

Saddest Race Ever Staged.

# GRAND PRIZE TRAGEDY TOLD BY EYE WITNESSES.

*Owner of Fiat Racing Stable Tells How Giant Car Was Hurlled High as Telegraph Poles When David Bruce Brown and Mechanician Lost Their Lives on the Dangerous Vanderbilt Race Course at Milwaukee.*

WHEN Attorney E. E. Hewlett, who owns the largest stable of Fiat racing cars of any man in this country, reached Los Angeles on Tuesday, the first news of the Grand Prize race from a spectator who saw the saddest event ever staged was given in detail. There at the trackside, where one of the greatest drivers, David Bruce Brown, was killed, and one of the best mechanics, Tony Scudallari, lost his life, Attorney Hewlett saw the motor drama that took two of our finest men out of the racing game.

That the Vanderbilt course at Milwaukee is the most dangerous on which a road race was ever staged is the statement of Attorney Hewlett, who does not spare his words when he condemns the racing management. While David Bruce Brown was dying, with his head in the lap of a woman who lived near the course, Hewlett was rushing orders for the ambulance which never came. Had the hospital corps been on hand Hewlett believes it possible that the lives of both men might have been spared.

Instead of first aid being rendered to both the unconscious men it was half an hour before an automobile could be secured. The men, both on one cot, were lifted into a touring car and rushed to the hospital. Brown died in the afternoon and Scudallari hovered between life and death for a week and then passed out. The course, according to Hewlett, was so dangerous that he begged Brown to withdraw his entry, and tried his best to keep Teddy Tetzlaff and Caley Bragg from starting. Ralph de Palma, injured on the same course while Caley Bragg was hurling the Fiat into a wonderful victory, will probably never race again, according to Attorney Hewlett. It was no fault of Bragg's.

BY ATTORNEA L. F. HEWLETT.

hour until the farmers could fix up a cot on which they were both placed, and carried in on a touring car. Dave died that afternoon and Tony lived a week, but never regained consciousness.

We withdrew all the cars, but the management asked as a personal favor that we let Teddy start. Teddy was on the last wing of the Vanderbilt race—had already piled up for the last time with gasoline and oil and was heading by twelve miles, when a little shaft in the magnet broke and put him out of the race. This was a new one on me, as it had never occurred before.

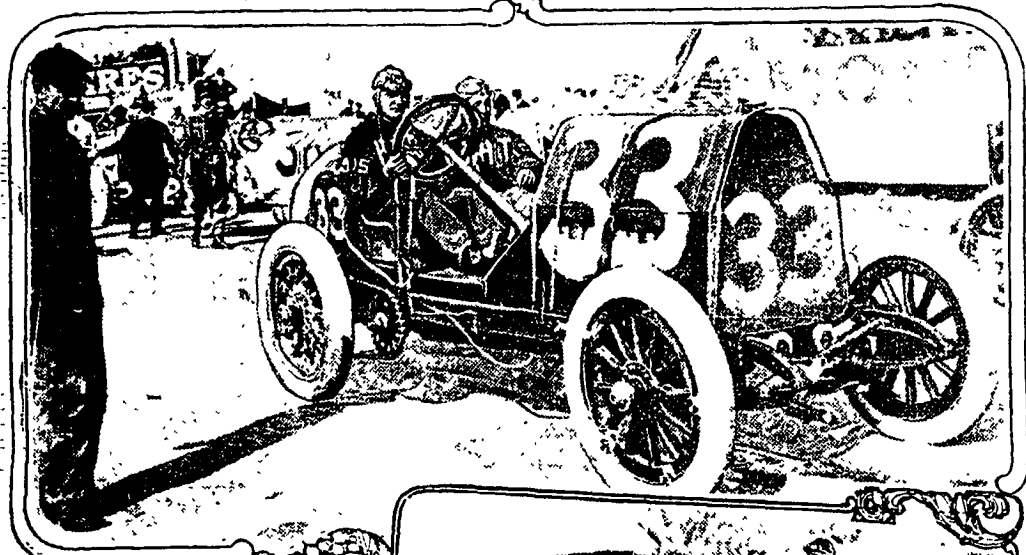
In the Grand Prize Caley decided to start at the last minute, and we gave Barney Oldfield No. 48. Teddy was leading again by seven miles, and Caley second by five miles, when Teddy broke a torsion rod connecting the rear axle. This was another thing that had never happened before. It was a new rod. It did no damage except that it caused the chain to keep flying off, and he had to give up the race in disgust.

Caley had the race won in hand but on the last lap De Palma was following him closely, though Caley had a three-minute lead. They came to a lamp at which every one had seen off before, and Caley shut off, but for some unknown reason De Palma took it wide open.

### DE PALMA'S FINISH

Even going slowly, cars jumped through the air about a centigrade feet at this point. They say that De Palma went fifty feet through the air and never stopped until he struck Caley's car full in the middle. While going through the air, of course, he could not use his brakes and had no control of his machine. De Palma was thrown into the ditch and struck a post, a piece of which was driven through his stomach. Caley pulled up slowly to the finish line and asked them to send an ambulance right back, and went back himself. De Palma was laughing and assured Caley that it was no fault of his. He was taken to the hospital and is doing all right; the machine was not hurt.

When Bragg drove he started the race without having gone over the course once. He took off his coat and vest and went in with only his shirt sleeves and suspenders. He had to stop at the pits three times in the



Neither the Vanderbilt nor the Grand Prize races should have been run on that course. There was not enough room for the cars to pass, let alone race. I put the proposition up to the boys that they ship their cars to Los Angeles and race here. Dave had practically decided to ship his car back home on the morning he was killed.

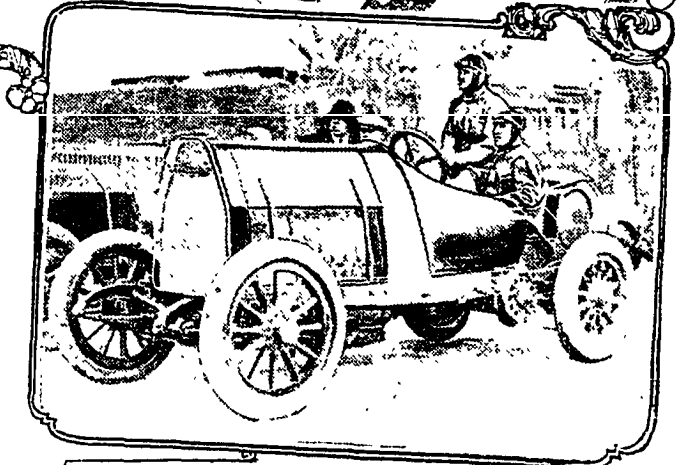
It was a severe blow to everyone. He was a big, whole-hearted, square-jawed, who was loved by everyone. If you could have seen him, with his head in that woman's lap, quietly breathing his last, you would have realized the tragedy of the whole thing.

The car was hurlled as high as the telegraph posts when it turned turtle. Both Brown and Tony were thrown clear of the machine, into the ditch at the side of the road.

### PATHOS OF RACE

Poor Dave, it is hard to realize that he lost his life. He had just gotten off the train from New York, and I was at the camp when he left, and he was full of enthusiasm for a good trial. Teddy had just broken the track record, and Dave went out to break Teddy's record. Teddy then went out to try for Dave's mark and Dave saw him leaving the pits and waited for him on the back stretch. He followed Teddy around for a lap, and Teddy says he would gain on him a little in the turns. Then Teddy would pull away from him again in the straight-aways.

They were proud, doing about 185 miles an hour when they were following him about a block and a half behind. When he looked again, Dave had disappeared. They came to the stand and sent help right back, as



### Teddy Tetzlaff and the Big Fiat

That figured in the Grand Prize race at Milwaukee. Above is Caley Bragg, looking anxiously at Tetzlaff, while Teddy is making a fast lap at Santa Monica. Sitting with Bragg is Tony Scudallari, the mechanic who was killed with David Bruce Brown at Milwaukee. The automobile editor of The Times and Attorney E. E. Hewlett are both standing beside the Fiat. Below is Tetzlaff at Milwaukee, rolling down the stretch nearly twelve miles ahead of all other cars, but forced to drop out of the race because the torsion rod snapped, an annoying incident which lost the local lad the big race.

they were afraid an accident had happened.

We found a tire had blown on Dave's car and the road was criminally narrow, with wet ditches on each side. The car bounced off on the right hand side of the road, threw both Dave and Tony out and went into the air, landing about four consultants and landing on the other side of the road upside down, and turning the reverse way.

Neither Dave nor Tony ever knew what struck them. We actually had to dig them out with a shovel. The management did not have an ambulance and they lay there for half an

hour until the farmers could fix up a cot on which they were both placed, and carried in on a touring car. Dave died that afternoon and Tony lived a week, but never regained consciousness.

Although we won the race, it was a sad warning, and I never felt so sorry for anyone as Caley. After seeing Dave's accident, and then having the De Palma accident, in which he was so closely connected, he was certainly a broken-up boy when he came in, and congratulations for the race almost seemed like an insult.