

## THE SAGA OF THE ROARING ROAD

Anderson was pulled down and under the big rubber wheel.

"They're coming!" shrieked the crowd.

The racers that had been balls of smoke in the distance a few seconds before were upon the prostrate mechanic who sat huddled in the center of the track grasping a disabled limb. His back was turned to the monsters thundering down upon him.

"Get up, get up," yelled many in the stands. And with all this I motioned frantically for him to stay where he was. I knew the boys behind the steering wheels of the oncoming cars would look out for him.

Then we saw Anderson try and stumble to his feet. Then we saw him stretch at full length, for the leg wouldn't work for the bruising it had received.

A big gray car with a huge No. 7 nosed its way forward. Harry Knight drove it and he saw Anderson just in front rolling over and over like a brown log on the burning hot brick track surface. The wounded fellow was doing his best to get out of harm's way.

Knight couldn't turn right because he would have run into the disabled No. 8 Case which still stood on the track, its fear-crazed driver huddled beside it. He had to turn at 45 degrees to the left. Otherwise he would take Anderson's head off with one of his wheels.

When Knight shut his motor off he enshrouded his car in the smoke and a groan went through the stands as there came a screech of brakes and finally a crash.

The 75,000 people couldn't see what had happened for the small fraction of a second.

Then the stage had a different setting when the mist cleared away this second time.

Anderson was dragging himself over the pit wall.

Knight's machine, had its nose pushed up to one end

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of the pits, both rear wheels smashed and its oil and gas tanks resting in ploughed-up gravel. Herb Lytle's Apperson, which had been standing at the Apperson pit, had been smashed broadside by Knight's swerving Westcott and its wheels smashed, rested on the ground also.

When common senses had returned, a dozen pit men ran forward to lift John Glover, Knight's mechanic, who lay in a heap in his oily clothes under the car.

Knight, himself, lay in a bit of a creek which passes nearby, his hands to his head, stunned, but unhurt.

But there was peril yet. I was out in the middle of the gleaming brick track crouched down and motioning to the men at the wheels of six more cars coming at 80 miles an hour.

The crowd transferred its attention back to the track and me. I knew they were wondering if I was a damn fool to stand there waving a blue square of cotton.

But the fellows peering through glazed goggles saw me, and they cleverly swerved their steel mounts to miss the wrecks which lay in the way.

This is what 75,000 people saw in one minute!

Hysterical screams of women in the southern grandstand, when Burman's Benz cast a tire over the retaining wall, were heard above the deeper roar of the grandstand and bleachers. In the latter part of the race accidents ceased and the spectators became composed and centered attention upon the struggle that Harroun was winning.

Shouts of encouragement rose in a steady crescendo, and when he swept into the home stretch on his last lap and I gave him the finishing flag, the Speedway enclosure rang with applause. Harroun, followed by a