

Wheel Tracks

The Official Monthly Publication of "The Vermont Automobile Enthusiasts"



Rescued from a mine out West....
Bill Fagan is now the owner of this 1910 Stoddard Dayton
More on page 6

**FROM THE PRESIDENT...
DAN NOYES**

This summer has sure been a kind one for antique car enthusiasts. We have had some great stretches of weather to get out and tour around our great state. The weather for weekend shows have been excellent and my favorite season is on tap, Fall.

By the time you read this the 2015 garage tour will be a thing of the past, there is always next year to raise your hand and give folks an opportunity to check out your amazing automobile collections and collectibles. The Gypson Tour is on tap for October 3rd. I hope to see you there.

Thank you to everyone who expressed their opinion and who voted to move forward with amending our bylaws last month. Thank you to Wendell Noble, Tom McHugh, and Dave Sander who served on our bylaw committee. We are now on the right track to continue to meet our educational mission and to be in IRS compliance. I welcome your questions and concerns as we move forward with this transition.

A big thank you goes out to Bob Lalancette and the nominating committee for proposing a slate of officers for next year and for arranging our annual meeting. You should have received a letter in the mail announcing the slate of officers and the annual meeting information. Great work!

We are still in need of a treasurer. To take some of the burden off this position we are moving forward with obtaining the services of a bookkeeper. As our club has grown it has become even more apparent that this has become the next practical step to make sure our finances are in order. Please give me a call if you are interested in this position so we can discuss further.

Did you finish the restoration of a car this year? Let me know, I am looking for nominations for the presidents restoration award to be given out at our Holiday Party. I would love to come and check out your work.

Respectfully submitted



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**Wheel Tracks
Monthly deadline
The 10th**

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YOUR EDITOR... GARY FISKE



We had a fantastic member turn-out last Saturday for our **September Garage Tour**. **Jim & Vilma Cary** had been working hard to complete their “new” 1950s gas station for the tour crowd. As you can see from the picture, it is pretty spiffy. The “customer” leaving the station looks like he just had some good work done on his car....

Wendell and Mary Noble opened their garage for the tour plus the extra treat of their working steam engine pictured below. I am sure Wendell’s present projects with the 1930 Chrysler and the



Model A Pickup were also available to “google over”...all very nice work.

Bob Lalancette was the man behind the very successful garage tour. He opened his garage to show folks how a car rotisserie works. My garage was also part of the tour so I didn’t see most of it as I was home getting ready. I understand Bob has an early 40s Ford body mounted on the device. Bob sent Wheel Tracks this message after the tour....

“A big thank you to all of you hosts! 30 cars and 44 members made the tour. Folks from as far as Rutland and Newport came. Truly a great activity that should happen

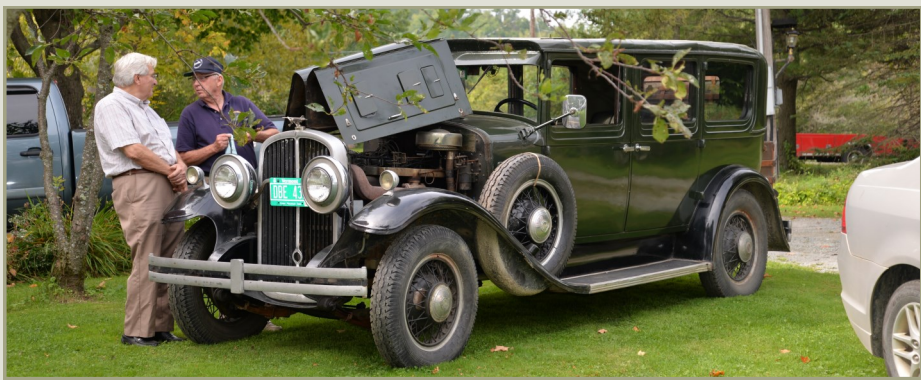
again in 2016. Thanks again for your efforts. Days like this makes me realize that the VAE is a great organization to be involved with.”

The next and last stop was **Sharon’s and my place**. You would never believe how many languishing jobs you can get done when you know company is coming! **My sister, Pat**, agreed to cook the hotdogs and steam the buns....and they were sure good. Pictured right are two hands adjusting the low gear bands in a Model T. The task was a success and for a while that Model T along with two others were able to give driving lessons to many of the guests. The hands belong to none other than **Dave Sander**.

The beautiful **Franklin** to the right (the word is in bold because I am partial) had an ignition problem that caused it to almost not make the tour. The owner, **Dave Lamphere** (right, Dave’s consultant on his right is **Roy Martin**), was able to fix it and Wheel Tracks heard later he and Cereta took I-89 home at 65 MPH.

Way-to-go Franklin!!

A fourth Model T was also a guest that day. I will try to tell you that story in this month’s Gossip.



Ridge Coderre (right) is presented the Golden Wrench Award from VAEer Dan Noyes. Ridge is a student at Lyndon Institute in Lyndon Center and was chosen for his hard work and dedicated character. Dan Camber, Ridge’s instructor in the automotive technology program, also chose him for his great attention to detail. Congratulations Ridge.



Thanks again for the great weekend tour.





"THE SOFTER SIDE"

A Column Shared by Mary Noble (Left) & Nancy Olney (Right)



I'm Getting Older from Nancy Olney

My mother and I used to discuss things that annoyed us and things that seemed to make no sense at all!

A good share of those things were made up and done by some of those considered, by many, as ones who were fairly intelligent. I thought of mother, just recently, when the 'new' recycling laws were put into place July 1 of this year. First, NO one knew what the laws were, not the recycle center workers, not the people in Montpelier that made the laws, some of the information was different from place to place and a lot of the general public didn't have a clue!



Where we live, you have to buy a 30 gal. plastic bag for \$2.50/bag and fill that with trash for throw away, separate your recycling and deposit it in the proper container. We were under the impression that the bags would be clear so they could see if we were throwing recyclables away. Well here is the hitch, the bags are almost clear but you can fill the bags with as many black bags, white bags or any other bags you want and throw them away. The point of this endeavor was to recycle more - trash less but the way I see it, you can still not recycle and you have added that bag (for \$2.50) to the landfill.

Next, they have reduced the plastics you can recycle and you can't recycle a plastic container over 2 gal. in size but I did ask if I cut them in half would that work?

Answer: yes. I like to and feel it necessary that we recycle - my husband is very meticulous with recycling, he makes sure everything that can be is recycled, makes sure it is clean, and brakes down everything possible.



He gets an A. I get an I for irritation!

Now other irritants in my world; I used to ask Mother why "older" adults shop between 5 and 6:30 PM. It just so happened that was about the time for me to stop at the store after work and of course, was in a hurry to get home and feed the family, etc. Then they would wait until all their goods were bagged and carted and then start looking for their cash or check book. Couldn't they see what a busy woman I was- after all, I had on my uniform and name badge!

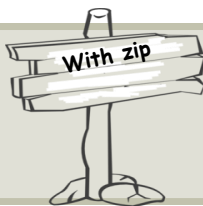
I will stop now as I am a believer of 'what goes around comes around'.

Now, I think maybe they have earned the right to be a bit grumpy...those "older" shoppers. Shop whatever time of day or night they choose, and sometimes I got the impression that the more antsy I got, the slower they got - saying to me, "girl slow down and enjoy this moment".

I now realize that they knew what I didn't and it was that time on this side of life, is taking us downhill so fast that they were doing what I should have been doing and that is applying the brakes, in hopes of capturing a few more moments before I am gone.

Editor's notes..... Amen to that!





This found by Richard McLay...

This happened to an Englishman in France who was totally drunk. A French policeman stops the Englishman's car and asks if he has been drinking. With great difficulty, the Englishman admits that he has been drinking all day, that his daughter got married that morning, and that he drank champagne and a few bottles of wine at the reception, and many single malts scotches thereafter.

Quite upset, the policeman proceeds to alcohol-test (breath test) the Englishman and verifies that he is indeed totally sloshed. He asks the Englishman if he knows why, under French Law, he is going to be arrested.

The Englishman answers with a bit of humor, "No sir, I do not!

But while we're asking questions, I've got one for you: do you realize that this is a British car and that my wife is driving on the other side?"

Brian's stress level was at unsurpassed levels. His wife Maggie was in labor and Brian was sure it was time to head to the hospital. Breathing heavily, Brian grabbed the phone and called the doctor.

"MY WIFE, SHE'S READY, SHOULD WE COME?"

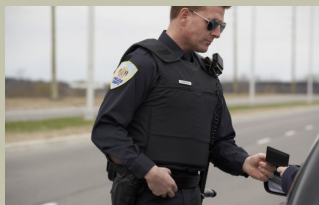
The doctor tried to relax the poor fellow, "just try to relax, now tell me how much time elapses between the contractions?"

"SHIRLEY!" Brian screamed on the top of his lungs, "HOW MUCH TIME IN BETWEEN THE CONTRACTIONS? TEN MINUTES? OK, TEN MINUTES IN BETWEEN!"

"And is this her first child?" Questioned the doctor.

"NO YOU STUPID NITWIT, THIS IS HER HUSBAND!"

Women and cats will do as they please,
men and dogs should relax
and get used to the idea.



Do you remember a past article in Wheel Tracks about a model car collector in Barre?

That VAEer and collector is Alden Chapman and he has hundreds of beautiful models that he has collected over the years. Alden has donated some of the models to the VAE. Pictured below is a few of them. Jim and Vilma Cary has agreed to display them temporarily in their '50s era garage they have recently completed. If you go to our website version, you will see these in full color...they are unbelievable!

Thank you Alden, they will be treasured.



1910 STODDARD-DAYTON 10H ROADSTER

By Bill Fagan

The Stoddard-Dayton Motor Car Company started out, as many early auto manufactures did, as a farm implement company in 1875 originating in Dayton, Ohio. As the automobile craze grew in the 1890's, John and Charles Stoddard caught the fever and by 1904, with the help of a young English engineer, H.J. Edwards, launched their pilot model with a 4 cyl. Rutenber engine. Stoddards were a well-built automobile and soon orders outpaced production. Unfortunately, in 1910, Stoddard made the fatal mistake of joining the automobile conglomerate of Benjamin Briscoe's United States Motors, an eventual failed attempt to compete with Willy Durant's General Motors. By 1913, the high-end Stoddard was dropped from the line and only Maxwell remained. Today, there are approximately 30 Stoddards known to exist and only 3 Stoddard Roadster 10H's.

For the 1910 production year there were 3 different engines; 30, 40 and 50 HP, and 8 body styles; roadster, baby tonneau, coupe, touring, torpedo, landaulet*, limousine and town car. This Stoddard Roadster 10H has a 3 7/8" x 4 1/2" hemispherical combustion 4 cyl engine developing 30+ HP. The valves are 2", each pair operated by a unique single rocker arm on top of the cylinder jugs, resembling a walking-beam steam engine when in operation. It has a true twin ignition using a Bosch magneto, Connecticut coils and 8 spark plugs. It sold new for \$1500, compared to a Model T at the time for about \$800.

The history behind this car is that it was discovered in an abandoned mine property in the West around 1940 and being recognized as a quality early automobile, was spared from the scrap drive of WWII. It passed through several hands until it ended up with the infamous antique car dealer, Art Burrichter in 1967. A collector from Pa. purchased it, and then sold it to his son 2 years later. The son spent the next 9 years scavenging for parts and fabricating the ones he couldn't find. Fortunately, in 1970, a sister Stoddard 10H was unearthed in upstate New York, so any needed patterns became available. In 1978, the restoration was completed and the Stoddard was taken to Hershey where it was awarded a National 1st Prize. Having only been driven a few times around the block, it was sold to another collector in Pa. who had seen it at Hershey. Apparently this gentleman took the car out once and had a carburetor backfire which scorched the side of the hood. After re-painting part of the hood, he parked it, and the car languished in a corner of his barn for the next 32 years. When the owner died, his family started slowly selling off his automobile collection and this is when I got wind of the Stoddard. Fortunately, one buyer was dealing with the family quietly and fairly, so the word never got out about the sale of these vehicles, or even the existence of this Stoddard. After a couple of years of patiently waiting, the family finally agreed to sell the car and I wasted no time.

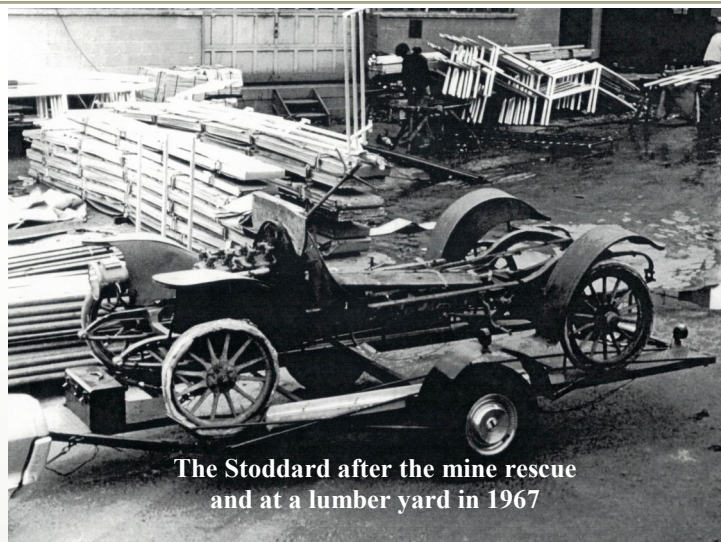
After getting it back to Vt., I started calling all the Stoddard collectors to find out more about the car. To my amazement everyone had lost contact with this car and wondered what had ever become of it. I feel very fortunate indeed to have been in the right place at the right time. Presently, the engine is out and apart, aluminum pistons ordered, the transmission mounts modified to handle the twisting, the shifter shaft and transmission re-aligned, the clutch relined, the rear end adjusted, etc. I felt the 7" headlights were too small, so I set about procuring the 10" Gray and Davis ones on it now. I pounded out the dents and converted them to the early magnifier-type headlights by taking the lenses out of a couple of magnifying glasses and making the brass bezels and tri-pod supports to hold them in place. The convex lenses are from a clock-parts supplier in Oregon. A little buffing, and "Voila", new headlights. And so, as you know, on and on it goes!

**A landaulet or landalette is a car body style similar to a limousine, but with the passenger section covered by a convertible top.*

Editor's notes from "American Cars Standard Catalog"....

"As Good As It Looks" was Stoddard's 1905 slogan. The company painted each car with 15 to 28 coats with each hand sanded and buffed out. After assembly, each car was driven on public roads for 150 miles to 400 miles, then the engine was disassembled, the cylinders re-honed, valves touched up, and then reassembled and road tested again.

In 1912, about 25,000 automobiles in twenty-six models were manufactured. Wheel Tracks has been unable to find a total manufactured number.



The Stoddard after the mine rescue
and at a lumber yard in 1967





The Roadside Diner



Zucchini Relish

from our proofreader Edi Fiske

10 cups ground Zucchini
4 cups ground onions
5 tbsp salt
2 1/4 cups white vinegar
1 tbsp nutmeg
1 tbsp dry mustard

1 tbsp turmeric
1 tbsp cornstarch
1/2 tsp. pepper
2 tsps. celery salt
1 each of sweet green and
red pepper, chopped

Place first 3 ingredients in large bowl and mix well. Let stand overnight.
Drain and rinse well in cold water. Drain again and put in large kettle with remaining ingredients.
Bring to boil and simmer, uncovered, stirring occasionally.
Cook 30 minutes or until desired consistency.
Put into 6 or 8 hot sterilized jars. Process 5 minutes in hot water bath.

LEAPING LENA LEAPS AGAIN by Stanley Ainsworth (1946)

Leaping Lena felt just awful. For a long time, she had been left to rust in the vacant lot, and she really enjoyed having people drive her all over town, leaping and bumping and growling noisily. Leaping Lena was a car - one of those old cars that young fellows like to buy and paint up with all sorts of funny sayings. In fact, that is where she got her name; the last fellow who had owned her had printed Leaping Lena in big yellow letters all over one side. For a time, she was very happy. Nearly all the college boys rode in her as they hurried from one place to another. Leaping Lena was often so loaded that her springs groaned and her fenders rattled, but Leaping Lena loved to be in the middle of so much excitement. Finally, however, she became a little too old to go places without breaking down or blowing out a tire. So, at the end of the last summer, she had been left in the vacant lot. All winter she was left there. The air leaked out of her old tires and the wheels settled into the dirt. A lot of her funny slogans that had made so many people laugh could no longer be read, all except the bright yellow letters of her name - Leaping Lena.

Now, Lena was getting restless. The snow had melted. Trees were loaded with leaves and blossoms, and birds filled the air with cheerful music. Lena wanted to go places again, but the fellow who owned her had left for the army. No one else seemed interested, so Lena stayed in the vacant lot. It looked as if she would never go places again. No longer would people look at her and laugh as she leaped down the street, filled with fellows and girls.

As the days grew warmer, **Leaping Lena felt worse and worse. She felt like crying,** but that would not help anything. Finally, she said to herself, "I'll just have to learn to live here in the vacant lot and like it, but I do wish someone would at least come to play with me."

Lena had hardly said this when she heard a small boy yell, "Hey, fellows, look at the funny old car!"

"Sure," laughed another boy, "that is my cousin Lew's old car. He used to call her Leaping Lena. See, there is her name in yellow letters."

The little band of boys came into the vacant lot to look her over.

"Let's play we are driving somewhere," said Larry.

This idea pleased them all, so they scrambled in from all sides. Soon, the old car was loaded. At first, each wanted to drive, but after much hauling, pulling, and yelling, they let Larry drive. All the other boys began to pretend they were motors - and soon the noise was so loud, Lena wanted to plug her ears. Certainly her engine had never sounded like that!

"Look, fellows, there is a big bump ahead. Let's hit it hard," shouted Larry.

All at the same time, the boys leaped into the air and came down with a loud thump! Lena's springs groaned and her fenders rattled. The boys liked bumping so much that they did it all the time, laughing noisily and gleefully as they pretended to sail along in rusty old Leaping Lena. This was fun! "Why, it is almost as good as really going places," she thought to herself.

"I like this," yelled one boy. **"I know what - let's make this our club house instead of that old shack in the alley. Then, we will have a traveling club!"**

The boys all liked this idea. They played for a long time. The next day, they came and played some more. Before long, they moved in their club things and played around the old car nearly all the time. Of course, they could not really travel, but they liked to pretend. Lena liked it, too! She looked forward to the times when the boys could play. Her fenders rattled and the springs squeaked as the boys climbed and tumbled all over her. They laughed long and loud as they jumped so hard that Lena felt as if she was really leaping over the roads. At last, **Lena was happy again!**



Dave's Garage by Dave Sander

Please send all inquiries to dasander@aol.com



Rust!

Recently I did some rust repair on a Subaru Outback. This car is a twin to mine, only this one has not been undercoated every year as mine has. This car had extensive rust on the rocker panels and rear quarter panels.

The first step in rust repair is to remove the rust. This can be done by sandblasting, grinding, or cutting the rusty metal out. Once the rust is removed, new metal needs to be welded in its place. I make the patch panels by first cutting out a piece of thin cardboard or oak tag to make a template. I carefully trace and trim until I have a template just the right size. Using the template and a sharpie marker I can trace the template on to a piece of steel. Once I have the rough shape of the patch panel cut out, I shape it to fit using a vise, an anvil, and a ball peen hammer. I sometimes hammer and dolly the piece a bit to massage the fit. I prime new metal with copper weld through primer on the back side if it is enclosed. It is important to use metal of the proper thickness if the repair is in a structural area. I paint existing metal with POR-15 paint, and I prime all new metal with epoxy primer. It is important to prime the bare metal, both to seal any pinholes in the weld, and to seal the metal from any further exposure to moisture. I use aluminum body filler over welds. Body filler has excellent adhesion to epoxy primer. The aluminum body filler is more moisture resistant and much stronger than plastic body filler.

Once the body work is complete, I seal the repair with epoxy sealer and paint. I coat the back side of the repair with POR-15 paint and rubberized undercoating. If the repair is on the bottom side of the car I sometimes coat the back of the repair with elastic roof cement.

#1



#2



#3



"Home from Shelburne"

is what Hal Boardman called this photo that he sent Wheel Tracks. This 1913 Cadillac is one of a number of vehicles that Gary Olney took to the Shelburne Show in June. Gary said the car was "cut off" to make a wrecker tow truck and last ran in 1942. If you know of an old wrecker boom for sale, Gary would like to hear from you, he has spent years looking for one with no luck. Gary is at the wheel and next right is Jim Sears, then Gael Boardman and Wendell Noble. Hal is behind the camera.





We think we are pretty smart and worldly when we *finally* fix a problem in our old cars...don't you agree? It's like playing golf with three people and hitting the best drive of the summer. You are, for a second, the center of attention and everyone is listening to your every word on how you held the club and what store you bought the ball that you used. No one in the group wants to listen to the guy who just hit his ball into the pond.

I just put my new '24 Franklin back together last evening. I have had it only a short time and have had three or four very nice 100-mile plus outings with it. The car performed like a dream and everyone was asking me very nice questions. Then, I drove the car to our show in Stowe and had to trailer it back..... The car decided to rebel, it would not run.....I had no control..... Everyone stopped asking me nice questions. I have taken a lot of things apart and the only thing I have found that is not right is a bunch of crud in the vacuum tank. It runs great now like it always did but I think I will only take SHORT trips for a while to rebuild the trust between "her" and I. Do you have any nice questions for me??



Remember the 1931 Buick Limo that has been in our classifieds? The one a member found for sale along the road in Malone, NY? Wheel Tracks was just notified from an interested member that he called to inquire and it has been sold. We would be interested to find if the Buick is now in a VAE member garage. The car needed work but it sure was a beauty!

SOLD.... The VAE has sold the 1952 M37 truck pictured right!

John Sandvil of Enosburg is now it's proud owner. John is retired Army with lots of great experiences to his credit. His Dad is retired from the Airforce his Granddad is retired Army and the way I understand it, John's Granddad is buried at the West Point Cemetery not far from General Armstrong Custer. The truck is getting lots of lovin' care at the moment and hopefully we will see it in its new state at one of our tours.



I visited a neighbor just down the road a few days ago. He has some very nice "old cars" and a shop we all dream of. **Dennis Dodd** is his name, he has been a VAE member in the past and hopefully will re-up again, we need his talent in our midst.

The visit uncovered a very interesting 1927 Model T pickup that raised some emotion when I later mentioned the vehicle to a couple of current members.

The truck has history! Dennis has had the truck for some 20 years and tells how hardly a parade was missed when his kids were growing up. He would drive while his kids and friends would toss candy to the spectators from the truck bed. He has done lots of quality work to it over the years and says he would take off for California with it tomorrow and knows he would have no problem. Dennis brought the truck to my place for last Saturday's garage tour, the first time it has been on the highway in years.

Now the "story".... It seems **John Lavallee's family**, many years ago, purchased an old mill along the river in Winooski to house their machine shop business. The '27 pickup was parked in the old building as part of the sale. John took it home and used it for some 20 years.

So... After that 20 years, John sold Dennis the truck..... Are you keeping up with this tale?.....That is 40 years of history so far!

Dennis told me that after he purchased the truck he found that it had spent many of its early years in the Fairfield area and after that had belonged to a hotel owner in St. Albans; a **Mr. Kelly**. I later mentioned the story to **Gael Boardman** and, wow, did I get an ear full! It seems many years ago the truck was sitting for sale along North Main Street in St. Albans when Gael decided he would try to buy it. I will skip over the emotional-not-for-print words that I heard from Gael but the short of it is that Mr. Kelly basically bought it out from under Gael..... for \$25.00. In Gael's words, Mr. Kelly had plans at the time of "ruining" the truck by making it into a "leaping-Lena".

So that is the story....the truck never became a Leaping-Lena but it still lives.

Leaping Lena..... Just out of curiosity I researched the name a little. There was a famous pigeon in the 50s by that name. Seems the pigeon brought back a message from Russia and became a Radio Free Europe mascot.

I also found a really neat "Leaping-Lena" story written by Mr. Stanley Ainsworth in 1946. Hopefully I have room to print it all on page 7....enjoy.



"S" is for Selden

"Morally, the Victory is Mine."

Have you heard of them? I'm certain that most of you have. Selden, made in Rochester, New York (where I spent my first post college score of years) was an automobile manufacturer from 1906 or 1907 through 1914. The founder of the firm, George B. Selden, holds a unique position in the history of the development of the American automobile. Self proclaimed "father of the American Automobile," Mr. Selden, a patent attorney by profession, was the first to apply for a patent for "a cheap road locomotive" in 1879. He was finally granted the patent in 1895 (Patent 549160 to be exact!).

Greetings from Chris Chartier
And
His next "Auto ABCs"

Join us for a walk through the alphabet learning
about obscure American auto makes



George Selden driving

Although on the surface, it seems like an insufferable period of time had elapsed between the application submission and it's final award, Mr. Selden suffered no harm from this inordinate delay...in fact, upon closer examination, he orchestrated it (and profited from it)! Have you delved into the details about the Selden patent and the lawsuit(s) that were ultimately filed against them? I am certain that most practicing attorneys are honorable, trustworthy, hard working family men, just like we antique auto enthusiasts, but this fellow George B. Selden did not endear himself to the public, nor the auto community at large!

So, George patented the idea, and submitted plans, but he never actually built an automobile (not until much later!). He never got himself dirty with an auto motor. He did go to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia to see the George Brayton internal combustion engine in 1876. That exhibit fueled him to patent that type of engine to power a

"road locomotive." That engine was a 2 cycle internal compression type that was non explosive and required a constant flame to keep running.

Patent applied for, Selden began collecting licensure fees from various manufacturers throughout America! To say this was lucrative, was an understatement. As some manufacturers resisted paying the licensure and / or percentage of sales to Selden, the attorney (Selden) or his firm would bring lawsuits to enforce payment. The largest manufacturer at the time was Winton, who resisted and was sued, as well as the Ranlet Auto Company of our own St. Johnsbury, VT. The latter was a firm of just two youths, building cars in their backyard for their neighbors!

Enter a young Henry Ford, from Michigan. He had made several different models for the well heeled in Michigan, but was refocusing his attentions on the working class folks and wanted to manufacture an inexpensive car for the public. He approached the Selden folks to negotiate a less expensive licensure and percentage deal as he anticipated selling a very high quantity of inexpensive autos. He was politely told to "bug off" and comeback after he had established himself more fully. Being rebuffed another time in acquiring a license, Ford turned against getting the Selden license and went full speed ahead into a ramped up production and sales of less expensive cars! The Selden boys bought much advertising in the press, advising the public not to purchase one of Ford's cars - as a potential lawsuit would come with every car sold! Not to be outmaneuvered, Ford bought advertising (many times on the exact opposite pages of the Selden boys) to decry this heavy handed tactic and to show why the Selden patent was invalid. Ford was sure to portray his firm as the underdog against the big capitalist interests! Perceptions could be manipulated then as now!

Continued on age 11

Continued from page 10....

"S" is for Selden

The case went to court. The Selden boys wanted their fees and percentages. The Ford firm thought their patent didn't pertain to their auto. The first trial, as you probably know, ended in favor of the Selden boys. On appeal, the Judge found in favor of Ford. The rest, they say, is history! The patent was found valid, but fees and royalties only due from manufactures employing that specific form of motor in their auto. The more common "Otto" 4 cycle motors, which used an air/ fuel mixture and used timed electric ignition to explode the mixture in it's cylinders were completely exempt from any payment. Most manufacturers used the Otto principle and were free to make and sell all they could!



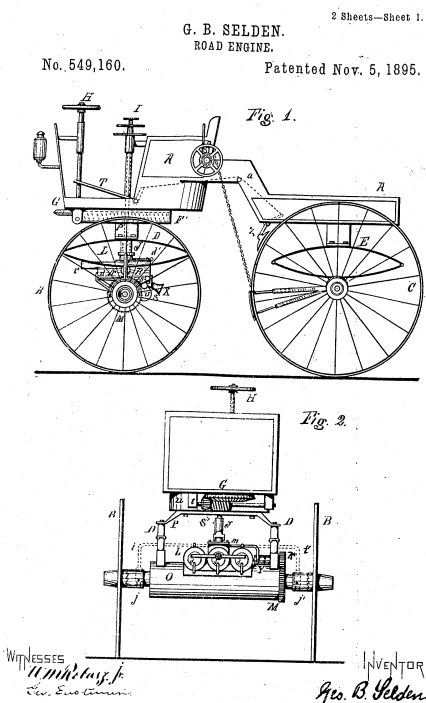
1909 Selden Roadster

During the trial, 2 actual prototypes of the Selden autos that were designed in 1877 were made. They ran a short distance on the roads in Hartford, CT (less than a mile!) . They still survive, one at the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, the other is at the Connecticut State Library in Hartford. The firm did make some automobiles using Continental 4 cylinder engines in the later. More common are surviving examples of Selden trucks. Selden stopped the auto manufacture in 1914, but stayed in the commercial truck marketplace until 1932.



Selden 1926 Truck

Selden's 1895 "road engine" patent Consisted of about 800 words



After losing the final court case, George Baldwin Selden continued to proclaim that he was the founder of the automobile. He dedicated himself to trying to invent a working rotary engine (he did not succeed.) Ford, in contrast, went on to fame and fortune. Certainly he developed his own problems, but often credited that lawsuit as "the best publicity for the Ford Motor Company" ever! On his death bed in January of 1922, in cold Rochester, NY, George Selden mouthed those final words: **"Morally, the victory is mine!"**

Well, you be the judge.....me? I'll just enjoy the Selden autos and trucks when I see them and ponder about perception and reality and the real meaning of life, while I wait to see you and others....on the road again!

Best regards and love, *Chris Chartier*

"The Huntington Cadillac" by Dave Otis

Republished from the December 1953 Wheel Tracks.

The continued story from our September 2015 issue.

That gives you an idea of the kind of country we had come to, and how remote from civilization the old Cadillac's hiding place was. Rod had found it though and it was up to us to get it out. I thought a little dismally of our prospects of doing that if we had to hitch on with the Plymouth and drag it out. The Plymouth hadn't exactly endeared itself to me just then by its display of rugged power. By this time we had arrived at the Smith farm and whose barn the Cadillac rested. We climbed out and inspected our prize. **It was beautiful.** Well, it was a little faded and rusty on the outside and rather covered with cobwebs on the inside and the tires were flat, but it was all there.... A big, magnificently impressive 1922 Cadillac touring car.

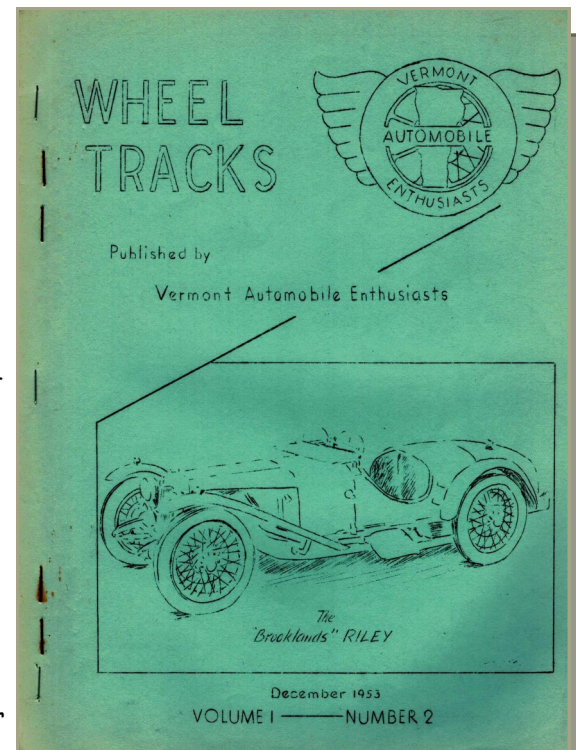
Briskly, **we had been through this sort of thing before**, we fell into a routine for reading an ancient auto for the road. Only Cliff had never before been on one of our adventures and he more than made up for lack of experience by his energy and eagerness in the attack. In no time at all he had filled the gasoline tank, installed the battery and with some assistance from me, brushed out the feathers and dust from the seats. **Rod was in the house conferring with Mr. Smith, no doubt, making one last attempt to talk the price down another ten dollars.** R.G. had been busy all this time in his accustomed role of tire-pumper. It is a thankless and tiring task, but R.G. has few peers and fewer rivals at pumping tires.

By the time Rod had returned from the house we were ready to turn the switch, step on the starter and back out of the barn with both barrels smoking. Rod had squirted oil into the priming cocks when he had been up before to negotiate the purchase, so there was little doubt that the engine would start all right. We stood aside ceremoniously as Rod climbed behind the wheel and turned the switch. Instantly the starter motor began to turn, accompanied by the expected clickety-click of the ratcheting generator drive. We smiled at each other. Then Rod stepped on the starter pedal. Clunk. The clicking stopped abruptly. Our confident smiles faded. Oh well, maybe the battery was a little weak. Cliff stepped around to the front of the car and seized the crank, engaged it with the engine and heaved. The engine didn't budge. Hmmm.... a little stiff. **Cliff turned the crank around the other way and stood on it. Then he jumped on it.** Hmmm, the engine was a little stiff. This was no great challenge to our ready crew. With scarcely a moment's hesitation for thought we jacked up one rear wheel, inserted a crowbar between the spokes, put the car into high gear and sat on the crowbar. Then we jumped on the crowbar. Then one jumped on the crank while another jumped on the crowbar while another stepped on the starter pedal. The engine remained solidly immovable.

"Well", said Rod, "There's only one thing left to do. We'll have to take off the cylinder heads to see what ails it". So we did. First we removed the right hand cylinder head. This was accomplished in no time at all. Then, using a block of wood and a large hammer, we pounded on one piston and then another. Then we used a larger hammer. Then one pounded while another jumped on the crank. Still no progress. So we took off the other head and repeated the pounding process on the other four pistons. Finally, we got another block of wood and another, larger hammer and **Rod pounded on number two piston on the right side and Cliff pounded simultaneously, blow for blow on the next piston on the left side. At the same time I jumped on the crank and, jump for jump, R.G. jumped on the crowbar.** It moved! All eight pistons moved about a sixteenth of an inch. This was good....at least they were all still hitched together.

"Aha!" Rod was bending over the engine, peering fixedly into one of the cylinders. "So, that's why they wouldn't move! Rust!" Rod was busily scraping away with his jackknife on the cylinder wall. Then he set his jackknife aside and went to work with sandpaper. ("Ye Gods.....sandpaper!" I hear a muffled curse and a strange whirring noise as thousands of automobile lovers of ages past start rapidly rotating in their graves.)

Continue to page 13



From page 12..... *"The Huntington Cadillac"* by Dave Otis

Crude though such a method might seem, Rod worked assiduously with the sandpaper, removing a bit of rust here and a bit there as more cylinder walls were uncovered by our violent attacks with hammer, crowbar and both feet. At last we succeeded in turning the engine a complete revolution. Then, after dousing each of the cylinders copiously with oil we replaced the heads, tightened them down and replaced the radiator hoses. It was now about two-thirty in the morning.

We stood back and relaxed a moment and smiled wearily at each other. Soon now our efforts would result in the old Cadillac engine roaring into action. But at that moment from the house came a muffled call from Mrs. Smith, **"Come and get warm! Have a cop of coffee"**. Since we were all chilled to the bone we gladly accepted her offer, and stamping the snow from our feet on the steps, we were soon filing into the kitchen of the old farmhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, both still up and around at two-thirty AM, were a friendly and talkative old pair. They gave us maple syrup and homemade donuts to dip it in and fresh hot coffee. It was like nectar and ambrosia, the food and the drink of gods, to us. Mrs. Smith padded around barefoot on the rough old floor, bringing us more donuts and more coffee. After half an hour of more next to the roaring old kitchen cookstove we had all soaked up enough heat to tackle the old Cadillac, **so, thanking the Smiths for their kindness and hospitality, we made our way back out to the barn.**

Within fifteen minutes we had started the engine of the Cadillac, installed tire chains, packed everything into the rear seat and backed the car out into the storm. Now we were all set to go.

Sounding like two Model A Fords, the old Cadillac plodded out into the snow and slowly swung back around until its big blunt front end was pointed toward the road. The snow was now about six inches deep and still coming. Beneath the snow the ground was soft and unfrozen....mud. I had been thinking before in terms of towing the Cadillac behind the Plymouth. Now I was wondering if we weren't going to have to tow the Plymouth. We all piled into the two cars, and surprising all of us a little, we were soon under way, each car churning along through the mud and snow under its own power. The Cadillac having much the better of it. What a sight for sore eyes it was as the old touring car waddled along in front of us with its own distinctive gait....caused no doubt by its unique platform spring suspension.

The trip back to Burlington.... We had long since given up the original ambitious idea of leaving the two old cars in Starksboro. We were now thinking only of how soon we could get to Burlington and to bed...was marred only by one minor bit of bad luck. When we arrived at the place where we had left the Franklin we took the chains off the Cadillac under Rod's supervision. We were interrupted in the process by the Franklin's demands for attention and, when we returned to the Cadillac everyone forgot all about the chains and we drove away and left them lying in the road where we had taken them off. The rest of the trip was uneventful. R.G. and I hurried on in the Plymouth to Essex Junction where I left him and then drove on alone to Burlington. I was in bed by four-thirty AM. Cliff and Rod, driving the Franklin and the Cadillac, didn't arrive until much later....in time to watch the first gray light of the dawning day, in fact.

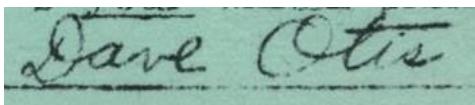
The next day was a rather weary one at work for all of us, but this is not an unusual occurrence after one of Rod Rice's antique automobile expeditions.

I started out by saying that this account would have something to say that might make people realize that old car collection is more than a hobby; that, in fact, it is something of a sport. And a rather rugged one, I feel after reading over what I have just written. But what a satisfying adventure it can be, to bring back from the neglect and disuse of storage a fine aristocratic old motor car.....under its own power!

-end-

PS..... Your retiring editor eagerly seizes this opportunity to get off a few words before his successor bars him forever from print. As all of you must realize, I'm not very well pleased with the job I have been able to do as your Wheel Tracks editor. I just haven't been able to devote as much time as I would have liked. I've spent quite a lot of time on the public highways on weekends. Now that I am married, however, I won't be on the road so much. Just the same, I still don't expect to be able to spend a lot of time on this worthy project, and I think Ken Gypson can be persuaded to take over the editor's chair. Give him lots of help. It's your WHEEL TRACKS.

Thanks.



EVENTS.... WHAT'S NEXT ?

VAE October Gypson Tour

Backroads, Foliage, and Views

The Gypson Tour will meet at Shaw's (Waterbury) parking lot. This is located North of Exit 10 on Route 100. Meet at 9:30 a.m. on Saturday, October 3rd. Please bring your own lunch or you might pick it up before the start at Shaw's.

Be prepared for Bob & Wendy's Questions & Clues!

See you there!!

Bob and Wendy Chase

November 7 (Saturday).....
Annual Meeting Holy Family
Parish Hall, Essex Junction.
Prepaid meal by attendee
provided.

December 13 (Sunday).....
Noontime Holiday Yankee
Swap. Steak House in Berlin.
In Large Rear Room of
building. Buy your own meal.

Quarterly VAE Board
Meeting at Whitney Hill,
Williston, VT
7 PM , Monday October 5th.

1955

I'll tell you one thing, if things keep going the way they are, it's going to be impossible to buy a week's groceries for \$10.00.



1955

Did you hear the post office is thinking about charging 7 cents just to mail a Letter?

Wheel Tracks is a monthly newsletter published in print and electronically for the public, and for the VAE membership.

Your editor and other authors are made aware of some new products, services or information that they feel may have value to VAE's membership. These products, services or informationals are not an endorsement by the VAE unless otherwise noted. The opinions are solely those of the particular article's author.

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Wheel Tracks Classified



For Sale.... 1953 Willys. Totally restored to military specs. 24V. Water proof ign. Snorkel capable. \$12000.00
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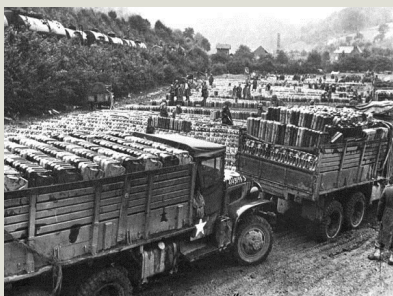


For sale.... 1957 Chevrolet all original 2nd owner 39000 mi stored 40 years 283 power PAC without a doubt, the nicest 57 in the country. A must see. Call Roger @ 309-0088



For Sale.... We have a 1966 Ford Mustang for sale. Ground up restoration, rebuilt 289, new tires, dual exhaust, radiator. Beautiful car asking \$9500. Call Stanley at 802-505-5840 or email lorisunday@netscape.net .

For Sale... WW2
U.S. "jerry"
5 gallon gas
can in good
shape for jeep
wrangler.
\$ 35.00



call Ed 631-261-5011 or email grand-pagny@aol.com. Thanks, Ed Gradel

**October
Bumper Sticker...**

**My other bumper
sticker is funny.**

WAITSFIELD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

VAE President's Award Winners....

1912 AC Sociable	1948 MG TC
1925 Voisin	1927 Packard

Phone: 802-496-4277
E-mail: oldcarl@gmavt.net

DAVID G. STEINMAN
WAITSFIELD, VT 05673

Shop at "The Barbieri Emporium"

For sale..... 1971 Ford Shop Manual. Five volumes and covers all models of Ford Mercury and Lincoln. Excellent condition. \$20.

1976 Plymouth Shop Manual, two volumes and covers all models. Excellent condition. \$20.

1989 Chrysler LeBaron Convertible gas tank. New and likely fits the 1987 through 1995 coupes and convertibles. \$ 45.

Generic car cover for indoor use. Medium size in good condition with bag. \$20.

Original Essex 6 cylinder parts list booklet, effective Dec. 1, 1923. Thirty pages, excellent condition. \$20.

Motor's Flat Rate and Part's Manuals, 1948 and 1955 editions in good condition, \$10 each. NOS 1950 Dodge tail light lens still in Mopar parts box \$15.

Just added for sale...

Four cast aluminum 15' wheels in very nice condition for Dodge Shelby from 1980's early 90's. May fit other Chrysler products of the same period. \$100 obo.

Set of 4 cast aluminum 14" 4 lug wheels factory option with chrome center caps in very good condition. Fit late 70's through early 90's Omni, Charger, Rampage, etc. \$80 for all.

Also....- Large collection of 78 rpm records from the teens through 1930's.

Some in albums, some excellent condition and some so - so. Many with very cool, very old songs. \$50

Chris Barbieri 802-223-3104
cgeeb99@gmail.com

**Do you need a VAE
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Phyllis Skinners with
correct spelling. PO Box
208, Northfield Falls, VT.
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Holds up to 750 lbs
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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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Membership Secretary

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Lee Carpenter's
1957 Packard Clipper

September 2015



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Be Nice.....Buy a VAE Membership for a Friend



Remember the airport tug that was donated to the VAE? Well, 'it', was traded for these two M37 military vehicles. Pictured here is the unloading crew when the trucks arrived at the show in Stowe from New Hampshire. From left, Gael Boardman, Wendell Noble, Bob Chase, Duane Leach, Chuck Gonyeau & Jim Cary