

THE SAGA OF THE ROARING ROAD

and inspiring friend. Like Mark Anthony, I could not but wonder, "whence comes such another?"

On the day that I read of the passing of Christy Mathewson, I thought instantly of Jimmy Murphy. These two idols of two different fields of sport had much in common—high ideals, clean standards of living, unflagging loyalty to the game they played, and a modesty most becoming to men of their signal achievements. And I am convinced that they won the admiration of the Nation not so much by what they did but what they stood for.

Years have elapsed since that tragic day at Syracuse, yet it is hard for me to realize that Jimmy Murphy is gone. Unconsciously, I look for him when the cars line up at the starting line, and at the finish of the race I imagine I can hear him saying to the other drivers:

"Well, boys, I'm sure lucky. I had another rabbit's foot in my pocket today."

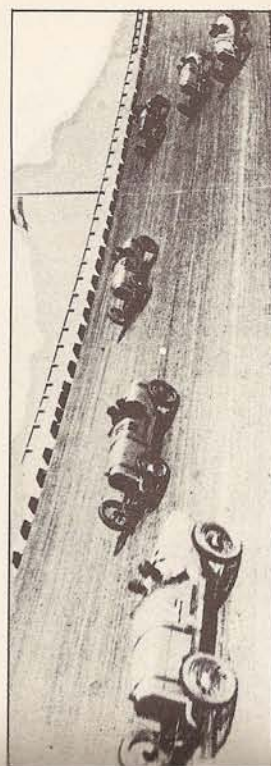
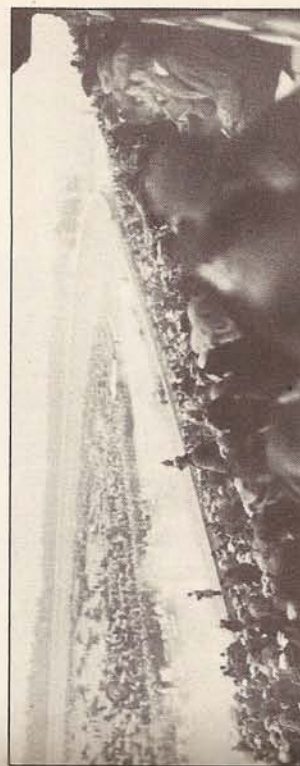
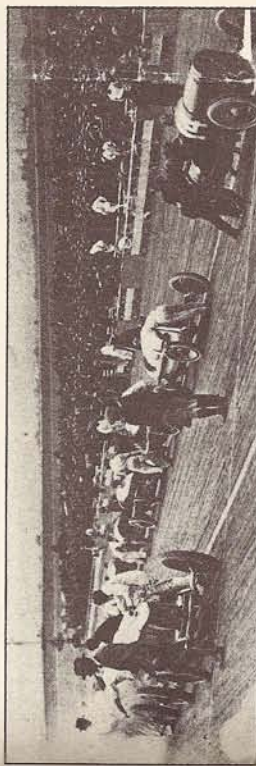
For that was Jimmy Murphy's gracious way of explaining a victory, the kindly way, the thoughtful way, the modest way.



The late Jimmy Murphy, one of the all-time greats of automobile racing.



Fred J. Wagner, Jimmy Milon, Jimmy Murphy, Eddies Hearns, Ralph de Palma, former champion. Will angle on Los Angeles Speedway today in 250-mile championship race.



Action on the "boards"! — Top: Some of the contenders, and the line-up. Center: They're off! amid oil fumes and smoke. Lower: A close-up of some traffic, clearly showing the steeply banked board track. These pictures taken Sunday, Feb. 25th, 1923 at the Los Angeles Speedway at Beverly Hills.