

TELLS HOW TO LIVE AT CYCLONIC CLIP

Vanderbilt Motor Car Racer
Spins Yarn of Nerve-Racking
Sensation on Track.

TRAINED LONG BEFORE TRIAL

Supreme Moment Came When He
Urged Machine Ahead That
of Rival.

BOSTON, Mass., March 19.—(Special)
—Harry Grant, graduate football player,
who finished a Vanderbilt motor car race
at ninety miles an hour and did not get
the lead until within two laps of the tape,
for the first time has told his experiences
during that grueling chase against time.

"Riding in a racing car at a ninety-
mile-an-hour rate is the greatest sensa-
tion the automobile has to afford," he
says.

"The supreme moment of that sensa-
tion comes when you are passing an op-
ponent. All other exciting times in mo-
toring pale before this test of nerve and
hand, and when it is all over you marvel
how in the world you were ever able to
go through the experience so easily."

Yet, Grant holds, it is so delightful that
you would not miss the repetition of it
for all other sensations which sport has
to offer.

Grant's best story of his racing career
deals with several features of the Van-
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in a fast race, and he was off the

KEEPING CUSTOMERS S ONE OF ESSENT

*Ford Periodical Tells Why Auto Sales
Should Work in Harmony
Be Treated*

Keeping customers satisfied is one of
the essentials for any branch house or
agent to look after. To keep, or to have
all customers satisfied is the one best as-
set of any business. The foundation for a
satisfied customer is laid by the first im-
pression the customer forms of the sales-
man or agent who calls on him, or the im-
pression that he forms when he calls at
your place of business. If he received
prompt attention at that time, and you
are able to gain his confidence, you will
find your dealings with him in the future
will be apt to be pleasant.

The repair department is chiefly respon-
sible for your keeping your customers
satisfied. Of course, you will find oc-
casionally a customer that will only be
satisfied as long as you give him every-
thing, but when you send him a bill then
you are not such a "nice fellow" as you
were; but most customers, if the time
is taken to explain your charge and to
show that it is legitimate, will become
your best boosters. Your stock of re-
pair parts also has a good deal to do
with keeping customers satisfied. If you
have a duplicate part for a customer and
he doesn't have to lay his machine up
until you send for the part, then he is
satisfied, and will not fail to boost.

First-Class Repair Shop.

Any firm dealing in mechanical devices,
such as watches, clocks, farm machin-
ery, automobiles, etc., should maintain
a first-class repair shop, manned by men
that are competent, courteous and anx-
ious to please; and there should be no
friction between the sales department
and the mechanical department. A cus-
tomer coming into your store with some
grievance naturally looks for the sales-
man that sold him the car. The sales-

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May or May Not Think.

He who thinks much as he travels along at the dizzy gait of ninety miles an hour may or may not land in the ditch, so runs a proverb in automobile racing, but it is a question which can admit of two opinions. One side of the debate favors the daredevil who doesn't think, but speeds for all his machine is worth; and then there is the other argument that the thinker wins the race. Both daredevils and thinkers have won races. Grant, a Cambridge born and bred man, is a thinker.

If you are looking for a bold-faced individual who can spin a hair-raising yarn about automobile racing, you must not go to Grant, for he is the other type: the quiet sort of chap who talks without braggadoos or picturesque language. He attributes his victory in the Vanderbilt cup race to the excellence of his machine and knows little about the first person singular.

The idea is to prepare not only your machine, but yourself, for the supreme effort. To that end you lead a normal life, getting plenty of sleep, particularly just before a race. Further preparations concern the proper tuning of the machine. Every part of the car must undergo frequent inspection. The motor must be run with perfect smoothness. Especially must the steering gear be adjusted until it responds to the slightest wish of the driver.

Must Study Road

The road must be studied in great detail. Not a bend or curve on the surface should be overlooked. The make of the machine and the condition of the tires must be studied in great detail. The driver must be in perfect condition of mind and body.

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And so when the day of the big event arrived—that was Oct. 30—he knew almost to a mile the speed of which the Alco was capable of making over the Long Island course. He knew what corners would give him his greatest trouble, what dips would need be taken carefully, how much he could count on the dizzy dash down the stretch, how long before the cement-covered roadway would wear down his tires—precisely the value of his chances, barring the unavoidable unexpected.

Passing Supreme Moment.

All that is part of his story on the difficulty of passing a competitor—the hardest part of racing, as he calls it. According to Grant the motorist who thinks he is getting all the sensations of the game while he is racing over a turnpike at forty or fifty miles an hour has after all little realization of the supreme thrill of fast motoring—the overpowering sensation of slipping by a flying opponent in such a devil-may-care contest as the Vanderbilt cup race.

It was Ketter, in a Chambers-Detroit car, who was leading. And he had Grant was Parker in a Fiat. In the first place there was an amateur driver who had driven a man named Ward. For up after lap the Chambers-Detroit machine had been giving the others the lead. All the spectators were cheering for the Chambers-Detroit car. It was the Chambers-Detroit car that was the champion of the race. It was the Chambers-Detroit car that was the champion of the race. It was the Chambers-Detroit car that was the champion of the race.

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...and when it is all over you will find that the world has been made a little better through the experience of a single day.

The other thing to be remembered is that you would not miss the experience of it for all other things which you can do.

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What is What Was Thinking

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What They Said

The race must be studied in great detail. With a word or two of the driver's mind be concentrated. The race must be run with a steady eye for the finish line.

ery, automobiles, etc., should maintain a first-class repair shop, manned by men that are competent, courteous and anxious to please; and there should be no friction between the sales department and the mechanical department. A customer coming into your store with some grievance naturally looks for the salesman that sold him the car. The sales-

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All that is part of his story on the difficulty of passing a competitor—the hardest part of racing, as he calls it. According to Grant the moment when he thinks he is getting all the sensations of the game while he is racing over a straightaway at forty or fifty miles an hour has often all those realizations of the supreme thrill of fast entering—the ever-present sensation of slipping by a flying opponent, or such a devil may care moment as the Vanderbilt cup race.

It was Killion, in a Chicago race, who said that Grant was Parker in a sense—that was an answer to the question of what Grant was doing. He often lay the blame on the driver, all the spectators were shouting Killion as the victor of the race. It was a great race, and the spectators were all there. It was a great race, and the spectators were all there. It was a great race, and the spectators were all there.

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It was Knipper, in a Chalmers-Detroit car, who was leading. And behind Grant was Parker in a Fiat. In fourth place was an amateur whom nobody feared, a man named Wiskard. For lap after lap the Chalmers-Detroit machine had been giving the others the dust. All the spectators were cheering Knipper to the exclusion of the others. As Grant will pass in the late and narrow on your mind it was the toughest lap. They were only a few minutes of the race but they were the thrilling days of the street.

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It was Knipper, in a Chalmers-Detroit car, who was leading. And behind Grant was Parker in a Fiat. In fourth place was an amateur whom nobody feared, a man named Wishard. For lap after lap the Chalmers-Detroit machine had been giving the others the dust. All the spectators were cheering Knipper to the exclusion of the others. As Grant will pause in his tale and impress on your mind—it was the twentieth lap. There were only a few minutes of the race left. Grant was traveling down the stretch

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ery, automobiles, etc., should maintain a first-class repair shop, manned by men that are competent, courteous and anxious to please; and there should be no friction between the sales department and the mechanical department. A customer coming into your store with some grievance naturally looks for the salesman that sold him the car. The sales-

customer should be given the same attention and have them compare notes, for in doing so they will find that they all paid exactly the same price; consequently they will be satisfied, but if you have given one customer an article without charge, he is sure to tell the other customer, and the first thing you know you will have several dissatisfied customers.

paring for the Vanderbilt Cup race Grant spent nearly two weeks in daily inspection of the course. He went over it again and again, trying this stretch at such a pace, a corner at such and such a speed, and so on along the circuit.

His unvarying early morning habit was a spin half a dozen times over the course, taking the stretches at top speed and making the turns scarcely faster than thirty or forty miles an hour. It was his plan to note what sections gave his machine its greatest trouble. How it took this corner, how that, what speed it was capable of making along the straight-aways, how 100 miles of such going reacted on its tires or its motor—these were his studies.

And so when the day of the big event arrived—that was Oct. 30—he knew almost to a mile the speed of which the Alco was capable of making over the Long Island course. He knew what corners would give him his greatest trouble, what dips would need be taken carefully, how much he could count on the dizzy dash down the stretch, how long before the cement-covered roadway would wear down his tires—precisely the value of his chances, barring the unavoidable unexpected.

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at the rate of ninety miles an hour. That was the limit of his machine, but he wanted more. To catch the other fellow—that was his reason for being in the race. He had started not only with the hope of winning, but also with determination and confidence. Now, even though he was a lap behind the leader, it was no time to give up. His machine was running perfectly.

Knipper must be caught again or the race would be lost and all this eleventh-hour spurt lost. So on and on he whirled with only one thought in mind—more speed, more speed, more speed.

It seemed to him that everything had gone so beautifully since the start that it was a shame to yield first honors to anybody. He was now passing the others as though they were in distress. One after another he passed, making just a swerve and then darting away after more laggards.

Racer Tells Own Story.

Hear Grant himself tell what he was thinking about in those last few minutes of the race.

"When I came around again they were hanging out a big 22. I saw that and I made up my mind that the Alco would have to catch Knipper again or burst. I was now under 10-20 for the lap. I said to myself that I must get down to 10 and even lower. I made the corners with a little more speed. I had now got used to all their little troubles. But even then I ever had care, for sure you forget you run the needless risk of having something go wrong, and then you can't win the race. Yet I had to catch the other fellow. I went around the corner faster than I had gone at any other time in the race. It was my very best lap, and I gave them the race. That Knipper was a good fellow, but he was not a racer."

"When I came down the stretch I was leading the race and I was a few feet ahead of him. Grant was in a race with Knipper and he was a few feet ahead of him. Grant was in a race with Knipper and he was a few feet ahead of him. Grant was in a race with Knipper and he was a few feet ahead of him."

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It was Knipper, in a Chalmers-Detroit car, who was leading. And behind Grant was Parker in a Fiat. In fourth place was an engine which he had bought a week named "Whizzer." The day after the Chalmers-Detroit was also had been giving the others the race. All the spectators were cheering Knipper as the victor of the event.

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Racer Tells Own Story.

Hear Grant himself tell what he was thinking about in those last few minutes of the race:

"When I came around again they were hanging out a big 22. I saw that and I made up my mind that the Alco would have to catch Knipper again or burst. I was now under 10-30 for the lap. I said to myself that I must get down to 10 and even lower. I made the corners with a little more speed. I had now got used to all their little troubles. But even then I exercised care, for once you forget you run the needless risk of having something go wrong, and then you can't win anyway. Yet I had to catch the other fellow. I went around the course faster than I had gone at any other time in the race. It was my very best lap, and I knew from the race that nothing else on the track could hold its own. But Knipper wasn't anywhere to be seen.

When I came down the stretch again they were out in front of the grand stand waving the flag and cheering me down. That was kind of funny, indeed, of course, but I didn't know that and I didn't know, except that I had won. A long way past the grand stand the marshaling started to the end of the race. I knew that and I knew that was about all I did know, except that I had won. A long way past the grand stand the marshaling started to the end of the race.

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"When I came down the stretch again they were out in front of the grand stand waving the flag and leaping up and down. That was kind of funny, unless, of course, Knipper had dropped out. But it meant the end of the race. I knew that, and that was about all I did know, except that somehow I had won. A long way past the stand the mechanic turned to me and we shook hands."