

85,000 WILDLY CHEER HARROUN

All on Tiptoe When Informed Mulford Is Only Thirty Seconds Behind.

CROWD ON GROUND EARLY

Weather Man Joins With Management in Making Conditions All to Be Desired.

When Ray Harroun drove his Marmon Wasp across the tape to victory in the 500-mile International Sweepstakes yesterday afternoon approximately 85,000 persons cheered hysterically. For many hours they had watched the drivers guide the cars throughout the long course of the race. They had seen their hands weaken on the steering wheels. They had seen their drawn faces filled with the anguish of intense hardship, and time after time they had seen them risk their lives in the speed arena. The immense throng of people cheered not because they were friends personally of Ray Harroun or because they were interested directly in the outcome of the race, but because a triumph had been won.

The apparent lethargy into which the crowds had fallen after they had heard for so many hours the rumblings of the motors was awakened into the wildest excitement late in the afternoon when scorekeepers announced that 450 miles of the race had been run. For many laps Harroun had led the two-mile parade of racers. Almost on the muffer of his machine was running steadily the powerful Fiat, driven by D. Bruce Brown. Timekeepers announced:

"There are only thirty seconds between Harroun and his rival."

ENTHUSIASM RUNS WILD.

Then the crowds were wild with enthusiasm. From the south to the north bleachers and throughout the grand stands the people, who had watched the race calmly throughout the day, rose to their feet and cheered. As soon as they could distinguish Harroun's yellow car through the clouds of smoke that hovered over the speed course women screamed frantically and men shouted: "Go on! Go on! Good luck!" These words of encouragement were lost almost in the noise of the motors. The yellow machine sped past the grand stands, and as it neared the curve south of the judges' stand where so many narrow escapes from death had occurred a breathless hush seemed to fall over the swaying strag-

gle. The crowd had long been not expressed by the crowd until during the last few laps of the race, when a Lozier, driven by Ralph Mulford, who had been also one

of the leaders, struck a hole in the rear repair pits with a burst tire. It was then that the excited crowds seemed to realize that because Harroun was leading that the race was not won.

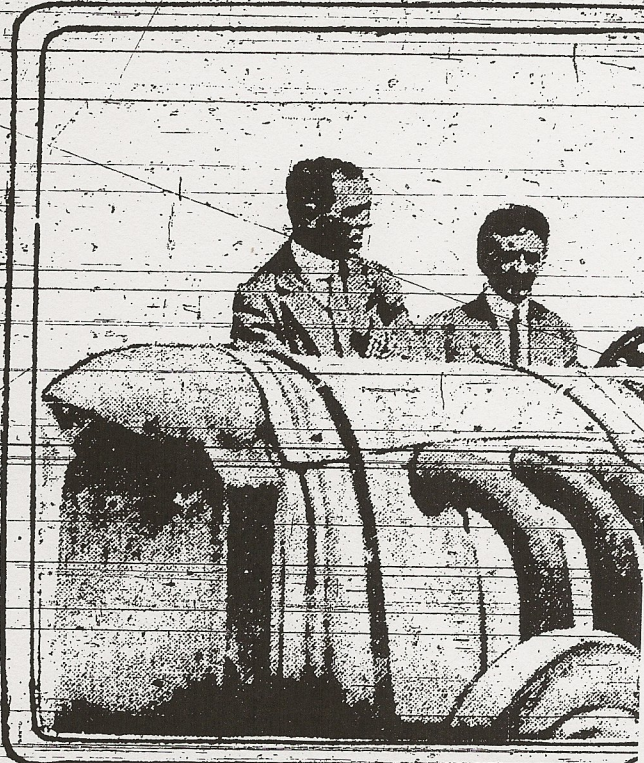
"What if he would have luck like that? Just suppose something happens to him? What if he should give out under the strain?"

These were the loud cries heard throughout the grand stands. The elder followers of the motor speed sport bit their lips, and moved their hands about restlessly until an excited man in the grand stand opposite the judges' stand shouted:

"If I were Harroun, and should lose that race on account of a burst tire, a mere rotten piece of rubber, I would shoot that car directly for the cement wall."

These words were uttered as a green flag was waived in front of Harroun's car—a signal that he should drive one more lap about the two and one-half mile course to finish the 500-mile race. The tumult of the thousands of voices stopped immediately. The cars were driven madly about the course as if the drivers were attempting to reclaim

Crowning Will Dod Durbin



crowd. Weather conditions were perfect. Although the air was warm during the late afternoon, the atmosphere was not oppressively unpleasant, and during the day, so far as could be learned, not one person suffered seriously from the heat among the thousands.

Sporting writers from all portions of America who attend automobile races regularly declared they had never witnessed such skill as was used by Speedway officials, ushers, guards, and the soldiers in attending to the needs of the crowd.

Shortly after sunrise yesterday morning automobiles arrived at the Speedway, and formed lines awaiting the opening of the gates. In the seats which were not reserved, several persons slept during the night to be sure of comfortable positions in which to view the race the following day. The roads and streets leading to the race course were lined with automobiles at an early hour, and taxicabs and traction cars, which were run at short intervals, were crowded until late in the afternoon.

One of the most unusual tasks of the employes of the Speedway was that of the guards, who were busily engaged in obstructing the path of the venturesome public in portions of the ground to which they were refused entrance. Men and women were asked courteously by the soldiers not to enter forbidden gates

of the guards, declares their work at the Speedway has been reduced almost to a science, and that they experienced less difficulty in controlling

Every effort was made to procure comforts for the crowd. The large boxes in the grand stands, comfortably seated a required number, and the people spent the day comfortably. Many persons, who traveled from a distance to attend the race carried with them their meals, which were served temptingly in the presence of thousands of hungry automobile enthusiasts whose wants were not supplied by the caterers.

Speedway officials were not worrying last night that the people had not been entertained. The excitement displayed throughout the day proved to them that the race was enjoyed. The display of human emotion was at times almost indescribable.

During the late hours of the afternoon women and men laughed heartily and cheered lustily whenever a driver would seemingly by nerve and instant action snatch himself from death's jaws. Several times automobile tires were hurled high in the air while drivers were rounding the course south of the judges' stand. The machines would swerve from the right to left, and plunge toward the brick wall on inner part of the grounds. Drivers on

Following the parade

for the race yesterday presented with the "Fire Crown." A R. Pardington entation and placed the

GAY STREET
ENAC

Vast Throng of Spectators
Sounds of
Fair

A picturesque and busy downtown Indianapolis talked of little else than automobile, driver, speed, and every other modern train

