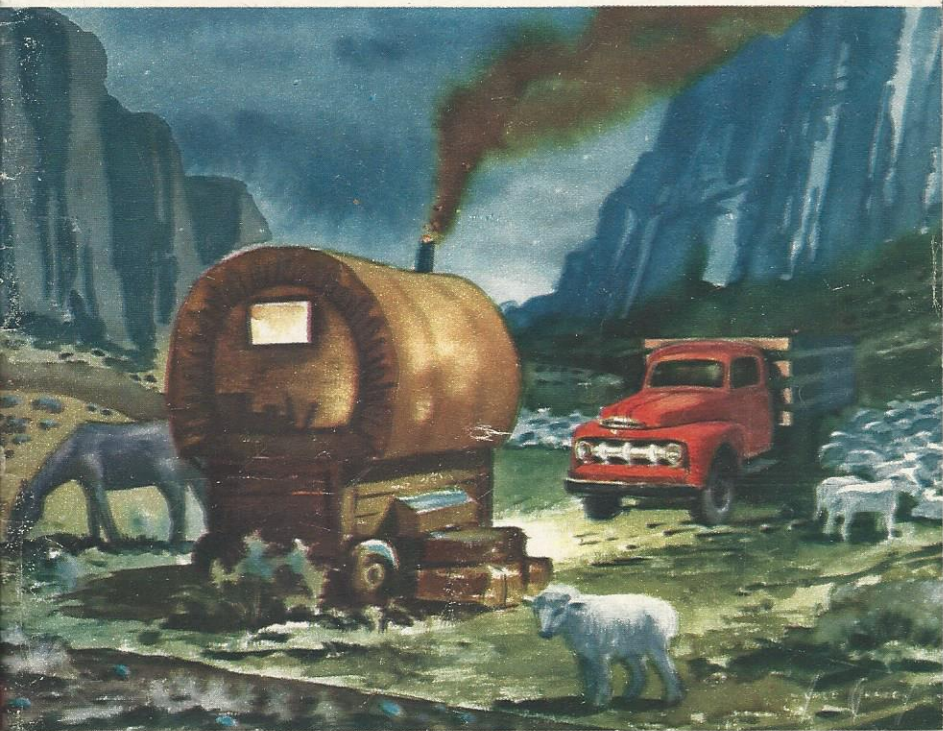


# FORD TRUCK TIMES

march-april 1951



*Night doesn't end the work of the sheep herder. It brings on a vigil against the rangeland predators which might harm the flock. In the cover painting Yale Gracey shows a camp wagon scene as described in "V-8 Shepherd," starting on the opposite page.*

# FORD TRUCK TIMES

march-april, 1951

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*Sheep for shearing are led through a gate that cuts out lambs.*

## V-8 Shepherd

*story and paintings by Yale Gracey*

FOR CENTURIES great segments of the world's population have depended on sheep for clothing, meat, and milk. They are so old in the line of domestic animals that little is known of their origin.

Earliest records—preserved on parchment made from the skin of sheep—show that some of the first were raised in central Asia, and that the practice gradually spread through the Middle East and into North Africa.

America's first domestic sheep arrived when Coronado left Mexico to explore what is now the southwest of the United States, bringing with him a herd of 5,000 to feed and clothe

his expedition. By the time he arrived in the region of New Mexico and Arizona his great herd had dwindled to 18 animals. From that small beginning has developed the United States' present great wool industry.

Although sheep raising is carried on in all of the 48 states, much of the industry is concentrated in the range lands beyond the Rockies. A typical sheep ranch is the 3,000-acre spread of M. C. Swapp at St. George, Utah, near Bryce Canyon.

Part of Swapp's property is more or less level grazing land, but part is rocky country with no trace of roads or trails. Because his light Ford stake truck has shown an uncanny ability to travel any type of land on his place, Swapp rates it equal in importance to his horses and sheep dogs. The truck even has a part in herding.

Swapp's sheep year begins in the fall when the herd is culled of less desirable sheep, which are shipped to market. The remaining females or ewes are then bred for early spring lambs, and the flock is sent off to fall and winter ranges in low, protected valleys. Here, because a sheep will eat almost any plant and feeds in a way that strips all growth down to the earth, the flock is used to clear off stubble and weeds.

Spring, with its lambing and shearing, brings on the busiest time of the year for the sheep rancher. The sheep are sent through a special gate that cuts out the lambs, and are led to shearing pens to await their turns.

The fleeces are cut by traveling crews of shearers, sometimes large enough to shear 1,200 sheep a day. Shearing is a skilled process, as the fleece must be removed in one piece that can be spread out with all parts of the wool in their natural positions. In this way wool of different qualities can be separated from the fleece.

The wool is packed in long sacks, 40 inches wide and 80 inches long, suspended from a frame. A man in the sack stamps the wool down firmly as it is dropped to him, gradually working himself to the top as the bag is filled with some 200 pounds.

As the snow recedes the sheep are herded about 10 miles a day for as many as 75 miles until they reach the summer ranges. Here the herder sets up his camp wagon, which will be home to him for many months. The herder's "home on the range" contains facilities for eating, sleeping, and all other necessities for existing out in the open. The truck stands by to aid in the herding, and to haul supplies as they are needed.

When sheep are to be herded in large numbers over open





country it is important to have breeds with strong flocking instincts, such as the Rambouillet and fine-wooled Merino.

The topography of the range governs the number of sheep which will graze together satisfactorily. The standard herd is 1,200 ewes with single lambs,

but in bushy or heavily timbered country the number may be reduced to as few as 750 animals.

The herder's work takes him to all parts of the herd; in front to slow down those who want to trail, to the sides to prevent strays, and to the rear to keep stragglers moving. During lambing time he must separate ewes from the flock for a few days until the new lambs are able to follow.

He must gather the unwanted lambs and bottle-feed them, as the ewes will shun them. At night when the stars shine down on his lonely camp wagon home, he must be alert to protect his flock from the coyote that howls on the butte. ■



*Wool for market is stamped into long canvas bags.*



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
★ *Americamera* ★  
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## **Eight-Ton Tow**

*photograph by W. L. Patrick→*

**M**ORE THAN 700 Skyraiders, like the one pictured at the right, have joined the Navy since their prototype first flew. Getting the opportunity to work with these planes is, for trucks, mostly a matter of having enough pull since it takes a lot of power to move the bluebirds, either on or off the ground. Model F-8 Fords are being used to handle the planes at the big Douglas Aircraft Company plant in El Segundo, California. The AD-4 Skyraider, heavily armed with guns and rapid-firing rockets, is the newest in a long line of Douglas scout, dive and torpedo planes, beginning with the XBT-1 back in 1935. The AD came into being through a Navy decision to combine all three functions into a single plane, as multi-purpose craft can add to the tactical effectiveness of a carrier task force without increasing the number of planes carried. As a result the AD-4 attack plane handles like a fighter, covers a long range with heavy bombs and torpedoes, and gives the fleet an eye that travels far ahead of surface ships.—ANDREW R. BOONE

## **Three-Ton Lift**

*photograph by William N. Robbins, Jr.→*

Mounted on the F-6 Ford shown in the lower picture is a Bucyrus-Erie Hydrocrane with a 26-foot standard telescopic boom. This unit is in constant use at the Thomas Somerville Company plant in Washington, D. C., unloading all types and sizes of steel, terra cotta, culvert pipe and other items weighing up to three tons. On a number of occasions large fuel oil tanks have been delivered and the truck-crane combination used to unload the tanks on the job site. The Somerville Company, which operates a fleet of more than twenty trucks, a majority of them Fords, has saved considerable money due to the mobility of the unit and the ease with which it can be taken to the job. ■





# 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



ONE DAY, as I was hauling fruit products along a country road, I was hailed by a hitchhiker so I obligingly offered him a lift. Shortly afterward I noticed that my watch was missing. Suspiciously I turned to the hitchhiker, who was sitting beside me, and exclaimed, "All right, hand over that watch!" The stranger meekly complied. When I returned home that night I was greeted by my wife who inquired, "How did you get on without your watch? I suppose you know that you left it on your dresser this morning."

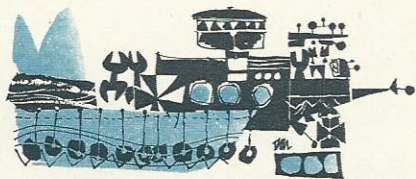
—MIKE BUROSH, Whiting, Indiana



ON A COLD winter night seven years ago, while driving through Elyria, Ohio, I stopped to put on my gloves. I had no sooner put them on when a middle-aged woman got into the car. Giving me a street name and number which I didn't recognize, she settled down for her trip. I told her she would have to help me find the place for I didn't know the town too well. She said to go to Main and turn left. When I asked where Main was she really got mad. How could a taxi driver be so stupid and incompetent. When I told her I wasn't a taxi driver she was madder than ever. Why had I put her to such inconvenience, and I should have told her sooner. I got her home and she offered me fifty cents, which I declined saying it was my pleasure to have such a charming guest in my humble car.

—JOHN C. HEIN, Lakewood, Ohio



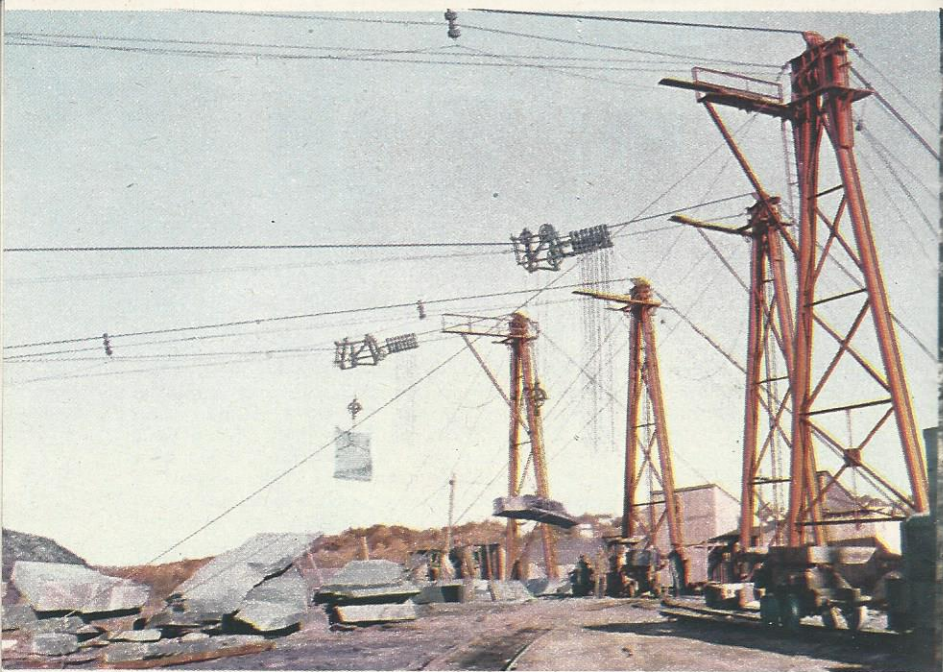


**L**AST YEAR I drove to Mexico in my old Ford, with a painter's kit as my only companion. Going, everything was fine, but on the way home the motor began to miss. Knowing that mountains were ahead, I stopped in a little village to have her fixed. The repair garage looked like a junk yard. When the mechanic came out, I tried in broken Spanish to explain, repeating, "Tune up." He nodded, "Si, si." Dubiously I left them at work deciding that I would do some painting. After two hours I went back and was horrified. Three men were working, parts were everywhere. The motor was completely dismantled. "Demasiado," I cried. "Too much." I visualized myself trying to borrow plane fare home, being certain this was the end of my Ford. "Paciendia," the mechanic placated, his two assistants still pounding gleefully. I waited two more hours. Then all the parts were back, and they motioned me to start her up. I tramped on the starter, the motor purred like a kitten, and has ever since. "Cuanto?" I asked, figuring my bill would be about fifty dollars. "Six American dollars," the mechanic answered. "I like Fords, I used to work in the Dearborn factory."

—MARTIN PRIETO, Miami, Florida

## ***Are You Serviced for Safety?***

**A** factor in highway safety that too few recognize is the obligation of drivers to keep their trucks and cars in peak operating condition. Because of mounting highway casualties—31,500 persons were killed in 1949—the Inter-Industry Highway Safety Committee, sponsored by automobile and tire manufacturers, car dealers, and the National Safety Council, has designated May as a national Safety-Check month. Much of the emphasis will be on keeping all vehicles "serviced for safety." This includes periodic examination of running gear, brakes, lights, and other safety items. Aside from the safety angle, participants will get a dividend in reduced upkeep, because experience has shown that an ounce of preventive maintenance is worth more than a pound of repairs. But the best thing to remember is that having a car or truck "safety serviced" is a contribution to a determined campaign against accidents. ■





← *This is the landing onto which the big blocks of slate are hoisted before they go to cutters who break them to working size.*

## Mining Ten-Ton Blackboards

*story and photographs by Jay J. Dugan*

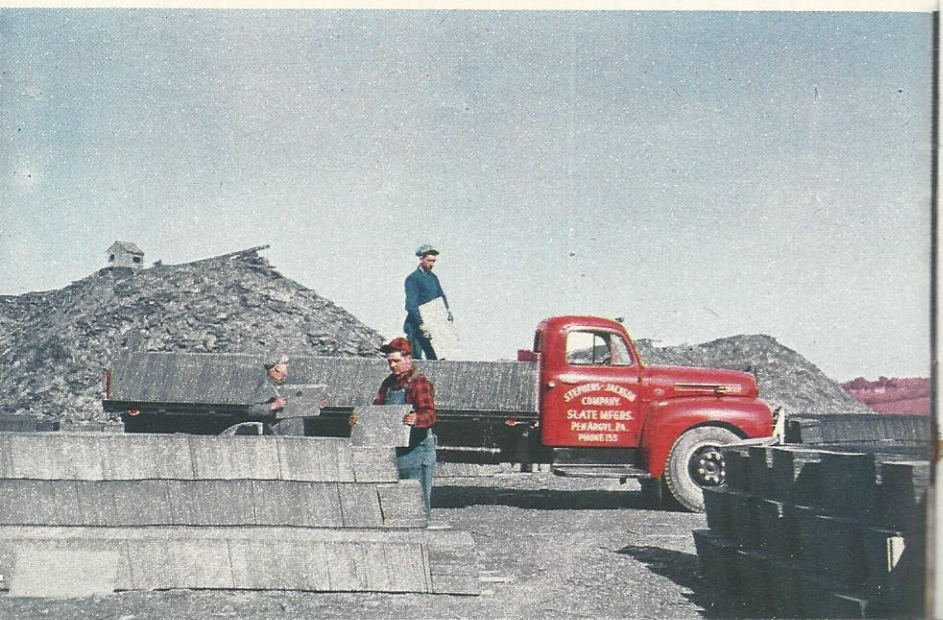
NEARLY EVERY day for the past 113 years the able-bodied men of two Pennsylvania mountain towns have been delving deeper and deeper into their work. Today many of them are 650 feet down in some of the most awesome holes east of the Grand Canyon. These are the open pit slate quarries of Bangor and Pen Argyl from which has been blasted, gouged, sawed and pried the roofing for millions of homes and buildings, along with thousands of square feet of schoolroom blackboards.

The country's greatest slate belt stretches for twenty-two miles on or close to the surface in Northampton County. It occurs in "runs" from three to four miles wide pockmarked with sheer man-dug craters so deep that the sun never reaches bottom. Though the mercury "on top" might be near boiling there is always ice in the crater's depths.

This vast repository of slate was formed millions of years ago from a muddy clay which settled out of the sea in alternate flat layers called beds. Geologic disturbances folded some of these beds back on each other like soft dough, dropped others straight down into the earth for hundreds of feet. In quarrying these latter the walls are left slick as mirrors and "holemen" who wrest the tough flinty rock from its beds have a rather chilling ride to work. They go down on a small open platform suspended from a spidery cable which spans the quarry. The sensation is something like that of descending the face of the Empire State Building on a manhole cover dangling from a length of knitting yarn.

Visitors merely peering into the breathtaking blue-gray depths find their heads lightening to the consistency of smoke, and usually palely refuse offers of a ride down. Holemen accompanying the stout-hearted wait until the platform is dangling hundreds of feet above the bed before spinning harrowing tales of previous disasters.

← *The Old Bangor quarry, one of the first in the Pennsylvania slate belt, was opened a century ago. It still produces excellent slate.*





← *Splitters and trimmers cleave and size shingles in shanties, throwing refuse slate out windows to form this tremendous pile of "flagin'."*

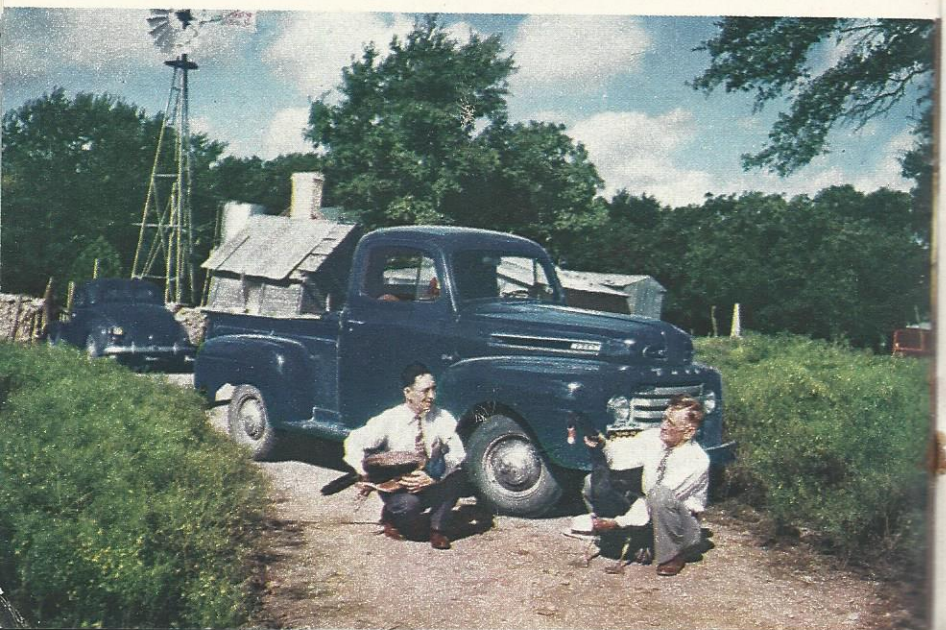
The most spine-tingling of these concerns two young brothers who comprised the night shift of the now-abandoned Parsons Brothers Quarry. One dark, windy night as they were being lowered into the pitch black chasm, something went wrong and the platform toppled over. Down into the thousand-foot gorge pitched their lanterns, but as the brothers fell they grasped the end of the chain and there followed one of the most frightening descents in the history of slate quarrying. Terrorized and shaking they managed to hold on until they reached bottom.

The heavy, hazardous work of quarrying is done mostly by descendants of the original Welshmen who came here from their own slate mines in Wales. They are warm and friendly, but a proud, self-reliant lot, and their quarrying practices have been little changed over the years. To get a bite into the tough, flat surface of a bed, holemen bore out a pair of round cores with a shot-and-water abrasive under the sharp steel rim of a revolving hollow drum. Using the same abrasive they knife down into the bed with an endless wire saw suspended between two uprights sitting in the core holes. Then they wedge in and pry out blocks weighing from three to ten tons. These are lifted by chain and cable to the "landing" where they are cut into smaller blocks for finishing.

Along with great tensile strength, durability, hardness, smoothness and imperviousness to weather, slate's most valuable characteristic is the ease with which it can be cleaved into smooth, flat planes. In making roofing slates the splitter takes blocks about three inches thick and with a chisel and hammer taps out sixteen or eighteen "plates" about a sixth of an inch thick. These are trimmed to size by inserting between a sharp edge and a moving knife acting like a guillotine.

A busy fleet of Ford trucks does yeoman duty hauling the freshly-quarried mountains of slate to builders all over the East. Big F-8's make daily runs to Baltimore and New York with man-size 15-ton loads. Other Fords lug slate out of the belt for laboratory tables, walks, sills, partitions, and many other uses where durability and functional good looks are the factors of importance. ■

← *A Ford flat bed truck is loaded with roofing slate for delivery to southern building markets. Slate men are steady users of these trucks.*





← *An English white swan shows off among his foreign friends.*

## *Feathered United Nations*

*by Ervin Hickman*

*photographs by A. C. Jorns*

JOHN BURKS, a former deputy sheriff of Erath County in central Texas, has operated a United Nations of his own for nearly half a century, and reports that throughout his custodianship little but harmony has prevailed.

Burks' UN is made up of more than 1,000 wild and domesticated birds from nearly a score of countries. He raises his birds for sale to zoos and parks and to stock private game preserves. He started collecting his colorful flock 45 years ago as a hobby, and as the enterprise grew he gradually took it over full time.

Now a strange assortment of colors is sprinkled over his 260-acre ranch. There are geese from Egypt; green peafowls from Java, and white ones from India; white Sevastopol holy geese from Italy; black swans and green parakeets from Australia; white swans from England; gray pigeons from Germany; golden pheasants from Japan; white snow ducks from Alaska; black ducks from New Zealand. From Canada and the United States come Canada geese and mallard and pintail ducks.

To top it all, a Russian sheep dog looks after the birds and keeps the place free of varmints that relish their eggs.

All of his varied hens lay eggs but none seems to care about hatching them, so Burks provides motherly turkey hens for that chore. On few farms but his can a visitor see a dignified turkey followed by a brood of little swans and peafowls.

Aside from his zoo, park, and sporting customers, Burks finds that doctors buy a large portion of his peacocks and peahens. Although he knows the purchases are not for laboratory experimentation, he doesn't know why the physicians should be so partial to these birds. "I can't give a reason for it," he says, "they just seem to like a peafowl around." ■

← *The author, left, holds a peafowl, Burks displays a black swan.*



*This field of strawberries is cultivated by a Hu*

## SHORTCAKE

*story and paintings by*

**T**HE STRAWBERRY is king in eastern Louisiana from February to May. It has become a major industry engaging the year-around efforts of 12,000 farmers who plant and harvest 23,000 acres of strawberries annually. With approximately 15,000 plants to the acre, the number of strawberries produced is staggering. Over a hundred express car loads, several cargo plane shipments, and hundreds of truckloads leave Ham-



*Strawberries are mulched with needles from nearby piney woods.*





garian settlement in eastern Louisiana.

## E CAPITAL

Ralph Wickiser

mond daily, and this is only one of several shipping centers.

Strawberries have been grown commercially in Louisiana for over 70 years. As the pine-land was cut over, various immigrant groups moved in and settled in towns where they live today very much as they did in their homelands. The strawberry has had an economic and cultural impact throughout the area that is readily seen at Hammond, often referred

*Nimble hands pick down the long rows during the hurried harvest.*



to as the strawberry capital of the world. During the season this sleepy southern town is converted into a busy metropolis thronged with wagons and trucks hurrying freshly-picked berries to market.

The successful raising of strawberries depends on facilities for rapid shipping and marketing of the fruit, and on the availability of labor for picking, suppliers of crates and boxes, suitable soil, drainage and irrigation, and natural protection from freezing. Eastern Louisiana has all of these, the tall pines affording protection from the cold and at the same time providing needles for mulch.

After the berry harvest in late April, new seeding beds are prepared and in June the young plants are set out. Meanwhile, the mother plants send out shoots which root in the ground every four or five inches. These are transplanted in November. If the weather is dry, rows are irrigated from wells on the land which can flood the middles whenever the occasion demands.

Strawberries are picked early in the morning and rushed to the packing shed where they are sorted for quality and shape, then packed in pint cartons and placed in crates. The crates are then speeded by truck to one of the auction houses where buyers for commission houses, independent jobbers, and representatives of large chain stores inspect the fruit and note their choices on yellow sheets which list the various lots of

*Heavy cargo planes speed the ripe strawberries to distant markets.* →

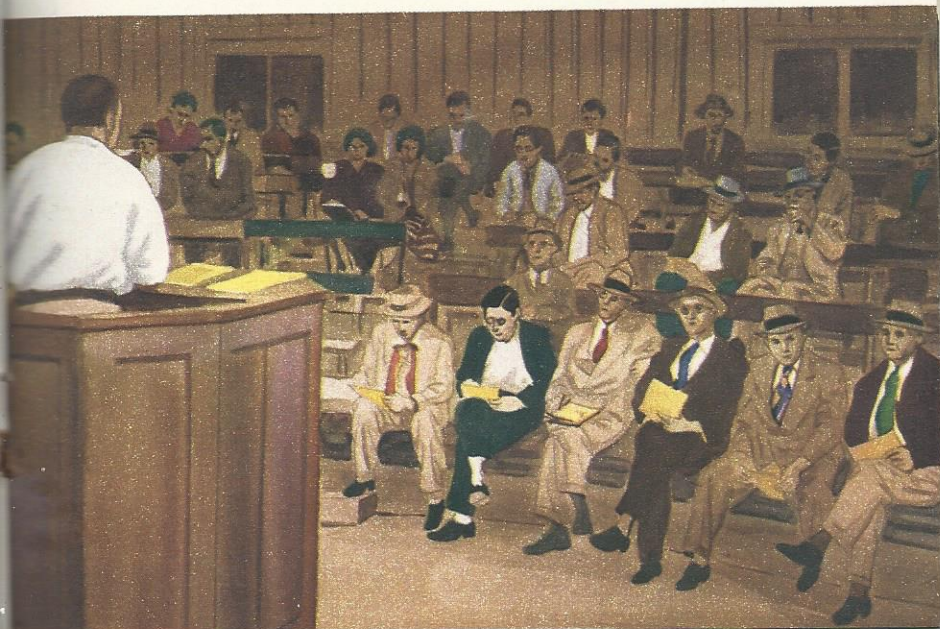
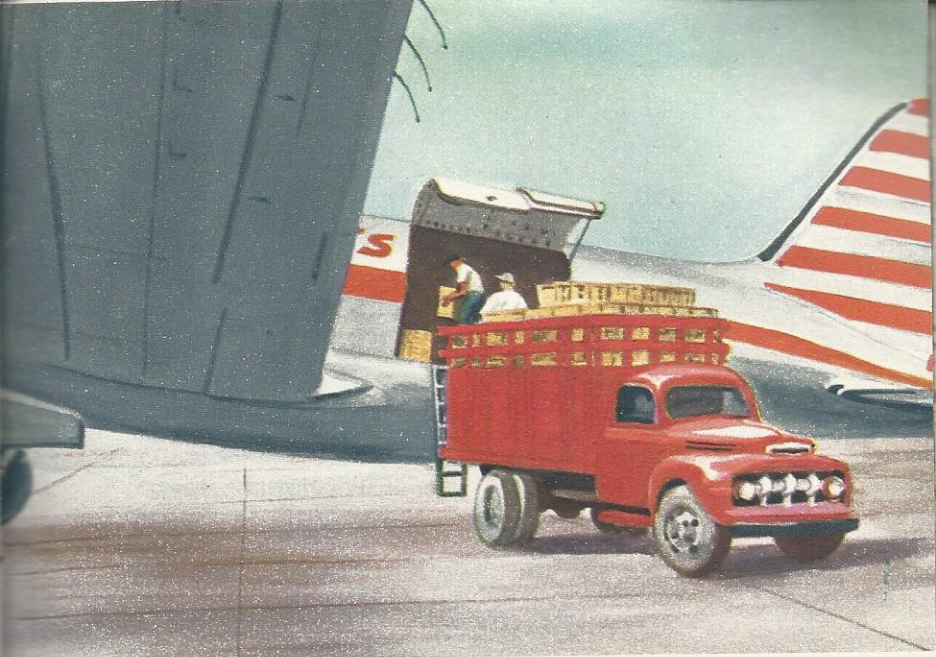
berries according to brand and an identifying number. Buyers sit in tiers above the auctioneer and the sale proceeds as he chants. Bids are indicated by a stroke of the chin or a tap of the shoulder. It is a current joke in the strawberry belt that a spectator once bought a carload of berries when he absentmindedly combed his hair.

After inspection by the Federal authority, the fruit is immediately shipped out to metropolitan centers. Shipping by large refrigerated trucks and by airplane is an innovation. Berries loaded in Independence in the afternoon arrive in Fort Worth, 500 miles away, for the market next morning. Much of the ripe crop is frozen by processors in the area.

Strawberrying is a fantastic business, gambling with nature and the market. The berry farmer's fortune can be wiped out in ten minutes by hail or a heavy frost, and he depends on the tang of spring in the air up north to whet the appetite for strawberries. He is busy the year around and finds his truck indispensable for bringing in needles from the piney woods, speeding berries to market, hauling crates, cartons, fertilizer, and spray, transporting pickers, and carrying the entire family to the nightly auction or to the annual strawberry festival. ■

*Berry buyers in the auction shed indicate their bids with gestures.* →





*When misfire occurs, little dog brings more dynamite in his mouth. →*

## They Ride With Death

*by Marty McIntyre*

*photographs by John Kelley*

**T**HE explosion of two hundred quarts of nitroglycerine would blast New York's Times Square into rubble. Yet every hour of the working day this country's five hundred oil field nitroglycerine "shooters" load, transport and detonate that much without turning a hair.

Few oil wells come in with a rush. After the hole has been drilled to a proper depth the surrounding shale in most wells must be loosened by a heavy blast in order to permit the crude oil to seep freely into the well bottom for easy pumping. Nitroglycerine is a vicious concoction thirteen times as efficient as gunpowder. Making and trucking the touchy load to an almost inaccessible well site, and placing and detonating the shot, are the hard tasks of the rock-nerved shooters.

Each shooter is assigned a truck in top condition with every conceivable safety device. He loads the carefully-constructed ten-quart tin cans of nitroglycerine into rubber "boats" in a cushioned box on the bed of the truck. Some shooters also work as "makers" in a delicate bit of chemistry that can end in a sudden blast any time during the mix to leave a gaping hole and a roar that sets anxious wives to wondering.

After the nitroglycerine has been transported to the well, it is carefully hand-poured into long tin shells called torpedoes and gently lowered into the hole, sometimes well over 1,000 feet down. Occasionally a shot will get wedged and must be fished out. This operation is so ticklish that Ted Millikan, head shooter for Pringle Company, does it himself, regarding it as "too dangerous for the boys." Properly placed, the shot is detonated by a stick of dynamite.

Their perilous occupation is just another way of making a living for these oil country shooters. Queried regarding his choice of the hazardous trade, one laconic young giant grinned, "Guess I'm just too nervous to steal!" ■

*Dynamite "squid" is prepared to detonate nitroglycerine charge. →*





## *Serving the Lime Works*

*photographs by Richard K. Wood*

BACK last summer the Southern States Lime Corporation of Crab Orchard, Tennessee, bought three F-7 Big Jobs specially equipped for work in the underground quarry where limestone used in their business is mined. The big trucks, shown in the photographs at right, were to replace a number of smaller trucks having insufficient loading heights, in view of the company's purchase of a new rock loader.

Two months later a member of the lime firm was moved to write a letter which he started by saying, "As a general rule a consumer will register an immediate complaint concerning defective material, but rarely, if ever, will anyone commend a manufacturer if equipment is above average. We want to be an exception to this rule."

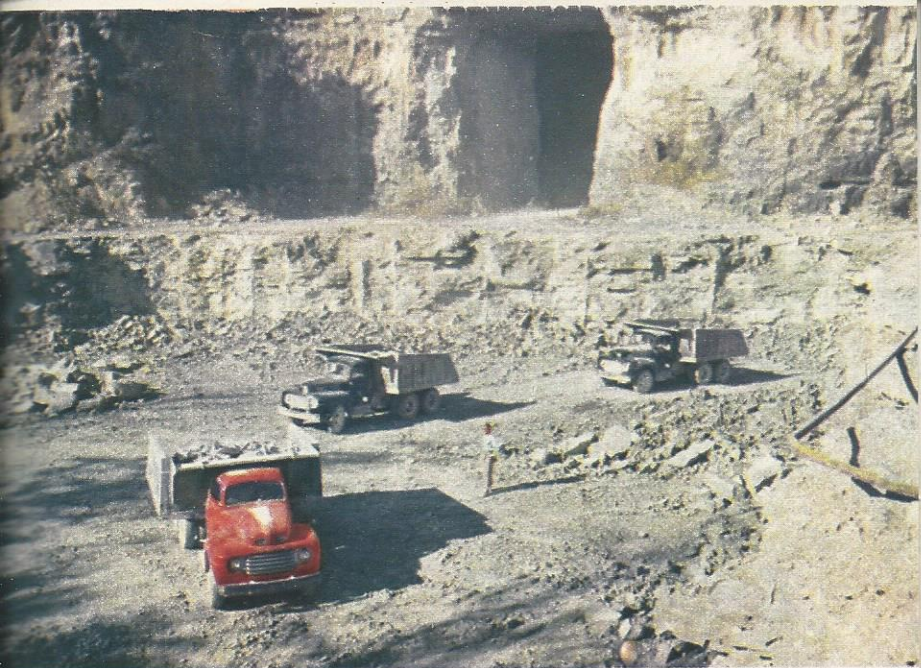
It seems that the F-7's had contributed greatly toward a production increase of 20 per cent, a figure that stopped at that point only because the plant setup would not handle the full load the trucks could bring to the crusher. As delivered, the F-7's were capable of hauling 14 tons each, but the loads were reduced to 10 tons when it was found that peak efficiency was gained at that point.

A series of cost figures on operation of the new units, covering wages, gasoline, oil, and miscellaneous expenses, showed that the firm was hauling rock out of the quarry at a cost of  $2\frac{3}{4}$  cents per ton. The same cost under the old system of using eight smaller units was  $8\frac{1}{4}$  cents per ton.

Added to these findings was the fact that repair and maintenance were found to be very low. But no matter how well a piece of equipment functions, a time is bound to come when a new part is needed. That time came for the lime company just recently when a transmission gear needed replacing, with the nearest dealer having the part in stock about 70 miles away.

It would appear that such a separation of part and customer would mean a delay of several days, but in this case it was a matter of little more than overnight. In response to a phone call made one day the part arrived in the lime company's repair shop by noon the next. ■





## Mail Truck

Dear Sirs: I have been reading the FORD TRUCK TIMES for some time and have always enjoyed the different articles, and always work out the Puzzle Page. However, I have run across an error in the second puzzle in the November-December, 1950, issue, the one which will always give an answer of 1089. Please note that if you take a number where the first and last digits are consecutive, as in 645, so that reversing and subtracting leaves a difference of 99, the final result will never be 1089. For example, reversing 645 gives 546, and subtracting the smaller from the larger leaves 99. Reversing 99 and adding the two results in 198 only. Therefore, it is not a safe puzzle to pull on a friend as I have found since some will pick a number like this one. Better advise FORD TRUCK TIMES readers.

J. E. SCHAFFNER  
St. Louis, Missouri

*(Editor's Note: This is one of more than sixty letters we have received pointing out this apparent error. We regret that we failed to publish an additional instruction in the puzzle which takes care of this particular case. The puzzle was originally stated as follows: Have a friend write down any three-digit number on a piece of paper, making certain that no two of the digits are alike. For the second step have him reverse the order of the digits in his selection and subtract the smaller from the larger. For step number three, have him reverse the order of the digits in the result of step two and add the two figures. The answer will always be 1089. The additional instruction: Always subtract through to three places even though it results in the left-hand digit being zero. For example, 645 less 546 is 099, this reversed is 990. Add these and the total is 1089.)*

Dear Sirs: I am a teacher of vocational agriculture, and keep copies of your magazine for members of the FFA (Future Farmers of America) to browse through. Prompted by your Dixie Tallyho article, we decided to send you pictures showing what can be done with a pickup. When we first received our F-1 which was so generously given us by the Clemons Motor Company of Comanche, we wanted to use it for hauling calves or pigs, and also to transport members on field trips and for community service. This presented a problem, but we scouted the community for materials and came up with the results shown. The four standards in the pickup bed are



made from wagon tires while regular grain-bed standards are used on the rear. These protect the ends of the 1 x 6 boards that make up the sides of the frame. The boys are shown putting the bows and tarp frames in place. These were made from two bed rails and four pieces of buggy tires. The tarp came from an old tent and the seats were taken from a discarded school bus. The boys have used the pickup on field trips, terracing, dehorning, and vaccinating, these being only a few of the many community service jobs that the FFA renders.

ARCHIE E. BOYD, JR.  
Sidney, Texas



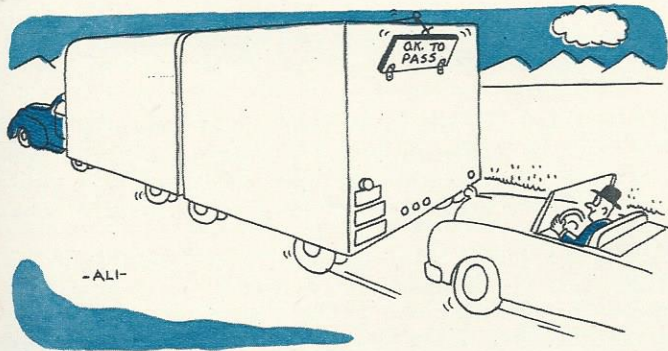
Dear Sirs: We received a freight car on our switch at the Pequannock Valley Paper Company with a load of Canadian wet lap pulp. The freight car, which weighs in empty at 40,000 pounds, had a load of 80,000 pounds, making a gross weight of 120,000 pounds or 60 tons. The trainmen placed the car in the wrong location, and we found there was no switch engine available to move it to the warehouse door. If it had been downgrade we could have coasted, but this was not the case. We had a 1948 F-5 stake truck with a 5,000-pound load on it which we left there in order to give the rear wheels a firm footing. Hooking a steel cable from the Ford to the freight car, we told the driver that in the event the clutch slipped or the truck showed any signs of undue labor to release the clutch and forget about the whole deal. The Ford hauled the freight car approximately 75 feet to the location we wanted without a groan or a grunt. The weight of the truck, the load and the freight car brought the total to 66½ tons that the 100 hp V-8 hauled from a standing position upgrade. Of course we should have had our heads examined for abusing a piece of equipment in that fashion, but we were in a spot. As far as we know, it didn't hurt the truck a bit.

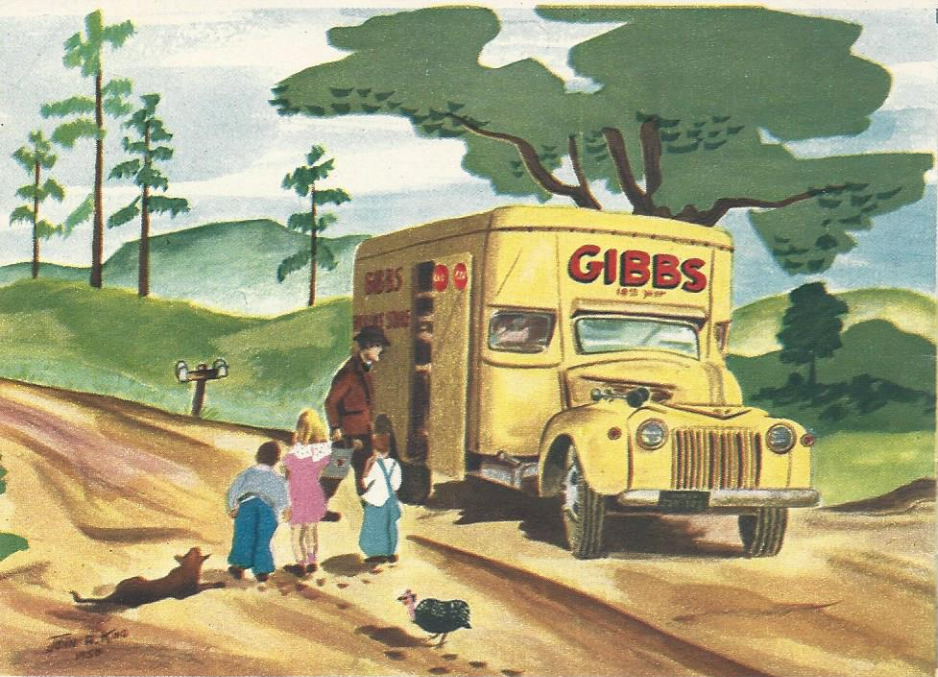
W. C. WHITE, III  
Butler, New Jersey



Dear Sirs: I am sending you a picture of what is believed to be the first panel body made by the Ford Motor Company. It was used for commercial traveling in New Mexico in 1913-1914, over the highways and byways, when the highways were all byways consisting mostly of two tracks and a lot of high centers. The undaunted salesman, Paul Copeland, carried a hatchet and a butcher knife to chip out the roadway when the car hung up. To make matters worse, it was a "widetread" Ford which didn't even fit the wagon tracks! Paul Copeland has been with the Kellogg Company for 40 years, starting in 1911 as a salesman. As Regional Sales Manager with headquarters in Denver, his territory now covers eight states. He received some national publicity a few years ago when he had completed 1,000,000 miles of driving without an accident. He is naturally proud of his many years of safe driving and recently wrote me, "Mileage is now about 1,200,000 and same old record."

FRANCES C. GUNDRY  
Minneapolis, Minnesota





*The rolling store stops for customers during its 50-mile run through the highlands of Cullman County in northern Alabama.*

## *Alabama Rolling Store*

*by Warren T. Musgrove*

*paintings by John A. King*

GOING to the store is a major problem for folks who live in the hills of northern Alabama's Cullman County. People on Buttermilk Mountain, or out around Riverbend, have winding miles of steep grades between their homes and the cross-roads grocer.

Luckily for them, however, one Carter Gibbs long ago realized their predicament and went into business to help them out. For 18 years now Gibbs' Ford truck rolling stores have been bringing vittles and sundries to hill country doors.



In addition to being their grocer, Gibbs is an outlet for their produce, trading much of his merchandise for butter, eggs, and poultry. For this reason he is generally known as "the peddler."

It would seem impossible for Gibbs' present 1947-model V-8 van-type store on wheels to contain the variety of stock he offers. There are churns and chewing gum, cokes and crackerjacks, teething rings and toy pistols. These are in addition to his canned and bulk goods, staples and fancies, and refrigerated fresh meats.

The rolling store begins its work day at 6:30 a.m., near U. S. Highway 31 in Hanceville. The store pulls up to the Gibbs warehouse and the driver prepares to re-stock for the day's run of 50 miles over unpaved roads and through four ancient covered bridges.

Gibbs has worked out a clever system for replenishing low items. The driver, standing in the rolling store, turns on a two-way communication system and starts calling for the goods he needs. The stock in the warehouse is arranged in the same order as the stock in the rolling store. When the driver faces sardines and salmon on his shelves, Gibbs faces sardines and salmon in the warehouse.

"Better give me 10 sardines and six large salmons," the loudspeaker orders, and Gibbs drops the cans in a large basket. He moves along the shelves until they are stocked up on canned goods. "We'll need five cartons of cigarettes and 11 cans of snuff—no, make it five snuffs and 11 plugs of Brown's Mule—we're making the Riverbend run today." And so it goes until about 8 a.m. when the store is loaded with practically everything a farmer might call for at a general store.

Above the windshield are four rolls of brightly colored oilcloth. In other nooks and corners hang vending cards of aspirin, combs, razor blades, and bobby pins. Behind the driver's seat is a 50-gallon drum of coal oil, an important item because many of the homes still use lamplight. And the electric ice box is piled high with many types of fresh meats.

As customers gather at the door in the side of the truck store they are faced with a vegetable stand full of fresh fruits, lettuce, cabbage, onions. The stand top serves as a counter, and its three-foot length is used to measure yardage from the stock of gay bolts of gingham packed on nearby shelves. Beyond the cloth is the canned goods, followed by candies, tobaccos,

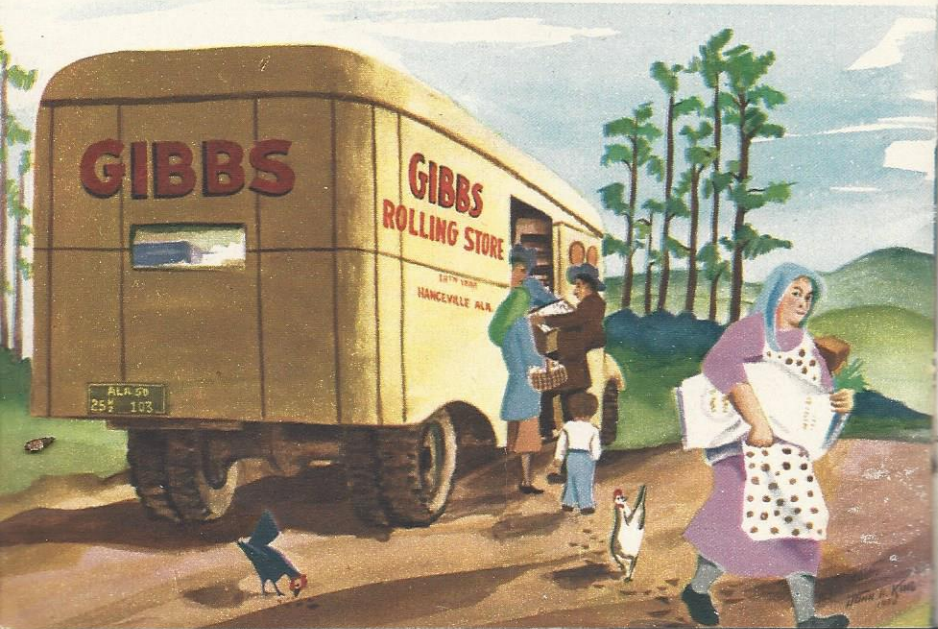
clothespins and lines, and miscellaneous sundries and notions.

In the back of the store are empty egg crates, brooms, and sacks of flour and poultry feed. The feed is a doubly important item, because it comes in sacks made of brightly printed cambrics. The women are the feed buyers as they wouldn't think of allowing the menfolks to select the sack patterns that will later become draperies, dresses, aprons, napkins, and tablecloths. When more than one sack is to be bought, the wives insist that they are of the same pattern. Underneath the truck are rows of empty coops to contain the chickens the housewives bring to trade for merchandise.

Nearly always the store carries special orders for families along the route. There may be a medium brown hairnet for Mrs. Jones, a new straight razor for old man Gipson, or a couple of tubes of BB shot for little Robby Haze. No matter how unusual the request, folks can almost always count on the Gibbs Ford rolling up with it a few days or a week later.

The roar of the V-8 grinding up the gravel grade is the signal for the family to get ready for their shopping. Farmer

*Butter, eggs, and poultry mean the same thing as money  
for people who trade with Gibbs' V-8 store on wheels.*





Brown ambles out for a plug of Apple and to talk about crop prospects. Mrs. Brown gathers her eggs and butter to trade for flour, matches, and paper pokes to put the children's lunches in. Junior comes running with the right change for bubble gum and a balloon. And, if he's been good, his mother may allow him to buy one of the wiggly rubber lizards that are the peddler's special for the day. The peddler is careful to bring something appealing to children on every trip.

The rolling store rumbles back to the warehouse in Hanceville about 8 p.m. covered with mud or dust from its long unpaved grind. It is still loaded, but the nature of the load has changed. In place of the tobacco, flour, sugar, and canned goods there are crates of fresh eggs, crocks of butter, and coops of fat hens. And in place of the aspirin, bobby pins, candy, and playthings there is a much fatter till than when things started rolling that morning. ■



*"I think the little one is my trailer license."*

# Notes from the Economy Run



*Following are published excerpts from two Ford truck case histories out of similar thousands reported at the close of the recent Ford Truck Economy Run:*

“**W**E have found that our Ford F-6 truck saves us both time and money. Its driving ease, quicker starting and good braking enable us to make more pickups and deliveries than with any other truck we have tried. We also find this truck economical to operate as the fuel consumption is low, averaging around twelve miles per gallon. We change oil every 1500 miles without adding. The Ford Truck Economy Run has convinced me. Our payloads range from small deliveries of house trim to loads of lumber weighing 20,000 pounds from railroad sidings to our yard. This truck has been in our service continuously since July 20, 1948, and to date we have not spent money for any type of repairs. We have used Ford trucks and Ford cars exclusively in our business and find them of the highest quality throughout, needing the minimum of care.”—R. F. NIEMEIER, Variety Millwork Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

**F**ROM WALTER C. JEANES of Armco Drainage and Metal Products, Inc., Atlanta, Georgia, whose F-6 Ford tractor chucked up a record of outstanding operating economy, comes this comment: “I’m more than willing to prove my Ford’s economy; I *know* I get more mileage, and I *know* how much I save on repairs because the record shows it in black and white.”



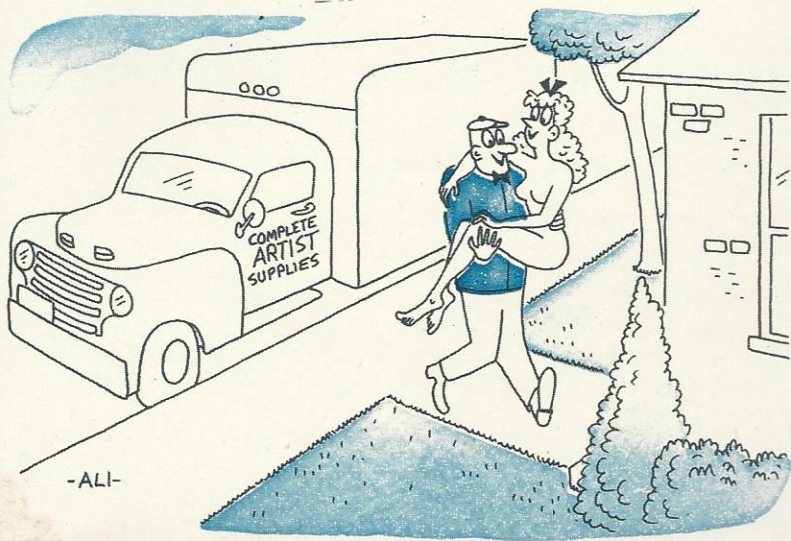


## PROBLEM OF THE ROAD

**THE PROBLEM:** One Sunday afternoon, my brother and I picked several baskets of walnuts. We took them home, feeling very pleased at our afternoon's work, but when we tried to get the hulls off we soon decided it was going to be too hard a job to do. Then we thought of an idea that worked fine.

**THE SOLUTION:** We took Dad's Ford pickup truck, jacked up the rear end with a bumper jack, and dug a small trench in the ground under one of the rear wheels. Then we started the motor and let the walnuts run through the trench under the wheel. This really took the hulls off in a hurry.

—GEORGE A. BOWERS, JR., Bellville, Ohio



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*This issue is of special  
Importance to Drivers*

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