

of twisted steel, it was plainly an ambulance case and a job for the best of surgeons.

At the hospital, a few hours later, the doctors told me that Joe's chances were one in a thousand, that both of his legs had been amputated and he was suffering from internal injuries. Because he had expressed a wish to see me, I went to his room, where I joined several most intimate friends.

It was a sad company. None of us could conceal our anxiety and sorrow. In the room was only one brave man. He lay on a litter of pain, fighting a losing fight with death.

"Why are you guys so lugubrious?" he asked. "Can't a fellow kiss the rail without causing all this grief? Don't worry about me. I can put the old button down to the floor board just as well with the peg leg I'm going to get as I did with my real one."

This was his splendid valedictory. Then he dozed off into an endless sleep, with a winning smile for all eternity on his lips.

Bennett Hill was a creature of moods, driving like a fiend possessed at times and at others giving up the ghost in what spectators would term a fit of sulks. When the speed virus got coursing through his veins properly there was nothing on the tracks that could stop him, but let the breaks go against him and Bennie was just as likely as not to come into the pits, climb out of his car, pour burning anathema on it and then walk away.

Frank Elliott was about the nicest, kindest soul around racing camps. He also was regarded with such respect for his mechanical ability for he could sense needed changes in a car's makeup quickly and then go into his little shop at Los Angeles and make the

changes. He was of great aid to the other drivers as well as himself and armed with this talent Frank was able to make money between races doing a thing he really enjoyed.

Until the ninth annual Indianapolis Speedway race was run and won the automobile racing world had three major idols: Oldfield, the patriarch, clenching his proverbial cigar; De Palma, the sportsman, smiling stoically in defeat; Rickenbacker, the patriot, ace of American aces.

As the 1921 classic of the Hoosiers flashed into history, however, a fourth was added in Tommy Milton.

Five hours and thirty-five minutes before, when his plum-colored Frontenac left the starting line, an Indianapolis victory was the only conspicuous achievement in the realm of motorized speed of which Tommy Milton could not boast.

He was the master of the Florida sands, the dirt track, the road racing course and the speedways at Uniontown, New York, Los Angeles, and Tacoma. He had only to conquer the Indianapolis bricks to complete a record unequalled in accomplishment and versatility, and they, too, were destined to yield him a victory before sunset.

As the checkered flag flecked his hood and the last inch of 500 grueling miles was behind his barking exhaust, this noble driver had scored his ultimate achievement.

Tommy Milton always drove with consummate skill, repressed daring and admirable restraint. He drove as Jack Dempsey fought, unmindful of the tense thousands who were watching his every move.

Upon retirement, Tommy Milton was quoted in saying: