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Essex Motors, Detroit

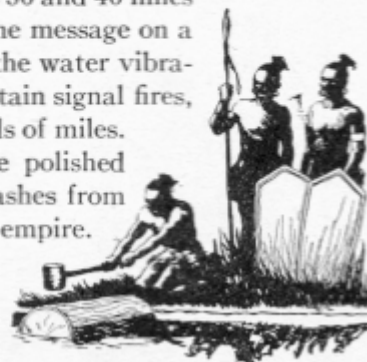


NEWS is not news until it is told. So speed is the very life of it. From the foot-runner of Marathon, gasping "Victory!" as he fell dead, down to the telegraph, wireless and thundering mails of today, men have given their lives and the best genius of their brains to swifter delivery of news.

Human ingenuity, in all races, has found a way to speak far and fast. Everything depends on it—safety from enemies, warnings of disaster, success at arms, fortune in enterprise. Even savages have developed remarkable methods of fast message delivery.

African tribes on the Congo River strike signals on a log in the water, and other villages 30 and 40 miles up and down the river hear the message on a wooden receiver that catches the water vibrations. By mountain-to-mountain signal fires, Indians sent messages hundreds of miles. The ancient Aztecs, with huge polished metal mirrors talked by sunflashes from city to city throughout their empire.

The romance of fast couriers fills history. For Destiny





rode in their saddle-pockets. We all know how Paul Revere's midnight ride saved the American cause from a fatal British surprise.

The Rothschild fortune was made on the first news of Waterloo and Napoleon's flight. The story is told in Mark Twain's "Following The Equator" that Cecil Rhodes, empire-builder of South Africa, found the beginnings of his fortune in the belly of a shark, killed on the shores of Australia. The shark is the swiftest fish that swims. Also it eats anything. Fishermen always open a shark to rob it of valuables. Rhodes, a poor young man, picked up a *London*



Times from the debris left by shark fishers. The paper was just 10 days old. It announced declaration of war between France and Germany (1871). No cables in those days. And the fastest ship from England to Australia was 50 days. Rhodes had an advantage of 40 days over anyone in Australia with that news. He found a capitalist to put up the money, they cornered the wool



market on his information, and divided a fortune in profits.

So the thrill of fast message service is ingrained in the human heart.

Today urgent matters go by telegraph, wireless and cable, in a few minutes, to any part of the civilized world.

But the burden of communication rests on the mails. The business affairs of the nation depend almost wholly on them. Mail is the tie between relatives and friends everywhere.

It is the business of good government to develop and maintain the fastest mail service possible.

So the swiftest ships and railroads get the mail carrying contracts. Airplanes have been experimented with. And finally the United States government, with the co-operation of the Essex Motors, made a notable test to see how automobile trans-continental mail service would compare in speed and reliability, to that of the trains.

Automobiles had made some fast time in crossing the American conti-





nent. The fastest was that of the Hudson Super-Six, built by the same men who build the Essex. In one round-trip it went from San Francisco to New York and back to San Francisco, in 10 days, 21 hours. Its time was both ways faster than any other car had ever made, though many high-priced cars tried vainly to lower it.

The Postal authorities did not expect Essex to beat the time of these higher-priced cars, much less lower the record. What interested them was to see if a moderate-priced car could stand the gruelling punishment of a cross-continent run, and make a creditable showing of time.

Then this astonishing thing occurred:

With four stock Essex cars, two from New York and two from San Francisco, all express mail time between those two points was beaten, except for that of the train that holds the trans-continental record.

All four Essex cars, incidentally, beat the fastest automobile time ever made for their respective directions. The fastest Essex, No. 1, from San Francisco to New York, made the run in the phenomenal time of 4 days, 14 hours and 43 minutes. The average time for all four cars was 4 days, 21 hours, 32 minutes.



Essex Transcontinental Mail Car No. 1 Leaving San Francisco

At one minute past midnight the first Essex car, No. 1, dashed down the drive from San Francisco post-office and with motor-cycle policemen pacing it and clearing a right-of-way, sped to the Vallejo ferry, across, and away to the East.

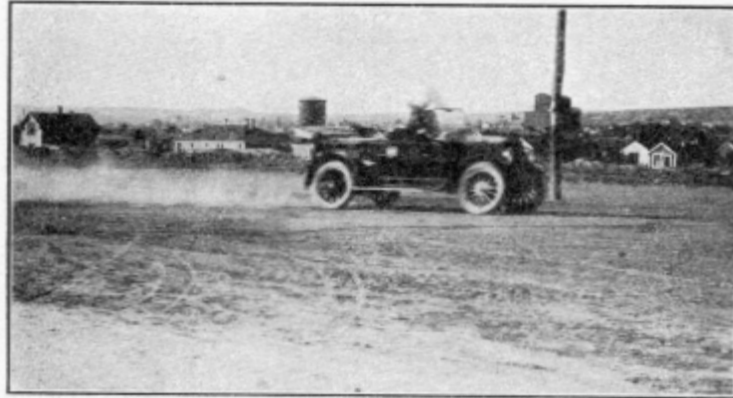
At the same hour but a day later Essex No. 2, was leaving New York with U. S. mail bound for San Francisco.

What thrills there were along the route of these famous record-breaking runs!

Relay drivers at Ely, Nevada, were just struggling into their over-alls, preparing to hurl the eastbound Essex on her way. Water, oil and gasoline must be ready. But there were hours to spare.

No!

"Here she comes! All hands stand by!" The yell was frantic. Orders were fired about. Men were running. The relay drivers leaped. Still buttoning they plunged downstairs. Lights sprang up at Ely windows. Cheers came



Bound for New York, 3000 Miles Away

down the street. Two brilliant beams of light lay on the road, and down them came Essex No. 1, and humming softly, stopped.

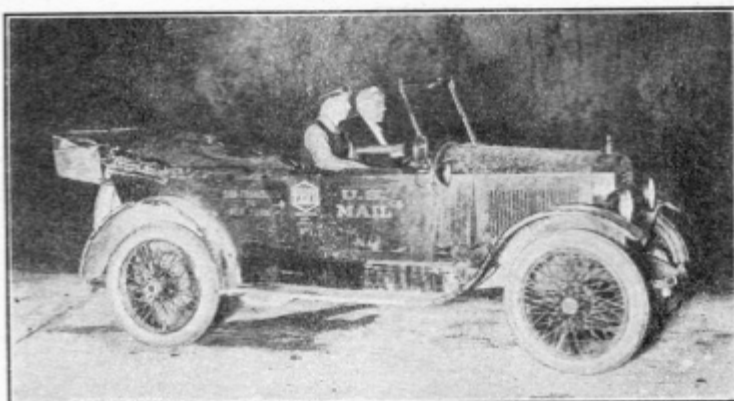
The Ely crew leaped upon her. Water and gasoline were poured in. A quart of oil. Inspectors had quickly checked the car for trouble.

"Right as a trivet!" yelled the chief inspector.

Drivers were already in their seats. "Gangway!" The horn blared. The crowd sprang aside. The eastward Essex was on her way again, the cheers and lights of Ely dropping behind at 70 miles an hour. Bound for New York 3,000 miles away! What a test for machine and men!



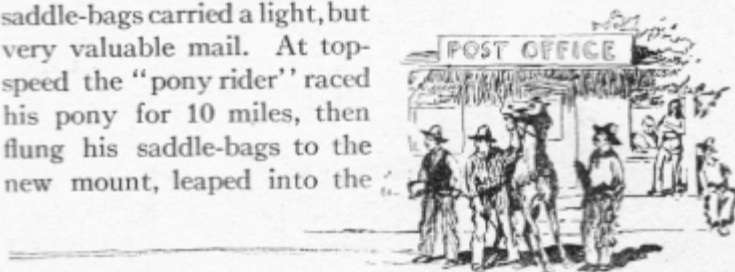
Along this way fared the old "pony express," that swift mail organization of speed that was the wonder of an older generation. The



Night and Day the Tireless Race Swept On!

"pony express" ran precious mails at \$5 per half-ounce letter between St. Joseph, Mo., and Sacramento, Calif., when the young West was opening up. Its average for the 1,900 miles was between 8 and 10 days—truly marvelous for horse and man service. But how tardy compared to such time as Essex made.

Eighty men were always in the saddle—night and day, rain, snow, sleet and bitter cold notwithstanding—forty riding eastward and forty to the west. Pony riders were small determined men, dressed light. They rode horses selected for speed and stamina. Saddles were light. Small saddle-bags carried a light, but very valuable mail. At top-speed the "pony rider" raced his pony for 10 miles, then flung his saddle-bags to the new mount, leaped into the





Through the Mountain Passes

saddle and on for another 10 miles to the next relay point. Pony riders rode 50 miles without rest. A short pause to eat, and they whirled on their way again. That was how they sped the mails in those days.

Like them but swifter the Essex fled across the same long reaches, and steep mountain ranges, racing the ghosts of that vanquished old mail service. But unlike them, the Essex "pony riders" never changed mounts. Drivers changed, but the same Essex sped on in new hands, tireless and enduring.

And somewhere out in the east tense men, in relays, were driving Essex No. 2 towards the west coast. Somewhere the two cars would meet. The respective crews fought like





Speeding Through Iowa, Eastbound

rivals to put that meeting place on the other fellow's side of the dividing line.

If you had been at the city limits of Chicago, early in the morning of August 7, you would have found a small crowd of men, standing in the middle of the street, watching the road to the east and occasionally looking at their time-pieces.

Far down the road a blaze of light swung into view. The rapid beat of the exhaust was heard, and then the blare of the horn.

"There she comes! She beats the New York-Chicago record!" was the yell.

It took but seconds for the car to travel the mile of the road to the city line. Officials studied watches closely now. The Essex flashed over.





One of the Four Essex Mail Cars at Lima, Ohio

Stop-watches clicked. The little Essex had come from New York to Chicago in 24 hours, 43 minutes and 52 seconds. The record between these two cities had been beaten by 2 hours, 7 minutes and 10 seconds. And the Essex was fleet-ing away towards San Francisco.

The meeting with the other car came suddenly. It was twilight as Driver George A. Wall with Essex No. 1 rounded a sharp turn on a country road between Atlantic and Council Bluffs, Iowa. He heard the horn of a fast approaching car. It was a dust-covered Essex. Almost abreast both cars recognized each other. A hail, almost drowned by the roar of the motors, and both plunged on into the twilight—each destined to break the old transcontinental record.



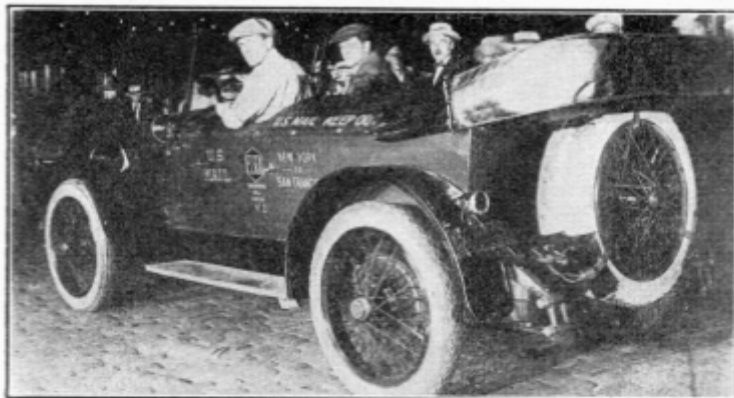


New York at Last—and the Record Beaten by 12 hrs. 48 min.

At 5:31 P. M., August 9, the eastbound Essex that started from San Francisco at 12:01 A.M., August 5, pulled up to the Weehauken Ferry, on the New Jersey side of the Hudson river. It took 13 minutes to make the ferry trip over. And Essex No. 1 rolled into New York, exactly 4 days, 14 hours and 43 minutes after leaving San Francisco. All trans-continental automobile time was beaten. And 8 minutes later the superintendent of mails of the New York post-office received from the Essex the first pouch of U. S. mail ever carried across the American continent by motor car.

Essex car No. 2 reached San Francisco just a little more than a day later, having made the run in 4 days, 19 hours and 17 minutes, beating the





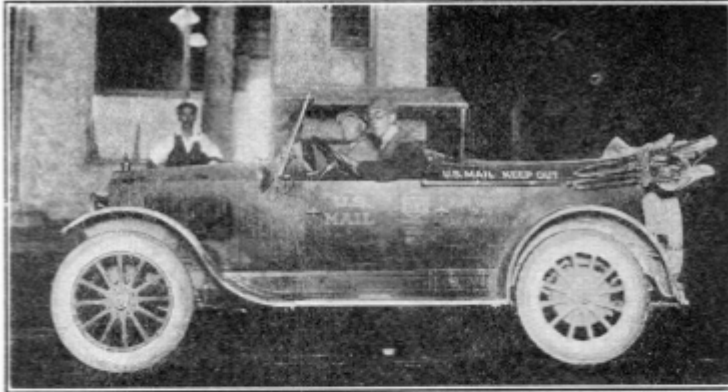
Essex Transcontinental Mail Car No. 2, Leaving New York

trans-continental record for this direction by more than 22 hours.

Essex cars Nos. 3 and 4 started after the first two had finished—one running east, one west. Both cars encountered extremely heavy rains and mud in the west. For hours the second westbound car traveled through mud a foot deep at greatly reduced speed. But despite delays and handicaps these cars finished at New York and San Francisco, respectively, in 4 days, 21 hours and 56 minutes, and 5 days, 6 hours and 13 minutes. Both beat the former records, of all cars except the preceding Essex cars, by substantial margins.

The average time for the four cars of 4 days, 21 hours, 32 minutes stands out far more importantly than the individual achievement of the cars in breaking all previous records.





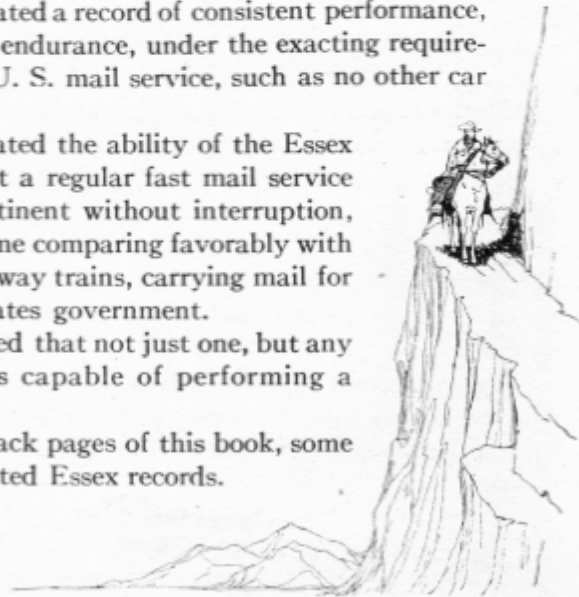
One of the Westbound Essex Cars Reaches Chicago, Breaking the New York to Chicago Record by 2 hrs. 7 min.

It demonstrated a record of consistent performance, reliability and endurance, under the exacting requirements of the U. S. mail service, such as no other car ever showed.

It demonstrated the ability of the Essex cars to conduct a regular fast mail service across the continent without interruption, and making time comparing favorably with the fastest railway trains, carrying mail for the United States government.

And it proved that not just one, but any Essex car was capable of performing a similar feat.

See in the back pages of this book, some of the other noted Essex records.



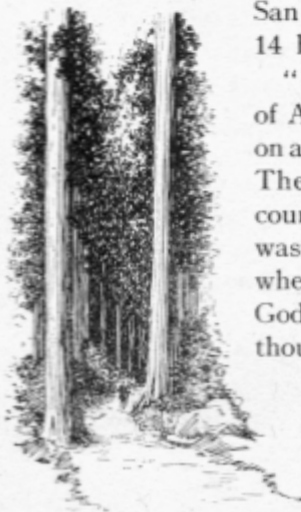


So This is Idaho!

What England's Experts Say About Essex

*"Its transcontinental record is not merely a record
—it's a miracle"—From "The Car," London, England*

"I refer to the remarkable achievement of a stock model Essex touring car in crossing the American continent from San Francisco to New York in 4 days 14 hours and 43 minutes.



"Not—I think—even the rigorous tests of Africa could inflict more punishment on an automobile than this non-stop run. There are runs through arid desert country with long stretches of sandy waste and sagebrush; mountain climbs where the roads are just notches that God might have whittled, and drops of thousands of feet to stony valleys; dirt roads that a sudden shower converts into three feet of mud. I



Arrival of No. 2 Essex Mail car at San Francisco

know these roads. I've broken springs and tires and commandments on them, and I know whereof I speak when I say that it's not merely a record—it's a miracle."

"Absolutely the brightest, liveliest little engine I have ever found in an American car."—S. F. Edge in "The Car," London, England

"A colossal revelation of the value Americans can offer at its price."—E. N. D. in "The Auto" of London, England





Essex Wins in Famous Hill-Climbs

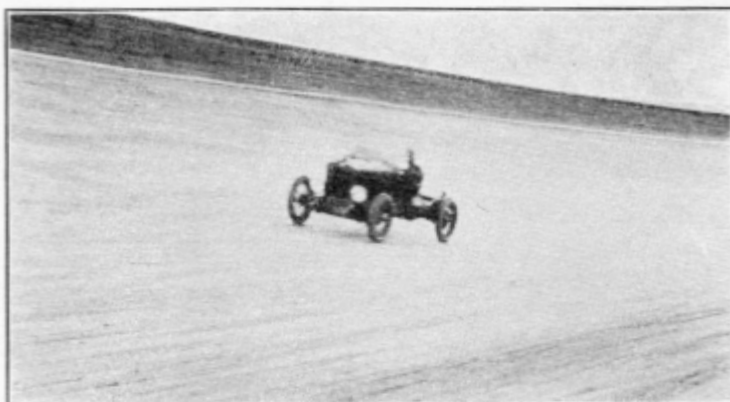
CALIFORNIA—In the famous Rim o' the World hill-climb, in the San Bernardino mountains the Essex holds the unequalled record of 17 min., 23 sec., for the 8.8 miles of steep, winding, dangerous road.

MONTANA—Essex first car ever to across Continental on high at Priest Pass, 5984-ft altitude.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Essex first car ever to climb 35th Street hill in high gear.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Essex first car ever to climb Main Street hill from Central avenue to Gray street in high.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Four Essex cars broke record on Sport Hill, going over top from standing start at 52, 56, 57 and 60 miles per hour, respectively.



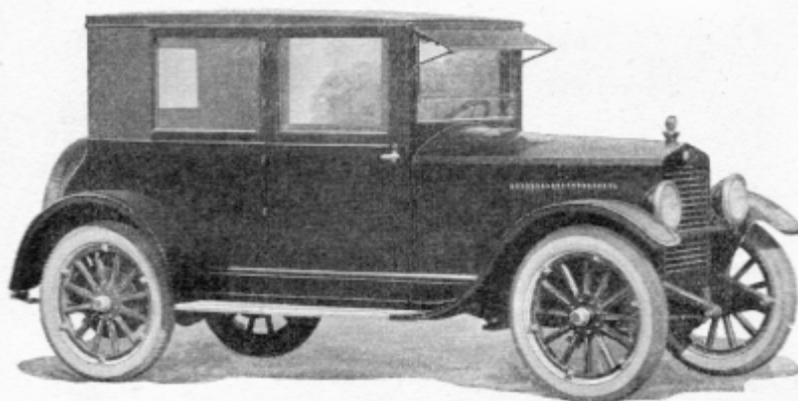
3037 Miles in 50 Hours

On the Cincinnati speedway an Essex stock chassis set the official record for 50 hours driving of 3037 miles, averaging more than a mile a minute.

The same Essex set all official speed and endurance records for motors of its displacement from 1 to 50 hours.

At Dallas, Texas, an Essex that had previously traveled 12,000 in service set the world's 24-hour dirt track mark of 1261 miles.

Essex also holds the world's 24-hour road mark of 1061 miles, made over snow-covered Iowa country highways.



The Essex Coach

The Car You Want

You will like the Essex Coach. You will like its good looks, its utility, fine quality and attractive price.

It is responsible and dependable. Whether you drive downtown, or tour across continent, you go with equal ease-of mind as to your arrival.

It fulfills the requirement of business and professional men with economy and satisfaction. And it also is amply large to meet the family need in both city and country service.

The Coach gives you a fine closed car for a trifle more than you pay for an open car.

"Essex Week" Records

They Give Essex Leadership Everywhere

In a nation-wide week of contest Essex challenged and took hundreds of records for economy, performance, hill-climbing, speed and reliability.

Following are a few of the results. To print all the really remarkable records Essex set in this notable week would require pages.

Economy

CONNECTICUT—With twelve cars over Mohawk Trail and Hoosick Mountains and 12 over a coast route—many owner driven—216 miles average distance per car, 18.7 miles per gallon were shown. One car with 35,000 miles service averaged 21.2 miles per gallon.

NEBRASKA—A Hastings, Neb., woman drove her Essex from Lincoln to Hastings, 109 miles, averaging 28 miles per gallon.

CALIFORNIA—Four women drove from Los Angeles to San Francisco and return averaging 22.3 miles per gallon. A San Francisco Essex made the round trip, 846 miles, in 33 hours with 23 miles per gallon. Hood and radiator sealed.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—In a 166 mile run to Austin and return, Essex averaged 25.5 miles per gallon.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Defeated 19 entries and took Tallac Cup for highest gasoline, oil and water

mileage in Sacramento Dealers reliability run.

DES MOINES, IA. — Privately owned Essex averaged 22 miles to the gallon in 144-hour non-stop motor run of 4,712 miles.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Essex sedan, on original tires with 15,000 miles service, traveled 221 miles over Maryland hills, averaging 23 miles per gallon.

FLORIDA—On a measured gallon an Essex covered 23 miles and without change or adjustment of any kind showed speed of 68 miles per hour.

49 CARS AVERAGE 18.9 MILES PER GALLON — Records cover every kind of test at a speed of from 5 to 65 miles per hour.

Reliability

COLUMBUS, OHIO—An Essex which had seen 16,000 miles service was driven by owner to Washington, D.C., 403 miles, in 11 hours, 40 minutes. The crack Penn. R. R.

train requires 15 hours, 34 minutes.

BOSTON, MASS.—Four round trips to Fort Kent, Canadian Border, 4052 miles in one week. Same car had established record between these two points last winter when thermometer was 40 below zero and had since been used in daily service.

STOCKTON, CALIF.—432.8 miles through blinding snow storm, over grade 6 to 37% and through several miles hub-deep mud, towed another car. Crossed Ebbitts and Tioga Pass at altitude of 9,941 feet.

PITTSBURG, PA.—Over mountain roads 692 miles through Cumberland, Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia and return, in 17 hrs, 42 min, averaging 39.3.

TOLEDO, OHIO—3,722.5 miles 168 hours non-stop motor, attaining speed 68 miles per hour.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—To San Francisco over 828 mile route of steep grades and frequently far from water supplies Essex which had previously gone 28,000 miles and under U. S. Marine observation made trip sealed in high gear with sealed hood and sealed radiator. Average 22.8 miles per gallon gasoline.

Performance

ATHENS, GA.—34 road miles in 31 minutes, 25 seconds, averaging 64.74 miles per hour.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—To Rochester,

80 miles in 88 minutes, distance 12 miles further than by rail. Time 4 minutes longer than fastest train.

CALIFORNIA—Ontario to Pomona, 4.2 miles, 3 minutes, 35 seconds. Speed at 70 miles per hour.

SALINA, KANSAS—Over country roads, 471 miles, 10 hours, 36 minutes.

OGDEN, UTAH—To Logan, 50.7 miles through tortuous canyons climbs 17,000 feet in 17 miles 1 hour, 26 minutes. Essex used had seen 10,000 miles service.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—From Decatur, 42.3 miles, 49 minutes, 3 seconds.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—To Kansas City, 303 miles, 10 hours, 17 minutes. Old record 12 hours, 52 minutes.

YAKIMA, WASH.—To Seattle, 180.1 miles over Cascade Mountains, 4 hours, 56 minutes. Lowers time North Coast Ltd. famous crack train by 1 hour, 44 minutes.

DETROIT, MICH.—From Grand Rapids, 164 miles, 4 hours, 11 minutes. Best train time, 4 hours, 16 minutes.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—To Madison, 90 miles, by privately owned and driven car which had gone 38,000 miles—time 2 hours, 4 minutes.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—To Eastwood, Ky., 15 miles in 13 minutes, 40 seconds. Essex roadster windshield off, 1 mile in 47 3-5 seconds.

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