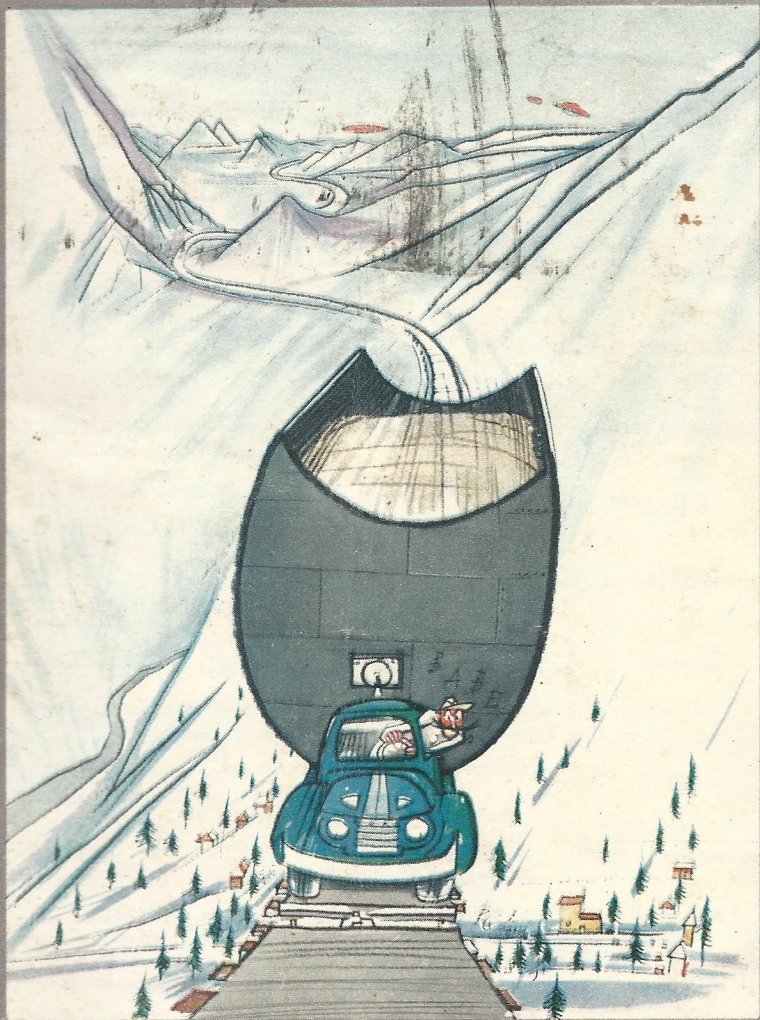


FORD TRUCK TIMES

march-april 1949



Paul Bunyan versus The Speed Limit

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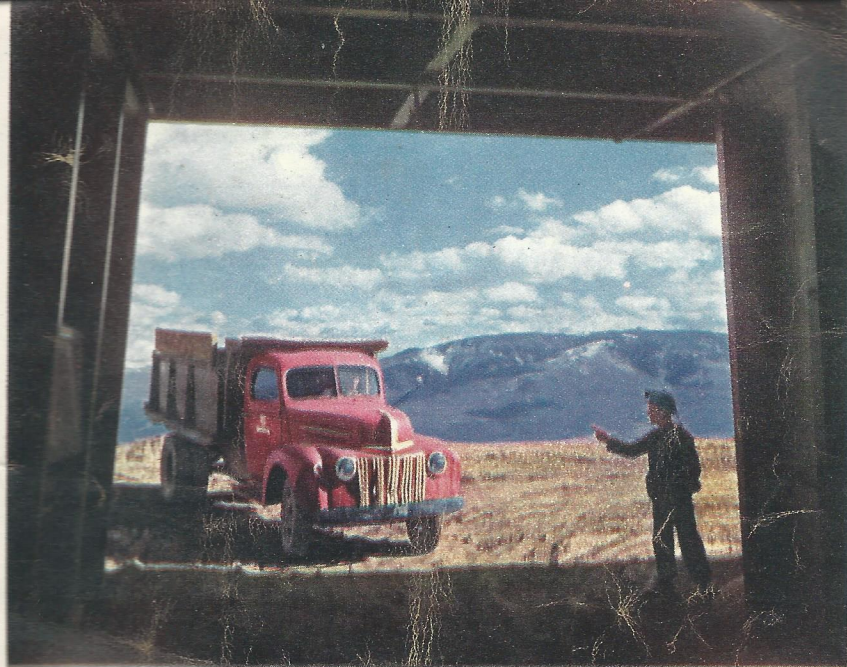
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Don't let them scare you about—

TOMORROW'S GASOLINE

*by Joyce Rockwell Muench
photographs by Josef Muench*

A FARMER in northwestern Colorado once built a fireplace of rocks hauled down from the cliffs above his fields. The strong, gray rock, with mahogany-like markings looked good against the wood of his home. But when he built the first fire, the rocks began to burn as well and the whole house went up in smoke. The unfortunate man had used shale from the Green River Formation and

by applying heat had unlocked the oil stored in it—shale oil—the future hope of a fuel-hungry world.

When the last barrel of petroleum has been pumped from our oil fields, this country will still have on tap many billions of barrels of recoverable shale oil—more potential fuel than has yet been used in peace and war, since petroleum was first pumped

A driller stands by the oil shale wall and examines drill points that will make holes 14 feet into the rock. Enough explosive is packed into the holes to blast out more than 1,000 tons of shale. →

out of the earth.

This oil, unlike petroleum, is not found in a free state and although probably the most extensive and richest deposits in the world occur in northwestern Colorado, Wyoming and Utah, we have as yet no shale-oil industry. But we are looking to the future. Since 1925 the Department of the Interior—working through its Bureau of Mines, has been studying the problem. In 1944 the Shale Oil Demonstration Plant was established near Rifle, Colorado. Here, questions are being answered which may sometime serve as the foundations for an industry which will make the United States the foremost producer of this vital fuel.

The complete community, with its own water supply, an electric plant, telephone service and work shops, includes the neat ellipse of the Anvil Points housing project, in green-lawn settings.

Soaring three thousand feet above the river and five miles by the switchbacking road, is the mine. Although the oil-shale occurs at levels from about five thousand to eight thousand feet above sea level, it must be mined by this underground operation. How it can best be done at the least

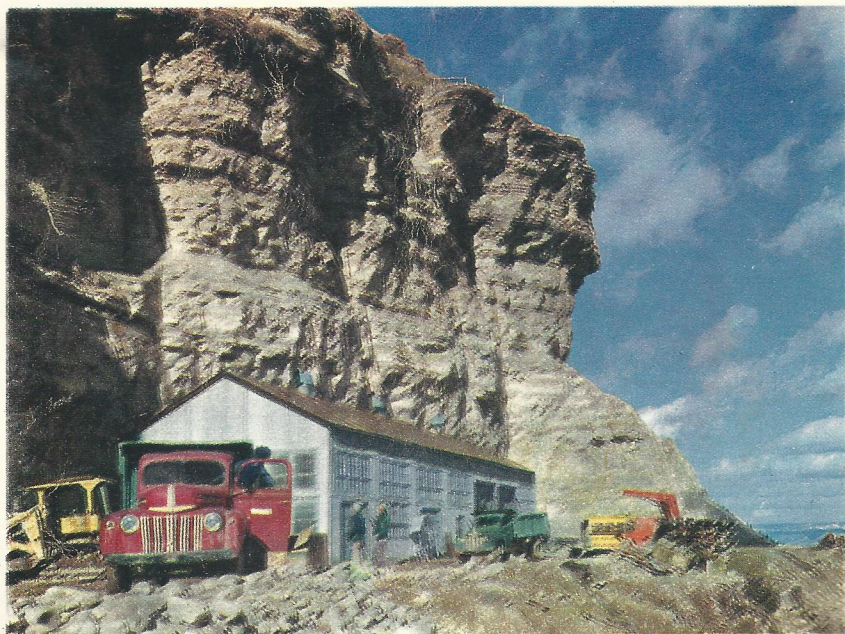
cost, and by what processes converted into liquid fuels, are the concern of all the two hundred and fifty employees at the plant.

Cut at different levels through the seventy-foot depth which has been chosen for study as most profitable in commercial exploitation, are stopes or rooms from which can be taken varying grades of oil shale. Ten beds, designated from A to I yield shale for different studies. The four foot beds of E and F average over fifty gallons to the ton, and the average of the seventy-foot thick section is thirty gallons.

Reversing the method of the farmer with his fireplace, a fire is built on top of the shale with a draft sucking air downward. As the rock is heated, shale oil and vapor moves out, to be drawn away for processing, leaving bits of carbon which burn, carrying the heat through the charge within sixteen to twenty hours. The bottom grate is swung open and the spent slag is discharged with dust and flames—a brief display of fireworks. Spraying cools it enough to allow tractors to move in and push it off the edge into a canyon.

Back up at the mine, work is going on in the huge underground quarry. Everything here is on a

This demonstration plant high in the mountains of Northwestern Colorado is operated by the Bureau of Mines for studying the mining of rock containing kerogen, a substance which can be made into fuel oil. →



Oil shale ore, brought down 3,000 feet by trucks over a switchbacking road, is crushed here and taken by conveyor to the tall retorts → in which it is processed into the various petroleum fuels and oils.

commercial scale in rooms 27 feet high and 60 feet wide, that will soon be a network of "streets" supported by 60-foot square pillars of unblasted rock to keep the Roan Cliffs from coming in on the three-yard shovel and the elaborate drilling machine.

Four drills that have amazing mobility make eleven and a half foot holes at different points up the face of rock, puncturing the wall to make ready for men on rising platforms who ram powder charges in, and then leave before the current sets off the blast. A thousand tons fall with a dull roar. The next shift of workers put the big shovel to work, loading the procession of trucks.

New as the oil-shale mining is to this country, it has been well developed in other parts of the world. France began work on it in 1838, Scotland in 1859, Australia in 1860. In Estonia and Sweden, oil was obtained from shales soon after the close of the first world war. Manchuria has done it on the largest scale on the globe beginning in 1929. It may even be that fuel used in the attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese came from this source. There are immense deposits, too, in Germany. The Nazis began to develop

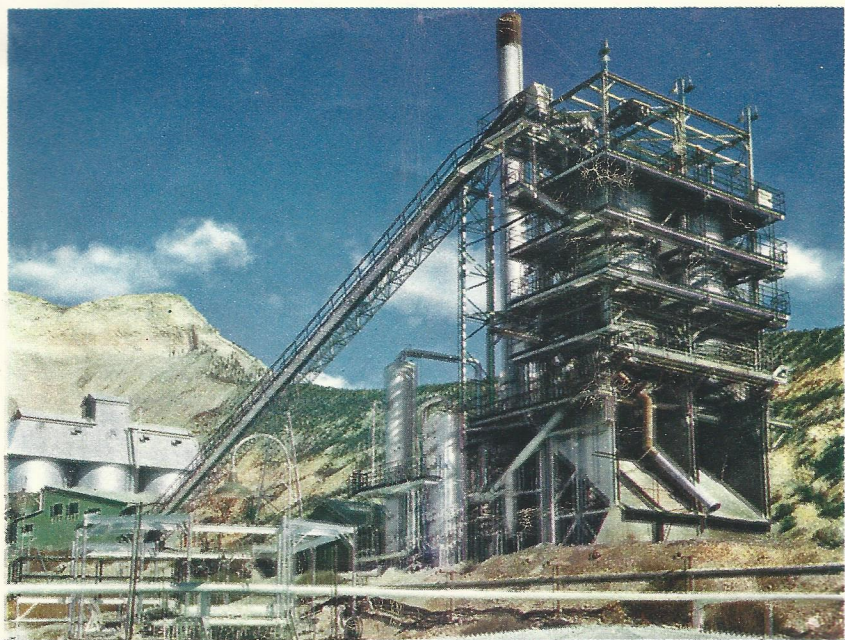
them in 1943 and by VE Day were conducting large-scale operations to supply their mechanized units. If our own supply of petroleum had not offered a cheaper way to produce oil, the United States would have turned to it long ago.

Because these shales, found in different parts of the world, differ greatly in their composition, they cannot all be handled in the same manner. Engineers from our Bureau of Mines have visited plants throughout the world to study all the processes in use. Knowledge gleaned from many sources is being put to use by keen minds.

Kerogen is the organic substance from which the oil is rescued. It is solid and no known solvent affects it, but 925 degrees Fahrenheit gives it "the vapors" that form shale oil upon condensation.

Already various oil companies are assisting in experiments, buying up land here and there, and watching with interest for the time when shale oil can enter the family of American industries. And the Oil Shale Demonstration Plant in Colorado is forging out the tools we will need to "dig up" oil for the wheels of tomorrow's industry. ■

A closer view of the retorts which extract oil from the rock. The ore is kept in storage bins at left and is conveyed into the retorts in → charges of 40 tons each. Recovered oil is measured and further processed.





Paul Bunyan

versus

the Speed Limit

by William Hazlett Upson
illustrations by R. Osborn

ONE OF Paul Bunyan's most famous jobs was on the great Hidden Valley Dam. This dam was constructed far up in the Rocky Mountains at the end of a 100-mile branch railroad line. The country around the dam site was so rugged there was no place for any machinery. So the engineers built the concrete mixing plant 100 miles away in the valley, and they bought thousands of tons of special portland cement guaranteed not to harden for several hours.

After the forms were set up they started hauling the wet grout in hopper cars on the railroad to the dam site. Right away they ran into trouble. The top speed of a railroad train on the branch line was 50 mph. It took two hours from the mixer to the dam site. And they found that during this two hours the concrete set into a solid block in each car. The cement was not as represented. And the company that made it had gone bankrupt, so there was no recourse.

Everyone was filled with consternation. Buying new cement

or trying to move the mixing plant would have been ruinously expensive. They appealed to Paul Bunyan. They told him that besides the railroad there was a public highway a hundred miles long between the mixer and the dam site. They asked Paul if he could soup up his truck Babe so it would run at 100 mph, and transport the concrete grout from the mixer to the forms in one hour flat. Their tests had shown that this would get it there before it set.

Paul said he could easily soup up his truck to run that fast—or even more. But he refused because he was a good citizen and did not consider such speeds safe on a public highway. He promised, however, that he would study the matter and figure some other solution.

While Paul was considering and finally rejecting an elaborate plan for an air lift, Loud Mouth Johnson came along and haughtily announced that he would do the job. The dam engineers joyfully accepted his offer, and he set to work with tremendous energy and plenty of publicity. Every day he would give a speech over the radio explaining to the population of the whole region how he was bringing in a special oversized truck, powered by a special high-compression turbo-super-charged 24-cylinder motor and capable of exactly 100 mph. Unfortunately for him, Loud Mouth Johnson had forgotten one important factor.

On his first trip he was flagged down by the State Police and fined \$50 for exceeding the speed limit. When he boasted he would go ahead anyway and pay \$50 each trip, the cops slapped an injunction on him. He appealed to the Governor for a special permit—which was denied. He attempted to carry the case to the Supreme Court—and lost. His whole project was blocked.

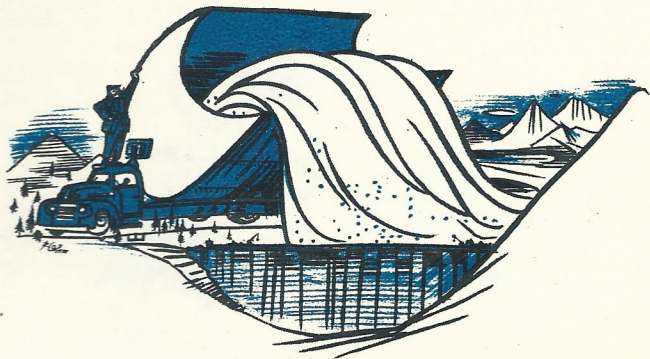


At this point Paul Bunyan notified the engineers that he had finally figured out a plan. If they would load his truck at the mixer, he promised to cover the hundred miles to the dam site in one hour, and do it without driving faster than 50 miles per hour. The engineers said this was impossible.

Loud Mouth Johnson heard about it and let out a laugh so loud you could hear it hundreds of miles away—which, after all, was not too remarkable because he was talking over the radio at the time. He bet Paul \$100,000 he couldn't fulfil his promise. People all over the country began talking about this bet. One of the big public opinion organizations took a national poll on the question. Ninety-nine percent of the population said Paul couldn't win. As these polls are always infallible it was obvious that Paul was attempting the impossible.

However, Paul went ahead. He ordered enough flat cars to make a railroad train 50 miles long, with enough engines to pull it to the rate of 50 mph. He ran it up the track and stopped it with the rear end at the mixer and the front end halfway to the dam site. He equipped Babe with a dump-body almost as big as an ocean liner, and oversized tires which could roll from one flat car to the next without the wheels dropping down in the space between. Next he loaded Babe on the rear end of the train facing forward, and had them dump a load of mixed grout into the enormous oversized body. Then he and the train started simultaneously.

At the end of one hour Paul and his truck had reached the front end of the train, and the front end of the train had reached the dam site. Without driving Babe faster than 50 mph, Paul had covered 100 miles in one hour. And the \$100,000 he got from Loud Mouth Johnson paid for the freight train. It was just as simple as that. ■



Stories of the Road

THE FORD TRUCK TIMES will pay \$25 each for true stories of humorous or unusual incidents you have observed while hauling about the country. The funnier the better, but we won't turn down tear jerkers. Keep your offering under 200 words and mail to: Editor, Ford Truck Times, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. If you want your story returned, you must enclose postage.

I TURNED OUT to be a chicken thief and even surprised myself. It all happened when I made a delivery to a chicken farm and noticed three chickens running around loose.

It was getting dark, and I could only catch two and return them to the coop. The next morning, when I was making another delivery, I found the missing chicken under my truck.

It must have roosted on the axle housing of the truck the night before where it stayed while I drove through a windy rain storm. I fed the chicken, which did not look too good after that windy ride—and returned it to the farm the following week.

—Walter Rabe, Richmond Hill, New York

* * *

MY UNCLE, Brown Chandler, who lived on his farm in the northern part of Logan County, Kentucky, had almost supernatural strength in his big legs. One day, just after a big rain, Uncle Brown was plodding along the muddy road when he came upon a stalled truck. The owner of the truck, and his son, neighbors of my uncle, had a load of logs on the truck, and they had done everything they could think of to get the truck to go with no success.

"Climb up there and start your engine," Uncle Brown ordered. Then my uncle lay down, flat on his back in the mud, put his feet against the back axle, and pushed with all his might. Slowly, but surely, the truck sloshed out onto better ground.

—Margaret Chandler, Bowling Green, Kentucky

* * *

I DRIVE for Barton & Robison Convoy Company—we distribute Fords to all Ford dealers in Oklahoma. In 1938 I was delivering a load of cars to the dealer at Erick. Around one a.m. my headlights went out, and I was trying hard to make it to the next town for repairs. The only light I could get was by crawling on top of my haulaway and turning on the headlights of my top car, which were about 12 feet up.

I saw a car coming, then I saw it take to the bar ditch like greased lightning. I stopped to see if anyone was hurt and saw two men crawling out. The one who was driving said to me, "Buddy, I just told Joe here if that thing is as wide as it is high, we'll never make it by."

—N. F. Elsten, Marietta, Oklahoma





*"Now, Sir, please observe this
list of her Bonus Built features!"*



SLINGSHOT HUNTSMEN

by Noel Jordan

photographs by J. P. Breeden, Jr. and Robert MacKenzie

WHEN John ("Slingshot") Milligan came to Detroit to work at Ford's from "a little wide space in the road near Marysville, Tennessee"—this was back in '29—he brought an idea with him. In fact, it was more than an idea; it was a strong conviction.

He was convinced that the old

forked-hickory slingshot he had used as a boy in school could be made into a real hunting weapon. He saw it as a strong rival to the bow and arrow for sportsmen who wanted to give their quarry a fighting chance.

Since then Slingshot Milligan has gone a long way toward prov-

Reprinted from October '48 FORD TIMES

ing his point. A club of 35 enthusiastic slingshot hunters is now a recognized unit in the Ford recreation program, an indication that the sport is becoming formalized. The club takes turn-about with the rifle-men and the bowmen on the range.

Milligan's chief contribution to the sport, aside from his enthusiasm, is the Milligan Special—a 7-ounce alloy aluminum crotch with a special gum rubber band 11 inches long, which is good for some 1600 shots. He has applied for a patent.



The ammunition is fully as important as the sling. For hunting, the club uses a $\frac{7}{16}$ lead ball which is heavier than the steel ball-bearing normally used for target practice. The true flight of one of these balls is a thrill to anyone accustomed to the erratic course of a pebble from a homemade slingshot.

Slingshot Milligan claims the following kills: 300 rabbits, 200 squirrels, numerous crows, pheasants, ground-hogs, frogs, and an occasional snake. He has shot with the Detroit police at their pistol range, scoring 87% average at a distance of 30 feet. Following

this demonstration, police enlisted his aid in ridding the Detroit City Airport of pigeons which were interfering with the scheduled flights.

The slingshot, more than any other weapon, puts a premium on continuous practice. There are no gun-sights and no arrow for sighting. It is all hip-shooting.

You can practice at home, according to Milligan. Just take an old piece of medium-weight canvas about 7x6 feet and throw it over a clothes line in the backyard, or over a water pipe in the basement.

"Let the bottom end hang loosely, and practice shooting at a marked target in the center," he advises. "The balls will drop harmlessly and uninjured to the floor." He advises 15 minutes practice three times a week for three weeks in preparation for a hunting trip.

Milligan took time out from his job the first six months of the year to travel through the United States and Canada with a sportsman's show. He blasted balloons out of the mouth of his wife, who travelled as his assistant. In Pontiac, Michigan he broke 36 out of 36 clay disks at a distance of thirty feet.

"But I'd rather work at Ford's 8 hours a day than with a road show 8 minutes a day," he said. "The strain is too much for me."

Professional sharp shooting is not the same as zipping a spit-ball with a rubber band at a freckled-faced girl across the school-room. In Boston, just as Milligan let

go with a steel ball-bearing, a small boy who had been watching from a stretched-out position on the runway between Milligan and the canvas backstop elected to stand up. The shot missed him by a fraction of an inch. Milligan likes target practice and hunting better than public exhibitions. They're easier on the nerves.

One of the most fascinating things about slingshot hunting is the fact that there are so many records still to be made. Has anyone killed the first fox with this weapon? The first wild duck or goose on the wing?

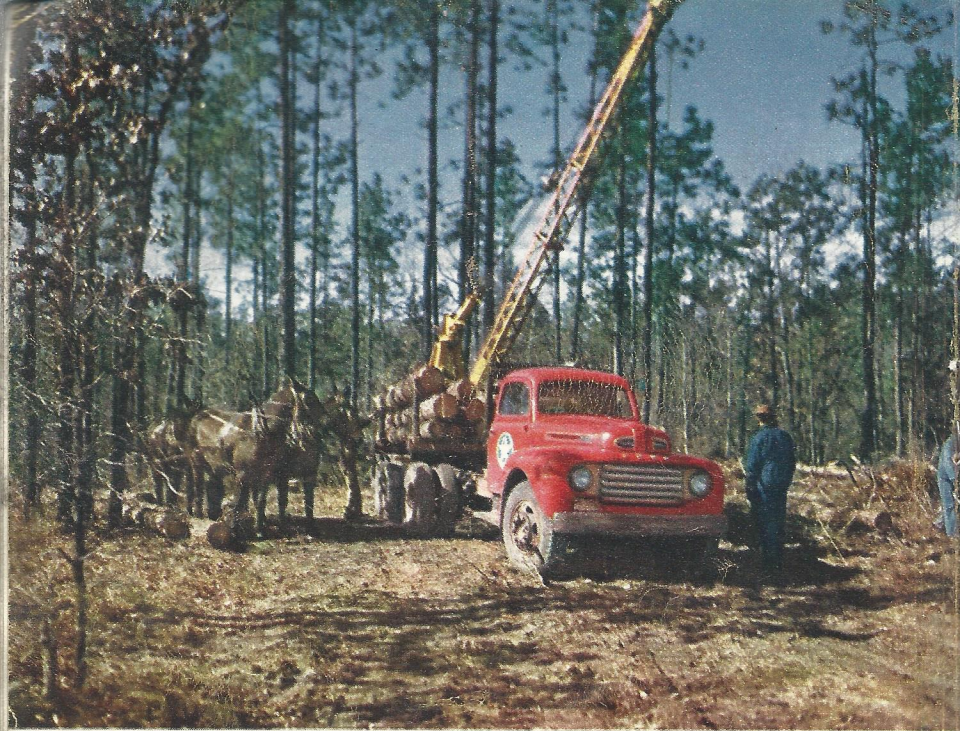
The silence of the slingshot has advantages, too. One man is going to try partridge hunting in the

north woods with a gun-shy setter.

The club hunts small game in the fall and varmints—especially crows—the rest of the year. Crows, when they flock up, will attack a stuffed owl en masse, making a fine target for the hunters concealed below the decoy. When hunting with a crow-call the men use the stalking method—take a step and wait—take a step and wait.

“The slingshot is an interesting weapon, and provides a good, clean sport,” Milligan insists. “There is no reason why it shouldn't have an honorable place in recreation. It is quiet and inexpensive. All emphasis is on skill. Try it and see.” ■





Mules which haul lumber into the clearing are shown above standing by a hoist truck used in loading logs for the mill.

Woodsman-Kill This Tree!

by Franklin Reck

photographs by Joseph S. Daniel

KILLERS are on the loose in the forests of East Texas. Armed with guns and poison, they're stalking the woods by day, claiming victims by the thousands.

They're killers of trees, and their objectives, far from being wanton, is nothing less than the ambitious dream of making forests

last and produce wood forever.

You have to follow them to understand their methods. They travel in pairs, with axes in their belts and alemite guns in their hands, covering step by step the forests of the big lumber companies. They pick their victims with care and consideration.



Paint splotches indicate which trees are to be cut for lumber and which will be killed for the good of the forest.

One of the killers stops. Before him stand two tall pines. His trained eye tells him that their crowns are interfering with each other, and that one of the trees will lose out in the struggle. He pulls the trigger twice, splashing paint on the roots and six feet up the trunk. This tree must go for lumber.

Nearby, the other executioner detects on the trunk of an eighteen-inch pine the telltale holes of the sawfly. This tree has a salvage value, but its future is

dim. Two splashes of paint seal its doom.

Just ahead of them, a scrub oak twenty feet high spreads its sprawling branches over a cluster of baby pines, robbing them of the chance to grow. The forester unsheathes his axe and cuts inch-deep notches close to the roots, all the way round the trunk, while the other man pours in ammonium sulphate crystals.

Next spring the sap will rise, carrying poison up through the tree. No leaves will come out.

Drinking in the sunlight, the young pines will begin to grow. In time, the dead oak branches will fall and the pines will have the field to themselves. Poisoning with ammonium sulphate beats girdling because no shoots will come up to cause future trouble.

The foresters go through the entire tract, traveling up and down in fifty-foot strips. When they've finished, they have marked perhaps one-third of the trees for cutting. After them come the woods crews to take out only the paint-splashed trees. And when the woods crews have departed, there's still a forest left, more open, more evenly spaced, but still a forest.

This calculated, scientific method of cutting is the kind practiced by the most advanced companies, among them the Southern Pines Lumber Company under its chief forester, Kenneth Nelson. It's called selective cutting.

As Nelson explains it, the new idea is to treat your timber like a garden, weeding and thinning it so that the plants you've left will grow faster and bigger.

Southern Pines has large but scattered holdings over perhaps a seventy-five mile-long area surrounding Diboll, Texas. It has divided these holdings into tracts and plans to cut each tract once in ten years, taking out about a third of the timber each time.

Each time it cuts, the company plans to leave behind an improved

forest, spacious, sunlit, and healthy, capable of much faster growth than the random, natural forest planted by Nature. In fact, Nelson not only hopes to supply the mill with its normal needs, but at the same time build up the company's inventory of standing timber from its present 2700 feet per acre to 6000!

In busy years, the company may have to supplement the supply by buying from Government forests or shopping among farmers and their woodlots. Nelson is now trying to sell farmers on selective cutting.

"We go into a man's woodlot and mark about a third of his trees for cutting," he says. "We offer him three hundred. Then a peckerwood outfit comes along and offers six hundred for the entire woodlot. Too often he takes the immediate big money, when he ought to plan on cropping the woodlot every ten years."

Behind perpetual cutting is the motor truck. It would hardly pay to lay logging railroads into all the tracts, then let them rust for ten-year intervals. The truck, with its power, ruggedness, and route-flexibility has made the new method of conservation possible.

Southern Pines has a fleet of eighty Ford trucks, the two and three-tonners carrying up to fifteen tons of logs, the F-8s up to thirty. The excellent road speed of the Fords is vital, since a truck must divide its overhead and driver costs into two trips to the

mill per day. Several F-8s are making two trips from a tract 60 miles from the mill.

Selective cutting isn't a simple cure-all for the depletion of the nation's timber. The same cycle cannot be worked in the slower growing North woods as in the South. Even in the South, such hazards as ice damage, drouth, disease and fire are continually upsetting the forester's dreams.

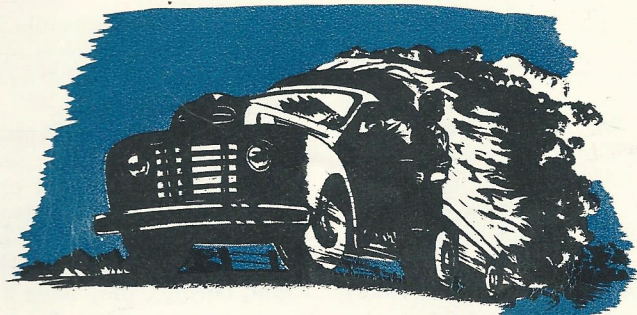
The process began in the middle 'Thirties at the U. S. Forest Service Experimental Station at Crossett, Arkansas. Forward-looking companies that weren't satis-

fied with the old formula of "cut out and get out" took it up. They fully realize that the technique hasn't been perfected.

But, they say, more than half the acreage of all the Southern states (less the Western plains of Texas and Oklahoma) is in timber. With the advantage of good climate, fast growth, and year-round cutting, they have a better chance than anyone else to work out the idea. Given the breaks, maybe the new-style killers of the South, with their alemite guns and poison crystals, can show the nation something. ■

Below is a sample F-8 load (they haul up to 30 tons) of Texas logs. One lumber firm has a fleet of 80 Ford trucks, chosen because of their ability to get around in the woods, and for their speed which makes possible two 120-mile round trips to the mill daily.





decorations by Robert Boston

DRIVER HEROISM

by Henry F. Unger

FLAMES LEAPED six feet into the air from the sides and from the top of the gasoline truck tank. Seated in his home, trucker Robert H. Walker suddenly noticed his blazing truck parked on the congested street.

Instantly, Walker forgot his meal. He ran frenziedly from the house toward the truck. Thoughts rushed through his brain . . . 4,000 gallons of gasoline . . . a film of dust covering the tank . . . an explosion and scores killed . . . he must move the truck.

With a leap, Walker was in the cab, starting the engine. His left foot on the running board and sitting about half-way out of the cab, Walker accelerated the engine. The truck lurched ahead. Walker could smell the shooting

fumes. One arm waved frantically toward the bystanders—warning them to disperse. Seconds turned into an eternity. For 4300 feet Walker continued his dash. Quick glances at the adjoining landscape revealed a diminishing of houses. But Walker wanted to be sure—no lives must be lost.

For 500 more feet Walker raced the truck and then suddenly swerved onto a road where the homes were scattered. Immediately he slammed on the brakes, snapped off the ignition and leaped from the cab. The searing blaze leaped five feet high. Smoke choked Walker as he ran from the inferno to call for help. Firemen came in ten minutes. Fifteen minutes later the front compartment exploded. A sheet of fire rose 250

feet into the air.

Walker's quick thinking joined him to the long line of heroic truck drivers on the famed Carnegie Hero honor roll and won for him the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission's renowned bronze medal and \$500. He had saved the lives of a large number of persons.

On equal heroic footing was Joseph Pomarico. He was meeting his schedule when a sideward glance from the cab of his truck made him gasp. A small boy was flailing his arms in the cold water. He had broken through the ice on Fishkill Creek near Beacon, New York.

Trucker Pomarico didn't deliberate. He slammed on his brakes, jumped from the truck and ran to the stream. He was on the opposite bank. Heavily clothed, Pomarico toe-danced over the ice that extended 10 feet from the bank and

dived, smashing submerged ice one inch thick that extended 15 feet farther from the bank. The shock of the icy water stopped his breath for a second.

Quickly recovering, Pomarico swam for 10 feet and then rose clear of the under-ice and again swam in open water for 85 feet to within 20 feet of the drowning boy. At that moment, the boy submerged again. Trucker Pomarico treaded water. He watched for the boy to rise, without avail. Numb and hampered by his heavy clothing, Pomarico swam back to the ice near his point of entry, but turned back to try the rescue again, almost unconscious from the cold. Then he tried to get out of the water, but each time he slipped back. Finally, a man brought boards and laid them on the ice and pulled out the heroic driver. Pomarico didn't save the boy but



his efforts brought him a Carnegie bronze medal and \$500.

Eldridge Douglass Tanner peered into the distant darkness as he pushed his cornpopper along. A helper sat next to him, and a third man was asleep in a bunk behind the seat. A heavy van was attached to the tractor. The trio was approaching Laurel, Maryland.

Suddenly an approaching automobile swerved at Tanner. Driving instinct made Tanner turn sharply off the highway. The truck smashed into a pole with terrific force. The impact stopped the cornpopper. Tanner was thrown from one door. As he lay there, he saw the inflammable gasoline spill through the damaged tank under the opposite front fender.

For a moment, Tanner cleared his dazed eyes. Flames were entering the opposite door and through an opening at the windshield. Dragging himself toward the truck, Tanner inhaled deeply and held his breath. Plunging into the cab, Tanner grasped his helper's jacket which was ablaze. Yanking him vigorously, Tanner quickly had him on the running board. The


heat was intense, an explosion imminent.

Tanner again entered the truck, although his hands were burned raw. He knelt on a seat, gripped the third man's clothing tightly. With a desperate pull, Tanner yanked his friend from the cab.

Jumping from the cab, Tanner grabbed at the clothing of the inert truckers lying on the ground. Sobs of pain came from Tanner as he dragged the two unconscious men along the uneven ground. He stumbled and pulled until he was exhausted and collapsed. Simultaneously, a tremendous blast of exploding gasoline tore the truck into a million parts. With his remaining strength, Tanner fell upon his comrades to protect them from the flying parts.

Despite his heroic efforts, Tanner could not save his trucker friends. For his superb life-saving attempt, however, he was awarded a Carnegie Hero medal and \$500. In addition, he receives disablement benefits for his two impaired arms.

Truckers Walker, Pomarico and Tanner were brave men with courage to spare when needed. ■



MARTHA STEWART, nominated by Twentieth Century Fox as the Bonus Built Girl-of-the-Month, poses in what appears to be a preview of patriotic beach wear for the Fourth of July in the best Hollywood tradition.



decorations by
Cliff Roberts



Rolling the Roads

by Dod Stoddard

"I'M BAREBACKIN' a horse over to pick up a new box," Rocky Dorgan says to the waitress. "We are jetted up to where you could broil a steak behind the exhaust pipe."

"Want onions with it?" the gal cuts in on him. She's a real actress when it comes to showing her feelings. And from up at the other end of the joint you can tell how she feels about Rocky: 100% uninterested.

"Hunh?" he halts. "Oh—on the 'burger, you mean. Yeah, onions, Honey."

"Perfume it," she sings out, then turns to Rocky. "Pour this syrup over it, we're out of honey."

He misses the brush-off and goes on with his yarn.

"My mirror is dancin' like Sally Rand with malaria an' I don't see this State Trooper comin' up on me. First time I know he's there, he's playin' crinkle-fender with me an' so I stomp the cinchers an' pull off the side.

"'Lookit,' he yells at me. 'They's a track out at the fairgrounds for guys like you. Only out there they have full-size brains an' midget cars.'"

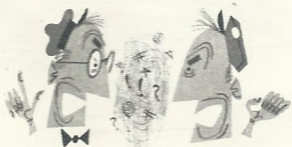
"I know a guy that races one of *them*," the hasharina giggles. "An' he ain't no Einstein, himself."

Rocky frowns. The babe behind the counter is lending him just enough ear to encourage a tip and not enough respectful attention to satisfy a wooden Indian.

"This cop—you would think the State would save its money instead of hirin' him to snoop on us drivers. We make a little time an' build up the gas tax so he can throw his weight around," Rocky Dorgan complains to the babe's bustle.

"He eats me out up to th' armpits for revvin' up that tractor. Says if I want to play cowboy to get me a big hat—if I can find one size five. Boy! Was I smolderin'!"

It appears Rocky's strategy is to play



underdog with this blonde soup jockey until he gets a little show of sympathy from her. Then, if she gives the slightest sign of taking his side, he will show his muscles and make with the dragon-killing act.

"This trooper," the blonde stops long enough to ask. "Was he a tall, dark guy, with nice eyes?"

Rocky looks puzzled—trying to get the angle. If he's being ribbed by the babe, he apparently decides to overlook it.

"So I tell him off. 'The Bull o' the Woods in this district is a personal friend of the governor's. If he heard you talkin' to me this way, the highway would have one less highway robber an' your tickets you know what you could do with 'em!'"

Rocky's feminine audience had adjourned to the kitchen during most of this part of the act. She came out with his hamburger, delivered it tidily and hitched up a shoulder strap.

"You like onions?" Rocky asks her, tryin' to double kick his raspy voice into a purr. "Cause I'm off tonight, an' if you ain't doin' anything when you get through here, I would—"

"Onions don't bother me," she says to him. "Johnnie is allus eatin' 'em."

"Johnnie who?" Rocky asks her.

"Johnnie Clevenger, you ought to know—works for the State. He's cute an' maybe he's goin' to ask me for a date if he comes in!"

"Johnnie Clev—?" Rocky's voice dies off like he'd pulled the choke out. The door swung open and the gentleman in question, resplendent in Sam Brown belt, enters.

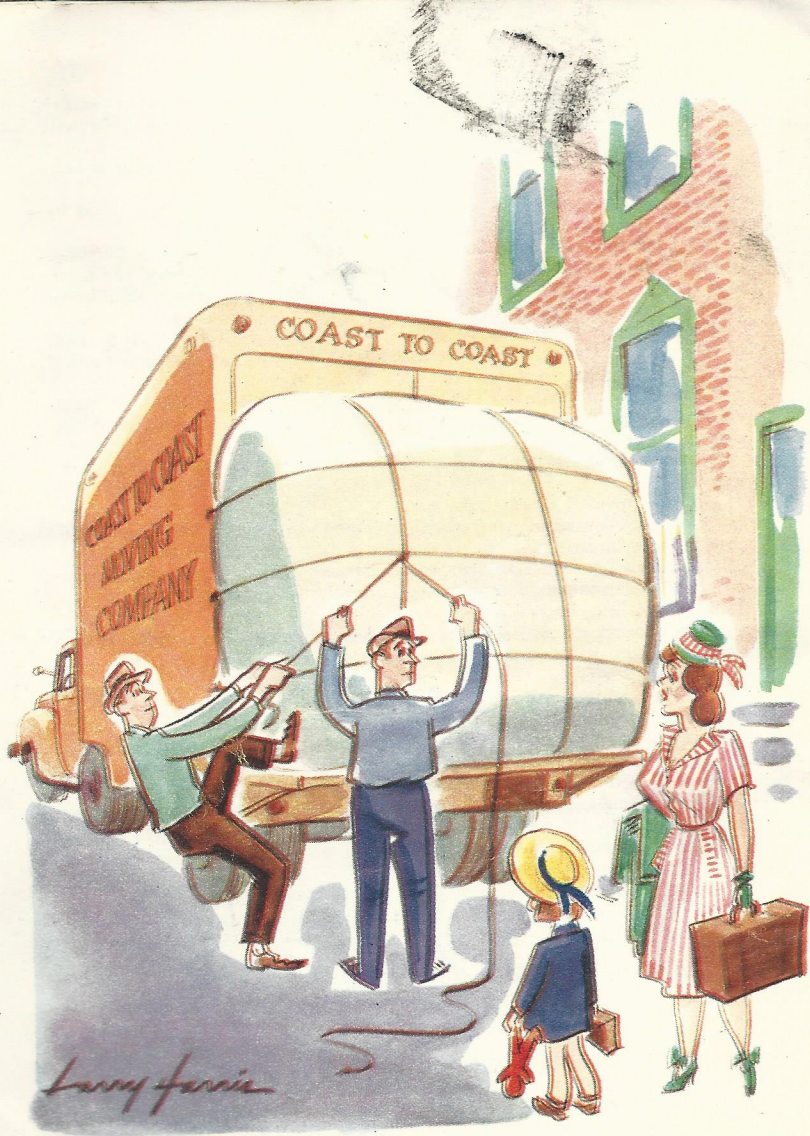
Rocky does a double take. He manages to get a dyin' gladiator stare converted into a warm and cordial grin:

"Howdy, Johnnie—How's the wife? Little Johnnie over the mumps?" Johnnie is as single and free as the joker in the deck."

Rocky Dorgan bites into his hamburger like a cat relishing a canary. The waitress spins an' gives Johnnie a nasty look. The poor trooper has started to protest but the gal slops water on him as she slams a glass in front of him and walks straight over to Rocky.

"Okch, Gear Grinder," she coos at him. "Stick around until I change my clothes an' we'll go some place—some place that's *rat proof*."



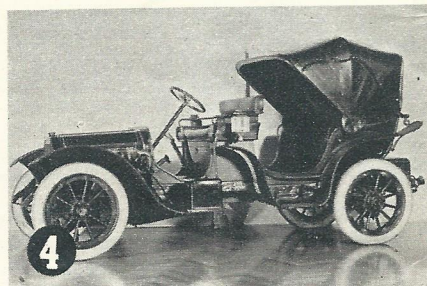
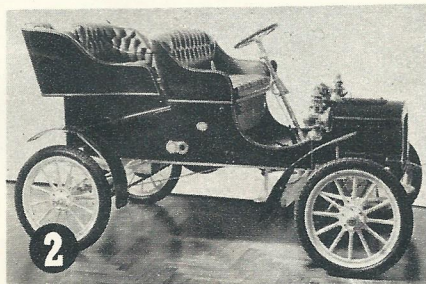
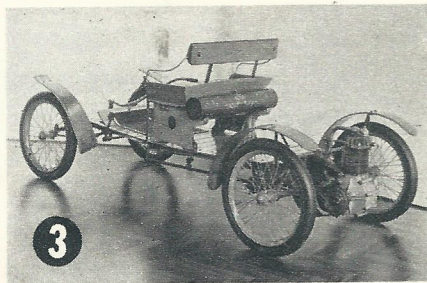
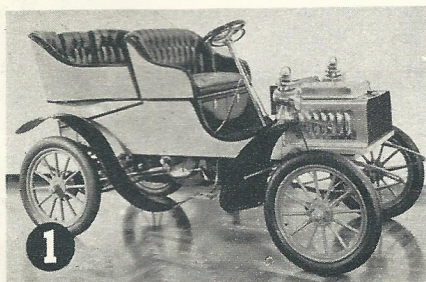


"Do you remember loading a little stuffed gingham doggie? She simply has to have it with her in the car."



AT FIRST GLANCE the Bonus Built trucks above appear to be following in the tracks of the daredevil Forty-Niner shown below in the midst of an 85-foot leap. But we must reluctantly explain that the trucks haven't taken to the air under their own power. They are mounted on a revolving display that is one of the features of a new separate truck establishment recently opened by Russ Dawson, Inc., of Detroit. ■





CAN YOU NAME THEM?

VIEWING the world from the comfortable height of their cabs, truckers have an excellent view of rare specimens both of cars and their drivers. If you were to see any of the cars pictured on this page coming toward you, could you name them? See if you can match the picture numbers of the cars with the correct names and dates listed below. Answers below.

Picture Number	Car name and date
_____	Orient Buckboard.....1903
_____	Ford Model S.....1905
_____	Peerless.....1904
_____	Rambler.....1904

ANSWERS

Can You Name Them?

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Rambler 1904 | 4. Peerless 1904 |
| 2. Ford Model S 1905 | 3. Orient Buckboard 1903 |

Mail Truck

PAUL AND BABE SIGHTED

Dear Sirs: I saw an F-7 pulling a big flat bed trailer that was almost bowed from the load of brick on it. This truck would pull a steep hill near my house in high gear and would go over the top at about the same speed it started up. It pulled as much in high gear as many others would pull with a smaller load in a lower gear. I have seen the truck on the hill many times, and since it is blue, I've often wondered if that was Paul Bunyan and Babe.

JAMES CORN
Hendersonville, N. C.

HAUL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING

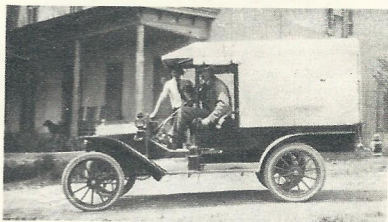
Dear Sirs: We have hauled coal from Virginia for a good many years. Once, as I was coming down the mountain from the mine, I was behind a big, heavily loaded F-8. Ahead, half way up another hill, was a ton and a half truck of another make, also heavily loaded, and stalled on the hill. The driver of the F-8 eased up behind and pushed him up over the hill. The other driver gave his benefactor a five dollar bill and was soon coasting home.

L. C. FRAZIER
Claremont, S. C.

FORD LOGGER

Dear Sirs: I was a driver of a Ford truck while hauling logs in Louisiana at the Blue Lakes. We were hauling through a bad break and we had all kinds of trucks there. We each loaded on about 2,000 feet and started out. The cat had to pull every truck through the break but my Ford. When we got to the mill I had on 100 feet more than any other truck.

CHARLES JOHNSON
Glenmora, Louisiana



FORD TRUCKS' GRANDPA

Dear Sirs: The enclosed photo is of what I believe was one of the first Ford trucks. I was operating a farm at Valley Forge, Pa., and owned a 1913 Ford touring car. Needing some better means of delivering farm produce to the nearby towns, I had a carriage maker (there were such things then) build me a light truck body. By means of overhead tackle I lifted the tonneau off of the car and replaced it with the truck body, which was light enough for two men to lift. When I wanted a car again, off went the truck body and the tonneau was replaced.

A. B. WADLEIGH
Tucson, Arizona



Movie Truck — a one-picture story

DESPITE the great amount of horseflesh in the average Western movie, much motor transport is needed for the hauling of equipment. The two-ton stake job shown above is one of a fleet of about 75 new Ford trucks used by Republic Pictures, one of the principal producers of westerns, or "oaters," as the trade calls them. The studio also operates a fleet of about 150 Ford cars. The truck is parked on the main street of a town on the set of "Hellfire," a color western soon to be seen. This particular truck didn't appear in the film, but having parts in pictures is old stuff to Ford-built cars. Since early 1947 Ford trucks and cars, Lincolns, and Mercurys have been in more than 150 full-length movies. ■



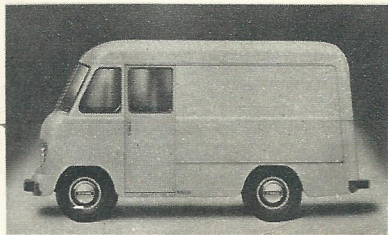
THE PARCEL DELIVERY

FORD's long-awaited parcel delivery trucks have become a familiar sight on the streets, now that the Highland Park plant has reached volume production. The new trucks are produced in 104- and 122-inch wheelbase lengths, accommodating bodies of 250 to 400 cubic foot capacity. Both are powered by the 95 hp six cylinder engine. Both models have a gross vehicle rating of 7,800 pounds.

The new trucks are designed to serve a long list of businesses with home delivery requirements. Body builders anywhere will be able to provide bodies to suit the special needs of any user. The lower pic-

ture shows a body built by the Oltman-O'Neill Co., Centerline, Michigan.

One builder is even working on a body design that will convert the truck into a mobile cottage with complete living quarters for several persons. ■



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