

The City of Conventions. Fish Stories
the Western Coast as Told by G.
W. Fields, a Former Citizen
of Wauseon.

The many friends of Mr and Mrs.
W. Fields who were residents of W
seon for many years will be interest
in the following letter:

Los Angeles, Cal., May 12, 190
Dear Friend:

How is Wauseon and
weather there? I believe I promise
send you a paper, so I have had
Times mailed you, a Fiesta number.
I also mailed you a copy of the elec
parade of the past week. Everyth
was fine and everybody seemed to
having a grand, good time. The gol
key of the City was given over to
Shriners last Tuesday and they kep
all week, and I thought it might be
some interest to Fulton County Shri
to know how they have taken care o
So I have mailed you two copies of
Morning Times which tells the w
story. They had a grand reception
are now leaving for home, well ple
with their visit to this city. Follow
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tives of the Congress of Mothers
us They are in session here now
there will be "something doing" w
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IT COST THESE PEOPLE
750 "REAL MONEY"

BARNEY OLDFIELD WAS FINED \$200

It Turned Out to Be All a Joke, but
the Well-Known Auto Driver
Was Excited.

INSPECTOR "FRIEND" DID IT

Despite the Fact That Policeman
Complicated Matters by Another
Arrest, Trick Worked Well.

The well-known automobile racing man,
Barney Oldfield, whose driving has filled
the books with circular track records, was
a victim of a real mean practical joke last
Sunday when a New Jersey state auto
mobile inspector invited him and some
friends to visit the much-abused-by-auto
mobile state of good roads. Oldfield was
invited to drive his Briarcliff car, but
the owner, Harlan W. Whipple, was not
in New York, so Mr. Oldfield fell back
on Wyckoff, Church & Partridge, who
handed over to the champion driver the
fastest car they had in their garage.

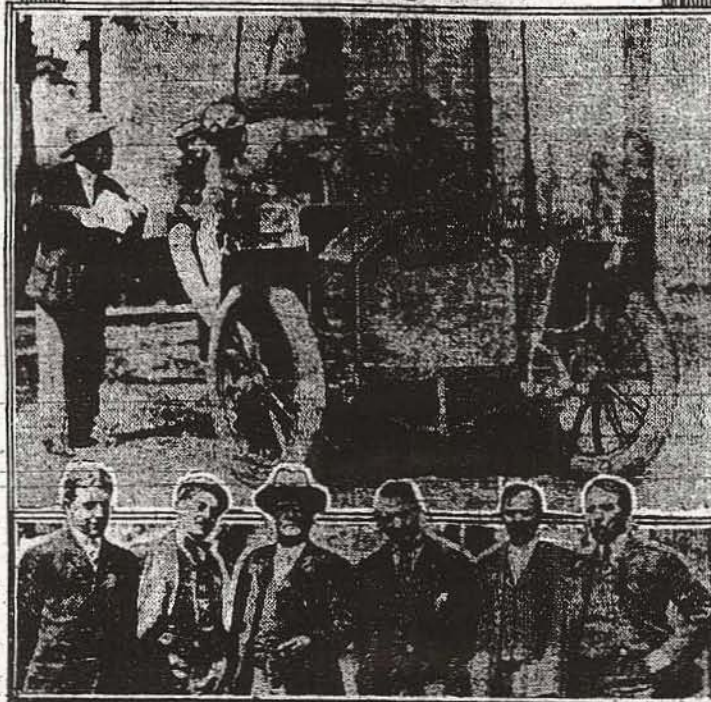
The purpose of the Oldfield visit to New
Jersey was to catch speed violators at
the instance of his "friend," the inspec
tor, who had been driving a slow car a
week ago Sunday over the Jersey roads
when some drivers of faster cars gave the
inspector the laugh and got away from
him. This determined the officer to bring
to New York a driver with a fast car and
incidentally have some fun.

The chief of police of West Orange and
Judge John B. Lander of St. Cloud, a
West Orange suburb, were let in on the
joke, as was also a Globe artist and
photographer, but the Newark newspaper
men were not so fortunate, and they
shared Oldfield's fright when the state
inspector rounded up the party before
Judge Lander. Barney Oldfield has looked
death in the face many times in his
perilous drives on dangerous tracks, but
Barney's nerve was more exercised, ac
cording to his own statement, than it has
ever been before.

It had been arranged by the chief of
police and the judge that a policeman
was to arrest the inspector's party, who
were due at West-Orange at 11.30. Old
field met the head of the conspirators and
his party in Newark, at 9.30, and a drive
to Chatham through Newark, Irvington,
and Milburn was taken; but no speed
violators that amounted to anything were
sighted.

At 11 o'clock the start was made back
for West Orange, but the carefully laid
plans went wrong. The policeman, who
was entirely ignorant of the joke, had
been warned to look out for a party of
men in a big car from New York, and if
they were speeding to arrest them. When
they were within half a mile of the judge's
home, the Oldfield party, met a big car
racing toward them at about thirty
miles an hour, and following it, in full

OLDFIELD BEFORE THE JUDGE



THE JUDGE ENTERTAINING THE "LAWBREAKER"

TRACK RACING HAS CLAIMED MANY VICTIMS

Automobilists Realize That the
Sport Is Too Great a Sacri
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Candle.

BY ALEX. E. BEYFUSS.

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Automobile-track racing in California is doomed. The accidents at Del Monte Saturday and last week at Sacramento, both of which proved fatal for the drivers of the cars, naturally have caused a widespread discussion as to the advisability of continuing track racing. When one stops to think of the unfortunate occurrences the conclusion is quickly formed that track racing will be discontinued. It seems a pity that two lives were lost in one week before local automobilists have come to realize that it is too great a sacrifice.

At the Brooklands motor track in London on Saturday a 200-horse-power Darracq traveled at the rate of 115 miles an hour and after this performance was purchased for \$10,000. But how does speed like that interest the average buyer of an automobile? Of what advantage is such a fast car, except to anyone who is "speed crazy"?

It seems that it would be far more advisable to absolutely prohibit track racing. If they must have speed, let it be straightaway or in road races. Track racing has never been given credit for benefiting the automobile game, but it was racing that made the French motor car industry. Automobile racing of any sort, however, is dangerous and this sport will also in time claim its victims.

The recent accidents were not unexpected. Perhaps not just at that time, but nearly every man in the racing game knows that sooner or later their turn would come. One of the dangers lies in the attempt to hold these tests of speed on tracks which were built for horse racing and not for speeding cars. Added to this is the efforts of the drivers to make excessive speed to please their employers or the public, which loves to see Father Time annihilated.

Bursting tires were responsible for the accidents to Kelly and Rehm. Bert Dingley and Al Piepenburg have both announced their intention to permanently retire from track racing. It is not a case of lack of nerve, but they simply figure that it isn't worth the risk. For instance, Dingley would probably have met with an accident had he not discovered one of his tires worn through the fabric in time and taken precaution. Arthur Van Valin was also fortunate. Just as he was about to start in the 10-mile race one of the tires blew out. With fully equipped touring cars an slackening necessary, ballast is almost impossible to keep your course, particularly while traveling on the turn at nearly a mile-a-minute clip. That Barney Oldfield is a still alive is a miracle. He has gone through the fence a number of times and twice the misadventure has occurred.

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The races held on Saturday were not very interesting, most of them being walkovers.

The White steamers carried off the high honors in the two touring car races, the Tourist won the event for small runabouts and the Thomas seventy the race for high-powered runabouts.

Bert Dingley was after the world's 25-mile runabout record with his Thomas and had a splendid chance to clip several seconds off the mark up to the tenth mile, when he discovered the defective tire and took things easier. There was only one other car in this race, the Studebaker runabout.

The morning sport Saturday was concluded with the ten-mile race, in which the Matheson, Pope Hartford, six-cylinder Stevens and the White started. This was the only good race of the day. Lap after lap the cars came down the stretch with only a few yards separating them, the White leading, Stevens second and Pope third. They finished in this same order. Piepenburg's policy has always been not to take any unnecessary risks, and in the ten-mile race just drove fast enough to maintain the lead, though he could have reeled off miles in a minute, as he has done before.

The Tourist and White cars divided honors in the Endurance run and likewise in the first two races on the program. Fremont Older's white steamer, driven by Al Piepenburg, won the five-mile touring car race for machines of 24-horsepower and under, while the 22-horsepower Tourist, owned by J. S. Conwell, crossed the line first in the second race of five miles for runabouts of 21-horsepower and under.

The accident which resulted in Rehm's death occurred during the fifty-mile race for touring cars. The big Matheson car was passing the grandstand on the twenty-fifth mile. It had gone about a quarter way around the turn on the south end of the track when a blowout caused the tire to come off and the machine swerved toward the fence. Rehm tried to right the car, but lost control and the machine made one complete turn and a half. Herbert Martin, the mechanic, was thrown clear of the wreck, but Rehm was caught underneath and met instant death.

there are to be many gatherings here now, one following the other, so you see a gay time on the Pacific is perpetuated at least in this city, as many conventions meet here this season.

Barney Oldfield is here with his Gre Dragon and is drawing good crowd Ohio does wherever she goes, and Barney, his father and mother were Wauseon people we might as well give the credit to Wauseon instead of the whole state of Ohio.

There are many automobiles up here. I have heard it remarked that there were more here than in any other city in the United States. I see Tol machines here, they are represented an agency on Hill street in elegant quarters.

I expect to go north some time June to see how we like it up there, though there is a slight disturbance San Francisco and it is not a pleasant feeling to meet a brick bat face to face I would much rather stay here with Shriners and Odd Fellows.

In conclusion, if you don't mind and don't ask me to be put under a microscope I will tell you something about fish fishing out here. I greatly enjoy this kind of pleasure, although I have as yet taken a day for fishing but expect to soon. I was on the Pier at I Beach and saw a large deep sea fish that weighed two hundred and forty eight pounds. It was caught from the pier in water about twenty feet deep, although this kind of a fish is caught in much deeper waters, soon as they are brought to the surface their eyes pop out. This fellow strung up with block and tackle the butcher would hang a beef and cut and sold off in small quantities.

I also saw a leaping tuna that captured in a peculiar way by a young lady while she was in bathing. The fish weighed 153 pounds. It had chased some small fish and swam so fast close to the shore that when the wave went out it left the fish on sand. The girl saw it, and with a quick she made the capture, it was quite a tussle too.

There is a small steamer that takes people out fishing daily, everything furnished even spat on your battery one dollar for the whole day long. The boat takes you out among the big fish and many pounds are taken aboard. I made a long fish story short and have verified perhaps you had better call our friend, D. K. Shoop, who has put the winter at Long Beach, and if you don't believe it, come out and I will show the bait.

Yours truly,

C. W. FIEL

831 South Flower St.

RECORD A JOLT

Reduces Time for Auto on Grosse Pointe Track to 54 Seconds, With Speed Left.

MIGHT CUT TIME IN TWO ON STRAIGHTAWAY MILE

Knipper, in Chalmers, Wins Three of the Events—Results of Other Races.

Aside from Christie's trial against time, in which the pilot of the powerful National racer reduced the track record from 57 seconds, made by him Friday, to 54 seconds flat, nothing remarkable in the way of broken records was exhibited during the last day of the automobile races at the Grosse Pointe track yesterday afternoon.

As in the opening day of the meet, Christie and his freak 200 horsepower car was the cynosure of all eyes, and the ease and grace with which he lead his competitors in every event that he entered was great to behold. Had the track been of the regulation banked sort, the kind that is adapted to auto racing, allowing Christie to make the turns as he would like, there is no telling where he would put the mark for a mile on a circular track.

On the turns Christie was obliged to shut off the power entirely, not daring to take a chance of destroying life and property in a collision with the fence. However, whatever time Christie lost by his timidity on the turns he more than made up for by the terrific pace he would set on the straightaway.

Makes Oldfield Car Look Bad.

In one of his excursions around the track Christie fairly toyed with Oldfield, and went out and won when he pleased. Barney, himself, is no piker when it comes to space killing, and at one time was acknowledged the premier of them all. However, with the best car that he ever controlled, and at the zenith of his career, it is doubtful if he could compete successfully against that flying monster that is owned and driven by Christie.

Christie believes, and is ready to post a substantial forfeit to back up his belief, that the spreader is capable of doing a mile on a straight-away course like the one at Ormond Beach, in 28 seconds. After seeing the car in action during the past two days at the Points there are many who are ready to take sides with Christie. That the car possesses power to drive it even beyond the speed of 28 seconds to the mile, there is no doubt lurking in the mind of its owner.

Knipper is Winner Here.

Next in point of interest to the record-breaking mile was the fifty-mile race between the two Chalmers-Detroit Bluebirds driven by Bill Knipper and Joe Matson, the latter the winner of the Indiana trophy at the Crown Point course several weeks ago. Matson experienced some trouble with his engine, and failed to make the impressive showing that he did Friday.

Matson got away in the lead, but Knipper soon overhauled him, and except for a period of about ten seconds in the twenty-third mile he forced the crown hero to take his dust. Knipper completed the fifty miles in 53 minutes and 13 seconds. Matson finished nearly a half mile in the rear. Matson's time was 53 minutes and 51 seconds.

Don Clark repeated his victory of Friday in the five-mile motorcycle contest, Joe Leverton, second man, finishing well in the rear. The time for this event was 5:45. Crocker and Oldfield each took a crack at the track record, but failed to accomplish anything of note. The best Crocker could do was 60.4-5. Oldfield didn't do as good, his best time being 63 seconds.

And He Wins Again Here.

The three-mile handicap event

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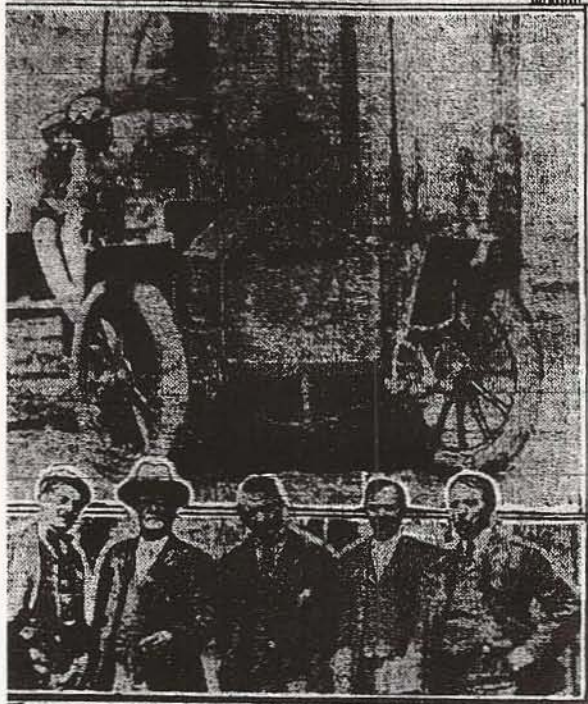
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