

SOCIETY GATHERS AT THE SPEEDWAY

By **GEORGE W. STOUT.**

WELL DRESSED men, prettily gowned women, many adorned with the trappings and insignia of the motor car cult, and many others in the fluff and white, the straw and serge of summer—but all alike consumed by lively interest in the fortunes and fates of racing cars and favorite drivers, made the big grandstand at the speedway a colorful and attractive place on opening day. The immense stretches of seats were filled, forward and back. The long row of boxes held hundreds of parties whose heavy cars were parked like many batteries, to the north of the grandstand.

Many Indiana cities were represented in the grandstand boxes. Indianapolis society leaders were there in costumes appropriate to the greatest motoring event of the year. Visitors from other states, in road outfits showing the veteranizing process of travel and the distinction of the grand road tour.

Prominent politicians and bankers, financiers and manufacturers, business men and enthusiastic youth of both sexes were there to see the big cars plow and cough and cavort on the new track.

The crowd enjoyed itself. The people showed that they could easily be induced to like motor car contests. They liked the idea of a race every lap. They cheered the driver who fought against crippling odds. They shouted praise for the calm and intent master of his machine who ran steady rounds for more than 100 miles without checking his speed. They liked the way he stayed around as he came by them and left them wondering why he was so rapid.

men lounged from group to group. Young women hailed each other sweetly across the spaces. Men of many cities met and mingled.

In the club boxes gathered the select and chosen ones under the banners of their favorite and chosen cars. But while select, the club box crowds were far away from the tape where hard-fought finishes were to be seen. So there was small envy for the exclusives.

Lew Shank, Republican nominee for mayor, was one of the deeply interested spectators, and stood up most of the afternoon to watch the racers.

J. Wood Wilson, of Marion, who may be a candidate for Republican state chairman, was there with a box party.

Thomas Taggart, Democratic national committeeman from Indiana, was in a box, with Crawford Fairbanks, of Terre Haute, and others.

Many state and city officers saw the races.

Fully 1,000 autos carried passengers to the Speedway. There were hundreds of carriages. The Big Four carried many trainloads. Street cars on the Crawfordsville line assisted the interurbans in handling an immense traffic.

Band music in the grandstand was an enjoyable feature.

The people realized, as they looked up on the rushing scene, in spite of the darting cars, the milling throngs at gateways, the massing of cars and the immense stretches of the huge track, that a big show was being worked up on a grand scale. The great weather and the chance of novelty spectacles, thrill and excitement, combined to make the day a happy

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of the motor car and more often in the fun and white the show and page of summer fun all alike concerned by lively interest in the thrills and fun of racing cars and formula before made the big grandstand at the speedway a powerful and attractive place on opening day. The grandstand boxes of great were filled, forward and back. The long rows of boxes held hundreds of people whose heavy cars were parked like many batteries, to the north of the grandstand.

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The crowd enjoyed itself. The people showed that they could easily be induced to like motor car contests. They liked the idea of a race every lap. They cheered the driver who fought against crippling odds. They shouted praise for the calm and intent master of his machine who ran steady rounds for more than 110 miles without checking his speed. They liked the way he snapped records as he came to them and left those records broken on the wayside.

The crowd stayed on and on and on

and stayed there for the night. The crowd was so large that the grandstand was filled to the top.

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WIDOW ASKS \$10,000

