

of the steel stays. He was badly cut up as it was, and if it hadn't been for the steel stays it looked to me as if he might have been sawed wide open.

Durant still bears the scars of this accident. His cheek and right ear were split open and he was quite a mess despite which fact he insisted on leaving immediately for New York bound like a mummy, so that his father wouldn't worry about him. Nonchalantly Cliff sent the following wire to his parent, the multimillionaire president of the General Motors Corporation:

"If they'd only made this a hurdle race, I think I would have won."

That incident gives a true picture of Cliff Durant, peer of road race drivers of the world and sportsman par excellence.

Roscoe Sarles was always planning to spring a harmless, practical joke on somebody. Had he not played such a joke on Cliff Durant he would be living today.

At Kansas City, in 1922, Roscoe was entered as relief driver for Durant with the result that both he and Cliff wanted to drive, but as Cliff was the owner, he had his way and announced that he would drive. Roscoe, however, could not satisfy himself with the thought of being out of the competition so he decided to play a practical joke on Cliff that would cause him to drop out.

He went to a doctor and told the physician that Cliff would have to be kept out some way, resulting in the doctor agreeing to discover some "dangerous" symptom in Cliff's anatomy. Accordingly, the night before the race, Cliff was told he was suffering from a contagious disease and agreed to drop out in favor of Sarles.

The accident occurred on the back stretch when Roscoe broke a steering knuckle, it was believed by the

most competent of men, though the exact cause of the accident may never be known. Sarles' wheel then flew off and hit the car of Peter De Paolo, which was just in advance of it, causing the latter's machine to be knocked off the straightaway and turning him around. When De Paolo hit the apron, he and his mechanic were thrown from the car and both were severely bruised.

Sarles, after losing his wheel, catapulted through the air and dropped to the ground 50 feet below. It developed that Christopher Pickup, Sarles' mechanic, was a real hero. With flames consuming the car, he rushed to Sarles' aid but was unable to extricate him from the flaming mass and finally had to abandon Sarles to his fate.

Now death is not a pleasant thing to write about, yet the glorious manner in which some men go forth to meet this most mysterious adventure of life is, I believe, deserving of record.

One evening in September, 1924, I stood with bowed head, at the bedside of Joe Boyer in an Altoona hospital.

That afternoon, I had sent him away in what proved to be his last race. Boyer drove as he always drove, like a magnificent dare-devil, and was apparently driving to victory. When the cars had passed the 240-mile mark with only ten more miles to go, I remarked to a fellow official on our good fortune in escaping accidents and voiced my belief that we had nothing further to fear. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when tragedy struck as it always strikes on the race course—suddenly and without warning. Boyer's car crashed into the guard rail. When we freed his crushed and lacerated body from its prison