



*File*

September 2003

EDITOR: Carolyn Williams

UPCOMING EVENTS:

The Natchez Trace Parkway Tour is right around the corner and things are progressing at a fast clip. We have had a few cancellations. We were sorry that those people were not able to come this year for various reasons but have filled all the spots from the waiting list. At the present time we are full with 50 cars expected from 16 different states. The longest distance being driven to get here is from Washington State. If you are not going on the tour and live close enough do come to Nashville and join us on Saturday, October 18th for the get aquatinted meeting or on Saturday night, October 25 at 6:00 PM for the Pizza Party.

.....  
CHRISTMAS PARTY

The next event for the Tennessee T's for 2003 is our annual Christmas Party.

DATE: Saturday night, December 6, 2003

TIME: 4:00 PM until?

WHERE: Waverly, TN Mariah Cumberland Prebysterian Church Fellowship Hall.

It will be a "Add A Dish" meal with the Chapter furnishing the meat & drinks.

Each person is to bring a \$10.00 man or woman's gift.

For anyone wishing to spend the night call the Imperial Lodge at (931) 296-2521.

There will be a Brunch at 9:00 AM on Sunday morning, December 7 at Larry and Carolyn's.

Call Carolyn at (931) 296-3172 and let us know if you will or will not be attending so we may prepare accordingly.



OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

RALPH WILLIAMS - 11TH  
DON KRULL - 27TH



OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

GEORGE & JUNE ROSS - 14TH  
BOB & NELL HARRIS - 22ND



NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

KEN ZELTEN - 13TH  
WALTER LONGSWORTH - 15TH  
KEN SWAN - 23RD



NOVEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

JACK & BETTY VANBRUGGEN - 28TH

GOOD NEWS BREAK

Mac Flowers is continuing to improve each day. He and Ernestine were the sponsors/organizers of Mac's ships reunion being held in Nashville this week.

Mary Helen Meadows is progressing after having both knees replaced. When she went back to the doctor this week she took her walker and he told her to throw that thing away. We're betting she won't even bring it with her on the Natchez Trace.

GRANDMAS DON'T LIE

Johnny was at his first day of school. The teacher advised the class to start the day with the pledge of allegiance and instructed them to put their right hands over their hearts and repeat after him. He looked around the room as he started his recitation. "I pledge allegiance to the flag..." when his eyes fell on Johnny, he noticed Johnny's hand was over the right cheek of his bottom. "Johnny, I will not continue until you put your hand over your heart." Johnny replied, "It is over my heart." After several attempts to get Johnny to put his hand over his heart, the teacher asked, "Why do you think that is your heart?" "Because every time my Grandma comes to visit, she pats me here, and says, 'Bless your little heart,' and my Grandma wouldn't lie!"

PASSING SCHOOL ZONE

TAKE IT SLOW  
LET OUR LITTLE  
SHAVERS GROW

BURMA SHAVE



## THE SKUTUMPAH GANG RIDES AGAIN!!

*By Pat & Dewey Asher*

The Scutumpa "five" was formed in the summer of 2002 in Knab, Utah while attending the Canyon land Tour. Five daring Model Tee's (Larry & Carolyn Williams, Lynn & Sue Cook, Bill & Lynda Eden, Martin & Anne Alexander, and Pat & Dewey Asher) successfully negotiated the Scutumpa road. Scutumpa road allegedly received its name from the highly pitched warning call "**SCOOT EM PA**" delivered to warn the guilty of approaching lawmen. Although yet to be proven, it was assumed that prior to the Scutumpa five negotiating this road in their trusty Model T's, passage had heretofore been denied even to the most agile mountain goat. But conquer it we did----and now the **scutumpa gang rides again!!**

On August 2, 2003 this illustrious group congregated in Niagra Falls N. Y. The Edens, Alexanders and Ashers arrived early, off loaded the Model T's and headed up the river for some exhilarating sight seeing of beautiful Niagra Falls. The Williams and the Cooks arrived later in the day, giving us enough time to trailer up and travel a couple of hours toward our destination of Post Mills Vermont. Our final leg to Post Mills was uneventful---well, unless you consider watching Lynn Cook skillfully back his red truck and trailer out of the toll booth to gain access to the correct lane an "event"---. Our stay in Post Mills was an experience by itself---5 quaint little cabins tucked away in the woods next to a private air strip where we would be leaving our tow vehicles. The mosquitoes were friendly, plumbing deficiencies were tolerated (although we suspect that Sue and Lynn Cook did long for the trouble free Tennessee 2-holers of times gone by) and the heavy humidity and the fog managed to dampen everything except the spirits of the travelers.

**MONDAY AM, OFF WE GO---5 LITTLE T'S ALL IN A ROW!!!  
WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOPEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!**

Lynn & Sue are our designated leaders---over the White Mountains---long, low pedal climbs---spectacular scenery (if we could see it in the fog). The heavy moisture laden air, mixed with the precise amount of fuel produced the Clydesdale quality horsepower to do the little cars so proud---and over the top we went.

Day 2 rotated Bill & Lynda to the leadership position, guiding us through still more fog and some rain. Although not conducive to spectacular sightseeing, the temperature stayed in the high 70's & low 80's and for the most part we all stayed comfortable. Anxious to move out of the weather front, we forged ahead---the natural geography dictated our routes during this leg (since our T's don't float so good) and we arrived in Bar Harbor almost a full day ahead of schedule. By now we have crossed through 6 States---The State of Vermont, The State of New Hampshire, The State of Maine, the State of Anticipation, the State of Bewilderment and the State of Confusion-  
- all in just 2 days!



Bar Harbor Maine is a beautiful seacoast town—just made for Model T touring. This was a free day, as our scheduled departure on the ferry was not until the following morning. The group split up for the day, with each doing their own thing, ie museums, State Parks, Beaches, Auto museums etc. Due to the heavy tourist population it was necessary to reserve motel accommodations at least 2 days in advance so some time was spent daily arranging accommodations. Availability of motels did dictate some of our travel plans and some days required driving over 200 miles—or sleep in the car. We chose to drive. Our motel in Bar Harbor was unique in that the bathroom door was a sliding door—with the tissue dispenser attached—so as you closed the door the dispenser moved just beyond the reach of the participant, but to get it to return, one only had to slide the door open—which was no problem unless you were entertaining friends. Good old American ingenuity at its best!

Thursday AM, everyone up early as we had to be at the Ferry 1 hour ahead of departure. The early arrival allowed time to saunter across the street to the Days Inn and take advantage of their free continental breakfast—and I always thought you had to stay there to qualify for that service! Its amazing what we learn from our Tennessee friends! The Ferry from Bar Harbor to Nova Scotia is about a 5 hour ride. Once again we were enveloped in fog so most of the time we spent trying to convince our stomachs that all was ok—and we really were not going to be seasick. A near miscalculation by one of the Ferry attendants provided a close call for the T's with their high tops. One of the cars nearly got caught on the overhang, so to be safe we put the tops down to exit the boat. Our arrival in Nova Scotia was greeted with clearing skies and traces of sunshine—which we enjoyed for the remainder of our Canadian adventure with the exception of some minor rain showers.

Our 5<sup>th</sup> day on the road has Larry and Carolyn leading us. We had learned from a local citizen about a man named “Mac” on our route who had a collection of old cars. Following the skillful navigating of Larry and Carolyn we soon found ourselves at M.S.Huskilsons garage where “Mac” was the owner, Manager, CEO, mechanic, and tour guide. He was elated with our unannounced presence in our Model T's and proceeded to give us the “unabridged” tour of his collection. Model t's, Model A's, Mercury's and Fords adorned his collection. As with so many people along the way, by the time we took our leave, a solid friendship had been established.

We made a scheduled stop to visit Carolyn's teacher friend, Kathy, who now lives in Nova Scotia. We were treated to delicious homemade blueberry cake and coffee. A sneaky rain shower prevented us from using their outside deck which overlooks the water in a beautiful setting. Kathy and Jim proved to be the “hosts with the most” and we thoroughly enjoyed their delicious treats and warm hospitality. Because of the on again off again showers, it was necessary to on again off again the side curtains. The Ashers depended on “outside” help to snap up the side curtains—and also to unsnap them to get out. Sometimes if their behavior had been considered bad, they were left “snapped in” their Model T.

The drive this day has been leisurely and scenic—beautiful winding roads with interesting little towns and villages popping up unannounced and quaint churches of all denominations sit almost on the road as we pass by. Little bays and coves add to the



charm as we rocket along at the speed of noise. With each passing hour the skies get clearer and the temperatures are perfect to supplement the Model T air conditioning system. At one stop we thought Larry had lost his luggage—only to learn someone had simply deposited their garbage by the side of his car. We may never know the real story behind those mysterious black plastic bags.

We will spend the next seven days traveling the Nova Scotia back roads, from south to north, enjoying the friendly, inquisitive Canadian natives, the warm welcome of the many little villages and quaint seaside fishing communities, and of course the fabulous God created scenery that takes your breath away at each turn in the road—and there were many turns.

Dense fog in the early morning prevented us from viewing the famous tidal action of the Bay of Fundy but we did observe the tidal effects as we perambulated along the seacoast. The village of Truro is famous for its display of giant tree sculptures. These magnificent chain saw carvings depict historical figures, wild animals and religious characters in a “larger than life” form that has truly put Truro on the map and provides a great attraction for tourists. Although the pace remained leisurely, it became obvious that a direct correlation does exist between ground speed and bladder pressure. The greater the pressure, the faster the speed until appropriate rest areas are located.

The friendliness and courtesy of the Canadian residents will long be remembered as one of the many highlights of the trip. At one scenic stop along the seashore, we were astonished to see firemen running toward us from their firehouse. At first we thought perhaps they were just a day late, as the Asher car had experienced a minor fire the day before when a stop light switch shorted out and filled the car with smoke. The firemen in fact were only rushing to enjoy the cars and to provide us a warm welcome before we could continue on our way. Everywhere we were greeted with big smiles and cheers, and were always given the universal “thumbs up” (well at least I think it was the thumb) communicating acceptance and support for our little parade of magnificent machines that had just made their day. Each stop required that we respond to the most often ask question: “Did you really drive those cars all the way from (Missouri, Tennessee, or Illinois) depending on which license plate the interrogator was viewing at the time of the question. And of course we enjoyed listening to all the locals expound on their own old car experiences, and what great stories they were.

St. Peters Bay provided a great view, with the beautiful flowers adorning the sometimes bumpy, sometimes smooth roadways. Waterfront property owners exhibited great creativity in their landscaping, with miniature lighthouses, authentic looking scaled down fishing boats, with fishermen (and fish) demonstrating the great pride they have in the industry that provides their livelihood.

We are now heading into the northernmost area of Nova Scotia, home of Cape Breton Highlands National Park, and the infamous Cabot Trail. The Cabot Trail is miles and miles of breathtaking beauty following the seacoast. Confronted with sharp turns and switchbacks that could only have been designed by an inebriated pretzel bender the little cars are now faced with an incline that requires the driver to mash the low gear pedal slap to the floor board. Forward speed diminishes to 10 MPH—and slowing---. The color drains from our passengers faces as they observe the altitude that must be achieved. The drivers knuckles turn white as they hold firmly to the ebony black steering wheel, and they are absolutely delighted as this engineering marvel of the early 1900's rises once



Undaunted by the challenge, the gutsy little T's storm the summit one by one amidst the cheers and encouragement of the roadside well-wishers who had witnessed this unique event.

With the really hard work completed, it was then that Bill & Lynda detected a distracting noise in their engine. It was diagnosed as a connecting rod failure and thanks to the experienced talents of the "pit crew", (Lynn, Martin, Larry and Bill) and to the generous offer of the local service station owner, who offered his facilities for the "operation" a new rod was installed and the adventure continued.

Back on a ferry boat for the short but enjoyable cruise to Prince Edward Island. A couple of days touring the island provided us ample time to visit the sights and to enjoy the pleasant weather we encountered. Perhaps not as exciting to "T" travelers as Nova Scotia, the Island did provide unique experiences. As we arrived in one little fishing village, we learned of a local fisherman who was reported to have caught an 800+ pound tuna and was on his way to port dragging it in. Our group waited for its arrival but it soon became apparent that the arrival time kept getting extended and so we decided to move on. Since it was a bit early to check in, the Ashers elected to follow an optional seaside loop that required a bit of backtracking—and in the process ended up back in the same village where the tuna was to arrive—and arrive it did! Viewing a 40 foot tuna boat dragging a dead 800 pound tuna is probably something you need to do only once. (and true to the fishing code, the 800 pounds may have been a "stretch"!)

Time to leave the island and head for New Brunswick. Interestingly, it costs nothing to get on Prince Edward Island—using either the ferry or the bridge. You pay only if you want to leave. Clever huh? And leave we did—across the beautiful 9 mile bridge that now connects the island to the mainland of New Brunswick

New Brunswick provided more of the "just made for model T's" roads and scenery. We are now moving inland leaving the seashore we had grown so fond of reflecting in our rear view mirrors, to be replaced with splendor and beauty of the shores of the Mashwaak and Miramicha rivers. The loop is now closing, and we will be soon crossing back into the good old USA! Three major stops remain: The Stanley Steamer museum, which had a special interest for Lynn & Sue as there may be a Stanley Steamer in their future, The Mt. Washington State Park, which we elected to ride the cog train to the top of the mountain and not drive, as the road up is a constant 12% grade with occasional 18% inclines being encountered. We thought our little cars deserved a rest since they had performed so well. And our third stop was at the Rock of Ages Quarries in Barre, Vermont. This is a 50 acre, 600 foot deep active granite quarry. A fascinating operation well worth the time to visit.

So now, 19 driving days later with 2712 miles showing on our odometer, the tow trailers are in sight---and the adventure of a lifetime is winding down. 2712 miles in vintage machines that did their job well. One replaced connecting rod, one failed stop light switch, 3 replaced coils and 3 flat tires—a performance that in all honesty exceeded our wildest expectations. All that is now left is to "Trailer Up", say our goodbyes and head out for a safe trip home.

After reviewing the events of the 19 days on the road, the 2712 enjoyable miles, the hours of sharing great times, good food, new experiences, and the many fun-filled moments, only one thing remains a certainty: **THE SCUTUMPA GANG WILL RIDE AGAIN!!**



## 2002 WISCONSIN BYWAYS TOUR

The 2004 Model T Ford Club International annual tour will be held at Devil's Head Resort near Baraboo, Wisconsin. This is south central Wisconsin about 40 miles northwest of Madison. We have reserved the entire resort. It is in the country so when you leave your room you will be immediately on the kind of roads that were intended for a Model T. This is generally a gently rolling area, but with a couple of pretty good hills. We will attend the circus one day in Baraboo including lunch, visit House on the Rock which is a place if you want to see something it is there. You will have an opportunity to ride on an antique train, visit many small towns and drive on some of the best roads you've been on.

The tour runs from July 18 (Sunday) until July 23 (Friday). Many people will arrive on Saturday the 17th and there will be a get acquainted tour on Sunday. Check in will be on Saturday and Sunday. We have negotiated a hotel rate of \$74 plus tax including a continental breakfast. The phone number to make your hotel reservations is: 1-800-472-6670. I recommend getting your reservations ASAP.

If you have questions just give me a call at (309) 344-2515.

Don Krull

### CARS IN PROGRESS

Don Krull and his grandson Alex are building a speedster. The "dry" assembly is nearly complete to fit everything together. It will then be disassembled for painting and then reassembled.



Ralph Williams is doing a great job on his "Hack" In his last email he was waiting on lumber to finish the garage so he would have enough room to get on with the project.





## BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

BY: Gary Tillstrom

On a cool September 6th, 2003 (62 degrees) the occupants of 3 T's departed Horn Lake, MS and drove to Collierville, TN to help Ms. Irene Murphy celebrate her 101st birthday. These three T's were joined by two brave souls who ventured from Selmer in time to make the 10:00 O'clock shindig and two other arrived in a very good looking Fordor all the way from East Memphis.

The T's performed perfectly except for one flat tire on Mr. Hall's car. Brother Ralph had him ready to go in record time. I'm guessing Ralph watches NASCAR after seeing how fast he changed that tire.

All ya'll (that's plural for ya'll) know how T driving makes a person hungry so we ate at Cracker Barrel. True to form, they had T Parts. There was a nice 21 inch wood wheel but Teresa wouldn't let Ralph have it so we kept going.

We arrived at our destination to a bunch of young at heart folks who really enjoyed seeing the T's. Of course Ms Murphy was given a T ride in the back seat of a touring car in honor of her birthday. She said it had been a long time since she rode in a car with the top down. We then sang the birthday song to her (probably destroyed what hearing she had left). I was told her husband was an Engineer for Ford and designed the three bladed far for trucks. maybe the Model A truck wouldn't cool with two blades, I don't know.

The events coordinator is a real go getter and she keeps these folks busy. She told me in an earlier email that she has 110 grandparents and loves what she does. She thanked us all for helping them celebrate Grandparents Day. I told her it was nothing. We had a Cracker Barrel there we needed to check out anyway. Speaking of eating, we then went to Perkins for iced tea and pie. (at least a 2 pound day)



The "gang" celebrating with Ms. Murphy on her 101st.

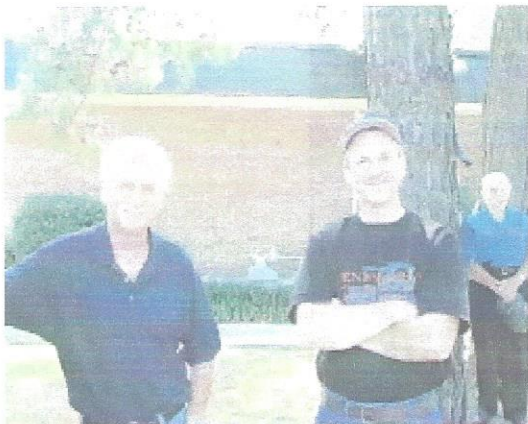




Pat Rowe, Teresa Williams & Joyce Swan helping celebrate the 101st birthday.



Ken Swan and Mr Hall. Mr. Hall doesn't look any worse for the wear after a flat tire.



Tom Rowe and Ralph Williams and Mr Hall in the background.

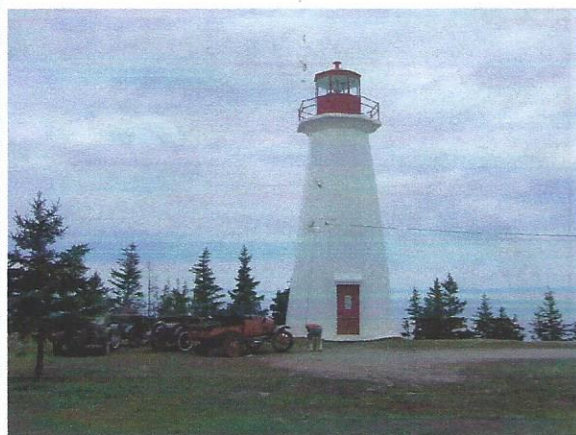
Helping Ms. Murphy celebrate her 101st birthday (on Grandparents Day) was a great thing to do and a wonderful way to share the Model T.



Another view of Ralph's Hack in progress.



I think Larry & Dewey brought the plans for this trailer back from Nova Scotia.



If you look really hard you can see the T's under the trees. One of the many beautiful light houses the "Skutumpah Gang" saw on their journey through New England, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick.

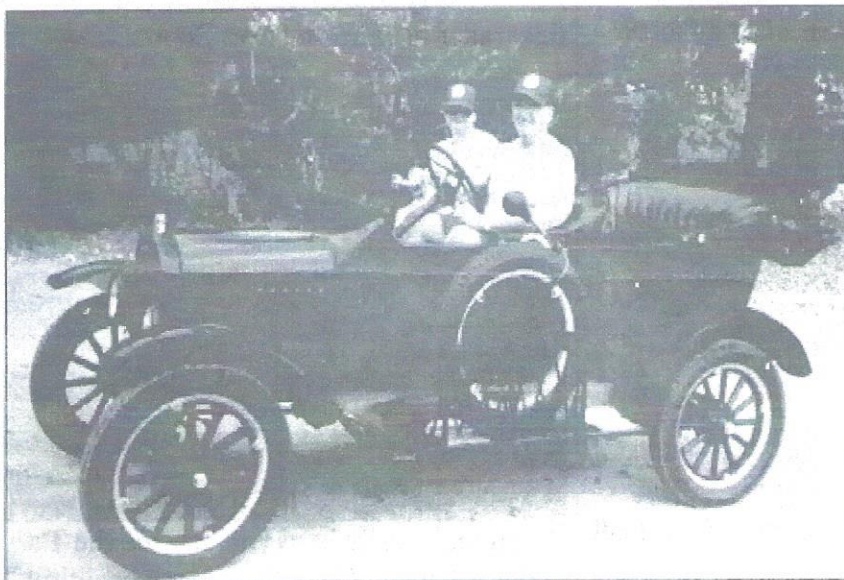




### "FINALLY FINISHED"

Darrel Carter has graduated from "Car in Progress" to road ready. Good job Darrel.

This article was sent to Larry by a friend of his from West TN. We don't know where the picture was made or when. Clue us in Ken and Joyce!!!!



*THIS 1922 T-Model is owned by Joyce and Kenneth Swan of Selmer. It was among 300,000 made in Memphis but spent most of its life in Dover, Ark., where it was recovered by Swan from a chicken house in 1954. Restoration has lasted for the past 50 years and it has been driven in 28 states and 3 Canadian Provinces. It cost about \$290.00. The actual anniversary on Henry Ford's first T-Model was June 16, 1903.*