

CAR RUNS AMUCK

Louis Chevrolet Escapes Injury When Buick Leaves Speedway Course in Wild Trip.

MISSES DEATH BY DODGING

Driver Saves Himself by Ducking Under Hood—Saturday's Pro- gram Given Out.

Rolled under more than a ton of cold steel after flying through space at the rate of a mile in thirty-six seconds and virtually unhurt, is the story of the thrilling ride of Louis Chevrolet in his big Buick Special at the Motor Speedway yesterday afternoon when a rear tire blew out as he turned his dashing mount into the stretch and threw open his throttle to make the two and a half miles in one and a half minutes, only to plow the soft dirt at the side of the track for 300 feet before the big monster turned turtle with the Franco-Swiss buried beneath. Appalled, the crowd of spectators was silent until the fearless pilot crawled from beneath his car and tested each limb for broken bones.

"He's up, unhurt."

The cry passed along the way and a hurried dash was made to the side of the man whom death had seemed to have in its grasp. He was smiling when the crowd reached him. With face begrimed and clothing almost of mud, Chevrolet reassured his friends, saying he was not injured. Then he turned to his big car and looked for damage.

"I'm all right, but how's the machine?" The car was carefully inspected and outside of the two rear tires pulled, a steering wheel bent and a few minor scratches, the mechanism was intact. A damaged radiator was perhaps the most serious of the breaks.

Spectacular Accident.

Chevrolet's accident was perhaps one of the most spectacular that ever has occurred at the Speedway where the driver escaped without injury. Chevrolet started to try out his new speed creation in the middle of the afternoon. Two rapid circuits were made, one of them showing the two and one-half mile distance in one minute and forty seconds.

"See him travel," was the exclamation, "how fast will he go if he opens the car wide?"

Chevrolet seemed to know what the crowd wanted and started to deliver it. Opening his throttle in the stretches he called for a higher speed in a fourth circuit. The watch was on him as he dashed along, and when he left the track at the two mile point, the clocker caught the time of one minute and twelve seconds. This speed shows a rate of a mile in thirty-six seconds, or one-fifth of a second slower than the Speedway record set by Barney Oldfield in his Benz "200." Oldfield made the mile at the May Speedway meeting in thirty-five and four-fifths seconds.

As Chevrolet rounded the last turn in his dash for the wire, he opened his throttle wide, and the big black "Buck" fairly flew over the brick. He was running, he believes, at the rate of 110 miles an hour.

Suddenly the nose of the monster was seen to swerve, and in another instant it clipped a rear wheel off the Great Western driven just ahead by Moore. The little car was not moving fast and the pilot escaped without a fall, though the machine lost a wheel.

Racer Takes Dirt.

Careening from the inside of the track to the outside, the Buick sped into the soft dirt and plowed up a pair of six-inch furrows where the wheels hit. Then the car's nose hit the ground and end for end it was hurled. It hit the ground running and then turned sideways and rolled over.

Thrashing the air, the wheels spun on as the motor kept running and the big car was on its back. For a moment no sign of life was seen, then the khaki-garbed pilot crawled out and took a few steps and waved his arms to find if bones had been broken.

Chevrolet told the story of the accident as far as he knew, and the crowd listened as if a man from the grave were talking.

"The first I knew that something was wrong," he said, "was when I nosed into the Great Western. From the action of my car then I knew a rear tire was gone, and perhaps both. I cut out and put on the brake with the hope of stopping before I hit the fence. My speed was too great, though, for the car had taken the speed given by the extra gas I was feeding, and I picked the soft ground for a stopping place when I saw I could not hold the track.

"When I hit the ground I watched for the turnover, and when it came I ducked, turtle fashion, into the hood of the car as far as I could. That is what saved my life, I think. The steel bands around the hood held strongly and when it rolled over my head was out of danger. The only injury is to my left knee where it struck against some part of the mechanism."

Chevrolet Keeps Nerve.

"Am I going to run it again?" Chevrolet laughed as he repeated the question.

"Well, if you are at the Speedway again tomorrow or the next day you will see me in that same car, and if there's nothing in the way I'll go two miles a minute before the race meeting is over. I don't know just how much speed the big car has in it, but I'm going to get it all."

The Buick Special which Chevrolet was driving at the time of the accident is one of two new creations of the Buick concern. It is built with a completely enclosed body except for the driver's seat and its shape resembles the body of a whale or porpoise. The object is to avoid all wind resistance possible. For the last month Chevrolet and Burman have been working on the freakish speed makers and they believe they have a pair of machines that will make the records disappear as soon as the mechanism is fit.

The program for Saturday, which will begin at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, was announced last night by E. A. Moross, director of contests at the Speedway. The first event will be record trials for one mile, free for all. Each car will be permitted two trials and the following have entered: Empire, National, Chadwick, Benz and two Buicks.