

Memorial Day held tension and the drama of unforgettable driving in every mile—and not one man died. When the last mile of the five hundred was run and our throats were raw with screaming, the checkered flag snapped down from the bridge against a sky reddening with sunset. Ray Harroun had won for America at the unprecedented average speed of 74.59 miles an hour.

Prizes were awarded, banquets held and toasts drunk, and the big purse and side prizes split between the winners. Carl had nothing to say. Not for Carl the speeches and the glory. But his dimples were hard and deep, as always with inner excitement.

The day that marked the start of the eventual supremacy of the American automobile had been his victory. The race was between Carl and Europe. Carl had won.

There was another American triumph when Speedway Day was held again in 1912. For the first four hundred miles America's new supremacy wavered on the brick oval. Ralph de Palma, certain winner only two laps from the checkered flag in his powerful Mercedes, was making one of the most beautiful drives ever run on Speedway. Behind Ralph's car the American racers strung along in hopeless contest.

Freckle-faced, boyish Joe Dawson was hugging second position in his little National. Eddie Rickenbacker was laps behind in a car called the Firestone. The Mercedes, sure of victory, was streaking along like velvet when we saw it shiver and stop. No one who watched De Palma that day would forget his gallant courage when he realized his car was through. He climbed out and pushed his dead Mercedes out of the way of the others, and as he passed the grandstand on his trek to the pit, he turned his head and smiled. Instantly the tremendous crowd was on its feet, and never, not even for the greatest victory, have I heard such ear-splitting acclaim.

Not even Joe Dawson won greater applause when he stepped on the gas and took the track left open by the Mercedes, streaking his little National under the bridge as the checkered flag came down.

But France had been close to victory. Too close to allow Carl