

ALCO PROVES TO BE COMING FLYER OF RACING TRACK

CARVED NAME FOR HERSELF IN VANDERBILT EVENT

ESTABLISHES AVERAGE SPEED OF 62.8 MILES PER HOUR

Bad Scoring and Miserable Management Mar What Would Have Been An Otherwise Good Race to Disgust of 150,000

The fifth Vanderbilt cup race was won Saturday by Harry F. Grant, driving a sixty-horse power Alco car, the only six-cylinder machine in the race. His time for the 278.08 miles was 4:25:42, an average speed of 62.8 miles per hour.

Edward H. Parker, driving a forty-five horse power Fiat, finished five minutes and fifteen seconds behind Grant, and William Knipser, driving a forty horse power Chalmers, finished at the tail end.

The other cars, the Mercedes driven by Wishart, an amateur, and the Atlas, driven by Knox, were the only machines among fifteen entrants for the Vanderbilt cup which remained on the course at the end of the race.

As compared with previous Vanderbilt cup races, the contest this year was reduced to ordinary stock cars, no great racing machines, as in former years, being entered. Although accidents to cars were numerous and machine after machine was retired, no one suffered any serious injury.

The weather and road conditions were unsurpassed, and optimistic reports place the crowds at not less than 150,000.

Poor management and lack of official judgment marred the race from beginning to end. One of the worst instances of this occurred just before the finish, when it was suddenly discovered that the official timers had omitted to credit Grant's Alco with its twentieth lap. When he came round on his twenty-first lap it was at first recorded as the twentieth.

As the Alco came on the track for the twenty-second and final round the mistake was noticed and the score board was hastily corrected. Grant's name was moved up from third place to first and the starter rumbled on the track to wave the checkered flag which indicated that the driver had finished the race.

Because of this hitch Grant's victory remained clouded for several hours after the conclusion of the contest. It was not until after a stormy meeting between Mr. Vanderbilt and the officials that Grant was finally confirmed as the winner.

The early part of the race was badly muddled by the simultaneous running of two lesser contests for cars of lower power. These smaller cars remained on the course for ten and fifteen laps respectively, passing and being passed by the big cars and making the task of the timers a puzzling one.

The fifteen-lap race for the Wheatley Hills cup was won by R. W. Harroun, driving a thirty-two horse power Marmon, who completed the 139.6 miles prescribed in 3:10:21.25. His average speed was 59.8 miles an hour.

The two best known drivers entered the Vanderbilt cup race—Lewis Strang, piloting a Fiat, and Louis Chevrolet, driving a Buick—were among the first to be put out of the running by accident to their cars on the Saturday morning.

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The Alco, whose name is obtained from her manufacture by the American Locomotive works, is from one of the greatest manufacturing plants in all the world. The American Locomotive works build all the great locomotives for the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and, in fact, the railways of the United States and foreign countries.

Into the Alco car they are putting the same class of materials out of which are constructed the master models and great passenger engines that annihilate space at the schedule rate of seventy-five miles and more on the fast limited trains of the east. From this fact it is more than reasonable to understand that it is only a question of time till they have in the Alco all the speed that can ever be driven by an engine, and the run of it appears to be a matter of time.

Like a baseball hero, Free may be expected not to be long in this section of the country on the race track. His driving is as notable as the work of his car. The little Corbin is all that has been said of her in the east, where she has been making good. She has the "stuff" in her. She is a strong, splendidly constructed machine, with parts that are built for hard work, and stand the strain to which any car is put on a race course such as she has been trundling over for two days at a clipping gait, and her driver knows her from tire to wheel.

The skill with which the Corbin dashed into the lead and hugged the innermost tracks showed the cool, steady hand of Free, and follow him again in that 100 miles, his wheels are beating down the exact tracks which marked his first time round. Nothing flurries Free, no dash of a nearby car worries him in the least, for when he finds himself crowded slightly, he has the knack of giving her the gun and his machine responds as does the flying horse at the word of his master.

The Corbin is a wonder of a car, and has a skilled and accomplished driver. That tells the tale briefly.

Just Smiles and Looks Wise

Ask R. W. Harrsen about what the little Dorris will do in the Phoenix race and he just smiles, looks into the distance, as much as to say, "Watch the Dorris."

Vote for H. J. Woolcott, candidate for councilman. 15-39-112

Little 'Dorris' in Real Mud on Line of 'Awful Phoenix Roads'



The Dorris deserted the track on a corner and landed hub deep in the thick gumbo mud. Dick Harrsen is endeavoring to return the running gear to the semblance of a wheel by scraping off the gumbo.

CORBIN-LITTLE WONDER PLUCKS TWO FIRSTS EASY AT ASCOT

Made of Wonderful Stuff, Put Together Right, Makes Cars Double Her Size and Twice Her Cost Look Stationary at Work

The second day in the series of the meet arranged by the Los Angeles Motor Racing association was one of the most perfect in the point of weather that could possibly have been devised.

A much improved audience in point of attendance was on hand to witness the events, and surely there were none that were present that could possibly say they did not have the full value for the cost of the ticket of admission.

True, there were delays and accidents to the tires and engines of the cars, but even this added to the occasion, in the opportunity to witness the changes in tires and work performed by drivers and mechanics in the most excellently devised scheme of the Manager Henry, when the entire operation is performed in full view of the audience.

Not the fastest time in the world was made, but there was some mighty prettiness in the running of the cars, and where delay made it possible for the following car to pass its predecessor on the track, by the strange hand of fate the same hand luck came to the driver, and his car was again compelled to eat the dust of the first stricken machine.

Races Excellently Managed

It was not a crowded grandstand, but it was well filled, and the people who attended are now fully assured that there is no hippodrome going on in anything in which Hemptel and Henry, the promoters of the auto race track, are concerned. Everything is sent off in a business-like manner. No trifling delays are permitted. Drivers are given to understand that 2:30 does not mean 3:30, or when they get ready.

The audience is not wearied out with some grandstand driver making a few waves of the hand-tiers at the car as much as to say "Watch me."

The scoring board is perfect and handled with precision, so that no announcing is necessary of car, time or distance. The board shows the cars in the running from one to three, time, distance, what race it is, mileage traveled and which car is No. 1, 2 or 3.

The program yesterday consisted of two events—a ten-mile handicap and a century run of one hundred times around the circle. The ten-mile event had three cars in competition, the big, Royal Tourist and Chadwick. The big Royal took first money in 11:02, the Royal coming in second and the great Chadwick lumbered into port the third car. She scarcely honors in the race.

Her exhibitions are in the future to be judged by what she has done the past two days.

Hundred-Mile Event

The 100-mile event showed the Corbin, Winton, Palmer-Singer and Royal Tourist at the toe-mark as ready to take the course in the circle on the dust into the throat of the gray car, as was ever seen was the start, too, at the firing of the gun. In a minute the poor old Winton started out in her own race, and all the world was to be started by her performance.

The wise ones just waited, and bets were freely made that she would not quit the track until she was down. Scarcely had she done her first mile till Frank Lee in his little Corbin, which costs less than half what the big Winton costs the buyer, was making the dust into the throat of the gray car and filling the driver's eyes with the dust of Ascot track. Then came the expected. Down went the Winton, and she lay at the three-quarter post for quite a while—sufficient never to give her a showing for the first or the second money. Then came as pretty a race as the people who attend these exciting races will ever see in Ascot park.

Race Between Corbin and Palmer

But for the miserable driving of the Palmer-Singer the story might have been totally different. The P.-S. driver seemed to love the outside fence. He seemed to be afraid of or hated to take the inside of the track. Some claimed that it was on account of her wheel base. This could not be so, for Al Livingstone with his big Royal Tourist made his best spurt of speed on the inside rather than in the stretches. Almost when in the stretches, however, the Singer hugged the little pacer—the Corbin—until the seventeenth mile. In the far stretch it looked like making a pace for the Singer, but the powerful Singer gamely hung on to him, when suddenly Free was seen to let go and came limping into his quarters for a change of tire. Free was not the most expeditious man on earth in that change. He can do better, and but for his absolute knowledge of his car and what she will do, he was slow and it might have cost him the race.

Palmer-Singer Down Next

Naturally, while the Corbin was changing tires, the Singer warped into the lead and gained all she was behind and added miles between her and the Corbin, which had been shunted to second place, the Royal Tourist now having practically a dead cinch on third place, the poor old Winton being on the dry dock out on the track for repairs. The Corbin, with her new shoe on her right front foot, took the track again and mowed down the distance between her and her leader, and then came the sign from the driver and mechanic of the Singer that she needed foot repairs on her right side, and she did, for she had two blow-outs. While these were being replaced Free with his machine stepped into the lead again, and, seeing he had the race

in his belt, slowed up for protection to his tires and leisurely jogged out the 100 miles and crossed the tape in 2 hours and 24.5 seconds. In the nineties the Palmer-Singer at the corner post went entirely to the bad and died on the track and humbly saw the midget take the wreath of glory of the first meet of the Los Angeles Motor Racing association home to the Corbin home.

Winton Gets Lead Once

For once the Winton got a lead. Unfortunately, the Royal had tire troubles, too, and while she was undergoing the shoe repairing about the gray car stepped in and took the lead, and when the Royal had come from the tire shop there was a pretty race between these two cars for miles, but when the crowd left the track she was struggling along to complete her 100 miles and try to take third money of \$25.

The arrangements for the meet cannot be too highly complimented. The polling of the track was perfect, an ambulance stood ready both Saturday and yesterday for service, but fortunately was not required. The track was always clear, none but the judges and newspaper men being allowed in the timekeepers' stand, the score board did the announcing work, the band played popular airs well, the public has been told that it can have clean, straight racing entertainment by men who understand the business, drivers can get good coin for good driving and the handsomest trophies that have ever been put up in this section of the country, and when the next meet is held the management may expect to see its park filled to overflowing with good people who love clean sport, are willing to pay for it and will go to see it, but they will not stand for fake hippodromes, which this paper will be glad to expose at the first attempt to thrust such before the public, and do it messily.

A Story-Telling Picture

All the type in The Herald office cannot tell a strong story as a photograph in another column of this paper speaks of what a live business concern is doing in the automobile business. The picture shows an ordinary regular weekly shipment of Studebaker cars coming to the Lord Motor Car company once every six days. They are not sent to storage, but are ready and the next week are shipped to the next just like it standing at the doors of the show rooms. No promising cars next month or three months hence, but buy your car and take it along with you if you like.

And there is a good reason for this. The Lord Motor Car company has a great popular priced car with a factory that is turning out prodigious numbers of machines daily. They have the goods, tell the people in The Herald that they have them, and they have the buyers come for them and drive them off. There's a lesson in the Studebaker picture for others.

Should Be Well Supported

The attendance at the meet of Saturday and Sunday was not strictly up to Los Angeles standard. Few can realize the expense of even making a start at opening a field as big as Ascot park. Installation of the repair pits, extension of water feeds to each with hose connections for each car, the patent score board, the employment of "really" policemen outside and inside the grounds; care of the track and its repairs, the water bill alone being prodigious, as, for example, 500,000 gallons being used in wetting down the track. The management deserves the good support of the public who enjoy clean exhibitions of mechanical and mental skills, where the game is clean and on the square, as it is now at Ascot park. The people there disposed to be fair and liberal, and if the sports arranged by Hemptel and Henry are maintained as they have been started, they will meet with the success they deserve.

French Driver—Italian Car

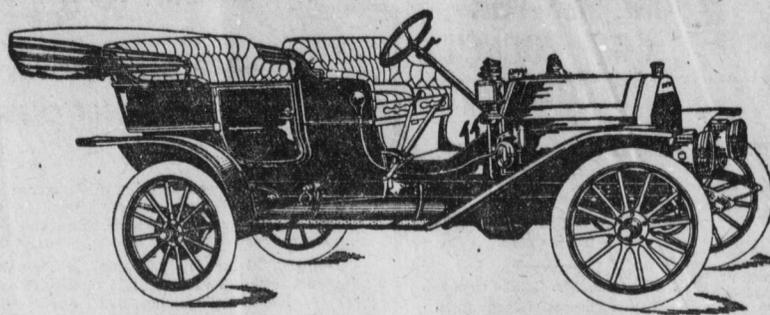
Ever see a Frenchman smile? A good-looking Frenchman? No? Well one glance at the home of the Motor Car Import company when Max Poissman is about and you have the ideal, especially since the Santa Fe will today drop at the doors of the company the Italian car Isotta with which Max has spun many a mile off the reel in foreign racing. Max looks askance at the rocks from which "cars leap from one to the other," but "he made 'em look seek."

Pennsylvania Off Today

To receive her maiden bid in the sands of the deserts of California and Arizona, the fleet Little Pennsylvania will leave today for a run over the Phoenix course, where the "cars leap from rock to rock" like frogs in a puddle. This little car, with Morris O'Donnell at her wheel and Joe Coberly as mechanic, may be expected to be a hard factor in the Phoenix run which begins next Saturday night.

Using Franklins in Germany

E. D. Noff of Altadena is touring Germany in a six-cylinder Franklin. He writes that the roads in southern Germany are like private drives. The big Franklin is proving a surprise in climbing the mountains and is an object of wonder to the foreign drivers, many of whom have not seen a Franklin before. Mr. Noff writes of surprising the natives by climbing a twenty-eight mile grade on the high.



Touring Car, Seating Five Studebaker E-M-F "30"

\$1400 F. O. B. Los Angeles



Standard Equipment MAGNETO included — of course

\$1250 F. O. B. Factory, Detroit, Mich.

Promise Fulfilled by Performance

If to gild refined gold or paint the lily or to add another hue unto the violet is wasteful and ridiculous excess, what, then, shall be said of any words of fulsome praise in commendation of Studebaker E-M-F "30," the automobile that, 8000 strong daily on the roads and in the hands of owners, is telling its own tale of service and of satisfaction?

A year ago it was necessary to use all the adjectives at our command to impress upon prospective buyers the excellencies of this car. Today, our one problem is to manufacture cars fast enough to meet the ever increasing demand. Fifty cars a day is the present output of the big Detroit factory in which, from the iron to the finished automobile, this car is made. But the demand has increased faster than we could add factory buildings and machinery to increase the output. It seems as if every Studebaker E-M-F car delivered instantly creates a demand for ten more. It must be so, for there's no other explanation of the tremendous vogue this car has had from the day the first one went on the road.

Of course it may be said that there was a tremendous demand for this car even before the first one had been delivered to a customer. This fact has been the wonder of the trade during the past year. Competitors were unable to account for it. In trying to do so they said some very cutting things—that is, they were intended to be cutting. Among other things they said the public was a fool to buy a car it had never seen. They accused us of "selling Blue Sky" and—oh, well, they were awfully peevish over the whole matter. We understood that and so laughed over their lame jokes more heartily than they did themselves. The intended victim can always laugh at a joke that misses the mark. And that the "Blue Sky" joke certainly had the opposite effect on customers to that intended was soon proven by the way the public gobbled up all the "blue sky" there was in sight—ordered months ahead for Studebaker E-M-F "30's" and paid premiums for early deliveries to persons who had gotten in line first.

Looking back over the year it seems easy now to explain why this car was received so enthusiastically—why thousands bought without seeing the car itself or having a "demonstration."

Automobile buyers are of the most progressive, the most intelligent and the best informed class of business men. There are no exceptions to that rule. Very well. Our first announcement—the one that electrified the trade—told in simple terms who the men were behind the product. Being well informed, prospective automobile buyers knew these men—knew they stood at the head in their class—knew them to be, without exception, engineers of world wide reputation. And knowing the men by reputation, what more natural or logical than to conclude that the car these men would build would be as honest as they—as clever as its designers—as good as these masters could build.

That was the basis—and it was a sound one—for the instant reception of this car by trade and public alike. The trade accepted it as the strongest rival that had ever come into the field—accorded it the distinction of the most bitter, the most concerted attack that had ever been directed at any product in the automobile industry. The public accepted it by wiring in orders by hundreds—sending them by mail in thousands. The output was sold in less than thirty days from the first public announcement of the specifications and price of the car.

Undoubtedly one other factor that played a large part in establishing this car was the fact which soon became known—though not so widely heralded in the press at the time—that Studebakers, the largest but also the most conservative concern in the automobile and vehicle world, had set the seal of their approval on this Studebaker E-M-F car—had backed it with their millions. That was argument sufficient to clinch any sale.

If Studebakers were willing to stake millions on their knowledge of the men who make and their faith in the lasting qualities of this car, what risk did any individual buyer take as compared to that?

Think it over for a minute. If there was no other data obtainable—if you didn't know a soul who owned a Studebaker E-M-F "30"—wouldn't the fact that Studebakers had invested millions in this car be sufficient proof that, in all the world, there could not be found better—nor as good—value for the money? Would Studebakers invest so heavily—would this house touch anything they thought was transient? Could they afford to lend the name and the reputation of this house to any but a first-class product? It would be ridiculous to think so for a moment.

An automobile, more than anything else, must stand on its own performance. The man who owns one is the best salesman—and he can kill the product if it does not make good all promises. If you don't believe it, look back over the past five years. Only those cars which stood up under the hardest work are alive today.

True, some concerns have managed to squeeze out of tight places, and, by radically changing design from year to year, been able to catch that class of people who are ever looking for something new or different—who are impressed with freakish contraptions. But these are the exceptions. The big successes have been built on honor—on building the best cars they knew how and developing, improving one standard model from year to year instead of bringing out new and radically different ones each season, then taking cars of customers afterward.

It is in this matter of service afterward that Studebakers, with their practically unlimited financial resources and their unequalled system of distribution through branch houses, long established and also financially well grounded, are able to offer the buyer more than any other concern in this business.

All others are young. Their growth has been of the mushroom kind. Their reputations—well, the oldest dates back about five years—and those years have been years of success and of plenty. Nothing has happened to test any reputation. What more need be said? How many of them have sufficient financial standing to make their guarantee worth the paper it is written on?

How many have an amount of capital invested that is at all proportioned to the volume of business they are doing annually? How many would survive if called upon to make good a guarantee so glibly given, on even one year's output? How many—look over the last five years and let that be your guide—how many of them will be in business five years from now? Where will you get replacement parts then—to whom will you look for fulfillment of promises?

You know Studebakers will be here fifty-seven years hence even as they have been for the past fifty-seven years. What other concerns will survive after this industry has been reduced to solid sunk business terms? How many of them will, with their wasteful, extravagant methods—or rather lack of method—of making and selling, be able to compete with Studebakers and this splendid organization? Time alone will tell. Meantime many buyers of cars are likely to learn expensive lessons. Studebaker customers are heavily insured—whom else?

It was these considerations that prompted the alliance between Studebakers and the E-M-F Company. This is an industry now—no longer a game. We have brought that about. The Studebaker E-M-F car has set a pace the others cannot follow. None other has the facilities, the manufacturing experience or the financial resources to enable them to operate on so large a scale—so they cannot produce as good a car for the same price—nor anywhere near it—not within 25 per cent at least.

These are the considerations which, more than any others, should dictate what car you will buy. No other argument can outweigh these in your mind—if you want a car that will give you continued service and one which will be a source of pleasure and of satisfaction for years to come.

Lord Motor Car Co.

1032-38 South Olive Street