

the desire to race drives him to progress. He must fight his own way up the ladder.

"I could no more sever myself from racing than I could quit breathing! It will always be so. And as a friend of all the boys 'in the game,' I can help them in many ways. I may even manage a team or two—I don't know. For that I think would make my break-away from participation in the sport a bit easier. Nothing can make it easy.

"And at last, when my flagging body refuses to carry the spirit of me to the speedways, I'll still have the atmosphere of the track in my home. My scrap-books tell the story of the past; and I can take them out, when everyone else is flying around in airplanes or perhaps on wings of their own, and drive those vivid struggles over and over again—those struggles of the past when I raced for \$35 a week and provided my own car on up to the heights when I won the classiest of all races—Indianapolis—and thought the cup of life was filled to the brim.

"For this is the penalty I pay for racing—I've quit in body, but my mind still lives on the track."

This was the Odyssey of Tommy Milton!

I propose to show that any successful automobile race driver must have a brain as flexible as his nerves are metallic, and it so happens that Leon Duray is the gentleman selected for the example.

In all branches of sport, professional and amateur, it is hard to compare stars. Just as Ty Cobb was the personification of brilliance and Hans Wagner the personification of power, both outstanding in their profession, so auto racers are known for super-proficiency in certain phases of racing technique. Duray was always known as a master strategist. Ring generalship

"The hardest job I've ever had is the job I have now—the task of being a retired racing driver. It never gets any easier. It is as difficult now as it was at the beginning—and just how difficult it is no one who hasn't gone through the same experience will ever know.

"I can't stay away from the speedways. I know it makes certain torture, but I go to every race meeting I can get to, and wander about like a lost soul looking into Paradise. And each time I have to throttle myself to keep from jumping into the first car thundering into the pits and say 'Let me take it for awhile now, Bob.'

"Racing is a hard and wearing game; but, after a man has quit for good and all, he forgets about its darker, sterner side and lets his mind wander back to the thrill of it. I remember only hazily the grueling hours, the cramped body that must not ease itself, the burning feet baking near the engine, the straining tendons, the taut nerves, the smarting eyes.

"But as vividly as the day I quit, I can feel now the wind roaring in my face, the thrill of speed, the ecstasy of triumph, the joy in the power of a roaring engine, ready at my slightest sign, the hurtling, screeching, rocketing flight that sent the blood through my body in a fierce, tumultuous glory of accomplishment . . .

"I raced for 13 years. The fates were rather kind to me. I had my share of spills, my share of better luck. And I learned this: that no matter how little or how much ability a youngster has, if he but possess the desire burning strongly within him, he will make a racing driver. He can't get it from books or newspapers and he can get very little of it from older drivers. He must learn by driving, must progress as