

tried vainly to restore the beat in that great heart that was still forever.

Only charred and twisted fragments of steel and rubber remained of the car that had carried Lockhart to his death at 200 miles an hour.

Less than a year later, in March, 1929, Segrave reached the highest speed yet attained on land, 231.36 miles an hour, in a Napier-engined supercar, the "Golden Arrow," designed by Captain Jack Irving, formerly with the Sunbeam Factory. Four days after Segrave's achievement Lee Bible, American automobile mechanic and dirt track driver, went to his death trying to break the record in White's Triplex.

Segrave was quite the favorite around Daytona Beach. I would say of Segrave that all his life he had poise, and that scarcely an emergency could arise that was liable to disconcert him. I was told that when he flew over Daytona's sands at 231 miles an hour that his schedule, pored over and passed on the night before, was like that of a railroad. He said he would start his engine at a certain hour. Nine minutes before that time arrived, he called up Val Haresnape for necessary information, and was told that everything was in order. One minute before the time set he telephoned again.

"Is everything O.K.?" he queried. "Good! Then I start now." And start he did, at the identical second he had chosen for himself.

Segrave's performance of 1929 paved the way for the entry of Kaye Don, British track champion, into the lists with the Sunbeam Silver Bullet, designed by Louis Coatalen, chief engineer of the Sunbeam Factory, to travel 250 miles an hour.

Mileage figures continued to mount, until 1933,

when Campbell again came over from England with a machine that measured 28 feet in length, and cut the beach wind at the unheard speed of 272.108 miles per hour. Returning to Daytona in March, 1935, with a new "Bluebird"—in reality new motors and body on his original Bluebird chassis—Sir Malcolm hitched his thunder wagon to a streak of lightning and roared down Daytona's golden sands to a new record—276.816 miles an hour. It was far short of the 300-mile goal he set for himself and the seven-ton "Bluebird," his land rocket, but it was 4.708 miles an hour swifter than the mark he established two years before. He had one narrow escape shortly after thundering through the measured mile on the return trip.

A bump there almost tore the steering wheel from his hands, sent the car careening high on the beach until the tires were just skimming the deadly soft sands. With a terrific effort the Englishman wrenched the wheel back, skidded to the safety of the hard sands and was away to the end of the run and the new record.

He stood and stared in amazement at the racing cords on old "Bluebird" as he looked the car over in front of the timing tower when it was all over. The smooth rubber surface of all six tires—two on front, four on back—was literally burned away. The casings hung in shreds, like strips of torn burlap. There were parts of the tires that were within a couple of ply of being torn away straight down to the inner tubes. "Bluebird" was otherwise undamaged.

"The run down was splendid," he said, "but coming back was simply terrible. The beach, through six miles at the south end, was very rough. I had to get up speed there. So I simply tread her down to the floor and held on. I could feel the tires going, but was all