

the track so that they rolled toward the infield and left an open path for the following cars to fly by without further disaster.

Pandemonium broke loose in the stands with that crash, but the injured drivers and wrecked machines hurriedly were pulled aside. The race must go on.

Keech emerged from the shambles unscathed. McDonough was nursing a severe head injury. Moore was badly shaken up. Their cars were strewn along the edge of the infield at crazy angles.

Little attention now was being paid the remaining drivers, but a casual glance was sufficient to indicate that the two accidents had left their mark. The pace had relented. These drivers go into these races fully realizing the risks to which they subject themselves and gradually order and peace were restored.

The roar of the motors once again had become monotonous when, in the 42nd lap, Dave Evans' car veered sharply off the course, in front of the grandstand, hit the side rail and skyrocketed into the air, pitching him clear. Right behind him, so close that it proved his salvation, came Leon Duray, the flying Frenchman, living up to his reputation. His car passed unscathed under Evans' machine as it flew overhead in the air.

Evans had the rare good fortune to land on his feet, but the momentum was great. On his left heel he pirouetted several times as if in mockery he were doing a dance of death. As he whirled he was headed for the infield and finally he gained his equilibrium.

Immediately a roar of lifted suspense went up from the throng at his narrow escape and Evans threw out his arms in recognition, making a bow as if he were an actor entering the wings after having finished an encore.

Before Evans could regain his composure, he turned instinctively away from the fatal scene, but, before he could take two steps, he suddenly pitched forward in collapse, competely and utterly spent. He was lifted hurriedly and carried to his pit. Shortly after, he too, was taken in an ambulance to the same hospital whither Comer and Gleason had preceded him.

I was paid from \$700 to \$1,000 for every contest at which I waved the checkered flag. There were many persons who envied me of my job, my position of authority over all speed spectacles and my place of prominence in the automotive world.

Nevertheless, I had to stand, flag in hand, the day Gaston Chevrolet died at Los Angeles. I had watched them remove the body of Roscoe Sarles from the burning wreck of his machine at Kansas City.

I saw George Wade, racing-car manufacturer, of Kansas City, carried away mangled and dying after Harry Hartz's machine had struck him at Beverly Hills. Again, I watched with grave face as they lowered Joe Boyer's bleeding, dying form from the upper rim of the Altoona bowl and two weeks later saw the splinters fly as the beloved Jimmy Murphy shattered to his death through the fence at Syracuse.

There I sat helpless at the timers' box at Charlotte as Ernie Ansterberg careened through the upper guard rail in practice and disappeared, never again to be seen alive.

No, my job, though a well paid one, was worth every cent of it. Bossing the job as friends died was hard. That checkered flag, which in the track code means "You are finished," drooped sadly from my hand too many times.