

# FORD TRUCK TIMES

may-june 1951



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HIS SAVINGS BUY 2 TRUCKS A YEAR . . . page 1

POWER PILOT SAVES YOU MONEY . . . page 26

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may-june, 1951

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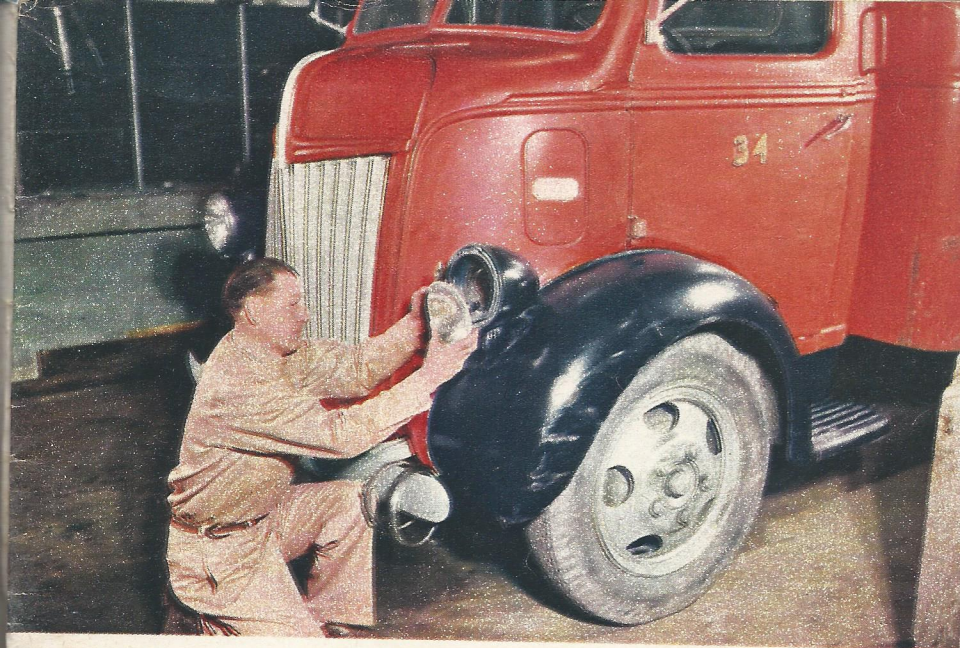
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*Mechanic Lou Kemp replaces a headlamp in this 1942 cab-over V-8.*

## Cash in Al's Pocket

*Preventive maintenance nets meat hauler  
two new Ford Trucks a year*

*by Burgess H. Scott*

*photographs by Edgar Carlson*

**M**OST Detroit meat consumers are unaware of it, but five o'clock each week-day morning is zero hour for the delivery of a quarter million pounds or more of their daily steaks and chops. At that time 24 insulated Ford meat trucks, ranging in age from 1942 to 1950 models, are warming up at the loading dock of the Motor City Cartage Company, largest car-route meat distributor in the Detroit area.

The cartage company is family owned, operated by Al



*Newly arrived meat is quickly loaded into Ford delivery trucks.→*

Scott and his son Richard, and delivers meat shipped in by the big packers from as far away as Oklahoma, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and Nebraska. After the beef quarters, veal, lamb, and other meats are unloaded from the rail refrigerator cars, Scott's main concern is fast and reliable delivery to wholesalers and retailers scattered over the metropolitan Detroit area.

This is where the Ford fleet comes in. Scott says there are three factors that contribute greatly toward having a fleet that is ready to start every working day: 1. Having good trucks to begin with; 2. Following a rigid maintenance plan; 3. Assigning to each truck a good driver who takes pride in his equipment.

*The result of such a program? Says Scott, "By keeping our Ford fleet in top condition we save enough to buy two new trucks a year."*

The Motor City Cartage maintenance plan is strict, but it pays off. At the end of each day drivers turn in reports on which are listed any defects that need attention, no matter how slight. Defective units immediately go into Motor City's repair and maintenance shop where two mechanics are on duty to restore them quickly to operating condition.

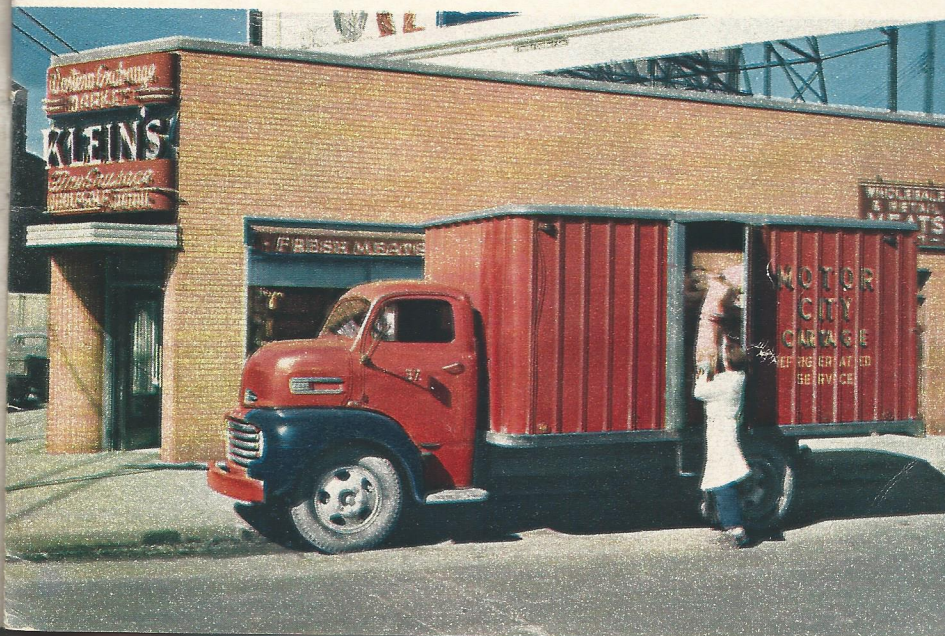
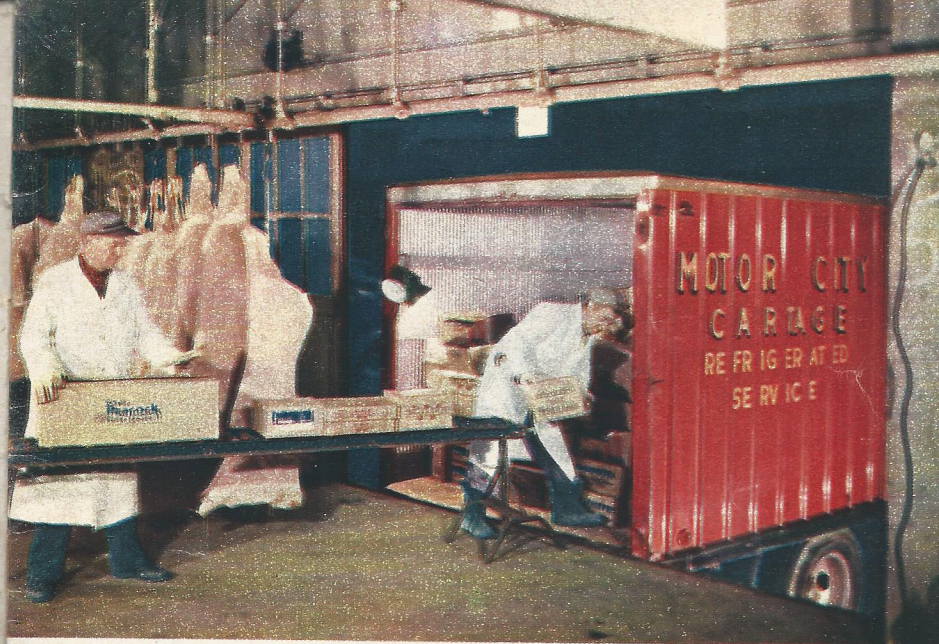
The company shop does work on the trucks only to a pre-determined degree of maintenance, which includes care of radiators, tires, ignition, batteries, lights, and minor lubrication. Scott's Ford dealer, the W. B. Deyo Company, of Detroit, has a parts setup which assures delivery of needed items within 30 minutes on emergency calls. This is of great importance from a delivery standpoint because a 10,000-pound load of meat might be standing by for the part.

Heavier repairs and pressure lubrication are sent out to the dealer's service department. The major repair jobs are generally known in advance, and arrangements can be made to have the truck taken out of service for the required time. But occasionally a heavy maintenance emergency will arise that needs high speed work to avoid costly spoilage. When that happens Scott's dealer always has space and mechanics available for immediate work. This cooperative Ford service has helped Motor City Cartage maintain its claim as Detroit's finest meat distributor.

Drivers' daily reports are studied regularly as mileage mounts for signs that indicate a loss of efficiency in the engine.

*Driver delivers a side of fresh meat to a grocery on his route.→*







When records show that fuel and oil consumption, or loss of compression, are at a stage that indicates a complete overhaul is necessary, the unit is sent to Deyo's where its engine is replaced with an authorized Ford rebuilt engine.

The company has a rule that each reconditioned engine is to be broken in like a new one, and this precaution is reflected by long, trouble-free service. Some of the Motor City Cartage units have had four or five engine replacements over the years and are still performing like new.

Motor City's practice of having a driver permanently assigned to a single truck and route also adds up to longer equipment life and more efficient operation. The driver learns where chuckholes, bumps, bad alleys, and rough grade-crossings are, and learns to avoid them. He knows the times of day when traffic is congested along his route, and finds short cuts to bypass the trouble spots. Being familiar with all traffic laws in that area results in better time and further savings.

Such insistence on correct maintenance and operation sounds complicated, but experience and the books have shown Scott that it's worth the time. He has found that if a driver loses even an hour a day because of faulty equipment, the company loses \$8.00 or more. Multiply this by 24 units, and you see that lack of care can dig into the profits. This means a loss in revenue in addition to a severe loss in service.

Motor City Cartage Company's two new trucks each year should be reminders enough that this preventive maintenance program is worthwhile, but they are reminded over again at the close of each working week after their Ford fleet has completed trouble-free delivery of up to 1,500,000 pounds of Detroit's vital meat supply. ■

WANT TO SEE complete data and specifications on the F-6's that Motor City Cartage Company uses? Fill in the spaces below and mail to FORD TRUCK TIMES, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. (Please print plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





## The Arms "Away-Home" *photographs by John Calkins*

**H**UGH ARMS & SON, Ford dealer in South Lyon, Michigan, built this Custom Deluxe Land Cruiser on an F-3 parcel delivery chassis, and reports that the complete home on wheels handles with the ease of a passenger car. The chassis was lengthened to a 160-inch wheelbase to receive the 22½-foot, aluminum-covered and steel-framed body. Head clearance is 6 feet, 2 inches. The cruiser has six-volt wiring for lights, and 110-volt wiring for an electric stove, refrigerator, hot water heater, and lights while parked. It has plumbing for both hot and cold water. Cupboards, closets, and drawers provide ample storage space. Called the Arms "Away-Home," the cruiser weighs only 6,375 pounds, cruises at 50 to 60 mph, and averages about 13 miles per gallon. ■





# Stories of the Road

**T**HE 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



**T**HE POLICE DEPARTMENT of a local community received a telephone call from an excited farmer's wife. "There's a man in a Ford truck parked by the side of the highway," she explained breathlessly, "and he's been waving his arms frantically for about 15 minutes. Please investigate for I'm afraid he's in serious trouble." The police car raced to the scene immediately, sirens wailing. They found a husky young truck driver, blushing with embarrassment, and minus his trousers. "Sure, I was waving my arms," he growled. "How else could I mend this rip in the seat of my pants?"

—MRS. C. M. MORRIS, Oak Harbor, Washington



**G**AZING OUT of our front window one Sunday morning, I was amazed to see a lean Hereford steer dashing madly around the hayfield with a blue 1950 Ford pickup in hot pursuit. The driver, bumping over the rough hayfield in his Ford, herded the steer around the field until it was winded, then proceeded to bull-dog it before an admiring crowd of motorists who had stopped to watch the unusual performance. Upon investigation we learned that a truckload of steers had upset about a mile up the highway, and our neighbor boy in his farm truck had completed an "unscheduled roundup" and brought the last steer's hedge-hopping career to a timely end.

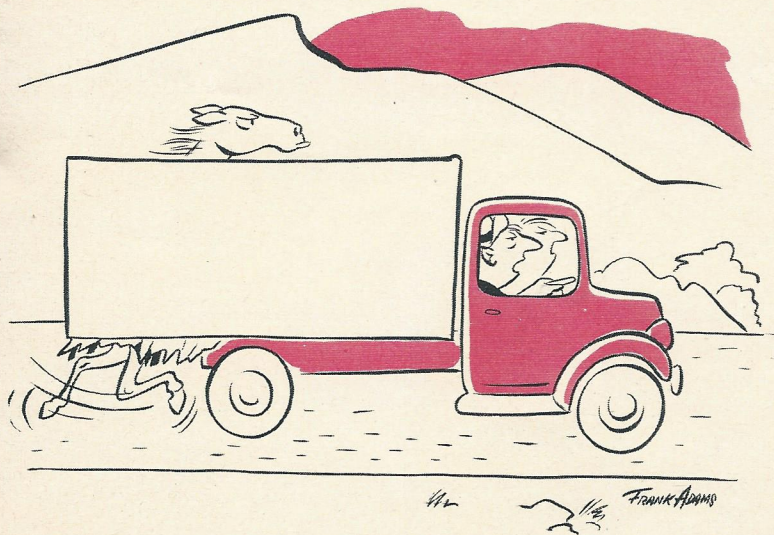
—V. M. GROVE, Northumberland, Pennsylvania





SEVERAL YEARS AGO my husband was hauling logs with a 1935 Ford single-axle truck, and a dual-axle log trailer equipped with air brakes. The road was steep and narrow, winding around the side of a mountain down to the highway. One day as he started down with a load he was forced to swerve sharply when a car came careening around a curve. There was a steep bank ahead so my husband jumped out and let it go. The truck headed off the road and went between two big fir trees, but the log load, being wider than the truck, wedged between the trees and stopped the truck. The only damage was to the top of the cab caused by the top log sliding forward. The loading tractor came down, pulled the truck back up on the road, as good as ever, and the logs were delivered to the mill. My husband says the Good Lord was behind the wheel that day, because no one else could have driven that truck between those two trees.

—MRS. J. B. WILLIAMS, Crosswell, Oregon



*"Well, that's two hundred miles . . . guess we ought to stop and take the old boy out for some exercise . . ."*







F-8 gets in on a daring act

# High Man on a Sway Pole

by Jerome Palms

color photographs by Robert T. Leahey

ONE hundred and sixty-five feet above the crowd a tiny speck sways dizzily back and forth across the sky. There is a gasp from the crowd, a ring of applause, and Selden, the Stratosphere Man, winds up another day's work.

Pulling in record crowds at carnivals and state fairs everywhere, this sway-pole performance has been rated as the best high act in the business. It never fails to curl a spectator's toes. But with long experience in outdoor show business, Selden has none of the prima donna in him. For each run he brings in his equipment, loaded on his big Ford F-8, and immediately sets to work erecting the tower and cleverly designed rigging. Without assistance, using the rear drive wheel of his F-8 coupled with the regular transmission to turn a winch, he is able to raise the aerial pole into the air within a relatively short time.

The show is a "thriller" attraction. Selden begins by nimbly climbing the unique rigging to a point over a hundred feet up.

← *High above the F-8, Selden demonstrates his trapeze act.*

There he performs a variety of trapeze and balancing acts, then climbs still higher and gives a vigorous jerk to the 40-foot pole that tops the towering construction. It wiggles like a snake as he shinnies up and does a butterfly hold midway. On reaching the top, the pole sways dangerously under his weight. He leans to one side, the narrow column of steel bends sharply, and Selden takes a sudden fall through space. Then the pole slows, stops, and like a giant spring recoils. In a final nerve-wracking moment of suspense, Selden slowly assumes a handstand at the tip of the steel ribbon as it sways in a 30-foot arc.

His descent is fast. Selden slips down the pole, fastens a loop about his head and makes the "Slide for Life" down a wire to the grandstand.

The act had its beginning in 1905 when Arzeno Eugene Selden, at the age of five, was taken to his first circus. Thereafter he practiced backbends, handstands, and a variety of stunts, and when only ten years old joined a carnival act. He went to work at the Ford Motor Company in Detroit,







← *A complete house trailer is part of Selden's equipment.*

and later on when perfecting his various aerial acts would return to Detroit to work as a machinist during the winter. This training enabled Selden to design his future equipment.

These are his comments on his long experience with Fords: "I bought my first Ford in 1916. In 1920 I bought four Fords to haul my aerial act and show equipment, for it was difficult then to get repairs and parts for other than Ford units. In 1930 I changed to Model A's, in 1936 I changed to V-8's, and in 1948 I changed to my present F-8. Loaded with aerial pole, rigging, and pulling my house trailer, this rig measures 45 feet and weighs 28,000 pounds. During all these years I have appeared in every state in the union and have failed only once to make my scheduled appearance. Many

times my last act will be at midnight on a Saturday night and my next appearance will be 1,000 miles away on the following Monday morning. That is why I must have dependable transportation."



*Shortly before going to press, we received news that Mr. Selden had suffered an accident at the close of a performance in Fort Myers, Florida. He died from a heart attack a week later. His secretary wrote: "I do hope you will use the pictures and run the article as planned. I am sure it is what he wanted, as he spoke of it while in the hospital just two days before his death." She enclosed the photograph above which shows a Model T truck used by Selden early in his career.*

← *Selden connects the winch that pulls the tower into position.*

For complete data and specifications on Ford EXTRA HEAVY DUTY trucks like the F-8 model described above, fill in and mail this coupon to FORD TRUCK TIMES, Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. (Please print plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





*photograph by Kenneth R. Reeves*

## *Raising the Roof with Ford— a one-picture story*

**I**N CALIFORNIA, the land of the super-colossal, there is what is reputed to be the world's largest housing development—Lakewood Park. While some builders may dispute that fact, not many will argue with the unique use to which its roofing contractor has put four of his Ford trucks. With some 18,000 roofs to be shingled something had to be devised to speed up the job, and Bob Griffin did it!

He invented a Rube Goldberg contraption that can place forty to sixty bundles of shingles on the roof of each house in approximately ten minutes—a phenomenal speed, as any roofer will agree. The device consists of a 38-foot conveyor mounted on an F-5 chassis, using a four-ply, cleated belt powered from the truck's engine.

Griffin's 350 employees have been known to roof nearly a hundred houses in a single day—thanks largely to the four conveyor-equipped trucks, part of his fleet of 27 Fords. ■



# PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD



**THE PROBLEM:** Late one summer night, while I was driving my Ford equipped with Vanette body on a narrow dirt road, miles from civilization, a bug flew into my ear. The more I poked with my finger, the deeper in the bug went. Driving conditions called for a clear head and mine felt as if swarms of hornets were practicing aerial maneuvers. When I couldn't stand it another minute, and there seemed to be no hope of reaching a doctor quickly, I finally got a bright idea.

**THE SOLUTION:** I remembered that insects are attracted by bright lights, so I got out of the truck, walked to the front and bent down with my ear close to the bright headlight. Whiss-sst! Out zoomed that bug as fast as a Ford on a get-away!

—ARTHUR S. WARREN, Peekskill, New York



**THE PROBLEM:** One cold night I was driving my truck loaded with eggs through a deserted section of the country when the motor sputtered and died. When I investigated I found that the copper fuel line from the gas tank had been broken accidentally. As there was very little traffic on the road I was faced with a tremendous cargo loss by freezing if the truck sat out in the cold until I could find a mechanic to fix it.

**THE SOLUTION:** I cut off a piece of the rubber tubing running to the vacuum windshield wiper and forced each end of the gas line into the ends of the rubber tubing. This formed an airtight fuel line. After choking the motor hard I was able to get it started and drove to the wholesale house without further repairs or loss of cargo.

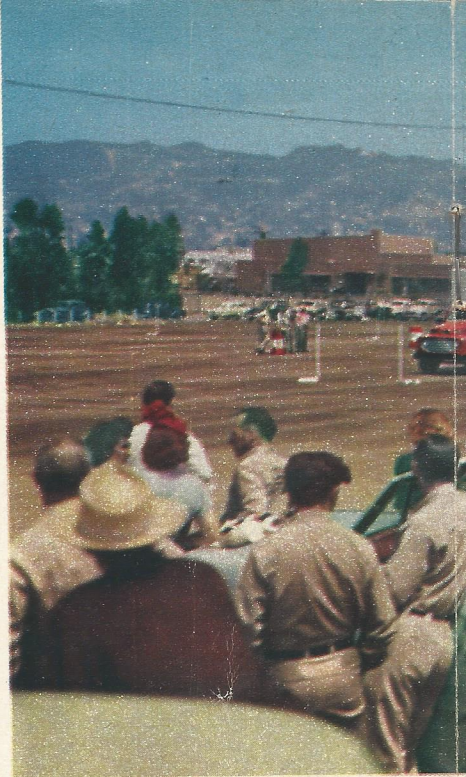
—DONOVAN A. MOORE, Mattoon, Illinois



# Get Ready for the Rodeo

*The nation's cargo pilots are  
aiming for the big show*

*photograph by Art Riley*



**B**ETWEEN now and the week of October 22, truck drivers throughout the country will be sharpening their talents in state and regional driving competitions. During that autumn week, winners of the preliminary contests will come to Chicago for the National Truck Rodeo where, in the International Amphitheater, grand winners of four classes of truck driving will be determined.

This Rodeo business has been intensely popular ever since the American Trucking Associations, Inc., put on the first contest in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1937. The Rodeo has been run annually in various parts of the country since then except for a wartime layoff.

Just before the war, at the end of the Rodeo finals in Madison Square Garden, *The New York Times* had the following editorial comments on the event:

"To those who heard an enthusiastic crowd heckle and





*This view of a truck rodeo in Southern California is typical of driving competition that will soon be going on in every state.*

cheer while neatly uniformed drivers backed their heavy vehicles into simulated parking places and loading platforms, there can be no doubt of the popular appeal this type of event can have. And to those who saw the beaming faces of the champions as they received their prizes from the mayor of New York City, there will be no arguing with the assertion of truck officials that "the Rodeo is the greatest morale builder we have ever had."

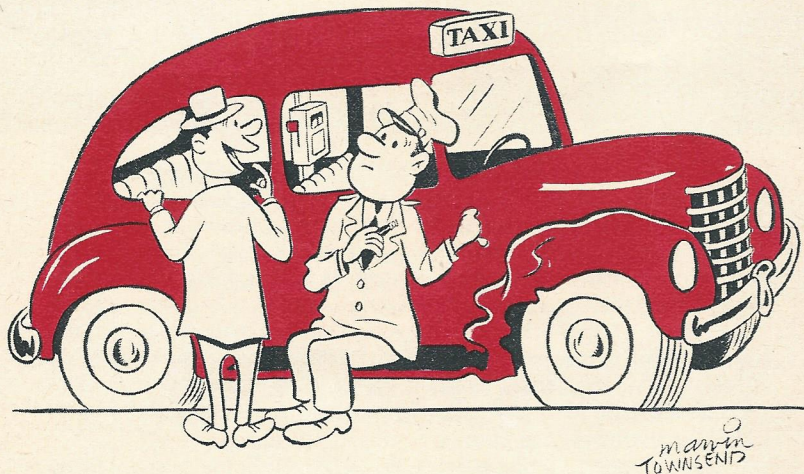
The Rodeo demonstrates to large audiences—including many persons who get impatient with trucks on the highway—the high technical skill of the men who pilot the ponderous present-day trucks. It has done much to get across to the public the fact that American truck driving is a profession



followed by men whose knowledge of driving and execution of safe driving practices is equalled by few drivers in the world, and surpassed by none.

Through the years Rodeo test courses have been standardized, and now all preliminary events leading up to each year's big show are held on the same type of field. In the Chicago Amphitheater next October the audience will watch intently as this year's best drivers zigzag their big rigs backward and forward through a serpentine; pull big semi's into sharp S-turns to negotiate an offset alley; park parallel in spaces but a few feet longer than the trucks; place tailgates within six inches of a loading dock in a 10-foot alley; drive through parallel lines of balanced rubber balls with only two inches' clearance to a side; and roar through a progressively narrowing course without disturbing marker pennants.

Rodeo competition not only calls for expert drivers—there's a strict safety angle, too. No driver is eligible to enter unless he can show proof of a full year of driving without accident just prior to the contest. ■



*"Never mind how the fender got dented. Tell me the story about the rip in the rear seat upholstery!"*





*photograph by A. C. Jorns*

## *Hogs That Are Different— a one-picture story*

JUST off U. S. Highway 67 out of Brownwood, Texas, is a lane that goes by Jones Chapel Church and down to the foot of a hill where Milton Stanley raises a variety of hogs that is unique in this country. These are guinea hogs (no relation to the guinea pig), a contented type of swine that never squeals, even when hungry. They will fatten any time of year, which is unusual among hogs, and require about a third as much feed. The largest type weighs only 300-350 pounds, but experts say the meat is of unusually fine texture and commands a high pork price. Stanley sells all he can raise, but he admits guinea hogs have at least one fault. They are easily spoiled. One porker which he calls Pollyanna follows Stanley wherever he goes. "She wants to be fed all the time," he complains. "Treating her like a pet has made a regular hog out of her."—ERVIN HICKMAN



## *Service Speeds the Flowers*

*photograph by Pat Coffey*

RECENTLY florists in the southeastern states received handbills announcing that they would soon be able to get famed Colorado carnations "Denver-fresh at Memphis." The notices were from the Denver Wholesale Florists Company, known as DWF to an increasing number of flower dealers throughout the country.

DWF chose an F-8 Big Job tractor to make the non-stop express run between Denver and Memphis because of the success it has had with a similar unit on fast delivery service to Dallas. Since late April the Memphis F-8 has been pulling a special lightweight 33-foot refrigerated trailer loaded with choice specimens of Colorado's finest carnations.

Delivered at Memphis, the carnations are sold to local dealers and are trans-shipped to florists in a dozen or more cities beyond.

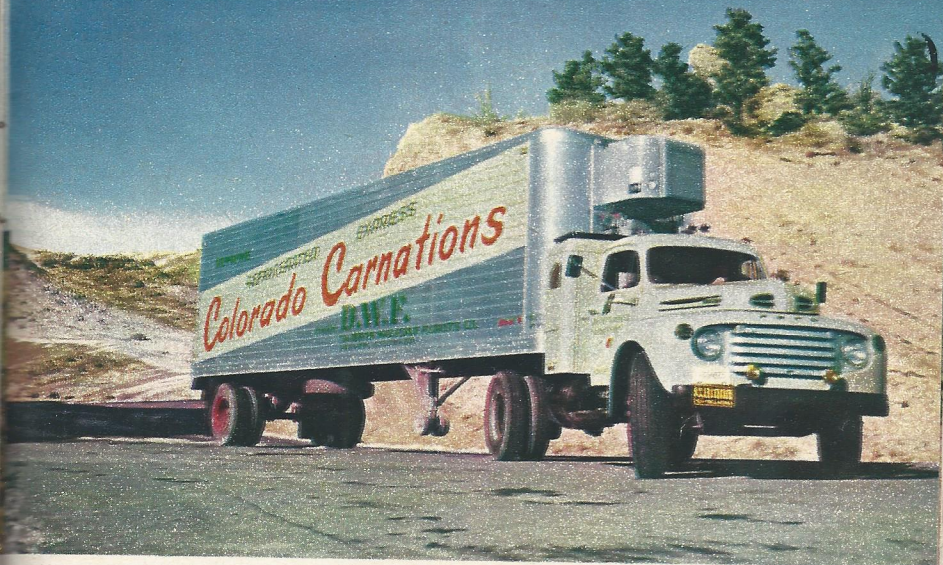
Colorado became a carnation center when growers learned that its altitude and climate were ideal for this type of flower. Annually at exhibits held by the American Carnation Society, the Colorado carnations began receiving a majority of the awards.

About six years ago some of the more venturesome growers decided that if their carnations were such consistent winners, it was worth establishing their identity nationally. An advertising campaign soon showed that the growers were on the right track, and as the years passed, Colorado began to loom as a national carnation center.

Now the carnations move to retail shops throughout the country via five wholesale houses, of which DWF is the largest. It is an unusual operation in that it is owned by the growers whose products it sells.

DWF began its long distance express shipments last year with an 840-mile run to Dallas. The carnations were packaged in cartons with water ice in the individual boxes to maintain the proper temperature and humidity. The trailer pulled by an F-7 tractor was automatically refrigerated. From the first shipment the truck express plan was a success. On arrival in





*A truckload of Colorado carnations speeds southward to Dallas.*

Dallas, the flowers were loaded on other connections, and florists in the area were afforded, as DWF puts it, the carnations' "full beauty cycle." Acceptance of this service is the reason that the second F-8 is now speeding between Denver and Memphis to serve southeastern outlets.

In addition to its satisfaction with Ford trucks, DWF is enthusiastic about maintenance and parts service rendered by Bill Reno, Inc., Denver dealer, and by other dealers as needed along its truck routes.

W. S. Winegar, an official of DWF, had the following to say on the subject in a letter to the Denver Ford dealer:

*"Certainly one of the plus values we have found in connection with the Ford tractor unit, F-7, we purchased . . . from you is the really fine service you have given us when it has been needed. On several occasions we have had to call on other Ford dealers and . . . have been given most excellent and helpful service. We thought you might like to know of our specific appreciation for this service we have received. It should be fairly obvious since, as you know, we are purchasing an additional F-8 unit from you . . ."*



## *Ford Mechanics Strike Gold*

*story and photographs by Robert M. Ormes*

**T**OM AND HENRY MAESTAS were two of the best mechanics at the Doenges-Long Motor Company, Ford dealer in Colorado Springs, Colorado. But their expert work on trucks and cars was never sufficient outlet for their mechanical skill. So the Maestas brothers took to inventing and recently turned out a gadget that has the gold country talking.

The invention is an electric gold placering machine made up of spare Ford parts and second-hand electrical and X-ray equipment. Placering usually calls for the use of a stream of water in which separation occurs when the heavier gold sinks to the bottom. The Maestas' method of separation is to feed dry, screened ore through a high voltage current.

The idea occurred to the brothers when they recalled that sand, a non-conductor, dances about when highly charged with electricity, whereas a conductor, like gold, stays still.

An endless belt on the machine—they've named it the "Electro-Royal Separator"—carries the ore between two electrodes. Dirt, sand, rock, and other poor conductors are set in violent agitation, which causes them to jump up and down on the belt. A set of paddles then bats all refuse away like so many baseballs. The gold, being a conductor, is undisturbed and rides quietly to the end of the belt.

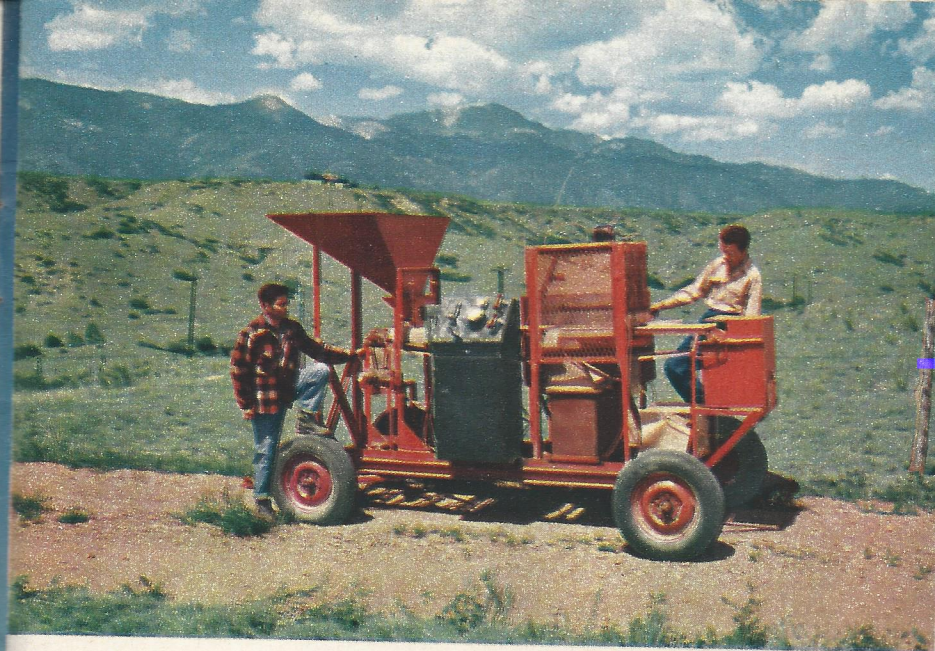
The Electro-Royal uses household current for its two electric motors, and a second-hand X-ray transformer steps the 110 volts up enough to separate the gold. Since only a low outside current is needed, a small gasoline generator can be carried in the pickup for operation in remote places.

Electro-Royal's best trick to date is to recover more gold on every run than assayed samples indicate is present. The machine can also re-refine a run to 82 per cent purity.

A new gold strike would find the Maestas' arrival on the scene vastly different from the "rush" of the Forty-Niners. The F-1 pickup can haul the separator safely at 50 mph. ■

*The operators examine gold that has passed through the machine.→*









## ROLLING THE ROADS

by Dod Stoddard

BACK-ROAD BUCKLEY whipped out a dog-eared road map and laid it across the fender of his F-8.

"Looky here," he said to the dispatcher. "You want I should take the main stem through them nine towns. Well, I'll give you a little piece of arithmetic—which I am good at.

"See that state road 309 squizzlin' along there? It is a gift to the taxpayers from the Congressman of this district. They call it a Farm-to-Market road but you don't have to haul hay to use it. It is nineteen miles farther than the main stem if you take 309.

"Now the customer pays us 60c a mile and we ought to charge him \$11.40 more than by the straight route. But, Bub, I can save two hours of *time* goin' 309. Also I have already given a dozen traffic cops apoplexy pokin' this rig around sharp corners in them towns. An' the population would consider it a favor if I would keep my rig to hell off their shoppin' streets, too."

"Yeah," the dispatcher says. "Yeah, I know about you an' those towns, Back-Road. That dent you gave the red-headed lady driver in Middleburg this week—that was a gift from the company like the Congressman gives the taxpayers. She's goin' to sue us an' we're goin' to pay for *that* just like we're payin' for pavin' route 309."

"Well, then," Back-Road says, "why don't you lemme show you here on the map how to save the company a lot of dough an' get the stuff to the customers quicker. I been studyin' . . ."

"I was goin' to *fire* you," the dispatcher confessed. "Then I looked up your expense record. Durin' the last year your net cost per mile was the lowest of any driver we got. Nobody can ever find you—you're always off on some side road or cowpath. But I have to hand it to you. You *earned* that Back-Road nickname. Come on in the office an' bring that route



map with you."

For a week, and with large-scale road maps, the Higgins Highway Haulage Co. "studied" its routes. The dispatcher and Back-Road Buckley, its most economical gear-grinder, drove a company car over short-cuts, detours and back streets of cities.

They talked to the State Highway Commission, to city and county traffic officials. And what they learned amazed even Back-Road Buckley who thought he knew every way there was between points.

On paper and on maps all roads look wide, empty and practically straight. More often than not there are traffic hazards the map makers overlook. For example, a drive-in movie locates itself on a thoroughfare where most of its prospective customers will pass during the day and can see "what's playing." But woe to the trucker who picks that passageway at dusk, at 9:30 or 11:30 p.m.! He will find himself inching forward as the movie customers queue up their cars to get in or out of the theatre. Yet right *behind* the theatre, a block away, is an empty street.

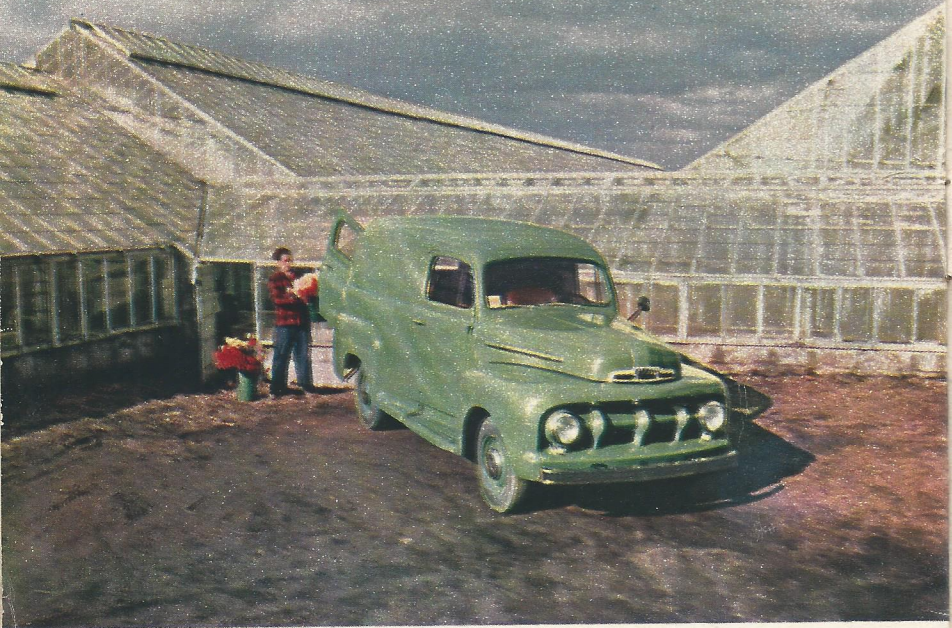
"We are in a state of national emergency," the dispatcher told the Higgins drivers when he and Back-Road Buckley finished their "studying." "This means we aren't going to get much relief from traffic troubles. There'll be more hauling and more passenger travel on roads that aren't going to get much improvement.

"The best way we can see to save truck-time and money and get our job done easiest is to take advantage of *special routes*."

"Special routes," when you come right down to it, would still be the best routes in normal times as well. Passenger cars—and trucks—are driven pretty largely by human beings. And the human race is noted for its habit of forming habits. All of us fall into the way of doing certain things certain ways out of habit. Conditions change but habits hang on. One of the best ways to see what habit driving does to traffic is to fly in a small plane over cities and towns. Cars and trucks will be nose-to-tail-light on a few streets while parallel avenues are wide open.

Of course, if a trucker has to make a delivery on Main Street, he has no choice but to get into the traffic line. But if he is driving through he can usually do something about avoiding the jams. What he has to do is to out-guess and out-maneuver the habit-drivers who are all following the same pattern.







## *Don't Throw Stones in Paradise*

*by Arthur J. Burks, Farm Editor, WLAN, Lancaster*

*photographs by Grant Heilman*

THE COUNTRY around Paradise in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, has over a million square feet of flowers under glass. Along with Chester County next door, it has the greatest concentration of greenhouses in the nation. Everywhere, on the winding back roads, on Lincoln Highway, on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, people can be seen working in glass houses.

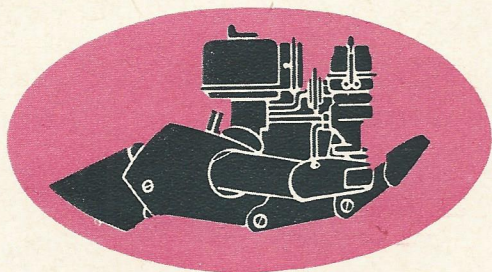
Working Fords are also in view—panel trucks, like Fred Ruof's new '51 shown at left, for quick delivery to local retailers. Emmanuel Shreiner, of Paradise, who grows about everything but mostly chrysanthemums, sells all he has locally to roadside stands, to the Southern and Main markets in Lancaster, and on holidays to the big Arcade Market as well. Other florists make hauls to major cities throughout the East.

The florists are a clannish lot, yet each one has his secrets of flower growing. Jacob Troyer, whose carnations are out of this world, claims he gets results by talking to them in Latin and cursing them in Greek. Howard Clark, who specializes in orchids, spent 20 years with their various phases of growth before they began to show a profit.

There are many third and fourth generation florists in Lancaster County who operate greenhouses such as shown lower left. Thomas A. Fries Sons is one. The Diffenbaughs, Barrs, Weavers, Golbachs, Groffs, all have been in the business a long time. Many of the newer florists acknowledge "beginning with Barrs," often as apprentices. John R. Angstadt, Elizabethtown, started with 200 gladioli in 1946 and is already one of Lancaster's most successful greenhouse men.

Florists are fiercely interested in promotion and overlook nothing that will publicize flowers. Last Palm Sunday, Robert C. Smallwood, who occupies the oldest nursery site—it dates back to William Penn—offered to give a flower to each lady who visited his greenhouse that afternoon. Four columns formed and the ladies went off with 3500 free flowers. ■





## Power Pilot and You

MUCH of the smooth and economical operation experienced by owners and drivers of Ford trucks can be traced to the Power Pilot, a significant step forward in fuel and ignition control.

The Power Pilot system is actually a simplification of standard methods. Conventional fuel and ignition systems depend on two controls to advance the spark as operational needs call for it. One is a set of rotating weights in the distributor, the other a manifold vacuum system.

These two conventional controls are located in different places, operate under different conditions, and affect different mechanisms. The weights provide spark advance by centrifugal force at high speeds, but at low speeds they are insufficient. This calls for the vacuum control to take over at low speeds.

Power Pilot, on the other hand, makes a team of the carburetor and distributor through a single

vacuum control. Vacuum for this control is created by the rush of fuel-air mixture through the carburetor, and it pulls on a diaphragm which advances the spark. The vacuum is derived from two openings in the body of the carburetor, one in the venturi throat, and a lower one slightly above the closed throttle plate position.

These openings are connected by a restricted passage with the result that vacuum pulling on the diaphragm is always a combination of vacuums created at the throat and the throttle plate. As engine speed determines the velocity of air passing through the venturi throat, vacuum created at this point is taken to meet the spark advance requirements of increased speed. And as the position of the throttle plate determines the amount of fuel air mixture, the vacuum at that point indicates the spark advance needed as regards fuel change.

The two vacuums are then com-

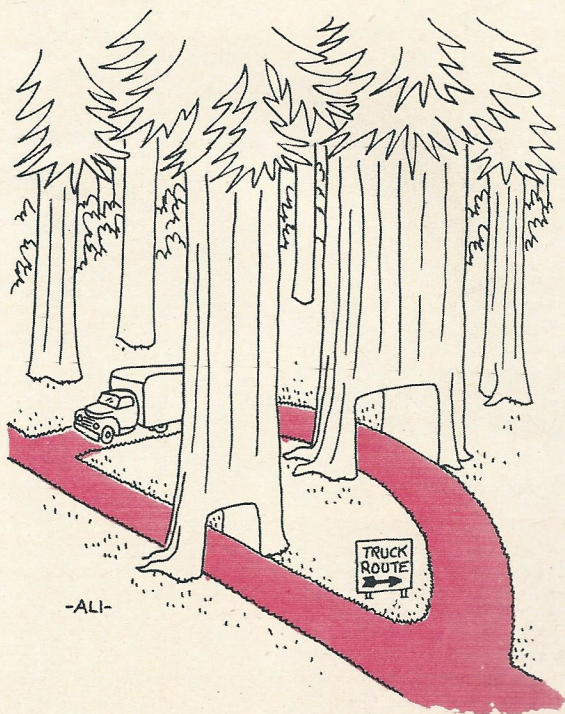


bined in the carburetor, and the resulting vacuum is applied to the diaphragm. In this way the speed of the engine and the fuel charge directly control the action of the distributor. Thus, with only the one control, Power Pilot is designed to fire twice as accurately.

The question might be asked, "What does this mean in performance to Ford truck owners?" One benefit deals with engine operation. With Power Pilot at the helm there is smooth, non-

faltering performance uphill and downhill at high and low speeds. It provides fast acceleration for stop-and-go driving, and gives no-knock results with regular grades of gasoline.

Power Pilot's accurate metering and firing of the right amount of gas at the right instant under all conditions extracts the most power from the least amount of gas. And, having fewer parts, Power Pilot requires less attention and costs less to service. ■





# Mail Truck

They Last Longer—in Florida

**D**ear Sirs: I have been reading your FORD TRUCK TIMES and have gotten a big kick out of it. While sitting down here on the landing waiting for my Fords to come with more wood, I thought I would let you know that there is not a squeak about a Ford truck I don't know. I know Ford trucks better than a mother knows her baby. I have nine Ford trucks on my job, working them down in the national forest at Wilma, Florida. I am forty miles from a Ford place so I maintain them myself mostly, and I can just look at one and tell if it is too sick to go back to the woods. I have been using Ford trucks since 1927, Model T's to 1948 F-models, and they haul from four to seven tons. Some of them are so old it just about breaks my heart to see them bringing



such loads. At times the woods get so wet it takes a tractor to pull them out of the bogs and slide them on to the roads. I don't see how they can last so long. I believe you can put the parts in a sack and pour gas on them and they will crank up and pull off. I can get down here in the forest with just a pair of pliers and keep those old trucks out of the shop from a month to twelve months except for regular changes. And I never put anything on them, always cutting off parts and throwing them away. Now I'm not bragging at all because I believe someday Ford will build trucks that won't wear out at all, don't you?

H. E. FOSTER  
Bristol, Florida



## Pugnose Brigade

**D**ear Sirs: Back in the early twenties, my Dad and almost every farmer in our neighborhood owned a Model T truck. We raised hogs and grew them to a large size. Come hog selling time all of the neighborhood farmers banded together, formed a Model T brigade, and hauled each farmer's hogs to town some twenty miles away. For days this would go on, hauling three or four to a

truckload bouncing and squealing to town where they were put in a railway car for shipping to a central market. Each round trip took a good half day. Today we still own trucks and pickups, but how they have changed! Instead of three or four, now thirty or forty butchers will ride nicely in one of these Bonus Built jobs. One of the aforementioned neighbors now owns four trucks, three 1949 F-6 COE models and a 1936 1½-ton job. Every year he hauls hundreds of his own cattle and hogs to main markets in these trucks. He, his 18-year-old son and 20-year-old daughter form their own pugnose brigade and haul over a hundred hogs in one trip to Omaha, 170 miles away, in about the same time it took our Model T to get to town and back.

MRS. CHARLES R. BARTAK  
Ewing, Nebraska



—and in Nevada, too

**D**ear Sirs: Remember 1918? For one thing it was the year the A. Lane Fuel Company here in Reno "went modern." They got their first truck that year, almost scared the horses to death, but everyone was pleased with it at the yard. It was one of Henry's best, and if you doubt it drop over to 401 Church Street the next time you have a free minute. For "the old lady" is still there, and not in retirement either. According to Mr. Lane it's darned near as good as it was the day they got it, except for a little tire trouble, and anyone who's been hauling a ton of wood or coal, day in and day out for 32 years, is justified in having a little foot trouble. She's got a couple of younger sisters, too, a 1919 and a 1920 model. Each truck has somewhere



around 350,000 miles on it, maybe more, and that's not the end of it yet. Credit goes to (1) the trucks being a pretty rugged lot to start with and (2) to the close watch the A. Lane Company has kept on repair and maintenance. All three "old ladies" are going to deliver a lot more coal before it's time to call it quits, and when that happens Mr. Lane hopes he's not the one who has to retire them.

FRANK McCULLOCH  
Reno, Nevada



### Pickup Bags Moose, Caribou

**D**ear Sirs: On his recent expedition into the frozen wasteland of Canada, Denver M. Wright, well-known big game hunter, bagged the limit of caribou, and a bull-moose which lacked a scant two inches of being the record. But the .300 Magnum high-powered rifle seems to have played a minor part in his success. A half-ton Ford pickup truck proved to be the most important piece of equipment. Starting off from Winnipeg, Manitoba, with the thermometer hovering around 30 below, Wright and two other hunters headed north in the truck for a distance of 500 miles over icy, snow-banked roads to establish headquarters at a trapper's

camp. After flying sixty miles into moose country with a ski-equipped plane, they brought down a 1700-pound moose with a single shot on the third day of hunting. Wright was amazed—the animal stood taller than a horse with an antler spread of nearly six feet. It had to be dragged out with a tractor and twelve-foot sled across brush and frozen lakes to where it could be loaded on the truck. Heading another 150 miles north to Flin Flon, the hunting party caught the annual southward trek of caribou which usually occurs in single file down the stretches of frozen lakes and islands. The hunters bagged their limit, a total of six which were loaded on the pickup along with several lesser animals. They packed their equipment and started for home. It was 2000 miles south to St. Louis, this time by truck all the way over rough icy roads at temperatures ranging down to 45 below zero. Wright now says that his leather underwear is "for sale or exchange." He prefers hunting big game in the tropics.

WHITNEY MACAJAH  
Denver, Colorado



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