

# The Story of Little Hahn

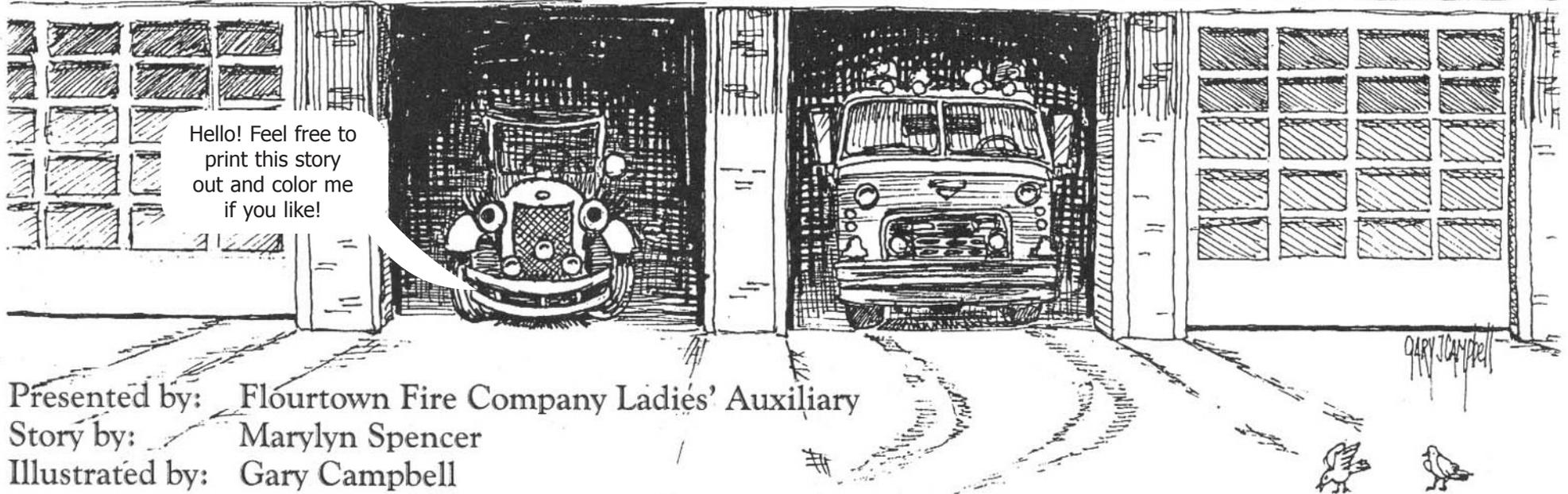
FLOURTOWN'S



ANTIQUUE FIRE TRUCK

*Flourtown Fire Company*

Hello! Feel free to  
print this story  
out and color me  
if you like!



Presented by: Flourtown Fire Company Ladies' Auxiliary  
Story by: Marylyn Spencer  
Illustrated by: Gary Campbell

# The Story of Little Hahn

## FLOURTOWN'S ANTIQUE FIRE TRUCK

The year 1985 marked the 75th Anniversary of the Flourtown Fire Company.

There is a wealth of history in those seventy-five years as our town changed with the times.

“Little Hahn” is truly a retired fire truck that resides at the Flourtown Fire Company. At present “he” is being restored by the members of the fire company. Their goal is for Little Hahn to once again ride in parades and be Flourtown’s special representative of the past.

Little Hahn will help us all keep in touch with Flourtown’s long and proud history.

Come see “Little Hahn”  
at the  
Flourtown Fire Company  
1526 Bethlehem Pike  
Flourtown, PA 19031

Sincerely,  
The Ladies’ Auxiliary of the Flourtown Fire Company

### UPDATE:

Little Hahn has been fully restored and can be seen “all shiny and like new” at the firehouse, stop by any Monday night at 7PM (except major holidays) to say hello to Little Hahn.

He has also won many trophies for Flourtown Fire Company for “best appearing Antique Fire Truck.”

**H**i boys and girls! Let me tell you my story.

I'm right over here . . . sitting in back of the big fire engines. I'm way in the back, up on the lifts.

Oh, just step over those old parts and get a better look at me.

I'm being restored!

My name is Little Hahn.

I came to Flourtown in 1935. For **many** years my big brother, Big Hahn, and I were the pride of the Flourtown Fire Company.

I was little, but . . .

I was mighty!

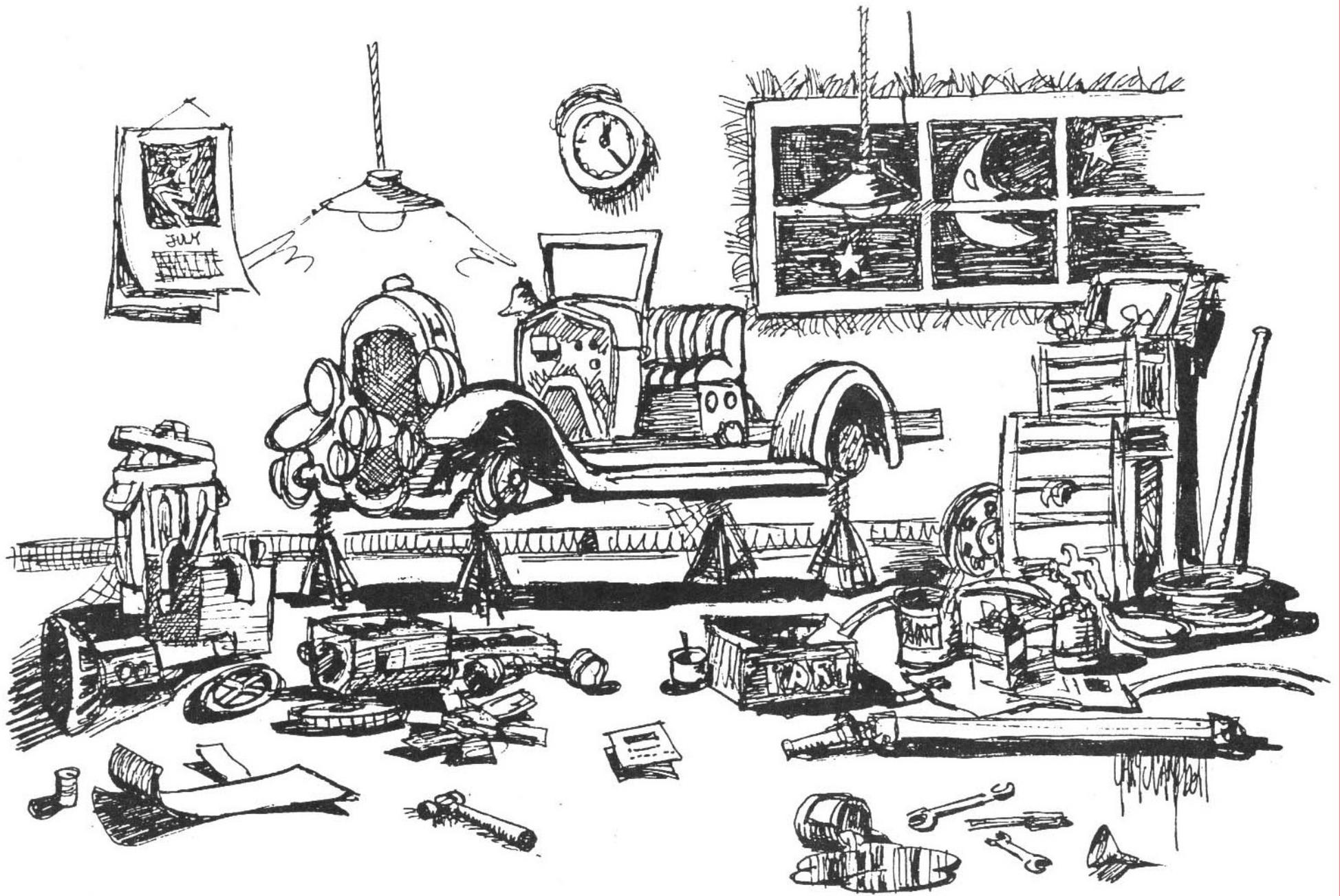
Whenever my firemen friends needed me they knew I would *always* pump very hard and very fast.

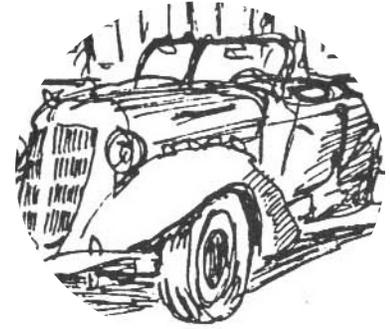
My big brother is not with us now. When we got older Big Hahn left Flourtown and went to a resort hotel.

I was retired to a "peach orchard."

*Uh! Oh! I'm getting ahead of my story . . .*







*Back to the story . . .*

I worked for your community for many years.

In the old days there were lots of farms and barns around Flourtown.

I kept a lot of barns from burning down and saved the homes of many chickens and other animals.

The farmers loved me . . .

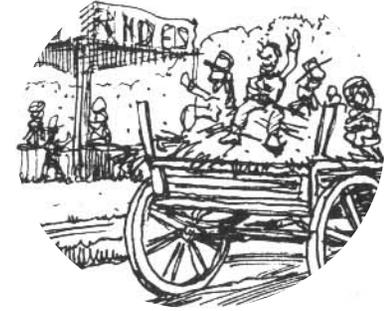
and as the town grew and grew

more and more houses were built and

I made many new friends!



*Handwritten signature*



**O**nce a year we would always have a wonderful ten days of fun.

It was in August and it was called the

## The Flourtown Fair.

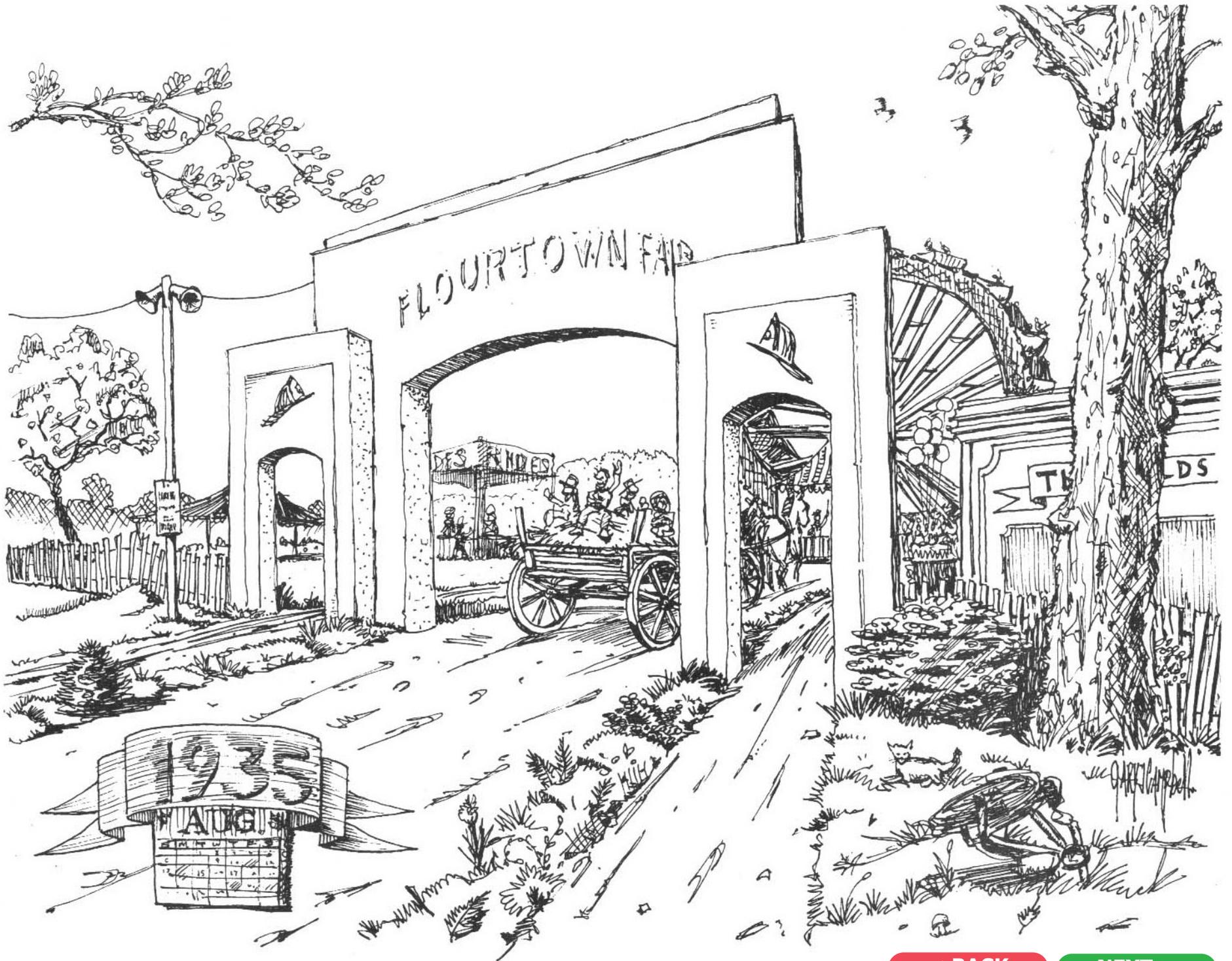
My firemen friends would spend a lot of time getting me all polished up so I would look my best.

I would sit in the firehouse and watch all the townspeople enjoying themselves. I especially liked to watch the children on the rides, and the carnival people.

My biggest thrill was when parents would bring their children over to see me.

I loved it when they admired my shiny red paint and it tickled me when they rang my shiny brass bell.

*It was the best of times . . .*





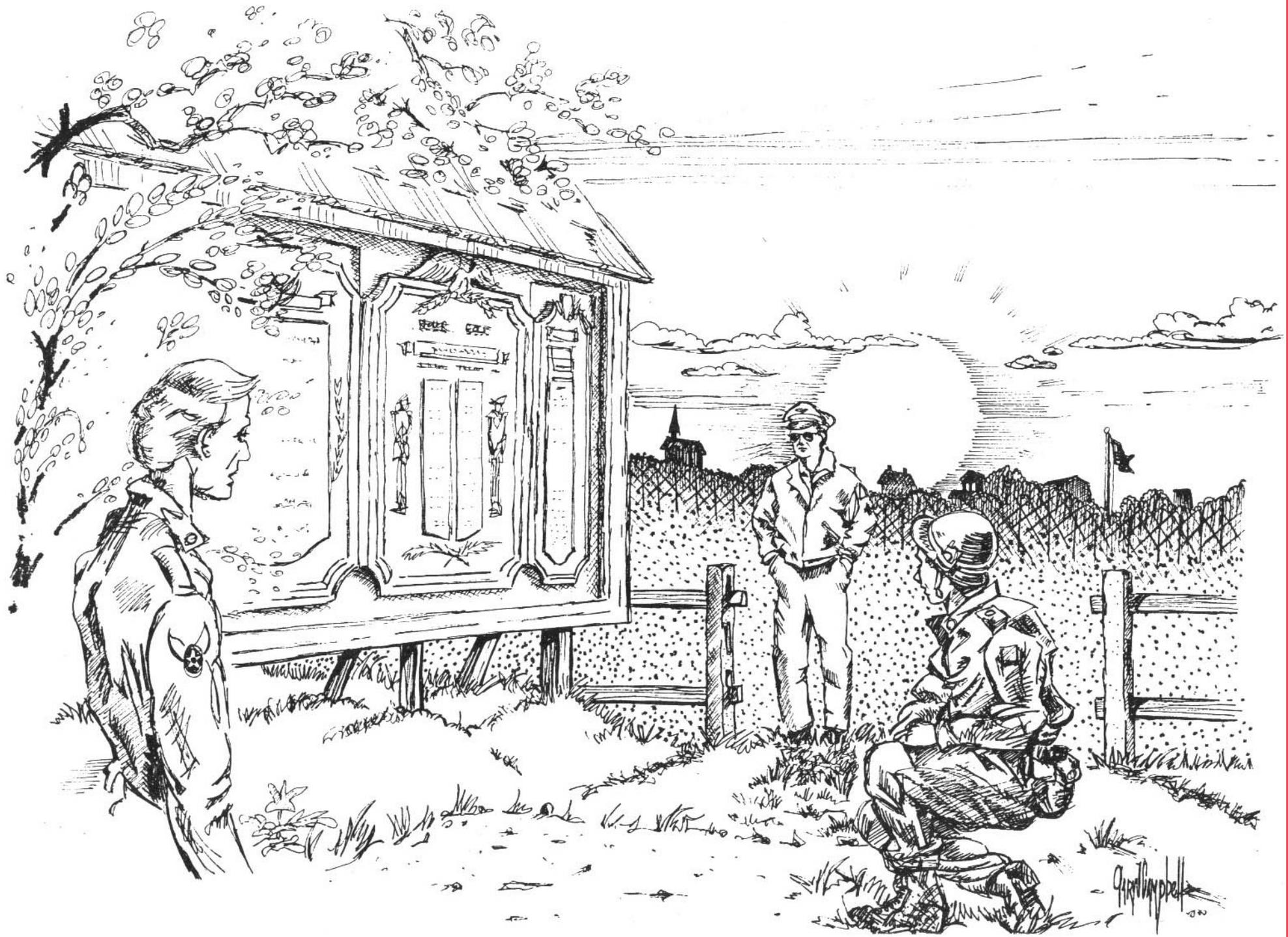
I remember when the young men in Flourtown went to war in 1941.

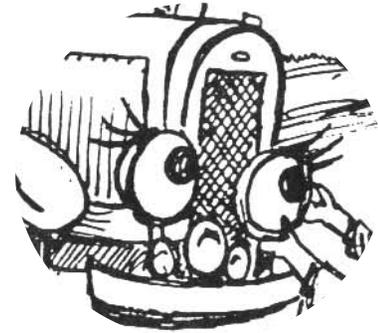
I missed them and prayed for their safe return.

During the next four years we went about our daily chores and I put out plenty of fires, but we all missed those boys that were serving our country.

When the war was over and most of them came home I was still their fire truck and . . .

*very proud of it!*





**A**s the years went by, I knew I was getting old.

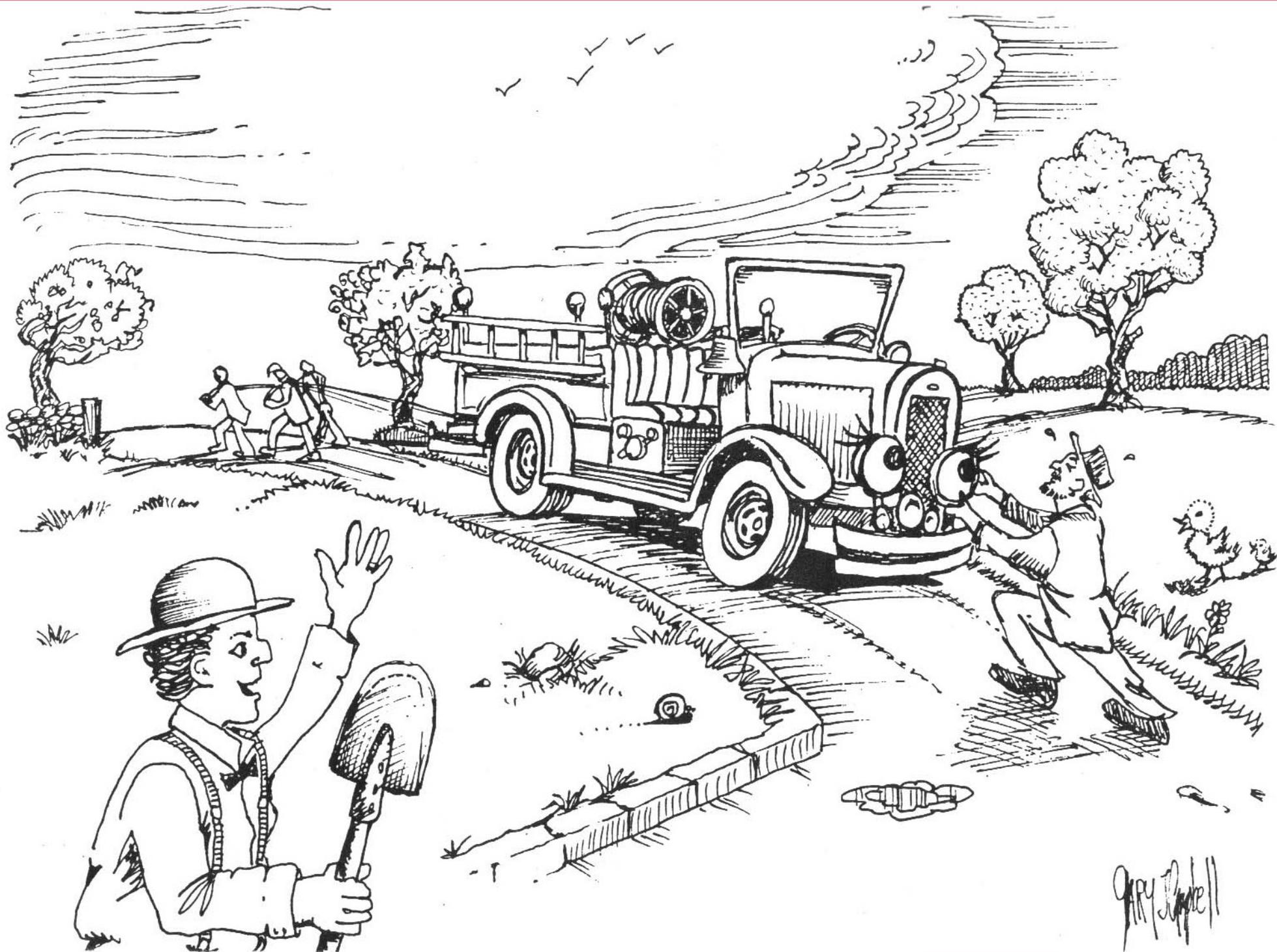
My pumper wasn't modern like the new-fangled fire trucks.

One day a bright, shiny modern pumper showed up at Flourtown and I was sold to another fire company out in the country.

I said good-bye to my old friends.

The fire company that bought me only used me for a little while and then they sold me to a farmer. I was being used as a sprayer for a peach orchard!

*My darkest hour* . . . no longer was I, Little Hahn, the fire truck. I longed for Flourtown Fire Company or just any fire company.



*My luck changed . . .* a fire company bought me.

They used the words . . . restore and parades.

I found myself in a fire house again!

But work stopped on me . . . had they lost interest in Little Hahn?

One day I saw new people looking at me. I was dusted off. A truck came and pulled me out of the fire station.

Off I went . . .

    what a ride . . .

        up hills . . .

            down hills . . .

                around corners . . .

What was happening?

Suddenly, street signs looked familiar . . . **Bethlehem Pike, Welcome to Flourtown.**

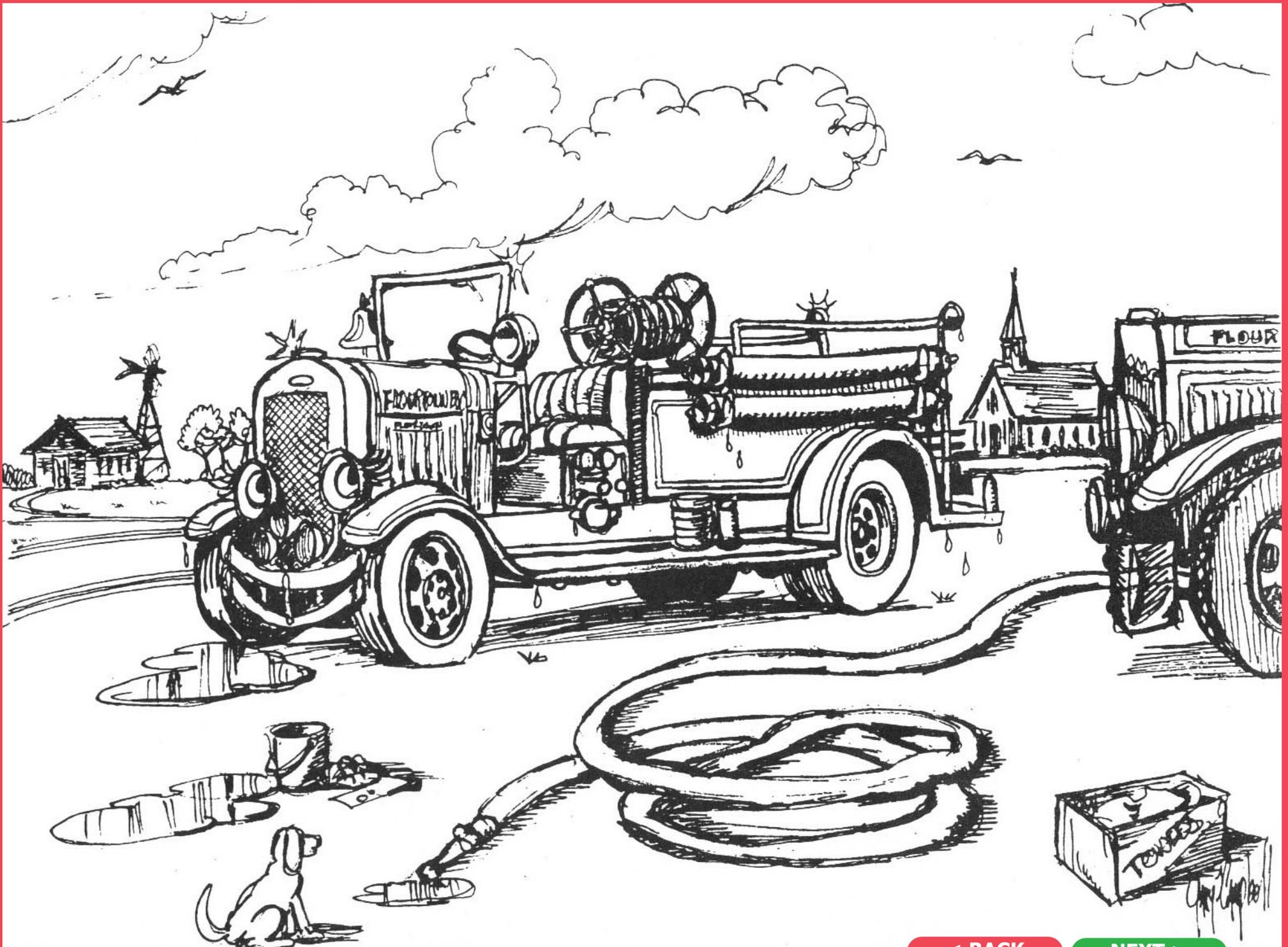
There were flares in the road guiding me home. **Yes, I was back home!**

I recognized old friends and faces. Everyone was clapping and cheering. Someone announced that I, the mighty Little Hahn, was back to stay **forever** as the official

**Antique Fire Truck of Flourtown Fire Company.**

*Oh! Happy Day . . .* Little Hahn is home again.





# THE END

