



Shop Manual

www.badgoat.net/ptcaths

October 2012 Hunting and Haunting Edition

President's Message

Greetings – It is hard to believe two months have gone by since the last Shop Manual. I missed the Fall Tour to Greenville to attend my 40th High School Reunion. I had a good time, however won't bore you with the details. Needless to say I am not the only class member who has lost some hair.

I attended the 35th Annual New England Auto Auction on August 25th and stayed through the first 40 or so vehicles offered. There is a good reason I don't register as a bidder and take my checkbook. What I think will go for reasonable money sells for a lot; and what I think will be expensive goes for reasonable money. Auction results are available on the Museum's website (www.ohtm.org). The two pieces I noted as being more interesting from my perspective (a 1916 Signal Model HL Flatbed and a 1930 Ford AA Roadster Dump Truck) sold for \$9,500.00 and \$14,000.00 respectively. The Signal, or its' twin, was in the car corral at Hershey. I do not recall the asking price.

I travelled to Washington State for the AHS Fall Board of Director's Meeting the first weekend in October. Yakima Washington is the location of the 2013 National Show and Convention. The ride over Snoqualmie Pass from Seattle to Yakima was very different from our local terrain. The signs at the base of the climb instructed trucks to "chain up" before heading up the mountain; the 5% grade went for over 5 miles. There was snow on Mount Rainier; however chains were not needed to get over Snoqualmie Pass (that weekend). The Dispatch, copied inside, summarizes the meeting discussions and decisions. The 2016 National Show will be in Salem, Oregon.

Two weeks ago Peter Mullin and I travelled to Pennsylvania for the annual Hershey Swap Meet. They advertise 9000 ten by thirty vendor spaces which equate to 62 acres; double the area for walkways and the car corral and it amounts to a lot of walking. We ran into at least fifteen other PTC members who share the same affliction.

Coming up on November 3rd and 4th is Higmo's Logging and Music Annual Saw Mill Days. Details are inside. Two weeks after Higmo's is the Pine Tree Chapter's Late Fall Get Together/Great Fall Auction on Saturday, November 17th at Charlie and Rose Huntington's in Newcastle, Maine. Again details are inside. I hope to see you at one or both events.

Ramblings

By Lars Ohman

The nip in the air is definitely just around the corner. The camper is all winterized, and buttoned up for the season, and the two trucks are in the garage, but ready for maybe just one more run before the snow flies.

Looking back over the past year with AHS and starting with the well received Chock Block Project for the Convention. Quite a few balls were in the air concerning the National Convention that was being held in West Springfield, MA. We went ahead with our promise to supply the Chock Blocks, all the while with a question as to how many to actually manufacture. We made the decision to hope for the best and went all out. Good thing we did... over 1,000 trucks showed up from all over the country.

Finally getting a chance to sit down and review "Showtime" for the third or fourth time, and finding even more trucks that I missed in person, I became aware that many came with only one truck, but others brought collections from as far away as Hawaii (at least the registration list showed that). Being a founding member of the Pine Tree Chapter, I was pleased to see many vehicles from our Chapter on the show grounds. One point really stands out; the largest number of trucks at the show from one barn came from the Daryl Gushee collection in New Gloucester, ME. Not only the largest collection, but also the largest single truck at the show... the giant Kenworth Prime Mover. Other difficult to move pieces included the Linn Snow Plow rig, an armored riot control vehicle and an IHC rubbish compactor truck. One of his IHC tractors suffered a rear end failure, was repaired on the road, and still made it to the show. Just the logistics of moving all this equipment to one location shows his dedication to the overall venue, and the "can do" attitude of his workers and volunteers. I tip my hat to all Pine Tree Chapter members, be it one truck or a dozen that contributed to making the West Springfield Show as good as it was. Do even better on Nov 6th and vote for the person of your choice. Lars

Late August – November Calendar of Events

- Oct 27-28 Owls Head Transportation Museum – Great Fall Auction & Flea Market
Contact the Museum @ 207-594-4418 or visit their website – www.owlshead.org
- Nov 3-4 Higmo's Logging and Music Annual Saw Mill Days; Details in this newsletter;
Contact: Allen Higgins or Paula Hersom (207) 442-0701
- Nov 10 Owls Head Transportation Museum – Celebration for Charles Chiaro, a salute
to 36 years with the Owls Head Transportation Museum; 6:00 to 8:00 p.m.;
Light refreshments served; Dress casual
RSVP by October 29 – 207-594-4418 or info@ohm.org.
- Nov 17 Pine Tree Chapter Late Fall Gathering/ Great Fall Auction; Details in this
newsletter; Contact Charlie (207) 841-3996 or Clayton (207) 522-7088

ATHS Rt. 66 Convoy

By Bob and Lucy Stackpole

During the month of September Lucy and I went on the ATHS First Convoy Tour of Rt. 66 which turned out to be the most wonderful thing we have ever done. The adventure started this spring when I saw an old Mack beside the road that was just crying for my attention. Next came the repairs and sprucing up that just happened to come out pretty nice. My intention when I bought the truck was to use it in my construction business but that idea soon changed. Lucy stated that I finally got a truck that was fit to take her to a show and be presentable and I was going to put gravel in it! She was not impressed. That night I was reading my new *Wheels of Time* and came across the article of the Rt. 66 Tour and the next morning I said to Lucy “since I can’t use the dam truck, we might as well go to California in it”, and so began the adventure.

First I had to make a few modifications due to the lack of any room for luggage that would be under cover. Second I didn’t want to climb up over the side every morning and night to stow the luggage. I installed an electric winch along with a little rube-goldberg rigging to lift the tailgate from the back of the truck. Then I built a water proof box that would hold luggage, chairs, a cooler for the water, and a battery to run the winch and cooler. I then set it in the back, closed the gate, pushed the box tight against the tailgate and welded it to the bed so it would always be where I left it. This way I could stand on the ground, open the gate with the touch of a button, open the doors to the box and retrieve whatever we needed right from the ground. Next I welded a job box in the front of the body for the purpose of storing maintenance items such as a case of anti-freeze, engine oil, a jack, wheel wrench, tool box, spare starter, basically everything I would never need but always want “just in case.” Turned out what I left home were the things I needed, as usual.

We had planned to leave on August 31 and do a little sightseeing on our way to Morris IL but that didn’t work quite as planned. I seemed to become ill with a headache the last week of August and ended up going to the hospital at 3AM on Friday morning. They seemed to think I may have had a tick borne illness, prescribed some medicine, told me to call in a week and have a nice trip. I don’t know what they gave me but when we left the hospital I no longer had a headache! I also didn’t have all those last minute things done so we did not depart till 3PM Saturday September 1st.

Our first night took us to our good friends Ken an Pat Stonemetz in Natick Mass where we were fed a nice meal, put up for the night, and sent off the next morning with best wishes for all. We traveled to Manlius, NY to visit an uncle, then on to Niagara to spend the night. Next morning we toured Niagara Falls, then crossed the border into Ontario and headed south. I had wanted to go to the Mackinaw Bridge but we didn’t think we would have time. My best description of our trip down Ontario would be 247 miles of crop land; corn, beans and tobacco. Having hardly ever left New England it took me a while to figure out we were looking at tobacco! At near supper time I saw a diner sign to the left and took it for I hadn’t seen much choice till then. We went about 20 miles and ended up on a one way street on a peninsula in lake Erie, had supper and headed back the 20 miles and on to Windsor Ontario for the night.

The next morning we crossed the border into Detroit and started heading for Morris Il. We really did not have a plan but I got to thinking we were ahead of schedule and we were probably close to the Ford Museum, so we decided to try and find it. We punched Ford Museum into Tom-Tom and we ended up at the Rouge Plant. We did not see any warm entrance but there was a guard house at the turnstiles that let the workers through. I banged on the glass, we tried to communicate through the glass unsuccessfully, and she came outside to tell me we were in the wrong place. She was very nice and gave us directions to the museum in Dearborn. They were good directions because we drove right there with out a hitch, got on a bus and went back to the Rouge plant for the factory tour. The Rouge builds 1200 Ford pick-ups per day and Lucy and I enjoyed the tour very much. After I had a little discussion with a tour guide about the possible misplacing of the steering wheel on the show model we departed for our return trip to the museum with a challenge from the tour guide to find what was wrong with the bus. I couldn't but later guessed it was not a Ford, only answer I could come up with. Upon entering the museum one of the first things we saw was a Bangor and Aroostook railroad car, we felt close to home all at once, and behind that was a Coles Transportation Truck. We thought we had missed a turn. We spent the rest of the day there and got kicked out, seemed the crew thought it might be close to supper time. The museum was excellent. It contained all types of autos and trucks, engines, steam engines, small generating plants, HUGE generation plants, manufacturing machines, lathes, milling machines, campers, firearms, farm machines, aircraft, doll houses, diners, presidents cars, wood stoves, furniture and lighting fixtures to name a few. I know we did no see it all because of things advertised that we did not see. Guess we will need another trip there! It was GREAT!

The next day we landed in Morris at about noon and went into the truck stop for dinner. When we arrived we did not notice any one else there but as we were eating we noticed the fellas from Oregon pull in and park beside our truck. Then the noticed the ATHIS truck arriving. We did not meet any of them till later but found our way to the motel and checked in. Later we heard from Bill and Andrea Sparrow from Pittston, Maine and had supper with them. I had met Bill and Andrea at Owls Head this year through friend Mo Montgomery. The next morning we went over to the truck stop and met the rest of the group, signed in and enjoyed the day. Seems that another acquaintance from Maine was looking for me, Mr. Foss from down east, but we never saw one another and I suspect he had to head back east with a load.

The next day we headed for Troy following RT 66 stopping at some old gas stations and gift shops in Dwight Ill. At one of our first stops we met a couple from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia who had flown in and rented a car to join us on the trip. Turns out he has hauled into Rockland, Maine and knew people I know and I knew a family from Yarmouth that he and his family has done business with. Small world after all. We passed thru lots of farmland and saw many trains which we are not used to here on the mid-coast. We stopped in Pontiac, Ill where the mayor was handing out Rt. 66 pins and telling us about the museums in town which we visited. The afternoon brought heavy rain which slowed traffic to a crawl. It was raining so hard you could barely see and cars were running 4 ways and pulling off both sides of the road. We got to Troy and they said a tornado had touched down 3 miles south of us.

The next morning we met up with Bob Perkins and his Mack Superliner from Greene, Maine whom I had not yet met but had talked to the week before over the phone and had been looking for him. We Mainers traveled together for most of the trip and had an enjoyable time. Our first stop was in East St. Louis at Tank Trailer Cleaning Inc. where they served us a splendid breakfast, had a visit and were escorted out of town. I happened to be the first in line and got in the wrong lane and very soon noticed everyone else headed in a different direction. A helping call from Mr. Perkins telling me what to look for put us back on the right track in short order. One might have guessed I knew where I was going but certainly would have been mistaken for sure. We passed by the Gateway Arch in St. Louis and started into farm land seeing for the first time large square hay bales, about 8' x 4' x 3'. We are used to 2' x 2' x 3'. One bale filled a pick-up. We spent the night at Joplin and were treated to a cookout after the show.

On to Oklahoma the next day which brought us to the Blue Whale, and the Blue hole which was a spring that was 60' wide and 80' deep producing 3,000 gallons of water a minute which was kinda impressive. We stopped at The Round Barn and I had to go in and out several times because it very much looked taller inside then outside. It must have been an illusion. We stopped at the Pop Shop where all walls were stacked high with different pop bottles containing many different types of soda pop. There was a lot of construction going on in Ok and murals on the walls. We saw buffalo on one of our side trips, we were lost of course. We stopped in the middle of the road in a town to talk over directions with others on the trip. No one seemed to mind that we were two wide and had the street shut off. We saw what we thought might be one of the big wild fires, could see smoke for miles. When we got close some of the trucks headed in a different direction but our group headed straight for it to check it out. It turned out to be farmers burning a field. We stopped in a nice RT 66 Museum in Clinton, Ok filled with lots of memorabilia.

On to Texas for a stop at the Cadillac ranch where there were 10 caddies planted nose down in a pasture with cattle in it. The gate to the pasture was constructed so people could walk in by walking around the free swinging gate but when cattle tried to come through they would just push the gate shut, kinda neat. We passed a large herd of cattle in a feed lot, another first for us. I noted that the farmers didn't have much to do because there were no rocks to pick out of the fields anywhere, UNBELIEVABLE.

In New Mexico we stopped in Tucumcari for lunch and then started through town seeing lots of murals and stuff. I soon noticed a pick-up trying to get amongst us and trying to stop us. It turned out to be Slim and his wife whom I had met the day before. He had told me of a diner in Tucumcari which had the very best Chicken Fried Steak in the whole world. It seems that Slim's wife did not get a picture of our truck the day before and wanted it for their collection of photos. Slim asked if I had made it to the diner and tried the Chicken Fried Steak, I said we had made it to the diner but I had to confess that I wasn't crazy about chicken. Hence came Slims explanation that Chicken Fried Steak did not have a dam thing to do with chicken! Learn something new every day. Slim and his wife then led us through town showing us the murals and explaining that the murals depicted the businesses in the building and the people on each building were in fact the proprietors of that business. It was great to meet Slim and his wife.

That afternoon we stopped in Adrian, Texas which is the mid-point of RT 66 where there was an old pickup that people had signed all over. We did find a few names from Maine on it. We changed from desert like land to hills and lots of ledge and short softwood trees, Lucy put the camera on the dash and said no more pictures, this is too much like Maine. When we came to the top of the hill it became a whole new world! Our mouths dropped open and WOW was the word. Out came the camera for good.

The daily question when we got to the new show each night was “what have the couple who have never left New England seen new today.” The simple truth was “ EVERYTHING we saw today was new” and interesting and exciting.

In Albuquerque we met a nice man named Joe Rose who was a veteran and a member of ATHS who told us of things to look for on our trip. He also explained that when the economy is good there are 100 trains a day that pass through this town. I felt compelled to count the cars on a few and all were over 100. Back in Rockland, Maine there are 6 cars that take a big 2 mile trip to the harbor a few times a week and a tourist train with 3 cars that heads to Brunswick on occasion; quite a difference for sure. We stood on the corner in Winslow, Arizona and saw the pretty girl in the red truck, kinda neat. We saw lots of Burma Shave signs that seemed to advise the traveler about safety on the roadways. We traveled through Seligman and on to Kingman, Arizona for the night.

Leaving Kingman we traveled through Oatman which is an old gold mine town in which they still mine. On the way there we stopped at an old gas station and there was an old hand operated drill press on the outside wall. Being the way I am I just had to reach up and try to turn the crank and much to my surprise it turned. It had power feed and that worked too. The only thing that did not seem to work was the chuck but that still had a broken bit in it so if I had a key that probably would have turned also. How long do you suppose a drill press would work hanging on the outside of a barn in Maine? The road to Oatman was narrow and full of switch backs with deep drop offs on Lucy’s side. She kept leaning to the middle of the truck to keep from going over while telling me to keep my eyes on the road, NO RUBBER NECKING ALLOWED! I kept saying I would drive but for her to keep taking pictures. What a blast! WE stopped at the top and visited the town which was full of memorabilia and gifts. Donkeys were roaming free all through the town and were quite a hit. The ride down was equally interesting coming into the Mojave Dessert which was a long hot drive but still very interesting to us. We stopped at a store for a break and most of the group was there at the same time. Going into California was a checkpoint but they were busy taking our pictures and waving us through. We gathered up in Needles, Ca. to form a parade through town. Here we bid farewell to our new friend Bob Perkins who was heading home to prepare for his next load. John Vannatta had been trying all morning to get the contact in Needles who requested us but could not contact her. Seemed she forgot her phone in the car that day so by the time they realized we were coming through there were just a few left. On to Barstow.

The next morning at breakfast we met another friend who told us of things to watch for and some history to go along with it. On our return trip we stayed in the same motel and while checking in the same man appeared and was quite interested in our trip. Turns out he drives the train up from Long Beach to Barstow where the train company puts him up for the night in that

motel for a nights rest and return trip the next day. He explained that that route had the longest grade in the US. 26 miles of 3% grade which probably takes a few ponys with 100 plus cars. We gathered up after breakfast for a drivers meeting, we were all to convoy to San Bernardino together and have an escort into town to our parking spot. The truck stop was a bit busy that morning with our convoy trucks perhaps being kinda in the way of the road trucks wanting to leave. First thing you know we had convoy trucks going in two directions. We made plans by phone to meet at a pull-off and re-gather for the entrance to San Bernardino. We entered town and perhaps we took up a tad more room than they had planned on but we managed to get parked and used up a street. The temperature was 103 and I was burned to a crisp. My lower lip was blistered as was my left ear. The left side of my face was burning and I had been driving with my left sleeve pulled down over my fingers because my hand was blistered. Someone suggested that I take my long sleeve shirt off and wear a t shirt but I responded that the hotter it gets the more clothes I need to wear. First thing we did was buy some straw hats to help protect what was left of us. The Rt. 66 rendezvous was quite a site, many blocks of the city had been shut down for the event and both sides of the streets were lined up with all sorts of cars, pickups and trucks. All that strange stuff we have seen in magazines was there. We would walk a while and rest a while. We did not see everything here either but what we did see was awesome. We left town and headed for our motel.

Next morning Lucy and I headed for Santa Monica and the end of Rt. 66; that being on the Santa Monica Pier. We felt we had to see the Pacific Ocean being so close. We got in a little disagreement with the parking attendant about how much room I would use and I explained that I was hardly any larger than a pick up. I could set in one parking space but he thought I should pay for three, he told me to put the truck in the middle of two spaces and he would only charge me for two, which I did but the way the lot was laid out on an angle I really used three spaces but no sense to argue any more. After visiting the pier we headed back to Redland for a cookout at Terry Klenske's place for the convoy participants.

That brings us to the end of the convoy trip and what an exciting time it was for Lucy and I. Our biggest problem was our inability to get internet service to report back to Maine of our adventure, but we did the best we could in that department. This was in fact an adventure of a lifetime for us and we loved every minute of it. Of course our journey was only half over at this point and the return trip was equally rewarding for us but I suspect I have over stepped my invitation to write of our journey so I bid you all farewell and we hope to visit with you all soon.

We would also like to again thank ATHS for coming up with this plan for had they not we may have never had an excuse to leave New England and what a shame that would have been. Thanks Again! Bob & Lucy Stackpole

P.S. You will probably never accuse Lars of rambling again.

In Between Shifts

By John Ellingwood

The Fall tour in Greenville was a huge success. Ralph Balla, Carl Phillips and their wives did an excellent job as hosts of one of the most relaxing truck events I had been to all year. (probably because I didn't have to do anything). I showed up late with the KW on Saturday morning while the rest of the crowd was checking out some local history. A beautiful ride on the Katahdin was followed up by dinner at our choice of establishments. On Sunday morning we had a morning raffle with some nice prizes to those in attendance followed by a trip to the B52 Crash Site on Elephant Mountain. I can't do the crash site justice in a quick article. It is something well worth the trip to go take this in. If not by truck take a ride on the Internet by searching Maine B52 Crash and you are sure to find lots of information.

Recently I inherited some literature from a good friend. I have not had much chance to look through the several boxes I got. If you are looking for any past issues of "WOT", I may have it. One item that caught my attention was an envelope containing 4 issues of "The Cog" from 1986 and 87. A predominantly North East publication from Maryland "for the vintage truck and equipment collector". The premier issue from 86 has an International K-12 on the cover with area info, classifieds, product testing and reviews for the truck hobbyist.

On another note we have plenty of Merchandise for those doing their Christmas shopping early. Anyone looking for previous years Owls Head Shirts or other goodies. Please call me (207-590-2298). We do have some more 2012 Frank Hale shirts on the way and if you have already preordered be sure that those will be set aside for you.

Don't miss the last few events of the year. I hope to attend Higmo's and the Fall Gathering as well. Anyone looking to carpool from Southern Maine to either event, give me a call on that as well. Stay Warm, John.

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.

More Diesel Engine History - How the Cummins Engine Co. got Started

By George Barrett

How can I write any more about diesel engines without introducing Clessie Cummins. I've mentioned Cummins a few times but this issue's column will be devoted to how the mostly self-taught tinkerer Clessie and the banker Mr. W. G. Irwin first met. We all know that ideas usually don't come to fruition without financing. Mr. Irwin (from now on he will be referred to as W.G.) and his family was the business end of the engine company, constantly trying to rein in Clessie as he bounced all over the country making every effort to manufacture and sell diesel engines. Clessie on the other hand had to think about how to ask for financial backing for every move he made. I think each man knew just about how far they could push or pull the other.

All the research for this column comes from a fascinating book called "the Diesel Odyssey of Clessie Cummins" authored by Lyle Cummins, Clessie's youngest son. I was fortunate to acquire the book shortly after it was published in 1998; it is very expensive now on the used book market. I have two books by Lyle, actually C. Lyle Cummins, Jr., the other being a very thorough 756 page book on the diesel engines used on submarines from 1902 to 1945. When I bought the book I got it directly from Lyle. I telephoned him and we had a long talk, I found him to be a very personable fellow and I found his book to be extremely detailed. This man knows diesels and I trust the book I'm relying on to tell you the following story is also very accurate, some of it in Clessie's words.

A quick note about books, there is one other book about the Cummins Engine Co that I have with the title "The Engine that Could", 75 years of value driven change at the Cummins Engine Company. This 590 page book is written by two gentlemen and published by the Harvard Business School Press. I enjoyed it in part because it discusses much of the cost of engineering failures and warranty costs, some of which I was in the middle of when selling and servicing equipment in the 60s, 70s and early 80s. It is amazing how most everyone in the automotive industry in the very early 50s thought that the V-8 engine was the way to go. We all know how that worked out.

Back to Cummins. Clessie was born four days before the beginning of 1889 near Columbus, not far from Indianapolis. Upon graduating high school he worked at various machine shop and automotive type jobs, the last one before meeting W.G. was for Marmon as a tester. The cars had two road tests, one when the chassis was completed and another when the body was installed. Clessie seemed to like the job, worked long hours, and got along well with the wealthy customers as he also delivered and demonstrated the new automobiles.

Clessie's mother, through a church affiliation, knew the sister of W.G. and she mentioned that he (the Bank) was looking for a driver and encouraged her son to interview for the position. It seems that the previous driver had been fired for lighting a cigarette while driving W.G.'s father. At first W.G. didn't think the 110 pound 5'-6" Clessie was big and strong enough to crank the Packard, a car which Clessie had not driven and knew very little about. Clessie convinced W.G. he could handle the Packard so W.G. said "Well, if you're so sure, let's go

over to the house. I'll give you a driving test." This wasn't exactly what Clessie had in mind, he had never seen a Packard, and every car was different in those days. He wanted to get a Packard manual and look the car over but this was not to be. When Clessie got the car down off the blocks and unwrapped the paper off the tires W.G. instructed him to "go ahead and start it." Clessie has written that "I grabbed the crank with a drowning man's grip and strained with every ounce of my 110 pounds. Try as I would I couldn't get the engine to turn over."

Not knowing about a decompression lever and knowing he had to move fast he asked W.G. for another chance. Clessie knew that a two cycle boat engine could be rocked back and forth and started without going over compression. Here follows Clessie's account of how he got the car started and on the road. When he started the Packard he also started a relationship with W.G. that became the Cummins Engine Company although this fact was unknown to both men at the time.

"I dipped a cloth in the gasoline tank and opened the priming cup atop each cylinder. Then I squeezed a few drops of gasoline from the cloth into each cup, turned the engine crank back and forth enough to suck into the cylinder. Next I closed the cup valves and rocked the engine two or three more times with the crank. Now for the big test. I hopped into the drivers seat, wiggled the spark advance and retard lever back and forth once and lo - the engine started. I glanced at W.G. He was beaming. "I'd rather have a man any time who can use his head instead of his back", he shouted over the engine's roar".

At this point Clessie knew he was only half way home. He still had to back the car out of the garage and fifty yards down the driveway to the street and he had no idea of how the gear shift levers operated.

"I spotted two levers which looked as if they were connected to the transmission. One lever was much longer than the other. I reasoned that would be for reverse because it would be used less. Also the long lever slipped back and forth. I knew it was probably for selecting the forward gears. The short lever would only rock into place. With my heart in my mouth and without disengaging the clutch (I still wasn't sure which was the clutch), I jerked the short lever into place.

Even though the engine was idling, the transmission dropped instantly into reverse gear and the car shot backward out of the shed as I hung onto the steering wheel. Besides my other problems this engine had a governor hooked into the inlet manifold vacuum so it would idle about 400 rpm, but the addition of a little load would cause the carburetor to open up , lower the vacuum, and increase the rpms considerably. So we zoomed backward out of the shed and down the narrow alley, barely missing three trees and two fences.

Somehow I brought the monster to a stop when we reached the street, possibly by finding the clutch as well and the brake. I was still trying to regain my composure when W.G. who had been frozen with fright at my side, thawed with a roar "don't you ever come out of that alley like that again!" I assured him I wouldn't even entertain the thought".

After driving W.G. around town for a while they agreed on a salary, which was more than others were making at the bank so some under-the-table arrangements were made. On the date of October 8, 1908 Clessie Cummins, not yet 20 years old, began a 35 year association with William Glanton Irwin as a chauffeur, lasting until W.G.'s death in 1943 at age 78. The friendship was not only with W.G. but extended to his family as well. When I say the engine company started on that day I know I'm stretching it but I'm sure that both men never forgot that day. I wish I'd known this story back when I was settling warranty claims with Cummins. My experience with Cummins was very pleasant and enjoyable but the thought of Clessie getting that Packard 150 feet down the driveway while trying to find the clutch and brake as the governor was adding speed could have added some levity to many of the otherwise serious discussions.

Owls Head T-shirt Re-order

A limited second run of 2012 Owls Head Truck Show T-shirts has been ordered. Almost half of this final re-order has already been spoken for. If you missed out on getting a shirt at the Owls Head Show and want one (or more) from this batch or any shirts from previous years please contact John Ellingwood at (207) 590-2298 or email jellin@sacoriver.net

Late Fall Get Together/Great Fall Auction Information

This year's Late Fall Get Together/Great Fall Auction is Saturday, November 17th at Charlie and Rose Huntington's home in Newcastle, Maine. It will be a Chapter pot luck event so please bring something you like to share. There will be numerous cords for crock pots and a barbecue grill available so you can demonstrate your culinary skills.

Charlie and Rose reside at 78 Lynch Road in Newcastle. Lynch Road is off of US Route 1 approximately half way between Damariscotta and Wiscasset. If traveling from Damariscotta take the first left after Foster's Auction House; and if coming from Wiscasset take the right immediately before Colby's Repair Garage. 78 Lynch Road is approximately ¼ mile from the Route 1 intersection on the left. Look for a blue house with several out buildings (one quite large) and a Pontiac or two in the driveway.

The festivities begin at 9:30 a.m. with coffee and donuts, greetings and discussions. Lunch will be around noon. The Annual Great Fall Auction will begin between 1:00 and 1:30 with the intent of wrapping up by 3:00. The meeting / lunch space is heated and there are restroom facilities available.

The auction generally has a little something for everyone. The funds derived from our Fall Auction go to the Chapter, although occasionally we do have something on consignment with a reserve price on it. So spend an hour or so digging into that collection of stuff and bring an item or two you no longer need. Who knows want might show up that you can't live without?

Lost souls can call Charlie (207-841-3996) or Clayton (207-522-7088) for directions.

From the Workbench

By Peter Mullin

It's newsletter time once again. As others have noted the weather is getting cooler, the foliage is pretty well past its peak and it's time to start putting summer projects to bed for the winter and start getting the winter projects lined up. For me that means finishing up packing the camper away for the winter, painting the remaining half of the garage, putting the lawn equipment away, storing the '66, and some other summer toys, and getting the snow removal equipment and snowmobiles ready.

Nancy and I have gone to the "International Seaplane Fly In" in Greenville with my grandparents many times over the years. However, we had never been to any of the premier stops on the Fall Tour. The Greenville Historical Society houses amazing displays explaining what life was like in the Moosehead Region back in the heyday of the log drives and the tourism boom of the early 20th century. The curators and the displays went a long way towards explaining life in the woods as well as back in town.

For years we parked my grandparent's motor-home just across the cove from where the "Katahdin" ties up at the bottom end of Moosehead Lake. The closest we ever got to going out on the "Kate", as she's called by the locals, was a brief walk through the adjacent Moosehead Marine Museum. The fall tour group went out for a blustery but beautiful 3 hour cruise with awesome views of Mt. Kineo and the lower half of the lake. The "Kate" has the distinction of being the oldest Bath Iron Works built vessel still in regular service. She was built in 1914 to replace an earlier wooden vessel of the same name that burned to the waterline the year prior. Her hull was built in Bath and transported by rail to Greenville where she was completed. "Katahdin" was initially built to provide passenger and general freight service on the lake including to the resorts on Kineo and elsewhere. Later when roads were built to Rockwood, Kokadjo and beyond she was refitted to haul booms of logs during the log drives. The "Kate" participated in the last log drive in 1975 and was acquired by the Moosehead Marine Museum in 1976. The museum is currently raising money for hull repairs (planned for this winter) and continued upkeep of this fine vessel.

The final stop of the tour was the crash site/memorial on Elephant Mountain, just outside of Greenville, where a B-52C crashed in January of 1963. This site is simply amazing. To see the wreckage of an aircraft that was 185 feet from wingtip to wingtip and 160 feet from nose to tail that has been reduced to a debris field the largest piece of which would just about fit into the back of a modern pickup was incredible. Of the 9 man crew that was on board 7 of our servicemen perished on a cold mountain in northern Maine. The two survivors were the pilot who broke his ankle when he hit a tree and the navigator who is the only recorded USAF crewman to eject from an aircraft and survive without his parachute opening – the deep snow cover was believed to have saved his life. They survived the night (-28 degrees F) while awaiting rescue by wrapping themselves in their parachutes and sleeping bags from their survival gear and huddling down in the snow.

My Hershey report - 23 miles GPS logged walking over the course of 3½ days. For those that have been no explanation is necessary. For those that haven't none will suffice.

Saw Mill Days 2012 - Lumber-Music-Logging @ Higmo's Inc.

Welcome to Saw Mill Days 2012. Come along with us again on our journey as we celebrate all things forestry. There will be many displays, machines and demonstrations of all kinds through-out the day. Fun and games for children & adults, learn while you have fun!

We're doing things a little different this year. We will be set up at the forestry cabin both days and Fiona's Catering will be helping us with lunch so that the Higmo's team can be more available. Donations for lunch fund is appreciated and Admission is free.

Thank you and we are looking forward to seeing you all here!

Saturday November 3

7:30-8:30 Meet & Greet , Coffee & snacks

8:30-9:00 Welcome & brief history of Higmo's from Allen...Paul Larrivee Presenting Sappi Sustainable Forestry program

9:00—11:30: Forestry Walk & Talk Tours with Ken & Shane of the Maine Forest Service

Stationary Log & Lumber talks with Pete Lammert

Wood-mizer & Equipment Demonstrations through out the day

9:30 –11:30 Kids Activities with Olivia

11:30—12:30 Lunch (Fiona's Catering will be helping us with lunch)

12:00—1:00 Surprise Musical Guest

From 1:00 On- Logging Demonstrations with old and new equipment.

Feel free to bring your forestry or farm related equipment to work or display

Sunday November 4th

7:30-8:30 Meet & Greet, Coffee and snacks

8:30-9:00 Welcome & brief history of Higmo's from Allen... Paul Larrivee Presenting Sappi Sustainable Forestry program

9:00—11:30: Forestry Walk & Talk Tours with Ken & Shane of the Maine Forest Service

Stationary Log & Lumber talks with Pete Lammert

Wood-mizer Demonstrations throughout the day

9:30 –11:30 Kids Activities with Olivia

11:30—12:30 Lunch (Fiona's Catering will be helping us with lunch)

12:30 Sawdust Pile Treasure Hunt for kids 12 & under

1:00-2:00 Saw Mill Demonstrations— Cutting logs we made on Saturday

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 - Harold "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 wdevoe@comcast.net

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@metro.net

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

Who, and Where?



I guess the last one was a little too tough as there were no answers phoned in or e-mailed. The truck belonged to J.R. Cianchette and the job was building the Bar Harbor Airport in Trenton in 1941. Can you identify the Truck, Contractor, and Jobsite (another airport)? Please submit your answers to: Peter Mullin (207) 767-6080 or e-mail wfd44@maine.rr.com. First to get it right will be noted in the next "Shop Manual"

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

Next events: **Nov 3-4** Higmo's Saw Mill Days
Nov 17 PTC Late Fall Gathering/Fall Auction