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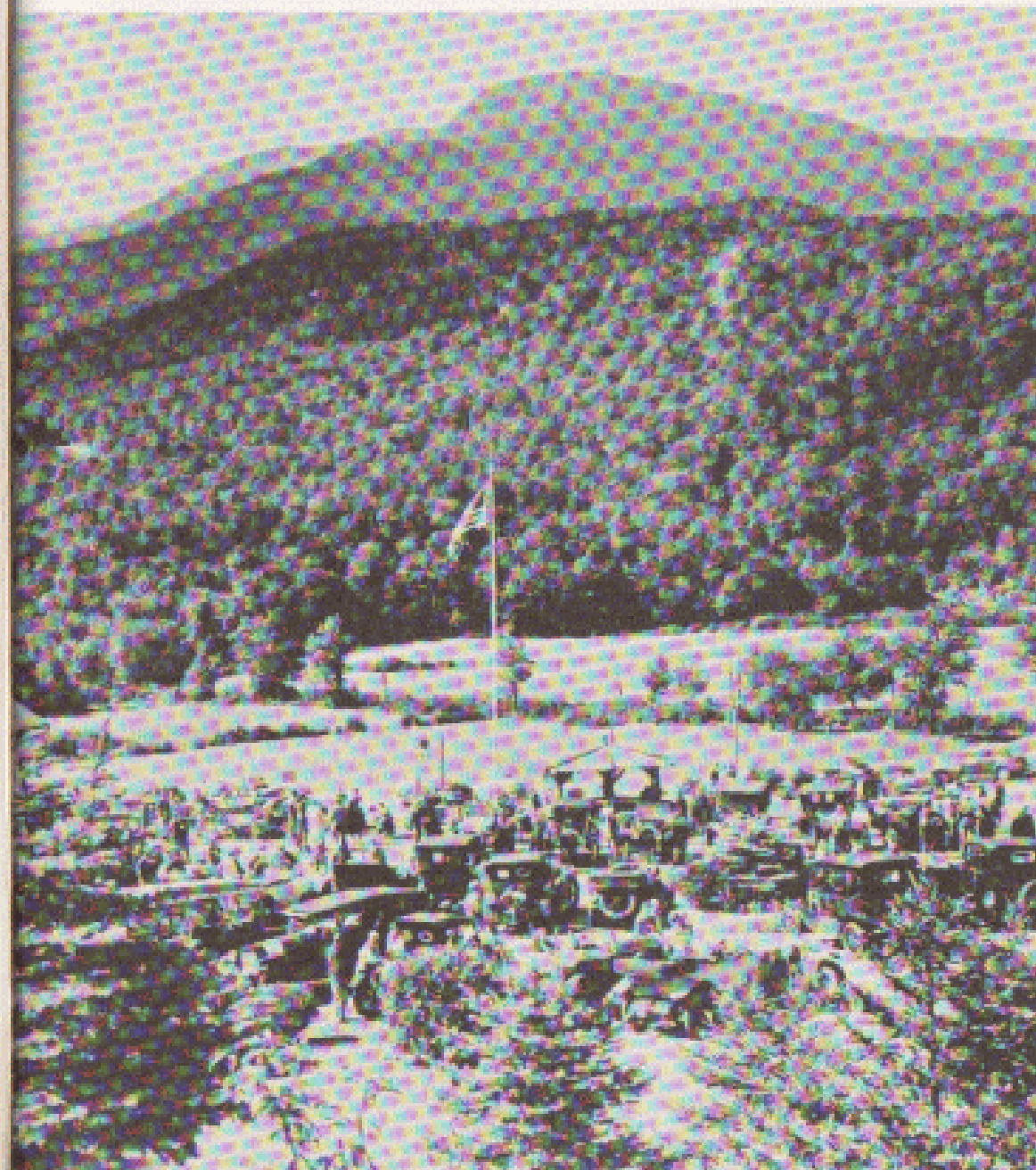
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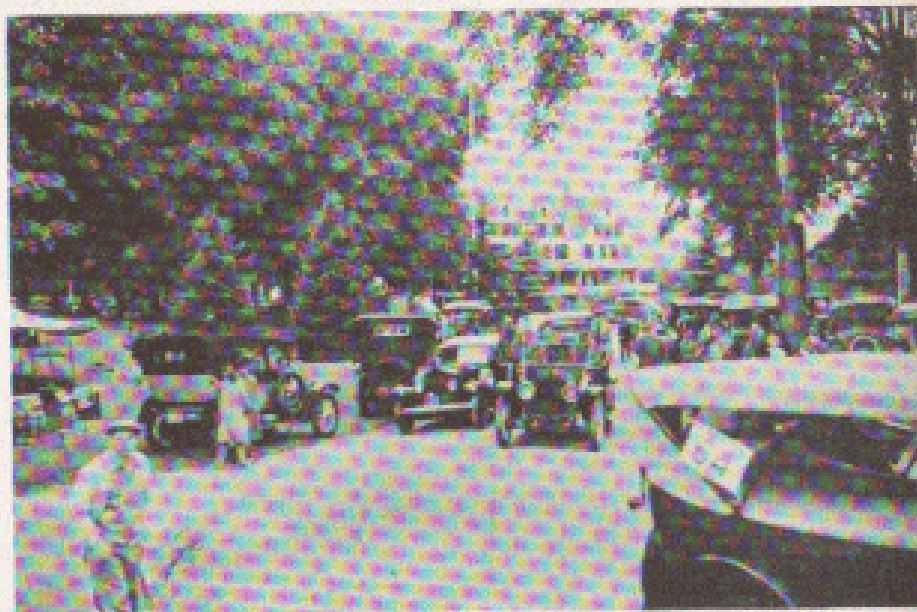
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The BULB-HORN *for*

VOL. 8, NO. 4

OCTOBER 1947





GLIDDEN TOURING-1947

by A. C. Lyons

Club member, Glidden Tourist, and author of "Invitation to Boston"

When our good Fred Roe asked me to do this piece, and when I agreed to write it, confidence riding high, had not yet intimated that Glidden Touring can raise havoc with crankshafts and clutches, distributors and retainers, with cars and the hopeful who enter them!

Too late I remembered Emerson's line, "The imbecility of man is always inviting the impudence of power." But as the very first 1947 Gliddenite to give out--ignominiously at the very gate of the Hartford Armory, --I recommend it to Les Taylor and Web Knight, my colleagues in distress that memorable evening.

There were six cylinders-full of power under the hood of my 1911 Pierce-Arrow roadster. But grease throwing on the brakes slid us on a wheel and a prayer into the exhibition, and the insolent engine roared with bold pride that it could not be curbed at all. Second gear held it long enough to let me out, but the fast time of three and a half hours from Boston to Hartford, unbridled, made the thing vicious. I told it what Emerson said, and rushed to the Bond Hotel.

Regrettably, this account can include no report of the opening banquet. Hearsay described customary speeches, a delightful menu, all in the tradition of curtain-raisers for even world flights. That our little Tour began with such standard equipment, is tribute to the intrepids who had come as far as Sidney Strong in his tireless 1909 Ford--all the way from Atwater, Minnesota to brave the vagaries of New England climate and of the whimsical accommodations of New England inns. (Did you see the rope fire escapes at Intervale?)

But during the festivities at the Bond Hotel, frantic and futile phoning for rawhide retainers, consumed the banquet hour. Jim Melton's magnificent Mercedes-Benz taxied me to the Armory where for a moment, the celebrated efficacy of a hairpin held hopeful promise. Then Sam Bailly took over with kindly understanding of recalcitrant Pierce-Arrows and of women who should have stayed at home. And right then, I experienced what Major Post later called "the spirit of the road"--a distinguishing and endearing feature of the whole tour.

Any Gliddener will tell you of it. No car on the whole long trek ever stopped even for gas at the sign of our generous Esso hosts, but another passing, would slow down to say, "Everything all right?" The stalwart motors usually were functioning handsomely, but the offer of assistance was valued by each who heard it.

I heard it first in Hartford. Sam's wheel-puller was loaned me. Bill Spear gave his pyrene thing to dry the brakes. That big Esso Man, Hansen (how did he ever fit in that little jeep?) rallied round. And though all the paid admissions were murmuring "I told you so" triumphantly, a total of seven felt hats was offered to cut up to seal the troublesome grease leak, and I knew the age of chivalry had its rebirth in the VMCCA.

The knowledge was emphasized the next morning when Peter Helck, so gently warming up his wonderful 1906 Locomobile racer, was (with my unhappy entry) the last to leave Hartford. Elected on the spot, a member of the Vanderbilt Cup Team, Peter, Jerry and Frank Lescault, adopted this carless nuisance. I question highly if anyone else in this world has ever thumbed a more distinguished ride!

The brief stop at the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield, saw a brilliant line-up of cars to the immense enthusiasm of hundreds. And everyone took the respite to polish off the fog that had shrouded the departure from Hartford, and dimmed the lustre of ancient brass. Then everyone cranked up again, and the sun smiled on the journey. Frank Lescault's triumphant return to Holyoke after thirty-five years away--the delegation that met him was out of the heart--and our throttled down entry into Brattleboro hard on the hubs of E. W. Larsen's 1912 Rambler, were what Glidden Tours are made of.

Brattleboro's flag-flying reception and the great line of the cars on Main Street was a wonderful welcome. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gorey's 1911 Ford got there early. Tom Porter's '21 Lanchester officially was first, as well it should have been, with its comparatively modern twenty-six year old motor proudly impervious to the things that happen to 1907 Columbias like the one Louis Levasseur and his wife were driving. That lovely little thing went hors de combat in West Springfield, but the Levasseurs kept on in a later car, undaunted.

Meanwhile Brattleboro's High School Band cheered each new arrival in. The school children had been excused from classes for the practical, educational object lesson of how far American inventive genius had progressed in half a century. Their little eyes sparkled to see us, and as everywhere along the trip, the plea was "Please blow the horn!"

While the gracious Brattleboro Chamber of Commerce was providing us with the fine luncheon at the Hotel Brooks, a hundred Boy and Cub Scouts in uniform guarded each car with efficacy and delight. Then the Vermont State Troopers--challenging the legendary Canadian Mounties in dress and stature--escorted us through the rest of our eleven-mile visit to Vermont, until their New Hampshire brothers carried us on.

The Beede 1906 Royal Tourist with Mr. and Mrs. E. B. and E. J. aboard, was rolling beautifully then. Bad luck caught up later, but they were an arresting sight, all brass bright in the sun, the motor then purring happily.

From Brattleboro to Concord or Plymouth (for regrettably the Tour was divided between the two towns) the cavalcade went smartly to the welcome but incongruous snapping of cameras, big and small, amateur, newspaper and the highly professional lens of Slim Ahrens for LIFE magazine itself.

I was in the Plymouth contingent, since my reservation had been based on the speed of the Pierce Arrow that by now was back in Boston. And as at all stops, it was fun to watch each car come chugging purposefully in. Mrs. Charles Chayne's dramatic arrival in the 1910 Buick very nearly removed my prejudice against costuming for old car driving. Her lovely white duster and flowing veil matched the white paint of her car, and was reiterated by Charlie Chayne's fabulous white Bugatti escorting her. They were a memorable team, everywhere.

Other members too, were plumed and veiled or capped and goggled to mark the vintage of their cars, accurately and becomingly. But someone handier than I with a wrench, doubtless will discount the news value of anything not under the hood! And when rainy skies threatened at Plymouth, the next morning, what was under the hood was very important indeed. The fast cars still could go the long way through Franconia, and the stout-hearted did. Al Stein in his '19 Locomobile was one. Charlie Stich in his remarkable '09 Mercedes and Tom Porter with the Lanchester, headed for the steep climbs confidently. But the slower cars elected the shorter route via Conway to Intervale.

The Concord stop Tourers took the short route too. Theirs had been a gala evening of the happy, spontaneous welcome all New England put on for us wherever we were. At Concord, Mayor Charles E. Davie turned over big keys to the city, and everyone in town cheered the ride of the Mayor, former Governor Robert Blood and other city and state officials, in Tour cars. Nearly five thousand people stormed the garage where the ancient motors were parked, and Concord's Chief McIsaac called out a special detail of his policemen to restrain the enthusiasm of the throngs that wanted to relive early motor memories, crystallized in the Tour entries. A waitress at the Eagle hotel was one of the faithful. She gave Mayor Davie a copy of the debate she had written as a schoolgirl on the subject, "Resolved, That the automobile will in the near future take the place of the horse." And she related that her side--upholding the horse--had won!

The Plymouth group had a quieter evening, but we were glad. The early morning starts are something to reckon with, and the long ride in the wind and sun brought yawns out right after dinner. Rumor had it that cars were straggling in at Concord till midnight and after, but the Pemigewasset lights were out early.

Everyone was sorry that the nice little '15 Crane-Simplex of the Woods came a cropper at the very driveway of the Inn, but it coasted happily downhill to a repair shop, and we were glad to welcome it again, at Intervale.

I had the luck to ride through the clouds to Intervale in the Lanchester. The great mists brooding on Franconia, wrapped the Old Man of the Mountain in obscurity, and only signposts in the glare of fog lights marked the Flume, but the trip was heady and exhilarating when one reached the top of the visible world above the cloud-veils that blotted out lesser things below. I do not know of any other women who came that way, but in case anyone ever wants to, on a day like that, this is the useful outfit--a three-piece tweed suit, a fur-lined trench coat, a hooded leather coat, and over all a slicker and slicker hood. At Twin Mountain for lunch, a veritable oldtime New England Mine Host helped me unpeel layer after layer of the swaddling clothes. "Ma'am," he said, "You know these mountains, don't you? Furriners never do. You're welcome."

But on the Glidden Tour, even "Turriners" were welcome, and the assembly at Intervale was impressive. Under a tent on the lawn of the New England Inn, most of the cars showed off their polish to advantage. Though we took up half the countryside in securing accommodations--Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Clymer of the notable books on early motor cars, were half a mile in one direction, and the Critts a mile away in another--still, everyone managed to meet at headquarters.

The half-hour or week-end group, joined us here and it was good to see Dick Merrill among the first arrivals. Larry and Mary Louise Dame brought their sturdy 1914 Model T; Fred Roe tracked me down to hound me for this article, and seeing spots before my eyes, I knew Dean Fales and his wonderful leopard vest (how could any meet be official without it?) had not failed us!

By now I had another car. Long-distance phone specifications had ordered up a 1916 Pierce Arrow five-passenger touring item. But I had not reckoned with weather reports and my family's solicitude for a voice scheduled for all the networks in endless interviews apropos my new book. So the '16 never came, but the '47 Lincoln did, complete with windows and heat. (May I confess it was comfortable when the bad weather set in.) But Dean Fales knew what I was suffering and put his imprimatur on another long-distance call to secure his ex, and our pride--the wonderful little 1908 De Dion Bouton, for a face-saving ride to Newport.

That funny little phone booth at the New England Inn (one turned a handle to rouse the operator) contained the conspiracy of Dean and my good Ernest, both prompting me with what to say. The combination was irresistible, and as tribute to its efficacy, the De Dion was waiting at Lynnfield for the final leg of the Tour!

Meantime, however, there was the Mount Washington day--finer than in weeks, so definitely you could see the ocean off Maine, through two states and the incredible clarity.

The exquisite Bishop '12 Delaunay-Belleville made the summit with nary a tiny puff of steam from its noble radiator, and its Victoria top against the rim, was perhaps the most charming vista of the entire Tour.

Of course Bentley Warren's 1910 Cadillac came up too, and Jerry Duryea's fine 1918 Pierce Arrow took to the clouds in a sprightly 28 minutes, 30 seconds, as definitely it should have, Jerry, because I have faith in Pierce Arrows too!

Rod Blood's medal-winning climb was wittily expressed at the final dinner in Newport, when Rod said he estimated his time by computing the early stage runs, Critt's age, and rule of thumb to come out at 72 minutes. His fine 1914 Packard made the eight-mile climb in 71, and as Rod said, if Cannonball Baker in the stock Nash (it was autographed by celebrated race drivers to make it a collector's item in itself) could make it in fifteen minutes, he claimed the title of Buckshot Blood, for his 71.

Curiously enough, the medal Rod has for his efforts, is an original Mt. Washington climb award. Someone found it at the Crawford House, left over from the early 1900's. It is a fine memento bridging early Tours and this one.

George Crittenden, who holds the fast climb record of 1906, shepherded Mel Brindle's leviathan Crane-Simplex to the summit. That spectacular item which Mel stalked for twenty-one years, snapped at the Chayne Bugatti, and the Melton Mercedes-Benz snapped at both, and I for one, am not going to take sides as to which of the three was our most dramatic entry.

By now we had seen movies including those of Floyd Clymer's climb up Pike's Peak in a stock Kaiser, and were off to the square danc-

ing. Sunday took us up Crawford Notch for lunch--some of the brave went on to the aerial tramway at Franconia, but one of those "heavy fogs" obstinately obstructed the view. Then we had the big barbecue dinner in the tent at Intervale, and wore our wondrous aprons nicely marked Glidden Tour 1947, though by now, each of us needed no reminder of a not-to-be-forgotten delight in the people, the cars, the hospitality, the camaraderie, the club spirit--the worth-while reasons everyone was having such a good time.

Elmer Thompson who had come down from Maine to relive old AAA days, was glimpsed in deep reminiscence with Major Post, who was Chairman of the AAA Committee of the original Glidden Tour. Both of them graciously, but firmly, declined to escort me to the dancing!

Everyone had a chance to settle down and take a breath at Intervale. Old and new friends enjoyed the chance to visit. I think I was happiest to see Colonel Brown whose exquisite 1901 curved dash Oldsmobile had by now become my family's present to me on publication day. And we had a nice chat about the delicate little thing I treasure so highly. Its wooden hub caps and alternating wood spokes are an antiquarian's delight. . . . The Colonel's fine care of it is a tribute to his important sense of values.

In the big tent, all of us enjoyed opportunity for close examination of favorite entries. The '14 Rolls Mr. and Mrs. Moore were driving, for instance. Bill Spear's graceful '13 Rolls touring car. . . the slight plethora of Model T's. . . and above all, the great elegance of Sam Bailey's 1909 Pierce Arrow and Alec Ulmann's 1909 Mercedes. On the road, those two cars--their brass shining in the sun, their efficient heavy weather tops defiant of the rain--seemed to this collector the models toward which all our restoration should aim. Such perfection of detail with such style of going, bestows a quiet thrill on those whose own knuckles are bruised in the attempt to preserve authentically, cars as fine.

After the banquet (still in possession of my modern car) I left a call for ten a.m. Since by now the seven and eight a.m. departures had begun to show on the soffies, of which I am one. But had I reckoned with the early birds? No! Six-thirty daily, that valiant 1906 Cadillac of Al Garganigo managed to put-put-put under any window I had, in any of our stopping places. The compensation for losing sleep, though, was the sturdy sound of that lovely one-cylinder forging ahead in firm rebuke to those of us with 1906 Cadillacs at home, because we were sissies and didn't dare risk them. That Cadillac and precious items like the Davis 1904 Ford and even Les Taylor's lovable, towable Pope-Hartford, blazoned a trail for the timid. Long may the one-cylinders purr!

The Stafford Buick--last time I had seen it was in the rain after the fine meet Austin Gules had at East Princeton in the Summer--also was a continual rebuke to the Renaults, Packards, Rolls and Locomobiles of later vintage. And Austin's comely E.M.F. wears its 1909 laurels as nicely.

Next day we were leaving the mountain country. All Tourers, like Shakespeare in Henry VIII, had learned philosophically, "To climb steep hills, Requires slow pace at first." The bluenose and laryngitis members had learned about whimsical New England climate too, and trading aspirin, we moved on to Portsmouth.

I missed the reception at Fryeburg where little Christmas trees so graciously were given Tour members, because I was headed for Poland Springs. About a dozen of us went that way, and I trailed Austin Clark's fine Pierce Arrow most of the way. Once that car was Mrs. Harrison Williams' station wagon, and though Austin modestly listed it as a 1911, I think I can prove for him that it is a 1910. Its sturdy motor deserves rightful billing.

At the Wentworth, all of us were together under one roof, and perhaps for that reason, dinner there was the best of all. Jim Melton had rejoined us, and made us all green with envy with his account of his recent old-car hunting in France and England. Major Post's stories of earlier Glidden Tours were veritable collectors' items. Mary White had a gay award, with Critt and the Major, too, and her pretty ride in Duane's fine old 1905 Cadillac (he found it in Brattleboro only last Spring and rode its original owner through the town the day we were there) was one of the nicest views along the road. And finally there was the surprise of the wonderful masks--the best one, appropriately named Jerry Duryea, who had marshalled us emphatically through six states--turned out to look like Joe Stalin! Any time Jerry wants to be a dictator, here is one vote. He handled us skillfully everywhere, and besides, he gave me his lunch at the Greenfield meet two years ago!

Especially for the Glidden Tour, the sun staged a spectacular comeback--seeing it from the Wentworth's porch, across the waters, was wondrous promise for the run to Newport.

And that ride I won't forget, for Charlie Stich ferried me to Lynnfield, and there Ernest had the De Dion waiting. Through Boston (in a Tour car again) the Bumps' fine F.I.A.T. paced us and signalled its resounding cut-out when speed should be accelerated. Sometimes the police escort didn't catch up, and modern cars would scare us limp, but the ride was thrilling, and Jerry indefatigably waved us on when we had left the city limits. I kept no log, but I know it was just before five that the dependable De Dion brought us to Newport.

That parade was the most harrowing of all. Second gear pace distracted my attention from the fine welcome the city gave us. But the reception at the Viking was compensating and the final dinner a fitting climax to the week-long tour.

Fred Roe asked for the atmosphere and romantic color of the Tour for this piece. May I say authoritatively that the romance extends to troublesome crankshafts and missing cotter pins (the story of Les Taylor's half-hour search for one of the maddening little things, emphasizes everyone's preoccupation with motors rather than foliage, scenery, comment--except for trading information of more appalling motor mischief--and the final, every-evening realization of yet one more 7 a.m. start!)

But quick impressions must include the story of the helpful cooperation at the Bosch magneto place in Springfield. The Sylvester 1910 Buick needed an armature or something and bearded the best makers in frantic haste. To the credit of the "spirit of the road", the Bosch men worked tirelessly to put the important bit in order, and the Buick went on happily--grateful for the fine hospitality of its magneto's makers. Then there was always the silent triumph of the steamers--the '14 Stanley piloted by the Reverend S. W. Ellis had both authority and distinction--and all the mishaps. . . think of Web Knight's beautiful Peerless expiring at Intervale. . . that immense Austin, age of 1909 and all the way from Detroit. . . of course the ESSO and LIFE magazine escort. . . the Wing Mercedes and the Junior Wing Stanley (but did you ever have the privilege of seeing The Wing Car that is even more of a collector's treasure than its brothers on the Tour?). . . Murray Brown's 1909 White and the Willock Rolls, and finally the nice coverage of good press friends like Everett Smith of the Monitor; Harry Stanton of the Globe, and Rudolph Elie, Jr., whose merry pieces enlivened the Herald for days.

Obviously there is "no royal road to anything" (Colonel Felton told me as much when he saw the Pierce Arrow attached to McNear's tow car, the day the Tour started (and right after we had lost the argument with a possible rear-end collision). The fine little Vauxhall was kindly

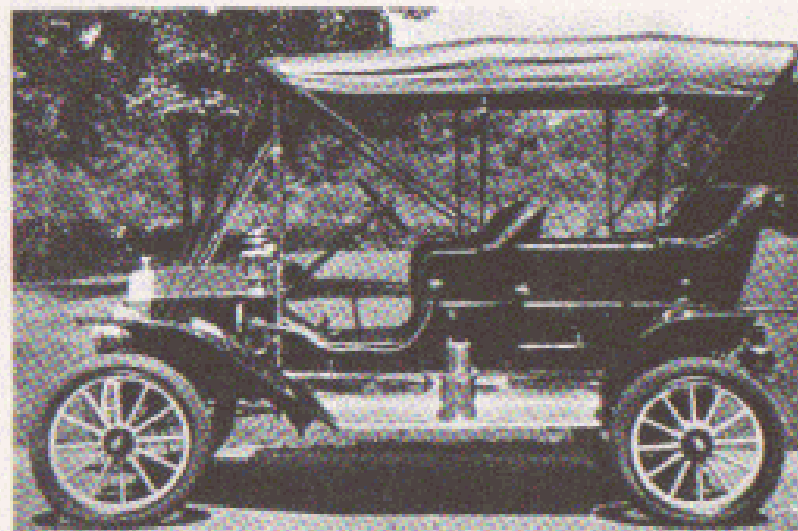
in looking at my accident, and the Colonel should have let it have its head for the whole Tour. But let me record the satisfying cooperation of all the members of the casual passerby even, and, occasionally, of the weather, too. Perhaps here I can answer all at once, the appreciative letters of those who told me of their gratitude for Ernest's help when 40 degree mornings caught up with motors which felt the cold along with their owners.

"God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions," is the warning line of your Bible. Ecclesiastes VII, 29, that is. But from a '47-er, the '48 Glidden Tour still is highly recommended!

***** Her Ruling Passion

Mrs. Stutz Packard Hudson was motoring mad,
'Twas her one only thought, her one dominant fad:
To speed over the highways with skillful chauffeur
Was the acme of blissful enjoyment for her.
The car was her pride, it was kept spic and span,
And looked like a new one whenever it ran;
A scratch or a mar on its finish so rare
Gave birth to harsh scoldings, and then some to spare.
So each time it came in, the chauffeur got to work
To see that no dust on its surface might lurk,
Well knowing his mistress had eyes more than keen
To scan every inch of her cherished machine.
Her brain was obsessed with this thought of her car,
A case of one's fad being carried too far.
Such sheer domination beclouded her mind,
Till at length to all interests else she was blind.
One morning friend husband said, "Molly, my dear,
I must borrow your car for an hour, I fear;
My roadster is at the repair shop today,
I'm late for the office, so mustn't delay."
Friend wife wasn't pleased but she finally said,
"I suppose that you may but to loan it I dread;
But be careful, you know how I treasure that car,
'Twould grieve me to see on its body a mar."
He presently left with a wave of his hand,
As the chauffeur set out at his master's command;
What befell them thereafter we need not relate,
Except to recount Mr. H. missed his date.
Two hours elapsed, still no chauffeur's return,
Which gave to the wife much unpleasant concern;
She anxiously waited, impatient to know
What had happened to make the short journey so slow.
At last came the chauffeur who managed to blurt,
"Mrs. Hudson, your husband is terribly hurt,
An accident happened,----" She cried, "Quick, the worst!
Was my car badly damaged? Just tell me that first!"

--Frederick W. Brown



This - the earliest Model T we know of - a 1908 model belonging to W. Emmert Swigart, Jr., of Huntingdon, Pa., made the Tour, but reached the starting point a day late owing to prodigious amounts of tire trouble.



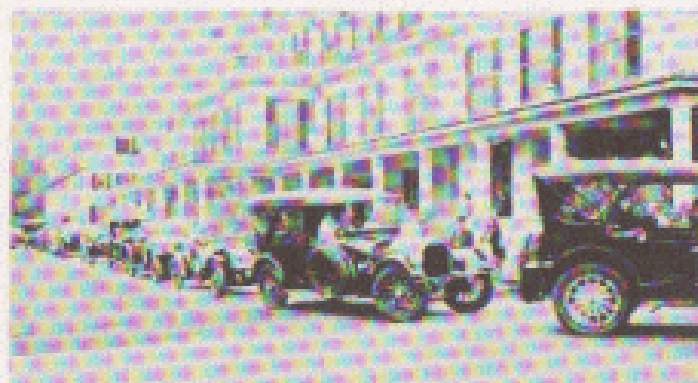
Sidney Strong and passengers aboard the 1909 T which they drove in the Tour after coming all the way from Minnesota in it.





But for the modern pumps this might be a 1919 photograph.

KEY TO CAR NUMBERS IN LOG CARD STORY

Year	Make	Tour Number	Owner or Driver
1902	Pope Hartford	1	Taylor, L. I., Hartford, Conn.
1904	Ford	3	Davis, W. F., Birmingham, Mich.
1909	Buick	4	Sawyer, C. H., Cincinnati, N. Y.
1908	Buick	6	Stafford, G. S., Wakefield, R. I.
1906	Cadillac	7	Garganigo, A. B., Princeton, Mass.
1906	Locomobile Racer	16	Helck, P., Boston Corners, N. Y.
1907	Ford	10	Hammarlund, R. A., Brattleboro, Vt.
1907	Franklin	11	Johnson, A. P., Worcester, Mass.
1912	Hupmobile	12	Taylor, L. I., Hartford, Conn.
1907	Mercedes	14	Wing, H. C. Sr., Greenfield, Mass.
1908	Ford	15	Swigart, W. E., Huntingdon, Pa.
1909	Austin	17	Pollard, B. P., Detroit, Mich.
	E.M.F.	18	Guiles, A. P., West Newton, Mass.
1909	Mercedes	21	Ulmann, A. E., Riverside, Conn.
1910	Buick	24	Chayne, C. A., Flint, Mich.
1910	Ford	27	Matter, W., Hawley, Pa.
1911	Jackson	33	Clarke, A.H.K., Buffalo, N. Y.
1911	Pierce Arrow	34	Clark, H. A. Jr., Flushing, N. Y.
1911	Stanley	36	Marshall, T. C., Yorklyn, Del.
1911	Winton	37	Hughes, G. M., Havertown, Pa.
1912	Buick	38	Johnson, F.E.H., Newtonville, Mass.
1912	Cole	39	Barrett, W. G., Waban, Mass.
1912	Delaunay Belleville	40	Bishop, C.W., New Haven, Conn.
1912	Ford	41	Brown, J. F., Lakeport, N. H.
1913	Buick	44	Dickinson, E. M., Boston, Mass.
1913	Ford	48	Fay, C. N., Boston, Mass.
1913	Peerless	50	Knight, Webster, Providence, R. I.
1914	Chevrolet	55	Crittenden, G.A., Brookline, Mass.
1915	Crane-Simplex	58	Briidle, Melbourne, New Canaan, Conn.
1915	Ford	66	Donald, G.G., Wellesley Farms, Mass.
1915	Imperial	68	Kunzman, R., Union City, N.J.
1916	Pierce Arrow	69	Pinney, E. J., Springfield, Mass.
1918	Pierce Arrow	74	Duryea, M.J., Springfield, Mass.
1918	Stanley	75	Marshall, T.C., Yorklyn, Del.



At the Crawford House

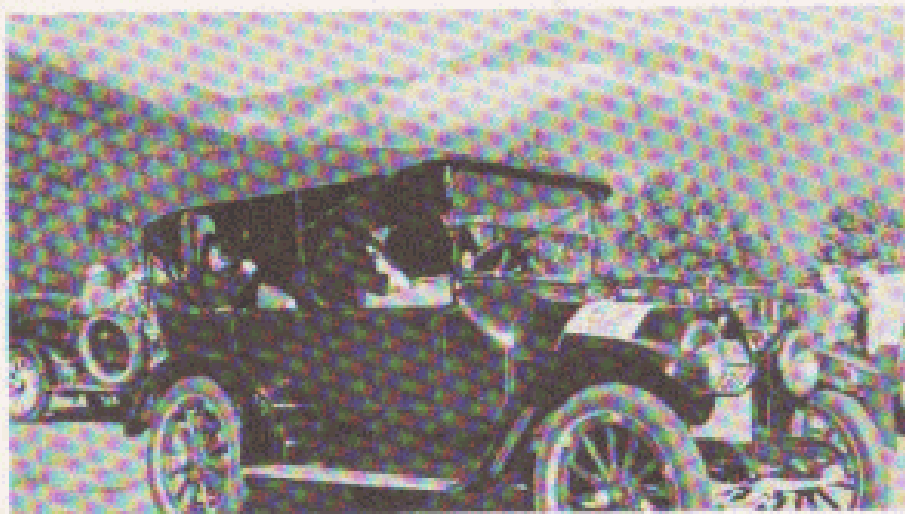
	<h2 style="margin: 0;">OFFICIAL LOG 1947 GLIDDEN TOUR</h2> <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; margin: 5px auto; width: fit-content;">SEP 23 1947</div>	
<p>DIRECTIONS: Fill out a separate log card for each day's run. The completed log is to be handed to the Chief Marshal each night. Be sure to identify the car, owner and driver.</p> <p>ENTER ALL STOP: Indicate the place in the log column where time was not made in "Time In" column; stop time was entered in "Time Out" column. Explain purpose of stop under "Remarks" for repairs, gas or oil, refreshments, time handling mechanical troubles, laundry, rest, social courtesy call, etc.</p> <p>*NOTE: Because of traffic or too unloading the goods for a period or similar purpose need not be recorded.</p>		
MAKE OF CAR	YEAR	GLIDDEN TOUR NUMBER
OWNER		DRIVER
LOG	TIME IN	TIME OUT
		REMARKS

STORIES FROM THE LOG CARDS

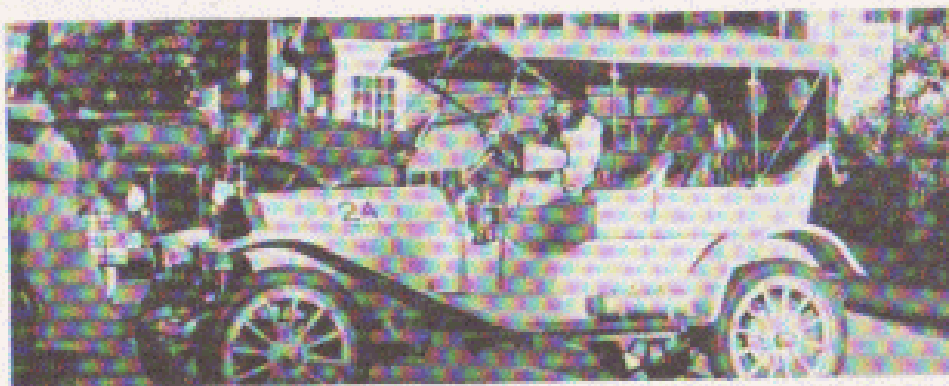
This year's *Gladden Tourists* were asked to turn in a daily log card (sample reproduced here). These were used as a basis for awarding the prizes and medallions for successfully completing the Tour. After this was done, the Editor seized upon them as a gold mine of impromptu information in the tourist's own words, and the following pages are excerpts from a great number of them. The numbers used to identify the entry are Tour numbers and correspond with the Tour list published on the opposite page.

ONE. Hot box trouble in Brattleboro. Dismantled connecting rod in Concord at 10:30 P.M.; Worked till 3:30 A.M., and back on the road. THREE. Hartford 8:15 A.M., Brattleboro 1:30 P.M., Concord 9:30 P.M. Intervale 8:15 A.M., Portsmouth 4:15 P.M.; car and all very soggy. FOUR. Portland. Installed new chain and had lunch. SIX. 18th - Hartford 8:15 Brattleboro 1:30, Hillsboro 4:30, Timer trouble; Concord 8:30. 19th - Cleaned and adjusted timer. Chocorua; stopped to get warm; no top, no windshield - and rain. SEVEN. Sept. 18th, 7:15 P.M.; light the lights; Concord 9:00 P.M., time to sleep. SIXTEEN. Holyoke; Frank Lescault gets big welcome. 22nd. Left Intervale 8:45; Conway 9:00. Foul plug cleaned; Milton 10:45, hot coffee; Portsmouth 12:25. TEN. Sept. 18th, 1:15, W. Chesterfield, N.H. Failed to make long steep grade. Was finally towed to the top by a school bus. Keene. Took up on high gear. Had to be towed to top of grade outside of Keene. Mechanic suffers bee sting. Sept. 19th. Chocorua; 15 minutes, give car rest. Engine skipping. Sept. 23. Attleboro, 2:15-2:40. Extinguish fire in trunk.

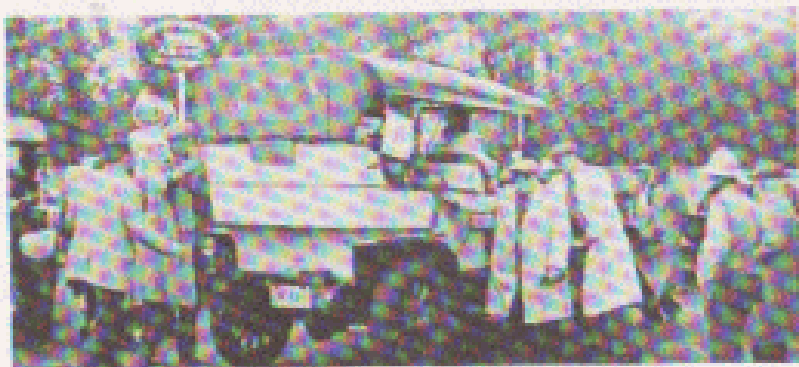
2:30 *?† TWELVE. Hup 1912, R.W. Hayes, driver. 18th, Left Armory
8:15. 2:35 Stopped for stalled Little. Piston broken, two long faces.
19th - Left garage 8:30. On our way out of Concord, 9:15. Followed
someone else. They were just riding around town - we lost ten minutes!
11:35 Wolfboro. Rain. Umbrella unsatisfactory, top up. 12:10 Stop;



Mrs. Duane White at the wheel of the 1914 Reo which she drove throughout the Tour.



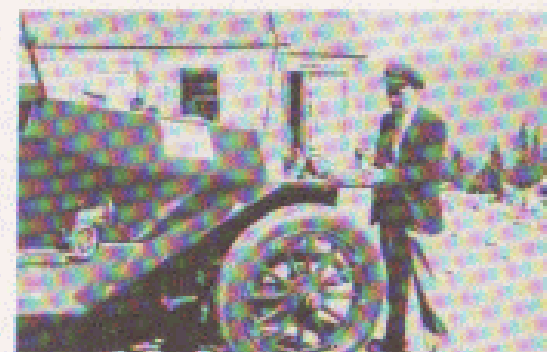
Mrs. Charles Chayne in the 1910 Model 16 Buick which she drove throughout the entire Tour.



The Austin being manually reversed.

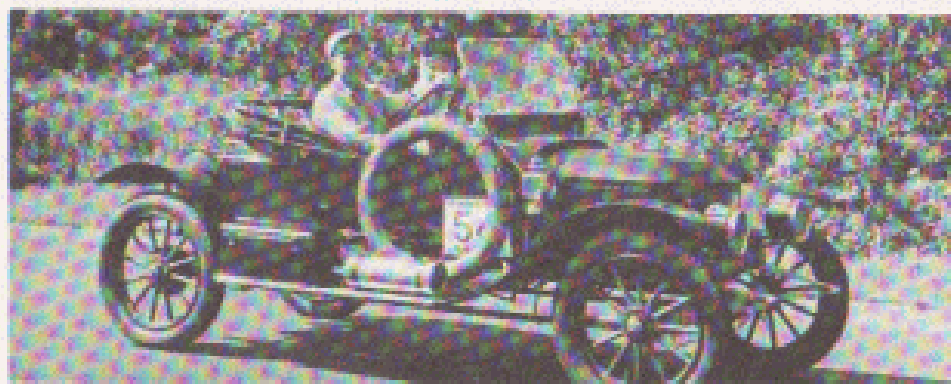


Jerry Duryea and his ubiquitous megaphone.

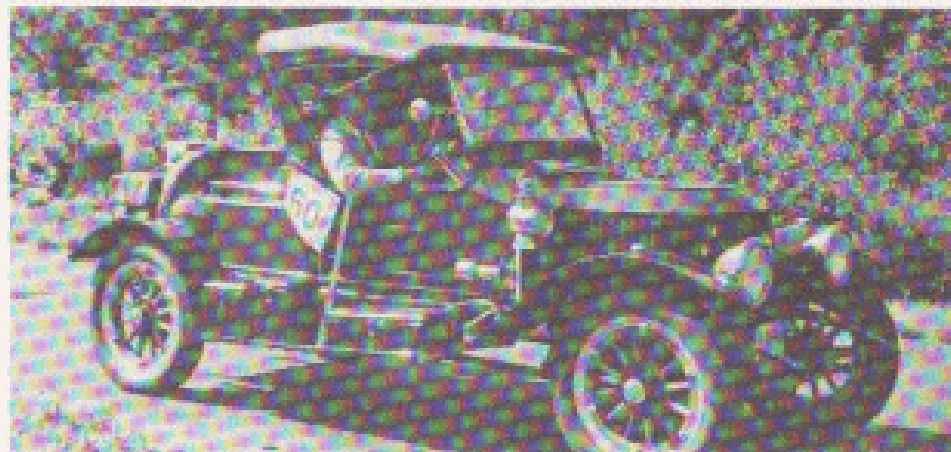


Bill Bump polishes brass on the Fiat.

These two deserve much of the credit for the success of the Tour.



A contrast in Stanleys. Those of Henry Wing, Jr., above, and of Earle Eckel, below. Basically similar, one has been restored as original; the other has been much modified.



replaced spark plug wire - three not enough! 1:50 Stopped for Austin. He was losing his spare tires. 22nd. Left Intervale 9:00, Optimistic, top down. Surplus store 9:20. Bought two rain hoods - just in case. 10:15 Top goes up. Courage gave out, getting wet. Milton 12:10. Hit a helluva bump and right head light lens crashed. 2:30 Wentworth. A helluva big place.

20th. Left big tent 8:30. Pushed by eleven huskies to top of hill. Left top of hill 8:40. Rolled down hill, no start. Finally started after 20 minutes cranking. 9:00 Towed Fauth's Buick. The little Hup dragged Fauth's Buick at least a mile. FOURTEEN. 18th. Left Hartford 8:05. South Deerfield 10:05. Replaced manifold gasket. 11:30-12:15 Greenfield. Refreshments at home residence. 23rd. Stopped on road and cleaned two spark plugs. Newport 4:05. Total mileage 531.8. FIFTEEN. Seven flats, four major breakdowns, three rains, in six days travel from Huntingdon, Pa. to Intervale. Reached Intervale Sept. 20th. 23rd. Two flat tires in Boston. SEVENTEEN. 18th had trouble with gear shift. 19th. Had trouble with energetic reverse gear which appeared to engage itself. Timing advance rod came apart. Required a 5/16th nut. Farmer at Ossipee took a nut off his tractor. Otherwise OK.

21st. Spent day at Intervale. Worked afternoon and repaired the gearshift and also the whistle! EIGHTEEN. 18th. Met an irate policeman who did not understand the purpose of the tour. 6:00-9:30 P.M. Took out, cleaned and replaced carburetor. 9:45. Four miles further on; tightened carburetor screw. Concord at 1:00 A.M. Had nice short sleep. 19th. Wolfeboro 10:15. Put wire through part of gas line. No. Conway. 3:00. Bought mittens. Unfroze feet. Intervale 4:00. Never thought we'd make it. TWENTY-ONE. Plymouth 10:30. Started to rain. Drove up into the fog. Used instruments! Twin Mountain 12:00. Had to get warm before lunch. Everyone very cold. Added more coats to keep warmer. TWENTY-FOUR. Hartford 17th. Brake lever latch broken by persons unknown. TWENTY-SIX. Concord 8:45 - Intervale 3:15. Three hours spent repairing tire and tube. Owner missed serious accident in modern car in which he bummed ride by a whisker. (This is a story in itself. Ed.) TWENTY-SEVEN. Concord 9:00 - Intervale 3:20. Covered 122 miles because I got lost. 20th. Glen House. Had a flat tire, and no air compressor here. THIRTY-THREE. 18th. The New England "grades" put us in low a few times, but we made it. Today's run was entirely successful and especially lovely. 19th. Conway. Stopped for fuel - no oil today! Took on four sparkplugs but didn't install them, - may tomorrow. Intervale. Reached end of day's run. All hands cold but satisfied with Jackson's ability as a touring car. Beautiful scenery today. Newport. Finis - not a single flat tire or breakdown all the way. THIRTY-FOUR. 19th Plymouth. Late start because of trouble with other entry, the Locomobile. Tamworth. Stopped to look at fire engine. 20th. Headed toward Glen House. Took photo of car and covered bridge. Went up mountain in their car! 10:00 P.M. South to North Conway and return. Trial spin to test gas lights. THIRTY-SIX. Brattleboro. Lunch at Brooks Hotel. Grand food in abundance. Clear and warm. Grand reception - wonderful hospitality. Brattleboro deserves a hearty vote of thanks. A woman of mature years came up to the car and said "This is the kind I learned to drive with." 22nd. Rain was the order of the day. Pine trees accepted at Fryeburg, Me. Portland - Crowds stood around the car in heavy rain expressing admiration and interest. All were fascinated. 2 P.M. Water stop at small filling station where they had an old Brush runabout.

THIRTY-SEVEN. Hartford. Missed police escort - terrific traffic. 19th. Center Harbor is an icebox! THIRTY-EIGHT. We believe special mention should be made of the wonderful job the people of Brattle-

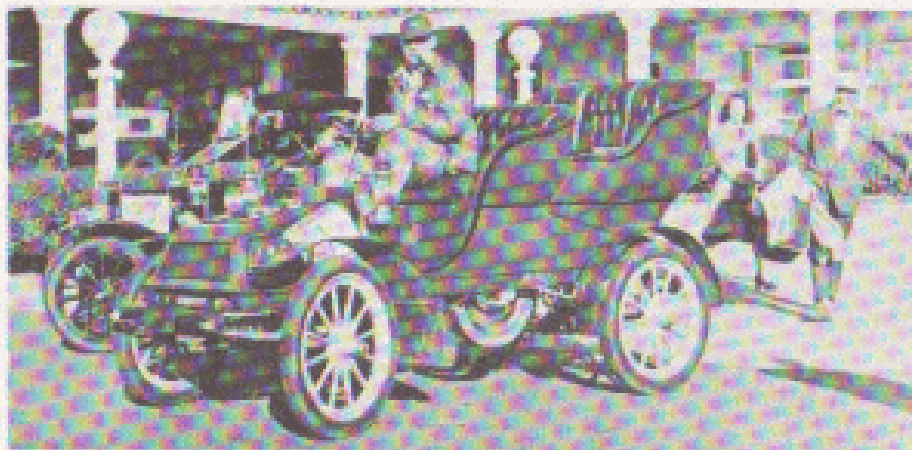
boro did for the Tour. THIRTY-NINE. 19th. Center Harbor. Luncheon. Cold and rain, no windshield, no top. All bundled up and still cold. 22nd. No. Conway. Bought Packard. Ogunquit. Stopped to dry out and change clothes. Portsmouth. Clearing, now that the day's run is over. FORTY. 20th. Glen House. Registered for climb. Took aboard Wilf Barrett. Half-way House. Killing time, believed ahead of schedule. Summit. No involuntary stops. 21st. New England Inn all day. Spit and polish. 2nd. Left Inn 10:00 A.M. 1 mile down road out of gas. Scatterbrain planning! Portland Me. Stop to buy collars. Casco, Me. Stowing top. Casco plus 5. Stowing top to wife's satisfaction. FORTY-ONE. Glen House 3:35; Summit Mt. Washington 4:49. 1 hour, 14 minutes. No trouble. It was just a year ago this month (1923) that I drove a Duesenberg straight eight up the mountain breaking the then existing record held by Ralph Mulford. (My time, around 17 minutes.) 23rd. Governor Bradford photographed in front of the Copley-Plaza cranking my car.

FORTY-FOUR. 20th. Trip to North Conway to buy some warm gloves. FORTY-EIGHT. Portsmouth. One hour for repairs, making floor-board. FIFTY. 20th. On way to Mt. Washington. Fan broke and went through radiator. Car now out of tour. FIFTY-FIVE. 19th. Stopped five minutes to welcome Jerry Duryea to New Hampshire. FIFTY-EIGHT. 18th. Left Hartford at 8:15. Made time to the outskirts of town with cut-out open trying to catch Jerry Duryea who had left fifteen minutes earlier. Since I was driving alone I had been assigned three places for officials of Springfield, and had to be in second place behind Jerry Duryea's Pierce. Our passengers in Springfield showed great interest in my "land yacht". The warmest welcome was at Brattleboro. It was terrific. Even the High School Band! And a fine lunch. I was honored to have as passenger from Springfield Miss Pat Baily, and I enjoyed her company, and she enjoyed both the cutout and the comparative warmth of a front seat, after having ridden in the rear of her dad's Pierce. 20th. Left Plymouth 11 A.M. Headed for Intervale via the long way around, through Crawford Notch. Alce Ulmann's party and our car kept together all the way. Low clouds completely obscured the old man of the mountain and also the aerial tramway. We both turned off at Bretton Woods to drive through the grounds of the Mt. Washington Hotel and gave everyone there an unscheduled thrill. We circled the Hotel twice and then returned to the main road. So on to Intervale which we reached at 3 P.M. As I am a recent member of the VMCCA this is the first Glidden Tour I have been on. It is a pretty thrilling experience, especially to see the interest the Tour creates. People from all walks of life seem genuinely interested in the cars and do a lot of nostalgic reminiscing. The good old days are being lived again. 22nd. Polished brass for the 100th time.

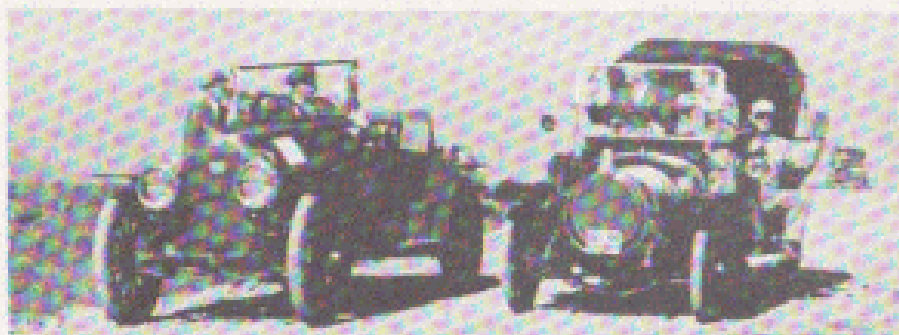
SIXTY-SIX. 19th. Barnstead, N.H. Gave original owner a ride in the car. First ride he had had in the car since 1922. SIXTY-EIGHT. Boston, Sept. 23. Slight accident with LaSalle. Came out second best - broken spring. Continued to Newport, however. SIXTY-NINE. 23rd. Poured it on down old Route 1! SEVENTY-FOUR. 18th. Miss Ruth Swihart of Thompson Products Museum and Charles Frazer, Past Vice President of AAA, are in my party. Left Hartford at 8:05 A.M. at head of Tour. Drove Mayors of Springfield and Chicopee through Springfield. They loaned me a Climb to the Clouds Medal. We all drove through the Eastern States Exposition and created much enthusiasm. On to Greenfield where we lost two hours with ignition trouble. Brattleboro, another hour for ignition trouble. Arrived in Concord 7 P.M., then more ignition trouble. Had dinner at the Eagle Hotel. 20th. Left at 8:30 for the Toll Road, after being towed to get started in order to overcome the effects of thick oil, since the temperature was down to 31 during the night. Climbed

to the top in 28 minutes, 30 seconds. Down in low (second and third are free wheeling) took one hour. Fine trip. 21st. Drove up to Crawford Notch for luncheon and medal presentation. Then on to the Aerial Tramway. On return trip down Notch hill had to add a quart of oil because the pressure was getting low. We had a quart in the car. Used fifteen gallons of gas for today's trip. Took a drive after dinner and the headlights went out. We followed a truck home, taking advantage of his lights. 22nd. Parade in Portland. Broadcast on WGN. Arrived Portsmouth 4:15, listened to broadcast at 4:30.

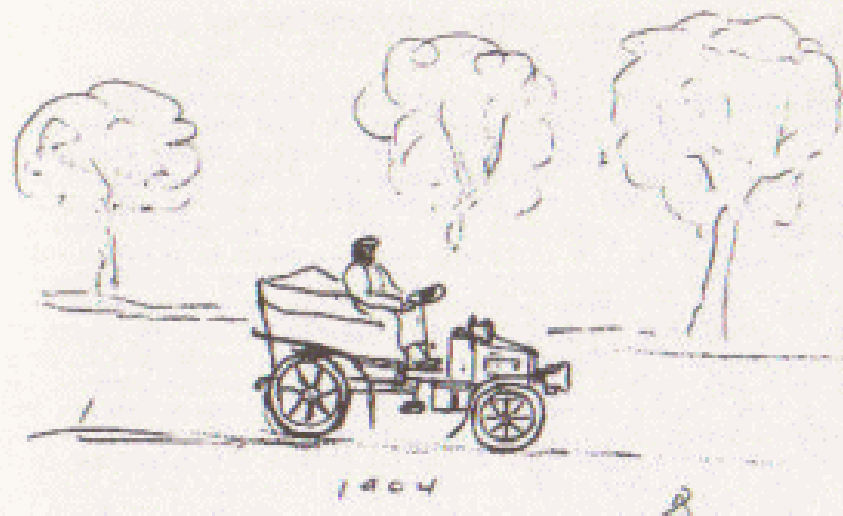
SEVENTY-FIVE. 18th. Concord. Cars parked in Garage. Wonderful hospitality but learned that public had entered garage to see the cars. Rather bad for children to be allowed to handle hot steamers, which are the most attractive of the cars. 20th. Saturday morning, white frost, cold, uncomfortable all Friday night. Drove to Glen House about noon and found many people enjoying the beautiful day such as seldom occurs on the mountain itself. Came back about 3 P.M. Met George Monreau and Jimmie Kyle of the old Stanley Steam Car Staff. They were on the road with Rev. Ellis whose car had a crushed ball bearing in the right connecting rod. He ran the car to a nearby garage, where also was Ben Beede's Royal Tourist, replaced the broken balls with new ones which Mr. Morton of the garage had in stock and was all fixed up in a short time.



Taze "Lindy" Hansen warms up the Pope-Hartford at the Wentworth as Les Taylor runs out to hop aboard while it is still running.



Bill Bump's Fiat and Charles Bishop's Delaunay-Belleville on the Mt. Washington road.



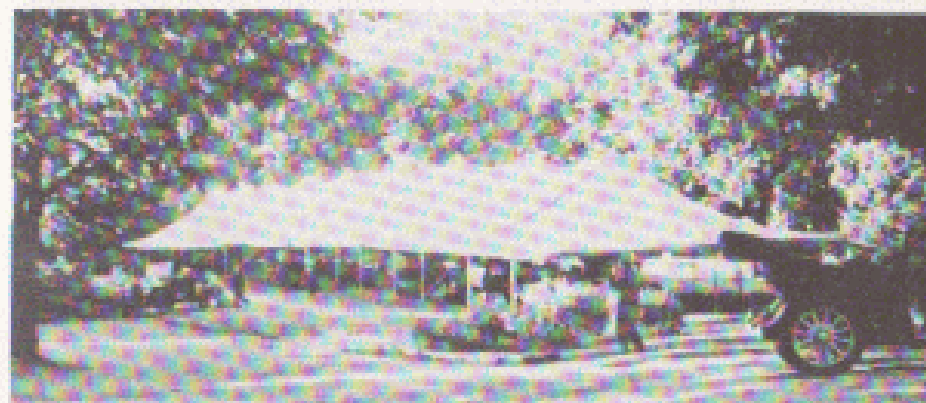
*Augustus Post
5457 N.Y.*

MAJOR AUGUSTUS POST

Our most recent honorary member, Major Post, has participated in Glidden Tours from the earliest to the latest. The drawing is a self-portrait at the wheel of a 1904 White Steamer which he drove in the earlier runs. In 1946 and 1947 Major Post participated in the Tours as guest of Murray Brown, riding again in a White.

On Sept. 23, enroute from Portsmouth to Newport, a detour was made by one party to the last resting place of Charles J. Glidden in Lowell where Major Post laid a wreath on his grave.

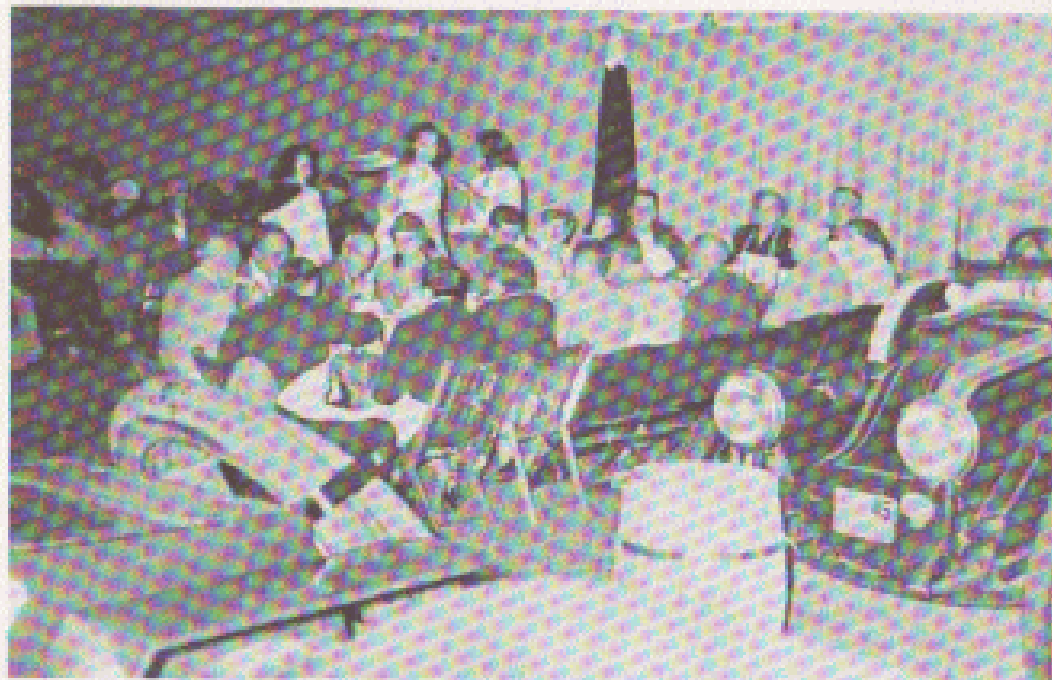
At the fine banquet at Newport, the announcement was made of Major Post's honorary membership.



The tent at Intervale

MR. SYLVESTER'S EXPERIENCE AT THE BOSCH PLANT

When preparing to leave Hartford Thursday morning, September 17, I noticed my Buick 1910 motor turned over very hard and on investigation found that the magneto was throwing its sealing material from its armature and after hardening over night it dragged on the fields. We left ahead of the parade and went directly to the Bosch Magneto Plant in Springfield arriving about 9:00 A.M. We drove to the main gate and was greeted by the officer who asked us if he could help us. We asked for Mr. Donald Hess (who is the big boy of the plant). This request was on recommendation of Jerry Duryea. We could see that the officer wondered what it was all about and we laughed it off and told him our difficulties. He called the Service Department with immediate response. Also the Advertising Department came out and took several pictures of the car. At about this point all the help started coming out of the factory to have a look and the office got orders to put them back to work again so they wouldn't have to shut the plant down. We drove our car to the garage where they put an officer on guard to watch our car at which place he stayed until we left. Their man took our magneto off and took it to the factory where their man worked on it for about 5 hours. In the meantime Mr. Doiron and myself enjoyed ourselves looking around. We ate our lunch in the cafeteria. When our magneto came back it looked like new and had a new armature, points, rotor, and all other parts that it needed to make it like new. We got ready to leave at 2:45 P.M. and at this point I asked for the bill and the reply was - On the House. The service manager asked if they could use the pictures they had taken in their advertising catalogue. We left for Plymouth, N. H. at 2:45 P.M. rejoicing.



The Greenfield Table at the Sunday night steak dinner in the tent.

STEAMING OR DREAMING by

Dr. John P. Miller, Jr.

Steaming or dreaming, steaming or dreaming. That is my wife's recollection of the Tour. What wild rides she had sitting on the boiler trying to keep warm while the demon driver at the wheel was trying to catch up to the merry crowd.

"Yes, White Steamers are beautiful performers, when they're running well" - so were the parting words to me by my good friend Jimmie Melton at the start of the Glidden Tour of '47 (to whom I say "Many thanks" for so graciously loaning me four new tires for the trip.)

When they're running well! How often I was to think of that phrase. Leaving Stratford with 600 lbs. of steam and a full load of water and gas, we steamed out to the open road in our polished and conditioned White Steamer, the steamer of all steamers. Past New Haven, past Middletown averaging 30 miles an hour. How our spirits soared and my brother Bob and I congratulated ourselves on our excellent car. We could hardly wait for the morrow when "We'd show 'em." If we only knew what lurked in the future.

Arrived in Hartford, banqueted at the Bond, got our instructions and were all set.

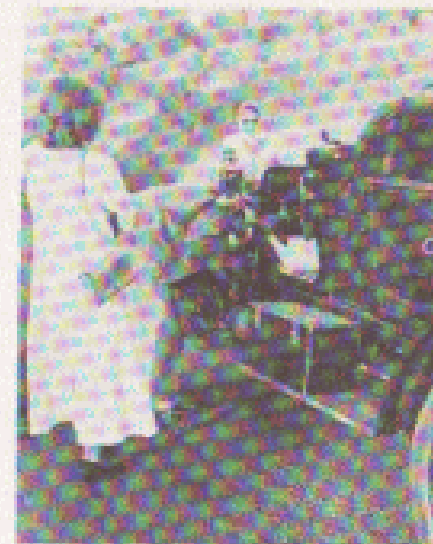
Next morning Bob and I and my better half went down to the Armory and steamed her up.

On the road again, steaming like all get out, 600 Lbs. of steam and 35 m.p.h. Gave the Chief of Police a ride at the Exposition and then steamed up to Brattleboro for lunch. There we fixed a leaky valve stem, filled her with water, being sure we had enough gas aboard.

Got to the top of the hill outside of Brattleboro - no gas - had to get a ride down to town for some White gas. Duane White came up the hill in grand style with his beautiful Cadillac and he too disappeared in the distance. After gassing up we started off; no water pressure. Could it be check valve trouble? I removed a pump, looked at it, tested for vacuum by sucking on the inlet. Perfect. Looked at the pipe leading to the pumps - full of shavings! Oboy! it took us from four o'clock that afternoon until six the next morning getting the automatic cleaned of the wood shavings. Reason? Someone had flushed out the tank and left the strainer off - or - the strainer rattled loose. Anyway, the dirt certainly fixed us up. Even Les Taylor left us behind!

After cleaning the pipes, checking our adjustments again, which had taken us two months to do properly, we steamed up and ran from Keene, leaving at 10 in the morning, to Intervale, arriving at 9 that night. What a fast car, when everything is working right.

"Well, it wasn't the car, it was the driver," as I told my wife and brother all along. At one point a check valve insert loosened up and we were sprayed with oil, but we stopped, corrected the trouble and drove off, amid faint protestations by my wife that her new auto costume was ruined, but we didn't care - the car was running.



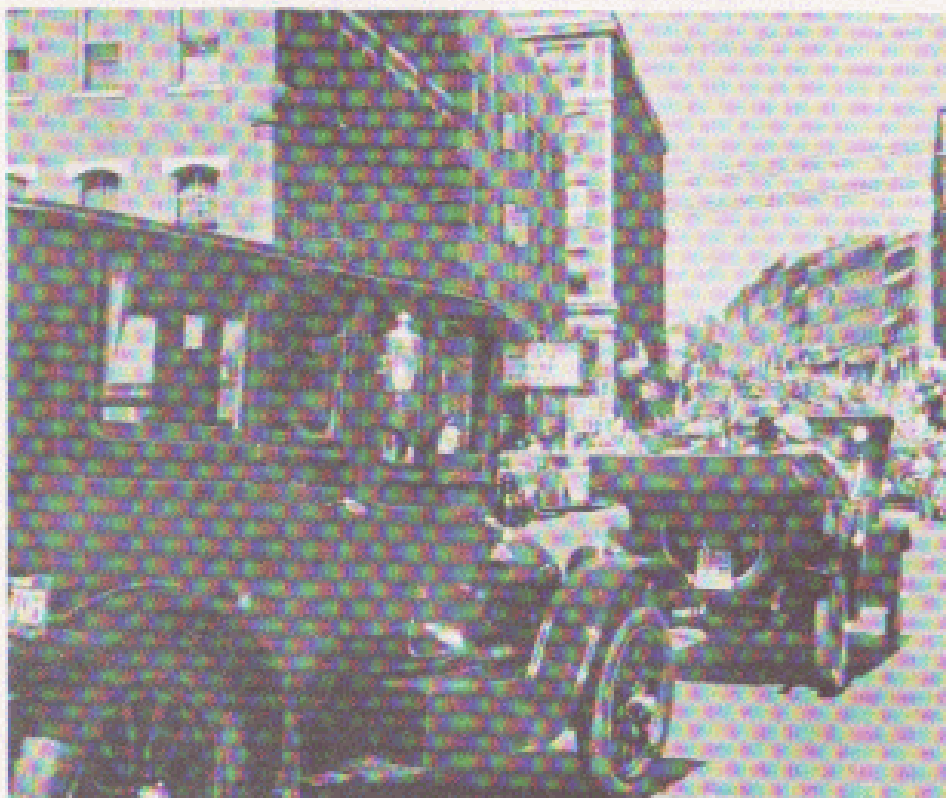
Sunday at Intervale still more dirt worked out. Thanks to Stanley Ellis we found the cause of repeated low water pressure.

Monday, I had to clean the vaporizer twice because of carbon. I think we picked up some gas with oil in it because oil appeared on the nozzle of the burner. We drove very slowly Monday until the rain stopped because of no windshield - then we tore down to Wells Beach. Too cold to go any further. Not far from here when we stopped for water the pilot flooded and was afire. The attendant ran out with a bucket of water yelling "Stop! You're afire!" I steamed away with him after me until I made it clear we had a steam car.

Next day we caught up to the bunch but then had to wait for my brother to get out of school (he had left us Monday morning). He appeared at 5 o'clock, so we roared down to Newport averaging 30 m.p.h. and arrived at 8 o'clock, went to the banquet and enjoyed seeing Fred Davis receive the cup.

Leaving Newport in the morning with the Browns, we steamed to Prescott Knight's to see his collection of Stanleys (they run beautifully). With us we had to our great delight the old Gliddenite, Major Post, who kept us entertained with "Early White Stories". We left Mr. Knight's place in the evening (having been royally entertained) and drove home. Major Post left us at New Haven where he secured a train for New York. The White functioned perfectly.

Steaming or dreaming. Steaming or dreaming.
Happy Glidden Touring!



Entering Brattleboro

WEEK-ENDING WITH THE GLIDDEN TOUR

By Lawrence Dame

Club Member, Glidden Tourist and Boston Art Writer

Let's say right at the start that we had the time of our lives. Marie Louise and I will never forget the excitement of the Glidden Tour, the rare camaraderie inspired among people in various walks of life through the nostalgic magic of ancient automobiles on the loose, and the gorgeous spectacle afforded by those cars in gallant array along the roads. We had the time of our lives.

This little report is going to be purely personal. Others will tell about hill climbs, mileage covered in record time and narrow escapes from trouble. We had only a little car, a cheap car of the kind referred to in the old days as a tin Lizzie or a flivver. Yet our little Nymph - we call her "La Nympe Joyeuse" after one of our favorite French poems - did everything one might expect a 1914 Ford Model T touring car to do.

In our estimation, her spirit was as jaunty and strong as that of any Rolls or Mercedes on the highways. She rolled some 400 miles without trouble of any kind, if one excepts hard starting on a certain frosty Alpine morn. We got into first gear, or whatever you call the thing that happens when the left-hand foot pedal is pushed down, only twice during our experience on the Tour.

Surely, too, we got just as many laughs and jeers and cheers as any other of the 100-odd cars in the Veteran Motor Car Club's weird caravan.

Apropos of this, we stopped for lunch - and what a lunch - in a mean little cafe in the town of Union, N. H. The Nymph stayed outside. Naturally, a crowd collected.

One particularly active boy kept shuttling back from car to us. He would examine the Nymph, then enter the cafe, somewhat to the proprietor's annoyance, and eye us carefully. After this was repeated several times, he finally confided to another lad in a stage whisper, "Hay, you know somethin'? Only millionaires can afford cars like that."

Inasmuch as Marie Louise and I were both dressed like vagabonds, this made an unexpected compliment.

Not long afterward, while rolling down a forest road with lanes of noble trees making us think of the highways of France, we saw a dog coming toward us far ahead. As we drew closer, we spotted a little old man behind the dog. He was toddling along with his head bent almost to his knees.

I gave him the bulb horn. One of my daughter's little boy friends says it sounds like a sick cow. Anyhow, the old gaffer jumped straight up in the air, turned miraculously not toward us but in the direction away from us and back of him. He recovered as we came abreast and turned toward us. It would have been tragic, and he probably would have been scared witless, had he not smiled. But he did smile, a big toothless grin, and all was well.

That horn! How the kids let out from school or playing hockey along the roads yelled and begged and pleaded for a blast of that horn! We'd blow, and they'd roll over in paroxysms of merriment. They would turn somersaults in their joy. They would yell their lungs nearly wrongside out. And more often than not, grownups acted just the same way!

In fact, one of the notable accomplishments of this whole Tour was its strange ability to put people of all kinds into happy moods in this chaotic, confused world of ours.

Our friend Rudolph Elie, who surely wrote the most poetic accounts of the mountain part of the Tour in his Boston Herald column, remarked upon the Nymph and all the other cars as ambassadors of good will. And Marie Louise added that if we could equip the world's diplomats with ancient motor cars, they would become so carefree and friendly that their nonsensical and tragic differences would be forgotten.

What we liked, too, about driving in the Nymph - and of course this applies to all the splendid cars on the Tour - was the communion with Nature which we felt so keenly. When one is attuned to 30 miles an hour or less, one feels an affinity with things hardly glimpsed and not appreciated during a modern motor run. The sun is closer and the air more fresh. The birds and bees and flowers are in affinity with you. Houses, barns and people take on new charm and significance. Having bicycled 30,000 miles with my 50-year-old French velo, Rozy, I can say that only in the Nymph, among all automobiles, have I felt anywhere near so free as the long-distance cyclist always feels.

There will be many stories of the Glidden Tour told before convivial fireplaces this winter. One I like, which Marie Louise told on the radio over Marjorie Mills' program with some zest, concerns an adventure involving Packard's great pride, Roderick Blood.

It seems that Rod zipped past a parochial school, where the kids and the nuns were lined up. One of his passengers had a black veil and old-fashioned duster. As the dust swirled, a lad was heard to yell to his saintly teachers, "Gosh, lookit, there goes one of the sisters!"

Yes, there will be many stories told this winter and next of a grand and glorious adventure. We had the time of our lives!

* * * * *

GLIDDEN TOUR

LITERATURE AND PHOTOGRAPHS AVAILABLE

Arthur Schuh, 165 Howard Street, Reading, Massachusetts, was the official photographer on the 1947 Glidden Tour. The Tour Committee has selected 150 prints from about double that number of exposures which he made. These include a photograph of every car which participated in the Tour, except for a very limited number of elusive ones, and an assortment of other group photographs taken at the various stops, banquets, etc. The pictures in the set are numbered to correspond with an accompanying explanatory list prepared for titling purposes.

Prints in the sets are being made on 4 x 5 inch semi-matté paper, unless you particularly specify glossy prints in ordering. Arrangements may be made directly with Mr. Schuh for special prints, albums, larger sets or individual photographs. Mr. Schuh is not a professional photographer and is doing this work in his spare time, so be patient in waiting for delivery. The price quoted at the time of the Tour of \$15.00 per set applied to sets ordered at that time so that he could make them in a group. Sets ordered now will cost more. We have no information on this price. We may say that the pictures are exceptionally good, and whatever the price, it is reasonable.

A reprint of newspaper stories of the tour may be made up this fall. It will be along similar lines to last year's reprint, but better we hope.

The Brattleboro Daily Reformer has provided us with some extra copies of their paper for the two days on which they ran Tour stories, and these may be had from George Donald, Wellesley Farms 82, Massachusetts, provided you send along a couple of three-cent stamps.