



Shop Manual

www.badgoat.net/ptcaths

February 2013 Groundhog Predicts an Early Spring Edition

President's Message

Greetings – I hope everyone is staying warm and healthy this winter.

The 2013 Annual Directors' Meeting was held on Sunday, January 20th, 2013 in Pittston. Seven directors and two guests were present. The agenda included discussions on the 2013 Chapter Calendar of Events, selection of a Chapter member's truck for the 2013 Owl Head Truck Show T shirt; a review of the chapter finances and donation recommendations, and the 2013 Director and Officer elections.

We have a game plan for several of the 2013 Chapter events. The first event is the 2013 Winter Gathering on Saturday, February 23rd. The Chapter again reached out to Daryl Gushee who graciously agreed to be our host again. The Chapter will gather at 9:00 or shortly thereafter for tours of Daryl's several storage areas and a pot luck lunch. According to one member Daryl continues to collect some very interesting "stuff". There is more information the gathering inside.

The Chapter's 2013 Annual Membership Meeting has been scheduled for Sunday, March 17, 2013 at Owls Head Transportation Museum. All Chapter members and their guests are encouraged to attend. The gathering will begin around 10:00; with Pine Tree Chapter's traditional pot luck lunch at noon and the Chapter meeting at 1:00 p.m. or shortly thereafter. The agenda includes:

- Spring Tour, Fall Tour, Spring Stretch and Late Fall Get Together locations and dates;
- Owls Head Truck Show; raffles and 50/50;
- The 2013 Chapter budget and submission of ATHIS national paperwork;
- Chapter donation recommendations;
- The Shop Manual newsletter;
- Director and Officer elections;
- **Other Business** - all other business items presented by any Director or Chapter member prior to, or at, the Annual Meeting.

The Spring Stretch is Saturday April 25th at the Hannaford Terminal in South Portland, and will include planned walks to Atlantic Great Dane and Kris-Way Truck Leasing. More information on the Spring Stretch will be in the next Shop Manual.

The other Chapter events are still in the planning stages. We would like to have at least one event in the Bangor area **this season**. If you are interested in planning or hosting the Chapter's Spring or Fall Tour, or Late Fall Gathering, please give me a call.

Inside you will find a 2013 Calendar of Events. Some dates are still tentative or unconfirmed. Updates will be provided as better information becomes available. Please verify before traveling. Our thanks to Al Newhouse of the ATHS Nutmeg Chapter and the Crank of the ATCA Granite State Chapter for doing most of the legwork in putting the calendar together.

I will not be at the Winter Gathering however hope to see everyone at the Annual Meeting.
Clayton

Ramblings

By Lars Ohman

Greetings for 2013 to all. Ramblings, Terry and I did it....she actually talked me into taking 32 days off, and get out of New England. We left on the 20th of December.....yep, just ahead of the first real storms, and ran out to Girard, PA to have the first of three Christmas celebrations with her son. From there, we went to Albion, PA (home of Rogers Trailers) and a second celebration on the farm with one of her daughters. From there to Mars, PA (Pittsburgh) for a third Christmas / New Year's Gathering with another daughter and her family.

From Mars, we ran on down to Arab, AL (left the 0 degree and snow weather). In Arab, and 34 degree weather (heat wave!) we were guests of ATHS & Pine Tree Chapter members, Pete and Donna Wood who transplanted out of New England a few years back, for obvious reasons. We visited the area with them, spent time looking over Pete's beautiful Peterbilt cabover box truck with a Detroit two stroke joke, complete with drip pan on the ground under the engine ! Seriously, it is a beautiful truck from a well maintained fleet. Regretfully, we departed great company, hospitality, and great friends, and ran on down to Palm Harbor, FL, to yet another of Terry's daughters, and her family.

The West Coast of Florida was having a heat wave, which we embraced with open arms, having not seen 85 degrees in 6 months! We enjoyed pool side coffee, some ocean time on our son-in-law's boat, and the marriage of our oldest Granddaughter at sunset on Tampa Bay.

After 30 days, and lots of memories, we faced reality, and headed home. Did see a couple of antique rigs on the road, but the number is shrinking due to DOT regulations. Saw one early Peterbilt long nose, no doubt repowered with big horsepower, pulling steel coils on US 81. A couple of venerable B-61 Mack dump trucks chugging along together @ 48 MPH; and in Worcester, MA, a single DM-800 and later a B-81 dump, both in Worcester Sand & Gravel colors, old iron still runs, and does a day's work due to dedicated owners, and great mechanics.

32 days, 4200 miles (+ / -), and we came home to a plowed driveway, shoveled steps, and - 17 degrees! It is hard to see a suntan thru goose bumps! There is RAMBLINGS folks, see you @ Owls Head for some good food, and good friendship. Lars

2013 Season Schedule of Events

- February 23 **Pine Tree Chapter** Winter Gathering; Daryl Gushee's Shop, Route 100, New Gloucester, ME; Pot Luck lunch. Contact: Clayton Hoak @ (207) 582-3224
- February 23 Introduction to Metal Shaping – Winter Education Series 2013, Owls Head Transportation Museum. . Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
Class size is limited; call to register.
- February 23 Hard Hat Expo, Eastern States Springfield, MA
www.hardhatexpo.com 800-218-5586
- March 9 Rockland's Lime Rock Railroad – Winter Education Series 2013, Owls Head Transportation Museum. . Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- March 9 The Yankee's Mudslinger Picnic. Old iron, old friends, lotsa' food and lotsa' B (balony??). Hosted for the 18th time by "The Yankee", Ed Bezanson Call 860-208-5799
- March 10 Granite State Chapter Meeting Cassidy Bros Forge, Rt 1, Rowley, MA; snow date
March 17th; Contact: Don or Marilyn Smith (603) 664-9761
- March 17 **Pine Tree Chapter** Annual Membership Meeting, Owls Head Transportation Museum, Owls Head, ME; Pot Luck lunch; Meeting starts 12:45-1:00 Contact: Clayton Hoak @ (207) 582-3224
- March 23-24 Mid-Coast Model Festival - Scale Modelers Show, Owls Head Transportation Museum. Contact: 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- March 24 ATHS Nutmeg Chapter Meeting, TBA, Contact Jon Yeomans, 860-803-5799 or e-mail yeomansjon1@gmail.com
- April 6 The Trolley Parks of Maine – Winter Education Series 2013, Owls Head Transportation Museum. Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or www.owlshead.org
- April 18-19 National Heavy Equipment Show Toronto ONT
- April 20 Roadside Maine, A Nostalgic Journey Up Route 1 – Winter Education Series 2013, Owls Head Transportation Museum. . Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or www.owlshead.org
- April 27 **Pine Tree Chapter** Annual Spring Stretch; Hannaford Warehouse Tour in South Portland with planned walks to Atlantic Great Dane and Kris-Way Truck leasing. More information in March/ April Shop Manual. Contact: John Ellingwood @ Cell (207) 590-2298; or email jellin@sacoriver.net
- April 28 Belltown Antique Car Club Annual Gas and Steam Engine Show. Fireman's Field Route 16 Easthampton, CT Contact: Larry Emmons 860-267-8584
- May 4-5 QVEA Spring Show, Zagray Farm, RT 85, Colchester, CT Contact Ed 860-442-5182 or George Lehr 860-639-1213
- May 4 Antique Express Annual Open House; 9:00 – 4:00; 15 New England Road, Searsmont, ME. Contact George Sprowl @ 207-949-7792 (new number)

- May 5 ATCA Western Massachusetts Chapter Annual Antique Truck Show. NEW LOCATION - Yankee Candle Corporate Headquarters, 16 Yankee Candle Way, South Deerfield MA. Contact Craig Gaudry @ 413-834-1677
- May 17-19 Granite State Chapter – ATCA Spring Tour – Details currently being worked out. Contact: Don or Marilyn Smith (603) 664-9761
- May 17-18 Camp Oneal Family Farm Show, 3723Hwy 101, North Greer, SC Special exhibit by the Palmetto Upstate Chapter – ATHS; Contact Brocky [brocky45@prtcnet.com]
- May 19 Hillcrest Farm Annual Truck Show – 742 -751 River Road in Windham, ME Contact: Adam or Wendy Libby @ 207-894-5067
- May 19 ATHS Nutmeg Chapter Meeting, TBA, Contact Jon Yeomans, 860-803-5799 or e-mail yeomansjon1@gmail.com
- May 25-26 Antique Auto Show - Owls Head Transportation Museum. Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- May 30-31 ATHS National Convention and Truck Show. Yakima Valley Sun Dome. Yakima, WA
June 1 Call (816) 891-9900; Email: membership@aths.org or see Wheels of Time for more info.
- June 2 ATHS Ocean State Vintage Haulers Annual Truck Show. Johnson Memorial Park, Johnson, RI Contact: Joseph Pingatore @ 401 692-0095
- June 8-9 Owls Head Transportation Museum Horse Power Vehicle Auction & Show. A new event - Vehicle auction Saturday; Vehicle and working demonstrations and rides of the four-legged variety Sunday. Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or www.owlshead.org
- June 8-9 Wheels & Tracks In Motion Show HCEA Canada, Minesing, ON
- June tbd **Pine Tree Chapter** Annual Spring Tour - date to be determined at the Annual Meeting; “Host”/Volunteers needed; Contact: Clayton Hoak @ (207) 582-3224
- June 8-9 ATCA Connecticut Yankee Chapter 13th Annual Truck Show, Bethlehem Fairgrounds Route 61, Bethlehem, CT Contact Bill Mitchell @ 203-739-0118
- June 9 ATHS Metro Jersey Chapter 23rd Annual Show – Automatic Switch Company, Florham Park, NJ Contact: Tom Mulligan (973) 726-4586; e-mail: thomasmulligan@msn.com
- June 12-16 Watson’s Water and Wheels, Naples, ME Contact Lars Ohman (207) 375-6515
- June 14-15 ATCA 34th Annual Truck Show & Flea Market “featuring T-Z trucks”, Macungie, PA Contact: Tom Oehme @ (610) 367-2567 or e-mail: office@antiquetruckclub.org
- June 15-16 Owls Head Transportation Museum - Hot Rod, Custom & Muscle Car Meet Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- June 23 ATHS Nutmeg Chapter 24th Annual Truck Show-& Flea Market Brooklyn Fairgrounds, Brooklyn, CT Contact: John Raymond (860) 886-4621.
- July xx ATHS Nutmeg Chapter Meeting, TBA, Contact Jon Yeomans, 860-803-5799 or e-mail yeomansjon1@gmail.com
- July 6-7 Owls Head Transportation Museum – Fabulous 50’s, Sensational 60’s Car Meet Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- July 7 Annual Front Street Shuffle – part of Bath ME Heritage Days; 11 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Contact Bath Heritage Days (207) 442-7291. NOTE: DATE NOT CONFIRMED

- July 13-14 ATHS Long Island Chapter 20th Annual Truck Show at the Hallockville Farm Museum Riverhead LI, NY Contact Dan Ryan (631) 821-4845 or <http://www.athsli.com/>
- July 20-21 **Pine Tree Chapter Gathering** at the Owls Head Transportation Museum's Annual Truck, Tractor and Commercial Vehicle Show. Contact: Clayton Hoak 207-582-3224
- July 20-21 QVEA Summer Show, Zagray Farm, RT 85, Colchester, CT Contact Ed 860-442-5182 or George Lehr 860-639-1213
- July 21 ATCA Uncle Sam Chapter Show - Washington County Fairgrounds, Greenwich NY. Contact: Clarence Ritchie 518-642-9437
- July 27-28 17th Annual Eliot Antique Tractor Show. Raitt Homestead Farm, 2077 State Road, Eliot, Maine. Contact: (207) 748-3303
- July 28 ATCA Bay State Chapter 12th Annual Truck Show; Worcester Sand and Gravel; 182 Holden Street, Worcester, MA. Contact Salvatore Santucci @ 508-429-2550
- August 3 Green Mountain Chapter – ATHS Annual Show – at the High School, Route U.S. 5, Bellows Falls, VT Contact: Roger Martin 802 439-5797 or email: macklt152@yahoo.com
- Aug 3-4 Owls Head Transportation Museum – Wings & Wheels Spectacular & Aerobatic Airshow. Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or www.owlshead.org
- August 4 ATCA New England Chapter Truck Show, Hudson Elks Club, 90 Park Street Hudson, MA Contact: Bill Semple 978-460-0465
- August 9-11 National Pike Steam, Gas and Horse Association Reunion, Fairgrounds, Brownsville, PA Contact: Kim Wright at 412-819-0225 or website: www.NationalPike.com
- August 10 Men and Their Machines & Blacksmith's Roundup; Maine Forest and Lumber Museum, Route 178 – Bradley, ME. For more information: 207-974-6278
- Aug 16-18 HCEA 2013 International Convention Wilmington, IL 419-352-5616; www.hcea.net
- Aug 17 Owls Head Transportation Museum – 36th Annual New England Auto Auction. Preview 8/12-8/16. Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or www.owlshead.org
- Aug 18 ATCA - Granite State Chapter Annual "Barrington Old Truck Meet" Contact: Don or Marilyn Smith (603) 664-9761
- Aug 25 ATCA Little Rhody Chapter Annual Truck Show- RI-CT Historical Airport, Coventry, RI Contact: Roger Volatile (401) 647-7226. NOTE: DATE NOT CONFIRMED
- August 31- Sept 1 Owls Head Transportation Museum – Vintage Motorcycle Meet. Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- Sept xx ATHS Nutmeg Chapter Meeting, TBA, Contact Jon Yeomans, 860-803-5799 or e-mail yeomansjon1@gmail.com
- Sept 21-22 Owls Head Transportation Museum Earth Movers and Shakers Show. Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- Sept 21-22 ATHS Hudson Mohawk Chapter Antique Truck Show & Flea Market, Ballston Spa, NY Contact Dick Linstead (518) 581-1829. NOTE: DATE NOT CONFIRMED
- Sept/Oct tbd **Pine Tree Chapter** Fall Tour - to be discussed at the Annual Meeting on March 17, 2013 Host/Volunteers needed; Contact: Clayton Hoak @ (207) 582-3224

- Oct 4-5 24th Annual All Mack Truck Show at Gerhart's in Lititz, PA; Details write: Box 405, Lititz, PA 17543 or call 717 626-8544 for more information.
- Sep 29-Oct 6 Fryeburg Fair
- Oct 5-6 Owls Head Transportation Museum – Foreign Auto Festival
Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- Oct 5-6 QVEA Fall Show, Zagray Farm, RT 85, Colchester, CT www.QVEA.org Contact Ed 860-442-5182 or George Lehr 860-639-1213
- Oct 9-12 Hershey 2013
- Oct/ Nov tbd **Pine Tree Chapter** Late Fall Get Together/ Great Fall Auction Location and Details tbd; Contact: Clayton Hoak (207) 582-3224
- Oct 17-19 ARANY Conference Niagra Falls, NY
- Oct 26-27 Owls Head Transportation Museum – Great Fall Auction & Flea Market
Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- Nov 2-3 Higmo's Logging and Music Annual Saw Mill Days; Details to be perfected;
Contact: Allen Higgins or Paula Hersom (207) 442-0701

The New Beginning for Cummins

By George Barrett

The way I see the Cummins story is that there were two important turning points that set Clessie Cummins up as a real player in the history of diesel engines. The first was in October of 1908 when Clessie was hired as a chauffeur for Mr. Irwin (W.G.) after demonstrating his ability to start and back the big Packard down the driveway without ever having seen one before. I told this story back in October.

This month you can read about Clessie buying a Packard and installing a Cummins Diesel in it before driving it to the automobile shows during the winter of 1930. Clessie was convinced that the automotive world needed the diesel and he was going to demonstrate the economy and performance of one of his engines.

To set the scene, it starts on Friday the 13th of December, 1929 when W.G., Clessie's partner, investor, and banker who has made the Cummins Engine Company possible tells Clessie that this is the end. The stock market crash, the economy, lack of orders leads him to believe that there's no future for Cummins and he's pulling the plug. Clessie had given his all for the company for ten years, now it was for nothing. The inspiration for saving the company came from offending commentary and lack of press coverage in the magazines Clessie was reading while in the office the next morning. Clessie was not getting credit for his development work which up to this point had his engines in various fishing boats down in the Gulf and some big engines for the Pennsylvania Railroad. How could he get attention?

“The crazy plan forming in my mind looked about as rash as any could, but I knew that come January first it was the end anyway. The chance my stunt would work might be worth the risk.”

Monday morning he called his trusted chief engineer H.L. Knudsen to his office with hat and overcoat, a Model U layout drawing and a tape measure. The model U Clessie had in mind was a four cylinder 4.5x6 382 cubic inch displacement engine that was introduced about two years earlier. H.L. and Clessie left for Indianapolis, about 50 miles away, to find an automobile big enough to accept the "U". H.L. was very skeptical and adamantly doubted that such a car could be found. Moreover, he considered the engine unsuitable for an automobile.

Clessie just as strongly retorted that "When the house is on fire I'm going to throw anything wet I can find on the blaze." They found a seven-passenger 1925 Packard limousine. "I bought it on the spot for \$600.00, paid for with a company rubber check and the two of us caravanned back to Columbus". Upon returning after dark the Packard was placed in a little used shed across the railroad tracks from the factory. The next morning Clessie assembled a small team, including his brother Don, and were told to keep quiet about the diesel installation.

A coordinated effort went on non stop, parts were cast and machined. It was discovered that the steering gear could not be reassembled after the diesel was installed onto the frame. The solution was to raise the car with the steering gear in place and lower it again over the engine which was narrow enough to slide between the frame rails when minus the mounting brackets. It was a real tight fit, so tight there was no room for a cooling fan. This was no problem because the lower horsepower more efficient diesel would transfer less heat into the coolant. The team finished their conversion on Christmas eve but the car had not been road tested.

Christmas morning was clear and cold after a nighttime snowfall. As soon as the family had opened their presents Clessie and his fifteen year old son Brainard went to the shed and got the Packard out for a test drive. The governed top speed was only 20 miles per hour but everything seemed to be OK. In the coming week the governed speed was increased to 1000 rpm and the rear end ratio was changed from 4.69:1 to 2.5:1 giving a top speed of 55 mph.

The two returned home to get Clessie's wife Stells and four year old George before driving up Fifth St. to show W.G. the transformed car. The following is Clessie's account of what happened.

"I met Mrs. Sweeny and Mrs Miller, her daughter inside the house and told them what I had done. They were naturally interested and wanted to know what I had planned. I explained I was going to show it to W.G. and then went up to his room. He had just finished breakfast and was reading the paper. His general mood had not changed materially since our last meeting as he was still terribly upset over business conditions in the country. He greeted me less enthusiastically. "Come down and take a ride with me in my new car" I invited.

"What do you mean, new car? Are you completely out of you mind," he looked up somewhat dumbfounded. "Here you are, your business is gone, you're in debt up to your ears, you haven't got a job, and you run out a buy a new car. Well you can just take it right back. You'd have had to pay for it with my money, and you're getting none of that!"

“I just wanted you to take a little ride in it”, I implored “Nothing doing,” he concluded. He could get quite petulant when sufficiently vexed, and this was obviously such an occasion.

I went downstairs and told the ladies W.G. wasn't going. “He chased me out” I informed them. Mrs. Sweeney then said she would go up and speak with Will. “Don't tell him about the engine” I cautioned her. “I want him to ride in it before he finds out.”

She returned a few minutes later and said he had finally agreed to go but that he was terribly angry. “It had better work” she warned me. I asked both Mrs. Sweeney and Mrs. Miller to go with us and sit in back with Stella. The boys were on the jump seats. W.G. came down in a few minutes, well bundled up, and crawled into the front seat.

“Get going. I'll take a short ride with you,” he said and then clammed up. I headed out of town but after a few miles I noticed the engine overheating. I didn't know why and decided I had better stop to investigate and let the engine cool. On lifting the hood I recognized the problem but could not fix it there. Meanwhile I had to stall while the engine cooled. Back in the car Mrs. Sweeney had been rebuking her brother for his attitude and finally convinced him to get out and see what I was doing. First with a scowl because of having to slog in the snow, and then with a look of astonishment he saw the Cummins name cast on the intake manifold. “Whats that doing on the Packard engine?”

“That's no Packard. That's a Cummins diesel” I enthusiastically replied.

“You don't mean to tell me you've got one of our engines in it,” he exclaimed. Now it was “our engine.” Until this time it had always been “your engine” I said that's what it is. You've been riding behind the first Cummins automotive diesel.” Well, that did it. By this time the engine had cooled down and we returned to the Irwin home where I let out W.G. and the two ladies. I then dropped off my family on the way back to the shop to leave the car. Right behind me came W.G. who had “hoofed” it there as fast as he could. He was all excited and began daydreaming about what this could mean. I knew before evening that we would be saved.

This ends Clessies account of Christmas day 1929. The over heating problem was due to air trapped in the cylinder head water passages because of the way the return hose had been run back to the radiator top.

This story shows the typical way that the two of me got along with each other. Mr. W.G. Irwin, the well to do very ethical respected 65 year old banker and the 41 year old Clessie, full of enthusiasm trying first one thing and then another until something worked. His personality must have been engaging, people seemed to like him and want him to succeed.

In Memoriam

The Chapter sends its condolences to Kenny Stonemetz and family on the passing of Ken's father, Jerry, on January 6th. Jerry lived on Barters Island. Jerry passed away on January 6th.

ATHS Rt. 66 Convoy - Chapter Two
Headed East, Homeward Bound, from Rt. 66 Tour
By Bob and Lucy Stackpole

Having spent the night in Barstow, California we toured the town a bit and found the railroad station where there was a museum with some old engines, cabooses, and cranes sitting about. The museum was closed but the old iron outside was interesting. We headed out of town taking in the scenery with Las Vegas the destination when we came across Peggy Sue's Diner, an old truck stop. While we were on our way out with the tour John Vannatta had wanted to go to Peggy Sue's for lunch but thought it was not possible that day and we just happened to stumble on to it. I suggested that we go in for coffee and a piece of pie, it was about ten in the morning, but Lucy claimed we were watching our figures and pie wasn't in the program. Behind the diner there was sort of an amusement park of dinosaurs standing up on piles of dirt. The dinosaurs were very large and appeared to be made of steel pieces welded together. The creator certainly had a very good imagination. Onward we went through the desert to Vegas.

As we got near to Vegas we came across a few casinos that attracted some of Lucy's hard earned money but we forged on right into downtown Las Vegas. We were pretty proud chugging right thru the big city in our little Mack but found it very hard to find a place to park at those big hotels with those low parking garages. As I would pull up to an entrance slowly I would peek up the drive to see the low clearance across the whole road. Luckily I didn't get started up any of them because I am sure it wouldn't have been any picnic backing out into four lanes of afternoon traffic. We continued down this road until we were to the end of the big buildings and found a right hand turn that we could fit under and pretty much headed back the way we started from except for the tall hotels were gone and the traffic was twice as heavy with plenty of street lights. It appeared as though we were about out of town when we came across the Boulder Station Hotel and Casino with plenty of open air parking. Perfect - a place to park, eat, and sleep. We got a high room which you could see the whole city from and after dark the sky was lights as far as you could see. We had supper and Lucy stuffed a few dollars in the slot machines then retired for the night.

After breakfast the next morning we headed out for the Hoover Dam and it turned out that we were right where we needed to be, on the road to the dam. Couldn't really call it good planning, just dammed lucky. We drove though a housing area where many of the homes seemed to be the same and went on for miles. We arrived at the dam and before entering the area all vehicles were searched. I explained that I would open the back for them when they were thru with the cab and my Rube Goldberg rig was a little entertainment for the guards that morning.

First was the walk across the new bridge which was quite spectacular. The view of the dam from here was awesome and at different locations across the bridge there were plaques depicting the construction of the bridge at that point. They started from both sides so it was as if the bridge was hanging in mid air until the last center piece was placed. The story is that after 9/11 you were no longer allowed to cross the dam for fear of a terrorist attack so the new bridge was constructed. Next we headed down to the dam which allowed us to view the bottom structure of the bridge which was also very impressive. Down and around and around and down we went until we got to the first dam parking lot at the entrance but it was a parking garage and yes we were too tall so we continued on to the dam, across to the other side, then up and around

and around and up until we got to a suitable parking spot. Then down we went on foot back to the entrance which of course was the easy part of the commute.

We purchased our tickets and headed into the dam where we passed through a metal detector of which promptly sounded off when I passed through as usual. As I was emptying my pockets out came my old, dull, Old Timer knife with the broken off blade. The BIG FELLA said, without cracking a smile, TAKE THAT KNIFE AND GET OUT OF HERE! I said to him that the knife was not of much value and he could keep it, at which time he repeated his previous statement with still no smile. I then explained that we had traveled 4,000 miles to see this dam and that 20 dollar old timer with the broken blade certainly would not stop us and again asked him to take it. He explained that if he took it it would be placed in a box and I would never see it again. It went in the box so fast you would have thought I never owned it and on our way we went.

We toured the dam in groups and we had very good guides, very informative with good humor to go with it. The dam is over 600 feet wide at the bottom and over 600 feet tall. When poured the sides did not touch the ledge walls, as it filled with water the water pushed it against the walls. The idea was that if an earthquake occurred this would allow room for movement. The concrete was poured in blocks no more than 5' tall and it was pointed out that there were no bodies in the concrete. There are also sensors in the concrete to keep track of the curing process and "NO" it is not completely cured yet. As we were going through the tunnels we came upon a small gray box with caution stripes on it attached to the floor. The guide stopped us and cautioned us NOT TO KICK THE BOX! He explained that the box was an instrument to detect earthquakes and such and if kicked it would undoubtedly attract the attention of at least the National Guard, CIA, FBI and god only knows who else!

We went to the hole in the dam where Harrison Ford and Chevy Chase jumped out of, no jumping allowed, and on down to the generators. Eight on one side and nine on the other of which if I remember correctly weigh 300 ton per generator. There were vehicles on the generator room floors which from our vantage point looked liked matchboxes. From there we rode the elevator up to the center of the top of the dam which ended our guided tour. We went back to the entrance to look at the monuments and into the museum again then headed back to the truck. By this time the temperature had risen considerably and it seemed like that uphill grade had increased. WOW, what a hike but we both made it. We headed up to the top of the hill where there was a store and bought some nice cold water, headed over to a tent with some seating overlooking the dam, and sat down and enjoyed a tremendous view of a spectacular piece of construction.

While resting at the top of the hill a gentleman from Carolina came over looking for the owner of the Mack. We were the only ones there so he was pretty sure he had the right people. He was interested to know if we would be willing to sell the truck? I explained that we were a long ways from home and that we were not up for the walk and the fact was we were quite attached to the old dog and would probably keep it. He thanked us and left his card in case we changed our mind and bid farewell. We walked out behind the store where there was a helicopter pad and a chain link fence to keep people from continuing on as they did before 9/11. Standing there looking you could see all the old road was still in place connecting right on to the new road from the new bridge. It seemed a little strange to us that a chain link fence would deter a terrorist attack but who knows?

As we headed back down and around and down to the dam and crossed it I became amazed at the people taking pictures of our truck, couldn't believe it actually. Here we were at a national treasure and people were taking pictures of a dammed old truck, and while I like trucks a lot, to me the attention should have been to the dam. Across and around and up and around and up and away we went back to the Hacienda Hotel and Casino with views of Lake Meade and helicopter rides. Lucy wasn't interested in going in a helicopter but I was until I saw the price - 30 dollars for 2 minutes. I did not think I could get the seat belt fastened in that amount of time let alone get off the ground! We settled for supper and Lucy slid a few more dollars into the slot machines before retiring for the night.

The next morning we headed across the new bridge at the dam and on to Grand Canyon West with plenty of scenery to admire. As we were riding along now and then we would spot one or two head of cattle and wonder whom they belonged to out in the middle of nowhere and miles from anything? As we got closer to the canyon the road turned to gravel with plenty of dust and lots of cactus. Upon arriving at the entrance to Grand Canyon West there was about eight helicopters and two planes coming and going non-stop with tourists. We went into the headquarters, bought our tickets and waited for the first bus. As we left on the first bus the driver started talking immediately about the canyon, some history, and about our first stop. He explained that we could stay as long as we wanted and a new bus would be by every fifteen minutes. We arrived at the first location on the edge of the canyon and what an awesome sight it was. There were no railings or guard rails which made Lucy very nervous. It was obvious that some people were very concerned and some could not get close enough to the edge.

At one stop there was the structure for a cable car across the canyon 1.5 miles to the other side. Seems that way back when, someone noticed a bat cave on the other side, and when bats go, the byproduct is called guano, and from guano comes makeup, and of course from makeup there comes money, therefore the cable across the canyon. Seems that a profit was very hard to recover after numerous attempts at collecting the guano and at some point a plane came in contact with the cable and it was never restrung. At this same location there was an old Indian lady guiding a tour bus from Vegas and she kept carefully leaning over the edge and looking down. She proclaimed that it was down there but you had to stretch out over the edge to see it. She went on to say that the car that Thelma and Louise drove over the edge in the movie was still down there because it was too expensive to retrieve. Much to Lucy's dismay I had to lean over the edge and sure enough there it was, waaaay down there. Needless to say it sure did not appear as though we could take a spin in it.

Next stop was the Skywalk which is a piece of glass you walk on hanging out over the top of the canyon of which is merely 1 mile deep. No cameras allowed, (they wanted to take your picture and sell it to you later which would have been difficult for them If they allowed you to take your own), and you needed to put on cloth slippers over your shoes. Lucy was careful to stay on the steel under the glass and keep on the inside as much as possible. The view was outstanding, a lot to take in, camera crew busy snapping shots and having fun doing it. We were looking around and one of the camera girls started taking photos of me, seems that a praying mantis had landed on my shirt and she was quite entertained by it. I should have asked for royalties on the sale of that one.

The last stop at West was the Hualapai Ranch where there were young cowboys shooting each other's ears off and other such shenanigans. There was a diner, gift shop, jail, gallows, a gold mine and Norman. Norman was a big old friendly ox just taking up space but certainly drew attention. They also offered horseback rides but we decided we would climb aboard the bus and head on out. One thing that we noticed was that there was always a plane or helicopter flying in our view which did not bother us then.

We headed out and landed in Seligman, Arizona for the night. On the way there I spotted a short cut on the map which turned out to be a 20 mile dirt road. The road was graded well and we traveled right along at 50 or 55 but we certainly could not sneak through for we created a very large dust cloud. The landscape was still very interesting where ever we went, large desert areas with hills in the distance. Many trains throughout the area coming and going. In Seligman we found a motel and then walked to a diner for supper, then back to the motel. Back to the same diner for breakfast then off to the laundry mat for some much needed fresh cloths. Lucy thought we needed a few more trinkets for the grand children and I suggested that we walk across the street to the Historic Seligman Sundries while we were waiting for the laundry. Pretty interesting place with some nice yard art, (old iron), out front. We browsed around a bit and fore long I got chatting with Frank the proprietor about such things as where we were from and what brought us here. He had stories of his own of how he ended up in Seligman also. About an hour later the conversation came to the little green Mack with S & S on the doors that passed through last week and wondered if I had seen it,(I had told him we were with the tour and some had stopped in on the way out). I had taken off my S & S hat in San Bernardino and replaced with a RT 66 straw hat which I wore all the way home so I am sure he was surprised when I smiled and said it was parked over by the laundry mat. Lucy and I went over to tend the laundry and I took the truck over and backed it in beside his cars and trucks right in front of the store. He came out for photos and more conversation and it seemed to make his day. We settled up with our purchases and bid our new friend farewell as we headed for Williams, Arizona.

Upon arriving in Williams we came to an old train station where a train took people to the canyon, we went in to inquire and was told the train only made 1 trip per day and it had already left that morning so we decided to keep on going. The lady told us we would need to stop in the next town to buy tickets and that we should really go to the IMAX theater before going to the canyon. Got to the town and decided to have lunch first then headed over to the IMAX. We were told that it would be 45 minutes till the next show which did not please Lucy very much. She stated we didn't have to see it and we might as well head on, I told her that I didn't know what was so important about it but that the lady was quite adamant that we see it first, so we waited. And what a show it was, another first for us, the floor shook, lighting crashed down, we thought we were in the plane veering away from the canyon sides and ducking from the waves coming over the front of the raft. It was quite an experience to say the least and it was for sure worth waiting for.

On to Grand Canyon South which is the national park, parked the truck, and headed for the bus. Unlike Grand Canyon West where the bus driver had a lot to say, this driver had nothing to say. We made several stops never seeing the canyon and finally a young lady sat down beside us and I asked her about the program here. She asked what we came to see and I stated the canyon of course. She explained that if we got off at the next stop and climbed 2 sets of stairs the canyon would be right there or we could go on to the next stop and when we got off the bus we would be right at the canyon. Having had plenty of seat time we bailed off and up

over the stairs at the first stop and sure enough there was the canyon and it was awesome! We just looked for a while and then started walking the path and stopping when something new caught our eye. Needless to say we did a lot of stopping and at one point we came to a small glass building. We went inside where Lucy looked at the souvenirs and I started talking to a ranger sitting on the shelf in front of the windows. First I asked if it was his job to go out on the catwalk hanging over the canyon to wash the windows and he was very quick to say that was not in his job description.

There was a large looking glass there and I asked if I could look through it and he said that would be ok. Before we had got to the building I had spotted something on the far bottom side and was interested to see what it was. Turned out to be a bridge across the Colorado River, and a small float with a couple of boats tied up also. Another fella joined us so I stepped aside so he could have a look and he exclaimed “there are people crossing the bridge”, and sure enough there was but you could not tell without the looking glass. We continued on around the path sitting down at the end to watch the sun set and what a site it was. While sitting at that one spot as the sun lowered the canyon kept changing colors, just spectacular. I stopped and asked a policeman at the parking lot how far to diners and motels on a different route out, he inquired where we were headed, I said east, he said if I went the way I came I would be headed the wrong way and to take the route I had inquired about. It was dark and I missed the turn so we put up in the town with the IMAX. Glad we did because the next morning we returned and got on the right road and found that the diners and motel were a good 2 hours away and also we spent the next day stopping and looking in the canyon. Had we gone through at night we would have missed that whole stretch of tremendous views. We never saw a helicopter or plane at Grand Canyon South or East and I must say that it did change the whole atmosphere of the canyon for the better.

Our next stop was at the four corners then on over the Wolf Creek Pass in Colorado. It was eight miles up and ten miles back down and incredible scenery. Just about like the song but no telephone poles to calculate your speed by. We were headed east along the Santa Fee Trail and came across Fort Learned in Kansas and toured it and also a cattle feed lot where a sign said public welcome so we chugged on in for a closer look. Couldn't dub around too long because we were running out of time. That night at the hotel I was looking at a book that advertised Big Bertha, (which is a huge shovel), and I told Lucy we had to go see it. I went out to the truck to get the map and figured it was four hours in the wrong direction, and Lucy said no way, were running out of time. After returning home Lucy spoke with a friend who came from Kansas and he told her when we were in Joplin we were only 15 miles from Big Bertha. Had we only known!

The next stop was AHS Headquarters in Kansas City, Missouri, visited with Stormy and the rest of the girls, looked over the artifacts and some of the photos. There is certainly a great amount of literature there where a person could get lost for days. Bidding everyone farewell we headed for the truck and wouldn't you know it the old girl would not start. How embarrassing, turned out to be a loose battery cable and we were on our way in no time. Next stop was the Iowa 80 Truck Stop in Iowa where we had supper and went across the street to a motel for the night. A few days after we had left California my phone rang and it was Liz Burns from the Cat Scale Company. She said Bill Moon had returned from the tour and told her they should have our truck on one of their truck cards and asked if we would be interested; guess it didn't take long for yes to come out. Cat Scales is part of the Iowa 80 Group and when a driver weighs his

truck he receives one of these cards. This will be the thirteenth series of cards with 60 trucks per series. After breakfast at the truck stop and a wash at the truck wash I called Liz and told her we were across the street and she invited us over to headquarters. We went in and talked to the receptionist and she told us to look around and Liz would be out soon.

Lots of toys and truck memorabilia, gas pumps and things of such. Liz came out and we went out to take a picture of the truck against a corn field, returned and wrote a short story about the truck and us. Liz thanked us and told us to head on over to the museum, she had called Bill Moon and had him open it for us because it was normally closed on that day. Over we went and met with Bill. He explained that they were adding a few parking spaces to the lot and when completed they would be able to park just under 1000 trucks at any one time. Earlier in the trip someone had told us that if you did not get into these truck stops by four in the afternoon you would not find a spot so there seems to be the need. The museum had a lot of interesting trucks and memorabilia and was well worth the stop.

On through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio where we stopped at numerous antique shops cause they must have different stuff than we have in Maine and sure enough a well pump caught my eye, as did the truck banks, and assorted Mack parts but Lucy drew the line when I started dickering on the wind mill. I claimed it would look good pumping a fountain out in the pond but to no avail, she had drawn the line. In Ohio we stopped at an Amish diner with a flea market out back, had our lunch and went out back where I was staggering way behind through the handy work until we got way down the aisle to the tools and things. That perked me up and before you knew it we owned a new old metal log scale rule, a pair of pliers to help lead unruly pigs around (claimed to be quite inhumane but very effective) and god only knows what else. Needless to say I have the fever. Upon returning to the truck Lucy spotted a puddle of anti-freeze on the ground and further investigation revealed a hose leak at the oil cooler, tried to tighten the clamp and couldn't so we headed on our way keeping a close eye on the temp gauge.

Along about quarter to five that afternoon we came across a NAPA Service Center which appeared to be a good sized truck garage and I thought they might have a new piece of hose so I stopped in. I went in and told the girl my problem and we went out in the garage and asked if they might be able to help me at this late hour. The young fella said drive out back and bring it right in the back door. The attention soon went from the repair to the young fella's father would sure like to see this truck and he would probably want to buy it. Guess the fever is country wide, must be an epidemic. An older fella came over and looked it over and said he was sure he didn't have a piece of hose but it looked like the clamp was no good. I explained that I had tried to tighten it but with no success so he cut the old one off and tried to put a new one on. He fought with it for quite a while then told the young fella it was his turn to try to get it on. Wasn't a very good spot for sure and after a while I told him it was my turn. I messed around a while then figured out that the old hose was swelled against the block so you couldn't get the clamp behind it, I asked for a bar with a crook on the end and they couldn't seem to think of anything and I said right in the top left drawer of my box at home which seemed to raise a chuckle. Finally we found the right tool and between the three of us and some morale support from some bystanders we completed the task and stopped the leak. We cleaned up and I asked how much I owed and their response was that Bulldog with the long ears on the hood would probably be just right, and I assured them that that probably would not happen. We squared up and I bid our new friends farewell and off we went.

The next day took us to Scranton Pennsylvania and the Lackawanna Coal Mine. We watched a movie of the mine in its heydays then boarded the cart that backed us down the hole. Nice place to learn about but wouldn't want to work there. In the early days the men would drill their powder holes with a bit brace, sometimes laying on their bellies in as little as 16" of headroom, load and shoot the powder, wait for the dust to settle then bring in the canary to make sure it was safe to continue. Then the coal was loaded into carts and brought out with a donkey. It was explained that there were many casualties, you lived in company houses and shopped in the company store. If you passed away your body was carried to your home and just thrown on the front yard. Several days later a company man would show up and tell the widow to get out, unless of course that small 6 year old child would take the fathers place in the mine, but the pay would be a lot less.

We visited Steam Town in Scranton which is an old train station with lots of history and lots of trains and train memorabilia. We left Scranton headed thru New York on our way to Burlington, Vermont to visit an uncle. It seemed that as we got closer to Burlington the narrower the road was that tom-tom had us on, and all at once he wanted us to get on a little tiny boat. Lucy hollered "we can't fit on that don't drive down there". We kept going and I told her to see if she could tell where we could cross and after looking at the map she decided Canada! We went about four miles past the ferry to a small store and gas station and as I started in there was a person gassing up who stated "boy you sure are along ways from home in that truck" and I was quick to point out that he didn't know the half of it and gave him the quick version of the past month. I asked him how we were going to get across that little pond and he said back on that ferry. I explained that the wife didn't think that boat was quite big enough to hold us but he assured me that they take trailer trucks across all day long and by god sure enough it held us, ten cars and plenty of room for more.

Off loaded in Shelburne and continued on to Burlington where we found my uncle to not be home. I called my cousin who lives in Shelburne and she really couldn't believe we were in town, after all I had never been there before and rarely leave Maine. Then I described her father's home and she exclaimed "you are here, I'll be right there". On her way she called her parents, they had been out to eat and all showed up at the same time. Had a nice visit and declared we had to head for home.

We spent the night in New Hampshire, stopped in Goffstown to visit a sister then headed for Cushing. When we got to Warren I noticed we had traveled 7,480 miles and suggested we go to Rockland to make it an even 7,500 mile trip but Lucy drew the line again and said TAKE ME HOME. We arrived home at 5:00 PM on Sunday the 30th of September and Lucy headed for work at 5:00 AM on Monday the 1st of October. We ran the trip out about as far as possible. That's it for now. Hope to see you all soon.

Bob & Lucy

Who, When, and Where?

Last month's who, when, and where garnered a few responses identifying the truck as a 1941-1947 (first series) Chevrolet. The location where W.H. Hinman (North Anson, Maine) was working was the Greenville airport in Greenville, Maine. The site is a couple of hills to the south of B-52 crash site Elephant Mountain that we visited on last year's Fall Tour. They essentially took the top off of the hill just outside of town and leveled an area large enough for the airport. Can you imagine doing that with a 1 ½ ton Chevy with what can't be any more than a 3 yard body?

From the Workbench

By Peter Mullin

I am going to start off with an apology for running the piece entitled “Congressional Reform Act of 2012.” We have a longstanding policy in the chapter of avoiding politics. This policy includes staying out of the politics of other chapters, ATHS National, and State and Federal politics. The Directors and Officers discussed this at the board of directors meeting last month and re-affirmed our commitment to staying out of politics and not running political commentary pieces like that previously mentioned. That being said it is our job and appropriate in this format to inform our membership of pending legislation that may be of interest to them.

Ironically we do have a new bit of new legislation pending in Augusta to report on this month. Senator Ron Collins of York has proposed **L.D. 57, S.P. 24** An Act To Exempt Occupants of Antique Autos from Seat Belt Requirements. To the best of our knowledge the actual bill has not yet been drafted as we go to print. We will keep our members updated as to the actual content of this bill and potential hearings as the Senator’s work progresses.

As far as truck news goes, at the fire station I am working with a committee to determine what we need in a new fire engine. It is amazing what has happened to fire truck prices over the years. The first fire truck that I served on the committee for (1996) was purchased for \$186,000. The last ambulance we purchased (2012) was \$193,000 and the budget for this truck is slightly over \$400,000. Mandated safety features and federal emission requirements on diesel engines are the key factors that have driven these increases. Emissions have had such an effect that I will be picking up a newly re-habbed and re-chassised ambulance in New Jersey the end of this month that has been put on a Ford E-450 gas chassis. That’s it for now. Hope to see you at an event soon.

2013 Winter Gathering – Saturday, February 23, 2013

9:00 A.M. - 3:00 P.M. (or later) at Gushee’s Rigging and Heavy Hauling

The Pine Tree Chapter will gather on Saturday, February 23rd, for its’ Annual Winter Gathering. Rumor has it Daryl has added an item or two to the collection. From the Route 100 shop we will venture to Woodman Road, and possibly his new storage space, to view the collection. This is a Chapter potluck lunch event. Please bring enough to share. There is a kitchen area to plug in crock pots. Donuts and coffee will be provided in the morning.

Daryl is hoping there is some snow on the ground and a nice day to do this. He will have a few things running. Everyone is invited to bring their snow related toys.

Member Profile – Feel Free to Add Pages Pictures and Stories

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Family: _____

First Truck Driven/Driving

Job: _____

Current Truck

Driven/Employment: _____

Other Trucks Driven/Driving

Jobs: _____

Antique Truck(s) Owned Current

or?: _____

Family Involvement in

Trucks/Trucking: _____

Your 2012-13 Chapter Officers and Directors:

President - Clayton Hoak 299 East Stage Road, Pittston, ME 04345; (207) 582-3224; email 1948reo@roadrunner.com

Vice President - John Ellingwood Jr. P.O. Box 683 Waterboro, ME 04087; Home (207) 247-6795 Cell (207) 590-2298; email jellin@sacoriver.net

Secretary - Diane Munsey, Rusty Fender Estates 785 River Road, Dresden, ME 04342; (207) 737-2997; email munsandi@gmail.com

Treasurer - Jamie Mason 104 Falmouth Road, Falmouth, ME 04105; (207) 949-1360; email haroldjmason@gmail.com

Director - Peter Mullin 200 Stanford Street, South Portland, ME; 04106 (207) 767-6080; email wfd44@maine.rr.com

Director - Wayne Devoe Jr. 56 Allendale Road Newport, VT 05855; (207) 318-0323 email wjdr62@hotmail.com

Director - Lars Ohman 6 Antique Drive Sabattus, ME 04280; (207) 375-6515; email peckapohl@roadrunner.com

Director - Steve Marshall 77 Murray Road Shapleigh, ME 04076; (207) 651-7115; email srmcam@metrocast.net

Director - Art Johnson 709 Old Post Road Bowdoinham, ME 04008; (207) 751 3525; email patart1939@aol.com

DUES NOTICE - Membership Renewal + Update Form

**Please sign me up for another years worth of membership in the Pine Tree Chapter, ATHS.
Membership in the American Truck Historical Society is required.**

Name _____

Date _____

Street _____

Phone: () _____

City _____

E-Mail _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Pine Tree Chapter

ATHS

C/O Harold "Jamie" Mason
104 Falmouth Road
Falmouth, Maine 04105

Pine Tree Chapter Dues of \$10.00 run from January to December.

Pine Tree Chapter ATHS
C/o Peter Mullin
200 Stanford St.
South Portland, Maine 04106

Next events: **Feb 23** Winter Gathering @ Gushee's
March 17 Annual Business Meeting @ OHTM