Resta Proves Skill, but Wastes No Surplus 'Gas'

IDEAL WEATHER PACKS STANDS

Speedway Officials Estimate That 83,000 Persons Witnessed Greatest Race Carnival Ever Seen on Oval.

THRONG CHEERS THE WINNER

Sympathy of Warm-Hearted Multitude, However, Turns to Cars Forced Out of Contest in Early Stages.

Eighty-three thousand persons, as estimated by the Speedway management, packed the stands and park enclosures yesterday to witness the greatest speed carnival ever held on the Speedway track.

A great rolling swell of people surged through the grand stands, bleachers and paddock boxes and swarmed the fields at every point. Thousands of automobiles were parked along the enclosure, and every available inch of parking room was taken hours before the start of the race. The huge stands were jammed to capacity and the rails in the far-off fields were strained to the breaking point.

Old Sol provided the finest racing weather ever experienced here. While the sun was beating down on the swarm of people, a stiff breeze was blowing across the track, making it an ideal day in every respect. Thousands of flags and banners floated in the breeze, and the stands and automobiles gave the whole place a touch of the Mardi Gras atmosphere.

The World Loves a Winner.

All the world loves a lover, but it adores a winner. The thousands came to their feet as a man when Dario Resta crossed the wire a winner. When the swarthy Italian winner of the 1915 Vanderbilt cup and Grand Price races and last year's 500-mile Chicago event drew down the checkered flag the mob tore loose and showed him what Hoosier hospitality meant in a sporting sense.

While the mob is always with a winner, yet it is true that they also pull for a man playing in hard luck. The spectators in the grand stands came to their feet at the very beginning when Johnson's Crawford failed to start. The other entrants were halfway around the track when the engine finally turned over and the car shot ahead. It was a tough start for the plucky driver of the yellow car, but he had the well wishes of the crowd and every time he sped around the mob did a "seventh inning" to boost the boy who was making his debut in the Hoosier capital.

Hard Luck Draws Sympathy.

Eddie Rickenbacher soon lapped Johnson, but it was the hard-luck driver who drew down the sympathies of the stands. However, after setting the pace for twenty-five miles and establishing the high average for the day of 90.01 miles an hour, Rickenbacher was forced out with a broken steering knuckle. Playing true to form, the crowd then switched and handed the palm to the Maxwell driver. When Rickenbacher re-entered the race as a relief driver for another car the mob was with him from start to finish.

The crowd came early and the crowd came late. Many were on hand before the opening of the gates, and thousands trailed in long after the race had started. All agreed that the 300-mile stunt had the 500-miler beaten to a frazzle.

"I'll take off my hat to Carl Fisher this year," said one portly gentleman who was with the Wolverine Motor Club party from Detroit. "That 500-mile affair was entirely too much. This year by starting the race at a decent hour thousands are enabled to get here without having to spend a whole night and day away from home. The success of the new distance is well demonstrated by the fact that there are about 40,000 more persons here than were expected by the dopesters. Personally, I am in favor of a 200- or 250-mile race. It will cut down the hour at which we can get out and start on our way home. But at all events we are for Carl Fisher this year as we have never been before."

Trains Bring Thousands.

The interurbans and the trains brought thousands of spectators into the city early yesterday morning. These people made a bee line for the Speedway, using every known conveyance to get there. The Big Four trains were packed to capacity and the street car company laid the cars on the tracks just as close together as they could get them. Hundreds were taken out in motor trucks turned into busses for the occasion. Automobiles thronged the roadways from early morning until after the race began. It was tough traveling for the fellow driving in the opposite direction.

Next to the race itself, the thing that attracted the crowd most was the work in the pits. Those in the stands facing the pits "clocked" each tire change, and the award was given to Johnny Aitken's crew, who made a rear tire change in 20 seconds. Christiaens was the hard-luck boy at the pits, 65 seconds being required to change one of his tires. This excessive time applied to all of the Belgian's pit troubles and it was largely instrumental in keeping him far down on the list.

Taking it all in all, it was a grand old race. The crowd was happy, and when you come right down to it that is all there is to any sporting event. How morgue-like the stands are while the trials are being made. When you get the old crowd packed, jammed into them and hear the music play and the shouts and screams from a multitude of sport-loving Americans with red blood coursing through their veins, then you have the well-known snap, ginger, pep or whatnot. Favorites may come and go, but the crowd at a sporting event is eternal and goes on forever.

So when the crowd handed down its verdict that it was a wonderful race and the best race ever seen at the Speedway, the crowd knew whereof it spoke. From the standpoint of the spectators the 300-mile classic is a far better bargain than the 500-mile event. The crowd hath spoken.

Eliminations and the Causes.

Car.	No.	Driver.	Lap.	Reason.
Pusun	23	Rickenbacher	11	Burned out bearings
Maxwell Special	5	Franchi	10	Engine trouble
Peugeot	19	Merz	26	Valve trouble.
Premier Special	27	Rooney	49	Car overturned
Delage	21	LeCain	61	Car overturned
Peugeot	18	Aitken	70	Broken valve
Crawford Special	25	Anderson	76	Rod through crank case.
Premier Special	28	Lewis	71	Burned out bearing.
Frontenac	6	L. Chevrolet	83	Withdrawn

Mechanical trouble was a factor in putting out of the running the majority of drivers who failed to finish the 300-mile grind. After Rickenbacher took the lead of the race and was five laps ahead of his nearest rival his engine went bad and he was forced to the pits. An examination disclosed that a bearing had burned out and a rod shot through the crank case.

The first man to drop out was Franchi, driving the Pusun. His engine developed faults which forced him to the pits in the tenth lap. The damage was beyond immediate repair and he was forced to give up. No further trouble was encountered until the twenty-sixth lap, when Merz, driving a Peugeot, took to the pits with valve trouble. He, too, found it necessary to give up the race.

The next elimination came when Rooney in his Premier Special went into the wall at the southeast turn and his car was overturned. LeCain, driving the Delage, performed a similar maneuver in the sixty-first lap at the northeast turn, his car being overturned.

In the seventieth lap Aitken in his Peugeot went to the pits, where experts found a broken valve which could not be repaired, and the car was listed as eliminated. In the seventy-first lap Lewis, driving his Crawford Special, also stopped at the pits, where the expert repairmen worked frantically trying to repair a broken gas and oil lines. In the seventy-sixth lap Anderson in one of the Premier Specials suffered a burned bearing and shot a rod through his crank case. The last elimination was that of the Frontenac driven by L. Cheverolet, which was withdrawn from the track by the driver in the eighty-third lap on account of a burned out connecting rod bearing.

Resta, Teeming With Enthusiasm, Gives Praise to "Grand Old Car"

Pretty Young Wife Says, "I Was Certain He Would Win," and Then Rushes Husband Away in Roadster Through Throng of Admiring Fans.

When the checkered flag was unfurled from the narrow span over the track yesterday afternoon a new smile came over Dario Resta's countenance. It was the smile that Resta had been smiling for two years except that it never had shown in such brilliancy before. The famous driver could hardly endure his happiness as his friends rushed to him while he sat in his dust-covered machine in front of the pit. He made his way to his garage as quickly as possible, and soon was out of the Speedway grounds.

"I have nothing to thank but this grand old car," said Resta. "It has served me for what it did not serve last year, and I can say little more other than the fact that it was a great race. The accidents to Rooney and LeCain indeed were unfortunate."

When asked about the track Resta said that he was satisfied that it is the greatest track in the world.

"While the time may have been slower than many anticipated, there was never a time during the race that there was not a thrill for the fans," said Resta. "The straightaways are wonderful and a sprint always enthuses the audience. The fact that many fast cars were forced off the track early in the contest may have had something to do with the time registered."

D'Alene Elated Also.

D'Alene was equally as enthusiastic over winning second place, while Mulford's famous smile was more pronounced than ever.

When Resta whirled into the home stretch in front of the grand stands after driving into the magic circle of fame, there was at least one other person who was happy. It was the driver's beautiful young wife. The meeting between the new speed king and his wife was almost dramatic.

Throughout the afternoon she had sat near her husband's garage, never leaving her seat to look at the track. Her only means of obtaining information was from the large score board across the track and she had her eyes on it almost continually.

"I knew he would win when he gained the lead early in the race," said Mrs. Resta. "He went in to win and he won."

After dressing rapidly, Resta lost no time in getting away from the track. Mrs. Resta, in a pretty roadster, rushed her husband through the crowds and soon had him out of the reach of the Speedway fans, who fought to congratulate him and grasp his hand.

FIRST AUTO CLASSIC IN U. S. IS RECALLED

New Yorker Remembers Oil Headlights, Uncertain Cars and Thirty-Mile Course in Vanderbilt Cup Race of 1904.

After Dario Resta had laid the race carefully on ice a group of New Yorkers sitting in the paddock boxes at the Speedway fell to talking on the old days of the sport. All of them had attended the first real automobile race in this country—the Vanderbilt Cup in 1904. On looking back those twelve short years it was seen that many wonderful achievements have been made in the racing game as well as in the automobile industry as a whole.

"Just think of what we suffered at the initial Vanderbilt Cup," said one veteran. "Automobiles at that time were an unknown quantity, and this applied to both racing and pleasure cars. The big event was scheduled for daybreak on the old Long Island roads. All of us knew the labyrinth that we would have to wade through and the uncertainty of our cars, so we left little old Manhattan Isle at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"With faltering motors and dingy, stinking oil lamps to light the way, we headed for the East River ferries. The cars were many and the ferries were few, but ultimately we landed on the other side. We passed scores of cars lined up along the roadway, with grimy figures under them tinkering with the 'works.'

Had Thirty-Mile Course.

"But some of us landed at the desired spot and we watched the first American classic. It was 'some' race; at least we thought so then. The cars would start off on a thirty-mile course and that would be the last we would see of them until they came around again. Many of them never showed the second time and we did not know what had happened until we read it in the newspapers.

"Contrast conditions then with the comforts of the Indianapolis Speedway and you will readily see that the racing game has kept abreast of the auto industry. Now we have comfort and absolute safety. We can see the cars over half the distance of the track and the telephones at every point of the bowl inform us, through the megaphone artists, just what is going on at all times. Every seventy or eighty seconds the same car whizzes by and every ten or fifteen seconds we get a thrill.

"You can talk about the 'good old days' until the cows come home, but for my part give me the Indianapolis event in preference to the early Vanderbilt Cup race."

MOTORCYCLIST IN HOSPITAL AFTER SPILL ON WAY HERE

ANDERSON, Ind., May 30.—Marcus Brown, 20 years old, of Marion, was seriously injured when he fell from his motorcycle two miles north of Anderson while en route to the Speedway race. He was brought to a local hospital.

Disbrow, Speed King, Frets in Stand as Racers Hum By

Louis Disbrow was the most uncomfortable person at the Speedway yesterday. The daredevil speed demon of "big league" fame sat in the grand stand nad watched a race for the first time in his life. Louis's only comment was that he did not feel at home, but felt just as safe as if he was at the wheel of one of the fire-spitting machines.

Disbrow has been seen at the Speedway heretofore at every race. He has piloted many cars to victory at various times, but this year he is out of the game. To play a part of the cheering mob disconcerted the speed king.

"This sitting here with nothing to do do but watch sure does seem phony," said Disbrow as Resta was piling on the speed for the big climax. "If I were at the wheel of some car or helping the boys in the pits I would feel more at home. It is a wonderful game, alluring and compelling. Will I ever watch another race? Well, you can't tell, but, as I said before, I would feel better sitting in one of those devils."

Clocking Is Popular Pastime of Crowd as Big Race Is On

What is the favorite sport of a race crowd? Next to watching a race, it is clocking. This was easily proved at the Speedway yesterday when every other man pulled out his watch and "clocked." Several wrist watches were in evidence, but these, of course, were displayed by the feminine "fans."

"By gosh, he did that lap in seventy-nine seconds," saith the stout party.

"Not by me," replies the sallow youth. "My timepiece shows eighty-one."

And the argument starts. But taking it on the whole, the watches seemed to agree and every one was happy. Every time a car came in for a new "shoe" the fans clocked. If a car needed gasoline, the fans clocked. At the end of the race sufficient data had been collected by the watch holders to keep an automobile efficiency bug busy for six months in compiling statistics and analyzing the whereofs and wherefores.

POSTOFFICE EMPLOYE HURT WHEN MOTORBIKE HITS AUTO

Frank O'Conner, 18 years old, a special delivery messenger in the postoffice service, living in Flat 307 Roberts Annex, suffered bruises about the legs and a cut above one eye yesterday afternoon, when his motorcycle collided with an auto driven by F. B. Johnson, 928 Warren avenue, at East New York and LaSalle streets. Witnesses told Bicyclemen Hanks and Johnson that the accident was unavoidable. O'Conner was sent to his home.

Henry Harms, 546 Jones street, a truck driver, was cut by glass from the windshield when he directed his car into a tree to avert a collision with an auto driven by Tarkington Bates, 4001 North Pennsylvania street, at Twenty-third and Pennsylvania streets yesterday morning. He was not injured seriously. Bicyclemen Trimpo and Kitzmiller investigated.

100,000 at Play.

More than 100,000 persons in Indianapolis were inoculated with the holiday-making germ yesterday. A perfect day, a holiday and varied amusements lured the population forth by swarms. The Speedway races drew the greatest crowd, naturally; it was estimated that between 83,000 and 85,000 persons witnessed the races. The baseball fans to the number of 3,000 attended the morning baseball game between Louisville and Indianapolis, and 5,700 attended the afternoon game—though there may have been a few "repeaters" in the lot. The parks also attracted many. The tennis courts were almost worn out and there was a long waiting list at each one, and the golf courses fairly swarmed with golfers and near golfers. Taking it altogether, yesterday was a real holiday, and every one found some way to celebrate.

Fisher Gets Hard Fall When He Trips Over Wire Just Before Race

An innocent-appearing wire stretched in front of the pergola as part of the official timing device nearly resulted in injury to Carl G. Fisher, president of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, just before the start of the race. Scores of persons stumbled over the wire, but it remained for Fisher to give the crowd a real "thriller." Unmindful of his danger, Fisher caught his foot well under the wire and sprawled headlong on to the ground. His hat flew one direction and his spectacles another. Race drivers standing nearby assisted the Speedway official to his feet.

"I guess we will have to put that wire in a box," said Fisher as he indicated to bystanders that he was uninjured.

GLASS PLANT TO BE OPENED.

ANDERSON, Ind., May 30.—The Summitville glass plant, which went into the hands of a receiver several months ago, probably will be reopened as the result of a deal being consummated by Warner Bros. of Summitville, the chief creditor.

United States 'Chain' Tread Tires

'CHAIN' TREAD

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—That they *are*, or they *are not*, the particular tires suited to your particular car.

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That is why the United States Tire Company makes five different tires—a tire to meet every need of price and use—the *only complete line* offered by any tire manufacturer.

One of the five is made for your car—will give you the lowest cost per mile.

"Cannon Ball" Baker's transcontinental world's record car was equipped with United States 'Balanced' Tires. Baker says: "No other tires would have stood the test."

Ask the nearest United States Tire Dealer for your copy of the booklet, "Judging Tires," which tells how to find the particular tire to suit your needs.

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At 103, Active, Eats And Sleeps Well

MRS. M. HARPER—103 years old.

Here is a woman who is enjoying remarkable health, considering her age, and, as her daughter writes, she thanks the judicious use of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for helping her to bear the weight of advancing years.

"I wish to call your attention to a most interesting fact. My mother, Mrs. Martha A. Harper, will be 103 years old next August—she was born August 22nd, 1813.

"Some fifteen years ago Mother had a severe spell of grippe, leaving her feeble—it was then she began the use of your valuable tonic-stimulant. Since then she has enjoyed remarkable health for her age—she is active, sleeps well, eats heartily and is in good condition generally. Thanks to Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, which she has used, only a little at a time just as you advise, for so many years. Now Mother is grateful because you make such excellent goods as your tonic Duffy's really is."—(Signed) Mrs. Mattie Buchanan, Trevillians P. O., Va.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

is a food tonic in liquid form which may easily be assimilated by the enfeebled digestive organs. Results from the judicious use of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey are notably good in the case of elderly people where it is desired to build up the strength, to stimulate the bodily functions and to improve the circulation of the blood. It is a life-sustaining agent in cases of emergency which no family medicine chest should be without.

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Cole	COLE MOTOR CAR CO. Factory 730-740 E. Wash. St.	Marmon	Indiana Salesrooms New York and Meridian Sts. Old Phone 1884. New 3488.
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