

FALL

SEARSHEET

2001

Macungie, PA is a one main street town on Route 100 whose northern extremity ends in nearby Allentown. Its about halfway between the Rustine Brothers and Toughkenamon, where I summer. Since about the middle of the nineteenth century there has been a country fair in that town called Das Awkscht Fescht which since 1960 has accepted motor vehicles of at least twenty-five years old to be shown for three days. Different categories are shown each day, such as ones from the nineteenth century up, ones that are forbidden at national AACA meets, and cars grouped by clubs. All have to be driven on to the field which is one block east of Route 100. The day that I come is free up to 1920, so that includes all highwheelers, but very few come. Since I brought my Sears, only Loy Zimmerman, and the owner of about the youngest Sears from CA came. Won't you join me?

I arrive at the VFW Post a half a mile away by road, but across a road with only a passenger gate by day. (phone 610-966-4949 8-10 AM and ask for Lloyd for reservations). They have fields for parking all sorts of vehicles. I've heard that the fire house two blocks away also lets campers use their field. But I like to have the privilege of driving down the main street for several blocks plus side roads.

I usually sit in or beside my car with its floor boards removed, and a descriptive sign explaining the friction transmission. As my car is usually the first allowed into the signated area (at 7:30) it is instantly besieged by onlookers who act like they had never seen a highwheeler before, even though its been coming since 1994. I only leave my post to grab a light lunch. A lady who noticed how long I'd been sitting there, brought me a bottle of spring water! I signed up two more subscribers, one of whom is head of the Oakland club.

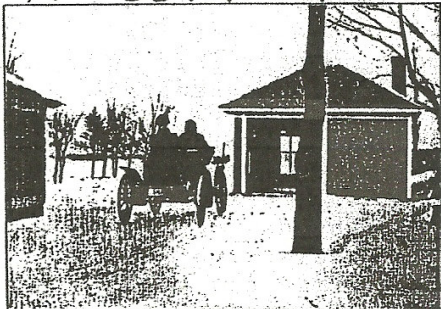
At three, the attendance prizes were given out. This year it was a 'golf' size umbrella. In other years, I got a 'jumper cable' bag, etc.

Last year an amateur corespondent wrote a short article in the 'Bulb Horn' on Sears with a front view of a model J having a 2 1/2 bow top and 1911 type axle. The 'VIN' looks like 2742. All I can make out of the hand printed sign sitting on the seat is Yankee Yesterday Car Club. Has anyone heard of that organization? The show was in the northeast corner of Connecticut near Brooklin and Putnam. I'm waiting for word from last year's chairman of the show after he meets with this year's chairman. The man who wrote the article did'nt even bother to ask its owner's name or forgot it. If the new-looking top simply had a new covering on its original bows, then it could be the lowest VIN with a 1911 axle, that I've seen.

From reading Gerald Persbacher's article in 'Old Cars' about the 'Searsheet' a reader with a Victor steamer looking for a two cylinder opposed engine, wrote me looking for a Reeves engine having 'outside' valves which I guess he thought was used in Sears. In my reply to him and further correspondence, he told me that the address of the Somers engine Company that built the Supplementle engine for Sears from 1911, was Bucyrus, Ohio of 1910-1914. They had started in 1908 in Aurora, IL.

The only car known to use the exact same engine as the 1909 Sears was the Reeves Go Buggy which was placed lengthwise, not crosswise. continued on the last page.

A TESTAMONIAL



DICK AND I

By C. P. Brown, M. D., Rush, 1870.

For the past eleven months Dick and myself have been inseparable companions by day, and too often by the gloom of night. Mutually satisfied since we became fully acquainted with each other's eccentricities and follies.

Time was when a post ran upon a steel by the wayside and mused in sight of men, but conditions have changed and gasoline rolls on wheels over the thoroughfares and the chauffeur hunch his time through the purr of his engine. For forty-one years I have been engaged in the practice of medicine, four decades of which I have used a one-horse power motor, but as the younger members of my profession whizzed by in their shining cars, seemingly as echo would convey to my car. The doctor "left behind" then a re-echo, "Did you join the procession," followed by a refrain, "Come, come, get." It got on my nerves and I resorted to "get," but in getting, the question was what to get. All cars looked good to the eye, and read well on paper. Auto agents talked glibly and demonstrated to perfection. From this medley of literature and advice I must make the selection. Prior to this several important matters must be fully considered—road conditions, the type of car that would best meet the above, cost and probable cost of maintenance. Last, but not least, could I learn to successfully drive a car.

Road Conditions.

My home is in Spring Lake, Mich., situated on a lake by the same name. (An arm of Lake Michigan extending inland about six miles.) The surrounding country is loose white sand, in many places of uncertain depth, with quite a few hills, some of which are long and heavy. The trunk roads for some distance from the business center of town are fairly graded and gravelled. The country roads are comparatively primitive. The drives leading from the improved highways to the many cottages and bungalows situated on the lake are down steep, sandy hills, through narrow, stumpy, winding and wooded trails or roads, not ideal conditions for autoing.

Selecting a Car.

After duly weighing the pros and cons I decided to purchase a machine which, in my judgment, would best meet the above road requirements and so far as possible eliminate the troubles most common in auto service.

The hard tire, air cooled, friction transmission, extra climbing power, ample clearance, and reasonable speed seemed to meet the requirements. I determined that the carriage type, as a strictly business proposition, for strictly business purposes, would best meet my demands, having all of these requisites.

My choice was a Sears Model "J," No. 1800, "Guarantee absolute, covering the entire life of the car," manufactured by Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill. Price, \$10.00 f. o. b. I placed an order for an immediate shipment with them.

The Car Arrives.

The car reached me April Fools Day, 1910. After a simple ceremony I broke a bottle of grape juice and christened it Dick. An hour later the new arrival was in commission, and the chauffeur, a yoked rig of the grass, too fresh to locate the nail, point out the commutator, or the difference between the transmission and the differential, recognize the speed lever from the timer, the spark plug from the key.

A. B., an experienced auto doctor, had kindly volunteered to witness my entire into the select circle of motorists, provided I would get it alone. Knowing that death must come sooner or later I reluctantly consented. I received a brief lecture on the great responsibility I was about to assume, just what to do and, in particular, just what not to do, and under no condition was I to do both at the same time. Being now fully instructed and greatly encouraged, I took my seat and made ready. The auto doctor cranked, gave me the road, and cried out, "Left foot on pedal—GO," and I was gone. But for Dick's good sense I would still be going. He suddenly bucked, backed, and started from whence he came, fetching up in a shallow sand pit, coming to a halt, engine racing, and the dizziness to pay generally. I called wildly to the auto doctor for assistance. A hounding echo met my ears. "Close timer and throttle, remove spark key, cool your parched brow, then sit down and study your book of instructions; if you can't get out of the hole your fool ignorance has put you in, study and experiment until you can." I proceeded to the best of my want of knowledge to carry out the commands. I finally released Dick from his stalling predicament, drove a mile or so, returning safely home. Spent a goodly part of the night studying a treatise on auto anatomy and physiology, the balance in driving of spoons and broken bones. In the morning made a vivisection of Dick, located some of his organs, and learned something of their functions. Put him together and made ready for a start; got a vicious kick (I omit the language used while examining my arm). Studied my book of instructions, learning that Dick was not at fault, I forgave him and we started for auto practice and acquaintance. Day less tragic than the first. Made some unintentional spurts, stops, backs and balks, but kept my head. Third day, a great improvement. Fourth day, able to smile a little, appetite returning, still studying and vivisection. Fifth day, drove down town in fine style, receiving congratulations in so speedily acquiring auto proficiency. I modestly accepted the compliments as generally paid me and excuse myself to make a call. Dick was satisfied to remain where he was. All of my newly acquired auto knowledge was lost on him. Coning or cussing was of no avail. My grief suddenly was washed; laughter and advice from my false friends was freely given. Accidentally observing that the spark key was in Dick's vest pocket, I quietly inserted the same, announced that if the assembled multitude had no further advice to give or remarks to offer I would take my leave. Cranked, took my seat, quietly leaving the gaping crowd behind. A week later an experienced driver accompanied me to the country to fully try out the car over our most difficult roads and hills. The weather for some days had been hot, the roads dry, and the sand exceedingly deep. Under his guidance the task was accomplished without difficulty or delay; I, at the same time, receiving most practical instructions in the driving and care of a car.



Going, Always Going.

For the next thirty days everything was lovely. I was driving smoothly and with great pleasure, congratulating myself that my troubles were over, but one beautiful afternoon an emergency call was phoned from the country. My niece suggested that as I was an accomplished chauffeur she would accompany me. We made a splendid run of 200 feet and then a sudden stop. My dander was up. I went for Dick, rough shod. I went over him, under him, on top of him. looked in his mufflers, said peek-a-boo for a joke, tooted his horn just to make him squeal. My wife, who was watching my antics, asked me, "what could be the trouble?" I promptly answered, "pure cussardness." She then informed me that she had been reading one of my doctor books and thought it might be acute congestion of the brain, and if I would turn on the gasolene it would probably relieve the pressure. A correct diagnosis, and the prescription more effective than Scudder's Specific Medication. Woman's intuition is beyond man's comprehension.

On a sultry day, not so long after the above humiliation, I was driving over a stretch of heavy sand three miles from home when Dick gave a gasp and to all appearance suddenly expired. I tried all of my known remedies to revive him. Over a nearby telephone I got in communication with the auto doctor, telling him where I was and asked him to hustle his car to my aid, as I thought Dick was in extremis from solar apoplexy. Promptly responding, he gave the best most knowing advice I pointed his finger at him, cranked, "præsto change," the dead was alive. The learned doctor then informed me that the vibrator would sometimes stick and thus kill the car, that by touching the same it would be released and the dead restored to life. So easy when you know how.

Ninety days passed quickly and pleasantly, the latter part of which was rainy, cold and snowy. Dick was showing ill health; his gait uncertain; after a rest for a short time would develop reasonable energy, soon to lag again, as his feet were constantly covered with dirt and sand, I thought of hook worm. The disease rapidly grew worse. He began to hop, skip and stop. I was suspicious that he might be a creature of an auto and kangaroo, the latter being prevailing. Decided I had better consult the auto doctor. He listened to my history of the case and asked me about his amperage. That was a new one on me. He then took from his pocket something that looked like a gunmetal watch and began working around his cells, talking aloud to himself—Zero, five, eight, three, six, three, six, etc.—concluding his performance by informing me that Dick had run out of juice and that new batteries would promptly restore him to health.

Dick was again in prime condition and so continued until well into the tenth month, when he again showed languor; cranked more and more easily; lost the use of one side of his body and was in paralysis of the loss of a lung, possibly both. Coaxed the maitre d' creature down to the auto doctor's office for a careful examination, at the close of which he informed me that he had a suspicion of paralysis and that Dick still possessed both lungs, but that he had lost his compression (from a large burr closing the exhaust valve) becoming loose, and he should be thoroughly overhauled. This he did at once proceeded to do. When all apart I was asked to let Dick look at his internal organism. The doctor said he was full of carbon deposit. It looked to me like a bad case of auto-intoxication. This said Dick up for five days, I supplying his place by liver, which was duly charged to him as lost time. The cleaning out he received was very effective and lasting.

Three months of steady driving through mud, slush, ice and snow, hampered with traction chains, had given him corns and worn his shoes (I had a brand). Sent his legs to a nearby city for a new outfit, he losing another day. On this occasion I gave my country patient a special course in the taking of the reins, Mr. Walker from Waterville. Before night I better appreciated the faithful work of Dick and entered no charge against him.

I wish to state that the more account of my experience in learning to drive a car, the causes and the care of apparent illness is not drawn from imagination or highly colored to magnify difficulties, but from personal experience and in order of occurrence. I hope it may be of aid to some amateur who may be called upon to travel the road over which I had just driven.

At the close of three weeks' driving I was satisfied that it was only a question of a little time when I would master the art of handling a car. I sold my horse and driving outfit, moved and converted to modern lines, with a repair shop as part of the equipment. I go over the machine carefully twice each week, thus knowing it is in prime condition to meet any demands, day or night. Since that memorable April day Dick and I have become a familiar pair on every street, highway and byway in our community. We are mutually familiar with all kinds of weather and road conditions. We have driven in the bitter winds of spring; in the hot sultry days of summer; in the rain, sleet and snow; and in the cold of winter. As though it were a rainy summer's day, storms or road conditions seeming all the same to the doctor and his incline. We compliment to his progress I quote the following from a Grand Haven Courier Journal, under date of February 11th (Spring of last column).

"On Tuesday morning following the great blizzard of the previous night our veteran physician, Dr. A. P. Brown, came down the street driving his auto car through the heavy drifts as calmly and unconcerned as though it were a balmy summer's day, storms or road conditions seeming all the same to the doctor and his incline. We saw him making his daily rounds in town and country without trouble or mishap."

Cost of Maintenance for Eleven Months.

I have endeavored to keep a careful memorandum of the cost of running my car, including the necessary upkeep. Should say that my work is largely in town and a neighboring village. Country calls are short, not exceeding three to four miles.

Gasoline, 220 gallons at 35 cents.....	\$ 77.00
Cylinder oil, 10 gallons at 25 cents.....	2.50
Kerosene oil.....	9.00
Batteries.....	1.00
Spark plugs.....	1.00
Two tires for drive wheels.....	3.50
Traction chains.....	1.50
Fiber ring.....	2.25
One set of roller bearings.....	1.50
Wash.....	19.50
Overhauling, grinding valves, etc.....	3.00
Setting tires and transportation charges.....	9.00
Setting tires and transportation charges.....	3.00
\$20.00 insurance against fire.....	3.00
Two days' horse hire.....	3.00
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$113.95</b>

To verify the above, I have several times been over my data to make sure there was no error or omission. Finding none, I believe the above to be essentially correct. An amount much less than it cost me to keep a horse.

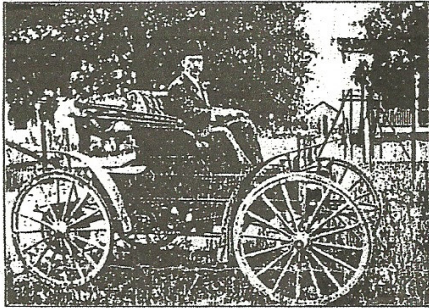
Making late consideration the elimination of a most unpleasant kind of labor, such as care of stable, daily and regular hours of feeding, harnessing and unharnessing, blanketing and unblanketing, tying and untying, coupled with many other annoyances, I would most certainly continue to use and recommend the auto for the busy doctor, even if the expense had been considerably greater.

To Elderly Men of the Medical Profession.

In conclusion, a few words to the elderly men of the medical profession. Don't despise the auto. It is the most reliable and calculating of driving a car on the ground of age. I was 65 years old when I entered the auto ring. It is certainly no more of a strain than a walk, and it saves two or three hours daily to myself for rest, study or a walk, much less fatigue, save two or three hours daily to myself for rest, study or a walk. Brown, Boston, has many other annoyances, I would most certainly continue to use and recommend the auto for the busy doctor, even if the expense had been considerably greater. C. P. BROWN, M. D.



Going, Always Going.



Up to Our Claims in Every Respect.

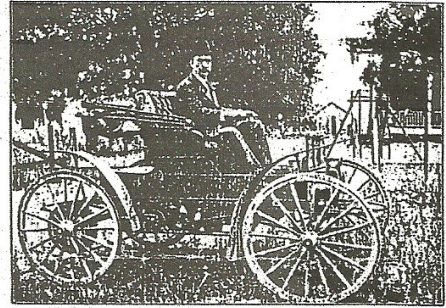
Box No. 23, Camak, Ga., Jan. 3, 1910.  
 Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill.  
 Dear Sirs:—Motor Car received December 15th. I have made several trips with it over rough, frozen roads where it was impossible for an auto with pneumatic tires to run. It takes all reasonable size hills on medium and fast speed. When it is rough, of course, you have to drop back on slow speed. It comes up to your guarantee in every respect.  
 Very truly yours,  
 R. A. LAZENBY.

**After Two Months Makes Hard Trip With Complete Success and Satisfaction.**

Box No. 23, Camak, Ga., Feb. 14, 1910.  
 Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill.  
 Dear Sirs:—It is with pleasure that I recommend your Sears Motor Car to any prospective buyer. It "gets there" and comes back with no tire trouble at all. In fact, I have been running my car two months and have not spent a cent for repairs. I will tell you of a short trip which may be of interest to prospective buyers:  
 My son and I left Camak, Ga., going by way of Thomson, McDuffie County, and made a side trip about 5 miles out of our way. Here we struck a long clay hill where we expected trouble, as all other autos go round, but the little machine went through the mud rut half way up to the axle. We overtook a drummer who weighs 225 pounds, myself 120 pounds and my son 140 pounds, a total weight of 585 pounds. We struck heavy sand for several miles, but she pulled right through. The last 10 miles we made from Bellair to Augusta in twenty-five minutes, corner Broad and Jackson Streets; whole trip, 52 miles, in two hours and forty minutes. Many people in the city stopped and examined the car everywhere we left it. We left Augusta at five o'clock, going through Richmond in Burke County and arriving at Blythe at 8:30, a distance of 25 miles, of which 5 miles were heavy sand and hills. Leaving Blythe the next morning we came across a sandy country at the Ga. R. R. at Hartem,



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about 12 miles of extremely sandy, rough plantation roads that no other auto has ever gone through, and it would be impossible for low wheels and pneumatic tires to go. On one hill the wheels were half way up to axles in pure white sand ruts. We arrived home without a single trouble, covering about 125 miles, using about 5 gallons of gasoline; total cost, 65 cents. In fact, the car will go anywhere you can go with a horse and buggy and it has all the speed you want. I find it exactly as you represent it. If you ever build another model that is an improvement on this one let me know, as I want it just as soon as I wear this one out.  
 Very truly yours,  
 R. A. LAZENBY.

**130 Miles in Seven Hours.**

Camak, Ga., April 25, 1910.  
 Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill.  
 Dear Sirs:—Your car is running fine. I make the trip from here to Augusta, Ga., 60 miles, in three hours and return the same day, driving about 130 miles in seven hours. Average about 18½ miles an hour. I have equipped it with two sets of batteries and on a long run I change, which I find is an advantage. Hoping you much success in your Auto Department, I remain,  
 Very truly yours,  
 R. A. LAZENBY.

[We received the photograph from Mr. Lazenby October, 1911, with a note saying car had seen hard service for nearly two years.]

**Hard Service Proves  
 The Value of a Sears.**



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Continued from first page: The Go Buggy was built principally to use up the engines that the Aerocar company had ordered from Reeves who also designed that car. The car was financed by Alexander Malcolmson who had been an early backer of Henry Ford. Unfortunately, the Aerocar died in 1908 before the engines were 'used up'. So the picture of the Sears engine in their literature with the 'radiating' cylinder head cooling fins is actually a leftover ten hp Aerocar engine WHICH WAS ONLY USED IN 1909 SEARS cars! The only advantage in the 1910 to 1913 engines (except the Supplementle) was an increase of four horsepower.

I have decided to retire my Sears as the champion antique car racer, because the Auto train is too destructive on hard tired cars. According to retired railroad employees, the occasional 'jerk' that usually takes place at night is magnituded thru each following (railroad) car. It actually 'snapped' the 1/4" steel cable to my electric winch! Last May, one arm of my top hardware pulled its three screws out!

Ralph Clayton who this year is sharing my two spaces in the White Field <sup>WBW</sup> (at Hershey) is planing to race his Model X truck that he bought two or 3 <sup>-312</sup> years ago in Car Corral at Hershey. Contrary to what the program will say, we are not selling parts, as my former partner Ed Fabick 'bowed out' after the deadline for printing the program.

The usual meeting place at Hershey for Sears owners is C2G 13-17. I have heard there is an organized meeting there at Noon on Friday, but I will not get there until after the HIGHWHEELER RACES. As usual, I will not be entering my Sears on Saturday, because I will be on my way to the Train.

Verdon Rustine plans to bring a few complete mufflers. Perhaps there will be news about the casting of 'clutch housings' from the foundry.

Hayden R. Shepley  
P.O. Box 481  
Toughkenamon, PA 19374



BILL ERSKINE

05495+3041

