

delighted mob, drove into the infield and was surrounded by a horde of photographers who wanted his grimy and impassive face as it rose from just over the edge of his steering wheel. His mechanician with tears streaming from his eyes, held one of Harroun's hands.

"Give me something to eat," said Harroun, as he dragged his stiffened legs from under the steering gear of his "Wasp."

"This is going all over the world," yelled a frenzied admirer.

Another scene was being enacted at the hospital while Harroun was lionized, and the other drivers were finishing the race without the taste of victory. Arthur Greiner, with a bandaged eye, sat smoking a cigar and reading an extra edition of a newspaper in which it was reported he was fatally injured.

"The rim was loose when the start was called," he said, "and we had not time to tighten it. We went in anyhow, and now Dickson is dead."

Again thoroughly frightened over the possibility of loss of their rich annual "take"—and it was increasing with each meet—Fisher and his colleagues conceived what they considered a brilliant plan—a scheme they kept secret from the drivers and from the A.A.A. to end these "squawks" about brick dust. Purchasing several hundred barrels of the heaviest oil obtainable, they dumped it on the two and a half mile brick surface!

"Eureka!" chorused the millionaire clique.

Because of pending meetings of the Contest Board, I had not planned to reach Indianapolis until the day before the 1913 race, but a wire signed by Ralph De Palma as chairman of a protest committee appointed by the pilots already assembled at the speedway, plead-

ing with me to start Westward immediately, caused me to go.

Reaching the Indiana metropolis on the morning of May 26, I was met at the railway station by a group of drivers and rushed out to the speedway offices, where De Palma and the members of his committee were arguing it out with Fisher and his partners.

As I walked in Ralph halted his speech in denunciation of the track owners to acquaint me with the situation.

"Each of the boys has made a trial spin around the track, and not one of them will make a second," he told me. "Unless they remove that oil, there will be no Decoration Day race!"

"Oil on the already slippery bricks! My God!" I thought.

Ralph led me off to the oval, the other drivers and the Fisher crowd at our heels.

"Now, Wag, I'm going to drive my car around the track just to show you why there is justification for our complaint," said De Palma. "We, of the committee, have taken it upon ourselves to forbid any other driver to venture out there, for there is no use making this the scene of a wholesale slaughter!"

Standing in the judges' stand, where I had a view of the entire loop, I held my breath as I watched De Palma's car go into spin after spin, and he was doing only 60 miles an hour!

"O.K., Ralph!" I yelled, as he finally came to a stop at the stand. "Get the other members of the committee, and come with me!"

While Ralph was gathering his delegation, I turned to Fisher, Allison, Wheeler and Newby, saying, "Let's go back to the office."