

THE SAGA OF THE ROARING ROAD

land company was saved, temporarily, though the end, under conditions then existing, was inevitable.

Before long, however, Mr. Willys acquired direct control of the concern, slowly but surely building up his business until he ranked as one of America's foremost automobile manufacturers.

If you had asked John Willys how he had been able to take a position in the very forefront of the automobile legion, the naïve modesty of the man, which was no less marked than his business ability, would preclude the possibility of your getting the real answer. He would have told you that it was because he always tried to make his cars a little better than the others that sold at the same price, and that the men gathered about him were responsible for his success. He would not tell you that the whole immense Willys achievement was directly traceable to that germ of an idea which he worked out years ago in Elmira—the determination to build the best car in the world at anywhere near the price, but manufacturing and marketing in quantities. He would not say that it was by finding out what the people wanted and needed, telling them he had it by generous and judicious advertising, and then giving it to them, a little better and for considerably less money than his competitor could produce, that he won out in the strenuous game of business.

John North Willys wasn't that kind of man.

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"White" is a name that brings back a host of vivid memories to us oldtime tourists and race followers—particularly pleasant personal ones to me. In its steamer days, the White company was as conspicuous a producer of passenger cars as it now is of motor trucks, to which its factory at Cleveland is exclusively devoted.

In the "Mudlark" run to St. Louis in 1903, one of those pilots was President Windsor T. White. The White Sewing Machine Company's steamers were first conspicuous in mud-bucking, bridge building and the many helpful activities that pulled the surviving "mud-larks" through to the Smoky City.

In the first tour for the Glidden Trophy a squadron of White Steamers, piloted by Augustus Post, Carl H. Page, Ray Littlebridge, Walter C. White, E. H. Fitch, W. N. Eppig, Julius Mehlig, G. H. Tyrell and W. A. Lamson were numbered among the 28 survivors.

I think it was in this tour that I so well remember seeing three or four White delivery wagons always plugging along over the rutty roads of those days in a string, minding their own business but getting there just the same, as the final score showed. That was the real debut of the White as a commercial wagon.

The White was kept constantly in the public eyes in the paper by all sorts of stunts, among them the pacing of the trotting horse Cresceus at the Daytona track by Webb Jay, in a White racer. The White brothers