

# CHEVROLET ASCOT STAR IN WONDERFUL DRIVE.

*Sets the Crowd Wild by Coming from Behind in Ten-mile Handicap.*

BY LEEPSON BOWNES.

**T**HIRTY THOUSAND wild-eyed gasoline bugs certainly had something to be thankful for yesterday. The ten-mile handicap race at Ascot Speedway had everybody choking and sputtering like a flyer on a chilly morning and Louis Chevrolet could have had anything in the place free of charge after his wonderful drive.

Eddie Hearne's pretty ride to victory in the fifty-mile Liberty Sweepstakes, Tom Milton's great exhibition in the same event, when he blew a tire in the middle of the turn; Barney Oldfield's speedy rush for a new one-mile track record; Katherine Stinson's flying—all were great—but the guy who stood them all on their heads was Chevrolet in the handicap.

The Frenchman's Frontenac was not hitting at all in the Liberty Sweepstakes, but he managed to gullop along into third place on three cylinders. When they lined up for the ten-mile handicap he was granted a lead of 428 feet on Eddie Hearne, with Tom Milton having just half that handicap and Cliff Durant 'way over on the other side, a third of a mile to the good.

## FIRST MILE.

When they all tore past the grand stand for the first mile the Frontenac was spluttering and backfiring like an ordinary guy's touring car does when he's in a hurry. Durant was rapping it off away out in front, and Milton was rapidly picking up on the Frenchman. It looked as though the Frontenac was going to disappoint again.

Slowly Milton picked up and finally in the fifth mile he passed Chevrolet and had caught up to within a hundred feet of Durant. To the crowd in the bleachers it looked like a vain effort on the part of Milton to catch the flying blue car and Chevrolet looked as though he would be lucky to finish ahead of Hearne.

Then along in the eighth mile something happened to that long brown Frontenac. To quote Chevrolet's own words after the event. "Along the back stretch I pick up the fourth cylinder and I say, 'Let's go.'" The Frontenac began to pick up until she looked like a streak of mud along the back stretch fence.

As the cars thundered by at the completion of the eighth mile most of the crowd saw that Milton had drawn up to within a hundred feet of the flying blue Durant car, and it wasn't until they were past that the crowd noticed that the whining Frontenac had zipped by only another hundred feet behind Milton.

## DOWN BACK STRETCH.

Pulling down the back stretch on the ninth lap both Milton and Chevrolet picked up on Durant and as they pulled into the straightaway Milton passed the blue car. The roars of the bleacherites in admiration of Milton's feat were suddenly stilled as it struck them that Chevrolet was coming like a whirlwind and still had a chance.

As the cars crossed the tape for the last mile Chevrolet drew up close to Durant. The whine of the long brown car had risen till it was a veritable scream. The French veteran was chewing his mustache and crowding his flash to the limit. He was following the two leaders like an avenging shadow.

Shrieking into the turn without the slightest slackening of pace, the brown car drew past the blue Durant machine and began to pick up on the white Duesenberg. While the crowd fairly rocked the stands with

cheers and policemen were beating each other on the shoulders with their clubs, the flying Frenchman drew even with Milton as they shot into the last turn.

Both men were driving like fiends, never for an instant lifting their feet from the throttle. Inch by inch the brown car was gaining on the white, although running on the outside of the turn. It seemed as though the two flying cars could never hold the turn at such a speed and they skidded wildly towards the outer fence as they entered the stretch.

## CROWD GOES WILD.

Down the ribbon of concrete, past the bleachers, the brown Frontenac rushed, with Chevrolet riding the car for all the world like a jockey. The wild Frenchman was almost standing up, his elbows elevated on both sides, like Danny Maher urging a future winner to the wire. The Frontenac, seemingly imbued with the spirit of its driver, fairly leaped forward and brushed across the wire a winner by ten feet.

When old timers like Barney Oldfield, Bill Pickens, Gaston Morris, Frank Lowry and such can get so excited over a race that they beat each other's hats in and dance around before 30,000 people like made dervishes it has to be SOME race. And it was. One more event like that and the management can build bleachers all the way around the track and fill them.

Eddie Hearne's Roamer Special showed the way to them all in the opening and main event, the fifty-mile Liberty Sweepstakes. The little white car was driven in a masterful way and never missed a wallop. Aside from about five miles following a tire change in the twenty-seventh lap, the Roamer was always in the lead and although Milton made a wonderful race of it, Hearne really won as he pleased.

## LIBERTY SWEEPSTAKES.

The time in the Liberty Sweepstakes was 41m. 54 1/2-58, which knocked an awful dent in the previous record. Hearne's average of 71 5-10 miles per hour is nearly four miles an hour faster than the previous mark. Milton finished a close second, with Chevrolet's Frontenac taking third on three cylinders and Durant's Chevrolet Special fourth.

Barney Oldfield opened the proceedings with a one-mile dash against the track and world's record of 45 1-5 seconds. His Golden Submarine, after a few warming-up laps, lit out like a twenty-dollar gold piece being chased by an advertising solicitor, and managed to bite that extra fifth from the record. The new mark of 45 seconds is an average of eighty miles an hour.

Miss Katherine Stinson had trouble with her motor on her first attempt to fly and was forced to descend in order to adjust the thing-a-ma-bob or the doohickey, it matters not which. When she did go up, however, she made a wonderful flight, looping the loop, dipping, swerving and finally dashing down the track where the officials could almost touch her.

The final event of the day was a one-mile dash, rolling start, which was won, by Tom Milton with Chevrolet a close second and Durant only a trifle back. It was some show.

The winning cars were all equipped with Goodyear Cord tires, giving that brand of "gums" a clean record for the season, having won every important event of the year. Miller carburetors were mounted on all the machines except Durant's and Barney Oldfield was equipped with the customary "El Ropo" cigar.