RACE STARS FEARLESS TO THE LAST

By Albert Gill Waddell.

(The Writer Camp of the Speedway.)

"Those hurtling cars of steel are but the crucibles of industry."—Weller.

Hermes, cruel god of speed, claimed two of his high priests on the sacrificial altar during the past week.

Death stalked over the speedway at Altoona—the little Pennsylvania town where, a year ago Labor Day, Dario Resta took the checkered flag, temporarily, and claimed the life of Joseph Boyer Jr., the "Prince of Wales" of the automobile racing aristocracy. Not satisfied with the life of Joe Boyer, the glutinous Hermes swept across the Atlantic to Brooklands and there snatched Dario Resta, once the unbearable favored son of fortune from the seat of his speeding English Sunbeam, to be a human sacrifice to the mighty Moloch.

Like Harry Grant and Cliff Limberg and Jack Lecocq and Roscoe Sarles, Dario Resta met his death by the crash of his car against the speedway wall. Such a death was not enough for the diabolical deity that rules the followers of the speed profession. Hermes wanted fire, and the great Resta winner of the Vanderbilt Cup and Grand Prix events at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915, as well as a string of other big league speed classics staged in America during the past decade, died on a pyre of steel—pinned in the tangled flame-swept wreckage of a Sunbeam racer.

The speed god was less brutal in the case of Boyer—less brutal, but more cruel, perhaps. Boyer was conscious as he was lifted from the wreckage of his Duesenberg — the same car that Wilcox had driven to his death on the same course just one year before. Boyer suffered. His legs were crushed and he was internally injured. He knew death was near and he fought the wan vulture to the last lap as he had always fought to the last lap in every speedway contest—just as he was fighting Jimmy Murphy for first place when the fatal crash came to rob the speedway sport of one of the greatest drivers of all time and one of the finest sportsmen who ever sat behind the wheel of a speeding machine.

While Resta suffered the tortures of martyrs while breath remained in his crushed body, it was over very quickly; and his death was what he had always predicted for himself and fully expected. Boyer, on the other hand, never expected to meet death on the speedway. He felt that he could handle a car under any condition and believed himself to be the one driver to whom nothing could happen in competition. That was why he was the reckless daredevil that he was.

THRILLS IN SPEED.

The fact that he crashed at Kansas City in practice just prior to the July 4 meet and escaped without injury made his belief in himself stronger than ever. Boyer was a driver who just gloried in the thrill of speed and thrived on narrow escapes.

Resta came to this country shortly before the 1915 Vanderbilt and Grand Prix races. He had been nominated to pilot a French Peugeot and his two victories stamped him as the greatest driver in the country at the time. He had the advantage over all the American pilots of that day. His car was lighter. He had four wheel brakes and a transmission brake as well. His car was low and held the course better than the heavy American speedsters of that day.

Harry Miller was not building Duesenberg, as well as Louis Chevrolet with his Frontenac were just getting under way with little capital and much opposition. The only real representative American racing cars of that day were the Mercer and Stutz which were semi-stock models and deadly rivals. It was the Stutz, Mercer and Duesenberg that the Peugeot defeated and Resta was the king of kings on the speedway until Miller and Duesenberg began building cars that made the foreign creations looks like freight engines.

After the war, Resta retired from racing and went into business in New York. He was the American representative of the Sunbeam. He also had interests in other lines in New York.

For the July 4 race of 1919 at Tacoma, Wash., Resta was induced to enter and drive a Peugeot. He entered but as a driver he was all through. He stopped on the backstretch and announced that he had broken a crankshaft. Later he drove the car into town. It was a great mistake, but Resta forgot.

After that Resta stayed out of racing and was quite a successful business man for a time. Then, late in 1920, the crash came to a lot of the boys with paper profits and Resta was sent to the "cleaners." Within a year the former speed idol was ready to make some more money out of racing and he came to California to drive as a member of Cliff Durant's team in the Beverly Hills classic.

STARS AGAIN.

On the team with Resta were Murphy, Art Klein, Eddie Hearne, Earl Cooper and Durant. Resta was a great failure in his "comeback." It was a great difference to be a car that would turn up 125 miles an hour after a long vacation when his fastest car in the olden days was good for but 102 or 103 when pushed to the limit. Resta said he had trouble with his pressure and a leak in his gas tank bothered him. The leak was never found and the gas pressure was also O. K.; but Resta said he could drive the Indianpolis course and was signed as a member of the Packard team for the 1923 Indianapolis 500-mile race.

Resta did not finish the race and was not considered much of a driver until a few months later when he went over to England and started driving a Sunbeam. In England the great Resta was again himself and he became a star again after a few victories. And it was in an attempt to win a great race with a new world's record on the side, that Resta went into the all never to drive again.

With the fast Sunbeam Resta was to have come to America for the Thanksgiving Day race at Los Angeles and he was counted on for the 500-mile race at Indianapolis that May. He came back and he died as he always hoped to die: and what he did for the automotive industry made him a success; and he will live long in the memory of those who motor on two continents.

Boyer was born in St. Louis, Mo. in 1890. He was graduated from Lawrenceville and was of the class of 1916 at Yale. Joseph Jr. showed too much speed on the campus at New Haven and at the end of his sophomore year was made a member of the premature alumni association.

From the time he left college, Boyer has driven racing cars. Instead of becoming associated with his father, none other than the head of the great Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Boyer played with racing cars with an occassional venture into the commercial side of the automobile industry.

He started his driving career at Indianapolis in 1914, piloting a Cornelian for Louis Chevrolet. Boyer qulified the car after Chevrolet had failed. In 1915 and 1916, Boyer was with the Packard factory and assisted in building the fast cars put out by that company.

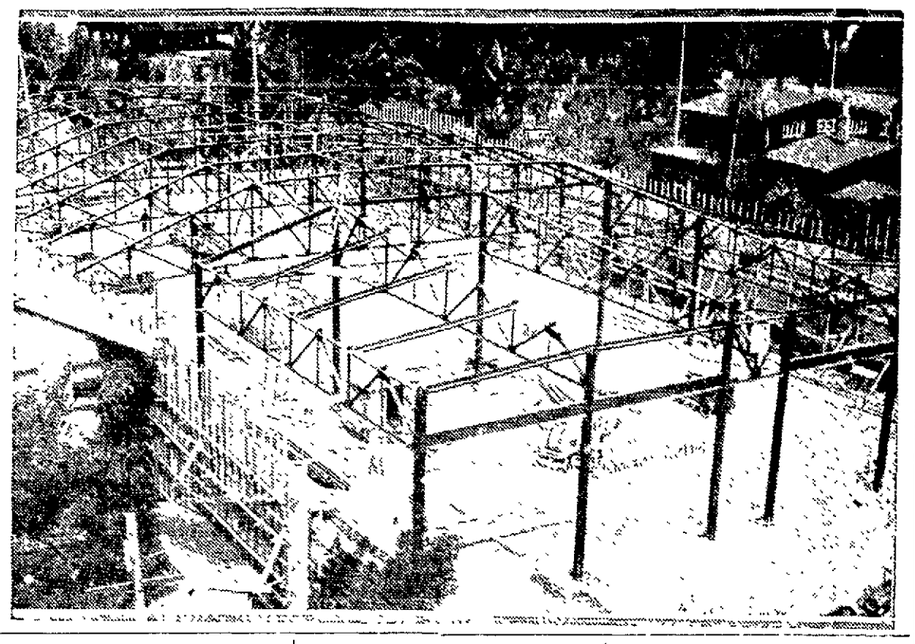
Late in 1916, Boyer came to California for the first time. He was the star of the Frontenac team. He remained with the Frontenac squad up to the time of the opening race on the Beverly Hills Speedway in 1920.

In 1923 Boyer was on the Packard team at Indianapolis with Ralph De Palma, and Dario Resta who followed him to Eternity within forty-eight hours.

In the 1924 Indianpolis race Boyer drove a Deusenberg and won the great 500-mile classic with a new world's record that was believed impossible. He continued with the Deusenberg until his death.

New Building on Upper Broadway

Steel work is well under way and work is being rushed on the new structure for Hebrank, Hunter and Peacock Company, which will house Chandler, Cleveland and Hupmobile sales and service. The building is on the west side of Broadway near Mosswood Park, and has entrances on two streets. It will be one of the largest in the city.



AUTOMOBILE CLUB MAKES SUMMARY OF LAW ON SPEED

The average motorist should be better acquainted with the state speed laws than he appears to be from the frequency of his introduction to the city traffic bureaus and to the police courts.

Do you know that you can travel thirty-five miles an hour within the limits of a city under certain conditions?

Do you know that you may be jailed for reckless driving even though you may be proceeding at a rate less than fifteen miles an hour?

The following outline of the state law has been prepared by the Safety Bureau of the National Automobile Club for the information of motorists:

The general law provides:

1. The speed of the car must at all times be such as not to endanger the life or property of any person. *The driver must have due* regard for the amount of traffic and the surface or width of the highway.

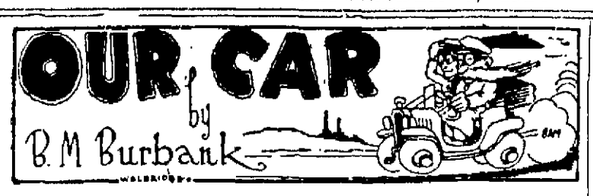
This is the most important of all the speed laws and it is the most often overlooked or disregarded.

2. Fifteen miles an hour is the limit *in the following cases:* (a) Crossings where view is obstructed; (b) Intersections where view is obstructed; (c) On curves where view is obstructed; (d) Passing schools when persons are entering or leaving grounds; (e) In a business district, that is where the buildings on the highway are mainly used for business purposes; (f) Grounds of a state, county or city institution.

3. Twenty miles an hour is the limit allowed in a district which is classed as "residential" where for not less than a quarter of a mile the dwellings and business structures average less than a hundred feet apart. There are many portions of towns and cities where a motorist may proceed at thirty-five mile limit under the state provisions.

4. Thirty-five miles an hour is the speed limit at all times except as provided above.

If Mr. Average Motorist acquaints himself with the provisions of the state law as outlined above he will always know whether he is driving "within the law."



"PAW—MEETS A FRIEND."

We climbed up old Mt. Wilson, and
Drove thru Yosemite,
Each place put stickers on our shield,
For all the world to see.
Then Yellowstone and Glacier Park
And other spots a few,
All added stickers to our shield—
Paw scarcely could see thru.

But other cars was stuck up, too,
So Paw let' em s'lay;
Maw said—"It helps the parks a lot
To advertise that way."
"It maybe helps the parks," says Paw,
"But I can't hardly see.
I'll stop right here besides this stream
And wash off two or three.

Another driver stopped there, too,
With just the same idea;
Paw spied him and he give a whoop,
And yelled—"Look, Maw!—Who's here."
"Well, Rathbone, you old cuss"—says Paw;
"How's things in Ioway?"
"Just fine," he laughs, "but in my state,
Folks ain't stuck-up this way."

(Copyright, 1924.)

Man Without License Drives For 10 Years

John Schlichtcie, a huckster near Doylestown, Pa., has driven automobiles for 12 years without the knowledge of the state motor laws or ever having a driver' slicense. This fact was made known when a state motor patrol policeman placed him under arrest. The magistrate, after giving Schlichtcie a ground knowledge of the motor laws, imposed a fine of $10 and costs.