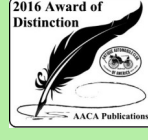
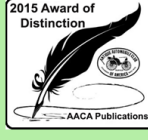
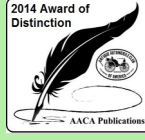


The Wayne Drumlins Antique Auto Region



Headliner



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<http://waynedrumlinsauto.com/>

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EXTRA

The Wayne Drumlins Antique Auto Region
Is proud to announce our Annual Meeting

Sunday, January 6th, 2019 at 1pm

The Villager Restaurant

245 South Main Street

(corner of Saltonstall St.)

Canandaigua, NY 14424

Their banquet room has been reserved

We will order a la carte from the menu

The Club will pick up the tab for all members in attendance

The format of our Club and it's activities in the future will be determined at this meeting. Your attendance would be appreciated as this will be your chance to help shape the future of **The Wayne Drumlins Antique Auto Region.**

Please mark this on your calendar and make it a point to attend.

Thank you.

Dick

SUN SPOTS

By Lilah Henry



"IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE!"

Thirty-nine years ago last October, three Williamson men set out on a high adventure. One was a farmer and the other two were partners in an electrical store here.

In a four cylinder Oldsmobile of the 1911 vintage, they set out to drive from Williamson to New York City, the high top with open sides (like an open air trolley), and high wheels with small tires, notwithstanding. Such a drive in those days was comparable to a Lowell Thomas adventure or the Kori Tiki expedition!

So impressed were the three with their adventures that after they had finally returned home by train, they published a booklet telling of their experiences. It was called "Our Trip to New York" or "What We Saw and How We Saw It."

I saw the booklet for the first time recently, when calling at the home of Mahlon Smith and sister, Sara, in East Williamson. They showed it to me among other items and clippings of yesteryear.

On the front cover was a picture of a car with a right hand drive and the long brake handle attached to the outside of body beside the driver's seat. The handle of the crank at the front of the radiator was jauntily pointed upward as if inviting, or perhaps daring, someone to try to crank the motor. Its top supported by four iron braces, was held in place against the rush of air, at the front, by two long straps attached somewhere near the front of the radiator. (I was going to say near the bumper, but of course cars in those days were not sporting bumpers.)

Under the picture were the names of the men who made this daring trek all the way to New York City. In fancy type we read, "Frank Tummonds - Counselor. Isaac Colwell - Master Mechanic. P. D. Vercrouse - secretary. The account of the trip makes fascinating reading for the present car owner! It is a tale of odd roads, broken springs, lost id pans, toll gates, and other misadventures, and we note that it took 25 routes to get to Sodus. It was apparent from the start that it was going to be a "long way to Tipperary."

TO QUOTE THE BOOKLET: "We left good old Williamson at 7:40 Tuesday, October 1, 1912. We were all feeling good and wild to get into New York City, which we had heard so much about but had never seen. Frank told his friends that he should not be surprised if New York was twice the size of Rochester. We hardly believed this statement, but yet we were all wild to go."

"The day was not fair, being cold and the roads were very bad. We arrived in our neighboring village of Sodus at 8:05, where we had a little engine trouble just outside the village."

hills, and dales, we saw him walking like a major. Peter said he thought Frank was on his way to Five Corners to procure the very necessary wire. We overtook him and he explained that he was just taking a little stroll. A short distance farther on we had some more trouble with the broken spring."

The account tells how they stayed over night at Little Falls and went to the Hippodrome Theatre, arose at 6 the next morning, put in a new spring and started out. At Amsterdam they stopped to adjust the speedometer and found that "we had made 180 miles over a variety of roads, but as you can see it is making good time on the road."

"At Schenectady Isaac and Peter visited the General Electric Co. At Albany we visited the Capitol building, bought a few souvenirs and cigars (3 for 25c)." The story tells how they stayed over night at the Lincoln Hotel and even gives the dinner menu which began with "Squirmadoodle" soup according to the account.

"OUR FIRST VIEW OF New York was an extremely grand site as we saw it from the Jersey side. We had supper at 6 p. m., put up at the Susquehanna Hotel. After supper we ventured out, took the elevated uptown as far as West 42nd Street, run onto Fifth Avenue very unexpectedly, watched the autos race back and forth as we strolled back to 3rd St., where we took a car back to the hotel and went to sleep amid the blowing of whistles and the ringing of bells. Time 10:50."

"Up at 6:15 - - Hear some whistles and bells. After breakfast walked across Brooklyn Bridge. It is impossible to realize the vastness of this structure and the number of people, old and young, big and small, clean and dirty that cross this bridge."

"After dinner we went to the aquarium and saw some very peculiar fish and turtles. From there we went to Central Park and walked until Frank and Pete thought they would die, but they didn't. Had supper, went to the Hippodrome, then back to the hotel, satisfied that we had had a very strenuous day. Time 12:05."

"Next morning took a horse car to the Cunard piers and saw the Cammania about to sail. In the next slip north lay the Lusitania—believe us, she is no baby—760 feet long, her smoke stacks are large enough to run "Yank's" trolley car through and then some."

"Took the underground to Battery Park. Made the trip by express at the rate of 60 miles per hour. Visited

the Statue of Liberty. Saw the wireless telegraph station and were shown through the government electric plant."

Quite naively the following paragraph is added. "During this trip we kept our eyes open for all the newest and best in electrical wiring and equipment. The lighting of the subway was wonderful. The Statue of Liberty was lit up by electricity, and all cars were driven by this magic power and even the ocean liners were brilliantly illuminated. Our little job of wiring the local M. E. church (which in our eyes is a good job) does not compare to the lighting of the interior of the churches and public buildings in New York City."

"ON SUNDAY WE TOOK the Brooklyn elevated train to Coney Island, 21 miles for 5 cents. Got our feet wet in the ocean and then we got in the ferris wheel. Business being dull at that time the old man got in and rode too. From the top of the wheel we could see the buildings in New York twenty miles away."

"Monday morning at 3:30 a. m. we went down to the market and safe to say there is more business done and is a little busier than East Williamson. We got back about 6:30 and took the Six Ave. elevated to the Grand Central station and took the Empire State Express for Rochester." (The Oldsmobile it seemed, belonged to a fourth man, who stayed in New York with the car.)

"Well, we arrived in dear old Rochester at 3:51 - - tired but happy. We arrived home over the Sodus Ray line at 5:48" (after a week's absence!) The final words of the story are set in large black type and they read, "We are now prepared to fill your orders for electrical goods." And, like the old fashioned movie, there is the picture of the car again, just as it looks on the cover!

The next year the song about he had to "Get Out and Get Under" to fix his automobile came out and instantly became popular. Perhaps the composer read of the Williamson trio's experiences!

"We arrived at Wallington at 8:30. The roads were as slippery as soft soap and while running at a moderate speed, our car slipped in such a way that we stopped crossways of the road. Frank and Peter looked badly scared and acknowledged that they felt the same, but as we look it over now it seems only a slight affair."

"We arrived at Alton at 8:30. Bay Bridge at 8:37. There we decided to stop and put on chains. We entered the village of Wolcott after a hard pull through bad roads at 9:15, and here we first began to realize we were in reality on the long trip, such as we had been planning for months. We were preparing to throw a kiss to dear old Wayne County, when Counselor Tummonds reminded us that we were not yet free from its influences. A broken spring deflected our high spirits some, but as we had expected this would happen before we ended the trip, we did not weep."

"The roads could not have been worse in the spring of the year than we found them in our border town. We arrived at Victory at 10:20 and gave our 40 horses a drink. When we got about a mile east of Cato, Frank and Isaac had a foot race, Isaac taking first money. We are thinking of entering him in the Olympic races next year, if he will keep in practice. We let the racers enter the car and arrived at Cato at 10:58."

"AT BALDWINVILLE the wind shield came loose and while that was being repaired Pete had a foot race with Ike. Isaac seemed to be training and left Peter far behind in the race. "Believe us" that boy Ike is some runner. His speed as a runner explains how we beat the Ontario Hose Co., in its recent race with our boys."

We arrived at Solvay at 12:35. Here we met the first automobile on the trip. Here we had dinner, got a route card and left the city at 1:45 and arrived at our first toll gate at 2:00. We were held up for the large sum of 8c. At DeWitt we ran into another toll gate and passed over another 8c. We nearly scared the life out of a tramp and after we turned the electric squawker on him he blanched so much that he almost looked white."

The story goes on a few paragraphs later, "About two miles east of Canastota the mud pan dropped from under the auto and then we all piled out and began to look for wire. A nearby fence and past experience in wiring came to our assistance. When we were ready to start again we missed Frank and after a hasty survey of the surrounding fields,