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In my book of reminiscences, for example, I credit George Robertson, the first American driver to win the Vanderbilt Cup, with the most unusual pit stop of all time.

It was back in 1907, during the running of the Lowell road race, and Robertson was leading the field by the none too safe margin of about a minute. He had completed half the total distance, and his Locomobile seemed to be in perfect shape, with the tank well supplied with gasoline and the oil and tires good for another fifty miles at least.

Consequently, when he stopped at the pits seemingly without cause, his pitmen were completely mystified, and as they watched him leap from the car, dash across the track, and disappear behind the grandstand, they had decided he had gone crazy. For they figured that none but a demented man would so waste seconds without good reason when seconds were so precious. Certainly there was something wrong when not even the mechanic who rode beside Robertson could give an explanation for George's strange action.

And then, just as they were about to substitute a relief driver for the locoed deserter, Robertson came running back across the track. His face was wreathed in smiles as he vaulted into the car and resumed the race in which he was no longer the pacemaker.

The mysterious stop, however, did not prove so disastrous as the Locomobile pitmen had feared, for Robertson soon regained the lead and held it to the end.

"What in the devil did you stop for?" the happy but curious pit manager demanded as he slapped the winning driver on the back.

"Well," Robertson explained in the manner of a boy caught playing hookey, "as I was driving around the course I got thinking how good some red hots I smelled before the race would taste, and when I looked up at the score boards and saw I was in first place, I decided I had enough time to go behind the stands and get myself one."

"One of you guys let me take a dollar," he added. "I didn't have the money and the red hot man stood me off for my quick lunch. I promised to pay him right after the race."

Here in my opinion, was the height of nonchalance, and the world's record for getting credit on the fly.

This utter disregard for the consequences, which is a synonym for fearlessness, takes various forms of expression, according to the individual temperament of the driver, but all of them possess it to a marked degree—the monarchs of road and track and the more humble knights of the heavy foot.

On occasions, when this characteristic passes the boundaries of sheer daring and invades the precincts of foolhardiness, it has cost men their lives.

It is my honest belief that David Bruce-Brown would be alive today, to cite a case in point, had he heeded the warning I gave him on that fateful afternoon when he rode and rolled to his death.

He had just returned to Milwaukee to participate in the Grand Prize Cup road race and defend the golden trophy that he had won at Savannah the year before. The meet, which also included the annual battle for the Vanderbilt Cup, had been postponed a week by a