

NATIONAL DRIVERS "THE INDIGO TWINS"

Aitken and Kincaid Earn Peculiar
Sobriquet by Friendship in
Daily Life.

WORK AND LIVE TOGETHER

Pilots of Steel Speed Makers In-
separable Even When in
Hard Contests.

Two rivals for honors in the motor-racing field, where the spot light plays upon the successful, are seldom found to be real pals, each rejoicing in the triumphs of the other. The close friendship that exists between Johnny Aitken and Tom Kincaid of the National "forty" racing team is unique and has attracted the attention of the followers of the racing circuit.

"Jack" and "Tom" won the plaudits of the motor-racing public when, alternating at the wheel of a National "forty," they annexed the \$10,000 Atlanta Automobile Association trophy by their triumph in the double century classic on the Southern course, and are known to the boys of the circuit as the "National Indigo Twins." This title was bestowed upon them because they are inseparable and the fact that the standard color of their speed craft is blue.

Kincaid and Aitken have been with the

National Company for about five years. They received their first lessons in track driving from Jap Clemens, another well-known racing pilot, who had charge of the National testing department at that time. During these years Aitken and Tom have roomed together, worn each other's clothes and fought for each other. To start an argument with one means that it is started with both.

Aitken is tall and rather slender, but he is wiry and strong and hard as nails. He is pleasant, always ready for a joke, until he gets behind the wheel of his car. Then he is all business, with but one purpose—to win. Kincaid is the shorter of the two and heavier, just as full of fun and the possessor of a genial smile that won't come off.

Both are absolutely fearless. They know their cars and have faith in them. The thought of danger does not enter their heads. They are out to win and while cautious, careful, skillful, when the time comes to open the throttle and get every ounce of horse power they do it as a matter of course.

Nothing shows the keen friendship between the two better than the 200-mile race at Atlanta May 7. Here was the big event of the meeting for the \$10,000 trophy cup and \$1,000 in cash and Kincaid was driving a winning race at the end of the first century. However Aitken was without a car and before the struggle the two had agreed for Tom to go the first half and for Aitken to take the machine through to the finish. This arrangement met with the hearty approval of the starter and other officials.

As Kincaid flashed by the pits at seventy miles per hour Aitken restlessly waited for the finish of the first 100. When Kincaid stopped and hastily threw in oil and gasoline and Aitken took the car Kincaid's teeth showed through the grease, oil and dirt, and he said:

"Eat 'em up Johnny."

And Johnny did.

The rain fell in torrents, the track was dangerously slippery and many of the cars skidded fearfully, but Aitken held the National to the track and maintained the merciless speed to the finish—a victor.

Kincaid was the first to grasp the hand of the hero of that trying fight and exclaimed earnestly: "Johnny, there isn't another fellow in the world for whom I would have given up the chance to win a race like that, but I'm proud of you, old partner."

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