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HEROIC MECHANICS GET LITTLE HONORS

Bring of "the Man on the Left"
Is Appreciated Only by Personal Experience.

WRITER BRAVES TRIAL TRIP

Widely Describes Sensations of
Riding in "Speed Demon"
at Fast Rate.

BY A NOVICE.

Seeming almost to fly over the ground and shooting along the track like a bullet, in a "bucket" seat behind the wheel of a speeding steel monster sits a human form, goggled, wearing a face mask and resembling a mythological creature more than a man, the crowd cheering him as he flashes past and his name is repeated often. Beside this man who holds the pentup force of this powerful machine at his command, sits another not known to the public—the mechanician.

This man, if fate does not overtake him, may be a great driver by chance or through merit, but until he sits behind the steering wheel in a race few in the vast crowds will know his name or cheer him for his heroism, although he is a hero many times.

From the standpoint of the man who has never been closely associated with the racing game, the mechanician seems to have nothing to do but to ride beside the driver. Harry Endicott, driving the Inter-State entry to the 500-mile race, invited the writer to sit in the mechanician's seat and act as aid in practice over the Speedway.

Endicott produced a leather face mask, goggles, leather coat, and then announced he was ready to start. The abilliments of the mechanic destroy the identity of the man, and, while they are uncomfortable before the start, after the machine began to reel off the miles at high speed the rush of air cooled things off. Then it was a relief. It is hot and uncomfortably warm down under the hood in front of the engine, rays of oil come flying through the air and collect on the goggles, and the

Going After World R



"WILD BOB" BURMAN

"Wild Bob" Burman, the newly crowned "Speed King" will attempt to set new speedway records in his trials at the Speedway Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Barney Oldfield holds the mile Speedway record of the world, made on the Indianapolis Speedway in the "Blitzen" Benz a year ago next Memorial day, but Hemery, the famous Teuton, driving a Benz, holds the kilometer and half-mile marks, making the records on the Brooklands track in England.

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GREAT EVENT AT THE
TUESDAY MAKES

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WITH US.

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"oil" again and from that time it seemed
as if the machine had an unquenchable
thirst for the lubricant. In a moment the
south turn lay in front of us, past the
overhead bridges the machine seemed to
fly and the bridges whistled by like a
bullet into the back stretch with the
speedometer soon registering 84 miles an
hour we sped and the machine seemed to
fairly lurch and bound.

"Oil," yelled Endicott again. "How far
do you want to ride?" Endicott shouted.
I agreed to ride at least ten miles. Af-
ter five laps around we stopped at the
pits. I was thoroughly convinced that the
mechanician did not have an easy task
in riding mile after mile in a long race
watching to see that another car did not
get too close and that the engine had
plenty of oil.

PERIL OF MECHANICIAN.

Motor racing comparatively is young,
but the list of accidents show that the
mechanician has more to fear than the
driver when he starts in a long race.
The driver holds to the steering wheel,
and when a spill occurs he can brace
himself and stay in the car, while his
assistant in almost every instance is
hurled from the car like a bomb from a
mortar.

The mechanicians are ready to per-
form any service necessary to win; they
will take chances that seem almost
imaginative that the car may be victor.
G. Anderson, the driver of the Stutz in
the 500-mile race, had a thrilling ride in
the Crownpoint races of 1923 which he
will never forget.

Anderson then was a mechanician rid-
ing with Adolph Monsen in a Marion en-
try. During the race the air valve on the
carburetor blew off and for twenty-five
miles Anderson lay flat on the hood of
the car and held his hand over the car-
buretor that the car might have a chance
to win.

Many other instances of the heroism
of "the man who sits beside the driver"
could be told. Many of the famous driv-
ers served an apprenticeship as mechan-
icians before they were given mounts.

This was during a meet at the Indian-
apolis Speedway and all the drivers were
experienced. In the coming race many
pilots are inexperienced. Several of them
have never driven in a track race before.
Many makers have entered their cars
here for the first time in any contest of
such a character. Their mechanics and
drivers do not know the art of prepara-
tion or how to take necessary precautions
in adjusting nuts and bolts, and doing
the thousand and one little things that
come to the experienced men as a result
of actual racing.

There is no test required for applicants
for racing drivers' licenses. Just for a
joke a crowd of automobilists in Los
Angeles sent in an application for a li-
cense in the name of a cripple with no
arms. The two dollars fee was all that
was required and the cripple was sent
a license card.

The drivers are all optimistic. One can
listen for hours to the arguments they
put up in the hotel lobbies or around the
repair pits. One great pilot will tell why
he chose a heavy car with great power
and large tires. Another, equally famous,
will tell how he can not lose with his
light-powered car, close to the minimum
weight limit and with small tires. The
third noted fellow laughs at both the
others and tries to convince his auditors
that his medium-powered car is simply
perfect for the race from a scientific
standpoint.

Each of the forty-six drivers entered is
confident of winning the first prize. Many
have planned how they will spend the
money. Two-thirds of them are planning
to go to Europe. I never saw a more
optimistic crowd in my life. "This is my
last race if I win," say nearly all of
them.

The winner will average seventy-three
and one-half miles per hour, is my guess,
I have given the matter careful thought.
I have figured it from many angles. The
winner will be from twenty-five to fifty
miles ahead of the next car. The average
of the race will be lessened many miles
per hour from what is possible through

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announced he was ready to start. The
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identity of the man, and, while they
are uncomfortable before the start, after
the machine began to reel off the miles
at high speed the rush of air cooled
things off. Then it was a relief. It is
hot and uncomfortably warm down un-
der the hood in front of the engine,
sprays of oil come flying through the
hood and collect on the goggles, and the
wind seems forceful enough to hurl one
from the seat. Endicott gave these or-
ders before starting:

PUMP OIL

"Look around often. Tell me if any-
one is coming back of me, and, when I
tell 'oil,' pump that hand pump for all
you're worth. Are you ready?"
With these admonitions we started.
Around the south turn the machine
seemed to be gathering speed and when
it turned into the home stretch the in-
dicator of the speedometer registered 65
miles an hour. Endicott then began
opening the throttle, and the machine
lunged forward like a horse stung with
the lash of a cruel whip.

Except for the noise of the motor we
seemed to be almost standing still, but
the rush of air was deafening and as we
turned into the north turn and looked
back, two cars were close behind us.
Sharp reports of the exhaust told us that
Endicott had lowered the speed and in a
moment we were rounding the curve into
the home stretch.

It is not an easy task to remain in a
machine taking the turns at this speed
and when Endicott yelled, "oil," for a
moment I hesitated about taking hold of
the handle of the pump and letting go of
the back of the driver's seat.

With the right hand I began to
pump oil, and after a few strokes sup-
posed that the machine had enough to
last it for awhile, but Endicott yelled,
"oil" again and from that time it seemed
as if the machine had an unquenchable
thirst for the lubricant. In a moment the
south turn lay in front of us, past the
overhead bridges the machine seemed to
fly and the bridges whistled by like a
bullet. Into the back stretch with the
speedometer soon registering 94 miles an
hour we sped and the machine seemed to
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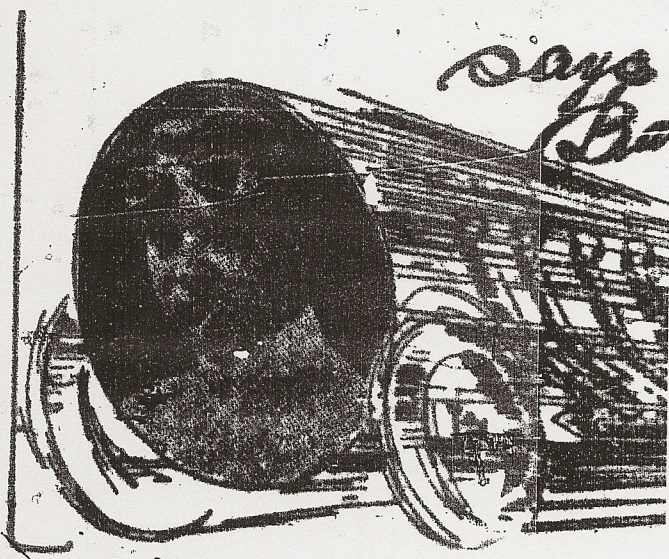
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GREAT EVENT AT THE TUESDAY MAKES



Indianapolis is race mad. The news-
boys have forgotten Madero and Diaz.
The extras may tell of a horrible rail-
road wreck with many lives lost or some
other calamity, but the youngsters are
yelling out only what is new in Speed-
way happenings.

On the bills of fare they have "Omelette
a la Burman," "Filet Mignon, Bruce-
Brown," and so on.

The greatest number of cars ever
started in a track race is twenty-six.
This was during a meet at the Indian-
apolis Speedway and all the drivers were
experienced. In the coming race many
pilots are inexperienced. Several of them
have never driven in a track race before.

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