

FORD TRUCK TIMES

january-february 1951



Throughout the rolling sagelands of the Southwest the windmill and the tank are symbols of the rancher's most precious commodity—water. The cover photograph, by Bill Sears, shows work going on around the windmill of the ranch described on page 9.

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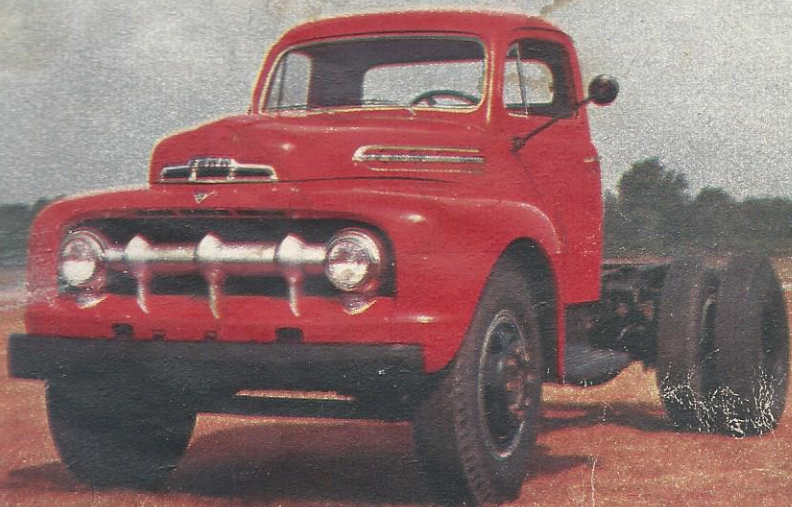
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Above is the '51 F-8 Big Job tractor with the 5-Star Extra cab, which has foam rubber seat pads, and insulation for driver comfort.

Smart and Rugged— That's the '51

by Burgess H. Scott

photographs by Edgar Carlson

A SKILLFUL BLEND of massiveness and smartness is what has made you look twice at the 1951 Ford trucks that have been on the highways for about a month now. What you can't see from the roadside is the extra economy, performance, and driver-comfort built into these new models.

The '51 F-1 pickups are leaders in style as well as utility. On the left is the 5-Star model; right, 5-Star Extra unit. →

The added economy stems in part from the "Power Pilot," a surprisingly simple feature that measures and ignites the right amount of fuel at the right time to match power requirements brought on by constantly changing speeds, loads, and road conditions. Using only one control instead of the two used in conventional systems, Power Pilot is designed to synchronize firing twice as accurately. Hence, it provides no-knock performance on regular gasoline.

Power Pilot becomes evident to the driver as soon as he noses the '51 up a long grade. Even with the accelerator pushed hard against the floor there is no spark knock. The same performance is noted as he steps on it to pull out of a traffic snarl, or in rounding a difficult curve. In the same manner, Power Pilot is working to smooth out operation when creeping up a barn ramp, bumping across fields, or picking up after turning onto a rough side road.

Extra performance is gained from dozens of new refinements throughout. For instance, there are autothermic pistons with chrome-plated top rings for prolonged cylinder life. The 95 hp Six and the 100 hp V-8 engines have offset piston pins for quieter running, and semi-rotating valves and spring retainers to prevent sticking and to prolong valve life.

On the F-7 and F-8 Big Jobs, coolant distribution is improved by larger radiator tank and by-pass tubes. Exhaust valve stems on all engines have been nitrided to reduce the possibility of sticking.

Series F-1 models are now equipped with a steering column gearshift, and have been given better performance by changing the rear axle ratio from 3.73 to 1 to 3.92 to 1, with 4:27 to 1 optional. The F-1 standard three-speed transmission has been redesigned for longer life with constant mesh helical gears having synchronizers in second and third speeds.

Easier shifting is now possible in most models of the F-4, F-5, and F-6 series with a four-speed synchro-silent transmission available.

Two-tone upholstery, two arm rests, cigar lighter, two door locks, automatic dome light are features of 5-Star Extra cab. →



A big dash compartment is provided. All '51 cabs have Air Wing ventilators, adjustable seat, 3½-foot-wide rear window. →

Introduction of the '51 models signaled the first appearance of the new "5-Star" cab, a long step forward in driver-comfort. The 5-Star cab has air wing ventilators, 65-coil passenger-car-type adjustable seat, and a 3½-foot rear window. The new instrument panel has re-styled full-vision instruments, and a rheostat type instrument light switch.

Weather sealing on doors is improved, and the floor pan area is sealed against weather and fumes. Dual windshield wipers are standard equipment and are positioned to give a full vision pattern on the one-piece windshield.

A 5-Star Extra cab is offered, having the same features as the 5-Star cab, plus foam rubber seat padding, one and one-half inches of glass wool insulation in the roof, covered with perforated acoustic board, chrome windshield trim, two-tone seat upholstery, two sun visors, two arm rests, a cigar lighter, and two door locks. Also, it has a dome lamp with automatic door switches, chrome hardware escutcheons, glove compartment lock, and twin matched horns.

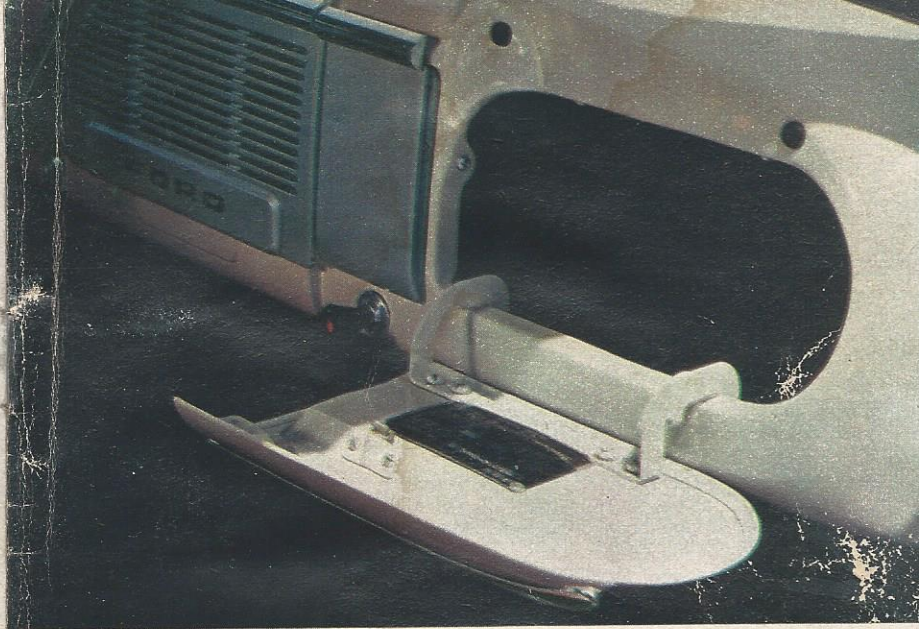
The new cab is further sound-proofed with undercoating on the floor, and spray-on material on the inside of the doors and back panel. The 5-Star Extra cab also has special chrome on vent window division bar moldings, hood side ornamentation, and argent (silver) finish on the radiator grille.

Other features are a new body with hardwood floor and grain-tight tailgate for the F-1 pickup; cast spoke wheels with demountable rims to provide interchangeability with trailer wheels standard on the F-7 and F-8, but with steel disc wheels still available. Distribution of braking force on Series F-4, F-5, and F-6 has been modified to obtain better balanced braking and longer lining life.

The clutch of Series F-7 and F-8 Big Jobs has been improved for severe service. Series F-1, F-2, and F-3 trucks have new, sturdier front bumpers.

These new trucks are available in more than 180 models powered by Ford's rugged line of truck engines: the 95 hp Six, the 100 hp V-8, the 110 hp Big Six, and the 145 hp V-8. ■

Here is one secret of the 5-Star Extra cab's comfort. Seat is 65-coil passenger type covered with thick foam rubber mat. →



ROLLING THE ROADS

by Dod Stoddard

decorations by Don Silverstein

IT is the opinion of Toby Holt that progress is here to stay. Toby is a mild little man, a railroader. But Toby has had to swallow a couple of pretty bitter pills. Ten years ago, at 40, engineer Holt bumped a projecting valve handle against his spine and hasn't pulled a throttle since. His other pill is the passing of steam.

"You can't argue with fate or progress," Toby says, resignedly. They'll break your back and break your heart; but there you are!"

Would-be Congressman Drake—the one who ran a bad fourth in our district—is a great side-taker. He squirms around to find which is the popular side of an issue. It becomes his side. This habit makes old Drake as two-faced as a swinging door and the worst hypocrite in seven counties.

Six or eight of us were giving our political chameleon a workout in the local beanery the other night. As a result of about fifteen minutes of beefs Drake had come out in the following colors:

1. Had he been elected he would have passed a law requiring the railroads to keep steam locomotives, to be operated at full pay by retired and disabled engineers.

2. For Joe Brainerd, who drives for Atlas Trucking, there would have been a law making all highways 100 feet wide—with shoulders capable of supporting 25 tons.

3. For Sloppy Harper—who last week skidded his new sedan into a farm truck loaded with hogs—Drake had a remedy too. He would bar all trucks and inlay the pavement with skid chains.

Toby Holt used a stubby forefinger to tuck in a few long stray hairs which grow out of his ears. Then he opened up:

"We've had about enough of this dammonsense. When the B. & O. opened for business in 1830, a railroad was a couple of pieces of strap-iron nailed to two-by-fours. A train was a string of wagons and horse power came from horses.

"No doubt some goof in those days felt sorry for the horses and wanted the weight of the train cut down. The locomotive, not the legislature, cured that problem.

"Then, by golly, the tracks began to wear out. So did they put load limits on the cars? They did not! They junked the old track and laid solid iron rails.

"Well," Toby Holt goes on, leaning on the counter as if it were the cab window of his locomotive, "Well, the railroads are hardly out of short pants before Ol' Henry Ford starts turning out his



Model T's that didn't need tracks any more than a locomotive engineer needed horse collars.

"There was weeping and wailing—also installment buying. Progress, it was called. Pretty soon somebody found out that asphalt and concrete made better auto roads than mud and cobbles did. The first pavements were sort of over-grown sidewalks.

"Then trucks began to bloom. The U. S. has two or three times the railroads of any other country—more miles of track; more freight cars per thousand population.

"For instance, we got as high as 23 miles of track for every hundred square miles of land in the country. But that wasn't *near* enough! It left tens of thousands of towns and settlements with never a toot of a train whistle. What's more, when the gas buggy got reliable and big enough to haul the stuff to and from the railroad, durned if it didn't cross the tracks and keep right on going.

"We started to abandon thousands of miles of railroad that couldn't keep up with progress. But progress was in there punching at the highway builders too. They widened and they thickened and still the traffic kept coming.

"I guess that some foreign countries are satisfied with little go-carts but it's going to be a sad day when the U. S. starts cutting the growing boy down to fit the suit."

Harvey Kloss, who pilots for an air freight outfit, cut in.

"Oh, I'm not so sure the airplane won't give the truck and the train a decent burial in time. My company had a contract last year to fly road-building tractors and trucks into the uranium country up North.

"How big you think *planes* are going to get?" Sloppy Harper asked Harvey.

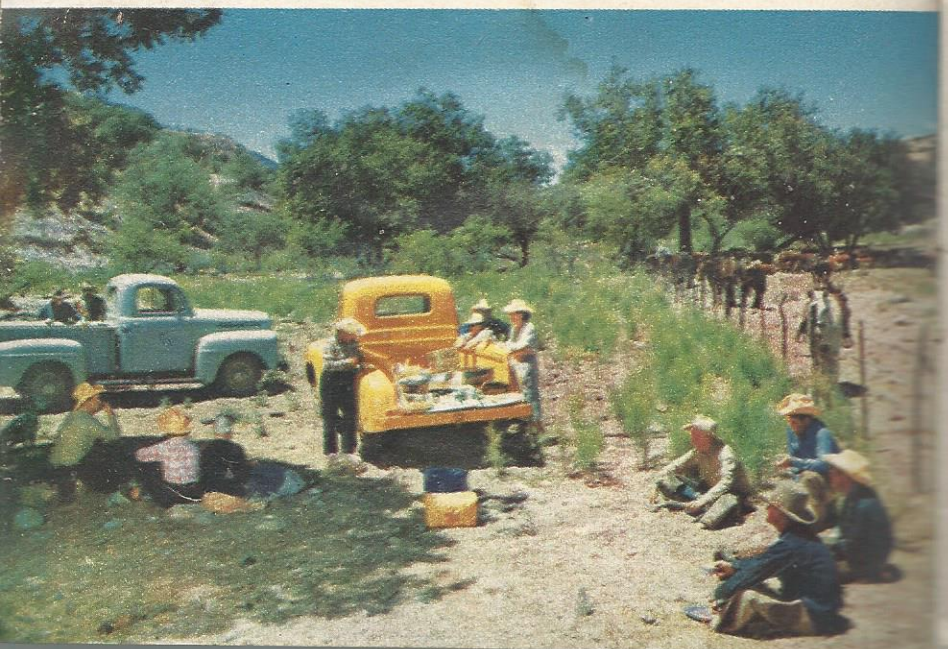
"Can't say. When they built the first B-36 down in Fort Worth it was sure hell on runways. That ol' atom bomb carrier lights gently on its rubber feet with a 200,000 pound smack. That was hard enough to smash a foot of reinforced concrete!"

"Should be a law — — —" Wrong-way Drake started to spout.

"Yeah," Harvey shut him up. "Should be a law requiring the air force to fly one-lung puddle jumpers, to save building a runway that can hold up a bomber you can win wars with—"

Toby Holt sugared his coffee with a good, old-fashioned coal-shovel sweep of the arm and the spoon: "No, boys, the *people* are going to win, in the end. They beat down the wails of the wind-jammer captains. They beat the canal boats, they made the railroads go to heavy roadbeds and fast diesels. They are making the highway builders take out the turns, and put in enough ballast to hold up the loads and give the truckers elbow room. The people are nearly always right and always have their way. We aren't going to go back to thin narrow roads or to half-ton trucks—not while Old John Public wants his flour, meat, and concrete delivered to his door for the least expense!"





←Horses and mechanical equipment team up to work the Crown C.

Good Living on the Crown C

by Barbara Sears

photographs by Bill Sears

ASK ANY YOUNGSTER who frequents the Saturday matinee or watches Hopalong Cassidy on television what he thinks of life on a western cattle ranch, and the chances are that he'll tell you it's pretty wonderful. Plenty of his elders also agree. But anyone who has ever lived on a real working ranch knows that the "horse opera" is far from actuality. The truth is that any westerner, native or transplanted, feels a special kind of satisfaction in the rich simplicity of day to day life on a ranch.

Acutely aware of this richness are Mr. and Mrs. C. Blake Carrington of the Crown C ranch at Sonoita, Arizona. Both grew up east of the Mississippi, but they have found a new sense of home in the rolling grasslands at the foot of the beautiful Santa Rita Mountains. Their life is a busy one; acres of range need constant inspection; gates, fences, water places, and equipment must be maintained and repaired.

During certain seasons there is concentrated work with the stock. Twice yearly the white-faced Herefords must be rounded up so that young calves can be branded and vaccinated for black leg, and the animals to be sold separated and shipped. Most of the tasks are done by a very small staff. A foreman and a cowboy handle range, cattle, and equipment with only occasional outside help.

The outside help comes during "gathering time," when all the neighbors turn to, country fashion, moving from ranch to ranch until everyone's stock is rounded up. Another example of working together is the teamwork between horses and mechanized equipment. The efficient cattleman knows how

←Pickup becomes chuck wagon when the hands sit down to eat.

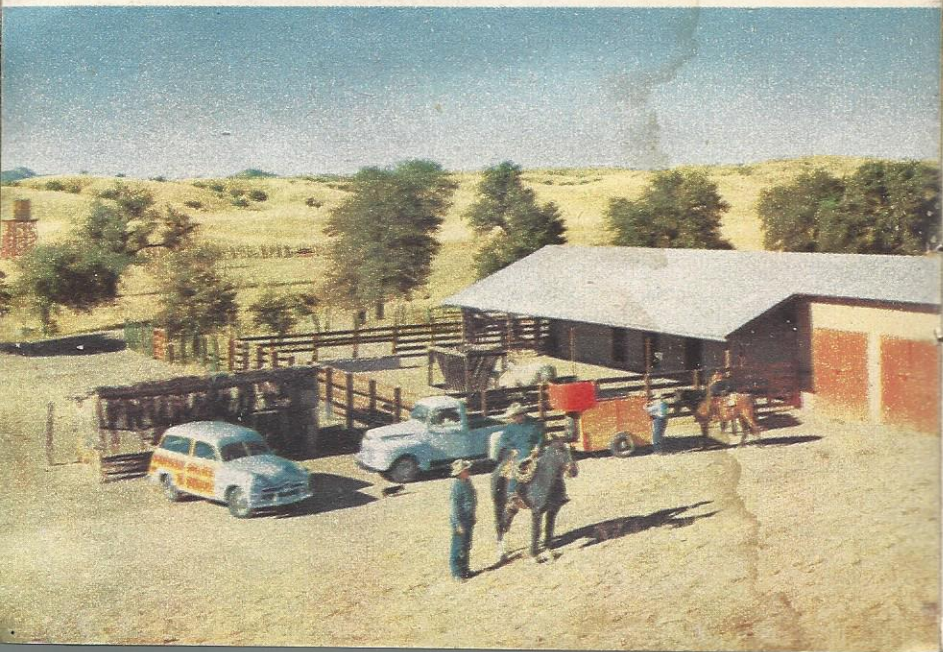
to use both, supplementing one with the other.

At the Crown C Fords have long been an important item of equipment. A hard-working station wagon and pickup which served throughout the war have been replaced with two new units which are carrying on the ranch's transportation duties. The station wagon makes daily trips to Sonoita and runs errands to neighboring ranches.

The pickup is easily the ranch's handiest piece of equipment. It transports horses by trailer, distributes salt blocks over the range, hauls tools for fence mending, brings ailing calves back to the corral for treatment. About noon the foreman's wife drives the truck to a prearranged location, loaded with good ranch beef, vegetables, salads, coffee, rolls, sometimes gingerbread and whipped cream, because riders who have been out since dawn have hearty appetites.

At least once a week either the station wagon or the pickup makes a trip to "town," which is Tucson, 60 miles away. If things are quiet at the ranch it's easy to go in to the city more often, but the Carringtons seldom do unless a real necessity arises. Their life on the ranch holds enough interest for them. ■

Ford equipment is in use daily on the Carrington ranch.



Mail Truck



Dear Sirs: The Idaho Fish and Game Department is finding this two-ton Ford cab-over model tank truck an invaluable aid to its fish planting program in this end of the state. Short wheelbase permits easier access to back-country roads and enables the truck to get right up to the edge of mountain lakes and streams. The 150-gallon tank, which can hold 300 pounds of trout, is aereated by one of two engines mounted on each side. This use of a cab-over Ford is unique in my experience.

ROBERT H. FORBES
Moscow, Idaho



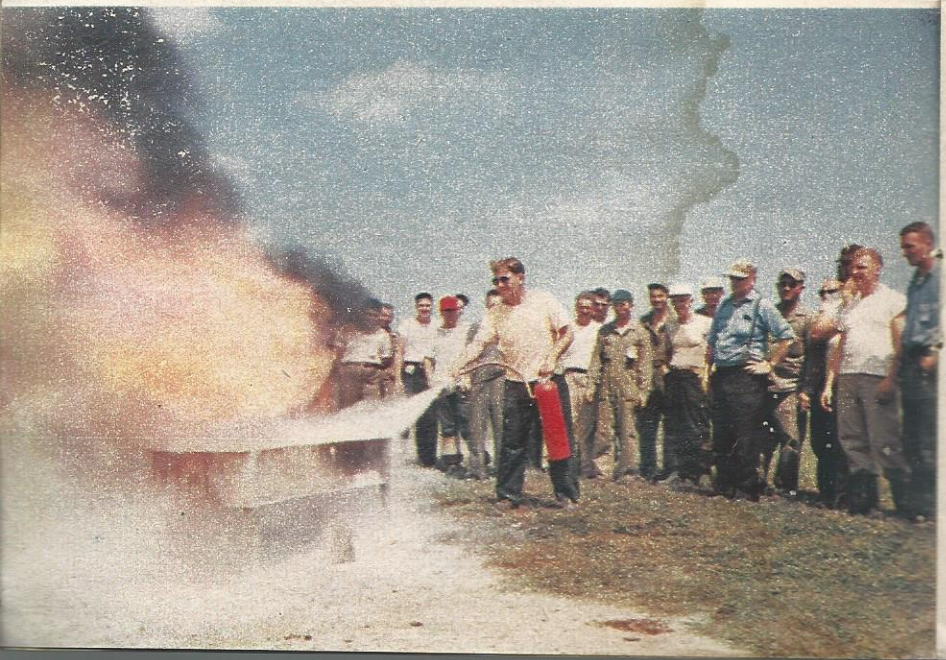
Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find a picture of my F-8 tractor-trailer combination that fell through a bridge when we were crossing loaded with a dragline. As you can see, the frame of the F-8 is taking a terrific strain being the only support of the entire truck, pressure being applied over the rear wheels by the trailer. The frame was not sprung, my only expense being for a tail-lamp. Fords are the toughest on the road!

WILLIAM P. MARSH
Villisca, Iowa



Dear Sirs: I would like to call your attention to the use made of a Ford V-8 engine in one of the strangest cable tramways ever constructed. The steeply inclined tramway pictured rose 24 stories from the ground outside Washington State's Capitol legislative building, at Olympia, to the top of the great stone dome above. The dome was in turn topped with a 180-ton solid stone cupola. The sole purpose of the tramway was to facilitate placement of a new "hat," or cupola, atop the dome, at an estimated cost of \$200,000. The 47-foot "hat," made up of 150 pieces of Wilkenson sandstone varying in weight from 100 to 1,800 pounds, was weakened by an earthquake early last year and endangered occupants under the dome below. Problem of getting materials and workmen to the outside of the dome was solved by construction of the tramway, and a Skagit winch powered by the V-8 engine easily pulled the cable car and contents up the steep incline. Workmen assembled a steel framework to support the remodeled cupola, then hollowed out the stone pillars and inserted steel supporting rods at their centers. The stone cap was removed and replaced with a light metal cap of stainless alloy, sandblasted to resemble the original. Only 80 of the 180 tons of stone remain, plus 10 tons of steel and 20 tons of brick and mortar, but the remodeled cupola is much stronger and otherwise practically indistinguishable from the original.

A. R. MACPHERSON
Tacoma, Washington



← An F-7 fire truck is used to teach Pennsylvania's volunteer firemen the principles of firefighting and rescue.

School for Fire Eaters

story and photographs by Marjorie and Grant Heilman

A BLUE-DENIMED instructor calmly sloshes 60 gallons of gasoline and fuel oil around the tank of a wrecked fuel truck. He backs up, tosses a burning flare into the wreck, and with a "whoosh" flames roar 50 feet into the air.

"Okay," he says after the fire really gets warm. "Go to it, boys." Uniformed fire cadets, walking slowly behind a protective spray of a hose, advance on the fire. The hose spurts a fine fog of water as they move forward. A few seconds later fog has enveloped the wreck and the fire is out.

That's the way many of Pennsylvania's volunteer fire fighters learn their jobs these days. The state-operated Pennsylvania Fire School at Lewistown annually gives this type of training to more than 700 volunteer firemen, on whom most of Pennsylvania depends for fire protection. After an intensive five-day course the students return to their homes and pass on their learning to other volunteer firefighters.

During the twelve years it has operated it has become so well known that firemen from other states and Canada show up for the annual sessions. The students have an opportunity to handle such equipment as the pictured F-7 mounted with a John Bean high pressure fog fire fighter which was used in last year's course.

In completing their classes the firemen battle into burning buildings, enter smoke chambers wearing masks, and scale a four-story drill tower on slim ladders.

And just to prove that the fireman's job is as romantic as every small boy thinks, in one class the students get a chance to rescue a glamorous blonde from a burning room—a glamorous blonde store dummy, that is. ■

← The school is valuable because most of Pennsylvania's great population depends on volunteer fire departments.



These giant pilings, nearly eighty feet long, u

Bridging the Chesapeake

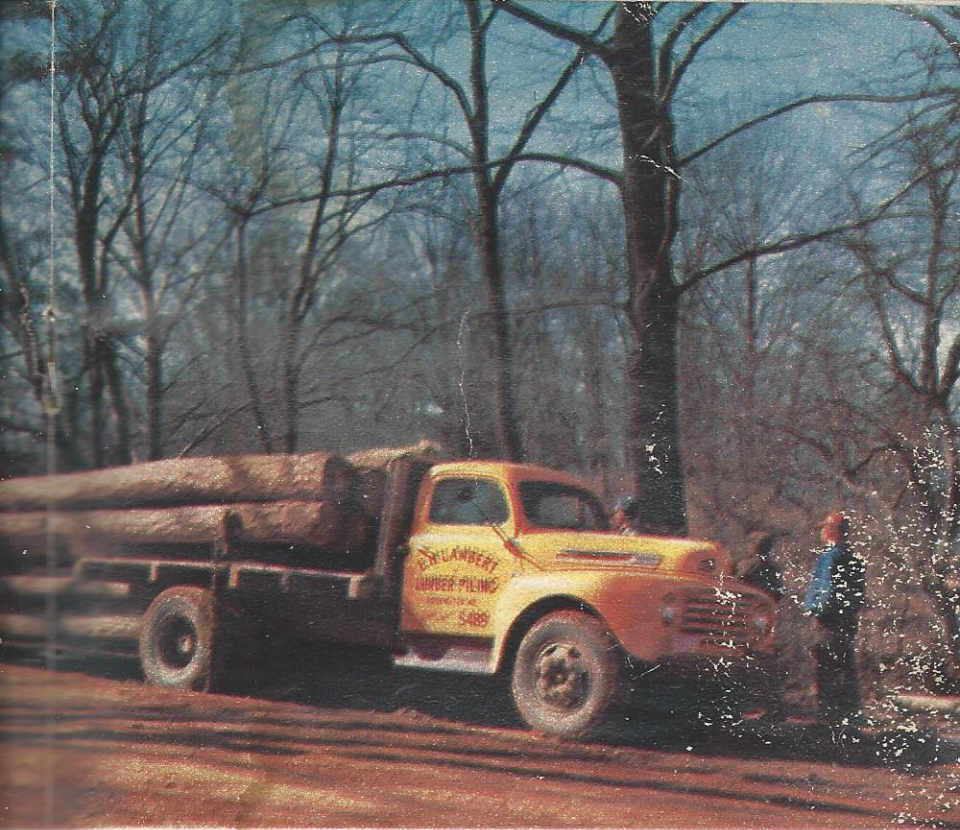
by John C. Caryl

photographs by William N. Robbins, Jr.

TRUCKLOADS OF GIANT timber pilings as shown above were among the first materials to reach Annapolis, Maryland, starting construction of a \$44,000,000 bridge across Chesapeake Bay.

Thousands of tons of concrete and steel have since been poured and pieced together into the four-mile span which is scheduled for completion July 1, 1952.

Work was begun in January of



were hauled by F-8 from southern Virginia.

1950, and an early step was erection of wooden platforms on the timber pilings sunk at regular intervals into the muddy bed of the Chesapeake. Extending ten feet above the water's surface these platforms serve as a level, solid base from which surveyors can work. With bridge construction moving out from both shores, the surveyors must keep close track of

numerous details to make sure the two sections meet accurately at the center. The earth's curvature from shore to shore, for instance, amounts to a difference of about two and a half feet which, if unaccounted for, would leave an embarrassing hump for engineers to iron out.

Wind, tide, and mud are the elements which, according to

Construction of a temporary roadway permits the hauling of materials directly to the building site by truck. →

Bruce Herman, resident engineer at the project, cause the big problems in bridging the Chesapeake. Procedure for building up piers on a firm foundation involves the use of great steel cylinders, 20 feet in diameter. These giant "cans" are floated out to location on rafts and are sunk in an upright position deep into the mud at the bottom of the bay. The mud is removed from the interior of the huge forms and concrete is then poured in through tubes. The heavy mixture of cement and gravel settles and packs, and the hardening of the concrete proceeds despite the presence of a bay full of water, although hardening takes place less rapidly than usual. This slow curing actually improves the quality of the concrete, making it monolithic—that is, like one solid chunk of rock. In some cases these piers reach down nearly 80 feet through the mud and up another 80 feet to the surface of the bay. Completion of the pier then proceeds in a conventional manner. The forms are never removed but they will in time rust away.

As the bridge extends out into the bay, it makes a turn at one point in order to cut straight across and at right angles to the main ship channel. A 1600-foot suspension bridge will be strung up to clear the channel by 186

feet. Cables from which the bridge will hang are 4,600 feet long and are to be anchored in giant concrete blocks, 78 by 149 feet. These in turn will be fenced off by small islands, to prevent wayward ships from endangering the cables and causing a disastrous collapse of the whole structure.

In good weather about 2,000 workmen labor at the bridge, but through the winter months, although work continues, the force drops to around 450. When the job is done it is expected that six and a half million man-hours of labor will have assembled 118,000 cubic yards of concrete and 60,000 tons of steel into the project which extends nearly eight miles overall, including approaches. The roadway has been designed to carry 1,500 vehicles per hour in each direction with an average crossing time of five and a quarter minutes from shore to shore, a distance of 22,290 feet.

The substructure is now nearly completed and work is beginning on the superstructure, J. E. Greiner Company, Baltimore engineers, supervising construction for the State of Maryland. When the job is completed in 1952 it will be a tremendous relief, at last, to hot and haggard Washingtonians looking for a quick route to Atlantic coast beaches. ■

An F-8 backs close to one of the giant "cans" which serve as forms for pouring the bridge's concrete piers. →



Fauna Meets Flora

photographs by Richard T. Mullins

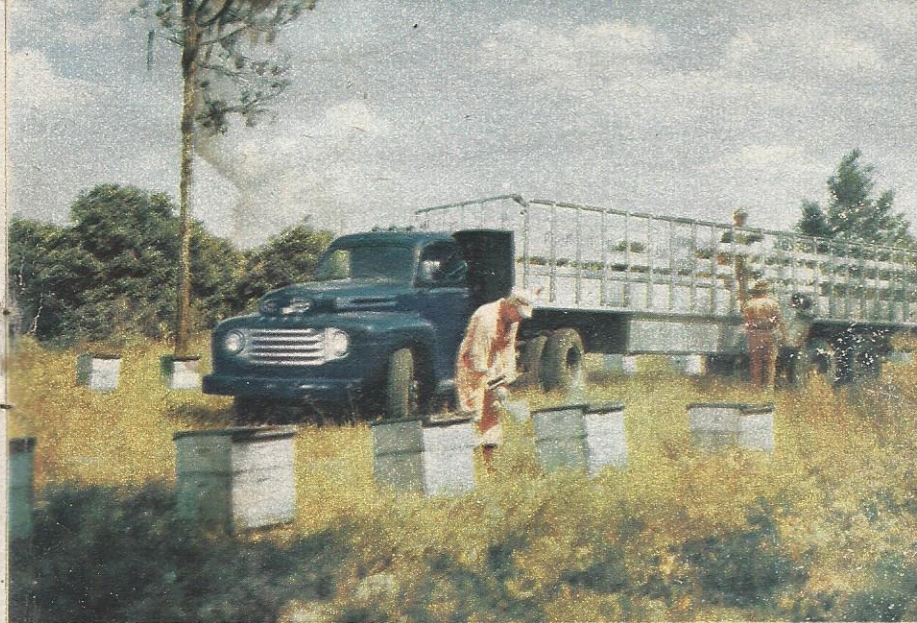
BEES KEPT in northern latitudes ordinarily gather their nectar during the summer and then lie dormant through the winter months, unproductive and costly to their owners. But now many beekeepers are making use of economical Ford truck transportation to convert their insects into year-round assets. Instead of loafing in their hives during cold weather, the bees are hauled south to work on honey-laden blossoms (right, above).

John N. and Jourdain De Muth, father and son apiarists of Pembroke, New York, and Umatilla, Florida, are practitioners of this new idea in beekeeping. Each November the De Muths load their colonies of bees on a special F-7 tractor-trailer rig and head for the Florida headquarters where the bees romp through the golden nectar of maple, willow, and orange blossoms. Toward the end of February the bees board their F-7 for a short northward trip to tap the sweet bouquet of the palmetto. Thence they move back to cool upstate New York for another summer of work.

Perhaps the grove pictured below right is one of the bees' work sites. It is one of many groves that are putting heavy production into a near-score of great citrus concentrate plants now operating in Florida. These plants sprang up after the sensational boom of frozen orange juice, and now consume more than 40 per cent of the state's orange crop.

The new industry changed the method of gathering the fruit. Originally the oranges were placed in field crates and hauled from the grove on flat bed trucks. Now the process has been speeded up by hauling the millions of oranges in bulk to the plants. Mechanical fruit loaders such as the one shown at lower right make fast bulk loading possible.

One of the earliest of the loaders was built by Earl Lundy of Eustis, Florida, who placed his loader on the chassis of a Model A truck and ran it on a power take-off from the truck's engine. This Old No. 1 of the Model A fruit loaders—still in operation—was followed by about 15 more. Now Lundy has adapted the loader to current model Fords, and at the height of the season may have as many as 45 of the units loading the orange crop.



White Mouse Farm

by Jerome Palms

AROUND Kingston, New York, rats and mice are developing an improved attitude. Instead of spreading the plague, rats are learning how to help doctors and researchers find new cures for disease. On the S & E Farm, just outside Kingston, the only trouble mice cause is when they don't multiply fast enough. With a present stock of some 14,000 white rats and 80,000 mice, S & E is probably the world's largest breeder of these albino rodents.

As a matter of record, mice were tamed back in 2000 B.C., and Marco Polo mentioned seeing a white mouse during his travels. They were first used by scientists hundreds of years ago to speculate on the inner workings of the human body when direct examination was still frowned upon.

Of the nearly 400 independent strains of albino mice which have since developed, George Spade and Cloyd Elias, owners of the S & E Farms, have concentrated on two which fill most commercial

requirements. The albino originates as a mutation or freak of nature which by interbreeding with parents, cousins, and brothers is developed into a pure strain after many generations. In a similar manner breeders have produced mice with kinks in their tails, curly-haired, hairless and naked mice, giant and miniature sizes, and mice in a variety of pastel shades. The albino has become the standard for testing purposes because the pink skin and white coat tend to show up reactions to experiments more quickly. There is also the psychological factor: white mice seem cleaner.

The use of mice falls generally into four categories. First in pure research since white mice react pretty much as human beings do to diseases. Rats become particularly useful when dissection and inspection of the organs becomes necessary. Second, mice are used in the standardization of drugs, serums, and vaccines. Because they multiply rapidly, routine

A thousand mice are loaded for shipment. Photograph by Frank H. Lauppe.→



tests can be made on large numbers of them to control potency and safety of everything from aspirin to anti-biotics. A third use is as a culture medium for direct production of vaccines. The organism is introduced into the brain of the mouse and allowed to grow, the brain is removed and by use of the centrifuge a clear liquid is obtained from which the vaccine is produced. A fourth use is in tests such as those made to determine pregnancy and the saliva test which detects the doping of race horses.

One important aim in breeding mice is to acquire a strain that is highly sensitive, yet extremely docile. To achieve this, all mice and rats are classified. "Not docile" applies to those that are nervous and fidgety, those that are classified "docile" will lie quietly in your hand, and those termed "very docile" object to nothing down to actual dismemberment. This attitude makes albino rats seem wholly unlike ordinary rats. A supervisor at the farm estimated that he had handled about 6000 rats each week for three years and received only three bites. Even these rats were not vicious, but were probably only frightened.

The best part of mouse breeding is the short gestation period of 21 days. Nine or ten generations each year can be counted on. A wooden box, one by two feet and six inches deep, with a wire mesh cover, is home for six females and a male.

The young are born in litters of about eight and after 18 to 24 days are weaned and segregated. They are weighed before shipping and packed in wooden boxes with wire on two sides. Although the rats can gnaw through concrete if necessary, they seem content to stay inside cardboard containers if food and water are available. A shipment of mice was once sent out in cardboard boxes, but the mice gnawed through before reaching the station. They showed no indication, however, of scampering away so the shipment went through without a loss. Food for the rodents comes in the form of pellets which are uniform and sterile, the mouse pellets containing a balanced diet of 29 ingredients.

The greatest hazard in mouse farming is disease. Mice are susceptible to most human ailments plus a few more of their own. S & E Farms has survived two epidemics, the first leaving 150 mice out of 30,000, the second, which lasted 18 months, reduced the colony of 34,000 to 30. The present stock are descendants of these 30 which were considered to be fairly resistant to the disease, infectious catarrh.

Mr. Spade and his son-in-law, Mr. Elias, run the farm with the help of ten employees and four Ford trucks, from a 1929 standby to their late model panel which carries a daily load of a thousand mice to the station.

PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD

decorations by Don Silverstein

THE PROBLEM: In 1945, going from Kanawha County to Jackson County, the last three miles was a muddy dirt road. I was told that it had been three weeks since a vehicle had crossed this stretch. But with chains on and moving at a very low speed, I was making slow but sure progress when my attention was called to the oil gauge which showed the pressure to be down nearly to zero. I pulled out the oil marker which showed only a quarter of an inch. There was no more oil for many miles so I asked a farmer what to do.



THE SOLUTION: The farmer said, "Do like I do with my Model T. Put water in until it shows full as the oil will come on top where it will take care of the bearings." Well, I did it and it worked O.K. I still have that '37 V-8 and she runs fine. I don't recommend it as a regular practice, but it sure helped me through in that emergency.

—A. A. YOUNG, JR., Charleston, West Virginia

* * *

THE PROBLEM: One night a truck driver of our company was bringing a valuable cargo across the desert when his lights failed. He tried to crawl along slowly but the danger of such procedure finally brought him to a halt. All his tinkering with the lighting system brought the same result—failure. After an hour spent in dusting off his choicest profanity, a solution to his problem occurred to him.



THE SOLUTION: Remembering a lantern he carried in his truck, he walked a few blocks down the road and planted it by the roadside. Then he walked back and drove the truck to the lantern. By repeating this trick he managed to get his cargo safely to the first lighted station of a small town where he found aid, not merely for his defunct lighting system but for his frayed disposition as well.

—GORDON FORBES, Los Angeles, California



←Truck loads of materials speed to sites on precision schedules.

City in a Hurry

by Andrew R. Boone

photographs by William M. Arps, Jr.

OUT IN Lakewood Park, a 3500-acre development near Los Angeles, two high-power contracting firms are using rapid assembly line techniques to put up nearly 100 homes a day. When the project is completed there will be 17,150 new houses for California's expanding population to occupy, resulting in a community of 70,000 or more persons.

The construction includes a giant 153-acre shopping center complete with super markets and department stores, to which goods will flow through underground streets to reduce surface traffic.

Looking out over the vast site, the visitor can see that construction is fluid and progressive. In the foreground is a line of concrete foundations; in the row behind, plumbing pipes are visible; beyond that is a row with skeleton timbers projecting from the floors. Farther and farther back they extend, a rafted row awaiting shingling, a row with plastering completed, and finally, in the far background, rows of completed houses, white, blue, and pink, standing out brightly against the duller concrete and rough lumber.

The job has, of course, been mechanized to a high degree. Motorized flail diggers cut footing trenches in 15 minutes, automatic nailing machines speedily lay flooring, shingling teams swarm over the roofs, leaving completed roofing in their wake. Crews of specialists take care of each phase of construction.

A fleet of Ford F-5 trucks delivers on a sharp schedule the standardized and carefully measured materials. Foremen driving a fleet of twelve F-1 pickups govern the flow of materials and work, and coordinate all activities by two-way voice radio, the only means of communication throughout the vast area.

Despite the bewildering activity, bottlenecks seldom occur and waste motion is reduced to a minimum. ■

←Radio-equipped F-1 pickups coordinate high speed construction.

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. We are sorry that we cannot acknowledge entries received, but those which include postage will be returned if not suitable to our needs.

decorations by Don Silverstein



ON A HOT DAY in August of 1944, I was hauling agricultural limestone and had a load of six tons on my old 1933 Ford truck. I was going down a long straight grade of blacktop with my windshield open, when I noticed a large blue racer snake in the center of the road a little way ahead. The pavement was so hot he could not crawl away so I thought I would hit him, but instead he reared up on his tail and leaped at my left headlamp. He hung there with his head right up over the hood. Having the windshield open and being unable to stop, I opened the door ready to jump out, when the snake's tail was caught under the front wheel pulling him off. I finally got my breath back but that was as scary an experience as I ever had.

—LLOYD E. CHATHAM, Paoli, Indiana



A FRIEND of mine had a '36 Ford with a flat bed but no cab. One day he was sent to a nearby town to get a casket. On his way home he stopped outside of town to pick up a hitchhiker. It was April and it began to shower so his rider asked if he could get inside the casket to keep dry. My friend hadn't gone far when he picked up another rider who eyed the casket curiously but said nothing. After a short time the hitchhiker inside the casket raised the lid slightly and asked, "Has the rain stopped yet, boys?" The second hitchhiker was so startled he jumped right off the truck. My friend said he was sure glad that truck wasn't going fast.

—E. L. PUGH, Santa Mario, California



MY HUSBAND was taking his sheep to a mountain range for the summer. Our Ford pickup had some boxes piled on it, and my husband didn't notice that a pet sheep had climbed on. On the way to a nearby town he kept seeing people looking and pointing at his truck. Finally a man called to him about getting his sheep down. My husband stopped and found the sheep standing sure-footed as a mountain goat on top of the cab. The animal had to be tied down with a strap and rope before he would stay off his high perch.

—MRS. ARTHUR SCHMIDT, Maupin, Oregon

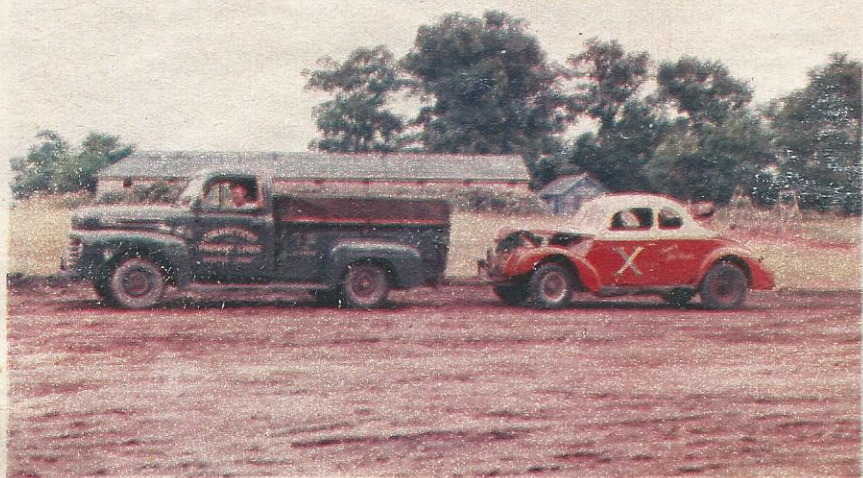


WHILE HAULING produce through Vermont my helper and I decided to sleep out, so about midnight we pulled to the side of the road. We saw a barway so we proceeded to remove the bars and drive into the pasture. Carefully replacing the bars we spread out our blanket and went to sleep. In the morning we awoke and had a good laugh. There was no fence on either side of the barway.

—HOWARD S. FRYE, New Ashford, Massachusetts



AL KAUFMAN



photograph by Stan Silver

Hot Rod Tow and Regular Hauler ***—both count on Ford parts and service***

THE MODIFIED racer shown above is one of the hottest contenders in the Atlantic Seaboard's fast growing sport of stock car racing. The car, a converted 1941 Ford business coupe, is owned by Hully Bunn, leading winner in Southern New England, New York, and New Jersey.

* Bunn is sponsored by John Melnick of Bristol, Connecticut, owner of the Connecticut Motor Freight Lines, who furnishes the F-2 pickup that tows the racer. With a load of spare cylinder heads, tires, tubes, and racing axles on board, and the racer hitched on behind, the pickup barnstorms over the circuits, delivering the racer for competition at widely separated tracks.

With such a fast moving schedule, it would appear that servicing or new parts might at times be difficult. But Melnick

assures that this isn't the case. In a letter to Paul T. Foley, president of Foley Motors, Inc., of Bristol, who sells Connecticut Freight Lines their big rigs, Melnick said: "I use the Ford pickup for barnstorming on the hot rod circuits because when I am away from home it's Ford service that counts. I never need worry about quick replacement of parts or any type of servicing, no matter where I am."

Another example of product and service satisfaction is given in these comments sent to us by Raymond L. Sellers of Johnstown, Pennsylvania:

"I'm a guy who gives compliments only where they belong. I bought an F-8 Ford truck that has everything—air brakes, dolled-up cab, two-speed axle, emblems, air horns. In plain words, I'm giving it the works.

"I haul for Acme Markets within a 120-mile radius of Johnstown, which means rough country. We haul produce and groceries, and average as high as 12 tons a load. I've got a 16-foot van body and these loads are top heavy, which means a good truck is required, and I've got the baby just for it. My mileage on gas is about 6.6 to a gallon, and around here that is excellent. I've defied anyone around here to meet me on any hill and pass me, even giving them odds.

"My truck is blue and cream, and the wheels are trimmed with silver. It's really outstanding on looks. The reason I brag so much is that it's got everything and rides swell which means plenty for I'm six-feet-two and weigh 250 pounds. Before this truck I had a 1937 1½-ton Ford dump, then a 1940, a 1946 with two-speed axle, and now the champ of them all. Never did I own or drive any truck to equal my F-8.

"I've got 20,523 miles on it since August 1, 1950, and so far have bought only gas and oil, which is cheap operating. As for parts, for this truck I wouldn't know, as I've had no trouble. But for my other Fords, parts were the least of my worries for they were there when I wanted them, and I even got parts after they closed. They went all out for satisfaction.

"By writing this letter I've got the satisfaction of complimenting the people who are really making happier miles for me and for others who are making a living over the road."



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