

# AR.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

le Caravan.

## MOTOR MUSKETRY OPENS FIRE TODAY

Dare Devil Soldiers of Speed  
Await Start Signal for Speed-  
way Auto Races.

### THOUSANDS INVADE CAPITAL

Chicago a la Glidden Tourists  
and Others Gather for Big  
Opening of Track.



FINDER.

The day has dawned for the motor battle at the Indianapolis Speedway. Sixty-five cannons of gasoline were carefully loaded and placed under guard at the famous race site early last night. Experts gave the cars a last grooming after the practice yesterday and rubbed them down, oiled, tightened nuts and otherwise placed in perfect condition the monsters that are expected to soon spell a new era in automobile racing.

The drivers were also tucked away early and team managers only stayed up late, talking in excited groups about the great conflict to be waged today. It is a tense moment in the motor world, because the country's greatest drivers will soon be pitted against one another in the speed arena, while the thousands cheer from

SUMMARY OF

ANAPOLIS STAR

# NAPOLIS STAR

DAY, AUG. 19.

## DOMESTIC.

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connect to be waged today. It is a tense moment in the motor world, because the country's greatest drivers will soon be pitted against one another in the speed arena, while the thousands cheer from the grand stands, surpassing anything that the Roman tourneys ever presented.

More than 200 motorists from Chicago invaded the city yesterday. They came a la Glidden from the Windy City in fifty-five machines. The pathfinders arrived about 12:30 o'clock after blazing the trail with 200 pounds of white and pink confetti. Charles P. Root and Frank Trego were the pathmakers and rode in a big National machine. The followers rolled in all afternoon until evening, going direct to the Claypool, which is the headquarters for the Chicago Motor Club. Luncheon was enjoyed at Lafayette. The pathfinder left Chicago at 4 o'clock and the trail of honking followers left about two hours later.

### Route of Caravan.

The tour passed through Hammond, 21 miles; Crownpoint, 44 miles; Orchard Grove, 55 miles; Shelby, 60 miles; Thayer, 63 miles; Burgle, 76 miles; Aix, 83 miles; Rensselaer, 90 miles; Collegeville, 92 miles; Remington, 102 miles; Wolcott, 107½ miles; Montmorenci, 128 miles, to Lafayette, 135 miles, where a stop was made for luncheon. Then the trail continued through Dayton, 143½ miles; Mulberry, 149½ miles; Jefferson, 157½ miles; Frankfort, 161 miles; Kirclin, 171½ miles, to Indianapolis, 202½ miles.

In addition, many came by train. Every train brought in representatives from every direction. Among those more prominent in motor circles who arrived last night are: William Poertner, New York; William Thorne, Chicago; James Stack, Chicago; Charles Ackerson, Syracuse; E. H. Broadwell, New York; A. L. Riker, Bridgeport, Conn.; John Prince, New York; E. E. Schwartzkopf, New York; Fred J. Wagner, New York; Norman Church, Los Angeles; S. B. Stevens, Rome, N. Y.; C. G. Stoddard, Dayton, O., and A. R. Pardington, Buffalo. The first party of Chicago tourists to arrive consisted of H. P. Branston, Detroit; Tom Hay, Jack Banter, Frank Case and wife, Joseph Lithdrop and wife, John Hayden, Charles Gregory, C. F. Price, Luis Gayler, A. M. Robbins, James Levy, Webb Jay, Cliff Taylor, J. V. Lawrence, A. J. Banta, R. A. Creek, S. Comstock, A. J. Rosseau, Ralph Temple and D. S. Chapin.

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"Has Barney Oldfield lost his nerve?" This question was noised around all week before the meeting, because this week

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**Oldfield Establishes Mark.**

"Has Barney Oldfield lost his nerve?" This question was noised around all week during the practices, because this local driver, who is famed far and wide, has not done much practice, while the other drivers have reeled off miles after miles.

All doubt has now been erased, for Barney pushed his big German Benz machine around the two and a half miles in time of 1:58 yesterday, setting a new record for the track. This averages a mile in :46 1-5, and is at the rate of 76.26 miles an hour. His nearest competitor is Zein-gal in his Chadwick, who made the circuit in 2:02.

An oil-soaked, dirt-grimed man, whose eyes saw nothing but the stretches of track ahead and the ugly curves, a man who in less occupied moments would have answered to the name of Barney Oldfield, although a Turkish bath was almost necessary to give this eler to identity, drove his big car for the first time yesterday a short but ferocious clip. Barney is now ready—and his admirers' confidence is restored. He is still the same daring, fearless, expert pilot, restored to the same high place in the minds of his followers.

Practice was short yesterday. It was just a last trial before the real issue. The main work accomplished was the work of team managers giving the drivers precautions and instructions, the work of the factory experts in giving the cars a last rubdown, like big athletes before a championship deciding contest.

The officials went over the course late yesterday and mapped out their blue print of system, insuring that the races will be started tomorrow like clockwork. Guns will not be used to give the start signal because they would be entirely useless amid the thundering noise of the many cars. Fred Wagner, starter, of New York, who is a veteran in such positions, will lean far over and shout into the ear of every driver the seconds as they pass until time to start.

Hundreds of persons witnessed the short, fierce practices yesterday.

**Cars Kick Up Heels.**

Bang. Bang. — Bang! Crash, Crack, C-r-a-c-k. A sudden cannonading came from a dozen garages, heralded the start of the final practices. Crackle, Crackle, Crackle. The garage doors swung open and several low built steel beasts sidled, purring to the Speedway track, shivered with pent-up power, pointed their long snouts toward the first curve and with sudden bellows, belches of flames and smoke, kicked up their heels like a group of playful prehistoric monsters, and were off. In a second they had melted in the distance; the last p — before the fate determining races — in full sway.

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