

# FORD TRUCK TIMES

november-december 1949



*The Ford truck on the cover is assisting Santa Claus at the 15th annual Christmas party given by Hugh Dickson "Shine" Smith for the Navajo Indians at the Trading Post, Shonto, Arizona. Photo by Herb McLaughlin.*

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*photograph by Edgar Carlson*

## *Little Trees — Big Business*

**I**N MINNESOTA the Christmas trees are greener—at least, the Halvorson trees are. What's more, they probably last longer, and travel farther, than any other single brand of Christmas tree in the country. For these reasons, and because he ships 1,400,000 of them a year, Roy Halvorson is sometimes called the Christmas Tree King of the World.

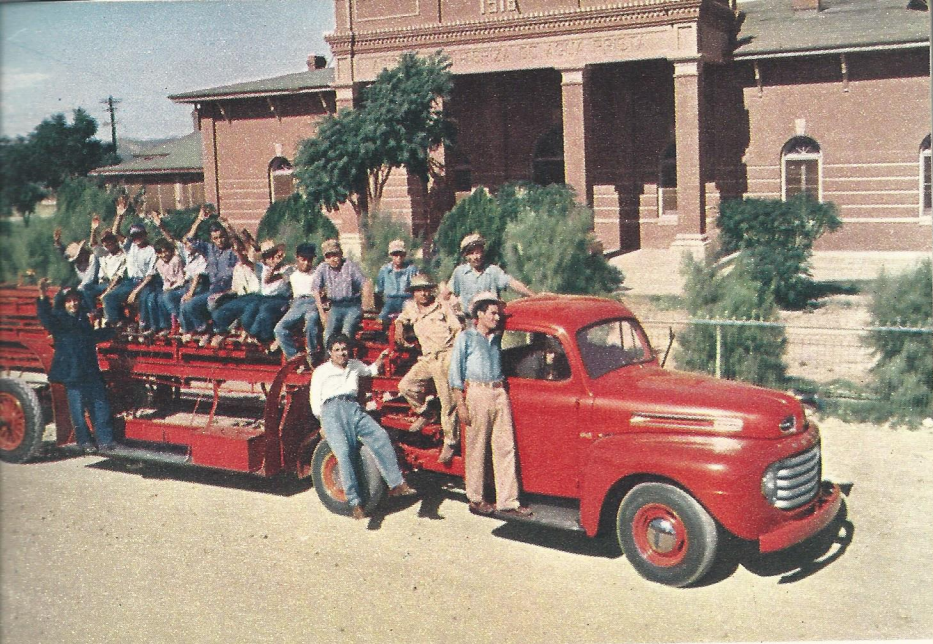
All Halvorson trees are table size—36 to 40 inches high—but they're not babies, for their rings shown their average age to be 73 years! They are actually the tops of stunted spruces which never reach more than 12 or 15 feet in height, because they are poorly nourished and overcrowded. Although the lower parts of these trees are needle-less and apparently lifeless, for lack of sunlight, the tops are green and luxuriant. They are otherwise of little value, but Halvorson has built a business out of them.

No cutting is done in the heat of summer, when the trees are in poor condition and mosquitoes of Paul Bunyan proportions infest the woods. But with this exception Halvorson's operation is year round. Here's where his Bonus Built F-8 Ford Truck is important, for he needs a big-capacity truck that can plunge through the mud or snow or frozen ruts of the primitive side roads of northern Minnesota. The F-8 does this easily, and it can be counted on to start quickly, even on sub-zero winter mornings.

Against the blue skies and brilliant snows of the north woods, a Minnesota spruce is green enough for anybody. But city competition is tough, even for Christmas trees. Artificial lights make them look gray and sickly, especially if they are small. So, once the trees are cut, the F-8 carries them to Halvorson's \$500,000 processing plant to get what a beauty shop might delicately term a "rinse."

About two-thirds of them are dipped in a coloring vat and come out a greener green, and about one-fourth are similarly dyed silver. These are for family use. The rest are made white for the florist trade. The coloring solution is a wax base compound which also makes the trees last longer. In addition, "Liquid Life"—a plant stimulant developed in the Halvorson laboratories—is inserted in the metal stand that goes with each tree. These processes enable Halvorson to start in January to cut and store trees that won't wear their Christmas finery for nearly twelve months. Even in an over-heated living-room, they last considerably longer than a non-processed tree. (They are packed a dozen to the carton, and stored in a refrigerated warehouse until the shipping season starts November 15.)

Once in a while you run across the kind of business that makes you say, almost involuntarily, "The boss must get a big kick out of that, besides a good living!" Such a business is Halvorson Trees, Inc. Roy Halvorson has the sentimental pleasure of helping to make Christmas merrier in millions of homes all over the country, and in Hawaii, the Philippines, South America and even Iceland—which has no Christmas trees of its own. One of his most prized possessions is a citation from the Minnesota Department of Conservation, commending him for "cooperating in conserving the sources of the tree supply . . ." And he has the enormous satisfaction of having created something constructive, where there was nothing before. ■



## *International Ford Fire Truck – a one-picture story*

*photograph by Ray J. Manley*

THE BORDER between the U.S. and Mexico is pretty much a formality to the fire truck pictured above. It belongs to Douglas, Arizona, and often crosses the street to fight fires in Agua Prieta, State of Sonora. Close international relations grow even closer when, as above, the truck comes back with a load of Mexican kids. Because the Mexican town is so poorly connected with the rest of Mexico, the government declared it a free port, meaning that Agua Prietans can walk over to Douglas and buy cars and radios and certain other merchandise without paying duty—if they keep the stuff inside their town. People of Douglas and Agua Prieta get along beautifully, just as they did during American prohibition when Americans by the hundred crossed the street daily for liquid refreshment. The fire truck is on a Ford F-2 six cylinder cab and chassis. ■

# Tapstick Hunt

by Henry P. Davis

photograph by James G. Moore

ON A SATURDAY afternoon in fall or winter, from the sedge-covered hills or the cotton-furrowed bottoms of almost any southern plantation, you may hear an exultant cry which sounds in the distance like: "Yonna 'ee goes! Hyeah, hyeah, hyeah!"

This is the rallying cry of the tapstick brigade, and, decoded, it means, "Yonder goes the rabbit! Here, here, here!" The clientele of the tapstick hunt is usually made up of the sons of the plantation tenant farmers. The object of the hunt is rabbit stew for Sunday dinner. But most interesting of all are the weapons—tapsticks.

A tapstick is a slender but stout hickory shaft from two to three feet long, and usually peeled of its bark. Thus it shows up better on the ground, and may be more easily found after it is thrown at the bouncing and dodging cottontail. On the large end of the shaft, a heavy tap or nut is securely fastened. This gives the instrument added weight and better direction. The taps may come from a buggy, cultivator, or rail joint. When taps are not available, plain sticks are used, preferably with knobs or knots on one end.

For the young nimrod, the tapstick is ammunition free-for-the-making. With experience, he becomes highly accurate with these end-over-end sticks at ranges from ten to twenty-five yards, and sometimes even greater.

A tapstick hunt is a loose, informal, and highly jubilant organization. The boys gather from plantation cabin to cabin. Each cabin boasts one or more dogs of casual ancestry, and these are herded into a pack. Each young hunter equips himself with a number of tapsticks, and, spreading out fanwise, the entire assemblage, dogs and all, breasts through the sedge or cotton fields with yips and caterwauls. The hunt is on!

They approach the hiding place of the cottontail, who stands the tumult and the shouting as long as it can, and then bursts from its form. At sight of the rabbit, the real hue and cry begins.

"Yonna 'ee goes!" rings the warning, and the tapsticks begin to fly.

Sweeping end-over-end through the air, the weighted sticks make telling missiles, and lucky is the rabbit that escapes the barrage. Given a fair shot in the open at



from ten to fifteen yards, the young marksman is pretty sure of rabbit for Sunday. The bagging of three out of four rabbits jumped is a fair estimate of the ability of three good tapstickers hunting as a group. If the first stick does not connect, it will generally come close enough to cause the rabbit to dodge. Dodging slows the quarry down, keeping it within range for a second or third "shot."

Tapstick hunting, so far, is a peculiarly southern practice, adding much to the picturesqueness of plantation life in fall and winter. It has motion, sound, and a double-barreled enthusiasm

which is highly contagious. Dogs and hunters alike keep up a running chorus of shouts, which reaches crescendo and double fortissimo in the moments when the game breaks cover and the tapsticks flash and fly.

As long as cotton is king, as long as sedge fields and briar patches offer food and shelter to the cottontail rabbit, just so long will the pulse-quickenning chorus of "Yonna 'ee goes!" remind us that the most primitive form of hunting known to man is still enjoyed in an age of science and synthetics, progress and problems. ■

*Reprinted from FORD TIMES September, 1949.*

# 100,000-Mile Club

*THE Ford biggies—F-7's and F-8's—have now been on the roads long enough to indicate the kind of performance that can be expected of them. Here are a few letters from owners who have driven them over 100,000 miles:*

## 250,000-MILE HAULAWAY

"Our business is in the transportation of new automobiles and, therefore, we must make deliveries promptly and on schedule. That is where our Ford F-7 Big Job Tractors come in. They really do the job regardless of the type road.

"One of our F-7's has run over 250,000 miles and is as economical to operate as many of our trucks of a lower nominal rating and still has plenty of reserve power.

"Our drivers like its stamina and pep. They say that it is just as easy to handle in the city as on the road."

Mack Snipes, Manager  
Dealers Transport Company  
Memphis, Tennessee



## 40-50 THOUSAND MILES PER MONTH

"Been operating motor trucks of all kinds for over 22 years in the motor freight business and can say my F-7 and F-8 trucks are operating at less expense than any other make truck; in fact, we have had no service difficulties at all with them.

"We operate between 40,000 and 50,000 miles per month on our lines and our F-7 and F-8 trucks have over 150,000 miles on them. Yes sir, they are good trucks."

Carl Loosier

## OVER THE COLORADO MOUNTAINS

"We have had our F-8 Ford on the job for one year and two months to date and have over 225,000 miles on it. We haul gasoline from the flats of the Texas Panhandle over the rugged mountains of Colorado with a 4200-gallon tanker. This unit will pull this load faster, more economically, and with greater ease and driver comfort than any other unit of comparable size and even larger. Our operation expense on this unit has been lower than any other unit we have ever operated.

"With 225,000 miles, it is still in the very best of shape with prospect of an additional equal amount of trouble-free miles. We can truly say that the F-8 Big Job is really built to take it and give real operation satisfaction."

Virgil Ladurini, Manager  
Santi Oil Company  
Walsenburg, Colorado

★ ★ ★

## 102,024 MILES—NO OVERHAUL

"In May, 1948, I purchased my first Ford F-7 from Apt Motors, Fort Dodge, Iowa, for the purpose of hauling interstate freight for the Brady Transfer and Storage Company of Fort Dodge, Iowa. My F-7 is equipped with an overdrive transmission and a Watson Model 47" Auxiliary Transmission.

"My maximum payload was 54,040 net, gross train load 74,920, which I hauled a distance of 300 miles in the time of nine hours and forty minutes with gas consumption of 5 miles per gallon. On payloads averaging 34,000, my gas consumption has been 6.8 miles per gallon.

"I drove my truck 102,024 actual road miles *without a major overhaul*.

"I have just completed my overhaul done by Apt Motors. It showed a maximum wear in the cylinder bore of .004 at the top, maximum wear at connecting rod bearings was .00075, with no wear at the main bearings. Oil consumption at the time of overhaul was two quarts at 740 miles.

"I am more than satisfied and I find this is an equipment record that is hard to beat."

Bob Barclay  
Fort Dodge, Iowa



← Rows are flooded and the planting starts.  
Workers put in 7000 plants per acre.

## Chili Peppers

by Nancy K. Vardaman  
photographs by Bill Sears

THERE ARE several ways of looking at chili peppers. Take Ramon Jiminez of Elfrida, Arizona. In 1937 he was making about \$100 a year on a subsistence farm. He not only couldn't make ends meet, he couldn't even find the ends. Then he started raising chili peppers. The second year he paid cash for a brand new Ford station wagon. He's bought one every year since, except during the war. That's one way to look at chili peppers.

Another way is to consider the claims made for chili peppers' medicinal powers. Down near the border they'll tell you chili "protects against colds, aids digestion, clarifies the blood and acts as a stimulant to the romantically inclined." Well, whether it improves Cupid's aim or not, it will certainly brighten up a dull appetite, such as when used in *pollo mole*, and we'll come to that shortly.

Stewart L. Brockman is the chili pepper king of the Southwest and Elfrida is the nation's chili pepper capital. Twelve years ago Elfrida could have had its census taken accurately by anyone who had passed first year numberwork. It was a little desert village of 17 people, twenty-five miles from the Mexican border in southeastern Arizona.

At the present time there are more than a hundred people in Elfrida and the place is growing. It has even voted a bond issue for a high school. All because of Stewart Brockman and his chili pepper idea.

Every September the countryside near Elfrida becomes red as a sea of fire. There are 1200 fertile acres of vine-ripened chilis in the fields around it.

You can almost count your chilis before they ripen. You set 7000 plants to an acre and plan on 35 pods per plant. It costs about \$105 to produce an acre of ripe chili peppers, including the cost of removing potato bugs, which are the

← In September, workers harvest the ripened chilis. There are now 35 pods per plant.



← *After chilis are picked, they dry in the sun before being dehydrated. Rakers keep turning them over.*

only enemy chili has in the world. You get anywhere from 6 to 14 tons an acre and the current price is \$60 a ton, wet as they come from the field.

Red pods are trucked in from the fields to Brockman's big dehydrating plant. First they spend time in the sunshine, then 13 hours at 165 degrees in the dehydrating tunnels, after which the dried pods are ground up to make chili powder.

It's this powder that has put something new in the kitchen, such as *pollo mole*: chicken with chocolate sauce. There is no trick to making this delicacy. You start with a chicken—any old age. Cut it up as if you meant to fry it. Cover it with boiling water and boil for fifteen minutes. Then add salt. (Always add salt after boiling a chicken for fifteen minutes. It's a good cook's secret for achieving tenderness.) Then just boil the bird until it's tender—the time depends on the bird's age.

Now fry in hot butter one finely minced onion and a finely minced clove of garlic, half a cup of sesame seeds and twelve slivered almonds. Toast a piece of bread quite brown, then break it up and add to the mixture. Now stir in two tablespoons of chili powder, three finely chopped pimientos, a pinch of anise seed, ground cloves, cinnamon and one tablespoonful of raisins. Add a cup of thick tomato paste. Let it simmer awhile, then add enough chicken broth to make a good gravy consistency. Simmer some more. Shave into this a square of unsweetened chocolate. When the chocolate melts arrange the hot stewed chicken on a hot platter, pour the sauce on it and holler, "Come and get it." When they're through devouring, all you'll have left is bones and praise.

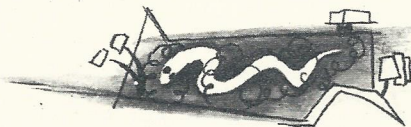
For you've achieved a real delicacy, a carefully prepared Mexican dish at its best—the result of slow cooking and a careful blend of seasonings. Adding chili powder to Irish stew is not Mexican cooking. In order to cook Mexican, you have to *think* Mexican.

And incidentally, did you know that ground chili is blended for exact shades as carefully as the most expensive face powder? They do it the way your father did when he had you in the woodshed: the faster the paddle, the more heat—and the redder the result. ■

← *The finished product—a condiment which "does things" for Mexican dishes—is loaded on trailer.*

## Stories of the Road

**T**HE 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.



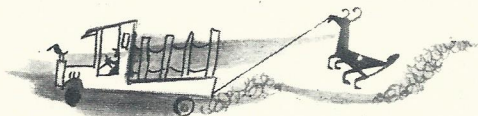
**M**Y UNCLE and I were riding in our Ford truck when the engine started to miss. We stopped at a filling station and got some gas, but several miles farther the same thing happened, so we thought we better stop at a garage. The man said we needed some spark plugs. He got a set and opened the hood. He had finished one side and went around to the other, when his face went white. We looked in and saw a large king snake wrapped around the wires.

BENJAMIN McDONALD, Sumner, Georgia



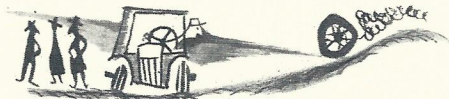
**I** WAS HAULING cargo for a well known mail order house in the winter of 1936. On the night of December 23, the Blue Ridge area had been under a snowfall for several hours, and I was trying to reach a small town to halt for the night. My luck ran out, and soon my truck was rolling down the mountain road, scattering cargo all the way. Fortunately, I escaped injury but the accident attracted quite a few people. My cargo of Christmas ornaments soon disappeared. The accident required my staying in the town for several days. When time came for me to leave the hotel, I asked for my bill. The clerk looked around the lobby at his newly acquired ornaments and shook his head. He reckoned the bill was paid and further suggested that I bring the folks around during the summer when the mountainside was a thing of beauty. As I left town that night, looking into the windows of the homes, there was no doubt that I had really been Santa Claus.

HARRY O. KRAFT, Baltimore, Maryland



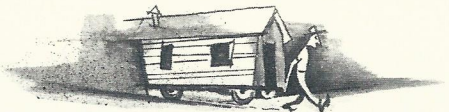
WE PURCHASED a truck and trailer and moved our household belongings and some milk goats from California to Oregon. After arriving, my husband tied our valuable herd sire to the rear of the truck until he could find a more suitable place. Next morning he jumped into the truck to run to the grocery which is three and one-half miles away. He left me doing the milking. I looked down the road and saw that he had forgotten the goat, and that the poor animal was flying in midair after my husband's speeding truck. I dropped my pail of milk and ran shrieking after him, but to no avail. A heavy leather collar finally broke and the goat came home, apparently unhurt after being hoisted and dropped for a quarter of a mile. My husband didn't know a thing about it until he came home.

MRS. A. K. SMITH, Kerby, Oregon



ONE MORNING my boss, making a call to repair a refrigerator, called me and said, "Come out here with a rope, I just broke an axle." While towing him, I wondered why he started honking so madly, then spotted one of his wheels rolling down the street toward a group of pedestrians. Before I could scream, another truck driver deliberately drove into the path of the wheel, diverting its course, and saving one or more persons from sudden injury or death. With a wave of his hand, he drove on.

MARGARET WHEELER, Los Angeles, California



LAST SPRING my son and his dad decided to build a shop for their cabinetmaking business. They had one small building on a corner lot, and another, 15 feet square by 10 feet high, on the opposite corner of the block. At dinner they discussed ways of combining the two to make a nice size shop. After finishing they donned their caps and went out, leaving me to my household duties. Suddenly I heard our '29 Model A pickup puffing and snorting. Hurrying to the window, I almost fell through it. There was the building they wanted moved merrily rolling down the road with only about six inches of four Ford wheels showing, and my son steadying one corner. They had removed the floor and enough wall to back the pickup under, fastened the joists to the stock rack of the truck and were driving where they wanted.

MRS. WALTER DURBIN, Palmer, Illinois



*Air view of Lake Shore Drive.*

## **Push Button Highway**

story and paintings by Cal Dunn

**T**WENTY YEARS AGO, traffic engineers working for the city of Chicago saw the handwriting on the wall: Population figures were zooming in the city's suburbs and the beautiful lake front highways were threatening to turn into ugly traffic problems.

As they saw it, the city would have to fit twelve lanes into the narrow strip between Lake Michigan and the city to funnel traffic from the suburbs to the Loop and back—at a

cost that would frighten the city treasurer. Or they would have to come up with a new answer.

After ten years of paperwork and car-counting they got an answer which makes it possible for the eight lanes of Lake Shore Drive to swallow a twelve-lane load without choking.

They have a push-button highway. It is a beautiful necklace stringing up the city's lakeside parks. It is also an experiment in highway engineering which may prove to be the most important since the Romans built the Appian Way.

On a single day, 116,000 cars pass a given point on Lake Shore Drive. During the morning rush hour, 82 out of a hundred are barreling south to the city. During the home-ward evening rush the figures are nearly reversed.

By a system of fins which can rise out of the pavement to divide the highway or sink back flush with it to blend the lanes together, the Drive can be made six lanes wide for the southbound morning traffic and six lanes wide for the north-bound evening traffic.

There are three rows of fins in Lake Shore Drive, extending 2.2 miles from North Avenue to Belmont Avenue. If all three rows were raised, that stretch of the highway would consist of four strips, each two lanes wide. Normally only the center

*Barricades divert traffic while fins are raised or lowered.*



strip is raised, creating a conventional two-way highway for the traffic flowing evenly in both directions during the day and night.

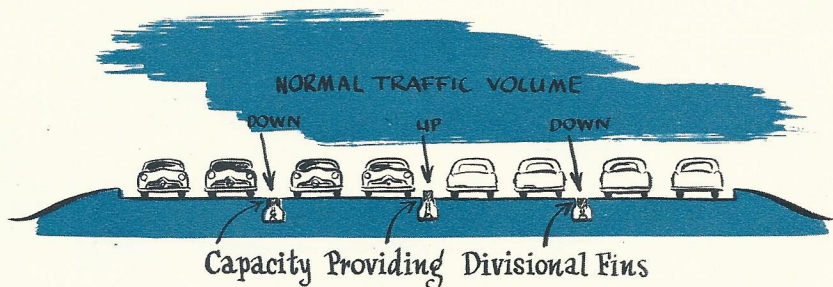
At six in the morning, however, when the morning rush is impending, a crew of three men in a bright yellow Ford half-ton pickup start out to alter the circulation in the traffic arteries. First they work along the stretch of Drive not yet equipped with fins, using barricades and danger lights to divert the city-bound traffic into the six west lanes and whatever counter traffic there is into the two remaining lanes.

Then they raise the extreme east row of fins by pushing a button, and lower the center row, also by pushing a button. At four in the afternoon they do the job in reverse and the traffic flows smoothly in the opposite direction.

The fins consist of structural steel blocks twenty-five feet long and eighteen inches wide which rise eight inches above the pavement. The first one trips the second, the second trips the third, and so on until the whole row is up. They are raised by hydraulic jacks that pack enough power to push the blocks through winter ice.

Lake Shore Drive is strictly a passenger convenience. The only trucks on it are the Fords used by the Chicago Park District in converting traffic and making repairs.

By adopting the convertible highway, Chicago avoided the need of using some more of its valuable lake front property for a wider roadbed. Lake Shore Drive now stands on the highest priced pile of rubbish in the world. Rubble from the great fire of 1871 was pushed into Lake Michigan, and for decades all sorts of rubbish was conveniently dumped along the shore. The lake has been shoved back a quarter of a mile and in its place there is \$50,000,000 worth of real estate. ■





## *Rocky Point— a one-picture story*

*photograph by Herb McLaughlin*

WHEN the 65-mile road connecting Rocky Point (Puerto Peñasco) with the Arizona border was hard-surfaced in 1942, that sleepy Mexican village on the Gulf of California woke up. Its handful of fishing boats swelled to a sizable fleet. Its trucking business—once only a few decrepit vehicles that brought the town's drinking water from wells 14 miles away—grew to a stream of modern, refrigerated trucks. They carry hundreds of tons of jumbo shrimp and shark liver to the U. S. market every year, over the new road. And down that same road come hordes of American sportsmen, fly rods in hand. For here, scarcely a hundred miles from Arizona's desert country, is salt water fishing that is unsurpassed, and whether you catch pinto or albacore, sea trout or sailfish, is merely a matter of how you bait your hook. ■

## More Power and Synchronized Shift for F-6 Trucks

**A** NEW, more powerful engine with a new synchronized 4-speed transmission is now available as optional equipment to buyers of Ford F-6 Bonus Built Trucks.

The new Rouge 254 Truck Six engine of 110 horsepower is the largest ever offered by Ford in the 2-ton, 14001-16000 pound gross vehicle weight class. The object of the new engine design was to provide even greater performance and acceleration for heavy hauling, and higher speed on grades. The engine has been under development for the past four years. Modifications of the basic engine have been in service in Ford Motor Coaches and in more than a thousand industrial engine installations for the past year and a half.

Featured in this engine are free valve mechanisms on the cobalt-chrome alloy-faced exhaust valves which insure long, trouble-free valve life. Another feature is the three-ring autothermic pistons with chrome plating on upper rings for quicker break-in and prolonged cylinder wall life. Other Ford Bonus Built Truck engine features, such as the Loadamatic full vacuum spark control and

Series Flow cooling, are designed into the engine. Cartridge type oil filter, large removable oil sump, oil bath air cleaner and velocity type engine governor are standard equipment. A down draft carburetor with new type horizontal manifolding is used on F-6 conventional trucks. A space-saving updraft carburetor on F-6 C.O.E. models permits minimum floor obstruction.

The Synchro-Silent four-speed transmission was designed to transmit the increased power output of the 254 engine and provide quiet gear operation and synchronized, clashless shifting. The need for double clutching is eliminated. Blocker type synchronizers are used in second, third and direct in connection with helical constant mesh gears. This transmission, which is standard with the 254 engine, is also available with the Rouge 226 Truck F-6 and the Rouge 239 V-8 in F-5 and F-6 Series Trucks.

Heavier propeller shafts and larger universal joints are included with the 254 engine.

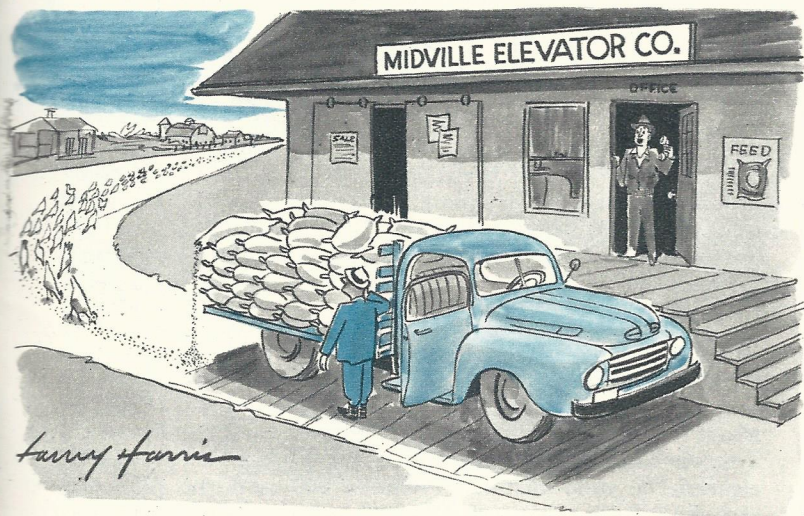
The new Gyro-Grip clutch has a long life woven lining material and torque capacity has been

increased to 267 foot pounds of torque at zero rpm. Light pedal pressures at shifting speeds are

made possible by centrifugal action built into the clutch, multiplying plate pressures as speed is increased.

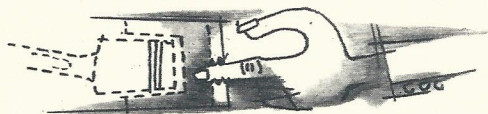
## SPECIFICATIONS FOR THE NEW ROUGE 254 TRUCK SIX ENGINE

	F-6 Conventional Downdraft	F-6 C.O.E. Updraft
Type	L-Head 6 Cyl.	L-Head 6 Cyl.
Displacement	254 Cu. Inches	254 Cu. Inches
Bore and Stroke	3.5 x 4.4	3.5 x 4.4
Compression Ratio	6.8 to 1	6.8 to 1
Max. Gross HP (RPM)	110 @ 3400	106 @ 3400
Max. Net HP (RPM)	100 @ 3150	96 @ 3200
Max. Gross Torque (RPM)	212 @ 1200	210 @ 1200
Max. Net Torque (RPM)	208 @ 1200	208 @ 1200



*"Your wife wants you to hurry home, Mr. Hanson.  
Someone has stolen all the chickens."*

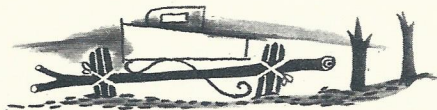
# PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD



**THE PROBLEM:** A Cape Cod garage mechanic got his forefinger stuck in the spark plug hole of an engine. His efforts to dislodge it only made the finger swell hopelessly. The local doctor, a young fellow, finally advised amputation. In desperation they appealed to an old retired doctor for advice. First he told them to hoist the engine, inverted upward at arm's length, thinking to drain the blood from the swollen finger. Still no go. Then the old doctor hit on the right answer.

**THE SOLUTION:** He told them to pour ice water into the engine block. Shrunk by the cold, the finger slipped out. The grateful mechanic had his finger and the young doctor a useful lesson.

ROGER W. HIGGINS, Andover, Massachusetts



**THE PROBLEM:** My dad and I, who live on a farm in Talladega County, were hauling firewood from the mountain to home in our Ford truck. The road was muddy, and Dad got the truck stuck. We tried to dislodge it until I thought it would be impossible to get it out. I didn't know what we were going to do.

**THE SOLUTION:** Dad gave me an axe and told me to cut him a pole about 12 feet long and six inches in diameter. He stuck the pole under the truck in front of the rear wheels. Then he tied the pole to the two wheels with short chains, allowing about two feet of the pole to stick out on each side of the truck. The wheels mounted the pole and went forward until the pole cleared the mud behind. We then removed the pole and chained it back again in front of the wheels. We repeated this until we were back on solid ground.

JUDSON PITTS, Lincoln, Alabama



*"Jeepers, girls . . . now we're gonna have  
to compete with trucks!"*



# ROLLING THE ROADS

by Dod Stoddard

**W**ALKING DOWN a quiet side street in Flushing, Long Island, the other day, I bumped into Beetle Burton. The last time I had seen Beetle he was fighting traffic south of Thirty-Fourth Street in Manhattan.

That's the garment district—the place where they make what the statisticians call “soft goods.”

If you've ever tried to get through the area with any hardware bigger than roller skates you will agree it is a special sort of purgatory designed to try the souls of truck drivers.

Beetle had a box big enough to haul a B-29 but his cargoes were, much to his embarrassment, brassieres, nylons, and such frillery. The guys used to horse him by singing “buttons and bows” whenever he passed—or more likely stalled—in the choked street.

He got his name in a funny way. Used to call his girl and say: “Honey, I'll be 'til midnight, better not wait.” From *be 'til to beetle* was easy. Beetle quit in disgust and got another job in Brooklyn. I'd lost track of him.

When I saw him he had an arm in a sling and was pushing a baby carriage!

“Well,” I greeted him. “Your girl must have waited. Congratulations! Boy or girl? And what happened to your gear-abber?”

“One question at a time. This kid is one of four—my sister-in-law's. My gal married a night watchman. And a *tiger* bit me!”

“Now wait a minute, Beetle, you needn't bite *me*. I thought you had reformed and turned lighthouse keeper. What's this tiger bite mean, in English?”

“I said tiger—t-y-g-e-r—striped one. You see, I got a job

drivin' for the zoo. I haul hay, meat, bananas, birds, beasts, an' snakes.

"The other day we are movin' a tiger cat in a big cage an' the damn thing bit me through the bars."

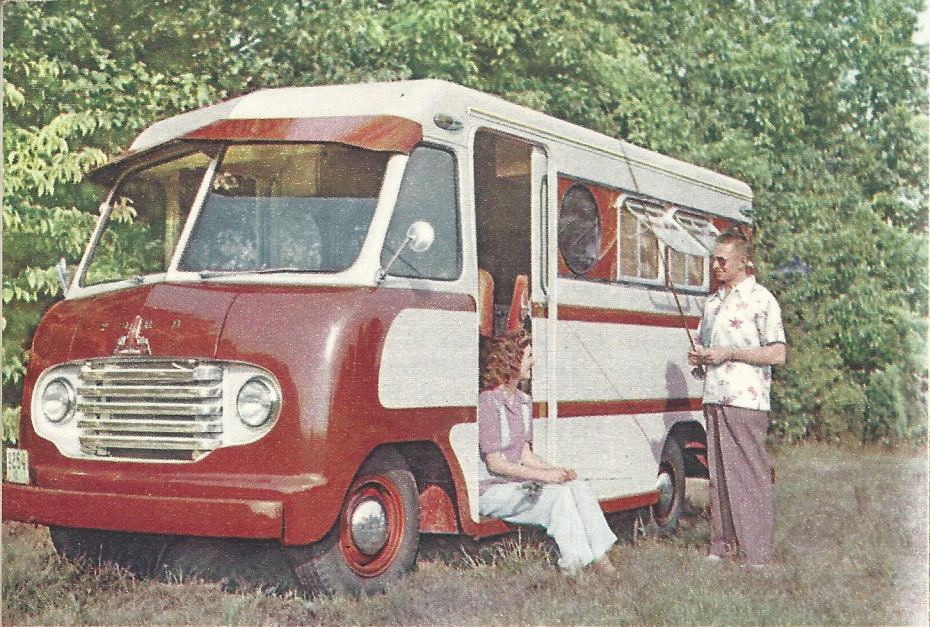
"Honest?" I marvel at him, still thinking he's kidding. "So you quit and are taking a rest?"

"I didn't quit—I am recoverin' from my wounds at full pay. An' I'm not *restin'*. My sister-in-law talked me into baby sittin'. I would rather haul girdles or gorillas.

"Furthermore," says Beetle, "I am sittin' in the park a little while ago givin' this young'un its lunch when Ike Schatz drives by. He yells 'Hi *Bottle*' at me. Now I got to go in an' *change* this little sieve in the buggy. But one giggle out of you an' I'll lay one on you with my good arm, so help me!" ■



"... but Max, the sign said 'Truck load limit 12 tons.'"



# Tour Wagon

*photographs by G. H. Hladky*

AMERICANS, notoriously highway nomads, have always been interested in the idea of a house on wheels. Those who have wanted something semi-permanent have found the house trailer a boon. Others have experimented with house units mounted directly on a heavier chassis which can be parked in any open space, allow cooking en route and get into rough country easily—in short, a land cruiser.

The announcement of the Ford F-3 parcel delivery chassis a few months ago has stimulated much inventiveness by individuals and body companies. Now a Boyertown, Pennsylvania, manufacturer has announced the first production-line model called a Tour Wagon (see picture upper left) and priced under \$4,000.

In its no-stoop height (71 inches from floor to ceiling) and in ingenious use of space the three-room-apartment-in-one is a marvel of convenience. It has a regular galley stove, like those found in small ships. There is a dinette whose four-foot-wide drop-leaf table can seat four (see picture lower left), make way for a cushioned living room, or support a double bed. Bunk space for two more can be provided. You count

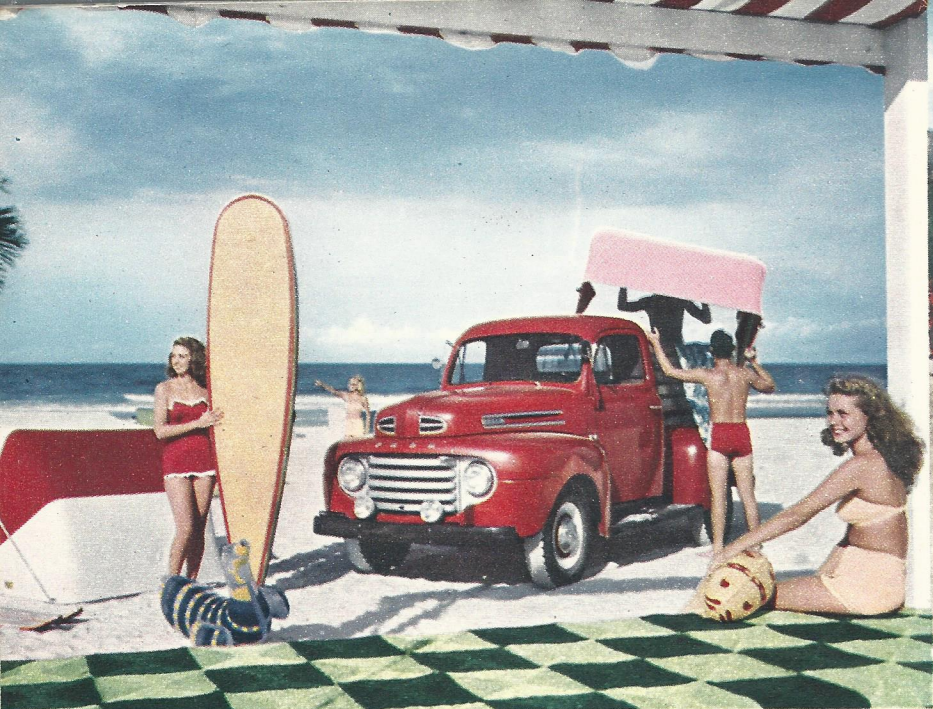
twenty cabinets and drawers, one over the windshield six feet wide, for guns, fly rods and tackle. There's a refrigerator big enough to hold 150 pounds of food and drink, and ice to keep it cold for two weeks on one filling, enclosed toilet and lavatory, airplane type, and a curtained shower for the step, with water enough for nine minutes' washing.

The vehicle clears the road by nine inches, and the engine has power enough to haul a two-horse, boat or camp trailer.

While many are aware that a bus can be very comfortable, they have thought that driving it might be difficult. This land cruiser is easy to handle. And the driver sits high in an armchair on hydraulic shock absorbers, with a view over the tops of cars ahead. Two can take turns in the driver's seat without even stopping the vehicle, impossible in a family car.

The development of this low-cost and practical wagon suggests possibilities for many businesses on wheels; oil men, sheep ranchers, geologists, artisans are studying it. We understand that the body company has supplied Ford dealers with full information about this innovation. ■

*Reprinted from FORD TIMES October, 1949*



*Florida Models -  
a one-picture story*

THE AMERICAN CITIZENS (140,000,000, more or less) who like a picture of a pretty girl at the beach, owe something to the Ford pickup above. As an integral part of Operations Pulchritude, it scoots around Cypress Gardens with the lovely models, cameras and props used in taking more than half the bathing pictures that come from the Sunshine State—girls on the sand, girls in cabañas, girls water-skiing, girls in orange-petal swim suits—whatever the Cypress Gardens Association thinks your hometown paper will publish. The truck takes quite a beating from salt and sand but stays in perfect shape, just like the models, who are known as Aqua-Maids and are deluxe equipment. ■

## Mail Truck



**D**ear Sirs: We owned a 1945 one and a half to two ton Ford and we had moved everything from freight to houses. One day a man came up to us and asked if we could haul a shovel. Of course we said "yes." Even though we had seen the outfit we never knew how much it weighed. Well, we took our Ford to back up the flat bed. We had to block the truck up to hit the dolly pin, after this was done we started to load the shovel. The trailer springs sure straightened out but it wasn't too bad until he swung the boom over the cab. Well the springs would have been natural if they were turned upside down. My father looked at me and said, "Shall we try it?" I said, "Give it a try." So he climbed behind the wheel and put her in the crawler and to my surprise he dropped the clutch out and we were on the move. We only had about a half mile to go, but up a steep hill a quarter of a mile long. It was a tough grind, but the Ford made it. After we unloaded the shovel I asked him just how much it weighed, as we never had any experience like that before. He replied casually, "With the trailer about 30 ton." Well I'll tell you I was pretty proud and nobody could figure out how we did it. The only explanation we could give was, "It's a Ford!"

L. H. JOHNSON  
Cook, Minnesota



**D**ear Sirs: I have just read an issue of the FORD TRUCK TIMES and I think it is something to talk about. This time last year I was operating every make truck in my business but a Ford. In May of 1948 I finally bought a Ford '48 panel from the Hippodrome Motor Company here, and it has not been out of service at all since I have owned it. It has 35,046 miles on it, and the only time we put in oil is when we change. We run eight city routes with an average of about 175 miles a day, and the Ford takes it better than any of the other trucks.

T. H. HUDGINS  
Nashville, Tennessee



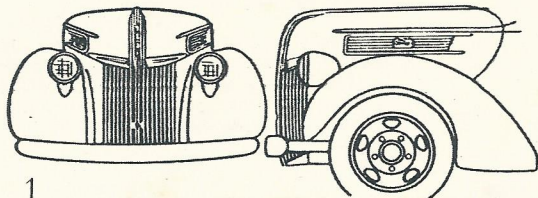
**D**ear Sirs: On the back cover of FORD TRUCK TIMES for May-June, 1949, is the space to write in the names of three other drivers to pass it on to. If I use that part, the "Can You Match Them" is spoiled, so I am giving you the addresses of my three sons who drive my Ford truck for anything they have that is heavy, such as cattle, poles, wood, moving, apples, and too many other things to mention here. That is just fine. I don't mind letting them use such a fine truck, but when they take my FORD TRUCK TIMES before I have read it I usually don't get it back, and I want that little magazine, so please send it to them.

J. E. CROFOOT  
Riverside, Washington

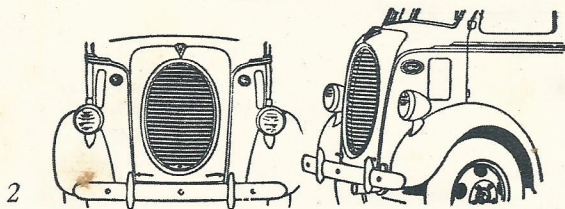
P.S. My son's names are: Earl and Bain Crofoot, of Riverside; Lawrence Crofoot, Okanogan, Washington.

*(Editor's Note: Mr. Crofoot may cease worrying as of now. All of his boys are now on the list to receive the magazine regularly.)*

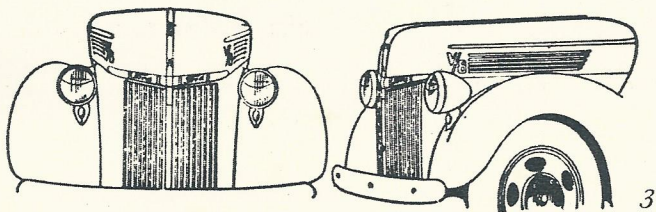
# Games



1



2



3

## Name the Years

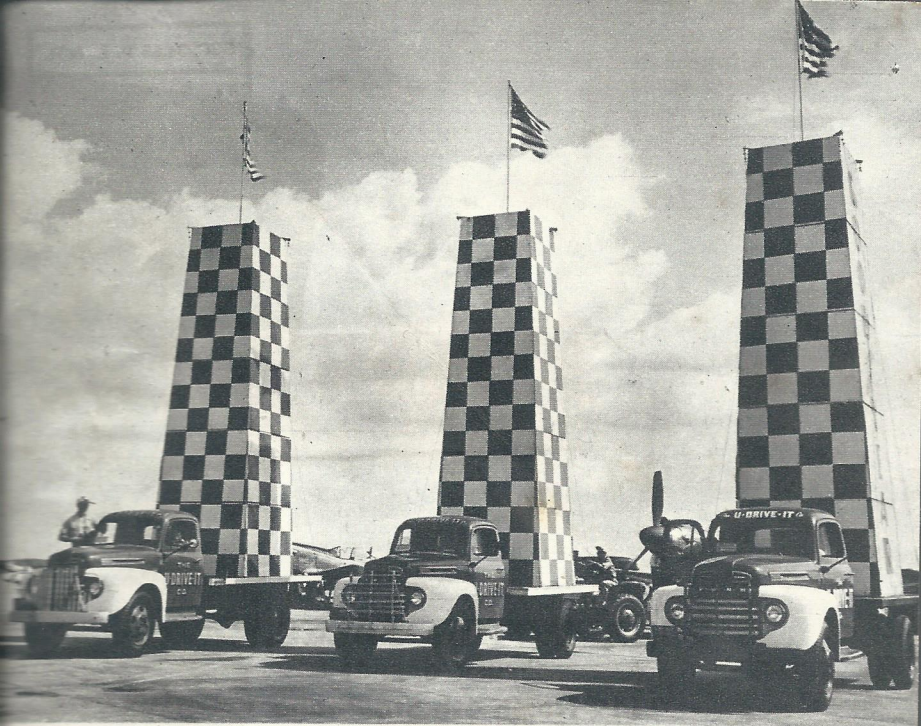
It is said that little escapes the eagle eye of the trucker on the highway, whether it be a rival truck, a confused tourist, or a blonde in the back seat of a closed car. So you probably will be able to reel off the vintage years of these trucks in—say—60 seconds. Try it first on yourself and then see if you can catch any of your pals. Might even be good for a wager of a cup of java. (They're all Fords, of course!) Answers below.

## ANSWERS

3—1940

2—1938

1—1941



## *The National Air Races - a one-picture story*

FORD TRUCKS were out front at the National Air Races held in Cleveland over the Labor Day week-end.

Shiny, red F-8's and other models shared the spotlight with Lincoln-Mercury and Ford passenger cars during the event.

Benjamin Franklin, air race general manager, hailed the use of trucks as pylon platforms. Ford, Lincoln and Mercury passenger cars were the official air race cars for the first time in the history of the popular spectacle. Ford trucks rounded out the "all-family" nature of the company's representation.

During the past two decades the Air Races have taken on a peculiarly American flavor not unlike the Kentucky Derby or the Indianapolis "500".

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