apolis, who now takes his place in the Hall of Fame occupied by such daring pilots as De Palma, René Thomas, Jules Goux, Ray Harroun, Joe Dawson and Dario Resta. He is now an ace of the automobile racing world.

"As he was about to get the checkered flag proclaiming him the victor in the spectacular contest, one of the bands, as though inspired, played the Indiana song which was so popular among the soldiers of his state during the late war with Germany. The soothing melody of 'Back Home Again in Indiana' died away in the roar of the racing motors just as Howdy flashed under the wire, the winner of one of the greatest races ever driven on any course.

"It was a happy conclusion in that the first honors were 'Back Home in Indiana' once more. Ray Harroun was the first driver to win them with an Indianapolis car in 1911 when he drove the famous Marmon Wasp to victory. Joe Dawson in a National kept up the good record for Indiana with an Indianapolis-made National in 1912, but since then the foreign-made cars driven by pilots who came from Italy or France had triumphed until Howdy stepped into the limelight bringing victory to the home folks.

"The car driven by Wilcox belongs to the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. It is a Peugeot but it has been worked over by its owners until it is not entirely 'foreign.'

"The Peugeot in which the noted Jules Goux, winner of the 1913 race, finished third, also belonged to the Speedway Company."

Again Carl had his private victory. Tested in "the bricklined crucible in the cornfields," America had at last proved to be worthy of first place in world competition. Speedway was all he had asked of it—a testing ground for machines and for men. Great cars were developing in Gasoline Alley, and great racers on Speedway's oval.

As Carl said on this historic day, after Howdy's victory with the rebuilt Peugeot: "There will always be two winners—the driver and the car."

We would see other stupendous races on Speedway by cour-

ageous drivers and indomitable machines. There would be moments of heroism, and seconds of sheer horror.

I have seen as many as six cars piled up together in a single collision. I once saw Tommy Milton lose a gasket off his gasoline tank during a race, turn the wheel of his car over to Howdy Wilcox, spring from his speeding car and zigzag through the racing machines into the pits. He ran back onto the oval with the gasket, stopped Howdy, fitted the new washer on his car, jumped back into it—and won!

I have seen a hundred thousand spectators settle down in their seats after the thrill of watching the start of a five-hundred-mile grind, and rise again as the car driven by Norman Batten burst into flames directly in front of my box. The gasoline tank had been punctured by a fragment torn from the car driven by Jules Ellingboe as it smashed into another car on the northwest turn. Batten's car streaked like a ball of flame down the straightaway, and Batten, trapped in fire, was driving his car through a stream of endangered cars at a hundred miles an hour. He was racing against death to save himself and to save the lives of the others whose cars were trapped alongside his own. Because of them, Batten refused to jump for his life. With flaming gasoline spraying around him like a fountain, he stood in the driver's seat steering with his feet and leaning over to apply the hand brakes, his whole body licked by flame.

Paul Scheidler, the Indianapolis News photographer, risked his life to spring onto the track in front of the blazing car. He caught an action shot of Batten riding it in flames that has become one of the historic sports photographs. Scheidler and his camera plunged over the concrete wall only a second before Batten's car crashed into the wall and Batten made his own fiery leap for life. Unharmed, the other cars streaked by.

Batten was seriously burned and injured in the leap. For months he lay in an Indianapolis hospital and finally recovered, only to die three years later off the Virginia coast in the Vestris disaster. With him died Earl De Vore, who finished in second place in this sensational race.

Not for one minute during this race did the clang of the