

THREE LIVES PAY PRICE FOR CLOSING AUTO RACES

**Mechanic and Two Spectators Killed When
Charley Merz's National Car Crashes Through
Fence While Great Crowd at the Speedway
Watches Three-Hundred-Mile Contest.**

YOUTHFUL DRIVER ESCAPES

**Buried Beneath Wrecked Car Boy Calmly Turns Off En-
gine and Crawls Out Uninjured to See Havoc Wrought
by Disabled Racer---Lytle's Car Is Ditched Near Club
Grand Stands, and When Keene's Machine Is Wrecked
Near Bridge Officials Call Long Race Off.**

Death demanded three lives as the price for the automobile races yesterday at the Speedway.

Five accidents were recorded when the races were stopped, before the last one, the 300-mile race, was finished. The crowds were becoming frantic with dread and sick with the sight of human life slaughtered on the speed-lustful track.

The Dead.

HOMER JOLLIFF, spectator, Franklin.

Record of Death at Motor Speedway

Clifford Littoral, 27 years old, Dayton, O., mechanic on a Stoddard-Dayton car, struck by a big racing car on the way to the Speedway on Tuesday. Died Thursday in Methodist Hospital.

William A. Bourque, 26, Springfield.

Death demanded three lives as the price for the automobile races yesterday at the Speedway.

Five accidents were recorded when the races were stopped, before the last one, the 300-mile race, was finished. The crowds were becoming frantic with dread and sick with the sight of human life slaughtered on the speed-lustful track.

The Dead.

HOMER JOLLIFF, spectator, Franklin.

CLAUDE KELLUM, mechanic, 2322 Bellefontaine street, Indianapolis.

JAMES WEST, spectator, 521 West Merrill street, Indianapolis.

The Injured.

JAMES SCHILLER, mechanic, skull fractured.

HENRY TAPKING, spectator, 219 North New Jersey street, Indianapolis, nose broken, arm and hand crushed and body bruised.

ELMER BOUNDS, mechanic, Jackson, Mich., blinded by dust.

DRIVER HARROUN, blinded by dust.

JOSEPH BITTS, mechanic, Kokomo, bruised, stunned and blinded by dust.

BRUCE KEEN, driver, bruised and shaken up.

MRS. WILLIAM BALL, Dayton, O., wife of a mechanic, nervous collapse from excitement.

DRIVER HOUSE, blinded by dust.

Charles Merz, an Indianapolis youthful pilot, and Claude Kellum of Indianapolis were the victims in the worst accident of the day. Merz escaped and Kellum was killed. Five innocent spectators were mowed down when the diabled machine jumped through the fence.

While taking the southern curve, just before approaching the balloon bleachers, the right front tire blew out on the National No. 10, the car rushed headlong toward the outer fence, carried away five fence posts, trampled the crowd underneath, tore off five feet of the stone culvert railing, turned completely over and fell hot and sputtering on the far side of the creek.

Merz was buried under the debris, but was unhurt. His escape was a miracle, the greatest ever known since time has recorded racing. His mechanic, Kellum, was thrown from the car to the ground with great force and sustained fatal injuries.

Machine Hurled 100 Feet.

Record of Death at Motor Speedway

Clifford Litteral, 37 years old, Dayton, O., mechanic on a Stoddard-Dayton car, struck by a big racing car on the way to the Speedway on Tuesday. Died Thursday in Methodist Hospital.

William A. Bourque, 26, Springfield, Mass., driver of Knox car, killed in 350-mile race Thursday when car turned turtle.

Harry Holcomb, 23, Springfield, Mass., mechanic of Knox car, killed with Bourque.

Claude Kellum, Indianapolis, mechanic on National car, killed in 300-mile race yesterday when tire on Merz's machine burst and racer dashed through fence.

Homer H. Jolliff, 20, Franklin, Ind., spectator, killed when National car went through fence.

James West, 20, 451 West Merrill street, Indianapolis, killed when National car went through fence.

legs broken as least, but when I began to crawl out through the mud and water I realized the greatest joy of my life—I was saved. Of course I did not know then who were hurt nor where my mechanic was.

"The first thing that entered my mind was to let my mother and father know I was alive."

Signs Warned of Danger:

No one can blame the police nor the soldiers for the fatal accident to the spectators who were standing near the fence when Merz in his National swooped down on them. The fence was plastered with huge signs, warning the spectators to stay away with large "danger" words printed on them. The police drove the crowd back from the danger zone time and again. The officers said that they were busy getting the crowd back, in fact, when the crash came. It was so sudden that no one had time to move an inch from his position.

The fence posts were cut to the ground like weeds, while several yards of the six-foot wire fence was torn and carried in front of the plunging machine like a spider's web.

fatal injuries.

Machine Hurled 100 Feet.

The machine leaped through the air more than 100 feet after it had crushed the five spectators, slightly injured a score more, and caused a panic among the thousands near by.

All the spectators hurt were men. They were standing near the fence, and did not have a fraction of a second's notice to retreat from the danger zone before the terrible gasoline car had done its work.

When the big National car plowed through the fence and dived into the crowd of spectators, it carried James West, pinned to its radiator across the creek. He fell from the front of the car while flying through the air fifty feet above the ground, and dropped dead a few feet from the machine, which went beyond him.

Homer Jolliff was run over and almost buried in the earth a few feet from the fence. G. L. Bumbaugh, who was standing near, said that he felt the heat of the car and heard the rush as of a mighty wind pass by him, almost sweeping him from his feet, just barely missing him in its death-dealing rush. He declared that no one had time to dodge, and that had the car taken in just one foot more the list of dead would have been more than four times as many.

Merz Displays Rare Nerve.

Merz had presence of mind enough to shut off the engine while lying under the demolished car. When a friend, whom he recognized, rushed to his side, his first words were: "For God's sake tell my mother and father that I am alive." He crawled out from under the car, which operation forced him to travel face downward through the mud and water at the creek's brink, and rushed to the side of his injured mate in the fatal car.

He was forced away weeping and torn with grief.

After the race Merz said: "I think I am the luckiest man on earth this day. As soon as my tire blew out I knew I would have to check my speed, but it was all so quick I was helpless, and had it been any other spot in the whole track we would have escaped with less fatal results most probably. But it was the most dangerous site on the entire course, just by that high embankment and stone culvert.

"I remember my car hitting the fence, there was a blurred vision of men falling beneath us as we swept through the air. Then the rest came in an instant, the car

turned over and I found myself under it

on the other side of the creek. I don't remember when my mechanic left his seat. I don't remember any details. It's all one blot of swift crash-

like weeds, while several yards of the six-foot wire fence was torn and carried in front of the plunging machine like a spider's web.

The Overland Star press car was the first to reach the scene of bloodshed, carrying a Red Cross physician. It was to an occupant of this car that Merz requested that his parents be informed of his safety.

When the plucky driver was crawling from beneath the ruined racer—then a heap of worthless junk—he was smeared all over with mud and dirt, mixed with oil and dust of the track. He looked a dead man, but when he ran his shirt sleeve over his face and revealed his features, whole and alive, it was the look of a man who had missed the gates of eternity by a hair's breadth.

Additional police protection and Red Cross assistance were soon on the scene, the men crawling under the culvert instead of risking their necks by running over the track, which was alive with racing machines.

It was an hour before the crowd had become orderly. Friends ran like mad men hunting one another, not knowing who the dead were. Mothers screamed for their children who had become separated. The bodies of dead and injured were hurried away to the Field Hospital, leaving the excited throng crazed with anxiety to know who were the dead.

The police and armed soldiers kept the crowd back so that the Red Cross ambulance attendants could carry the injured and dead across the track to the interior and then to the field hospital.

Spectators in Confusion.

Wild confusion ruled the spectators, who were made with anxiety to ascertain who was killed. Wives shrieked with fright, not knowing but that their husbands were the victims. Children were separated from mothers, adding to the terror of the scene. No one knew who was hurt, none knew but that it was a dear friend who had a few minutes before been chatting cheerfully by their sides, but had wandered away, lured by the excitement of the races.

G. L. Bumbaugh and H. D. Weller of this city were both eyewitnesses of the scene, and both narrowly escaped death. They helped the physicians remove the mangled bodies, and afterward recited a story of the accident that agreed in every particular.

When night enveloped the battle field of motor soldiers in which several lost their lives, the ruined racer lay, a heap of useless junk, the most graphic story of the worst accident of the day's event, and almost a duplicate of the bloody manner in which Bourque and Holcomb were killed on Thursday.

Kellum Changes Car.

Kellum had been riding with Aitken in National car No. 8 for the first 100 miles when Aitken's car went wrong and he

Merz Displays Rare Nerve.

Merz had presence of mind enough to shut off the engine while lying under the demolished car. When a friend, whom he recognized, rushed to his side, his first words were: "For God's sake tell my mother and father that I am alive." He crawled out from under the car, which operation forced him to travel face downward through the mud and water at the creek's brink, and rushed to the side of his injured mate in the fatal car.

He was forced away weeping and torn with grief.

After the race Merz said: "I think I am the luckiest man on earth this day. As soon as my tire blew out I knew I would have to check my speed, but it was all so quick I was helpless, and had it been any other spot in the whole track we would have escaped with less fatal results most probably. But it was the most dangerous site on the entire course, just by that high embankment and stone culvert.

"I remember my car hitting the fence, there was a blurred vision of men falling beneath us as we swept through the air. Then the rest came in an instant, the car turned over and I found myself under it on the other side of the creek.

"I don't remember when my mechanic left his seat. I don't remember any details; it's all one blot of swift crashing. I knew enough to stop my motor. Had I not stopped it there might have been an explosion that would have cost many more lives and my own.

"At that time I did not know whether I was hurt or not. I expected to find my

and dead across the top of the embankment and then to the field hospital.

Spectators In Confusion.

Wild confusion ruled the spectators, who were mad with anxiety to ascertain who was killed. Wives shrieked with fright, not knowing but that their husbands were the victims. Children were separated from mothers, adding to the terror of the scene. No one knew who was hurt, none knew but that it was a dear friend who had a few minutes before been chatting cheerfully by their sides, but had wandered away, lured by the excitement of the races.

G. L. Bumbaugh and H. D. Weller of this city were both eyewitnesses of the scene, and both narrowly escaped death. They helped the physicians remove the mangled bodies, and afterward recited a story of the accident that agreed in every particular.

When night enveloped the battle field of motor soldiers in which several lost their lives, the ruined racer lay, a heap of useless junk, the most graphic story of the worst accident of the day's event, and almost a duplicate of the bloody manner in which Bourque and Holcomb were killed on Thursday.

Kellum Changes Car.

Kellum had been riding with Aitken in National car No. 8 for the first 100 miles, when Aitken's car went wrong and he quit the race. Kellum was watching the remainder of the race from the repair pits when some one cried: "He fainted."

Turning around he saw Herbert Lyne, the mechanic who was riding with Merz in his National No. 10, fall with outstretched hands, muttering something about a battery. Merz's machine had suffered a breakage of some kind, on the far side of the track and the tired mechanic had come across the inclosure, running in the broiling sun more than a mile for repairs. He was given attention by the physicians and recovered about the time his excited wife had crossed the track and rushed to his side.

This was the accident that caused Kellum to take his place in Merz's car. Kellum was only too eager to re-enter the race, and rushed to the machine as fast as he could, not waiting to waste another precious minute of the time and little dreaming he was rushing into the jaws of death.

Will Not Race Again.

The representatives of the National Automobile Club, all members of the club, were gathered at the city hall for the purpose of discussing the race. The club had a meeting of the board of directors and the members of the club. The club had a meeting of the board of directors and the members of the club. The club had a meeting of the board of directors and the members of the club.

Referee's Decision in 300-Mile Event

When the 300-mile race was abandoned at the Speedway yesterday following the three accidents, one of which cost three lives, the referee gave the following decision:

"The race was abandoned at the Speedway yesterday following the three accidents, one of which cost three lives, the referee gave the following decision:

"The race was abandoned at the Speedway yesterday following the three accidents, one of which cost three lives, the referee gave the following decision:

the demolished car. When a friend, whom he recognized, rushed to his side, his first words were: "For God's sake tell my mother and father that I am alive." He crawled out from under the car, which operation forced him to travel face downward through the mud and water at the creek's brink, and rushed to the side of his injured mate in the fatal car.

He was forced away weeping and torn with grief.

After the race Merz said: "I think I am the luckiest man on earth this day. As soon as my tire blew out I knew I would have to check my speed, but it was all so quick I was helpless, and had it been any other spot in the whole track we would have escaped with less fatal results most probably. But it was the most dangerous site on the entire course, just by that high embankment and stone culvert.

"I remember my car hitting the fence, there was a blurred vision of men falling beneath us as we swept through the air. Then the rest came in an instant, the car turned over and I found myself under it on the other side of the creek.

"I don't remember when my mechanic left his seat. I don't remember any details; it's all one blot of swift crashing. I knew enough to stop my motor. Had I not stopped it there might have been an explosion that would have cost many more lives and my own.

"At that time I did not know whether I was hurt or not. I expected to find my

tain who was killed. Wives shrieked with fright, not knowing but that their husbands were the victims. Children were separated from mothers, adding to the terror of the scene. No one knew who was hurt, none knew but that it was a dear friend who had a few minutes before been chatting cheerfully by their sides, but had wandered away, lured by the excitement of the races.

G. L. Bumbaugh and H. D. Weller of this city were both eyewitnesses of the scene, and both narrowly escaped death. They helped the physicians remove the mangled bodies, and afterward recited a story of the accident that agreed in every particular.

When night enveloped the battle field of motor soldiers in which several lost their lives, the ruined racer lay, a heap of useless junk, the most graphic story of the worst accident of the day's event, and almost a duplicate of the bloody manner in which Bourque and Holcomb were killed on Thursday.

Kellum Changes Car.

Kellum had been riding with Aitken in National car No. 8 for the first 100 miles when Aitken's car went wrong and he quit the race. Kellum was watching the remainder of the race from the repair pits when some one cried: "He fainted."

Turning around he saw Herbert Lyne, the mechanic who was riding with Merz in his National No. 10, fall with outstretched hands, muttering something about a battery. Merz's machine had suffered a breakage of some kind, on the far side of the track and the tired mechanic had come across the inclosure, running in the broiling sun more than a mile for repairs. He was given attention by the physicians and recovered about the time his excited wife had crossed the track and rushed to his side.

This was the accident that caused Kellum to take his place in Merz's car. Kellum was only too eager to re-enter the race, and rushed to the machine as fast as he could, not wanting to waste another precious minute of the time and little dreaming he was rushing into the jaws of death.

Will Not Race Again.

The representatives of the National Automobile Club, at Washington, D. C., were informed of the accident and the fact that Kellum had taken Merz's place in the race. They expressed their sympathy for the victims and their regret that the accident had occurred. They also expressed their confidence that Kellum would be able to complete the race.

Referee's Decision in 300-Mile Event

When the 300-mile race was abandoned at the Speedway yesterday following the three accidents, one of which cost three lives, the referee gave the following decision:

Due to the physical condition of the contestants, who had been subjected to the shock of a three-day race, and the fact that the race was abandoned, the referee decided to award the prize money to the contestants who had completed the race.

The referee also decided to award the prize money to the contestants who had completed the race. The referee also decided to award the prize money to the contestants who had completed the race.

when he was killed. Crushed as he was, the first words were: "For God's sake tell my mother and father that I am alive." He crawled out from under the car which overturned toward him to escape from downward through the mud and water at the creek's brink, and rushed to the side of his injured mate in the fatal car.

He was turned away weeping and torn with grief.

After the race was over, "I think I am the luckiest man on earth this day. As soon as my tire blew out I knew I would have to check my speed, but it was all so quick I was helpless, and had it been any other spot in the whole track we would have escaped with less fatal results most probably. But it was the most dangerous site on the entire course, just by that high embankment and stone culvert.

"I remember my car hitting the fence, there was a blurred vision of men falling beneath us as we swept through the air. Then the rest came in an instant, the car turned over and I found myself under it on the other side of the creek.

"I don't remember when my mechanic left his seat. I don't remember any details; it's all one blot of swift crashing. I knew enough to stop my motor. Had I not stopped it there might have been an explosion that would have cost many more lives and my own.

"At that time I did not know whether I was hurt or not. I expected to find my

self who was killed. Crushed as he was, the first words were: "For God's sake tell my mother and father that I am alive." He crawled out from under the car which overturned toward him to escape from downward through the mud and water at the creek's brink, and rushed to the side of his injured mate in the fatal car.

O. L. Dumbough and H. J. Waller of this city were both eyewitnesses of the scene, and both narrowly escaped death. They helped the physicians remove the mangled bodies, and afterward recited a story of the accident that agreed in every particular.

When night enveloped the battle field of motor racing to which several lost their lives, the ruined racer lay, a heap of useless junk, the most graphic story of the worst accident of the day's event, and almost a duplicate of the bloody manner in which Bozique and Holcomb were killed on Thursday.

Kellum Changes Car.

Kellum had been riding with Aitken in National car No. 8 for the first 100 miles, when Aitken's car went wrong, and he quit the race. Kellum was watching the remainder of the race from the repair pits when some one cried: "He fainted."

Turning around he saw Herbert Lyne, the mechanic who was riding with Merz in his National No. 10, fall with outstretched hands, muttering something about a battery. Merz's machine had suffered a breakage of some kind, on the far side of the track and the tired mechanic had come across the inclosure, running in the broiling sun more than a mile for repairs. He was given attention by the physicians and recovered about the time his excited wife had crossed the track and rushed to his side.

This was the accident that caused Kellum to take his place in Merz's car. Kellum was only too eager to re-enter the race, and rushed to the machine as fast as he could, not wanting to waste another precious minute of the time and little dreaming he was rushing into the jaws of death.

Will Not Race Again.

The representatives of the National factory, all residents of this city, were grief-stricken. A striking phase of the whole tragic affair was that just before the races A. C. Newby and George Dickson, both of the National Company, had called all of their drivers together and warned them. Newby had said: "Now, boys, I think more of you than of a million race records. Don't, please don't, enter the races if you have the slightest fear or if your families object."

That National drivers are not high-spirited experts like some companies

Referee's Decision in 300-Mile Event

When the 300-mile race was abandoned at the Speedway yesterday following the three accidents, one of which cost three lives, the referee gave the following decision:

"Owing to the physical condition of the contestants, who had been subjected to the strain of a three days' race meet under trying climatic conditions, I deem it to the best interest of the entrants and spectators to abandon the race, therefore, I rule no race and no awards.

"Memorandum—In conclusion, however, I recommend to the management of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and to the donors of the trophies that suitably engraved certificates of performance be presented to all contestants in active participation in this event at the time of its abandonment and that they be signed by the management of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the donors and the referee. S. B. STEVENS, Referee."

The race (which) was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

Referee's Decision in 300-Mile Event

When the 300-mile race was abandoned at the Speedway yesterday following the three accidents, one of which cost three lives, the referee gave the following decision:

"Owing to the physical condition of the contestants, who had been subjected to the strain of a three days' race meet under trying climatic conditions, I deem it to the best interest of the entrants and spectators to abandon the race, therefore, I rule no race and no awards.

"Memorandum—In conclusion, however, I recommend to the management of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and to the donors of the trophies that suitably engraved certificates of performance be presented to all contestants in active participation in this event at the time of its abandonment and that they be signed by the management of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the donors and the referee. S. B. STEVENS, Referee."

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

The race was abandoned with only 100 miles to go.

Will Not Race Again.

The representatives of the National factory, all residents of this city, were grief-stricken. A striking phase of the whole tragic affair was that just before the races A. C. Newby and George Dickson, both of the National Company, had called all of their drivers together and warned them. Newby had said: "Now, boys, I think more of you than of a million race records. Don't, please don't, enter the races if you have the slightest fear or if your families object."

The National drivers are not high-salaried experts like some companies.

send over the country, but are the factory employes, "members of the family," as Dickson remarked.

After the races were over A. C. Newby declared that never again would one of his cars be entered in a race. He said he was through with the game. "It's not worth half the price," he said. He is first vice-president of the Speedway Company.

When Aitken forsook the race after going 100 miles of the grueling journey the first thing he said when he limped from behind the wheel was that some one would surely get killed before long because the track was being all torn to pieces. His prediction came true. He said that it was hard to stay in the seat, and that the dust at times was so blinding that while whirling at such terrific speed he could neither tell who was in front nor behind. He expected any minute to run into the wrecked heap of some driver ahead, hid by the dust. This fear was before his mind constantly, but, like all the other brave men, he urged his car faster and faster, not stopping until the break in machinery.

Race Is Called Off.

The last accident, the one that forced the race officials to shun further responsibility and call off the events, was the wrecking of Marmon No. 17, Bruce Keene driver, and James Schiller mechanic. They were round the fatal curve which had trapped Merz and ran against a wooden railing which bordered the inner side of the track, just after passing in front of the bleachers. The rushing machine thrust its nose into a post which supported the suspension bridge. Keene remained in the seat and held with all his might to the wheel, while Schiller leaped and fell on his head. He sustained a scalp wound and other injuries which it is thought will not prove fatal. Keene escaped unhurt. The car was ruined. The front axle was broken, the radiator smashed in and other damage done.

Both men live in this city and are employed at the Marmon factory.

Will Kollinger of this city and I. F. Newcomer of Mansfield, O., were both on the steps of the suspension bridge when the crash came. They saw every detail. They said the men cried out, unintelligible words of fear, and then all was over. The car raised its hind wheels, still whirling at terrific speed, and the revolution swung the rear end of the body around facing the opposite direction.

This happened in the same race in which Merz was wrecked about thirty minutes later and within a few hundred feet of the same spot. Keene afterward said that it came so suddenly that he hardly knew it had happened until the soldiers rushed to his side and carried him from the track.

Scenes of S



MARMON CAR W

direction.

This happened in the same race in which Merz was wrecked about thirty minutes later and within a few hundred feet of the same spot. Keene afterward said that it came so suddenly that he hardly knew it had happened until the soldiers rushed to his side and carried him from the track, which was alive with speeding machines, which now looked like angry animals, with their mouths wide open, rushing headlong after some human to devour.

The race program had the name of Stillman down for the driver in this No. 17 car, and it was not until long afterward that it was discovered by the crowds that he had escaped and that Keene, too, had narrowly missed a horrible death. Mrs. Stillman was in the crowd in the main grand stand, a half a mile away from the scene toward which she could see men running and ambulances rushing. Although she knew her husband was not in that car, she became helpless with fright, when she heard every one on either side muttering the name of her husband as being killed.

The attendants in the Marmon repair pits sent her word as quickly as possible, relieving her.

Wives of Drivers Suffer.

It was a terrible day of hours longer by many times double than the clock actually recorded for the wives of the drivers on the track. They suffered many agonies while their husbands spun round and round. Every time they would pass these brave wives of soldiers would sigh with relief and breathlessly await the next circuit to see whether their own were numbered among the surviving.

This was the accident which decided the end of the race—the culmination of the first big automobile meet on the new Hoosier Speedway.

Referee Charles P. Root of Chicago and Starter Fred J. Wagner of New York city held a brief consultation and then the black and white flag—the signal to stop—began to wave. The race was over. The drivers ceased their death-inviting sport and stopped.

One question was on the lips of all. That was, who was hurt and how seriously. Every driver saw the wreckage as he whizzed past, and the crowds gathered around. When each had seen three different heaps scattered along the sides of the course they all agreed that it was becoming terrible. Some team managers feared that their pilots would even lose control of their minds because of the strain on body and the fatalities which were becoming mile posts around the track.

The race stopped in the ninety-fourth lap, 235 miles of the 300-mile event, and at 5:34 o'clock. Lynch, in a Jackson, was in the lead. The time was 4:13:51.4.

Lytic Saved by His Nerve.

MARMON CAR WH



PPERSON



the lead. The time was 4:13.01.

Lytle Saved by His Nerve.

Almost as miraculous was the escape of Herbert Lytle when his car pitched into the side of the track with a broken steering iron. This accident sent the first electrical shock through the crowds—it happened at 2:20 o'clock, a short time after the signal had started the event.

"Apperson No. 1," cried a thousand voices at once as the big red car, made at Kokomo, Ind., rushed past the main grand stand.

At the end of this grand stand, toward the south, the car began to act up. It careened and shot up the outer embankment, headed in a beeline toward the club stands along the track. Men and women who occupied these stands were frozen with fright to their seats, 20,000 eyes were riveted on what was expected to be a bloody crash—but within a few feet from the boxes Lytle, who remained cool during the lightning quick performance, sent his car back across the track, rushing headlong into the heaps of dirt piled along the inner side. The machine straddled the embankment and stopped. Lytle remained in the seat and was uninjured. Joe Blitts of Kokomo, the mechanic, leaped from the car and was tossed like a dry autumn leaf across the inclosure and turned several times on the ground before he stopped. Instantly he picked himself up—much to the astonishment and relief of the crowds, for all had expected to see him remain there, a lifeless form.

Driver Re-Enters Race.

Lytle quickly jumped from his seat, examined the machine's damages, grasped a shovel from an attendant who had rushed up and began at once to dig the car out of the ground. He repaired it later and re-entered the race, fifty laps behind.

With a scream Mrs. William Ball of Dayton, O., fell from her seat in an automobile, near the scene of Lytle's accident. She remained conscious for a few minutes, cried something about her husband and then fainted. She thought that the wrecked Apperson car, which was covered with dirt and dust, was the Stoddard-Dayton No. 62, in which her husband was riding as mechanic. De Hymel was driving this machine; both he and Ball came out uninjured. Mrs. Ball was soon given attention by Red Cross physicians.

When the last race had been going on for a distance of 175 miles Joe Miller, the big, husky driver of the Stoddard-Dayton No. 23, pulled his machine to a standstill near the repair pits. He was crying like a child. The hot tears circled down his oil and dirt-smeared face. "My eyes," he wailed. He was blinded. Physicians rushed to his aid, soon washed the aching eyes and the nervy pilot leaped back in his seat and resumed the struggle against time and distance.

Several of the pilots suffered from the



MECHANICIAN LYNE, WHO

He sustained cuts of the head, laceration of the right thigh, the heart and sustained bro his right side.

The physicians at the eme pital worked heroically with effort to save his life. Stim administered, his clothes wer and every effort made to crushed parts and stop the fl Coroner Blackwell was of the night that the hole in the t Kellum to bleed to death.

Dr. T. J. Dugan, deputy c but a short distance away car crashed through the fen

dent. She remained conscious for a few minutes, cried something about her husband and then fainted. She thought that the wrecked Apperson car, which was covered with dirt and dust, was the Stoddard-Dayton No. 62, in which her husband was riding as mechanic. De Hymel was driving this machine; both he and Ball came out uninjured. Mrs. Ball was soon given attention by Red Cross physicians.

When the last race had been going on for a distance of 175 miles Joe Miller, the big, husky driver of the Stoddard-Dayton No. 23, pulled his machine to a standstill near the repair pits. He was crying like a child. The hot tears circled down his oil and dirt-smeared face. "My eyes," he wailed. He was blinded. Physicians rushed to his aid, soon washed the aching eyes and the nervy pilot leaped back in his seat and resumed the struggle against time and distance.

Several of the pilots suffered from the heat strain and eye trouble. Their goggles were broken, fell or in other ways the dirt and dust permeated their systems and blinded their sight. The driver of the Jackson No. 52, that was leading when the 200-mile race was stopped, was forced to stay his swift gait once to have physicians wash his eyes. His name is House and he hails from Jackson, Mich., where his car is manufactured.

The three deaths yesterday raised the toll of the Speedway to seven lives this year.

William A. Burque and his mechanic, Harry McLaughlin, of the Knox racing team, were killed in an accident in the 100-mile race Thursday.

And Arthur A. Stoddard-Dayton mechanic, was killed by being hit by a big racing machine while on the way out to the track.

Last night several hundred automobile fans gathered on the track to see the race. The excitement was at its height when the fatal crash occurred. The spectators were so close to the track that many of them were injured by the flying debris.

The race was stopped at once and the drivers were taken to the hospital. The spectators were also taken to the hospital and many of them were injured.

The race was stopped at once and the drivers were taken to the hospital. The spectators were also taken to the hospital and many of them were injured.

The race was stopped at once and the drivers were taken to the hospital. The spectators were also taken to the hospital and many of them were injured.

MECHANICIAN LYNE, WHO FAINTED

He sustained cuts of the head, a ghastly laceration of the right thigh, bruises over the heart and sustained broken ribs on his right side.

The physicians at the emergency hospital worked heroically with Kellum in an effort to save his life. Stimulants were administered, his clothes were torn away and every effort made to relieve the crushed parts and stop the flow of blood. Coroner Blackwell was of the opinion last night that the hole in the thigh caused Kellum to bleed to death.

Dr. T. J. Dugan, deputy coroner, was but a short distance away when Merz's car crashed through the fence. He was the first physician to reach the scene. Finding that the two spectators were dead and that Kellum was in immediate need of medical attention he administered to the mechanic a hypodermic injection. Efforts to bring the man to consciousness failed, although the heroic efforts of the physicians when they arrived with the ambulances served to keep the man alive for a time.

The body of Kellum was thrown into the water and he was bleeding from innumerable injuries when he was picked up. Great gashes were torn in his abdomen and head. The blood had begun to pour into his lungs and he was practically dead when picked up. He lived for some time without regaining consciousness.

Kellum's Death Dramatic

Kellum's death is dramatic, inasmuch as he had just started the race by the engine car with Mary. He had been Arthur's mechanic for a number of years when the race started. Arthur jumped into the lead of the start, leading the attention of the spectators. Arthur was in the lead and had a goodly number of followers. He was the first to cross the finish line and he was the first to be killed. He was killed by a flying piece of metal which struck him in the head. He was killed at the very moment when he was about to cross the finish line.

Arthur was killed at the very moment when he was about to cross the finish line. He was killed by a flying piece of metal which struck him in the head. He was killed at the very moment when he was about to cross the finish line.

Arthur was killed at the very moment when he was about to cross the finish line. He was killed by a flying piece of metal which struck him in the head. He was killed at the very moment when he was about to cross the finish line.

minutes, cried something about her husband and then fainted. She thought that the wrecked Apperson car, which was covered with dirt and dust, was the Stoddard-Dayton No. 23 in which her husband was riding as a mechanic. The Hymel was driving this machine; both he and Ball came out unharmed. Mrs. Ball was soon given attention by Red Cross physicians.

When the last race had been going on for a distance of 175 miles Joe Miller, the big, husky driver of the Stoddard-Dayton No. 23, pulled his machine to a standstill near the repair pits. He was crying like a child. The hot tears circled down his oil and dirt-smeared face. "My eyes," he wailed. He was blinded. Physicians rushed to his aid, soon washed the aching eyes and the nervy pilot leaped back in his seat and resumed the struggle against time and distance.

Several of the pilots suffered from the heat strain and eye trouble. Their goggles were broken, fell or in other ways the dirt and dust permeated their systems and blinded their sight. The driver of the Jackson No. 52, that was leading when the 300-mile race was stopped, was forced to stay his swift gait once to have physicians wash his eyes. His name is House and he hails from Jackson, Mich., where his car is manufactured.

The three deaths yesterday raises the toll of the Speedway to seven lives this week.

William A. Bourque and his mechanic, Harry Holcomb, of the Knox racing team, were killed in an accident in the 250-mile race Thursday.

Cliff Litteral, a Stoddard-Dayton mechanic, was killed by being hit by a big racing machine while on the way out to the Speedway.

Last night speed-mad automobilists drove more carefully than they did on the streets earlier in the week. The frightful penalty paid for a few broken speed records is greater than was bargained for when Indianapolis threw open the gates of its greatest Speedway in the world.

Jelliff and West, who were struck by Merz's car, were dead when they were placed in the ambulances. Jelliff's chest and one of his legs were terribly crushed. He was struck squarely in the chest and died instantly.

West, first identified as a driver of the Stoddard-Dayton No. 23, was killed by a Stoddard-Dayton car. He was struck in the chest and died instantly. He was a member of the Indianapolis Motor Club and was driving the Stoddard-Dayton No. 23 in the 300-mile race.

MECHANICIAN LYNE, WHO FAINTED

He sustained cuts of the head, a ghastly laceration of the right thigh, bruises over the heart and sustained broken ribs on his right side.

The physicians at the emergency hospital worked heroically with Kellum in an effort to save his life. Stimulants were administered, his clothes were torn away and every effort made to relieve the crushed parts and stop the flow of blood. Coroner Blackwell was of the opinion last night that the hole in the thigh caused Kellum to bleed to death.

Dr. T. J. Dugan, deputy coroner, was but a short distance away when Merz's car crashed through the fence. He was the first physician to reach the scene. Finding that the two spectators were dead and that Kellum was in immediate need of medical attention he administered to the mechanic a hypodermic injection. Efforts to bring the man to consciousness failed, although the heroic efforts of the physicians when they arrived with the ambulances served to keep the man alive for a time.

The body of Kellum was thrown into the water and he was bleeding from innumerable injuries when he was picked up. Great gashes were torn in his abdomen and head. The blood had begun to pour into his lungs and he was practically dead when picked up. He lived for some time without regaining consciousness.

Kellum's Death Dramatic.

Kellum's death is dramatic, inasmuch as he had not started the race in the same car with Merz. He had been Aitken's mechanic in another National when the race started. Aitken jumped into the lead at the start, heading the nineteen starters. Aitken remained in the lead and had a goodly margin between his car and the next one when a cylinder head cracked after he had covered 105 miles and he had been forced to drop out. Aitken covered 100 miles in 1:31:41.8-18, setting a new record for the track, breaking the one made by Chevrolet in the 250-mile race Thursday.

Kellum and Aitken tried everything in their power to get their car to shape. They were forced to stop by with their hands at the side of the car. They had been handling a few minutes before Kellum was struck. He was struck in the chest and died instantly. He was a member of the Indianapolis Motor Club and was driving the Stoddard-Dayton No. 23 in the 300-mile race.

Kellum, the mechanic, did not regain consciousness, but lived until 5:50.

Kellum and Aitken tried everything in their power to get their car in shape to continue and were forced to sit by with idle hands as the cars they had been leading a few minutes before flashed by them. Kellum broke down and wept like a child when he found their car would not be able to continue the elusive chase after victory. Then he got the opportunity to enter Mera's car.