



Top: Bob Burman in his Peugeot.  
Center: Eddie Pullen and Joe Thomas of the renowned Mercer team.  
Lower: A Maxwell meets disaster. All three pictures taken at the Tacoma, Washington, Speedway—G. G. Raymond collection

## XII.

The Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the world's greatest racecourse, on which each year the five hundred-mile race, climax of all motor car classics, is staged, was built in 1909 by a group of resident sportsmen—Carl G. Fisher, James A. Allison, F. H. Wheeler and A. C. Newby—to gratify private racing enthusiasm. Cost was a secondary consideration, the steadfast aim of each shareholder being the construction of an arena vaster and more perfect than any in the world's history.

How well they succeeded is proverbial. For over a quarter of a century, Mother Earth acclaimed Indianapolis her speed axis, sending each May the fleetest of her sons to affirm the title. From all quarters of the globe they come, speed kings in quest of lightning's crown. With cash and trophies aggregating thousands of dollars as their spur, they shirk no danger, take any risk. The annual five hundred-mile engagement is thus the most sensational as well as the most picturesque of all times. Over one hundred thousand spectators testify each year to its popularity.

An incomprehensible amount of obstacles had to be overcome, however, before the present stage of speedway perfection was reached. First, in 1909, after a half million dollars had already been expended, the macadam surface of the track proved unsatisfactory. To brick it with subsequent improvements, in two new grandstands, and the replacement of overhead bridges