

## THE ACCIDENT.

As Chevrolet drew up with Thomas, he swung slightly to pass his team-mate. But as he did so O'Donnell thundered up even with him on the top of the steep turn. For an instant there were only inches between the cars. Hands of steel could scarcely have held those machines so close together. The inevitable crash came. As Chevrolet was even with Thomas's mechanic he swerved, perhaps only an inch or so, to the right. His front wheel clicked against O'Donnell's flying Duesenberg.

As the cars hit, they slowed up and Joe Thomas rode through the death trap to safety. But Chevrolet and O'Donnell were tangled and the terrible speed swung the machines in a half circle. As they came apart the gray Duesenberg was thrown directly down the track on its side and smashed into the gravel safety edge of the course. Chevrolet was thrown in the opposite direction, crashing into the heavy timber guard rail on the upper edge of the track. He struck the rail and demolished it for a distance of fifty feet, but did not clear the top. The car seemed to turn and, as it rolled over, fell toward the inside of the course. It landed a hundred feet from the Duesenberg wreck on the gravel edge.

Sitting close to the engine and with very little protection of any sort Chevrolet was crushed with the staggering machine. His mechanic, away from the wheel, had a chance in a thousand, and won it. He was thrown clear of the wreck and escaped with slight injuries.

Eddie O'Donnell was clamped behind the wheel and though alive when picked up, he had been through Chevrolet's experience. Lyall Jolls, O'Donnell's mechanic, lost the thousand-to-one shot and died.

Chevrolet was dead when a policeman picked him up. Jolls died ten minutes after he was taken to the field hospital. O'Donnell received a fractured skull, two broken arms and possible internal injuries. Bresnahan, mechanic for Chevrolet, escaped as by a miracle.

## SURVIVOR'S STORY.

"Joe Thomas was ahead," said Bresnahan, as he lay in the hospital beside the bodies of Chevrolet and Jolls, "and we wanted to pass him. Joe was above the white line. Naturally, every car uses that particular turn to make speed and pass the rival cars, for it is there that the greatest speed is made on the turns.

"We were just winding up to pass Joe and started around his tail. Eddie O'Donnell probably thought he could pass both of us. Anyway, when three cars are above the white, one of them hasn't much of a chance. Eddie comes up and hits our right rear and shot us into the rail. Then the crash came and I don't know what happened after that."

O'Donnell's car shot about 200 feet ahead of Chevrolet's car, rolling twice over the body of Jolls, and landed at the base of the incline, bottom-side up. Both cars were reduced to heaps of junk.

All four men were lying about 200 feet from the point of the crash. When Patrolman W. D. Porter picked up his body, Chevrolet was dead. Bresnahan arose to his feet, crying. O'Donnell and Jolls both were lying a few feet from the battered wreck of their car. When Patrolman Alken picked up the body of O'Donnell he thought that he was dead. Ambulances, which rushed through the swarming throngs to the scene, carried O'Donnell and Jolls to the emergency hospital. Jolls died in ten minutes. The pulmotor was applied to O'Donnell, but he failed to regain consciousness.

Drs. K. C. Gummess and C. F. Nelson stated that O'Donnell had received a fractured skull, two fractures of the left arm, possible internal injuries and numerous bad lacerations over his legs and body. He was rushed to the California Hospital as rapidly as the congested roads would permit.

Mrs. Ollie O'Donnell, wife of the driver, accompanied him. Another woman, who witnessed the tragic collision, fainted and was also treated at the emergency hospital.

Chevrolet's little Kewpie mascot, which he always carried on the hood of his racing car to ward off disaster, was crushed to pieces.

Dick Ferris, promoter of the Thanksgiving Day races, remained by the cots of the injured men, and, with tears in his eyes, endeavored to console their friends and families.

Bresnahan, the least injured of the four racers, lay crying on his cot.

"I wish the other boys were as well off as I am," he said. "If they were I'd be tossing dice with them tonight."