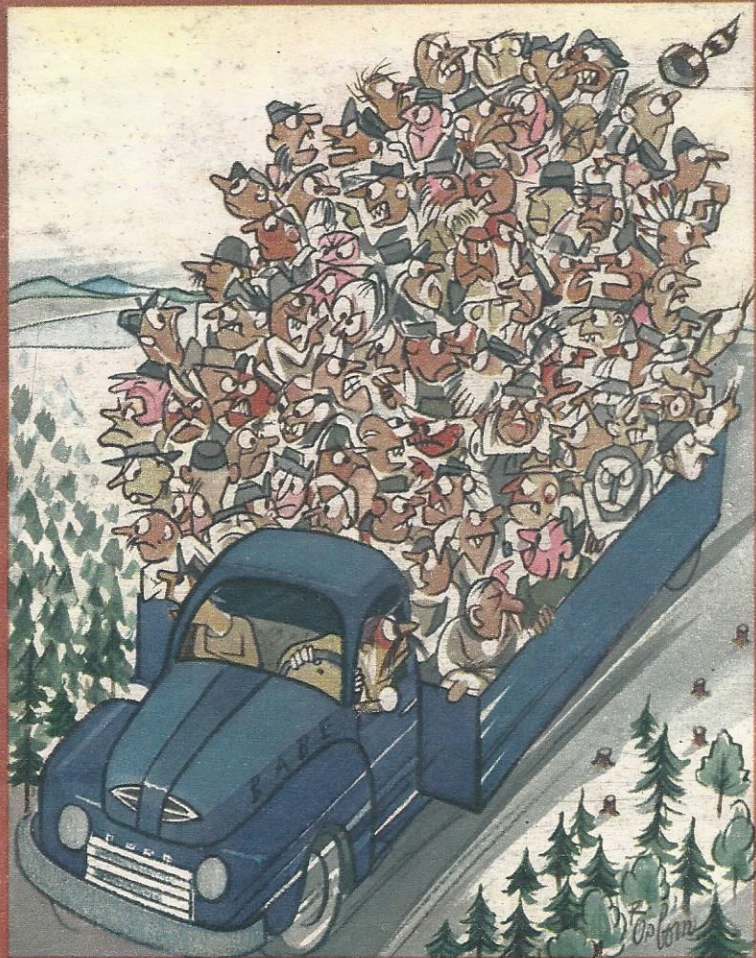


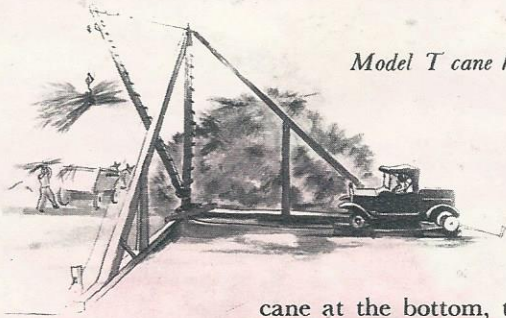
FORD TRUCK TIMES

july-august 1949



Paul Bunyan and the Maple Sugar Business

Model T cane hoist



get granulated sugar out of. Yet that sturdy rod is a vessel for juice, twelve per cent of which is liquid sugar.

During the ten-week harvest, the sugar houses never stop, day, night, or Sunday, because it costs money to shut down. They send forth smoke and scent continuously, taking in bundles of cane at one end and delivering 325-pound bags of raw sugar at the other.

Cane was once harvested by men and women swinging sharp machetes. With one swipe they cut it close to the ground, with another they trimmed off the leafy tops. A little cane is still cut that way, but over ninety per cent is now harvested with a machine of heroic proportions.

The driver sits fourteen feet above ground, on top of a mass of angular shapes that defy description. At the rear of the machine, close to the ground, sits a co-pilot who handles a wheel that adjusts the whirling cutting blade up and down. His job is to see that the cutting blade doesn't hit the furrow. The machine cuts off the

cane at the bottom, takes it into its middle where it trims off the tops, carries the stalk to the rear and out to the side and lays it on the ground. One machine does the work of 75 hand cutters.

Probably no other harvest in the world requires a blow torch. After the windrows have been gathered into piles by a kind of hay rake, along comes the blow torch operator, spraying the piles with flame to burn off any remaining leaves.

Tractor-drawn wagons take the cane from the fields to the loading stations on the highway. Here Ford power enters the picture. Many of the hoists at these stations are operated by old Model T's, set up on blocks. In place of one rear wheel is a drum on which the hoisting cable winds and unwinds. The ancient Model T isn't going anywhere, but it's performing an indispensable function in satisfying America's sweet tooth.

Ford trucks predominate in hauling Louisiana cane from loading station to sugar house. They haul immense trailers that are in reality high-sided metal baskets more than twenty feet long.

Nobody, apparently, has in-

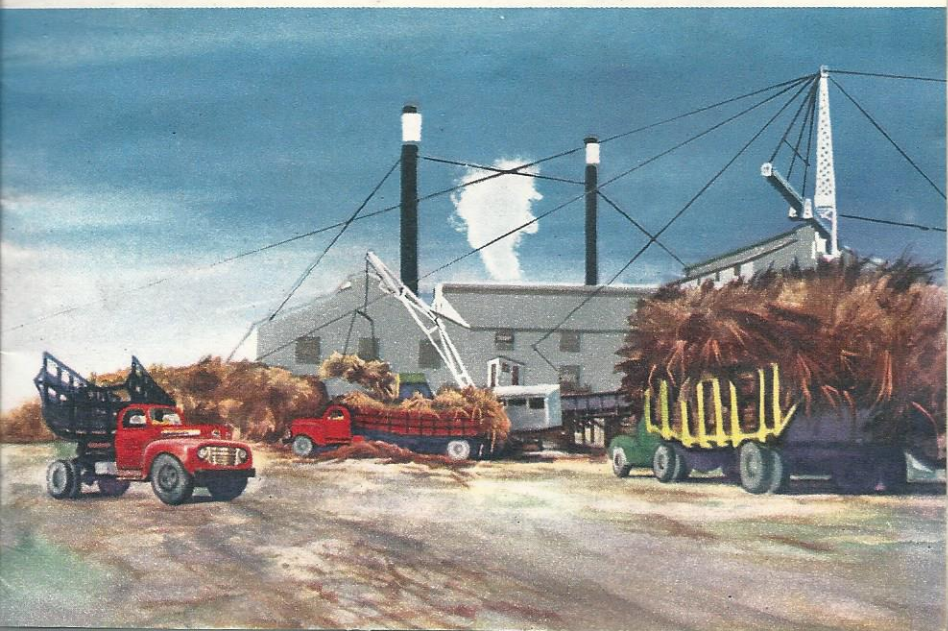


Cutting cane by hand



Cutting cane by machine

At sugar house, cane is unloaded into bins which feed conveyor line. Processing yields raw sugar in 200-pound sacks.





Burning cane leaves

vented a scientific method of loading cane into the trailers. The technique is to fill the trailer until it will hold no more, then pile on a half dozen bundles more. As a result, the roads are strewn with dropped bundles and the cement highways are twin trails of brown juice.

Then there's the speed. The drivers seem to be seized by a competitive fever to get to the sugar house first. With twenty tons of topheavy load and no trailer brakes, they careen down the highways like agitated dinosaurs, while passenger cars edge over to the opposite shoulder at half speed.

There is a good reason for the speed. The harvest period is concentrated and the cane must be cut and hauled to the refinery with a minimum of delay. As a result, speed is of equal importance with carrying capacity. When the Ford "Big Job" appeared, offering the required speed plus a greater load capacity, sugar

planters quickly turned to it, as have growers of other quick-harvest, large-tonnage products.

At the sugar house there is a short period of waiting while the line of trailers is weighed in. A sample of each planter's cane is placed in a rack, and underneath the pigeon holes you will see their names: Foret, Angelette, Breaux, Legendre, Bourgeois, Boudroux, Gaudet, Hebert.

Sugar cane was introduced into Louisiana in 1751, when the Jesuits imported seed cane and skilled planters from Santo Domingo, and started a plantation on the outskirts of New Orleans. At first it was grown for rum and syrup because nobody knew how to crystallize it commercially.

Finally, in 1795, a man named Etienne Boré mastered the art of crystallizing, and as a consequence became extremely rich. By 1822, sugar houses had steam power, and since then the sour-sweet aroma of autumn has been part of the South Louisiana story. ■



*"Now I see why you were willing to bid so low
to get this jetty contract."*



decorations by C. W. Moss

Rolling the Roads

by Dod Stoddard

JIM ORCUTT racked up his tanker on the shoulder and creaked out of the cab. He straightened cramped muscles, one at a time, moving like a rheumatic grizzly. His head roared, his lips were dry as a last year's onion. Grime, sweat and weariness fenced in his eyes.

"Name of a sheep-killin' cur!" Jim mumbled to the black night as he aimed his leaden feet across the road toward the neon that read EAT. The sign had the glow of fresh-ladled pig-iron and the highway, the whole countryside, gave off waves of the sort which come from a not-yet-cool boiler.

Tracy, the waitress, edged out of the lunch stand door, and saw the trucker weaving toward her. She waited to make him out.

"Thought I'd get a breath of air—but there's no more of it out here than inside," Tracy said. "*Lordy!* You look beat!"

Jim tried to grin, but his jaw felt numb. "I couldn'ta pushed that smoker another hundred yards without droppin' dead," he said.

They went in together and Tracy drew his coffee, slid the sugar jar toward him. Solemnly, she stood by, refilling his water glass while he drank it empty three and a half times. The last half was to cool the too-hot coffee after he'd made it into syrup with sugar.

This night the pickup from the sweet black was slow in getting to Jim Orcutt's blood stream. He drank, in large draughts, pausing between and matching stares with the blank back-bar. It was five minutes or more before he began to reach for the napkin holder, to wipe the moisture, grease, and dust off his face. He worked methodically, one napkin for the forehead, one for the eyes, one for the nose, cheeks and chin, a fourth for the wrinkles in his neck. Then he was ready to talk—and to size up the menu, the other customers, Tracy, and Slim, the fry cook.

"I got more troubles than Job had boils," Jim announced to Tracy. "My boss is about to go busted—borrowed last week's payroll an' I guess he'll have to steal the next one. I ain't workin' regular. Two days last week an' two shifts hand-runnin' today an' tonight."

Tracy made a clucking sound and the rest kept quiet.

"My ol' lady won't speak to me hardly because I don't give her enough dough. I am behind on my union dues," Joe is listing woes now on his fingers. "I got cramps in my belly, beggin' your pardon, Tracy, an' that clinker I'm herdin' is meaner'n a mother-in-law with the hives.

"I got slowed down by cars ahead on the only hills I *could* make, an' when there's a steep one that sends me grabbin' for Grandma, the traffic is all *behind* me, plaguin' me like a hangman's past!"

Joe swung around on his stool, spread an arm each way on the counter an' ended up with: "By all the pitfalls in purgatory, if I could get a nice

clean quiet job in a fertilizer factory, I'd sure quit these stinkin' roads!"

"Tracy, gimme a hamburger steak an' two eggs on the side with French fries!"

Big Oscar Thorsen got up and moved over by Jim. He lit a cigarette an' waited until the hamburger was duly delivered, smeared with ketchup, bread was buttered and Jim had blunted his appetite.

"Reckon you'd like to operate a crane, my friend?" he questioned, lookin' at the ashes on his cigarette, not at Jim.

"Where?" Jim asks, between bites.

"Oh, up on Black Rock," Thorsen says. "—nice an' cool, house furnished—good pay."

"How long?" Jim was cutting into the second egg and motioning to Tracy for a refill on the coffee.

"Six months—steady," Oscar answers. "Then we move down south for another six. Dragline work this winter."

"I can run a dragline," Jim nodded. "Tracy, cut me a hunk of that cocoanut custard pie, will you angel?"

Big Oscar kept still. Jim Orcutt finished his pie, scorned the napkins and swiped his face with a sleeve. Then he paid his chit, got up and walked over to face Thorsen.

"Thanks, Mister. Sure sounds nice. But I guess I'll get on with my load. Crane work can get awful *lonesome*. Kind of like to get around. Bye, Tracy—don't let none of them smart alecs give you any malarkey!"

* * *

A school bus driver came into Baker's garage the other day to have a bumper straightened. Knuckles Galloway, the mechanic, ribbed him a little: "S'matter, Mr. Blake, run 'er into a powder-puff?"

"No," Blake told him. "Driver of the other bus backed into me while I was parked."

After Blake left, Knuckles told me the guy had been hauling kids for 26 years and had a "perfect record."

"You mean he never even dented a fender?" I asked.

"Oh, heck no," Knuckles came back. "School buses don't get smacked up very often. But when you haul twenty-thirty whoopin' yowlin' prankish young hooligans ten miles twice a day it takes a lot of will-power not to stop at least *once* in a quarter of a century an' whale the devil out of one of 'em!"



* * *

I had occasion to check up on width and length laws for truck bodies not long ago. The Nevada motor vehicle commissioner wrote me: "We're pretty liberal out here. Beds shouldn't be over one lane—14 or 15 feet wide—and not over a hundred feet long."

I showed the note to a chap in hilly, rocky little Vermont. He thought out the dimensions carefully.

"If I had a level bed like that," he concluded, "I wouldn't drive it. I'd farm it!"



"Honest, Sweetie Pie . . . when I said I wished I could trade in my old wreck for one of those Bonus Built jobs, I was talking about the truck!"

PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD



THE PROBLEM: We were in our truck, headed for the annual spring roundup in the rangelands of Western Utah when we made a startling discovery. Whoever had serviced the truck had failed to put in enough oil and we were dangerously low, miles from any service station. We had all the grub and would have to answer to all the hungry cowboys if we didn't make it in time for the evening meal. And hungry cowboys can be very disagreeable.

THE SOLUTION: Rummaging through the chuck, I came up with the solution: Butter! With two pounds in the crankcase we made it into camp on time and soon had supper going. The hungry cowboys, however, refused to use crankcase drippings as a spread for their sourdough biscuits.

—A. PHARIS JOHNSON, Tooele, Utah

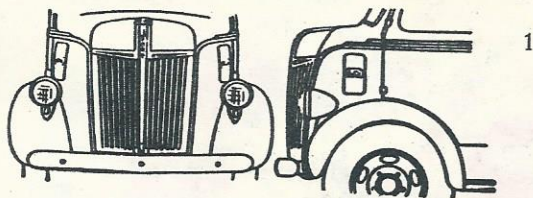


THE PROBLEM: I was a traveling salesman in northwest Florida about 25 years ago, a time when we had to drive our Model T's over rough sand roads and through bridgeless creeks. One day I was down near Jasper and stopped at a deep creek that crossed the road. Seeing a car stalled in the middle, I was hesitant about crossing. As I stood there another salesman came up in his Model T. After a brief preparation he drove his car across, through water that came to the bottom of his doors, with no trouble.

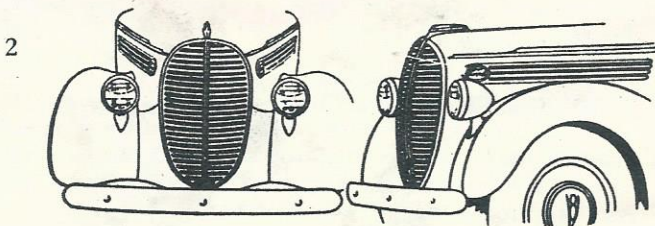
THE SOLUTION: The man disconnected his fan, then took a four-foot length of garden hose out of his car. He attached one end of the hose to his exhaust pipe and hung the other end on the top of his car. With no fan to splatter water, and free passage for the exhaust, the vital parts stayed dry and the car performed almost as well as on solid ground.

—W. J. GRANTHAM, Dublin, Georgia

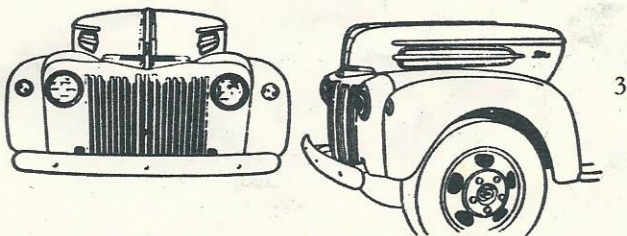
GAME SECTION



1
Year



2
Year



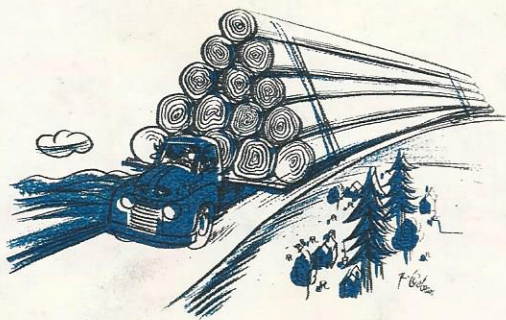
3
Year

Guess Their Birthdays

Above are faces and profiles of three familiar models of the Ford Truck line. Being a trucker, you should be able to guess their years within two minutes. At the outside you shouldn't require more than three minutes. Just write the year of the model in the correct panel, then turn the page upside down for the answer.

ANSWERS

1—1941 2—1939 3—1946



Paul Bunyan and the Maple Sugar Business

by William Hazlett Upson

illustrations by R. Osborn

WHEN PAUL BUNYAN first acquired his beautiful blue truck, Babe, he realized that he could carry on logging operations in the summer even better than in the winter. Logs can be transported on anti-friction bearings much more efficiently than on sled runners. Late in the winter, Paul bought a big stand of timber—both hard wood and soft wood. While he was waiting for Ford Fordsen to build a saw mill, he decided to make some quick returns by tapping the maple trees on his new property and selling sugar.

He rushed over to Minneapolis and hired a hundred men who promised to stay for six months—one or two months of sugaring and the rest cutting timber. To attract the best labor, Paul made an offer which in those days was very generous.

To each man he said: "You get board and lodging. Your pay starts at the rate of one hundred dollars a month. You get paid twice a month. And on each pay day after the first you get a five-dollar raise."

Soon a hundred men signed up. Paul loaded them in the blue truck and headed for the north woods. By the time he arrived the whole group was quarreling and fighting like wild cats, and Paul realized too late that you do not always get good help merely by paying good wages.



Of course, not all the men were quarrelsome, but there were enough trouble-makers to throw the whole gang into a turmoil.

After Paul had unloaded his ugly-tempered crew at the bunkhouse, he retired to his own cabin. For several hours he thought things over without finding any good solution to his difficulties. Finally he went to bed.

About three in the morning his foreman, Ole Olsen, woke him up, and took him around to the back of the bunkhouse where they could look in one of the windows without being discovered. To Paul's astonishment, his old rival Loud Mouth Johnson was inside the bunkhouse, making a speech to Paul's men.

"I have just bought a big timber property a few miles up the river," he said. "I need fifty men, and if you'll come with me I'll pay you more than that old skinflint Paul Bunyan. What sort of wages does he pay?"

One of the men spoke up, "We get a hundred a month. Pay day comes twice a month. And after the first pay day we get a raise of five dollars each time."

"Okay," said Loud Mouth Johnson. "I'll start you at one hundred dollars a month. I'll pay you once a month. And I'll give you a raise of twenty dollars every month instead of the ten Paul is offering you."

Right away there was a rush to sign up. Good old faithful Ole Olsen was as mad as a wet panther. He whispered to Paul: "That low down Johnson is going to steal the best fifty men you've got. You'll have nothing left but the scum of the whole bunch. I'll kill him."

"No," said Paul placidly. "Let him alone. He may be doing us a favor."

Gradually, Ole quieted down. And for several days he became more and more astonished as the fifty men that Loud Mouth Johnson had not hired turned out to be splendid workers. The sugaring got going faster and better than he had even dreamed.

But several nights later he waked up Paul again. He was more excited

than ever. He said, "You know what that low down Johnson has been doing now?"

"What?" asked Paul.

"He furnished milking machines to those fifty men he hired away from you. And last night under cover of darkness they came and tapped a lot of your trees. With these machines they can milk out a day's run of sap in five minutes. Let me go over there to Johnson's place. I'll kill him!"

Once more Paul quieted good old Ole down. But a few days later Ole was back again with some interesting news.

He said, "I hear that Loud Mouth Johnson has been arrested for selling impure maple sugar."

"I'm not surprised," said Paul.

"I don't understand," said Ole.

"Johnson's troubles began when he made his phony offer of higher wages. That trick was already old in the logging business way back when Solomon was cutting the cedars of Lebanon for his temple in Jerusalem. So the only men Johnson was able to tempt away were both crooked and stupid. That left me just the smart ones and the honest ones. It saved me the trouble of sorting them out. No wonder our work has been going so well."

"I still don't understand," said Ole.

"Listen," said Paul. "All those men had promised to stay with me. So only the dishonest ones would break the promise and go off with Johnson. And, besides being dishonest, they had to be stupid, because Johnson's offer only *sounded* like more than mine. Actually his raise of twenty dollars a month amounts to less than my raise of five dollars every half month."

"That's impossible," said Ole.

Paul explained: "The first month I make payments of fifty dollars and fifty-five dollars, which is more than Johnson's one payment of one hundred dollars. The second month I pay sixty dollars plus sixty-five dollars, which is more than Johnson's one payment of one hundred and twenty dollars. In the months that follow there is the same difference."

After several hours figuring poor old Ole agreed.

"And now," said Paul, "you can see why Loud Mouth Johnson is in jail. His workmen had been especially selected for unreliability and low intelligence. When he sent them over to tap my trees in the pitch dark, they naturally tapped a lot of pine trees as well as maple trees, so the cops nabbed him for selling maple syrup adulterated with turpentine. This proves that stupid people should never try dishonest tricks."

"Yes," said Ole, "crime does not pay unless you're smart." ■





painting by Robert Boston

Getting Even With Fire

by O. A. Fitzgerald

WHEN THE WHEAT gets so tall that whole fields sway in rippling rhythm with every breeze and the warm June sun begins to turn the heads from green to gold, it is the signal for about 30 farmers in the Clyde district of Walla Walla County in eastern Washington to gather around their 1½-ton Ford V-8 fire truck for the annual pre-harvest fire defense meeting. With harvest starting about the Fourth of July that meeting usually comes the last week in June.

At the meeting, the farmers get a brush-up on the features and operation of their truck, which carries a 600-gallon tank, two hose lines, and pressure pumps. They get their annual briefing on the district's four trailer tanks, each carrying 500 gallons, two hoses, and auxiliary pumps. One trailer is



stationed at a farm in each quarter of the district. Farmers within two miles have one assignment, those two to four miles have another, while those over four miles have still another. This advance planning assures a speedy and effective fire fighting force.

Fire used to burn up a lot of grain every harvest—sometimes half a million dollars' worth. But it doesn't any more. Washington now has over 100 of these alert rural fire units. Besides having the value of an organization which brings individual responsibility, they own more than \$1,000,000 worth of fine mobile equipment, ranging from racehorse trucks carrying only a few hundred gallons of water up to lumbering giants costing \$15,000 and carrying everything any rural fire fighter could ask for.

One group of fires studied were found to have stemmed from 39 different causes. Having accepted such fires as annual harvest events, farmers never had paid much attention to causes. Farmers have been shown that their own trucks caused over half of the blazes. Exhausts without protector screens set the fields afire.

The anti-fire campaign, starting in 1942, gave farmers a new and more hopeful view on farm fires. Rural districts sprang to life. Getting mobile equipment was difficult, even for farmers with top war priority. So they improvised, making their own tanks and trailer water carriers. They used irrigation pumps on their trucks. They organized local crews to make sure all neighbors would respond to fire calls equipped for instant action.

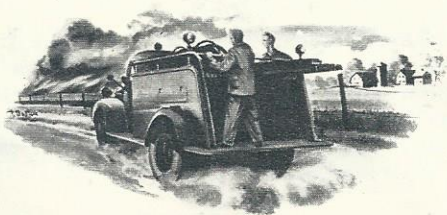
Dividends came quickly. In the 1943 harvest, one of normal fire danger, losses were only \$35,000. They have been below \$100,000 every harvest since.

The Washington plan calls for one-, two-, and even three-alarm calls, the same as in big cities. The first alarm will bring out a light, speedy truck. It will carry only a little water, perhaps only 100 gallons, but it will be there in a matter of minutes. Districts are laid out so that no truck need travel much over 15 miles to reach the remotest part. A second alarm will bring a larger unit carrying more water. The third alarm will bring out the biggest units.

One of Washington's bigger rural districts, Spokane County No. 3 at Cheney, illustrates this trend. It will have 10 pieces of mobile equipment this year, ranging from a speedster with only 100 gallons of water to a big truck carrying 1,500 gallons and a pump capable of pushing it out at 600 pounds pressure. The larger units are equipped for all types of farm building or grain elevator fires.

The F-4 and F-5 are proving very popular in the light, speedy truck class, since they can roll down the highway at 60 to 70 mph and yet tear across grain fields and pasture lands to check field blazes. There may be as much as 10 minutes' time—precious minutes, too—between the arrival of one of these light units and the district's bigger trucks.

Twelve minutes in the 228-square-mile Kittitas County No. 2 District one afternoon last fall illustrated the new-found speed in Washington's rural fire defense. The first call came

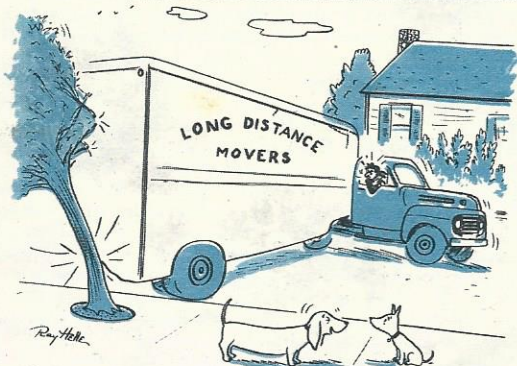


in at 4:15 p.m. One truck headed seven miles north. Five minutes later a second call came in from about five miles south of town. Another truck went out. Just a few minutes later a third call came in, from still another direction. With two-way radio, the second truck was re-routed to the third call and another truck went on the second call.

Just how well these mobile units are paying off in dollars was apparent two seasons ago. One county, which had not yet gotten around to organizing, had eight fires. Total losses: \$70,000. In an adjoining county, with a worse fire hazard, the four fire districts answered a total of 35 calls. Total loss: \$1,135. Cooperation between districts on big fires also is profitable. Equipment from four or five districts has converged on serious fires.

While these fast-traveling firemen have demonstrated that their city comrades have no corner on speed, 90 per cent of the emphasis is on keeping fires from starting in the first place.

This combination of preventing fires and being able to put out in a hurry the ones that do start is paying off in two directions. Millions of dollars' worth of grain has been saved since 1943. Farm homes and buildings are the safest they have ever been. Insurance companies, which were pulling out of some grain areas because they had to charge such high premiums to cover their losses, are now reducing their rates once again. ■



*"I know just how he feels.
I have the same trouble myself sometimes."*

Stories of the Road

THE FORD TRUCK TIMES will pay \$25 each for true stories of the road which are accepted for publication in this department. Humorous or unusual incidents that you have observed while hauling about the country are particularly eligible. The funnier they are, the better, but we won't mind considering tear jerkers. Keep your offering under 200 words and mail it to: Editor, Ford Truck Times, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. If you want your story returned, you must enclose return postage.

decorations by Cliff Roberts



WHILE DRIVING for a motor freight line in Little Rock I watched another driver trying to back his large truck. In leaning far out of the left-hand door of his vehicle, the man lost his balance and fell out of the cab onto the ground. He jumped up quickly, looking around to see if anyone had noticed him. I courteously turned my head in order not to embarrass him, and he climbed back into his slowly moving truck and drove away.

Leonard Heihn, North Little Rock, Arkansas

* * *



IT WAS A DARK and stormy evening when I went to pick up a prize male hog I was to haul 200 miles. The owner had a cold and stayed in the house, but gave me instructions where the hog was in the barn. I hurried through the loading in the dim light and was soon on my way. I arrived in good time and the new owner of the hog was there to see me unload. Imagine my surprise to find nine hogs in my truck instead of one! I'd gotten my instructions mixed and had loaded an expectant sow instead of the prize boar.

F. L. Richardson, Denver, Colorado

* * *



PPULLING OUT of Los Angeles one midnight in '46, I headed my heavily loaded Ford semi for that treacherous stretch of road known as the Ridge on a haul to Frisco. I got drowsy during the pull up the ridge so I stopped at the crest for coffee. Soon finishing, I started my rig downgrade. I became lulled again by the heat of the engine and found myself drowsing again. Then, on a straight stretch I actually went to sleep. When I snapped awake it was just in time to enter a sharp S curve. I wrestled the wheel, started to apply air—but there were no brakes, one of the lines having broken. My only chance was to hold it on the road until I hit the Grapevine, a straight stretch from the bottom of the Ridge to the Valley. The California Highway Commission has placed sand traps in the Grapevine for just such emergencies. I hit the first one at 85 and slowed to 70 by the time I hit the second. It took a third one to bring me to a halt.

C. Elkins, Baltimore, Maryland



DURING HARVEST last year my husband and I went to Macksville to buy a "pick-up" for our combine. We started at 4:30 a.m. to insure an early return, and it was dark as pitch. I carried the flashlight to see our way to the car. As soon as I was seated I opened the glove compartment to put the flashlight away. Horrors! From out of its inky blackness something leaped into my face, dropped writhing into my lap, and leaped at my face again. I dropped the flashlight in my panic. Then the thing was jumping all over my husband. I couldn't find the door handle for what seemed hideous hours. Finally I managed to get out, my husband recovered the flashlight and turned its beam on, of all things, a baby rabbit! It turned out that the wheat hauler of the day before had put the rabbit in the compartment to take home to his son, and had forgotten about it.

Mrs. P. D. Posegate, Plainville, Kansas

* * *

OUR DRIVER Ernest Ellis and two helpers were loading what appeared to be just another lot of household goods to be transported to a neighboring state. It was routine until they tipped the dining table to put it on the van and an envelope fell to their feet. Briefly examining the packet, our driver saw that its contents would be of particular interest to the shipper. Unceremoniously he handed it to her and proceeded with his work. Before leaving the residence, the shipper told Mr. Ellis that the envelope contained nearly \$7,000 which she supposed had been tucked away a few dollars at a time by her late husband. We asked Mr. Ellis whether he regretted returning the money to the shipper. "No," he replied, "with only the reward on my mind, I can sleep tonight."

Vivian Nail, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

* * *

JOE PARKER pulled his F-6 van-bodied nursery truck up to a halt at a boulevard stop sign. Following the truck, too close to be seen by Joe, was a small coupe that plowed into the back of the van. The old man driving the coupe decided to sue for damages and the case came up in court a few weeks later. The judge wrinkled his brow, looked down at Joe, and asked: "Mr. Parker, when you stopped at the intersection, did you put out your hand?" "Your honor, sir," Joe began, "if this old codger couldn't see a truck as big as a boxcar, how in the name of galloping goldfish could he ever see anything as small as my hand?"

William E. Drake, Long Beach, California



Frustrations of Trucking

A FRIEND of mine was having a load of potatoes hauled to a southern state. The potatoes were sacked and piled high in the truck's dump body. They came on an impassable-looking spot as they approached a main highway. The road was being reconstructed and a power crane was on the site. As the truck began the difficult crossing the crane operator, unknown to the truck driver, swung his beam around, lowered his cable until its hook was attached to a frame cross member forward of the dump body, but behind the cab. The crane, in helping the truck forward, raised its front wheels two feet off the ground. The driver, unaccustomed to such behavior from his truck, turned his steering wheel frantically from left to right until the front end rested on the highway, accompanied by the hearty laughter of bystanders.

Sidney Sanford
Verndale, Minnesota

* * *

SOMETIME ago while hauling pulpwood on my old '37 V8 truck I stopped at my favorite service station for gas. Being in a hurry, I didn't wait for the owner, but shoved the hose across the truck to my helper and told him to fill her up. I meantime was exchanging a few words with the station owner. When my helper told me the tank was full, I hastily scrambled for home, yelling, "Charge it!" to the station man. Suddenly I heard a crash, bang, and rattle of metal and glass, and stopped to investigate. I'd forgotten to remove the hose from my gas tank and had pulled the pump out by the roots and hauled it 30 feet. I had a time convincing my friends that I was sober.

Leon C. Fulgham
Maben, Mississippi

* * *

THIS OLD COUPLE had lived all their lives in the mountains, when they called me to move their belongings to their new modern home in the city. I was surprised, as I had known them all my life and didn't ever think they would leave their old home. He had started panning and had gone on into mining. I loaded their possessions carefully in my truck, and we made the trip to their lovely new suburban home. When everything was unloaded the little old lady walked from room to room, turned on the water in the white tiled bathroom, and then gazed out for a long time at the flat, well clipped green lawn. I was just leaving when she called, "Wait a minute young man, load up this stuff and git us back home. I'm not stayin'." The old man jumped up, saying, "If you're not satisfied with the place, we'll go back right now." I returned them and left late that same night, leaving a tired but contented old couple.

F. L. Richardson
Denver, Colorado



LAST SUMMER Bill Stofer and Donald Stratton of Highland Park, Michigan, got themselves an F-3 six-cylinder stake truck and headed for the Alcan Highway, their objective being to travel as far north as possible by automotive vehicle in North America. They ran out of road 170 miles north of Fairbanks and conceded they had reached their objective. Gas average on the 10,000-mile trip was 16.5 m.p.g. ■



Mail Truck

decorations by Cliff Roberts



Dear Sirs: A few months ago I read in the *FORD TRUCK TIMES* about "Winter Vacation Farmers." I was greatly stimulated, as I always had a hankering for the soil. Recently I married a lovely girl. She, too, likes the sod. Together we went to Florida. I promised her we would see this agricultural wonder. Several days later we took a bus to Homestead. I phoned Mr. Sottile and one of his boys, Willie, came and drove us around this monumental project, giving a brilliant commentary on the soil as we drove along hundreds and hundreds of fertile, productive acres. It was a display of kindness and courtesy to be remembered. They have given us a wonderful honeymoon gift.

MAX LEVEY
Newark, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Although I am now a clergyman, I have driven several different makes of trucks in the past. Recently the local dealer loaned me one of his demonstration "Bonus Built" trucks for use in a paper drive my church was conducting. I would like to take this opportunity to tell you that it is one of the finest trucks I have ever driven. Its smooth action, its obvious power, its roadability were a constant source of amazement and joy to me. Of particular interest were the low and high speed ratios, giving added power in low speeds and smoother riding in the higher speeds. You are to be congratulated on your new truck.

HOWARD F. SMITH, JR.
Uxbridge, Mass.



Dear Sirs: After reading the story in the *FORD TRUCK TIMES* about the man who was going to have his dog pull out his semi-trailer, memories came to me of the day when I was stuck in our backyard. My sister was then a little girl and insisted that her pet billy goat help. I told her that wouldn't help, but

she got the goat anyway and fastened his chain on the front bumper. I raced the engine and it frightened the goat so that he pulled with all his strength, and out I came. That one extra goat-power did the trick.

E. HILLMAN
Adrian, Mich.



Dear Sirs: After partly loading a box car with 84,000 pounds of canned citrus juices we discovered that to finish loading it we would have to move it up a grade to a crossing over 100 yards away. We chained a Ford dump truck to it and heaved away. When the driver reached the crossing he had to swerve fast to get out of the way. The box car, rolling up the incline, ran right by him. Never before or since have I seen such a light truck tow over 100,000 pounds up a hill with such speed. The company will never junk that truck.

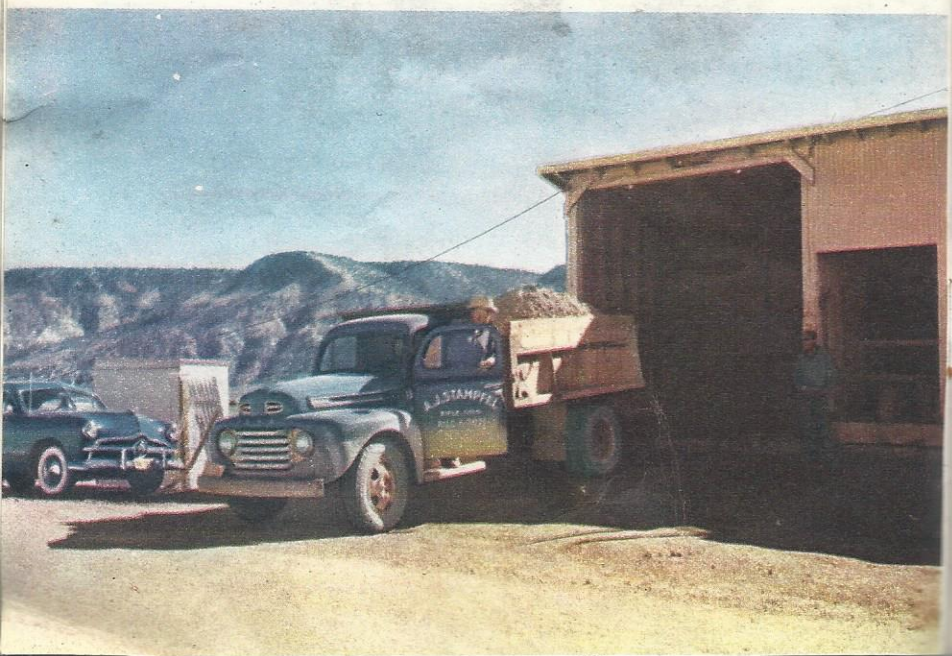
JAMES C. DOUGLAS
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs: While leafing through your current issue of FORD TRUCK TIMES, I came across "Paul Bunyan versus the Speed Limit." Just to satisfy my curiosity, was the 50-mile-long train pulled by Ford motor power?

WILLIAM B. SMITH
Arkport, New York

Editor's Note: Paul Bunyan, ever thorough and thrifty, foresaw the question Mr. Smith has brought up. He realized that this project would barely tap Babe's vast power, so he designed a sliding power take-off from her engine whereby he could revolve the dynamos of the electric locomotives pulling the train. Thus, Babe not only hauled the cement, but powered the train as well.





← *Three of Stampfel's fleet of 13 Ford trucks that work daily far into the night on the grueling mine-to-mill vanadium ore haul are shown, left, executing one of the route's many tough hairpin curves.*

Vanadium Haul

*by Joyce Rockwood Muench
photographs by Josef Muench*

SOMETIME when you want to have a nice family chat about Ford trucks, I suggest that you drop in to see Adolph J. Stampfel of the Rifle Auto Company in Rifle, Colorado. He can tell some stories that go to prove what you knew all along, on the matter of what Fords can take—and in this case, dish out as well. But let me explain why his word should have weight when Ford trucks are being discussed.

Rifle is on the shores of the roving Colorado River, far up in northwestern Colorado, where the stream is as blue as the sky, or sometimes crystal clear. It's a farming country, with lush fields and orchards mounting low plateaus which eventually climb onto the forested slopes of Battlement Mesa on one side and the Book Cliffs on the other. In twisting canyons, with wide valley floors, where Rifle Creek comes through, cattle make picture-scenes among great mounds of hay, and irrigation ditches add their warm scent to a country which might otherwise verge on the desert side. Sage points that up by taking over wherever the farmer can't reach.

There would be need enough for trucks to haul out produce and bring in supplies for this rich agriculture region, but that isn't all that concerns Rifle.

One of the largest single bodies of vanadium ore is packed under overlying cliffs, from where it is being mined and taken down for processing by the United States Vanadium Corporation. Here's work that just suits the Fords.

Mr. Stampfel does all the hauling of the ore and during the war he had as many as thirteen trucks on the move, day and night.

← *Another truckload of ore has been delivered, and is ready to go into the hopper of the Vanadium Corporation of America's processing plant not far from Rifle, Colorado. No type of weather delays the fleet.*

Vanadium has, as you know, several uses. It strengthens steel, fortifying the plates on battleships, to mention only one mighty important one. That, in turn, may suggest other ways in which it is an essential in war and peace.

The underground mine is reached by a gravel and dirt road which starts out at leisurely pace from the town of Rifle, curving with valleys and brushing by farms and grazing land. Soon it makes for the hills, through great rocks standing on end, and skirts the Great Hogback before it attacks a hillside. Now the grade jumps to twenty-four percent, around several hairpin curves. When you haul big loads and keep it up in every kind of weather, sometimes over ice and snow, soft with rain, slick with freezing weather—you need power and reliability. So Stampfel uses Fords. He can tell you that he has tried other makes, but even those having three times the capacity were unable to haul as much ore in a day as the two-ton Ford trucks. He says that it just boils down to this—with a heavily loaded truck (they put over eight tons on the two-ton trucks) the motor has to turn over so fast, that no other make can stand up under it. He found that other trucks had to have chains for the hill work while the Ford truck drivers never bothered with them.

It's an experience to watch the loading and then see the heavily loaded trucks take off up the road. I held my breath each time I saw them do it, but even the machines seemed to know what valuable service they were rendering and how much the drivers counted on them.

The drivers usually travel in pairs. One man backs the truck into the loading pit while the other climbs a ladder and starts a scraper. A "slusher" activates three heavy metal cables which send the scraper skittering over the rocks for a scoopful which is pulled to a hole and dropped onto the truck bed. The load hits the truck with a crash that sounded as if the rocks were going on through the bed.

When the thirteen machines were rolling, they hauled as high as five hundred and thirty-five tons in a single day. The drivers say proudly that work at the mill was never slowed down because of failure of the trucks to deliver ore.

Another fleet of Mr. Stampfel's trucks brings ore from the mine at Uravan to the mill in Rifle. That's over two hundred miles and keeps the Fords busy on the longest haul of such ore in the country. ■



Boats for Hollywood Seas

by Benton Roberts

THEY seldom leave the landlocked tanks of Hollywood, yet my boats sail the seven seas. You've seen them in many pictures, for my outriggers, kayaks, canoes, longboats, sloops and gondolas have appeared in more than 1200 pictures in 14 years. That's nearly a hundred films a year.

From my boathouse and shops alongside Machado Lake at the edge of Wilmington, I move the boats to various Hollywood studios on a pair of veteran Fords. One is a Model A tow truck of 1931 vintage; the other, a Model B boom truck built a year later. With the power-operated winch, I lift boats from the water and deposit them on the Model A or a trailer which it tows, and lower them again into the water at the studio.

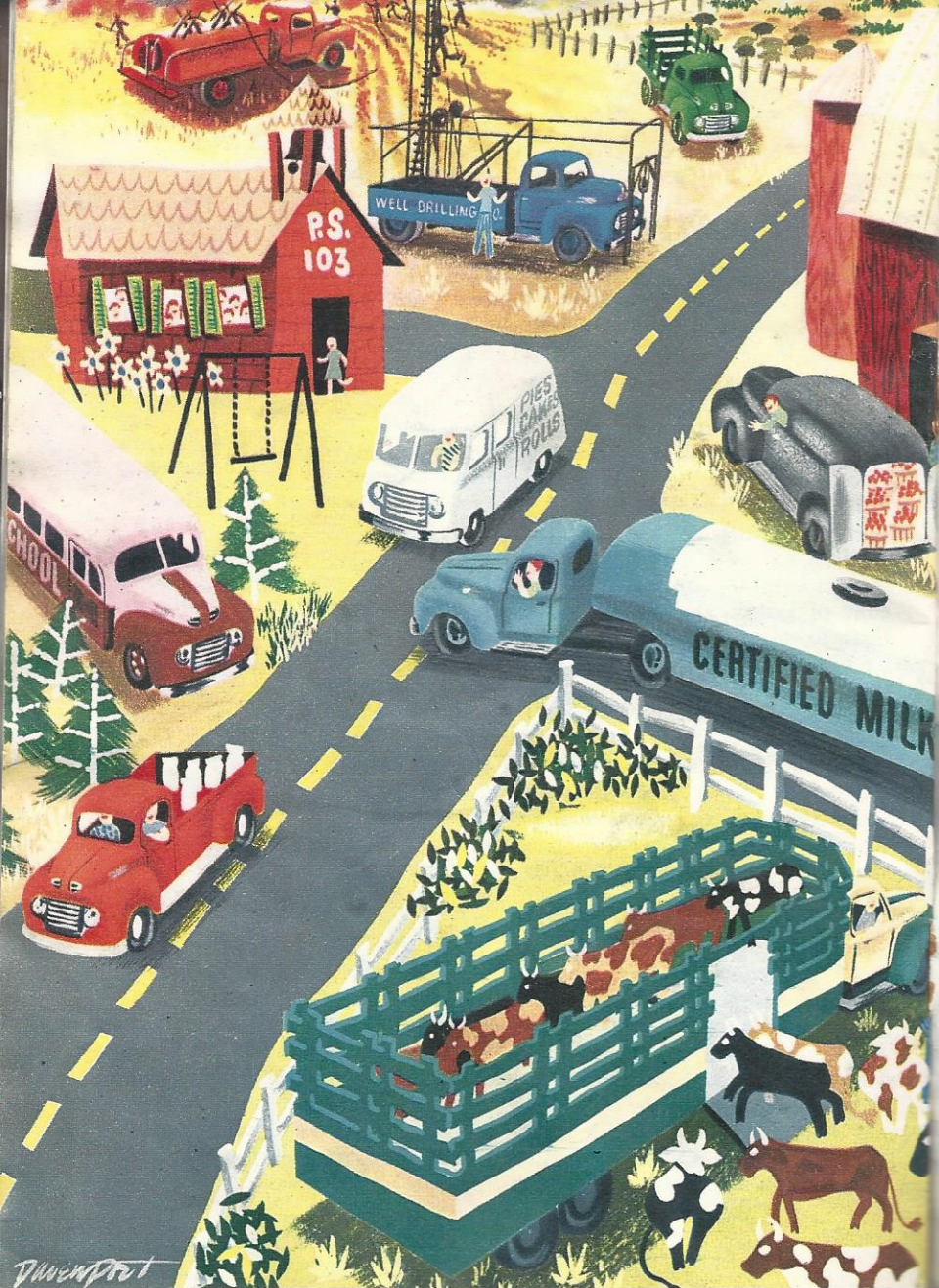
I've filled lots of strange orders, some small, some big. Perhaps the most important came when a director ordered a whole fleet of 34 boats. He wanted them delivered within 24 hours, planned to use them only one day, and demanded that I clear them off the lot during the following day. I put the two Fords to work, shuttling between Wilmington and Hollywood, a

run of about 25 miles. I rented some types I did not own and called for trucks to carry the larger units. But I got them there on time.

One boat may have a dozen faces during the year. A few changes converts an old-fashioned navy small boat into a captain's gig. An Italian gondola of simple outline becomes on short notice a gaudy gondola fitted with an elaborate baldachin.

When a call comes for a boat I do not possess and cannot find, I build it! One company had filmed scenes of a small sailboat on a stream in the Canadian woods. Later the director needed additional shots to be taken in Hollywood. It became my task to duplicate the little boat. Working from a photograph I made up a replica so exact no one viewing the film could detect the difference between the original and its mate.

I cannot lay claim to being the sole purveyor of boats to the movie-makers. But chances are better than even that any small craft you see on the screen came from my shop—hailed to Hollywood on the trailer drawn by a Model A Ford. ■



P.S. 103

WELL DRILLING CO.

PIES, CANDIES, POLES

CERTIFIED MILK

SCHOOL

DuvonProt

Meet the Family

AT THE LEFT is concentrated a Ford Truck family portrait. It is an imaginary scene, but its elements are happening all over the country. The entire line has been brought together—basic types only, of course, because there are 150 variations of these models. A farm scene was selected because few industries offer such a wide variety of truck needs for the new Ford line to fill.

The red firefighter, above left, is an F-5 chassis equipped with special apparatus that is playing an increasingly effective role in curbing the flash fires that burn through the northwestern wheat regions. (See "Getting Even with Fire," page 14.) To the right, coming across the field, is the F-4 stake, capable of carrying large loads of farm miscellany at passenger car speeds.

The specially rigged F-6 chassis, top center, is just the number for the brisk rural business of well drilling. The F-3 parcel delivery, near the school on the highway (left), and the F-1 sedan delivery, parked by the barn (right), are especially adapted for the delivery of garden or dairy produce, or for use as rolling stores or mobile machine and grinding shops, to name but a few possible uses.

Farm children get to the schoolhouse on time in the 35-passenger school bus at left center. It is mounted on the F-5 chassis. Farther down the highway speeds the F-1 pickup, combination workhorse and Sunday-go-to-meeting truck in thousands of farm homes.

Pulling onto the highway, center right, is one of the Big Jobs, an F-7 tractor hauling thousands of gallons of bulk milk to market, while, below, its big brother, the F-8, loads cattle for the stockyards.

The scene could be duplicated in many other settings where the truck for the job has been found in Ford's light duty, heavy duty, and extra heavy duty series. ■

Return Postage Guaranteed

Post Office Box 1117
Detroit, Michigan

SEC. 562 P. L. & R.

U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
DETROIT, MICH.
Permit No. 2542

Henry J Byzenski
R 4
Foley Minn

Compliments of

GILYARD MOTOR CO.

Foley, Minn.

Phone 116

32-52-286

*This issue is of special
Importance to Drivers*

Please Pass to

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____