

America's First Automobile Race, 1895

Henry Ford receives most of the credit for the development of the car in the USA but he did not produce the first American automobile. This distinction goes to the Duryea brothers - Charles and Frank - who created their first gasoline-powered "horseless-carriage" in 1893. The following year, Frank developed a second car with a more powerful two-cylinder engine. It was this car that he drove in America's first automobile race on Thanksgiving Day, November 27, 1895. The race ran a 54-mile course from down-town Chicago to Evanston, Illinois, and back. Frank Duryea described his experience in his autobiography:



A heavy snow had fallen during the night and we experienced hard going as we drove out to Jackson Park from our quarters on Sixteenth Street. Of nearly a hundred entries, only six cars lined up for the start. The Duryea Motor Wagon Company's entry was the only American-made gasoline car. The word 'go' was given at 8:55 and the Duryea was the first car away.

The machine made good going of the soft unpacked snow in Jackson Park, but when we came to the busier part of the city, the street surface consisted of ruts and ice hummocks, in which the car slewed badly from side to side.

While still in the lead, the left front wheel struck a bad rut at such an angle that the steering arm was broken off. This arm had been threaded and screwed firmly to a shoulder, and it was a problem to extract the broken-off threaded part of the arm. When this was finally accomplished, we, fortunately, located a blacksmith shop where we forged down, threaded and replaced the arm. While delayed, the Macy Benz passed us and held the lead as far as Evanston, where we regained it.

Having made the turn at Evanston, elated at being in the lead again, we started on the home trip. We had not yet come to Humboldt Park when one of the two cylinders ceased firing...

This repair was completed in 55 minutes and we got going, feeling that the Macy Benz must surely be ahead of us, but learned later that the Macy did not get that far. Breaking the way through the snow in Humboldt and Garfield Parks furnished heavy work for the motor, but also indicated that all competitors were behind us. After a stop for gasoline, and a four-minute wait for a passing train at a railroad crossing, we continued on to the finish in Jackson Park, arriving at 7:18pm. The motor had at all times shown ample power, and at no time were we compelled to get out and push.

After receiving congratulations from the small group still remaining at the finish line, among whom were the Duryea Motor Wagon Company party, I turned the car and drove back to its quarters on Sixteenth Street.

Cannonball 2000 rev up in London for five-day dash across Europe

The cars were gleaming in the sunshine as participants of this year's Cannonball 2000 gathered in London for the annual European tour. Lined up outside the swanky Hilton Hotel on Park Lane the 50 participants had their engines roaring and ready to go on the five-day long journey. The 2,000 mile tour takes the drivers through five European cities. Participants drive from London to Barcelona and make their way through Monte Carlo and Milan before crossing the finish line on Paris' Champs Elysees on Sunday.

Ex-boxer Ricky Hatton will be taking part in the race alongside Coronation Street actor Ryan Thomas and Emmerdale star Kevin Fletcher. The trio looked very pleased with themselves surrounded by glammed-up girls ahead of the race. Other contestants tried to out-do each other with crazy costumes and decked out super-motors. Comics seemed to be a popular theme with drivers dressed up as Spiderman and others as Barney and Fred from The Flintstones.

Long-distance race events, such as Cannonball, have received criticism after a driver in a rival event, Gumball 3000 Rally, was involved in a crash which killed an elderly Macedonian couple in 2007. Wealthy businessman Nicholas Morley was spared jail for his involvement in the accident which saw his Porsche 911 crash into Vladimir Chepunjoski, 67, and his wife Margarita's Volkswagen Golf near the Albanian border in May five years ago. Mr Morley was given a two-year-suspended sentence but the case raised questions about the safety risks of asking participants to drive long distances, sometimes 720 miles, in one day.

Cannonball 2000 founder Gary Redman describes the cross-continent drive as a 'pulsating five-day party with like-minded people looking to enjoy some of the most amazing cities in the world'. The event sponsors children's charity Dreams Come True and donates a percentage of their proceeds to the charity which helps fulfil the wishes of terminally ill children.

Writer: [SARA MALM](#)

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Question 1

Read again **source A**, from 'The machine made good going....' to 'get out and push'.

- Choose **four statements below which are TRUE**.
- Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
- Choose a maximum of four statements.

- A It was harder to drive in more populated areas of the city.
- B The left front wheel was broken when the car hit a bad rut.
- C. They managed to fix the damage themselves.
- D They overtook the Macy Benz at Evanston.
- E The next problem was when two cylinders ceased firing.
- F The repair took 55 minutes.
- G There was a lot of snow in Humboldt and Garfield Parks.
- H They ran out of petrol at a railroad crossing.

Question 2

You need to refer to **source A and source B** for this question. Use details from **both sources**.

- Write a summary of the differences between Frank Duryea's automobile race and that of the Cannonball 2000.

Question 3

You now need to refer **only to source B**, Cannonball 2000.

- How does the writer use language to make the race seem exciting to the reader?

SOURCE A

Press ganged, 1811



Impressment had been a common method of filling the ranks of the British Navy since the 17th century, particularly in times of war. Gangs of British seamen (press gangs) would rove the streets of seaports in search of likely candidates for naval service. Once targeted, these hapless victims were forcibly taken aboard ship and sent to sea. Twenty-two year old Robert Hay was a ship's carpenter who had made one voyage aboard a British merchant ship. We join his story as he walks through a London neighbourhood:

"I was, when crossing Tower Hill, accosted by a person in seamen's dress who tapped me on the shoulder enquiring in a familiar and technical strain, 'What ship?' I assumed an air of gravity and surprise and told him I presumed he was under some mistake as I was not connected with shipping. The fellow, however, was too well acquainted with his business to be thus easily put off.

He gave a whistle and in a moment I was in the hands of six or eight ruffians who I immediately dreaded and soon found to be a press gang. They dragged me hurriedly along through several streets amid bitter execrations bestowed on them, expressions of sympathy directed towards me, and landed me in one of their houses of rendezvous. I was immediately carried into the presence of the Lieutenant of the gang, who questioned me as to my profession. . . I made some evasive answers to these interrogations . . . but my hands being examined and found hard with work, and perhaps a little discoloured with tar. . . I was remanded for further examination.

In a short time I was reconducted for further examination before the Lieutenant, who told me as I was in his hands and would assuredly be kept, I might as well make a frank confession of my circumstances, it would save time and insure me better treatment. . . I therefore acknowledged that I had been on a voyage to the West Indies and had come home carpenter of a ship.

His eye seemed to brighten at this intelligence. 'I am glad of that, my lad,' said he, 'we are very much in want of carpenters. Step along with these men and they will give you a passage on board.' I was then led back the way I came by the fellow who first seized me, put aboard of a pinnace at Tower Wharf and by midday was boarding the *Enterprise*.

I was seized by two marines, hurried along towards the main hatchway with these words thundering in my ears, 'A pressed man to go below'. What injustice and mockery thought I . . . but my doom was fixed and I was thrust down among five or six score of miserable beings, who like myself had been kidnapped, and immured in the confined and unwholesome dungeon of a press room."

References:

This eyewitness account appears in: Hay, M.D (ed.), *Landsman Hay -The Memories of Robert Hay 1789-1847* (1953), republished in: Charles-Edwards, T. and B. Richardson, *They Saw it Happen, An Anthology of Eyewitness's Accounts of Events in British History 1689-1897* (1958). Source: "Shanghaied," 1811, EyeWitness to History, www.eyewitnesstohistory.com (2009).



John McCarthy talks about the moment he was taken hostage

'Back in 1986, it was my first big adventure, going off to the Middle East, working as a journalist for a television news agency. The civil war in Lebanon had been running at that point for around ten years, and was one of the world's big stories. So I was excited about being given the chance to go and work there with our Lebanese camera crews for a month.

While I was there, there wasn't much fighting going on. It was a peaceful period of the war which gave me the chance to learn the ropes as a field producer without too much anxiety. And then a number of Westerners started being picked up and no one knew why. So it seemed like a good idea to get out of town until the situation became clear again.

I was on the way to the airport, thinking about getting home later that day, seeing my girlfriend, phoning my mum and dad, when suddenly a car raced past us, slapped on the brakes and screeched to a halt completely blocking the road. And I remember sitting there in the front passenger seat, a couple of colleagues in the back. We didn't say a word, just sat there watching this car as the back doors slowly opened and this guy got out; this very big, tall young guy, big bushy beard and a machine gun. He strolled over to the bonnet and stood there staring at me, then came round to my door, yanked it open and grabbed me by the back of my neck, threw me in the back of this car and it raced off. That was it in terms of being seen in the world again for the next five years.

I was so near the airport that mentally I was already out of Lebanon, I was on my way home, I was in duty free. I wasn't terrified to start with, I was shocked but it was almost as if a safety mechanism had taken over me which made it seem like I was watching the scene from a film. It was like watching a movie, except I was in the movie. It wasn't until I was in the other car being driven away and I was on the floor with the gunman almost sitting on top of me and I tried to get up and he rapped me on the top of my head with his knuckles which hurts of course and that broke me out of this dreamlike state. Suddenly I was in pain and he stroked my head, he just wanted me to keep down. But then the real fear took over. Where am I going, what's going to happen?

Interview by Lyn Hughes for Wanderlust travel magazine

<http://www.wanderlust.co.uk/magazine/articles/interviews/lyn-hughes-interviews-john-mccarthy?page=all>

Question 4

For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source A** together with the **whole of source B**.

Compare how the writers have conveyed their different experiences of being abducted.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different experiences and emotions
- compare the methods they use to convey those experiences and emotions
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

Entering the Forbidden City of Mecca, 1853



In 1853 intrepid British explorer Sir Richard Francis Burton disguised himself as an Islamic pilgrim and made the trek into the heart of Arabia visiting the holy cities of Medina and Mecca, which were off limits to non-Muslims. If his true identity as a European Christian had been exposed, the penalty for his indiscretion would have been death.

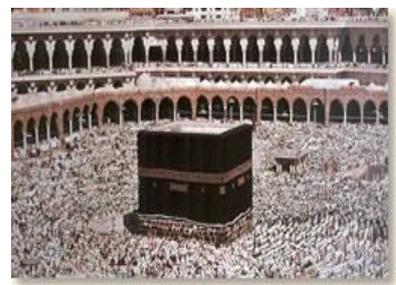
On Saturday, the 10th of September, at one in the morning, there was great excitement in the Caravan, and loud cries of 'Mecca! Mecca! Oh, the Sanctuary, the Sanctuary!' All burst into loud praises and many wept. We reached it next morning, after ten days and nights from EI Medinah. I became the guest of the boy Mohammed, in the house of his mother.

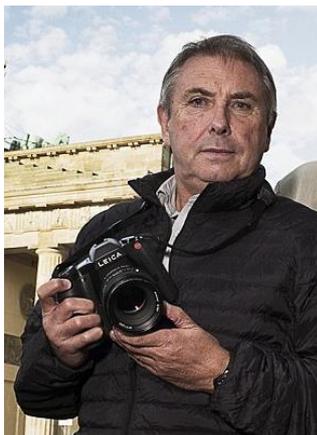
First I did the circumambulation of the Haram. Early next morning I was admitted to the house of our Lord; and we went to the holy well Zemzem, the holy water of Mecca, and then the Ka'abah, in which is inserted the famous black stone, where they say a prayer for the Unity of Allah.

Then I performed the seven circuits round the Ka'abah, called the Tawaf. I then managed to have a way pushed for me through the immense crowd to kiss it. While kissing it, and rubbing hands and forehead upon it, I narrowly observed it, and came away persuaded that it is an aerolite.

Burton returned to Mecca about a week later and was able to actually enter the sacred Kaaba.

"A crowd stood gathered round the Ka'abah, and I had no wish to stand bareheaded and barefooted in the midday September sun. At the cry of 'Open a path for the Haji (pilgrim) who would enter the House!' the gazers made way. Two stout Meccans, who stood below the door, raised me in their arms, whilst a third drew me from above into the building. At the entrance I was accosted by several officials, dark-looking Meccans, of whom the blackest and plainest was a youth of the, Ben!! Shaybah family, the true blood of the EI Hejaz. He held in his hand the huge silver-gilt padlock of the Ka'abah, and presently, taking his seat upon a kind of wooden press in the left corner of the hall, he officially inquired my name, nation, and other particulars. The replies were satisfactory, and the boy Mohammed was authoritatively ordered to conduct me round the building, and to recite the prayers. I will not deny that, looking at the windowless walls, the officials at the door, and a crowd of excited fanatics below...my feelings were of the trapped-rat description,...A blunder, a hasty action, a misjudged word, a prayer or bow, not strictly the right shibboleth, and my bones would have whitened the desert sand. This did not, however, prevent my carefully observing the scene during our long prayer, and making a rough plan with a pencil upon my white *ihram*."





The Fall of the Berlin Wall (1989)

Photojournalist Tom Stoddart describes what it was like to be in Berlin when the Wall came down, ending the division of Germany.

In London, I obtained an East German entry visa and by the afternoon was on a plane to West Berlin. Once there, I took a taxi with the intention of crossing into the East at Checkpoint Charlie before the crossing point closed for the night. In the back of the cab, I was chatting with a young Irish reporter on his first foreign trip. The radio was on, just a low background sound, and suddenly I saw the driver stiffen and sit bolt upright. He turned up the sound and I asked him what was happening. He said: "It's amazing. They're opening the crossing in an hour."

We arrived at Checkpoint Charlie about 15 minutes later and at first there was hardly anyone around. Then people began to arrive in numbers until there was a huge crowd on the Western side. I decided to head for the East German checkpoint and in no-man's land I photographed two middle-aged women coming towards me. Their hands were clasped to their faces and they were crying tears of joy and disbelief. They were possibly the first from the East to cross to the West at Checkpoint Charlie that night, the first to experience freedom.

The border guards looked confused and numb, as if uncontrolled events had overwhelmed them. People from the East surged past them and me and over the next hours I photographed incredible scenes of emotion. Some waved their passports at me as they headed West and often into the arms of strangers waiting to greet them. I pictured two young men who fell to their knees and punched the air when they crossed the border. All around me people were hugging and celebrating. Someone held up the late edition of a newspaper. The headline read: 'The Wall is gone. Berlin is again Berlin'.

After a couple hours, I made my way round to the Brandenburg Gate where people had climbed onto the Wall and some were chipping away at it with hammers and chisels. But then the border guards cleared the Wall and were preventing others from climbing on. In one corner, I saw soldiers using a fire hose to try and repel those beneath them on the western side. Over the next hours, though, a group of determined and mainly young men acquired more sophisticated tools and took it turns to hammer at a particular section of the Wall. They even tried to haul it down with a tractor and chain at one point but the chain snapped. The young people were cheered on by the crowd as they worked, ignoring the drenching they received and kept going by adrenalin and the knowledge that they were making history.

By **TOM STODDART** FOR MAILONLINE

PUBLISHED: 09:50, 5 November 2014

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2816063/The-astonishing-stories-fall-Berlin-Wall-Woman-fled-East-Germany-lover-boy-scouts-adventure-lifetime-reveal-legend-shaped-lives.html>



© Tom Stoddart/Reportage by Getty Images

Question 1

Read again **source A**, from 'A crowd stood gathered....' to 'my white ihram'.

- Choose **four statements below which are TRUE**.
- Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true.
- Choose a maximum of four statements.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| A It was a cold day in September. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| B Haji means 'pilgrim'. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| C. Burton had to be lifted into the building. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| D The officials inside were all of the true blood of the EI Hejaz. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| E Officials showed him around. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| F He felt relaxed while in the sacred building. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| G He knew he would die if he made a mistake. | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| H He drew a sketch of the interior while he should have been praying. | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Question 2

You need to refer to **source A and source B** for this question. Use details from **both sources**.

- Write a summary of the differences between Burton's description of the forbidden city of Mecca and Stoddart's description of the scenes at the Berlin Wall.

Question 3

You now need to refer **only to source B**, The Fall of the Berlin Wall.

- How does the writer use language to make you, the reader, feel part of the experience?

Question 4

For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source A** together with the **whole of source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different experiences of entering forbidden territory.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different experiences, views and emotions
- compare the methods they use to convey those experiences, views and emotions
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.