

# FORD TRUCK TIMES

may-june 1949



Paul Bunyan versus The Conveyer Belt

# FORD TRUCK TIMES

may—june 1949

## *Contents*

The Fly Blitz Is On.....	1
O. A. FITZGERALD	
Stories of the Road.....	6
Toffee King.....	9
NANCY KENNEDY	
Letters.....	12
Oklahoma Opens a New Frontier.....	14
J. GILBERT HALL	
"Highway 13".....	20
JAY UTTAL	
Rolling the Roads.....	22
DOD STODDARD	
Paul Bunyan Versus the Conveyer Belt.....	24
WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON	

Cartoons—5, 17, 28, Bonus Built Girl of the Month—21, Hot Rod Fans—18, One-Picture Stories—4, 19, Games—Inside back cover.

Cover Design by Robert Osborn

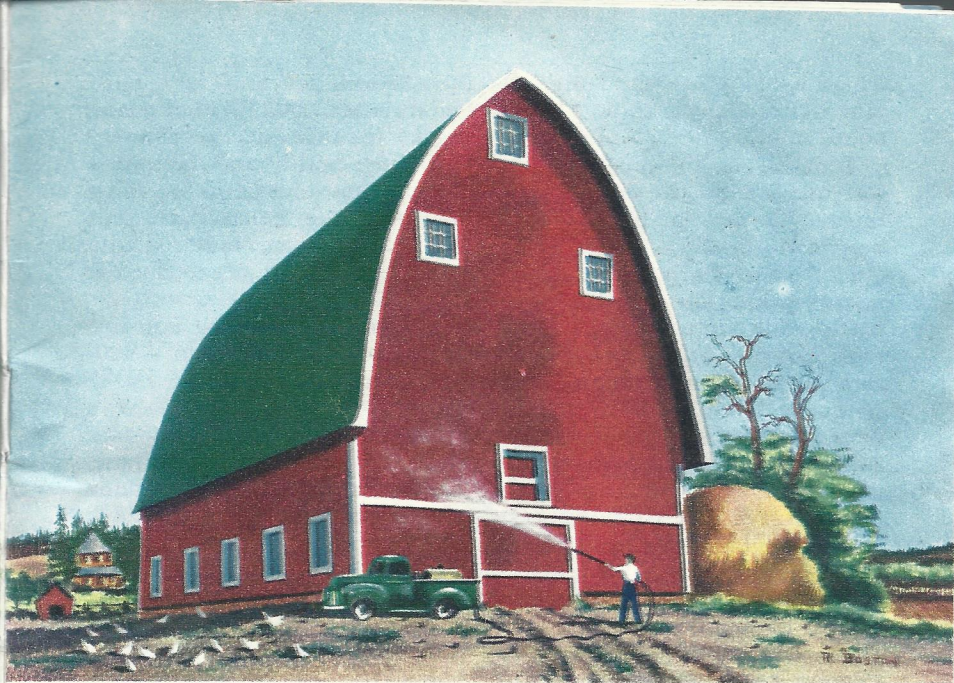
**William D. Kennedy, Editor-in-Chief**

**Burgess H. Scott, Managing Editor**

**Arthur T. Lougee, Art Director**

The FORD TRUCK TIMES is published bi-monthly for distribution to the truck operators and drivers of America by Ford dealers (see back cover). Address Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan. Copyright 1949, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. Printed in U.S.A. All rights reserved.





*painting by Robert Boston*

## **The Fly Blitz Is On**

by O. A. Fitzgerald

**S**EVENTY-FIVE years ago, a scientific paper proudly presented a new wrinkle in fly fighting: Paint a surface with a solution made by boiling four big, strong onions in a pint of water, and flies will shun it.

Fifty years ago, a New York piano dealer eagerly shared with a fly-pestered world his discovery that a certain variety of sweet peas

packed a death wallop for flies. Moreover, he had bouquets—surrounded by deceased flies—to prove it.

Twenty-five years ago, a college professor discovered that on the take-off a fly jumps backwards before it goes forward. "Aim your swatter just behind the fly," he advised, "and your chances of scoring a hit are much better than

if you follow the natural urge to aim right at the pest or a little ahead of it."

Today, such information is as antiquated as the horse and buggy, for now we really know how to kill flies.

In Idaho Falls, Idaho, for instance, are four Ford pickup trucks, each equipped with a large tank carrying DDT spray, pressure pump, several hundred feet of hose. They are slaughtering more flies than all the onion juice, sweet peas, or swatters man ever used in his long defensive battle against a disease-carrying pest which is equally skilled in three-point landings on a bald man's head or amphibious operations in a bowl of soup. Those fly-killing Fords are operated by the Idaho Potato Growers, a cooperative, to carry the health and happiness dividends of DDT to hundreds of farmer members.

Because it hops so easily from filth to food, the fly has been indicted by the medical profession as the carrier of at least 30 different human diseases. It is now on trial as a polio carrier. Swatters, traps, poison solutions, sticky papers, electric screens, and other defensive gadgets haven't made much headway against it.

Our current successes in fly blitzing are due to that miracle insecticide of World War II—DDT, now on the market under at least 150 different brand names. Fly blitzing with DDT has developed a new type of service man—

the custom sprayer. There must be at least 1,000 custom spray trucks throughout the country spreading health and happiness the way those four Fords are doing around Idaho Falls. Each unit will do from a few hundred to a thousand spraying jobs during the fly season.

A typical fly spraying unit is a light truck with a 150 to a 400-gallon tank in which the DDT-water spray is carried, along with a power pump and agitator unit and several hundred feet of hose. The pump is capable of pushing out the spray at high pressure, 400 pounds or more. For some reason, DDT is more effective and lasts longer when driven onto a surface at high spray pressure. Custom sprayers typically have \$3,000 to \$4,000 invested in such a unit. Light trucks are favored because of their mobility. They can dodge around buildings, into barns and sheds, down alleys, into potato storage cellars, around stock yards and feeding pens.

Two sprayings a year is a common practice, one in the spring or early summer and the other in late summer or early fall when flies ordinarily are the thickest. The purpose of the first spray is to lay a coating of DDT on the surfaces which flies are likely to occupy when they come out of hibernation—and before they can start to multiply. Flies resting on a DDT'd surface become paralyzed, fall to the ground, buzz around helplessly and ultimately die.



The second spray kills flies that escaped the first, and those that have since migrated in.

Because flies are such travellers, it takes community action to wipe them out. Whether a farming section counts its farms by the dozens or hundreds, a city its homes by the thousands or hundreds of thousands, makes no difference.

Nez Perce, Idaho, a town of about 1,000, walloped its flies with 1,200 gallons of spray. Yet in Spokane, Washington, one custom spray concern used 5,000 gallons just to provide a "free demonstration" in some of the downtown alleys. Salt Lake City used far more on the city's 60,000 garbage cans alone. Spray crews followed the garbage trucks, dousing the empties with DDT.

In case after case, the custom DDT sprayer has earned his customers' gratitude along with his fee:

Visitors to a mountain resort in upstate New York were surprised to find no screens on the windows—yet no flies. That was because all the farms, warehouses, and food-handling concerns within a five-mile radius had been treated with DDT.

Rural school children in Pettis County, Missouri, were glad their county superintendent couldn't buy new screens. Failing in this, he arranged to have 38 county schools sprayed. On a fall tour he saw but one fly and it was wobbling in flight, probably dying of loneliness. Many a housewife in a sprayed community also has found

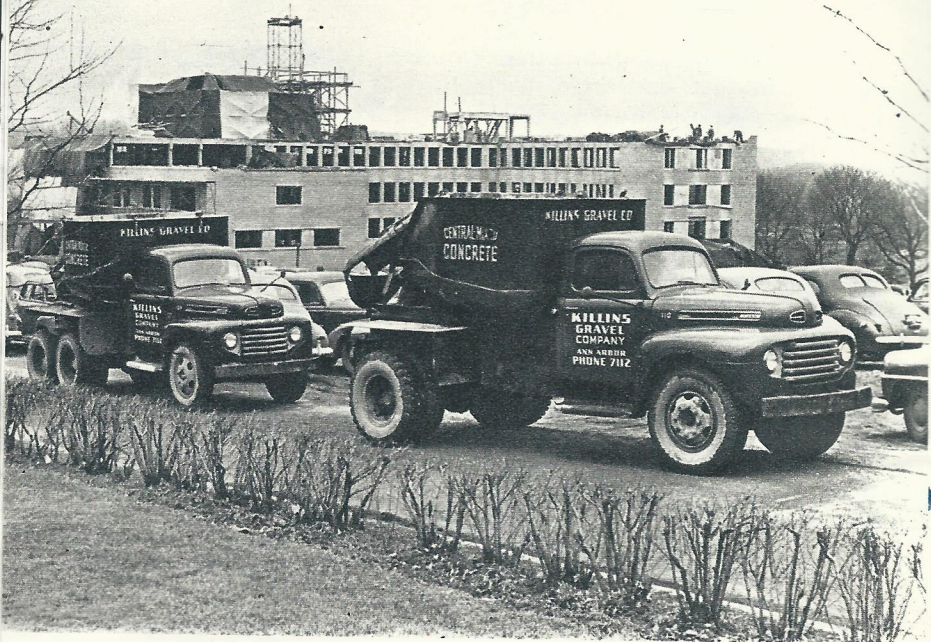


that screens, on windows or doors, are no longer so necessary.

Tourists travelling south from Yellowstone Park through Idaho towns in the Upper Snake River Valley—including Idaho Falls, the home of those four fly-killing Fords—not only noted the absence of flies in the restaurants and hotels but asked the managers, "How did you do it?"

An Idaho custom sprayer received a call from a church group planning a picnic in about a week. Could he do anything about the flies and mosquitoes around the picnic ground? For a \$7 spraying job, that church group enjoyed its first fly- and mosquito-free outing. Golf courses have been sprayed so players can confine their swatting to the little white balls.

"For the first time we're eating meals in comfort in our back yard," said the resident of one Idaho community. With a stockyard, a cannery, a meat packing plant and surrounding dairy farms, it had been notorious for flies. Back yards were little comfort to its residents. Now even a bald man can doze in the shade in any back yard in that town in complete comfort. ■



*photograph by Dick McKay*

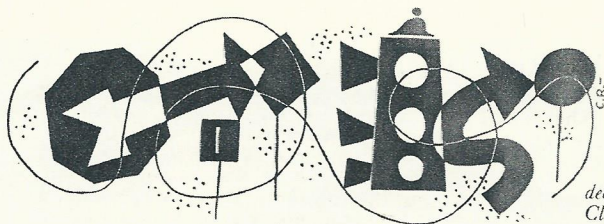
## *Haul It Fast — a one-picture story*

ONE of the latest developments in the laying of concrete is the "central mix" process, wherein a plant under the direction of a highly trained concrete specialist carefully weighs ingredients and mixes them to contract specifications. The result is complete uniformity of texture in every batch of concrete produced. However, central mix concrete must be moved quickly, lest it begin to set or segregate into its components. The company operating the trucks above found the answer to the rapid delivery problem in a fleet of eight F-8s equipped with four-cubic-yard dump bodies. The trucks shown are hauling concrete to the University of Michigan's new maternity hospital, under construction at Ann Arbor. ■





*"The boss said to come over and pick up his new Bonus Built job. Good heavens, you don't suppose . . . ?"*



decorations by  
Cliff Roberts

## Stories of the Road

**T**HE 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 WANTED that Ford truck, and I wanted it badly. I had the cash in my pocket to buy it. The dealer took me out in it, and I knew it was the truck I wanted. "I'll take it," I said, and reached into my pocket for the money to close the deal. The money was gone. I was a pretty blue guy, but I needed that truck, so I borrowed the money to buy it. Almost a year later I had a wreck and had to repair the door on the driver's side. While repairing the door I found the original money I had for the purchase of my truck. I don't know how it got inside the window, but I loved that truck even more for becoming my banker.

—Gene Wright, Missoula, Montana



OUR SON, who is an officer in the Navy, brought his new bride home. We were taking them to visit a sister in our pick-up. As it was crowded and I am little, I volunteered to ride in the back on a cushion. I took an Army blanket and lay down, covering my head. We had just got on the highway when a cop pulled us over. "Pull over, Bud," he said, "I want to see the meat you have in the back." My husband said, "Well, I have an old doe back there, but I haven't skinned her yet." The cop said, "I knew it was meat." I stuck my head out and said, "I am good meat, Buddie," and was he surprised!

—Mrs. Gus L. Stone, Shady Cove, Oregon



IT WAS COLD—what I mean, zero weather—and I was moving a load of furniture from Spencer, Iowa, to Chicago. Traveling was slow and I had engine trouble, so I stopped at a gas station and he opened a cabin for me. Although there was no heat, I was glad to turn in for the night. The old choppers were hurting me, so I took them out and put them in a glass of water, and went off to slumberland. Morning came and I had slept longer than I should, so I hurriedly dressed and reached for my teeth. Man, were they cased in ice! I had no time to fool with them, so I took glass and all into the cab with me. Hungry? Man, I could eat a horse, but no teeth till I hit Dubuque. I went in a bus station, and did I feel foolish there in the crowded washroom running my cake of ice under the warm water. Brother, I don't care how they ache now, they go to bed with me.

—Russell Essick, Chicago, Illinois



I SPENT one spring in a very small town driving a stock truck for a local buyer. There was a very convenient parking place by a tavern, and my truck was there all the time I wasn't on the road. An old maid who had appointed herself supervisor of village morals lived nearby, and she was spreading the word that I was a drunkard because my truck was always by the tavern. I stood it as long as I could, but never got up enough nerve to go tell her what I thought of her. I did put a stop to her talk, though. I parked my truck in front of her house one night and left it there until the middle of the next morning.

—Jo Wartig, Kansas City, Missouri



DURING a hot spell last summer one of our haul-away drivers was pulling a load of cars on an Iowa highway. To get the best of what little breeze there was, Mac had removed most of his clothing. A bit later Mac saw an oncoming car overturn in a field, and he jumped to the rescue with his extinguisher. Before he reached the car a young couple emerged, to be further alarmed at sight of a would-be benefactor rushing up without shirt or pants.

—Gordon D. Waters, Detroit, Michigan



SHE LEARNED to drive a truck during the war and likes the occupation. She still drives a truck and can be seen whizzing up the Ocean Drive in Wildwood-by-the-Sea, New Jersey. The other day she was driving her truck 60 mph when she noticed a motorcycle cop following her. She pushed the truck up to 70 and then noticed two cops after her. Alarmed, she gunned the rig up to 80, and a third cop joined in the chase. Suddenly she saw a filling station, jammed to a halt before it, and dashed into the ladies' room. Ten minutes later she ventured out and found the three cops waiting for her. Patting her hair, she said coyly, "I'll bet you thought I couldn't make it."

—Charles V. Mathis, Wildwood Crest, New Jersey







← Literally miles of Heath candy bars roll along the conveyers in the Robinson, Illinois, plant. Each of these automatic machines wraps the bars at a rate of 110 per minute and turns out thousands of boxes daily.

## Toffee King

by Nancy Kennedy

photographs by Dick McKay

**B**ACK IN 1932 when most candy makers were bidding for business with bulky oversize bars, L. S. Heath and Sons of Robinson, Illinois, a dairy and ice cream firm, brought out its famous Heath English Toffee. Candy jobbers and dealers viewed this midget of the industry with suspicion.

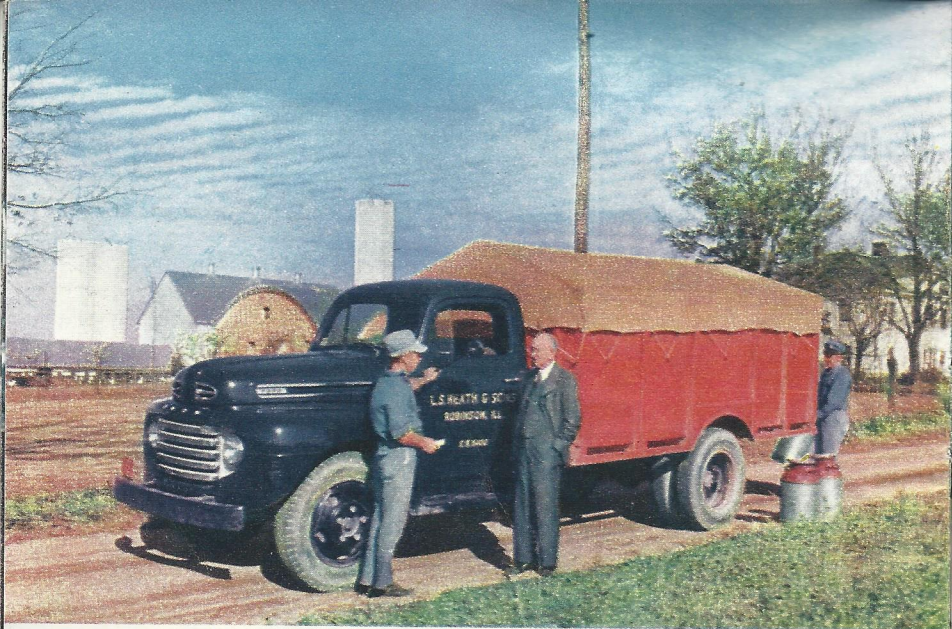
When Heath first showed the bar to a jobber the prospective customer's opening remark was, "What is it, a laxative?" Despite such skepticism the little candy bar carried on and solely on merit of quality has become a nation-wide confection.

The oldest Heath boy actually developed the formula for the crunchy chocolate-covered toffee in a small confectionery on the city square of Robinson, population 5,400. From the back room of this shop, equipped with only one candy kettle and wooden stirrer, came the first batch of bars, unwrapped and in bulk form. At first only a few boxes a day were sold in the neighborhood but in a few months the demand had grown so that the candy was being sold even in nearby states. A wrapper was added, but the bar has remained the same in size and content as the original.

New buildings and equipment were added year by year until today the bar can be found in every part of the country with an enviable annual volume that places it among the first five or six best sellers on the market.

Behind this story-book success is the formula of L. S. Heath who went into the business after 25 years of teaching Latin and mathematics in Illinois colleges. He believed that hard work and perseverance, coupled with integrity of product,

← Top quality in every phase of operation has been an important factor in the success of this company. The candy bars are a blend of pure Swiss milk chocolate, choice imported almonds, creamery butter and cane sugar.





← *The Ford fleet averages 1,300 miles a day on its tour of 600 farms in the county. One farmer has been selling milk to the Heaths for 33 years. Approximately \$1,000,000 a year is paid for milk.*

would bring success to anyone, a point he has more than proved.

Today at 80 he is still active head of the firm, remaining a stickler for quality in all phases of operation, from the pure ingredients which go into his copper candy kettles to the big fleet of Ford trucks and tractors that haul his raw materials and finished products.

Because he doesn't believe in "late starts and early stops," Mr. Heath and his four sons are at their desks at seven in the morning ready to start their working day. No part of company operation is unknown to the elder Heath who frequently can be found with his employees, working with a shovel or trowel in hand. He enjoys a stint in the shipping room—says it keeps his muscles flexible.

With this kind of alert management, equipment that didn't pay off was discarded long ago. In 1914 the company "fleet" was one Ford half-ton pickup. Today 11 passenger cars and 64 trucks roll up an astounding 2,500,000 miles a year.

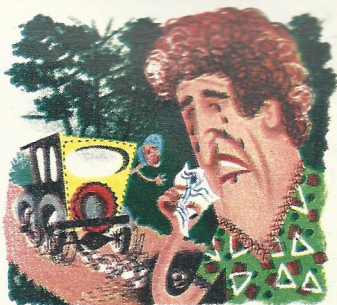
Heath trucks undergo severe road tests over rugged gravel and dirt roads often coated with sleet and snow, to call at 600 farms every day of the year. But the Ford trucks and tractor semi-trailers have proved they can take it. Shop foreman Virgil Weger says that even after years of this grind the bodies are strong and require much less repairing than other makes. Several veteran Ford trucks that have been on the job daily for 12 years refuse to retire and are still going strong. Heath truck drivers are partial to them because they have been invaluable in keeping their rigid time schedules in farm milk pickups and candy delivery.

In fact the quality consciousness of all the Heath employees is reflected in their favorite sales story: A filling station near Clinton, Illinois, reported that when his station was robbed one night the only thing taken was a box of Heath Bars! ■

← *In addition to milk, Heath Ford trucks gather \$1,500,000 worth of butter and cream for the candy bars. At the present production rate five tons of butter are used daily in the candy plant alone.*

## Mail Truck

decorations by  
John Davenport

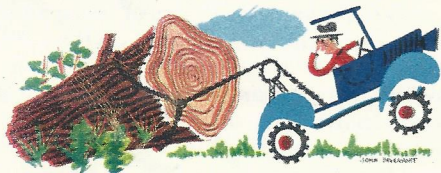


**Dear Sirs:** We lived on a ranch about half a mile off the main highway, and about seven miles from the nearest town. My neighbor's little girl, age two, drank some coal oil. She was unconscious in a few minutes. The weather was too cold to start the family car. We grabbed the child and ran with her to the highway and flagged a passing cattle truck. The driver picked us up and I've never seen a loaded truck make such speed as that one did. The little girl is now a student in college and owes her life to a Ford truck and its courteous driver.

MRS. H. F. POTTER  
Iredell, Texas

**Dear Sirs:** My uncle has stuck to Fords from the Model T through the new models. I recall once that the battery on one of his Fords was weak. His wife, not knowing anything about driving, had to do the pushing to get it cranked. On this night it took longer to start, and because of his anger at the balky battery, he drove away as soon as the engine caught, forgetting his wife on the lonely road. His oversight was brought to his attention, miles later, by the sudden crying of their young son on the back seat, necessitating a quick backtrack to rescue his stranded spouse.

THOMAS E. BRALY  
Batesville, Mississippi



**Dear Sirs:** My dad operates a saw-mill and logs with two Ford trucks rigged up as skidders. They are fixed so as to pull one end of the log up and drag them in. I was at the mill one day when one of the trucks pulled in an extra heavy load. It was so heavy that the front wheels were pulled several feet off the ground. The driver would have to release the clutch every few feet to

guide the load, but that engine never stopped pulling. I've seen them in the air so high that if the cable had broken the front end would surely have come down hard enough to blow out the tires. We heartily recommend the Ford for ruggedness and power anywhere, anytime.

FERRELL REED  
Butler, Georgia



**D**ear Sirs: We have been using Ford trucks for 20 years or more, but this Bonus Built job has them all beat. I am referring to an F-7 we have for all-around purposes. Take this job into the woods where the going is really rough, with mud up to the fenders, and the big V8 walks right through with a big load. They are also great for low cost operation. We've put on 15,000 miles in two months and averaged seven miles per gallon with no oil consumption between changes. It really does a job in the lumber business.

PAUL LINDBERG  
Brockway, Pennsylvania

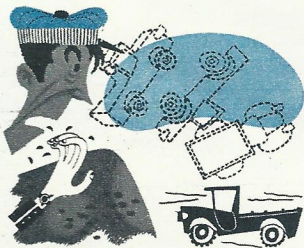


**D**ear Sirs: I took my F-3, loaded up two calves, and started for town. I had them tied to the front of the rack with no endgate in. The calves started to leave the truck, but with such good brakes I nearly put them up in the cab with me. I got out, tied them securely, and went on.

LAVERNE MONTON  
Pentwater, Michigan

**D**ear Sirs: About two weeks ago I caught a ride with a friend who owns an F-6. When I got in the truck it started so smoothly that I had to ask the driver how much of a load he had on it. He said about 22 tons. We went to the mill in high or fourth gear at about 20 mph. When we got to the mill and weighed up, we found the truck was hauling 26 tons net. Then I said to myself that it was surely a pulling F-6. The driver told me that he never goes to the mill with less than 18 tons.

KENNETH G. JACOB  
Franklin, Louisiana



**D**ear Sirs: While hauling gravel for the Sweet Home Sand & Gravel Co., Sweet Home, Oregon, I saw a Ford truck, loaded with gravel, back up to the hopper and dump its load. The driver had stepped out of the cab to see how the gravel had been placed when the truck started rolling down the incline. The truck, gathering speed, plunged over the edge of the gravel pit, turning end over end twice and sideways once in the air before landing on its wheels 40 feet below in a position to be loaded again. The engine was still running and the only damage was a bent fender.

GLENN DAVENPORT  
Lebanon, Oregon

**D**ear Sirs: I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade. My parents and I were riding in the country in an old Ford when we had a flat. We had to borrow a wrench so we went to ask a farmer for one. As we neared his house we heard shouts of children playing on the barn. I said, "Mister, do you have a monkey wrench?" He said, surprised, "No! They are my children. I have no monkey ranch."

JEANNETTE WELLS  
Grapeland, Texas

**D**ear Sirs: In "Paul Bunyan Versus Fire and Water" what happened to all the fish in the river when he blew out the water to put out the fire? I am an 11-year-old reader.

SARA JANE PILCHER  
Laurel Hill, Fla.

*Editor's Note: You will recall that the river first was frozen into a dam of ice. After the water was gone Paul and Ford Fordsen quickly ate the quick-frozen fish for supper.*



# Oklahoma Opens a New Frontier

*by J. Gilbert Hall*

*painting by Harry Borgman*

**T**HEATER PEOPLE could well take a lesson in showmanship from the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Its Soil Conservation Service is putting the message of soil care across with pomp and gusto befitting a combined circus and rodeo. The organization's most spectacular act by far is the

transformation, between dawn and dusk, of a run-down farm into a model of modern day farming practices and land use.

Maryland, Michigan, Arizona, and Oklahoma just begin the list of states that have had the chance to see this demonstration of greased lightning agriculture.





Everywhere the event has drawn spectators by the thousands, many of them city folk.

Local Farm Bureau representatives, county agents, and prominent farmers join with the Soil Conservation Service in staging the big show. Farm implement and construction equipment dealers lend an unlimited supply of machinery for the job, and the entire community turns out to aid in producing the spectacle.

A good example was the show put on last fall near Oklahoma City. The scene was a 160-acre farm on the west side of the Sooner State capital. As the date coin-

cided with the 59th anniversary of the famous "Run of '48" when the Territory of Oklahoma was opened to settlers on a first come, first served basis, that theme was followed. The National Guard provided tanks, planes and infantry, and equipment dealers throughout the community delivered more than \$1,000,000 worth of machinery, with operators, to the site.

At sun-up on the day of the "Re-Run" scores of engines roared into life. Warplanes dived on the area, explosives were detonated, and tanks lumbered across the fields. Then, out of the

dust and confusion rode more than 50 men and women in expensive western regalia mounted on fine palominos. It marked the start of an unbelievable project: building a complete modern farm in less than 12 hours.

By mid-morning, terraces built on previously surveyed lines were almost complete. Roads were built, packed, and watered-down for heavy traffic.

A huge new pond was leveled out and great carry-alls dumped in the earth for the dam. A well was drilled for irrigation and drainage of one rich bottom-land section.

Meanwhile, carpenters were building one new house, remodeling another, and tearing down barns and outbuildings which would no longer be needed.

There were at least a dozen Ford tractors on the job, plowing, hauling manure, disking, and finally planting the newly designed fields. They were digging post-holes and unstringing new wire for the miles of fencing built that day.

It probably was the biggest show in Oklahoma since the real run of '89. No one knows for sure how many people saw it. Ever try to count folks coming in from all sides of a 160-acre tract? Some said 20,000—some said 50,000—but there's one thing sure, 160 acres of people and machinery were there almost all day.

It wasn't pleasant. Oklahoma was in the midst of another autumn drouth. It hadn't rained

for seven weeks. But the big machines moved ahead anyway. They tore up the soil for the terraces. Smaller tractors then ripped it up for planting. Disks, harrows, and rubber-tired wheels pulverized the fields into dust. There was a stiff wind. Soon everyone, workers and visitors alike, looked like actors in an old-fashioned black faced minstrel show—even to the broad grins.

It was a banner day for all concerned, even for those not directly concerned with agriculture. The latter merely saw the event as a big show which actually took the audience from the nation's biggest circus which happened to be playing there on the same day.

The farm won't be allowed to decline in fertility again. It is part of what may be the biggest dream any city ever had for maintaining its wealth by teaching citizens how to produce more for less money.

At 5 p.m. the deed to the rebuilt farm was handed over to Oklahoma A. & M. College which will use it to show all Oklahomans better methods of agriculture from now on.

The soil-saving and production plans, exactly as they were designed by experts of the Soil Conservation Service, are available to any farmer in Oklahoma living in a soil conservation district—and that includes 95 percent of the farming surface of the state.

The buildings were designed at Oklahoma A. & M. College for



farm families—economical, efficient and comfortable. The crops to be produced will be for both testing and demonstration.

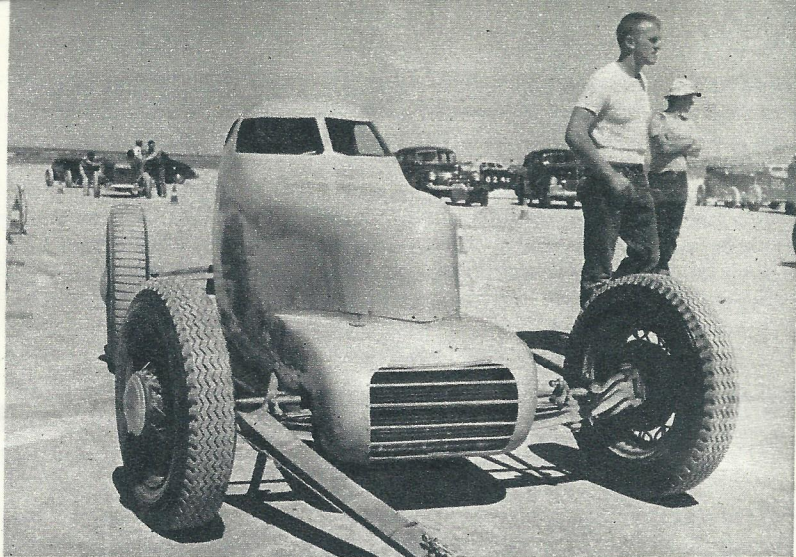
Ford dealers poured their machines, men, and money into the job from all over the state, right along with other machinery dealers, in what may have been the

biggest cooperative program ever designed for those interested in maintaining farm profits.

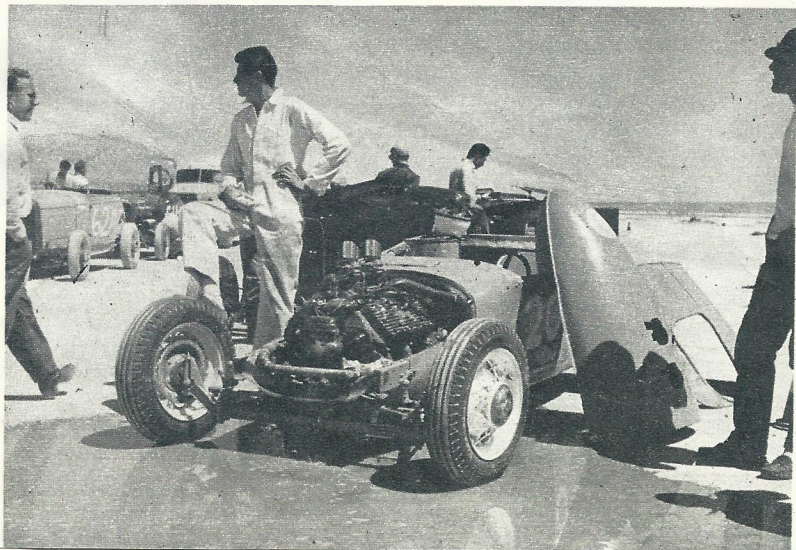
The show was a dramatic enactment of that line from the musical comedy, "Oklahoma," which says: "... we belong to the land, and the land we belong to is grand."



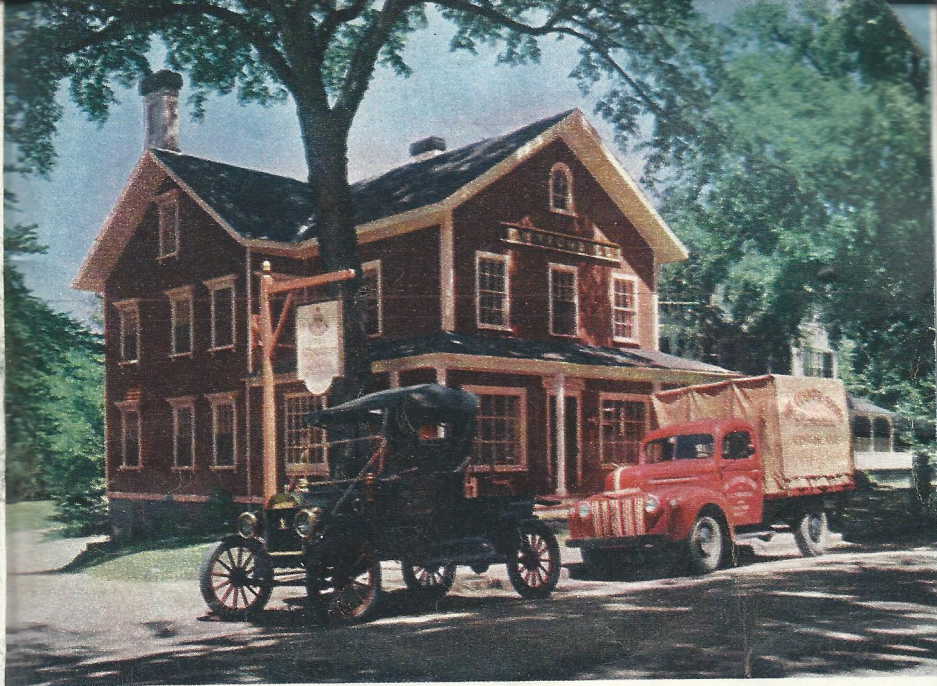
*"... I ran into one of those new  
Bonus Built trucks today!"*



**H**OT ROD FANS think continuously of new ways to improve their souping-up procedures with the result that innovations come thick and fast. Two recent ones are shown here. Above, an airplane seat belt on the racer's front axle permits easy disengagement in towed starts. Some drivers have dispensed with radiators as the car below reveals. Powerful pumps circulate water between the engine and a 10-gallon tank. ■







*photograph by Paul Davis*

## *Country Store Revived— a one-picture story*

THE 37-YEAR-OLD Model T shown above is in daily use at The Country Store, Concord, Massachusetts, F. H. Trumbull, proprietor. Equipped with a light pickup bed in place of its original roadster turtleback, the little T helps the '46 V8 van haul mail-order merchandise that the store ships to all parts of the country. Trumbull quit a job as professor of English in 1941 to open a genuine, old-fashioned country store that would sell "only the best from the east and the west." Today he is selling his maple syrup, honey, stone-ground meals, denims, flannel shirts, and peppermint candy at a rate of more than \$100,000 a year. The building, above, was once a trading post run by the grandfather, and later the father, of Henry Thoreau, the philosopher. ■

# "Highway 13"

by Jay Uttal

MOVIE HOUSES throughout the country are now showing "Highway 13," a semi-documentary film on the trans-continental trucking industry and the men who drive the big rigs. It is the first picture about truck people in five or more years and, though less costly than its predecessors, it succeeds in giving a far more human view of the business and the people in it.

The picture's two objectives were to portray the driver as the responsible operator that he is, in charge of many thousands of dollars' worth of equipment and cargo, and to show the companies themselves as orderly rather than cutthroat firms. "Highway 13" achieves both goals.

Robert Lowery is starred, along with an array of trucks including many of the Ford "Big Jobs." The writer of the script, John Wilste, researched by associating with trucking people to learn the slang and technical language of the trade.

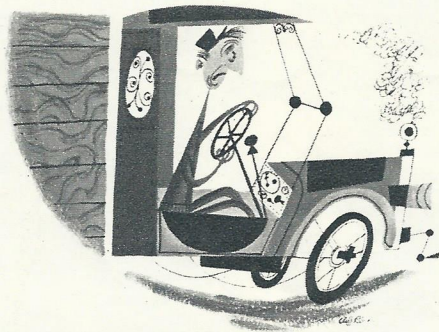
The idea for the picture came to Producer William Stephens one night when he had reluctantly accompanied a friend to a national truck Roadeo. "I thought I'd be hopelessly bored," Stephens said, "but before the end of the evening I had received some great thrills from the amazing feats performed. Then and there I conceived the plan to do a picture about these men."

---

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL studio offers Patricia Alphin as Bonus Built Girl-of-the-Month. Miss Alphin started work with the studio as a mail clerk, but got into the acting end of the business not long after a producer spotted her as she delivered the mail. She's just a few years out of a Burbank, California, high school.







decorations by  
Cliff Roberts

# ROLLING THE ROADS

by Dod Stoddard

**H**AVE YOU NOTICED how many bald heads and gray-at-the-temple gents are bumping the bolognas? Trucking used to be a young man's job.

A lot of the youngsters seem to have grown up! Time was when there were stretch runs of 24 hours or even 48. And unless you had muscles to spare you'd just as soon be a timekeeper.

Not long ago I found an alleged five-tonner, vintage 1922, in the back of a contractor's lot. A friend of mine wanted the rear end and chain drive out of it to build a complicated hoist so I offered to drive it over to him—compliments of the owner who hadn't been able to interest a junker in it.

Brother, that knock-kneed grinder didn't like me a bit. It *would* run; we put a new set of plugs in, taped up the wiring, threw plenty of battery at it and made it turn over until it caught. The poor old lugger hit on all four cylinders—now and then.

I hung some dealer plates on it and we thumped out of the yard on its old rotten *solid* tires. I only had a mile and a half to go. Two would have killed me. I never got it rolling over seven miles an hour, its best second speed, empty. When I got it delivered, my friend whooped at me.

"Do you remember the contract I had in '29 to move that iron for Strackey?" he asked me.

"Sure I remember," I said. "Didn't I drive a couple of trips for you?"

"That you did, my ancient mariner," he chortled, "We were hauling 144 miles and made it up in 16 hours and back in ten. This is the model we had then. Think you could make it now?"

"They ain't puttin' the *stiff* in 'em any more," I grinned. "Get a crow bar and pry me out of this pulverizer!"

\* \* \*

I think I know why truck drivers turn gray. It isn't the kidney busters—although there are still too many of them in use—it is the traffic. Hon-



estly, no guy can be alert enough to wheel a wagon nowadays and still be calm enough so the traffic doesn't rub his nerves raw.

One night last summer between Oakland and Fresno, California, about 170 miles, I had to go through the gears over 400 times. Regular drivers told me that was about normal traffic. Later in the fall I checked a stretch between Oklahoma City and Tulsa. A hundred midday miles gave me 205 separate jams. And the hundred miles east of Richmond, Indiana, cost me 176 slow-downs and stops.

California, Ohio, and Oklahoma are all working on their roads, but I'm sure glad Detroit can't fill all the new passenger car orders until there is some more road room. Another five or ten million joy-buggies in the way would put five or ten million truckers in padded cells.

\* \* \*

How's to loosen up and tell me what is different, wrong or right in your neck of the woods? A letter or post card to Dod Stoddard, Ford Truck Times, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan, will catch up with me. Brickbats or bouquets equally appreciated. We're a big family and I want to know more of the fraternity.

\* \* \*

For some time I have intended to take up the subject of the Lady Truck Driver. Every time I'm tempted, I go look at two pictures. One is my Granddaddy whose chin spinach used to bristle when he snapped out his opinion of how far a woman ought to get from the kitchen. The other is a picture of an aunt who once led parades for the suffragists.

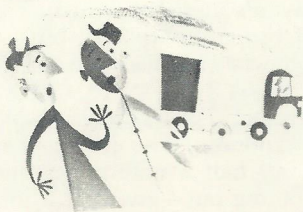
Then I say to myself, "Leave it lay—argue politics, baseball, fishing—those simple, easy subjects everybody agrees on. But lay off women in the cab. You'll stir up a hornet's nest if you are for, against, or even *neutral!*"

The problem was solved for me yesterday. I was stopped at a filling station when a gorgeous critter swung her smart sports costume around the corner of the station, headed you know where.

A couple of slick-haired Joe Colleges see a new blue Lincoln at the curb and guess Miss Society belongs to it. They saunter out to give her a little chance to admire 'em when she emerges.

She comes out tucking away her lipstick in the alligator bag, ignores them the way a lady should, circles the Lincoln and climbs into the driver's seat of one of the biggest semis I've ever seen!

She whips it into the traffic stream and the pretty boys go climb in a cute little half-ton pickup. I wish Granddaddy and Aunt Ada could have *both* been there.





# Paul Bunyan

versus

## the Conveyor Belt


by William Hazlett Upson

illustrations by R. Osborn

ONE OF Paul Bunyan's most brilliant successes came about not because of brilliant thinking; but because of Paul's caution and carefulness. This was the famous affair of the conveyor belt.

Paul and his mechanic, Ford Fordsen, had started to work a uranium mine in Colorado. The ore was brought out on an endless belt which ran half a mile going into the mine and another half mile coming out—giving it a total length of one mile. It was four feet wide. It ran on a series of rollers, and





was driven by a pulley mounted on the transmission of Paul's big blue truck "Babe." The manufacturers of the belt had made it all in one piece, without any splice or lacing, and they had put a half twist in the return part so that

the wear would be the same on both sides.

After several months' operation, the mine gallery had become twice as long, but the amount of material coming out was less. Paul decided he needed a belt twice as long and half as wide. He told Ford Fordsen to take his chain saw and cut the belt in two lengthwise.

"That will give us two belts," said Ford Fordsen. "We'll have to cut them in two crosswise and splice them together. That means I'll have to go to town and buy the materials for two splices."

"No," said Paul. "This belt has a half-twist—which makes it what is known in geometry as a Mobius strip."

"What difference does that make?" asked Ford Fordsen.

"A Mobius strip," said Paul Bunyan, "has only one side, and one edge, and if we cut it in two lengthwise, it will still be in one piece. We'll have one belt twice as long and half as wide."

"How can you cut something in two and have it still one piece?" asked Ford Fordsen.

Paul was modest. He was never opinionated. "Let's try this thing out," he said.

They went into Paul's office. Paul took a strip of gummed paper about two inches wide and a yard long. He laid it on



his desk with the gummed side up. He lifted the two ends and brought them together in front of him with the gummed sides down. Then he turned one of the ends over, licked it, slid it under the other end, and stuck the two gummed sides together. He had made himself an endless paper belt with a half-twist in it just like the big belt on the conveyor.

"This," said Paul, "is a Mobius strip. It will perform just the way I said—I hope."

Paul took a pair of scissors, dug the point in the center of the paper and cut the paper strip in two lengthwise. And when he had finished—sure enough—he had one strip twice as long, half as wide, and with a double twist in it.

Ford Fordsen was convinced. He went out and started cutting the big belt in two. And, at this point, a man called Loud Mouth Johnson arrived to see how Paul's enterprise was coming along, and to offer any destructive criticism that might occur to him. Loud Mouth Johnson, being Public Blow-Hard Number One, found plenty to find fault with.

"If you cut that belt in two lengthwise you will end up with two belts, each the same length as the original belt, but only half as wide."

"No," said Ford Fordsen, "this is a very special belt known as a Mobius strip. If I cut it in two lengthwise I will end up with one belt twice as long and half as wide."

"Want to bet?" said Loud Mouth Johnson.

"Sure," said Ford Fordsen.

They bet a thousand dollars. And, of course, Ford Fordsen won. Loud Mouth Johnson was so astounded that he slunk off and stayed away for six months. When he finally came back he found Paul Bunyan just starting to cut the belt in two lengthwise for the second time.

"What's the idea?" asked Loud Mouth Johnson.

Paul Bunyan said, "The tunnel has progressed much farther, and the material coming out is not as bulky as it was. So I am lengthening the belt again and making it narrower."

"Where is Ford Fordsen?"

Paul Bunyan said, "I have sent him to town to get some materials to splice the belt. When I get through cutting it in two lengthwise I will have two belts of the same length but only half the width of this one. So I will have to do some splicing."

Loud Mouth Johnson could hardly believe his ears. Here was a chance to get his thousand dollars back and show up

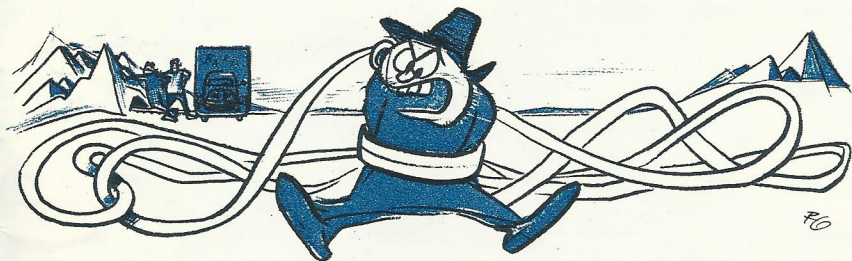


Paul Bunyan as a boob besides. "Listen," said Loud Mouth Johnson, "when you get through you will have only one belt twice as long and half as wide."

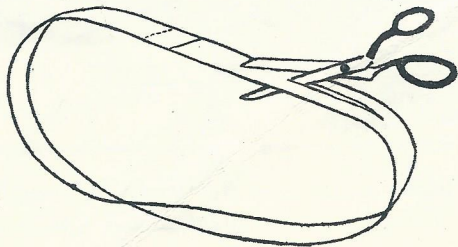
"Want to bet?"

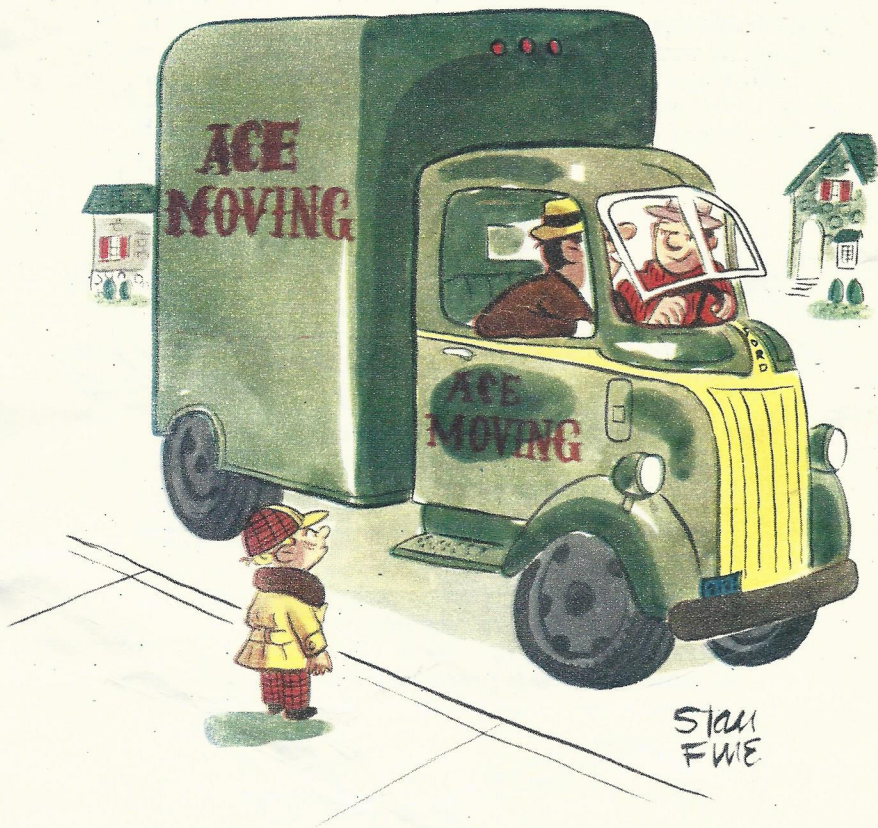
"Sure."

So they bet a thousand dollars and, of course, Loud Mouth Johnson lost again. It wasn't so much that Paul Bunyan was brilliant. It was just that he was methodical. He had tried it out with that strip of gummed paper, and he knew that the second time you slice a Mobius strip you get two pieces—linked together like an old-fashioned watch chain. ■



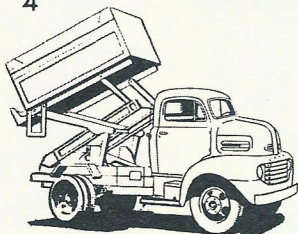
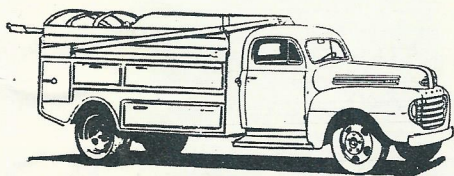
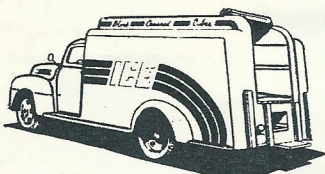
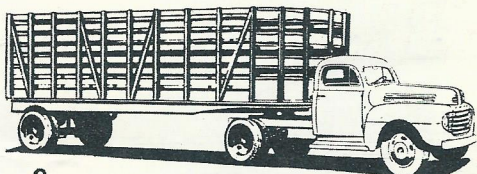
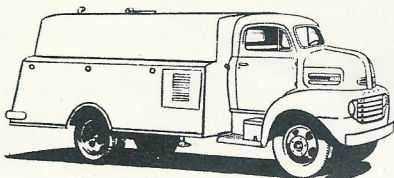
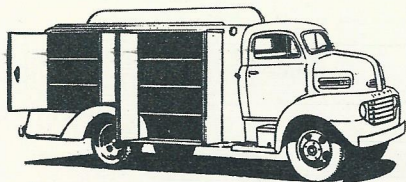
***B**EFORE you look for the scissors to try out Paul's Mobius strip, here's a final word of instruction. Remember to give the strip of paper a half twist (see below) before pasting the ends together.*





*"He wants to run away from home and would we pick up his stuff tonight around nine."*





## CAN YOU MATCH THEM?

FORD TRUCKS are designed and equipped for the particular kind of load they are to carry. If you were placed in charge of loading the Bonus Built rigs shown above, which of the loads listed below would you put on each truck? Match each truck number with the appropriate load, then look at the answers below to see what kind of a freight handler you'd make.

No.	Load
.....	Livestock
.....	Fuel oil
.....	Coal

No.	Load
.....	Ice
.....	Soft drinks
.....	Telephone wire and poles

### ANSWERS

4—Ice  
5—Telephone wire and poles  
6—Coal

1—Soft drinks  
2—Fuel oil  
3—Livestock

Return Postage Guaranteed

Post Office Box 1117  
Detroit, Michigan

SEC. 562 P. L. & R.  
U. S. POSTAGE  
PAID  
DETROIT, MICH.  
Permit No. 2542

Walter Jarrell  
901 E South St  
Frankfort Ind

Compliments of

**Scheid Implement & Truck, Inc.**

**1601 McKinley Ave., Phone 727**

**Frankfort, Indiana**

15-52-5

*This issue is of special  
Importance to Drivers*

**Please Pass to**

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____