

THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR, Sunday, May 28, 1911, p. 3 (#1)

## SEEK RECORDS' FAME

Fearless Drivers, Preferring  
Death Mid Whirl of Motor Bat-  
tle, Will Try Again.

### CHANCE IS A BIG FACTOR

Practically Free-for-All, With No  
Explanations to the Public  
as to Stock Cars.

BY PAUL P. WILLIS.

Locomotion—that's all.

Man Number One had to walk from one place to another—and that habit is still popular. He lost patience and became fidgety and ambitious as his forehead grew higher; hitched the ox and horse; discovered wood floats on water and ran cars on rails.

The need, then the remedy, for man's chronic demand to conquer time and distance.

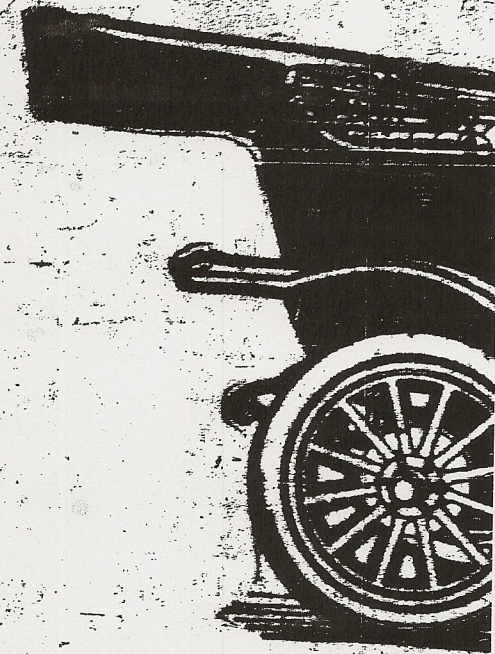
So, after all, "soliloquizers" need not worry because of the seeming mad interest in the 500-mile Speedway motor car race. It's a simple illustration of that eternal craving for speed; a tribute paid to one of man's inventions to give a longer hour and shorter mile.

It's a case of commercialism and sport mixed in such a sparkling manner that people pay cash for the thrill.

Incidentally, it's a good argument for the epigram, "It pays to advertise." Think how young the automobile is. The fact that local hotels are already groaning under their overload of guests, that cars are chugging overland with more, that others are buying tickets in railroad stations, hundreds of miles away and that thousands more are sorry they can't come, again proves that printers' ink, alias publicity, gets results. Ask any schoolboy and he will reel off the names of drivers and cars and give you their records. It is because auto builders have advertised, educated the inhabitants of earth and whetted their appetites.

As a sport this particular contest stamps motor car racing as an institution. Its devotees are as ardent as the most enthusiastic turf follower. It's clean sport, too. Brains must be clear. Healthy thinkers are these intrepid pilots. When

# After



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As a sport this particular contest stamps motor car racing as an institution. Its devotees are as ardent as the most enthusiastic turf follower. It's clean sport, too. Brains must be clear. Healthy thinkers are these intrepid pilots. When the race nears the finish, in a close pinch, he can't simply yell at his horse and give vent to his desire for victory by beating with a lash; no, he must keep cool and nurse every ounce of power in his steel charge. And one of the drivers in this race, Burman, has driven five times as fast as the swiftest horse of history.

#### SPECULATION RIFE.

There's a lot of speculation about who will win. But if the expected 100,000 spectators would only admit it, most of them expect to see some man take a chance on skimming the rim of death once too often. Even at that, there are veterans in this race who have skidded on the brink of eternity so often and who invariably come back, after having broken legs mended or deep gashes sewed up—who would rather die in the thick of a motor battle than anywhere else.

There are several elements that enter into the dope when considering a victor. And speaking of dopesters, Broadway will be transplanted to Indianapolis for a few days. It will be a different gathering than the sedate old Hecater capital has had for some time.

First consider the car—then the driver. It's practically a free-for-all and there won't be any trouble trying to explain to the public about "stock" cars. The two requirements only are that the

you can buy. Yet good as our  
your friends. Find out what  
tions which face every owner on

## Road Stud

Frank B. Willis, Genl. Mgr.

machines weigh not more than 2,300 pounds and that the piston displacement be under 600 cubic inches. All the cars—many of which have been built at enormous expense—are stripped bare like a runner of all unnecessary belongings. Speed, stamina, and wear and tear on tires constitute the main winning qualities of the cars.

There are two kinds of drivers, a road racer and a track speeder. Both are better represented in this aggregation of pilots than in any other field that ever faced "Wag." And when you say Wag, you mean Fred Wagner, the dean of motor contests, who has started these same men and boys on most of the races ever run.

The cars have plenty of speed—ninety miles an hour is child play for many of them.

As to stamina, that's another story. All those who have had their motor wisdom teeth cut have their own ideas; most of them biased by amulations with some

particular break in families.

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NO SAND TOO DEEP"

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particular make, but steering knuckles break in the best of motor-regulated families.

You have already been given a pretty good line on the tire wear. Let's venture that if every one of the cars makes the 500 miles they will average more than \$1,500 worth of tires each. So when this quarter of a million dollars worth of cars dash forth money will be a mere side issue—just an accessory.

The hungry engine stomachs will devour more than 5,000 gallons of gasoline and 3,000 gallons of oil—if they all make the 500 miles. But they won't.

When they are all still in the running a car will cross the tape at an average of one for about every two seconds. Nothing tame about that for the spectators—these panicky meteors will put to rout in a panicky form any inertial germs in the most torpid person.

For the entire distance, lets average about 670 revolutions of the rear wheels a car; about 827,500 revolutions of the motor a car and about 4,187,500 explosions for each car. Plenty of noise and excitement there—about 193,037,000 explosions for the forty-six cars if they make the entire race. Imagine every explosion a shot from a rattling gun—it's as bad as that and more.

But we have been carried away from picking a victor.

#### PIT MEN WILL COACH.

Burman has gone faster than anything else save a bullet—a mile in :25.40. From this record on down we have pilots who have vied with belated Kansas cyclones.

There is a lot in knowing the track—when they are hunched and taking a turn, watch the National boys wade in and wiggle out of the mass of cars just like fish in a stream. Some others will "shut off" and wait for open air and daylight.

Harroun is a heady driver and his pit assistants will be no mean asset. The race after the first 100 miles will be altogether different, and the driver won't know where he is. His pit men will tell him through a code of signals. Then perhaps the system a company team starts in to play will have to be changed altogether by what takes place, and then the driver must be coached on the dope from the pit. Watch the pit men—their side line work will be a big factor in victory.

Of course we all expect most of the drivers to lie low and save their cars, until after the first 300 miles. In case a company has two or three cars entered one driver may be commissioned to "beat it" from the start. But after the first 300 miles—there will likely be ten or fifteen cars out.

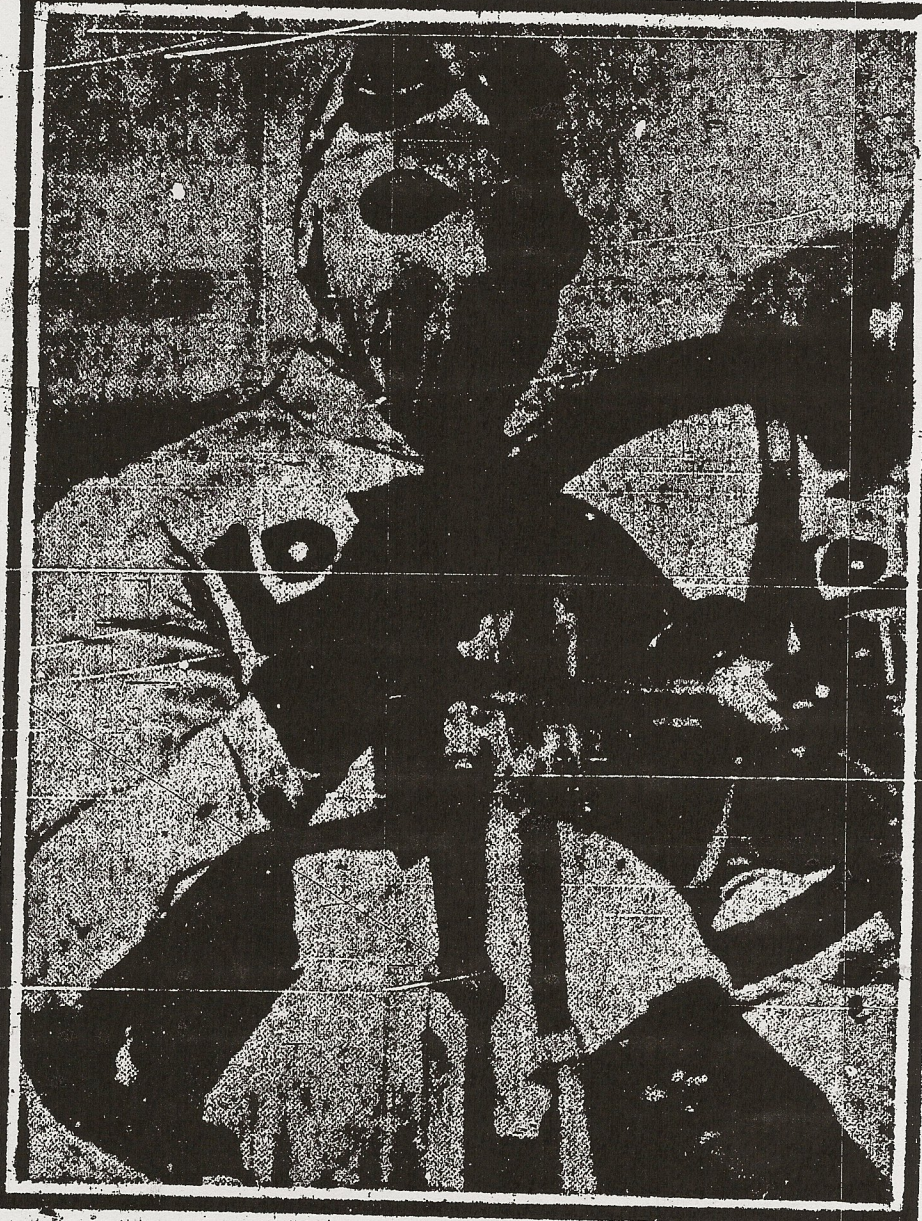
#### EXPECTS AVERAGE OF 74.

At first I picked an average speed for the winner of seventy-two miles an hour, but now if it is not too hot we may expect anything up to seventy-four miles an hour. If they make the two and a half mile circuit in 2 minutes, they are averaging seventy-five miles an hour. While that is fast for such a long grind—and considering the congested condition of the track—yet it's been demonstrated repeatedly that eighty miles an hour is easy work. That means making the circuit in 1 minute and 50 seconds.

But no amount of careful and expert "dope" can overcome the big odds of chance or luck. At the rate of only sixty miles an hour—and that sounds tortoise-like these days—a car makes about eighty-eight feet a second. You can't slam on your brakes with a jerk at that speed. No two brakes bite with equal force on the drums. One takes before the other—and brakes must be applied with caution or risk a dirty spill.

So, without dwelling upon horrors

## Mulford Wears Mask to Protect Face



The Louier pilots will wear muslin face masks to protect themselves in the long race Tuesday. This is one of the many

masks that will be worn by the field of pilots. When garbed for the race the drivers will resemble the night riders of Kentucky fame.

which will be eliminated as never before, we must admit that chance may put the smartest logical winner out, when, too, it may not be his fault.

#### SOME PROBABILITIES.

All things being equal, these men look like ready money to me: Wishart, Mulford, Grant, Harroun, Merz and Bruce Brown. This does not mean other drivers have inferior cars, or are themselves beneath these men as pilots. It's just one dopester's dope with reasons. Some men drive too fast, others are better road drivers than track men, others are good for short distance spurts, and a long string of such rail-bird reasons. Why, there is that grand old man Lytle,

with some real for sure speed under the hood of his car—every man in the game wishes him the best of luck. There is Disbrow and Hearn, Dawson, Aitken and Wilcox to be reckoned with. Anderson has many arguments in his favor. He, with Eadiott, has been picked as a dark horse. And there are other cars that have not shown quite as well in practice, but may manifest bulldog qualities and stay on the job intact better than the best judges predict. Strang as a pilot is to be feared, Chevrolet is capable, Teislaff gives reason for being watched closely, very closely, and—but we might include them all. They are all included, every man and car that start, like these movements, have a meaning of their own.

## Hope to Sweep Victory in Big Race.

## Record-Breaking Car Stands Another Test