

George Robertson takes the well known "cake." He never would quit until the rear axle dropped off or the engine was completely disintegrated. He had no more regard or sympathy for a car than you have for a mosquito. He always drove to win, demanded more of a car than any driver for whom I have ever counted. He demanded every ounce of power and speed or none. If the machine held together, he won. If the machine fell apart, he shed no tears. Compared to Robertson, Simon Legree was most considerate. He never gave quarter to a motor car. He was merciless.

Ralph Mulford, whom I would select as the most modest of drivers, was just the opposite of Robertson. Ralph nursed his car along and yielded more to the whims of his machine than any of the pilots who raced for fame and fortune. His mechanicians said that he would talk to his car as if it were a family horse or household pet, but they may be guilty of exaggeration. At all events, Ralph treated his machine as if it had human qualities. He never was impatient. If the motor seemed a trifle temperamental, he waited awhile before he raised the hood to chastise it.

Few enthusiasts of auto racing were aware that Ralph was as enthusiastic over singing as he was over racing a speed-job. For many years Ralph was the tenor soloist of the choir of Memorial Baptist Church, Sixteenth Street and Eighth Avenue, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, when the popular young autoist was in town, his sweet tenor voice, which had a remarkable range, was to be heard either in solo, quartet, or chorus work. The day that Mulford was married on was a Thursday. On the day following he was in his racer at the Brighton Beach track. Saturday saw him cross the line

a winner in the 24-hour contest, and Sunday morning he was in his usual place in the choir.

Mulford was an anomaly in the racing world for the reason that he never rode without a starched collar and white necktie. Everything else about his car, incidentally, was white also. This was a hobby that Ralph was never able to explain, save that he said it made him feel at home. Mulford was also a fiend for chocolate eclairs, and, during a long hard race, he often found relief in eating gum drops.

The queerest meal he probably ever took en route, however, was when, due to a slipping clutch, he finished long after dark, drinking coffee and eating sandwiches. When he finally stopped, we were a disgusted and tired bunch of officials who greeted him. Ralph worried not, however, being in the particularly "Ish ge bibble" frame of mind, with a couple of thousand in prize money saved out of the experience.

Ralph Mulford was the pleasantest of fellows, with a handshake and grin for everybody. His habit of looking on the bright side of life was so pronounced that he was dubbed Smiling Ralph.

Willie Haupt had the honor of having once composed, with Victor Hemery and Bruce-Brown, the greatest racing team the world had ever seen. Driving Benz cars, this trio finished first and second in the 1910 Grand Prize at Savannah, being deprived of a probable third only by the fact that Haupt overturned on one of the turns of the course while in the lead.

Haupt was a typical flaxen-haired Teuton, of the type to which fear is unknown. With the Bergdoll brothers, he formed the German-American faction in the racing game, all three being Philadelphians and lifelong friends.