

chanical death-knell for a mount which was so proud, so beautiful, so hopeful a few short miles before.

"Broken oil line. Burned bearings," is the laconical report of the committee and they wave the limping charger to the garage and retirement.

The figure in white, now with a smear of grease across his front, gives a pushing hand as his wreck leaves the track. Not with a gesture of disgust, but one of sympathy.

They leave him alone in the solitude of his garage, a strange quiet despite the joyful whine and roar of those who remain in the race, driving on to victory. He pauses to make a fast survey of the mechanical defect which destroyed hundreds of hours of wear-some work within a few short minutes of running. He is not kicking the wheel in frantic anger. He is thinking. Already thinking of the morrow and the next race. He knows what happened. He already knows what he can do to remedy it. He knows that next time with a slight change he can win. He would like to stay now and take his car to pieces, bit by bit, and plan for the next race. But sportsmanship immediately takes him back to the track and his useless pit to cheer the remaining boys on. He goes back smiling, kids his driver who has perhaps already made arrangements to get back into the race as relief driver. He shouts encouragement and genuinely hopes for the success of the boys who remain in the race.

Tomorrow, next week, next year and until his grave he will go on preparing the mighty cars for the racing classics.

Yes, he is the world's most patient optimist—the racing garage mechanic.

With due modesty I can lay claim to having seen

more automobile races than perhaps any other man. In every speed event I cannot help but wonder just how it impresses the average onlooker. There is of course the thrill of the contest, the intense interest of the sport, the beauty of the exhibition and the crowd. All of these interests have their varied appeals. But beneath it all there is another and more significant thing, that I somehow feel escapes the average attendant, and which to me is the most fascinating of all.

Having followed for years what I considered the king of sports, I have been struck most forcibly with the very material contribution it has made to world progress. America is today the most progressive of the nations of the world. Her development in two centuries of a civilization far in advance of other countries, will be recorded as the most significant, outstanding achievement of history.

During the past thirty-five years this development has been intensified, and parallel with this intensification, and largely, as its contributing cause, has been the marvelous developments of transportation. An era or two ago railroads formed the economic backbone of our country, and today it is the internal combustion engine, that has risen as a giant overnight, revolutionizing transportation, transforming commerce, and making it possible for all of us to live on an average in accomplishments of three days in one.

Few people, I believe, realize that practically every improvement that has come to the modern motor car, first made its appearance and proved its worthiness on the racing course. Without exception, everything the race has found advantageous has been adopted and everything found worthless has been discarded.

From the most intimate detail of motor construc-