

smashing sprints of one and five miles over the Daytona sands.

It was at the close of the 1920 racing season that Rippingille sought me out and quite overwhelmed me with flattery.

"Wag," he said, the instant he saw me, "remember what you told me about Jimmy Murphy a couple of years ago. Well, I was wondering if you have any tips on the stock market today. If you have, I'm going to shoot the whole bankroll. You guess 'em good enough for me."

I might add, in passing, that I resolved, then and there, to do no more forecasting so far as future speed champions were concerned. I was quite content to rest on my laurels, such as they were, without hazarding my spotless reputation as a prophet on a second prediction that might prove less accurate.

Neither is it my present intention to catalogue here the signal achievements that are credited to Jimmy Murphy in the record books of automobile racing. Although he has gone to that mysterious Valhalla where only heroes of Olympic stature may enter, I grasp gladly the opportunity that these memoirs give me to pay public tribute to him, to relate little-known incidents in his splendid life in the hope that they may endear the more Jimmy Murphy to you. He was the most lovable of men, and the equal of his radiant personality and charming modesty I have never met in all my travels.

Any biography of Jimmy Murphy, however short, would be incomplete without mention of Martin W. O'Donnell, of Vernon, California, and his good wife, uncle and aunt of this wholesome driver who, during the four short years that were allotted to him, did

more to upbuild and dignify the sport than any man who ever has been connected with it. They it were who molded his character during his boyhood and adolescent years, for Jimmy was an orphan, his mother dying when he was two years old and his father losing his life in the San Francisco earthquake and fire ten years later, and so they merit the highest commendation.

Martin O'Donnell, like the boy that he raised, is irresistible to any that admire a rugged personality. A former section boss on the Santa Fe Railroad, he was selected by his fellow townsmen as judge of the police court several years ago when a magistrate of courage was needed to help rid Oakland of a lawless element that was terrorizing the city. He is as Irish as the blarney stone and the lakes of Killarney, and were a stage comedian able to mimic his brogue exactly, you would say that the latter's dialect was a gross exaggeration.

Of the many stories that are told of him, the following is typical:

On the epochal morning that O'Donnell was sworn in, the first prisoner to be brought before him was a longshoreman, Martin Casey, charged with being drunk and disorderly.

"What have you to say for yourself?" the new magistrate asked from a bench heaped with flowers.

"Well, your honor, if it's drunk I was, it's the first time in my life that liquor has so affected me."

"Is that so, Martin Casey?" the judge interrupted.

"And, your honor," the prisoner continued, "if it's disorderly I was, it's the first time in my life I've been so charged."

"Is that so, Martin Casey?" O'Donnell repeated.