

**orce Suit**

# FORMER ST. LOUIS GIRL MARRIES BARNEY OLDFIELD, DARING MOTORIST



**MRS. BARNEY OLDFIELD.**

Photograph by Strauss

Formerly Mrs. Bessie Holland, of St. Louis, Mrs. Oldfield is a native of Alameda, Cal. Her first marriage took place some ten years ago in San Francisco, Cal., to Mr. M. O. Holland. After the demise of Mr. Holland, Mrs. Holland lived in St. Louis for several years. She is a pretty brunette, petite and quite an artist with the brush. In tapestry painting she was particularly excellent. She met Mr. Oldfield two years ago, during an automobile race in San Francisco, whither she had gone at that time to visit her mother.

**BARNEY OLDFIELD**

**BROKE RECORD**

**BARNEY OLDFIELD**

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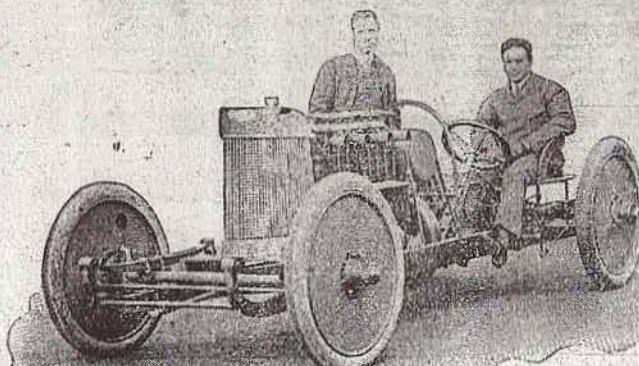


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## 7 Other Big Events



**BARNEY OLDFIELD WILL ALSO GO FOR THE WORLD'S RECORDS 1 TO 15 MILES. \$1,000 IS OFFERED HIM IF HE LOWERS THE MILE RECORD OF 52.3-5.**

D. & R. G. Trains, 1:00, 1:30,  
2:00 and 2:30



A LA BARNEY OLDFIELD.

OLDFIELD IS AFTER  
WORLD'S AUTO RECORDS

Thinks He Can Make Mile in 35 Seconds  
on the Local Track--List  
of Events.

World's records in automobile driving are within the range of possibility at the races of the Pittsburgh Automobile club, races of the Grand Island next Friday and Saturday. It is the on-again of high-speed



# SPEED KING THE IDOL

## TRELLS OF HIS ACCIDENTS

### Barney Oldfield Says That World Is "Speed Mad" and More Dangers the Better.

"We are living in a fast age," said Barney Oldfield while regaling a number of friends in the lobby of the Claypool Hotel yesterday, "and the man who is willing to sacrifice his bones and give on the altar of a highly seasoned sport is the man of the hour. It is not enough that Americans bring forth beautiful specimens of inventive genius and mechanical skill, but they must be raced around a circular track where there is a chance of killing a driver or two. It is not enough that we have wonderfully fast and comfortable express trains, but they must be an eighteen-hour limited on a schedule that admits of no time wasted in safeguarding the passengers from collision and disaster. The diversions no longer satisfy. It is the sports that savor of a casualty are the ones that prove most popular. My love for danger is in the air and of my assertion is proven by the demand for daring and danger, not only for the circuses. The old loop-the-loop act with the bicycle was once thought to be the very limit of daring. But when Don played out and they brought Mrs. J. loop act, performed with an automobile. Two women were killed in the rehearsals and the success of the act as a drawing card was assured. 'Y' ordinary automobile loop act after a few years from the bone breaking point as was demanded, so they had a couple of flip-flaps in the air to get the crowd, and so far the press agents' demands have been fulfilled for they have killed and maimed three of the performers already, with the season only a few months old. 'Y' long would steeple-chase racing be not for the numerous acci-

## NO SENSATIONS

"What sensation do you experience when you travel a mile a minute?" inquired a bystander. "If I should stop to think about a sensation perhaps find myself in a heap of trouble," replied Oldfield with a smile.

"This thing of indulging in sensation in the business, but with me it is now a even I hesitate for a moment in getting a race I would never know what I struck. I know what I had struck."

"When I first started track racing, of the speed at which I was traveling to record I turned all attention to my main work with me, this thing of going around never been approached, and I am just as much machinery as the steering apparatus."

"My hand does this and my foot does I was to stop for a moment. I think I would be the result. I would forget the whole machine, human and metal, we don't would result."

"So you can see it is for me to keep sensations."

### Has Seen Bull Fights.

"I have witnessed bull fights across the river from El Paso, Texas. Four-fifths of those I saw there one Sunday were Americans, and in that particular place they patronized the 'sport' largely and make its continuance possible. Why, in St. Louis a couple of years ago, an enterprising promoter advertised a genuine bull fight, and a crowd numbering over 30,000 persons was attracted. Of course, the authorities stopped the affair, but the people showed that they were disappointed in not having an opportunity to witness an exhibition where gore was to be spouted in large streams, by tearing up the grandstands and fences of the enclosure. If bull fighting was allowed in this country it would prove more popular than in Spain. It is the law and not the lack of patronage or desire on the part of the people to witness it, that suppresses it."

"I have crashed through fences a dozen times while racing on the track and on four of these occasions spectators were killed. It was because they had crowded past danger lines that were stretched off with ropes. They knew the danger and scented it, yet they could not get too close to where they knew an accident was likely to happen. Time after time I have refused to start in a race until spectators were put back from the fences that surround the side of the track. But before I had driven a mile they would rush past the police and wave their hands as I went."



# Barney Oldfield Says That World Is "Speed Mad" and More Dangers the Better.

"We are living in a fast age," said Barney Oldfield while regaling a number of friends in the lobby of the Claypool Hotel yesterday. "and the man who is willing to sacrifice his bones and gore on the altar of a highly seasoned sport is the man of the hour. It is not enough that Americans bring forth beautiful specimens of inventive genius and mechanical skill, but they must be raced around a circular track where there is a chance of killing a driver or two. It is not enough that we have wonderful, speedy and comfortable express trains, but they must be an eighteen-hour limited on a schedule that admits of no time wasted in safeguarding the passengers from collision and disaster. The diversions no longer satisfy. Instead the sports that savor of a casualty are the ones that prove most popular. Love for danger is in the air and my assertion is proven by the demand for daring and danger in the circuses. The old loop-the-loop act with the bicycle was once considered to be the very limit of daring. Mrs. J. loop played out and they brought Mrs. J. loop act, performed with an automobile. Two women were killed in the rehearsals and the success of the act as a drawing card was assured. 'T. J. loop' ordinary automobile loop act was as prolific from the bone break-point as was demanded, so they had a couple of flip-flaps in the air to refer to, and so far the press agents six and have been fulfilled for they were killed and maimed three of the performers already, with the season only a few months old. 'T. J. loop' long would steeple-chase racing where there is not for the numerous accidents and no steeple-chase event is considered as exciting until an accident or a fatality has happened? Take football, eliminate the rough tactics and it would prove about as exciting as a game of drop-kick. The players are hurt and killed, and the ambulance calls are frequent. Football is in great vogue and one of the most popular sports in the country.

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## Has Seen Bull Fights.

"I have witnessed bull fights across the river from El Paso, Texas. Four times of those I saw there one Sunday were Americans, and in that particular place they patronized the 'sport' largely and make its continuance possible. Why, in St. Louis a couple of years ago an enterprising promoter advertised a genuine bull fight, and a crowd numbering over 30,000 persons was attracted. Of course, the authorities stopped the affair, but the people showed that they were disappointed in not having an opportunity to witness an exhibition where gore was to be spouted in large streams, by tearing up the grandstands and fences of the inclosure. If bull fighting was allowed in this country it would prove more popular than in Spain. It is the law and not the lack of patronage or desire on the part of the people to witness it, that suppresses it. "I have crashed through fences a dozen times while racing on the track and on four of these occasions spectators were killed. It was because they had crowded past danger lines that were stretched off with ropes. They knew the danger and sought it, yet they could not get too close to where they knew an accident was likely to happen. Time after time I have refused to start in a race until spectators were put back from the fences that surrounded the side of the track. But before I had driven a mile they would rush past the police and wave their hands as I went by at the rate of sixty miles an hour, half-sliding and half-skidding into the straightaway from the dangerous turn. A bursted tire of the breaking of a piece of steel half inch in diameter by the steering gear would make a terrible incident. I have smashed my person three and I know what it is like. I don't go to bullfights as a dangerous business, but I can't help it. There has been a lot of talk about the sport of bull fighting in this country.



# NO SENSATIONS FOR OLDFIELD.

"What sensation do you experience when going around a track at less than a mile a minute?" inquired a bystander of Barney Oldfield yesterday.

"If I should stop to think about a sensation going at that rate of speed I would perhaps find myself in a heap on the other side of some high board fence," replied Oldfield with a smile.

"This thing of indulging in sensations is all right when a man is first starting in the business but with me it is now a secondary consideration and if I should even hesitate for a moment in going around a track at less than a mile a minute I would never know what struck me or, better than that, I would never know what I had struck."

"When I first started track racing I used to feel the exhilarating influence of the speed at which I was traveling but as I began to clip seconds off the mile record I turned all attention to my machine; and now it is a mechanical piece of work with me, this thing of going around a track at a rate of speed that has never been approached, and I am just as much a mechanical part of the machinery as the steering apparatus."

"My hand does this and my foot does the next thing. Now just suppose I was to stop for a moment and think about how I was feeling and see what would be the result. I would forget to use my hand and my feet and then the whole machine, human and metal, would cease to be for a time and an accident would result."

"So you can see it is for me to keep my eye on the track and my mind off sensations."

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bile racing, stopping track contests. I wish they would, but so long as there are accidents to drivers in track racing so long will the public pay to see it, and so long as there are gate receipts so long will there be track racing, and my accidents have made my services so much more in demand."

## Many Resolutions Broken.

"In the winter I make up my mind that I am through with track racing, but with the spring come offers from half a hundred promoters and I am making the propositions that I can not decline, and I am at the steering wheel before the frost is out of the ground. The only man that can appreciate my position is the one who owns a high-powered touring car. He will tell you of the exhilaration he experiences while driving over the road, past scenery at sixty miles an hour. This speed craze is far reaching in its effect. There is no stopping it, once it has a man in its firm grasp. As one goes skimming over the road at a suicidal gait, he can almost see old Father Time, with his beckoning smile and scythe in hand, extending an invitation to speed faster."

"The whole country is speed mad, and contests between horses and between automobiles must be near the record mark before real interest is shown by the crowd in the grand stand. I frequently sit in a public place and overhear a conversation between two men. One is saying, 'Let's go out to the automobile races and see that fool Oldfield kill himself.' I haven't much of a chance to be an egoist, for I realize then that it is not any part of the sport that draws them, but because they want to see the danger and kill. I want to take a chance to miss seeing that something happen. If I could guarantee to go through the fence in Indianapolis

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# ONE WENT INTO THE FENCE

A SINGLE ACCIDENT IN HUNDREDS OF MILES OF MOTOR RACING.

Afternoon the Cars Buzzed Around the Elm Ridge Track—The Fastest Mile Won in 1:01. Made by Oldfield.

If you have a bunch of horse racing tickets in your hand, having played a tip across the board, you have your heart and mind on a horse's endurance and a jockey's science, or trickery. In a struggle between motor cars it is largely a matter of machinery—the ability of one man to produce mechanism that can surpass another's. You think of the man in the seat and you hope he won't run into a fence or jump it and hit a tree or a post. When a tire bursts or a spark plug burns out you are sorry, regardless of the name of the car.

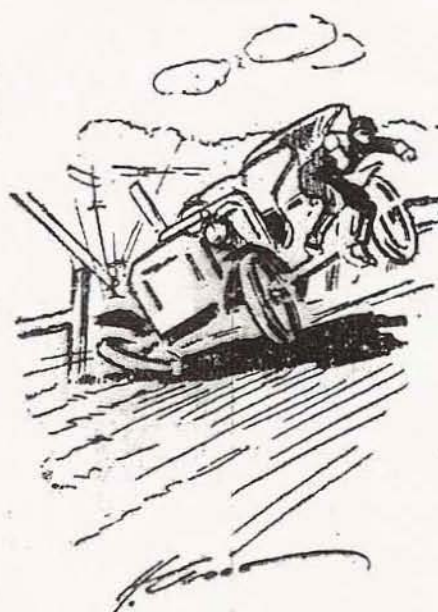
But the automobile races at Elm Ridge yesterday afternoon furnished good sport for 1,500 persons. It's enough to make a man get up in his seat and yell to see Barney Oldfield and Paul Albert, the German chauffeur, go several miles at better than express train speed, and on a circular track, at that. This and Oldfield's exhibition against his own record of fifty-eight seconds were the star numbers of the programme.

## A GREEN FLASH AND A MEMORY.

It is a pretty sight to see a fine trotting horse travel at a brisk gait—it is terrifying to see a green car and a man in a green jacket go past the stand like a blade of grass in a dynamite explosion. Just a flash and the memory of a dead cigar in an open mouth and then you are looking at the same green thing flying over the course on the opposite side, half a mile away. Men gasp and look at each other and say:

"Not me. None of that in mine."

There were eight starters in the fifty-mile race. It began about 3 o'clock. The Stevens-Duryea, Mrs. Victor Bell's car, which won the race, led the first mile in 1:40 and was passed by Joe Wittman in a Toledo. Wittman led for four or five miles and then slowed up and took on a machinist. The cars scattered out, Bell's car leading, with E. P. Moriarty's Stevens-Duryea second and Buick car third, until the thirty-seventh mile, when the Buick swerved suddenly and crashed into the inside of the fence and down the embankment. Several hun-



AN ACCIDENT IN THE 50-MILE RACE.

dred spectators rushed across the common thinking the driver, Will Schrieber, was hurt. He was up in a moment, however, uninjured but out of the race with a broken forward spring in the chassis.

## A BURSTED TIRE AND A BURNED PLUG.

The accident to the Buick machine gave third place to J. D. McInnes's Cadillac runabout "No. 5" that made thirty-seven miles against the winner's fifty. The little car was popular with the grandstand because it plugged along in a determined slow but sure way. It was driven by Charles Levindusky.

Barney Oldfield in a Peerless burst a tire in the fourteenth mile and quit, resuming later to add interest to the race, it was said. Joe Wittman had bad luck, too. In the eighteenth mile a burned spark plug put him out of the running.

The five-mile race between Oldfield and Albert, flying start, was exciting. Oldfield won, of course. The time in this race was: first mile 1:18, second 1:08, third 1:09, fourth 1:07, fifth 1:10.

## THE SUMMARY OF THE RACES.

First race, the great Missouri endurance Derby, fifty miles, fully equipped touring cars, silver and gold trophy—Mrs. Victor Bell's Stevens-Duryea, driven by Dallas McFall, first; E. P. Moriarty's Stevens-Duryea, driven by George Wansch, second; 47 miles; J. D. McInnes's Cadillac runabout, 37 miles, third. Time—1:15:56.

Second race, five miles, fully equipped cars listing \$1,000 and under, silver loving cup—Buick, driven by H. G. Kirkland, first; Buick, Myron B. Russ, second. Time—8:50.

Third race, five miles, for motor cycles, gold medal—Indian, ridden by Louis Schlegel, first; Marsh second, Indian third. Time—8:11.

Fourth event scratched.

Fifth race, five miles, for fully equipped cars listing \$1,500 to \$2,500, silver cup—Mrs. Victor Bell's Stevens-Duryea, Dallas McFall, first; Buick, H. G. Kirkland, second. Time—7:21.

Sixth race, five miles, handicap, stripped stock cars, free-for-all, silver brassard—J. H. Wittman's Pope-Toledo, first; Mrs. Victor Bell's Stevens-Duryea, second; Buick, H. G. Kirkland, third. Time—6:01. Buick had three-fourths mile start for weight.



BARNEY OLDFIELD.

With nerves of steel and unflinching daring at their command four of the best drivers of racing automobiles in the country will be sent away in the \$1,000 Zorn sweepstakes race this afternoon at Douglas Park track. Barney Oldfield and his Green Dragon racing car, which has more deaths to its discredit than an Algerian bandit chieftain, will race against Will Muir, the Lexington dare-devil; Jerry Ellis, of Chicago, holder of all the amateur records, and Paul Kaiser, the sturdy German, for the \$1,000 in gold coin offered by Garnett S. Zorn, the well-known local automobilist. Oldfield says his car is fit for the race of its career, and the other drivers are equally confident that their machines will respond when called upon to pull away from the others.

The track is in the best of possible shape, and will be worked until the last minute. Oldfield and the others had their last trial over the course late yesterday afternoon, and the champion pronounced the conditions as favoring the lowering of his record, if the track is not cut up by the long-distance race, the fifty-mile endurance contest, which is the first in the program, starting at 2:30 p. m.

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## COASTING ON THE HOME STRETCH.

He Shut Off the Power and We Coasted the Next Mile.

# A MILE IN 60 SECONDS

## A RIDE WITH BARNEY OLDFIELD ON THE GREEN DRAGON.

The Sensation of Riding as Fast as  
Human Ingenuity Has Con-  
trived to Annihilate  
Space.

How would you like to ride with Barney Oldfield on the back end of his Green Dragon around Elm Ridge track? The sporting editor of The Journal thought it would be a great treat and so expressed himself to Barney yesterday, who acquiesced in his desire. The ride to Elm Ridge was taken in Barney's touring car with Barney as chauffeur.

On the way to Elm Ridge we clipped off miles close to the minute, but there were no dangerous curves to be taken at full speed, nor any fences to crash through while doing at the rate of an express train.

All the way out I was figuring the percentage of my chances for coming out with anything less than ten broken bones and with more than three inches of whole skin on my body. They were working over the Green Dragon when we arrived at the track. Someone said it was out of fix. I felt like cheering, so great was my relief. But my good cheer was of short duration. "The track is a little rough today, but the machine is all right now, and I'll guarantee you enough thrills," said Barney.

That was easy enough to guarantee, but what I was looking for was one who would guarantee me a sound neck at the end of the ride.

"You'll have to sit here," said Barney, "you see there's only one seat and I'm using it this afternoon."

I turned and looked at what Barney had referred to as "here"; it was a battery box about six inches square with a place for my legs to wrap around the rear axle. The car looked like some green demon. Low, with a sharp-pointed hood covering the engine, it looked for all the world like some contrivance of old "Nick" himself. Near my coat tail was a great set of gears. The fly wheel was a foot from me. My feet were right over a big driving rod. There was about room enough to hold one hand onto Barney's seat, and that was all. The steering wheel that was to put me into the fence keep me out of it was right in front of my face. They seemed near, even heaven.

Barney pulled a lever here and one there and the engines started with their loud foreboding exhaust. It sounded like a cannonade. I vaguely remembered something about so many cannons being fired upon a sailor's death. But it was only vaguely, for we were off. We passed down the stretch, rapidly increasing in speed. We struck the turn and rounded it nicely. I thought it not so bad and was beginning to like it when we struck the back stretch. I thought we were flying, yet I knew we were not going nearly as fast as I had seen Barney go. We circled around once more and I knew the "thrills" had arrived on schedule time. The next time I saw Barney reach over and pull a steel rod and as we tore past the grandstand I dimly remembered having seen a black spot. The ground seemed like an endless ribbon, not a foot below. Then I looked to the side, and saw fence posts that looked like one solid board.

As I peered over the top of the hood and looked ahead, I saw the fence directly in front of us. I was sure we were going to crash through it. My time had come. I didn't speculate on whether they would cremate or bury me. But, instead, we swerved and started around the turn. I had heard of the awful dangers of the turns, but somehow I was so relieved to know that we had cleared that fence that I welcomed anything that meant a moment's respite. As we straightened up in the back stretch, Barney put his mouth up to my ear and yelled something. I could not tell what he said, but I took advantage of the customary three guesses and guessed right the very first time. It was "hold tight."

Barney reached for a little lever that I afterward learned was the "spark advance." I felt the machine jump ahead. Now, there was no fence, no landscape, nothing but a roaring sound in my ears and a consciousness of eternity looking something like the blur before my eyes. That awful rush and roar of the winds. I could not get my breath and my chest seemed to be caving in.

I thought we were going as fast as human ingenuity could contrive to annihilate space. But when we reached the home stretch Oldfield reached for that little lever again and pulled it out as far as it would go. The machine seemed to have been transformed into some wild beast of the jungles in captivity. It was in a death struggle to rid itself of its keeper. I remembered that no wild beast had ever been more cruel or bloodthirsty toward its keeper than had the old Green Dragon. It snorted, shrieked, groaned, and shouted as the wheels whirled, the engine thumped and the exhaust became louder than that of a locomotive. I put my head under the edge of the hood, just allowing my eyes to be above it. My face was jammed against the machinery of the engine. It seemed but a second before we were at the next turn. I wondered why Barney waited so long before he put the spark all the way up and the throttle wide open. Had Barney gone crazy? I was nearly torn from my frail seat.

I could almost feel my nails imbedded in the steel lining of the seat support I was holding to. Surely Barney would not attempt another turn without shutting off a little.

The expression on my face evidently did its work, for on the turn he shut off the power and we coasted the next mile, pulling up at the grandstand. It was with a feeling of utmost relief that I stamped the ground to make sure it was real and solid.

Now if you ever take a notion that you would like to ride a mile a minute with Barney Oldfield just take another notion right quick and forget the first one.

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Although Mr. M sons in his car he and one of the gro pulled off on Kent ward Rogers, pres bile Club, of S was a member of Rogers said to Herald:

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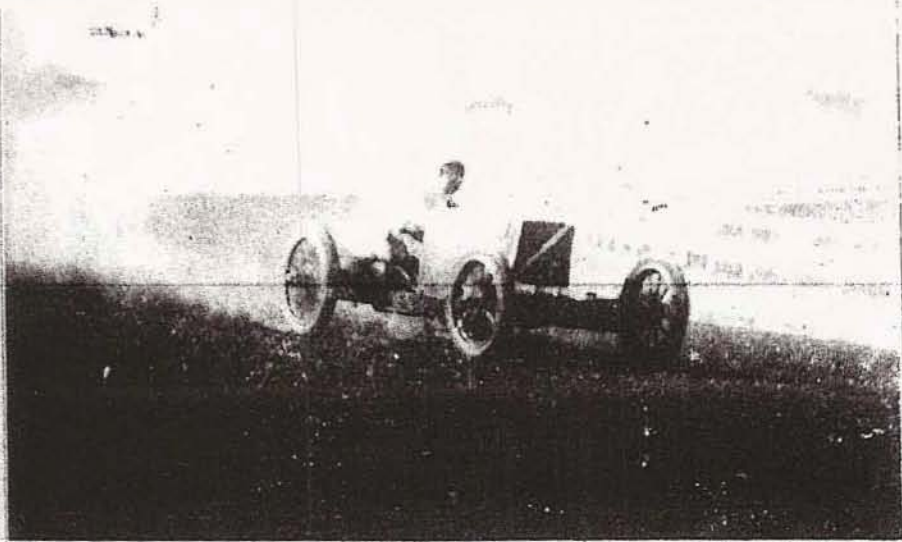
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BARNEY GOES ALONE.



BARNEY OLDFIELD

# NO MORE OF THE AUTO RACING GAME FOR DAYTON DUMPLING

**BARNEY  
NO**

First Appe

**With an Artificial Limb Earl  
Kiser Hustles About as Lively  
as Ever.**

Earl Kiser, the Dayton automobile driver, who lost a leg in an accident at Glenville last year while driving the Winton Bullet No. 2, is almost as spry on his artificial limb as he was in former days.

A local man ran across Kiser in Indianapolis the other day. Earl is busy selling tires and does quite a bit of traveling. "I was surprised to see Kiser without a limp," the man said. "The leg has not particularly improved," said Kiser cheerfully.

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he Winto.  
\$2,500. Time 5.

"I have learned to handle the new one so well that most people who are not acquainted with me can't even notice the limp.

"But there is one thing about it I don't like. Even if I throw in the high speed clutch I find it pretty hard to move fast. I've got the gasoline to make the power and my motor runs smoothly, but the speed is lacking.

"I think I have discovered what is wrong, though; I'm going to have that leg geared up a little higher and then I'll show you how to travel.

"Race? No more of that game in mine. There's nothing in anything in which a fellow runs so many risks. I expect to see track racing again next summer. There'll be a lot of fellows on hand who will want to beat out Barney Oldfield.

"I have retired from the game for good, although there are times when I would like to sit in the old Bullet, open the throttle and push down the speed button until it is flat with the floor and take some of those corners."

**HARTIN**  
full fledged  
theater in a  
ported by a  
warmly receiv

Barney  
racing car as  
fearful speed  
foreground.

shooting from

The play  
Monday. Elsi