags. Last year, for instance, Mrs. Rice bought more than 7,000 bags of cones from about 500 persons, many of them physically handicapped, many old age pensioners.

These collectors soon learned that the size of the squirrel caches varied from about eight to more than twenty sacksful. Some of them made as much as \$90 from a single cache.

This is probably as good a place as any to quash the thought that Mrs. Rice is being unfair to squirrels because she swipes their dinners. That's nonsense. In the first place squirrels, like all hoarders, stack away about seven times more food than they'll ever get around to eating. Many times they'll fill up a cache, then blithely scamper away and never return. In the second place pine cones rate pretty well down the list of desirable dishes for squirrel gourmets; they like grapes, grain, berries, hazel nuts and various other seeds just as well.

Besides, the boost that Mrs. Rice gives to the necessary business of re-planting forests all over the world far outweighs the slight inconvenience her efforts may cause to a few rodents.

Her pickers usually start their collecting about the first of September and continue for two months. They take the sacks of green cones to Mrs. Rice's plant where they are "sweated" in barns and yards until most of their natural moisture has been dissipated. Then they're placed in the dryer shed where

temperatures are kept at the level best suited to each variety of seed. Here too they are labeled with the elevation at which they were found so that later they can be planted at comparable elevations all over the world.

Next step is to put the cones through a thresher where they are de-winged, then send them to the fanning mills. After that they're washed with a germicide to kill incipient pests, put through the fanning mills again, classified, bagged and labeled, ready for shipping.

Mrs. Rice finds her customers almost everywhere. The British forest service recently placed an order with her, and the U. S. government buys a large percentage of her total output for re-planting our national forests. Privately-owned nurseries in Denmark, Chile and Holland are also good customers, and before the war about 80 per cent of her output went to Germany.

Today one of her best customers is the West Coast Forest Tree Nursery at Nisqually, Washington. This outfit treats and plants the seeds in vast fields and tends the baby trees until they're about eight inches tall. Then they're bundled and shipped to farms and forests where they promptly set about replenishing the nation's woodpile.

Far from feeling teary-eyed over the plight of the squirrel, plenty of people think the little guy ought to be proclaimed a national hero for the part he plays in helping to replant our forests.





Send in Your Favorite Stories of the Road

THE FORD TRUCK TIMES will pay \$25 each for publishable anecdotes or incidents which illustrate life in the United States as seen by a truck driver. They may be humorous yarns, stories of courtesy, helpfulness or heroism. They should not run to more than 200 words and should be sent to: Editor, Ford Truck Times, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan.

◀ *Calendar Art*

BOTH THE BONUS-built young ladies at left will appear on the Ford Truck Calendar for 1949. We thought you might like a pre-view. The one with the yellow paint job is obviously related to Paul Bunyan's Big Babe. The one in the sweater is performing an old Indian dance called Grapefruit Time in the Santa Clara Valley.

Ca



world's biggest helium deposit

world's largest wheat field

world's plainest plain

world's highest rimrock

world's largest gas fields

world's most beautiful girls

world's biggest watermelons

Courtown world's best stock show

world's largest basin

world's richest oil reserves

world's largest county

heart of Texas - world's biggest

North Texas

West Texas

South Texas

world's longest contrail

world's deepest oil wells

world's finest mohair

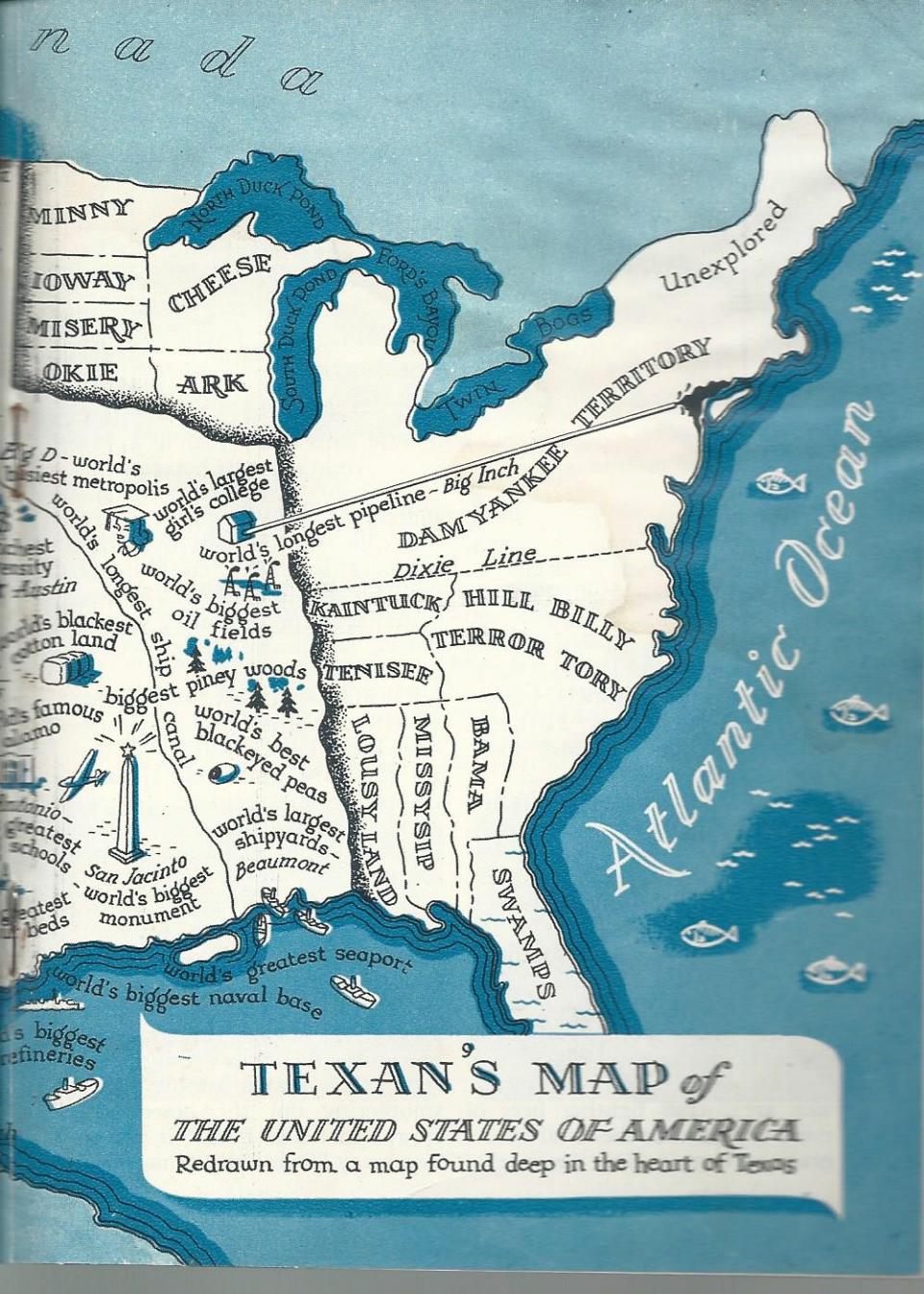
world's best cattle

world's biggest vegetable garden

world's driest river

world's biggest ranch

world's largest oil re



TEXAN'S MAP of

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Redrawn from a map found deep in the heart of Texas

Ford Fire Fighters

*by Robert Jerauld
Chief, Arden Fire District,
Sacramento County, California*

THE ARDEN Fire Department's first line of defense is the Ford Fire Truck.

This Fire-Engine was built to my specifications on the '46 model, ton-and-a-half, Ford truck chassis. It carries the new High Pressure Pumper, 500 gallons of water, 400 feet of hose, one 24-foot ladder, one 13-foot attic ladder, backpacks, foam extinguishers, smoke-masks, salvage covers, First Aid equipment, and necessary tools, ropes, cables, etc.

Our Ford has completed its first year of duty. Through two summers and one winter it has responded to almost 200 fire calls. Of our four fire trucks the Ford is always the first truck out of the firehouse and the first to throw water on the fire. Because it is so ideally suited to the final cleanup jobs my orders keep it longer at the scene of the fire.

We cover a wide rural-suburban area, thus fighting fires of every type. Beside the usual house, grass and grain fires we receive

several calls every year from one of the world's largest hop ranches. Hops being exceedingly inflammable, the large storage and drying kilns, the business buildings, workers' barracks, cookhouses, valuable equipment and homes, would often be in danger were it not for the immediate response of our truck.

Located between two great government airports we sometimes have airplane crash fires. We can get to the scene twenty minutes before the Field trucks, and we carry both fog and foam equipment for use at such gasoline and oil fires.

In all fires speed and adequate water supply are of primary importance. The High Pressure pump operates at 800 pounds pressure at the pump and 600 pounds pressure at the nozzle. In grass and grain fires this high pressure conserves the water supply while smothering out the blaze with spray. In house fires this velvet-fine spray leaves little or no water



THE REGISTER drummed out the signals for a box fire and the bells clanged. Within five seconds, Robert Jerauld, fire chief of the Arden Fire District in Sacramento County, California, and his squad were in their truck and half way down the drive of the fire house. Other equipment followed, as the Chief and his men scurried to the fire that had started on the dry grasses at the outskirts of the city not far from an airport. Within a few minutes, the Chief reported to the department by car-phone that the fire was out. Back at the firehouse, the men settled down to await the next tapping from the register.



damage, and can be used to extinguish 95% to 98% of the fires. The speed of response keeps little fires from becoming big ones.

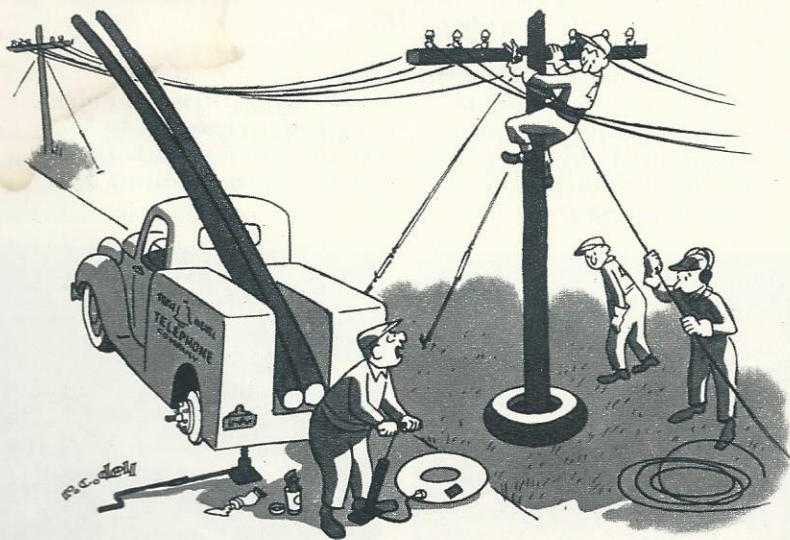
The Ford is preferred in the field because it travels, loaded, at any desired speed across ruts, rocks, gullies, finding no place inaccessible. It is also easy to maneuver in close quarters around buildings.

The Ford Truck is equipped with the latest radio transmitter broadcasting 3600 megacycles. The transmitter operates off the standard Ford battery under the

hood and is located in the rear compartment.

The receiver operates from the same power source, and is connected to the Ford ignition key. Whenever the ignition is on the receiver is in operation. Obviously, this is invaluable equipment.

The Ford's acceleration, speed, sturdiness and ease of handling, the efficiency of the High Pressure Pump and the instant water supply, and the skill and enthusiasm of the firemen, make a combination that can't be beat.



"I wish you jerks would watch what you're doing!"



ROLLING THE ROADS

by Dod Stoddard

WALLACE BOREN, who writes "Wally's Wagon" in *THIS WEEK* magazine, knows quite a few truck drivers and we figured there might be a philosopher among them. So when we wanted someone to write about them, their doings, gripes, opinions and stories, we asked Boren for help. He came up with Dod Stoddard, who will take it from here.

THE TROUBLE with transporting goods, compared, say, to building the Empire State Building, is that trucking doesn't show when your job is done.

You can haul a million barrels of fuel oil a thousand miles or enough cotton to put a tent over Texas. But when you get it there, it goes where your lap goes when you stand up.

Maybe that explains something: the strange modesty of the truckers. I mean it. You may laugh at the idea that our fellow haulers are shrinking violets, but it is true. In 25 years we grew to be $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as big as the railroads did in a hundred.

Nearly 60,000 communities in the U. S. still don't have any railroads, probably never will. But they've got trucks.

No air line could fly a mile without trucks brought the gasoline. The motor bus is rapidly sending the street car to join the dodo. And so on.

But what kind of stories do you see in the papers about trucks and truck drivers? The writers start out by assuming that everyone connected with trucking is half gorilla and half witted.

There'll be a highway accident. A trucker will come along, put out the fire, set out flares, give first aid to the victims and drag the wrecked cars out of the ditch. The newspapers report it as though it was just too wonderful that this poor dumbbell rose to the emergency and acted like a real trained human being.

Nerts. Around six million professional personnel—as smart and capable at their business as Ted Williams on the diamond—are facing road hazards day after day. They are mostly self-taught. There aren't any universities where you can get a degree in trucking or any schools such as those which train airplane pilots.

A truck driver, a good one—and there are millions of 'em—has to be more alert, more expert and a better thinker than most of the school teachers. I am pretty sure a sixth grade teacher doesn't have to think, too much—after she's taught the sixth graders for ten or 20 years.

And dispatchers, maintenance men and the operators—they've got troubles, too. My friends, the trucking business just hasn't any soft spots. Unless you count the one I have, sitting here gabbing about the trade.

So what happens? Truckers get used to moving mountains of stuff and having only bare spots left to point to. Anybody who looks at the bare spot isn't impressed. This leads to our not talking of our accomplishments. We get downright bashful.

* * *

The runner-up in the state rodeo for tractor and trailer was telling me his shortcomings the other day.

Now mind you, he had a full year behind him without so much as brushing a dock before he could qualify for the rodeo. He hasn't had an accident in 12 years of driving in all the stinking traffic and weather and bad hours that were handed him.

"I lost out on parallel parking," he told me. "Kissed the barrier just hard enough for the judges to hear, and that cost me the championship."

"Why you big clumsy clown!" I bantered him. "What if passenger car drivers were that awkward?"

Would you believe it, the guy *blushed*! He was so good at his business that one point off his .999 batting average took the starch right out of him.

Just for curiosity I asked a couple of insurance men how many bent passenger car fenders there were in a year. Their guesses varied—from four per car up to nine.

I called my runner-up pal on the phone to tell him how he rated in comparison with the public he serves with so little credit.

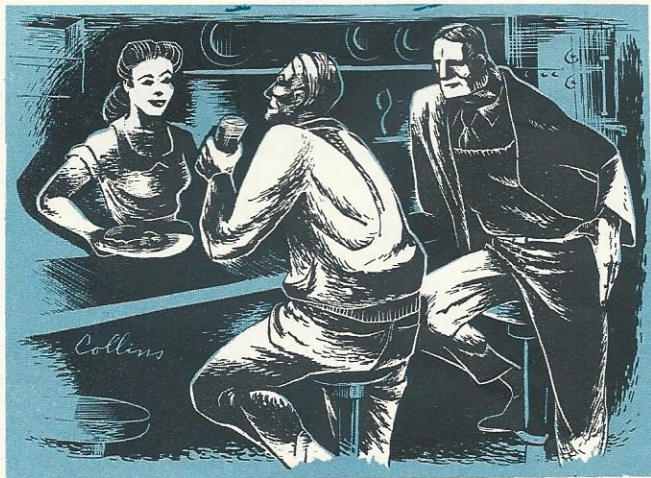
"Dod," he came back. "Something's wrong with those figures. Whoever heard of an automobile with nine fenders?"

* * *

My good wife, who would probably get more prestige and social standing as the spouse of a coal miner, says our business needs "song and story and romance" to raise it in public appreciation.

I didn't tell her, but I thought to myself that the waitresses in the all-night coffee shops do their best on the romance part, bless their little hearts—

—Dod Stoddard





Why Not Stay Alive

by Captain C. J. Scavarda

Michigan State Police

THE TWO BIG semi-trailers were battling down Route 60, approaching each other at a fast clip. The driver of the first truck sat easily in his cab, but his eyes constantly probed the extreme limits of his headlight range as he sought to anticipate whatever trouble might arise. Suddenly he saw a cow start to cross the road and instantly knew that while he would avoid it, the oncoming second truck would not.

The other truck rapidly closed up the remaining distance. He didn't see the cow until he was right on top of her. Instinctively he swung hard to the left. His heavy machine smashed her body aside and continued across the road to crash, almost directly head-on, into the first truck. Within a second or two flames exploded from shattered gas tanks. In those flames both drivers died.

Their deaths hammered home once more the truth that has become so tragically clear to us in years of recording highway disasters. This is that there are two basic causes for accidents: faulty drivers and faulty trucks. In this

case the first driver was wide awake to all the things that could happen. The second was one of the best truckers on the road. We will never know what the conditions inside his cab were, but somewhere there was a failure. Because of it two men died.

Fortunately the penalties for all mistakes are not as drastic. But there usually is a penalty. Last year in Michigan, for instance, there were 2,352 cases in which violations of the law by truck drivers helped cause rural accidents—and the majority of truck accidents are in rural areas. Of these the greatest single violation was speeding, second was improper passing (on hills, curves, cutting in, etc.) and right behind it was the practice of following another vehicle too closely and failing to keep in the proper lane.

This is not to say that truck drivers cause more than their share of accidents; they don't. On the contrary, they are the real professionals, probably the best drivers on the road. But you only die once and it's generally considered smart to put it off as long as possible.

Sticking to the laws helps; after all the real purpose of highway regulations is to keep traffic—and you—moving.

Policemen can't act very effectively against the second cause of accidents—faulty trucks. If you come across a truck whose lights are broken, whose steering gear is weak and whose brakes don't hold, you can arrest the driver and the conditions will probably be corrected. But this doesn't mean that the owner will keep them corrected. And there aren't enough police to keep a night and day check on every truck on the road.

Some time ago a big semi-trailer towing a full trailer was going down-grade on Route U.S. 16. The trailer broke loose, careened across three lanes of highway, slammed into the ditch and turned over. Nobody was hurt, but it was only pure luck that other cars weren't on the road right then.

When a trooper examined the truck he found the safety chains from the trailer were hooked to not much of anything and were patched with wire, the light wires from tractor to trailer were simply bared and twisted together—which always makes a bad connection. There were no Inter-state Commerce Commission or state public service commission plates on the truck, clearance and tail lights were missing from the trailer and instead the driver had a

tangled mess of cluster lights which he was supposed to hang on the trailer and connect with a loose wire running over his load. Wrote the trooper: "This vehicle is the usual type that this company puts on the road."

This, of course, was only one small company; most truck operators—and the most successful ones—learned long ago that skimping on maintenance costs them far too much. This particular accident did only about \$100 worth of damage. But the chances are that the owner could have put the truck in safe condition for less than that.

First class maintenance and frequent servicing—which must grow more frequent as the truck gets older—pays off in profits to the operators. But the operator doesn't live with his trucks the way the driver does. If he's to keep his trucks in tip-top shape he needs the driver's help. Often little things go wrong which the driver, who's an expert, recognizes as the forerunners of bigger trouble to come. If he's smart he'll report it immediately because it will save the company money—which in the long run means it will make his job more secure—and it may save his own life.

His years of examining traffic accidents have taught every trooper that safety pays off—for the operator in money and for the driver in life. ■

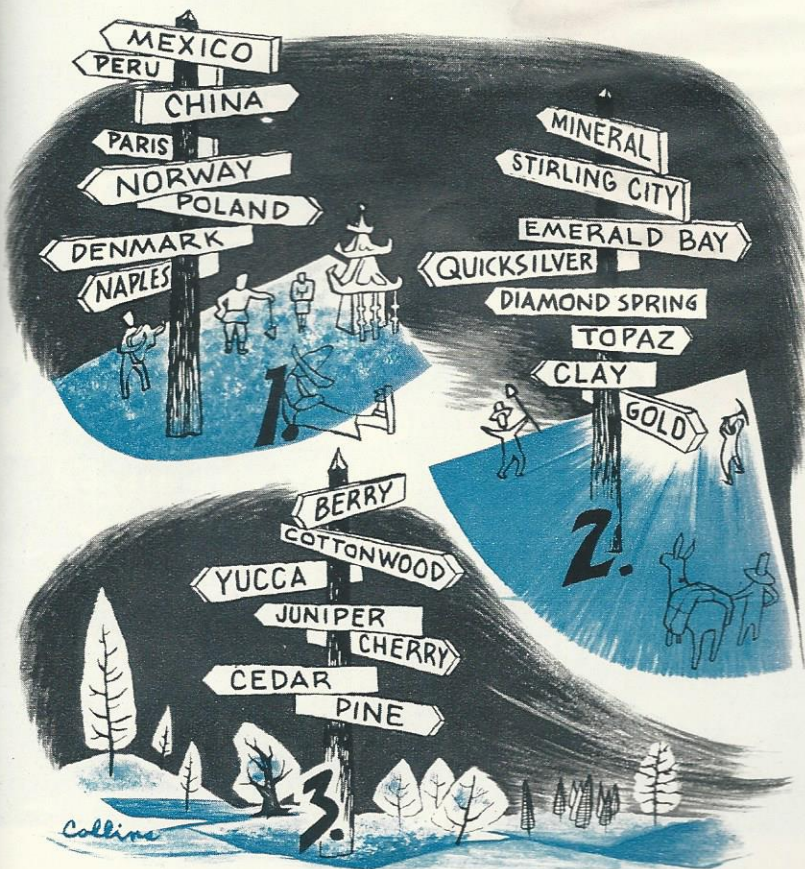




"But I didn't think two yards would be that much!"

Are You In A State?— Which One?

ON THIS PAGE we have drawn some possible sign posts which might direct you to actual towns. Each sign post contains the names of towns which may be found in one of our States. Can you tell by the names on each sign post which State it is in? Answers on page 27.





CROSS-COUNTRY NICKNAMES

IN THE left-hand column are nicknames for 12 cities. In the right-hand column are nicknames for 12 states. See if you can match both columns correctly, thereby identifying each city and state by their correct names. (For example: 1. HEART OF AMERICA would match with e. BULLION STATE, being Kansas City which lies in e. MISSOURI. How many more nicknamed cities and states can you match correctly? A score of 10-12 is excellent; 8-9, good. Answers below.

City	State
1. Heart of America	a. Auto State
2. Gotham	b. Columbine State
3. Railroad City	c. Quaker State
4. Windy City	d. Carnation State
5. Queen of the South	e. Bullion State
6. Dynamic City	f. Copper State
7. Hubtown	g. Sugar State
8. Sleepy Town	h. Knickerbocker State
9. Flicker Lane	i. Bread-and-Butter State
10. Beer City	j. Grape State
11. Mile-High City	k. Baked Bean State
12. Sawdust City	l. Corn State

ANSWERS

Cross-Country Nicknames

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1e. Kansas City, Missouri | 9j. Hollywood, California |
| 2h. New York, New York | 10f. Milwaukee, Wisconsin |
| 3d. Indianapolis, Indiana | 11b. Denver, Colorado |
| 4l. Chicago, Illinois | 12i. Minneapolis, Minnesota |
| 5g. New Orleans, Louisiana | |
| 6a. Detroit, Michigan | |
| 7k. Boston, Massachusetts | |
| 8c. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania | |

Are You In A State?

1. Maine
2. California
3. Arizona

◆ *Problem in Road Courtesy*

SUPPOSE you come across a young lady in distress. (Note the strange resemblance to Rita Hayworth) whose Lincoln Continental has just run out of gas in the dry barren desert. Would you go rolling by, in spite of that pleading look?

★ ★ ★

Yeah? Better have those brakes looked at, brother!

You Might As Well Be Comfortable

A WHOLE CORPS of engineers, designers and inventors is working today with one aim:

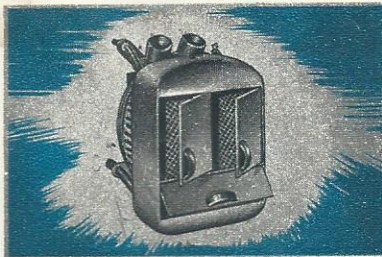
"What can we do to make life safer and more comfortable for the working truck driver?"

Ford has come up with some of the answers in a new line of truck accessories just announced.

Here are some of the most popular items:

FORD TRUCK RADIO—

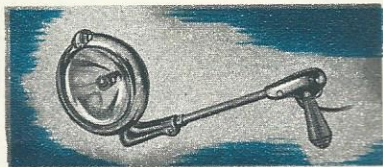
Specially designed for 1948 Ford trucks. High fidelity oval speaker with eight tubes. Five tuning push buttons also act as turn-on switches. Fits special openings in instrument panel. Ruggedly built for hard service and top performance in long distance operation.

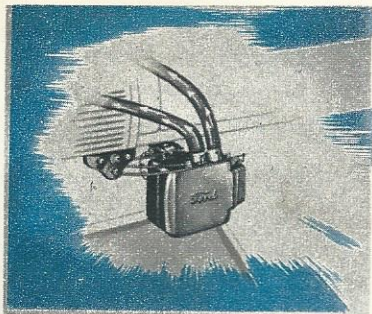


SEALED BEAM TRUCK SPOTLIGHT—Throws a 1,000 foot concentrated beam anywhere, up, down, front, rear, sides. The 30-watt spotlight has an anti-glare shield. Meets all state law requirements. Comes complete with mounting bracket.

MAGIC HEATING AND VENTILATING UNIT—

With this fresh air hot water heater and defroster, heat is automatically controlled by a thermostat. Blower ventilates cab in mild weather, expelling stuffy moisture-laden air, increasing driver comfort and safety. Easily installed.





RECIRCULATING HEATER AND DEFROSTER—Two-speed, reversible motor makes possible direct or indirect hot water heating at either high or low rate of flow. Door design provides instant heat to any part of the cab. Improved defrosting clears windshield on both driver and passenger sides. Adaptable to all 1948 Ford trucks.

NYLON SEAT COVERS—Durable maroon seat covers, tailored to fit all 1948 Ford trucks except C.O.E. and Panel Delivery, will stay new looking for months. The 13-ounce nylon duck outwears cotton and fibre duck, is mildew-proof and moisture resistant. Can be washed, dry-cleaned or sponged. Drawstring makes installation easy.



BUT that's not all! Other new Ford truck accessories include Engine Compartment Lamp, Fuel Tank Locking Cap, Fire Extinguisher, Automatic Cigarette Lighter, Automatic Windshield Washer, Sealed Beam Road Lamp . . .

and there's more to come!

. . . Soon to be made available through Ford dealers are such desirable accessories as Adjustable Outside Mirror, Dual Horns, Radiator Grille Guards, Front Tow Hooks, Directional Signals, Door Arm Rest, Governors, Right Hand Spotlight Bracket.

