

FORD TRUCK TIMES

september-october 1948



Paul Bunyan versus Loud-Mouth Johnson

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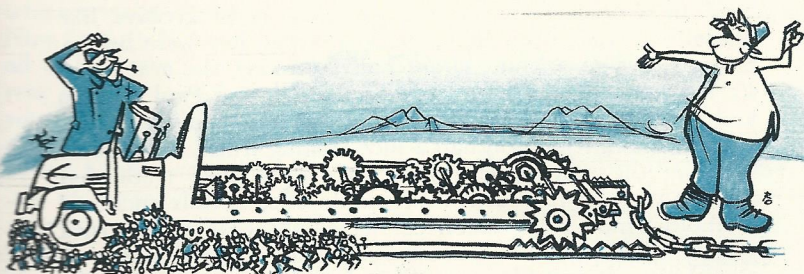
Cover design by Robert Osborn

William D. Kennedy, Editor-in-Chief

Burgess H. Scott, Managing Editor

Arthur T. Lougee, Art Director

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Paul Bunyan

versus

Loud-Mouth Johnson

by William Hazlett Upson

illustrations by R. Osborn

WHEN PAUL BUNYAN and Ford Fordsen arrived in California with Paul's new blue truck, called Babe, they ran into a bad situation. A small earthquake had opened a crack in the earth an inch wide and a mile and a quarter deep along a fault line all the way from Oregon to Mexico. People were afraid the crack would get wider; the state would fall apart; and the western side would slide into the sea. So the Chamber of Commerce asked Paul to hook up his big truck and pull the crack together again.

Ford Fordsen said, "That would just cause more earthquakes."

Paul said, "We'll have to think of some way of holding everything where it is."

While they were thinking, a man by the name of Loud-Mouth Johnson came driving in from Minnesota in his own

truck. He announced that a conservative like Paul was no good in a crisis. What was needed was a progressive like himself who could put things back the way they were before. So he drove to a point about halfway along the crack and started work. Soon a large crowd gathered, and Paul Bunyan and his crew went along to see what was happening.

Loud-Mouth Johnson had a nice looking truck. To prevent slipping, the rear wheels were fitted with steel teeth that meshed with similar teeth in a couple of steel rails anchored to the ground. A big chain connected the rear of the truck to a big steel post that was set a mile and a quarter deep on the opposite side of the crack. While Johnson was getting ready, he explained everything to the crowd so that they could admire what he was doing.

He said, "The steel in my truck and equipment is a secret alloy with a breaking strength approaching infinity." At this, all the people cheered. Johnson bowed and went on, "To close this crack I have to move half the state of California to a depth of over a mile. That makes a hundred thousand cubic miles. Each cubic mile contains over five billion cubic yards. Each cubic yard weighs two tons. The grand total, in round figures, is one quadrillion tons."

Paul Bunyan asked how he could move all that with one truck.

Johnson said, "It is all done with gears. In high, or direct drive, my truck will skid one ton at 20 miles an hour. But my standard gear box—or transmission—has a ratio of one to five. When I shift into low I can pull five tons at one-fifth former speed. If I couple another gear box in series with this one, and put them both in low, I can pull 25 tons. With three transmissions I can pull 125 tons, disregarding, of course, a little gear friction."

Paul said, "That is still a long way from one quadrillion tons."

At this, Loud-Mouth Johnson let out a horse laugh. He motioned for Paul to come over and look. The truck had a very long chassis. Johnson had removed the floor of the body, and between the clutch and the rear end he had 22 gear boxes hitched up in series, plus a short drive shaft with a couple of universal joints. Paul had to admit he had never seen anything like this before. He said it looked almost too complicated to run.

Johnson said, "It works fine. I just drove out from town with

all the gear boxes in high, which means direct drive. Now I am going to put them all in low, starting with the rear one and working forward. Each gear box multiplies the pull five times. When I get them all working, the increase will be five raised to the twenty-second power." He looked at a sheet of paper on which he had been figuring. "That means I can pull 2,384,185,791,015,625 tons, which is a little over two quadrillion, and gives me a safety factor of over two."

When the crowd heard this they cheered even more for Loud-Mouth Johnson. And they sneered even more at Paul Bunyan. But Paul just smiled and walked off.

Naturally, Paul did not have to worry about Loud-Mouth Johnson. Johnny Inkslinger had figured that the 22 transmissions would really give a pull of over one quadrillion tons. But they would also reduce the normal speed of 20 miles an hour to one two-hundred-thousandths of an inch per year. At this rate it would take him two hundred thousand years to close up that one inch crack.

Actually, Loud-Mouth Johnson's truck motor has now been running constantly 42 years. And in this period

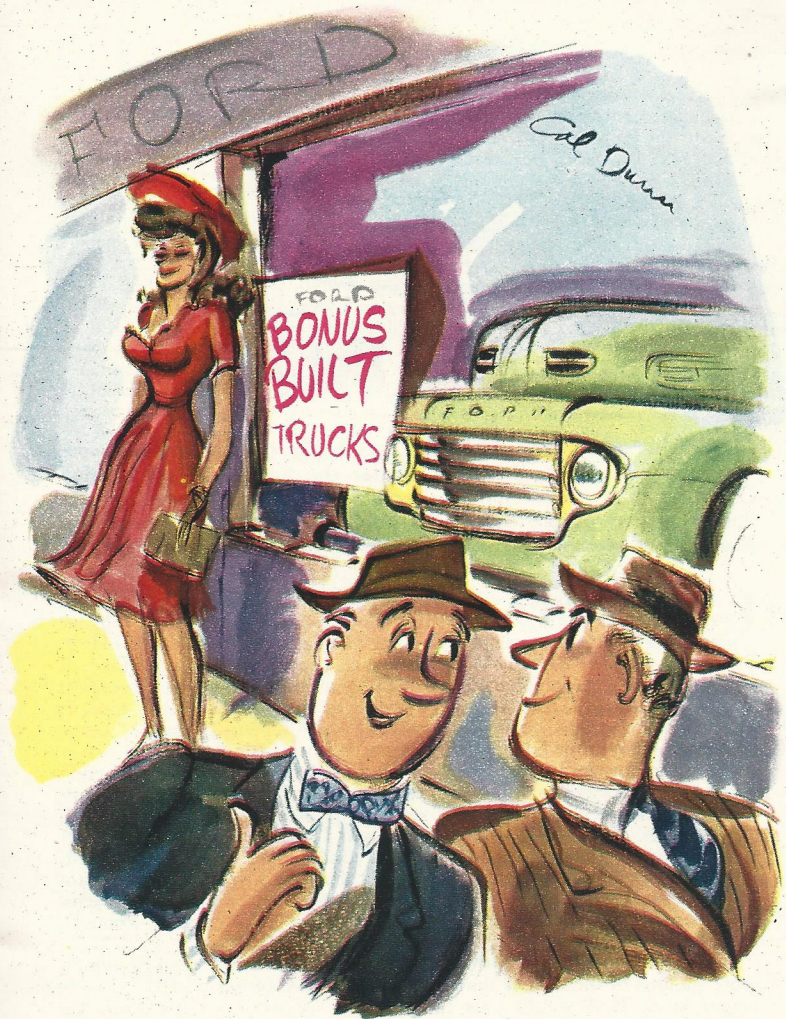


he has not even been able to take up the play of a few thousandths of an inch between the gear teeth in the last few gear boxes. Like many other ambitious people, he has been feeding power into one end of his project for years, and nothing at all has come out the other end.

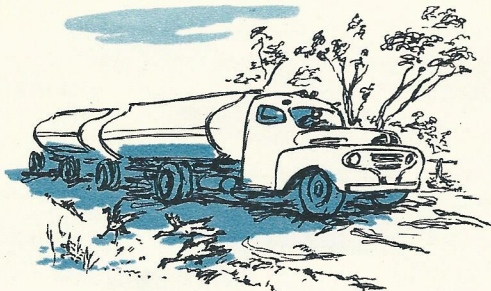
For while Johnson was shifting the 22 gear boxes into low and starting his motor, Paul and his crew drove the blue truck, Babe, up to Oregon and took on a load of seeds of the ironwood tree. Then they drove the length of California, sowing these seeds all along both sides of the crack, and spreading special fertilizer containing nickel, vanadium, chromium, manganese, and activated charcoal. When the seeds grew, the ironwood trees sent out very high-grade nickel-vanadium-chromium-manganese-carbon steel alloy roots with a tensile strength even greater than the gears in Loud-Mouth Johnson's truck. When the roots had interlaced back and forth across the crack, they tied it together so it could not spread apart any more.

That is how Paul Bunyan held California together.





*"Oddly, enough, I was just going to make
the same observation!"*



Big Babe Hot Rod

THE FOLLOWING comments on Ford's big truck, the F-8, were made by Leo Redwine, driver for the Fortier Transportation Company of Fresno, California, and are reprinted here exactly as they appeared in the company's publication, "Trailer Dust," for May, 1948:

IT is the largest bunch of power I have ever seen in such a small package. It is the most surprising thing I have driven since I drove my first diesel. It has power plus and has more pickup than any 150 H. P. Diesel I have ever driven. When you pick up a higher gear it takes it and walks off with it. There is no lugging along like you would expect from a gas motor. The cab is very comfortable, and the seat is tops. It steers like a car and holds the road like the biggest. It takes a curve better than anything I have ever driven. With a little practice, a driver could back doubles with it, it turns so fast and easy. I have turned it around at intersections several times without any trouble at all. It pulls a load just as well as you would expect the older model Fords to pull empty tanks. In fact, all the drivers thought I was running empty when I first started driving it. When I finally convinced them I was loaded, they thought I was loading light. Since then they have found out I am pulling more weight than most of them are and am passing a lot of them, and the word has gotten around, creating a lot of respect for Fortier's Hot Rod.

I have pulled out of Seguro with other trucks when I would have on more gallons of diesel fuel than they would have of gas and the drivers would know it. I would pass them before we were 5 miles from the refinery and you can bet that kind of news gets around.

When I first started driving it, every time I ran up behind a diesel, the driver would mash the throttle to the floor and throw out a cloud of smoke and do everything he knew how to do to keep me from passing him. Then they all realized that all the things I had told them about the Fortier Hot Rod was true.

It isn't quite as fast in low range 5th as most trucks are in overdrive 4th, so one of the advantages I have over them is where they have a

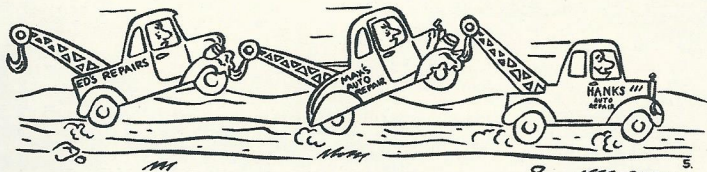
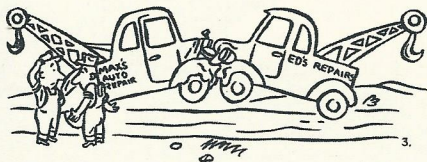
long pull and have trouble holding overdrive 4th, I can stay wound up in low 5th and it sucks them under.

Of course, all the drivers were skeptical of it because it is just a stock Ford without any additional transmissions or re-inforcements and they expected the frame to shake to pieces or the motor to fly apart, or a dozen other things to happen at any time. But I can say this truthfully, it has in excess of 20,000 miles on it now and has not had a drop of oil added between changes. It is as sturdy as it was the first time I drove it. For the gas haul that I am on, I wouldn't trade it for a new diesel truck unless it had more than 150 horses.

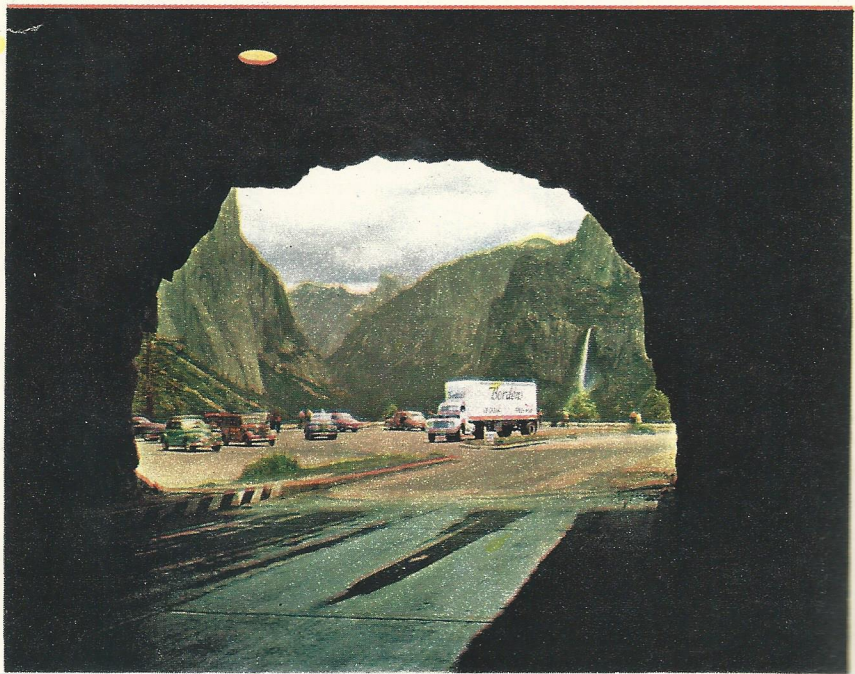
I drove it over mountainous highway to Coarsegold the other day with 76,000 pounds gross load in one hour and 50 minutes, and that is good time. In fact, I always figured two hours with most diesels.

It is a good truck and I should know. When Irish asked me if I wanted to drive it I was a little dubious, and wondered if I were making a mistake changing from a diesel back to a gas rig, so I asked him if we were going to load it light and he said, "Hell no, we are going to load it and work it because it won't get any younger and we want to know what it will do." That is just what I have done. Loaded and worked it and I say it is O.K.

The 2nd F8 is in the shop now being prepared for the road. Irish will have no trouble finding a driver for it. His trouble will be choosing the right one from all of them.



© 1988 C. Roberts



World's Most Scenic Milk Route

by J. Ray Corliss

photographs by James A. Lawrence

THE BORDEN COMPANY of Fresno claims it has the world's most scenic milk route, the 95-mile run up California's Central Valley and into magnificent Yosemite Valley.

The trip begins well before dawn. A teamster wheels a tractor truck, pulling a mechanically refrigerated semi-body, away from the loading dock at the Fresno plant, and rolls his 21,000 pound payload northeastward.

Some twenty miles from Fresno, long before first light, the gear work begins. The big blue and white F-8 twists its way up the live oak-studded foothills of the Sierra Nevada. Ahead of there is plenty of grade.

Even on ordinary highways such a payload, run up to a 43,500-pound total by the heavy body and refrigerated units, requires considerable study and planning. Winding it into the heart of the Sierra, on schedule and with the cargo in top condition on arrival, winter and summer, is a minor logistical miracle.

The year around, the drivers and their trucks are bucking grades, heat, dust, snow, or sudden storms. But Yosemite's milk, like America's mail, has always gone through—though often directly preceded by the blades of a snowplow.

At Coarsegold, once a Lode boomtown and still a mining center, the main range of the Sierra pitches upward. It's up first, then across a broad valley and then up again into a deep-shadowed pine forest. As the road climbs, silver firs appear, becoming denser and larger with each mile.

The load pulls through the National Park portals about thirty miles to the southwest of the valley proper. Near the point of entry is the Mariposa grove of Sequoia redwoods, one of the largest stands in California. The road threads other deep groves which focus the sunlight and channel it

*Yosemite Falls (upper left).
Wawona Tunnel (lower left).*



←*Yosemite Valley from Inspiration Point*

earthward in cathedral-window beams. Here, the ground is heavily bedded with ferns.

After the trucker tops Chinquapin Pass (6,000 ft.), he noses down for the fifteen miles to the valley floor. His road is hewn, blasted, and tunnelled into solid granite.

Thousands of feet below snakes the Merced river, a clear running stream except during a few warm spring days.

One of the first, and finest, views of the Valley hits the driver as he emerges from Wawona tunnel. Framed in the shadowed granite of its mouth is much that goes to make the Yosemite. There, in the silent hazeless dawn, are the cliffs, the falls and the fir and sugar-pine forests.

By 6 a.m. the teamster is serving as a grand-scale milkman. Dairy products of all kinds, the milk in special dust-proof cartons, are in time for the breakfast tables of all but the earliest rising visitors and residents. The route includes the Old Village Store, Yosemite Lodge, Camp Curry, and the renowned Ahwahnee Hotel.

By contriving to keep the cargo below 42 degrees, Borden's has solved the problem of self-lifting bottle caps and expanding containers. High altitude and low pressure had previously made it necessary to put but four and one-half gallons of ice cream in a five gallon can. That was simple enough. But the law demands a full pint of milk in every pint bottle and twice as much in every quart. Therein lay the problem.

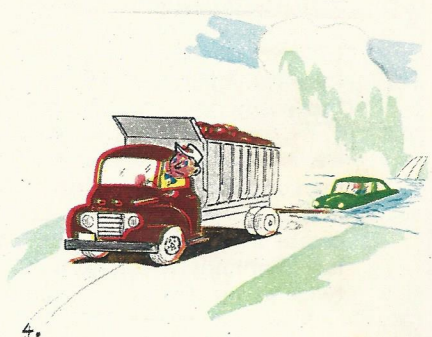
Now, when the insulated trucks return to Fresno their twin, built-in compressors are plugged in and the temperature is pulled down to 32 degrees. Holding plates then see to it that the milk is delivered the next day at 40 to 42 degrees.

Sub-alpine Yosemite has three seasons—a blue and silver winter of storms and sparkling calms; an ever-fresh spring-time; and a mellow Indian summer.

An efficient National Park Service, its rangers as helpful as London bobbies, has made the Valley accessible to all. Rock climber, skier, fisherman, loafer or maiden aunt, Yosemite is all things to all people. From a groundsheet, a blanket, and trout in a pan to a royal suite, a golf course and excellent cuisine; from Arlberg straps to a permanent; Yosemite has it.

All of this plus the freshest of widely-traveled milk, delivered over the world's most scenic route. ■

←*Awahnee Hotel and Half Dome*



FILIPPO

Stories of the Road



DRIVERS on West Virginia runs may have heard this story the natives tell of the days when Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, and John Burroughs were making their famous vacation trips. In this instance the four friends were driving through Tucker county when Firestone noticed a country store displaying a Firestone tire sign.

He went in and introduced himself to the storekeeper, who simply stared at him. Just then Henry Ford walked in and Firestone said, "No doubt you have a Ford car. This is Henry Ford who makes them." The storekeeper still looked and said nothing. About that time Edison came in and Firestone continued, saying, "This is Thomas Edison who invented the electric light and the phonograph."

The storekeeper, edging away from the three, walked over to the window where he spotted Burroughs with his long white whiskers sitting in the car. The storekeeper turned to Firestone and said, "I reckon you'll tell me next that the old bird out in the car is Santy Claus."

—MAURICE BROOKS, Morgantown, W. Va.

* * *



DAVE HAMMOND tells this story and you know Dave. I never could get him to say it really happened—or it didn't. Anyway, he says he was coming out of Peoria one day when he saw another rig stopped off the road. It was a big ten-wheel semi-trailer whose motor had conked out. Dave pulled up to see if he could help.

When he got up to the front end he saw this other jockey was kneeling down fooling with a little brown and white fox terrier. He'd made a small harness out of string, had it hooked to his front axle and was tying it around the dog. Dave did a double take.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "What's the dog for?"

"I'm stuck," the other joe said. "I gotta get out of here."

Dave waited a minute, then said, "Well, hell, you don't expect that little dog to pull that rig, do you?"

"Why not?" the driver said. "I got a whip, ain't I?"

—A. FONTAINE, Greenvale, N. Y.

THE FORD TRUCK TIMES will pay \$25 each for acceptable stories of your experiences while hauling here and there about the U. S. The funnier the better, but we won't turn down tear jerkers. Whatever it is, keep it under 200 words and mail it to: Editor, Ford Truck Times, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan.





photographs by Cliff Taylor

Rainbow Farmer

HOTELS and restaurants in Pittsburgh, Salt Lake City, St. Louis or New Orleans can serve choice rainbow trout less than 25 minutes out of their native Colorado mountain water, thanks to the enterprise of Horace G. Frantz, pictured on the opposite page.

Frantz is the owner of the Frantzhurst Rainbow Trout Company, a large fish farm at Salida, Colorado, producing hundreds of thousands of pounds of that delicacy each year. Plopping the live rainbow out into a distant kitchen isn't as miraculous as it sounds—it's accomplished with Frantz's specially aerated containers, necessary for the delivery of a live product because trout die in still water.

Hungry trout churn the water of one of the Frantzhurst lakes as an F-7 load of ground beef is thrown to them. →

He uses the containers for shipping big orders—sometimes as many as 30,000 fish—bought by sportsmen for stocking private streams. One such order was from a Texas refrigerator manufacturer who unfortunately put his fish into a stream that was too warm to support trout. Undaunted by their loss, he announced that he would refrigerate the stream to the correct temperature.

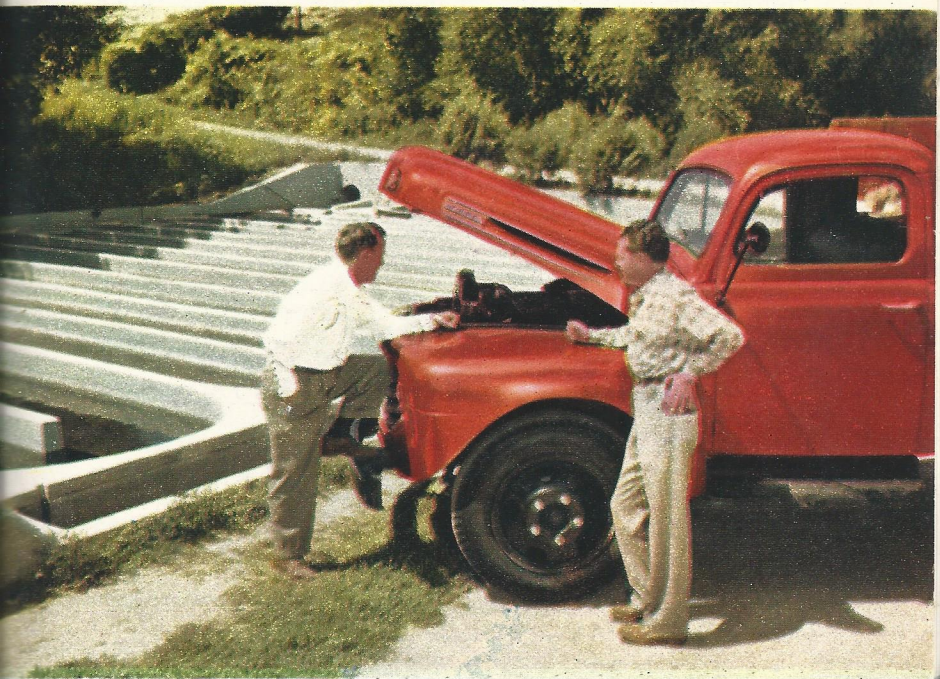
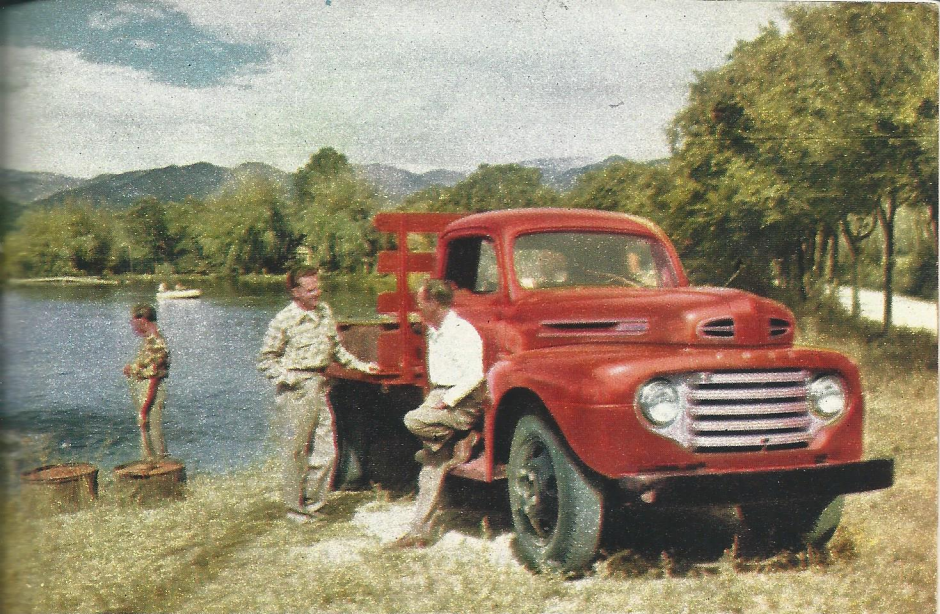
The eggs and sperm are stripped from the parent fish in the dark of a shed, mixed, and placed in mesh trays. After 30 days in 52 degree water, the fish hatch, and a month later have grown large enough to go into outside concrete pools. As the fish grow larger they are moved from pool to pool until they reach market size, between nine and one-half and 12½ inches.

Frantz keeps about 1,000 females and 500 males, weighing between two and 10 pounds, for breeding purposes. His entire rainbow population of several million eats well over a ton of food a day, the fare consisting of ground beef lungs, beans, alfalfa meal and puffed rice.

Many Frantzhurst rainbows are dressed and packed in ice at the farm for shipment to wholesale and individual customers. Among the latter is a long list of notables of stage, screen, government and business who regularly dine on Frantz's fish. And Frantzhurst trout have appeared on White House menus during the terms of Presidents Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt and Truman. ■

THE Frantzhurst trout story is one of a number of unusual businesses which employ Ford Trucks daily and which are the subjects of the current advertising campaign appearing in national magazines.

Frantz, left, talking with Bob Allphin, his Ford dealer, at the side of rearing pools where thousands of trout are growing. →



The Show Was on the Road

by Burgess H. Scott

illustrations by Cal Dunn

FOR THE FIRST TIME in eight years the American Road Builders Association held their big Road Show in Chicago.

Contributing to the sprawling exhibit were more than 300 American manufacturers who sent \$25,000,000 worth of equipment designed to push, shove, haul, dig, and move the earth, and other machines to mix, transport, hoist, pour, and finish concrete.

The lumbering, near-frightening big-time construction machinery converged on Chicago in more than 1,000 freight cars and hundreds of trucks. Some units came under their own power. When finally set up for opening day, July 16, the Road Show exhibits covered 30 acres of Soldier Field.

From that day through Saturday, July 24, thousands on thousands of builders, contractors, earth movers and other dignitaries of the construction world wandered blissfully through the show. There were builders from every part of the world, and the show officials provided teams of interpreters to greet each in his own tongue.

Also happily milling in the throng were other thousands, representatives of that faithful adjunct of the construction game, the kibitzers, sometimes called "sidewalk superintendents." It is for these worshipers of the steam shovel that many of the contractors represented have already started building bleachers overlooking each scene of operation.





Included in the exhibits were tremendous hill-nudging machines with tires big enough for several men to curl up inside; self-loading earth scrapers that can gnaw off $27\frac{1}{2}$ cubic yards of the earth's surface each try; snow fighters that would make about two and one-half Sherman tanks, with cab built for a six-man crew and power enough to shove an iceberg aside if it happened to get on a highway. Also demonstrated was a "handie talkie", based on the famed walkie talkie of World War II fame, with a radius of more than two miles for talking between all parts of a big construction project, thus saving the expense of setting up telephone lines.

The show was far from static. In one playful gesture, several big construction companies warmed up a few of their Paul Bunyan super-whoppers and laid 18,000 square yards of soil-cement paving for Chicago's new Northerly Island airport. All the airport got out of it was a new plane parking strip 280 feet wide, 600 feet long, and six inches thick.

The Ford Motor Company had an exhibit of 11 of its trucks, from the big F-8 down to the pick-up, and including a '49er station wagon, all in charge of its "bonus built gal," Miss Gloria West, who cheerfully parried all questions asked her. Cal Dunn, Chicago artist, sent his impressions of the show in the painting above and in the cartoon at left. ■

Rolling the Roads

by Dod Stoddard

illustrations by C. H. Roberts



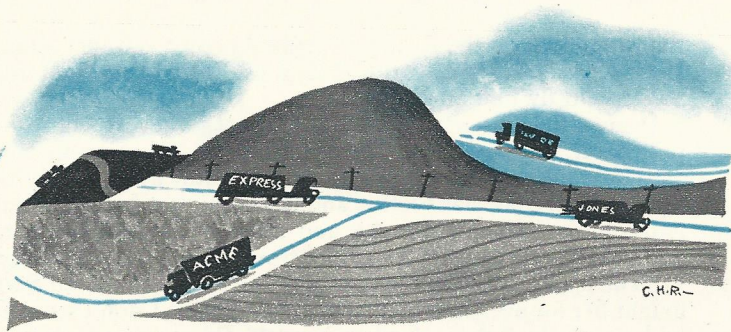
"I GOT an ol' kidney buster of a museum piece to drive," Lew Harker said. "For brakes she's got the best cop callers in town."

"When I beach her, she sighs an' leans against the slab shoulder like a lovesick gal at the movies. Her steering wheel's a thumb buster an' for a guy who learned to double kick before he could walk, I can grind more gears than my aunt from Hoboken."

"I take it, Lew" I grinned at him, "You are mildly discontented with your pneumonia sedan."

"On the contrary," he comes back. "I love every loose joint in her. I'm on a pension run. I fill her with push water, button her up, shake down the ashes and we go sailing off as quiet as a fife an' drum corps. I'm crying because the boss double-crossed a junkie into buying her by weight!"

* * *



In case you don't know it, nearly four out of ten rigs have ten years behind them. And no one is very happy about it.

The war in Europe started in '38 for the truck business. That was the year after we passed the 4,000,000 mark in registrations and, except for the war, we could have replaced the older 2,000,000 by the early 40's.

Thus the number of old crates, in proportion to new models, had nearly eight long years to gain. It will be 1952 before we can hope to see most of the gear jammers in these living-room cabs with all the comforts of home.

So maybe it's lucky that we get sentimental about the old familiar things—it's all some of us have. That's human nature. It's also human nature to gripe, but sometimes we gripe about the little things more than the big.



I remember one time in Bakersfield when Stan Mikowski came in for a few pounds of light refreshment about two in the morning.

He was driving a double tank rig out of Los Angeles. Up on

the long grade on the Ridge his air brakes on the trailer let go. We'd already heard about it. A light outfit had beat Stan into Bakersfield by half an hour.

It must have been a marvelous piece of jockeying that Stan pulled off. The guy right behind him saw what happened.

"His trailer started to come around on him when he hit the brakes. Stan must have felt it and acted mighty fast," the guy had told us. "He got straight, and then he wobbled the front and just enough to keep the trailer from going into a jackknife."

"The load was really too much for one set of brakes but Stan fought her for every bit of leeway he could get. I don't see why he isn't piled up there dead in a gulch. I'd rather try to steer a bull alligator on a tight wire over Niagara than to go through what he did."

Seems that Stan got her off the grade without a scratch.

Now when he came in, do you think he was white and shaking? Or do you think he was humble and thankful for his miraculous delivery?

He was not any of both. He was sore as a muzzled mule.

"Drat it!" Stan said in all six of the four-letter words. "It's things like that that make me wish I was a ribbon clerk."

"Here I am, dyin' for a good supper and that so-and-so and such-and-such of a set of brakes push me past every good joint on the road at fifty five an hour!"

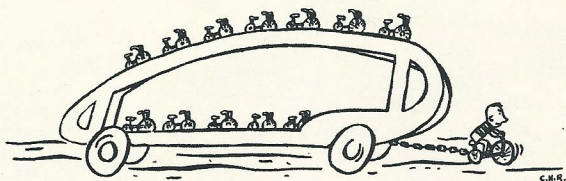
* * *

See what I mean. Sitting there shaking hands with St. Peter, Old Stan's mind isn't on the glory and the guts he's putting into his driving. He's just grouching. And thinking of his gut, singular.



The Three Ages of Hector Haulaway

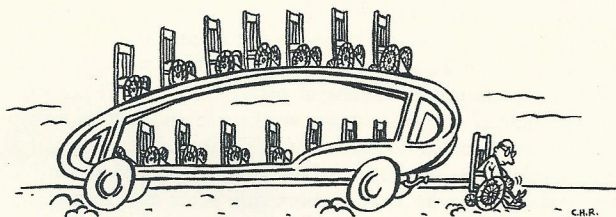
by C. H. Roberts



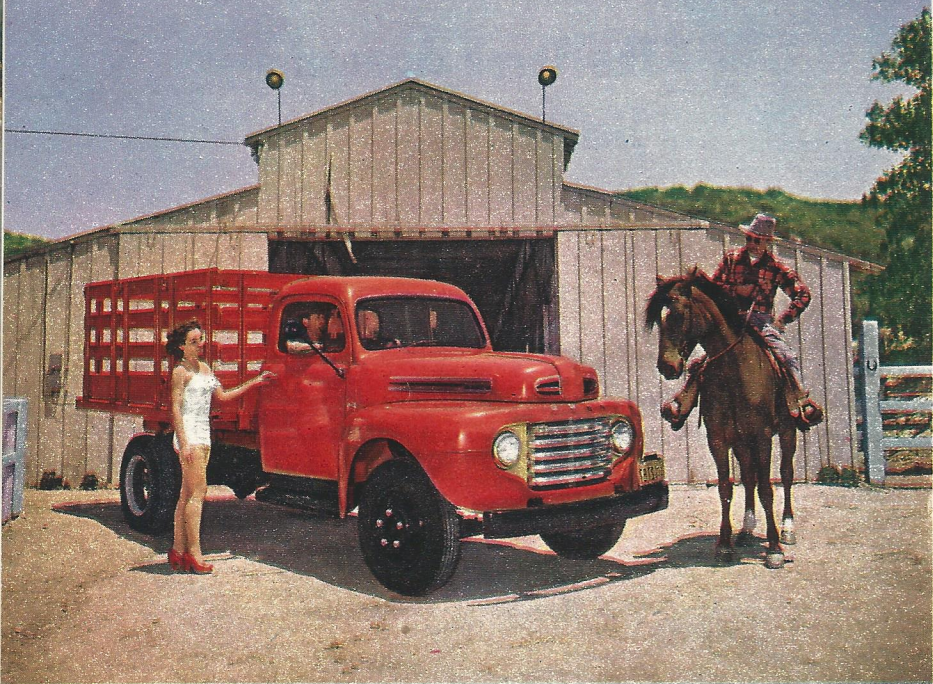
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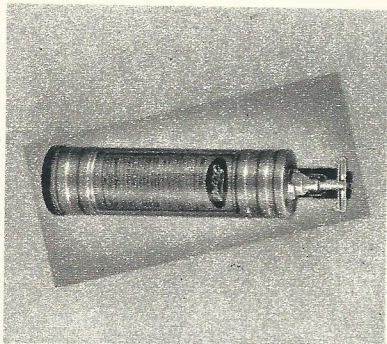
courtesy Galpin Motors, San Francisco, Calif.

Transportation Old and New

ABOVE we see grouped several of our many forms of transportation, spanning centuries in the development of the art of moving from one place to another. For instance, the young lady at the left represents one of the earliest forms: walking. Then, years later, the procedure was vastly improved by sitting astride a horse, as demonstrated by the rancher and his mount at right. We move many more years ahead when we view the F-3 stake job in the center. But this only touches the untold means of transportation. There are clever methods such as the monocycle, strange methods such as the kangaroo pouch, aimless methods such as the merry-go-round. It is even possible to go places on whaleback, as proved recently by the Maine fisherman who took a short ride after the animal upset his lobster boat. If the young lady were anywhere near the water, she could probably demonstrate yet another means: swimming. ■

You Might As Well Be Comfortable

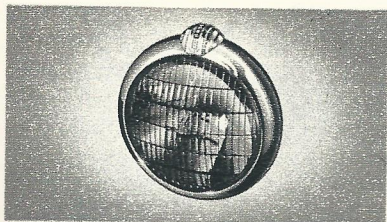
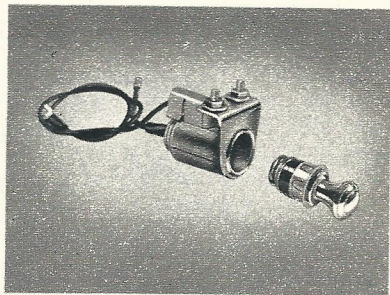
HERE are more of the broad line of Ford truck accessories, designed to give the driver additional safety, comfort, and convenience:



FORD FIRE EXTINGUISHER

—A sure cure for fuel, paint or electrical fires. Throws for 30 feet a concentrated stream which vaporizes and expands into a non-combustible, smothering layer of gas.

→
ILLUMINATED AUTOMATIC CIGARETTE LIGHTER — A pop-out model with illuminated socket so you don't have to grope about in the dark to return it after the fag's lit. Goes in all 1942 through 1948 trucks.



SEALED BEAM ROAD LAMPS

—Fit all 1948 Ford trucks. These provide powerful driving beams, and are hermetically sealed to keep out dust, air, and moisture. Unit is complete—no extra parts to buy.

Are You In A State— Which One?

ON THIS PAGE we have drawn some possible sign posts each of which contains the names of towns in one of our States. Can you tell by the names on each sign post which State it is in? Answers on next page.



THE truck drivers' lingo varies throughout the nation and is a growing language. Have you heard these?

Scow with tag-along—*big truck-trailer outfit*. Cackle crate—*poultry truck*. Carrying load of post holes—*running empty*. Frogging—*slipping clutch with full throttle*. Armstrong starter—*hand engine crank*.

Make a Beeline from Missouri

This is a test on how familiar you are with the map of your own country. Imagine yourself in MISSOURI. Your task now is to make a beeline from MISSOURI to the 10 states listed below by crossing only one other state in order to arrive at your destination. How many of the states through which you will have to pass can you identify correctly? (A state may appear more than once.) Score of 9-10 states correct is excellent; 7-8 good; 6 average. Answers below.

From	Through	To
1. Missouri	_____	Minnesota
2. Missouri	_____	(Lake) Michigan
3. Missouri	_____	Ohio
4. Missouri	_____	West Virginia
5. Missouri	_____	North Carolina
6. Missouri	_____	Georgia
7. Missouri	_____	Alabama
8. Missouri	_____	Louisiana
9. Missouri	_____	New Mexico
10. Missouri	_____	Wyoming

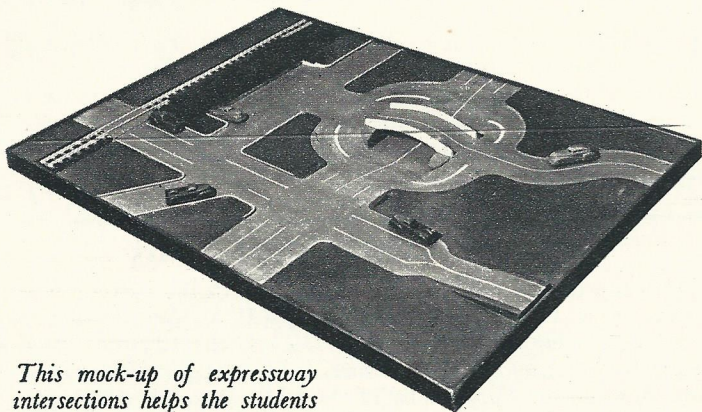
ANSWERS

Are You in a State—Which One?

1. New Jersey
2. Louisiana
3. Illinois

Make a Beeline from Missouri

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Iowa | 6. Tennessee |
| 2. Illinois | 7. Tennessee |
| 3. Kentucky | 8. Arkansas |
| 4. Kentucky | 9. Oklahoma |
| 5. Tennessee | 10. Nebraska |



This mock-up of expressway intersections helps the students solve highway traffic problems.

School for Short Haulers

IT'S NOT NEWS that many companies, engaged in long-haul trucking, have done splendid jobs in training their drivers in safety, vehicle handling, and maintenance.

But it is less usual when a company institutes such training among its own truck drivers who operate almost wholly within the plant gates. For some time now many of Ford's over 350 Rouge plant drivers in the Transportation Department have been taking an intensive training course, conducted by the company's Training Department, aimed at reducing injuries and vehicle damage, and schooling the men in safety, first aid, maintenance, and road courtesy.

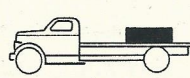
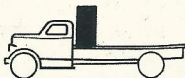
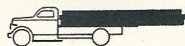
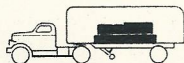
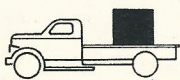
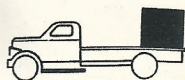
Only a few of these 350 drivers drive outside the Rouge grounds, and then only for short hauls.

Part of the course is in the classroom, carried on by lectures, movies, and special equipment to test the student's vision, depth perception and other faculties. In the near future the Training Department plans to add to the school an obstacle course similar to the one used in the annual national truck drivers' Rodeo. In going through the obstacle course, the student will drive his heavy tractor-trailer rig between up-rights set only inches wider than the truck, maneuver

ALWAYS CHECK WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION OF CARGO

Wrong

Right



the big unit into tight parking places, and back it up to cramped loading dock areas.

At present two classes of about 10 men each go through the training course every week. After all of the drivers now employed have received their certificates, it is planned to have newly employed drivers go through the course before taking over their trucks, another example of the emphasis now being placed on safe driving throughout the country.

← This is one of the charts that illustrate points of the driver-training lectures.

AVOID HAVING YOUR VEHICLE IN THE GARAGE FOR REPAIRS

Because of:

Jackrabbit starts.

Sudden stops.

Speeding.

Improperly shifting gears.

Rounding curves at excessive speeds.

Rubbing curbs.

→
Daily
reminder
carried
by each
graduate.

DRIVER RESPONSIBILITIES

1. Cooperate at points of departure and destination.
 2. Check your cargo for:
 - a. Proper weight distribution
 - b. Overload
 - c. Security of load
 3. Be courteous on the road by:
 - a. Sharing the road
 - b. Observing the laws
 - c. Watching for pedestrians
 - d. Cooperating with the police
 4. Keep your vehicle in good condition by checking it before and after driving.
- Over 230 motor vehicle accidents reported daily in Detroit alone.

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Importance to Drivers*

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_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____