

1937

LOCAL FAVORITE WILBUR SHAW won the 25th 500 at a record speed of 113.58 mph, completing the race in 4 hours, 24 minutes, 7.8 seconds with riding mechanic Jigger Johnson.

Shaw did it driving a four-cylinder Offy that was underpowered compared to the supercharged engines that were

again permitted under another rules change.

Jimmy Snyder broke the 130 mph mark driving a six-cylinder powerhouse built by Art Sparks and dubbed "the Big 6." Snyder started the race 19th and was in the lead by the third lap, but by lap 27 he was out with transmission trouble.

Three non-drivers were killed that year. George Warford and Otto C. Rhode died after a car crashed into the pits during practice. Riding mechanic Albert Opalko died in a separate accident.



RIGHT: Frank McGurk crashed his car during qualifications for the 1937 Indianapolis 500, killing riding mechanic Albert Opalko. McGurk could not continue that year.

OPPOSITE: A LaSalle Series 50 pace car driven by former 500 winner Ralph DePalma leads the pack before the start of the race. *Stan Nowak/Archives*

THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR

SHAW WINS RACE; 113 M. P. H. NEW MARK

German Guns Rake Spanish Coast Town

**EUROPEAN CONFLICT FEARED
AS 20 CIVILIANS ARE KILLED
TO AVENGE ATTACK ON SHIP**

Italy and Nazis Leave
Cold War Pact, as
France Seeks to Maintain
Peace in Mediterranean—
Times has Reported

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"WE WON!" CHECKERED FLAG BRINGS VICTORY SMILE



**STETSON, SCHOOL
HEAD, SUCCUMBS**

Heart Attack Is Fatal to Exhausted Winner Asks for Water, Greets Wife and Mother After Race

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**FOUR DRIVERS SMASH RECORD
HEPBURN JUST 2.16 SECONDS
BEHIND INDIANAPOLIS PILOT**

Horn Takes Third and Wiggs, Three-Time Victor, Finishes Fourth. With Bergers Fifth and Cummings, Another Home-Town Favorite, Sixth—Leader, Newer Wagon Than Third AT Any of 90-Mile Pools, Piles Up Close to \$65,000 in Awards—No. 3 Nearly Loses Out on 1990 Lap When He Stops for Gas and Car Bails on Starting

19 ROAR OVER LINE AS GRIND ENDS

The Checkered Flag Finale.

Car	On Tap	12.75
1st-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
2nd-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
3rd-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
4th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
5th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
6th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
7th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
8th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
9th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
10th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
11th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
12th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
13th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
14th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
15th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
16th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
17th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
18th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
19th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00
20th-Black Hawk	Black Hawk Special	114.00

(A full page of these profiles is on Page 12. Another full page is on Page 13.)

BY M. BLAINE PATTON.

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After their safety lap, they wheeled into the bull pen for the storm of tribute that goes with sensational triumph. Almost exhausted, Wilbur could only look at the microphones shoved at him from every angle so he could tell his friends and the millions over the nation listening in just how it felt to sit, grimy, dusty and dirty, deafened and worn from one of the hottest races in all the parade through a quarter century, but happy in the No. 1 spot.

Finally he got enough strength back to broadcast.

"This is the happiest day of my life outside of my wedding day," he told the radio audience. Then he yelled for water.

Driver Asks for Water.
"Will somebody bring us some water?" he asked. It was there in a brief minute in a half-pint milk bottle—not nearly enough. Joe Copps, Speedway publicity chief, got some more, first in another milk bottle, in a soft drink bottle and in more bottles. Shaw and Johnson drank and poured water over them till they got the roar of the motors out of their ears and the first layer of grime off their faces.

Shaw's wife and his mother, Mrs. Charles E. Morgan, 316 East Thirty-first street, both thrilled by the championship of their champion of many years, were in the victory pen to cheer him. Each got a big kiss the first thing.

"Wasn't it swell?" "Wasn't it grand?" was their chorus.

After Shaw spoke to his friends on the West coast, in Los Angeles and Frisco, thanking them for their moral support all along, he got back to the race.

"It was so hot out there it almost burned us up," he declared, as he doused his head with water.

Jigger Johnson joined in with: "Does that feel good or does that feel good," as he had a self-administered shower.

Going Home, to Bed.
Asked what he was going to do to celebrate, Shaw asserted: "I'm going home and go to bed and after a couple of hours' sleep I'm going to have a great big bottle of champagne at Earl Gilmore's expense." By that time his smile was wider. Gilmore is his sponsor but the car was designed and built

