

Another of the victims of a frowning Fate was Louis Strange, who as a teammate of Bob Burman, built a name for himself and for the Buick by creating several new track records back in 1909, and in 1910 became the captain of the J. I. Case Company's racing team.

Now Strange had a reputation for daring, but his daring was of a different sort. Strange was a confirmed fatalist. He drove every race as if he expected it to be his last. Strange was not fearless, for he was fearful of death. Nevertheless, he boasted that he would never die on the track. And such was the truth.

After escaping serious injury over a long period, during which he participated in, among other meets, two 500-mile contests at Indianapolis, Strange went to his doom while driving eight miles an hour over a Wisconsin highway. Turning out to permit a horse and carriage to pass, his car rolled down an embankment, breaking his neck.

Strange was always a bizarre, crazy, "white light" New York kid, with a love for the sensation and dramatic. He always insisted on having ice-cream before, during, and after each big race, sometimes demanding that it be fed to him while he was driving. In 1908 and 1909 he was about the luckiest and steadiest winner of automobile contests in the country, taking one big race after another by simply opening up and "letting her rip" in a way that meant either death or victory if the car held up. He liked to play the gallery, as was shown when he went through the fence in a race where he was half a mile ahead of his nearest competitor. Instead of taking a sure, easy victory, he crowded on more speed—with the result that he broke an arm and a collar bone.

Yet he was modest. At the Indianapolis Speedway,

after his own car broke down, he jumped into the mechanic's seat of Will Jones, his team-mate, and acted as the latter's mechanic, when as team manager he could have taken the wheel away from Jones and tried to land victory for himself. Reckless on the track and reckless on well guarded road race courses, he was quite as reckless in touring over an unknown road—and it cost him his life.

It can be said truthfully that Bob Burman—"Wild Bob"—charted his own path to the grave, carrying with him his mechanic, Eric Shroeder. The tragedy occurred at Corona, California, in April, 1916.

Holder of many records, and for several years an idol of racing enthusiasts because of his daring, Burman discovered a 2.76-mile boulevard oval in the city of Corona that he considered ideal for racing. In association with his manager and a group of Corona civic leaders, he promoted a 300-mile contest over the course—a course that never should have been given A.A.A. sanction, because sturdy shade trees prevented the banking of the curves and because spectators were permitted to line the curbs. Twelve drivers were entered in the competition, including Oldfield, O'Donnell, Thomas, Pullen Tetzlaff, Durant, Waterman, Cooper, Hughes, Gandy and Teel.

In an effort to catch Eddie O'Donnell, who was leading, Burman pushed his mount beyond the limit. While tearing along at 97 miles an hour, his right rear tire let go, tossing the car over the curbing and crashing it into a telegraph pole. Pilot and mechanic were hurled more than 50 feet, Burman being instantly killed and Shroeder dying in an ambulance enroute to a hospital.

O'Donnell won the race in 3 hours, 29 minutes and 52 seconds, capturing the \$5,000 prize, with Thomas