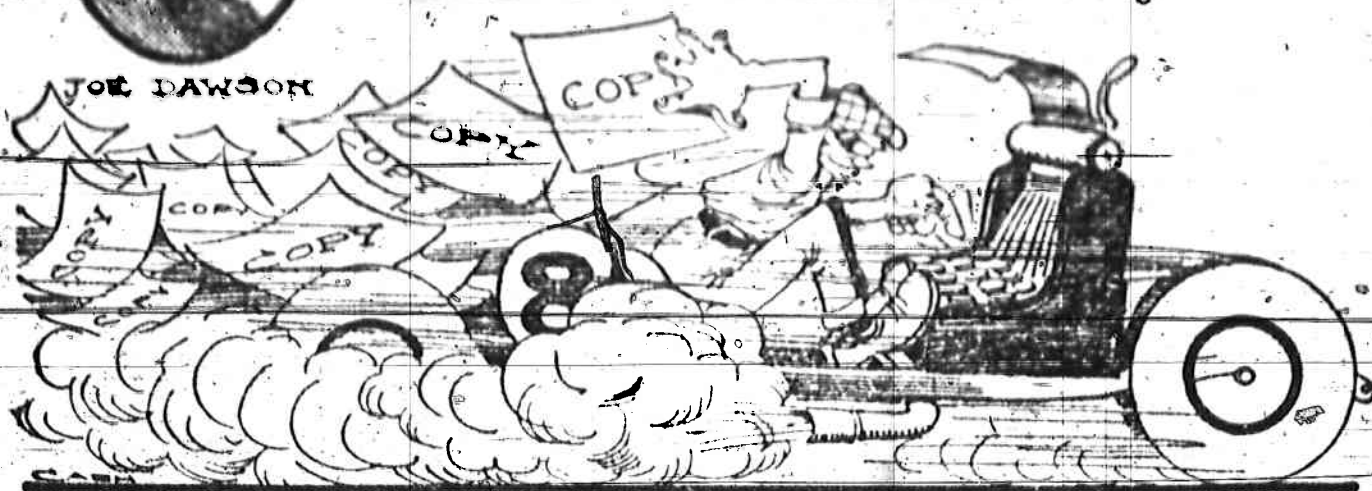




Joe Dawson's Own Story of the 500-Mile Race.

Winner of Last Year's Event Gives Inside
Analysis of Great Automobile Derby.



BY JOE DAWSON.

Nerve, courage and endurance added materially in winning the third annual International 500-mile race at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and, fellow Americans, we have to hand the coveted honor to Jules Goux, the noted French pilot, who drove his Peugeot to a wonderful victory. It was a remarkable feat and will go down in automobile history as such. Single handed, without the use of a relief driver, this little French bundle of sinew, a genuine Napoleon in the battle of cylinders, carried the colors of the old country across the line a winner.

Being an American myself, I naturally was "pulling" for one of our cars to win the great automobile derby, but such a drive as Goux gave his machine is certainly a great lesson in itself. A race of 500 miles, with every second as precious as gold, is far from a "joy ride" and it takes great stamina to accomplish such a wonderful drive. Paying no attention to fatigue, hunger and thirst, and at the same time using his brain in measuring and nursing the strength of his mount, all in all, Goux must be crowned the king of the motor world.

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was trailing the Gray Fox and the Mercer 22, which eventually won second place, was leading by a few laps only. Fox rushed over to DePalma's pit and said:

OFFERS USE OF TIRES.

"Ralph, I see that you are using the same size front tires as I. I had trouble in getting all that I needed out here and am running short. Can you help me out?"

DePalma flashed a signal to one of the Mercer cars as it came roaring down the stretch and calmly turned to Fox and said: "If you run out of tires you can have what you want from this pit."

You will not find better sportsmanship in the world than this. It is the same old game DePalma of old who was forced to push his car home last year with a rich prize almost in his grasp. Incidentally Fox made use of the generosity.

TOUGH LUCK IN RACE.

Tough luck runs hand in hand with a long race, if you are of a mind to call it that. An example in this race is afforded in Gil Anderson's Stutz. He was close to Goux's Peugeot and apparently had second place clinched when he went out of the race on his 188th lap, just thirty miles from the goal. It does seem harder luck in general, but close to the finish, but on the other hand, it is the finish which counts and those

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A more careful race was never driven on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. When a few laps in the lead of his opponents Goux showed great generalship in simply playing "safe" when his closest rival was making a spurt to catch him. Instead of trying to increase his lead, the Frenchman simply held his own, and at no time did he try to burn up the track.

BRINGS OUT REAL STUFF.

Such a race as this brings out the real stuff that is in a true man's makeup. While France gets the lion's share of glory, there was true blue running through the veins of the Americans, and the race demonstrated the greatest kind of pluck and courage on their part in a number of instances.

One of the best bits of nerve which I witnessed during the day was on the part of Ralph Mulford's mechanic. Mulford had driven a great race and had taken the turns in beautiful fashion. Only one stop had been necessary at the pits, this for gasoline, his splendid driving aiding in keeping the tires of his Mercedes in good shape, when, on the back stretch, his car came to a dead stop, all in for the want of more gasoline. It was a full mile to the pits in the home stretch.

Quick as a wink Stevens, who was riding as Mulford's mechanic, jumped from the car and made the run to the pits. Exhausted, he arrived at the pits, bringing the news that Mulford needed gasoline. To avoid being disqualified he staggered over the pit railing, it being necessary that this be done for another mechanic to take his place, and the relief hurried across the infield, carrying a five-gallon can of gasoline, as the other helpers in the pit dashed cold water into the face of the fainting Stevens. This heroic service was rendered by the faithful mechanic when Mulford was pressing the leaders, and is only one illustration in many that a good mechanic, although not generally given the credit due to him, is the one who should share in the glory accorded to the winning driver.

\$5,000 FOR NERVE.

Another bit of plucky work on the part of an American driver—Charlie Merz, nothing but a stripling of a boy, 23 years of age—is worth special mention. He had pulled his Stutz into third place and had one lap to go when his car caught fire. In a blinding smoke and at a great

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A driver is liable to go out in the first twenty miles of the race through some little defect, and he too must be considered in the same class, as it might have been different in the result with this accident not happening.

The scene around the pits was most interesting and some great work was accomplished there for the winners. One of the best performances I noted was at the Stutz pits. Gil Anderson's car came down the stretch with a right front and a right rear tire out of commission. Oil and gasoline were needed in addition. The two tires were changed, oil and gasoline put into the tanks and Don Herr relieved Anderson, the actual time at the pits taking only 57 seconds.

PIT ORDERS LAW.

It is a hard thing to do sometimes, but instructions from the pit are law. It is known that the men in the pits with pencil and paper are keeping better tab on the race than a driver can. When a signal is given to the driver he must obey. I noted that Goux followed instructions to a letter—just the thing to do.

Last year when I passed my National pit once, in fact, the 195th lap, with only five more to go, I got a signal to slow up. I was then doing about eighty-five miles an hour. I did slow up, much as I wanted to let out for the final dash, knowing that I was running in perfect order. Then to my astonishment, the very next lap, I saw the signal "Let her loose." This signal means disregard every other order and run as fast as you can. Imagine my surprise and bewilderment at being told to slow up on one lap and the very next to "beat" it.

I obeyed both times and made the fastest time of my race right there at the finish.

Then, to add to my worry after I saw the checkered flag waving ahead of me, I almost forgot to look at the pits. When I did I read the signal, "Do two more laps." Again I obeyed signals, and here is the explanation which goes to show the importance of taking orders from the pit. When Johnny Aitken, who was captain of the National team, flashed the signal

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There are many little sidelights of a big race which never come before the public, and there are also many little phases of the racing game which bring out sportsmanship. One of the best examples which came to my notice was in the case of Ralph DePalma. His car being the first of the Mercer team to be out of the race, he took active charge of the work in the pits. Frank Fox, who had a Fox Special or Gray Fox entered in the race, with Howard Wilcox driving, occupied a pit close to that of the Mercer team.

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All summed up, the winning cars, the winning drivers, the men who helped in the pits, the team managers and the mechanics deserve to share in the glory. It was a wonderful race and will go down in history as such.

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AMERICAN BRAINS

the straightaways he put his foot on the throttle and the blue car seemed to skim the brick track. He took the turns easy and kept to the center, not trying to