

bags. When it came to counting them, I realized that the life of a bank teller is not all beer and skittles. And when it came to figuring out mentally how much all this Mexican silver was worth in real American currency, I fervently wished that I had applied myself more seriously to mathematics in my school days.

After a feverish half-hour of frenzied counting and compilation, I had amassed what I guessed was our rightful share of the gate. It was a good guess, too—I was \$6.60 over according to the report of the expert accountants. I searched the crowd until I spotted three El Paso policemen whom I knew and gave them the money with instructions to beat it across the Rio Grande to El Paso and telephone me as soon as the purse was safely deposited in the hotel safe.

How I prayed for that telephone to ring during the twenty awful minutes that a mob of 15,000 howled me down. When it finally did and I sent the cars away, I was wet with perspiration.

This I have for consolation: They told me when I rolled up my flags and started for El Paso that it was the most successful meet ever staged south of the Rio Grande.

I'm content to rest on these laurels, such as they are. At all events, I'm not anxious to go back there and play a return engagement. Mexico, I believe, should stick to its national sport, bull-fighting. If they must have automobile racing, by all means let 'em have it, but without "Wag."

XIV.

While I make no pretense of being gifted with clairvoyant powers, and could not honestly list a crystal ball among my taxable possessions, I like to think that I know a coming race driver when I first set eyes upon him.

At least, I have had the satisfaction of seeing one mechanic, for whom I openly prophesied a most glorious future, more than justify my fondest expectations by eventually taking the highest honors that road and speedway have to offer those knights of the heavy foot who answer the world-old challenge of distance and time.

So, if this confession makes me a member of the notorious "I Told You So" Club, I accept the nomination.

It was back in the summer of 1918 that I bravely courted the brickbats of derision that are supposed to fall the way of all prophets by boldly declaring that the Duesenberg team of that season was harboring a future champion unawares.

My confidant on the occasion was E. V. Rippingille, who was associated with Arthur Hill, famous as the manager of Dario Resta, in directing the fortunes of the Hudson team.

"I don't like to set myself up as an authority on such matters," I told him, with my customary modesty, "but you just watch this boy Jimmy Murphy who's riding with Tom Milton. You'll see his name in headlines within another year or two."