

pastime for the millionaire sportsman, who did so much for the racing game.

Flint, Mich., was the birthplace of the great speedway patron. He was born in the city made famous by his father in 1890 and received his first instruction as a driver of automobiles while serving in the capacity of test driver for his father at the Buick plant.

Cliff was the only son of W. C. Durant, famous motor car manufacturer and his record as a speed king dates back to the days of the Los Angeles-Phoenix Road Race and the Santa Monica Road Classic. Durant won the last of the Santa Monica events with a record that will probably stand for all time.

In 1914, young Durant came to California and within a year he had become firmly established in the motor car industry here. He built up the great Chevrolet Pacific Coast organization with its large assembly plant at Oakland and followed this with the Durant plant in the northern California city. Durant has been a contender for honors in practically every championship race meet and he was one of the most active among those who planned and built the Los Angeles Speedway.

At Tacoma in 1918 Durant won the Pacific Coast Speedway meet and in the early spring of 1919 captured the Santa Monica road race in competition with the greatest drivers in America. The following year he became acquainted with Harry A. Miller in the manufacture of racing motors and after two years the Miller motored Durant racing cars were sweeping the speedways and creating world's records with great regularity.

I will never forget the first lap of the Elgin road race in 1922. Durant, fifth to start, was driving like a madman. Fred Comer, riding with him, had seldom

known such reckless speed on the roaring road. One, two, three—Durant picked them off one by one and now there was only one car ahead, the car that had started first. If I remember correctly it was Roscoe Sarles, but I'm not quite sure.

Durant was zooming down on the leader's tail. He wanted to turn into the home stretch of the first lap leading the race. No other thought entered his mind. He completely forgot the dangers lurking in the elbows of Elgin. In fact, he completely forgot the old Camels-back hump and to forget Camelsback was to give death the wheel of your bounding buggy. Well, he came down on it at 115 miles an hour and passed the other car just as he hit the airplane hill. He passed on the left and the road turns to the left as you come off the hump. He was going so fast, and being on the wrong side of the road, he simply took off like an airplane and did the niftiest sailing that anybody ever saw.

Unable to control the car coming over the crown of the hill, he shoved Comer down into the cellar and let 'er go. The car clipped a telegraph pole as though it were nothing but a match and then turned into a barbed wire fence. Over and over they rolled, knocking down six or eight posts and rolling that wire around them as neatly as you would wrap up a Christmas package. They rolled on and on past a white farmhouse and ended up in a field about 800 feet from where they had started to take their flying lesson. It took fully an hour to get the barbed wire off the car so that they could get out of it. Comer never received a scratch. Durant's life was saved by the steel stays of a heavy mesh corset that his friends had fixed him up with two days before the race. The wire had ripped off the clothing around his waist and had sawed entirely through some