

frankness, I did not care to assume the responsibility that my encouragement of his plan would put upon me, so I suggested that he get in touch with Mr. E. R. Hollander, who then was the American representative of the Fiat Company. As far as I was concerned, I had no inclination to court an interview with a crossed and indignant mother. My sense of diplomacy prompted me to pass the buck.

But David Bruce-Brown was not to be avoided so easily as that, when the train bearing the racing party pulled out of Pennsylvania Station, he was aboard it, and on the ride to Florida he won us all completely, including Cedrino, Sam Butler, chairman of the A.A.A. contest board, and Robert Lee Morrell, chairman of the Daytona meet. At Daytona he donned the khaki jumper of the mechanic, and served a most humbled apprenticeship of greasy toil in the garages.

No job was too dirty for David Bruce-Brown to soil his hands on, no task so insignificant not to find him willing and eager to perform it.

And then the telegrams of maternal protest began to pour in, and threats of legal action from Mrs. Bruce-Brown's attorneys if we permitted the son of their client to put foot upon the accelerator of a racing car.

We managed to hold David in check until the final day of the meet, and then we surrendered to his pleadings and agreed, secretly to let him ride as mechanic beside Cedrino in one race. The look of thankfulness he gave me, the smile of joy that lighted his face as he leaped into the car was worth a life sentence in any penitentiary. And he came through his baptism unscathed!

"Mr. Wagner," he said to me at the conclusion of the event, "Mr. Hollander says I may drive Cedrino's

car against the amateur mile record if you will sanction the trial."

I nodded my head in assent, but wondered who were the best lawyers I could engage to defend me when I was hailed into court.

You would have thought that Bruce-Brown had been driving racing cars for years, the way he handled that big Fiat in the straightaway sweep down the sands. He had all the confidence of a seasoned veteran as he came up to the starting line, and roared off down the beach. And how he held the Fiat to her course! He traveled straight as an arrow.

That day, a great racing driver was born—the greatest road driver, in my opinion, that ever sat behind the taped wheel.

That night, too, the telegraph wires to New York carried the news that David Bruce-Brown had established a new amateur record for the mile, covering the distance in thirty-six seconds, and clipping three seconds off the old mark hung up by William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., in 1905.

Over those same wires, as well, came more telegrams from Mrs. Bruce-Brown, but they contained no further threat of legal action. They were messages of congratulation from a very proud and happy mother.

Also there was an order on the telegraph company to give the hero of the hour money to defray his expenses home.

In skimming the surface of the past to provide you with a few human interest incidents in connection with the dawn of motor transportation, I have, perhaps conveyed the impression that the universe switched from horse-drawn carriages and bicycles to automobiles overnight. Such, however, was far from the truth.