

FORD TRUCK TIMES

september-october 1949



"Dynamite Finds the Oil"

(see page 14 for story)

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PUBLIC ROADS

by Jay J. Dugan

photographs by Harry Hladky

THERE were no stop lights on the expensive new highway net but there were plenty of red faces. These belonged to local highway officials who after counting the traffic on one hand and having fingers left over were dazedly wondering if they had built their gleaming new roads in closed circles.

The vast road network had been designed to lure great numbers of

vehicles to bypass the city. But it was getting about as much use as if it had been built in the African veldt. And the tired old city streets continued to bulge with worm-speed traffic like so many varicose veins.

Then from the Public Roads Administration in Washington came a man with a map, a circle and the answer:

"Drivers aren't using your

Public Roads man stretches electrical contact cable across road before speed and passing tests begin. Wheels close contacts in cable, sending impulses to measuring equipment. →

handsome new roads that waft them past the city," he said, "for the simple reason that most of them have business in the city."

How did he come by such an intimate fact of traffic life? He pointed to a circle around a city on the map. "We stopped thousands of motorists on every road intersecting the circle. They told us. In fact only 1 out of every 20 vehicles approaching any metropolis with a population of over 500,000 wants to go beyond."

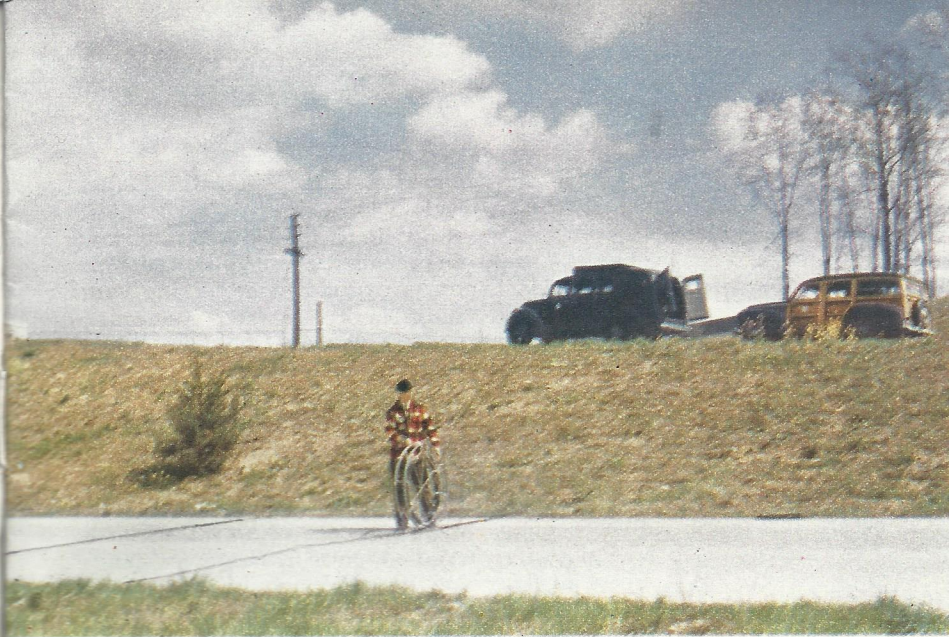
Besides administering the \$450,000,000 annual Federal aid for road construction, without which mobile America would soon grind to a stop, this agency makes intensive scientific studies of every conceivable phase of the nation's highway transportation. Public Roads men have observed and measured traffic from tall buildings, bridge towers, double deck busses, mountains, dirigibles and behind bushes. They've plotted the age, sex and occupation of thousands of chronic speeders, measured the psychological effect on motorists of soft shoulders—of roads, that is—and patiently probed with thermometers for fevers in concrete 18 inches below highway surfaces.

Public Roads doesn't ordinarily

build roads though its deep pockets produce 50% of the money to pay the States' construction bills on the main through routes. But it reviews and approves the 9,000 to 12,000 miles of road built with Federal assistance each year. And just to prove it isn't all in their heads, Public Roads men mustered their own transits and bulldozers on the south bank of the Potomac River and laid the graceful Pentagon Network, prototype of America's high speed road of tomorrow. This orderly 27-mile maze of futuristic highways carries 110,000 vehicles every day, has no traffic cops, advertises a non-enforced speed limit and yet boasts fewer traffic fatalities per vehicle mile than any similar road in the world.

This month Public Roads calls forth all the lore of its thousands of studies and 14 years of planning to lay before Congress recommendations for a momentous 40,000-mile Interstate Highway System. The salvation of the country, and perhaps the world, would ride this vital network in the event of an atom bomb attack. Every American city with 100,000 or more population and 77 per cent of those between 50,000 and 100,000 population will be con-

Deflection of highway surface is measured on a variety of gauges on test road strip at Hybla Valley, Virginia. Trailer loaded with concrete blocks is used to determine "give." →



These models are used to determine the right width for curves to be traveled by large tractor-trailer combinations. Graph on floor gives turning area needed by each wheel. →

nected by its lofty, futuristic skyways, its softly meshing clover leaves and its airy, graceful expressways.

Due to a far-sighted program of research and physical testing of road materials, today's highway surfaces long outlive their usefulness. Growing traffic volumes which in 1959 will put six vehicles on the road where today you see five, have already choked first class pre-war roads. Foreseeing where this traffic will be coming from and going to is vital to the progress of this country which moves so far and fast on its wheels.

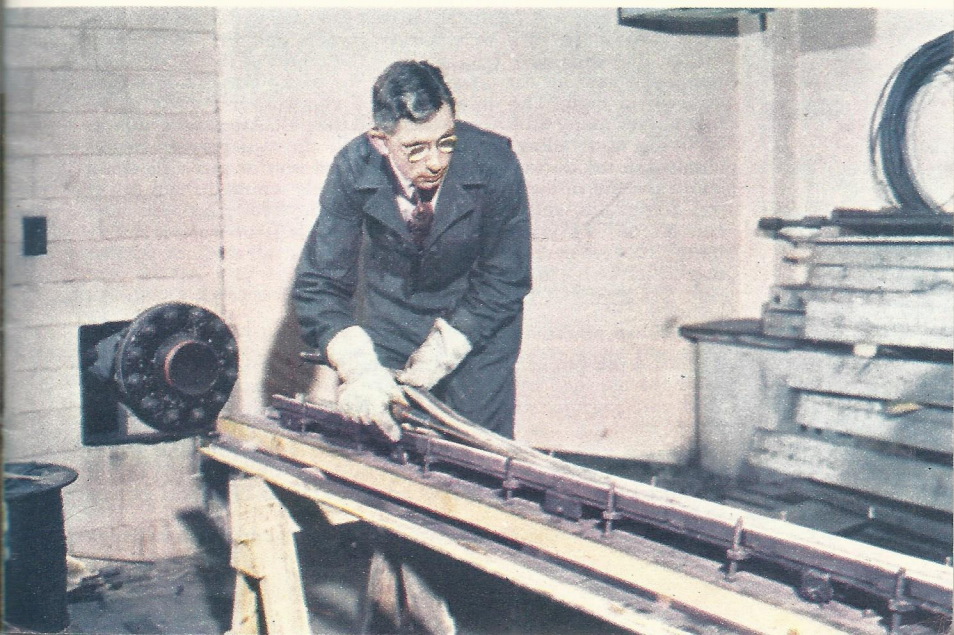
Tirelessly, unerringly gathering the information that will answer those questions are 600 unsleeping 'eyes' which wink at wheels on strategic highways from Waltham to Walla Walla. Those electric devices count every car and truck that flash past them every second of the day and night. Field teams make supplementary electronic studies of the speed, number and distance between vehicles at scientifically selected locations and frequencies. Public Roads then makes a sort of statistical stew of this data, boils it down to a few graphs and curves and comes up with a prediction of 'things to come' on highways accurate

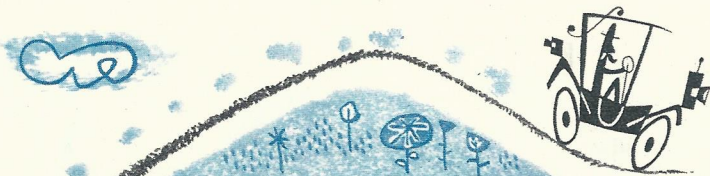
enough to make Macbeth's witches jealous.

Public Roads is not a traffic law enforcement agency. To the contrary, its field men working with state survey crews to determine driver behavior politely 'shoo' every cop that comes within miles of its studies. Normal driving conditions are what the crews are observing and traffic cops aren't conducive to that. In fact one speed study disclosed that the mere presence of an officer on a road—even if he is merely standing there picking his teeth—can slow traffic speeds as much as 35 percent.

Truck drivers are especially suspicious of their motives, field crews say. On one 'loadmeter' study they were stopping and weighing passing trucks to determine the effect of axle loads on highway surfaces. But as the day wore on they noticed that all the trucks got lighter and lighter. It later developed that the truckers, fearful that Public Roads men were going to report their overloads, were putting a broom up in their cabs after the weigh-in to warn approaching rigs that a check was in progress. Only lightly loaded vehicles risked going through, others detoured. ■

Laboratory worker removes rubber strip containing contact points from furnace. Wheels passing over the strip will close the points and electrically record highway data. →





decorations by Robert Collins

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.



IN THE neighboring town of Stigler, Oklahoma, three men purchased the same type and model cars. All were the same color and everything was identical, as was the case with cars in 1916. Well, two of the men were garage owners and the third was a doctor. The men were talking about the merits of their cars when the doctor said his car always made the tricky gravel hill outside of town in high. The garage owners' cars couldn't make it, no matter how many times they attempted the pull. After three months of trying and failing to make the hill, the two garage owners climbed in the doctor's car and demanded that he prove he could climb the hill in high. The doctor promptly whizzed them to the top of the hill, turned to them and said, "Now, are you boys convinced?" They replied, "Doc, you made it in second, not in high." He had never had the car in high gear all the time that he owned it.

E. H. Oesterle, Henryetta, Oklahoma

* * *



BEING a produce dealer and visiting many farms with my 1938 Ford one and one-half ton stake truck, I came into contact with a new farmer who painted the legs of his chickens red, blue, green, black, and so on. Then he painted the nests in the various colors, the idea being to see which hens were laying and which were not. When a nest had no eggs in it, he would kill the hen of the corresponding color. He wondered why his flock was getting so small.

Thomas W. Bucher, Columbia, Pennsylvania

JUST LAST WEEK my phone rang at 2 a.m. and it was my daughter-in-law asking me to run down to the station and pick her and the baby up as they had just arrived on the train. I slipped on a very short smock over my summer nightclothes, put on house shoes, and drove off, thinking I wouldn't see anybody or have to get out of the car. At the station I cut in too short and my rear wheels dropped into a rut on the main track and I couldn't pull out, forward or backward. I jumped out in that garb and ran to the hotel to arouse someone to get me out. When I returned I saw a train coming, headlights glaring. My daughter-in-law gave me the baby's shawl and I raced down the track, waving the feathery thing over my head. That stopped the train and my car was pulled out just a few minutes before a really fast train came through.

Mrs. K. E. Blakney, Strawn, Texas

* * *

ABOUT 13 years ago while I was serving in the Merchant Marine, our molasses tanker docked at a small town in Cuba. Immediately we were informed that the town was in peril from an epidemic, and that most of the population were either sick or dying. The village had only one vehicle—an ancient Ford truck—and the two men capable of driving it were dead. I volunteered to drive the 50 miles to the nearest doctor, and in less than five minutes was roaring down the road with a wide-eyed Cuban at my side. Six miles out of town it appeared we could go no further. A flood had washed away the bridge, and a torrent was between us and the rest of the trip. In desperation I decided on a risky plan. We backed to the top of a hill and then charged down as fast as we could. The old truck zoomed up an incline, soared over the stream, and landed with a terrific impact on the opposite bank. Somehow we straightened out and could continue. On the return trip with the doctor and supplies we decided against a second jump and, using a footbridge, walked from the freshet.

W. W. Watson, Glen Burnie, Maryland

* * *

THREE YEARS ago I was driving my stake V-8 up Cajon Pass in California. The fog was thick. I noticed a dimly-lit '29 Model A. I passed it and blinked my lights as a signal for it to follow me. I stopped for coffee and the A pulled in beside me. Out stepped a female lovely, appealing enough to stir any bachelor's heart. Before I could collect my wits she said in a very throaty voice, "my fanbelt is broken, so my generator is weakening." We talked over our coffee, but I was in a cloud. I didn't ask her for her name and address. Down into the valley I guided her. The fanbelt fixed, I let her drive away without a word. I was so in love I forgot to ask any questions. One and a half years passed by. I watched the highways and byways. My V-8 stake paused at the side of every A on the highway. Then it happened—I was driving over the Cajon Pass. Just ahead I saw The A. I didn't let it out of my sight. The A stopped, so did I. This time I didn't lose my wits. Today the lovely is my wife.

Boone A. Shope, Los Angeles, California



Collins



*"I said what I thought was a very clever remark . . .
then WHAM!"*

NEW BONUS BUILT FEATURES

KEEP FORD OUT FRONT

INTRODUCTION to the public of a new series of Ford trucks in no wise means that a static period will exist until the next series is presented. On the contrary, Ford engineers keep up a steady flow of improvements which means a continuous expansion of the line. This has been the case in the 18 months since the current series was made available to the trucking industry. In a recent announcement, J. D. Ball, manager, truck and fleet sales, Ford Division, listed the following among the more important improvements:

Air brakes, optional on 21,000 GVW F8 series. Heavy-duty three-speed transmissions, optional, on F1, F2, and F3 series. (Ratios: low gear, 3.714; 2nd gear, 1.871; 3rd gear, 1 : 1; and reverse, 4.588.)

A 176-inch wheelbase model for F5 and F6 series. Additional wheelbase lengths of 147 and 178 inches for F7 and F8 series.

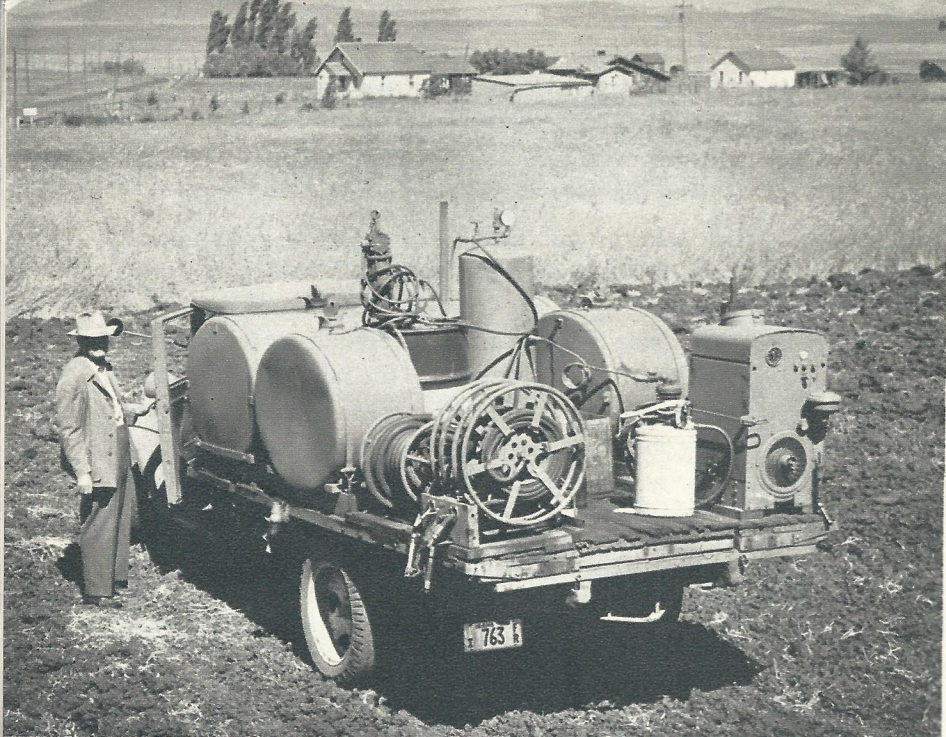
Dual cylinder, 15 by 5-inch rear brakes for the F7 series.

New type exhaust valves in the 145 h.p. engines of the F7 and F8 series. These valves rotate in valve guides when lifted, aiding in proper seating.

New camshaft and solid adjustable tappets. Double-channel type frames on F7 and F8 series, providing about 50 per cent increase in section modulus.

Single speed rear axles now available for series F6 and F8 models with no change in GVW.

Forward control parcel delivery chassis in 104 and 122-inch wheelbase lengths, maximum GVW rating of 7800 pounds for both.



Above is the Greens' service station on wheels, a '34 V-8 equipped to take oil, grease, gasoline, and compressed air into the field for farm vehicles.

Super-Service in the Field

by O. A. Fitzgerald

WHEN ROY GREEN and his two sons, Roy Jr., and James, start plowing or harvesting on their 6,000-acre operations near Grangeville, Idaho, keeping their fleet of tractors and the machinery they haul around fueled and greased is

the least of their worries. But it wasn't that way before they put super-service on wheels.

Were one of the Green tractors to rumble up to a glamorous city super-service station it wouldn't get much more or faster service than it gets right out in the field from the rolling super-service station the father-and-sons team built on a Ford V-8 truck.

This truck spends most of its time just standing around the edge of some field. It covers fewer miles in one year than the other Green trucks travel in one month. Yet the Greens say it is the most useful truck they own. Among the tractor operators and the combine tenders it easily is the most appreciated. Proud of their creation, the Greens have very appropriately painted it green.

As the Green acreage climbed to the 6,000-acre mark during the war and the father and sons added more tractors and combines they saw field servicing troubles begin to pile high. Their operations are in two separate units, of about 3,000 acres each. With spring plowing and planting, summer-fallowing and weed spraying, and harvesting followed by fall plowing and seeding, there were tractors needing attention every day.

Instead of grumbling about the gas and oil appetites of half a dozen tractors trailing each other in the same field, the Greens decided to take "one-stop service" right out to them.

Into their farm shop went a V-8 truck and a long list of ideas of what a field service truck should carry and how it should be built.

"We picked a 1934 V-8 for the job," Roy Sr., explains. "Although it couldn't cut the mustard any more hauling grain it still was good for lighter work. We knew it could go anywhere our tractors were working."

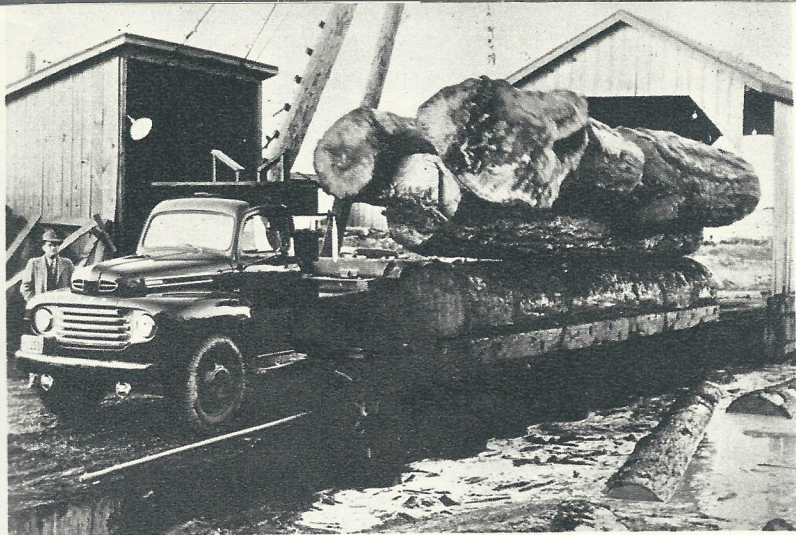
The front tank carries diesel oil in one compartment and gasoline in the other. Directly behind are two smaller tanks, one for lubricating oil and the other for water. The rolling service station also carries a complete compressed air unit to operate a power grease gun and air lines to blow off accumulations of chaff and dirt from machinery and to clean out clogged radiators or feed lines.

Everything is power operated from an auxiliary engine. Fifty-foot hoses reach any part of a big combine. Just about ten minutes after a combine has stopped it is ready to start cutting grain again.

"I believe we would have mutiny if anything happened to this service truck and the boys had to go back to wrestling with gas and oil drums," laughed Mr. Green.

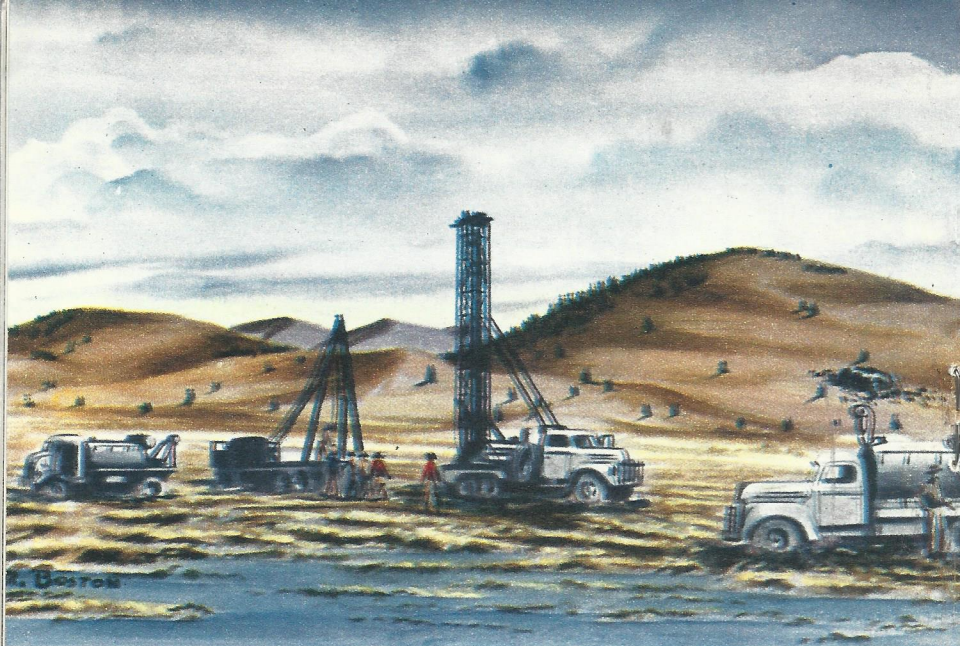
The super-service-on-wheels idea has proved so helpful the Greens recently gave their V-8 service truck a special gift—a brand new motor. Also, they are adding another unit. One service truck will care for the machinery on one 3,000-acre operation while the new one will take on the tractors and combines on the other 3,000 acres.





THE F-7 SHOWN above is dumping a 54,000-pound payload of timber—7,060 board feet—into the pond of a northern California barrel factory. Equipped with a four-wheel chain drive and auxiliary transmission, this truck pulled its load up an eight percent grade of more than 100 miles in five and one-half hours. The F-8 below is one of 150 Ford units that helped push a new 24-inch natural gas pipeline from the Texas Panhandle to Big Rapids, Michigan. ■





Drills and seismograph units are shown above in the field

DYNAMITE FINDS THE OIL

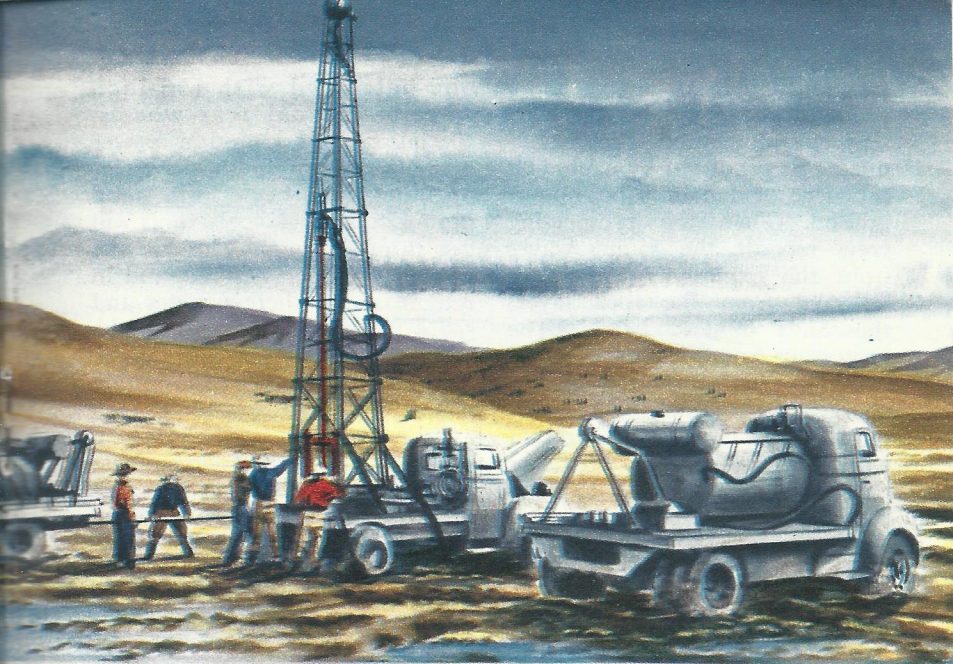
by Donal H. Haines

painting by Robert Boston

MANY of man's more adventurous activities have not, as is widely supposed, disappeared with modern times, but they go under different and often misleading names. More time and labor is expended today in the search for buried wealth than was ever spent in hunts for the treasures of the Spanish Main.

But it is the "black gold" of oil rather than the yellow metal that is sought, and the process is disguised under the tongue-twisting title of geophysical prospecting.

The modern prospector does not pack his equipment on a burro, depend on native legends, or the quivering tip of a divining rod. He works hand in hand with



...d, preparing to locate oil with underground explosions.

the scientist, and it requires a small fleet of trucks to carry his equipment, the principal item of which is a toy earthquake that reveals the secrets of the inner earth.

When the gasoline engine made oil in huge quantities a prime human need, the oil prospector turned for help to the geologist, for experience had shown that accumulations of oil were almost invariably associated with certain types of folds, faults, or wedge-shaped structures in the rock below the earth's surface. In the early days it was enough for the

geologist to advise drilling in areas where there were promising indications of oil pockets on the surface of the earth. But as more and more oil fields were exploited, deeper searches had to be made. It was here that geophysical prospecting entered the picture.

There are several methods of discovering the secrets of the earth's internal structure. One detects the folds by divining the variations in the gravity of the earth; another through similar irregularities in the earth's magnetic field. But the most widely used procedure is the above

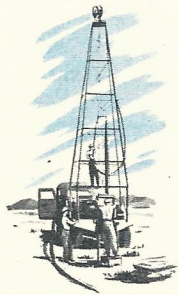
mentioned toy earthquake, more properly known as the reflection seismograph method. The "earthquake" is produced by exploding a charge of dynamite far underground. Then the prospecting crew records the sound waves from the explosions which are reflected from the rock layers thousands of feet below. The prospector knows that the sound wave he has started with his charge of dynamite will travel outward and downward, and that when it encounters a break or change in the rock structure—such as the boundary between a sandstone layer and a limestone bed—some of the sound waves will be reflected upward. The remaining waves will jump the gap and continue downward, to be partially reflected upward later from similar faults deeper in the earth.

The process calls for an impressive amount of equipment and a lot of backbreaking labor. At least six trucks (10 or 11 under the adverse conditions encountered in South America) are required to carry the equipment into the field. These include a truck for the recording instruments, a shooting truck for the captive earthquake, another for drills and pipe casings, a water truck, a station wagon for the surveyors, and one or two utility cars for miscellaneous equipment.

One company's experience has proved that the best truck for the gruelling work is a ton and

one-half Ford with 158-inch wheelbase, dual rear wheels, special rear end, and a power take-off on the main drive for operating winches, drills, mud pumps, and other tools. This will get through tough country just as well as larger vehicles, and in remote areas where garages and spare parts are non-existent, the ease with which repairs can be made becomes the determining factor.

The search begins when surveyors lay out stakes to indicate the line along which the tests will be made. At intervals five-inch shot holes are drilled, varying in depth from 30 to several hundred feet. The dynamite charges are placed in the holes and tamped with water so that the same holes may be used again. As many as 24 sets of seismometers are installed along the line, each connected to the recording truck by a cable. With detonation of the charges, hidden secrets of the earth are reduced to neat black and white graphs in the geophysicist's files. ■





Paul Bunyan versus the Multiple Negatives

by William Hazlett Upson

illustrations by R. Osborn

IN THIS degenerate age, even strictly outdoor men like truck drivers have to do a lot of indoor paper work.

When Paul Bunyan applied for a job trucking heavy freight from Mexico to South America for the Pan-American Trading



Company, he fixed up his big blue truck "Babe" with a jungle plow so it could butt its way through those regions of Panama and Central America where the Pan-American highway has not been completed. He innocently supposed this would get him the job.

But the Pan-American Company is a modern organization. The hiring is done by a big Personnel Department with a psychologist in charge. And the psychologist would not hire Paul unless he could pass a written examination in geography.

Paul was worried. He appealed to Johnny Inkslinger for help. Johnny got hold of some previous examination questions, and told Paul the examination would be a cinch.

He said, "This psychologist is a nut on multiple negatives. He works them into his geography questions to test your intelligence.

Paul asked, "What are multiple negatives?"

Johnny explained: "If I say, 'Tom is not unkind,' that is a double negative—which makes a positive, and means the same as, 'Tom is kind.' Get it?"

"Yes."

Johnny continued: "Suppose I say, 'It is not incorrect to deny that Tom is not unkind.' That makes five negatives, so the whole thing is negative and means, 'Tom is not kind.' All you have to do is count the negatives. An even number is always positive. An uneven number is always negative."

Paul studied this till he understood it. Then he started confidently for the examination.

Outside the examination room he found a very beautiful young lady who was weeping bitterly. She told Paul a pitiful tale: "My husband has just taken the examination. He thinks he did fairly well. But you are so smart, Mr. Bunyan, that you are sure to do better. You will get the contract, and my poor husband will have no job. Our six little children will starve to death—also my poor old mother and my three aunts who are invalids."

Paul did his best to comfort her. He said, "I do not want to take bread out of the mouths of little children and ailing aunts. You can count on me to do the right thing. I will purposely flunk the examination."

"Thank you! Thank you!" said the beautiful lady.

When Paul saw the examination he found that the questions were all of the true-or-false variety.

The first one was easy: "The Cape of Good Hope is the most southerly point on the continent of Africa. True or false?" As Paul wanted to flunk, he naturally marked it false.

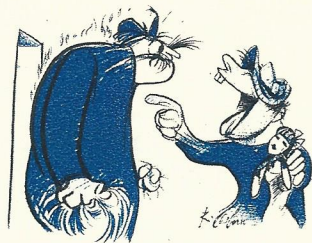
But the second one was a real stinker—just lousy with multiple negatives: "It would not be contrary to the facts to deny the inaccuracy of a statement which contradicted the claim that Cape Horn is not the most southerly point on the continent of South America. True or false?"

Paul was not bothered. He counted the negatives—*not*, *contrary*, *deny*, *inaccuracy*, *contradicted*, *not*. There were six. The statement was positive. It meant: "Cape Horn is the most southerly point on the continent of South America." Paul decided this was true, so he marked it false.

Next came this one: "It would not be inaccurate to declare to be untrue the assertion that the most direct flying route from Detroit to Moscow crosses the Arctic Regions to the east of the North Pole. True or false?" Paul counted three negatives, and marked it true.

The fourth question read: "A denial of the statement that a hole bored straight through the earth from Chicago would not come up in China is a fallacy." Paul decided that the three negatives made the whole statement negative and therefore false. So he marked it true.

There were six more similar questions. Paul worked very carefully. And when he had finished, he was certain he had answered each of the ten questions wrong.

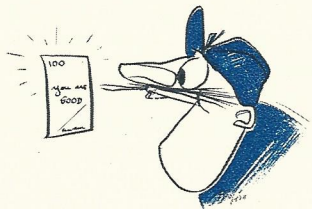


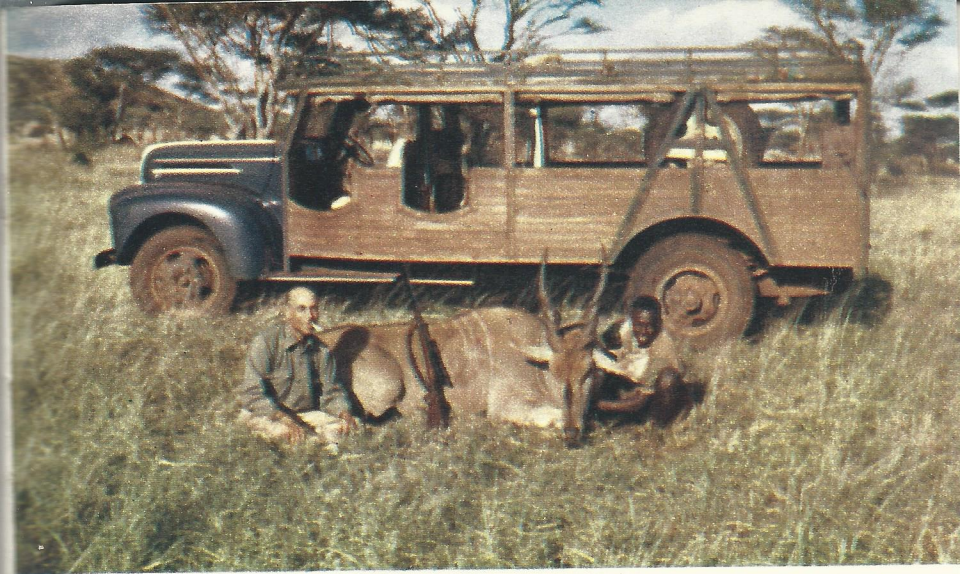
When he left the examination room, he was astounded to find his old rival, Loud Mouth Johnson, standing outside, laughing his head off. The beautiful lady was also there. She was laughing. Loud Mouth Johnson said, "Hello, sucker. It may interest you to know that I am the other guy that took that examination. And I am the guy that hired this talented young actress to tell you the story about the starving children and the invalid aunts. She certainly showed you up for the boob that you are."

As Paul could not think of a good answer, he went home. When he received a report on the examination he found that the geographical questions were just as tricky as the multiple negatives. He had been wrong about every single one of them.

Cape Agulhas, not the Cape of Good Hope, is the most southerly point on the continent of Africa. Cape Horn is on an island, it is not the most southerly point on the continent of South America. You cannot fly to the east of the North Pole. Unless you are right on top of it, you cannot be anywhere but south of it. A hole bored straight through the earth from Chicago would come up in the Indian Ocean, several thousand miles from the nearest point in China. The other questions were equally deceptive.

Loud Mouth Johnson, by guessing, got half the questions right. Paul, by trying to flunk, got everything right. So he came out fine. He was completely wrong about the beautiful lady. He was completely wrong on the geography. But the two wrongs cancelled each other out, just as two negatives make a positive. And Paul got the job. ■





THE following story is condensed from the account of a five months' safari across East Africa by George G. Wurzbarger, Los Angeles big game sportsman. The party traveled in two 1946 V-8 trucks which performed so ruggedly that Wurzbarger says he will haul his next expedition in Fords.

Fords Stalk Big Game

story and pictures by George G. Wurzbarger

KENYA COLONY is a very rough proving ground for motor vehicles. There is no paving after leaving the vicinity of Nairobi, the only roads being full of deep ruts and heavy corrugations. Besides the road situation, there is the great heat to be surmounted—sometimes exceeding 103 degrees—plus heavy, gritty dust, muddy water for the cooling systems, steep grades, and high altitudes.

Rain comes in torrents, and dusty plains immediately become bottomless bogs, lowlands turn into lakes, and dry river beds are filled with angry water. Because of these con-



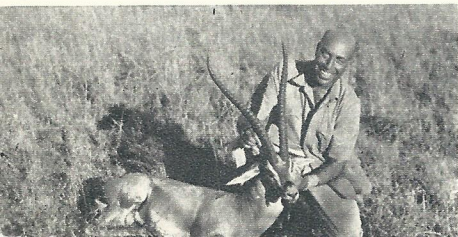
A zebra brought down by Wurzburger's rifle. The animal was later swung up into a tree to provide fresh bait for lions.

ditions and a total lack of repair and replacement facilities, the choice of trucks was a serious consideration. Not only the success of the hunt depended on it, but our very safety.

I therefore selected two three-ton Ford trucks and never once regretted the choice. One had a stake body with heavy frames supporting a tarpaulin giving it a covered wagon effect. It was used mainly as a load carrier and to transport most of the safari boys. The other had a body similar to a station wagon except that its sides were roll-down canvas curtains. When we made camp the latter truck was unloaded and used as a scouting and hunting car, and to transport my big game trophies back to camp.

Equatorial East Africa is the sportsman's "Happy Hunting Grounds." There are vast herds of antelope, gazelle, and buck—from the tiny dick-dick as small as a rabbit to the magnificent eland, weighing close to a ton. It is infested with zebra, wild pig, giraffe, and the dangerous buffalo. The cat family is well represented with "Simba," the lion, "Chui," the leopard, the cervical, a small cousin of the leopard, and the cheetah, fastest animal on legs, which has been clocked at 70 m.p.h.

Then there are the mighty ones. The temperamental, ugly rhino, always looking for a fight, and the African elephant, up to 13 feet tall and weighing up to five tons. There are still many rhinos and elephants left in Kenya Colony and the Northern Frontier. Sometimes there are too many, as happened the time I ran into 10 rhinos while hunting in heavy thornbush. Having bagged all that I wanted, we had our hands full darting and retreating while the beasts snorted and squealed as they charged through the undergrowth.



The author is shown with a record game item: the largest Peters gazelle ever bagged. Hunting provided safari with food.

This rhinoceros was dropped by Wurzburger's express rifle during a ferocious charge. They are among the fiercest of animals.



The days went by pleasantly as our trucks took us from one district to another. Each day brought new thrills and adventure. If not the animals, then some remote native tribe lent interest. I learned what the beating of the drums meant, how "posho," their corn meal, was prepared; how they hunted game with poisoned arrows or with game pits sunk deep in the forest floor.

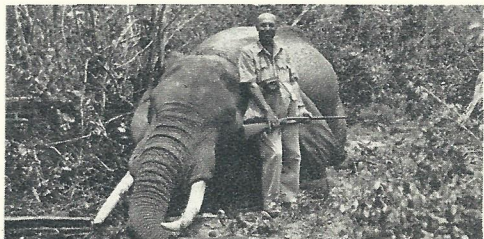
But then one day, far in the interior of the Northern Frontier, the sky became overcast. Great clouds collected and banked up on the horizon. And then one night it started in—not gentle, but with a downpour of rushing water. The rain continued for 24 hours with no let-up. I remember watching the water creep higher and higher around my bed. Our campfires wouldn't burn; everything had to be stored above ground to keep from being soaked.

The country we had to travel through was "black cotton" soil. This material when wet becomes a veritable trap for vehicles. The bottomless mass sticks to axles, running gear, and fenders. The game animals had left the area, yet we were depending on fresh meat to keep the safari in food. We had to move on at all costs.

The next five days were a nightmare. Pushing, pulling, bogged down, engines turning full blast and the wheels just spinning. Occasionally the sun would break through and turn on all its heat. The wet ground would steam and the overtaxed engines boiled. And with the heat and water came the insects—millions of them, biting, stinging.

I copied these entries from my field diary as I wrote them at that time: "Tuesday, October 13. Temperature at 6 a.m., 101 degrees. Sky looks bad. More rain coming. Chains don't

The author beside his first elephant, one of three bagged on the trip. He also killed two lions, three leopards, three rhinos.



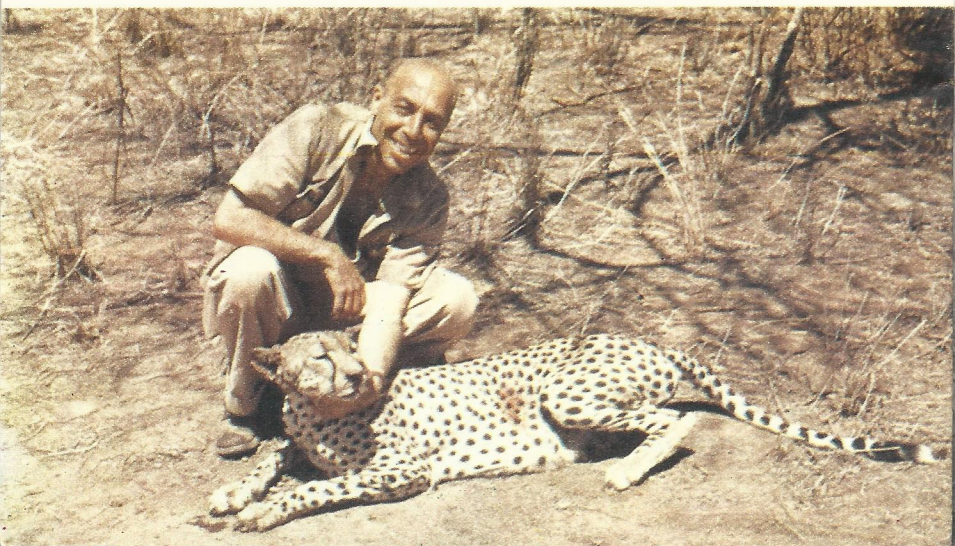
help much. Loads have to come off every time we're stuck. Boys have blisters on hands from shoveling. Made camp at dusk. Distance covered today: six miles! The boys all have sore and infected feet from sloshing in mud and water. We are stuck at a drift so deep and muddy that the only way we can get across is to build ladders of logs. Place them ahead of a truck, roll it forward a few feet, and repeat the operation. Still no game to be found. We are short of food and I only hope we can make it across."

The drift was about 200 yards wide and we finally crossed it after a toiling four days. A day or so later we were out of the black cotton and on high ground where game was once more plentiful.

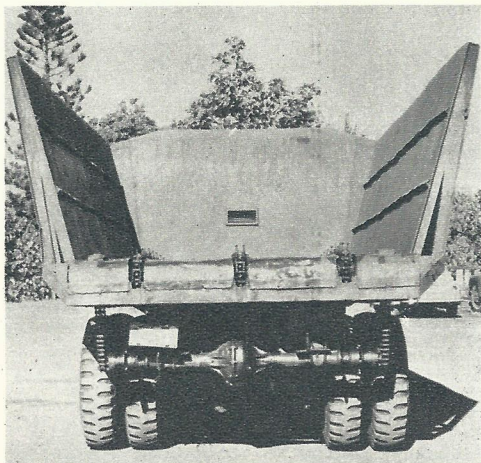
The big or dangerous game I bagged on this safari included: two lions, three leopards, four buffalo, three rhino, and three elephants. The guns I used were a 12-gauge shotgun for the game birds; a Winchester 30-06 with telescope, and a Winchester 375 Magnum for medium game. For the dangerous game I shot a 475 Jeffrey double barreled rifle, which shoots a 500-grain bullet with 85 grains of cordite powder.

When the five months of safari were over, our party headed back to Nairobi and the Fords were purring just as smoothly as when we started. ■

The cheetah, below, has been clocked at 70 mph.



BIG JOBS TAKE TO THE FIELDS

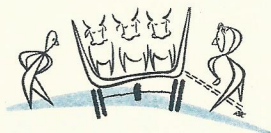


BECAUSE OF THEIR POWER and large load capacity, F-8's have proven especially suited to the difficult Hawaiian sugar fields. Pictured above is a unit equipped with a new unloading device that is reported to have speeded up the harvest. An additional rear axle, mounted on the frame, turns unloading chains set in the truck bed. Below is an F-7 hard at work in the northern Florida pulpwood country. The operator was so pleased with the truck's ability to move large loads out of difficult terrain that he has replaced his entire fleet with Ford trucks of this model. ■





Frustrations of Trucking



decorations by
R. L. Colby

MY FATHER, a neighbor, and I were preparing to take a truck load of fat cattle to the market. We had the cattle in a large shed with a loading chute at the end, to which we backed our Ford truck. We tried for an hour or more to drive the cattle up into the truck and we couldn't get a single one to get on. It was very early in the morning, so we went to the house to eat our breakfast. When we had eaten and gone back to the shed we found that all of the cattle had walked up the chute and were standing in the truck waiting to go.

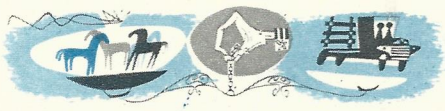
Jesse Simpson
Whitesburg, Tennessee



THE MOST ferocious dog I have ever seen belongs to a customer on my milk route. Every time I come into the yard to make deliveries he howls, barks, and strains at the leash. He rolls his eyeballs, snorts, froths at the mouth, paws the earth, and leaps into the air. One morning just as I entered the gate he went into his act and the leash broke. I jumped over the porch railing, expecting the worst, but when I looked back he was just standing there with a surprised look on his face. I didn't dare look again until I was safe in my truck. He was back in his doghouse, peeping out at me.

Joseph Golish
Morgantown, West Virginia

THE FORD TRUCK TIMES turns from movieland to the world of sport in presenting the Bonus Built Girl-of-the-Month at left. She is Willa Worthington, women's national Water Ski Champion, and was nominated by the Florida Cypress Gardens Association to receive this distinction. She is shown performing at Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Florida.



ROLLING THE ROADS

by Dod Stoddard

LET YOUR MIND turn back the calendar about a generation—to 1915, say: The Tax Collector of that day looks the situation over and decides where to put the bite. *Suppose he seized every horse and mule in all the 48 states!*

1915 was about the peak year of the horse-and-wagon age, and the entire horsepower of the country would have made quite a haul.

Well, in 1949, the *trucking business* will hand over *in taxes* just about the entire value of the horseflesh in the palmiest days of Dobbin! Think of it. You truckers are giving the government more every year *in taxes* than the transportation system you replaced was worth in toto! Quite an accomplishment in 35 years.

Your taxes are enough to re-arm Europe. They are enough to build a million miles of highways exclusively for truck use. (But don't hold your breath until truck taxes are used to build truck routes!)

* * *

I've wished many times that for one single day the country could be deprived of all the things trucks have given us. You couldn't even hold a prayer meeting for deliverance! The preacher's Bible originally came out of the woods as logs on a truck; and the preacher's pants left a sheep ranch the same way. What sort of a prayer meeting could be held with a Bible-less preacher, deprived of his pantaloons?

* * *

I saw a near-fight not long ago when a high-brow gent called truck drivers "ubiquitous" right in front of a bunch of them. We had to show one red head the dictionary to calm him—to prove he was being complimented.

"It may mean bein' everywhere at once an' ready for anything," Red finally allowed. "But when you call a guy it, *you* better be ready for anything yourself!

That's true, in a way. The absolute, *vital* importance of the modern truck to the whole of civilization puts an awful burden of responsibility on all of us. A goodly part of the famous Berlin air-lift has had to be gasoline and truck parts—to haul away from the airfields what

the planes delivered. Trucking *must* go on. *We* know it. All thinking people know it, and I suppose it is, perhaps, good for our souls that we aren't too popular in the traffic stream. We might get cocky when humility comes closer to fitting the breed of men on which so much of the world's daily burden rests.

It may even be that the abuse and the lousy treatment, the bad laws and the indignation that has been heaped on truck transport has actually built character into the business!

Perhaps it has had something of the effect that strict discipline and hard training have on an army; makes it tough. Because trucks, even little ones, are big, easy to observe, impressive; every passenger-car notices everything any trucker does.

For instance, I drove for twenty miles one morning last spring behind a yellow convertible. During the drive, both the convertible and my car were overtaken and passed handily by perhaps half a dozen big rigs, a few pickups, a bus or two. We were delayed and held up by (1) a freight train, (2) one driver of a passenger car making a milk wagon turn, (3) four separate times by cars swinging onto the highway ahead of us. *Not once did any commercial vehicle delay us for a second!*

When the convertible and I swung into a service station, we forced an oncoming truck to hit the brakes. First word the convertible's driver said to me when we got out was:

"These damned trucks think they own the highway, don't they?"

Now with 30 or 40 million car drivers watching every move of the truck driver—and inclined to be tough on him to the point of blind prejudice, the trucker *has* to be good!

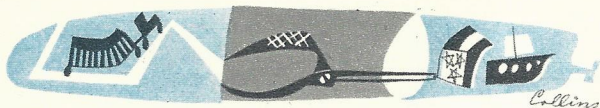
With the law, the tax collector and public opinion nagging at us, we've developed a breed of rugged individuals who are at once superbly capable and mighty humble. Not a bad thing for the human character!

* * *

Joe Bascom, a driver friend of mine from New England, has a hobby. He builds ships in bottles. I watched him with a long pair of pincers work for twenty minutes getting an eight-inch flag on top of a 3-inch mast.

"Joe," I asked. "Where on earth do you get the patience to do all this?"

"Daytimes," he explained, "I have to jockey a thirty-foot semi in and out of the narrow streets of Boston. I do this to *relax!*"



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