

EARNs NEW TITLE

NOVEMBER 12, 1914 'MASTER DRIVER'

Seventh Annual Los Angeles-Phoenix Automobile Race Like Evolution is Survival of Fittest, and There is Silenced Forever Any Contention That Big Race Driver is Not Able to Come Back—Chevrolet, Davis and Nikrent Push Speed King Hard, But Are Not Able to Beat Him to Greatest Finish That Ever Distinguished a Road Race

No.	Car.	Driver.	Left Prescott.	Arrive Phoenix.	Running Time.	Tot. Run. Time.
5.	Stutz.	Oldfield	10:00	3:56	5:56	22:59
8.	Paige.	Nikrent	10:04	3:59	5:35	23:35
1.	Paige.	Beaudet	10:06	3:57	5:51	25:03
2.	Chevrolet.	Durant	10:08	4:35	6:27	25:44
19.	Cadillac.	Bramlett	10:12	3:52	5:40	26:20
45.	Buick.	Ellis	10:10	4:54	6:44	27:58
17.	Stutz.	Borns	10:14	5:30	7:16	28:48
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BY LYLE ABBOTT

Truly, he is the Master Driver of the World—this Oldfield, who selected what has proven the hardest grind ever attempted to make his very first great big road racing victory. It is very usual and very trite to say that Barney battled the mud, competed with Father Time and overcame the elements—but this is one time when every platitude holds.

Barney finished in a madhouse of human interrogation points, five thousand wildly excited fair visitors, who had waited five hours to witness the finish of the Los Angeles to Phoenix mud race. The El Paso Buick that went into the grounds of the state asylum had nothing on the winner of the coast race. He sent his mud coated Stutz right into a populace that was frantic with excitement.

Having stored away much valuable time—but not too much—Oldfield was able to drive the careful even pace he is sometimes known to drive, and to finish at Phoenix at precisely 2:53:51 2-7, leading Nikrent, the first to cross the line by 36 minutes.

Of all the finishes ever made in an auto race, Bill Bramlette's was the gamest. He broke his steering rod and distance rod at Glendale, secured two two-by-fours, inserted them in the crevices between their front wheels and the sides of the car, and kept his Cadillac rolling. He couldn't race. He couldn't even tour. If he had been driving a truck, he might have beaten his time from the Sugartown to the fair grounds.

Just about the time that Purdy Bullard, Paul Derkum and Dick Hollingsworth succeeded in clearing a path through which a very emaciated race car might have "squeezed", the Howdy Special blew in from the north, and the folks who had been canned off Grand avenue to the railroad track, and most of the red-hatted inhabitants of the special came deluging down into the course. Movie Man Ralph Earle

throng, and then it was a throng indeed. Everybody began saying Hello Bill to everybody else, and it was worse than before. Just about the time they began to think of calling out the militia, someone signaled that a car was coming. False alarm, it was not a car, it was Thomas in his Junkmobile.

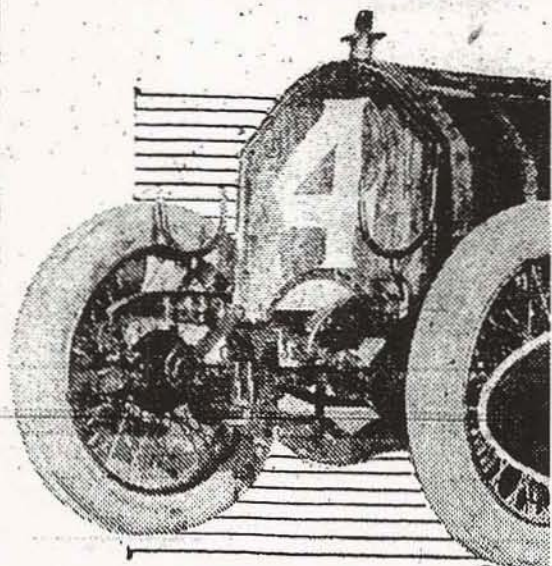
We settled down to wait, shake hands with the Angelenos, discuss the race and encourage each other by saying, "Naw, of course it ain't true that Barney broke his neck!" One of Hugh Gunnison's telephone kids came sliding up and said that Oh such a fast car had just passed Glendale.

"It isn't Barney!"

Somebody had a sinking feeling, and most of the passel of betting gentlemen turned a peculiar pea green.

Oldfield's OUT! How the cry echoed. Nobody knew he was in the ditch, but it was just as convincing as though the news had come some other way than through a European war bureau. Picture a great silence as the daring edged to the side of the road and craned their necks. A great bucketful of dust was poured over a perfectly clear patch of sky up Glendale way, and then we knew somebody was coming. A thrumming in the car, a tiny low black speck outlined against the gray cloud, the dust that the speeding car raised from an almost wet road. A tiny rill of an irrigating ditch intervened, and everybody looked and looked, just as one waits for the supreme moment of some picture play. "Aw!" He didn't jump. No ruck of flying wheels broken parts, dismembered drivers greeted the eyes of the public. Nikrent—for 'twas no other—leaped not, neither did his car skid. It was a tame checking, but a mighty satisfying finish for one of the gamest automobile men in the business. It was Don Lee, entrant of the two Paiges and backer of Bill Bramlette in his Cadillac, who first shook the hands of his lucky drivers. But Lee had more than that coming—there was Bramlette

Drive This Year. Below, George



A more mud becrusted aggregation could scarcely be imagined. Oldfield was caked with Arizona soil from the bottom of his borrowed slicker to the top of his odd little racing cap. The "see-gar" was out of its wrapper, but well hidden in the spattering of a hundred and fifty miles of the worst road he ever traveled. Connie Miles, a Los Angeles newspaperman has that elgar stub, carefully preserved in a piece of copy paper, and he will auction it with all the attachment of a regular "public sale" just as soon as he can get enough of the Howdy Gang together to produce some fierce bidding.

WINNER WILL BE HONORED AS 'MASTER DRIVER'

New Title Will Be Brought Into Existence for Victor of Desert Race

The winner of the 1914 road race to Phoenix will receive a most fitting medal. It will be inscribed, "Master Driver of the World." And it will be emblematic of just that. A race driver who goes through to victory over the course of more than 700 miles can justly be placed on a pedestal by himself and labeled "Master."

No honor will be more justly earned. It is impossible to win the Phoenix race on a fluke. Honest, consistent and intelligent driving are necessary at all times. And the fellow who gets out there in that desert and drives along at break-neck speed is a sportsman to his very bones. He is not whirling around before a multitude, hearing their encouraging plaudits. He is the real fighting soldier and not the fellow on bespangled parade.

That is one of the factors in the making of Barney Oldfield which makes him a

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'HOWDY SPECIAL' SEATS IN DEMAND

Reservations Rapidly Being Made
on Train to Accompany
Auto Racers

Reservations are being made rapidly for the "Howdy Special," the train de luxe that annually accompanies the cars in the Los Angeles-Phoenix race. Although the train will be made up of eight coaches, accommodations will be furnished only for sixty-eight men. Chairman Shettler of the W. A. A. has been besieged with inquiries from enthusiasts who wish to take their wives with them, but the "Howdy" always is a stag affair.

The train leaves Los Angeles at 4:30 o'clock the morning of Monday, Nov. 9. It will keep in touch with the racing cars at almost every checking station. The first stop probably will be at Barstow where splendid opportunity will be afforded of seeing the cars coming across the desert. The first night will be spent at Needles and the second at Prescott. Wednesday night the "Howdies" will remain over in Phoenix to attend the track races of Thursday. The train will be back in Los Angeles Friday morning.

"Billy" Taylor, who will drive the Alco No. 12 in the race, returned yesterday from his final workout on the course. He said he saw several other cars going over the route. Barney Oldfield is expected back tomorrow. Taylor saw Oldfield in Phoenix and reports the veteran as saying this will be the greatest road race ever known. Some of the drivers are predicting the entire run to Phoenix will be made in twenty-eight hours.

Louis Chevrolet, who will make his return to the speed game in this race, left Chicago Monday. His car was expressed from Detroit Saturday.

In the car, a tiny low black speck outlined against the gray cloud, the dust that the speeding car raised from an almost wet road. A tiny rill of an irrigating ditch intervened, and everybody looked and looked, just as one waits for the supreme moment of some picture play. "Aw!" He didn't jump. No ruck of flying wheels broken parts, dismembered drivers greeted the eyes of the public. Nikrent—for 'twas no other—leaped not, neither did his car skid. It was a tame checking, but a mighty satisfying finish for one of the gamest automobile men in the business. It was Don Lee, entrant of the two Paiges and backer of Bill Bramlette in his Cadillac, who first shook the hands of his lucky drivers. But Lee had more than that coming—there was Bramlette himself, only a few minutes later, so close behind that Paul Derkum had to sprain a wrist on his stop watch in order to get 'em both.

Like the proverbial leading lady who delays her entrance until the last, that the accumulated enthusiasm of her audience may be vented upon her head, Barney Oldfield, the winner, followed Wild Bill down Grand avenue. What a reception he got! If he figured that these precious holiday seekers had paid their good money and spent much time and weariness in order to see him perform, he fully made it back to them. Barney didn't grand stand between the city of Prescott and that of Phoenix, because it was too dangerous to be safe, but he gave the natives a good finish, at that. Anyway, those seconds sometimes count, even when one has led all the way, and has loafed the last lap.

Five minutes before Oldfield came in, word preceded him that he had a broken axle and was out near Glendale. Louis Cornu, driver of the Stutz 25 in the El Paso race was waiting for the racer, and had made arrangements with a newspaper man to rush Photographer Earle to the fair grounds to get the appearance of the winner on the track.

Earl Cooper, the famous Stutz driver heard Barney was out, and he almost cried in his exasperation. He dashed up to the Cornu car, displayed a jewelled Stutz badge and asked if he could go out to bring his team-mate in. Without replying, Cornu threw into gear, Cooper leaped into the seat beside him, several other Stutz boosters climbed on and the long red monster clove the crowd Glendale-ward. Five miles out Cooper sighted a tiny dot coming like a bolt of lightning. "Thank God, it's Oldfield!" he exclaimed, and the tension broke.

Such a press of people there never was, when Oldfield roared his way through the gates into the infield. He appeared in the judges' stand the moment later, and blinking some of the gobs of mud out of his bloodshot eyes, he grinned his acknowledgement of the cheers that greeted Purdy Bullard's introduction.

The winner of the 1914 route race in Phoenix will receive a most fitting medal. It will be inscribed, "Master Driver of the World." And it will be emblematic of just that. A race driver who goes through to victory over the course of more than 700 miles can justly be placed on a pedestal by himself and labeled "Master."

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And the fellow who gets out there in that desert and drives along at break-neck speed is a sportsman to his very bones. He is not whirling around before a multitude, hearing their encouraging plaudits. He is the real fighting soldier and not the fellow on bespangled parade.

That is one of the factors in the make-up of Barney Oldfield which makes him a thorough champion. He takes the races as they come. Acknowledged the greatest driver who ever circled a mile dirt track, Oldfield is always ready to try the other fellows' game, too. And he usually makes good. That is the one big thing which has kept Oldfield before the public as a star all these years. He always gives the crowd a run for its money.

Oldfield will be handicapped somewhat in the coming race with his Indianapolis Stutz, by not being able to study the course as thoroughly as others. He will have to go to Denver the middle of the month, and the chances are that he will not make more than one complete run to Phoenix in practice. But, with his very speedy car and general knowledge of handling a car, he always will be among the favorites.

Davis Over Route

Olin C. Davis, winner of last year's Phoenix in C. B. Daniels' locomobile already has been over the course in George F. Settle's "90" Simplex. Davis was accompanied by Settle, Charles A. Muckey and Baron Franz Sandhoffer. The Simplex is being put into shape at the Grand avenue plant of Bentel & Mackey and it is expected that there will be 100 miles an hour under the hood for Davis when he gets the starter's "go." That's the Settle way of doing things—get the best possible and then win by clean sportsmanship.

Don Lee's four Phoenix drivers, Louis Nickrent, Harry Ham, T. J. Beaudet and Bill Bramlett depart today for a trip over the course. This is one of the most formidable racing crews ever gathered and there will be some honors gathered in by Don Lee. Nickrent already has been over the course, having driven the Paige pathfinder which laid out the course.

Certain it is that the small towns along the 1914 route are showing more enthusiasm than was customary for those on the old course. Almost daily Chairman Shettler receives letters from enthusiastic citizens asking what can be done to boost the race. This is believed to be due largely to the fact there is a movement on foot at this time to create interest nationally in the Old Trails Route and valuable publicity consequently is accorded every municipality along the route of the inter-city contest.

In the vicinity of Needles, a group of wealthy mine owners have taken such interest in road conditions that they have a large force engaged in making repairs. They intend to improve fifteen miles of highway by grading and oiling. For the day of the race, they are planning a barbecue to be attended by the residents of the surrounding country.

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- Event B—Five miles stripped stock, purse \$50, \$30, \$20.
- Event C—Fifteen miles, open only to cars entered in Los Angeles and El Paso road races. Purse \$400.
- Event D—Ten miles, for Arizona championship. Purse, \$50, \$30, \$20.
- Event E—Fifteen miles, open only to cars finishing first or second in two road races. Purse \$400.
- Event F—Free-for-All, fifty miles. Prizes, \$1,300, \$700, \$200. Entrance fee \$100, returned if car starts and continues in race.
- Event G—Twenty-five miles, stripped stock. Purse, \$50, \$30, \$20.
- Event H—Free-for-All Handicap, ten miles. Purse, \$300.
- Event I—Australian Pursuit (unlimited). Purse, \$50, \$30, \$20.
- Event J—Time trials against mile, to beat Oldfield's mark of 48 seconds, made with the Christie last fall.
- Event K—Ford Relay race, \$65, \$25, \$10. The distance is four miles, one driver to two cars, and unaided in starting machines.
- Special Event: Mile race between Oldfield in Fiat against McGuire in Curtis Biplane.

"Oldfield"

Mister T. Tetzlaff, who drove the Maxwell press car into this man's town yesterday afternoon, picked yesterday's road race winner as the man who will make a clean sweep in today's track events, and his faith is well founded.

For Oldfield will drive the little Fiat Cyclone—the very same car with which this same Tetzlaff won two fifty mile races on the Phoenix track.

Oldfield bought Tetzlaff's favorite car soon after the Californian concluded to quit the motor racing game and go into the automobile selling business. It is perhaps the best and fastest mile track car in the world.

Today's races will show the best speed ever put on the Phoenix track. Oldfield, Kline, Cooper—that's considerable line-up. With these na-

tionally known stars will be some of the other drivers—especially Cornu driver of the Stutz No. 25 in the El Paso race. It is believed that none of the finishers in the Los Angeles grind will be in shape to appear on the track this afternoon.

Kline—Art is his first name—is one of the unique figures in today's races. He is driving a King car, the same with which he won second in the Tacoma road race last July fourth. Kline started out strictly amateur with a King car which he had secured from a friend. His showing in the Indianapolis race last spring was so good that he shipped to the coast and won second at Tacoma. He holds the five-mile record at Fresno, the mile for the state of Washington, and a special mark of a mile in 28 seconds on the Tacoma speedway.

Arriving in Los Angeles yesterday morning, Settle had Ely examined by a physician and it was found that he had two broken ribs. He was treated and taken to his home.

The returning special train was greeted by a large crowd which gathered to cheer Barney Oldfield, Louis Nikrent, T. J. Beaudet, R. C. Durant, Louis Chevrolet and all the other drivers in the race. Oldfield was wearing his diamond medal which is emblematic of "master driver of the world."

The Don Lee forces greeted Nikrent, who finished second, and Beaudet who won third, with immense signs decorated with bacon. The winning Stutz had gala decorations awaiting it. It was taken by Walter M. Brown to the Stutz headquarters.

There were many congratulations for the winning drivers. Oldfield received more than 100 telegrams, while Nikrent and Beaudet were presented with \$500 by the president of the Paige factory. Later in the day both Nikrent and Beaudet, with their cars, were the center of a reception at Don Lee's.

'HOWDYITES' BACK; CHEERS FOR ALL

E. W. Ely Revealed as Another Hero of Race; Sticks to Car Despite Broken Ribs

Another hero was added yesterday to the list of heroes in the Phoenix road race after the "Howdy Special" returned from the Arizona capital with the drivers, mechanics and "Howdyites" when it was discovered that E. W. Ely, mechanic for Olin C. Davis, in George F. Settle's Simplex, had suffered with two broken ribs three days without complaint.

Ely was thrown from the car after leaving Needles when the Simplex hit a rock and tore off the large oil tank in the rear. He did not think of himself at the time but assisted in getting the car to moving again. Then he rode the remainder of the race with a five-gallon oil tank between his knees, feeding the oil to the engine drop by drop. The work caused great physical distress, but he kept nervily at his work as long as the Simplex was in the race.

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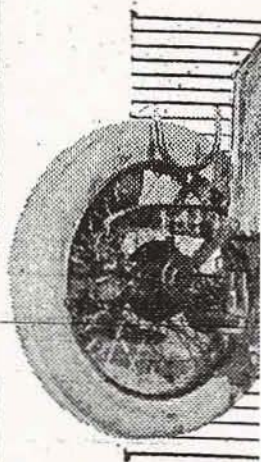
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"Billy" Taylor, who will drive the Alco No. 12 in the race, returned yesterday from his final workout on the course. He said he saw several other cars going over the route. Barney Oldfield is expected back tomorrow. Taylor saw Oldfield in Phoenix and reports the veteran as saying this will be the greatest road race ever known. Some of the drivers are predicting the entire run to Phoenix will be made in twenty-eight hours.

Louis Chevrolet, who will make his return to the speed game in this race, left Chicago Monday. His car was expressed from Detroit Saturday.

through a European war bureau. He took a great silence as the daring edged to the side of the road and craned their necks. A great bucketful of dust was poured over a perfectly clear patch of sky up Glendale way, and then we knew somebody was coming. A thrumming in the car, a tiny low black speck outlined against the gray cloud, the dust that the speeding car raised from an almost wet road. A tiny rill of an irrigating ditch intervened, and everybody looked and looked, just as one waits for the supreme moment of some picture play. "Aw!" He didn't jump. No ruck of flying wheels broken parts, dismembered drivers greeted the eyes of the public. Nikrent—for 'twas no other—leaped not, neither did his car skid. It was a tame checking, but a mighty satisfying finish for one of the gamest automobile men in the business. It was Don Lee, entrant of the two Paiges and backer of Bill Bramlette in his Cadillac, who first shook the hands of his lucky drivers. But Lee had more than that coming—there was Bramlette himself, only a few minutes later, so close behind that Paul Derkum had to sprain a wrist on his stop watch in order to get 'em both.

Like the proverbial leading lady who delays her entrance until the last, that the accumulated enthusiasm of her audience may be vented upon her head, Barney Oldfield, the winner, followed Wild Bill down Grand avenue. What a reception he got! If he figured that these precious holiday seekers had paid their good money and spent much time and weariness in order to see him perform, he fully made it back to them. Barney didn't grand stand between the city of Prescott and that of Phoenix, because it was too dangerous to be safe, but he gave the natives a good finish, at that. Anyway, those seconds sometimes count, even when one has led all the way, and has loafed the last lap.

Five minutes before Oldfield came in, word preceded him that he had a broken axle and was out near Glendale. Louis Cornu, driver of the Stutz 25 in the El Paso race was waiting for the racer, and had made arrangements with a newspaper man to rush Photographer Earle to the fair grounds to get the appearance of the winner on the track.

Earl Cooper, the famous Stutz driver heard Barney was out, and he almost cried in his exasperation. He dashed up to the Cornu car, displayed a jeweled Stutz badge and asked if he could go out to bring his team-mate in. Without replying, Cornu threw into gear, Cooper leaped into the seat beside him, several other Stutz boosters climbed on and the long red monster clove the crowd Glendale-ward. Five miles out Cooper sighted a tiny dot coming like a bolt of lightning. "Thank God, it's Oldfield!" he exclaimed, and the tension broke.

Such a press of people there never was, when Oldfield roared his way through the gates into the infield. He appeared in the judges' stand the moment later, and blinking some of the gobs of mud out of his bloodshot eyes, he grinned his acknowledgement of the cheers that greeted Purdy Bullard's introduction.

New Title Will Be Brought Into Existence for Victor of Desert Race

The winner of the 1914 road race to Phoenix will receive a most fitting medal. It will be inscribed, "Master Driver of the World." And it will be emblematic of just that. A race driver who goes through to victory over the course of more than 700 miles can justly be placed on a pedestal by himself and labeled "Master."

No honor will be more justly earned. It is impossible to win the Phoenix race on a fluke. Honest, consistent and intelligent driving are necessary at all times. And the fellow who gets out there in that desert and drives along at break-neck speed is a sportsman to his very bones. He is not whirling around before a multitude, hearing their encouraging plaudits. He is the real fighting soldier and not the fellow on bespangled parade.

That is one of the factors in the make-up of Barney Oldfield which makes him a thorough champion. He takes the races as they come. Acknowledged the greatest driver who ever crested a mile dirt track, Oldfield is always ready to try the other fellows' game, too. And he usually makes good. That is the one big thing which has kept Oldfield before the public as a star all these years. He always gives the crowd a run for its money.

Oldfield will be handicapped somewhat in the coming race with his Indianapolis Stutz, by not being able to study the course as thoroughly as others. He will have to go to Denver the middle of the month, and the chances are that he will not make more than one complete run to Phoenix in practice. But, with his very speedy car and general knowledge of handling a car, he always will be among the favorites.

Davis Over Route

Olin C. Davis, winner of last year's Phoenix in C. B. Daniels' locomobile already has been over the course in George F. Settle's "50" Simplex. Davis was accompanied by Settle, Charles A. Mackey and Baron Franz Sandhoffer. The Simplex is being put into shape at the Grand avenue plant of Bentel & Mackey and it is expected that there will be 100 miles an hour under the hood for Davis when he gets the starter's "go." That's the Settle way of doing things—get the best possible and then win by clean sportsmanship.

Don Lee's four Phoenix drivers, Louis Nickrent, Harry Ham, T. J. Braudet and Bill Bramlett depart today for a trip over the course. This is one of the most formidable racing crews ever gathered and there will be some honors gathered in by Don Lee. Nickrent already has been over the course, having driven the Paige pathfinder which laid out the course.

Certain it is that the small towns along the 1914 route are showing more enthusiasm than was customary for those on the old course. Almost daily Chairman Shettler receives letters from enthusiastic citizens asking what can be done to boost the race. This is believed to be due largely to the fact there is a movement on foot at this time to create interest nationally in the Old Trails Route and valuable publicity consequently is accorded every municipality along the route of the inter-city contest.

In the vicinity of Needles, a group of wealthy mine owners have taken such interest in road conditions that they have a large force engaged in making repairs. They intend to improve fifteen miles of highway by grading and oiling. For the day of the race, they are planning a barbecue to be attended by the residents of the surrounding country.

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