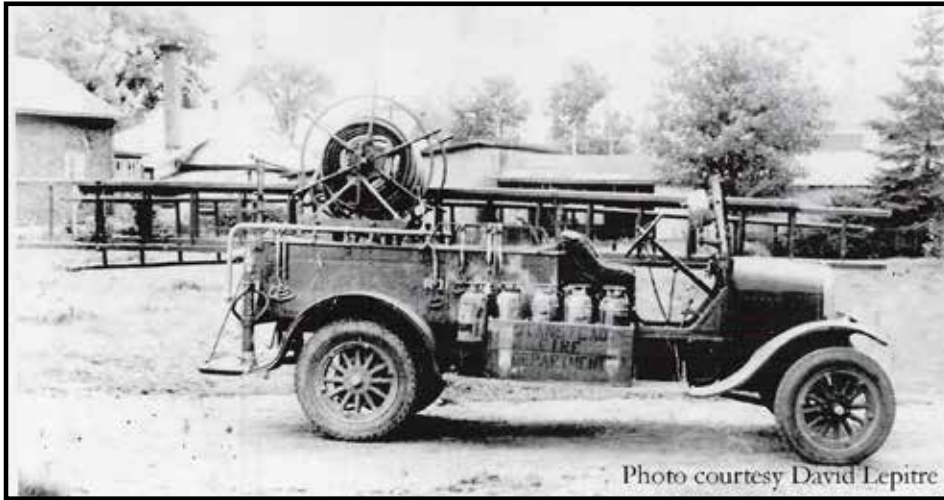


1927 Model T Fire Truck

by Clarence Huse



This 1927 Model T fire truck was in use in Stanstead, Quebec, Canada when I was a young boy. I can remember watching the firemen practicing in the railroad station yard in Stanstead across the street from our home.

From my research, the truck was originally purchased by the village of Rock Island and then sold to the village of Stanstead around 1942. The truck was then in service until 1956.

The town of Rock Island had some pretty steep hills. The firemen had to sometimes back the truck up these hills in order to climb them. Because of this, a local mechanic installed a Model A motor and transmission into the truck to give it more power.

Hooligan's Leg

by Janice LaDuke

One spring Hooligan came home with a wooden leg in his mouth. John tried, at first, to ignore it, but Hooligan wouldn't let it lie. He carried it around with him all day long, from the shed to the kitchen to the back porch. When John got into the truck to make a run to town for fencing wire, Hooligan leapt into the box, wooden leg and all.

Seeing Hooligan in the rear view mirror as he drove down Main Street, grinning from ear to ear around that darned leg, John decided the thing had to be got rid of.

He pulled into the gravel lot beside the feed store and parked the truck. By the time he was standing on the gravel, Hooligan was disappearing around the back of the loading dock. John shrugged and went inside to get his wire. When he came out, wire in hand, he whistled for Hooligan. Margie Martenson stopped him to chat about her bantams, and when he finally got back to the truck Hooligan was already aboard, no wooden leg in sight.

John tossed the wire into the box, glanced about for the wooden leg, then got into the truck and headed out. Back on Main Street again he checked his rear view only to see Hooligan with the damn leg in his mouth again.

When he got stuck waiting for a train at the crossing, John put the truck into gear and shut it off, 'cause the parking brake didn't work so well. He swung out of the cab and reached across the side of the box to grab the leg from Hooligan's mouth. To his surprise, he got it on the first try. He gave it one heft, then tossed it off into the ditch.

Immediately a head popped up out of the ditch. It was ol' Leonard, three sheets to the wind and then some, as usual.

Thank you kindly, John, he shouted with a wave of his old cloth cap. Then he propped himself up against a telephone pole, buckled the leg back on, clambered out of the ditch and hobbled off back to the hotel.

John shook his head and turned back to his truck. Hooligan sat in the driver's seat, laughing.