

HOW IT FEELS TO BE IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT

By ROY BUCKLEY.

As the modern auto speed maniac annihilates space at a rate which exceeds the fastest railroad train, and grimly and defiantly sits behind the steering wheel of a ponderous piece of wonderfully intricate mechanism traveling up to and including the speed mark set by Barney Oldfield of 142 miles per hour, it is doubtful if the average spectator realizes that the daring driver is a human being.

Such tremendous controlled motor power as is handled by an automobile driver, sometimes as high as 200-horsepower, the power of the big imported Benz cars which are driven by Oldfield and Eddie Hearne, is almost past the comprehension of the man who is not educated in mechanics. A matter like a defective piece of metal breaking, a slight skid of a wheel on a rough spot on the track, or a tire bursting while traveling at a rate of speed which is twice as fast as the fastest express train, means that an accident is inevitable.

Several prominent drivers of racing cars who have been in accidents were asked what flashed through their minds when they realized that an accident was inevitable, and that the mammoth power generators in which they were riding were doomed to an accident.

Ray Harroun, the driver of the big Marmon, has been in only one accident in three years of auto driving. In a Chicago to New York drive, in an attempt to break the record, the car left the road and, according to Harroun, the next thing he knew he was on the side of the road in a dazed condition. Harroun summarized his feelings as follows:

"I did not have time to think of my past sins and all that bunk you sometimes hear people talk about. I had a premonition that something was going to happen, and all that I thought of was to avoid having the car roll on me. I believe that fear of a car rolling on a driver is one of the driver's first thoughts."

In speaking of the recent smashup at the Brighton Beach Motordrome, in which Bradley, mechanic in the Marlon car, was killed, Bill Westcott, driver of the

Cole "30," said:

"No, a driver does not have time to think of the consequences when the smash comes. Thoughts are scarce when something happens to the car, and all the driver can do is to sit still and await developments—and you don't have to wait long. The track in New York was fearful; the dirt surface was cut up on the turns, just the place where it should not be cut, and the jarring on the bed of the car in the long grind made it tough on both drivers and machines. When I took my little lesson in aviation, not my first I may add, a rut in the track caused my car to skid badly and break an axle. The next thing on the program, I was lying on the ground, and with a dim recollection of having been whirled through the air. Although I was not hurt, and immediately ran to my car to re-enter the race, the referee made me

stay out. Outside of a slightly strained ankle I was all right. Why, I felt so mad that I offered to bet the referee \$25 that I could beat him in a footrace around the track.

"That is not the first time I have faced a serious accident. Newspaper men have had me in the grave several times—to be exact, four—but I am still on the job and hope to win events in the coming races at the Speedway and at other tracks. I expect to enter every event in which my Cole racer and the new Westcott are eligible."

Regarding the safety of the Speedway, Endicott said: "The Motor Speedway in its present condition is the fastest track in the United States for small cars. With the shaving process completed, heavy cars will not have the tire troubles which is now feared. I believe that the heavy

cars will hardly make good records in a long grinding race, because of the wear on tires. With the track finished, however, heavy cars of tremendous horsepower will assail all standing records with such a vengeance that some of them are bound to fall."

After dashing off the track and over a concrete wall 22 feet to the ground below, and then crashing through 40 feet of heavy plank fencing, Jack Aitken, the National pilot, lives to tell the story.

Aitken says he knew he was going to hit the fence after the long plunge to the ground, and he turned the wheel so as to hit the obstruction squarely. Asked as to his thoughts before the smash came, Aitken said he did not have time to think very much, but that he did realize that something had whirled him and his car through space and that he was dropping. It is noteworthy to add that Aitken and his mechanic, Wilcox, were not even scratched, and both went right on with the races just as though they had never had any near-accident.

Barney Oldfield, who is now at the Speedway races, has had more auto accidents, perhaps, than any other living man. Although Barney is regarded as a perfect speed maniac, yet he must possess a great deal of carefulness, judging from a remark made to Ben Kirchner, his team mate, while tuning up the big Knox car before the Speedway races. Kirchner was hastily looking for a small nut to replace a nut on the car when Oldfield noticed his haste, and said:

"Don't hurry with the repairs, Bennie, let the other fellow win the race first."

Such a remark shows that even Oldfield, the speed king, does not throw all caution to the winds.

Oldfield said, in reply to a question as to what flashed through his mind before an accident:

"I give up—that one has me guessing. You see, when something happens, I just dimly realize that something is wrong, and that I am not master of the car. After that—all is oblivion until I am in condition to race again. All mind action is under such stress and excitement that a man cannot remember what happened."

ITINERARY FOR ANNUAL A. A. A. TOUR

For the Glidden and Chicago trophies, starting from Cincinnati, O., June 14, and finishing at Chicago, Ill., June 30, after covering a total distance of 2,851 miles.

Date of Arrival.	Night Stops.	Official Hotels and Mileages.	Noon Stops, with Mileages from Night Stops.
June 18	Cincinnati, Ohio	Start	Lexington, Ky. 63.8
June 14	Gibson house, Louisville, Ky.	162.9	Bowling Green, Ky. 180.0
June 15	The Seibach, Nashville, Tenn.	198.9	Columbia, Tenn. 41.5
June 16	The Maxwell, Sheffield, Ala.	119.7	Corinth, Miss. 62.1
June 17	Sheffield hotel, Memphis, Tenn.	161.7	Clarendon, Ark. 112.2
June 18	Gayoso house, Little Rock, Ark.	207.7	Erescott, Ark. 84.0
June 19	The Capital, Hot Springs, Ark.	53.3	Sunday at the Springs.
June 20	Texarkana, Ark.	183.3	Paris, Texas 97.2
June 21	The Brockhaus, Dallas, Tex.	217.1	Terral, Okla. 180.1
June 22	The Oriental, Lawton, Okla.	300.7	Chloasha, Okla. 64.6
June 23	The Oriental, Oklahoma City, Okla.	145.3	El Reno, Okla. 112.4
June 24	Lee-Huckigs, Wichita, Kas.	216.0	Enid, Okla. 101.1
June 25	The Eaton, Kansas City, Mo.	234.5	Emporia, Kas. 108.8
June 26	The Baltimore, Kansas City, Mo.	234.5	Maryville, Mo. 120.5
June 27	The Omaha, Omaha, Neb.	243.2	Guthrie Center, Ia. 105.3
June 28	The Roma, Des Moines, Ia.	159.0	Marengo, Ia. 66.3
June 29	The Beverly, The Savary, Quincy, Ill.	218.8	Eastolia, Ill. 159.8
June 30	The Chicago, Chicago, Ill.	285.1	The Finish.

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AS the modern auto speed maniac annihilates space at a rate which exceeds the fastest railroad train, and grimly and defiantly sits behind the steering wheel of a ponderous piece of wonderfully intricate mechanism traveling up to and including the speed mark set by Barney Oldfield of 143 miles per hour, it is doubtful if the average spectator realizes that the daring driver is a human being.

Such tremendous controlled motor power as is handled by an automobile driver, sometimes as high as 200-horsepower, the power of the big imported Benz cars which are driven by Oldfield and Eddie Hearne, is almost past the comprehension of the man who is not educated in mechanics. A matter like a defective piece of metal breaking, a slight skid of a wheel on a rough spot on the track, or a tire bursting while traveling at a rate of speed which is twice as fast as the fastest express train, means that an accident is inevitable.

Several prominent drivers of racing cars who have been in accidents were asked what flashed through their minds when they realized that an accident was inevitable, and that the mammoth power generators in which they were riding were doomed to an accident.

Ray Harroun, the driver of the big Marmon, has been in only one accident in three years of auto driving. In a Chicago to New York drive, in an attempt to break the record, the car left the road and, according to Harroun, the next thing he knew he was on the side of the road in a dazed condition. Harroun summarized his feelings as follows:

"I did not have time to think of my past sins and all that bunk you sometimes hear people talk about. I had a premonition that something was going to happen, and all that I thought of was to avoid having the car roll on me. I believe that fear of a car rolling on a driver is one of the driver's first thoughts."

In speaking of the recent smashup at the Brighton Beach Motorrome, in which Bradley, mechanic of the Marmon car, was killed, Bill Endicott, driver of the

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Lee-Huckins			
June 24—Wichita, Kas.	218.0		Emporia, Kas
The Eaton			
June 25, 26—Kansas City, Mo.	234.5		Maryville, M
The Baltimore			
June 27—Omaha, Neb.	342.3		Guthrie Cen
The Rome			
June 28—Des Moines, Ia.	159.0		Marengo, Ia
The Savary			
June 29—Davenport, Ill.	219.4		Bohalla, Ill
The Kimball			
June 30—Chicago, Ill.	129.7		The Flatb

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A few minutes ago I was driving my car on a road that was as straight as an arrow and as smooth as a billiard table. I was going about 100 miles per hour and I was feeling fine. Then, suddenly, the car began to shimmy and I knew that something was wrong. I tried to slow down, but the car was out of control. I was in a panic and I was trying to think of a way to get out of there. I was driving on a road that was as straight as an arrow and as smooth as a billiard table. I was going about 100 miles per hour and I was feeling fine. Then, suddenly, the car began to shimmy and I knew that something was wrong. I tried to slow down, but the car was out of control. I was in a panic and I was trying to think of a way to get out of there.

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