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ONE GENERATION'S TRASH IS ANOTHER GENERATION'S TREASURE

Last weekend Libby and I attended a big band concert at Orkney Springs and really enjoyed ourselves. The bus trip included a cafeteria-style supper and the two hour performance of "our kind" of music from the 30's and 40's. We were pleased to see a large number of young adults who were born decades too late to see the big bands in person, but who looked forward to hearing some great music from that period influenced by the Great Depression and World War II. The buildings at Orkney Springs are mostly frame and were constructed in the 19th century and have been restored and preserved by the Episcopal Church. Like most antique car lovers, I enjoyed everything old and I was surprised to see suspended on the wall behind the registration desk, a large cross-cut saw. The elderly man at the desk informed me that it belonged to him and his father used it for many years. I told him that I also owned one just like it and had taught my oldest son Jay to use it and help me cut up fallen trees in the days before the family-sized chain saw was introduced to the public.

It set me to thinking about the things that now appear in antique shops as antique and historic items. I never dreamed that the cheap colored glass that flooded the market from 1930 to 1938 would be called Depression Glass, and now would be so eagerly sought by collectors. I subscribe to a weekly publication called "Antique Week" and I never cease to be amazed at the articles that people collect, such as old lace, kitchen utensils, old tools, metal signs, paper dolls, and especially almost any kind of children's toys. Cast iron toys were still being made when I was a child but old "tin" toys, actually stamped metal toys, such as dancing minstrels, comic book cartoon characters such as the Toonerville Trolley, a powerful Katrina lifting a kid in a wheelbarrow, Amos and Andy in their "fresh air taxi", Little Orphan Annie and her dog Sandy, Uncle Sam, a group of monkeys playing musical instruments and many others of these wind-up toys were bought for a dollar or two and are now selling for hundreds as are lead soldiers. If they still have their original box or carton, a seller can almost name his price.

All of us who love antique cars have seen these items for sale at Hershey. Since they are not automobile related, they are not supposed to be on display but they are. I recall when I was still a National Director, I spent hours with other directors patrolling the "streets" looking for illegal items but it was impossible to find these vendors and shut them down. I did enjoy riding in one of those golf carts and seeing three times as many vendors than I would have had I been walking. Since almost anything old is a collectible, most of us hate to throw things in the trash, don't we? Tell your grandchildren to hold on to those trucks that turn into monsters and the Flintstone mugs for a few more years. They might bring enough money that it will be possible for them to buy a 1981 license plate for that Mustang II that they rescued from a nearby junkyard. Yes, it is really true that one generation's trash is the next generation's treasure.

I bought myself a straw Panama hat that young people today associate with the Chinese detective "Charlie Chan" and I have several fedoras that are borrowed at Halloween when someone wants to be Elliot Ness, Indiana Jones, or Al Capone! I was

going to throw out that 30 year old trench coat that leaks like a sieve when I wear it, but then again, I might have an occasion to wear it with one of my fedoras and say, "Here's looking at you, sweetheart," or "Play it again, Sam."!

MEMORIES AND CLEANING OUT THE CLOSET

A few weeks ago I was urged by my dear wife of many years to make a frontal attack on my closet which contained both suits and shoes that had been gathering dust for several decades. I could hardly refuse because she was making the same attack on her wardrobe which occupied the other side of our mutual apparel and footwear repository. It was amazing to see how many bags were finally filled with clothes and shoes. I, however, did not give up any of my suits or slacks without a struggle, which included trying on a large number of suits which were too small when purchased and slacks that had shrunk several inches around the waist since I bought them.

The shoes, however, were harder to put aside since most of them fitted almost perfectly. The problem was what could be done with "white bucks" made popular by Pat Boone in the 1950's and several pairs of wing tips and Weejuins that just didn't seem to look right in 1987! However, as I placed them in the plastic bag, I thought of Sunday afternoons in the early 1950's when I wore them while driving a 1913 international high-wheeler, a 1923 Willys-Knight touring or a 1906 Wayne runabout to meets of our young club that took us to Sherando Lake, Grand Caverns, Wilson Memorial hospital grounds, the District home, or the Staunton fairgrounds for a race around the old track and the picnics which followed.

When the bags were almost full I turned to look at my rack of neckties. Some of them were just as old as the clothes and shoes, but deciding which of them had to go was a much more difficult task. I had quite a collection of hobby related neckties which included somewhat faded four inch wide club ties which sported portraits of Bugattis, Stutzs, Fords of several models, and numerous vehicles of unknown makes. Several ties were emblazoned with maps of forgotten small towns and logos of automobiles that vanished before I was born.

I tossed several of these away along with some atrocious ties in purple, pink, orange, and army green given to me as gifts by relatives and friends who meant well, but had forgotten my conservative taste in ties. Most of them, however, seemed like old friends and I just could not part with them.that was one I took on my honeymoon, I bought that one in Philadelphia at one of our national meets etc. I know that these three are too wide for today's style but if I keep them a few more years, they'll be back in style again. I've seen ties get narrow and then wide again quite a few times in my life.

I carried the sacks out to the shed where we keep our trash cans. On the way back I stop and look around the garage. There is a box of Model A old parts. I guess that those old spark plugs ought to be tossed out but no---they might come in handy one of these days. That manifold gasket looks OK. I'd better keep that too. What's this in the bottom of the box? That's the old brass horn that was on the Wayne when I found it. It needed a brass reed and a new rubber bulb but I kept it on the car when we had that run to Ingleside in 1952. I guess I ought to fix it up. Gosh, there are a lot of valuable things I'd almost forgotten about! There's that brass fitting that Jeff gave me as a spare for lubricating the rear axle. Allen Cary gave me that odometer gear to fit on the left front

wheel on the Wayne but I never figured out how to make it work. Maybe I'll work on that this fall when it isn't so hot outside. That 1931 license plate in the other box is still in good shape. Let's see now----when is the next flea market???

Libby is calling from the house. "Yes, honey, I put all those things in the shed with the rest of the trash. I will be in soon." I'd better see what's in the bottom of that other box. It might be something very valuable that I ought to save.

SOUVENIRS AND MEMORIES

Back in the 1920's there was a popular song called "Among My Souvenirs". The song began, "Some letters tied in blue, a photograph or two....I find a rose from you among my souvenirs."

Well, I find that my souvenirs aren't tied in blue, but they are scattered around the house and in both of the garages. What an assortment of things they are....and what an assortment of memories they bring to mind. Down in the cellar, there is an old aluminum coffee pot with folding handles that somehow made the trip from Los Angeles to Pittsburgh to Stuarts Draft and has been used for years to hold water for sprinkling clothes. I remember when it was part of a large assortment of cooking utensils my father bought for our automobile camping trip to the National parks such as Yosemite, Yellowstone, and Grand Canyon. Our car was a 1919 Chalmers with a so-called "California" top. For the edification of the younger antique car collectors, it was a non-folding top with windows that could be pulled up with a strap...perhaps, the first "hard top" model. At any rate, we did a lot of touring in that old car and saw geysers, Sequoia trees, genuine Indians, old Spanish missions, and grizzly bears. Along the road, we had to look for the road amid the drifting sands of the Mojave Desert at night, stop to fill the boiling radiator on the mountain pass to Merced, and take time out for Mother to get out her tweezers to pull out cactus thorns from the hands of a curious five year old boy. But, we really had a wonderful and unforgettable experience that I have never forgotten these past sixty years.

When I go out to the garage, I notice four unusual looking metal objects. These are storage jacks which were very common three quarters of a century ago. In the early days of the automobile, just about everybody put their treasured vehicle up on these jacks to relieve the weight on the tires and covered the entire car with a canvas tarpaulin during the winter months.

When the ground was white with snow in the country, the old sleigh was put into service and in the city the trolley car or the train was the only means of transportation until the French lilacs bloomed or the children's kites became entangled in the telephone wires. Autos were seasonal luxuries that were engineered for the warm months of the year.

All this brings me back to the jacks in the garage. These particular jacks were used to support a 1920 Studebaker belonging to my Uncle Tom which he purchased but was afraid to drive. The Studebaker remained supported by these jacks for about a year until we arrived back from California and my father bought the "new old stock" Studebaker for our family to enjoy. I was only six years old so I don't have any idea about horsepower or the acceleration from zero to sixty, but I do recall that the car was tan in color and that it was a sedan that had a heater in the back seat that released a limited amount of heat for the benefit of the rear seat passengers huddled in heavy robes and gloves.

Another object of nostalgia in my garage is a black luggage rack which expands in accordion-like manner and fastens to the running board. Unless a person is a collector of old cars, he wouldn't know what I am talking about. The luggage rack was used on the Studebaker and later on the 1925 Chandler opera coupe when we drove up to Van Buren Point on Lake Erie. Once we had arrived at our rented summer cottage, the rack was ideal for hauling fifty pounds of ice from a rural icehouse which always smelled deliciously of pine sawdust or cedar chips which covered the blocks of ice and kept them from melting for a half-year or more. On other occasions, the rack carried a pair of young frying chickens with legs tied together and thrust into a burlap potato sack. Today, this old rack is used to carry a couple of suitcases when we travel to a distant car meet in the Model A.

Under the kitchen sink are two large black thermos bottles with nickel plated caps and cups. These bottles are probably older than I and were always filled with hot cocoa and hot coffee by my mother before we left for a picnic or a summer trip to some new and exciting place. I personally always associate them with our trips in our big seven passenger Marmon touring car which carried my family from Maine to Virginia from 1923 to 1930. What a wonderful automobile that was! It carried us to Philadelphia for the Sesquicentennial in 1926, to Niagara Falls, to Atlantic City, and many other places which I can still remember quite vividly.

On the wall of my old white garage hang the only tangible objects that were once a "part" of the Model 34 Marmon. Although dulled by more than fifty years of exposure to the elements, the yellow and blue paint proclaims that in 1925 and 1926, they were displayed on a vehicle using the highways of Pennsylvania. Most of my friends don't give them a second glance, but they are an important part of my souvenirs. On occasion I might be heard to say, "Do you see those old Pennsylvania plates?" I can remember them when they were brand new.....Now, let me tell you about that great Marmon touring car we used to have.....

AUTOMOTIVE ANTIQUES – LICENSE PLATES, RADIATOR EMBLEMS AND MORE

What is an antique or, perhaps, what makes something an antique? I believe that the old saying "somebody's junk will become somebody's treasure" is a true remark. Those of us who are members of this antique car club can enjoy seeing displays of cross-cut saws, corn shellers and horse collars on walls of restaurants that cater to nostalgia. Often our reaction to these displays is "Gosh, what is so great about those things?" We used those things almost every day and they represented hard work that was part of our lives. These tools are a kind of bridge from our generation to the present generation.

When we describe a trip to some distant destination which involved flat tires, putting up rain curtains, stopping to allow overheated brake drums to cool off, and stopping beside ponds or streams to scoop up water to cool boiling radiators, we "lose" many of our listeners or readers. They cannot associate anything in their young lives with the stories we tell.

I am sure that many youngsters would be amused to hear that until the early 30's the robe rail or cord on the back of the front seat was really used to hold auto robes or blankets and the glove compartment actually held gloves which were necessary for comfort in an unheated automobile. No, we couldn't just turn on the heater because nobody had invented a practical one during the first quarter century of automobiling in the United States. Remember, most autos were open to the elements and even tops, windshields, and front doors were a luxury. Heaters for cars? Impossible!

What kind of antique items associated with the automobile could we hang on a wall or put in a glass case? Some of the early license plates! Many of the early plates were made of leather with brass numbers assigned by the state of the auto's owner. Our early Virginia plates were made of porcelain covered steel and were manufactured by a company in Baltimore that made stoves. The display might also include a few of the state tags of the twenties that were quite long because of the large stamped numbers used and our state sanctioned the use of such colors as green blue, maroon, and orange.

Some automotive antique items that could not be displayed on a wall but in a glass case might be such things as motoring goggles, gauntlets (large leather gloves with cuffs), AAA blue books that gave details on how to get from one city to another by calling attention to buildings and other landmarks every few tenths of each mile. An example would be "at mile 6.4 look for the Methodist Church on your left and then proceed .2 of a mile and then turn sharply right on to a gravel road that may or may not be identified as the Stoddardsville Turnpike."

Another collection of automotive antiques might feature a lost art—radiator or hood emblems. In recent years many modern automobiles have sported rather BLAND plastic emblems that would certainly pale before such artistic masterpieces as the Pierce-Arrow archer, the Dodge charging ram, the various goddesses of Cadillac, Chevrolet,

Stutz, Rolls-Royce and Packard. Also some beautiful creatures such as the Ford flying quail, the Lincoln greyhound, and the Mack bulldog. And we should not forget the Boyce Motometer, which featured insert discs of many auto companies and also informed the car driver of impending doom if the red of the thermometer moved up to the circle at the top.

Another item or two for the display case might be a colored glass eye cup or bottle of Murine made about 1908. Getting dust or cinders in one's eye was a common hazard of early motoring or steam train traveling. The eye cup was filled with clean water and held against the eye or milady might lift her dust veil and demurely drop some Murine into her beautiful brown or blue eyes.

We must surely include a bulb horn with its beautiful brass design and fat black rubber bulb that everyone wants to squeeze, or a door mounted Klaxon horn with hand plunger. A rarer item would be a small siren operated by turning a crank. The siren was advertised as a sure-fire way to get other cars to pull off the road and it was a legal accessory for many years until law enforcement agencies declared them illegal. Just suppose the sirens were OK for citizens and police used bulb horns!

We should consider a few items from the fifties for the benefit of up and coming motorists of the 1990's. We would want to include fox tails used on radiator ornaments, baby shoes, dice, religious medals, and other small items that were fastened to the rear view mirror. How quaint! We wonder what other objects will be automotive antiques of the future. How about designer driving gauntlets, designer dark glasses, and his and her linen dusters? Now, that's really a new idea!

TELEPHONES

Years ago I learned a phrase: "The best ways of spreading news are telephone, telegraph, or tell a woman." Never having learned the Morse Code and even after three quarters of century not being able to speak with authority of the subject of women, I will settle on the other subject—namely the telephone. But first, I would like to point out that Samuel Finley Breese Morse first became famous for his portraits of famous and wealthy people in miniature and his idea for an electric telegraph did not come to him until he was middle age. Then, when he set up his first telegraph line, he tapped out his first message over the wire, "What hath God wrought!" almost 135 years ago.

Let me introduce another man who planned to spend his entire life teaching the deaf to "sign" their messages with their hands and fingers. It was his search for an electrical device to aid the deaf that led to the invention and development of the telephone. Both he and Morse put together two Greek words..."telos" meaning distance and "graphos" meaning writing. Since the telegraph was a household word by the 1870's, Alexander G. Bell decided to call his invention the telephone, meaning "sound over a distance." Bell and his young partner, Watson, were in different rooms when Bell spilled some kind of acid and reportedly called out, "Mr. Watson! Come here. I need you." It is rather ironic that Miss Hubbard was born deaf and never had a chance to use the telephone her husband patented and first publically demonstrated at the United States Centennial in 1876. Bell recited that famous sentence written by Shakespeare in his play Hamlet. Yes, the first words heard by someone on the other end of the line were, "To be or not to be...that is the question." Could you imagine one woman calling another woman these days by quoting Shakespeare and then hanging up the phone?

Since the telephone was used almost 20 years before the first practical automobile was invented, I like to imagine that Clara Ford turned the little crank on her wall telephone and told one of her friends that husband , Henry, had made a contraption he called a "quadra-cycle" and she held the kerosene lamp while he "cranked 'er up" one night and "scratched off" on Bagley Avenue in Detroit for a noisy drive around the dark streets so the neighbors wouldn't laugh at him or he wouldn't frighten someone's horse.

It was inevitable, I suppose, that the telephone and the auto would get together and make it possible to talk to others while you are driving to work. The cellular phone is here to stay and new gadgets are invented to make the phone even more useful or annoying according to how one looks at them.

I have before me a catalog that offers a voice changer that enables you to sound like an adult while still a small child or a woman to sound like a man. It even sets the machine so that it will sound like a different person each time someone calls. It is recommended for ladies who live alone or for "latch key" kids who have to come home from school and be in the house by themselves. This telephone voice changer is also recommended for the office to screen calls by making the caller think that the boss has several secretaries when the person answering the phone is the boss himself. The device is a steal at \$349.00. If you think someone is tapping your telephone you can buy a device that will

tell you, and also "switches to mode three" (whatever that is) and it can be yours for just \$199.00. What is this world coming to these days?

During the 20th century, a number of popular songs have been written about this wonder machine ----among which are "All Alone by the Telephone", "Hello Central, give me my Daddy in No Man's Land", (A World War I tear jerker) and "I had to call you up this morning, because I couldn't sleep a wink last night."

In 1941 when the house I live in was built, the only service available was a party line shared by 10 other families and I had to learn how to call the Staunton operator by cranking out the number assigned me. I don't remember whether it was 2 shorts and one long or the other way around, but I had moved here from Pittsburgh where we had dial phone service since I was a small boy, and listening for our special ring took a while. I remember that I soon knew the rings of other parties on the line and at 10 AM, this one lady called her daughter to give her all the town gossip and tell what meals she had planned for the day. Often when I picked up the phone, there was no sound because a love-sick high school boy was trying to think of something to tell the young lady on the other end of the line. I could hear heavy breathing and the hall clock striking the hour so I would usually say, "I need to use this phone. Will you please hang up soon?" Sometimes this request was ignored and I would try about every 5 minutes until they would hang up.

I sometimes think that wasn't as bad as calling someone today and then hearing a voice say, "This is Fred but I can't come to the phone just now. When you hear the beep, please leave your name, telephone number, and reason for calling. I'll return your call as soon as possible." Sometimes I just hang up but often I give in and feel like a fool talking to a machine. I guess that all of us get calls at an inconvenient time from people who think 4 rings is long enough or a call from some little first grader, but that goes with the ownership of a telephone. Those things I can endure, but I really go into orbit when someone calls up and I am greeted with "Who is this?" I reply by asking, "Whom did you want and who are you?" Now, the worst kind of calls are those made right at suppertime from people who want me to change to Sprint, buy new all aluminum windows , or sponsor two kids to mud bog wrestling at Expo. I wish someone would call and say that they were going to give me a 1916 Pierce-Arrow or will sell me a Mercer or a Stutz Bearcat for 300 dollars if I will drive to Alexandria, Virginia and pick it up. If any of my readers want to call and talk about steam locomotives, antique fire arms or old cars, I'll listen. You can count on it.

ATTICS

I was curious about words like "garret" and "attic" and found that the first word is of Germanic origin and the second is of Greek derivation. Both of these words mean a place just under the roof, so even if you live in a one story house, you have an attic or a garret over your head. However, these words conjure up memories and scenes of my childhood, where I lived in two large three- story houses. The first house belonged to my Uncle Tom Brown and was my home for most of the first eight years of my childhood. The attic at Uncle Tom's consisted of three large and one small room.

All three of the large rooms had fireplaces of a design unique to a house built in Pittsburgh at the turn of this century. They were constructed of cast iron and covered with asbestos. Gas was forced through hundreds of small holes in the cast iron front and when lighted, flamed up and down across the asbestos, making a fascinating pattern of light and warmth. I have given a lengthy description of these fireplaces because in cold weather, they were always lit by my mother or Sudie, the lady who was my bachelor uncle's housekeeper, when my sister and I were permitted to "go up to the attic and play."

I should explain at this juncture, that all of these attic rooms had both electric and gas light fixtures. They were also wallpapered, because they were originally designed rooms for housemaids. In the hallway at the top of the stairs, one could see a small wooden box on the wall. The box, constructed of golden oak, was covered with glass and contained a black dial with a brass arrow which pointed to "1" or "2". The numbers referred to the maids, who, I presume, were given one number or the other and when someone on the first floor or second floor pushed a similar box, this caused a buzzer to ring in the attic and the arrow would point to 1 or 2. We used to have fun using this unique gadget that would probably baffle our sophisticated grandchildren these days.

In the warmer months, we would play in the east attic room, which had two large windows, a gas fireplace that was seldom lighted, a well-worn carpet, a lot of interesting books, my grandmother's old hearing aid, trumpets, our cousin Ed Culbertson's WWI uniform, and numerous other exciting things.

The large middle room was always rather dark and somewhat scary. This was because the largest piece of furniture was a large high-back bed loaded with mysterious boxes and covered with a white sheet. There was also a small closet full of mysterious articles of clothing on hangers covered with dust covers. If you add to these facts that we learned that both of our grandparents died in the old covered bed many years before we were born, you can appreciate the fact that we never played there and always passed through it as quickly as possible.

Yet, as frightening as this room was, it contained several family heirlooms, which I used to enjoy staring at and now have in my own home. They were namely a large Regina music box, a unique Victorian coal scuttle, and several family portraits. These days we play the music box which stayed silent for decades and we use the scuttle to shovel the

ashes from our living room during the winter. So, we use and enjoy these things that sat unused and dusty in my uncle's attic.

The other large room was bright and cheerful on sunny days and cozy with the gas stove in the winter. Here, we played with beautiful wooden blocks that fit into their own wooden cart, my sister's dolls and tea party dishes, wooden circus animals, some cast iron trucks, and tin soldiers. We spent many happy hours in that attic and in the attic of our own house, which we moved into when I was nine years old.

Lastly, I remember the little room, which was always referred to as the "trunk room." It was unheated and partially filled with old trunks and suitcases. Many of these were covered with colorful labels depicting scenes of faraway European cities and scenery. Each of these labels contained the name of a hotel with an exotic name such as Grand Central, Schweitzerhoff, Grand Imperial, Queen Victoria, or Charing Cross. My sister used to fantasize about those places depicted on those labels, never dreaming that we would visit many of those identical places and even stay in those some hotels a decade later.

The other part of the room was filled with stacked magazines, which were of little interest to us at that time. But many years later, I glanced through these magazines after attending my uncle's funeral service and discovered that most of these periodicals were a complete collection of "Country Life in America" from 1904 to 1922. What was so special about these magazines? Well, they had dozens---no, hundreds---of illustrated ads of early American Automobiles such as Winton, Packard, Reo, Locomobile, Ford, and Stoddard-Dayton.

To put it briefly, I was hooked on antique cars! I had caught the fever and my life was not quite the same again. I made old car scrapbooks, car models, and read articles about this new hobby. I wrote to men who owned antique cars and even went to see some of them. Result? In 1950, I helped gather a group of car nuts like myself and the Waynesboro-Staunton Region AACA was born. Yes.....it all began in my uncle's attic.