



# PACKARD Pointers Monthly

"ASK THE MAN  
WHO OWNS ONE"



## Pasadena's Tournament of Roses



MUCH has been written about the beauties of California in a general way, but not much from an automobilist's standpoint; this state of things will not last forever, for while the automobile is comparatively a new thing, they are pouring into the Golden State as did the miners in '49. One of the chief attractions of the country aside from the climate and scenery, is the great variety of flowers,

and the automobilists have seized on this as an excuse for giving floral parades and decorating the different machines in beautiful designs.

During Pasadena's fourteenth Tournament of Roses, H. C. Merritt's Packard car was awarded the first prize; the entire machine was covered with smilax and on the sides a design was picked in geraniums, Marguerites and Chinese lilies; behind was a bank of scarlet flowers with design in white lilies. The general appearance typified "The Crown of the Valley," and was warmly applauded all along the line of the parade.

The State abounds in beautiful drives, and one of the most pleasant features of a ride is a visit to some of the old California missions. We show a view of the San Gabriel Archangel Mission, which is the oldest in California in a state of preservation, and is a source of ever increasing interest to visitors. It

was founded in 1771 and was built of adobe, on the bank of San Gabriel River. In 1775 the present site, four miles from Pasadena, was located, and a structure of stone was commenced which was not finished until 1806. By that time two thousand Indians had been enrolled by baptism. At the height of its influence there were about five thousand converts, with tens of thousands of cattle, sheep and horses, and gardens, orchards and vineyards in the mission. Many were the priests who had charge of it in turn. At the present time Padre Bot is in control, with a following of nearly six hun-



FIRST PRIZE WINNER—A PACKARD, OF COURSE.

dred communicants. Our illustration was made from a photograph taken by a party of tourists in a Packard car, who had just been through the mission.

### The Old and the New.

Twenty years is not such a very long period of time as ordinarily things go, but

twenty years in the development of the automobile means about five times its real growth. The old steam automobile shown in the accompanying illustration was built in Beverly, Mass., about twenty years ago, and is still running. Steam is generated with kerosene burner of the Shipman type, and power is furnished by two complete simple-acting engines; the cylinders and steam chests are made of brass and weigh about 800 pounds. This machine was built merely as an experiment, and was not developed or improved upon after it was once finished. Any industry might be proud of the progress made as shown by picture of Mr. Farson's Packard car, if this progress had been made in twenty years, but the fact of the matter is the modern automobile is but four or five years old, and the machine of five years ago looks as much out of date as the old steam machine mentioned above. The Packard cars of to-day are things of beauty, and not wonderfully and fearfully made as was the Beverly machine.

speed. The policeman hung close to the carriage, and as he was hidden from view by the high back of tonneau, evidently imagined that his presence was not noticed, for he continued to trail the car for about eight miles until all of the Boulevard had been covered. As the machine turned onto the paved streets he came out from behind the car, and calling to the operator said: "All right for you, Russell Alger. That is the first time you ever went over this road at such a moderate pace."

### Fun for the Spectators and the Pole

Mr. McNutt, of Cincinnati, Ohio, had a rather exciting experience while driving his Packard car along a country road the other day. Coming to a railroad crossing, which at that place was in the form of a rather high embankment, with a steep approach, he accelerated the speed of his motor which was even then going at a rapid rate, and sailed over the top of the embankment as if he had been shot out of a catapult; coming up the other side was a team of horses hitched to a farm wagon, and as Mr. McNutt did not wish to risk a suit of damages for spoiling the looks of the wagon or killing the horses he made a rapid swerve to the right into a very broad ditch. As the machine retained its upright position everything would have been lovely if it had not been for the fact that there was a telegraph pole planted in the center of this ditch, and that the right forward wheel attempted to pass on the wrong side of the pole; the result was that the car commenced to skid to the left around the pole, and the energy stored in the flywheel caused it to make a complete circle, landing the machine in exactly the same position that it

as it looked as if the pole and the car were sparring for wind.

Some damage was done to the front



SAN GABRIEL MISSION—CALIFORNIA

axle and the body, but with slight repairing the machine was able to continue the journey, and to-day does not seem any

### A WISE SAW ILLUSTRATED.



'Tis the Pace That Kills.

the worse for the attempt to knock a telegraph pole out of its way.

### Just Like a Woman.

"Don't you think it dangerous to ride in an automobile?" he asked as they stood at the avenue crossing.

"No, indeed; it seems to me it's dangerous not to."

As they are to be married in June, it is up to him to buy unless somebody includes a machine in the list of presents.

### His Enthusiasm Vents Itself in Verse.

Out here in California where the  
Orange turns to gold,  
Is a paradise for Motor Cars,  
Cast in Eden's mold.  
There's not a single hour  
It is not a joy to be alive,  
There's not a single day throughout  
The year you cannot drive,  
There's not a single moment  
When the songsters do not sing,  
And life's a sort of constant race  
Twixt summer and the spring.  
Why! just to know the joy of it  
One might his best years give,  
To own a Packard Motor Car  
And in this spot to live.

### His Bad Policy.

First Club Member.—"Binks was arrested last night."

Another Member.—"For what?"

First Club Member.—"His machine was numbered 711."

Another Member.—"What did that have to do with it?"

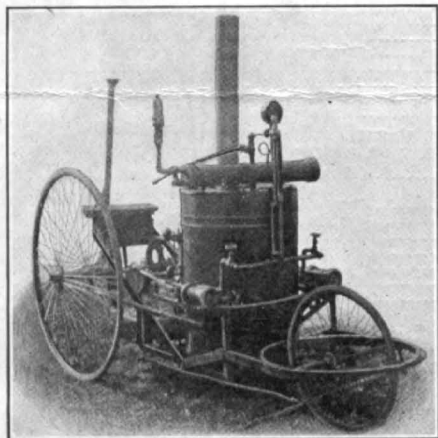
First Club Member.—"Why, it was a negro policeman!"

Detroit, Mich., March 28, 1903.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Warren, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Answering your circular letter of the 24th, I might say that the Model "A" machine that I had last year, I sold to Mr. Bennett, of our company, and as far as I know is just as good a machine as when I received it from Mr. Joy, of this city, who was its original owner.

I covered about 900 miles on one trip last summer in the East and the engine is, I think, to-day in just as good running shape as it ever



A FIRST ATTEMPT

was when it struck the pole. The sight to everyone, with possibly the exception of Mr. McNutt, was one of the most ridiculous which has probably ever been witnessed in connection with a motor car,



A 1903 AUTOMOBILE

was, which speaks pretty well for a three-year-old machine.

Trusting this will be of some value to you, and hoping to receive the copy of THE AUTOMOBILE, I remain,

Very truly yours,

F. S. STEARNS.