SIX KILLED BY MOTOR CYCLIST JUMPING TRACK

Eddie Hasha Plunges Into Crowd in Race at Vailsburg Motor-drome Stadium.

GOING AT 92-MILE SPEED

Machine Leaps Up Track's Steep Side and Crashes Through Net at the Top.

BIG CROWD IN WILD PANIC

Hasha Flung Among Other Victims While Cycle Spins Madly Around Beam.

RIVAL RACER ALSO KILLED

Machine Whirls Down Into Track Again Into Path of Speeding John Albright.

SCORE INJURED IN HOSPITALS

Eight of Them Likely to Die—Hasha, Although Only Nineteen, Had a Wonderful Record.

In the thirteentn event of a gala programme at the Vailsburg Motordrome Stadium in Newark yesterday afternoon six persons were killed and twenty were injured in the worst disaster recorded in the history of motor cycling.

A motor cycle, racing at a speed of ninety-two miles an hour, swerved sharply in its course, shot up and out of the saucerlike track and plowed its way through the struggling spectators. Of these, three boys and a young man were killed, while the rider of the wild machine was thrown to his death.

Then, having wrought its havoc, the motor cycle with wheels still revolving, catapulted back into the track directly in the path of the laggard of the race, who was thrown from his machine to be carried unconscious to the German Hospital, where he died four hours later. It was feared last night that eight of the injured would be added to the list of dead.

The rider of the first machine was Eddie Hasha, the wonderful little rider who came out of Texas some months ago, and who had won recognition as the greatest motor cyclist in the world. The fatal ride came within twenty-four hours after he had lowered the colors of the cyclist who had reigned supreme at the Brighton Beach course, and he lost the control of his machine at the moment when he had just been passed in the race by his rival, Ray Seymour, whose world's record he had yet to reach by a matter of six seconds.

The rider of the other machine was young John Albright of Denver.

The whirling of the motor cycle, swift as a skyrocket, through the bleachers packed with men and boys brought instant panic. Screaming, cursing, whimpering, the spectators fought and trampled one another under foot in the frantic struggle to get out of the path of the machine. Many of those seriously injured got their broken bones and torn flesh in this scramble for safety. The groans of those hurt soon brought a little sober second thought to some of the men, who turned in an effort to restore something like order, but it was more than an hour before the bleachers and grand stand were cleared, and the ambulance surgeons, hurrying from all parts of the city, had work to do in calming the hysterical and fainting women as well as tending to the seriously injured.

Here is a list of the victims:

The Dead.

HASHA, EDDIE, 19 years old, Waco, Texas.
ALBRIGHT, JOHN, 21 years old, Denver, Col.
FISCHER, EDWARD, 17 years old, 415 Thirteenth Avenue, Newark.
TOTHNER, THOMAS, 14 years old, 189 Sixteenth Avenue, Newark.
BOY, unidentified, 14 years old.
MAN, unidentified, 21 years old.

The Injured.

BARNETT, WILLIAM, 24 years old, 146 Bergen Street, Newark; condition critical.
WILLIAMS, CHARLES E., 26 years old, 282 Orange Street, Newark; condition critical.
KLOTZKI, WILLIAM, 15 years old, 538 South Eleventh Street, Newark; condition critical.
RICE, IRVING, 19 years old, 67 Wakeman Avenue, Newark.
DON, DAVID, 14 years old, 10 Highland Avenue, Kearny.
GRISHABER, HERBERT, 13 years old, 21 North Twenty-second Street, Irvington.
GRISHABER, GEORGE, 15 years old, 21 North Twenty-second Street, Irvington.
COMBS, CHRISTOPHER, 13 years old, 63 Newark Street, Newark.
FREHNER, JOSEPH, 12 years old, 139 Sixteenth Avenue, Newark.
KERSENBERGER, HARRY, 14 years old, 428 South Eighth Street, Newark.
FISCHETTER, FREDERICK, 34 years old, 348 West Kinney Street, Newark.
BOWERS, MICHAEL, 29 years old, 176 John Street, Belleville.
SMITH, HUGO, 21 years old, 693 South Eleventh Street, Newark.
AMBERG, FRANK J., 15 years old, 558 South Orange Avenue, Newark.
HODOPP, FREDERICK, 21 years old, 669 South Nineteenth Street, Newark.
ROLLE, EDWARD, 15 years old, 427 South Eighteenth Street, Newark.
FOUR UNIDENTIFIED MEN, unconscious in hospital; condition critical.

The injured are in the German and City Hospitals.

The accident happened a little before 5

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o'clock at the end of a long programme which had gathered more than 5,000 persons, men, women, and boys, to the big new open-air motordrome recently erected in the Vailsburg section of Newark at the crossing of Munn and South Orange Avenues. It was a gala day, for, besides the perfect weather, Eddie Hasha, the nineteen-year-old rider from Waco, was to race his chum and rival, Ray Seymour of Los Angeles. This was in the thirteenth event, a four-mile free for all, that called out six starters, but the real race was between Hasha and Seymour, the only two who were on scratch.

Six Cyclists in Race.

The other entrants were John Albright of Denver, Ray Peck of Los Angeles, Johnny King of Newark, and Frank King of Denver, to each of whom a quarter of a mile handicap was accorded, and on the Vailsburg course that meant one lap. But these handicaps were to be taken from the finish, and all six cyclists started together when the race was called. It was the real race of the day, and as the men lined up Mrs. Hasha, the pretty girl whom the young rider married in Denver a year ago, slipped from her seat in the grandstand and went away, for closely as she always followed the sport she never would stay to see her husband in actual races.

Everything went as smoothly as possible in the first lap, and Hasha kept slightly in the lead, with Seymour, the other scratch rider, close behind him. The six cyclists swept around and past the starting point with Hasha still in the lead, and then the swift Californian began to creep up on him. Hasha was riding at ninety-two miles an hour, but Seymour was going faster. A little faster still he rode, and then, just as they were nearing the other end of the course, the middle of the second lap where the bleachers join the grand stand, Seymour put on tremendous speed and passed him. And as Seymour passed, Hasha lost control of his handlebars. His machine swerved and passed above the danger line, marked in heavy black six feet below the upper edge of the track as a line of blue is marked near the rim of a saucer.

Machine Shoots Up Incline.

It all happened then so swiftly and in so few seconds that few even of those whose eyes were glued horrified upon Hasha could tell afterward precisely what had happened. Up the dangerous incline to the top the machine shot, tore its way through the wire netting stretched perpendicularly to keep the eager spectators from falling to the track and into the crowded end of the bleachers.

Straight through the group of men and boys the machine whizzed, with Hasha sitting as though frozen to his seat. A boy standing nearest to the point where the motor cycle tore through the netguard was struck before he could move an inch, and his head was cut off.

With a crash the machine struck the high ten-inch beam that was raised to support the roof of the grandstand. The lower end of the steel tubing fork between the wheels hit the stout wooden beam, and there, as on an axle, with the wheels revolving furiously, the machine spun round and round at a blinding rate, hurling its rider free into the grandstand, where he was picked up with his head crushed, his neck broken, his arms and his legs broken, and his ribs crushed in. It was in this whirling that the other spectators were struck and killed.

Then, as though it had done its work there, and with Hasha gone from the seat, the machine shot free of the post, jumped through the netting again, and tumbled into the saucer track, there to slide disabled to the bottom. And as it slid it fell directly in the path of young Albright, who was the last of the six riders to cross the starting point at the end of the first lap. The other four riders had passed by with Seymour in the lead, knowing that something had gone wrong, uncertain what it was with their heads bent down so far over the handles, and powerless to stop. Albright was last, and he could not have seen or checked his advance.

His machine crashed into the wreck of that on which Hasha had ridden to his death. It was a violent impact, and Albright was tossed from his seat. He landed several yards ahead and then slid down the incline, where he lay unconscious.

Wife Sees Albright Fall.

His wife, a spectator in the grand stand, saw and fainted. In a few moments she had revived and was down on the track, kneeling beside him. She rode in the ambulance that carried him to the German Hospital, and was there when he died, at 9 o'clock.

The red flag of danger was waved before the four contestants still racing at high speed around the course and they slowed up. The race was called off and doctors, nurses, and police took charge of the tangled humanity in the bleachers and the difficult business of bringing order out of it all was left in their hands. Purely by chance there were no women among the injured. They are always admitted to the bleachers, and the rows of seats were dotted with big hats and bright parasols, but it just happened yesterday afternoon that only men and boys were sitting in that section of the bleachers where the motor cycle entered.

With the stadium finally emptied of its dead, its injured, its hysterical, and its curious, the scene of the tragedy shifted to the hospitals, where the work of identification began. This proceeded but falteringly last evening, and even as it started, the wheels of official investigation began to revolve, all the local authorities seeking to determine whether there had been any criminal negligence in the accident.

Stadium Opened July 4.

The new stadium, which was thrown open to the public for the first time on July 4, is owned by a syndicate that includes many prominent Newark men, and of which George W. Cross of Newark is President. Paul J. C. Berkum of Los Angeles, Cal., is manager of the motordrome, and he was notified last evening by Police Capt. Vogel of the Fourteenth Precinct to call at the station house this morning and submit to questioning. It is the disposition of the police to believe that in the end it will be found that the accident was unavoidable.

County Physician W. H. McKenzie is joining his forces to the investigation that has already started and together with the police he will be a member of a conference on the subject this morning in Prosecutor Mott's office. In the light of the scanty authoritative information already gathered it seems that the handlebar of Hasha's machine became loosened in some manner, and that was what caused him to lose his control.

Hasha, who came East with conquest in his eye three months ago, was one of the lightest riders in the world, and was already accounted its greatest cyclist. They always called him the champion, although the sport is not sufficiently organized for any one to earn that title definitely and beyond dispute. The position that he gained had been won rapidly, for he made his first appearance as a racing cyclist a year ago in Denver.

Followers of the game liked to call Eddie Hasha the "Tod Sloan" of motor cycling, because of his forward seat, fine hands and absolute fearlessness. His riding revolutionized the competitive side of the sport in the three brief months of his Eastern riding, and in that time he took the measure of every man who entered the lists against him. Other motor cyclists used to say that there was no fairer rider than Hasha, because he would never imperil an opponent's chances by riding him close or playing the dirty game of switching.

Hasha never recklessly or indifferently ignored the dangers of the profession that he had chosen, but he continued to ride because it was his profession. His wife shared his knowledge of the perils, and lived in hourly terror of them, the while she was intensely proud of his prowess and loved to get the details. Often she would stay at home when the racing began, keeping close to her room and refusing to see people, but the first person home from the motordrome would be greeted at the door with her eager question:

"Is everything all right?"

They were stopping at a Washington Street boarding house in Newark, and from there he would go either to the course at the Vailsburg Motordrome or to the one at Brighton Beach. Only yesterday morning, after Mrs. Hasha had left the breakfast table, the talk turned on the managers of the game, and some

Motor Cyclists Killed in Newark Stadium.

"JOHNNY" ALBRIGHT. "EDDIE" HASHA.

of the cyclists were questioned wonderingly by the little group of actors putting up at the same house. Was it so very dangerous? they wanted to know. Eddie Hasha looked across the table to Ray Seymour, who sat opposite, and then he laughed a little grimly.

Hasha Stowed His Money Away.

"I suppose it'll get us all, each when his turn comes," he said. "Oh, I know it's a dangerous game, but I am stowing my money away in the bank, and the wife will be fixed if I go."

He went out for a walk then, but came back a little later and started upstairs to look for Mrs. Hasha. Percy Denton, a player in the Louis Mann company, which had just wound up a Newark engagement, met him on the stairway with the news that his wife had gone to church.

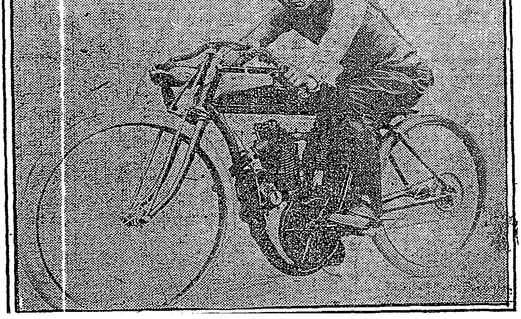
"That's so," Eddie said, "it's Sunday, isn't it? Well, my friend, I hope she's praying for me."

Strangely enough Hasha had not counted on riding yesterday. He had had a little squabble with the management of the Newark motordrome over the eternal question of the purses, and during the week swore up and down that he would not race on Saturday as they had expected him to. The threat from the management was that if he failed them it would mean his barring from every licensed course in the United States. But he did not ride Saturday afternoon, and went fresh to the race at Brighton Saturday night, a race which he left in a glow of triumph. Then, just in time for yesterday's disaster, he patched up his misunderstanding with the Newark people and entered the lists for the thirteenth event.

Beat Brighton Champion.

Saturday evening's triumph was the defeat of Arthur Chapple of Brooklyn, in two stirring three-mile heats at the Brighton Stadium Motordrome before a crowd of 12,000 spectators. Chapple, undisputed lord of the Brighton track in the early Summer, pushed him to almost record speed, but fell behind in the last lap of each of the two heats, and his colors went down to the Western boy.

Hasha's time for the first three miles was 1:59 1-5, which was but six seconds behind the world's record for the distance made by Seymour at Los Angeles on May 18 of this year. The second heat was a closer match than the first. Again Chapple led, but this time by only half a wheel length. The two raced around almost neck and neck for eight laps, when Hasha again made a last spurt and passed Chapple on the turn, winning by half a wheel length amid a deafening din of cheering from the watching crowds. He was to have raced Chapple again tomorrow evening.



"HASHA" Motorcyclist on his Machine.

The history of motor cycling contains no such chapter of disaster as that written yesterday in Newark. There is no record of a machine breaking from the saucer track and cutting a murderous way through the spectators. One of the darkest days in the history of the sport was June 20 of this year, when three motor cyclists were killed—two in San José, Cal., and one in Cleveland.

The story of the California accident was that of a swerving motor cycle and the collision of three others with it. Reed Orr of the Sacramento Motor Cycle Club and W. F. Baker of the San José Motor Cycle Club were killed, while two others were injured. That same evening 5,000 spectators at the Luna Park Motordrome in Cleveland saw Bob Hunter of Newark killed and Finn Huttinger of Cleveland seriously injured in a collision.

Huttinger's front wheel struck Hunter's rear wheel. The Huttinger machine shot to the top of the track hit the fence, and in a blaze of fire fell to the bottom of the track, whirling over and over, a mass of twisted steel. Huttinger was pitched over the bars when the motor cycle struck the fence, and turned somersaults along the track ahead of the machine.

Hunter plunged directly over his machine, breaking his neck. The frightful speed at which he was going forced the machine over on his back, and with cylinders blazing but still going the motor cycle slid for yards, dragging Hunter's body with it.

On May 25, 1911, Harry Nixon of Dayton, Ohio, was thrown and killed when a tire burst.

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