

World's Auto Record Smashed at Motordrome

Harris Hanshue Turns Mile in 44.6 Seconds

"Examiner's" Snapshot of the Motordrome, the World's Fastest Automobile Track, at Playa del Rey, Showing Daring Harris Hanshue, Just After Setting a New World's Record of 44.3-5 seconds. Picture Below Is of Mrs. George Townsend, the First Woman to Circle the New Saucer in an Automobile.



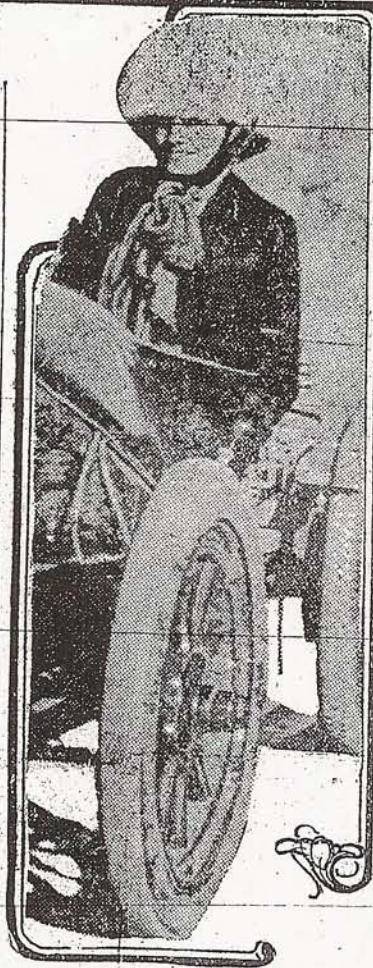
Try-out of New Wood Saucer at Playa del Rey Is Promise of Big Things Later

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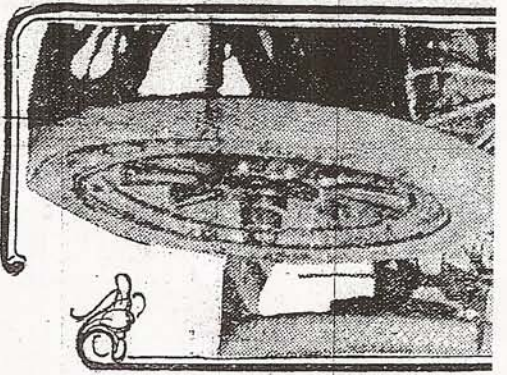
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"It feels," said Garbutt, as he left the first machine amid the cheers that praised him for taking a passenger's chance, "it feels like—more."

Woman Tries Out Track

After the official tests had been made Mr. and Mrs. George Townsend appeared on the track in a car that had won the small car events at Savannah. Mr. Townsend himself drove the machine and his wife rode as mechanic, pumping oil and watching the engine. The presence of the individual woman brought applause from the great crowd. Every spectator watched the white of her furry hat in the hope that the car would not skid.

"Gee," said a small boy on a telegraph post, "can you beat it?" After the official try-outs that demonstrated the possibilities of the new track, the course was thrown open to amateurs. Scores of them in their private machines whizzed around the saucer and by the very crispness showed that they were an entire lot of danger, because of the



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A mile in 38.45 seconds, or at the rate of 92.78 miles an hour, was made on the motordrome yesterday afternoon by Calab Bragg. This is twelve seconds faster than the fastest official mile ever made on a circular or board track and is the fastest time yet made on the motordrome.

After trying out his big Fiat for a 43-second turn, Bragg decided to change the gears on the machine. After this was accomplished he set out at a terrific pace, and came around the circle toward the grand stands like a whirlwind, but the car ran steadily and did not slip or skid at any time.

The time was taken by Sydney Smith of Chicago and five others. The stop watches of two caught the mile at 38.25 seconds, but the others agreed on 38.45 seconds.

Another sensation in yesterday's practice was the appearance of Roger Stearns of the Standard Motor Car Company with a 40-horsepower Velle roadster, which he unloaded from the freight car and drove direct to the motordrome. Without adjusting the car in any way Stearns went around the track for ten miles, carrying a passenger at an average speed of a mile in 50 seconds.

The Dorris, with Frank Selfert driving, made its first appearance on the motordrome yesterday, and was driven its first mile in 50 seconds. Barney Oldfield and his party will reach Los Angeles at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon. Ralph De Palma had word yesterday that his huge Fiat "Mephistopheles," which will be pitted against Oldfield's

son in the whole world, a "Bench" along the rocklike sands of Daytona Beach at a greater speed than many wise men believed was possible to attain without encountering disaster. Over a million dollars has been spent by different factories and individuals to build cars that would beat the world at the speed game. You have seen a hungry kid looking into a cookie-laden bakery window with longing and wishfulness written all over his face. That's just about the way I sound by and saw other drivers, many without previous reputation, break speed records and I made up my mind that about the time the other fellow thought the limit of daring and speed has been reached, I would go them all one better and steal that speed king crown for all my own.

I was playing a more chance-taking and hazardous game, that circular track work, with fence rails and posts plunging into my anatomy every time I made a "raux pas," as they tried to teach me to say when I was in the show business. But it nummulated and nettled me every time some well-meaning person would ask me what speed had been attained with an automobile. Maybe I had just driven a circular track mile in 53 seconds, skidding all over the end of a soft turn. How cheap my 53 seconds seemed to look beside the stragglery fellow's 25 or 29 seconds. Nearly every dollar I possess was earned with blood—my own blood—and attendant physical pain, but it did not take me long to make up my mind to buy the car which I used to break the world's records for every mark I went after in Florida.

I want to go on record as saying that there is only one race course in the world that will permit the speed I made. That is the Daytona Beach course. My first trouble upon trying out the car was to get goggles that would enable me to use my eyes after I reached the 130-mile an hour gait. My ordinary racing goggles almost gouged my eyes out, the pressure caused by the wind being terrific. After a day of experimenting I overcame this difficulty. Then came the work of setting an accustomed to great speed. I believe I am accustomed to ordinary dangers of automobile racing, but it was a new dread and fear for me. The limit of speed, I was going faster for mile after mile than scientific automobile engineers figured could be attained without the tires being thrown off the wheels by centrifugal force.

The loss of traction was startling. Fully a third of the distance the wheels were off the ground. The front wheels were shooting up and down in a mad dance that caused me to shut down my motor until the wheels could hold to the ground. Until today the motor was capable of so many hundred revolutions per minute.

Then I would shut her down. I'd driven faster than human ever traveled for faster, for 42 miles an hour is a most million times as fast as it looks. I know that it is not necessary to say that I am not a powerful man, but I am a powerful man. Benz has never been open, but not even beaten. I struck to the wheel and kept it as far open as I could until I felt myself becoming unconscious. Another second or so and I would have been off. Others may talk of such speed, but I am the only man in the world who's got near the limit of speed.

I am under a contract—foolishly—entirely before I knew the chance I would have to take, to drive my new car in competition at the opening of the big track on the coast, but when I find there I will never drive the car in competition with any other car in the world, I know that I have made good. I promise to show the world that I am equal to any man at the wheel of an automobile and it is hard for any reader to realize how proud I am of beating the whole world just about the time I figured I should be going to an old man home.

OLDFIELD-DE PALMA MATCH IS TALKED

When the entry of Barney Oldfield and his Benz racer, which broke the world's record at Daytona, was wired to Los Angeles for the opening match of the board track, April 8-17, many a lorum took mental note and instantly wondered if the widely heard and aided Oldfield-DePalma match would eventually take place on the woodshed course.

DePalma, accompanied by Calab Bragg, the amateur, is now en route to the Pacific coast from Daytona, where the unfortunate mishap to the big Fiat prevented the event.

Drivers now on the coast are making phenomenal speed on portions of the saucer. With a gap in the circuit could not be made, Ray Harrison, 32 h. p. Marmon, timed by several watches, made one-half mile in 32 seconds flat, a rate of 82 miles an hour. A Buick last Sunday did so in a distance in 23 seconds, having had no preliminary practice whatever at under conditions less favorable.

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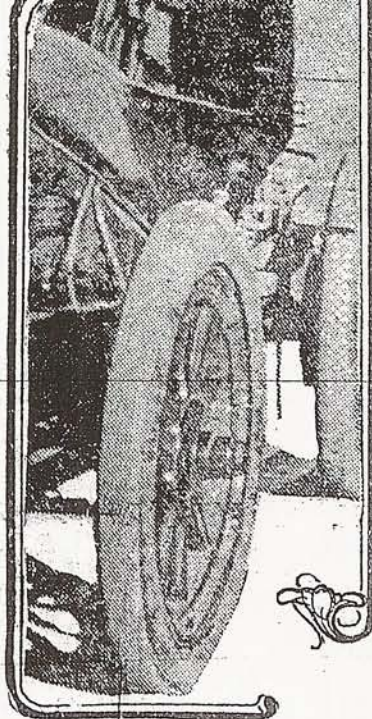
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After the official try-outs that demonstrated the possibilities of the new track, the course was thrown open to amateurs. Scores of them in their private machines whizzed around the saucer and by their very carelessness showed that there was an entire lack of danger, because of the track's architectural accuracy. It was found, however, that any car going at a slow rate of speed was liable to "skid" at any moment and slip to the ground.

"Wait," said President Markovics, "until we have some real races."



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Ralph De Palma had word yesterday that his huge Fiat "Mephistopheles," which will be pitted against Oldfield's Benz for the world's championship, will reach Los Angeles not later than Wednesday.

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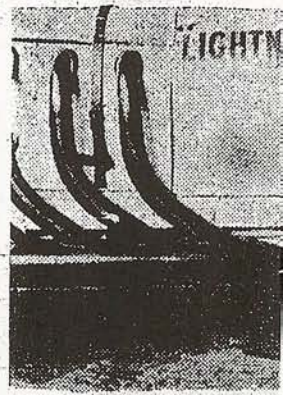
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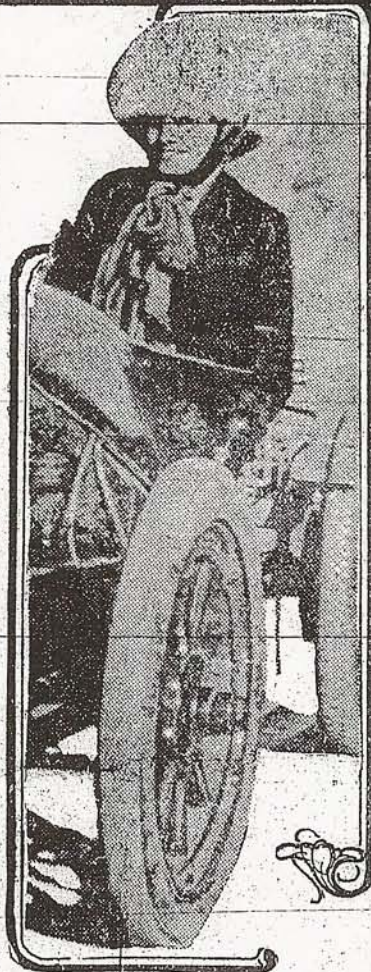
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The loss of traction was startling. Fully a third of the distance the wheels were off the ground. The front wheels were shooting up and down in a weird dance that caused me to shut down my motor until they would hold to the ground. I knew the motor was capable of so many hundred revolutions per minute.

I knew that the gearing would admit of a speed of 150 miles an hour when the engine was wide open.

It was up to me to find out what the limit of speed really is. I would wait for a particularly good stretch of beach and then I would let the great old car have its head. Down would go the throttle and the spark would be advanced well along. Then we would shoot through space. I would again begin to choke, everything before me would become enshrouded in a haze and I would suddenly feel as though I was in the middle of a nightmare, about to jump off some mountain precipice.

Then I would shut her down. I had driven faster than human ever traveled. Far faster for 142 miles an hour is almost a million times as fast as it looks in print. That is as near the limit of speed as human will ever travel.

More powerful automobiles may be built, though it is not necessary, for my Benz has never been open, but not even on Daytona Beach will that speed be beaten. I stuck to the wheel and kept the car as far open as I could until I felt myself becoming unconscious. Another second or so and it would have been all off. Others may talk of such speed, but I am the only man in the world who ever got near the limit of speed.

I am under contract, foolishly entered into before I knew the chance I would have to take, to drive my new car in competition at the opening of the broad track on the coast, but when I finish there I will never drive the car in competition on any track or course in the world but on the Florida beach.

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When the entry of Barney Oldfield and his Benz racer, which broke the world's record at Daytona, was wired to Los Angeles for the opening meet of the board tract, April 8-17, motordrom took mental note and instantly wondered if the widely heralded Oldfield-DePalma match would eventually take place on the wooden course.

DePalma, accompanied by Caleb S. Bragg, the amateur, is now en route to the Pacific coast from Daytona, where the unfortunate mishap to the big Fiat prevented the great match.

Drivers now on the coast are making phenomenal speed on portions of the saucer. With a gap in the track still open, so that complete circuits could not be made, Ray Harroun, in 32 h. p. Marmon, timed by several watches, made one-half mile in 22 seconds flat, a rate of 82 miles an hour. A Buick last Sunday did some distance in 23 seconds, having had no preliminary practice whatever and under conditions less favorable.

Ralph De Palma and Barney Oldfield he run with 200 horsepower cars and therefore at a speed of 130 miles an hour or better was assured yesterday when De Palma received a telegram from New York stating that his "Mephistopheles" had been repaired and will be shipped to Los Angeles by express tomorrow. It will be rushed through arriving April 4 or 5. This will place Oldfield and De Palma on equal terms as to cars. The arrangement with the motordrome management calls for three races on different days.

De Palma took his Fiat "Cyclone" to the motordrome yesterday, but was unable to get it inside owing to the flooding of the subway. He will have it on the track this afternoon, and will probably better the sensational time of 40.25 seconds to the mile, made Saturday by Caleb Bragg. The "Cyclone" is expected to go around in 38 seconds.

De Palma believes it is practically impossible to skid a machine dangerously on the motordrome. The 60-pound rail on the bulwark in front of the grand stand, he regards as an excellent innovation.

Besides the "Cyclone," De Palma's stock car and one of Livingston's racing machines are already at the motordrome. Oldfield's three cars, including the "Lightening Benz," will reach Los Angeles tomorrow night or Thursday.

SMASHES RECORD ON CIRCULAR TRACK

Oldfield Does 36 1-5 Seconds at Motordrome, the Fastest Mile Ever Run

Barney Oldfield is still the world's speed king. Driving the same Blitzen Benz in which he covered the fastest mile, at the Florida beach, ever traveled by a human, Oldfield yesterday afternoon drove a mile over the new Motordrome circle in 36 1-5 seconds. A dozen watches handled by expert timers, including Official Timer Warner of the American Automobile Association, clocked Barney and none caught him slower than 36 2-5 seconds, while Roger Stearns, Dick Ferris, Charlie Burman, E. E. Moscovics and Bert Dingley caught the time as low as 36 seconds. The speed attained was 99 44-100 miles per hour and removes all doubt that the Motordrome track is all that has been claimed for it.

Oldfield brought his great car to the track shortly after noon, the first time it had been on the course. After a few preliminary spins to get in to the angle of the turn, Barney raised his hand to the timers as a signal that he was ready.

The monster car shot forward and swung towards the top, but Barney gave the steering wheel a twist and began to fight to stay at the bottom. Geared high, with its tremendous horsepower, the Benz belched forth rhythmic exhausts, and the superb manner in which Oldfield handled the giant automaton could only have been born of great ability and long experience. As the king of drivers pulled up in front of the grand stand a mighty cheer went up, along with cries of: "Barney, you are the boy for us." "If Jeff will only show that much speed." "The money is all yours," and other expressions that proved Oldfield the real hero of the automobile enthusiasts of California.

"I did not have the old car half open," was Barney's comment to an "Examiner" man, "nor will I have it more than two-thirds open during the races here. I have promised Jack Prince that I will do a mile in 35 seconds and that will be fast enough to win from any car now here or that will be sent here."

Ralph De Palma being at the wheel of the "90" Fiat yesterday afternoon gave rise to the rumor that the Italian had been named by the Fiat Company to succeed Bragg as the pilot of the car, which has been showing the best speed at the Motordrome.

5 MILE IN ON 'PIE PAN'

Records for Circular Track Broken by Bragg

5 seconds, or at the rate n hour, was made on the yday afternoon by Caleb twelve seconds faster than al mile ever made on a l track and is the fastest on the motordrome.

ut his big Fiat for a 43- agh decided to change the ichine. After this was ac- set out at a terrific pace, nd the circle toward the ke a whirlwind, but the y and did not slip or skid

s taken by Sydney Smith d five others. The stop , caught the mile at 38 2-5 he others agreed on 38 4-5

ation in yesterday's prac- appearance of Roger Stearns d Motor Car Company with r Velle roadster, which he the freight car and dove otordrome. Without adjust- ny way Stearns went around en miles, carrying a passen- rage speed of a mile in 50

with Frank Selfert driving, appearance on the motor- ay, and was driven its first onds.

ld and his party will reach t 1:30 o'clock this afternoon. alma had word yesterday e Fiat "Mephistopheles," e pitted against Oldfield's e world's championship, will ges not later than Wednes-