

you call it in boxing. He was a hard man to pass once he was in the lead, and a disquieting presence to be trailing at the shoulder of any but the most seasoned and proved of drivers.

In all of his 15 or 16 years of racing he never gave a more striking demonstration of this than when he defeated Ray Keech, then the world's speed king, at Rockingham Speedway in July, 1927. This race consisted of three five-mile heats, and it was to determine which of these two celebrated performers was the better board track driver.

Duray had made a record of 148.1 miles an hour on the Packard proving ground the preceding June for a motor of 91.5 cubic inches displacement. Keech had done 207 miles an hour at Daytona with a motor of some 600 cubic inches displacement—in other words, with a motor six times more powerful than Duray's. In this race both were to drive behind motors of equal power: namely, 91.5 cubic inches. That's technical stuff, but it has to be told.

Duray got the jump and won the first heat. Keech won the second, nosing out Duray by a car length. The third would decide it, and when that heat started the excitement was intense. Race drivers were as absorbed as spectators.

They were on the second lap. Keech was leading and driving low on the inside ledge of the great saucer. Duray was a few feet behind and higher on the bank, which, by the way, is pitched at an angle of 45 degrees. Suddenly everyone saw that all was not well with Duray. The smoke from his exhaust, instead of trailing out behind in an unbroken stream, was shooting forth in puffs. Experienced eyes noted at once that Duray's motor had gone dead. It was the instant con-

census that he was out of the race. Duray alone had a different idea. He had no power and was two laps from the finish, but it wasn't too much of an handicap for a driver of his resourcefulness and experience. Keech was a younger and less experienced driver than his adversary or he would not have permitted him to do what he did.

It was a master stroke that Duray effected, one of the boldest known to the race game, spoken of in track parlance as "getting on the other fellow's tow." He threw his wheel over, shot down the track and fell in directly behind Keech.

To the layman it seems almost unbelievable, but it is known fact among race drivers that the suction caused by a car traveling at the speed of 140 miles an hour or better will pull along another machine which may have no power of its own. It will do so indefinitely. This, of course, involves the vacuum principle with the resultant rush of air pushing the second car along. A rapidly sinking ship creates a similar suction.

Duray took advantage of this principle and was pulled along for all but about 200 feet of the remaining two laps. Then the impossible happened, a phenomenon which there is no other record in the history of automobile racing. It is a mystery which has not been explained.

I am aware of the salvos of razzberries which will greet this statement, but 200 feet from the finish Duray suddenly "got off Keech's tow." He threw his wheels to the right, since Keech was close to the pole, and shot past him to win by a scant six feet with no power other than his own momentum. This is one of those things which "can't be done," but which happen. I witnessed