

## THE SAGA OF THE ROARING ROAD

it myself and examined Duray's motor at the finish. It was dead as a mackerel.

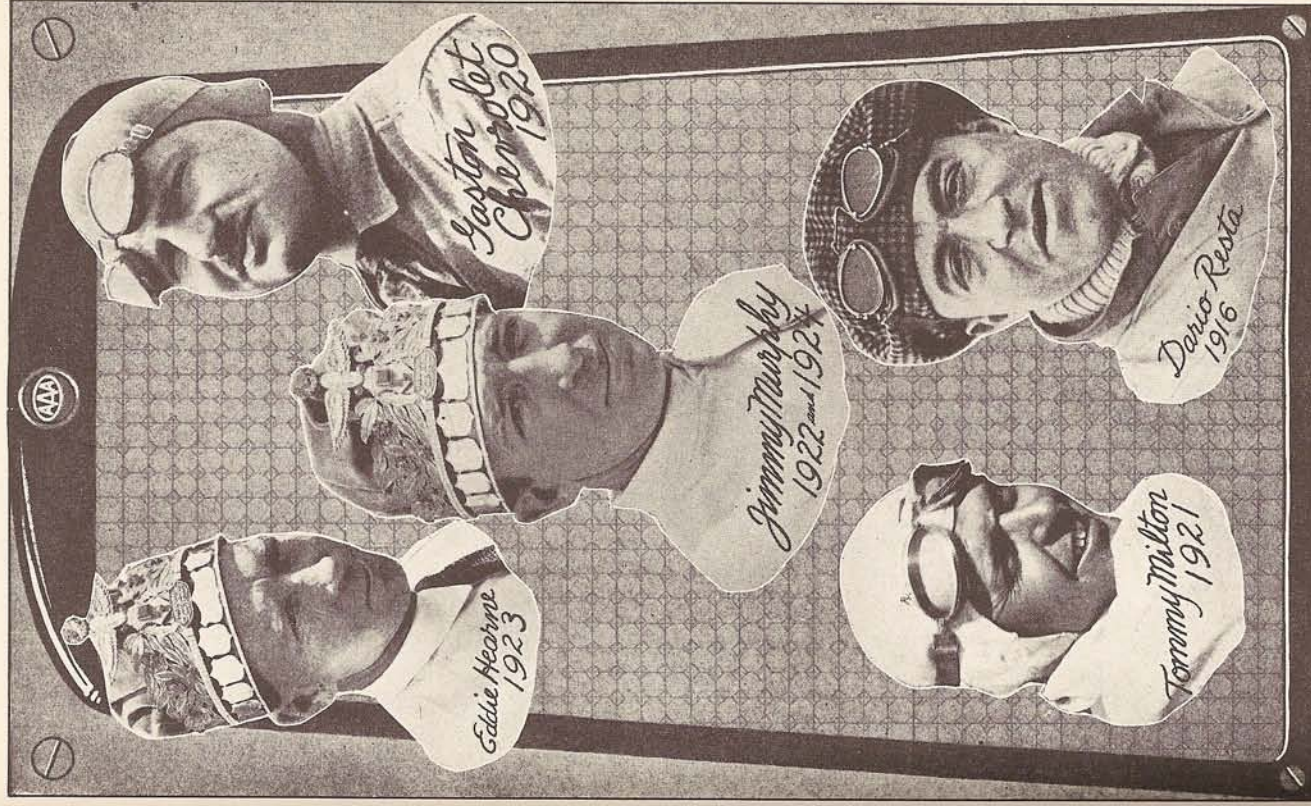
Keech said that he did not slow down when Duray's car shot out abreast of him. Duray didn't think he did. Duray knew that he didn't have as much as a gasp in his motor. Neither did he get any help from the pitch of the track, because he shot up and not down. What did happen? Something, of course, but nobody has yet fathomed it.

Duray's strategy worked better than he knew. The impossible finish was not a part of it. But rather than quit he decided to give the crowd a run for its money by hanging onto Keech even though he was certain to be beaten. A close second was better than pputting out of the race like a wet firecracker.

The business of "getting on the tow" of an opponent isn't so good, ordinarily. If the fellow in front blows a tire—zowie, scrunch, peep, blam-blam, and other noises follow made by bones and debris!

Race drivers watch the other fellow's tires and if they see fragments flying off the treads of one in front they sure do "keep off his tow." It's a maneuver they do not relish, at best.

One might run through the list of drivers clear down to the end. Their life story is highly colorful, or they would not be racing. There are tales of personal hardship in the realization of their ambition. There are tales, alas, too, of indifference to great opportunities presented. There are tales of money pouring out for car purchases and no results coming therefrom. There are tales—well, one might almost write his story and then sort through the driver's register and find his hero to fit it, for race drivers, as all other professional men, are not a brand apart, rather, they are average, some good, some poor.



Winners of A. A. A. Championship Crown