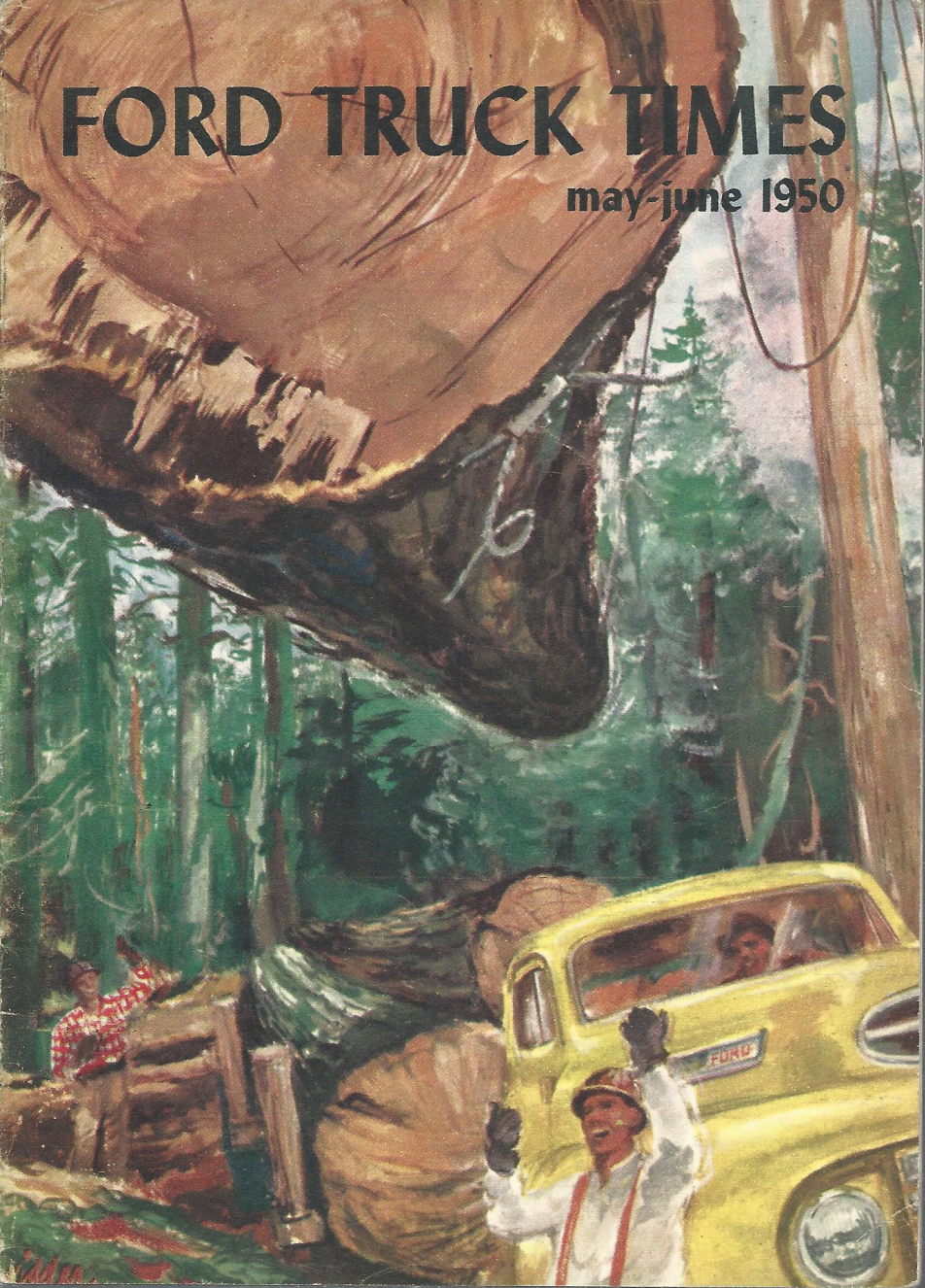


FORD TRUCK TIMES

may-june 1950



Harvey W. Kidder chose the Pacific Northwest as the scene for his cover painting of a logging operation. The Big Job is being loaded with tackle rigged on a spar, which is a tree that has been topped and left standing to aid in handling the timber.

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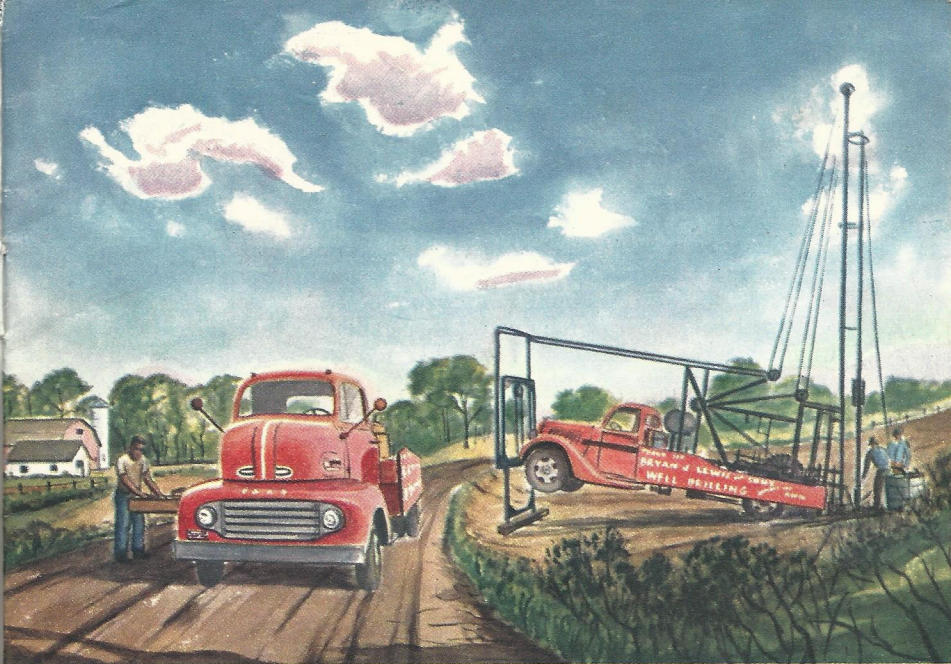
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William D. Kennedy, Editor-in-Chief
Burgess H. Scott, Managing Editor
Arthur T. Lougee, Art Director
Jerome Palms, Associate Editor
Charles W. Moss, Production Assistant

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The Bryan Lewis drilling rig literally "picks itself up by its bootstraps." An F-6 equipment truck is on the left.

Water—Clear, Cool Water

by Joseph Flory

paintings by Thomas Marker

A SCORE of laughing, perspiring couples surrounded a well outside the community dance hall at Berrien Springs, Michigan. It is doubtful if one of them knew the typical story behind the sinking of this dispenser of pure refreshment, as they slaked their thirst.

This well had been driven by the

firm of Bryan J. Lewis, Cassopolis, the best known operators in southwest Michigan. It had been done in the bitterest of winter weather, but that is no deterrent to these providers of clear, cool water. Another in the vicinity had been done in the blistering heat of summer. Also unpredictable formations of the earth frequently

become their greatest handicap. The Lewises take all this pretty much in stride—as members of the family have been doing since 1877.

The father and grandfather of Bryan Lewis were well men as are three brothers and three sons, Eugene, Ladd, and Wilbur. His wife is the bookkeeper of the firm. Throughout the countryside the name is synonymous not only with water and wells, but with integrity and capability.

Up to a certain point well drilling follows a set course, but there still is an element of chance as to what may challenge the driller. Bryan (he prefers to be called "B. J.") had just installed an electric pump at Bertrand, on the St. Joseph River, and as the fresh liquid gushed out, he revealed that this job had been a trifle—water at twenty-one feet, through sand and gravel. He pointed next door, informing that he had done a job there only two years before, and that they had gone down ninety-five feet—through clay.

Most drillers follow a like pattern in selecting a location for a well: it should be on high ground to guard against pollution from outside toilets, cesspools and stock barns.

B. J.'s father brought in the first flowing well at Mottville where most of the wells are of that type. The underground pressure is sufficient to maintain a steady flow without the aid of a pump. A valve can be installed for control

of the flow as desired.

B. J. is a "crank," as his boys say, for keeping his equipment in A-1 condition—from his big drilling machine to the least hand tool. This drilling machine is powered by the same 90 h.p. V-8 motor which furnishes transportation from job to job. A special take-off is installed so that power can be diverted to the drilling machine.

The Lewis drilling machine is actually a "driving" machine in that the hollow drills and lengths of pipe that follow are sunk by, pounding in the fashion of a pile driver. The driving is done by heavy steel mauls, weighing from one to two tons each, which run on guides within the framework of a high steel derrick attached to the rear of the truck. When the truck is on the road the derrick folds into a horizontal position, the top resting over the cab.

In drilling a well the Lewis truck literally "pulls itself up by its boot straps." In order to have the derrick exactly perpendicular to the ground, the front end of the truck must be raised. This is accomplished with a U-shaped frame with block and tackle equipment. Dogs are dropped to planks on the ground and the truck's engine lifts the wheels.

Iron casing, from two to twelve inches in diameter, is driven, depending upon the type of well desired. Formations are sometimes so hard that it is necessary to drill ahead of the casing to soften them. Water is forced under pressure

through a tube and down the hollow drill as it bores its way downward. As sand, gravel or rock is broken by the drill, it is forced upward inside the casing and into a tank on the surface of the ground. The water passes through and is used over and over.

When water is found the drilling is carried on a few feet further to allow for the installing of the screen, a long, cylindrical perforated tube with pointed end. The screen is dropped down through the casing and it catches on to a collar at the end of the lowest section. The joint is then sealed and the well is ready for the flow.

With his boys away in the Army B. J. was obliged to do much of the work himself. Driving his truck, with the six ton driller in tow, he serviced the territory within a sixty-five mile radius of home. He estimates that he covered more than six thousand miles and sank three miles of casing.

B. J. recalled one time he was helping a friend excavate an elevator shaft, and of striking water for once when he wasn't looking for it. Then there was the time the derrick contacted high tension wire, which almost resulted in the death of one of his sons. Instead of slowing up the young Lewis, it

The business end of the drilling truck. The heavy maul pounds lengths of well casing and pipe down to the water level.



apparently pepped him up. He and another brother broke the firm record later by bringing in two 70-foot wells in one day!

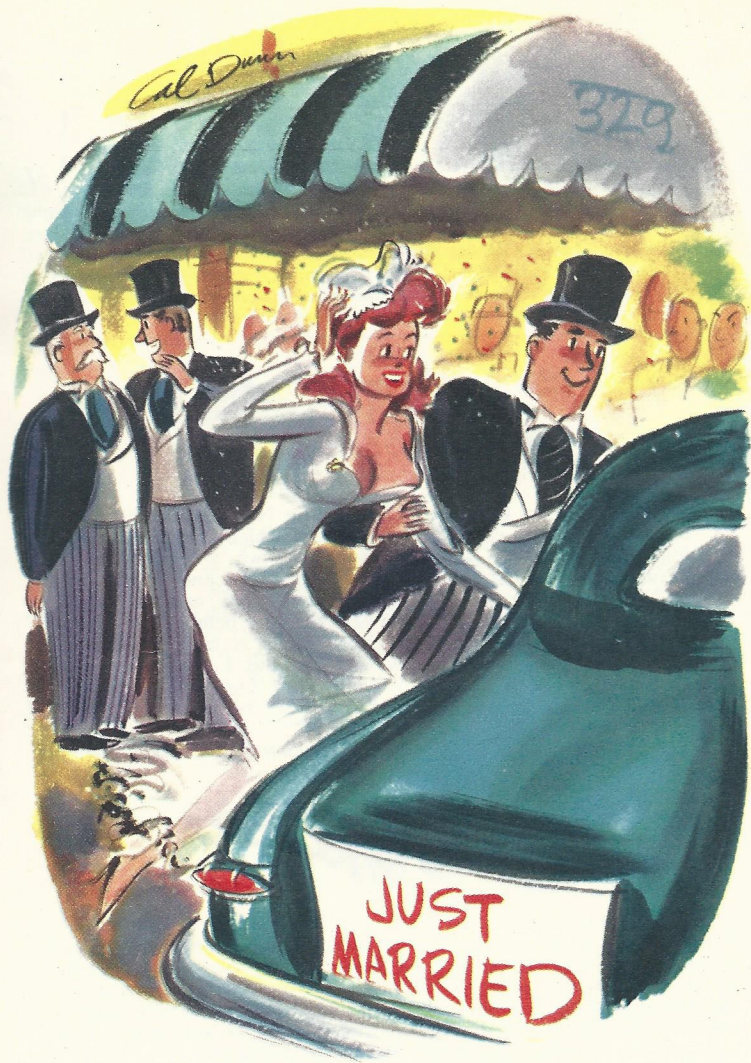
A celery farm near Decatur was without water one summer when the eight inch well went bad. Thousands of dollars in celery lay harvested, waiting for a bath before going to market. A new screen was required, but none was available this side of St. Paul. Taking a bag of soil from the site of the well, so that the proper screen could be obtained, they wheeled the son's 1946 Ford coupe on the trip which would total twelve hundred miles round trip. The screen was made into two ten-foot-lengths so that it could be loaded into the car. In twenty-three hours they were back at

Decatur, and in a few hours the celery was getting a belated bath.

A few years ago the municipal well, a large open one, caved in, leaving the citizens of Marcellus in a precarious situation. Working the better portion of three days and three nights, with a minimum of rest, he and his sons completed three temporary wells to be used while the big well was repaired.

B. J. occasionally takes a vacation in Texas or California. He returns, to all appearances rested and refreshed by his absence from wells and drilling machines. But ask him what he did in the way of recreation, and you'll get something like: "Nothing much—looked up a few drillers down the way, and watched how they operate—killing time, you know." ■

ANOTHER USER of Ford industrial power for drilling wells and test holes is Al Godfrey of Long Beach whose firm operates over the entire West Coast area. Godfrey started his business in 1947 after more than 20 years' experience at drilling assorted holes in the ground. When he announced that he would equip his machinery with Ford six cylinder industrial engines of 226 cubic inches displacement, other operators were skeptical as to whether the power plants were big enough for the heavy, grueling job. Godfrey dispelled this doubt by completing numerous test water wells of from 100 to 150 feet in depth. The driller soon brought widespread admiration for the heavy duty capabilities of this engine. Called upon to drill a well at San Luis Rey Mission, Oceanside, California, Godfrey's equipment bored down 450 feet, setting that amount of 12 x $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch casing in the 20-inch hole. One of his biggest jobs was drilling a 9 $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch hole to a depth of 2,002 feet. In this job the hoisting load placed on the Ford Six went to more than fourteen tons.



*"That reminds me . . . have you seen the new
Bonus Built job I just acquired?"*

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.

decorations by
John Davenport



ONE DAY, four years ago, I left Chicasha for Norman, my Ford truck heavily laden with candy and peanuts, of which I am a distributor. A bridge was out at the Canadian River, but I was able to "Ford" the stream until suddenly I struck quicksand, and truck, candy, and I began to sink. Not a soul was in sight so I figured all was gone; and no insurance. A man had lost a truckload of sheep here the year before. We were still going down when I saw a state highway tractor coming. He was soon behind me on firm ground. He hooked on, and I started my motor and gave it all it had. I was glad it was a Ford. Out we came, and the man would not accept one penny, but I'll bet he hasn't had to buy any candy since!

—M. H. OSBORNE, Chicasha, Oklahoma



I HAD just finished breakfast at a truck stop. When I went back to my truck I noticed a big rig with sleeper box mounted behind the cab pull away and head down the highway. My eyes popped when I saw a man running after the now fast moving truck, clad only in a flapping suit of long underwear and shoes. After he calmed down he told me that his partner had been driving while he was asleep in the berth. When he awoke the driver was in the cafe eating, so he decided to climb down and see a man about a truck. He didn't hear the driver's return, and by the time he came back the truck was leaving. He piled into my truck and I soon caught up with the other rig and turned him over to his amazed and amused companion.

—ALBERT KELLER, JR., San Leandro, California



WE RECENTLY built a new home, and until we can have a cistern dug my husband has been hauling water from a neighbor. One day when the ground was covered with ice and snow, my husband came tearing up the driveway with a load of water in ten-gallon cans in the back of our pickup. He got a big thrill when he slammed on the brakes and turned completely around. Wanting to share his fun he called for me to watch while he made a second entrance. This time he gave a little more speed, and imagine our surprise when we saw all the water fly out of the truck.

—MRS. JIMMIE KOCH, Elberfeld, Indiana



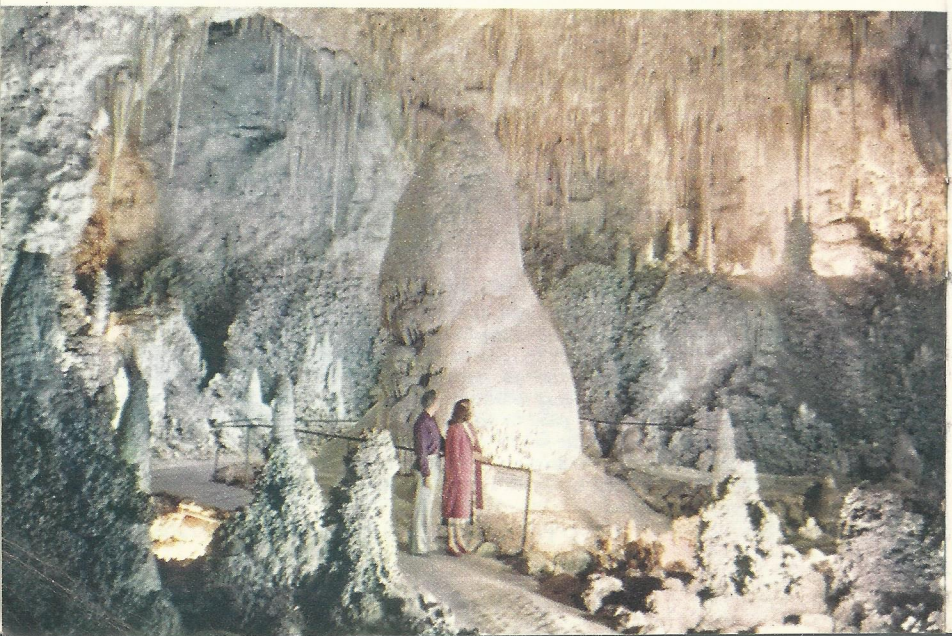
OUR NEIGHBOR has a fine flock of hens, of which he is quite proud. One wintery night he was suddenly awakened by a terrible noise in his hen-house. He sprang from his bed, grabbed his shotgun, and rushed outside, dressed only in red flannels, flap aflying. Sneaking up to the hen-house, he threw open the door and yelled, "Come out who's in there." At that moment his dog came up from behind. Cold nose touched bare seat. It scared our neighbor so, he pulled the trigger, killing eight of his best hens. After things had quieted down, they found it was only the family cat that had caused all the trouble.

—MRS. A. G. BAUER, Sharon, Kansas



A VERY good friend of mine tells this story. She had just purchased a new 1949 Ford and was going into town one rainy afternoon to have her first 1000-mile checkup. She is a charming married lady, and along the way she stopped the car and offered a lift into town to an elderly farmer, who had been waiting for the bus. Evidently he was greatly impressed with the car, or at least so she thought, because he asked her about every phase of its operation. Upon arriving in town, my friend let him off at a stop-light, and when he shut the door, he turned around and poked his head in the window and said, "You don't do no dating, do you lady?"

—J. P. STRINGFELLOW, Newport News, Virginia



← *This F-6 dump truck is one of a fleet of eight Fords which Charlie L. White uses to maintain his White's City development.*

Tavern for a Cavern

photographs by Edgar Carlson

IN 1901 a cowboy named Jim White, roaming the foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains of southeastern New Mexico, was startled to see a huge black cloud streaming from an opening in the ground. Closer observation revealed the cloud to be composed of millions of bats, coming out at dusk to feed.

White investigated the source of the bats and became the first to explore that vast labyrinth we now know as Carlsbad Caverns. Even today, with thirty-two miles of passages and chambers charted, new areas are still being found.

Eight years after the cowboy made his exploration Charlie L. White (no relation), a Kentuckian, moved out into the vicinity of the Caverns for his health. He and his wife had a hard time of it during the early years, trying to grub a living out of the dry New Mexico soil. White had a brief job as a stagehand, later taught school, worked on a goat ranch, and went into a mercantile business.

By 1924 the automobile had arrived in large numbers and more than a trickle of people were bumping over a state road leading to Carlsbad Caverns. That year White went into the filling station business. This, with scores of new services and other innovations, became his life's work.

Now his establishment, known as White's City, includes three cottage courts of 200 units, ranging from singles to apartments of several rooms. His city also includes a dining room seating 130 persons, a drug store, cocktail lounge, power and light plant, curio shop, lumber and hardware department, garage, museum, lecture hall, and private sewer and telephone systems. He also publishes the *White's City Daily News*, a newspaper of thirty-six pages.

White's City is at the national park entrance on U.S. 62 and 180, about 21 miles south of Carlsbad and six miles from

← *One of the fabulous underground chambers which draw up to 76,000 visitors per month to New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns.*

the caverns' entrance. Servicing and maintaining this little empire is a fleet of eight Ford trucks (F-1 through F-6) and three 1949 Ford coupes. In the early days the trucks' principal chore was hauling water, as repeated efforts to drill a well were unsuccessful. On one hot day White hauled 30,000 gallons.

He had been drilling in canyons and valleys, but decided to change his tactics. He went on top of a mountain, mounted the biggest flat rock he could find, and started drilling again. At 1,200 feet he finally brought in a good well of water.

White estimates that since the start of White's City he has served more than a million customers. He has nearly \$1,000,000 invested and grosses more than \$700,000 yearly.

The caverns which draw his trade are an amazing underground realm with a constant year-round temperature of 56 degrees, even though the outside temperature varies from freezing or below to more than 100 degrees. Seven of the caverns' 32 explored miles of passageways are now open.

The bats which caught Cowboy Jim White's attention are still one of Carlsbad's principal attractions. Each dusk crowds of visitors gather to watch the bats swarm out.

An aerial view of White's City, near the entrance to Carlsbad Caverns National Park, and twenty-one miles from the city of Carlsbad.



PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD

*decorations by
Don Silverstein*



THE PROBLEM: In the deer woods last year my son and I were using a small truck for camp. For light we had a 25-watt, six-volt bulb running off the truck's battery. On the last night of our trip the battery went dead, stalling us. We had a fresh battery along, but it was too long to go under the hood, and we had no wire for a lengthy connection. It was storming like everything, and we were several miles from help, but after a little hard thinking we licked the trouble.

THE SOLUTION: We removed the lamp socket and connected its wires to the fresh battery by means of nails driven into its terminals. The connection producing the least spark showed us they were in parallel. We knew this light wire wouldn't start the engine, so we sat down and waited. After an hour the starter grunted and after another hour the engine started. The higher voltage of the fresh battery had built up the dead battery enough for a start.

—HARRY C. BALDWIN, Union City, Pennsylvania



THE PROBLEM: One hot summer day while taking a trip in our Model T we had our outing interrupted by a blowout on one of the rear wheels. We didn't have a spare or any equipment with which to repair the damaged tire. It looked like a sad end of our day in the north woods.

THE SOLUTION: While searching for tools under the back seat, we spied about 40 feet of one-inch rope. We wound this around and around the rim until it built up into some semblance of a tire. It worked as well as a tire, and we reached our destination and returned without further trouble.

ELEANOR MUELLER, Appleton, Wisconsin



← *This big rig transports the Lee Williams orchestra.*

Lee Williams' F-7 Bandwagon

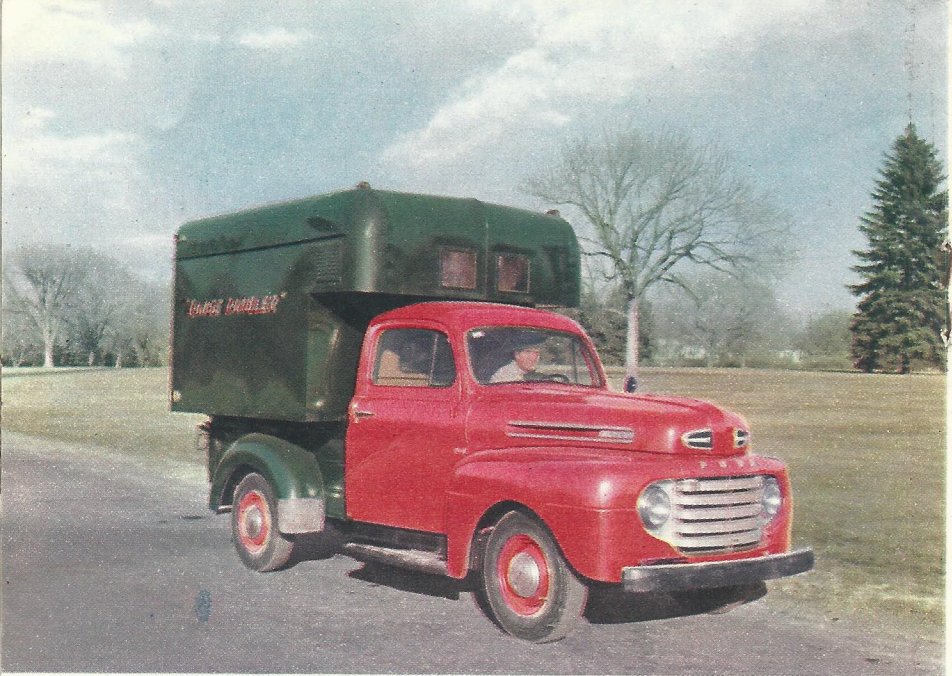
photographs by Forrest N. Yockey

WHEN Lee Williams and his orchestra sign off on a one-night stand they pack away their instruments, hop into bed, and wake up the next morning about two hundred miles away and ready for a new engagement. Travelling over 70,000 miles a year through twelve states, Lee and his band will play as many as 350 consecutive nights, mostly short location engagements in small towns and cities. To keep up the pace, Lee found he needed fast, dependable transportation with enough of the comforts of home to keep the boys in the band and pretty vocalist, Connie Addison, happy. He filled these rugged requirements by hooking a Ford F-7 to a special trailer outfitted to his specifications. Equipped with hot and cold running water and providing its own heat and light, the 45-foot vehicle has bunk space for the ten bandsmen, plus a private apartment for Connie, and a soundproof office where Lee can work into the small hours without disturbing the sleep of his musicians. Tired musicians don't make good music, but they find a smooth 40 mph behind the F-7 very soothing.

Operating out of Omaha, Nebraska, the band was reorganized in 1946 when Lee, after a stint in the army, dreamed up the idea for his Denver-to-Chicago circuit. He has played in over 1200 towns and cities since then, replaying many of the smaller localities two and three times a year. Whenever in the vicinity of Omaha, Lee makes a dash for home in his Ford convertible to see his wife and two children, then rejoins the band for its next show. This kind of frenzied routine requires keeping up to involved schedules and leaves little time for breakdowns and delays.

In twelve years as a bandleader, Lee Williams has supervised all musical arrangements, rehearsals, and correspondence, and often wields the drumsticks along with the baton. With the help of his big truck he has carried the orchestra a long way way to its present popularity. ■

← *The orchestra is shown playing a Denver engagement.*



photographs by Forrest N. Yockey

RANGE RAMBLER

THE "Range Rambler" pictured above is about the most compact house on wheels yet devised. Designed by Lloyd Bruce of the U. S. Interior Department, the Rambler helps him supervise the 750,000 acres of federal timber, grazing, and recreation areas in his domain, where he watches for fires, studies wild life control and conservation, and collects sundry information on range conditions. The entire unit, which includes three bunks, water supply, wood or gas stove, two cupboards, and dining table, folds away completely leaving space to haul a pack or saddle horse. Built of aluminum on plywood, the rigid, light-weight body can be removed in minutes for use as a semi-permanent home. ■



Alex Field's Phenomenal Ford

by Charles M. Morgan

decorations by Allen C. Reed

IT WAS October 19, 1935, and a central Arizona Ford dealer had just opened his doors for the day's business, when a brisk young man walked in.

In firm tones the young man announced he was looking for a good tough truck, one that could take hard knocks and abuse as a daily schedule. It would be overloaded regularly and would have to climb mountains. Also, it should be part burro, because it would have to make its own roads across the trackless Mogollon Rim wilderness of northern Arizona. And it should never falter, slip or become dizzy on mountain tops or precipitous canyon walls.

Furthermore, it ought to be part Alaskan husky, since it would have to plunge through tremen-

dous snowdrifts. And finally, it should be like a durable tomcat, with nine lives, superb balance, and matchless footing.

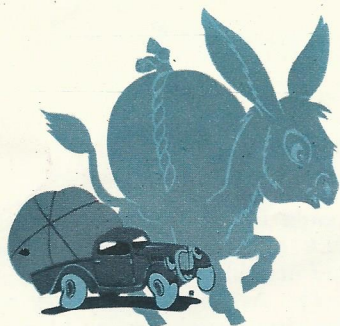
The Arizona Ford dealer took the young man's arm and led him into the show rooms. He knew he'd just sold a Ford.

They walked up to a beige and scarlet half-ton pickup truck. He handed the young man the keys, and with quiet assurance told him to go out and tear the new truck up.

That day marked the beginning of the life story of a phenomenal Ford.

The young man was Alex Field of Verde Valley, Arizona. And what he'd told the Ford dealer was no understatement. Scarcely had it been delivered, when the





*"It should be
part burro . . .*



*part Alaskan husky . . .
part durable tomcat."*

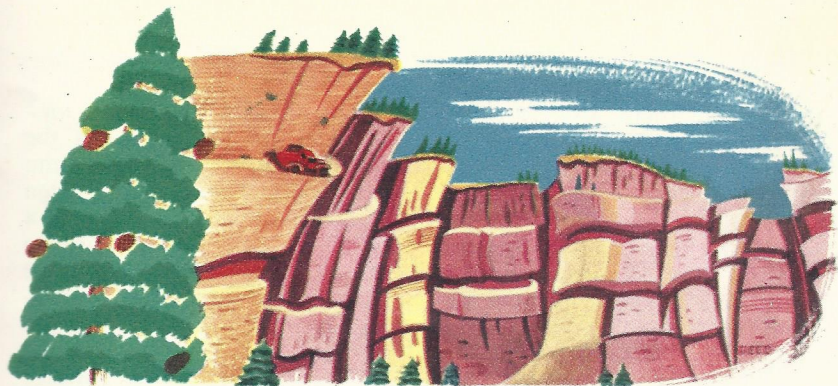


pickup was off on adventure Number One.

Alex had contracted to install a new pipeline to bring water down a precipitous mountainside to the little mining town of Jerome. Daily, for many months thereafter, the new truck bucked winter snows, mountain grades and rugged going. Hauling a crew of eight men, their equipment and the heavy pipe for the pipeline, hundreds of trips were made up the treacherous trail until the job was finished. And the pipeline and its regular maintenance occupied truck and driver with but infrequent layoffs for the next fourteen years.

But life was not all drab drudgery for the new Ford. There were numerous bright spots in the daily grind. Many were the picnics in the deep forest, fishing trips back to remote lakes and canyons and hundreds of other exciting outdoor adventures. Hunting trips made up many happy moments. The pickup was the huntingest little machine you ever saw. Over the years it hauled in twenty-six deer, five elk, five bears, three antelope and one buffalo, and about fifty wild turkeys.

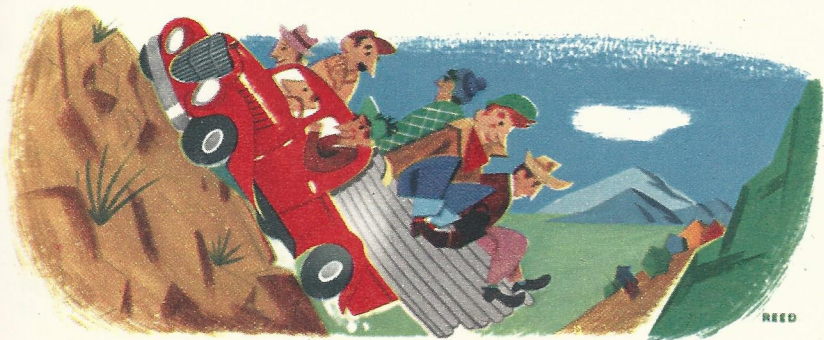
No count was kept of the ducks, geese, quail, doves, band-tail pigeons, and rabbits that rode home in the pickup bed, nor of the flashing rainbow and brown trout, gleaming bass, ring perch, and channel cats. Even so, their weight must surely have exceeded 1,000 pounds or even more.



Burro-like, it clung to cliffs. Husky-like, it went through



all blizzards . . . and like a tomcat it had balance and footing.



Some of the trips were commonplace; any ordinary truck could have made them. Others called for more than the improbable requirements laid down to the salesman.

There was that elk hunt in the late 1930's. It was cold that winter, two below zero, as the party headed south from Flagstaff into the forested Mogollon Plateau wilderness. A foot of snow lay on the ground, while more sifted down from the leaden skies. For a week the little Ford plowed the drifted logging roads and mountain parks as the hunters sought the wary wapiti. With chains in front and rear, the pickup made its own roads, covering the choicest game areas on the mountain. It went where no other car dared go because its owner had faith and skill. The stout little truck provided the necessary stamina and power. When the shooting was over, each member of the party had collected a magnificent trophy.

On the last night in camp the temperature dropped to 30 below zero. The heavy transmission oil solidified, strangling the straining gears. With this handicap, and a load of two bull elk and a trailer of camping equipment, the two feet of crusted snow proved too much for the reverse gear. The gear broke, and the party seemed stranded in the raging blizzard. But Alex was far from licked. He emptied the transmission box and refilled it with 30-weight cylinder oil and, avoiding any reversing,

jockeyed the little pickup safely into Flagstaff.

Once a wild pig hunt took Alex and the pickup across the Agua Fria River and down into wild, remote Bloody Basin. Even in good weather this route is a car killer. Few drivers care to venture it. But it was the same as smooth pavement to the ubiquitous pickup. It crossed the dry river bed without event save the body-wracking jounce and plunge of the wheels climbing and spinning over the foot-high round boulders lining the main channel.

The wild pigs or javelinas were duly collected and the home trip was underway when a cloudburst deluged the watershed. What had been a dry-wash along the Agua Fria was now a destructive torrent hundreds of feet wide. The roar of the terrifying flood failed to drown the ominous grinding growl of the rolling boulders in the current.

Weaned, fattened and nurtured on parched desert dust, as it had been for a long lifetime, waterways were something new to the truck. It was delayed, but not for long. With the surging breakers bubbling over its fenders, it played leap-frog with the tumbling boulders, dodged the speeding drift wood and splashed safely across. Besides being a versatile dry-land conveyance, the truck had now qualified as an amphibian.

When the original 1935 engine wore out, after 180,000 miles of hectic rough-and-tough going, it

was replaced by another V-8. This power plant and later engines to be installed all lasted more than 50,000 miles. Altogether, the truck was driven more than 300,000 miles in fourteen years. Time and time again its standard three-speed transmission pulled a two-ton load of truck and trailer.

At the ripe old age of ten, Alex Field's Ford took on the largest assignment of its career. Over the years, when it had plowed through the trackless forests, it had taken its owner to numerous hidden canyons. One of these, West Clear Creek, high on the west side of Arizona's Mogollon Rim, was a magic wonderland of twisted rock, towering walls of unforgettable-color and cold clear deep waters. But, sadly, to a trout fisherman like Alex, it contained no trout. That would have to be remedied.

First, the old truck blazed a trail over a virgin mountain ridge for more than a mile to the canyon rim. Next, it brought in surveying instruments and several skilled engineers and technicians to meas-

ure the distances and angles involved. A cable tram for fish planting was designed and installed. Soon it was speeding trout fry and fingerlings a thousand feet down into the deep waters in the canyon.

The years rolled by, each packed with hard work, pleasure and adventure, and Alex Field's old Ford earned retirement at the ripe old age of fourteen.

The decision to trade was made, and again the Ford dealer met a customer who wanted a good tough truck that could take abuse, rugged going and like it.

Ersel Garrison, the Verde Valley Ford man, had such a vehicle. He even found enough remaining life in the tough, battle-scarred old veteran to allow a \$350 trade-in. And when he delivered the new bright red Ford pickup he said nothing. He just saluted its predecessor. It was needless to say, "take this new truck out and *try* to tear it up." Both he and Alex knew that would be a hard job for anyone to do. ■





From Maine . . .

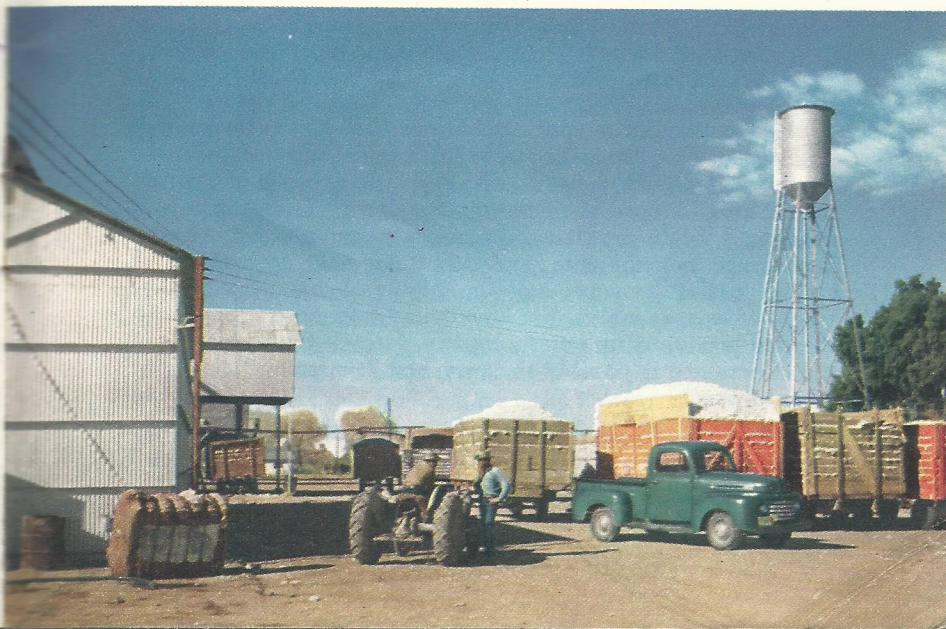
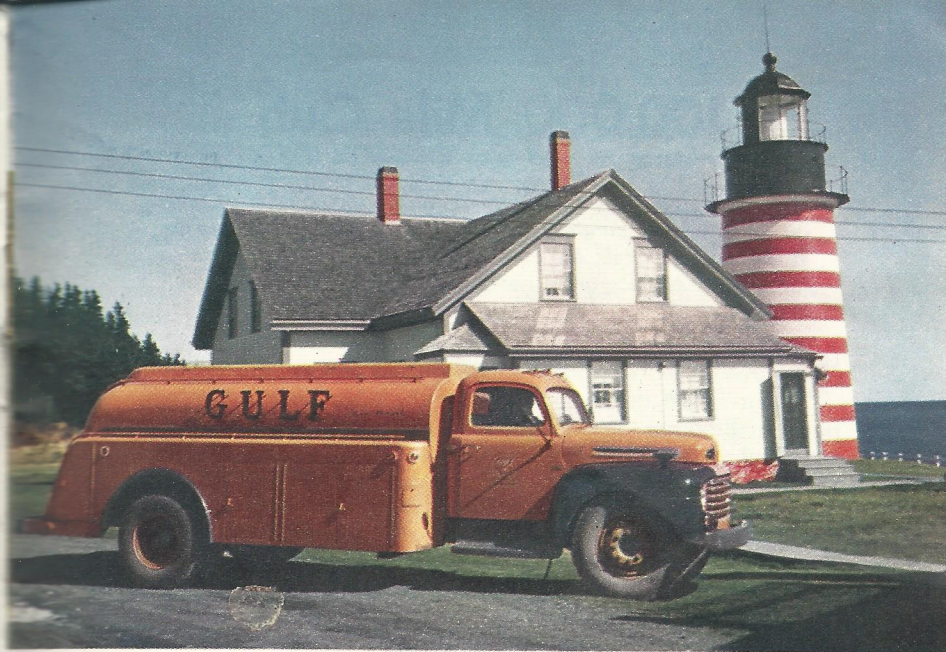
photograph by Eva Weirton

OF ALL the Ford trucks, F-1 to F-8, working from the Casa Grande Valley south of Phoenix to the Maine coast at West Quoddy, two are shown in these picturesque sections. The West Quoddy Light Station above is the easternmost lighthouse in the United States. Put in service in 1808 and rebuilt in 1858, the tower stands on a point forty feet above sea level. Permission may be gained from keeper Howard Gray to climb 83 feet up for a remarkable view of distant Grand Manan Island. John Hallowell of Dennysville, driver of the F-8 Gulf tanker, delivers gasoline to the lighthouse and nearby Coast Guard station, and services the entire surrounding Calais district. In this rugged country the going can be tough, particularly through no-vision 40-mile blizzards, but as yet John has not needed the 20,000 candlepower flashing beacon to guide him through. ■

to Arizona . . .

photograph by Art Riley

AN F-1 pickup is pictured below at the Western Coolidge Cotton Gin, one of twenty-one gin-houses owned by the Western Cotton Oil Company amid the Indian ruins of Casa Grande Valley. Under proper irrigation the rich Arizona soil has been made to yield astonishing results, and cotton, for the most part pump irrigated, is the big cash crop. Last year, it brought a return of over ninety million dollars to Arizona farmers who lead the U.S. in per acre cotton output. Located in Pinal County, sixth among top producing cotton counties, this one mill handled 12,000 bales during the past season. The high box wagons at right, filled with newly-picked cotton, wait in turn for hauling to the gin-wheel where seeds and fiber are separated. After ginning, the seed is crushed into oil and trucked to manufacturing centers, while the meal which remains brings a good price as stock feed. Aside from an occasional Indian blanket spun from Arizona cotton, nearly all of the 550,000 bale crop must be carted to outstate mills for weaving. ■



100,000-Mile Club

Below are letters from more members of the 100,000-Mile Club, all attesting the durability of Ford trucks, light and heavy. If the mileage totals keep increasing, as these letters indicate, the name may have to be changed to the 500,000-Mile Club.

LOW-COST POWER

"I purchased my F-8 truck from the Bloomer Motor Company in Bloomer, Wisconsin, in March 1948. To date it has travelled 183,000 miles, under a 30,000-pound payload (50,000 pounds gross). Our average gasoline mileage has been between 6 and 8 miles per gallon. The upkeep and operating expense, in comparison to the higher priced trucks in our fleet, has been very nominal. I would very strongly recommend this truck to anyone who needs power at low cost in the trucking industry."

Roman J. Baier,
Bloomer, Wisconsin

* * *

MILLION-MILE TRUCK

"I have used one of your trucks since 1936 and at the present time it has gone a distance of 927,673 miles and has given me exceptional service. I have had very little expense of maintenance and its cost of operation has been about the lowest possible. I might say that this truck has been given some very hard usage over the years and that it has held up perfectly. I cannot praise your product too highly. I have tried other trucks of various makes, but have found none to compare with the one produced by your company. I think the statement of my experience is possibly the very best recommendation that I could possibly make.

"P.S. I trust it won't be very long before I am able to say I'm the man who drove one Ford truck one million miles."

Frank M. Hurst
Washington, D. C.

TROUBLE-FREE F-7

"My Ford F-7, 3509-gallon gasoline transport truck now has over 100,000 miles on it, and here are some remarkable facts about it that I thought you would find of interest.

"I have spent less than \$50.00 for repairs during the more than 100,000 miles of operation, and have averaged seven miles to the gallon of gas, which included using the engine to empty the tanker at the storage tanks. The engine uses very little oil even though I have never used over No. 20 weight.

"In comparison to other make trucks of comparable rating, I feel the Ford F-7 BIG JOB is more truck for the money. The "Bonus Built" slogan isn't just a claim—it's a fact!"

I. E. Brunk
I. E. Brunk Oil Company
Windom, Kansas

* * *

GOES ALL-OUT FORD

"We have been in the retail lumber business in Southern California 'Since 1880' during which time we have maintained a fleet in excess of 125 trucks of various makes.

"We thought that you would be interested in knowing that since the introduction of your F-7 and F-8 Big Jobs, along with the many advantageous engineering changes in your F-5 and F-6, we have had such exceptional service that we have decided to standardize our fleet on Ford Bonus Built Trucks.

"Several of our F-8 units have in excess of 100,000 miles of operation and no major repairs were necessary while maintenance expenses were negligible.

"Our trucks are subjected to hard driving in all kinds of weather in the delivery of lumber and building materials to our customers. Lots of stop-and-go work through heavy traffic and open highway running put these trucks to plenty of hard use, and they certainly have been all we could ask for.

"We wholeheartedly recommend the Ford Bonus Built Trucks for lumber and building material handling, or any type of hauling that requires dependability and low cost operation."

Lauren E. Foster
Patten-Blinn Lumber Company
Los Angeles, California



Moving homes that are complete down to plumbing and kitchen fixtures is all in the day's work for Joseph Conte of Rochester. He has added speed to what was once a slow operation.

High Speed House Mover

by Melvin Beck

illustrations by John Davenport

JOSEPH CONTE, who runs a building moving company in Rochester, New York, believes he has moved a full sized house faster than anyone else. House moving

ordinarily is a matter of moving foot by foot down a roped-off street. Conte's feat was to move a twenty-five-ton house ten miles at a 30 mph clip, with four motor-

cycle policemen clearing the way.

Two things made possible such a performance: a special trailer designed and built by Conte, and an F-6 tractor with a two-speed rear axle.

The trailer, which Conte believes is the only one of its kind in the country, is 45 feet long, 11 feet wide, and two feet in height. It has eight wheels on the rear end which can be mounted with either 1,000 x 20 or 7.00 x 20 tires. The wheels are individually suspended and can transport a 50-ton house through a plowed field without using planks.

These wheels are mounted on axles which can be spaced to fit the size of the house, after the bed of the trailer has been run underneath. They are designed to move forward, backward, or sideways to permit the maneuvering necessary in moving a house on or off a foundation. The trailer's front end has a goose neck to connect with the towing truck's fifth wheel, and can be handled much in the manner of the standard low-bed trailer used in hauling bulldozers or steam shovels. The trailer alone weighs seven tons.

The home to be moved was a "Dream House," featured in a local building show. It measured 40 feet by 24 feet, and was complete down to tiling and fixtures in the bathroom, a fully equipped kitchen, and a plate glass picture window, measuring six by four feet, in the living room.

A big, six-wheel-drive Army

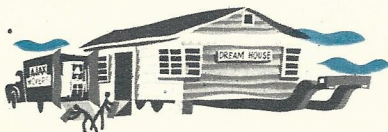


tractor had been assigned the job when the shiny new F-6 was delivered to its new home by Ed Nowack, salesman for the Judge Motor Corporation, a Rochester Ford dealer. Conte decided to hitch up the Ford to see what it could do.

After the house had been removed from its building show foundation and placed on the trailer, the procession hit the main street with motorcycle sirens wailing. Conte used the low speed rear axle range for the entire trip. He soon hit 20 mph and, on reaching a wider road, stepped it up to 30 mph. He believes the truck would have hit 40 mph had he felt like forcing it.

The house was quickly delivered to the new location in perfect condition, was set permanently on its new foundation, and a short time later its family moved in.

With the house weighing 25 tons, and the trailer seven, along with an extra ton of timbers, it meant that the F-6 was speeding a load of 33 tons, or 66,000 pounds, not counting its own weight. ■





photograph by C. M. Morris

Ice=Water Run—

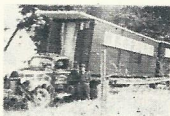
a one-picture story

DELIVERING ice-water to residents of Nome, Alaska, is the occupation of Lester Bronson who does not sell refrigerators to Eskimos on the side. Because of the frigid climate around Nome the ground stays frozen the year around so that unprotected wells and underground piping cannot be used. Water must be transported by truck from the town supply, a well drilled in the sheltered bed of a nearby creek, to homes and business establishments fitted with special wall connections. To these a hose is linked from the truck and water pumped to inside reservoirs. The F-6 tanker above, purchased from the local Ford dealer, was photographed when the temperature stood at 15 below. Les praises its smooth operation but complains that due to snow and icicles he seldom gets to see the shiny paint job. ■

Mail Truck

Dear Sirs: There's a place in Oklahoma called Hairpin Bend. One night a few years back, Daddy and the men he worked with came around it and their Ford truck went off the road and down into a deep canyon. The truck rolled over three times. Lucky enough, no one was hurt, but the boss got excited and cut his face crawling out of the window. By that time Daddy had the truck started, and boy, did that truck climb! They all got home okay, and outside of a broken window, that Ford was as good as ever.

MARY E. RAY,
Beaudry, Arkansas



Dear Sirs: We were leasing our truck to a Portland, Oregon, motor express company that was hauling prefab houses from Toledo, Oregon, to Hanford, Washington, during the war. It was hard to get experienced drivers to handle these special-built outfits. Ours was a Ford and the trailer axle was set 44 feet behind the truck axle. Our driver was going down Sotus Pass, a 14-mile downhill grade. Another driver stopped him and told him that he was sliding a trailer wheel. Not believing the man, our driver went and looked. Sure enough, one trailer wheel had locked. He'd worn through the tires, wheels, and had started to rub the hub and axle. Next trip there was a new driver on our Ford.

WALTER J. SIMMET,
Spokane, Washington



Dear Sirs: I am enclosing two photos of an F-7 Ford truck that we sold to the Princeton Rural Fire Protection District last March 21st. It carries 850 gallons of water and is used as a pumper for farm fires. There is an interesting sidelight to this truck sale. After the fire equipment company had mounted their body and equipment on the chassis, the truck was returned to Princeton and given a four-hour test by the Illinois Underwriters. The day after the test the fire department brought the truck to us to have the oil changed and we discovered that two cylinders had been shorted out by aluminum paint getting on two of the spark plugs. During the Underwriters test the engine was hitting only on six cylinders but still delivered more than enough water pressure at 1800 rpm.

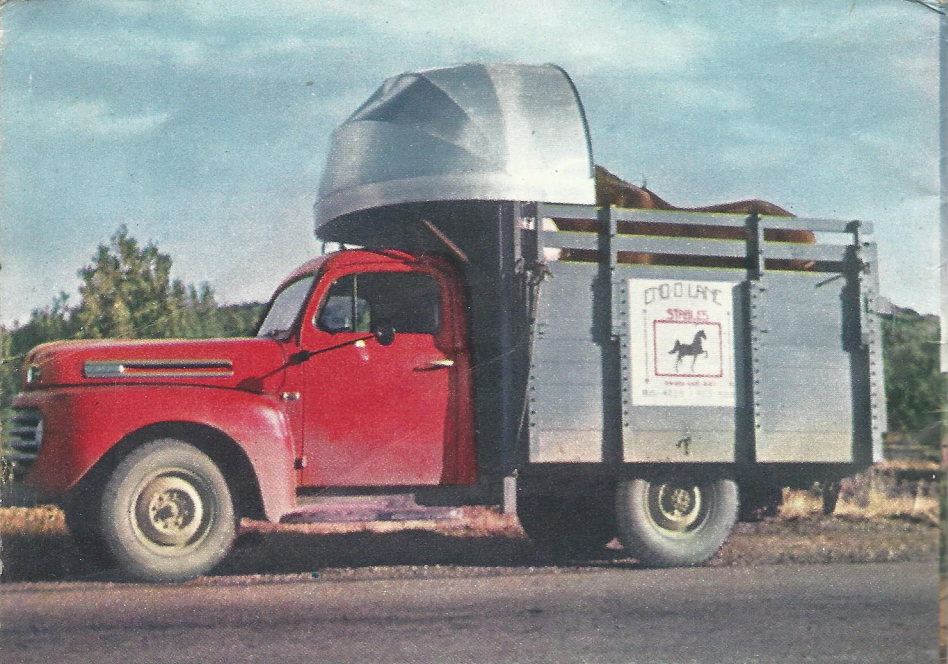
DICK HADE, A. L. Hade Motor Co.
Princeton, Illinois



Dear Sirs: For a long time I've been looking for a good place to have a good background for a picture of my milk truck which is a 1946 Ford panel job. One morning an opportunity struck for a background of eighteen Ford F-8 dumps of A. R. Thompson, contractor of Rutherford, North Carolina. Mr. Thompson moves more dirt with his big F-8 jobs in a day than Paul Bunyan could in a week with a hundred-boxcar train.

GEORGE McFADDEN,
Rutherford, North Carolina

(Editor's note: We liked this shot showing Thompson's F-8 dump trucks but for some reason McFadden's milk truck didn't get into the picture.)



photograph by Lois Wilson

Flaming Mamie of End O' Lane— a one-picture story

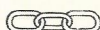
ROLLIN WILSON of Pacific Groves, California, owner of End O' Lane Stables and trainer of American Saddlebreds, has the best riding horses in the state—at least, when they ride aboard the pictured F-3. Purchased from Beattie Brothers of Monterey, the truck, named "Flaming Mamie," has a 15-foot bed which is set below the fender wells and a tailgate which may be used as a ramp for loading. There is ample room for two horses with more space for feed, and the aluminum canopy is high enough so that the tallest horse will not bump his head. Wilson and his wife recently took their F-3 on a vacation to Missouri, and earned the price of the trip by bringing home two horses from eastern Kansas. But Flaming Mamie's primary job is hauling saddle horses to the shows—and hauling blue ribbon winners home. ■

PUZZLE PAGE

1. CHAIN REACTION

A TRUCK DRIVER was hurrying into town when he came to a muddy stretch and slipped into the ditch. In his truck he found five sections of chain, but each section had only three links. At this moment a second truck pulled up and the owner, upon examining the predicament, offered to cut and join the sections into a single chain at a dollar per cut and tow the truck out. The first truck driver agreed but specified how the sections should be joined so that at a minimum cost the entire chain could be used. What was the charge for the job?

—Helene Kilgore, Plain Dealing, Louisiana



2. BEAR FACTS

A TRUCK DRIVER who was very fond of hunting saved his spare cash for many years, planning a trip to a distant spot where the game particularly intrigued him. Upon arriving there at last, he unpacked his gear and had just loaded his gun when, with a fierce growl, a tremendous bear appeared. The hunter was so frightened that he began to run and had proceeded 100 yards, due north, before glancing about to see if the animal had followed. The bear, also scared, had run east 100 yards so the hunter whipped his rifle around, pointed due south, and fired. The bear dropped dead with a hole in his head. The hunter was an excellent shot and the gun was in good condition. How did this happen and what color was the bear?

—R. J. Morrow, Ashtabula, Ohio

ANSWERS

- 1. The charge was three dollars. All three links of one section were cut and used to join the remaining four sections.*
- 2. The bear was white, being a polar bear. After running 100 yards the hunter stood directly on the North Pole from where he could not help but point due south.*

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