

Thousands at Speedway.

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OLDFIELD HIGHLY PRAISES HARROUN

Declares He Outthought, Out-guessed and Outdrove Other Pilots in the Race.

MASTER AT ALL TIMES

Scientific Fellow, Who Mixes Brains With Gasoline, Is Barney's Tribute.

BY BARNEY OLDFIELD.

Ray Harroun is the world's greatest pilot of the modern cars of Juggernaut. Back to the garages with all brands of "daredevils" and racing stars, for the clever Arab outthought, outguessed and outdrove the other pilots in yesterday's speed and endurance classic.

There never was a second that Harroun was not the master of the situation, and he simply played with the others as a cat does with a mouse. First of all, it was a battle of tires, and while the most of the other cars were sending up showers of rubber threads as they swept around the grinding surface of the course Harroun shot along in his well-balanced car with its wasp-like tail. Any pilot who can average seventy-five miles an hour for 500 miles with but four new tires deserves all the gold and glory that will come to reward the victor in the world's greatest automobile race.

After the finish Harroun told me he would not drive another such race for twice what he will receive for his work yesterday. Harroun is a careful, cautious fellow, who never fears for the result of the dexterous twists he gives his steering wheel when his car skids. But a driver's own caution was not a safeguard in yesterday's event.

They tell me the days of miracles are over. I can hardly believe it after what I saw at the Speedway during the running of the race. The accident in front of the officials' stand was the most disaster-inviting happening I ever witnessed. How it happened that it did not result in the loss of a score of lives I am unable to figure. It was just such accidents that Harroun referred to.

Harroun does not want to be classed as a daredevil. Instead, he wants to be known as what he is, a scientific fellow who mixes brains with his gasoline. We are living in a new age, and the professional athlete who is willing to sacrifice his bones and gore on the altar of a highly seasoned sport is going to be a popular hero. But not for Ray Harroun. He does not care for the plaudits of the crowd. It is an achievement that he prefers, rather than publicity and glory.

I recall the first time that I ever saw Harroun. It was in 1905, when I was at my best and was racing at the Harlem track in Chicago. A slender, boyish fellow with a keen eye came over and asked permission to look at the engine of my old Green Dragon. I chatted with him a while, and then he invited me to take a peep at a little car he built out of his savings. He called it "the sneaker," and it looked the part. But I recognized genius in certain ideas he had embodied in the construction of the little engine, and I boosted him years before he became prominent in the racing game.

Most of the drivers jump into the seats of cars that some one else plans and builds. But Ray Harroun's brains conceived the fine points of his speed creation that enabled him to defeat, decisively, "speed kings," "road champions" and "track clumpions." Ray Harroun will henceforth be considered by the majority of motorists as the real great driver of the sport. He mixes brains with his gasoline. A rare mixture, believe me.

Independent Baseball.

The Greenwood team of the I. B. A. defeated the Franklin Blues at Greenwood.

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Bat Marvels at Speed Boys on Motor Ring

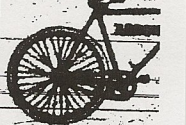
"Bat" Nelson, former lightweight champion, but now merely a private citizen of Hegewisch, Ill., was among the celebrities of the sporting world who saw the big motor race. "Bat" came over from Hegewisch yesterday morning and brought his "kid brother" Arthur to see the speed demons fight it out for the 500-mile prize.

"And they talk about boxin' bein' brutal" said the once Durable Dane after the race. "But it was worth coming a long way to see. I liked the calm, consistent way that fellow Harroun went about it. He never got excited when the others whizzed around him. He wasn't to be defeated the prize at any stage of the race. A fellow with a head like Harroun's would make a good fighter. It'd be cool in any sort of a mill."

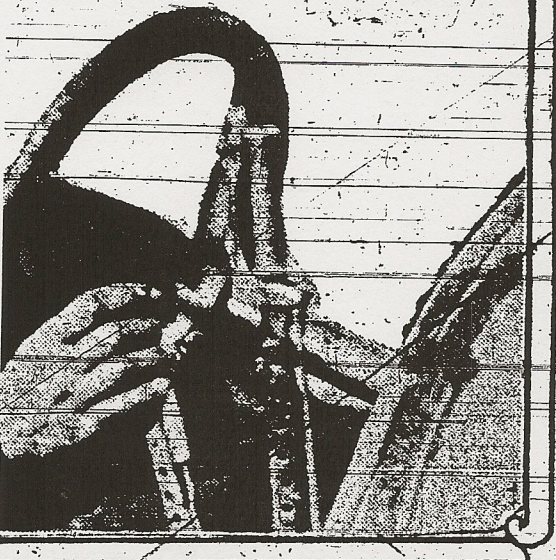
"That surely is a great race course," said "Bat." "It's magnificent, finer than I expected to see. What tickled me about this race was the way the Yankee cars put it over the foreigners. I like to see the Americans win every time." "Bat" and Barney Oldfield, who are old friends, were together during the race.

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TETZLAF LEWIS

youthful driver of his own and flying yesterday in avoiding the Jagersberger's prostrate on the broke a steering crotch and bounded all along the on the track. Hartford pits, near to the track, and catch in the center

wheels. It was his intention to try to steer the wheels with hands. Knight was about on him when he swerved his Westcott and the car slid sideways, overturning Lytle's Apperson, and stopped when it crushed its rear wheels against a post in the center of the roadway at the south end of the pits. Knight was not seriously injured. His mechanic, John Glover, was more seriously injured. When Teddy Tetzlaff and Louis Disbrow came together in a crash on the home stretch early in the race the Losier car was overturned and Dave Lewis Tet-