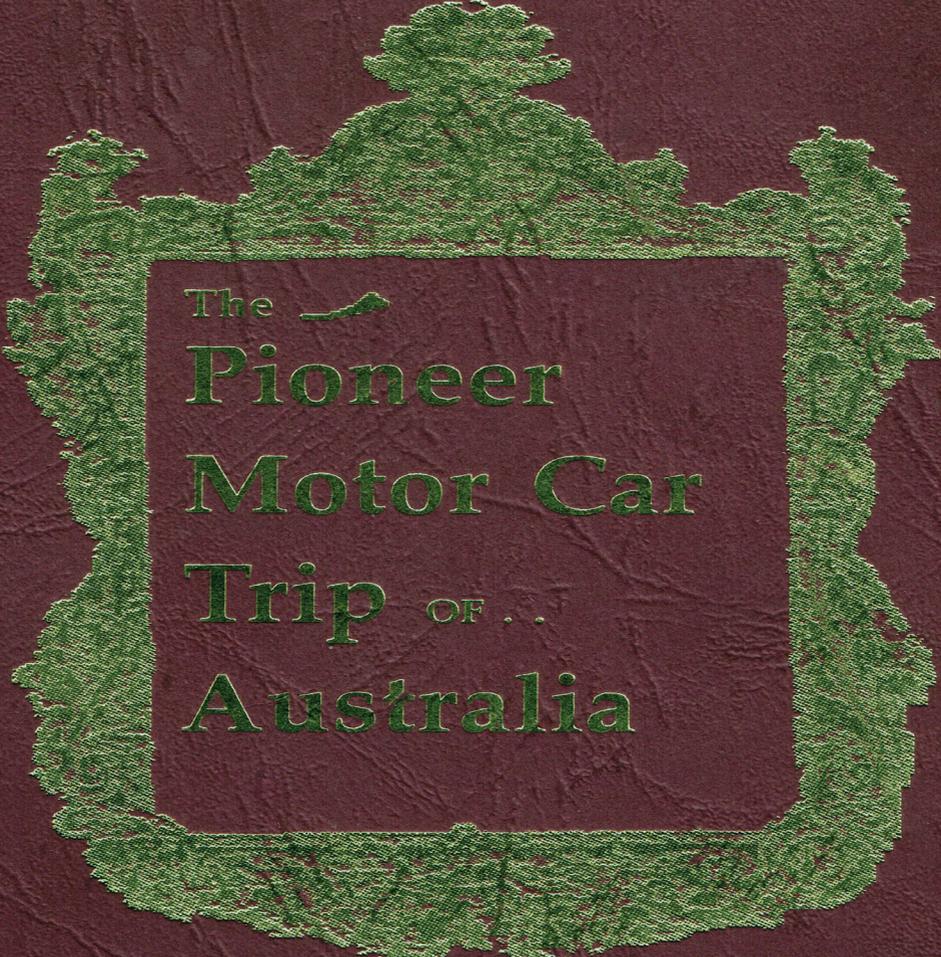


Bathurst (N.S.W.)

TO

Melbourne (Vic.)

493 114 Miles.



The 
**Pioneer
Motor Car
Trip** OF ..
Australia

.. WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF ..
THE THOMSON MOTOR CAR LTD.
305 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

This Booklet

is issued with the compliments
of . . .

The Thomson Motor Car Limited,

and should you think that any
of your friends would be at all
interested, the Company would
be pleased to forward you a few
copies, or mail them direct to
your friends on receipt of name
and address. * * * * *

A Record OF --- ---



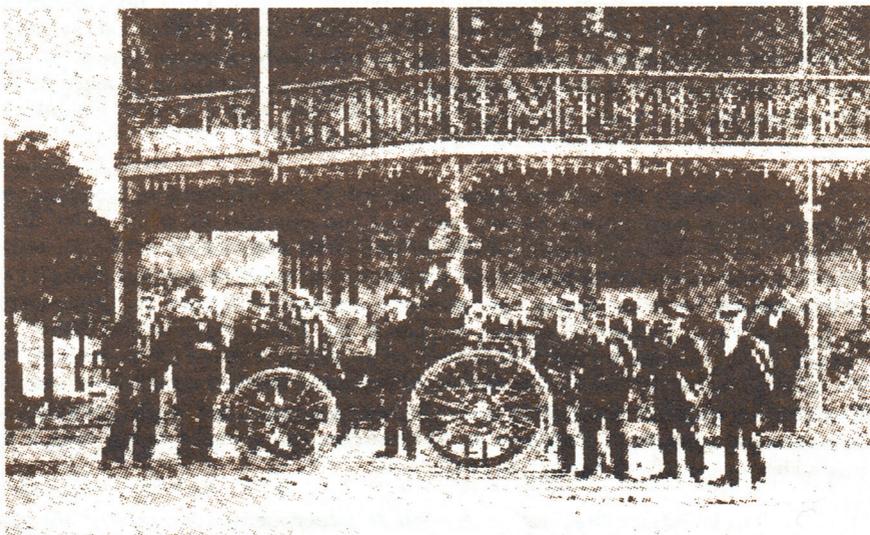
THE PIONEER TRIP OF THE

Driven by H. THOMSON (the
inventor), accompanied by
E. L. HOLMES.

)*'



Thomson Motor . . Car. . . .



START FROM BATHURST.

“The Thomson motor car, which was awarded first prize at the Sydney Agricultural Show held during the Easter holidays, is to be put to a crucial test by the intention of the patentee to drive it overland from the northern capital. The road, which is not by any means a good one, is bound to bring out any weak points (if there are any), and should it come through the ordeal in a satisfactory manner, a prosperous future can safely be predicted for it.”—“Melbourne Press.”

Introduction.

In issuing this account of the first Australian motor car long distance journey, a brief history of the motor phaeton and the events leading up to such a severe journey being undertaken by it, would be interesting.

In 1896, Mr. Herbert Thomson, a clever young engineer at Armadale, Victoria, was fully convinced that motor cars would become the vehicles of the future, and in order to give the matter thorough investigation, resolved to build a car in his spare time. Having no recognised data to work upon, progress was slow, each part having to be well studied. However, the vehicle grew apace, and in 1898 the first trial run was made successfully. Naturally, in such a new invention, there was always room for improvement, and by this time, having a practical, as well as a theoretical experience to work upon, the car quickly became an "article of commerce." Early in 1900 a strong syndicate company was formed to procure patents throughout the world, and introduce the car generally, with a view of establishing large manufacturing companies throughout Australasia.

Although the car had been exhibited at the Melbourne, Bendigo, and Maryborough's Agricultural Shows, and had run upwards of 2000 miles on its experimental trials, no authentic record existed of its adaptability to the Australian colonies, and its enduring powers. It was with the object of proving these to the public that the Thomson Motor Car Syndicate despatched Messrs. H. Thomson and E. L. Holmes to Sydney to exhibit the car at the Easter Agricultural Show, and **return to Melbourne by road.** However, so attractive was the car in Sydney, that the arrangements for rewtturn direct were amended by an invitation to visit the Bathurst Agricultural Show. This invitation was accepted, and it was then decided to return overland from **Bathurst to Melbourne**, the distance being only a few miles shorter than from Sydney to Melbourne.

To attempt a "record" with such an experimental car, over roads quite unknown to the drivers, was out of the question, and the objects aimed at were to give publicity to the car, and return safely. The pace therefore was moderate throughout, but for purpose of reference, and general interest, Mr. E. L. Holmes kept a close record of times of running, stoppages, mileages, &c., and the fact that in no case were "hay motors" brought into use, proves beyond doubt the entire suitability of the car for long distances, rough roads, and Australia.

It is true that the car was assisted by the personal exertions of the drivers at times, but for no other reason than to prevent overstraining the belts and chains—obviously good reason too when it is considered that **16 cwt.**, including car, luggage, tools, drivers, &c., had to be transported **500 miles**, and that an experimental vehicle was being used for the purpose—the car "risked all to gain all," and a break-down would have meant failure. The whole thing now lies in degree of strength, the main principles being proved beyond doubt, for fuel—kerosene and waterwere obtainable throughout the whole journey.

Melbourne. June 14th, 1900.

The Thomson Motor Car Limited.



Our trip to Sydney, the awfully rough time on the “Allinga” and our arrival at midnight at the Pyrmont Wharf, interests nobody but Mr Thomson and myself. The ten days’ exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Show, finishing up with a day’s outing on the car through the busy Sydney thoroughfares, and our subsequent visit to Bathurst may be interesting to many, but being compelled to keep within reasonable bounds, I must confine myself to a record of our overland trip.

Bathurst.

The Bathurst Show finishing up on Friday, enabled us to make all preparations for starting on our trip on Saturday, but the rain came on in torrents, forcing us to postpone our departure till Monday, April 30th, 1900, at 10 a.m., when, notwithstanding the biting coldness of the south wind that was blowing, Thomson and I bade farewell to the mayor (R. M. Gilmour, Esq.), Messrs. W. G. Thompson, A. Rigby, and a host of well-known residents, and commenced our long and eventful journey, leaving Hall’s Park Hotel, where we had been staying, at 10 a.m. sharp.

Effects of 2 inches of Rain.

We found on leaving the town that considerable havoc had been wrought by the heavy downpour (which registered 2 in. in 15 hours), all the blinding being washed out of the road, leaving rough metal, and as we began to ascend the mountains that surrounded Bathurst, we made very slowtime. Twelve miles out two creeks, without bridges, had to be negotiated, and the heavy sand banked up by the recent rains, made them exceedingly dangerous and difficult to cross, more especially as the beds of both were covered

with large stones. After serious consideration, we gently lowered the car into the first creek, then with a mighty shove, and with the motor almost tearing itself out of its bearings, we climbed the short sharp rise. The next, however, was even more difficult to cross, but an extra application of manual strength successfully over-came it. By this time it was 1 o'clock, and not anticipating such a delay we brought no eatables, so felt awfully hungry and exhausted. Bathampton station was, however, close at hand, so Thomson and I went to the homestead, where Mr. Gilmour (the proprietor) treated us splendidly, so well in fact that it was 3 o'clock before we continued our journey. On starting we were faced by a curly hill, about 150 yards long, with a gradient of quite 1 in 6, and water worn ruts running in all directions. Notwithstanding the beautiful manner in which the motor had hitherto been climbing, this hill, with the awfully rough surface, pulled the car up several times.

Fitzgerald's Mount.

We eventually surmounted it, and after a few miles of downs, reached the foot of "Fitzgerald's Mount," "two miles long and too steep to ride down," so said the "Cyclist Guide Book", but we quickly changed the sprockets, reducing the gear about one-fifth, and climbed it splendidly, notwithstanding the rough metal road. At last reaching the top, we almost immediately entered upon one of the famous New South Wales red clay patches. The tyres began to increase in size with every revolution, slowing the car down a little, but even the worst of roads have an ending, and right glad were we when we commenced a steady descent into Blayney, which we reached at 6.15 p.m., downhearted with the extraordinary rough service of the road. Only 24 miles were covered during 4 hours 25 minutes actual running, and had we not received favourable reports of our future road it is more than likely that the trip would have been abandoned, but a good tea and comfortable bed made us eager for more.

Blayney.

The sight that greeted our eyes when we awoke was both pleasant and otherwise, everything being white with frost, even the car in places. Leaving Blayney at 9.30 a.m. freezing cold, we proceeded to climb about 1 1/2 miles on good quartz road. Progress was slow and steady, the demand on the generator being very heavy indeed. Once this was over we entered

upon good undulating country till on the outskirts of Carcoar, when the road began dipping to about 1 in 10. Not only was the grade so steep, but we had to negotiate three right angles, which the car did successfully. Like many country townships, Carcoar is built in a hollow, and a very steep hill had to be ascended out of it, so, having said "Good day" at 11 a.m., we continued our journey. We were soon in good undulating country - firm gravel roads - and good time was made till we reached Mandurama at 11.35. Usual sleepy country township (no one to be seen till we pulled up), with hotel, blacksmith and store, so having replenished our water tanks, we left at 11.45 a.m.

Fording Limestone Creek

After an early lunch at Lyndhurst (as the next stopping place was too far), the roads seemed better than on our first day's ride, yet they were heavy for about six miles, when we met with the first serious obstacle on our journey, viz., "Limestone Creek," the bridge having been washed away by the flood water. About one chain from the broken bridge was an old ford and so after lengthy examination and consultation, we decided to cross it. Being too dangerous to take at any speed, and with the assistance of two road repairers, who arrived during our examination, we lowered the car gently down some 1 in 1 grade into the creek, which the car, with a short, sharp spurt, cleared, sticking firmly in the banked up sand and clay on the opposite bank, from which, after a good deal of trouble, we finally extricated it.



Stuck in a Red Clay Bog.

We then entered upon some rough up-hill country for about two miles, where we came upon another New South Wales red clay bog.

We tried it quietly, but stuck firm halfway up to our ankles, so tucking up our pants and getting on a billet of wood, we assisted in the reverse of the motor and backed on to dry ground. Seeing that the only way to negotiate the obstacle was by speed, we got well back and set the motor racing. I kept up a running shove up to the edge of the mud, and with the momentum of an express engine the motor tore through in great style, splashing everything on board, I now found myself stranded, the road being quite impassable anywhere, but the fence was “high and dry,” so I made a bridge of it.

Cowra.

We now had a good run on un-made road for a few miles, clearing three red mud patches in great style. The road then began to improve for four or five miles, and we made good time, reaching Cowra at 5.10 p.m., having journeyed the last 25½ miles in two hours fifty minutes, including the obstacles referred to. We decided to rest here for the night, after a very enjoyable day’s ride, notwithstanding a head wind. “Limestone Creek” and the red mud bogs.

Roads that were not Roads.

We left Cowra at 9.26 a.m. with the thermometer near freezing, but the sun soon made the day the loveliest we had so far experienced. Over the Lachlan Bridge out of Cowra we proceeded on roads not laid down in the Guide Book, which was hardly to be wondered at after all, as a considerable portion went through private property, causing us to go through several gates. The country was comparatively level and good for about twenty miles, when we struck some very heavy sand patches, and the road — such as it was — was about four chains wide and skirted the railway. After twelve miles of this heavy bush road, which was difficult to follow on account of its unmade condition and the numerous tracks formed — the only clue to our route being the mile posts — we had the bad luck to lose our “road.” After proceeding for about half a mile through fairly open bush, we stopped and had a consultation, finally agreeing to strike to our left, eventually bringing us up to one of our “white friends” — a mile post. An exciting incident happened whilst cruising about the bush, and which, but for the extreme presence of mind shown by Thomson, would have caused a rather serious delay. Coming down a short slope, a heavy sand rut caused the steering wheels to

swerve, heading the car straight for a large tree, but Thomson, like a flash, struck the lever back, making the car lift out of the rut, and we cleared the tree by a hair. Sand now became the order of the day, with small patches of good road (gravel) and red clay. In one of these soft clay bogs, the car stuck, the driving wheels revolving in the mud, but, as the car had nearly cleared it, we assisted it out without any great difficulty. Keeping on these patchy roads till about six miles from Young, we commenced a gradual ascent. These rises were particularly rough and on one of them we met our first accident, which was of a minor nature. A clip, which connects the back axle with the chain-adjusting strut, fractured, causing the right-hand chain to loosen, but a piece of wood wedged firmly between the end of the strut and the back axle and tied firmly, proved ample to keep the chain at a fair tension. However, our time into Young was slow, eventually arriving there at 4.20 p.m., having accomplished 113¼ miles of our journey, and the worst portion of it too.

Young.

Mr. Turland was very kind to us here, entertaining Thomson and I splendidly, and refusing to accept payment for same, the first and only time such consideration was shown to us throughout the trip. The new chain strut clip, made by a local blacksmith, having been fitted, we re-commenced our long, though not wearisome journey the following day, immediately entering upon rapidly rising ground, which we covered splendidly. Up and down country for 8 miles, when just before entering Wombat, whilst running down a good incline at about 30 miles an hour, we struck a rather deep gutter, bouncing the four wheels off the ground together. The road still continues rough, sandy and hilly, but the car was now well down to its work, and we made Wallendbeen for lunch at 12.30 a.m. After about 4 miles of fair road, we entered upon a stretch of splendid quartz gravel roads, reeling the last 12 miles off in 1.5, a considerable portion of which we had matched against us a pair of iron grey "hay motors," but we gave them our "heels," or should I say "steam," and beat them badly into Cootamundra, arriving at 2.45, having now put 145¼ miles behind us.

Cootamundra.

Filling our water tanks, we endeavoured to continue our journey, but the demand of the residents for an exhibition proved undeniable, so we ac-

cepted the inevitable and spun round the town, leaving at 3.20 for Bethungra—15 miles out. This road, after about a mile, became wretched, winding in and out amongst the ranges, and full of gutters from side to side, preventing any decent speed, in fact it was necessary to go down some grades slower than we ascended them, to prevent accident. The midges were very thick in places, we being often struck in the face and eyes, and it was necessary once to pull up and extract one from Thomson's eye, it having got under the lid, causing intense pain. However, even the "worst road in the district," as it is said to be, has an ending, and we arrived at Bethungra at about 5.25p.m., having negotiated the worst 15 miles we had struck since Monday (Bathurst to Blayney) in 2 hours and 5 minutes.

Bethungra.

Bethungra is the usual country village—hotel (?) store and station—and determined to make an early start, we ordered breakfast at 7.30, but it was not till 8.20 that we got away. It was an awkward town to leave, as about 3 or 4 roads junction out, and it was by the merest luck that we struck the "right" one, which happened to be the "left." We commenced again on bush tracks, but had proceeded no distance when a slight accident befell the car, a wheel striking a branch of a fallen tree which tilted up and knocked the drain tap off our water tank, losing about three gallons. A cork soon settled matters, and after a delay of 20 minutes we proceeded, relying on our reserve supply, which proved ample till we reached Illaboo, where we filled our tanks at the school house, the master promptly dismissing the school during our brief stay for an object lesson in motor cars.

Junee.

Our run into the precincts of Junee Junction was good, then we got "fogged," mistaking the road and running right into the apex of the junction, necessitating a run back of fully half a mile. Too early for dinner, we got a bag of sandwiches, though little did we think then the value we would get out of them. However, we proceeded, and had not covered more than 2 miles when an incident occurred which might have put a full stop to our trip. It happened in this wise—The sandy soil had dropped in patches into ruts up to feet deep, and in trying to dodge one of these. Thomson unknowingly came too close to the fence on my side, the left front wheel hub striking

a post, which slewed the car right into the fence post and five wires. The wires served as buffers and held the car, but, unfortunately for the tyre on the “struck” wheel, !!! the wires also held it, tearing two large gashes right through the rubber, without penetrating the canvas. The shock to the hub of the wheel twisted and bent up the struts and steering rods, but, we lost no time in removing the bent material and hammering it straight, nothing being fractured, eventually being able to resume the journey as if nothing had happened.

Wagga Wagga

We reached Wagga at 2.10 p.m., causing an immense sensation in the town, which seemed the busiest we had passed. Our run had been the best so far, having reeled off 44¾ miles in 4 hours 23 minutes, the roads being unmade and not particularly good. We made a splendid dinner here, and instinctively retaining our uneaten sandwiches, set off at 3.15 for Cookardina (35 miles), as we were informed that it was a good metal road right through. Our informant may have told us all in good faith, but had we met him at 7 p.m., I think we would have got into trouble “for assault and inflicting grievous bodily harm.” The roads were tip top for nearly 20 miles, and then just as twilight began to fall, so the condition of the road fell, and from a nice metal road we had the option of several tracks through the bush, taking the most worn.

Bushed and Bogged.

Our trouble then began in earnest, for it grows dark quickly amongst the hills and trees, and by six it was impossible to see more than ten yards in front. Lighting our four lamps (two kerosene and two Calcium Kings) we plodded on, making the best of it, until we came to a chain of swamps. After sticking once or twice, we struck a dryer track, but found that a heavily laden bullock wagon had lately passed over it, sinking in places over a foot—in fact, we came to several spots where the wheels had been dug out. However, we kept moving ahead, sometimes leaving the car and inspecting the ground ahead of us, until at last mistaking a sheet of water for good level ground, we stuck firmly up to our front axles in mud and water. This was about 7 p.m., and I “moved” that the car stay where it was till day-break, we, in the meantime, camping in our coats and one rug.

Thomson seconded my motion, which was declared unanimously carried, when presently we heard dogs barking, and a man came upon the scene, having come from a drovers camp half a mile away, after seeing our lights. With the prospect of company for the night, we rescinded our motion and set to work, over our boots in water, and eventually succeeded in dislodging the car from where it had stuck, we being covered with mud and perspiration.

Sheep Drovers' Camp.

To reach the drovers' camp, we had to pass a flock of 13,000 sheep in a lane (nice work in the dark), the sheep being real scared with the brilliancy of the lamps, many of the butting into the car, one getting right under it. We managed, nevertheless, to force a passage, and met with a hearty greeting from eight drovers, who were in charge of the sheep. They kindly made us some tea, but having run short of "tucker," we were compelled to fall back upon our uneaten "June" sandwiches, with which we satisfied the inner man. We talked over the fire till 9, when they lent us a few bags and rugs to sleep under one of the carts, and it took us some time to accustom ourselves to the hard ground after having been used to nice warm beds. The thought of it even enough to keep one awake. However, we eventually fell asleep, being pretty tired, but in the morning, oh! cold — why, cold is boiling hot to our temperature, in fact, when we moved, our joints almost cracked with the cold — we were frozen. The big fire soon brought life into us again, and after making a third meal of our "June" sandwiches. Lunch, tea and breakfast, finishing up with some "damper and mutton" which the drovers had left after breakfast, we made a start at 7.50 for our destination, Cookardinia, which was reached at 9.22a.m., after having some difficulty to get good water, there being no houses or dams on the way. We managed to obtain a small supply by straining through a handkerchief, but got through all serene. Nothing of any importance happened till we reached Germanton at 11.17a.m., when, after sending off a few telegrams and re-charging our tanks, we made a start at 11.50.

Albury.

Lunching at Woomargama (9 miles from Germanton), we now entered upon our last stretch of New South Wales road, and kept up a good rattling pace, eventually arriving at the border town (Albury) at 5 p.m., exactly,

the last 37¾ miles occupying 3 hours 52 minutes. We had covered 296 miles of our journey, feeling in tip-top health, but the car was hardly recognisable for mud and slush, nevertheless being in grand working order. We met with a good reception here, a number of cyclists going out to meet us, and in order to satisfy the residents we were compelled to make a “public” departure the next morning, where a great crowd turned out to give us a send-off.

Victoria again.

11 a.m., saw our entry into Victoria, crossing the Murray River and its numerous wooden bridges and embankments; then, after the usual Customs formalities, we passed through Wodonga, the Victorian border town, at 11.13. The roads to Barnawartha were fair and level, but from here to Chiltern were every bit as bad as any N.S.W. roads, being unmade and cut up terribly with the rain, &c. Arriving at Chiltern at 1.50 we had dinner, leaving at 2.45. The roads thence to Springhurst (10 miles) were fair, after the first 4 miles one very dangerous gutter having to be negotiated. Striking the metal road just after Springhurst, we reeled off 15 3/8 miles in 1.23, arriving at Wangaratta at 5.40.

Wangaratta.

After a good night's rest, so good in fact, that we did not waken till 8 o'clock, we resumed our now interesting journey, leaving Wangaratta at 9.10 a.m., the residents turning out in large numbers to witness our departure. The road from here to Glenrowan was macadamised, but awfully rough in places, the cobbles having worn to the surface. From Glenrowan to Winton the going was rough, the famous “glue-pot” having to be negotiated. This “glue-pot” is about half-a-mile long, and is usually two feet deep in sticky mud, but we made light of it after the “roughing” in N.S.W., passing through Winton at 12.1. Our run into Benalla was good, arriving just in time for dinner (12.47), and to supply an enterprising reporter with a history of the trip.

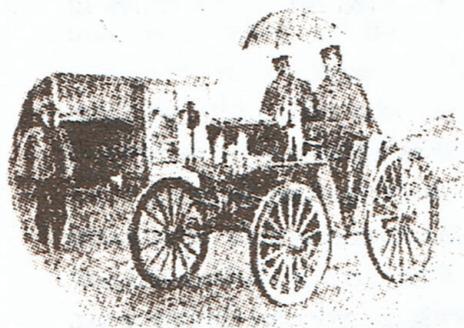
Benalla.

Tanks full, oiler full, and drivers full, we were all in harmony, and the car, now well down to the hard work, sped merrily on its way home, passing through Baddaginnie (7 miles) in full sail at 2.28., and Violet Town, 15 miles at 3.22, the pace being splendid, notwithstanding the sandy nature of the roads, and the numerous cross gutters.

Everything went well until about 6 miles from Euroa, when the car encountered a heavy patch of sand, breaking the belt at the eye-holes — 10 minutes put the matter right. We quickly made up for lost time, the roads — even if a bit rough — being level and straight, and we entered Euroa at 4.45, our mileage reading 395½, the figures by this time being quite interesting. Our stay was very brief, for we had great hopes of reaching Seymour during the evening, but the roads continuing unmade for the greater part, and very patchy, we decided to stay at Longwood, more especially as we remembered our first and only experience at night travelling (Wagga to Cookardina). Our run from Euroa to Longwood (10½ miles) was done in 57 minutes over sandy unmade roads.

Longwood.

Having only 86 miles in front of us, hope beat high in our hearts, for with a fair road and good weather we fully made up our minds to reach the Metropolis in the evening. However, we had not got fairly started on



our way when the rain began to descend in torrents. We did well to stay at Longwood over night, for we found the road to Seymour (27 miles) was unmade, and the ground soil alternate clay and sand, so it can well be imagined what the running became like. Notwith-

standing the inclemency of the weather and roads, we still had hopes of reaching Melbourne at nightfall, and passed through Burnt Creek at 9.25, Avenel at 10.12, and Mangalore at 11, reaching Seymour, after almost circling the town, at 11.45.

Seymour.

The rain did not seem to impede the progress of the car to any marked extent, although the belt got wet and greasy, causing it to slip slightly when working heavily. It was a miserable day, raining all the time, with the yellow mud splashing everything on board, but signs of up cheered us greatly when leaving Seymour. The road to Tallarook was good, being composed mainly

of ironstone gravel, but one heavy patch, paved with stone blocks, gave the motor all it could do. Reaching Tallarook at 1.23, we now lost all hope of arriving in Melbourne at 4 p.m., as 53 miles lay between us and our destination, so we postponed our prospective arrival till between 6 and 7, and had dinner, afterwards filling up tanks and leaving at 2.8. p.m..

Broadford.

We now entered upon a splendid stretch of metalled roads merely undulating to Broadford, which we passed through at 3 o'clock. From here to Kilmore the rises became more pronounced, and the belt being soaked by the continuous rain of the morning, made their ascent very hard work for the motor. Climbing one of these stiff pinches the belt snapped for the second time during the trip, at the hook holes. Six minutes put it right, and we made fair time to Kilmore, reaching that township at 4.20. While passing through the township our second breakage to the car took place, which, strange to say, was the mate to our first — viz., the chain adjustment strut clip, rather a very long term, but, to explain matters fully, it is a piece of "L" iron about $\frac{1}{2}$ x $\frac{1}{4}$ in. x 2in. long, and fitted with two small holes in the long arm, by which it is fastened to the back axle, and one larger hole in the short arm, through which passes the screwed end of the adjusting strut, being locked with nuts at each side. An enormous strain is thrown on the small piece of iron with the pull on the chains, and the up and down motion of the back axle. By a piece of luck, when getting a new one at Young for our first breakage, we got a spare one made, and the delay in fitting was not more than 20 minutes, now valuable time. We got under way as soon as possible and covered everything up to "Pretty Sally" Hill, climbing the slopes in good style. Over the top we cut off the motor, in the prospect of a good "coast," and away we went like the wind. The motion of travelling at fully 40 miles an hour was terribly exciting. One cannot imagine the tremendous excitement and pleasure of going at this terrific pace over the roads, with the car seemingly alive under us. It was glorious, it was sublime; till, with a series of rapidly decreasing hisses, and increasing bumpings on the road, we realized that our back tyre had punctured, after carrying us over 470 miles of wretched country. The powerful hand brakes soon reduced our pace to a crawl, and we continued our "coast" at about 5 miles an hour.

Beveridge.

After a delay of about half an hour at Wallan, examining the tyre and lighting our lamps, &c., we journeyed slowly to Beveridge, arriving at 6 p.m., just in time to avoid the heavy storm that broke over the place. We had tea, but as the weather kept up to the best storm standard, we postponed our arrival in Melbourne, much to our regret and disappointment, till Wednesday, timing ourselves for 12 noon. On starting at 8.50 a.m. we found the rain and wind beating bitterly cold into our faces. So our morning's run was quite devoid of any interest further than we were nearing Melbourne, and that we were being slowly frozen, but Thomson swears that he will devise a way of heating the car in winter by the exhaust steam. This will be a feature of future vehicles.

Melbourne.

However, pardon my digression from the journey, which carried through to time-table, the car passing through Coburg at 11.38 a.m. At the Brunswick tram terminus we found Messrs K. E. Edge, F.L. Mount, F. G. Wilson, and S. G. Pirani (Directors of the Thomson Motor Car Syndicate, under whose auspices and direction the trip was undertaken), and a number of friends, &c. After a brief welcome we continued our drive to the city, stopping at the "Australian Cyclist" Office to be photographed, and arriving at the G.P.O. at 12.23, after having covered the first Australian motor car journey (Bathurst, N.S.W., to Melbourne, 493¼ miles nett), our actual riding time being 56 hours 36 minutes.

SUMMARY

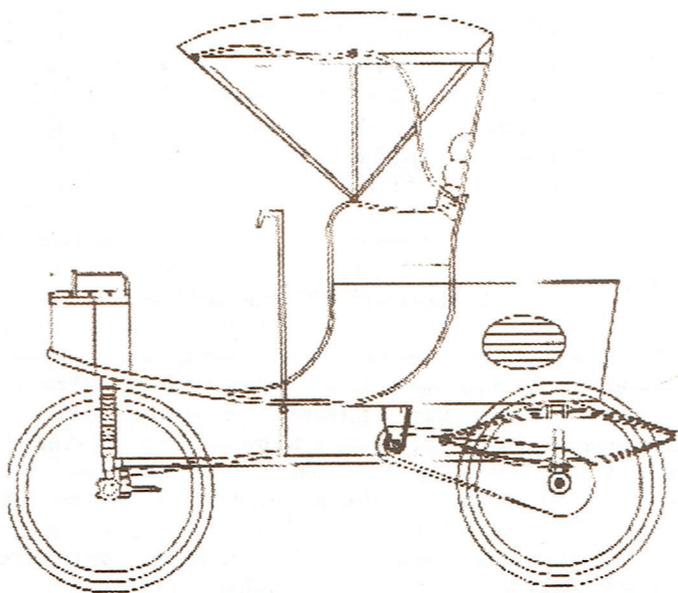
The daily running throughout the whole journey has been drawn up from the notes kept by Mr. E. L. Holmes during the trip, and has been summarised as follows:-

1900.	Exact Distance Travelled.	hours.	Nett Running Time.	
	miles		minutes.	
April 30	24		4	25
May 1	43 2/8	"	5	0
" 2	45 7/8	"	5	44
" 3	47 1/8	"	5	50
" 4	69 1/4	"	7	28
" 5	65 1/2	"	7	1
" 6	47 2/8	"	5	10
" 7	62 3/4	"	6	35
" 8	63 1/2	"	6	20
" 9	24	"	3	3
	493 1/4		56	36
	Average speed, 8.72 miles per hour.			

It will be at once seen that daily time was not aimed at, as the average daily working time only shows 5 1/2 hours per day of 50 miles. There is no doubt that had the weather been more reasonable, and no stoppages made, at the townships passed through, in order to satisfy the public and "press" demand for particulars, a much better time-sheet could have been presented; however, the "record," such as it is, stands for Australia, and is open to be beaten.

The consumption of kerosine oil for the journey was 42 gallons, averaging .084 gallons per mile, and costing a fraction over 1 penny per mile, buying it as we travelled along, which we found no difficulty in doing. The total result has been compared with recent English trials, and the comparison has been indeed gratifying, more especially when the beautiful English roads are classed against the wretched Australian tracks — not "roads."

The introduction of the Motor Car must surely go a long way towards giving the colonies better roads, and it is not a rash statement to make ere long we will have the "coming vehicle" speeding along merrily through our country roads, excelling our old friend the horse, and equalling the utility of the railroad.



The New Light Model

THOMSON

MOTOR CAR

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great success.



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