

personalities that wins your admiration the moment you grasp his hand.

I recall as though it were only yesterday the last night that I spent in his delightful company. It was a Saturday and the Syracuse race had been postponed until Monday on account of inclement weather, consequently the evening was free and we accepted an invitation from Fred Peck to take dinner with him and his wife.

At nine o'clock, when a game of whist was suggested, Murphy begged to be excused.

"I hate to break up a perfectly good game of bridge," he apologized, "but I feel that I should be getting back to the hotel. I always try to get at least two good nights of rest before a race so that I'll be in the best of shape, and tomorrow morning I must get up early and go to mass. So I know that you'll excuse me under the circumstances."

Lord Chesterfield could not have bowed himself out more gracefully, and, as he bade us good night, we were all mightily impressed with the intense loyalty he had shown—a loyalty to his principles to clean living, to his rules of self-imposed discipline, to the church in which he worshipped, to the thousands of spectators whom Jimmy Murphy believed had the right to the best that was in him.

It is unfortunate that there are not more professional athletes today who subscribe to the same high principles as those that were held by Jimmy Murphy. If there were, boxing, baseball and other sports would not be easy targets for the censure that is anything but to their advantage. The all-too-common attitude of the professional sportsman is that he owes the public little or nothing in return for the gate money the spec-

tators contribute, and this attitude results in lax of training and consequent mediocre performances in the prize ring and on the baseball diamond.

Like most other race drivers, Jimmy Murphy was superstitious, and he drove his last race with a premonition that he was marked by an unkind fate.

It was my practice to take care of the railroad transportation for the drivers in order that they may be free to engage in more important matters. I had done this at Syracuse and, shortly before the start of the race I went about distributing the tickets. When I approached Murphy, however, he asked me to keep his transportation for him until after the race.

"You better take it," I insisted, "I'll be busy checking the timing tape after the race and you'll be busy loading the car. Maybe I won't see you until we get on the train."

And I stuffed the envelope containing the tickets in his breast pocket.

"All right, Wag," he replied, "but I hate to do it. Something always happens when I take my transportation before a race."

And five minutes later I sent the field away.

Jimmy Murphy was right. Something did happen. On the one hundred and thirty-ninth lap of the one-hundred-and-fifty-mile race, his car crashed through the fence, a huge splinter striking Jimmy in the chest, and when we reached him his great and loyal heart had ceased to beat. At thirty years of age, in the very bloom of his refreshing manhood, the first and only American driver to win the French Grand Prix was a broken blossom of the booming boards. I took him home to California and to his dear old aunt and uncle. It was the saddest journey of my life. I had lost a fine