

FORD TRUCK TIMES

january-february 1950



The cover painting by Bill Barss is an unusual view of the truck Rodeo course in Boston, showing the maneuvering required of competitors. This layout is standard for all such courses in the country.

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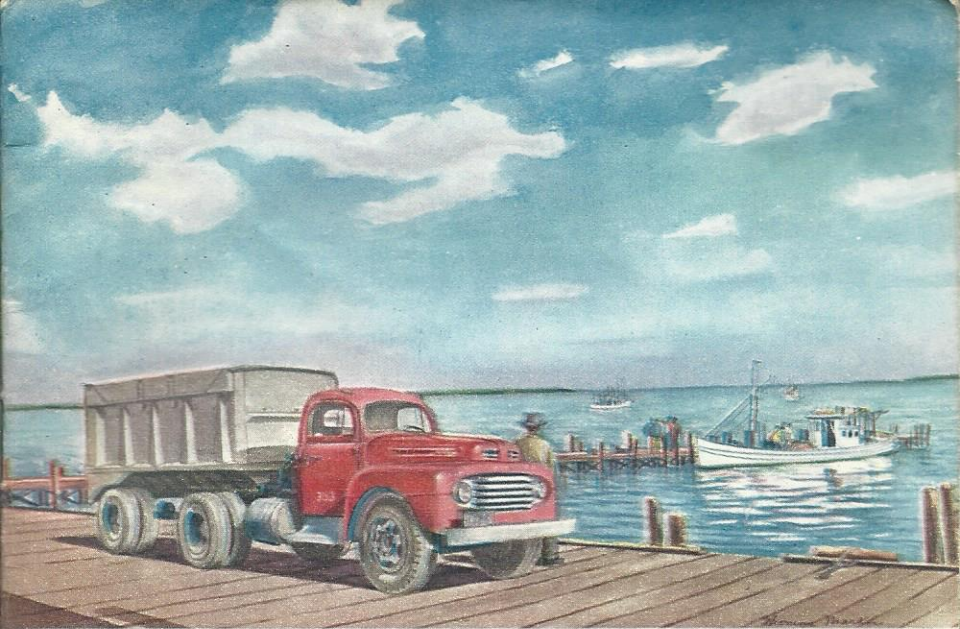
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Trucks are the link between the docks of Grand Isle and Bayou LaFourche and the fresh shrimp and oyster markets of the United States.

Louisiana Shrimp

by Franklin M. Reck

paintings by Thomas Marker

THE CHANCES ARE the shrimp in your cocktail came from the ancient pirate hangout of Grand Isle, a strip of white sand, red oleanders and green palms on the Louisiana coast. This country gets away with 140,000,000 pounds of shrimp a year, and the bulk of these come from within a few miles of the island where Jean Lafitte once used to hide out from the law.

Lafitte probably never thought of looking for treasure in the sand and mud of the Gulf bottom, but he could have done worse. A modern countryman of his, answering to the musical name of Bertoul Cheric, trawls and ships about \$5,000,000

worth of shrimp and oysters a year.

Bertoul sees to it that our hinterland coffee shops serve shrimp cocktails with fair regularity. He ships north by rail and by air, but mostly by refrigerated truck. Into one truck he can pack about 450,000 shrimp worth \$16,000, more or less. He has 12 of these trucks traveling on day-and-night schedules to all parts of the United States except the far west coast. Not a bad business for a French-speaking Louisianan who never bothered to learn to write or keep books.

The New Orleans visitor who doesn't take a sidetrip to Bertoul's kingdom is missing a bet. He can take Route 90 out of New Orleans, cross the Mississippi on the magnificent Huey Long bridge, coast down to the village of Raceland, then turn south toward the Gulf.

From here on, any visitor from hill country will find himself in a strange land with a charm of its own. Here land and sea merge in salt marshes that blend imperceptibly with the sky at some indefinite horizon. For 30 miles along the southbound highway, the only high ground is that on which the highway is built. Hugging the highway on one side are the homes of the fishermen, most of them shrimpers. On the other side is the Bayou LaFourche, where their trawlers are moored. Here and there the high ground widens enough to accommodate a packing village. All the rest is marsh, where a man could sink without leaving a trace.

Grand Isle lies at the end of the highway. On it live some half a thousand natives, a few resort owners, and a growing band of oil-company workers. Their homes are built on creosoted pilings because at rare intervals a high wind will blow a carpet of water over the entire island. For drinking purposes the inhabitants collect rain water off the eaves of their homes. Ground water is brine.

You'll find two kinds of shrimp trawlers at the wharves, representing the early and modern phases of the business. You'll see the smaller inland trawlers with their forty-foot nets and two-man crews, many of them powered with Ford engines. Until 1937, most shrimp were taken by these boats in the inland salt lakes and along the shallow coastal waters.

Inshore trawlers go out for two or three days. When they come to grounds where they suspect shrimp, they lower a ten-foot try net into the water and drag it over the mud bottom for a few minutes. If the net yields a dozen shrimp, the big trawl goes overside for a two-hour drag.

The big offshore trawlers, Diesel-powered, 50 to 60 feet long, with 100-foot nets, came into use about 1937, when the more adventurous fishermen went looking for new wealth in the deep waters of the Gulf.

They found jumbos running eight to the pound, as long as your hand, at depths down to 150 feet. Since then, offshore trawling has grown fast enough to keep the supply of shrimp growing in spite of the overworking of shallow waters.

An odd reason has been advanced for the concentration of shrimp off the Louisiana coast. Here at the bottom of the Gulf lies America's topsoil, washed down the Mississippi from all the prairie states. This soil, the fisheries experts say, has the richness and fertility that make it an ideal spawning ground for shrimp.

Shrimp are trucked north in iced barrels, in deep-frozen packs, and canned. They are also dried, packed in cellophane packages, and sold in bars and drugstores at a dime a pack, like peanuts. Bo-Boye Collins is Grand Isle's dried-shrimp producer, no doubt the biggest in the world.

On slanting cement decks, boiled shrimp are spread out in a pink carpet to dry. Later you buy them in cellophane packs for a dime.

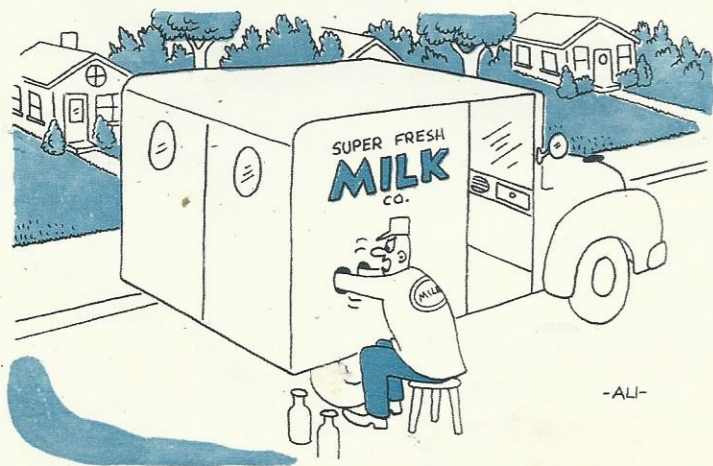


Fat, cheerful, and hospitable, Bo-Boye speaks English with difficulty. Back somewhere his ancestors were Irish, but Bo-Boye pronounces his last name Coh-lan, rather than Collins. There's a lot of Irish blood in his blue-sky and white-sand country, but all the Michaels have become Michels.

Bo-Boye shows you how he dries shrimp. First he boils them for five minutes, then dumps them on a concrete drying platform, slanted to let the water drain off. In twenty-four hours, given a bright sun, the shrimp will be dried and ready for shelling.

The road from Thibodaux south through Raceland, Golden Meadow, and Leeville, has been called the "longest street in the world." It is one continuous fishing village, a single street wide and 50 or 60 miles long, with a boat in every front yard. Housewives along this street are served by traveling general stores carrying almost everything you want to eat, wear, or use. Down here, the store comes to the people.

At the end of the "street" is Grand Isle, shrimp capital and one-time pirate hangout, an island with accommodations for tourists, its wharves loaded with more fresh shrimp and oysters than you ever saw in your life. ■



"Whoa, bossy! Whoa!"

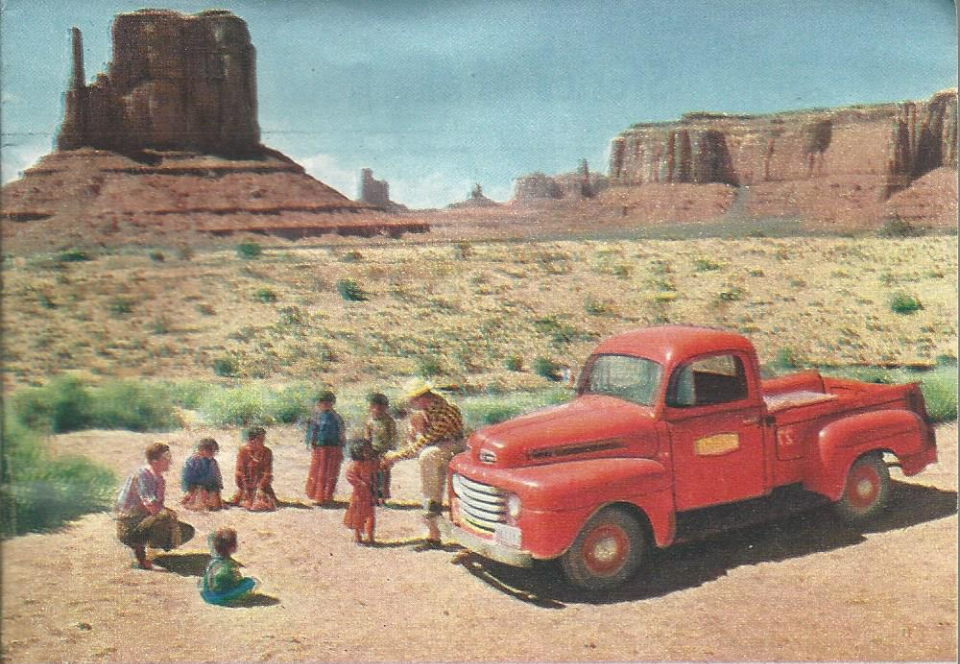


photo by Ray Manley

Traveling Salesman to the Navajo— a one-picture story

NELSON A. LINCOLN, driver of the pickup above, is one of the most popular travelers on the great Navajo reservation in northeastern Arizona. One reason is shown here: he and his companion are giving the oranges and candy they offer regularly to sugar-hungry Navajo children. Another reason is that Lincoln tours the reservation for Babbit's of Flagstaff, the Ford dealer, and one of the oldest trading firms in the Southwest. He takes orders from the Indians for merchandise ranging from horse collars, wagons, and flour to baby powder and velveteen for the women. The picture was taken near Harry Goulding's Monument Valley Post and Lodge, just over the Utah line. The formations in the background are the famous Mittens, 1200 feet tall. Lincoln found the children at play while tending their mothers' sheep and goats. ■

Stories of the Road

THE FORD TRUCK TIMES will pay \$25 each for true, unpublished 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.



ON a hot and sultry July night our neighbors, an elderly couple, were unable to sleep, so they decided to cool off with a ride in the old Ford. They went in their nightclothes to get full advantage of the breeze. About eight miles from home the car ran out of gas. Being too embarrassed to stop at a farm house for gas, they started for home on foot, crawling into the roadside ditch every time they saw car lights approaching. They finally reached their home by taking back streets and alleys, but found to their dismay that they had left the house key in the car. They had to wake us up anyway to borrow a skeleton key to get in.

—MRS. DEWEY KADDATZ, Ortonville, Minn.



ONE NIGHT last summer, soon after I had received delivery of my '48 F-1 Ford 6 pickup from Eddy Motor Sales, we had a thunder storm, during which the usual farm supply of cats decided to use the pickup for shelter. As the water started coming under the truck, one of them began climbing to keep dry. She went from the front axle up to the splash pan, and along the side of the engine to the radiator, which was still warm. After the storm I went to drive the truck in the shed. I pushed the starter button, and as the engine caught there came noises that I had never heard before come from under a hood. I raised the hood, expecting to find a torn-out starter gear. But instead I found a fur-lined fanbelt and a beat-up cat that limped on all four legs. She recovered, has since presented us with four kittens, but she maintains a great respect for Ford trucks.

—ELBERT L. MORGAN, Westerly, R. I.



ONE AFTERNOON a woman ran out of a house and waved for me to stop. I stopped my truck and asked her what I could do for her. She said, "Get out and come in the house." Not liking the tone of her voice, I said, "Sorry, lady, but I'm trying to make the next town before the storm catches me." She took a gun from her pocket and waved it at me. I crawled out and went into her house. She motioned toward a chair. I sat down. She sat down and held the gun on me until the worst of the storm was over. Then she stood up and told me that I could go. I didn't question her because I didn't know whether she was a lunatic or not. After I got out on the porch she called an explanation. "My husband is away and I am terribly afraid of storms. I didn't notice the cloud until it was too late to go to a neighbor's."

—ED THOMAS, Bethpage, Tenn.



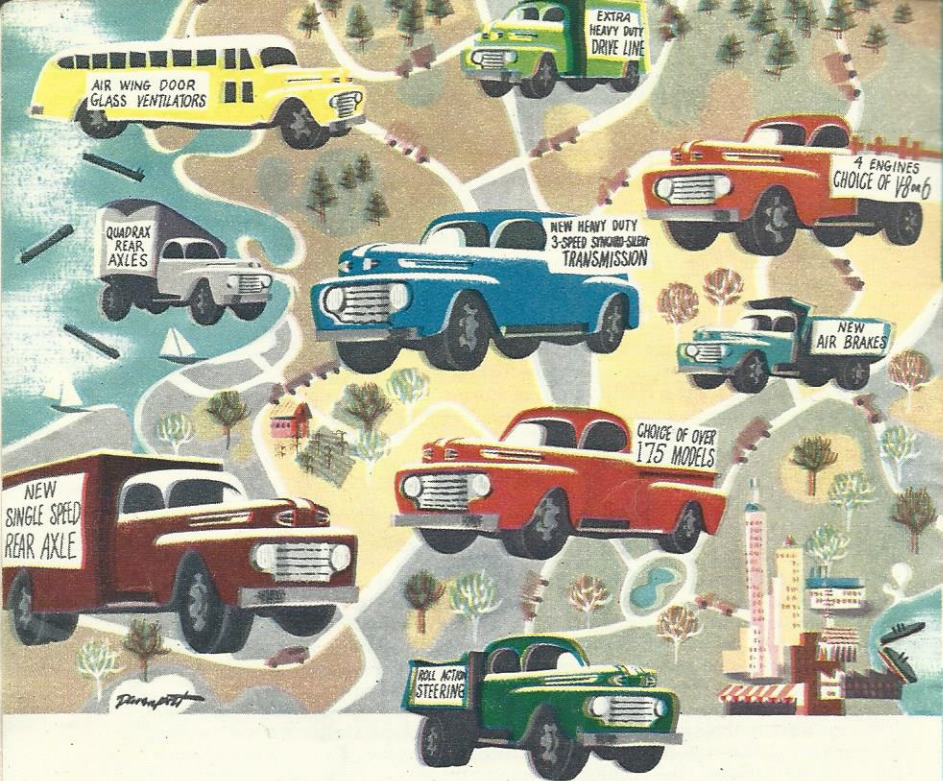
I HAD PROMISED my fiancé to go with him on his first trip in his new Ford truck to get a load of merchandise for his father's store. I was to get my wedding gown for June 15 and then come home on the bus. I had just recovered from a slight case of flu, and when he was ready to leave I decided not to go, thinking the ride would be too rough. I went to bed, couldn't sleep, so I took a sleeping tablet and sat in the porch swing to wait until I got sleepy. When I opened my eyes at sun up next morning, I found I was in the truck at Dallas with my fiancé grinning down at me. After I got over my surprise, I agreed to an immediate marriage, and became the happy bride of a Ford truck driver three weeks before the date we had set.

—MRS. SAM S. DENNIS, Rush Springs, Okla.



THE UNSELFISHNESS and good nature of truck drivers is revealed in various ways. A few days ago while hauling material from the local crushed stone plant, one driver discovered six puppies and their mother lodged in a stone crevice high over the plant grounds. Immediately the driver began trying to remove the dog and her puppies. In a short time three other drivers had parked their trucks and were assisting in the rescue. After several hours of maneuvering, the family was brought to safety. The drivers divided the puppies and took them home, one keeping the mother dog. The net result of the project: seven dogs rescued and the loss of half a day's pay for each man, all independent operators hauling on a tonnage basis.

—HARRIET T. MCGOWAN, Watertown, N. Y.



Following are 21 more reasons why Ford is the smartest trucking idea for 1950. Watch the parade go by: 95 to 145 horsepower; more than 175 models; 4,700 to 22,000 pounds G.V.W., 39,000 pounds with tractor-trailer.

On the Line for '50

illustrations by John Davenport

WITH MORE THAN 175 models, powered by 6's and V8's ranging from 95 to 145 h.p., Ford in 1950 is offering the broadest selection of trucks in its history.

Throughout this line are to be found 21 or more improvements, innovations, structural changes, and new engineering ideas, all adding weight to a record proved by the latest registration figures: 2,003,155 Ford trucks at present on the road have rolled up 18,567,865 truck-years of experience, a total equalled by no other make. The total number of Ford trucks now in operation represents nearly 30% of the 7,000,000 or more of all makes now on the road.

Here and on the following pages are illustrated and described a considerable portion of the new features which add up to 21 smart ideas on low truck cost and maintenance and high truck service for 1950.

Four tough engines are available, including a recently added heavy six. Three of these are old standbys with numerous improvements: the 226 cu. in., 95 h.p. six; the 239 cu. in., 100 h.p. V8; and the 337 cu. in., 145 h.p. V8.

The new heavy six is of 254 cubic

inches displacement, and develops 110 h.p. (a variation of the 254 engine, employing updraft carburetion and developing 106 h.p., is used in certain models, including the cab-over-engine jobs.)

Specifications of the 254 include a block of cast alloy iron with series-flow cooling and water jackets for full length of bore; a high-lift camshaft of cast iron; forged steel connecting rods with large lower bearing for reduced piston side thrust.

Its fuel pump is of high pressure design to lessen possibility of vapor lock; the governor is the high velocity type providing controlled speed with full power, torque, and acceleration.

Pistons are tin plated aluminum alloy with solid skirt and steel struts for controlled clearance. The engine is suspended on three-point rubber insulated engine supports, and its high torque starting motor is push button controlled. The 254 is used in the F-6 series, making that model one of the most powerful in the 16,000-pound GVW class. A new four-speed Synchro-Silent transmission that makes double clutching unnecessary is standard equipment



on the 254, and an extra heavy duty clutch is included.

Continuing the new features:

The F-7 models have new rear brakes with 15" x 5" aluminum shoes, a double cylinder, and self-energizing hydraulic actuation. The F-8's can now be equipped with new full air brakes of the two-shoe type, rear size: 16½" x 5½".

More variety is added with the

addition of three new wheelbases. One of 176 inches can be had on the F-5 and F-6 for bodies in the 14-foot range. The 145 h.p. big jobs can now be equipped with a 147-incher for tractors and dumps, and a 178-incher for 14-foot bodies.

Two new forward control parcel deliveries have been added to the line, available in the F-3 series, with wheelbase lengths of 104 and 122 inches, and in the F-5 series,



134-inch wheelbase, on special order. Both are powered by the 95 h.p. six and have steering column shifting. The units are delivered with chassis, grille, windshield, and quarter windows. A wide choice of bodies is available, from 250 to 450 cubic foot capacity.

The F-8 now has a new single-speed rear axle as standard equipment, with the regular two-speed version available if desired.

All models have the big, driver-saving "million dollar cab" with such refinements as level action cab mounting, and "air wing" window ventilators.

A new hypoid single-speed rear axle is offered for the F-6 series, while all models have the Gyro-Grip clutch, Roll Action steering, and the workhouse Quadrax rear axles.

The Bonus Built feature—giving extra value for no extra price throughout the entire line—is expanded with the addition of the following improvements:

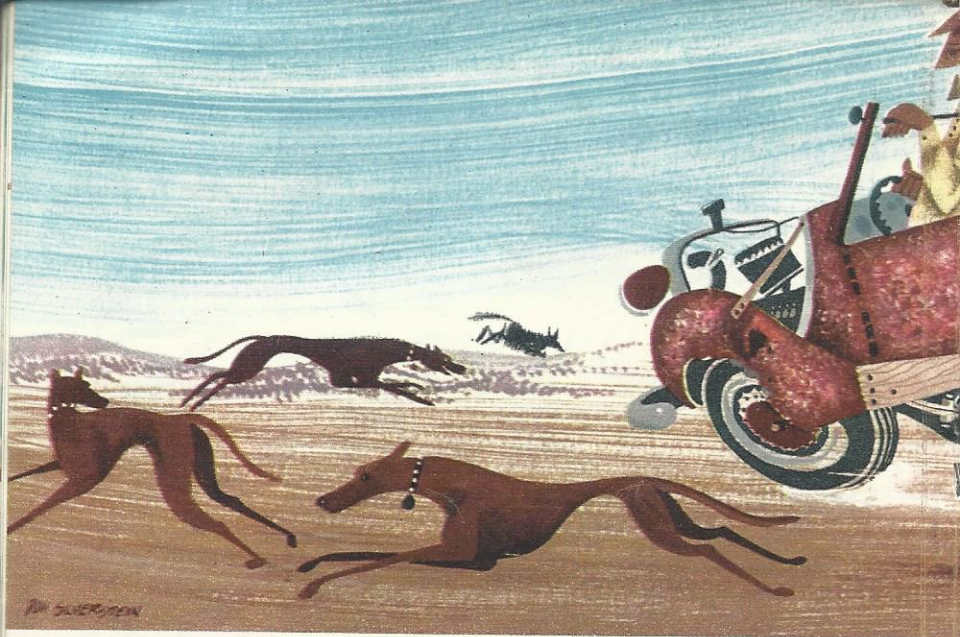
A new double channel frame for the big jobs.

A new extra heavy duty drive line with the 254 engine.

A new, heavy duty, three-speed Synchro-Silent transmission optional for series F-1 through F-3.

Two new truck ratings—16,000 pounds GVW for series F-6, and 22,000 pounds GVW for series F-8 now give the 1950 line a range from 4,700 pounds in the F-1 to 22,000 in the F-8. In the case of the F-8, if tractor and trailer are used, the GVW is 39,000 pounds. ■





The truck doesn't stop to loose the pack—a yank on a pull

Coyote Hunt

by Burgess H. Scott

paintings by Don Silverstein

SPORTSMEN would have to travel far to find a more slam-bang sporting event than the coyote hunts that Nebraskans of the Sand Hills country put on at every opportunity.

The gist of the sport is setting a pack of greyhounds on the trail of a coyote and following the chase at a near-50 mph clip in a stripped-down truck known locally as a coyote car.

One of the ablest of the huntsmen is Ben Ammon of Bassett, whose pack of seven greyhounds and staghounds ran up a



cord and out come the hounds, yelping, rolling, and tumbling.

score of 36 kills last fall. Ammon's coyote car was made from a 1936 V8 pickup, the alteration involving "taking just about everything off of it." In place of the original bed he has a large crate or cage on the rear to hold six of his hounds. A wide running board on the driver's side is the special place for Bob, his grizzled, 98-pound half Russian, half greyhound lead dog.

With the dogs loaded, Ammon takes off over the sand hills at about 40 mph, he and Bob scanning the hills and draws for the first coyote to break cover. When the big dog spots the critter, he leaves his running board like a shot—regardless of the truck's speed. He usually rolls end over end a few times before he can get his long legs into action and light out after the coyote.

Bob's departure from the running board is the signal for Ammon to release his six other dogs, which he does by yanking on a pull cord that trips latches on the cage doors, allowing them to fall open in a horizontal position. Using the doors

as springboards, the dogs bail out in a yelping, rolling mass. In less time than it takes to tell, they have gained their legs and are off in pursuit of Bob and the coyote.

Their quarry is a gray, wolf-like animal ranging in weight from 35 to 50 pounds and a formidable opponent on the defensive. He preys on calves that have become separated from the herd, sheep, and poultry. His pelt is useless except as a trophy, and in some states it will bring a small bounty, leaving little more to coyote hunting than the sport involved.

Bob's weight and experience make him more than a match for almost any coyote he reaches, and Ammon has seen the time that he has finished off the animal before the rest of the pack arrived. However, he recalls a hunt on which Bob was late in arriving. Several less experienced dogs were having trouble with a tough old marauder. Bob took one grab at the beast's throat, flipped him over, and the hunt was ended.

The hunt follows a well organized pattern. On coming alongside the coyote, the lead dog grabs a leg and trips the animal. The rest of the dogs close in and the tussle is usually over in two minutes.

The length of the chase varies from 300 yards to two miles on clear ground, and has been known to last between 10 and 20 miles through deep snow or rough hills. Through all of it, Ammon's V8 bounces along in the wake of the pack, taking hills and gullies a tenderfoot wouldn't dream possible.

Ammon ran his coyote car hard until the fall of 1948, when he had the first major work done on it: installation of a new engine. "This brought its performance up to date with the new cars," he said. "In hunting coyotes nowadays you have to have a car that is very fast on the pickup and getaway. It means catching up to the coyote where the dogs can get a run on it. If you haven't a car that is very fast on the start, your coyote is out of sight and gone. This is loose, sandy country that requires a lot of power on the start, and for that reason I like my Ford truck."

Sometimes small airplanes are used to spot the animals, a wagging of the wings indicating that a coyote has been jumped. One such hunt was staged in country where two crafty old coyotes had been killing calves. The plane soon found the two outlaws and the first was killed after a chase of two miles. After a four-mile run the second was added to Ammon's pile of trophies.

The hounds vary from the type used in dog races to mix-

tures of longer haired wolfhounds. They are generally raised and trained by the hunters, and a well handled experienced dog can bring as much as \$1,000. Dogs usually start hunting at a year and half, running with older dogs until they are ready to hunt on their own.

As able as the hounds are with coyotes, it's a different story when the pack brings a big timber or gray wolf to bay. When this happens the wolf frequently has to be shot, because you simply can't surround one of the big animals every time with enough dogs to do the job. There are, however, few wolves to contend with in the sand hills.

Ammon is a staunch supporter of such an activity as coyote hunting for promoting general health and well being.

"I think every business man, rancher, or farmer should take a few days off each month," he said. "By doing so they will live longer, and after all is said and done they only live once, and when they leave they won't take anything with them." Ammon demonstrated this philosophy one afternoon by leaving his ranch mineral firm in Bassett and bagging five coyotes before sundown.

Ammon's pack may soon have a chance at much bigger and fiercer game. Reports have been coming in that a large mountain lion, ranging far from its natural habitat, has been causing trouble with livestock in the rough, hilly country along the Niobrara river to the north of Bassett. Two persons have claimed to have seen the animal distinctly already, Ammon said, and if the talk still persists he plans to take his dogs north and let them have a try at North America's biggest cat.



The Skyrocket approaches its service station on wheels. Pulled by an F-8 tractor, this special trailer can fully maintain the plane. →

PRIME MOVER

photographs by Andrew R. Boone

A FORD F-8 tractor powers the unusual trailer shown at right, a complete service station on wheels built by the Fruehauf Trailer Company to haul and service the Douglas Aircraft Company's experimental jet-rocket plane, the Skyrocket. The truck and trailer pulls the plane between El Segundo and the desert flight base at Muroc, California.

The trailer, which also serves as a work platform, is 13 feet wide and 35 feet long. With the aid of ramps and a winch, the plane is rolled on and off on its own wheels. The trailer carries tanks for fueling the plane.

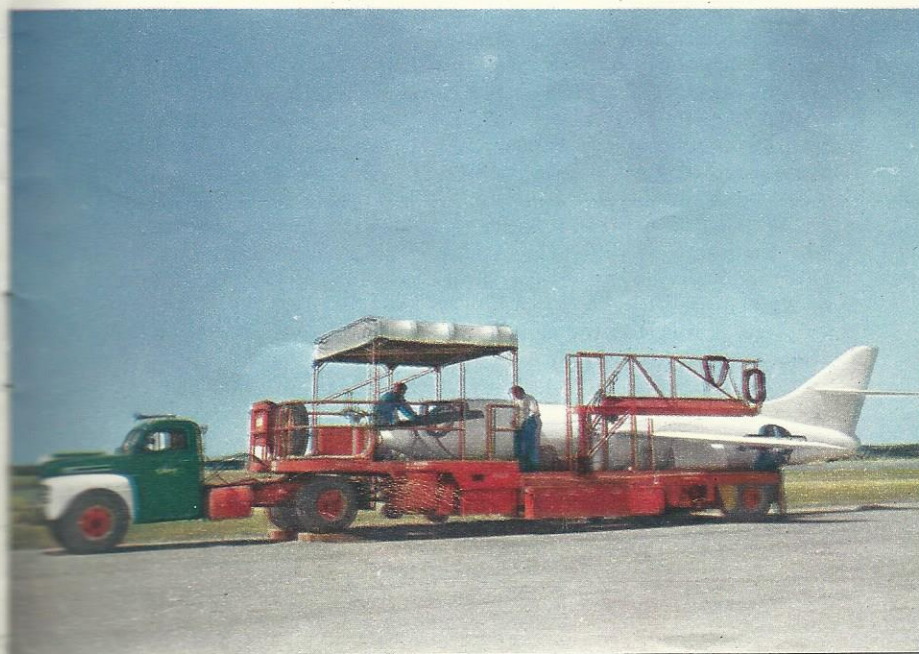
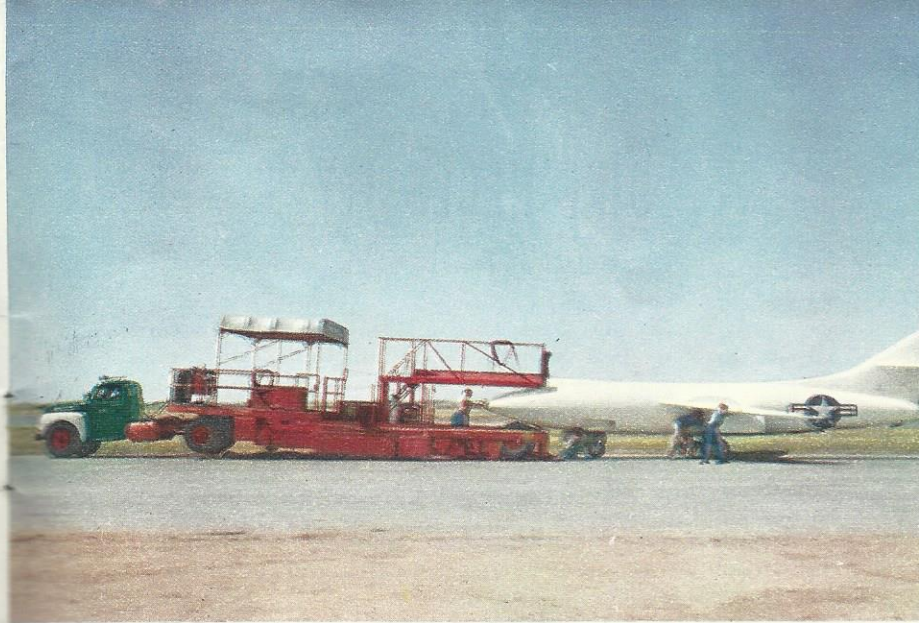
The work platforms are located at convenient intervals so that the plane can be serviced without using any type of auxiliary equipment. A canopy shades the pilot's compartment to keep it cool before a flight.

Among several safety features is a portable pump, which supplies pressure to a pair of fire hoses equipped with fog and high pressure nozzles. Another hose, one inch in diameter, is used to wash away spilled fuel.

A 700-gallon tank supplies these hoses and has enough extra water to furnish a shower to any crew member who happens to get doused with fuel. Four truck storage batteries provide power for 12- and 24-volt systems that operate lights, loading motors and winch, the plane's starting motor, and other mechanisms.

Thus, a single truck and trailer furnish transportation and complete servicing to one of the Navy's stable of planes probing the mysteries of high velocity flight. ■

The plane rolls on the trailer on its own wheels over ramps at rear. The rig has platforms for servicing plane. Canopy keeps cockpit cool. →



Nick Dire's mobile contracting business on the way to a job. His F-1 pickup hauls the 'dozer on a special trailer. →

DIRE NECESSITY

photographs by Forrest N. Yockey

SEVERAL YEARS AGO Nick Dire of Denver went into contracting and in a short time had built up a whale of a business. His principal occupation was excavating basements and the digging and backfilling of water and sewer trenches under subcontracts.

In spite of the good business, Dire found himself flat broke every Saturday night, simply because his employees had earned all of the revenue.

"I worked several men who made more money than I did, and I couldn't see any percentage in being a penniless boss," was Dire's analysis of the situation.

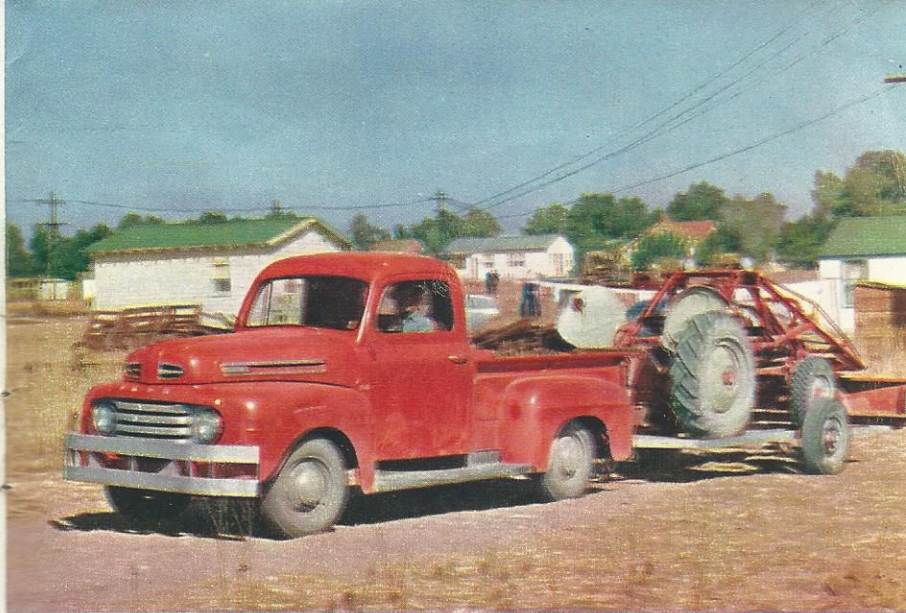
His remedy was the purchase of a Ford 6 pickup and a Ford tractor with bulldozing equipment. He had a small two-wheel trailer built to haul the tractor and proceeded to change his business fortunes almost overnight.

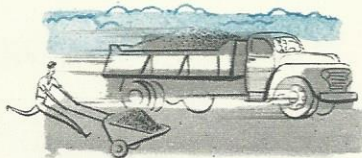
His is the only outfit of its kind in a thriving community, and its services are now much in demand. Under the old system of pick and shovel, valuable time was lost in moving crews from one job to another. Now Nick drives up to a job by himself, drives his 'dozer off the trailer, and starts moving dirt. When the job is finished he sets the brakes on the pickup, backs the tractor on the trailer, and is ready for the next job. The loading and unloading each requires two minutes, and Dire accomplishes in a few hours excavating jobs that formerly required days.

In the pictures at the right Dire is shown driving to the job, above, and at work with his 'dozer, below.

"When I feel good," he says, "I can back-fill 2000 feet of sewer line by myself in a day, and there's nobody but me to pay." ■

On the job the 'dozer is wheeled off in two minutes and is soon pushing dirt. The tractor can be reloaded in two minutes. →





ROLLING THE ROADS

by Dod Stoddard

THIS is a funny sort of Jack-and-the-bean-stalk story. You recall the original—how Jack, the poor widow's son, traded the family cow for a handful of beans. Then the beans grew into a mighty stalk which Jack climbed, to locate and make off with a giant's riches.

Well, let me tell you of another batch of 'beans.'

When I was a small boy in a little Texas town, I saw a mile of railroad built. It seemed to me like all the labors of Hercules went into it. For weeks, *hundreds* of Mexican laborers dug, carted and carried. Horse-drawn scrapers toiled at scooping.

And the beans those Mexicans ate! Great wagonloads of sacks full of beans were distributed to their camps day by day.

Finally the ballast was down, the ties laid, the rails spiked and then the trains ran. The Mexicans and their beans went out of my life.

A short time ago, I saw my *second* mile of railroad built. For some reason I had managed to miss about 40 years between. The second mile was a spur into an oil field. On Monday morning half a dozen bulldozers were unloaded from trucks and began their pushing and shoving. By Tuesday afternoon, big earth movers were at work—and graders and dozens of dump trucks.

Wednesday and Thursday crushed rock topped off the grade from other trucks. Cross-ties came rumbling in at both ends and the middle of the mile. On Friday the steel rails were tucked in. By Wednesday of the following week, trains of tank cars were being pushed over the finished lines. And the trucks went their way, as my frijole-eating Mexican gangs had gone before.

I told this to a mathematically minded chap one day.

"Beans *could* be made into truck fuel, you know," he mused. "In fact, alcohol from corn—the other staple of the Mexican's

diet is being used as motor fuel. Trucks go the Mexicans a bit better there, however. The corn stalks make motor fuel, too."

"So?" I encouraged my friend. "Were you about to compare the bean-power of a man with a wheelbarrow to the power of a dump truck?"

"Could be," he said. "Let's see, a couple of pounds of beans—a day's work for a laborer, a *long* day in those times—

"Here's an interesting thing. Just a rough, quick figure, but the beans alone which your track-laying crew of 1909 ate would fuel enough truck and motor equipment to build about 24 miles of track today!"

"Let me get this straight," I stopped the chap. "You're saying it takes 24 times as much bean-food to move a ton of earth by *manpower* as by *truckpower*?"

"Around that," he answered. "Put it this way: If every one of the sixty million workers in America ate as few beans as he could survive on and moved as much weight as he could possibly move, each man might haul by hand one ton one mile in one day. But if our seven million motor trucks 'ate the same beans'—that is, burned fuel made from that amount of beans—you know what the answer would be? The trucks could each move, on the average, that is, one ton a distance of 24 miles.

"Or to confuse you a little worse," he laughed, "America's truck fleet is the equal of a working force of one billion four hundred million laborers content to live entirely on beans!"

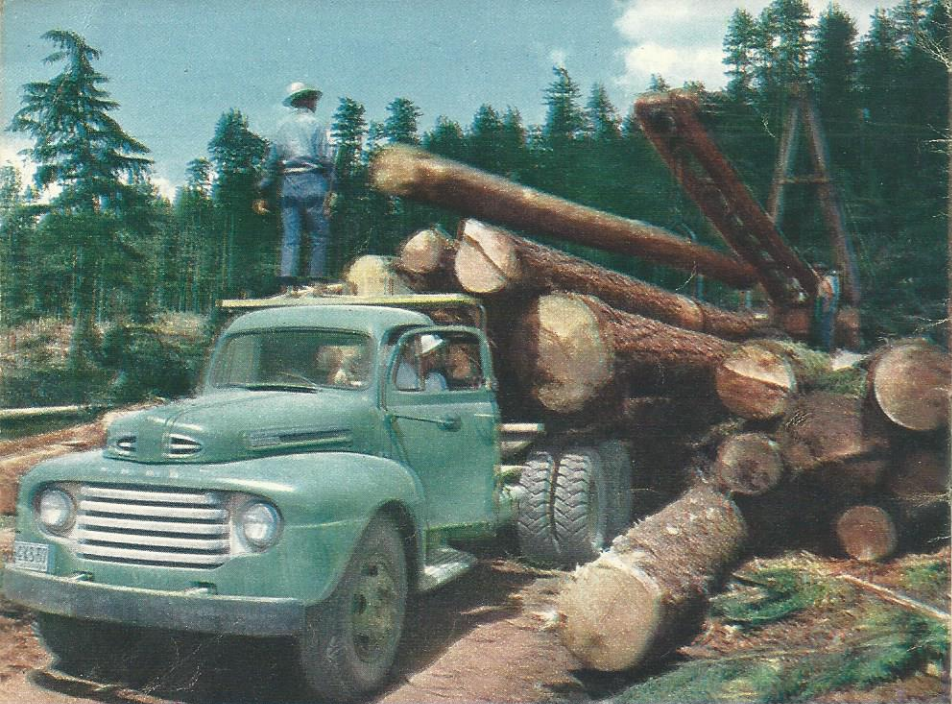
"There aren't a *billion* workers in the whole world, are there?" I asked him.

"Maybe a billion and a half," he came back. "And if you set the world's total manpower to lugging loads in one direction and America's trucks hauling the same loads back, the trucks could very well keep up."

"Then the U.S. truck fleet could out-work a world-full of people *without* trucks?"

"—I haven't finished," my friend went on. "You're leaving out *speed*. Seven million trucks in *under thirty minutes* can haul as much as a world-full of people without trucks would haul in a *day's work*!"





photograph by Ray Atkeson

Oregon Logger— a one-picture story

TURNER JOHNSON of Molalla, Oregon, hauls timber under contract for logging operations in the Cascade Mountains, using the F-8 tractor shown above. When loaded, Johnson will have about 40 tons of fir and hemlock logs on board. He takes his load down a private logging road, surfaced with rock, gravel or asphalt, for 42 miles across the Willamette Valley to log dumps in the Willamette River. This road was necessary because the heavy logging loads would have been outlawed on county or state roads. An example: Johnson's heaviest payload on his F-8 was more than 49 tons; his average, more than 40 tons. Johnson also hauls logging equipment up the mountain. One load was of 27 tons, pulled up grades as steep as 27 per cent. ■



Paul Bunyan and the Paradox Railroad

by William Hazlett Upson

illustrated by R. Osborn

IMPORTANT NOTICE!!!

Next Saturday, Paul Bunyan will build, in one day, a railroad from his new Bunyan Hotel in Bunyan Valley, Idaho, to scenic Lookout Point, one mile south. Mr. Bunyan guarantees that the north end of this railroad will be nearer the south pole than the south end. Admission \$10. Your money back, plus \$100 extra, if Mr. Bunyan fails to carry out this guarantee.

The above statement was written by Johnny Inkslinger to stir up interest in Paul's new resort hotel in the mountains of Idaho. It stirred up a lot more interest than Johnny had bargained for. And it resulted in some feverish activity on the

part of Paul's old rival, Loud Mouth Johnson.

Johnson chartered a whole fleet of buses, and offered to bring people in from Boise and even from Portland and Seattle. He had a sales talk that pulled in customers by the thousands.

He said: "Maybe Paul can perform miracles in railroad building. But he can't make north and south change places any more than he can make two and two add up to five. So each one of you will get back your ten dollars admission charge, plus a hundred dollars extra. How can you lose? It's the chance of a lifetime to make some easy money."

Loud Mouth Johnson was so convincing that 10,000 people rode his buses to the big performance. They perched all over the adjacent hillsides. And they saw a good show.

Lookout Point, one mile from the hotel, was at the top of a 45-degree slope. Paul had piled a lot of rails, ties, spikes, and other supplies at the foot of the slope. He had equipped his big blue truck Babe with an oversized winch and two miles of cable which ran up the mountain, through a pulley at the top, and down again.

Just after sunrise, Paul began laying out the ties, and spiking the rails onto them. As fast as he got the track put together, he would pull it up the slope with the cable and winch. It was a mighty task—thousands of ties and hundreds of rails—but Paul was a real worker. By the middle of the afternoon the railroad was done. The cables had been attached to a train of cars. And Paul was ready to take up the first load of tourists to see the beautiful view from the top. At this point Loud Mouth Johnson appeared with his lawyer.

Johnson said, "Here are ten thousand people that want their money back. And each one of them wants a hundred extra—which makes a total of a million dollars more. I hope your credit is good at the bank."

Paul said, "My credit is perfectly good, but I refuse to pay out one cent."

Then the lawyer spoke up, "In that case we are bringing suit on behalf of all of them. And Mr. Johnson will bring suit for another million dollars."

Paul said, "What for?"

Loud Mouth Johnson spoke up: "When I brought all these people here I relied on your promise that you would build a railroad with the north end nearer the south pole than the south end. You have failed to do it. And this has impaired my standing in the community. You are going to pay me a

million dollars for loss of reputation and mental anguish. You are a liar, a fraud, a cheat, and a swindler."

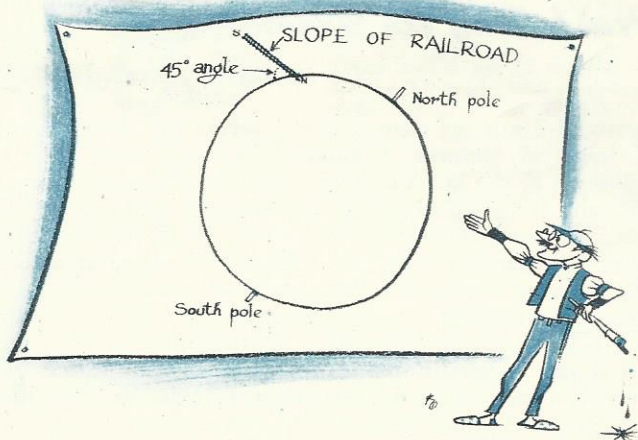
Still Paul Bunyan refused to pay.

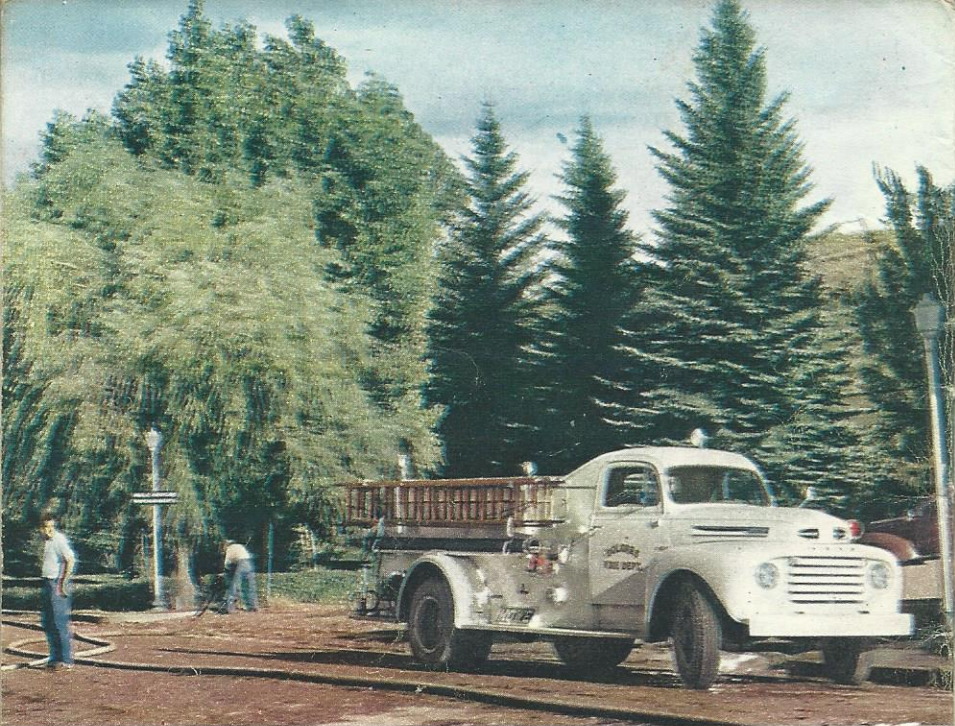
When the case came to trial Paul filed a counter suit for slander, libel, and mental anguish because Johnson had called him a liar, a fraud, and a cheat and swindler.

After Johnson's lawyer had presented his case, Paul had Johnny Inkslinger get up to draw a chart.

Johnny drew a circle representing the circumference of the earth. He marked the north pole and the south pole. He drew a line for the equator. He marked a point halfway between the equator and the north pole. This was latitude forty-five degrees north—the approximate latitude of Paul Bunyan's hotel in Idaho. Then he drew a line showing the slope of the railroad—at an angle of forty-five degrees with the surface of the earth.

After that it was all over but the shouting. Most of the shouting, of course, came from Loud Mouth Johnson as he tried to talk his way out. In the end Paul agreed that both suits should be dropped, provided Johnson paid all the legal expenses. And Paul thanked Johnson for bringing in so many cash customers—who, incidentally, really did get their money's worth. Because, as the chart clearly showed, the north end of the railroad really was nearer the south pole than the south end. And the south end was farther from the south pole than the north end.





photograph by Forrest N. Yockey

Wash Day for Dolores— a one-picture story

THE F-7 PUMPER shown above serves the little mountain town of Dolores, Colorado, in more ways than one. Dolores is in the heart of a rich cattle and sheep grazing district, and is known as one of the best kept cattle towns in the west. The truck is operated by a volunteer firefighting force of about 20 members who help Dolores maintain its record of cleanliness by turning out periodically to hose down its spacious streets. Equipped in excess of the inspection bureau standards, the truck turns in a performance befitting much larger outfits, and is able to handle major fires within a wide radius of the town. The department fights rural fires—on several occasions it has traveled 35 miles distant over steep mountain roads. ■

Mail Truck



Dear Sirs: The mad scramble that goes on here in the office each time your FORD TRUCK TIMES comes in is too much for a man my age to take part in. Please see that a copy is mailed to my house each time an issue comes out, and one buyer of Ford trucks may live a few years longer.

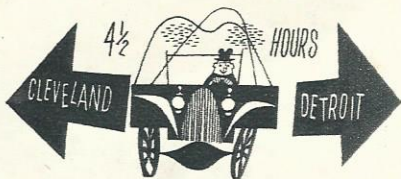
DON C. STEPHENSON
Cleveland, Ohio

Editor's Note: Wishing buyers of Ford trucks to live as long as possible, the FORD TRUCK TIMES hastens to place Mr. Stephenson's name on the mailing list.



Dear Sirs: I am a farmer and stockman eight miles from Gonzales, Texas. I had a Ford pickup that was driven 250,000 miles. One day I turned over twice in it before it stopped, set back up on its wheels, ready to run. I was only bruised. Two of my steers that I was hauling jumped out and ran off. Then a big car ran into me and knocked me over on a copperhead snake which bit me. A Ford car coming along rushed me to the doctor.

CLYDE HINTON
Gonzales, Texas



Dear Sirs: We had a '31 Model A one-half ton pick up which had seen its day. A year ago a friend of my dad asked him to take some things to Cleveland from here in Detroit. My dad, a helpful soul, agreed. When he went to get the load, he found that it was quite a load. Many people were skeptical. Some even made bets on whether or not he'd make it. Dad settled the matter by making it to Cleveland with his big load in four and one-half hours, and back in the same time.

NATALIE KIZEMINSKI
Detroit, Michigan



Dear Sirs: I am 12 years old and in the 9th grade. Will you please print more puzzles in the FORD TRUCK TIMES? I enjoy working them. Could you possibly print my letter as I have never had my name in a magazine before. I am an interested reader of your magazine.

DOROTHY ZLOBIK
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Editor's Note: We are on the lookout for clever games and puzzles, Dorothy, and we will pay \$10 each for original offerings deemed acceptable for publication. However, none can be returned or acknowledged unless accompanied by return postage and self-addressed envelope.

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