

## Tom Marshall's Weekly News, November 14, 2005

**Pennsylvania Glidden Tour, 1948:** My second Glidden Tour was the "Pennsylvania Glidden" of October 1948. My father entered the Mountain Wagon, and I entered "my car," the 1914 Model 607. The tour started on a Sunday morning in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, probably the morning after the Antique Automobile Club of America Annual Fall Meet at the Devon Horse Show grounds. We drove to Philadelphia and joined the other 40-plus cars on the tour. My father's passengers were Homer Kratz, Leroy Benge, Sr. and Jr., and Roy Jrs.'s friend Raymond Gochanaur. The Benge party had to drop off Monday to come home to work. My passengers were C. Tremain Jackson, Sr. and Jr., from Stormville, New York, old trapshooting friends. There were participants from Michigan (Walter Marr had his 12-cylinder Buick) and Ohio, a few from New England, and a lot from Pennsylvania. Earle Eckel from Washington, New Jersey, had the only other steamer. We traveled on Sunday out the Main Line past Bryn Mawr, Wayne and Paoli and took water at Downingtown. The route then followed the Horseshoe Pike (Route 322) through Honey Brook and Ephrata to our night's destination at the Hotel Hershey. In those days, the lower floor of the hotel was a parking garage, and our cars were housed there. *Nice!*

Monday morning, we drove into Harrisburg, where Joe VanSciver Jr. (father of longtime FAHP member Joe) had made arrangements for Governor Duff to come out and view the cars. I remember waiting for some time near the capitol, but I don't remember seeing the governor. We had lunch around Carlisle and entered the only section of the Pennsylvania Turnpike then open at Middlesex (this exit is now called Carlisle). The gas stations (I think they were Gulf at that time) with accompanying Howard Johnson table-service restaurants were great places to stop, eat, and take on water. Before dark, we arrived at famous old Bedford Springs, the "summer White House" in President Buchanan's time. It was a great place to spend two nights, with a parade through Bedford the day we were there, and then the tour retraced its steps to Harrisburg and on to Reading.

The western contingent headed toward home from Bedford and missed the final two days of the official tour. The last full day at Reading we had "fun and games" up Duryea Drive to the Pagoda atop Mount Penn. We were told the distance up the drive and taped our speedometers, then estimated how long it would take us. The one coming closest to his estimate was to be the winner. Starting near the end of the line with the 607, the burner backfired so badly that I couldn't keep it on and continually had to shut off the fire and let it burn out, then light again without stopping. I was disgusted that I had taken so long when I stopped at the Pagoda, but an official came running up and told me I had won! If the burner had worked properly, the time would have been far less than estimated. My father with the Mountain Wagon and C. W. Kelsey with his '01 Kelsey Motorette (he and Mrs. Kelsey traveled the route in their tiny three-wheeled car) divided the honors for the "most interesting car" on the tour.