

THE SAGA OF THE ROARING ROAD

Harroun were Ralph Mulford, with a Lozier, who finished second, and David Bruce-Brown, in a Fiat, was a close third.

Seventy-seven thousand persons shouted encouragement to the pilots who started the race at 10 o'clock that morning, and with unflagging enthusiasm cheered the leaders in the last laps and watched the field pound around the course.

In the most serious accident of the day, S. P. Dickson of Chicago, mechanic for Arthur Greiner, driving an Amplex lost his life in an upset on the back stretch. The race had been on but a few minutes, and the Amplex was in its thirtieth mile when the rim of one of the front wheels blew off.

The car twisted on the track, hurling Greiner and Dickson from their seats.

Dickson was thrown against a fence twenty feet away and terribly mangled. He was killed instantly.

Greiner was unconscious when picked up, and it was feared he had a concussion of the brain, but when revived at the field hospital it was found his only injury was a fractured arm. Succeeding accidents thrilled the crowd, which, with nerves at high tension, watched the cars flash by in groups at terrific speed. The throng was wild with excitement and rushed back and forth over the field when other accidents were reported. In the stands, men and women were on their feet for hours, cheering their favorites and groaning with apprehension when cars crashed into cars, or ran off the inner edge of the track.

During the earlier part of the race, the track was so filled that the races seemed but an exhibition of speeding automobiles. At the 160-mile mark, Bruce-Brown had set a new record, regardless of classification.

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When Harroun took the lead in the 190th-mile, the race took form and then the crowd's interest was heightened and divided between the contestants and catastrophes that were momentarily impending.

The cars began to cast their tires, burned out by the fierce grind over the Speedway's brick pavement. Steering gears began to give way. The cars were reaching the 300th-mile when a cry swept through the mile of white stands. In the cloud of exhaust smoke a quarter of a mile still farther up the track could be seen a little red car, its front wheels swerving jerkily back and forth.

"Busted steering knuckle!" I cried.

The crowd didn't utter a sound; there was only a scraping of feet and some tried to gain vantage points.

At reduced speed, but in the manner of an unbroken western pony the little red car came on. A breath of wind swept away the smoke and the thousands saw a driver with taught face muscles trying to control his machine when one front wheel was loose and flopping violently about.

The sun's rays shone on the oil and smoke stained features of the mechanic who had half started from his seat.

The crowd looked farther up the stretch to see four whirling packs of steel enveloped in vapor bearing down. Then they looked back to find the khaki suited mechanic scrambling out of his seat.

Mechanic Anderson wanted to grasp that flopping wheel and turn the red Case car No. 8 into the pit.

Still absolutely quiet, the crowds saw the fellow knocked down by the rear left wheel of his car when Driver Joe Jaegersberger gave her more power, probably thinking to shoot her across to the pits.