

Pete Henderson came down from Canada in answer to the call of automobile racing. Pete was first scheduled to be a member of the Duesenberg team, but Eddie Rickenbacker persuaded him to join the Prest-O-Lite team of Maxwell cars. He then became the second man in Duesenberg racing cars but with the retirement of Tom Alley as a member of the Duesenberg team, Pete Henderson moved up to the responsible position at the wheel. Having been a good mechanic, he was looked upon as the best material to make a good driver—and he certainly was.

Remember the Flying Dutchman? They called him that—"the Flying Dutchman"—wherever racing cars and racers foregathered during most of the first eleven laps of the present century-whirl. And, of the several varieties of Flying Dutchmen that have bloomed and withered in the fertile pages of popular history, this one was probably as colorful as any.

"Flying Dutchman" was accurately descriptive, aside from the trifling fact that Joe Jaegersberger, owner of the title, never was, nor did he ever intend to be an honest-to-Pete, bona fide "Dutchman"—with all due respect to the nationality upon which his racing monicker reflected some of his past glory.

Joe cut his racing teeth at the age of fourteen, away back in the dim days of 1897, riding as a mechanic for Jenatzy, the Belgian speed demon of early racing days. And after that first race—a 150-kilometer, comic-opera gasoline explosion from Vienna to Salzburg, Austria-Hungary—Joe was an incurable speed addict! The taste lingered—like the alleged flavor of a well-known chewing gum. And Joe stayed with it.

Wherever there was a big race going on in Europe up until the year 1902, "the Flying Dutchman" was

there with his war trinkets, either in the rôle of mechanic or driver. He helped make both European and American racing history, although he never achieved outstanding leadership. He raced with the best of the old-timers in Europe as well as America—at State fair tracks all over the country as well as at Indianapolis—and made some very creditable showings—added zest to any race he was in.

But Joe was taken out of the limelight as an active racing participant on that not-so-good day in 1911 when his lusty-lunged Case "White Streak" roared its last paean of speed and throbbed its own threnody—and almost did as much for Joe. While percolating around the dirt oval at Columbia, S. C., this pair of veterans of many a hard-fought race sifted through the fence on the quarter turn—curtain for Joe's racing career!

Not that the nearly fatal accident and eight months flat on his back in a hospital dimmed his racing ardor or courage, but when a fellow's anatomy and bones get as badly disorganized as Joe's were in that gory mix-up—well, it sort of cramps one's racing style. Especially when part of one's leg is totally absent, and an eye almost mislaid, a wing lame for life, an ear permanently damaged—but Joe would not prefer us to talk of these things.

Anyway, that was that. And since that time the indomitable "Flying Dutchman" has done his racing by proxy—his racing spirit still goes marching on!

Auto racing was just one of Durant's activities. He headed the Durant Motor interests on the Pacific Coast, was interested in many business and industrial ventures up and down the coast and racing was just a