



Top: Harris Hanshue, famous early-day race driver, aviation pioneer, and one of the founders of the Western Air Express (with arm on car) talks with other officials prior to the record run of the Apperson JackRabbit.

Center: Fred Wagner flags the stock Apperson JackRabbit at the climax of its famous run at the Los Angeles (board

Speedway at Beverly Hills.

Lower: Another view of the car that twice within two weeks smashed the world's record for sustained time under official rules and observation. This stock car, with stock body, made 2,757 miles in 40 hours, and 86¼ miles in one hour, in 1921.

XIII.

Mexico! I've had my troubles there, too—sort of international complications you might term them—but with no punitive expedition led by "Black Jack" Pershing to help me out. It was an episode not lacking in drama and fraught with no small measure of imagined personal peril, and one that afforded me an opportunity to pose as a diplomat and an authority on foreign exchange.

A vaudeville magnate of Southern California, whom I will call Meek, since that is neither his name nor a characteristic quality, was promoting a Sunday dirt-track meet in historic and colorful Juarez, and wished the assignment of starting events on me. While he was a trifle shy of experience in sponsoring a meet of this sort, he was nevertheless long on optimism, and hung up guarantees and prize money totaling \$7,500. Such a generous purse attracted the cream of the drivers wintering in Los Angeles and environs, and the entry list read like the Blue Book of motorized speed with Milton, Hartz, De Palma, De Paolo, and the rest of the stars signed up.

We shipped on Friday for El Paso, where we planned to make our headquarters until the day of the race and where the racing cars were stabled in local garages preparatory to crossing the Rio Grande on Sunday afternoon.

Right here it might be well for me to state, parenthetically, that an automobile race starter officiates in