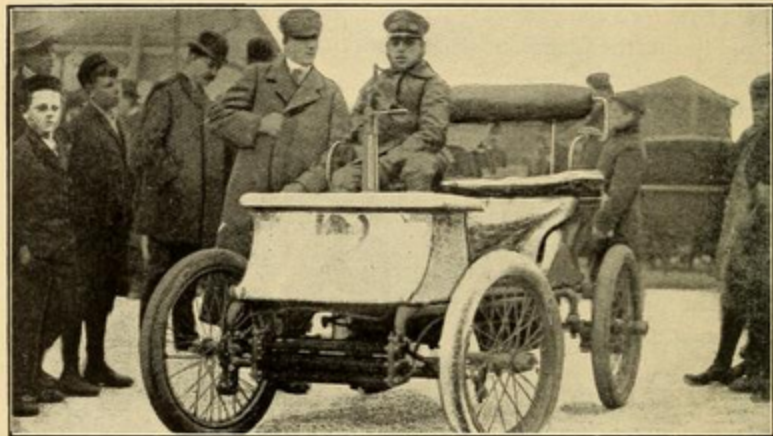


One Hundred Miles in the Rain

By HERMAN B. BARUCH, M. D.

THE Long Island Automobile Club certainly deserves great credit for the well conducted endurance test which was run off Saturday, April 20. The course was selected with much discretion and could not have been improved upon. Had Jupiter Pluvius been in kinder mood the trip would have been simply ideal.

The start was made from Pettit's Hotel, Jamaica, and the sight



Reproduced from Collier's Weekly]

Little "Tommy De Dion," the Youngest Competitor

afforded by the crowded yard before the start was most interesting. It reminded one of the paddock at the track before a race. The neigh and stamp of horse were replaced by the whirr and buzz of motors, each chauffeur busy grooming and filling his machine. Begoggled, capped, leather-coated and oft booted, the drivers presented a rather greswome and amusing appearance.

The pet of the crowd was little "Tommy De Dion," as he has been dubbed, a fifteen year old boy who manipulates a machine with a skill and dexterity much envied by many of his elders. The writer had a Darracq 6½ horse-power voiturette, and was the third contestant started toward Flushing.

This is, indeed, an ideal road, and there is no sport comparable to "bubbling." We dare not exceed fifteen miles an hour, for just ahead at Flushing a terrible fellow is waiting, watch in hand, to catch us and disqualify us if we get there before twenty minutes have elapsed. An immense racing machine went whizzing past us, unmindful of its fate, and Mr. Birdsall, my traveling companion, cautioned me to slow down, when I already seemed to be moving at a snail's pace. "Don't hurry, old man, take it easy; this is an endurance contest, not a race," was his constant admonition. But my brave little Darracq was champing at the bit, and almost bolted when another chap raced by.

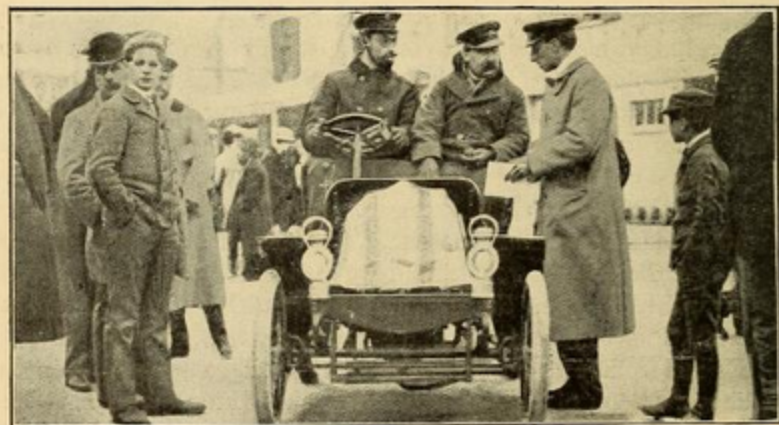
But now it begins to drizzle and blow a regular gale from the East, and before Port Washington was reached we were thoroughly drenched. Our motor, much to our disgust, now began to slow down. We crawled along for a few miles and just before Roslyn was reached she began to pick up again, and off we raced at a thirty-mile clip to make up for lost time; but, alas, the spurt was short lived! Again she began to choke and splutter like a croupy child, and we had to crawl up the Roslyn Hill where we had expected to make a good record in the hill climbing contest. Mr. Birdsall suggested the carbureter as the seat of trouble, and we made a stop of three minutes, during which he filled the gasoline tank and I looked over the carbureter. I found it coated with ice, caused by the excessive moisture in the atmosphere being congealed by the cold consequent upon the rapid evaporation of the gasoline. We plugged up the air holes and so the mixture was too rich and we got no speed or power. It was the work of a few seconds to clear the apertures with a twig, and with a turn of the crank we were off again, going beautifully. Whenever the same symptoms threatened this treatment was repeated, but without stopping the carriage. The driver first slowed down the carriage, then with one hand on the steering wheel, and leaning well out and forward on the step, the air inlets were cleaned and we went on our way rejoicing. In fact, we went on rejoicing too much, because when we reached Oyster Bay we were within ten seconds of being disqualified for excessive speed.

Poor little "Tommy De Dion," was soon espied in trouble by the roadside, and we could not stop to help him.

It is now raining in torrents, and the water, driven by a strong head wind, soon soaks us both to the bone, but the motor is running beautifully and our enthusiasm causes us to forget everything but the

fact that we are covering the ground at a good rate and everything is running smoothly.

The new Columbia gasoline runabout overtook us shortly, but we had a few links of speed in reserve and could not resist the temptation to fly by them and risk disqualification once more. The extra spurt has caused us to shake up the mud and some of it getting on the trembler, which unfortunately has no cover, brought us to a sudden stop, much to our disgust. Only one minute was wasted in starting the motor again, but even this sufficed to bring up the Columbia accompanied by the steadily running and seemingly imperturbable Haynes-Apperson four-seater. Do what we could, we could not induce the



Reproduced from Collier's Weekly]

President L. R. Adams Giving Final Instructions

chaffeur of this machine to make a spurt, but in the words of the poet, "he got there just the same."

We traveled along together for a while, but with visions of a rapidly emptying tank of gasoline, requiring refilling, the necessity of speed urged itself on us if we wanted to get in before our competitors. We made a ten-mile spurt, and soon had to stop again on account of that trembler. My wagon had been but a short time in this country, and I had made no effort to doctor it up for this run, as my object in entering the contest was to find its weak points and remedy them if possible, and I found only two, the uncovered trembler and the unprotected carbureter.

On we went again, and soon passed Massapequa and rushed on to

Springfield, where we replenished our gasoline tank from a reserve can and wasted another two minutes, but were not overtaken by any of the others. Charley Wridgway, who had started on an imported De Dion Racer, yelled something from the roadside which sounded like "you are second," but which afterward proved to be the statement that he was "short-circuited." Our lunch was rain-soaked, but I managed to eat a couple of sandwiches which Mr. Birdsall dug out for me, and washed them down with mouthfuls of rain water which was coming down in sheets.

Jamaica is only a short distance away now, and there is very little gasoline left in the tank when the motor again halts us, but it is only another bit of mud on that blessed trembler, and we are soon off again. Oh, for another gallon of gasoline, but none is obtainable. With one eye on the rapidly vanishing essence and the other on the road, we make the last left turn, and with one grand burst of speed our brave little Darracq bears us bravely back to the starting point, where we were enthusiastically received by as mud-be-spattered and forlorn looking lot of motor enthusiasts as I have ever seen.

We had covered the course of 100 measured miles in seven hours and six minutes, and been delayed less than ten minutes on those muddy roads. This, when one considers that absolutely no preparation was made for the run, I think should be accounted a most excellent performance for a new and almost untried car.