

DAYTONA®

THE QUEST FOR SPEED



A chronicle of speed
Sir Malcolm to King Richard
Stories of the Great Drivers
Racing Memories
And 35 years of Daytona 500s
from the archives of
The Daytona Beach News-Journal

TOM TUCKER JIM TILLER



DAYTONA: The Quest for Speed.
by Tom Tucker & Jim Tiller.

From the early days of speed trials on the beaches, through the years on the old Beach-Road Course, to the super "Big D" Speedway, The Daytona Beach News-Journal has followed the races. The history of the newspaper's sports coverage of these events is as much a part of racing evolution as the races themselves.

In "DAYTONA: The Quest for Speed," The News-Journal releases, in book form, some of its finest and most cherished race photographs, together with stories of the Daytona 500, spectacular wrecks, and one-on-one conversations with some of racing's "greats."

The book is a unique chronicle of man's fascination with automotive speed. Its photographs are new and important. Its written record is the work of a veteran sports writer. Author Tom Tucker has attended most of the 35 Daytona 500s. He worked for the Speedway at age 16 as a parker and ticket-stubber on the Campbell Grandstand. Later, while on staff in the Speedway's publicity department, he took special visitors around the track. He covered many of the Daytona 500s as a journalist, as well as many Indy 500s and the 24 Hours of Le Mans. He learned to write about stock car racing from the late Bernard "Benny" Kahn, News-Journal sports writer and later Sports Editor for 34 years.

Kahn, who died in March, 1975, was the master of stock car race coverage. He was known throughout the United States and Europe - wherever men race automobiles. Kahn was a pioneer motorsports journalist. Kahn's pithy yet eloquent style of writing set him apart from other sports writers. He was the idol of his staff at The News-Journal and is still talked about with affection and admiration. He set standards for racing coverage which are still sought, and guidelines which are still followed. The infield press room at the Daytona International Speedway is named for him.

Tucker was part of Kahn's staff for seven years. His keen eye for both detail and the unusual speak of the high standards Kahn set.

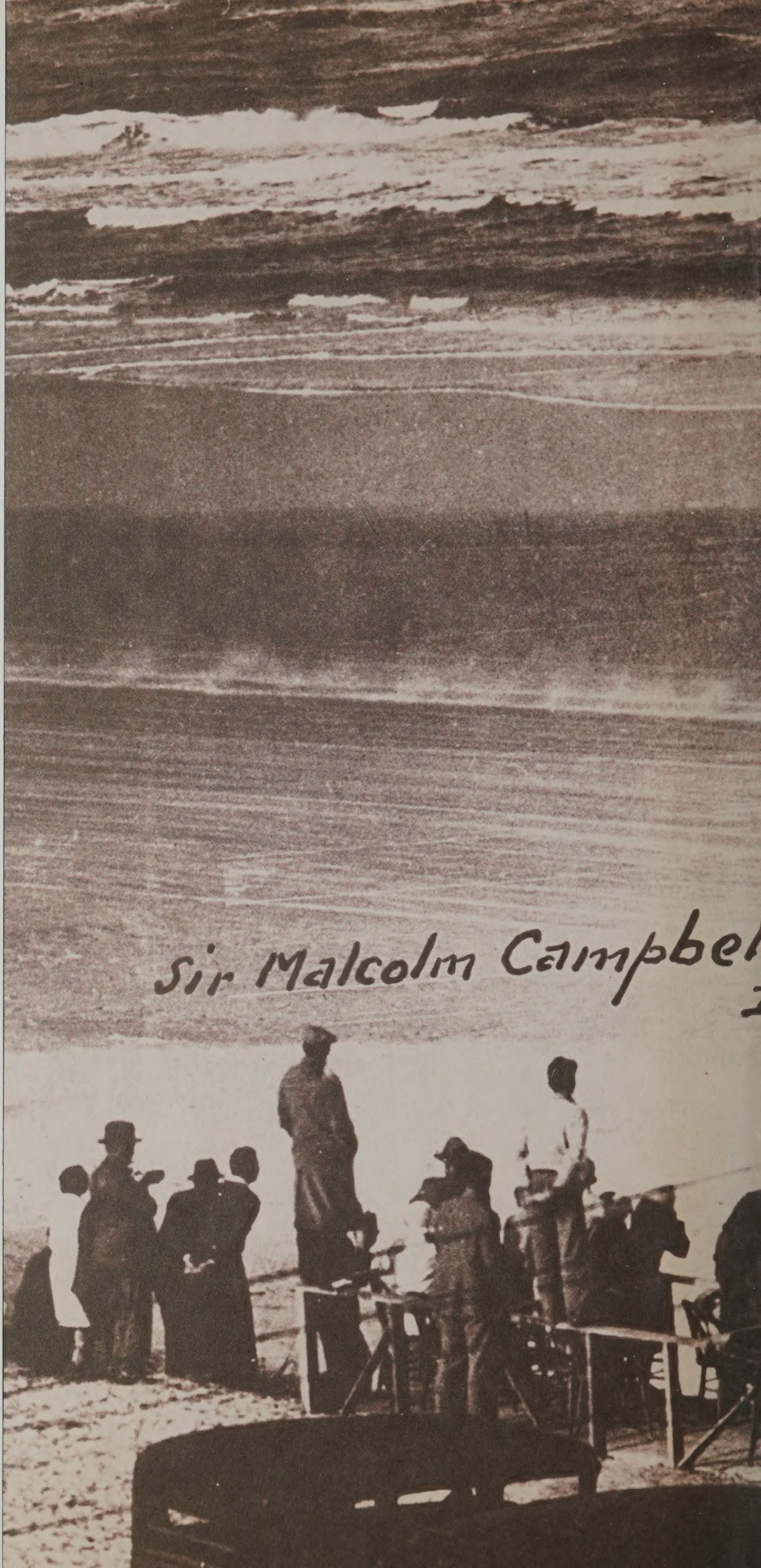
Jim Tiller never worked with Benny Kahn; his stern and talented taskmaster was "Big Jack" Jessee, head photographer at The News-Journal for 45 years. Jessee came to The News-Journal in 1946, becoming Chief Photographer in 1953. He developed race photography to a fine art, sending out his crew to cover every portion of the Speedway, demanding the best that man and camera could produce. News-Journal racing photographs, watched over by Jack Jessee and now by his successor, Jim Tiller, have been and are used by Motor Trend, The Associated Press, Sports Illustrated, Car and Driver magazine, Road and Track magazine and other national publications.

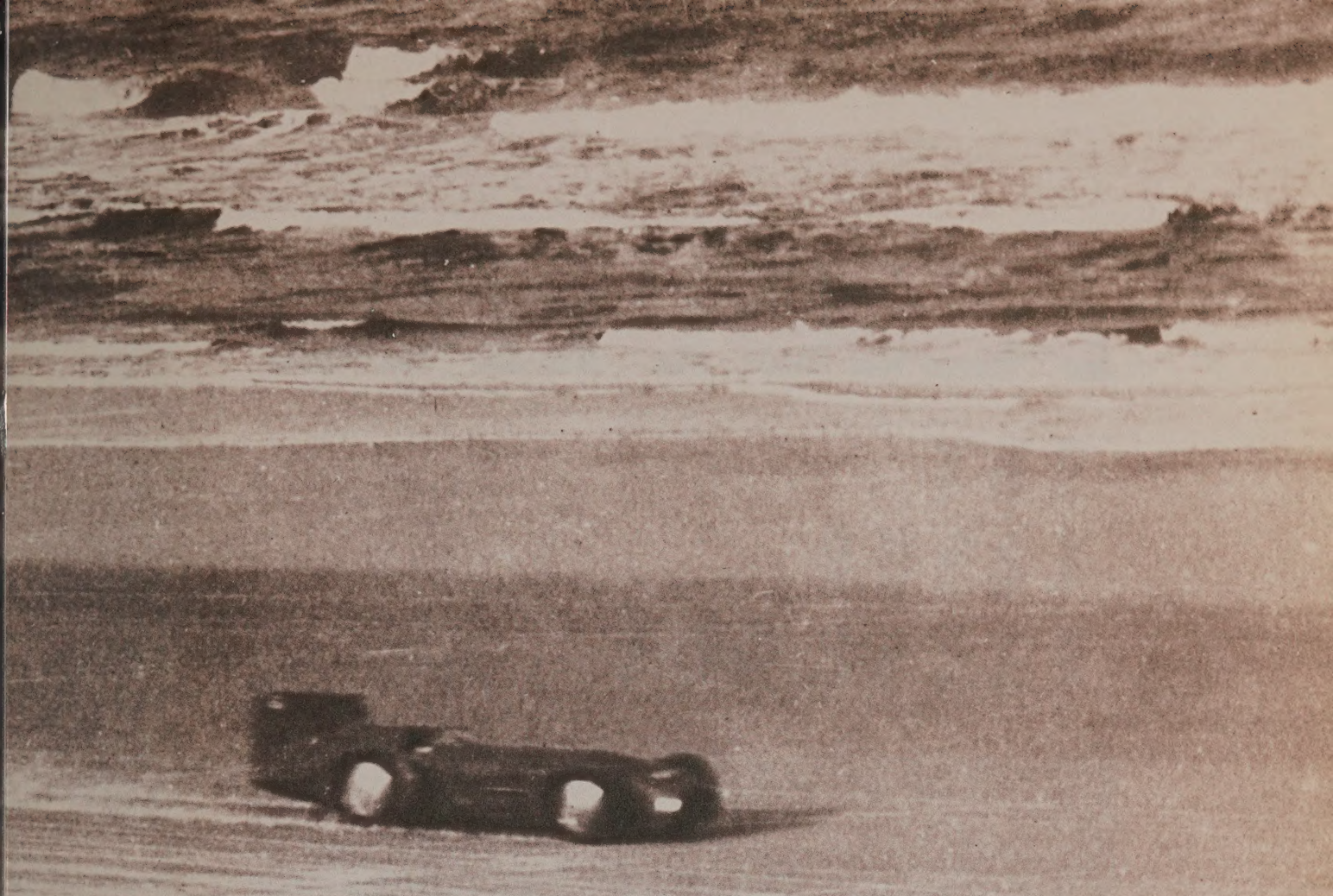
More than 50,000 negatives have been scanned by Tiller as prelude to printing this book. He searched through old files, viewed endless feet of microfilm records, compared photo with photo to produce what you see.

"DAYTONA: The Quest for Speed" is for stock car fans, for newcomers to the sport and history buffs. It is a "good read" for young and old, sharing as it does the first 90 years of The News-Journal's race coverage - coverage that cannot be matched anywhere.

Cover photo: Richard Petty crashes his STP Pontiac in the 1988 Daytona 500. He was not seriously injured in the mishap on the front straightaway at Daytona International Speedway. Inset: Action from the first Beach-Road Course race in 1936.

Jacket design: Jerry Sprankel.



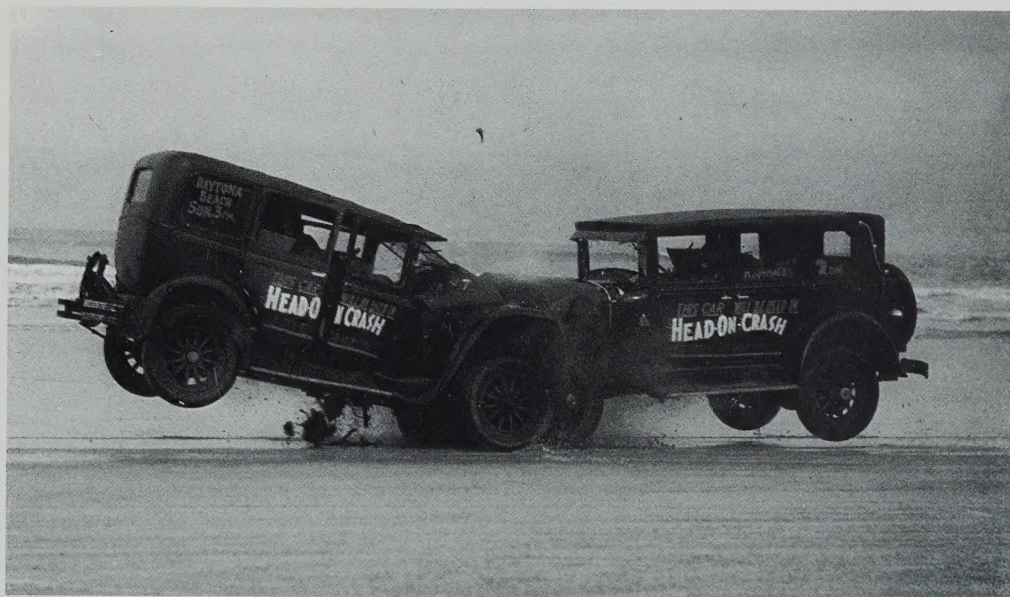


*Bluebird - Worlds Record 253.968 M.P.H.
MYRTLE BEACH, FLORIDA.*



DAYTONA®

THE QUEST FOR SPEED



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DAYTONA®

THE QUEST FOR SPEED



By Tom Tucker

Jim Tiller



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For Benny Kahn
1917-1975

Sports Editor, The News-Journal



A black and white photograph of three vintage race cars on a track, viewed from a high angle. The cars are angled towards the right. The car in the foreground has 'DAYTONA' and '50' visible. The middle car has 'State' and 'OK' visible. The car in the background has 'DAYTONA' visible. The track surface is visible in the foreground and background.

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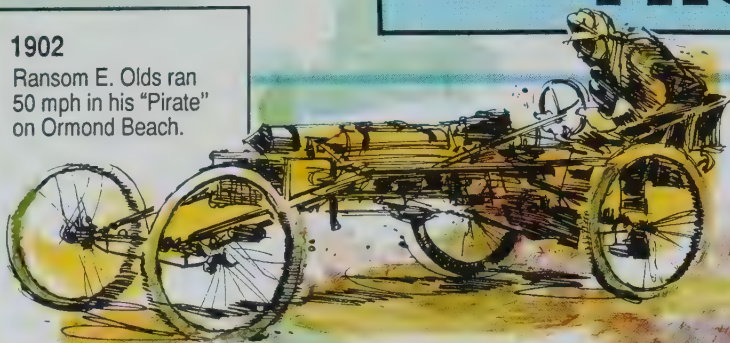
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FROM THE BEACH

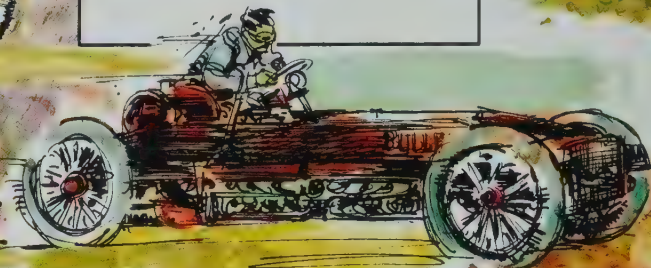
1902

Ransom E. Olds ran 50 mph in his "Pirate" on Ormond Beach.



1903 - 1906

Alexander Winton drove "Bullet No. 2" 68 mph in 1903. 1906: Fred Marriott achieved more than 127 mph in the Stanley Steamer "Rocket."



1920

Tommy Milton set a one-way speed record in his Duesenberg of more than 155 mph in the "Measured Mile."



1911 - 1919

Many ran the "Flying Mile" and "Measured Mile" including Ralph DePalma, who drove his Packard to a world record of 149 mph.

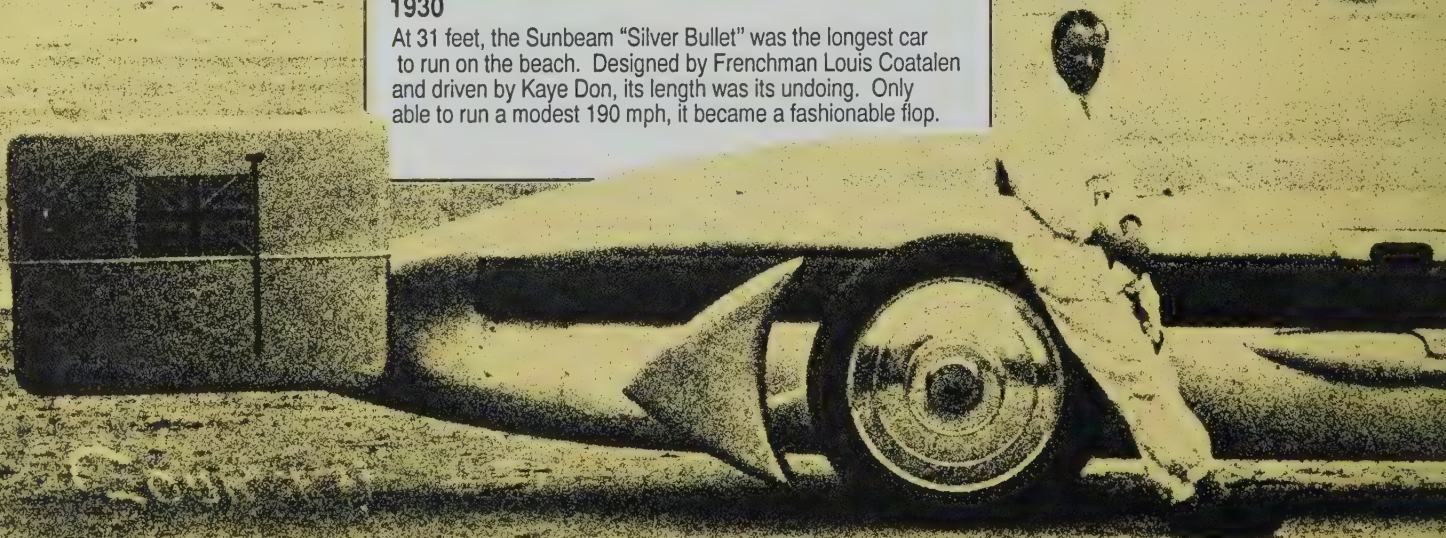
1935 - 1958

In 1935 Sir Malcom Campbell ran the "Measured Mile" at more than 276 mph. In 1936 oval-track racing gained popularity. 1955: Bill France's famed 4.1-mile Beach Road Course saw cars such as the "Kiekhaefer Marine" Chryslers dominate the course.

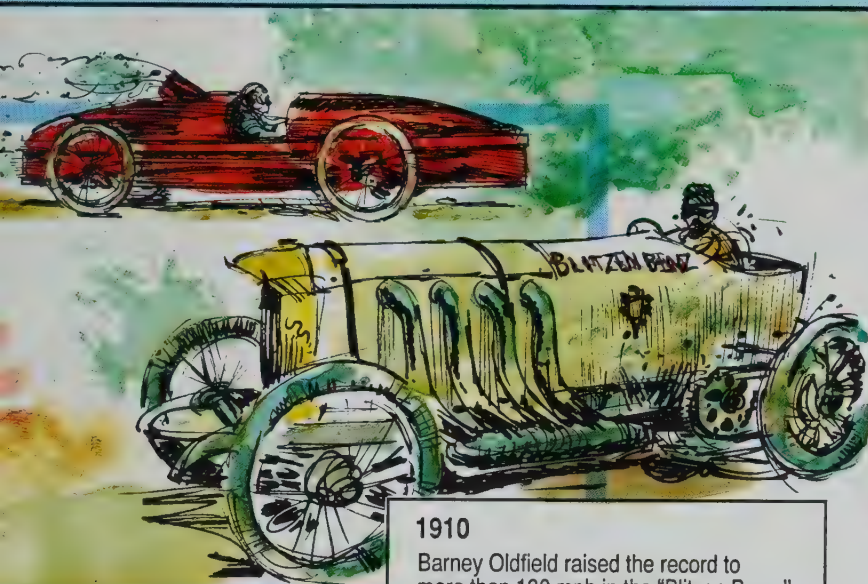


1930

At 31 feet, the Sunbeam "Silver Bullet" was the longest car to run on the beach. Designed by Frenchman Louis Coatalen and driven by Kaye Don, its length was its undoing. Only able to run a modest 190 mph, it became a fashionable flop.



TO THE SPEEDWAY



1910

Barney Oldfield raised the record to more than 130 mph in the "Blitzen Benz."



1959 - Today

Daytona International Speedway has seen many fast laps and great races. In 1987 the fastest lap was Bill Elliott's No.9 Thunderbird qualifying at 210.364 mph.


GRANADA

1902 - 1911: "Ormond Flying Mile". A five mile measured Beach Course.

SEABREEZE

MAIN

Daytona International Speedway established in 1959.

 **SPEEDWAY**
SILVER BEACH

1936 - 1941:
First Beach
Road Course.

DUNLAWTON

1948 - 1958:
Last Beach
Road Course.

**Daytona's five
historic tracks**

Ponce De Leon Inlet

ATLANTIC

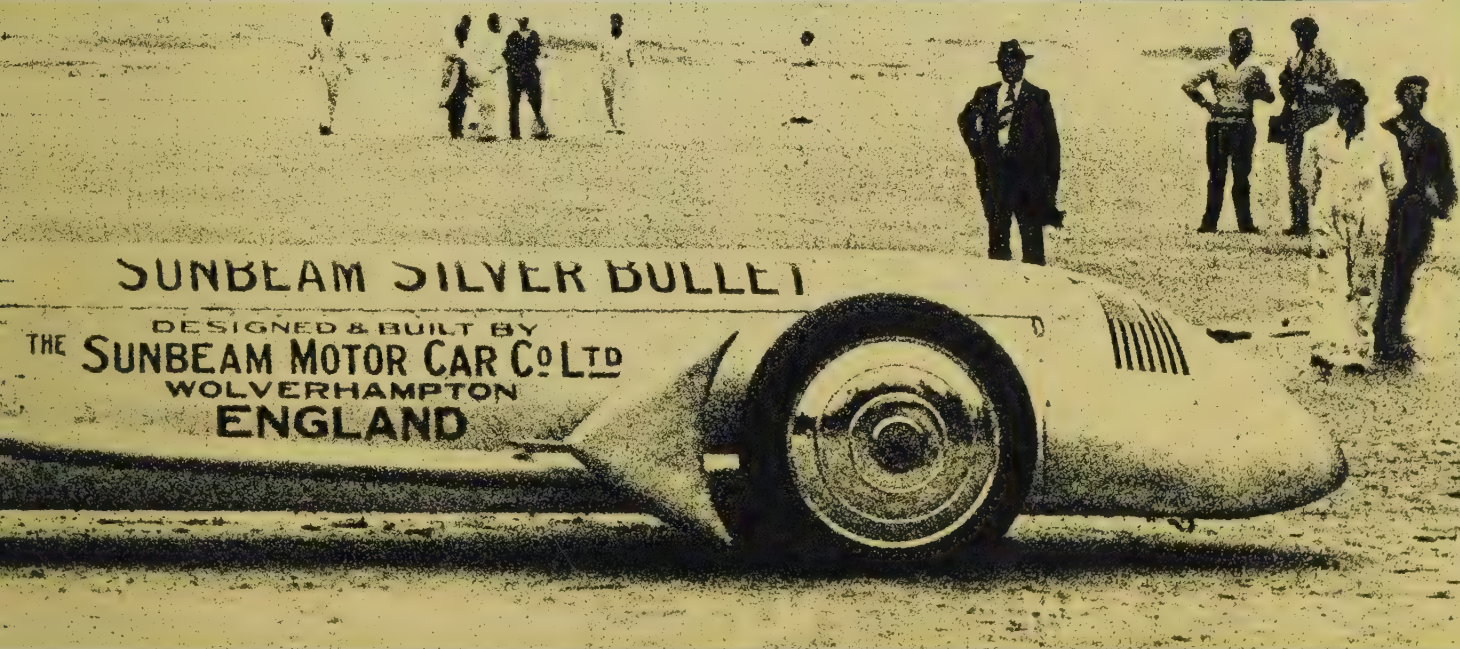
Atlantic

1912 - 1935:
Nine mile and
eleven mile
Beach Speed
Courses

The "Measured
Mile"

Ocean

STEVE MC



FOREWORD

By **Jim Foster**

President, Daytona International Speedway
Executive Vice-President
International Speedway Corporation

It's very trite to use a much overused quotation. But, in this instance, it's quite appropriate and necessary. Truly, "a picture is worth a thousand words."

There have been other books which have chronicled the history of speed in the Daytona Beach Area. None, however, has combined such a wealth of historical photographs with the insightful words of so many former and present great writers as does "DAYTONA: The Quest For Speed."

While reviewing the proofs of this book, prior to publication by the Daytona Beach News-Journal, I marveled how historically authentic and complete it was.

Its authenticity and comprehensiveness is a direct result of the foresight of the late Herbert M. Davidson, founder, publisher and editor of the News-Journal newspapers. Mr. Davidson built a detailed, historical archive of racing photography and history beginning in 1902 that would serve his editors and staff well throughout the years.

The continuity, authenticity and historical value of The News-Journal racing archive was further enhanced by his son and successor, Tippen Davidson, who has continually updated the archive with award-winning photographs and racing articles to the present time.

Through this publication, The News-Journal now offers the public, which has now put motorsports among the leading entertainment forms in the world today, a collection of its racing treasures so meticulously chronicled over the years.

America has entered an era where its history and roots are extremely important to people of all ages.

The pictures and the words that follow, so carefully researched and edited by Tom Tucker, News-Journal columnist, and Jim Tiller, chief photographer, take us back to the early years and the many special moments that have not only made Daytona Beach the "World's Most Famous Beach," but also to the post-World War II years when Bill and Anne France and their family made Daytona Beach "The World Center of Racing."

Enjoy!

PREFACE

No place in America can claim a more colorful history of automobile racing than Ormond and Daytona Beach, Florida.

I was lucky enough to grow up in Ormond Beach. It is my home town.

Growing up here, we idolized race drivers as our childhood heroes: Buck Baker, Joe Weatherly, Fonty Flock, and "Fireball" Roberts. We watched them all race.

My dad took me to the races on the beach and at the big Speedway.

Later, I had the good fortune to begin my career in journalism at The News-Journal, one of the best racing newspapers in the country. I learned my trade from an exceptional writer who also happened to be our sports editor.

His name was Bernard L. Kahn. Around the office at The News-Journal, we called him "Benny" or "Coach." He covered the sport of racing for more than 30 years and was one of its best chroniclers.

"DAYTONA: The Quest for Speed" is not a history book. It does, however, trace the evolution of the quest for speed in the Daytona Beach-Ormond Beach area.

Many of the greatest moments in automotive speed and some of the greatest races ever run were on the beach and at Daytona International Speedway.

Much of this book has been excerpted from actual pages of The News-Journal, preserved on archival microfilm. I've had an interesting look into the past — the past before I became a part of covering the races here.

While a long line of colorful, writer-craftsmen recorded automotive history, talented photojournalists left a legacy on film. They captured all the great moments with the one instrument capable of stopping time — the camera.

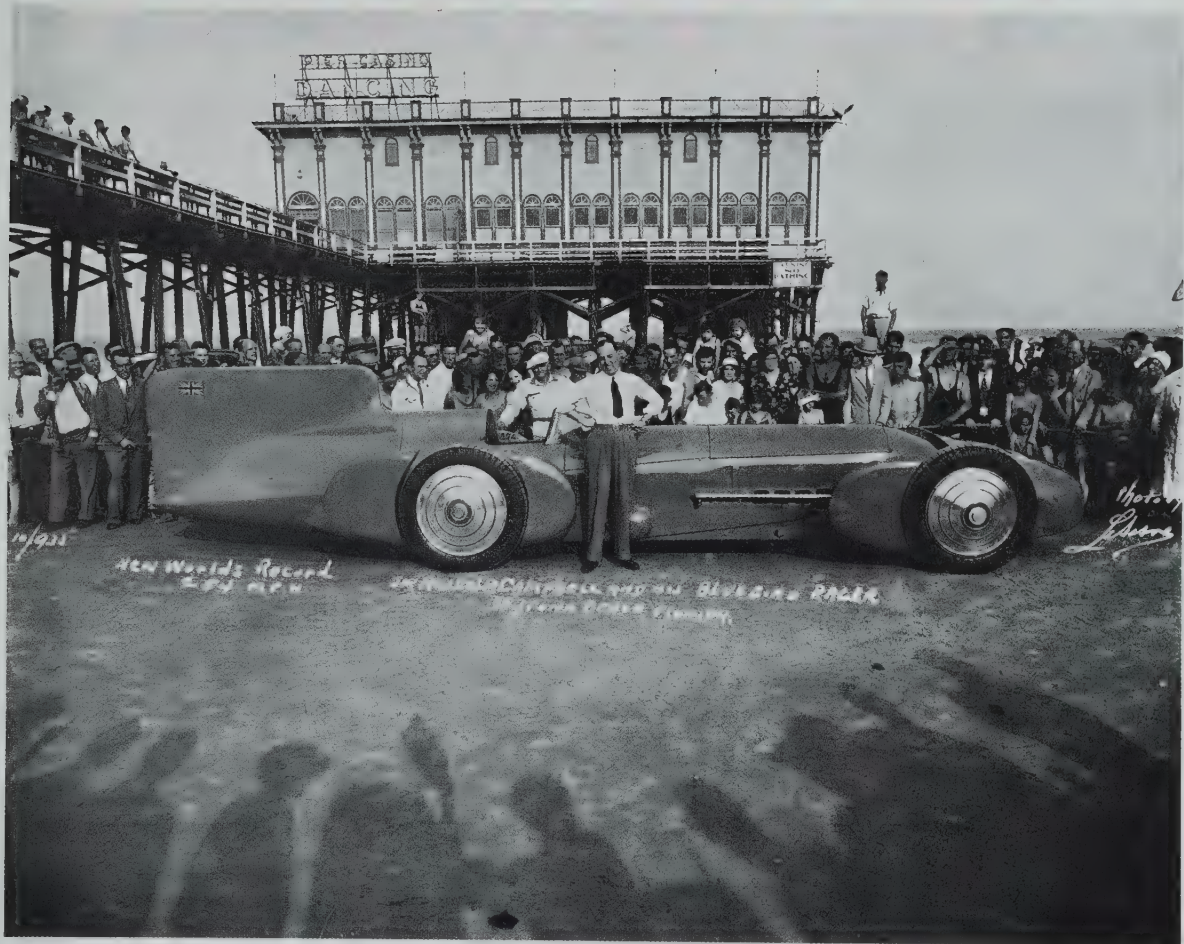
As I researched the printed word, Jim Tiller, News-Journal chief photographer, researched through a mountain of negatives. That was an enormous contribution. Jim and I both love stock car racing, and the people who make it the wonderful human drama it is. It is more than sport.

Four men, no longer with us, have contributed greatly to this area's prominence in the world of speed. Without them, we might be another sleepy beachside town. Those men are the great Sir Malcolm Campbell; the tall man, "Big Bill" France; historian Bill Tuthill, and my longtime boss and friend, Benny Kahn.

Gentlemen, you started our engines.

Tom Tucker, Ormond Beach, Florida. 1993.

THE BEACH YEARS



In the beginning, there was the beach.
The beach would become the "World's Most Famous Beach"
because you could drive your car on it, and ...
because men raced on it.



Above right: W.K. Vanderbilt, in the cockpit of car No. 1 set a Land Speed Record of 92 miles per hour in the "Flying Mile" on Ormond Beach in his Mercedes. The event was commemorated by this 1904 picture post card which featured Vanderbilt's Mercedes and the Ross steam car. Though other unofficial races and records on the beach became automotive lore, Vanderbilt's run was certified as an "official American record." *Preceding page:* Sir Malcolm Campbell with "Bluebird III" at the Main Street Pier.

TOURNAMENTS OF SPEED ON THE BEACH

The beach, which bears the title, "World's Most Famous," stretches 23 miles from Ormond Beach on the north, southward down a 500-foot wide strip of silver sand ending at the Ponce de Leon Inlet. It was naturally formed by Atlantic Ocean tides which created a hard-packed roadway of driveable surface.

The "wonder beach," as it was first called, brought early automobile pioneers to Ormond Beach and Daytona Beach. It became the site of the "Flying" and "Measured" miles. It also became the site of closed-course racing circuits which ushered in American stock car racing.

"Daytona" is a geographic region, but it is more: It exists as a sort of "Camelot" to motor sports enthusiasts.

What it must have been like in those early years! The fire station siren would shriek and people would drop what they were doing and rush to the dunes lining the beach. School classes suddenly recessed. A daring early speed king might be firing up his giant car for a speed run down the beach. A challenge to the Land Speed Record was at hand.

These were moments of high drama in the small beachside communities. With each falling record the name "Daytona" would flash around the world in newspaper headlines.

In the beginning, in the early 1900s, auto enthusiasts raised the automotive Land Speed Record in a jocular, tongue-in-cheek manner. Gentlemen sportsmen in suits and goggles, tight grins on their faces, sped down the sands of Ormond Beach in four-wheeled contraptions which were little more than buggies without horses. It was all fun and gaiety.

But as time passed they became more serious. Their cars got better. New speed records were sought in long, streamlined giants which looked like earth-bound rocket ships.

From 1904-1935 there were 19 annual tournaments of speed along the shores of Ormond and Day-

tona Beach. The unlimited world Land Speed Record was advanced 15 times.

The Land Speed Record was not "officially recognized" until the end of 1964. Before that, the record books recognized speed in the "Flying Mile" or the "Flying Kilometer," the faster of the two being the record. Racing itself was in its infancy.

Many versions of when and where the first auto race actually took place abound. Some point to events on roads in France ("la Velocipede") or on frozen Michigan lakes or the wilds of Wisconsin. Many recognize the sands of Ormond Beach as site of one



of the first closed-course competitive auto races.

In 1902, Ransom E. Olds, father of the Oldsmobile, was a winter guest at the posh Ormond Hotel when he drove his car, "The Pirate," 50 miles per hour down the nearby beach. Exhilarated, Olds asked a friend, Alexander Winton, if Winton knew the thrill one felt at such a speed. Winton did not, of course,



Above right: Barney Oldfield with silent film star Mabel Normand in Ormond Beach in 1907. Above: A speed run on Daytona Beach's Measured Mile was cause for a parade in the 1920s near Seabreeze Boulevard.

since he had never gone that fast in his "Bullet." Winton took Olds' question as challenge, and the first race on the beach was born.

No one is positively sure the race happened, or, if it did, exactly when. However, auto racing lore tells us it might have happened this way:

The gentlemen breakfasted leisurely at the hotel, then drove a quarter-mile east on Granada Avenue to the beach. A small throng of spectators followed. Winton and Olds pointed their cars south, toward Daytona Beach. The cars puffed and popped, belching clouds of black smoke. The men jauntily saluted each other, someone waved a flag or handkerchief, and they were off!

The cars bolted from the starting line, gained momentum, and disappeared down the wide beach, running side by side. Dunetop spectators waved them on, laughing and cheering as if they were at a circus.

On the flat, sunlit horizon the pair made simultaneous U-shaped turns and roared back, engines straining in high-pitched twin whines. Drivers hunched over their steering wheels with tension, throttles wide open, as spectators shouted encouragement.

Side-by-side Olds and Winton came back down the white sands! They were dead even as they raced towards

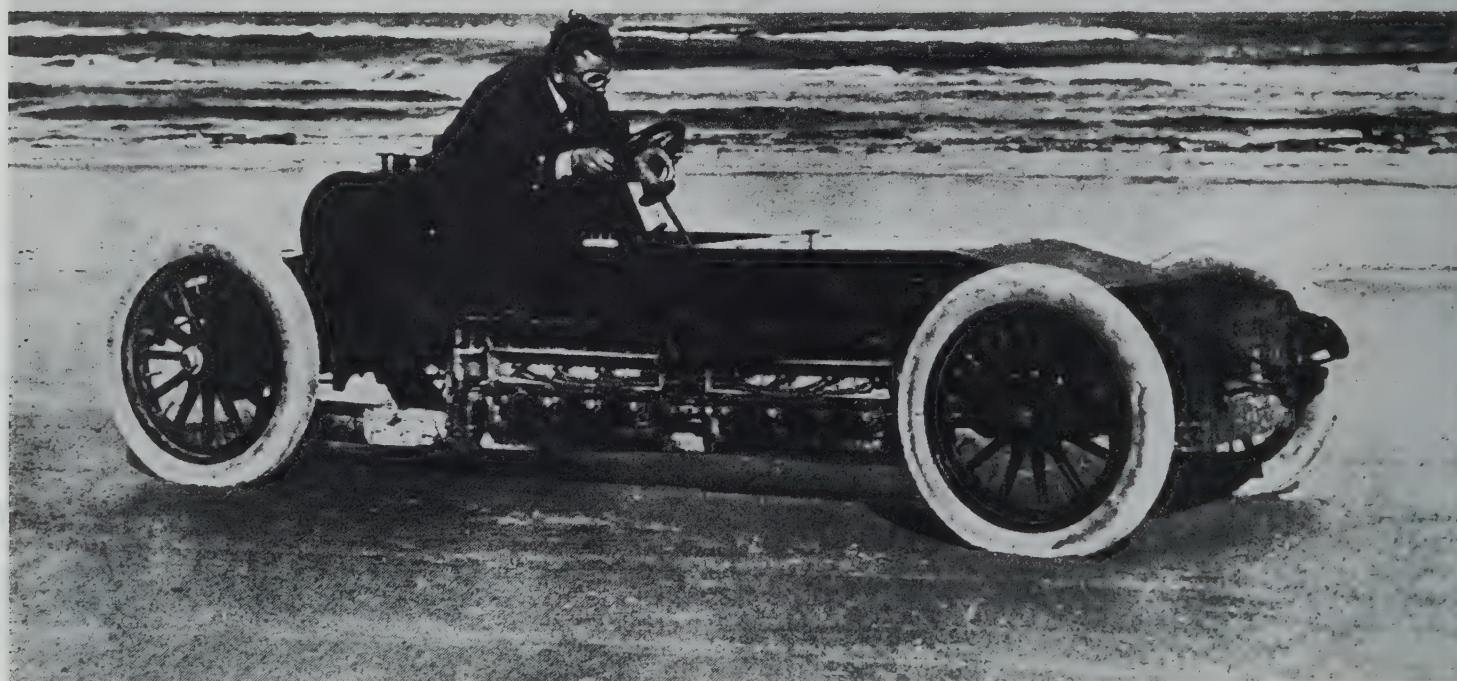
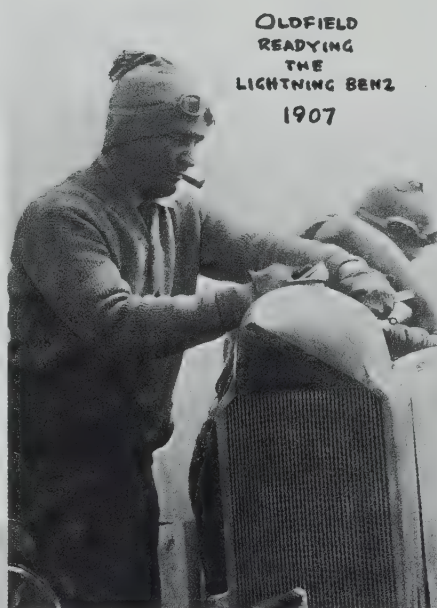
the finish. As the two cars arrived back at their starting point - abruptly - they stopped. It was over. Laughing with nervous vitality, Olds and Winton hopped from their automobiles and congratulated each other in gentlemanly fashion on the results. A tie.

The first race on Ormond Beach had ended in a tie. Not only did the little city have its first automotive claim to fame, but it had earned a nickname, "The Birthplace of Speed", which it keeps to this day.

Everything related to speed and automobiles which has happened in this community since sprang from that first race and the early automotive enthusiasts who pursued speed down the flat silver sands of the beach. In "Daytona" man has pursued his quest for speed more than 90 years.

After 1902, Alexander Winton returned with a better "Bullet No. 2," and raised the Land Speed Record to 68 miles per hour. Today, "Bullet No. 1" and "Bullet No. 2" are in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C.

Winton's 1903 feat was widely publicized. The notice that speed run on Ormond Beach received persuaded the management of the hotel to organize a tournament of speed for 1904 and to publicize it nationally. The Ormond Garage was built for that 1904 tournament and gentleman drivers brought



Inset above: Barney Oldfield prepares for a beach run in 1907, cigar at the ready. *Above:* Alexander Winton sped down Ormond Beach in "Bullet No. 2" at more than 68 miles per hour in 1903. Today the car is in the Smithsonian Institution.

their cars to the little town on Florida's east coast. That year the "official" Land Speed Record was formally set on the beach. On January 27, 1904, industrial tycoon W.K. Vanderbilt drove his Mercedes to a timed speed of 92.30 miles per hour on Ormond Beach. The event was commemorated with a picture post card and Vanderbilt's accomplishment flashed worldwide. Vanderbilt's achievement brought many would-be speed kings to the sands of Ormond Beach to pursue the Land Speed Record. The city began to promote the speed meetings, which drew international attention to the little beachside community in Florida. Six times between 1905 and 1920 the world's Land Speed Record was advanced on the famous sandy beach.

The early beach speed tracks included portions of beaches which fronted Ormond Beach, Daytona Beach, and the little village of Sea Breeze, which is now part of Daytona Beach. Many early descriptions

of the varied courses on the beach refer to it simply as the Ormond-Daytona Beach Race Course.

After 1920, racing activity on the beach waned, although some staged races around barrels set up on the beach which formed closed courses. No formal world Land Speed Record runs were attempted by the large, unlimited class speed cars for six years. That lasted until 1927.



Above right: Cars raced around barrels on "closed" courses set up on the beach near the Main Street Pier. *Above:* The Stanley Steamer, nicknamed "Rocket", disintegrated in 1907 when it crashed. Luckily, driver Fred Marriott escaped with his life.

FIFTEEN YEARS OF SPEED

The new passion for automotive speed in the early twentieth century had a new home, Ormond Beach, Florida. At its center was the Ormond Hotel, a rambling Victorian winter resort hotel on the banks of the Halifax River made entirely from wood, and the hotel's huge Ormond Garage, which resembled a horse racing barn. Both structures were located on Granada Avenue. The years 1905-1920 saw many records.

The Ormond Garage, built in 1903 to house the automobiles invited to the 1904 speed tournament was speed's focal point. Wealthy guests and early speed seekers flocked to town on winter holiday to stay at the hotel.

Ormond Beach had a famous visitor with more than a passing interest in automobiles at that time. He was John D. Rockefeller, the original oil tycoon and the world's richest man. Cars needed gasoline and oil, and Rockefeller had his finger on the pulse of the industry from its infancy. Originally a hotel guest, Rockefeller eventually would buy a home called The Casements across the street from the hotel.

The Ormond Garage burned to the ground in 1976. The Ormond Hotel fell to developer's bulldozers in 1992; however, The Casements has been



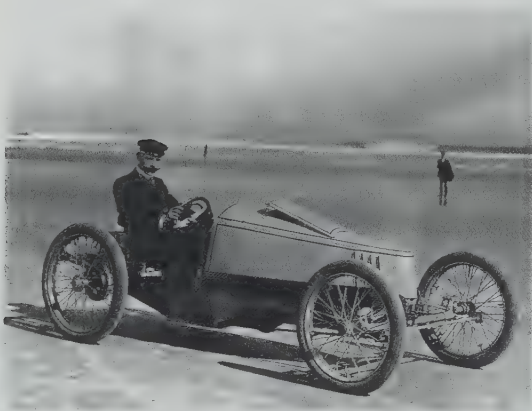
restored and today it is a cultural activities center owned by the city of Ormond Beach.

On January 25, 1905, two Land Speed Records were set on Ormond Beach in the "Flying Mile." Englishman Arthur MacDonald raised the record to 104.65 mph and H.L. Bowden sped 109.75 mph. Bowden's record was set with a car with two engines which officials judged as "overweight." A huge argument ensued. Finally, officials, using Solomon-like wisdom, decided to award the record to both men, listing Bowden's record with an asterisk.

In 1905 the beach also saw its first speed-related fatality. Frank Croker swerved to avoid a child, who was riding a bicycle on the beach, and crashed into the surf. The wreck killed both Croker and his French mechanic.

In 1906 the Stanley brothers brought a new innovation to the beach – a steam-powered car. Their driver, Fred Marriott, raised the world record to a stunning 127.66 mph. The achievement rocked the automotive world.

Marriott was lucky to escape death himself in 1907 when he crashed the car, nicknamed "Rocket." The machine flew to pieces. Shaken by the near-loss of Marriott, the Stanleys quit racing.



Above right: Race fans huddled on the beach pretty much as they do today on a cold day. *Above left:* Charles Schmidt posed seriously with his wedge-shaped 1904 Packard "Gray Wolf." *Above:* Fred Marriott, at the wheel, and the Stanley brothers display the "Stanley Steamer," nicknamed "Rocket", one of the most celebrated beach speed cars. Marriott sped more than 127 mph.

The next Land Speed Record set on the beach came in 1910 when Barney Oldfield drove the "Blitzen Benz" to a speed of 131.72 mph. Though "Wild Bob" Burman (1911, Benz), Ralph DePalma (1919, Packard) and Tommy Milton (1920, Duesenberg) established new speed records, none were "officially recognized"

by the world motor sports governing body, Federation Internationale de L'Automobile (FIA) in Paris, as world Land Speed Records, though certified by the American Automobile Association. It was 1927 before rules were standardized on both sides of the Atlantic. That's when Major Henry Segrave wrote history.



Top: When a speed run was eminent, the siren atop the Daytona Fire Department (DFD) at the corner of Orange Avenue and Beach Street would wail. *Above:* Early automobiliers would rush to the beach to watch, and sometimes pose for photos as did this early line of autos on Ormond's wide, flat beach near the Granada Avenue approach.

THE ASSAULT ON THE 200 MPH BARRIER

Major H.O.D. Segrave's arrival in Daytona Beach to chase the 200 mph barrier in 1927 was much anticipated. His car, the Sunbeam "Mystery S", was powered by twin Napier aero engines.

Segrave was a professional racing driver for the Sunbeam car company of Wolverhampton, England. After sailing on the *Berengaria* from Southampton he arrived in Daytona Beach on March 15, 1927. He brought with him four engineers, six mechanics, and several English reporters. His equipment was shipped in huge wooden crates. It included 500 gallons of gasoline, seven crates of spare tires and 200 gallons of oil. The car weighed 6,000 pounds in its wooden crate.

Many special arrangements preceded Segrave in Daytona Beach. Previous speed records set on the beach had been sanctioned by the AAA and recognized in America, but were not certified world wide because the American body was not vested by FIA.

Segrave petitioned the FIA to vest timing and certification authority in an American organization for the first time. The Automobile Club of America was chosen, but due to lack of facilities and organized timing staff, their authority was transferred to the AAA, which supervised previous speed events through their Contest Board. Odis Porter of AAA was appointed as the official timer.

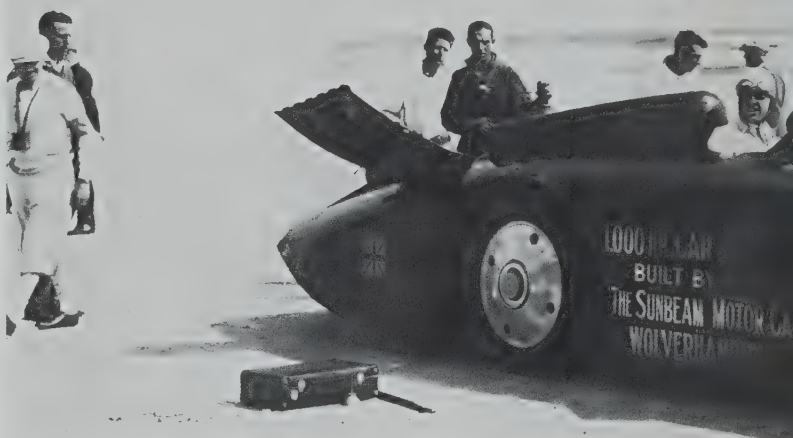
Elaborate precautions were established to assure the beach course was safe for Segrave. A local speed trials committee was formed and the National Guard company was readied to help police the course. The course was surveyed and measured. Kilometer and mile lengths were set up. Segrave was touched by the elaborate preparations to safeguard his life and help him crack the record. He said he had been warned in England that attempts would be made to sabotage his car to prevent him from setting a new record. "When I get home," he said, "I shall tell all England what beastly lies were told me about you Americans; what good sportsmen and helpful friends you have been. It's more important, I think, for me to go back and tell that than it is for me to go riding at 200 miles per hour."

Upon arrival, Segrave began training, according to the late Fred Booth, associate editor of *The News-Journal*, who chronicled every record speed run on the beach beginning in 1927. Early to bed, up early for work on the Sunbeam.

Following a nor'easter which cleared the beach and provided a hard-packed, wide surface at low tide, Segrave was ready.

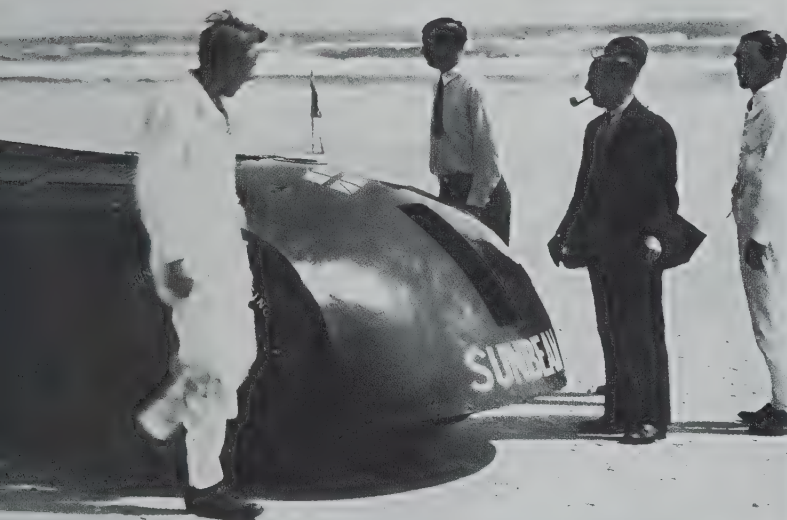
"So, early in the morning the siren in the Mainland fire station let loose with a long drawn scream," wrote Booth. "It brought out the National Guard, the police, the city engineers and electricians, Sheriff's Deputies, the AAA officials with their electric timing devices."

(The course measured nine miles from Ponce Inlet northward to within three miles of the Main Street



Pier. Four miles were necessary to attain top speed, one mile was timed and four miles were left to slow to a stop. Concrete monuments were in the dunes marking each mile of the beach track. Colored flags were set at 100-yard intervals.)

"Down at the south end of the Measured Mile AAA officials set up shop on a row of tables on the upper margin of the beach, in the dry windblown sand. The timing trap wires were laid out, the electric voltmeters and timing device were tested," wrote



Center: Major Segrave's car is examined for its record run. Clockwise from upper left: The gleaming red car was prepped in the garage of the Clarendon Hotel. As he waited for favorable beach conditions, Segrave enjoyed an Ormond Beach golf exhibition where he met the legendary Walter Hagen. Odis Porter certified his speed and a celebration erupted. Segrave had a good luck telegram from his wife in England tucked safely in his uniform pocket. Later, as the car was repacked in its huge wooden crate for shipment back to England, proud team members wrote of its accomplishments on the side of the packing crate.

Fred Booth. "The fire siren's wailing cry had reached others besides the speedway crews: Everyone had heard it. Everyone knew what it meant — and nearly everyone headed for the beach. They came in big cars and little ones, old ones and new. They came on bicycles and on foot. A few rode horses. They streamed across the bridges and along the streets leading to the beach.

"Women trudged, their skirts flapping in the smart wind, pushing perambulators. Boys came running and whooping, forgetful of the school hour not far off. Within the hour a motley multitude peopled the dunes. From near the pier, along the length of the beach clear to the Inlet they stood or sat. Thousands of men, women and children sat quiet, intent, waiting.

"Then came Segrave with his Sunbeam. They were towing it in the brilliant sunlight from far up the beach. They towed it to the timing stand, carefully, tenderly, as trainers and stable boys lead a tender-bitted thoroughbred to the starting post. Cheers from the dunes greeted the slow cavalcade — feeble cries buffeted and muffled by the wind and the pounding surf.

"At the timing stand, checking over final details before starting his first run, Segrave suddenly broke training. He turned with a boyish grin and asked for a cigaret. For 15 minutes, while waiting for the official word to start, he chain smoked, accepting cigarets from anyone because he had brought none. Then the word came, and soon the trials were on. First the Sunbeam was towed to the south end and Segrave drove it north.

"Then it was turned around and Segrave drove it south. It loomed up in the distance then swooshed by and was gone out of sight. In the cockpit between the great fore and aft engines you could glimpse the young driver's bright red face and white helmet." (Segrave was the first driver in America to wear a safety helmet. There had been speculation if Segrave raised his head higher than the wind screen, his head would be ripped off.)

"It didn't come thundering and shooting lightning from its tail," wrote Booth, "It made a humming sound like a huge top."

Segrave's original passes were short of the 200 mph mark. The problem was diagnosed. The rear engine was starved for air. Shutters that could be opened at an angle to admit a free flow to the rear had been closed for aerodynamics. Relieved, Segrave announced he would come out again the next day and make another try. He did, and within minutes after flashing by the timing stand twice, the word had gone out to all the world Segrave had driven an automobile at an amazing speed of 203.79 miles per hour on the "World's Most Famous Beach" at Daytona. It was March 29, 1927.

Segrave was knighted when he returned to England for his conquest in Daytona Beach. Sir H.O.D. Segrave was killed in 1930 in his boat, the Miss England II, moments after achieving the water speed record. He had once told his concerned wife: "Don't worry, I shall never be killed in a car."

LOCKHART CHASES HIS DREAM

Following Segrave's 1927 accomplishment, 1928 brought a wonderful speed derby to Daytona Beach involving three diverse drivers. Young Frank Lockhart was a crowd-pleaser. He won the Indy 500 as a rookie in 1926. He came to Daytona Beach to challenge Malcolm Campbell and Ray Keech for the Land Speed Record. Lockhart's car was a Stutz Black Hawk, a beautiful, small streamlined car he'd designed and built.

Campbell brought "Bluebird II" on the Aquitania from England and Keech was hired to drive Philadelphia Jim White's monstrous, triple-engine Triplex. The Triplex was powered by three Liberty aircraft engines, 36 cylinders of roaring horsepower. Young and handsome, the American favorite was Lockhart, whose racing exploits had earned him a reputation as the "Boy Wonder of the Dirt Tracks." Lockhart was born in Dayton, Ohio, named for Ohio business developer Mathias Day — just as was Daytona Beach, the city where Lockhart was to draw his final breath. The illiterate Lockhart barely crept through high school but was recognized by his teachers as a mechanical genius who had the problem-solving mind of an engineer. He rocketed to national fame, carving his name on California's early dirt tracks. He stood 5-foot-8 and weighed only 135. His piercing hazel eyes, boyish manner and strawberry-colored hair made him a picturesque figure. The fact he had grown up in poverty added to his tremendous appeal.

Lockhart's father died when Frank was six years old. The youngster grew up near Los Angeles and was building soap box derby racers by age eight. As a teenager he hung out in Hollywood around the speed shops. One of them was run by California hot rodder Ray McDowell. McDowell gave Lockhart pieces of a Model T. Frank assembled its motor on his mother's kitchen floor.

Lockhart began race driving on the short oval dirt tracks like Ascot and other "bull rings" on the West Coast. He was seldom beaten. His skill and daring put him in class by himself. He would begin corner drifts seemingly in the middle of straightaways. His style was unique and feared by competitors.

In 1926 Lockhart went to Indianapolis to watch the 500. A friend was in charge of a race car owned by one Bennett Hill. Almost by chance it was arranged

for Lockhart to take some practice laps on The Brickyard. To the terror of watchers (and his crew's delight) the 23 year old Lockhart began taking turns in full slide — as if he were on a dirt track. He barely missed a track speed record.

The day before the race driver Pete Kreis was taken ill and Lockhart was offered the car. In the 1926 Indy 500, Lockhart was to etch his name into racing history. During an intermittent rain, the track became slick and slimy. While the competition got slower, Lockhart went faster. He had sped into the lead early, now was pulling away, increasing his lead with every lap. When the race was officially called at 400 miles due to a thundershower, Lockhart had become the first rookie winner of the Indy 500.

The legend of Frank Lockhart had been born.

That day Lockhart began his personal quest for speed. He made a speed run, at Muroc Dry Lake in the Mojave Desert in California soon after his Indy win. He ran 171.02 mph. That run got the attention of speed king Gar Wood. It also piqued Fred Moscovics, president of the Stutz Motor Car Company of Indianapolis. Lockhart designed a car to attempt to set a new world Land Speed Record at Daytona, but he needed money to build it. Moscovics loaned Lockhart \$20,000. When Lockhart agreed to call his car a "Stutz Black Hawk," Moscovics added \$15,000 more in backing and put the Stutz factory at Lockhart's disposal.

Lockhart had a larger, more far-reaching goal in mind: He desired to build another of his designs, an aircraft. This aircraft was to have

four engines and enough fuel and power to take people over oceans. He thought setting a speed record would pave the way for him to build his dream airplane. Lockhart put all his time and sank every penny he had or could get into the building of the Black Hawk. It was one of the first cars to use a wind tunnel in its design. The axles were streamlined, as well as the wheels. He designed the car with a small frontal area to punch holes in the wind. Overall, it was shaped like a glistening white bullet, a lovely jewel of a car, much smaller than the long British speedsters of the time, as driven by Segrave and Campbell, and Keech's Triplex.

The Black Hawk had a supercharged, 181 cubic-inch engine equipped with intercoolers. Total move-



Frank Lockhart, a fast young Californian.

ment at the rim of its 14-inch steering wheel was less than an inch to cut down on the car's side drift as it went for straight-line speed.

The little car weighed less than 2,800 pounds and could develop about 525 horsepower at 7,500 rpm. The British beasts weighed tons and had engines with 1,000 horsepower. Top speed of Lockhart's Stutz was calculated to be more than 281 mph by engineers. It was 13 feet long. The British cars were about 30 feet in length.

Once while building his little car, Lockhart performed a tire test in the basement of the Stutz factory. Lockhart and a mechanic with whom he was building the LSR car, inflated a tire to 125 psi and ran the wheel up to the equivalent speed of 225 mph. Lockhart fired a shotgun at the tire. The resulting wild imbalance and subsequent wobble tore the heavy engine from the blocks disintegrating all of the rear assembly.

"Well," said Lockhart, "I'm done for if a tire blows."

On February 19, 1928, Campbell raised the Land Speed Record to 206.956 mph.

Lockhart was there with his Black Hawk which had been built in less than eight months. He had always driven on Firestone tires. Stutz cars came equipped with Firestones. However, a new tire manufacturer offered Lockhart \$20,000 if Frank would set the Land Speed Record on its product. At that time Harvey Firestone's dictum was: "If our tires are good enough to risk your life on, they're good enough to buy." Without monetary incentive, however, Frank chose the new and untested tires for his Black Hawk. It was a fatal mistake.

A nor'easter was blowing up and the beach was rutted and bumpy three days after Campbell's record run. Lockhart was edgy and anxious to take a shot at Campbell's record. Though it was not a good day for a record run, Lockhart was determined. He was a race driver. He could beat Campbell's record.

As intermittent rain fell, Lockhart decided to take his shot, despite poor conditions and the fact he'd run only 180 mph in practice.

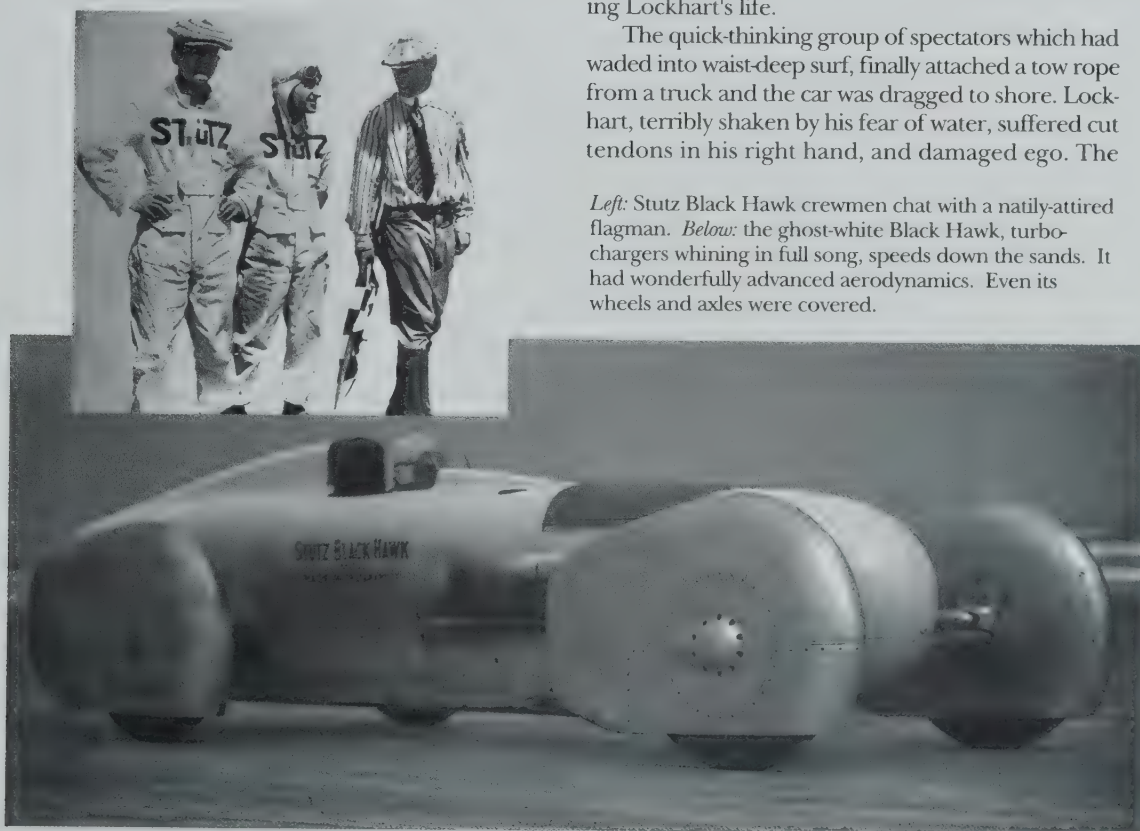
The little Black Hawk was towed to the south end of the course. The crowd stared in anticipation. Faintly, then louder, they heard the 40,000 rpm high-pitched whine of Black Hawk's twin superchargers. Frank was on his way, coming north like a speeding bullet, screaming northward on the sands. The great American speed hope.

Suddenly, a scarf of rain swept over the beach from the ocean. Immediately visibility was zero and Lockhart was driving by instinct. The car swerved slightly into soft sand at more than 200 mph. Then it lurched. It did two wild end-over-end flips and leapt into the churning surf of the Atlantic Ocean. After skipping on its belly over crashing breakers, the car came to rest on its wheels, practically submerged in the white caps. Lockhart's legs were pinned, holding him in the cockpit. Waves broke over the little white car. After the first incoming wave broke, Lockhart raised his hand. The crowd roared. Then someone, realizing the dilemma Lockhart was in, shouted, "Save him — he'll drown!"

A group of spectators splashed into the surf and a man named Gil Farrell held Lockhart's head above water, covering his mouth and yelling to him when an incoming wave was about to crest, probably saving Lockhart's life.

The quick-thinking group of spectators which had waded into waist-deep surf, finally attached a tow rope from a truck and the car was dragged to shore. Lockhart, terribly shaken by his fear of water, suffered cut tendons in his right hand, and damaged ego. The

Left: Stutz Black Hawk crewmen chat with a nattily-attired flagman. Below: the ghost-white Black Hawk, turbochargers whining in full song, speeds down the sands. It had wonderfully advanced aerodynamics. Even its wheels and axles were covered.



Stutz Black Hawk was not badly damaged. After he dried out, Lockhart vowed to return and left town to rebuild the Black Hawk for another attempt, which would come later that year.

In April, 1928, Lockhart returned, to chase the elusive record in the Black Hawk. The speed tournament was not yet over that year, he announced. Despite the fact White's Triplex, driven by Keech, had defeated Campbell with a new record of 207.55 mph, Lockhart vowed he would have the last run.

Newspapers sizzled with anticipation. The crowds flocked in again. When Lockhart arrived in town, he found a letter awaiting him at his hotel from his mother, a seamstress, who was in financial trouble. She told her son she was broke, ill, and desperate and pleaded for Frank to send her \$10.

A few days before his attempt to take the Land Speed Record, Lockhart wired his mother: "Ma, I have the world by the horns. You'll never have to push a needle again. I'll never have to work anymore."

At dawn on April 25, 1928, Lockhart and the Black Hawk took to the sands again, doggedly chasing his dream of speed. The first practice run was made to the south. The beach was perfect. He returned northward, running a bit faster, superchargers wailing. Then he sped south again, the car in neat trim, superchargers howling, the excited crowd inching closer to the course to watch the ghost-like white streak of a car. His three near-perfect high-speed warmup runs were complete. Then Lockhart began his fourth run, heading north again.

As Lockhart sped north, something went dreadfully wrong. A white puff of sand sprayed from beneath Black Hawk's right rear tire, and the car swerved and lurched violently. Immediately it was crashing violently, rolling, tumbling down the beach, the body

and wheels impacting with heavy thuds, ripping and gouging chunks of beach sand as it struck. Then Black Hawk thudded to a crushing halt. It was a terrible wreck. Experts judged Lockhart had been moving at approximately 200 mph and accelerating.

Some recalled that Campbell had tried to warn the young Lockhart to change tires after every run. Lockhart, however, was on a shoestring budget. He probably could not have made the changes even if he had wanted to do so.

An observer said that as Lockhart ended his run to the south, he had locked up the brakes and the rear tires had collected a number of seashells in the casings as he slid down the beach.

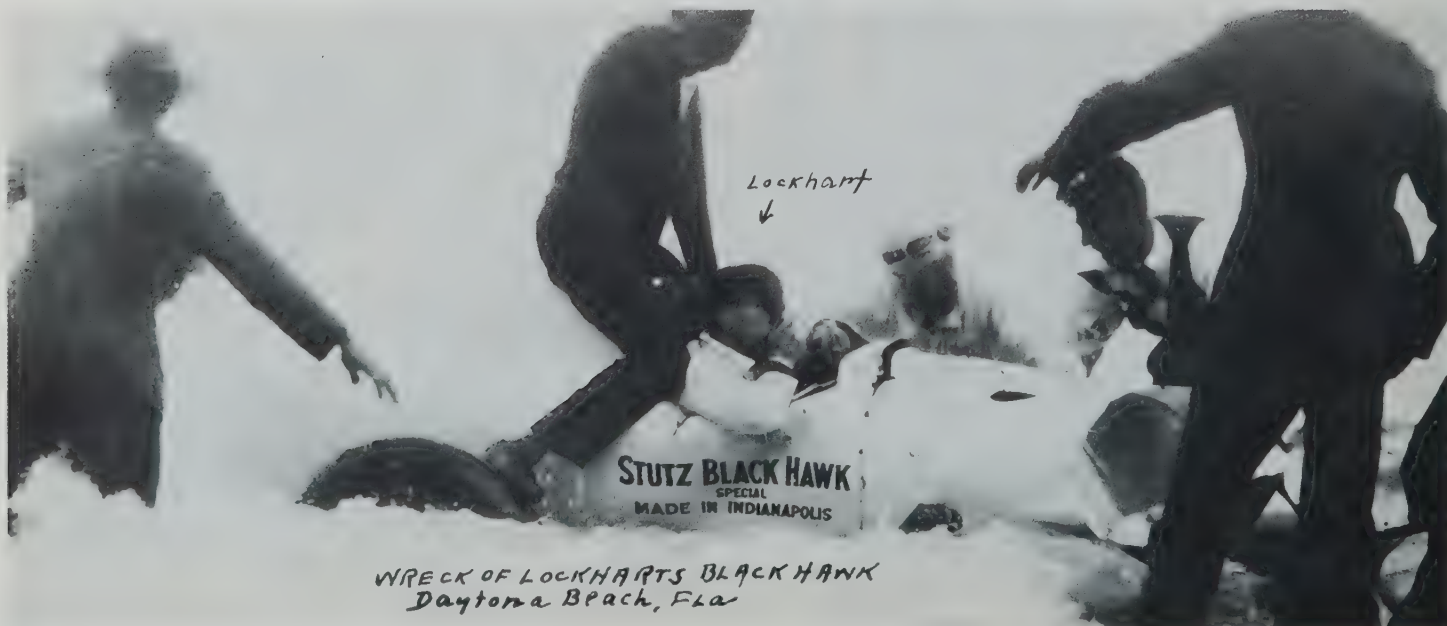
Lockhart had been clocked at 198.29 mph by the American Automobile Association officials on his previous southbound warmup pass.

Lockhart's small body was flung from the car at the wreck's end like a bunch of rags. It landed in a crumpled mound at the feet of his horrified wife.

Shortly after celebrating his twenty-sixth birthday, Lockhart was dead. He had been lucky enough to escape the beach with his life once. Not this time.



Right: Frank Lockhart almost met his death by drowning in the ocean. His car swerved into the surf and men rushed to save him. Below: A man named Gil Farrell held Lockhart's head up and warned him of incoming waves. After the incident Lockhart and his rescuer, Farrell, were carried to the hospital.



The car had traveled 1,100 feet down the sand in its final ride. Some gashes in the sand were as deep as 18 inches. Lockhart's body ended up 51 feet from the wrecked remains of the car.

There exists in beach racing lore, a strange postscript to the tragedy.

Organizers of the speed tournament asked residents of Daytona Beach to contribute to a fund to ship Lockhart's body home for proper burial.

Frank Lockhart had put all of his funds into the building of the Black Hawk and his pursuit of the world speed record. He died completely penniless.

Area residents responded with a large sum which speed week organizers gave to the newly-widowed Mrs. Lockhart. She promptly left town with the money, leaving her dead husband's body in a Beach Street mortuary. The body of Lockhart lay there while promoters passed the hat a second time. Again, funds were gathered. Finally, after several months, young Lockhart's body was shipped home to California.



Above: Lockhart's stunned wife, right, stares at his body as helpers try to revive him. *Below:* Curious spectators gather around the crumpled wreckage of the Black Hawk, moments after it had ended the horrendous crash which killed Lockhart.



THE TRIPLEX MAKES HISTORY

In 1928 Lockhart crashed and died, but Ray Keech, the stubborn Philadelphian, had achieved the fastest speed in automobile history. He had driven White's Triplex to 207.55 mph on April 22. Triplex's glory, however, was to be short-lived. One year after writing history on the beach for its conquest of speed, speed was to write its demise.

The devastating fatal crash of Jim White's massive Triplex car, which is still recognized today as the largest-engined car ever driven, claimed the life of Daytona Beach's Lee Bible and Miamian photographer Charles Traub, is vividly portrayed in the pages of *The News-Journal*.

Philadelphia businessman J.M. White was, like Campbell, a wealthy gentleman sportsman fascinated by the pursuit of the Land Speed Record. He was also very patriotic. In that era, with English speed kings like Captain Campbell and Major Segrave, dominating the annual speed tournaments in Daytona Beach, White recruited race driver Keech (who was destined to win the 1929 Indy 500) to drive his mighty car powered by a trio of 12-cylinder Liberty Aircraft motors. Keech actually hated the crude, bulky, hard-to-steer car and said so many times. However, White was determined to prove brute horsepower could dominate the English "locomotives." Keech was a gregarious and tough driver. He was paid handsomely by White to capture the 1928 record.

Though burned by a faulty exhaust system, Keech was driver enough to set the record in April, bettering Campbell's February run of 206.95 mph.

The Triplex was a rolling tank compared to Lockhart's little Stutz and Campbell's sleek Bluebird. Its driver sat between the front engine and two others in the rear. He was surrounded by more machinery and horsepower than had ever been assembled in one chassis. There were 36 cylinders, 5,000 cubic inches of roaring, smoking, vibrating race car. Triplex weighed more than four tons.

On his 1928 record run Keech was scalded after a hose connection broke and sprayed him with boiling engine coolant. He was also overcome by exhaust fumes blowing back in his face as he sped down the sands. Keech and Triplex were immensely popular

after establishing the record in 1928.

As the 1929 winter speed tournament was cranking up, however, Keech refused White's invitation to again drive Triplex. Keech said he was too busy building an Indianapolis race car, but also said he didn't trust the behemoth car. He said, "There's not enough money to get me back in that hot seat."

Faced with the dilemma of driving it himself, White recruited a little-known Daytona Beach garage

operator named Lee Bible. Bible, originally from Tennessee, had been a mechanic on the Triplex in 1928.

The stage was set for the most tragic crash in beach history. It was March 1929.

The English speed king Segrave, who had brought a new car, the Napier Golden Arrow, to Daytona Beach, had routinely sped to a new record of 231.44 mph on March 11. Little-known Bible was hoping to top Segrave's record as he climbed into the Triplex and warmed it up.

That the Triplex was huge is an understatement. At first glance, it was basically a mass of engines mounted on twin railroad rails with six wheels. Only four of the wheels actually touched the ground at one time.

The engines had given yeoman service in World War I and gave a combined output estimated at 1,200 horsepower. The front engine

was covered with a very simple pointed nose and the other two engines were set side-by-side behind the cockpit and were practically sitting in the open. Aerodynamics were not a concern. A piece of up-swept cowling which incorporated a glass panel shielded the driver. All three engines drove directly to the rear axle without benefit of a clutch or gearbox. Only rear brakes were used and the chassis had center-locking wire wheels.

Initially the car had no reverse gear. This created a problem. The rules required that speed cars be able to back up by themselves. An ugly, but effective, solution was tried. A second rear axle was fitted behind the first, so arranged that it was normally clear of the ground. When the driver operated a lever, this axle met the ground and a worm drive from one of the engines enabled it to drag the car backwards at a speed of about one-half mile per hour. Thus, the rules were crudely satisfied.

Tuesday, March 12, 1929, Bible warmed up the



Ray Keech, a stubborn Philadelphian.

snorting monster with an uneventful essaying run southward down the sand. By 3:20 p.m., a mammoth crowd had gathered in the dunes to root for their hometown hero in his American car. Segrave's record could be beaten!

The News-Journal of Wednesday, March 13, 1929, reported Bible was on a second essaying run, heading northward when the huge car suddenly swerved. It had just left the speed timing traps where it had recorded more than 200 mph.

The three-motored juggernaut came roaring through the timing trap leaving a thick, 30-foot-long wake of black smoke and sand. Then, the behemoth of a machine swerved unexpectedly off course toward the dunes.

The ugly car struck Pathe News cameraman Charles Traub, of Miami Beach, who was filming the run. Some say Traub was trying to get closer to the beach course to get action shots of the big Triplex.

"The big car struck the cameraman squarely, cleaving his body, which spurted fully 1,000 feet through the air," reported the pages of the March 13, 1929, edition of The News-Journal in lurid detail.

"In a split second the mighty machine crashed into the dunes about 100 feet from the timing trap, showering the air with sand and smoke. The Triplex rolled, bounding over and over until it again came up against the dunes, at least 200 feet farther north. Bible's body flew from the car and the first glimpse spectators saw was of it sitting bolt upright on the sand near the wreck. Then it rolled casually over and was still.

"Screams and groans arose from the several hundred who saw the crash. They swayed back, then began to push forward. Police scrambled to the edge of the dunes to maintain order and to give what assistance they could. At the grandstand other hundreds of spectators were craning their necks and straining their eyes toward the north. They had not yet heard of the tragedy. They merely had seen the car loom up from a black spot to the south, become a roaring mon-

ster, flash past and leave behind that trail of thick, black smoke and sand obscuring their vision. They could see no farther than the last trap, where, under the cloud of smoke, the crash occurred.

"When word reached the announcer, his voice boomed through the broadcaster, 'The Triplex has just swerved and hit the side of the dunes.'



Above: Keech is lifted victoriously by owner White, after a successful record run. Below: In 1928, with Keech at the wheel, Triplex brought the Land Speed Record to America. The Triplex gave new automotive meaning to the term, "ugly but effective."



"The first wave of mingled cries, sobs and groans, all subdued and surprisingly low, had not died when the official ambulance was speeding down the beach, with dozens of officials and press cars behind.

"Bible's body (picked up over 100 feet from the largest remaining part of the Triplex) was placed on a stretcher, loaded into the ambulance and on its way within a few seconds. Attendants believed the driver was living at the time. Traub's torso was found about 100 feet back to the south, lying against the side of the dunes. Other parts of his body were collected from at least five different places within 1,000 feet to the north. His remains were removed when the ambulance returned."

MAJ. SEAGRAVE, WHITE (DESIGNER-BUILDER OF TRIPLEX)
LEE BIBLE ON BEACH WITH CARS. MARCH 1929



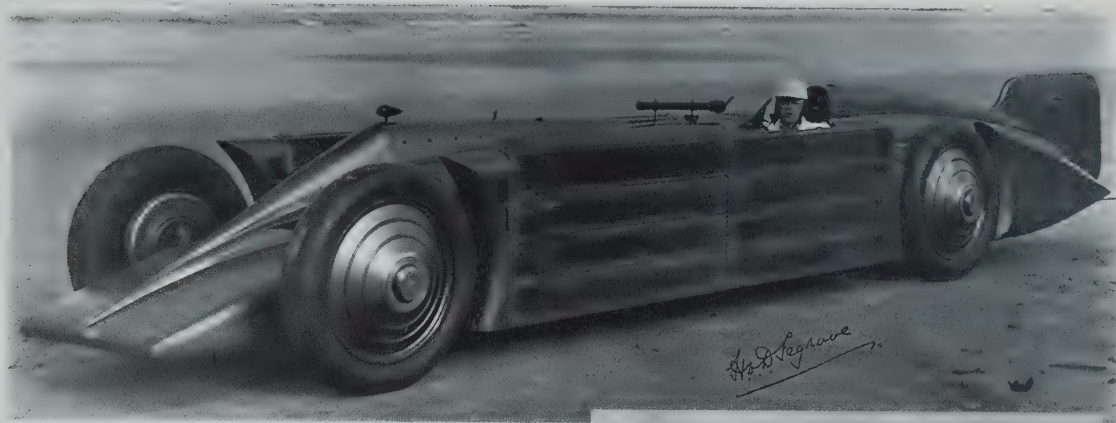
White's Triplex, the expression of his theory that horsepower could triumph over streamlining and compact motors, was a mass of twisted steel and wheels. So completely mangled was the huge car there was no way to tell what had caused the accident. However the tires were still intact.

Bible's wife, Anna, was in the stands watching as the car made its fateful final run that day. The grandstand hush was broken by shrieks from Bible's wife. A News-Journal car carried Anna Bible to the wreckage and upon seeing her husband lifted into an ambulance, she fell to the ground and was carried to the car of Dick LeSesne, a local photographer who documented much of the beach record runs of that era. Bible's daughter, Grace, screamed.

The night before the crash Bible had called his record pursuit in the Triplex "... the golden opportunity of a lifetime." He said he viewed his chance to drive the powerful racer as a key to success. Bible, who had lived in Daytona Beach five years, operated a small garage. His wife owned a newsstand on Main Street.

Left: Segrave, White and Lee Bible prior to the 1929 derby of speed on the beach. The jovial mood would soon depart with the horrendous crash of the mighty Triplex and Bible's death. *Below:* The gigantic car was forever destroyed.





Above: "Golden Arrow" is what Major Segrave dubbed his Napier which set the record in 1929. The car, a metallic gold, sported a gunsight mounted on its hood for Segrave to sight down the course. The car ran but 50 miles in its entire lifetime. Segrave signed this photograph (lower right). Right: Technicians prepare the stylish car for a run.



Stricken with grief, car owner White announced he would quit racing. "It was a very regrettable thing," said White. "It winds up my racing career. I have absolutely no further ambition. In fact, last year I did not intend to come back."

Major Segrave called off further trials to better

his own world record. He extended his sympathy to White and the members of Bible's family. (Later that season, Segrave also captured the world boating record for speed on water earning him a knighthood.)

Much of the Roaring Twenties excitement faded with that moment of speed, mayhem and death.

A little more than a year later, in 1930, Segrave himself would be dead, victim of his boat crash in the summer of 1930.

In 25 years of speed runs on Ormond and Daytona Beach (1904-1929), five had been killed: Frank Croker, a French racing mechanic, Frank Lockhart, Charles Traub and Lee Bible.

Every man to have broken the 200 mph barrier was dead, killed in racing or in the pursuit of speed, with the exception of a wealthy and stylish Englishman named Malcolm Campbell.

The Daytona Beach News-Journal, which put out a special souvenir edition on the day Campbell set the record, published a drawing of the only four men in history — other than Campbell — who had traveled faster than 200 mph on land. The four were: Sir Henry Segrave, Ray Keech, in a flaming racing wreck at Altoona, Pennsylvania, Frank Lockhart and Lee Bible on the "World's Most Famous Beach." Only Campbell lived to old age.

It was Campbell who kept the dream of speed alive in Daytona Beach. His ultimate goal was to break the 300 mph barrier on Daytona Beach in his beloved "Bluebird."

He was certain that he could build a car, with some subtle modifications and enough horsepower, capable of reaching 300 on Daytona Beach's sands.

It was his stubbornness and iron will, well hidden beneath his sporting, jovial mannerisms which would push Campbell onward. Undaunted by the tragedies he had seen and heard of, Malcolm Campbell continued to seek his goal as the speed king of the world.



SIR MALCOLM - KING OF THE BEACH

Perhaps the man who did the most to put the area on the world map with regard to speed — before “Big Bill France” — was wiry, dapper Malcolm Campbell. Campbell’s father, Andrew, had made his money as Campbell & Company, Diamond Merchants. Campbell himself was a financier, writer, former military man, and insurance underwriter for Lloyd’s of London. He was wealthy in his own right.

However, Campbell wasn’t content with the life of an English country gentleman. His obsession was speed. He lived on a rambling estate in Surrey named Headley Grove, which, at 80 acres, was large enough for his wife, Lady Jean Campbell, their children, their Airedale and Alsatian dogs and a collection of antique furniture. The home was a rambling Georgian-styled country house which had a nine-hole golf course.

Campbell wanted to become the world’s fastest man. It was a goal he was able to accomplish five times in his favorite American city, Daytona Beach.

Captain Campbell had searched the south sea Cocos Islands for treasures, sped across lakes seeking boat speed records and driven high-speed land courses like the English Brooklands race track and the Pendine Sands in England and Verneuk Pan, a dry lake bed in South Africa in his ambition to become the fastest man alive.

He named his cars and boats “Bluebird” out of affection for French writer Maeterlinck’s play about children, eternally seeking happiness in the world, seen as a young man. So struck by the “blue bird of happiness” was Campbell, that he adopted it as his personal logo, using it on Christmas cards, stationery and his uniform pocket.

He was a charismatic character with a knack for charming and magnetizing people from the first time he pulled on his linen helmet.

He was lean and hard with an imperturbable manner. He had lively blue eyes, a generous forehead, a strong, prominent nose and a well-cut chin. He was vivid and quotable — a charismatic star, but in a modest, self-effacing way — in short, a born hero. “I never grew up,” he said with a boyish gleam in his eye. Though he survived many close scrapes, he viewed his life as “grand adventure.”

In his “Bluebirds,” Campbell chased records in the 1920s and 1930s, reaching for the magical 300 mph barrier. He was the world’s fastest man nine times in his career, and so recognized in the Guinness Book of Records. No one else has even come close. He became the most famous driver to seek the world’s record on the beach. Campbell ran Daytona’s “Measured Mile” on a nine-mile stretch of beach which began north of the Main Street Pier (early runs were made through the pier pilings which were 42 feet apart) and ended near the town of Ponce Inlet. Campbell’s annual speed runs in the early 1930s were celebrated and anticipated “happenings” locally.

The varied “Bluebirds” carried the Union Jack, because he was a patriotic man. He pushed the envelope of speed on land with a desire to achieve recognition for his country, and to further the safety and engineering achievements of the automobile. The “Bluebirds” which ran in Daytona Beach also bore the red, white and blue of Old Glory side by side with the flag of Great Britain.

Campbell grew up with speed: First on bicycles, then motorcycles. He was a motorcycle dispatch rider and a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps in World War I. He gained his flying experience in an airplane of his own construction. In World War II he designed tough, fast, ar-

mored fighting vehicles for Britain’s commandos and, prior to that had headed the Army’s motorcycle traffic unit.

Born March 11, 1885, Campbell died on December 31, 1948, at Little Gatton, at Reigate, where he was living in a house built by the novelist Sax Rohmer, the creator of Fu Manchu.

At age 63, the great racer died following an operation for glaucoma, which had forced him to give up his racing career two years earlier. He suffered a stroke while recuperating from the surgery.

On the last day of the year an ailing Sir Malcolm called his son, Donald, to bring a bottle of champagne and asked to be raised up. With a glass in his right hand, he whispered:

“A Merry Christmas to everybody.” He died at three minutes to midnight.

Campbell was almost 50 at the time of his 1935



Malcolm Campbell, England's speed king.

record run. He had begun his personal quest for speed in 1922 at the age of 36. Campbell was fascinated with the science of speed and wanted to become the fastest man on wheels.

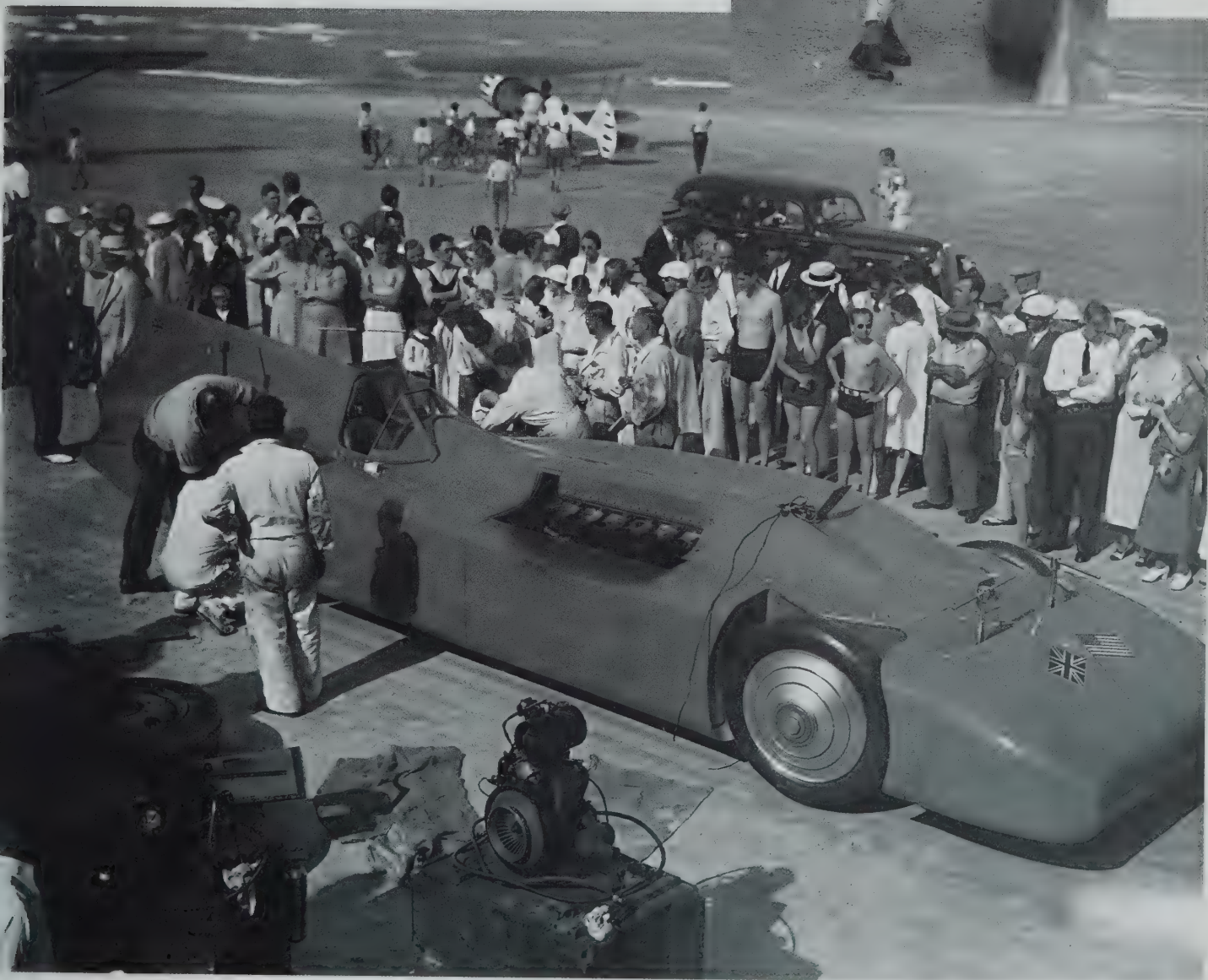
In 1901, as a lad of 15, Malcolm was fined in England for "dangerous driving." He was convicted, so the story goes, of riding a bicycle at 27 miles per hour with his hands in his pockets and terrifying two old ladies.

Campbell had been a friendly and popular visitor to Daytona Beach, which he called his "second home." He and Lady Campbell had a strong interest in civic life and social affairs in their second home. Sir Malcolm was the toast of town when he came with his large entourage to stay in the Ridgewood Hotel or the Clarendon on the beach. He golfed, spoke to civic clubs and attended many parties.

During a seven-year period he set five world Land Speed Records on Daytona Beach (1928-1935).

In 1927 Campbell learned of Major Segrave's successful attempt to become the first man to break the 200 mph barrier at Daytona Beach. It desperately dis-

appointed him because it was a goal he had sought for himself.



Above right: Captain Campbell's obsession was establishing a world Land Speed Record. He broke it nine times, an accomplishment still cognized by the Guinness Book of Records as the ultimate. Campbell was jaunty and confident as he posed with "Bluebird III" in 1932 under a canine's watchful eyes. *Above:* Engineers check the tires on "Bluebird V" in 1935 between runs. Note the jacking system on the massive car. Drivers had one hour between runs to comply with international rules. Notice the airplanes which landed on the beach bringing spectators to watch, and early pilots interested in setting their own speed records.

In 1928, Campbell made his first trip to Daytona Beach. He sped 206.95 mph, establishing a new record, but his top speed was beaten by American Ray Keech, who went 207.55 mph two months later in the White Triplex. Stung by being one-upped, and by the tragic death of young American speedster Frank Lockhart at the 1928 meet, Campbell dedicated himself to designing a new "Bluebird" to continue his speed quest in Daytona Beach. Following Campbell's return to England after his 207 mph run in 1928, the British publication "Motor Sport" interviewed him. Said Campbell of that run, "My sensations at 207? I hardly know. My whole mind was concentrated on the task in hand, and my faculties were so riveted on one problem — keeping 'Bluebird' on her course — that I had no time for outside impressions. The wind, of course, forced itself on my notice, and I have never conceived such a tremendous pressure of air, which was like a solid thing, and I was thankful for the foresight which enclosed me in the cockpit. I scarcely noticed the exhaust noise, and the whole run was one tremendous sweep over the sand, which I hardly felt, with a hurricane wind seeking to wrest the car from my control. During a skid, I must confess I had a momentary qualm, but before I realized it, I had straightened out and was roaring onward down the course. I am convinced that 'Bluebird', under proper conditions, could travel 20 miles an hour faster, with equal comparative safety, as in order to break Major Segrave's record I did not have to travel flat-out the whole way."

He did not return in 1930, but came back in 1931

with a new car. The following years his visits brought him uncontested land speed records:

February 5, 1931: 246.09 mph.

February 24, 1932: 253.97 mph.

February 22, 1933: 272.46 mph.

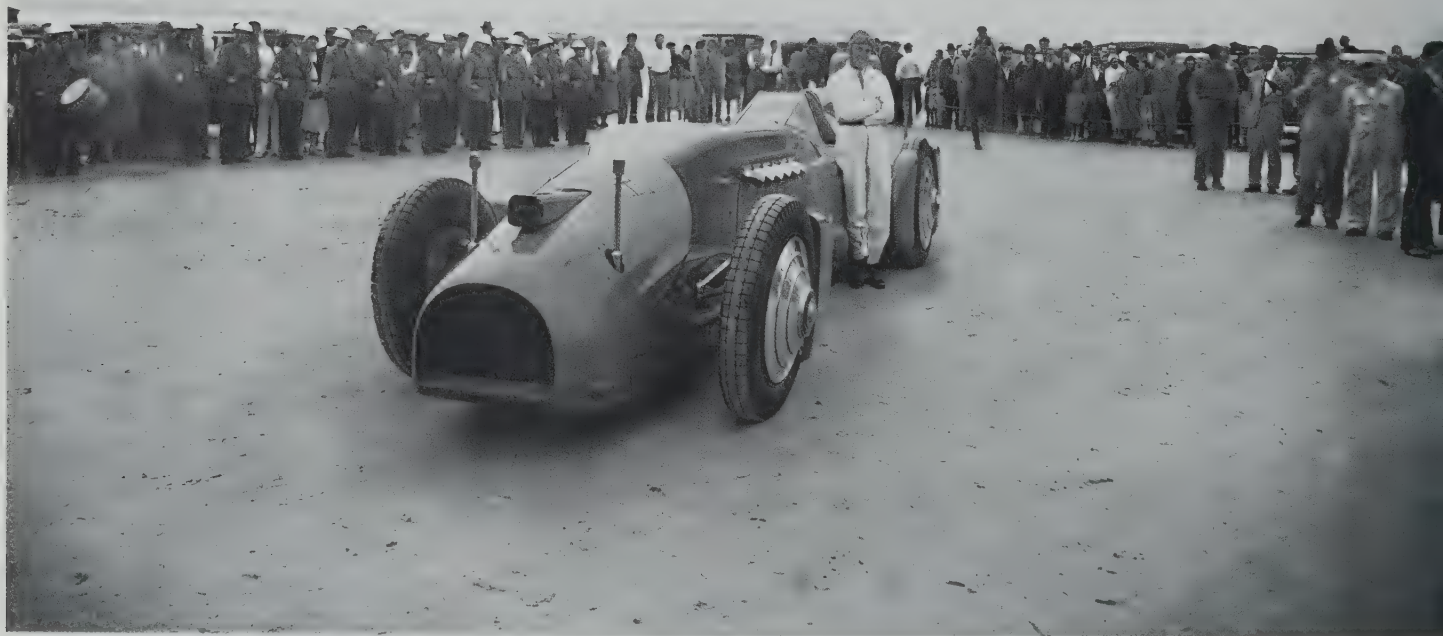
March 7, 1935: 276.82 mph.

Campbell was knighted for his motoring achievements by King George VI in 1931 after he'd captured the world record of 245.73 mph in Daytona Beach in "Bluebird III."

Following his record run in 1933, Campbell wrote an article for a magazine in which he eloquently captured the sensation of speed he'd had at 272.46 mph.

Wrote Sir Malcolm, "Finally the word comes: 'All Clear!' My good lads start the 'Bluebird' engines. By means of compressed air I switch on the ignition and the Rolls engines roar away. We get off slowly, first in low gear, then, with the engines revolving about 2,300 to 2,800, into second, then into high. At the end of the first mile I am going approximately 140 miles an hour. The line of flags at my left, set 100 yards apart, begin to draw together. Now they are practically a picket fence, even closer if that be possible, for I am covering more than 375 feet a second.

"The huge numbers to my left, set at each mile post, jump before my vision. I read No. 4, which means four miles to the record mile. Before my vision focuses properly on it, it is gone. No. 3 breaks the line of flags. I look at my tachometer. The revs mount - 2,600, 2,800, 3,000, 3,200. I know I am far above last year's record speed. My foot is hard on the accelera-



Above: Campbell prepares to run "Bluebird III." Note the band in the background, the hard-packed nature of the beach and the jacks built into the car's chassis (in nose section).

tor. I see, as a thing detached, the yellow-and-black rectangular marker above the start of the mile. I press my foot down harder. I wait ages, it seems. I look at the rev counter. Time does not fly; it creeps. Another age, almost. At last there is another rectangular yellow-and-black marker overhead. I find myself breathing again as though I had not before. I have finished my record run. It has taken me seconds, just over 12, but it seems ages actually.

"A change of tires and back I go northward." (Note: Tires used by Campbell in speed-record attempts were extremely thin so as to dissipate heat quickly, and thus were short-lived. Campbell's tires had a lifespan of less than seven minutes at speed.)

"Again the blur of flags, punctuated by the huge markers indicating the miles. The yellow rectangle striped with black again overhead. I favor my left hand a bit, the hand wrapped to the elbow with elastic bandage, where I had sprained the tendons last week. My car makes a swerve on this return trip. It almost gets out of hand as I finish, with her radiator pointing toward the sand dunes and going for the soft sand. But she answers the helm and I am back on a straight line again. Comes the long, long measured mile, undoubtedly the longest mile in the world. Finally it passes. I ease up and coast, putting on my brakes, slowing to a crawl of 100 miles an hour."

Campbell's final run, which was the fastest ever recorded on Daytona Beach, was gained without much hoopla.

The weather was so bad during the morning that day that Campbell apparently decided to take the day off. Syndicated columnist Henry McLeMORE and other wire service reporters gathered for the speed week here, did the same.

Campbell, however, practiced and watched the weather, tides and beach conditions. McLeMORE called it a "\$100,000 quest for speed." Campbell's mechanics, tuning the Rolls Royce engine of the big "Bluebird V," were rumored to be working for the British Defense Ministry. The engine which powered "Bluebird" for this last, great record speed, some said, was being developed for use in the Spitfire fighter planes

which, several years later, would patrol the English skies and battle Hitler's Luftwaffe. (It made a good story.) Campbell surveyed the beach most of the day and, suddenly, changed his mind and decided to run. At 3:26 p.m., Thursday, March 7, 1935, rather late in the day, Campbell decided to make his run.

"Bluebird V" sped south through the "Measured Mile" against the wind in 13.20 seconds for an average speed of 272.727 mph. In less than an hour, as specified by the AAA and FIA rules, the giant car roared back northward. He sped through the mile in 12.81 seconds, 281.030 mph.

He steered with his eyes on a huge target and by a black oil line put on the sand by the organizers. His vision was virtually obscured by salt air and sand caked on his car's windscreen. He steered by sighting the oil lines and the target and aimed at the huge yellow and black target in the distance which marked the beginning and end of the "Measured Mile". He had to shoot through the pilings of the Main Street Pier which stood 42 feet apart. At the end of his second run, his Dunlop tires, which cost \$1,800 each, were worn threadbare. Observers said he'd come perilously close to a blowout. His average time for the record



Right: The famed "Measured Mile" was marked with a target and signage indicating its start and finish points. Timing and communications was in the tower at rear.

Above right: Campbell, attired in the day's popular plus-fours, looks over timing and photographic equipment.



distance was 13.005 seconds (276.18mph).

Though no one knew, this record run by Campbell brought to a close the famed Daytona "Measured Mile" and Land Speed Records on the beach. The beach had seen 19 world speed tournaments in 32 years. Campbell was to finally break the 300 mph barrier a year later, though not on the sands of his beloved Daytona Beach. He had moved his record pursuit to the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah.

He never ran down the beach again.

With Campbell's final run, the torch of speed on the beach had been passed: The man to receive it was a spectator in the rather sparse crowd that March day, young William Henry Getty France. He had gone to the beach to watch Campbell's last run.

Bill France was to be the next champion of speed and racing in Daytona Beach. He was a race driver, but that was not his destiny. He was to organize and promote the sport of stock car racing, spearheading efforts to fund and build the huge bowl of speed known as the Daytona International Speedway and to be one of the founders of the National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing, NASCAR.



Above: Campbell's "Bluebird II" is towed down Ocean Avenue in 1928. *Below:* When Campbell's "Bluebird III" arrived at Daytona Beach's railroad depot in 1932, it brought out throngs of spectators to watch the great car being unloaded.





Above: Campbell posed for photographers, some of whom aimed down from the Main Street Pier, and was welcomed by city officials. Below: In 1932 Sir Malcolm set a new Land Speed Record despite an incoming tide. Right: Campbell was a well-liked speed king.







THE FRANCE ERA BEGINS

Campbell and other straight line racers like him, had discovered the wide, flat deserts of the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. And they headed there to pursue their quest for speed records.

In Daytona, however, racing had found a home. Though the straight liners were gone, city officials sought an event to serve as an attraction for winter vacationers. They approached Sig Haugdahl. Haugdahl was a well known local racer of the era.

Haugdahl came up with the idea of carving out an oval track half on the beach and half down highway A1A south of the area where the famed Measured Mile had been. Haugdahl simply measured off 1.5 miles on the paved road where Campbell's Measured Mile used to be, and 1.5 miles on the beach, and cut a north and south turn between them to construct a beach/road track which was 3.2 miles around. The closed track was the site of Haugdahl's first race, which was sanctioned by the American Automobile Association on March 8, 1936.

It was a timed event and had a format in which cars qualified according to a handicapped system and started at different intervals. The turns, carved through sand, rapidly deteriorated and the event dragged all day, into early evening, when it finally, mercifully ended. No one knew who had won.

However, in the end, the finishing order was announced: First place went to Milt Marion, followed by Ben Shaw and Tommy Elmore, Sam Purvis and Bill France, a tall and friendly local service station and garage operator.

The \$5,000 purse had been hard to come by. City officials tied up the money but local newsmen helped Haugdahl wrest the money from City Hall and pay off. Despite its problems the event generated wide publicity, however, so was viewed as a success.

Two changes kept racing on the beach in the years 1937-1941. First, the turns were overlaid with marl, a white earth of clay and sand which is formable when moist and dries to near pavement hardness. Second, Bill France, the obscure garage owner/operator, promoted a motorcycle race. A field of 98 riders from 28 states and Canada converged on Daytona Beach, raced on the old Beach Road Course and drew a large crowd, actually bigger than the auto races of that era. Motorcycles have been racing in Daytona Beach ever since and the Daytona 200 Motorcycle Classic, held

at the Speedway each March, is the second oldest continuously running motor sports event in America (war years excepted). Only the Indianapolis 500 has more established longevity. Ed Kretz of Pomona, California, won that first beach race in 1937.

On October 19, 1934, 6-foot-5, 220-pound Bill France loaded his wife, former nurse Anne Bledsoe, and young son, William Clifton France, into his Ford. On the back was a small house trailer. France had been born in Horse Pasture, Virginia, and moved to the the nation's capitol to pursue a banking career.

However, young France was good with his hands, mechanically inclined and he caught the auto racing bug at an early age.

During the Great Depression, France left Washington to follow a Florida dream. He headed south to Miami with \$75 in his bank account, \$25 in his pocket, a set of tools and a million-dollar vision.

The France family never got to Miami. France was lured off U.S. 1 across the bridge to the sands of Ormond Beach. Speed and the legends of daredevil pursuers of speed records like Sir Malcolm Campbell, Henry Segrave and Barney Oldfield were beckoning him. France had built his first race car in Washington at age 17 and the early racers were his heroes.

The story goes that "Big Bill's" car broke down in Daytona Beach, so he just stayed.

Years later, when I asked him about the story he replied:

"I never broke down. People forget I was a mechanic. I had my tools in the car. A lot of magazine and newspaper stories over the years have said my car broke down, but if that had happened, I could have fixed it. I just liked Daytona and we decided it was where we wanted to be.

"When we got to Ormond Beach, the tide was out and it was a beautiful fall day. There was not a soul on the beach, and the water was deep green. We drove down the beach to the pier at Daytona and changed into our bathing suits in the trailer and went swimming."

France began as a mechanic at the Daytona Motor Company, the Pontiac, Buick and Cadillac new car dealership on Beach Street. He kept up his race driving, running dirt tracks all over the South and he had a good reputation by the time he watched Sir



William Henry Getty France, "Big Bill"

Preceding page: Cars take the north turn during the first race on the Daytona Beach race course in 1936. In the race, Bill France finished fifth.

Right: One of the best-known turns in auto racing, the Old North Turn on Daytona's Beach-Road Course. Note the officiating towers and wooden frame construction. Marl is being spread on the turn. *Below:* Today, the turn exists only in race fans' memories, as do the old modified beach cars which once roared there.



Malcolm Campbell make his final run on the beach.

Later, he bought a gas station and became a permanent area resident.

Long after the high banks of Daytona International Speedway yearly were ringing with the cheers of hundreds of thousands of spectators, long after howling horsepower thundered in the asphalt bowl of speed west of Daytona, France told me more of his story.

"You know, today, I own that 'Bluebird' car. It's sitting out in my garage behind the backstretch. I wound up owning the car I came to watch run down those sands here all those years ago. Sometimes life works like that."

The war years put a pause in racing in Daytona Beach. France labored in a boatyard on South Beach Street building "submarine chasers" for the U.S. Navy. There was no racing from 1941-1947. In 1947, with all of America in a happy post-World War II mood of exhilaration and optimism, local automobile racing resumed and Bill France embarked on a career as a racing promoter.

His first major post-war event was a motorcycle race which drew 184 riders and the largest group of spectators the beach had ever seen. Buoyed by that success, France held a summer modified-stock car race on the beach course and some of the competitors included: Atlantans Gober Sosebee and Fontello "Fonty" Flock; Charlotte, North Carolina star driver Buddy Schuman and brave Daytonan Marshall Teague.

Seventh in that race was a string-bean teenager who loafed and later worked in Teague's Daytona Beach automotive shop. His name was

Glenn Edward Roberts. His nickname was "Fireball." "Fireball" was to become Daytona Beach's most popular race driver.

The sports writer for The News-Journal, the late Bernard L. Kahn, wrote of Roberts, "Roberts' showing in his first outing here won him praise along Gasoline Alley. The reckless Daytonan creased the curves at breakneck speed and gave the thrill-seeking audience a run for its money."

That debut not only won immediate praise for Roberts and his style, but it also stands as the clear, crisp and forthright writing style which was developed by Kahn. While Roberts would rise to the heights as one of the greatest racing drivers of all time, "Benny" Kahn would become one of auto racing's first chroniclers.



In December 1947, former race driver Bill Tuthill gavelled a meeting of 18 racing men to order in Daytona Beach's Streamline Hotel to form an auto racing organization.

Tuthill, a former race driver and racing promoter from Providence, Rhode Island, moved to Ormond Beach in the 1940's to promote and encourage the sport. He founded the Museum of Speed, which housed Campbell's "Bluebird V" and he wrote the first historical record of the early beach racing years entitled "Speed on Sand."

From that 1947 meeting, a new racing body was formed with France as president, Tuthill as national secretary, and Erwin G. "Cannonball" Baker as commissioner. Legendary Atlanta racing mechanic Red Vogt came up with its name: NASCAR, The National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing.

The fledgling group promoted races all over the southeast, but their main event was at Daytona Beach. France had moved the original 1936 beach course farther to the south, toward Ponce Inlet. He carved out new turns. The town was growing and residential areas were cropping up on the beachside.

France's new beach track opened in 1948. It featured a pair of tracks — one short, for motorcycles, one long, for cars. Grandstands lined the turns and cars packed the beaches to watch the modifieds and "Grand National" stockers run. The long course, measuring 4.1 miles, was at the southern tip of the peninsula and it is on that track some of stock car racing's greatest names did battle.

The NASCAR races on the beach course, pro-

moted by France from 1948-58 were some of the most exciting motor sports events in history. Teague emerged as a champion in the famed Hudson Hornet racers. Lee Petty scored a 1954 victory in France's new Grand National division for late models, a name he'd adopted from the American Motorcyclist Association's Grand National Championship series.

Mechanics such as Daytona Beach's Ray Fox and Henry "Smokey" Yunick practiced their mechanical wizardry. One of the hottest hot rod spots in the country for race car engineering was Yunick's garage, which had the nickname: "Best Damn Garage In Town". It was located near the foot of the Seabreeze Bridge.

From offices in the Selden Building at 800 Main Street, NASCAR's national headquarters administered the series of national championship auto races. France was keen to his drivers' needs. The posted purses were always paid, and he was to develop an insurance plan for the drivers to cover their injuries suffered when racing in NASCAR events.

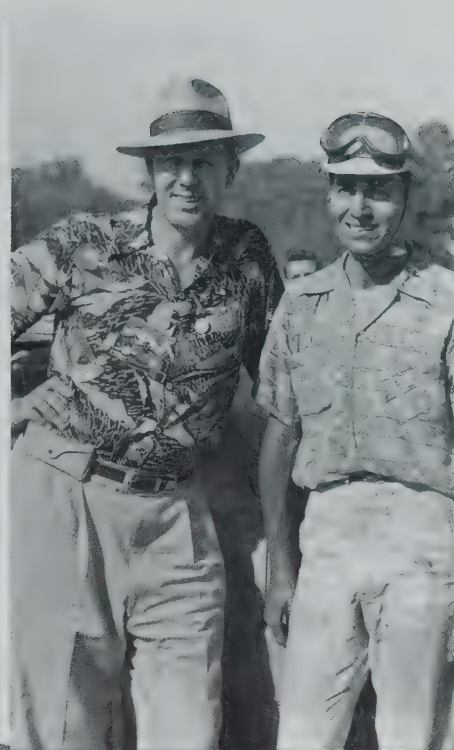
In February, the beach course would host Daytona Speed Weeks and performance trials.

Teague and Red Byron; the Flock brothers, Tim and Fonty and Bob; Roberts, Buck Baker, Cotton Owens, Bob Welborn, Gober Sosebee, Joe Littlejohn, Speedy Thompson and Curtis Turner: Most of the best drivers all raced on the beach.

The old beach road track was wild and exciting. Sometimes cars would hit each other and tumble over the turns in crumpled heaps. Sometimes the beach would be wide and fast, sometimes rutted and narrow as incoming tides threatened. Spectators would



Above: Modified stock cars were a popular draw when Bill France began promoting automobile racing on the 4.1-mile Beach-Road Course, near Ponce de Leon Inlet. Sometimes cars were bounced "out of the ballpark," meaning they flew over the banked turns — as in this modified race at the south turn.



Above left: A racer's cockpit was sparse and functional on a beach race car. *Above right:* In 1955, a young Bill France, left, chatted with Tim Flock before a beach course race. Flock won the race after the disqualification of "Fireball" Roberts. *Above:* Action was fast and furious at the end of the asphalt straightaway as NASCAR's new Grand National class sped into the south turn. In the lead was Lee Petty (42) driving the San Juan Motors Chrysler. Petty went on to win in 1954.



park on the dunes and watch as race cars few past, scant yards away.

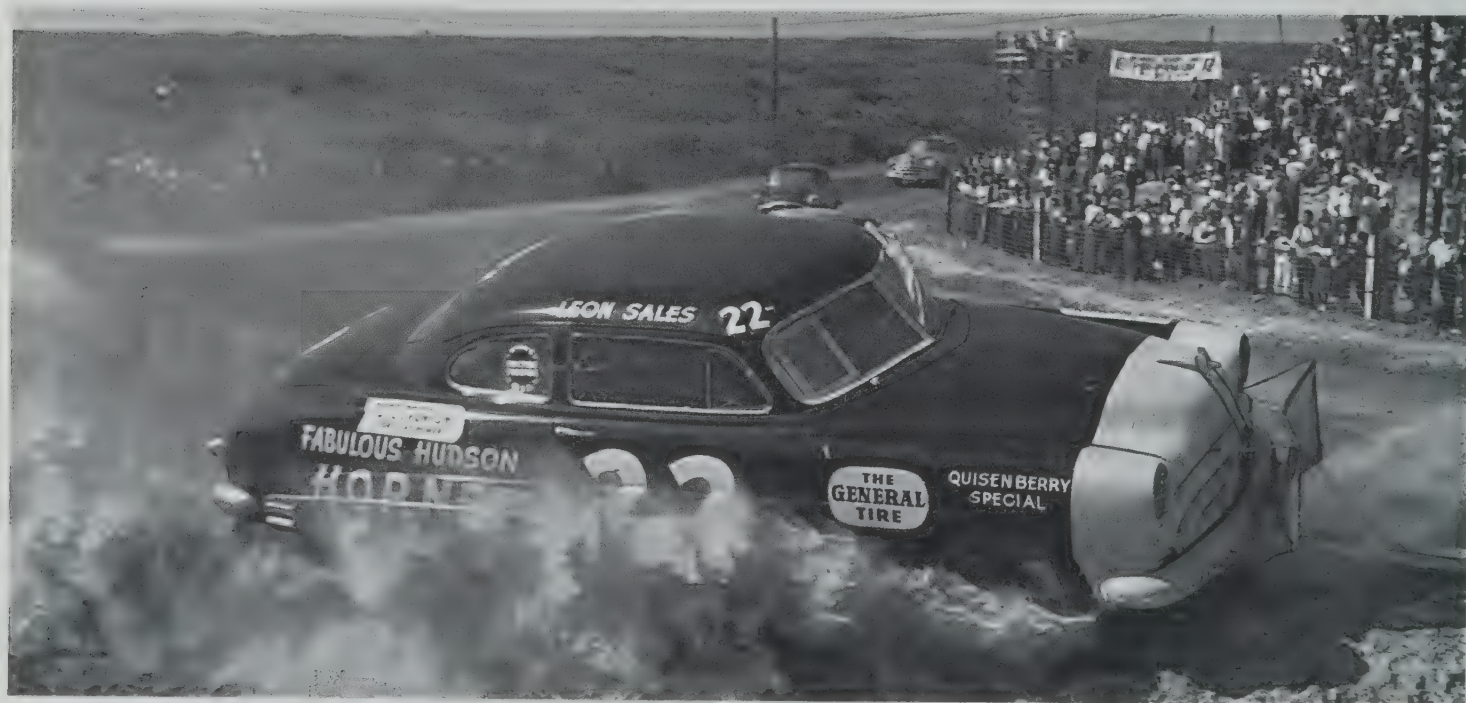
Race cars on the beach had one thing they didn't use at any other NASCAR track, windshield wipers. Often cars, cutting close to the incoming surf, would kick up spray on the following car. Many times overheating race cars simply dove into the shallow water to cool off their engines. It was wild and wooly. "Big Bill" France rode roughshod over the wrangling style of men who raced motor cars then.

By 1957, the end of beach racing was in sight. Daytona Beach was expanding to the south, cars were getting faster, and the beach — with its unpredictable weather, tides and racing conditions — was becoming less attractive as a racing location. Also, crowds were growing and many spectators were able to get to the

race track area without paying admission despite the "Beware of Rattlesnakes" signs liberally posted.

France pointed these facts out to city and county commissioners and to State Representative Thomas T. Cobb. In 1958 through Cobb's efforts, the Florida State Legislature established the Daytona Beach Racing and Recreational Facilities District with the aim of constructing a superspeedway, a track large enough to attract worldwide interest and retain the area's reputation as an international speed capital.

This public authority, headed by J. Saxton Lloyd, a Daytona Beach automobile dealer, obtained land in the Municipal Airport tract west of town on a 99-year lease and began trying to recruit someone to build a speedway on the site. No one came forward. Time after time the District tried to fund the financ-



Top: Rough and tumble, Daytona Beach's race track had it all. It was often a victim of incoming tides. *Above:* Cars slid through the old south turn. The Fabulous Hudson Hornets were beach legends. Here, Leon Sales takes a corner at speed. Note the screen on the car's front bumper to guard the engine against wet sand.

ing to build a race track, but tight money and an economic slowdown in the middle 1950s stifled plans. When the District set November 8, 1957, as a cutoff date and no builder came forward, the Authority abandoned its plans to build a speedway and agreed to lease the property to a new corporation headed by Bill France.

France formed the Daytona Beach International Speedway Corporation. He offered 300,000 of its 440,000 shares of common stock to the public at \$1 a share. Within nine months all 300,000 shares had been sold, much of it to his friends and neighbors and local townspeople. Originally France intended to build his 2.5-mile speedway for \$700,000. When the first race was run in February 1959, the track had cost \$3 million to build. The Corporation's future was riding on that first race and spectator interest.

One final race car driver must be mentioned as a footnote on the era of the Beach Road Course.

Paul Goldsmith, of St. Clair Shores, Michigan, wrote his name into Daytona racing history with a unique accomplishment. Goldsmith was the only man to win the Daytona 200 AMA Grand National motorcycle race on the beach and to also win a NASCAR Grand National stock car race there. He is a link between those beach racing days and the high-banked, superfast asphalt speedway west of the beach.

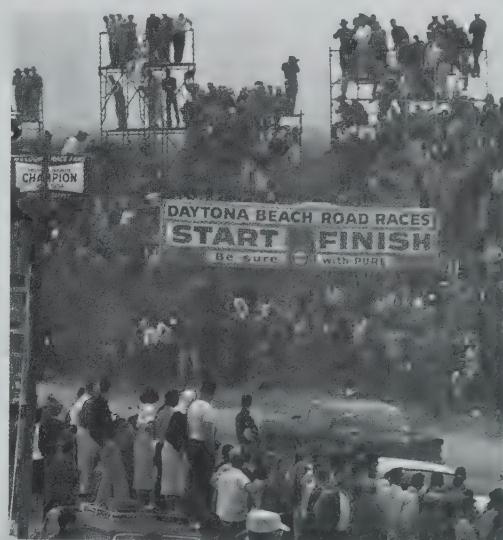
On February 23, 1958, Goldsmith won the last stock car race on the beach. Driving "Smokey" Yunnick's black and gold No. 3 Pontiac, Goldsmith swept to victory in the 39-lap, 160-mile race. He averaged 101.113 mph and won \$4,550. In true beach racing fashion, something which today still characterizes races in Daytona, the finish was unusual.

Goldsmith raced Curtis Turner hard the entire race. Nine laps from the finish, Turner was trapped behind Johnny Allen's Plymouth and spun in the surf. But Goldsmith, who built a 10-second lead, had lost the use of his windshield wipers. On the last lap, coming toward the north turn on the beach, Goldsmith unexpectedly drove past the entrance to the left-hand turn. The veteran Indy 500 driver had mistakenly missed the turn because he could not see through his

salt-smeared windshield. Realizing his mistake, Goldsmith made a 180-degree U-turn and sped back.

He cranked his Pontiac through the turn and raced to the finish line to nip a charging Turner by a few feet. That put the final punctuation mark on car racing on Daytona Beach. In 1960 motorcycles would run one final Daytona 200 on the old course.

Since then, all racing events have been held at the fast, huge Daytona International Speedway.



Above right: Paul Goldsmith, at the wheel, was on the pole for the final stock car race on the Beach-Road Course. The year was 1958. *Inset:* Goldsmith, despite a short detour, takes the checkered flag. *Above:* Side-by-side they got the green flag as the tide ebbed. It was symbolic because an era was fading into the pages of history.

DREAM TAKES SHAPE - CONSTRUCTION OF BIG D

As 1958 moved into summer, construction on the big, new speedway west of town — envisioned to be the “World’s Fastest Speedway” — began.

A large, empty swampy area on U.S. highway 92 owned by Volusia County, had to be cleared. A number of concrete fuel storage shelters from World War II had to be demolished. Huge pipes, laid side-by-side and covered with earth, became infield tunnels. Surveyors plotted the tilt of the curves and tons of lime-rock were hauled in to make a roadway base.

The man who designed the speedway was Charles H. Moneypenny, 62, a former City of Daytona Beach engineer. “You know,” said Moneypenny, “I know of no textbook on the subject of how to build a racetrack. When I began research on this track back in 1953, the first thing I learned was that most tracks are laid out strictly by guesswork.”

For guesswork, Moneypenny substituted thousands of hours of research, consultations with specialists in track design and scores of visits to other tracks, including Indianapolis.

Consider his obstacles:

- The track had to be 2.5 miles to qualify for international status.

- It had to be fitted into a 446 acre site.

- It had to accommodate speeds of 180 mph-plus, incorporating then current safety developments.

- It had to be laid out so that those in the grandstand could have an unobstructed view of the whole course. Bill France insisted on this, resulting in the odd “tri-oval” shape which, from the sky, resembles a Big “D.”

“Pop wanted every grandstand seat to be able to view a straightaway and a turn, so that’s why the dog-



Above: A huge acreage of pine trees, swamp and thick palmetto scrub was the site of the new race track. Bill France (above, with Benny Kahn) saw it as a super speedway. Engineer Charles Moneypenny led a construction crew which included Bill's oldest son, Bill. Together they carved a race track out of the woods. *Next page:* Giant tunnels, 14 feet wide, were positioned. A lake was created when earth movers dug deep for dirt to construct the massive earthen mounds which would become the turns. Asphalt paving machines were strung at the end of taut steel cables held by heavy vehicles to pave the sweeping 31-degree banked track. It came together in 10 months, an engineering and construction marvel.



leg was used," said Bill's youngest son, Jim France.

To meet the space limitations and to improve vision from the stands the track was shaped into a wide oval with an outward bulge in the north straight. To raise the speeds the turns were banked at 31 degrees. Builders dug a huge lake next to the backstretch and piled up the earth into mounds, then paved the sides of the mounds to make the turns.

The 44-acre lake was dubbed "Lake Lloyd" for J. Saxton Lloyd. Thomas T. Cobb, general counsel for The Daytona Beach Racing & Recreation Facilities District, said France wanted the track banked (hence the lake). "Indianapolis is two and one-half miles and they have the racing speed record now. When I get this track built I'll have it," said France.

The original grandstands were named for early speed kings of the beach, Campbell, Segrave, Old-

field, DePalma and Keech.

More than 928,000 cubic yards of dirt had to be excavated. A total of 67,000 square yards of asphalt was used for surfacing the roadway with an additional 55,000 square yards for paving the aprons, pit and grandstand areas. Twin tunnels of galvanized steel 250-feet long and 14 feet in diameter were installed at a cost of \$80,000.

Approximately 9,300 feet of extra heavy 10 guage steel was used in the track's guard rails which were supported by 1,500 posts at six-foot intervals. Consider:

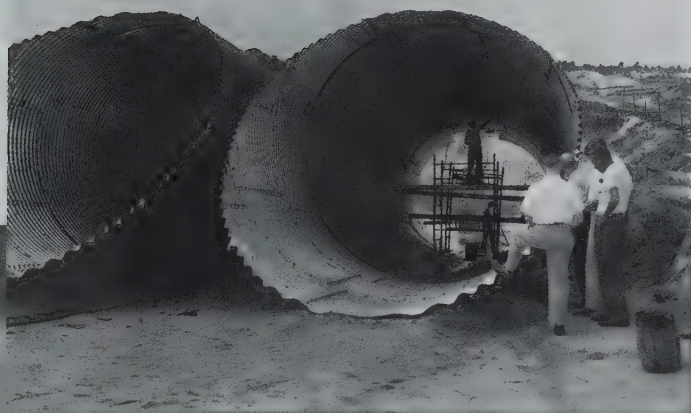
- More than seven miles of ditches were dug for drainage.

- A parking area for 35,000 cars was graded.

- A total of 3,000 feet of 3 1/2-foot concrete walls were built in front of the five grandstands for spectator protection. These walls were topped with a 10 foot safety fence.

The entire track was enclosed by a chain link fence 14,000 feet long and 10 feet high. The safety apron at the bottom of the elevated track was 12 to 30 feet wide.

All this was done in 10 months at an approximate cost of \$3 million.



THE BIG D - HOME OF THE DAYTONA 500

The Daytona 500-mile race is comprised of 200 laps around the 2.5-mile Daytona International Speedway. It is limited to American-made cars. The task is a simple one: Be the first driver to finish the 500-mile distance and you are the winner.

These 500 miles contain drama, pathos, excitement, danger, mayhem, happiness and sadness. It is a test of speed and daring. And luck always plays a role.

Some who have started the race have been seriously injured, or worse. Others have taken the green flag and driven into auto racing history.

The 500 is a decendent of the early automotive competitions on the beach. Its roots extend back to the daring drivers of bygone eras, Winton, Vanderbilt, Oldfield, DePalma, Lockhart, Segrave, Keech, Campbell, Flock, Teague.

There is no greater test of man and machine in American car racing than the Daytona 500 mile race.

A total of 35 Daytona 500s have been run. Once, it was the fastest race in the world, the track the fastest on earth.

The track still is the site of the fastest race ever run. In 1987 in the 50-mile Busch Clash, Bill Elliott drove a Ford Thunderbird to victory at an average speed of 197.802 mph. That speed stands today as the record recognized by the Guinness Book of Records (1993 edition).

Individual lap records at Talladega Superspeedway in Alabama, Michigan International Speedway and Indianapolis Motor Speedway; however, have eclipsed the current (1993) top speeds at Daytona.

The first Daytona 500 was run on February 22, 1959, at the new track five miles west of the famous old "Ocean Superspeedway" where Sir Malcolm Campbell had topped 276 mph. It was many miles west of the site of the old Beach-Road Course.

The weather for the first 500 was brisk and clear, and a keyed-up crowd of 47,000 turned out to witness auto racing history. I was one of those. Since then, I've only missed three 500s.

I won't forget the first time I walked up the incline and through the portico of the Sir Malcolm Campbell grandstand. I was 13.

My knees were knocking. It was so big. Surely cars could not stay on the sides of those paved mounds. What would hold them up? It was so loud. I smelled the scorched rubber of hot racing tires, the burned racing fuel from the exhaust pipes of the wildly painted and numbered racing cars. I felt the excitement and charged-up atmosphere.

I still feel it today.

Its immensity and the things man has done in that roaring bowl of speed still intimidate me and turn me back into a boy again.

There is no place like the Daytona International Speedway, and there is no race like the Daytona 500.



Right: An aerial view of Daytona International Speedway, shot on Daytona 500 day, 1988.



SPEED RECORDS SET ON THE BEACH COURSE



ORMOND AND DAYTONA BEACH LAND SPEED RECORDS

Date	Driver	Car	Speed (mph)
1904	W.K. Vanderbilt	Mercedes	92.30
1905	A. MacDonald	Napier	104.65
1905	H.L. Bowden	Mercedes	109.75*
1906	Fred Marriott	Stanley	127.66**
1910	Barney Oldfield	Benz	131.72
1911	Robert Burman	Benz	140.87***
1919	Ralph DePalma	Packard	149.88-x
1920	Tommy Milton	Duesenberg	156.03-xy
1922	Sig Haugdahl	Wisconsin	182.27-x
1927	H.O.D. Segrave	Sunbeam	203.79-z
1928	M. Campbell	Nap. - Camp.	206.96
1928	Ray Keech	Triplex	207.55
1929	H.O.D. Segrave	Irv. - Nap.	231.44
1931	M. Campbell	Nap. - Camp.	246.09
1932	M. Campbell	Nap. - Camp.	253.97
1933	M. Campbell	Nap. - Camp.	272.46
1935	M. Campbell	Camp. Spec.	276.82

*Overweight, twin engines.

**Steam-powered car.

***Not officially recognized.

x-American Record.

xy-American Record, one-way only.

z-First FIA certified "official" world record.



Top: Campbell's last run on the beach set a world record in 1935. Above: Official AAA timers recorded and certified most Land Speed Record runs.

FIRST BEACH RACE RESULTS

3.2-mile oval track.

March 8, 1936

1. Milt Marion, Ford V-8
2. Ben Shaw, Ford V-8
3. Tommy Elmore, Ford V-8
4. Sam Purvis, Ford V-8
5. Bill France, Ford V-8

BEACH ROAD COURSE RESULTS

NASCAR Grand National Races

4.1-mile oval track.

Race winners by year.

- 1949: Red Byron, Atlanta, Ga., Oldsmobile
- 1950: Harold Kite, Atlanta, Ga., Lincoln
- 1951: Marshall Teague, Daytona Beach, Hudson
- 1952: Marshall Teague, Daytona Beach, Hudson
- 1953: Bill Blair, High Point, N.C., Oldsmobile
- 1954: Lee Petty, Randleman, N.C., Chrysler
- 1955: Tim Flock, Atlanta, Ga., Chrysler
- 1956: Tim Flock, Atlanta, Ga., Chrysler
- 1957: Cotton Owens, Spartan., S.C., Pontiac
- 1958: Paul Goldsmith, St. Clair, Mich., Pontiac

DAYTONA-ORMOND RACE TRACKS

Five locations have been used in the Daytona Beach, Daytona Beach Shores and Ormond Beach area as either straight-line or oval "closed course" race tracks.

1904-1911

Ormond Beach "Flying Mile"

1912-1935

Daytona Beach "Measured Mile"

1936-1941

Daytona Beach "Beach Road Course" (3.2 miles)

1948-1958

Daytona Beach "Beach Road Course" (4.1 miles)

1959-1994

Daytona International Speedway (2.5 miles)

FATALITIES OF BEACH RACING

1905: Frank Croker and French mechanic

1928: Frank Lockhart

1929: Lee Bible and photographer Charles Straub

1955: Alfred Briggs

THE DAYTONA 500[®]



It only takes about three hours, but the 500 can change a driver's life. Triumph and tragedy, spectacle and drama ride on the high banks. To win Daytona is to win stock car racing's biggest prize and a touch of immortality.

1959

The first Daytona 500 late model championship NASCAR Grand National stock car race took place on a bright, clear Sunday — February 22, 1959.

Most of those who came didn't know what to expect.

The mammoth track, billed as the world's fastest, opened with tests on February 1. Sixty-five hundred fans turned out to see Glenn "Fireball" Roberts, 29, turn a lap at 145.77 mph in a modified racing Ford, an unheard of speed for a "stock" car. At Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the fastest lap ever turned at that time was 148 mph.

"The only limit on the speed is how fast the car will go and how fast you've got the nerve to drive it," said Roberts. Following Roberts' test drive, Bill France himself turned a lap at 114 mph in a Pontiac convertible to "test" his track.

Curious race fans turned out in force to see the first race. Among them was Texas millionaire Clint Murchison Jr., the man who had arranged a \$500,000 construction loan to help build the track. He drove the pace car.

What the fans saw that day was a race run at a blistering pace, the fastest stock car race in history. There were no cautions. Almost every person was standing for the final 47 miles of the race as Lee Petty in an Oldsmobile and Johnny Beauchamp in a Thunderbird swapped the lead. Joe Weatherly was also running fast with them, but he was a lap down.

On the last lap, Beauchamp dove low into the tri-oval and appeared — at first — to nip Petty at the finish line. The checkered flag flapped in the face of

Feb. 22, 1959*

1. Lee Petty, Olds, 200.
2. Johnny Beauchamp, T-Bird, 200.
3. Jack Griffith, Pontiac, 199.
4. Cotton Owens, Pontiac, 199.
5. Joe Weatherly, Chevy, 199.

Margin of victory: 18 inches.

Average speed: 135.521 mph.

Winner's purse: \$18,000

*Petty declared winner on Feb. 24,

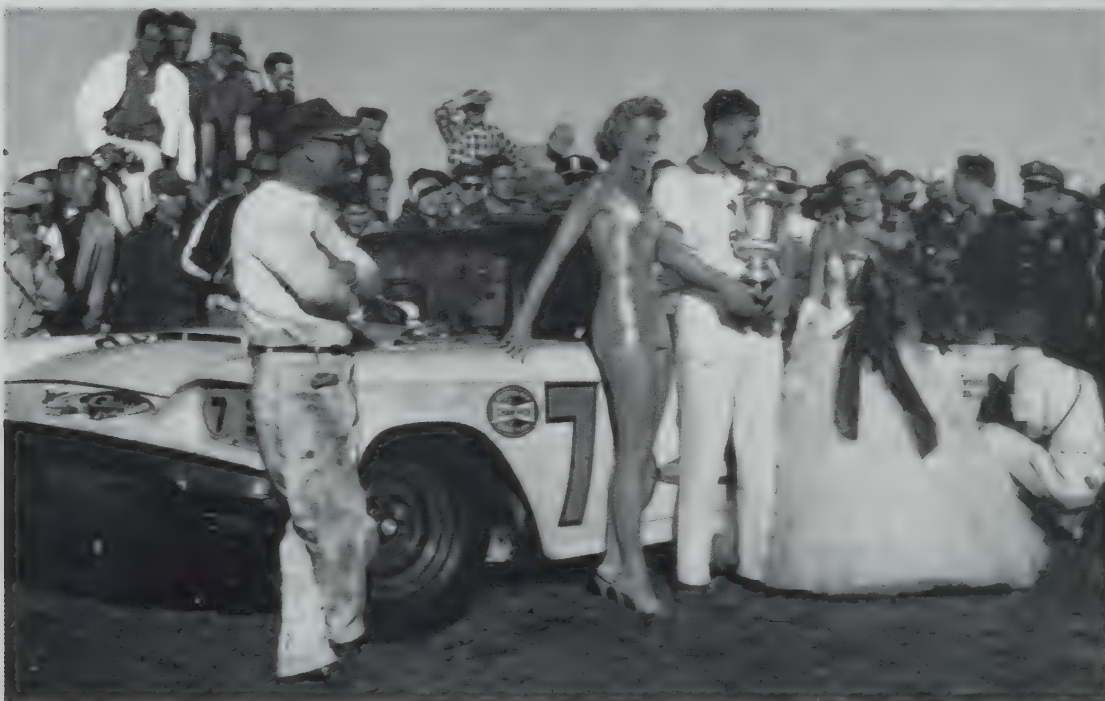
61 hours after finish of first annual Daytona 500-mile race, following reviews of photo finish.

chief steward John Bruner, Sr., obscuring his view. France and other race officials had gone to the finish line from their tower seats, but it was too close to call from that angle. Who won?

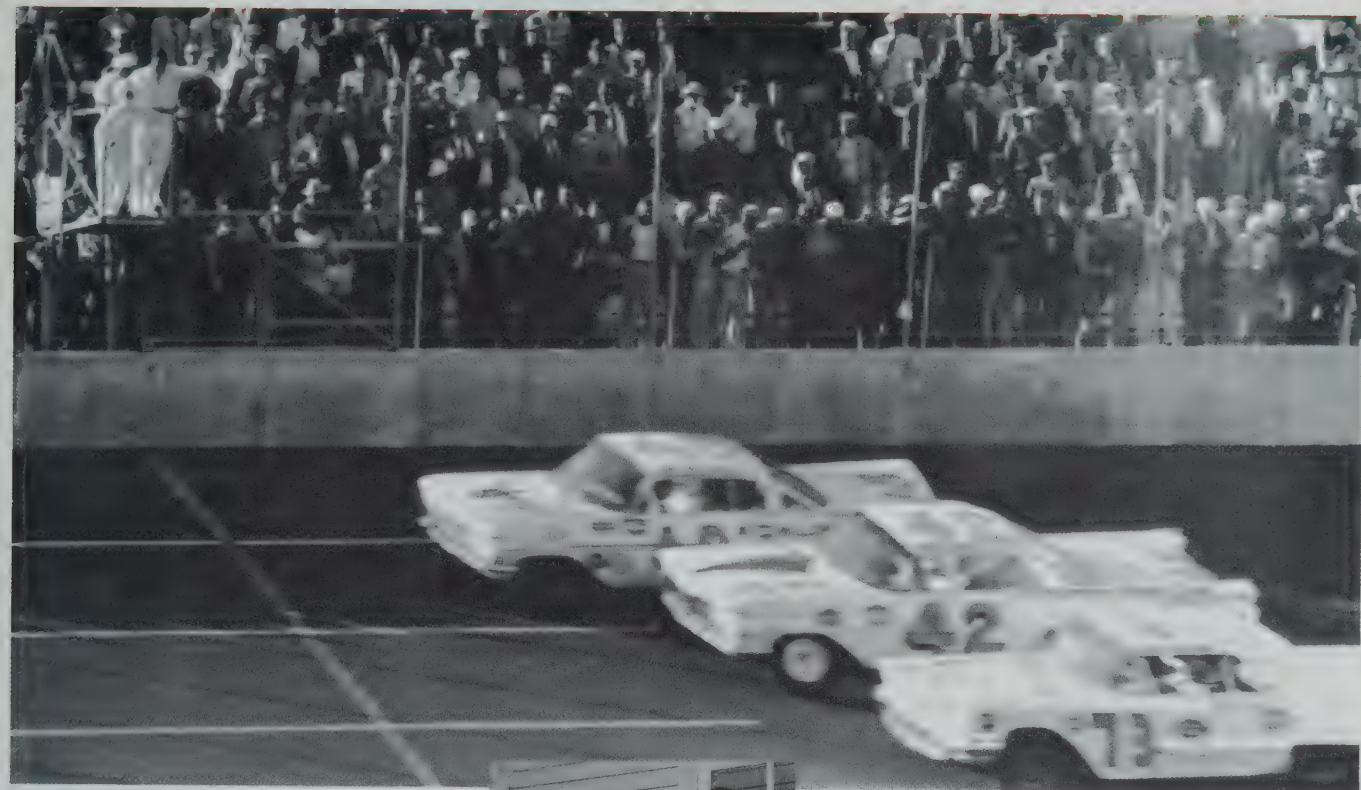
News-Journal Sports Editor Bernard Kahn quickly polled press row, asking writers seated closest to the finish line who had won. Most said Petty by about a foot. However, France declared Beauchamp the unofficial winner and the Harlan, Iowa, driver went to Victory Lane to celebrate. So did Petty. But Petty left after France's announcement that Beauchamp was the "unofficial" temporary winner.

For days the decision was pondered. The News-Journal ran a request on its front page for any photographer who had a shot of the finish to come forward. Two days later, France was still studying films of the finish provided by Hearst Metrotone Newsreel. Amateur photographer Bob Torbal of Duluth, Minnesota, had snapped a key photo on 120 speed film from the pit area.

The News-Journal ran Speedway photographer Taylor Warren's shot of the finish over the masthead on Monday morning.



Above: Johnny Beauchamp got the kisses in Victory Lane, but Lee Petty won the race. Preceding page: Fins and the "winged" look characterized Richard Petty's (43) 1960 Plymouth, Bobby Johns' (3) 1959 Pontiac and Jack Smith's (47) 1960 Pontiac in the 1960 Daytona 500.



Above: Petty (42) and Beauchamp (73) take the checkered flag. Weatherly (48) was a lap down. *Left:* Then the waiting began for Petty. Finally he heard by telephone he had been declared the winner.

Jack Jessee, chief News-Journal photographer, studied the Torbal negative carefully and a contact print as well. He said, "In my mind this is conclusive proof that car No. 42 (Petty) reached the finish line first," said Jessee.



Finally, at six p.m. on February 25, 61 hours after Petty and Beauchamp came across the finish line in a virtual dead heat, Lee Petty was officially declared the winner of the first Daytona 500. "I was never worried," said Petty, who was staying at a beachside motel. Calm and collected, he didn't rush to NASCAR headquarters to collect his first place purse of \$19,000 and his trophy right away.

"I'm still eating my supper and I'm going to finish it," he told reporters. "This is a pretty good piece of ham and, man, I'm hungry."

"Congratulations, Lee," said France when he phoned Petty with the news. "From the angle I saw the finish I thought Beauchamp had won."

France had gotten a lot of mileage out of the disputed finish. He'd also had a good payday. On Sun-

day, when asked about the gate for the weekend, France replied, "I had hoped for \$500,000. I think we made it. We had \$369,000 in the till Saturday night and I don't see how we could have helped picking up \$125,000-\$150,000 yesterday. But, we owe every cent of it."



Lee Petty was 44 at the time and had driven the only Oldsmobile sedan in the field of 59 cars which started. Lee's son, Richard, had driven an Olds convertible and had completed only eight laps, finishing fifty-seventh. Beauchamp took the news of his defeat bitterly and refused comment.

After three hours, 41 minutes, 22 seconds of racing, and 61 hours of waiting as hundreds of photographs of the finish were analyzed, the first 500 was history.

Strangely, it had ended almost the way the legendary first race on Ormond Beach in 1902 between Ransom Olds and Alexander Winton — in a tie.

1960

Feb. 14, 1960

1. Junior Johnson, Chevy, 200.
2. Bobby Johns, Pontiac, 200.
3. Richard Petty, Plymouth, 200.
4. Lee Petty, Plymouth, 200.
5. Loy Allen, Chevy, 199.

Margin of victory: 23 seconds.

Average speed: 124.740 mph.

Winner's purse: \$20,000.

Three separate incidents made the 1960 race memorable. First, there was an explosive crash. Then, a strange phenomenon. Swirling wind turbulence at previously unknown high stock car racing speeds, struck the leader in the late stages costing him victory. Finally, unheralded longshot, Robert "Junior" Johnson discovered the art of "drafting," which carried him to triumph.

A Thunderbird, driven by Tommy Herbert, a substitute not even listed on the official entry sheet, crashed coming off the West Bank. The car smashed into the guard rail, ripping out a complete section. The car disintegrated after impact flinging its engine and pieces of transmission and wheels into the sky. The chassis landed upside down. The wreckage caused H.T. "Pappy" Crane to roll his Chevrolet trying to avoid Herbert.

Herbert received a compound fracture of the right arm and a serious injury to his left eye.

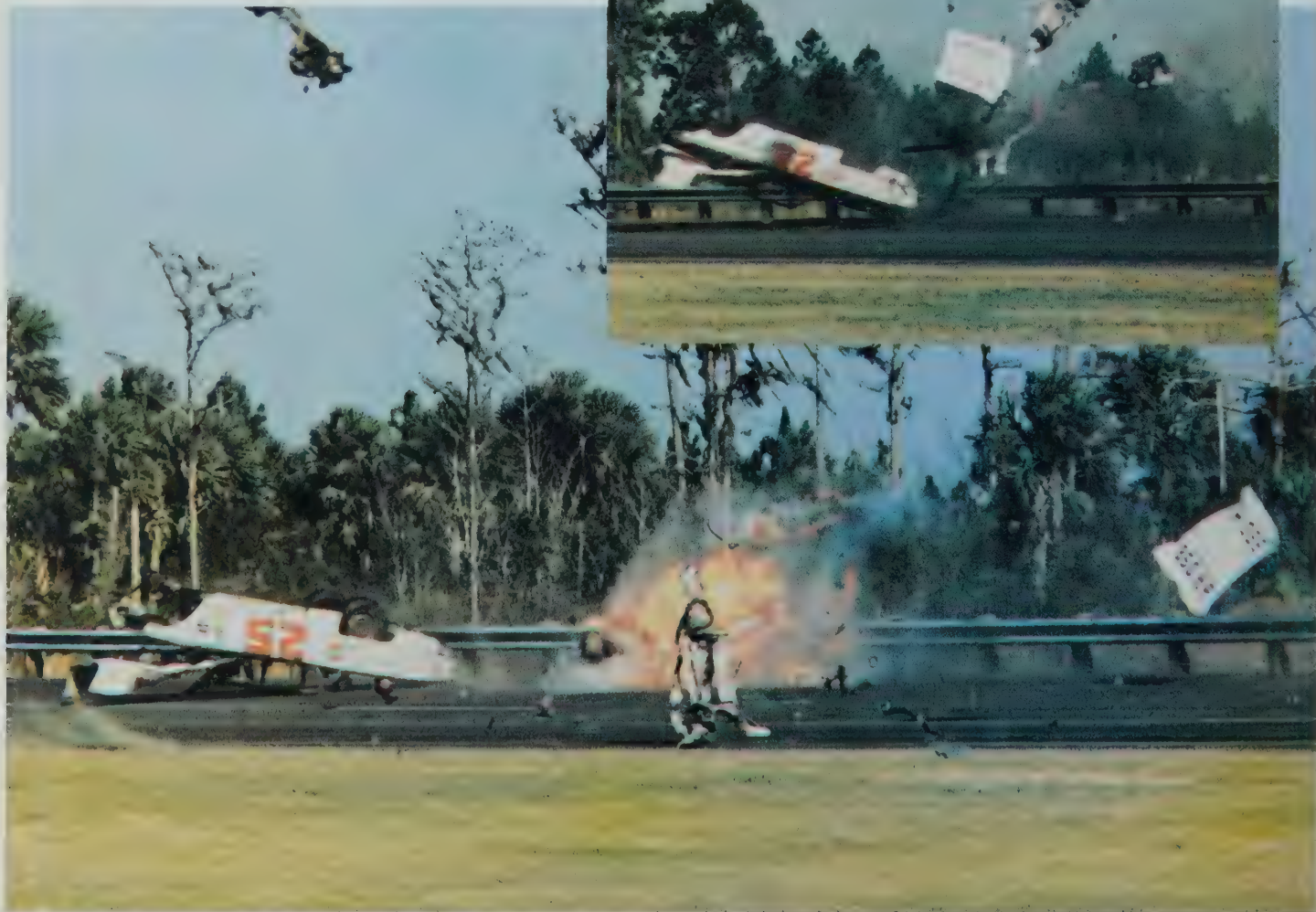
A crowd of 50,000 spectators turned out for the second annual 500. They sat shivering in the cold watching a race marred by 21 accidents, ranging from

end-over-end flips to fires.

Johnson, a rugged, strapping, chicken farmer from Ronda, North Carolina, kept plugging along, in his underpowered 1959 Chevrolet, owned by Daytona Beach Kennel Club officials. Johnson's white No. 27 Chevy was sucked along on the rear bumper of faster cars. The technique was to become known as "drafting." In one afternoon, Johnson discovered and mastered the art, using the slipstream off faster cars to make his own car more competitive. It has been practiced at Daytona ever since.

"I had a real simple strategy," said Johnson, "I just

Right and below: Tommy Herbert's Ford flies apart on the backstretch spraying the engine, axles, wheels and transmission parts sky-high.



went flat out and hoped for the best. I never did hold it down. I caught a lot of rides. I was getting help from Jack Smith." (Smith was driving a hot Pontiac.)

Miami's Bobby Johns appeared to have the race won, piloting his Pontiac tuned by Daytona Beach's "Smokey" Yunick. He was seven seconds ahead with 25 miles remaining and was pulling away when — suddenly — the rear window of his race car caved in. The wild wind turbulence spun his car around — an \$11,000 spin — as Johnson went past to post his upset victory. He beat Johns by 28 seconds. First place paid Johnson \$20,000. Second place was worth about \$9,000 to Johns.

No one was more surprised by the victory than Johnson, who had been signed to drive his Chevy only a few weeks earlier. A close second was Johnson's fiancée, a telephone company employee named Flossie Clark, who said she was "shaking all over during the last 20 laps."

The chief mechanic on the car was Daytona Beach's Ray Fox, a one-time employee of Yunick's, who had opened his own speed shop. "I built that car (the winning Chevy) in exactly seven days. We made four pit stops and changed the tires once," said Fox.

Sixty-eight cars had started the race and only 36 were running at the finish. Richard Petty placed third. Fourth was the winner of the first 500, Lee Petty, driving in his final 500.

Asked what he planned to do with his 40 percent portion of the purse (about \$8,000), Johnson characteristically drawled:

"Spend it, I reckon."



Above right: Fire struck George Green's 1958 Chevrolet. While racers are superstitious about the color green, the soft-spoken soldier named Green had good luck. He escaped this towering inferno, losing only his shoes. He stalked about the pit area in stocking feet after the crash. *Above:* In Victory Lane, Johnson proudly hefted the Daytona 500 championship trophy given him by one of the Speedway's early beauty queens.

1961

Feb. 26, 1961

1. Marvin Panch, Pontiac, 200.
2. Joe Weatherly, Pontiac, 200.
3. Paul Goldsmith, Pontiac, 200.
4. Fred Lorenzen, Ford, 198.
5. Cotton Owens, Pontiac, 198.
Margin of victory: 16 seconds.
Average speed: 149.601 mph.
Winner's purse: \$20,750.

Daytona Beach was warm and pretty Sunday, February 26, 1961, as Daytona Beach's Marvin "Pancho" Panch drove his "Smokey" Yunick-prepared Pontiac to victory in the 500.

Another Daytona Beach driver, Glenn "Fireball" Roberts, appeared to have the race won. He was Panch's teammate and also driving a Yunick Pontiac, owned by Daytona Beach automobile dealer Jim Stephens. Bad luck ripped apparent victory from Roberts in the race's late stages.

Panch hung on and won the crash-free race. In doing so, set a new world record for a 500-mile automobile race, 149.601 mph.

Daytona hero Roberts was saddled with the yoke of a non-winner again in his home town, and it was eating him up. He'd had strong cars and come up empty in the 1959 and 1960 races.

A crowd of 65,000 watched as pole-sitter Roberts led all the way except for eight early laps. Perhaps 1961 would break his jinx.

"Fireball" was more than a full lap ahead of Panch when smoke started billowing from his black and gold No. 22 car. Only 13 laps remained when the starter dropped from Roberts' car, hit the asphalt track, bounced back up and punctured the oilpan underneath the car. Engine oil spewed on the track. A broken crankshaft put Roberts out.

"Fireball" was bitter in defeat. The dejected driver sat on a stack of tires in his deserted pit, sobbing in frustration as the last laps of the race clicked off. News-Journal

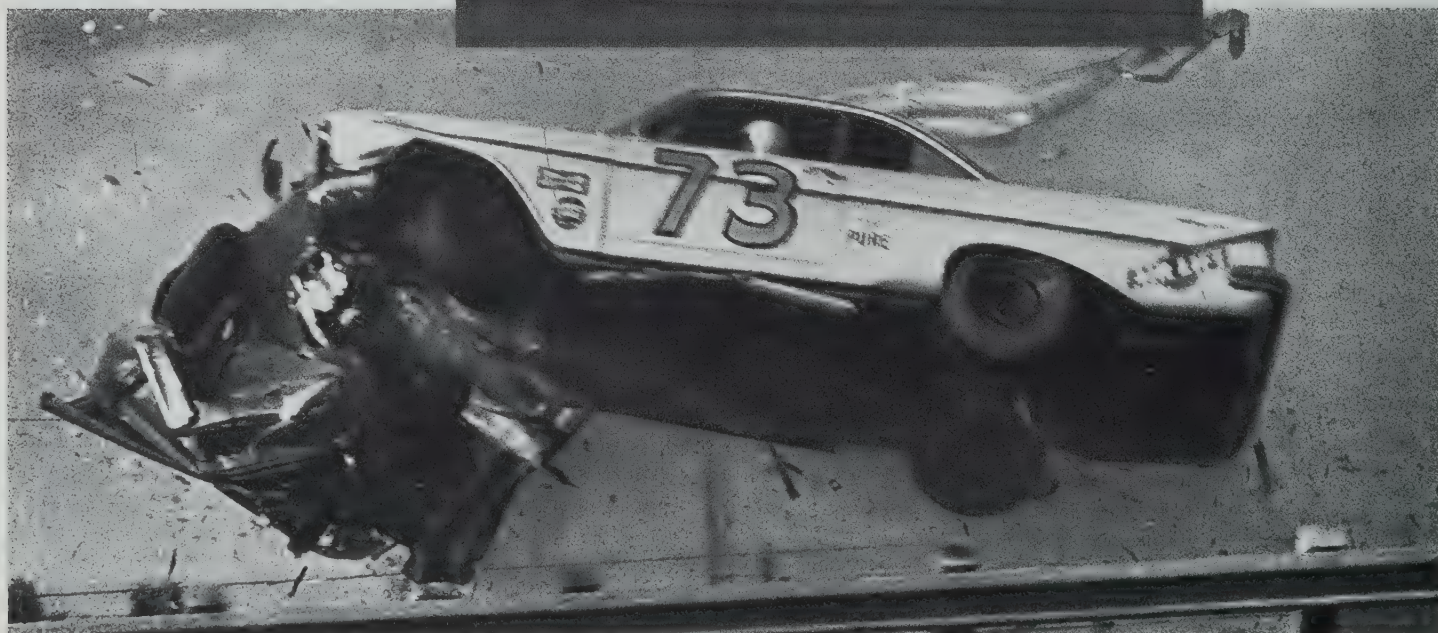
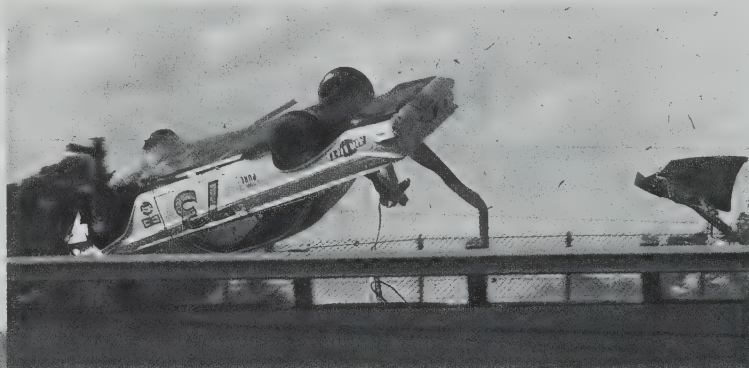
sports writer Tom Brown approached.

"Somebody shoved a paper cup of soft drink into his (Roberts') hands but nobody spoke to him. His grief was too deep, his agony wrenching him apart," wrote Brown. "Yunick placed an arm around 'Fireball's' shoulder and muttered sympathy. When all were gone from the pit, Roberts rose to his feet and, with a deep curse, hurled the crumpled cup to the ground."

"I can't win here," said Roberts. "I just can't win a big one here. The only big race I ever won in Daytona was on the beach and they took that one away from me. What the hell's with this place that I can't win here?"

"The best car, the best mechanic and pit crew — just coasting along — and then, bang. It's all shot to hell. A whole year's planning and work and expense.

"The thing that really gets me is that not once all afternoon did I have to punish the car. Not once did



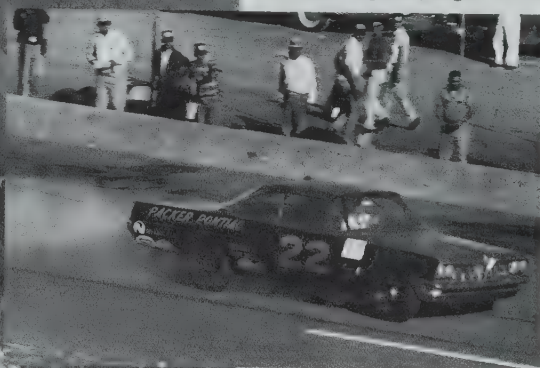
Above: Some thought bad blood may have been the motivation for a crash involving Lee Petty and Johnny Beauchamp in a qualifying race for the 1961 500, but both drivers denied that. Petty's car was pushed out of the Speedway in the East Bank by Beauchamp (73). The same two drivers had fought for the 1959 win, with Beauchamp losing to Petty.



I put my foot in it all the way around. And then a screwball thing like that starter coming loose happens. Why?"

A kid asked for Roberts' autograph and "Fireball" said softly, "Not now, son, I don't feel much like writing right now. Maybe I'll feel like it in a few minutes."

Panch was 34 years old. His tiny, vivacious wife, Betty, cheered him on in the final laps, jumping up and down and shouting, "Come on Daddy come on come on! Take it easy, Daddy...don't burn it up like 'Fireball.' Take it easy. Please don't blow this one," she kept saying. Panch, who owned a local go-kart



company, said he had tried to stay within sight of Roberts during most of the race. "He never lapped me on the track," said Panch. Roberts only pitted three times. Panch confessed he would have been happy to settle for second place. "Yeah," he said, "because I knew he could out run me. Not much I could do about it." Fifty-eight cars began the race. Joe Weatherly was second. He did not change tires the entire 500 miles. Third was Paul Goldsmith, who had won the last race on the old Beach Road Course in 1958.



Two star drivers missed the race due to an occurrence suitable for "Ripley's Believe It or Not." Lee Petty's car had been knocked "out of the ballpark" (over the racetrack guard rail) in a qualifying

race collision with Johnny Beauchamp. Petty, whose car landed near the Speedway offices on its roof, was seriously injured. His son, Richard, was launched out of the track the same day in an earlier qualifying race. Richard flew out over the West Bank: Lee sailed over the East Bank.

It has never happened again at Daytona.

Nursing injuries, neither Lee nor Richard competed in the 500 that year. Lee drove several races in 1962 after he recovered, but finally quit, saying it had ceased to be fun.

Above: It may have been warm, sunny and wonderful for the huge crowd, but it was a bitter day for "Fireball" Roberts. *Top Inset:* Roberts' strong black and gold Pontiac (22) suffered flukish bad luck 13 laps from the finish. *Middle Inset:* Marvin Panch celebrated with the 500 trophy, Miss Autolite and his two children, Marvette and Richie.

1962

Feb. 18, 1962

1. Fireball Roberts, Pontiac, 200.
 2. Richard Petty, Plymouth, 200.
 3. Joe Weatherly, Pontiac, 199.
 4. Jack Smith, Pontiac, 199.
 5. Fred Lorenzen, Ford, 199.
- Margin of victory: 27 seconds.
Average speed: 152.529 mph.
Winner's purse: \$24,100.

A tormented, tough-luck guy, "Fireball" Roberts finally won the Daytona 500 on a warm, wonderful Sunday, February 18, 1962.

Hometown hero Roberts owned the world during the 1962 Speed Weeks as he rocketed around the track like a ball of fire. Roberts set a new world speed record for a 500-mile race. He sped 152.529 mph in his black and gold No. 22 Pontiac owned by local automobile dealer Jim Stephens and prepared by Daytona Beach mechanic Henry "Smokey" Yunick.

"Fireball," who got his nickname as a baseball pitcher at Daytona Beach's Seabreeze High School and the University of Florida, almost was outdone by bad luck, as he had been in three previous 500s. Twice he ran out of gas — before his first and second pit stops — and had to coast to the pits. It was a charging victory for the driver jinxed by engine troubles in 1959, 1960 and 1961.

"Fireball's" wife, Doris, was crying with joy. "I'm so happy for the 500 victory," she said between sobs. "He has just driven his cotton pickin' heart out on this track trying to win the big one." His daughter Pam, 10, enthused: "My daddy won the race!"

Below: Roberts (22) drafted with Junior Johnson (27) early in the race. Bumper-to-bumper they circled the track at a blistering pace, wearing out the competition. Finally, Johnson faded and Roberts was alone.

"Fireball" was a very superstitious race driver. On this day he was relieved to get past the 187th lap (13 left to race). With 13 laps remaining in the 1961 race he'd suffered a freak engine failure which put him out when he appeared headed to victory.

This year, he worried the entire race about a kiss he had gotten before it started.

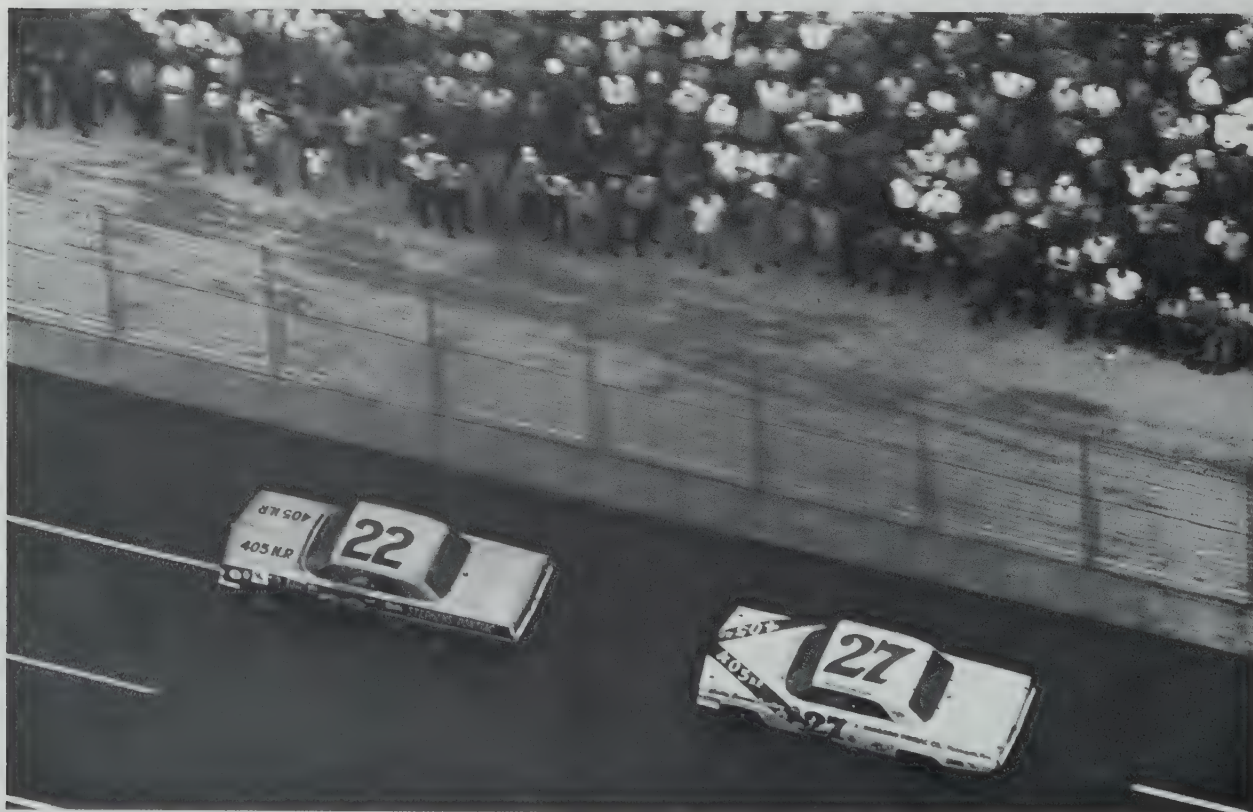
News-Journal Sports Editor "Benny" Kahn asked "Fireball" before the race how he felt.

"I dunno," he drawled. "I was feeling real good until a little while ago. You remember what I once told you happened to me 10 years ago before a race when a beauty queen came up and gave me a kiss for photographers. I cracked up in that race. Since then I haven't let anyone, not even my wife, kiss me before a race.

"But a while ago Mary (Ann) Mobley came up and surprised me by kissing me all of a sudden. It liked to scared me to death."

When "Fireball" crossed the finish line as the winner, one of the first things he said was, "She (Miss Mobley) broke the jinx on me at Daytona."

Miss Mobley, a Mississippian who won the Miss America title in 1959, said she was sorry for kissing





Top: During the latter stages, Roberts ran a high groove while Richard Petty, in a Plymouth, hung on in the draft. Petty got the most out of his underpowered car, but never posed a serious threat to Roberts. *Above:* Buck Baker (87) crashed hard, taking a section of guardrail with him. Baker was knocked out, but recovered.

Roberts before the race, when she learned he was superstitious, but glad now that he'd won. She was "Miss Speed Weeks" that year.

"I knew race drivers were superstitious," she said. "Like, I didn't wear green in the pits today. I saw 'Fireball' walking in the pits and he said, 'I'll wait to get that kiss at the end of the race.' I acted impulsively and just reached up and kissed him on the cheek for luck." Miss Mobley kissed "Fireball" again at the end of the race.

Roberts' win completed what Kahn called "the

greatest grand slam in the long and colorful annals of Daytona Beach racing: a world record for 500 miles (152.529 mph), a two-lap time trials pole winning speed (158.744), a 25-mile pole position race record (156.440) and a 100-mile race record victory in the qualifying event (156.999)."

Roberts, who had anticipated the car would run 100 miles on a tank of gas, planned four pit stops. However, the car ran only 98 miles on fuel, so Yonick pulled him in five times. Only two right side tires were changed in 500 miles.

Forty-seven cars started the race. Roberts and second-place Richard Petty (27 seconds behind at the checkered flag) were the only two to complete the full distance. Petty used the draft effectively to stay on Roberts' heels and made only four pit stops. He went the entire distance on the same set of tires.

"I just didn't know if I would make it," cried "Fireball." "I really sweated out those last 10 laps. This is a dream come true. I slowed down the last 50 miles. I breathed the car in both turns after I went flat out with 'Junior' (Johnson, in the draft) early in the race."

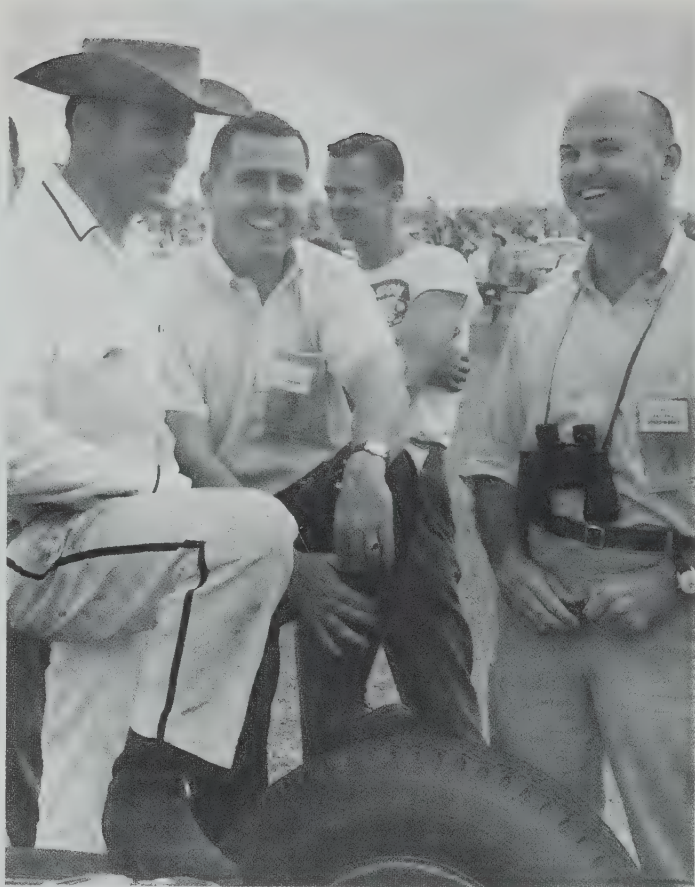
"'Fireball' followed instructions to a T," said Yunick. "He just drove her flat out, belly to the ground, as we planned."

It was to be the last race for Yunick and Roberts as a team. Yunick announced he was quitting stock cars to build Indianapolis-type race cars exclusively (he did come back the following season).

"No more encores, this was it, my last stock car race in 1962 and maybe for good," said Yunick. The famed black and gold Pontiac Roberts drove to victory was put up for sale.

Both Roberts and Yunick praised Richard Petty, who had run a clever race.

"Petty played it smart and deserves a lot of credit," said Yunick. "I didn't expect to see a Plymouth up there, but he used the draft to the utmost." Said Roberts, "He (Petty) didn't put any pressure on me, but I'll say this. That boy Richard Petty did a wonderful job of driving. He just drove the hell out of that car. He must have picked up five miles an hour."



Above: Wife, Doris, gets a victory hug from her husband "Fireball" Roberts after the race. Former Miss America, Mary Ann Mobley, left, holds the trophy ready to give to the Daytona Beach driver. *Above right:* Yunick, with light-colored cowboy hat, shares a light moment before the race with several NASA astronauts from nearby Cape Canaveral, who were guests of the Speedway for the race.

1963

Feb. 24, 1963

1. Tiny Lund, Ford, 200.
2. Fred Lorenzen, Ford, 200.
3. Ned Jarrett, Ford, 200.
4. Nelson Stacy, Ford, 199.
5. Dan Gurney, Ford, 199.

Margin of victory: 24 seconds.

Average speed: 151.566 mph.

Winner's purse: \$24,600.

Drenching rain and a squall with winds of more than 50 miles per hour could not chase away the largest crowd in the history of stock car racing on Sunday, February 24, 1963.

The enthusiastic crowd of 75,000, waited through a one hour, 26-minute rain delay followed by 500 miles of racing to see Dewayne "Tiny" Lund chug home a winner as a late February sun set. Lund was a substitute driver. He was named by brothers Glen and Leonard Wood at the last minute to drive their race car for Marvin Panch, who was recuperating from burns suffered 11 days earlier.

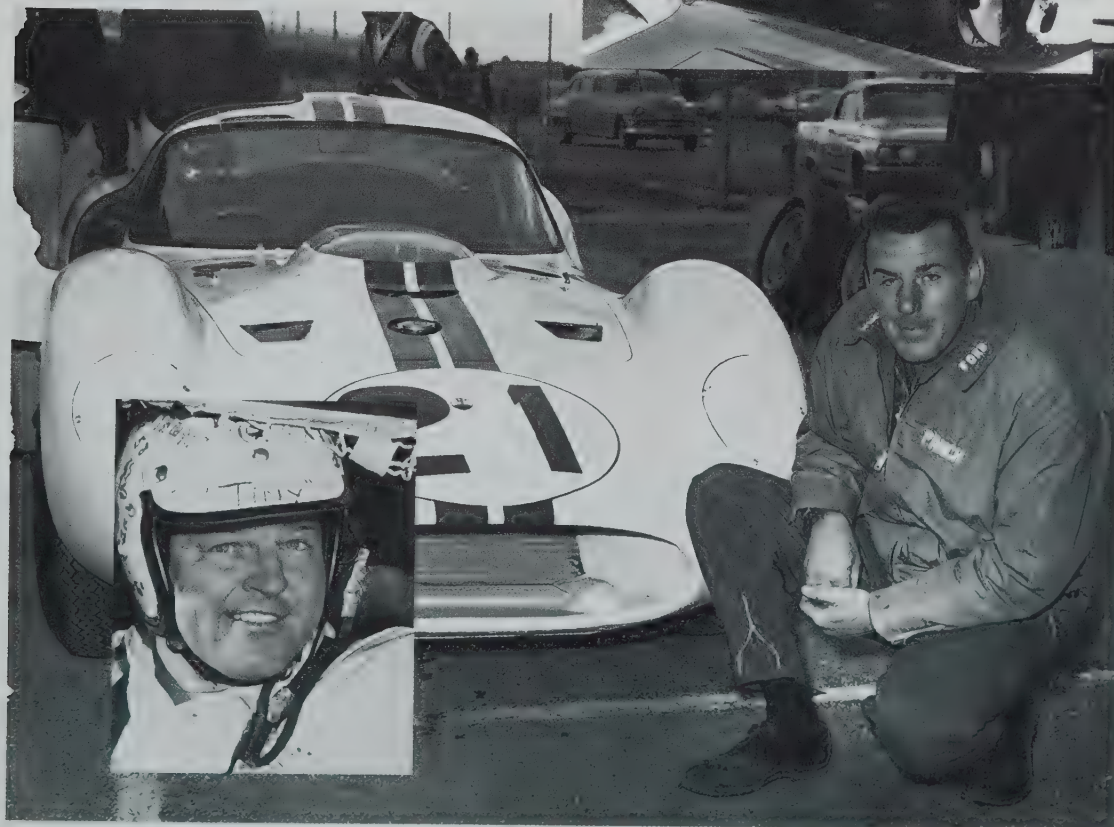
Lund was one of five men who pulled Panch from a burning Maserati-Ford which he crashed while testing, thus saving his life. The Wood Brothers, who owned Panch's Ford, asked Lund, at Panch's request, if he would fill in for injured Marvin. Gladly, Tiny accepted.

Nicknamed "Tiny" because he stood 6 foot 5 and weighed 270 pounds, Lund coasted across the finish line completely out of gas. It was his first major victory in 18 years of racing. Fred Lorenzen finished second, and Ned Jarrett was third. Lorenzen and Jarrett pitted late in the race for gas as Lund and the Wood Brothers did not, gambling they could make it.

"I'm so tickled I have to pinch myself to see if I'm awake," said the fishing camp operator from Cross, South Carolina. "Honey," he said to his wife, "we can

buy that land down the road now." He collected \$24,600 of a \$100,000 purse, the richest in NASCAR history. He gave the recuperating Panch a 10 percent share of his winnings. Lund made four pit stops and changed no tires. The first 10 laps of the event were run under caution to dry the track (a first for stock car racing.)

A group of seven U.S. Auto Club drivers, rivals to the NASCAR drivers, were competing in the race. Fifth-place finisher Dan Gurney, a rookie in stock car racing, finished highest among the group which included A.J. Foyt.



Inset: Good Samaritan "Tiny" Lund, was rewarded for a good deed. Eleven days before the 500, Marvin Panch had crashed a Maserati-Ford experimental sports car and Lund helped pull him from the wreckage.

1964

It was chilly, clear and sunny on Sunday, February 23, 1964, when Richard Petty began writing history at the "Big D".

Before a crowd of 82,500, Petty drove to a run-away victory in the sixth annual 500, scoring the first of his seven victories in stock car racing's biggest event.

Petty, 26, drove an electric blue Plymouth while his father, Lee, injured in a crash at Daytona in 1961, directed the team from the pits. Chief mechanic on the car was Richard's younger brother, Maurice. Cousin Dale Inman was in the Petty pits also.

Finishing a distant second was Jimmy Pardue, who was one minute, nine seconds (more than a full lap) behind the flying Petty.

Florida Governor Farris Bryant and Henry Ford II were among those in the crowd, which was the largest in Florida sports history.

It was the first major racing victory for the young North Carolinian. In Victory Lane, he posed with Miss Japan.

After the race, asked his feelings, Petty said, "This is my first major track stock car win and I plan to make it a habit. I wouldn't even try to predict future speeds in this business, there's no limit." Paul Goldsmith, who had won the final race on the old Beach-Road Course in 1958, was third.

Wrecks and crashes took their toll on some of the

Below: Petty took the green flag on the front row under chief steward John Bruner, Sr.'s, watchful eyes. Bruner's vantage point was a vulnerable one. *Right:* Petty receives his trophy, the first of seven he would win in the 500.

Feb. 23, 1964

1. Richard Petty, Plymouth, 200.
2. Jimmy Pardue, Plymouth, 199.
3. Paul Goldsmith, Plymouth, 198.
4. Marvin Panch, Ford, 198.
5. Jim Paschal, Dodge, 197.

Margin of victory: 1 min., 9 sec. (1 lap, plus).

Average speed: 154.334 mph.

Winner's purse: \$35,300

front runners that day. Johnny Rutherford, who was to win Indianapolis 500 three times, scraped 2,000 feet down the backstretch on his car's roof in a harrowing crash. He was not seriously injured.



1965

Rain struck the seventh Daytona 500 in 1965 and forced officials to shorten the scheduled 200 lap race to 133. Instead of 500 miles, racers ran only 332.5 miles.

It remains the shortest 500 and one of the strangest. The winner never saw the checkered flag. Someone had stolen it.

Fred Lorenzen, nicknamed "Fearless" by fellow drivers because of his pre-race jitters, was in front in his factory-backed Holman-Moody Ford when officials called the race. Lorenzen had been leading when a late yellow flag had slowed the field. Moments later a huge rainstorm wiped out the rest of the race. Lorenzen was declared the winner.

Lorenzen's victory, before 78,000, gave him a victory at every existing NASCAR superspeedway at the time, a "Grand Slam." In addition to Daytona, NASCAR superspeedways were in Darlington, Charlotte and Atlanta.

Lorenzen had driven away from a controversial late-race duel with Marvin Panch.

The "fender rubbing" between Lorenzen and Panch brought out the last caution of the race, after Panch spun. The right front fender on Lorenzen's Ford was heavily damaged. It pinched in on the right front tire, causing it to go flat. The car looked strange parked on pit road with a flat tire. If the race had been restarted, the Holman-Moody team would have been in trouble because repairs could not be made until racing resumed.

Bill France had a pretty bad day all around. Not only did his famous "Bill France weather" not appear, he also had to endure a personal humiliation. France was escorting General Curtis LeMay, retired Air Force Chief of Staff, when he was stopped by a female spe-

Feb. 14, 1965*

1. Fred Lorenzen, Ford, 133.
2. Darel Dieringer, Mercury, 132.
3. Bobby Johns, Ford, 132.
4. Earl Balmer, Mercury, 132.
5. Ned Jarrett, Ford, 132.

Margin of victory: Under caution, rain.

Average speed: 141.539 mph.

Winner's purse: \$28,600.

*Race called at 133 laps, 332.5 miles, due to rain.

cial deputy assigned to guard the entrance to the Speedway's VIP tower box. She refused to allow France access to the VIP tower.

"Sorry, sir," she said, "you don't have proper credentials. I can't let you in." LeMay had the proper credential and went ahead. Not bothering to argue the point, France reached into his wallet and came up with a gold plated lifetime pass which was supposed to allow the bearer access to any place on the track. Only a handful of these had been issued.

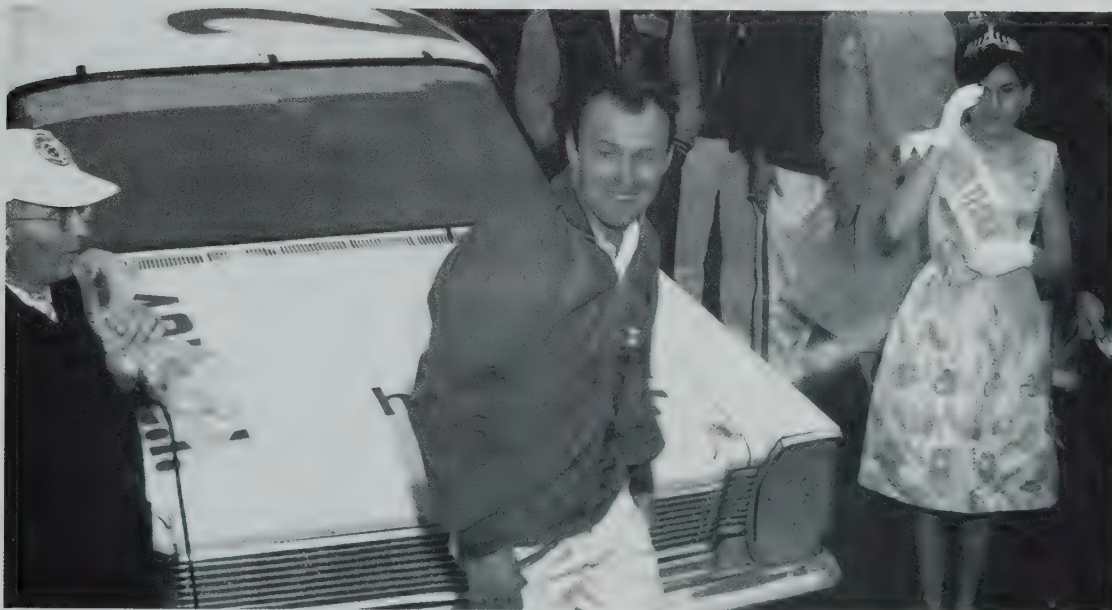
The deputy took a look and said: "Sorry, I've never seen one of those and I haven't been told about them. I can't let you in."

France, unexcitable and unperturbed as usual, simply shrugged and walked off. He borrowed the proper credentials from a nearby friend and came back to be admitted to his own VIP box.

And what had happened to the checkered flag?

Official NASCAR flagman, John Bruner, Jr. never found out. He said he suspected some souvenir hunter had stolen it during one of the long rain delays when he took shelter away from the flagstand.

He said he noticed the flag was missing when he returned to the scoring stand before the decision was reached to halt the race at the short distance. "Since the race didn't go the scheduled 500 miles, the checkered flag wasn't needed anyway," grinned Bruner. "Somebody got a souvenir."



Above: As an announcer, left, hides the flat tire and dented right front fender, Fred Lorenzen exults in his Daytona 500 victory in the Holman-Moody Ford. Miss Teenage America, right, seems a bit intimidated by the moment.

1966

Feb. 27, 1966*

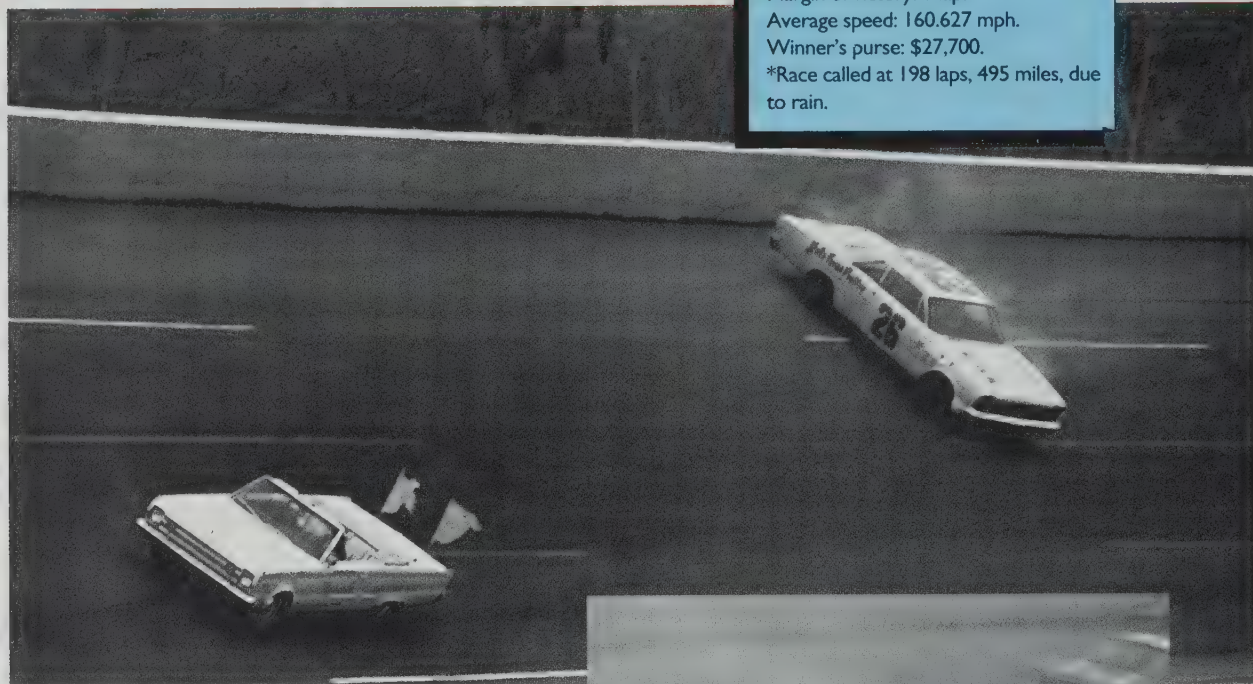
1. Richard Petty, Plymouth, 198.
2. Cale Yarborough, Ford, 197.
3. David Pearson, Dodge, 196.
4. Fred Lorenzen, Ford, 196.
5. Sam McQuagg, Dodge, 195.

Margin of victory: 1 lap.

Average speed: 160.627 mph.

Winner's purse: \$27,700.

*Race called at 198 laps, 495 miles, due to rain.



On a misty Sunday, February 27, 1966, Richard Petty drove to his second Daytona 500 victory. In doing so, Petty became the race's first two-time winner.

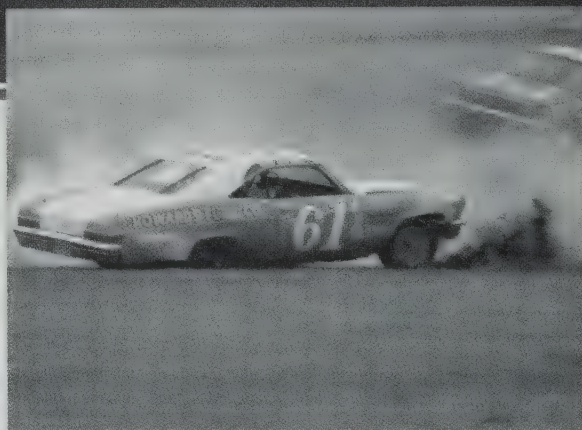
Petty won the eighth annual 500 in his electric blue Plymouth powered by an engine of "hemispherical" design. The victory, before an estimated 91,700, christened Petty with the nickname: "King Richard, the 'hemi-hearted.'" Later, after a few more victories, that was shortened to simply "King Richard."

The race was shortened two laps by rain, resulting in a completed distance of 495 miles. But no one could have caught Petty's blazing Plymouth even if they'd run another 500 miles. It was a safe race with only two mild spinouts.

For Petty and his backer, Chrysler Corporation, this was a "comeback" race. Petty and Chrysler boycotted the race in 1965 because of a rules dispute with NASCAR over the engine. Petty watched from the grandstands that year, and tried drag racing. It was one of only two Daytona 500s the famous North Carolina driver would miss during his career. Between 1959 and 1992 when he retired, he missed only the 1961 and 1965 races.

Stocky William Cale Yarborough, a South Carolina tobacco farmer and semi-pro football player, was second. A hot rookie named Mario Andretti, of Nazareth, Pennsylvania, finished 37th in the 50-car field driving a "Smokey" Yunick prepared Chevelle.

France, smartly attired, wore a navy blazer, snap brim hat and canary slacks. "Whew," he said after the race, "I'm sure glad we got this one in." It had been



Above: Darel Dieringer gets "Junior" Johnson's car sideways behind the pace car on a slick track. *Above inset:* Three wheels were all Ned Setzer's 1966 Chevrolet Impala had as he spun off turn two.

threatening to rain all day. He fielded a phone call from NASCAR commissioner Harley J. Earl. "Harley, we've got to build some more seats, we could have sold another 10,000 tickets."

News-Journal Sports Writer Brad Willson, who overheard the remark, asked France, "Bill, when you saw the first bulldozers and earth movers go in, did you really believe you'd have nearly 90,000 people on this one-time swamp in less than eight years?"

France answered, "Yes, I did. I always felt that if we got the right weather breaks, we'd make it. We haven't scratched the surface. Over the years, we'll gross more than Indianapolis, you realize that don't you? We've had 150,000 people in here in the last three days."



Above: Petty was unequalled in his hemi-powered Plymouth. *Left:* Petty and wife Lynda are joined by the entire clan in Victory Lane. It was easy to identify young Kyle, he was the one sticking his tongue out at the photographer.



"The 1966 Plymouth is a much better car than the one in which we won the '64 Daytona 500," said Petty. "The 405 engine is a different version of the one we used in '64." He said the winning car weighed 3,900 pounds. It had a 3.18-to-one gear ratio, turned 6,700 revolutions per minute when running alone and 7,500 rpm in the draft, which was 185 miles per hour.

A 60-degree temperature and overcast sky made for a pleasant, smooth race, Petty said.

Several cars were eliminated by windshields cracked by debris on the backstretch. Petty also had to watch out for the trash, which he said were large hunks of rubber thrown from tires of other cars.

Yarborough said the debris wasn't the cause of the cracked windshields. "It was those hemis going by so fast they sucked the Ford windshields right out," said Cale.

1967

Feb. 26, 1967

1. Mario Andretti, Ford, 200.
2. Fred Lorenzen, Ford, 200.
3. James Hylton, Dodge, 199.
4. Tiny Lund, Plymouth, 198.
5. Jerry Grant, Plymouth, 198.
Margin of victory: 22 seconds (Under caution.)
Average speed: 149.926 mph.
Winner's purse: \$43,500.

It was stinging cold in Daytona Beach, but Mario Andretti, 26, was scorching hot. The diminutive Italian-born American blazed around Daytona International Speedway for a strong victory in the ninth annual Daytona 500.

How fast was little (5-foot-5, 140 pounds) Mario? On the 100th lap, he turned the Speedway at 181.818 mph in his Holman-Moody Ford Fairlane backed by Ford Motor Company.

Andretti took the checkered flag under caution, but had built a lead of 22 seconds before the yellow flag waved for the ninth time during the 495th mile. Second was 1965 winner Fred Lorenzen, Andretti's teammate. Third was James Hylton and "Tiny" Lund was fourth in a Petty team Plymouth.

Andretti charged from start to finish. Legendary, aging Curtis Turner was able to run with the leaders in "Smokey" Yunick's Chevelle, but the engine failed 56 laps from the finish. Donnie Allison was voted the rookie of the race by sports writers and awarded the Pat Purcell Trophy.

Bill Stroppe, chief mechanic for the Holman-Moody team, set up Andretti's car. "It took us a week and a half,"

he said. "The car's chair is like a baby chair. He's (Mario) so short. Pedals and throttle had to be built up."

Andretti praised his gray, gold and red Ford and its 427 cubic inch "wedge" engine. He described what it felt like for a U.S. Auto Club driver to compete against NASCAR's best.

"Daytona is twice as tough on a driver as any other road or track course I know," he said. "You don't baby a car at Daytona, as you would at Indy. It's flat



out and draft as much as possible. I never was in a race where there was so much jockeying around by the drivers. You have to go all over the track — high and low.

"Sometimes there's just a foot between cars and you've got to be a good driver. There's a lot of courtesy, it's gotta be that way," he told News-Journal Sports Writer Lee Moore.

At the finish of the 500 more than 700 mangled, scarred and smouldering tires were stacked around the Goodyear and Firestone tire compounds. The used rubber, if melted down, would weigh 16,800 pounds. Andretti replaced eight tires during the race.

Finishing last in 1967 was a popular driver from Tennessee with a colorful nickname, Clifton "Coo-Coo" Marlin. His son, Sterling, is one of the star Winston Cup drivers today.

Above right: Dewayne Lund, left, was so big (6-foot-5, 270 pounds) the drivers called him "Tiny". Mario Andretti was so small that his chief mechanic on the Holman-Moody team had to build up the seat "like a baby's chair." *Above left:* Curtis Turner started on the pole in Yunick's Chevelle.

1968

William Caleb Yarborough of Timmons ville, South Carolina, who once played fullback on a semi-pro football team, came charging through the pack to win the tenth annual 500.

Cale scored a 10 car-length victory over fellow South Carolinian LeeRoy Yarbrough, of Columbia, on a beautiful, warm Sunday, February 25, 1968.

Yarborough drove a Mercury Cyclone GT for the Wood Brothers of Stuart, Virginia. His fastest lap was 101 when he sped 184.804 mph.

It was a crash-marred race. The caution flag waved 11 times for a total of 60 laps, both records.

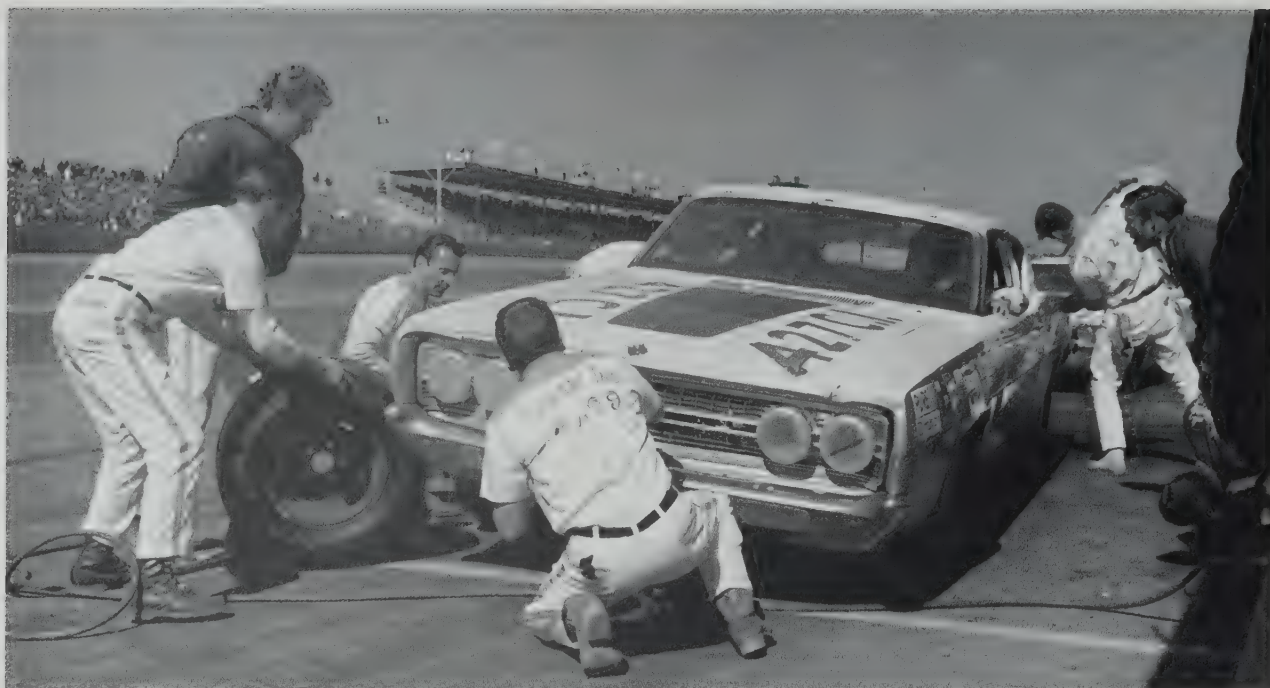
Lady Luck smiled on Cale. He pitted twice before lap 16 with a sputtering engine. Leonard Wood, crew chief on the Mercury, replaced an ignition transistor on the "passenger" side of the cockpit. While he was doing that, Cale shouted to him, "Man, this thing's flying!" On the 143rd lap Yarborough ran over debris which cut his tires, forcing another unscheduled pit stop. With 110 miles left in the race, paper and debris clogged the screen behind the front grill on the overheating Cyclone. Glen Wood cut a hole in the grill to get at the potentially-disastrous trash which was blocking air to the radiator.

Feb. 25, 1968

1. Cale Yarborough, Mercury, 200.
 2. LeeRoy Yarbrough, Mercury, 200.
 3. Bobby Allison, Ford, 200.
 4. Al Unser, Dodge, 200.
 5. David Pearson, Ford, 199.
- Margin of victory: 10 car lengths.
Average speed: 143.251 mph.
Winner's purse: \$47,250.



Above right: Pit road activity was fast and furious with a record caution-flag laps. *Above:* Earl Brooks spun his 1966 Ford in the front straightaway. A deputy sheriff held Brooks on the fence while the field bore down on him. To the left rear of the car, a concerned Bill France (in a dark brimmed hat) checked out the damaged rear end of the race car.



So devastating was the toll of speed and accidents only 21 of 50 cars survived to see the checkered flag.

Buddy Baker tangled with the race's defending champion, Mario Andretti, on lap 105. Andretti was running second. Baker's Dodge was closing in from third place when Andretti spun in front of Baker coming out of the East Bank. "I got crossed up and Baker hit me," said Mario. "Andretti spun in front of me," said a disgusted Baker.

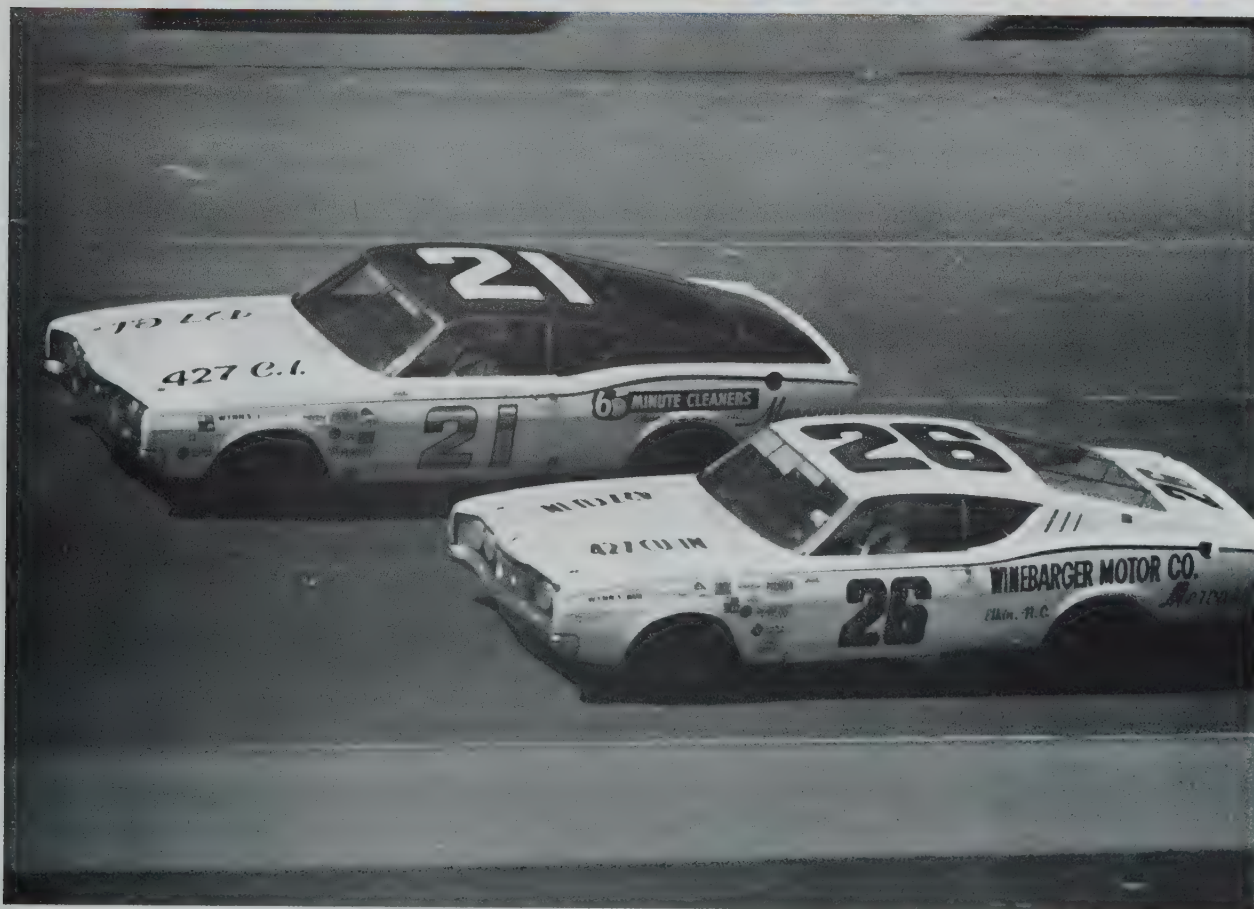
Driver Earl Brooks had a fright. He spun his 1966

Ford, crunching it on the front straight wall. Brooks scrambled from the car, jumped on its roof, then clung to the fence separating spectators from the race course. A deputy sheriff held him on the fence until the field could be slowed behind the pace car.

The caution flag flew so often that even the pace car gave out. It overheated and had to be withdrawn from the race when still another yellow flag waved on the 131st lap. A new pace car finished the race.



Above: Bobby Allison (29) makes a rapid pit stop. 1965 winner Fred Lorenzen, right, shouts encouragement while a crewman, head next to wall, looks underneath the Mercury. *Below:* Jim Hurtubise, a star U.S. Auto Club driver, slams into the retaining wall approaching the pit area. Butch Hartman, rear, managed to avoid the crashing "Herk."



Above: In the "old days of the '60s," before electronic scoreboards, people posted the running order on a giant telesign in the middle of the Speedway's infield. *Below:* After 200 laps, Yarborough (21) and Yarbrough (26) were first and second. Both drivers were in factory-supported Mercury Cyclones from South Carolina.

1969

Feb. 23, 1969

1. LeeRoy Yarbrough, Ford, 200.
2. Charlie Glotzbach, Dodge, 200.
3. Donnie Allison, Ford, 199.
4. A.J. Foyt, Ford, 199.
5. Buddy Baker, Dodge, 198.

Margin of victory: 1 car length.

Average speed: 157.950 mph.

Winner's purse: \$38,950.

Lonnie LeeRoy Yarbrough, who was born 90 miles north of Daytona Beach in Jacksonville, ran down Charlie Glotzbach in the final laps and scored a one-car-length victory in the eleventh annual 500.

It was warm and clear as Yarbrough came home a winner. He made up more than three seconds on Glotzbach in the final 20 miles of the race. On the last lap, Yarbrough's white Ford Torino Cobra, owned by "Junior" Johnson, caught Glotzbach's Dodge Charger, owned by Everett "Cotton" Owens, heading into the East Bank. Not many of the estimated 91,000 in attendance were seated during the final moments of the race.

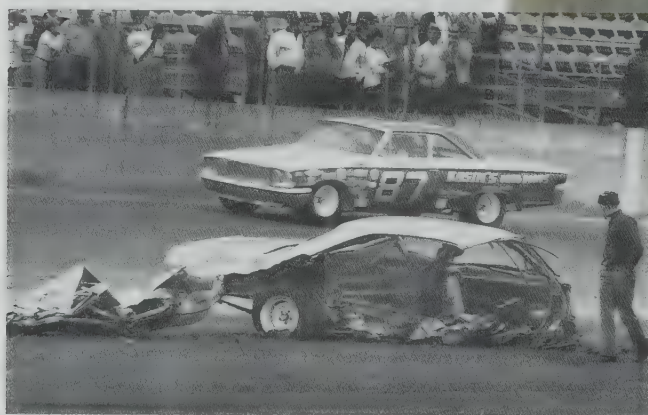
As the cars sped into turn three less than one mile from the finish, Yarbrough swept high on the banking. Glotzbach stayed low. Yarbrough inched ahead, fraction by fraction.

Later, Yarbrough said he'd gained momentum from the turn by going high. It also allowed him to guard against a last-gasp counterattack by Glotzbach.

It was a very fast race, one of the fastest 500s ever run. Yarbrough led a field of factory-supported Ford drivers to the finish. Yarbrough's chief mechanic, Herb Nab, had decided to put a soft compound tire on the left rear of Yarbrough's race car in a tactical move on

LeeRoy's eleventh, and last pit stop. That gave the Ford better "bite" in the oil-slick corners.

Yarbrough also won the Sportsman 300 race run Saturday, the day before the 500. That victory was marred by the death of driver Don MacTavish, of Dover, Massachusetts. MacTavish became the sixth driver to die on the Speedway since it opened in 1959.

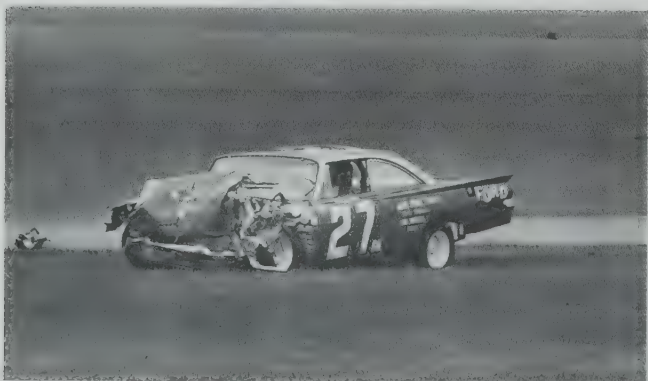


He was killed instantly when his 1966 Mercury Comet struck the wall on the front straightaway, then was hit head on by a car driven by Georgian Sam Sommers.

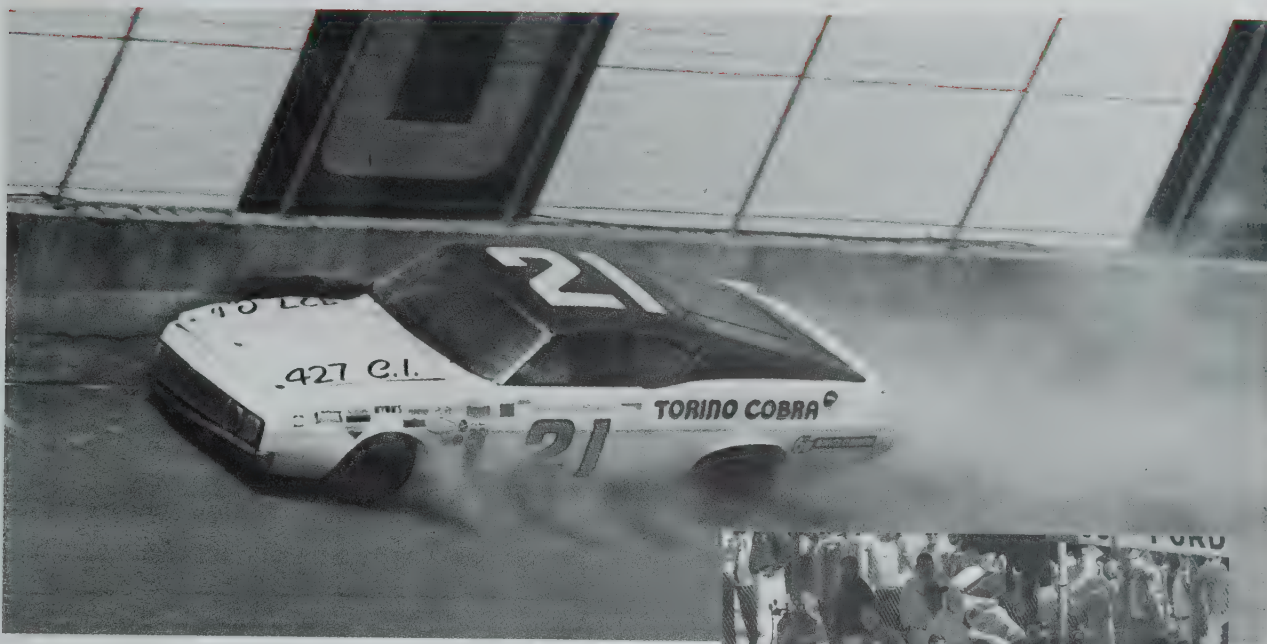
Owens, a former star driver and veteran chief mechanic on Glotzbach's race car, registered a complaint to NASCAR officials before the race. Owens asked NASCAR to stop telecasters and broadcasters from trying to interview drivers during pit stops. Owens said pit chiefs and drivers exchange information during pit stops.

Famed driving star A.J. Foyt cut in and said, "I'll tell you how you can stop these people from getting in the way. When they stick a mike in your face during a pit stop, just give 'em the ripest adjectives you can come up with."

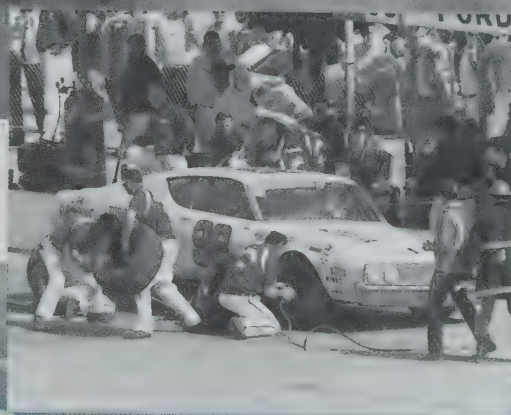
Yarbrough died in December, 1984 in Macclenny, Florida Hospital of injuries suffered in a fall while he was undergoing treatment.



Above: Young Don MacTavish was fatally injured in Saturday's Sportsman race when his car was struck head on by Sam Sommers' Ford (27). Above right: The tragic crash created an edgy atmosphere in Sunday's 500, as shown by the tension in the face of chief starter John Bruner, Jr.



Above: Cale Yarborough (21) crashes in the East Bank. *Below:* As the cars sped through turn three, LeeRoy Yarborough (98) went high on the banked track and inched past Glotzbach (6) on the outside as the cars raced toward the finish. *Right:* Junior Johnson's crew performed well.



1970

Feb. 22, 1970

1. Pete Hamilton, Plymouth, 200.
2. David Pearson, Ford, 200.
3. Bobby Allison, Dodge, 199.
4. Charlie Glotzbach, Dodge, 199.
5. Bobby Isaac, Dodge, 198.

Margin of victory: 3 car lengths.

Average speed: 149.601 mph.

Winner's purse: \$46,400.



Above inset: The 1970s decade brought stylish changes, not only to the cars but to the clothing worn by race fans. *Above:* Pete Hamilton (40) led David Pearson (17) under the starter's stand, followed by Bobby Isaac (71).

The 1970s brought a fresh new face to the Daytona 500, that of Peter Goodwill Hamilton.

"Super Pete" was driving for the Petty Enterprises team in his winged Plymouth.

It was cool and sunny on Sunday, February 22, 1970, when Hamilton pulled off a surprising upset victory driving a 1970 SuperBird, nicknamed "a winged thing."

Hamilton was a new driver from Dedham, Massachusetts who had come up from Sportsman racing ranks.

Lanky and blond, Hamilton had once been a rock 'n roll drummer. He had movie-star good looks. He drove to a three-car-length victory over veteran David Pearson, who was in a Ford Talladega.

The crowd was estimated at 103,800. The race was run at a torrid 187-189 mph pace. It was a relatively safe race, however.

Buddy Arrington received a broken rib when his Dodge Daytona crashed into the backstretch wall in the most serious wreck.

Hamilton's teammate, Richard Petty, was put out of the race early by a blown engine.

The race came down to a three-car battle between Hamilton, Pearson, and "Charging" Charlie Glotzbach, driving a purple winged Dodge Daytona.

Glotzbach was penalized by NASCAR officials for a pit stop infraction. His crew had left the gas cap off his car, forcing Glotzbach to make two unscheduled stops which knocked him from contention.

Pearson tried to pass Hamilton on lap 198 as the cars sped into the East Bank. Both cars bobbed in wind turbulence. Pearson had to slow to maintain control. Hamilton sped on. It was a wrenching defeat for Pearson, the Ford hope, because he had led 97 of the race's 200 laps. Hamilton led only 13, including the most important one — the last one.

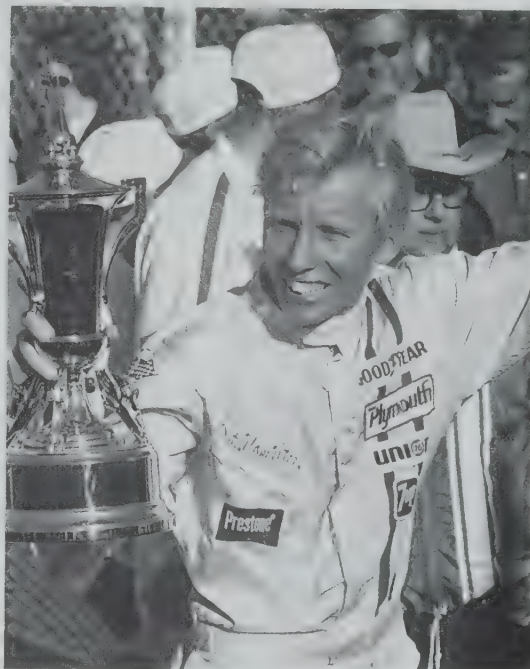
"Super Pete" made 11 pit stops and changed 18 tires, including four on his last two stops when Pearson changed only two.

Defending champion LeeRoy Yarbrough was in contention until the ignition coil in his Ford failed. He lost nine laps for repairs and finished ninth. Cale

Yarborough, the 1968 winner, started on the pole after a blazing qualifying run of 194.015 mph. He lasted only 67 miles before his engine blew.

In Victory Lane, Petty clan patriarch Lee Petty grabbed Hamilton by the back of the head and said, "Good job, babe."

Hamilton dropped out of the University of Maine to pursue a racing career. He joined the Pettys only



Pete Hamilton came home a winner for the Pettys.

a month earlier. Someone asked Hamilton if he would soon replace a retiring Richard Petty as lead driver. "Richard's hard as nails," said Hamilton. "He'll be driving for seven or eight more years. He's a fine racer. He helped me all week long. He told me 'you've got to finish before you can win a race.'"

Years later, Hamilton, stricken by injury, retired from race driving. Richard Petty continued to drive until 1992.



Above: Petty Enterprises turned in several lightning-fast pit stops on Pete Hamilton's winged Plymouth SuperBird. Several years later, NASCAR banished the wings.

1971

Feb. 14, 1971

1. Richard Petty, Plymouth, 200.
 2. Buddy Baker, Dodge, 200.
 3. A.J. Foyt, Mercury, 200.
 4. David Pearson, Mercury, 199.
 5. Fred Lorenzen, Plymouth, 199.
- Margin of victory: 1/2 mile.
Average speed: 144.462 mph.
Winner's purse: \$48,000.

Richard Petty scored his third Daytona 500 victory on Valentine's Day, February 14, 1971.

A large, cold crowd of 92,300 braved 50-degree weather to watch the Petty Enterprises Racing Team claim its fifth victory in 13 Daytona 500s.

The Petty clan owned victories in the 500 in 1959, 1964, 1966 and 1970. Richard's previous wins had come in 1964 and 1966 with father, Lee, winning the first 500 in 1959 and Petty Plymouth driver Pete Hamilton in 1970.

Many will remember the 1971 race for another reason — the spectacular crash of mechanic and part-time race car driver Maynard Troyer, of Spencerport, New York.

Only 19 miles into the 500, Troyer lost control of his bright red-orange Ford coming off the West Bank heading down the backstretch. The car began a slow-motion series of flips and pirouettes in the 31-degree banking and flipped end over end at least 10 times. Troyer's Ford was a pile of twisted steel when it finally came to a stop. Troyer was seriously injured. He would recover, however, and remain in racing as a car builder for many years.

A.J. Foyt appeared to challenge Petty for overall speed, but he and his Wood Brothers' crew made a costly mistake. Foyt ran out of gas 95 miles from the finish. He had to coast to the pits, costing him a lap and any hope of beating Petty.

Defending champion Hamilton, celebrating his honeymoon on Valentine's Day, had an unlucky day. He crashed with Dick Brooks.

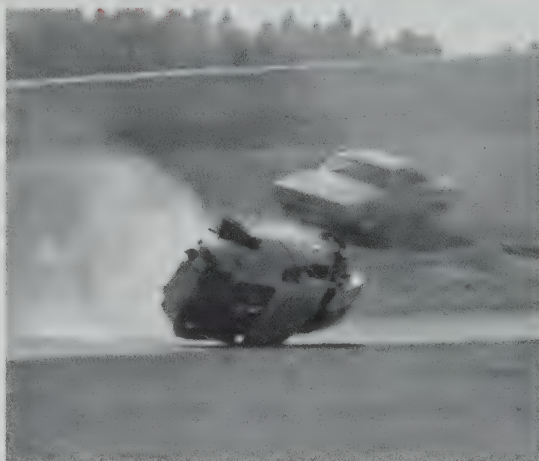
Petty's teammate "Buddy" Baker finished second. Petty and Baker, backed by Chrysler Corporation, were driving the only two factory-backed cars in the race.

Petty was miffed by a reporter's question about the team's "deep pockets" support. "We've been racing since 1949, and we've put a helluva lot of work into it, so we deserved to win," he said. "That's all I have to say about it."

Petty praised his pit crew led by cousin, Dale Inman, and brother, Maurice Petty. "The pit crew ran me just as dadgum far as they could," (on gas), he said. He made eight stops. "It's hard to win when you don't have the fastest car." Petty said Foyt had a car which might have been faster.

Donnie Allison, driving a fast Ford, lost a chance at victory when the rear end on his machine locked up during a caution period. This failure threw the Alabama driver into the wall in the tri-oval turn, eliminating him from the chase.

Even the hospital wasn't a safe place on this Valentine's Day. Dr. Al Monaco, chief physician for the Speedway, suffered a fractured toe during the race when he dropped an oxygen tent on his foot in the Speedway emergency infirmary.



Above and facing page: For many years, they called it "the crash." Maynard Troyer barrel-rolled his Ford at least 10 times coming off of turn two.

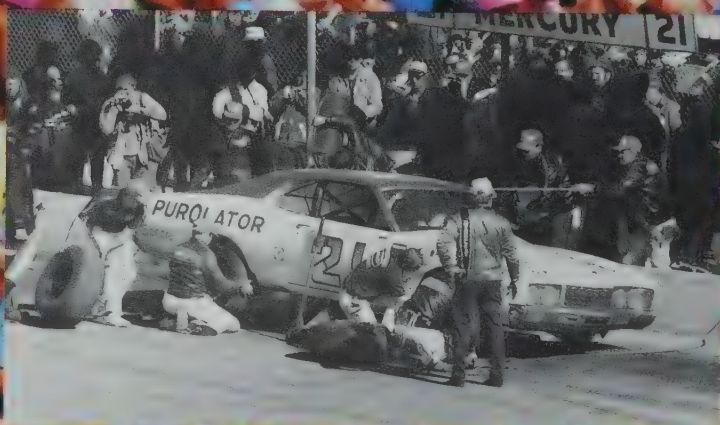


Top: Troyer's car continues its series of rolls in turn two. *Above left:* Pete Hamilton (6) was driving "Cotton" Owens' car as a newlywed on Valentine's Day, but he had rotten luck. Dick Brooks (22) spun the only winged car in the race in front of Hamilton. Brooks' motor was so small they called it the "lunch box" motor. *Above right:* Petty was all smiles with wife, Lynda, and daughter Rebecca.

1972

Feb. 20, 1972

1. A.J. Foyt, Mercury, 200.
 2. Charlie Glotzbach, Dodge, 199.
 3. Jim Vandiver, Dodge, 194.
 4. Benny Parsons, Mercury, 194.
 5. James Hylton, Ford, 191.
- Margin of victory: 4.9 miles.
Average speed: 161.550 mph.
Winner's purse: \$38,400.



Above: The Wood Brothers, who once helped Jimmy Clark to an Indianapolis 500 victory with their rapid pit work, give A.J. Foyt some pit road attention. "Super Tex" drove the Mercury to an easy victory, his first and only win in the Daytona 500.

Anthony Joseph Foyt, often called "The World's Greatest Race Car Driver," added to his stature on Sunday, February 20, 1972, with a one-sided Daytona 500 victory.

Foyt had scored three wins in the Indianapolis 500 and a 1967 victory in the 24 Hours of LeMans as he took the green flag at Daytona that day.

The 37-year-old driving legend from Houston, Texas, drove a bright red and white Wood Brothers' Mercury to the biggest margin of victory in the race's history. He beat second place Charlie Glotzbach by almost two full laps.

It was the fastest 500 that had been run. Foyt averaged 161.550 mph. Only 17 of 200 laps were run under caution.

Foyt took the lead in the eighty-first lap (202nd mile) and was never headed. The Wood Brothers pit crew changed 18 tires on Foyt's charging Mercury.

The scariest accident of the race came on the nineteenth lap when Foyt's fellow Houstonian, Walter Ballard, lost control in the straightway heading toward the tri-oval.

Ballard's Ford struck Buddy Baker's Dodge, then smacked the wall. The blue and gold Ford slid upside down for more than 350 yards, then began flipping end over end. It came to rest in the grassy area separating pit road from the start-finish line in front of the Sir Malcolm Campbell grandstand.

Miraculously, the father of seven children scrambled from his destroyed race car uninjured.

Speedway President Bill France estimated that a crowd of 98,600 watched the race on a sunny afternoon with temperatures in the 50s.

The day before the race, the brash Foyt had predicted his victory. A headline in Sunday's News-Journal read, "A.J. Foyt Says He'll Win Daytona 500 Today."

"You put me on the spot with that 'I'll win it' quote," laughed Foyt after the race. "I had to run harder to keep my word." Foyt's family, wife, Lucy, and three children, A.J. III, Terry Lynn and Jerry Zan, were not at the race. "SuperTex" said he never brought his family to the races. Pressed for an explanation, Foyt stopped his questioner with a frozen smile. "I prefer it this way," he said.



Above right: It's the flag for Foyt's Mercury. *Above:* Foyt had to thread his way through traffic, which he did with smooth and practiced ability, as he ran the fastest 500 in history (to that point.) *Next page:* Walter Ballard's car goes on a spinning, gyrating odyssey in front of Campbell grandstand. Ballard was unhurt.





1973

Feb. 18, 1973

1. Richard Petty, Dodge, 200.
2. Bobby Isaac, Ford, 198.
3. Richard Brooks, Dodge, 197.
4. A.J. Foyt, Chevy, 196.
5. Herschel McGriff, Plymouth, 195.

Margin of victory: 7 miles.

Average speed: 157.205 mph.

Winner's purse: \$34,100.

Richard Petty blew away 39 competitors to win his fourth Daytona 500 on February 18, 1973, under heavy gray skies which threatened rain all day.

Petty took control 15 miles from the finish and drove to a victory of more than seven miles over second-place Bobby Isaac.

Afterward, Petty, 35, called it "...the biggest victory of my career." In the crowd of 103,000 was STP President Andy Granatelli, Petty's sponsor, and Jordan's King Hussein.

Granatelli planted a huge kiss on the embarrassed Petty and turned Victory Lane into a wild and joyous frolic, dumping champagne on his own head and mugging for photographers.

It was the first victory for a Dodge in stock car racing's biggest race. Buddy Baker made a valiant effort, challenging Petty late in the race. But Petty had more horsepower. With only 15 miles remaining, big Baker trailed Petty by three seconds, and was gaining when his car burped a gray plume of smoke at

the end of the backstretch. The engine had given up, ending his day.

The win was the 149th of Petty's career which began in 1958.

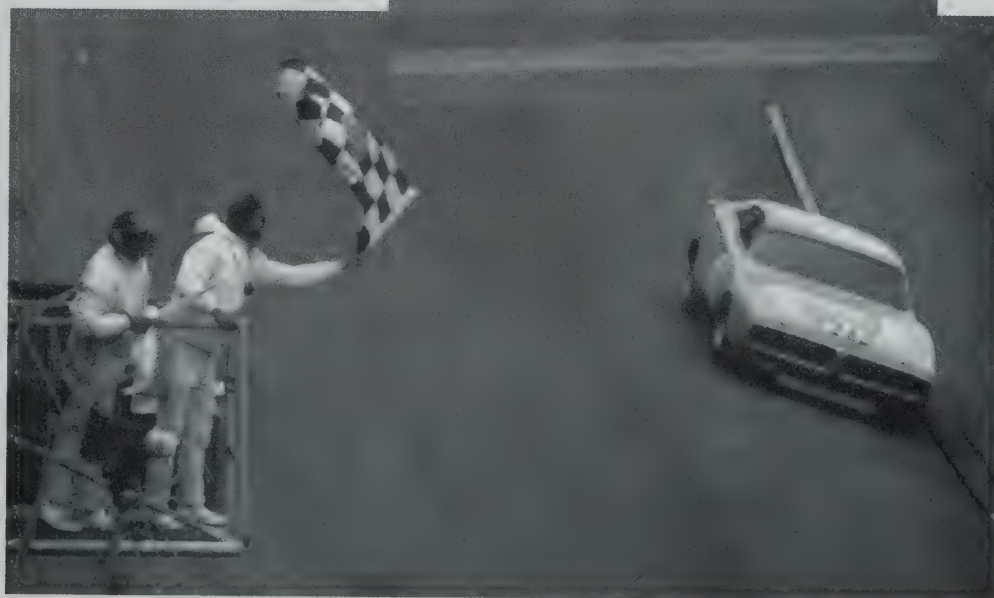
Country and western singer Marty Robbins, a sometimes race driver, wrecked in the sixty-sixth lap, striking the front stretch wall and forcing Darrell Waltrip and "Red" Farmer to spin. Robbins was uninjured. But the singer earned a nickname which followed him the rest of his NASCAR career: "NASCAR's official wall tester."



Above inset: Track conditions were damp and slick all day as indicated by this car's wake in the tri-oval. *Above:* The fans stayed, despite the inclement conditions.



Above: Try though they may, the field had nothing for Richard Petty (43). It was a dominant victory for the North Carolina driver, and a popular one for fans of the Dodge car marque. Petty's car was sponsored by STP. There is a bit of a mystery about what the letters stand for. The popular version is: "Scientifically Treated Petroleum."



1974

America was in the throes of the “energy shortage” in 1974. The sixteenth 500 was shortened to 450 miles to show support for President Nixon’s national energy cutback policy.

That didn’t slow down Richard Petty.

Once again, “King Richard” came home a winner, rim-riding the top groove of Daytona International Speedway like a beam of bright color. Petty

Feb. 17, 1974*

1. Richard Petty, Dodge, 180
2. Cale Yarborough, Chevy, 180.
3. Ramo Stott, Chevy, 180.
4. Clifton Marlin, Chevy, 180.
5. A.J. Foyt, Chevy, 179.

Margin of victory: 47 seconds.

Average speed: 140.894 mph.

Winner’s purse: \$21,100.

*Race shortened to 450 miles (180 laps) due to the energy shortage.



Above: L.D. Ottinger (02) loses it in turn four. Joe Frasson gets sideways also (far right). Also involved in the mishap is Tony Bettenhausen and Dan Daughtry.

drove his Dodge to a runaway victory, his fifth in the 500, to become its first back-to-back winner.

Donnie Allison will recall the 1974 race as one he should have won and would have won — but for bad luck.

Allison, driving a blue and gold Chevrolet Chevelle Laguna prepared by Mario Rossi, had a comfortable 36-second lead with 25 miles left in the race when disaster struck.

Bob Burcham’s Chevrolet blew an engine, spreading debris across the track. Allison ran over it, blowing the right rear tire on his Laguna.

He crept slowly around the safety apron to the pits for a tire change. However, as Rossi’s crewmen scrambled over the wall to change the flat tire, a hasty crewman yanked the lug wrench, connected to its compressed air bottle by a slender hose, from its connection. It was useless. In the confusion of a tension-filled pit stop, the tire had to be changed with a manual wrench, costing valuable time — and Donnie his chance to win.

“It was some day,” he said afterward. “Earlier in

the race my windshield got cracked. Then came that tire blowout when I ran over something on the track. It must have been big and sharp, because it also popped the inner liner.

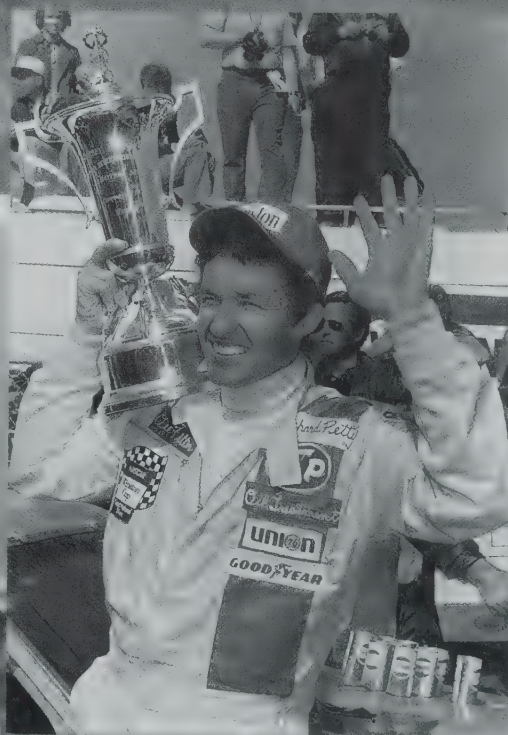
“That’s the way it goes.”

Only 16 of the 40 cars which started were running at the finish, one of the smallest finishing fields in the history of the 500.

A strong, gusty wind blew trash and debris on the racing surface the entire day. That may have contributed to many spins and blown engines. Some of the engine cooling systems might have been stopped up by paper wrappers and blowing dirt.

Hometown Daytona Beach teenager Richie Panch, 18, ran a strong race. Panch, son of 1961 Daytona 500 winner Marvin Panch, completed 160 laps, despite losing 16 laps to have a cracked windshield replaced. He finished eighteenth.

Richie Panch was later killed in an airplane crash en route home from Darlington, South Carolina, where he had attended a stock car race with motorcycle racer Dale Singleton in Singleton’s small aircraft.



Top: David Pearson started the race on the pole (21), with Petty alongside. *Above:* Donnie Allison had a strong Chevelle and drafted on Petty. *Top right:* When it was over, Petty had another piece of hardware for his trophy room in Level Cross, North Carolina.

1975

Feb. 16, 1975

1. Benny Parsons, Chevy, 200.
 2. Bobby Allison, Matador, 199.
 3. Cale Yarborough, Chevy, 198.
 4. David Pearson, Mercury, 198.
 5. Ramo Stott, Chevy, 197.
- Margin of victory: 1 lap, plus.
Average speed: 153.649 mph.
Winner's purse: \$40,900.



Benjamin Stewart Parsons parlayed a friendly tow from Richard Petty and a costly spin from front-running David Pearson into victory in the seventeenth Daytona 500.

Parsons, a balding, 33-year old former taxicab driver from Detroit, was at the point of giving up on his racing career when the 500 began that winter afternoon. He started the race thirty-second in a 40-car field.

As the race droned on, heavily favored drivers fell by the wayside. Parsons kept driving, avoiding trouble and hanging on. It was as though he were invisible. The crowd was concentrating on other battles at the front of the pack.

Finally, only Pearson, a four-time July Firecracker 400 race winner at Daytona, but never a 500 champ, and Parsons remained in contention.

Seven miles from the finish Pearson came up on slower cars driven by Cale Yarborough and Richie Panch on the backstretch. Pearson had a five-second lead at the time over Parsons, but Parsons was pressing him. Parsons had gotten a friendly drafting pull from Richard Petty, whose car was running strong.

An early race problem had dropped Petty from contention, but he was running fast at race's end.

Then, Pearson, noticing the Petty-Parsons pair gaining on him, tried to pass. His Wood Brothers' Mercury swerved, then spun.

Later, Pearson said he had been smacked by "another car," though he would not identify which one. Apparently he was referring to the car driven by Yarborough.

As Pearson spun wildly down the backstretch, Parsons, stunned as anyone in the crowd of 110,000, motored past and came home a winner.

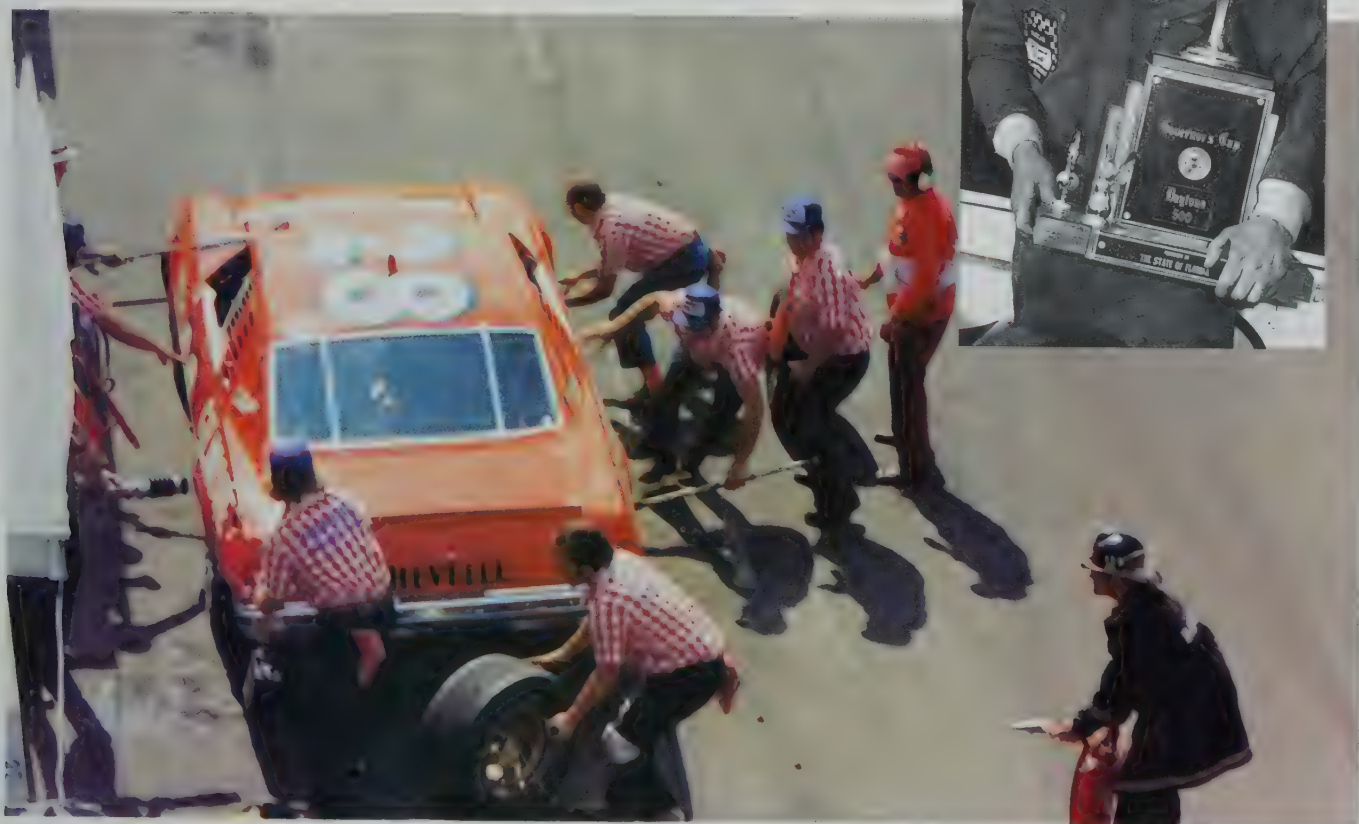
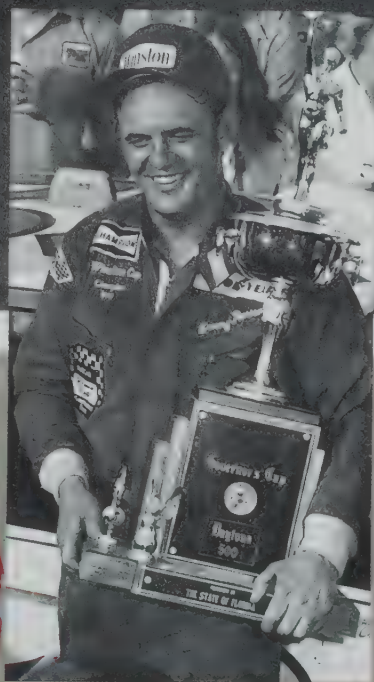
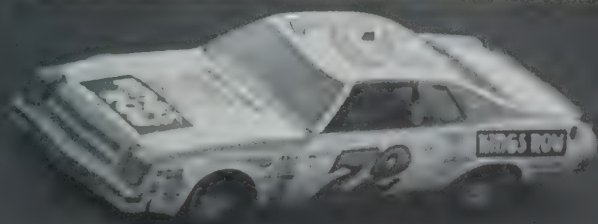
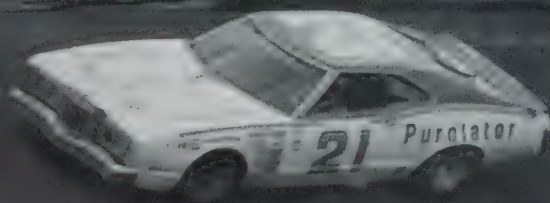
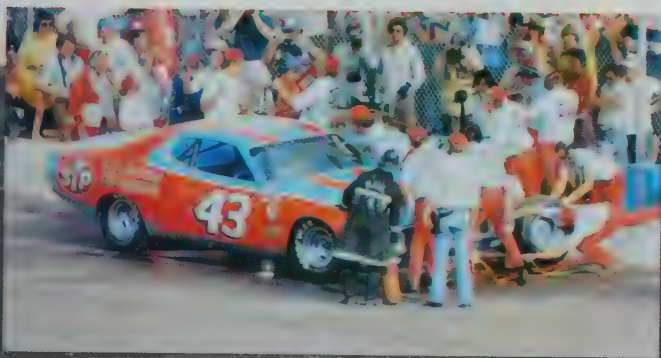
"I would have done the same for anyone," said Petty, regarding his helpful tow of Parsons. "I'm glad for Benny."

Pearson might not have approved Petty's Good Samaritan move. He seemed to be a poor loser.

"I got spun out but I'd rather not talk about it," said Pearson. "People who were watching know who did it. I just want to get out of here."

"I guess I'm too big to say this," said Parsons, "but I just about cried when I saw Pearson off on the grass and knew I was going to win."

Above: On the pole is Donnie Allison (88) in a Chevrolet Chevelle with David Pearson's Mercury (21) on the outside of row one. Bobby Allison's Matador (16) and Richard Petty (43) make up row two.



Top inset: Petty's car suffered a leaky radiator. "Fast as we poured it in, out it came," said Richard. *Top:* Parsons' Chevy, sponsored by a fireplace shop, makes a pass under Pearson's Purolator Mercury. *Right inset:* Benny with his unexpected 500 trophy. *Above:* Foyt's crew makes a quick pit stop in cowboy-design uniforms. No fire suits or knee pads for A.J.'s crewmen.

1976

Bad blood had been boiling between Richard Petty and David Pearson for almost two years as the 1976 Daytona 500 took the green flag on a cloudless, warm Sunday.

In the 1975 race, Pearson appeared to have the 500 won when Petty gave longshot Benny Parsons a friendly "tow." Petty helped Parsons into contention, which put pressure on Pearson. Pushed hard, Pearson spun out on the backstretch. Parsons drove to victory.

In the 1974 July race at Daytona, Pearson had angered Petty. He backed off suddenly while in the lead, forcing a surprised Petty to pass him. Then Pearson, nicknamed "the grey fox" for his racing savvy, used a "slingshot" move to beat Petty and win the race.

Thus the stage was set for stock car racing's two winningest drivers to lock horns. At the time, the two drivers ranked first and second in most career NASCAR Winston Cup-Grand National victories. (They still do, Petty with 200 career victories, Pearson with 105.)

As the 1976 Daytona 500 came into the final 100 miles, it had boiled down to a Petty-Pearson duel. With less than 25 miles to go, Petty had his STP Dodge in the lead.

Finally, the white flag (last lap) waved.

Slowly, inch by inch, Pearson took the lead from Petty, diving low on the backstretch. Petty counter-attacked as the pair swept into the East Bank for the final time, about one mile from the checkered flag.

Petty steered low on the track, diving alongside Pearson as the cars took the turn

Feb. 15, 1976

1. David Pearson, Mercury, 200.
 2. Richard Petty, Dodge, 199.
 3. Benny Parsons, Chevy, 199.
 4. Lennie Pond, Chevy, 198.
 5. Neil Bonnett, Chevy, 197.
- Margin of victory: 1 lap, plus 20 car lengths.
Average speed: 152.181 mph.
Winner's purse: \$46,800.

In the middle of the long turn's radius, Petty and Pearson were exactly door-to-door for several hundred yards, then, bit by bit, Petty's race car pulled ahead. What happened next will be debated as long as stock cars race in Daytona.

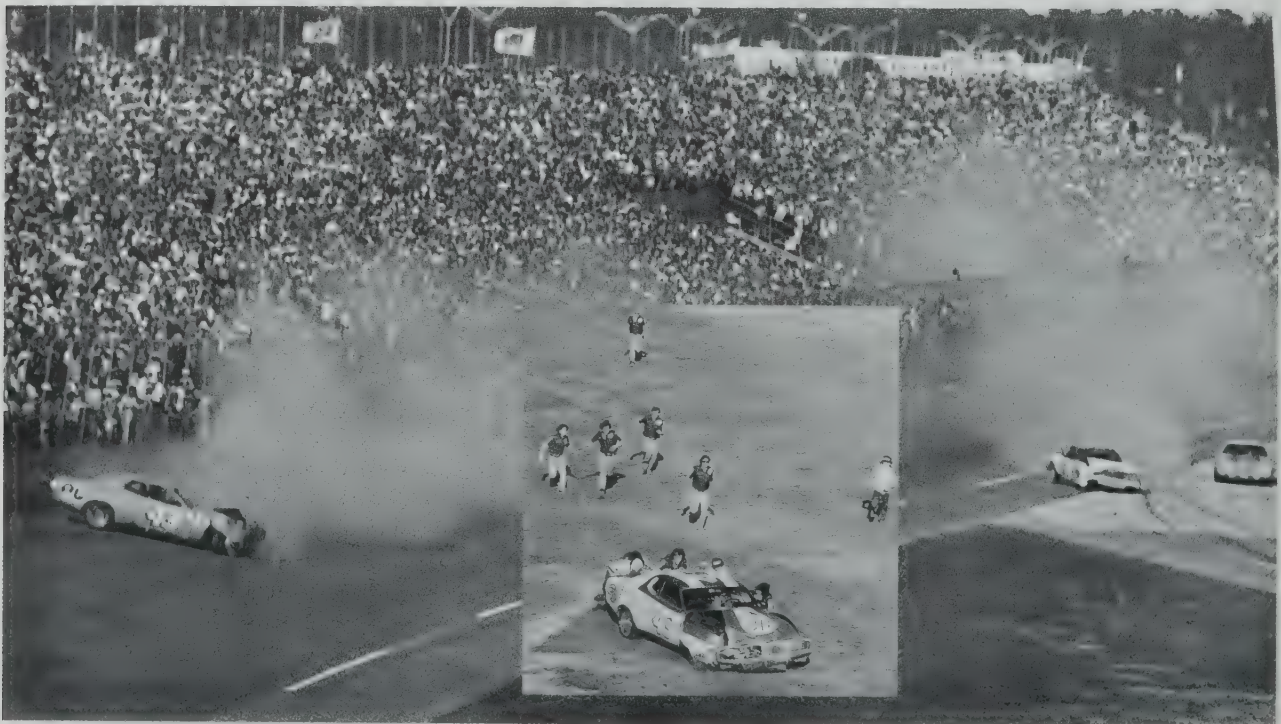
At the point where the banked turn begins to flatten out and become a straightaway, Petty's Dodge started to drift to the right, toward the outside wall and back toward the racing groove. Petty's right rear fender (some called it "The Petty Alligator Tail" because of its trailing "snap") clipped the left front of Pearson's Mercury.

Pearson, rim-riding in the higher, faster racing lane was guarding his ground and did not ease off the throttle to allow Petty enough room to come back up into the racing groove. Pearson probably knew it meant both cars would wreck. To hold his car wide open at that moment must have taken immense courage.

Suddenly, the cars hit.

Both race cars began careening wildly, striking the wall, wrecking each other, then spinning crazily toward the finish line.

Pearson's car slid to the entrance to pit road where its front end was clipped by another car driven by Joe Frasson, who had been caught up in the accident.



Above: With violent twin cracks, both cars hit the wall and began spinning. *Right,* Pearson's car (21) was struck by Joe Frasson's car on the pit road and that aimed Pearson toward the finish line. *Above inset:* Petty's crew charged to push their driver (43) toward the finish.

Meanwhile, Petty's car spun across the infield grass, heading toward the finish line. It stopped about 35 yards short.

As the smoke and dust cleared both cars were motionless for a few seconds. Pearson, less than a quarter-mile behind Petty, revved up his car's engine. He had the presence of mind to push down his clutch and keep the car's engine running.

Petty's car was silent. His engine had stalled. Repeatedly he jammed the starter button, but the car engine would not respond.

Now the crowd got into it, chanting and screaming for their favorite — Pearson or Petty.

In a dizzy moment, Petty's crew charged like militiamen across pit road and attempted to push the crumpled race car and their driver to the finish line.

As the crew strained to push Petty's heavy Dodge, Pearson's car, front end crushed, crawled along the safety apron at 35 miles per hour to win his first Daytona 500.

(Later Petty was penalized a lap for his pit crew's rules infraction — pushing a race car — but still wound up second.)

"I knew when it got down to the end, ol' Richard would be there," said Pearson later after the race. "He hit me first. It happened so quick I really don't know what happened. I put the clutch in and kept the engine wide open to keep runnin' if I could. I pushed my radio button askin' them 'Where's Petty? Where's Petty?'"

Petty, frazzled and dis-oriented as he climbed out of his wrecked race car, said, "Physically, I'm in damn good shape. Mentally, I must be out of my mind."

The North Carolina legend had left his car at the finish line and wandered down pit road, apparently heading for the garage.

I caught up to Richard, just after he'd shouted something to Pearson, who was, at that moment, dri-

ving down pit road toward Victory Lane.

I asked Richard what happened. Fans were charging us from everywhere. The horizon seemed to be tilting crazily. Fans were screaming and shoving things at Petty, whose eyes seemed fixed on the distant garage area as he hurried along.

"He (Pearson) passed me on the backstretch and as he came into the turn, he backed off," Petty answered, talking faster than I've ever heard him talk. I think he was still caught up in the speed of the race.

"He kept slowing down and down. He wasn't running as fast as I was in front, so he had to let off. I had to cut left, and I had 'er wide open. As I got up to his rear fender, my car started to push to the right. It was that floating stage in the draft. No way you'll get it corrected at that point. He broke loose and we got sideways. He went into the wall. First, I drifted left, then back to the wall."

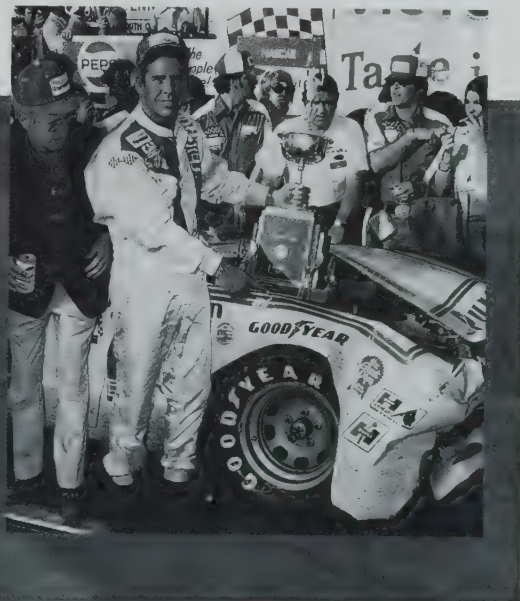
Petty's crew chief, Dale Inman, came running up. Petty threw an arm around Inman and explained the crash to him. Then, still walking down pit road with hundreds of fans closing in on him, he apologized to his brother, Maurice Petty, for losing the race. Later he said he had stopped Pearson, who was driving his Mercury toward Victory Lane, and shouted to him. He said, "I apologized for runnin' into him. It's all I could do."

Petty was asked by someone if he had ever been in a wreck like that before at the finish of a race.

"Anything that's a first, I'm always in on it," he answered.

Long after the eighteenth annual 500 was history, Petty was still answering questions.

One newsman said, "No one will ever get it exactly straight." And no one really has.



Above: Pearson (21) limped to the checkered flag on the safety apron. Above inset: Paul Cameron, left, whose company, Purolator, sponsored Pearson's Mercury, gawked at the crushed front end as Pearson proudly pointed to it.

1977

Feb. 20, 1977

1. Cale Yarborough, Chevy, 200.
 2. Benny Parsons, Chevy, 200.
 3. Buddy Baker, Ford, 199.
 4. Clifton Marlin, Chevy, 198.
 5. Richard Brooks, Ford, 198.
- Margin of victory: 1.39 seconds
Average speed: 153.218 mph.
Winner's purse: \$47,200.

Cale Yarborough broke through the pack like a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day to win the eighteenth annual 500 in a bright yellow Chevrolet Chevelle owned by "Junior" Johnson.

Yarborough drove through a swirling wind which whipped sand, trash and paper onto the racing surface creating difficult driving conditions on Sunday, February 20, 1977.

Smoke from nearby forest fires, whipped by the wind, drifted over the race track blocking out the sun several times turning the day gray.

The stocky ex-football player rode the wind, charged when he had to, and steered out of harm's way while accidents claimed some of his formidable competition. Accidents caused 37 of the 200 laps to be run under caution.

Janet Guthrie became the first woman to drive in the Daytona 500. She completed 188 laps and finished twelfth, tops among rookie drivers in Ralph Moody's race car. She started thirty ninth in a 42-car field.

Benny Parsons, the 1975 winner, finished second by a margin of 1.39 seconds.

Yarborough equalled a feat accomplished only once previously in 500 history. He won a qualifying race and the 500 the same year. Only Glenn "Fireball" Roberts had done it before. In 1962, Roberts won the pole, two qualifying races and the 500. On the pole for the 1977 race was Donnie Allison, who wrecked before the race was half over.

There were several frightening moments.

One involved driver Bobby Wawak on the fourth lap. Wawak crashed his Chevrolet into the retaining



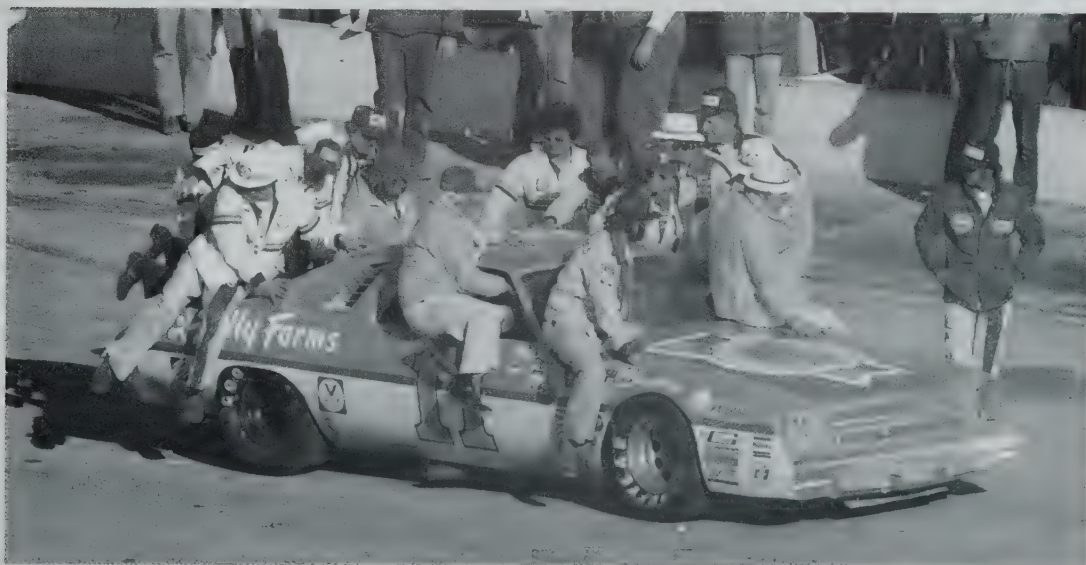
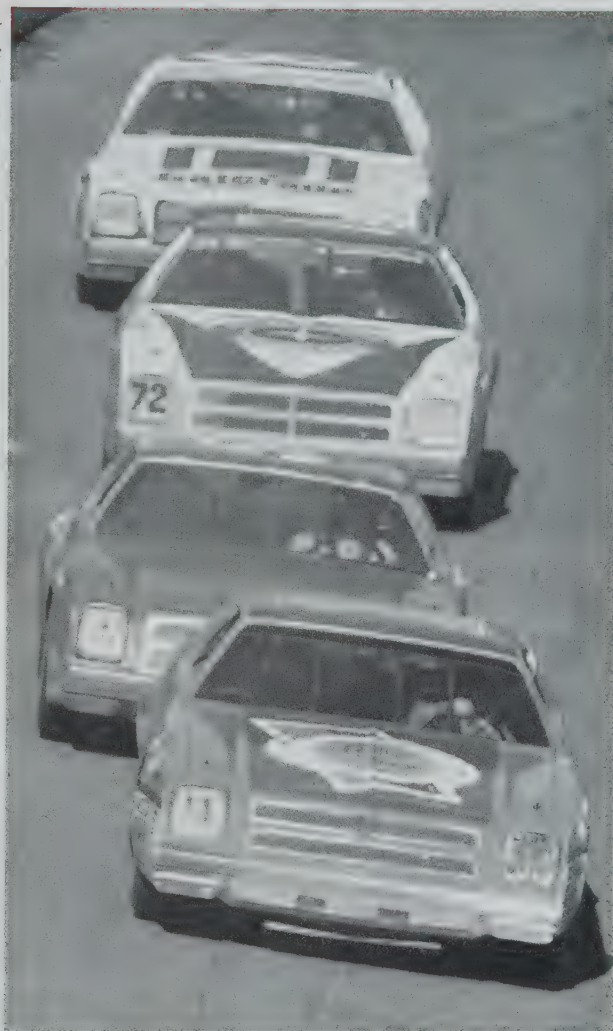
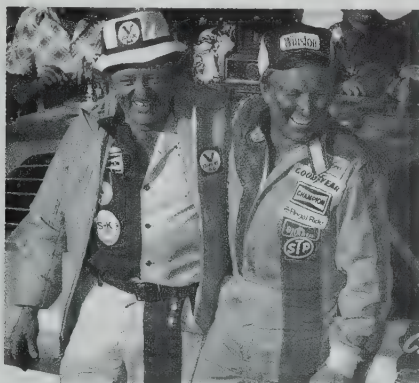
Top right: Bobby Wawak dashes toward medical help with his hands badly burned. *Above and at right:* The cockpit of Wawak's Chevy had burst into flames and the driver steered to a stop as quickly as he could.

wall at the entrance to pit road. He lost control of the car when a fire erupted under the dashboard. Before the spinning car came to rest, Wawak jumped from the cockpit and ran toward the pits shouting. His hands were on fire.

Wawak suffered second degree burns on both hands and first degree burns on the front of both thighs and his face. He would make a complete, though lengthy and painful, recovery.

A crash between "Buddy" Baker and Indy 500 veteran Salt Walther also made the race memorable. Neither driver was injured, but each placed the blame on the other. "Makes me so mad I could just spit!" said Baker afterward about losing a chance to win because of what he thought was a senseless wreck.

Among the spectators at the speedway that day was Billy Carter, the brother of President Jimmy Carter.



Above left: Crew Chief Herb Nab, left, congratulates Yarborough in Victory Lane. *Above right:* Cale (11) leads a pack which includes Darrell Waltrip (88). *Above:* The sweetest drive at Daytona – the one toward Victory Lane after winning the Daytona 500.

1978

Feb. 19, 1978

1. Bobby Allison, Ford, 200.
2. Cale Yarborough, Olds, 200.
3. Benny Parsons, Olds, 199.
4. Ron Hutcherson, Buick, 199.
5. Richard Brooks, Mercury, 198.

Margin of victory: 33.2 seconds.

Average speed: 159.730 mph.

Winner's purse: \$44,300

Robert Arthur Allison, who once was a mechanic on Ray Fox's pit crew when Fox ran cars on the old Beach Road Course on the "World's Most Famous Beach" drove a Ford Thunderbird to victory in the nineteenth Daytona 500 on February 20, 1978.

Miami-born Allison was the leader of racing's "Alabama Gang" (a group of stock car racers living in the Birmingham, Alabama, suburb of Hueytown, Allison's new home.)

He started the race thirty-third in the 40-car field. He became the first driver in the race's history to win from that far back.

Allison battled with "Buddy" Baker, a perpetual strong-runner whose hard luck seemed to strike him down each year. Late in the race, Allison was able to take advantage of a "pothole" which developed in turn three of the Speedway.

Drivers had to choose different racing "lines" into the corner to avoid the three-foot wide depression which had formed. Baker's line took him high and wide, a slow route, while Allison's Bud Moore-prepared Ford T-Bird, set up to handle well in the corners, was able to take a lower, quicker line.

Two accidents were crucial to the race's outcome.

In the first, Richard Petty, Darrell Waltrip and David Pearson, running in a tight line of three at the front of the field crashed. Petty's Dodge Magnum blew a tire crashing all three pre-race favorites 60 laps into the race.

The second accident was caused when Benny Parsons' Oldsmobile blew a tire and A.J. Foyt's Buick was caught up in the mishap. Foyt deliberately spun his car to avoid hitting Parsons and took a frightening ride.

His car flew 15 feet into the air, barrel-rolled, digging and gouging out giant chunks of earth and shedding parts. The roof of the careening car was flattened during the accident. Fortunately for Foyt, the car came to rest on its wheels. Foyt was knocked unconscious, but later revived at the care center and was not seriously injured. It was Allison's first victory in



Above: The race's crucial moment happened when Petty (43), who was being closely drafted by Waltrip (88) and Pearson (21), blew a tire. The crash wiped out three top race cars which were running one-two-three at the time. Right inset: Petty assesses the damage.



the 500, and broke a personal winless drought of 69 races covering three years.

"I remember the first time I ever saw this big track," said Allison. "I was impressed with the tremendous size of the Speedway. I said this is really where racing is going. I want to be part of it."

Allison learned his mechanical skills as a Florida boy, wearing jeans and tee-shirts and hanging around with Fox, who had once been a mechanic at "Smokey" Yunick's race car garage. He also traced his mechanical roots back to the sands of the beach race track.



Top: Bud Moore, wearing headset, left, directs his crew and shouts to Allison on a pit stop. Above: Bobby Allison celebrates with wife, Judy (in dark hat, right). Inset: His Thunderbird (15) was rebuilt after a qualifying race crash. But in the race it flew flawlessly.

1979

Feb. 18, 1979

1. Richard Petty, Olds, 200.
 2. Darrell Waltrip, Olds, 200.
 3. A.J. Foyt, Olds, 200.
 4. Donnie Allison, Olds, 199.
 5. Cale Yarborough, Olds, 199.
 Margin of victory: 1 car length.
 Average speed: 143.977 mph.
 Winner's purse: \$73,900.

Richard Petty cruised to his sixth victory in the 500 while Cale Yarborough and the Allison brothers, Donnie and Bobby, were brawling in the mud.

The 1979 Daytona 500 was the first live, flag-to-flag, nationally broadcast by CBS Sports television. It was intended to be the sports' showcase event. The buildup was enormous and brought new meaning to the word "hype." It didn't disappoint. It wound up with three of its most well-known drivers fighting like schoolboys in the mud at a crash site a mile from the finish line.

Moments earlier, on a cold, damp, overcast Sunday, February 18, Yarborough and Donnie Allison had charged down the backstretch on the final lap vying for the lead.

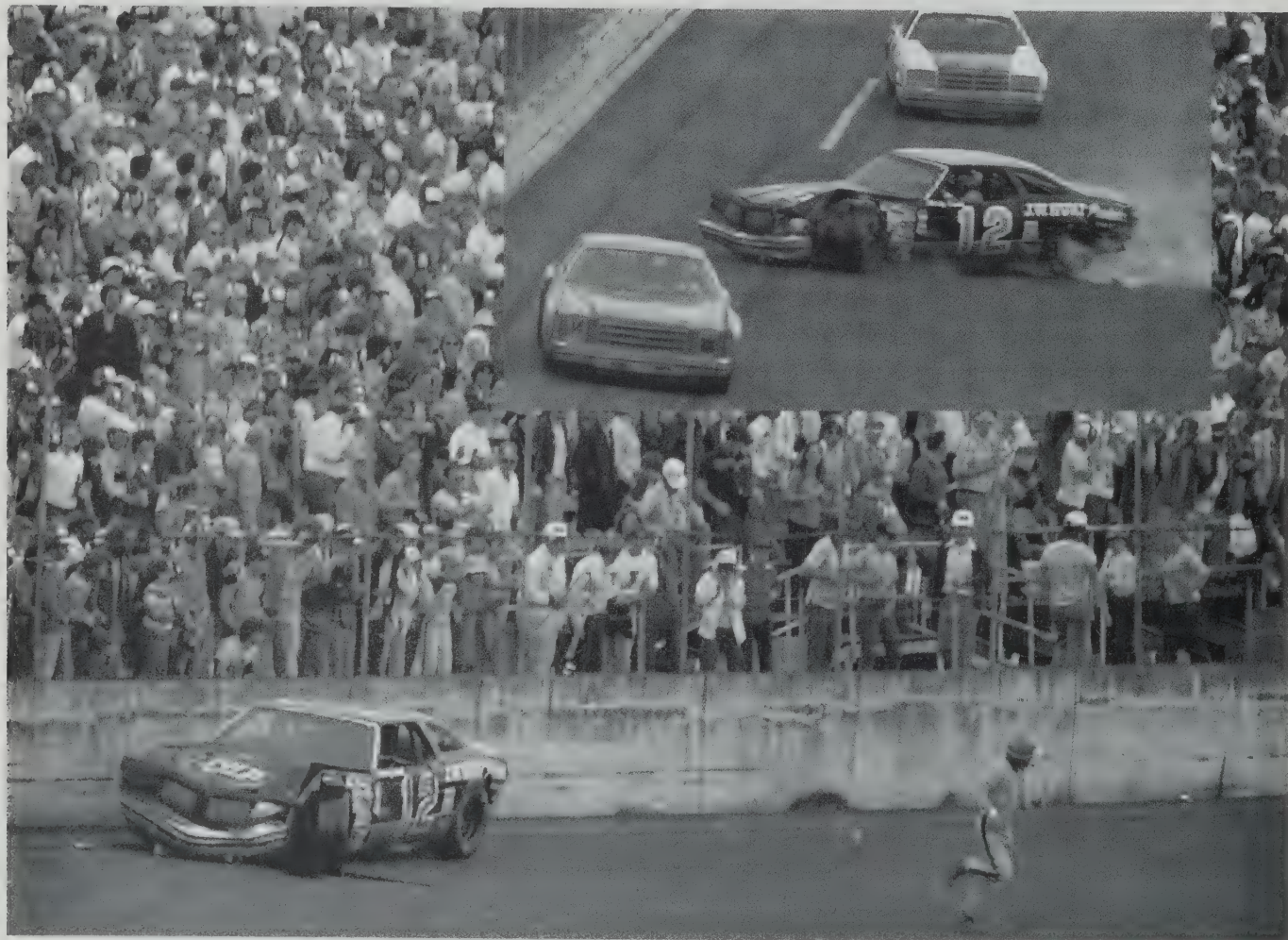
The crowd at the Speedway, plus millions watching for the first time across the nation live, were riveted on the two speeding race cars.

Allison crowded the inside racing line as Yarborough pulled low to the inside of the backstretch, expecting to blow past Allison, who was driving "Hoss" Ellington's bright red Hawaiian Tropic Chevelle.

Allison was not going to let Yarborough go by and win that easily, however. Allison pinched Cale's car closer and closer to the inside edge of the asphalt backstretch. Finally, Yarborough was forced off the racing surface. His car began to slide as if it were on snow. Yarborough gathered it back under control and wrestled it back towards Allison.

It drifted back on the track right into the side of Allison's Oldsmobile and for a few heartbeats the two cars were joined in a strange-looking waltz. Together, the duet smacked the third-turn wall and spun beyond control into the infield mud, coming to rest inside the East Bank. Both drivers, angry with each other and themselves, climbed out and confronted each other as safety crews sped to the scene.

Almost forgotten in the drama, Petty sped past



Above and inset: Neil Bonnett (12) gets loose in the tri-oval and smacks the wall. Then, after looking one way - east - Bonnett decided to run across the "street." He got back to pit road safely.

the pair of wrecked race cars and raced toward the finish line. The TV cameras almost missed as he took the checkered flag, barely holding off Darrell Waltrip and A.J. Foyt at the finish stripe.

Far from the main grandstand in turn three, the action was not over. After their cars had come to rest, Yarborough and Donnie Allison had exchanged heated words. Bobby Allison, Donnie's older brother who had taken the race-ending checkered flag, drove back around the track to the crash scene. He parked and got out of his car.

Yarborough threw a punch at Donnie, then tried to kick Bobby, who grabbed Yarborough's leg and held it. Bobby grabbed Cale's neck as he pushed him to the ground. At that moment, track workmen reached the scene and separated the fighting drivers.

"It's the worst thing I've ever seen in racing," stormed Yarborough, later. "Bobby waited on us so he could block me off. It was evident. The films will show it. I had him (Donnie) beat. They double teamed me. My left wheels were over in the dirt and Donnie knocked me on over in the dirt further. He carried me onto the grass. I started spinning and Donnie started spinning."

Earlier in the race the Allison brothers had crashed each other forcing Bobby out of contention, but not out of action. Yarborough claimed Bobby was planning to try to block the track on the last lap, to help his brother to victory.

"I don't think Bobby slowed down," said Donnie. "Cale had made up his mind he would pass me low and I had made up my mind he was going to pass me high. When he tried to pass me low, he went off the track. He spun and hit me."

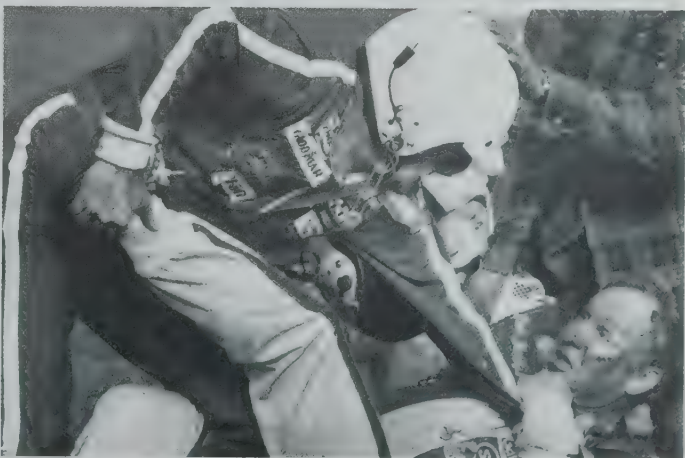
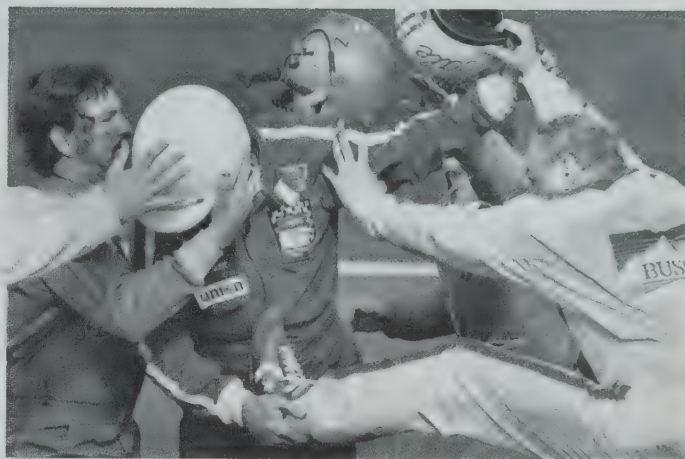
Yarborough later explained his version of the brawl in turn three.

"I hit Bobby because he just smarted off. I knocked the hell out of him," said Yarborough. "Bobby pulled up over there and I asked him why he did it (stopped at the scene). He bowed up and I swung at him. Bobby pulled that stuff all day. He denied ever doing it."

The victory ended a two-year victory drought for Petty, who drove an Oldsmobile.

The highest finishing rookie in the race was Dale Earnhardt, eighth in a

Buick. The rookie had been running with the group including Petty, Waltrip and Foyt, but stopped for fuel and lost the draft. He completed 199 laps.



Top to bottom: Bad blood boils over in one of stock car racing's most celebrated fights. As Donnie Allison, *left*, and Bobby Allison (in helmet) take on Cale Yarborough, *right*, finally pushing him to the ground.

1980

Elzie "Buddy" Baker, whose famous father "Buck" had raced on the beach, won the 1980 Daytona 500 after trying for 18 years.

Baker not only won the race and got the "Daytona Jinx" off of his back, but he also set a record for the fastest 500-mile race ever run.

His career up to that point seemed an exercise in how to lose big races in the late stages. He had blown engines and tires while leading. He had run out of fuel, or gotten caught up in some strange late-race wrecks. It just seemed big "Buddy" was destined never to win "the big one" though he tried mightily.

In 1980, he finally slew the dragon and beat the curse. Baker's Oldsmobile, built by Waddell Wilson, averaged 177.602 mph on Sunday, February 17, to establish a new world record as the fastest 500-mile race ever run. It was a clear, cool afternoon.

Feb. 17, 1980

1. Buddy Baker, Olds, 200.
2. Bobby Allison, Mercury, 200.
3. Neil Bonnett, Mercury, 200.
4. Dale Earnhardt, Olds, 199.
5. Benny Parsons, Olds, 197.

Margin of victory: 12 seconds (Under caution).

Average speed: 177.602 mph.

Winner's purse: \$102,175.

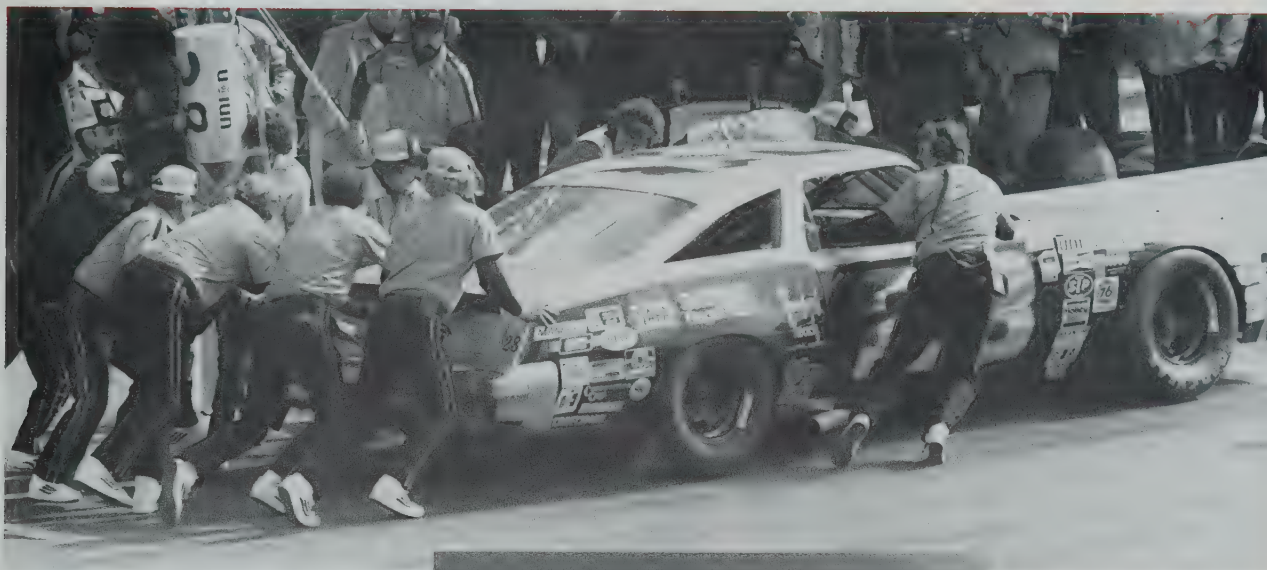
"All I had to do was keep the car between the two walls on the track and it had to win the race today," said Baker. "And for one time I didn't do something stupid to lose the race."

But he almost did.

Late in the race, Baker came down pit road to make his final "splash and go" pit stop. Wilson, knowing how charged up Baker was with the race on the line, reached in and physically held Baker while the gas man dumped in a final can of fuel. Baker was revving the engine, Wilson was holding Baker's uniform (like trying to hold back a thoroughbred race



Above: As they took the green in 1980, few knew they were starting what would become the fastest 500 miles ever run at Daytona International Speedway.

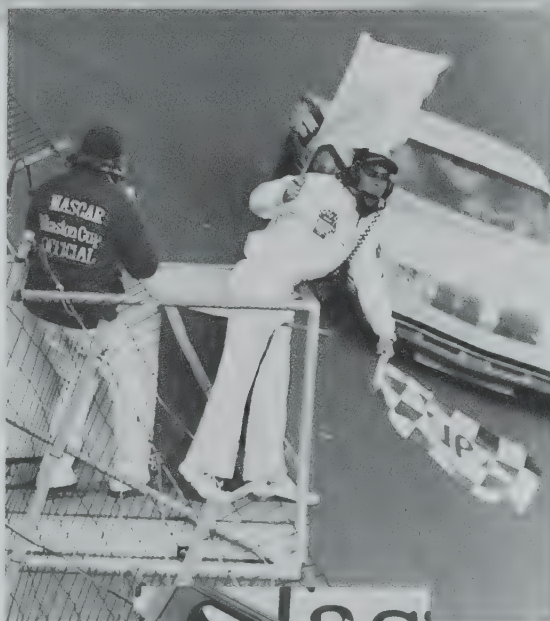


horse champing at the bit.) Finally, Baker could hold back no longer. He dropped the clutch almost yanking Wilson's arm off and taking the gas man and can with him. Wilson grabbed them as Baker scorched from the pits leaving burnt tire smoke and sloshing gasoline in his wake. He had to get to that checkered flag.

And, for one beautiful time, he did.

Baker's Oldsmobile was painted in the same silver and black of his home state's North Carolina Highway Patrol vehicles and it was one of the strongest and fastest cars to run the 500. Wilson, who had once been an engine and car builder for Ralph Moody at Holman-Moody Ford, had done his job well. In later years, his talents were to emerge in the Daytona 500 and prove his talents as a team leader, car builder and crew chief.

The biggest NASCAR Winston Cup driver (six-foot-five, 230 pounds), Baker made only one wrong turn all day. He was so excited about winning his first Daytona



500 that he turned his Olds into the wrong gate trying to get to Victory Lane. "I've been trying 20 years to get there and I went in the wrong gate," he said with a laugh. He may have been the only winning driver to get lost after the race.

Baker's father, "Buck," greeted his son with a warm handshake in the post-race celebration.

"Buck" Baker, or more formally Elzie Wylie Baker, Sr., had driven on the beach in stock car racing's infancy, but he had never won the Daytona 500. His son, "Buddy," had brought home vic-

tory for the Bakers.

"You know all my racing career I've been trying to win down here," said Baker. "I've been down here with good cars and felt like we had some real good chances of winning. Today, it finally came together — the car, the pit crew and I didn't do anything real stupid. I'll tell you how the race is won. It's between the hood and the tail lights. That's where it's at. When it's your day, it's your day and that's that."

"If I had to quit tomorrow I could say I've had a great racing career."

Top: As Waddell Wilson hangs on, Baker impatiently drops the hammer on the last pit stop. *Above, middle, and inset:* Baker waves as he wins, at long last. In Victory Lane "Big Buddy" hefted his hardware — the Daytona 500 trophy.

1981

Richard Petty scored his seventh, and final, victory in the Daytona 500 in a unique way. "We out-thunk 'em," said good "King Richard."

It was cold and overcast as Petty's pit crew came up with a strategy which made him a winner on Sunday, February 15, 1981.

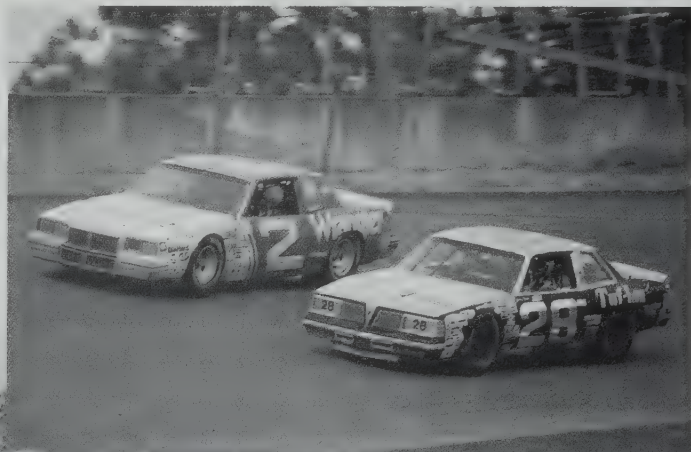
Late in the twenty-third annual 500, Petty's Buick was running fourth behind Bobby Allison's controversial Pontiac LeMans, defending race champion "Buddy" Baker's Oldsmobile and Dale Earnhardt's Pontiac Grand Prix.

Allison's black and silver Pontiac had started from the pole spot it had earned a week earlier with a lap of 194.624 mph. The car was formed from sedan sheet metal of Pontiac's LeMans model, a smallish sport coupe, not the larger Grand Prix. Pontiac had built few street models. Crew chief and car builder Waddell Wilson discovered the LeMans and constructed it over the winter. When he showed up with the car in Daytona, there was griping from Allison's

Feb. 15, 1981

1. Richard Petty, Buick, 200.
2. Bobby Allison, Pontiac, 200.
3. Ricky Rudd, Olds, 200.
4. Buddy Baker, Olds, 200.
5. Dale Earnhardt, Pontiac, 200.
Margin of victory: 4 seconds.
Average speed: 169.651 mph.
Winner's purse: \$90,575.

competitors. They claimed the car was illegal. Pontiac produced the stock model and presented it to NASCAR. It was kept in a bay next to the official inspection area. Media members, team owners and crew chiefs were allowed to see the car, proof it did



Above right: Bobby Allison's Pontiac LeMans (28) caused some controversy. Other Pontiac drivers, including Dale Earnhardt (2), driving a Wrangler Pontiac Grand Prix for owner Rodney Osterland, questioned NASCAR about the LeMans' eligibility. *Above:* Sooner or later, everyone who is anyone in stock car racing winds up on the starting grid at Daytona before the sport's most famous race, the Daytona 500.

exist. The car was molded and shaped beautifully by Wilson, rounded and aerodynamic, a real "wind cheater." Over complaints of other teams, the car was allowed to race in the 500.

But for a cupful of gasoline, Allison might have won the race with the LeMans. With only 62 miles left, Allison was leading when, suddenly, the LeMans started sputtering on the backstretch. Baker and Earnhardt whipped past. It took Allison so much time to coast to his pits for fuel, he fell from contention.

Baker and Earnhardt dove to the pits for gas. Both changed tires. All the leaders had stopped, except Petty. He kept going. And going. When, finally, he made his pit stop, 57 miles were left in the race. Petty's crew turned in a lightning-quick performance. They gassed up "the King" and sent him out nine seconds ahead of his three challengers — Allison, Earnhardt and Baker. They were unable to catch the speeding Petty.

Petty's pit strategists, cousin Dale Inman and brother Maurice Petty, elected to gamble and did not change tires on the final stop. That would have taken longer. When Petty pitted, his crew gave him only enough gas to finish the race — a "splash and go." It took less than seven seconds, enabling Petty to come out of the pits with a lead he held to the finish.

"We've won 500s where we out ran 'em, where we out-lucked 'em, where we've out-everythinged 'em — now you can add a new one, we out-thunk 'em," laughed Petty.

"I'd say we had the seventh or eighth fastest car out there. If it came down to three or four running for the lead, we probably wouldn't have been in the show. If it had been one on one or two on two, Bobby (Allison) would have had the advantage. Dale and



Maurice put their heads together and figured that was the way we could win the race so we took the gamble. They outsmarted 'em."

It was Buick's first NASCAR win since 1955.



Top right: The media sometimes gets caught up in the action. Geoff Bodine's car struck a news vehicle owned by an Orlando TV station on the tunnel mound. Bodine's embarrassing contact came at the end of a spinout. *Above right:* "King Richard," the grandfather, holds grandson, Adam. *Above:* Ralph Salvino, of STP, rides triumphantly into Victory Lane on the hood of the STP Buick

1982

Feb. 14, 1982

1. Bobby Allison, Buick, 200.
2. Cale Yarborough, Buick, 200.
3. Joe Ruttman, Buick, 200.
4. Terry Labonte, Buick, 200.
5. Bill Elliott, Ford, 198.

Margin of victory: 22.87 seconds.

Average speed: 153.991 mph.

Winner's purse: \$126,030.

Bobby Allison pulled off the "Great Bumper Stumper Caper" of 1982 on Sunday, February 14, becoming only the third driver to win the 500 more than once.

The Miami-born driver had previously won the 1978 race after trying to win for 17 years. Allison, who drove a Buick, joined Richard Petty and Cale Yarborough as the only multiple winners of the 500.

Yarborough and Petty were both victims of accidents in the race.

Only 10 miles had been run in the race when Allison and Yarborough made contact coming off the East Bank. "It was a real hard hit," said Allison, whose rear bumper came off after the contact. "I may have crowded him (Yarborough) a little, but I don't think so. It almost knocked me into the wall. It made my car run looser, especially in the tri-oval, but the crew made some adjustments and the car worked fine from then on."

When Allison's 20-pound bumper became detached, it caused an accident behind him. Several cars ran into the bumper and hardware parts of the bumper and crashed, but no one was seriously injured. Yarborough managed to pit for repairs and continued in the race, and finished a distant second. Earlier in the week NASCAR had made Allison's crew chief, Gary Nelson, adjust the bumper placement because it did not conform to rules.

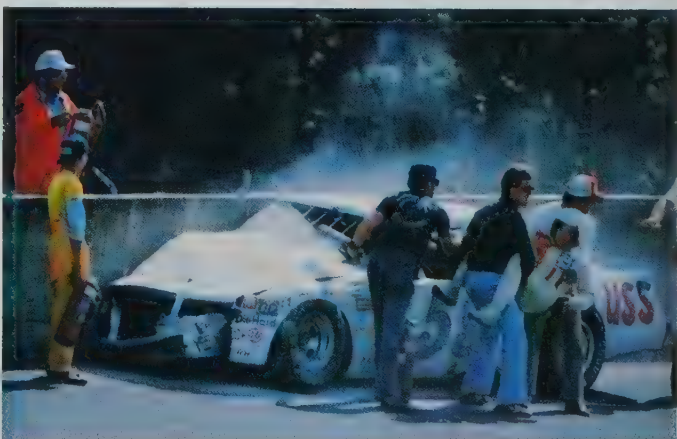
Moments after the race, a small group of reporters and a CBS television reporter cornered Yarborough's crew chief, Tim Brewer, as he stalked back to the garage. Brewer recalled the Allison-Yarborough finish in 1979 which resulted in a fist fight between Bobby, Yarborough, and Donnie Allison. Brewer suggested to the reporters and a national TV audience Allison's bumper might have been designed and intended to come off.

An elated Allison, following the Victory Lane celebration, was brought to the press box atop the Campbell Grandstand. He entered the room shortly after Brewer's interview had been broadcast on the press box monitor. Immediately, reporters told Allison of Brewer's comments, and he chuckled.

"That's not the most wonderful comment I've heard, but it shows that somebody's interested. I make a lot of excuses when I don't win, so I don't pay any attention to anybody else's excuses," said Allison.

Joe Mihilac was injured and taken to the Monaco Care Center in the infield at the Speedway, the well-equipped medical facility established to deal with driver and crew injuries. The center bears the name of physician, Dr. Al Monaco, who so faithfully manned it for so many years.

Only 17 cars were running at the end of the race. Forty-two had started the twenty-fourth annual running of the 500.



Top to bottom: After crashing his car (59) into the second turn wall, Tighe Scott, who suffered a concussion, had to be removed from the car by a rescue crew. Scott, of Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania, was taken to Halifax Medical Center where he was treated and released.



Above: Joe Millikan (50) plows into the wall in the short chute after running over debris from Allison's (88) bumper. *Inset:* It was sweet victory number two for Bobby Allison. He was helped from his car by Union Oil representative, Bill Brodrick, background.

1983

Feb. 20, 1983

1. Cale Yarborough, Pontiac, 200.
 2. Bill Elliott, Ford, 200.
 3. Buddy Baker, Ford, 200.
 4. Joe Ruttman, Chevy, 200.
 5. Richard Brooks, Ford, 199.
- Margin of victory: 4 car lengths.
Average speed: 155.979 mph.
Winner's purse: \$119,600.

Cale Yarborough won the 500 for a third time on a bright, clear Sunday, February 20, 1983.

The driver, from Timmonsville, South Carolina, went flying twice during Speed Weeks 1983.

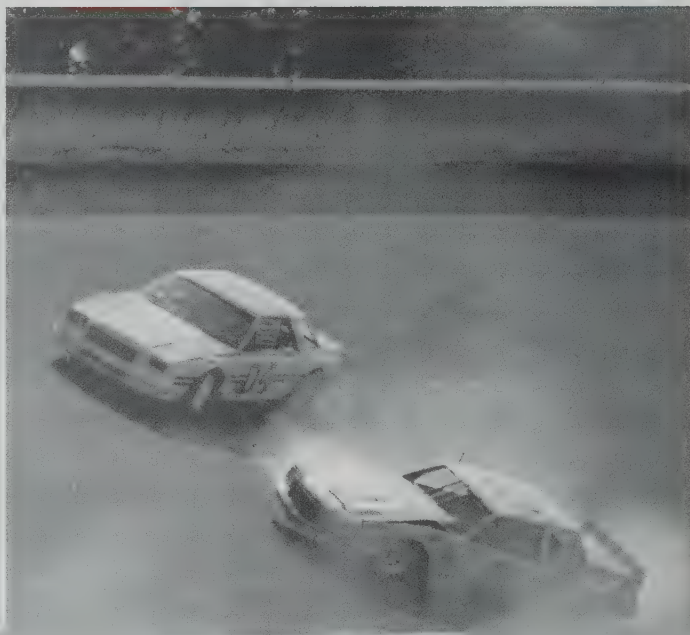
Monday, as he attempted to qualify his Pontiac for the 500, Yarborough had sped to a NASCAR race qualifying record of 200.503 mph on his first lap, perhaps the fastest lap ever run at Daytona. On his second lap, he lost control of his white and orange race car, sailing and flipping in the East Bank. After the crash, Yarborough was uninjured, but his race car was totaled.

His crew prepared the backup car and the driver started the twenty-fifth annual 500 in eighth place.

"We saved the best for last," said Yarborough. "This is a great race car and a great team."

Yarborough's win marked the second time in four years a Waddell Wilson prepared car had won the race: "Buddy" Baker had driven a Wilson car to victory in 1980.

Yarborough shot around Baker down the backstretch on the last lap and cruised to the finish to collect \$119,600 from the first \$1 million race purse in stock car racing history.



Above: Vice President George Bush, who was invited to serve as the honorary starter for the Daytona 500, gives the drivers "one to go" for the green flag. Above right: Delma Cowart (0) loses grip and spins his race car.



Darrell Waltrip had a strong car early in the event, but he crashed savagely with Dick Brooks on the sixty-fourth lap in the tri-oval section of the race track. Waltrip, banged up and bruised, was held overnight at Halifax Hospital Medical Center for observation.

X-rays showed only a small concussion and he was released the following day.

The field of 42 race cars were given the green flag by Vice President George Bush, a special guest of the Speedway.



Top: Darrell Waltrip (11) suffered one of the race's most serious accidents, smacking the wall in the tri-oval. Waltrip had crashed just behind eventual race winner Cale Yarborough. *Inset:* Cale, in the winners circle. *Below:* While competitors battle behind him, Cale (28) drives his LeMans to a 500 victory.

1984

Feb. 19, 1984

1. Cale Yarborough, Chevy, 200.
2. Dale Earnhardt, Chevy, 200.
3. Darrell Waltrip, Chevy, 200.
4. Neil Bonnett, Chevy, 200.
5. Bill Elliott, Ford, 200.

Margin of victory: 8 car lengths.

Average speed: 150.994 mph.

Winner's purse: \$160,300.

Cale Yarborough won again on Sunday, February 19, 1984, joining legendary drivers Glenn "Fireball" Roberts and Richard Petty in unique accomplishments at the Speedway.

Yarborough drove his first Daytona 500 in 1962. That year, local driver Roberts won the pole position, a qualifying race and the 500. Yarborough finished forty-eighth in the 1962 race. His victory in 1984's 500 made him the first driver since Roberts to win the pole, a qualifying race and 500 in the same year.

Yarborough also joined Petty as the only driver in Speedway history to win consecutive 500s.

The block-shouldered, barrel-chested driver also became the Speedway's winningest driver. His victory was the fourteenth of his career at the "Big D." His Chevrolet Monte Carlo was prepared by Waddell Wilson.

Yarborough's victory came somewhat easily. He had only to sweep past Darrell Waltrip on the last lap to win. Dale Earnhardt followed Yarborough and wound up second. "Darrell couldn't have done a thing," said Yarborough after the race. "He was a sitting duck." Said Earnhardt, "I just took what I could get. We were

down on horsepower all day."

Ricky Rudd finished a game seventh. One week earlier he had taken a scary, twisting flier as he crashed coming out of the Speedway's East Bank. Rudd wore a football style protective "flak jacket" in the race and drove in pain. Because of Rudd's earlier accident and others preceding the 500, sports writers had dubbed the turn "Calamity Corner."

Richard Petty drove the race for a new team. He severed ties with Petty Enterprises following 1983. Petty took the lead on the thirty-ninth lap and led for 24 laps before he was sidelined with a broken camshaft after running 92 laps.

President Ronald Reagan started the race via a telephone call from the White House, with a hearty: "Gentlemen, start your engines."



Above and insets: Ricky Rudd was driving Bud Moore's Wrangler Ford in the Busch Clash when the car suddenly crashed coming off turn four. Rudd had hit the infamous "tunnel bump", a slight rise in the track's surface where it goes across the buried tunnels leading from outside into the infield. Rudd got out of shape then began a wild series of flips, with the car flying to pieces. He was not seriously injured.



Above inset: Dick Brooks (90) spun his Chameleon Sunglasses-sponsored, Junie Donleavy-owned Ford. *Above:* The spin brought out a caution flag and cars snaked around the Speedway single file. *Above right inset:* Finally, Yarborough saw the checkered flag once again at Daytona in his Hardee-sponsored race car (28).

1985

Feb. 17, 1985

1. Bill Elliott, Ford, 200.
2. Lake Speed, Pontiac, 200.
3. Darrell Waltrip, Chevy, 199.
4. Buddy Baker, Olds, 199.
5. Ricky Rudd, Ford, 199.

Margin of victory: 7 car lengths.

Average speed: 172.265 mph.

Winner's purse: \$185,500.



Above: Bill Elliott started his Coors' Ford (9) on the pole. Alongside was the Thunderbird of Cale Yarborough (28), defending champ.

Call him "Wild Bill from Dawsonville", or call him "Million Dollar Bill" or "Awesome Bill."

Dawsonville, Georgia's, Bill Elliott and his red Ford Thunderbird dominated the Daytona 500 as few have before him, driving to an easy victory Sunday, February 17, 1985 in the twenty-seventh 500.

Elliott became the sixth driver to win from the pole position, and only the third driver in history to win the pole, the qualifying race and the 500 the same year. The other two were Cale Yarborough (1984) and Glenn "Fireball" Roberts (1962).

The 29-year-old driver broke an old Daytona 500 axiom, "It takes a veteran driver to win Daytona." Veteran drivers such as Petty, Yarborough, Bobby Allison and Baker had won previous 500s. Elliott was beginning only his third full season of NASCAR Winston Cup racing. The Daytona 500 was his fifth victory and it earned the likable driver \$185,500, the largest purse of his young career.

The race was relatively free of accidents. Driver Tim Richmond hit the backstretch wall when his car suffered a wheel failure. Neil Bonnett's car lost an engine and then spun in the tri-oval but neither driver was injured.

"I don't think I ever did hold back," said Elliott. "If I never win it again, this will be very special to me."

The victory launched Elliott on a huge and financially successful season. The R.J. Reynolds Tobacco company, which sponsors the Winston Cup, had posted a "bounty" of \$1 million on the four major races on the NASCAR circuit: Daytona, Charlotte, Talladega and Darlington. Any driver to win three of the four in the same season would collect \$1 million.

As the 1985 season unfolded, Elliott did that, winning at Daytona, Talladega and Darlington. That is when many people named him "Dollar" Bill. It was appropriate.



Above: Neil Bonnett (12) spins his Chevrolet Monte Carlo to bring out a caution. Insets, left to right: Elliott's crew, led by brothers Ernie and Dan, turned quick stops, while others blew off steam. In the end, it was a sunny finish for "Dollar" Bill Elliott.

1986

Feb. 16, 1986

1. Geoff Bodine, Chevy, 200.
 2. Terry Labonte, Olds, 200.
 3. Darrell Waltrip, Chevy, 200.
 4. Bobby Hillin, Chevy, 200.
 5. Benny Parsons, Olds, 199.
- Margin of victory: 11.26 seconds.
Average speed: 148.124 mph.
Winner's purse: \$192,715.

For the second straight year, a new name visited Victory Lane at Daytona as Geoff Bodine survived a crash-marred 500 on February 16, 1986. It was only the third win of Bodine's career and was scored in a Chevrolet from Rick Hendrick's team, a team formed only two months previously.

As the race headed into its final laps, it had become a shootout between Bodine and Dale Earnhardt. Earnhardt was bidding to become the first driver to win all four major Speedway events (International Race of Champions, Busch Clash, Sportsman 300 and Daytona 500) during Speed Weeks.

However, he had to dive down pit road for a gulp of gas four laps from the finish. Then, his engine blew as he tried to return to the race.

"When I saw him (Earnhardt) drop low I told Gary (crew chief Gary Nelson) on the radio, 'he's out,'" said Bodine. "What a relief."

Earnhardt, however, didn't lose his cool after the race.

"Well, (bleep)," he exclaimed in mock anger as he crawled out of his Chevrolet Monte Carlo SS. Then Earnhardt slipped on a headband which read: "FRANCE." He said it was for Bill France, Sr., the founding father of NASCAR and Daytona International Speedway. Earnhardt had planned to unveil it in Victory Lane. His engine died as he exited pit road and he needed a push from the Ford Thunderbird of

Bill Elliott to make it around the 2.5-mile track as the race ended.

"I can take losing just like I can winning," said Earnhardt. "There's another day, another race. We chose to gamble on it (fuel mileage). You win some, you lose some. Bodine did the same and he won the race."

The fourth turn, nicknamed "Calamity Corner" because of the wrecks it had caused in previous races, played a role again. It resembled a carnival bumper car ride on the 116th lap when Neil Bonnett slid sideways and touched off a multiple car collision.

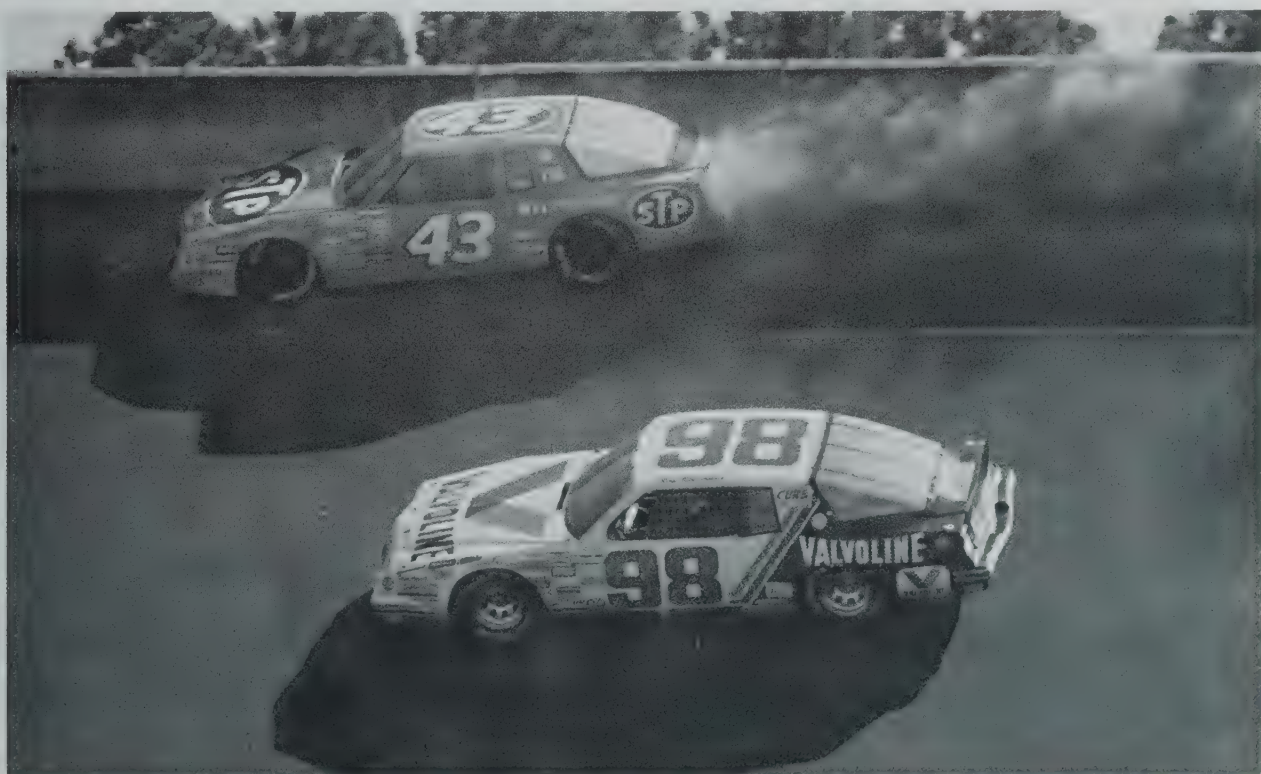
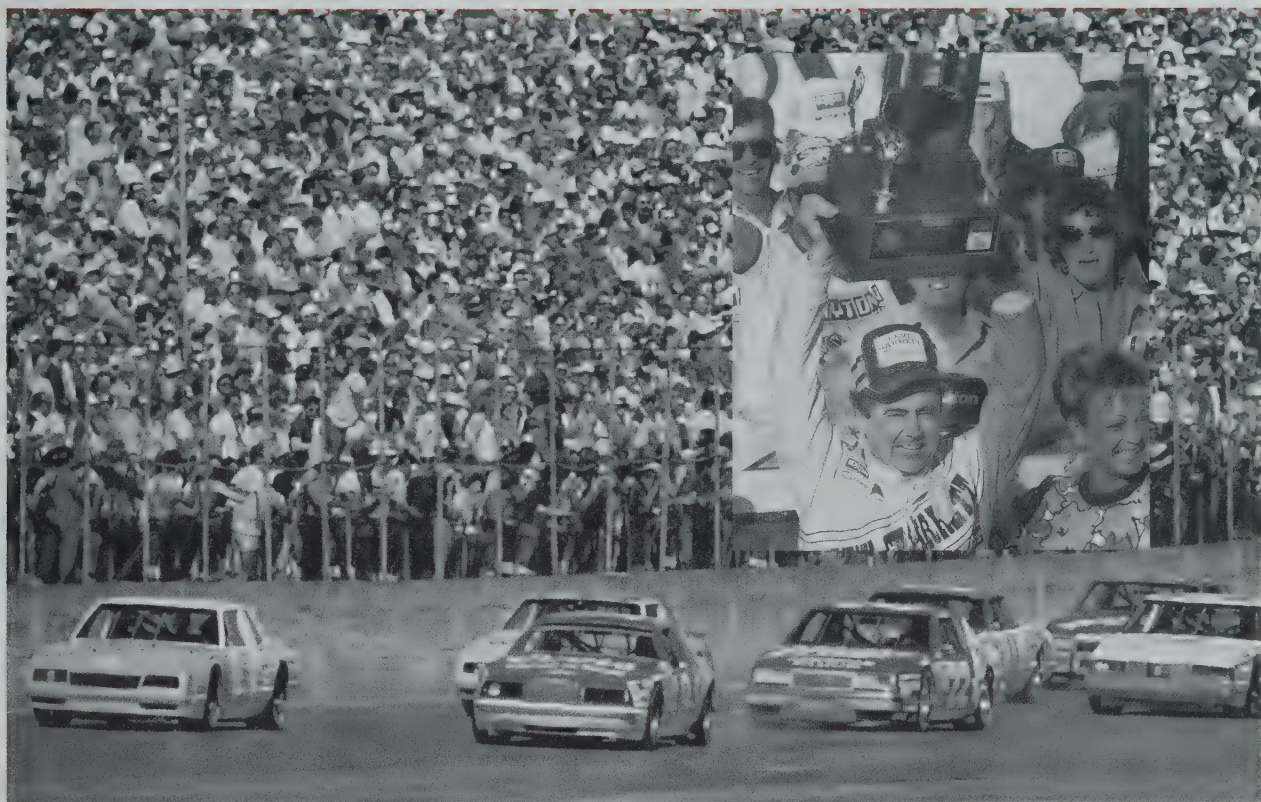
The wreck involved 11 cars and changed the entire complexion of the race. It knocked out Bonnett, Cale Yarborough, Joe Ruttman and Harry Gant. Others, including defending race champion, Bill Elliott, were also involved.

Bonnett apparently had suffered a cut tire on his race car and began spinning out of control as a tight pack of drafting race cars sped through turn four.

It was an emotional Victory Lane as Bodine got teary congratulations from wife, Kathy. It was Bodine's seventh start in the 500.



Above: "Hustlin'" Harry Gant (33) tags Brett Bodine (26) during a turn four 11-car melee, dubbed "Calamity Corner," by the media.



Top: Geoff Bodine (5) threads his way along the wall in the Hendrick Racing Chevrolet, challenged by Bill Elliott (9). Above inset: Geoff and wife, Kathy Bodine (right), celebrate. Above: Richard Petty (43) smacks the wall while Ron Bouchard (98) steers low.

1987

For only the third time in Daytona 500 history NASCAR drivers ran a wreck-free race on Sunday, February 16, 1987. It was run at a blazing pace. In the late stages, it played out as an economy run.

At the end, with only three laps remaining, defending champion Geoff Bodine ran out of gas in the tri-oval turn and Bill Elliott motored past him to victory. Elliott averaged a near record 176.263 mph.

Elliott had started on the pole. The red-headed Georgia race driver turned the fastest lap in the history of Daytona International Speedway in qualifying the previous week. Elliott ran his Ford Thunderbird 210.364 mph. The run put Elliott into the unique group of automotive men who have written race history in Daytona Beach. Only two men, Sir Malcolm Campbell (1935) and Sir Henry O'Neill DeHane Segrave (1929) had ever gone faster in an automobile in Daytona Beach.

It was only the sixth time in 29 Daytona 500s the pole-sitter won the race. It took just two hours, 50 minutes and 12 seconds to complete. Elliott led more than one-half the race.

With 100 miles left in the race, Dale Earnhardt, Benny Parsons, "Buddy" Baker, Elliott, Bodine and Richard Petty were all battling for position in the front-running pack, a "choo-choo" drafting train of driving stars.

After Bodine's gasoline gamble failed, Elliott raced Parsons and Petty to the checkered flag, but neither had the muscle to pass the Georgia driver.

The demands of his fame, which had begun two

Feb. 15, 1987

1. Bill Elliott, Ford, 200.
 2. Benny Parsons, Chevy, 200.
 3. Richard Petty, Pontiac, 200.
 4. Buddy Baker, Olds, 200.
 5. Dale Earnhardt, Chevy, 200.
- Margin of victory: 1 car length.
Average speed: 176.263 mph.
Winner's purse: \$204,150.

years earlier when Elliott first won the 500, were catching up with him.

"I've raced here three weekends in a row. I've had a lot of things to do at night, and I've been here at the track by seven o'clock every morning," said Elliott. "I've got work to do, this is my business. I enjoy meeting all the people here but it gets to the point where the only place I can go to get away is in the race car."

Elliott was one of the first of NASCAR's "young lions" to defeat the old guard and the myth that experience is necessary to win the Daytona 500 when he won the 1985 race in only his third season.

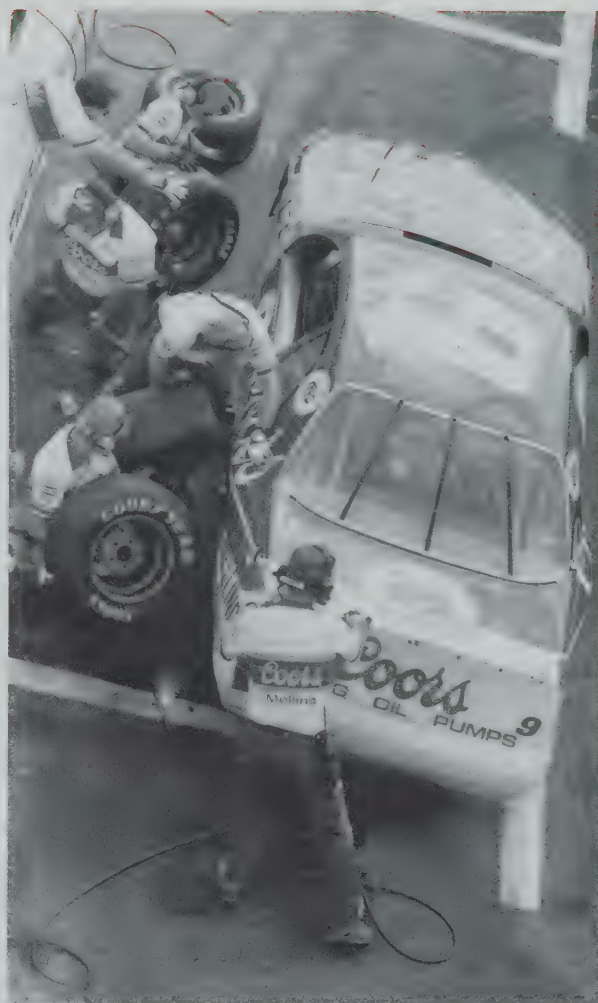
That "old guard" did well in the 1987 race. Parsons (1975 winner) was second, Petty (seven-time winner) was third, Baker (1980 winner) was fourth and Bobby Allison (two-time winner) was sixth. Only fifth-place Dale Earnhardt was a 500 non-winner.

Earnhardt had a chance when he pitted in the lead with 11 laps remaining. But the nozzle of the gas can stuck briefly and a gear was open, causing the pit stop to last two seconds longer than normal.

Earnhardt's fifth-place finish equalled his performance in the 1981 500. He finished fourth in 1980 and was second to Cale Yarborough in 1984.



Above: For Bill Elliott (9) the old racing adage, "start first, finish first" came true to form. He started on the pole and won handily.



Above left: Bill Elliott (9) had run the fastest official qualifying lap in Speedway history, more than 210 mph. He led most of the race. Top right: Elliott's crew turned rapid pit stops, keeping their driver in the lead. Above right: Elliott got a tee-shirt, and kisses.

1988

Feb. 14, 1988

1. Bobby Allison, Buick, 200.
2. Davey Allison, Ford, 200.
3. Phil Parsons, Olds, 200.
4. Neil Bonnett, Pontiac, 200.
5. Terry Labonte, Chevy, 200.

Margin of victory: 2 1/2 car lengths.

Average speed: 137.531 mph.

Winner's purse: \$202,940.

A pair of legendary drivers from bygone days made the 1988 Daytona 500 a race for the ages.

Bobby Allison became the first over-50 driver to win the 500, and Richard Petty survived a horrendous crash on the main straightaway in front of the brand new Winston Tower.

Allison fought it out for the final 10 laps with son, Davey, who finished second by a couple of car lengths. The late laps were moments any real racing fan filed away forever in a scrapbook of memories. Several times young Davey stuck the nose of his race car under his father's, but "dad" had the horsepower to hold him off. It was the first and only time father and son have finished first and second in the 500. Lee and Richard Petty finished that way twice before in other races in 1959 and 1960.

After speeds soared to more than 200 mph in 1987, NASCAR instituted the carburetor restrictor plate for 1988. The plate limits the amount of air which is taken in by the carburetor, limiting the horsepower an engine can produce. The plate, which has been used since at both Talladega and Daytona superspeedways, is intended to slow all cars and create a more competitive race.

Many top drivers, such as Dale Earnhardt, criticized the use of the plate after the race. "It took all the racing out of it," said Earnhardt. "It was follow the leader out there. We bumped more today than we ever did. It didn't keep the cars from flipping did it?"

It made it a damn fiasco. I'm all for safety, but that kind of racing is no fun. Somebody is going to get killed. What did Bobby Allison do, lead the last 10 laps? That's real exciting isn't it?"

However, Allison disagreed, saying it was an exciting and competitive race, which statistics backed up. "It certainly was not dull out there," he said. "It was a tight race with a lot of mental pressure. If you made a mistake you'd go back to fifteenth or twentieth place. It was an on-the-edge-of-the-seat race."

A record 17 cars finished on the lead lap. A total of 12 drivers swapped the lead 26 times.

Petty's crash was one of the most chilling of his career. On the 106th lap Petty, running in heavy traffic, apparently lost control of his car coming out of turn four. The STP Pontiac was hit by Phil Barkdoll's car and knocked into the wall. It spun around five times on its nose, barrel-rolled twice, took out 20 feet of grandstand fence and sent fans in the front rows scattering.

After coming down on its wheels, Petty's wounded car sat for a split second in stillness. All in the Speedway held their breath. Then the sitting car was smacked by Brett Bodine's car, a savage, explosive hit



Above inset: It started innocently enough, Petty got sideways coming off turn four. Then, Foyt (14) nudged under the left front of Petty's car which lifted the STP Pontiac. Once air swirled beneath Petty's car, it became airborne. *Above:* As if in slow-motion the famous No. 43 did a pirouette on its nose, scraping down the main straightaway in an unusual and vulnerable position.



Top to bottom: To the shock of thousands in the Oldfield Grandstand and in the brand new Winston Tower, Richard Petty, the most popular race driver America has ever known, was riding in a disintegrating race car. It rolled and scraped its way down the straight, shedding wheels, tires and automotive body parts as it careened along. Then it stopped still. And the crowd caught its collective breath.



Top to bottom: For a chilling moment, Petty's wounded race car sat sideways in the straightaway, then it was hit savagely by Brett Bodine's Ford. It was as if a bomb had gone off inside Petty's race car. What was left of the car literally blew apart in the wrenching collision. Inset, left: Somberly, spectators watched as they loaded America's most popular driver into an ambulance.

which almost blew the front end off Petty's bright blue and red car, and spun him like a top.

A.J. Foyt's car was involved. Foyt said, "It looked like Petty's back end came out. I went down on the bottom and he came across. When he came down I hit his left front with my right front. I sure hope he's OK. I was the one who really hit him hard and turned him the other way."

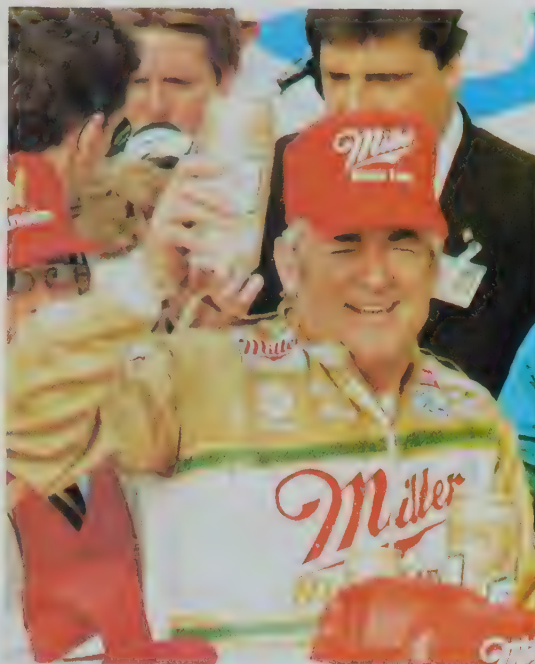
Petty was not seriously injured. But, Richard's wife, Lynda, reportedly asked her groggy husband in the Monaco Care Center after the wreck, "Well, is it fun yet?" Petty had said frequently he'd quit driving "when it quit being fun."

The late Tim Richmond, who had won seven races in 1986, had tried to enter the race but failed a NASCAR drug test. Richmond sent a banner-plane over the Speedway carrying the following message: "Fans, I miss you, Tim Richmond." Few knew how ill Richmond was. In August 1989, Richmond died of acquired immune deficiency syndrome, AIDS, at the age of 32.

Bobby Allison capped a wonderful week with his third 500 victory. Allison won the 125-mile qualifying

race Thursday, Saturday's Busch Grand National 300-mile race and also won the Speedway fishing tournament held in Lake Lloyd and first prize of a new bass boat. His three victories earned him \$249,250.

Less than six months later, however, Allison was critically injured at Pocono in a career-ending crash.



Above: The checkered flag falls on one of the most famous finishes in Speedway history. Father Bobby (12) leads second-place son, Davey (28), across the finish line. Above, left: The late Alan Kulwicki expresses sadness at his Daytona 500 troubles. Above, right: Allison toasts his third 500 win, this one earned in the Stavola Brothers' Miller High Life Buick Regal.

1989

Feb. 19, 1989

1. Darrell Waltrip, Chevy, 200.
2. Ken Schrader, Chevy, 200.
3. Dale Earnhardt, Chevy, 200.
4. Geoff Bodine, Chevy, 200.
5. Phil Parsons, Olds, 200.

Margin of victory: 7.64 seconds.

Average speed: 148.466 mph.

Winner's purse: \$184,400.

Darrell Waltrip finally came home a winner in the 1989 Daytona 500 after 16 previous winless efforts.

Waltrip, a believer in good omens and numerology, said it was destined.

It was his seventeenth career start in the 500. He was driving car number 17. His daughter, Jessica Leigh, turned 17 months old on Friday, the seventeenth. And afterward, Waltrip swore he had a dime, a nickel and two pennies in the pocket of his racing uniform.

Waltrip won the race because of good fuel mileage. He went the last 53 laps on one tankful. Most cars were getting about 50 laps, or less, on a tankful.

"I'd sure like to see that gas tank," cracked third-place finisher Dale Earnhardt, who nursed a Chevrolet with a misfiring engine to third behind Waltrip and second-place Ken Schrader. Both Schrader and Earnhardt pitted late for fuel.

A NASCAR official illustrated how much gasoline was left in the 22 gallon fuel cell in Waltrip's Chevrolet when he inspected it following the race. "For five dollars," said the official, "I'd drink it."

"Five laps to go, I'm feeling good," Waltrip said. "Four laps to go, I'm out of gas. Three laps to go, I'm feeling good again. Two laps to go, I'm out of gas. And then on the white flag (last lap) I didn't know what the heck was going to happen.

"Over the last two laps, I rocked the car and picked up another ounce or two and went another hundred yards."

Waltrip drove a three-year-old Chevrolet owned by Rick Hendrick. Waltrip was ecstatic in Victory Lane, with wife, Stevie. He boomed into the Speedway microphone, "I won the Daytona 500? Oh, thank God! I'm not dreaming, am I? This is Daytona, ain't it?"



Above right: Jody Ridley, a Georgia short track driving champion, was filling in for an injured Bill Elliott in the Coors-Melling Thunderbird. Elliott had suffered a broken wrist in off-season practice. Ridley (9) wrecked in the 500. Above: Terry Labonte (11) lost control of his Budweiser Thunderbird, and its windshield popped out.



Above: Darrell Waltrip exults in his 500 win, after trying for 17 years. Top inset: Phil Barkdoll (73) rolls his Oldsmobile on lap 143. Middle inset: A shaky Bobby Hillin, Jr. is helped from his Buick (8) after he hit the wall in turn two on lap 39. Bottom inset: Tommy Deese, a member of Sterling Marlin's pit crew, suffered a laceration and fracture of his left leg in a freak accident on pit road.

1990

Feb. 18, 1990

1. Derrike Cope, Chevy, 200.
2. Terry Labonte, Olds, 200.
3. Bill Elliott, Ford, 200.
4. Ricky Rudd, Chevy, 200.
5. Dale Earnhardt, Chevy, 200.

Margin of victory: 1 1/2 car lengths.

Average speed: 165.761 mph.

Winner's purse: \$188,150.

A piece of metal lying in the road. A cupful of gasoline. A few pounds of air pressure in a tire. A few seconds on a pit stop.

These are the elements of a Daytona 500 victory — or defeat. No one knows those fine points better than Ralph Dale Earnhardt, the winningest driver never to win a Daytona 500.

In 1990 it appeared the man they call "The Intimidator" would finally break his Daytona jinx. He had the most powerful car he'd ever had at the Speedway. Never in 11 previous races had he driven such a car. It was a black Chevrolet with number "3" on the side. The intimidating machine seemed as if it could bore a hole through traffic carrying its determined driver. It was like another great car from a long ago era, the black "Fabulous Hudson Hornet" which had dominated the beach races of the 1950s. Earnhardt was also attended by one of the finest crews in racing, assembled by car owner Richard Childress.

He had it all. He also had driven a flawless race, leading 155 laps and once building almost a lap lead on the field. It was Dale's day.

Then, with only one mile to the checkered flag, Earnhardt sped into turn three pulling with him Derrike Cope, Terry Labonte and Bill Elliott. Suddenly, Earnhardt's car faltered. It wiggled and slowed suddenly, then shot up the banked surface of the turn. Cope dove low, driving hard beneath a slowing Earnhardt, bringing along Labonte and Elliott.

The right rear tire on Earnhardt's dominant Chevrolet had exploded, almost throwing him into the wall. Earnhardt, who had had so many chances to win before was a loser again.

Cope, driving in only his third 500, held off Labonte to win.

"I knew the tire was going down, down the backstretch, but I tried to ride it out," said a somber Earnhardt afterward. "It finally shredded and then I had all I could handle keeping it off the wall."

"I can't believe it!" said Cope. "I saw a bunch of stuff coming out from under Dale's car. I didn't know if it was tire debris or what. Some of that stuff bounced off my car. His car got sideways and he caught the car."

"We ran real good," sighed Earnhardt. "I was hoping to get to the start-finish line but didn't make it. They didn't outrun us, they lucked into it."

Earnhardt had run over a broken piece of bell housing (a part which separates the engine and transmission) perhaps off of Geoff Bodine's car. Bodine had spun with 20 miles remaining, bringing out the final caution flag which bunched up the field.

"This is the biggest buildup and the biggest let-down I've ever had in racing. Damn it, I was so close. I never thought I had it in the bag, though. I was counting corners every lap. This was the best car here. All the others knew who they had to beat."

For 199 laps, Earnhardt was a front runner. He failed to lead the most important lap, the last one. After the race, the piece of bell housing was found in Ricky Rudd's car's radiator. Rudd's crew chief, Waddell Wilson, gave it to Richard Childress, Earnhardt's car owner, a keepsake of doom.

"I ran over something in front of the 'chicken-



Above: Not all of the "the King's" trips to Daytona ended in triumph. Here, he makes a driving mistake and loses control of his STP Pontiac in the West Bank. He returned to action, but finished thirty-fourth after starting eleventh.



Above: The pit road during the 1990 Daytona 500 was a frantic place. In the pressure-packed atmosphere of the world's most important stock car race, every movement was choreographed for the pit crewmen to perform a mechanical ballet.

bone' (backstretch) grandstands. I heard it hit the bottom of the car. Then, it hit the tire," said Earnhardt, as he replayed his demise. "Once the tire went I went up high to stay out of everybody's way. I had a hard time keeping it straight.

"Derrike won the race but there was no way he could have gotten by me if that wouldn't have happened. We outran everybody all day. We had it won — I still can't believe it happened."

Said Childress, "Sometimes this sport can bite you when you least expect it to. This was one of the most dominant cars I've ever seen here. To have something you've dreamed about winning for your entire life slip away is heartbreaking."

Cope was full of admiration for Earnhardt's driving ability. "He caught the car so quickly," said Cope. "That's a tribute to Dale Earnhardt, because not many drivers could have done that.

"I had to drop my car to the white line," said Cope. "I just turned that baby left and said, 'Please stick.' I saw a hole and I had my foot on the floor. I turned it as hard as I could and it stuck.

"I'm going home as the winner of the Daytona 500," continued Cope, who was driving a Purolator Chevrolet for owner Bob Whitcomb and crew chief Buddy Parrott, a popular veteran of many Daytona 500 wars.

"I really do feel for him (Earnhardt), but I've seen

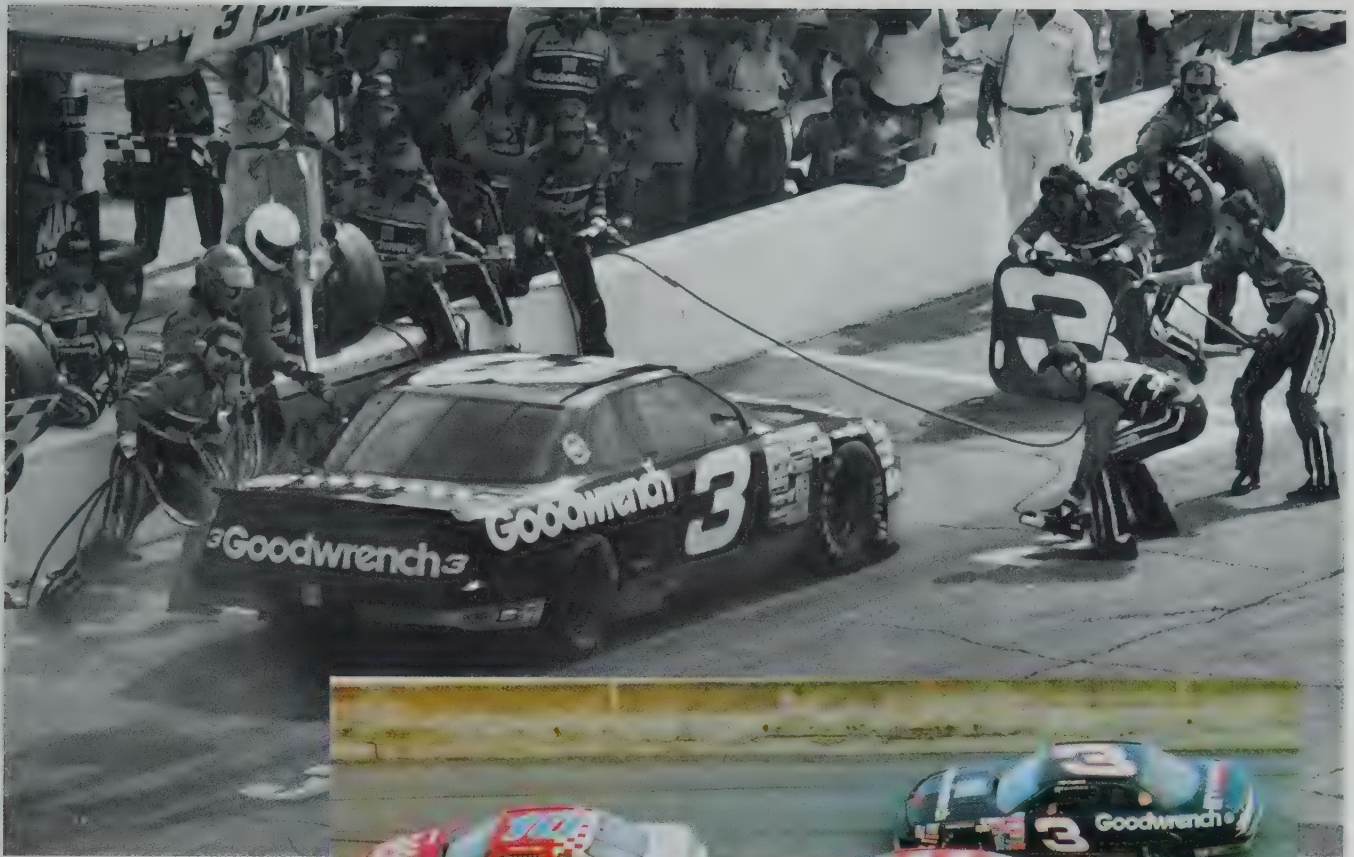
other people win by default."

If the race had a somewhat cinematic quality, that would be understandable. Two cars began the race and ran the first several laps unscored. Though the two cars, driven by racing professionals, may have looked like authentic race cars, with sponsor logos, numbers and proper design, they were in fact film cars. The cars, approved by NASCAR, ran several laps in varied formation by themselves during the race to film and be filmed by movie cameras.

The cars were part of the full-length feature movie about stock car racing, "Days of Thunder," which starred Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman.



Above left: The pain of defeat left Dale Earnhardt somber and stonefaced. *Above right:* Tom Cruise played a racing "hot shot" in a movie filmed during the 500, "Days of Thunder," a Hollywood look at stock car racing. *Above:* It's the Daytona shuffle on the front straightaway, as Rob Moroso (20), Alan Kulwicki (Zerex Ford) and Phil Parsons (4), tear up some "sheet metal."



Top: With victory in sight, Dale Earnhardt (3) makes a final pit stop and gets service from Richard Childress' crew, one of racing's fastest. Above inset: Less than one mile from the checkered flag, Earnhardt's tire explodes and he slips high as Derrike Cope (10), Morgan Shepherd (15), Geoff Bodine (11) and Dale Jarrett (21) dive underneath him. Above: Buddy Parrot and the crew celebrate an unexpected triumph as Cope steers toward Victory Lane.

1991

Feb. 17, 1991

1. Ernie Irvan, Chevy, 200.
 2. Sterling Marlin, Ford, 200.
 3. Joe Ruttman, Olds, 200.
 4. Rick Mast, Olds, 200.
 5. Dale Earnhardt, Chevy, 200.
- Margin of victory: Under caution.
Average speed: 148.148 mph.
Winner's purse: \$233,000.

Ernie Irvan became the second West Coast driver in as many years to become the Daytona 500 champion on Sunday, February 19, 1991. For the second straight year, it was a race Dale Earnhardt could have won.

In 1990, Derrike Cope of Spanaway, Washington, had won when Earnhardt's right rear tire blew one mile from the finish with Earnhardt in the lead.

In 1991, Earnhardt again had his powerful black Chevrolet running up front. He led for 46 laps. However, fate again robbed Earnhardt of the chance to run to the checkered flag.

Just like Colridge's "Ancient Mariner," Earnhardt killed a seagull, and perhaps he had to pay penance by being denied victory again.

On the first lap the unlucky driver clipped the gull with the left front of his car. It rode there, lap after lap, until it was peeled off on a pit stop 30 laps later.

With only two laps left in the race, Irvan led with Earnhardt and Davey Allison battling behind him. Kyle Petty and Joe Ruttman were also hooked up with the leaders. The winner would come from that group.

With Irvan leading and less than five miles left to race, Allison rode to the outside of Earnhardt coming off the second turn. Earnhardt then lost the rear of his Chevrolet and he crashed with Allison, catching Petty up with them. The yellow caution flag waved and Irvan easily stroked home to victory. His car almost ran out of gas on the cool-down lap after taking the checkered flag.

"Me and Davey were racing, trying to get back into position (to make a run at Ernie). The air got off of me down between (turns) one and two," said Earnhardt after the race. "Joe (Ruttman) was in and out behind me and behind Davey. I lost control, spun, and spun into Davey."

Davey Allison was upset by the late-race crash. "All I know is I passed him (Dale) clean on the outside, then a hard hit in the left quarter-panel put me in the outside wall. I'm not happy because I had a shot to win the race. Earnhardt has everyone so intimidated nobody wanted to get behind me (to help draft)," he sighed. "They all scattered like a flock of quails."

The race was slowed by nine cautions, two shy of the record 11 cautions in 1968. Irvan was able to drive past Earnhardt on

the race's last restart (following a late caution). "I thought, 'I can push him (Earnhardt) to the Daytona 500 win, or I can pass and let him push me to the Daytona 500 win. There's nobody I'd rather push.' But something told me that I should pass."

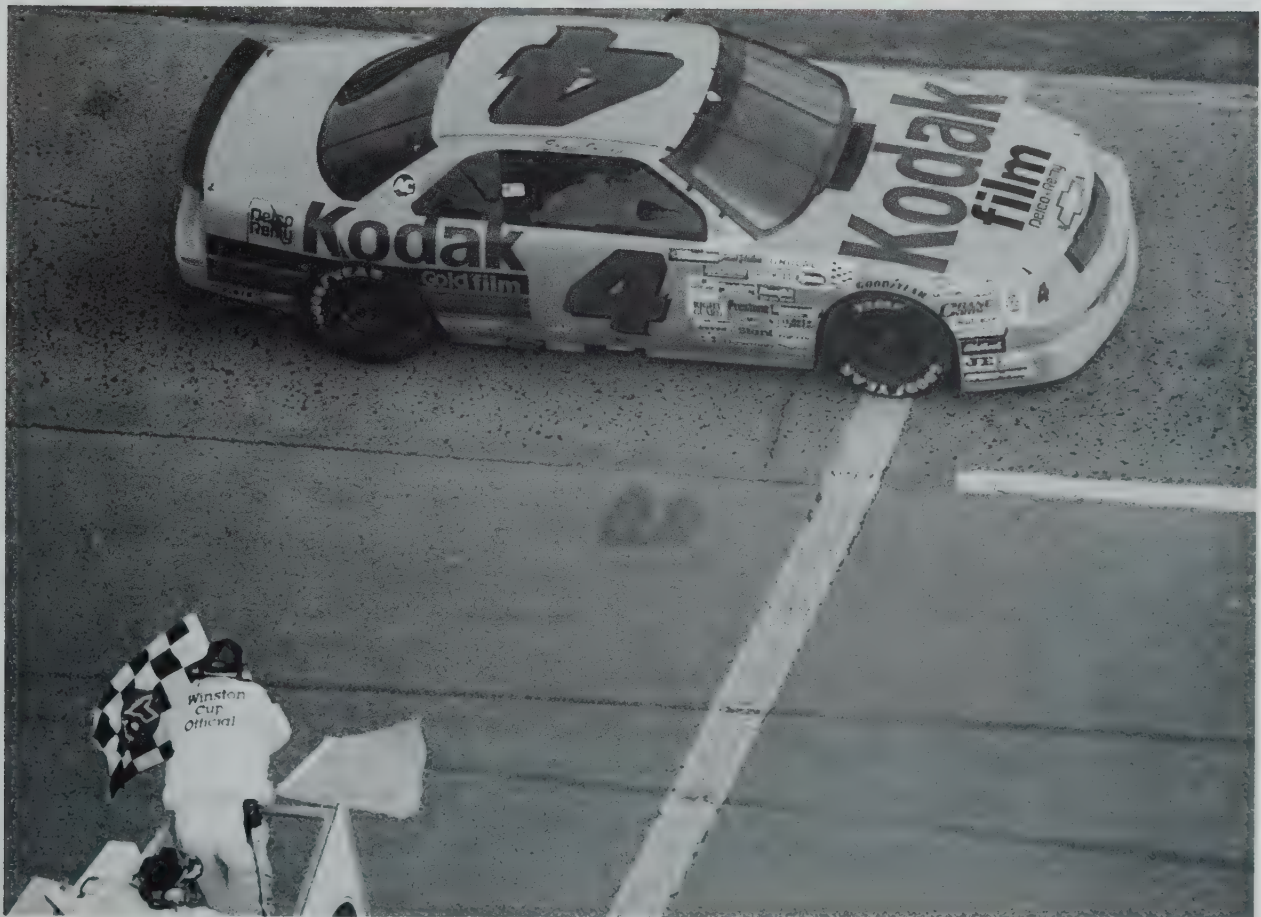
Irvan blew past Earnhardt and was never headed again. Later, he was invited to eat dinner with President George Bush at The White House. He considered skipping the dining affair, but team owner Larry McClure talked the shy Californian into going. He was also a guest on the David Letterman television show.

Driver Alan Kulwicki finished eighth in a No. 7 Thunderbird sponsored by the United States Army. Five cars carried the colors of the U.S. military in support of Operation Desert Storm, the war in the Persian Gulf. Others were Mickey Gibbs in the Air Force Pontiac, Dave Marcis in the Coast Guard Chevrolet, "Buddy" Baker in the Marines Pontiac and Greg Sacks in the Navy Chevy. The Armed Forces program was financed by R.J. Reynolds Tobacco, which sponsors the NASCAR Winston Cup.

Bobby Hillin finished seventh in Dick Moroso's race car, which he had entered and run as a tribute to his late son, Rob Moroso, who had been killed in a street car accident.



Above: As the race was being broadcast by Motor Racing Network (MRN) and by CBS-TV and carried by the Armed Forces Network, drivers remembered Operation Desert Storm troops in the Persian Gulf during pre-race ceremonies.



Top: Derrike Cope (10), Harry Gant (33), and Hut Stricklin (12) bend some expensive racing machinery. *Above:* Ernie Ivan (4) took the checkered flag riding slowly on the safety apron as the race ended under caution.

1992

Feb. 16, 1992

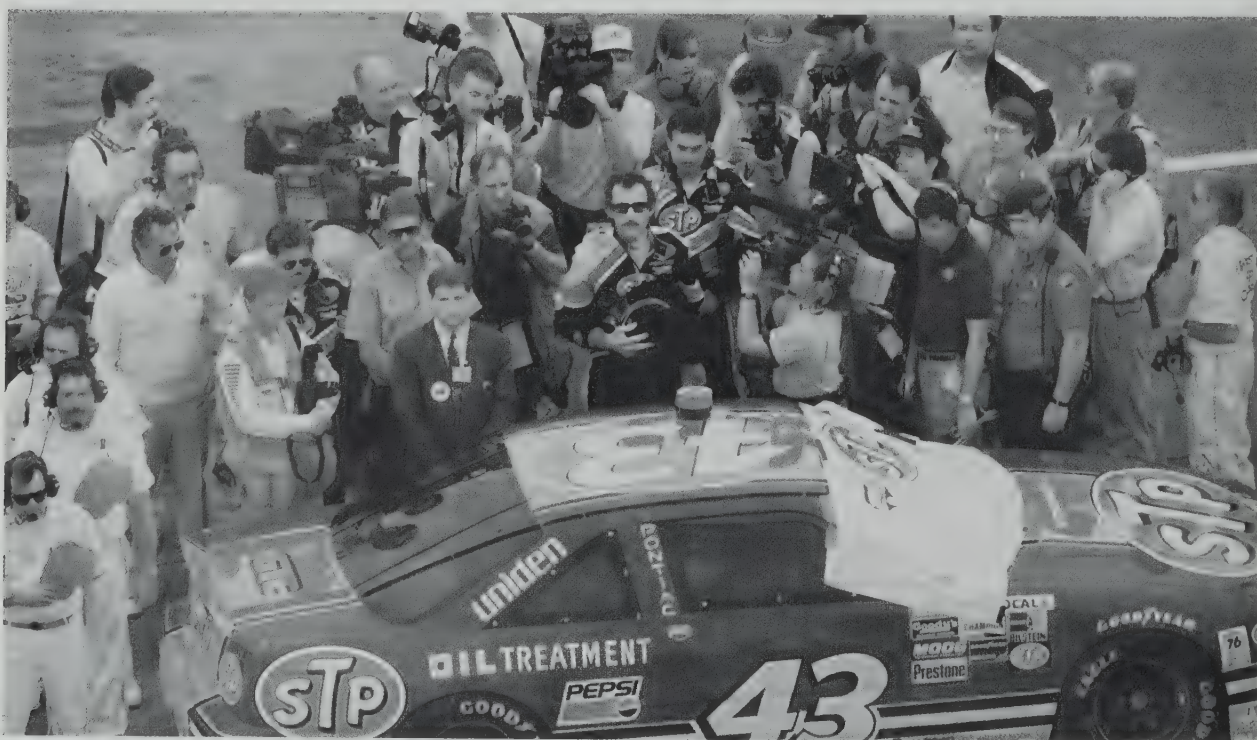
1. Davey Allison, Ford, 200.
 2. Morgan Shepherd, Ford, 200.
 3. Geoff Bodine, Ford, 200.
 4. Alan Kulwicki, Ford, 200.
 5. Dick Trickle, Olds, 200.
- Margin of victory: 2 car lengths.
Average speed: 160.256 mph.
Winner's purse: \$244,050.

Richard Petty hollered "OK, guys, let's go. Crank 'em up." "The King" was sitting on the pit road for the start of the 1992 Daytona 500, his last as a driver. He was also the Grand Marshal of the race, giving the command on the public address system for the drivers to start their engines while strapped into his No. 43 race car on the starting line.

When the race ended, 3 hours, 7 minutes and 12 seconds later, another second-generation driver from another famous racing family had won — young Davey Allison. Petty finished sixteenth, ending one of sport's most remarkable longevity strings. From 1959-1992 Petty started 32 Daytona 500s, including one

tial winning cars were knocked from contention including teammates Bill Elliott and pole-sitter Sterling Marlin, both in Junior Johnson Thunderbirds. Ernie Ivan, Dale Jarrett, Darrel Waltrip, Rusty Wallace, Mark Martin and Dale Earnhardt were involved.

The accident happened as the leaders sped off turn two. The 1991 winner Irvan, whom some had



string of a record 27 consecutive starts.

Allison drove to a two-car length victory in Robert Yates' Ford Thunderbird No. 28 over Morgan Shepherd, who was in the Wood Brothers' Ford. It was Allison's first and only victory. For the third straight year, the 500 had a first-time winner. Davey, 30, led a Ford parade as Thunderbirds finished first through fourth.

A former winner's son won the 500 for only the second time in history. Davey's father, Bobby, won the 500 three times, including 1988 when the pair ran first and second. In 1959, Lee Petty, Richard's father, won the first 500 and in 1964 son Richard Petty won his first of seven 500s.

A 14-car crash on the backstretch on lap 92 had a major impact on the race's outcome. Several poten-



Above: "The King" stood hatless as the National Anthem was played before his final Daytona 500. Above right: Two long-time combatants, Dale Earnhardt (3) and Darrell Waltrip (17) got crossed up in a cloud of dust. Both continued, Earnhardt finishing ninth.

dubbed "Swervin' Irvan" because of his driving style, swerved low inside Marlin off the corner. Marlin and Elliott were running side by side and Irvan's move put the three race cars abreast on the fast straight-away.

"Coming off turn two, we were three deep, and I saw what was going to happen," Marlin said. "Bill is coming down, Ernie is coming up, and I think, 'This ain't going to work.' So I crank it up, and I stand on the brake. You come off two and it funnels down. I didn't get on the brakes quick enough to get out of it. It was just enough to hang (tap) Ernie. It turned us all together. I was the sandwich in the middle."

Said Elliott, "All hell broke loose."

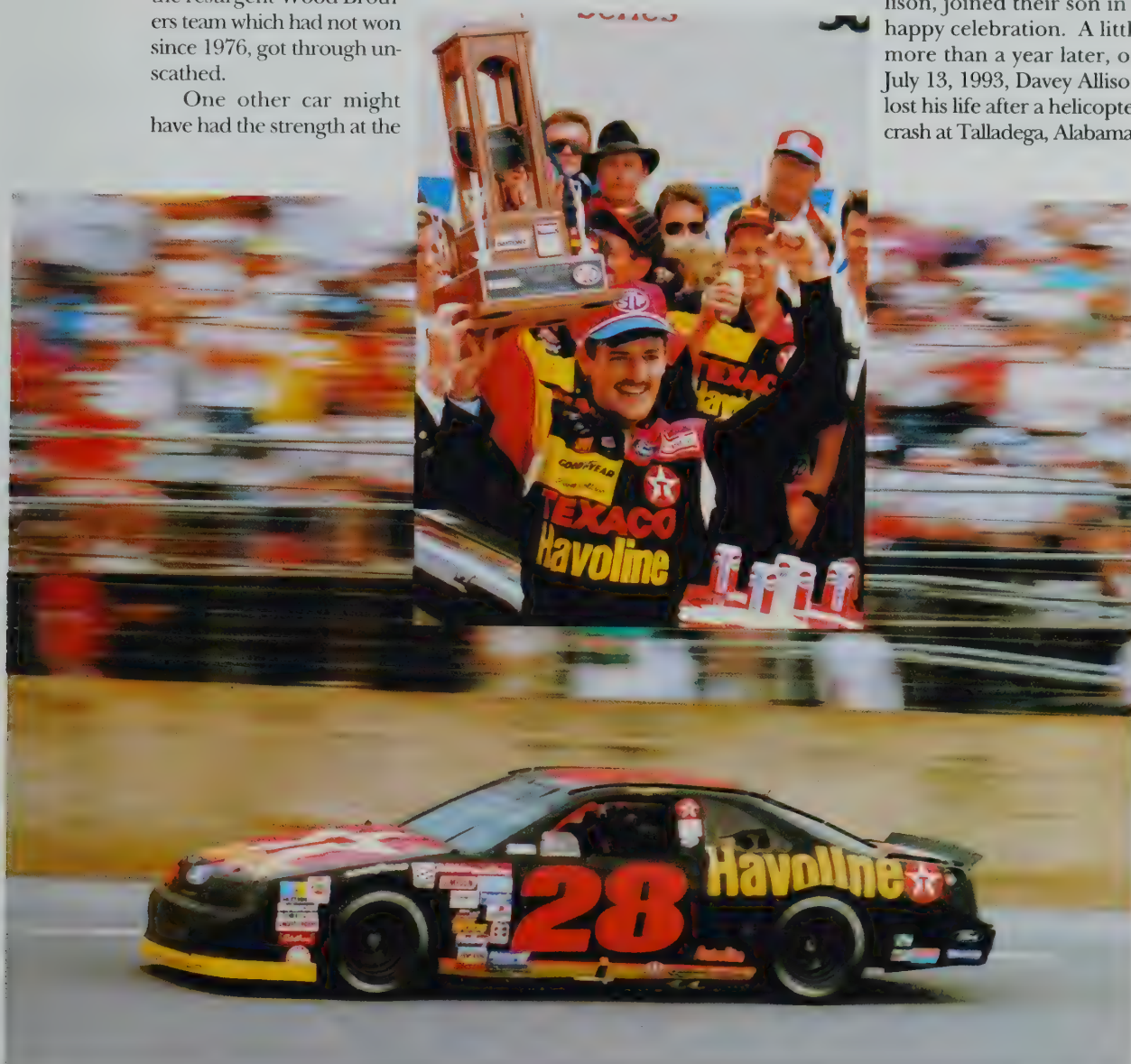
Davey Allison and Morgan Shepherd, driving for the resurgent Wood Brothers team which had not won since 1976, got through unscathed.

One other car might have had the strength at the

end to challenge Allison, the Pontiac driven by Michael Waltrip, Darrell's younger brother. While running a strong second behind Allison, his car lost a piston with only 20 miles left in the race.

Alan Kulwicki finished the race in fourth place with grass on the inside of both his car and helmet. He slid through the grass on the backstretch to avoid the huge crash on lap 92 and chunks of the turf got into his Thunderbird's cockpit. "I ended up going through everybody," said Kulwicki, "and got a break for a change. We were lucky."

Sunday, February 16, 1992, might have been an overcast and grey day in Daytona Beach, but it was a beautiful day for the racing Allison family. In Victory Lane, Davey's mother and father, Bobby and Judy Allison, joined their son in a happy celebration. A little more than a year later, on July 13, 1993, Davey Allison lost his life after a helicopter crash at Talladega, Alabama.



Above: The Havoline Thunderbird flew home to victory, carrying the son of a famous race driver. Bobby Allison's son, Davey, had won the race his dad won three times. He celebrated with a touchdown signal in Victory Lane.

1993

Feb. 14, 1993

1. Dale Jarrett, Chevy, 200.
2. Dale Earnhardt, Chevy, 200.
3. Geoff Bodine, Ford, 200.
4. Hut Stricklin, Ford, 200.
5. Jeff Gordon, Chevy, 200.
Margin of victory: .19 seconds.
Average speed: 154.972 mph.
Winner's purse: \$238,200.



Above: Kyle Petty (right) and Dale Jarrett (left), sons of famous race drivers, were on the front row for the start of the 1993 Daytona 500, the first 500 in 28 years that Richard Petty did not start as a driver. He began this Daytona 500 from the starter's stand waving the green flag.

Two nights before the thirty-fifth annual Daytona 500, Richard Petty was asked by Ted Koppel on ABC-TV's Nightline what made auto racing the nation's most highly attended sport and the 500 so special.

Petty, a seven-time winner, was almost speechless. Could someone really wonder what makes the sport America's favorite?

He explained to his questioner that it is a sport of competition, emotion and people.

On Sunday, February 14, 1993, Dale Jarrett, son of a stock car racer from a bygone era, drove under the checkered flag for his first 500 victory. It was a day that demonstrated what Petty had been almost unable to put into words.

Racing and the 500 are about speed and generations.

Jarrett became the race's twenty-third winner. He was able to do what his famed father, Ned Jarrett, had been unable to do in all the years of trying — win the race. Jarrett, a commentator with CBS-TV which broadcast the race live, was allowed to call the final laps as his son made a stirring run, passed Dale Earnhardt, then held on to win.

Jarrett was the fourth second-generation driver to win the race, joining Richard Petty, Davey Allison and "Buddy" Baker. Ned Jarrett and "Buck" Baker never won the 500, but Petty's father Lee won the 1959 race and Davey's father, Bobby, won three times.

It was the first race since 1965 in which Richard Petty was not a driver. Petty retired after the 1992 race, but kept ownership of his racing team. Rick Wilson drove Petty's STP Pontiac, renumbered "44."

It was the first race without its founding father, "Big Bill" France. "Big Bill" had died at the age of 82 in June, 1992, after seeing the Daytona 500 grow into

one of the nation's great annual sports events and one of the most watched nationally televised auto races.

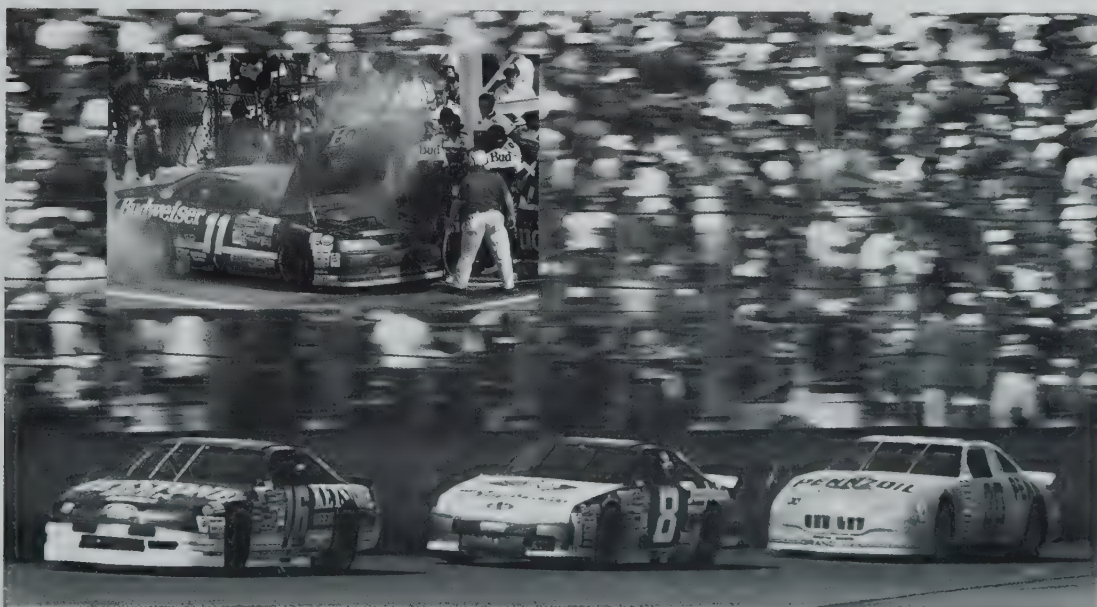
Earnhardt, the son of another famous driver, Ralph Earnhardt, a sportsman champ in the 1950s, came close to winning.

The hard-luck Earnhardt, driving in his fifteenth 500, had an excellent chance to win. Earnhardt, 41, led the field 11 times for 107 laps. He had won the Busch Clash a week earlier, one of the twin 125-mile qualifying races several days earlier, and on the day before the 500 won the Busch Grand National 300.

With two laps to go, Jarrett was third in a Chevrolet Lumina owned by Washington Redskins' football coach Joe Gibbs. He got past second-place rookie Jeff Gordon with a helpful draft push from Geoff Bodine. Jarrett made his move to pass Earnhardt coming off turn four as the cars were heading toward the white flag signalling the beginning of the race's final lap. The two raced to the white flag and, although Earnhardt was credited with leading lap No. 199, Jarrett took the lead in the straightaway leading into turn one, several yards past the start-finish line.

"We've lost this race about every way you can lose it," said Earnhardt afterwards. "We've been out-gassed, out-tired, out-run, out-everythinged. We've not won it about every way you can't win it."

Jarrett later explained his winning strategy. He said he'd saved his tires for a last-lap charge at Earnhardt by driving his car high in the turns. On the next-to-last lap, Jarrett was able to get inside Earnhardt and pass him, because he had cooler, more adhesive tires. He then held him off down the stretch to the checkered flag. Said young Jarrett, "This is one for the whole Jarrett family."



Above: Wally Dallenbach, Jr. (16) and Michael Waltrip (30) made a sandwich of Sterling Marlin (8). Above inset: Bill Elliott had overheating problems and "Junior" Johnson (in front of car) tried to remedy the situation.





Preceding pages: Rusty Wallace (2) was airborne coming off turn two, heading down the backstretch. His "flier" was one of the most spectacular crashes in Speedway history, as his car was completely destroyed. Miraculously, Wallace was not seriously injured. *Left:* A helmetless Kyle Petty grabs the helmet of Bobby Hillin, Jr., after the two crashed. The crash resulted from a wreck which involved Al Unser, Jr. and Dale Earnhardt, as a large pack of cars came off turn four. Feelings were hot between Hillin and Petty because each thought he had a car capable of winning.





Jarrett grew up playing in the Speedway infield while his father, Ned, drove race cars. In 1963 Jarrett had almost won the 500, but finished third behind "Tiny" Lund when he had to make a late fuel stop.

On lap 169 Derrike Cope, the 1990 winner, tangled with Michael Waltrip on the backstretch. Cope's Ford touched Rusty Wallace's Pontiac and sent it off course and into a horrifying crash. The black Pontiac flipped 11 times. It was totally destroyed but Wallace walked to the ambulance, shaken but uninjured.

Another crash had taken out several top competitors. On lap 157 Al Unser, Jr. and Earnhardt touched, causing a spinout which eventually involved Kyle Petty and Bobby Hillin. After the dust settled, and the drivers climbed out of their bent-up race cars, Petty and Hillin exchanged angry words and shoves as they walked back towards the pit area.

In the end, Dale Jarrett gave thanks for a good car and luck and to God, in that order, because he is a religious man, but realizes racing does require certain priorities.

As the sun set on the thirty-fifth 500, won by the son of a man who had run third 30 years earlier, one could understand what makes racing and the Daytona 500 so special. It is about speed and it is about generations. From the Frances to the Pettys, the Allison, the Earnhardts, the Jarretts, Daytona is like a river of time, it just keeps rolling.

That's what makes it what it is.



Above: In the end, it was just "one of them Dales." The winning Dale in this 1993 scenario was a Jarrett, as he put Joe Gibbs' Chevrolet Lumina in front of Dale Earnhardt's Lumina (3) and held on to win the 500. Geoff Bodine came home third. Above inset: Dale Jarrett the winner's circle.

THE DAYTONA 500 RECORD BOOK

THE DAYTONA 500

Year	Driver	Car	Team
1959	Lee Petty	Oldsmobile	Petty Enterprises
1960	Junior Johnson	Chevrolet	Ray Fox Auto.
1961	Marvin Panch	Pontiac	Smokey Yunick
1962	Fireball Roberts	Pontiac	Smokey Yunick
1963	Tiny Lund	Ford	Wood Brothers
1964	Richard Petty	Plymouth	Petty Enterprises
1965	Fred Lorenzen	Ford	Holman-Moody
1966	Richard Petty	Plymouth	Petty Enterprises
1967	Mario Andretti	Ford	Holman-Moody
1968	Cale Yarborough	Mercury	Wood Brothers
1969	LeeRoy Yarbrough	Ford	Junior Johnson
1970	Pete Hamilton	Plymouth	Petty Enterprises
1971	Richard Petty	Plymouth	Petty Enterprises
1972	A.J. Foyt	Mercury	Wood Brothers
1973	Richard Petty	Dodge	Petty Enterprises
1974	Richard Petty	Dodge	Petty Enterprises
1975	Benny Parsons	Chevrolet	L.G. Dewitt
1976	David Pearson	Mercury	Wood Brothers
1977	Cale Yarborough	Chevrolet	Junior Johnson
1978	Bobby Allison	Ford	Bud Moore Eng.
1979	Richard Petty	Oldsmobile	Petty Enterprises
1980	Buddy Baker	Oldsmobile	Ranier Racing
1981	Richard Petty	Buick	Petty Enterprises
1982	Bobby Allison	Buick	DiGard Racing
1983	Cale Yarborough	Pontiac	Ranier Racing
1984	Cale Yarborough	Chevrolet	Ranier Racing
1985	Bill Elliott	Ford	Melling Racing
1986	Geoff Bodine	Chevrolet	Hendrick Mtrs.
1987	Bill Elliott	Ford	Melling Racing
1988	Bobby Allison	Buick	Stavola Brothers
1989	Darrell Waltrip	Chevrolet	Hendrick Mtrs.
1990	Derricke Cope	Chevrolet	Whitcomb Racing
1991	Ernie Irvan	Chevrolet	Morgan-McClure
1992	Davey Allison	Ford	Robert Yates
1993	Dale Jarrett	Chevrolet	Joe Gibbs Racing

1985 Ford Thunderbird/Ernie Elliott
 1986 Chevrolet Monte Carlo/Gary Nelson
 1987 Ford Thunderbird/Ernie Elliott
 1988 Buick Regal/Jimmy Fennig
 1989 Chevrolet Monte Carlo/Jeff Hammond
 1990 Chevrolet Lumina/Buddy Parrot
 1991 Chevrolet Lumina/Tony Glover
 1992 Ford Thunderbird/Robert Yates
 1993 Chevrolet Lumina/Jimmy Ma'kar
 Total Victories by Manufacturer:
 Chevrolet 9, Ford 8, Plymouth 4, Oldsmobile 3,
 Pontiac 3, Mercury 3, Buick 3, Dodge 2.

DAYTONA 500 BOX SCORE

Fastest Race: 177.602 mph, 1980, Buddy Baker.
 Slowest Race: 124.740 mph, 1960, Junior Johnson.
 Fastest Qualifier: Bill Elliott, 210.364, Ford, 1987.
 Most Starters: 68, 1960.
 Fewest Starters: 40, 1970-75, 1985.
 Most Money Won: \$244,050, Davey Allison, 1992.
 Most Starts: 32, Richard Petty.
 Most Consecutive Starts: 27, Richard Petty.
 Oldest Winner: Bobby Allison, 50 years, 2 months.
 Youngest Winner: Richard Petty, 26 years, 4 months.
 Most Victories: 7, Richard Petty.
 Most Top 5 Finishes: 11, Richard Petty.
 Most Pole Positions: 4, C. Yarborough, Buddy Baker
 Largest Margin of Victory: 2 laps, R. Petty, 1973.
 Most Wins, Make: Chevrolet 9.
 Most Laps Led: 184 of 200, R. Petty, 1964.
 Most Leaders: 15, 1974 and 1989.
 Most Cautions: 11, 1968.
 Most Caution Laps: 60, 1968.
 Fewest Cautions: 0, 1959, 1961, 1962.
 Closest Finish: 1959, 18 inches, Lee Petty defeated
 Johnny Beauchamp.

THE WINNING CARS/CREW CHIEF

1959 Oldsmobile Rocket 88/Richard Petty
 1960 Chevrolet Biscayne/Ray Fox
 1961 Pontiac Grand Prix/Smokey Yunick
 1962 Pontiac Grand Prix/Smokey Yunick
 1963 Ford Galaxie/Leonard Wood
 1964 Plymouth Belvedere/Maurice Petty
 1965 Ford Fairlane/Ralph Moody
 1966 Plymouth Belvedere/Maurice Petty
 1967 Ford Fairlane/Bill Stroppe
 1968 Mercury Cyclone/Leonard Wood
 1969 Ford Torino Cobra/Herb Nab
 1970 Plymouth SuperBird/Dale Inman
 1971 Plymouth Roadrunner/Maurice Petty
 1972 Mercury Cyclone GT/Leonard Wood
 1973 Dodge Magnum Charger/Maurice Petty
 1974 Dodge Magnum Charger/Maurice Petty
 1975 Chevrolet Chevelle Laguna/Travis Carter
 1976 Mercury Cyclone/Leonard Wood
 1977 Chevrolet Chevelle Laguna/Herb Nab
 1978 Ford Thunderbird/Bud Moore
 1979 Oldsmobile Cutlass/Dale Inman
 1980 Oldsmobile Cutlass/Waddell Wilson
 1981 Buick Regal/Dale Inman
 1982 Buick Regal/Gary Nelson
 1983 Pontiac LeMans/Waddell Wilson
 1984 Chevrolet Monte Carlo/Waddell Wilson

FATALITIES AT DAYTONA

1959 Marshall Teague, testing race car.
 1959 George Amick, in USAC race.
 1959 Dr. Bernie Taylor, in powerboat race.
 1963 Harold Haberling, mod-sportsman practice.
 1960 Marty Every, testing race car.
 1964 Billy Wade, in auto tire testing.
 1969 Don MacTavish, in late model sportsman race.
 1970 Wayne Harris Bartz, in motorcycle practice.
 1970 Talmadge Prince, in qualifying race.
 1971 Rusty Bradley, in Daytona 200 motorcycle race.
 1971 David Pearl, in Formula B auto race.
 1972 Friday Hassler, in qualifying race.
 1984 Stuart Roberts, spectator, 24-hour race.
 1980 Ricky Knotts, in qualifying race.
 1985 Francis Affleck, in ARCA practice.
 1985 Dr. Charles Ogle, testing race car.
 1987 Bruce Jacobi, 1983 qualifying race.
 1987 Joe Young, subcompact race.
 1987 James Kolman, go-kart practice.
 1988 Randy Glenn, in motorcycle qualifying.
 1989 Don Williams, 1979 sportsman race.
 1989 Dale Robertson, go-kart race.
 1990 Julius "Slick" Johnson, in ARCA race.
 1993 James Adamo, motorcycle race.

THE WINNING DRIVERS



Twenty-three men have won the Daytona 500. It is an exceptional accomplishment. Of the 23 winners, four, Richard Petty, Cale Yarborough, Bobby Allison and Bill Elliott, have won it more than once. Several drivers who have won the race are no longer with us, but what they did in the 500 will live as long as men race cars.



Above: With seven victories in 32 Daytona 500-mile races, Richard Lee Petty has won the honorary title, "King" of Daytona .
Preceding page: In 1980 "Buddy" Baker finally wins the "big one."

THE KING

Richard Lee Petty stands as the unquestioned "King" of the sport of stock car racing.

He was a race car driver, and that's what he did for a living.

He never left until the last autograph had been signed. When the sport needed a spokesman and leader, he was there.

Petty retired following the 1992 season, during which he did an exhausting "Fan Appreciation Tour." He had seen 35 seasons behind the wheel of a race car. In a career which began in 1958, Petty's feats are unequalled in modern motor sport.

He has paid for his fame. During his career he has suffered career-threatening injuries. Despite pain and injury, he kept driving, at one point starting a record 27 straight Daytona 500s.

He kept going, winning fans' and competitors' respect year after year, as he became the sport's most popular driver, and a hero to millions world-wide.

The Petty legend was written indelibly on the high banks of Daytona International Speedway, where he won seven Daytona 500s and four July stock car events.

Petty was born July 2, 1937. He began his NASCAR Winston Cup career in Toronto, Canada, in 1958. His first victory came in 1959, the same year he drove an Oldsmobile convertible in his first Daytona 500. He started sixth and finished 57th. His father, Lee, won the race.

"King" Richard's record includes Daytona 500 victories in 1964, 1966, 1971, 1973, 1974, 1979, 1981, seven NASCAR Driving Championships, a total of 1,185 races started and career earnings of \$7.7 million.

He is a seven-time winner of The News-Journal-Bernard L. Kahn Memorial Driver of the Year Award (1964, 1967, 1971, 1972, 1974, 1975, 1979). In Atlanta, in 1971 he became the first race driver to break the \$1 million mark in professional career race driving earnings.

Petty competed in every Daytona 500 from the race's 1959 inception through 1992, missing only the 1961 and 1965 races. In 1961 he was injured in a qualifying race and in 1965 the Chrysler Corporation, for whom he drove, decided not to compete.

Though Petty excelled everywhere, it was at Daytona, in the 500-mile race, that Petty ruled. In his padded "throne," a bucket-shaped safety seat bolted behind the driving wheel of his roaring race car, the "King" came home to victories in the 500 in Plymouths (3), Dodges (2), an Oldsmobile and a Buick, plus three July victories in the Pepsi Firecracker 400.

Petty completed the entire 500 miles nine times. He started 32 Daytona 500s, a record. He won his first Daytona 500 on his fifth try. He registered 11 top-five finishes, a record. He led the most laps in a single 500, 184 of 200 laps in 1964, his first win, a record. He ran a total of 4,860 laps, or 12,150 miles of Daytona 500s

in his career, a record. He led a total of 783 laps, or 1,957 miles of Daytona 500s.

Petty has made 200 trips to Victory Lane, the final one in July 1984, at Daytona International Speedway with President Ronald Reagan in attendance. The "King" was 47.

His 200th victory was typical of his knack for the magnificent triumph at Daytona. In 1984 driving door-to-door against Cale Yarborough with the race on the line, Petty outdrove Yarborough down the stretch as the two raced back to a late-race caution flag. He edged Yarborough by a couple of inches at the finish line.

That set a crowd of more than 90,000 into a wild frenzy and thrilled then President Ronald Reagan, who was watching from the Speedway VIP suites. Petty, a Republican who had been a North Carolina country councilman, put on a real show for the President.

Petty's last race at Daytona was July 4, 1992. Among those at Daytona that day to wish him well in retirement was President George Bush.

As a kid Petty learned how to drive in his grandfather's 1938 Ford pickup truck hauling tobacco from the field in North Carolina. At age 20, in 1958, he began his professional driving career. In 1959, at age 22, he came to Daytona to race for the first time. He was stunned by the track's immensity.



Above: The Petty clan in the mid 1950s gather around Lee's race car on the beach. *From left:* Richard, Lee, Mrs. Petty and Maurice.

"It was humongous! Bigger'n any track I'd ever seen," he said, "and it blewed my mind." Not much was known then about the young driver. In fact, that year several news stories referred to him as the young driving sensation: "Dick Petty." That would soon change. A king's name should be "Richard."

"We'd have known about drafting a lot sooner if we'd watch the pelicans down on the beach," he said once. "They line up and their leader flaps his wings hard and the rest of 'em fall in line and are pulled along behind him. When he gets tired he drops back in line and another 'un starts flappin'. Years ago we didn't know enough to watch 'em and I won races in cars no better'n taxicabs. Now, at least we're watchin' those pelicans."

On February 23, 1964, Petty won his first Daytona 500. At 26, he was the youngest driver before or since to win the race.

Petty was asked after the victory if other types of racing interested him. He answered:

"Naw, I'm not interested in Indy racing or European sports cars right now. This is my first major track stock car win and I plan to make it a habit."



Above right: Petty is rewarded for his 200th win in 1984 by wife, Lynda. Above left: Petty prepares to start his last 500 in 1992. Above: Richard Petty heads toward his car to qualify for his last 500 at Daytona International Speedway. He was, as usual, all smiles.



Top: Richard Petty drove an Oldsmobile convertible (43) in the first Daytona 500 in 1959. His father, Lee, drove an Olds sedan and won. Richard finished fifty-seventh. Marvin Panch (98) drove a '58 Ford convertible. *Above:* In the Firecracker 400 at Daytona, Richard Petty noses past Cale Yarborough (28) to win number 200, his final stock car victory. The date was July 4, 1984.

THE DAYTONA 500 WINNING DRIVERS

Since it began in 1959, 23 drivers have won the 35 Daytona 500s. Only four drivers have won the sport's most important race more than once, Richard Petty, Cale Yarborough, Bobby Allison and Bill Elliott.

Some of the winningest drivers in history have never won the Daytona 500. That list includes, through 1993, Dale Earnhardt, Ned Jarrett, "Buck" Baker, Curtis Turner and Bobby Isaac.

Earnhardt is the leading all-time money winner in American automobile racing with almost \$17 million. But he has not won the big one. He has won the Winston Cup driving championship six times.

Fifteen times Earnhardt has begun the 500. He has completed the full 500 mile distance nine times, and once finished second (1984). He has driven five different makes of cars in the 500 — Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Ford and Chevrolet. Still victory has eluded the Kannapolis, North Carolina, second-generation driving champion.

Richard Petty, who retired following a 1992 sixteenth-place finish, won it seven times. He ran 32 Daytona 500s, missing only the 1961 and 1965 races. Cale Yarborough, who retired in 1990, won four times. Bobby Allison, who retired in 1988, won three times. And Bill Elliott, who is still active, won twice.

Nineteen of the 23 drivers won the race once.

Of those 23, four are deceased. "Fireball" Roberts, the 1962 winner, and "Tiny" Lund, who won in 1963, were both killed in racing crashes. Roberts in a fiery crash at Charlotte, North Carolina, in 1964, Lund in a collision at Talladega, Alabama, in 1975. Davey Allison, the 1992 winner, was killed in a helicopter crash in Talladega, Alabama. LeeRoy Yarbrough, the 1969 winner, died in 1984 following a fall in a mental institution in Macclenny, Florida, where he was being treated.

Racing crashes cut short the careers of four winners of the 500. In 1961, Lee Petty crashed at Day-

tona, essentially ending his career, although he did drive several 1962 races. In 1970 Yarbrough crashed at Indianapolis which, it is believed, influenced events which led to his involuntary retirement. Bobby Allison suffered a career-ending racing crash in 1988 at Pocono, Pennsylvania, the same year he won the 500 a third time. Pete Hamilton, the 1970 winner, was injured in a short track race and was advised by doctors never to race again. Today he is a car builder in Norcross, Georgia.

Today seven former winners have their own racing teams: Petty, "Junior" Johnson, A.J. Foyt, Yarborough, Allison, Darrell Waltrip and Geoff Bodine.

Of the race's winners, only seven still drive race cars, Dale Jarrett, Ernie Irvan, Derrike Cope, Darrell Waltrip, Bill Elliott, Geoff Bodine and Mario Andretti.

Petty Enterprises leads all teams with nine Daytona 500 victories. Second among teams is the Wood Brothers with four wins, all with different drivers ("Tiny" Lund, Cale Yarborough, A.J. Foyt, David Pearson.) Third is Ranier Racing with three 500 wins, courtesy of "Buddy" Baker and Cale Yarborough.

Chevrolet — from the Impala model to the Monte Carlo, Laguna, Malibu and Lumina — leads car makers with nine Daytona 500 victories. Fords, the Fairlane, Galaxie, Torino Cobra, Talladega and Thunderbird models, have won the race eight times. Plymouth, from the Road Runner to the SuperBird, has won four times. Oldsmobile has won the race three times. Pontiac has won three times. Mercury has won three times. Buick has won three times and Dodge has won twice with the Magnum and Charger.

A foreign-made car has never won the Daytona 500. The rules state competing cars must be American-made models and none older than three model years. A 914 model German-made Porsche once served as the pace car.

*Earnhardt finished second again in 1993.

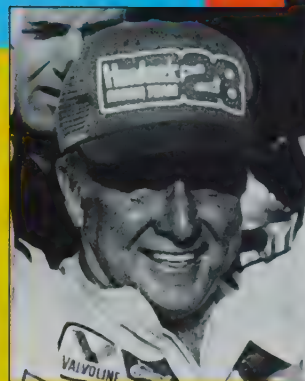


Above: Lee Petty was a celebrated winning driver. In 1959, he conquered the first Daytona 500. His son, Richard, would become "The King" of the 500. When they raced together, Lee and Richard called themselves "The Blue Angels" because their cars were painted "Petty blue" and they "flew" on the ground, the way the Navy's "Blue Angels" flew in the sky.

1968,'77,'83,'84

Cale Yarborough

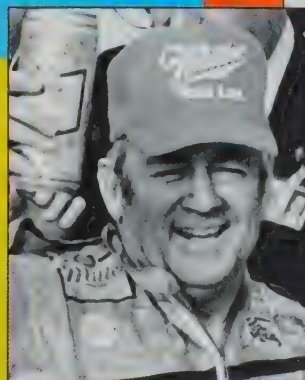
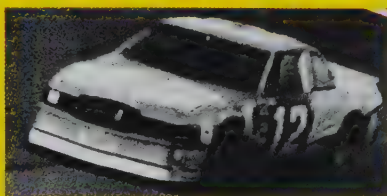
Only four drivers have won the Daytona 500 more than once: Richard Petty, Bobby Allison, Bill Elliott and Cale Yarborough. He won it four times. Yarborough began racing at age 12 when he built a soap box derby racer. He sneaked into Darlington Raceway, 12 miles from his home, at age 10 to watch the race. He faked his license age to compete in his first race there. In 1965, he won his first Grand National victory at Valdosta, Georgia. Yarborough, Sardis, South Carolina, retired in 1988. He now owns his own Winston Cup team. He drove in 26 Daytona 500s, winning his first on his sixth try.



1978,'82,'88

Bobby Allison

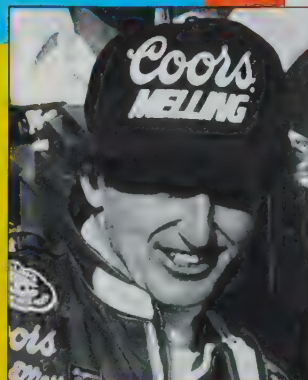
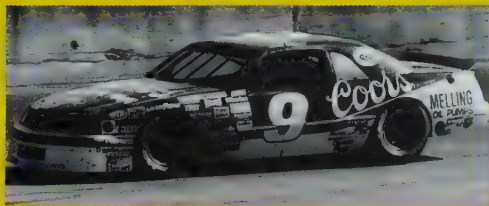
Robert Arthur Allison was born in Miami and used to work as a mechanic on Ray Fox's team on the old Beach Road Course. Allison came up through the Sportsman ranks. He scored 85 career victories, third on the all-time list, driving for several different teams. Allison moved to Hueytown, Alabama, after early Grand National successes where he became a founding member of racing's "Alabama Gang" of drivers which included, brother Donnie, Sportsman king Red Farmer, Neil Bonnett and his sons, Davey and Clifford. Allison's 1988 victory in the 500 was especially poignant as he drove to victory, edging his son, Davey, by a couple of car lengths. Later that season, in June at Pocono, Pennsylvania, Allison was critically injured. When he recovered, he retired from driving. Today, he owns his own Winston Cup racing team. He drove in 25 Daytona 500s, winning his first on his fifteenth try.

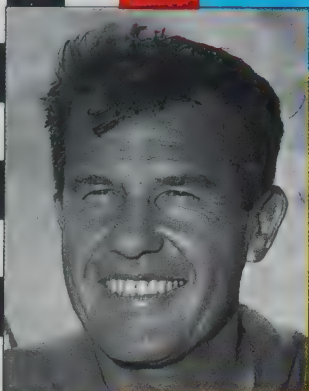


1985,'87

Bill Elliott

Bill Elliott was born into automobiles. His father, George, was a Ford dealer in Dawsonville, Georgia. The Elliott boys, Ernie, Bill and Dan, took up racing in the 1970s. Bill became the driver, while Ernie and Dan built the engines and ran the team. Elliott bought a Mercury from Roger Penske, which had been driven by Bobby Allison. Elliott built his racing team around it, becoming especially competitive on superspeedways. His 500 wins came in Ford Thunderbirds campaigned by his Melling Racing Team. He has driven in 15 Daytona 500s, winning his first on his seventh try.

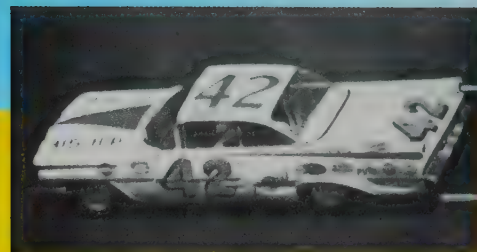




1959

Lee Petty

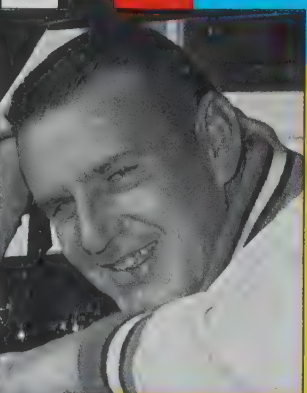
Lee Arnold Petty was 35 years old when he began driving race cars for a living. He had been busy raising hogs. In 1948 he entered his first race. "I entered three modified events and ran first, second and third and we still lost money," said Petty. During the next 12 years, Petty won the NASCAR Grand National championship three times. The father of Richard and Maurice won the first Daytona 500 in a '59 Oldsmobile. He also won the 1954 Grand National stock car race on the beach.



1960

Junior Johnson

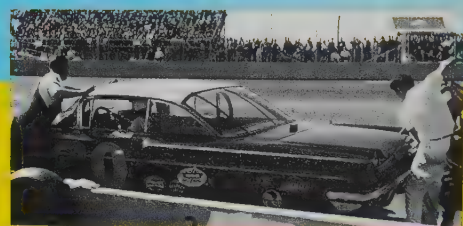
Robert Glen "Junior" Johnson was once called "The Last American Hero" in an article in Esquire magazine. It was an apt description. Johnson's life reads like the stuff of novels. He was one of the group of drivers who helped bring stock car racing from the little bull rings and "Saturday night" southern ovals into national prominence. He learned his trade hauling "moonshine" and outrunning revenue agents on the back country roads of North Carolina, avoiding capture with his cunning and savvy.



1961

Marvin Panch

Marvin "Pancho" Panch and wife, Bettie, raised their family in the Daytona Beach area. Panch was one of a group of drivers who took the sport from the beach sand to the "Big D." In 1961, Panch won the 500 driving a Pontiac which was half of a two-car team from the "Smokey" Yunick stable. His teammate was "Fireball" Roberts. When Roberts suffered an engine failure while leading, Panch was perfectly positioned to inherit the lead and victory. Panch retired in 1966 after winning 17 races. He and his wife, Bettie, live in Daytona Beach.

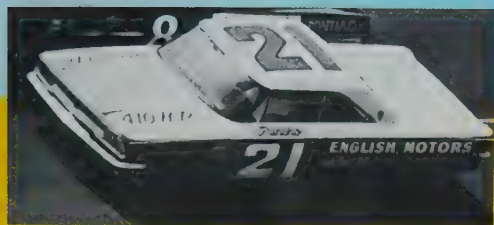


1962

Fireball Roberts

Edward Glenn "Fireball" Roberts died July 2, 1964, as a result of burns he suffered in a fiery crash during the Charlotte 600 on May 24. He fought for his life for five weeks in a Charlotte hospital. Roberts was one of the early greats of stock car racing and is still considered to be a driver's driver. Roberts was born in Tavares, Florida, January 20, 1929 and moved to Daytona Beach when he was 16. He learned his driving from the late Marshall Teague, and got his nickname as a baseball pitcher with a great fastball.





1963

Tiny Lund

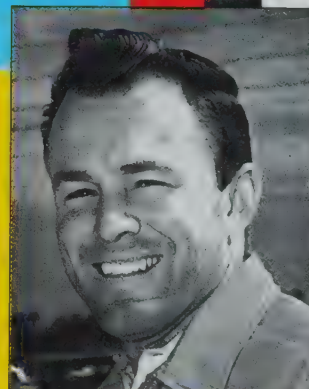
Dewayne Lund, who won the 1963 Daytona 500, was nicknamed "Tiny" because at 6-foot 5 and 270 pounds, he was the largest driver ever to win the 500. Lund was killed at Talladega, Alabama, on August 17, 1975. Born in 1932, Lund was originally from Harlan, Iowa. In 1963 he pulled fellow driver Marvin Panch from a burning race car. Panch persuaded the Wood Brothers to use Lund as a driver to replace him in the Daytona 500 that year. Lund drove the Wood Brothers' Ford to victory. It was his biggest win. With his purse, he purchased a fishing camp.



1965

Fred Lorenzen

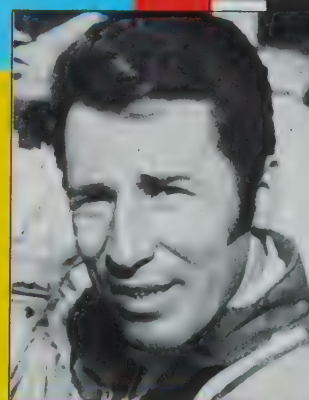
They called him "Fearless" Freddie because he was a case of nerves before every race. But once he got in a race car, he was fast, clever and a winner. Lorenzen was a carpenter from Elmhurst, Illinois, who came south to drive for the Holman-Moody Ford factory team. He was signed in 1961. Lorenzen credited Glenn "Fireball" Roberts with helping make him a star. "He took me under his wing when I was a rookie," said Lorenzen. In 1967 he retired.



1967

Mario Andretti

Mario Andretti was born in Italy. At the age of 13 he came to America. He and twin brother, Aldo, souped-up their cars and began their racing careers in their teens. Andretti won the 1969 Indianapolis 500, the 1978 World Formula One driving championship, and the Daytona 500 in 1967. He is the only race driver ever to win these three major auto racing titles. His Daytona victory came in a factory-backed Ford tuned by Bill Stroppe at Holman-Moody.

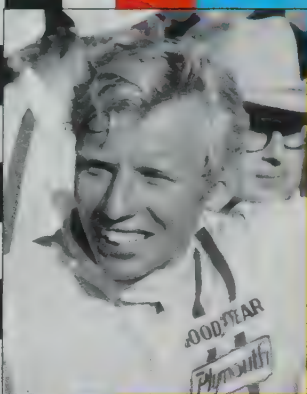


1969

LeeRoy Yarbrough

Lonnie LeeRoy Yarbrough was a race driver's driver. Originally from Jacksonville, Florida, Yarbrough came up through the Sportsman ranks and became one of the first kings of the superspeedways, driving for the Ford factory on "Junior Johnson's" racing team. Yarbrough competed in only seven Daytona 500s. He suffered a heavy crash in an Indianapolis car at Indy in 1970, which may have cut short his career. He died in Macclenny, Florida, in 1984.





1970

Pete Hamilton

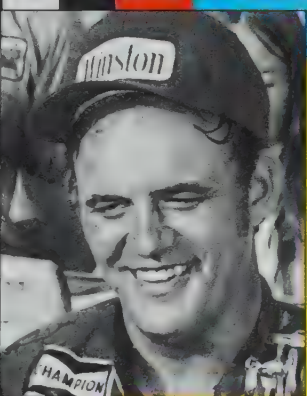
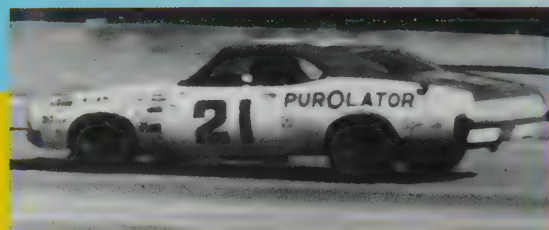
Peter Goodwill Hamilton won the 1970 Daytona 500 in a winged car, the SuperBird Plymouth. Hamilton, a former rock drummer and engineering student, came south to pursue his racing career. He landed a ride with the Petty Enterprises team and was a superspeedway specialist. Hamilton drove in only four Daytona 500s. Injured in the 1970s, he was advised by doctors to surrender his driving career. "Super Pete" opened his own shop in Georgia.



1972

A.J. Foyt

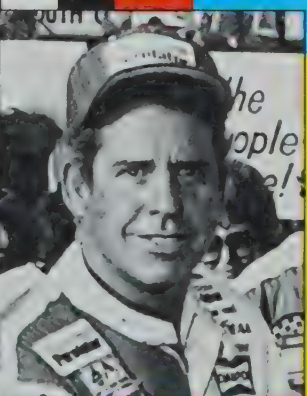
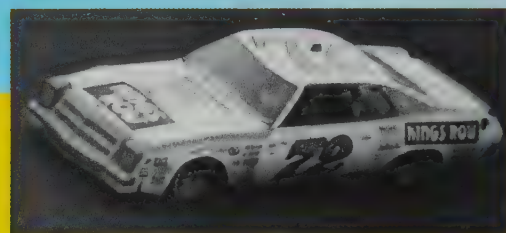
Anthony Joseph Foyt accomplished a never-equalled feat in racing when he won the 1972 Daytona 500 driving for the Wood Brothers. Foyt is the only driver with victories in the 24 Hours of LeMans, the Indianapolis 500 (four wins) and the Daytona 500. The Houston, Texas, driver was often a competitor in the Daytona 500, though his specialty was Indy cars when he was an active driver. Foyt, who owns car dealerships in Houston, retired as a driver in 1992 following several racing crashes. Today he owns a PPG CART Indy Car racing team.



1975

Benny Parsons

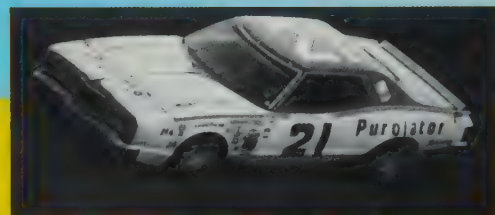
Benny Parsons drove to one of the most popular victories in Daytona 500 history in 1975. A former taxicab driver in Detroit, Parsons hailed from Ellerbe, North Carolina, a rural area where his family did not even have electricity in his young years. Parsons drove for a racing team owned by L.G. Dewitt, a furniture magnate in North Carolina, when he won the 500. The retired Parsons is now a regular auto racing commentator for ESPN television network.

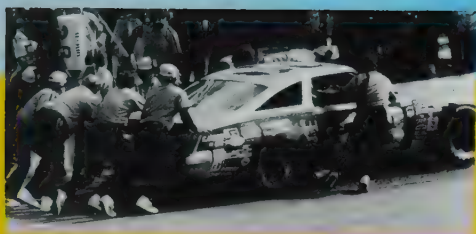


1976

David Pearson

David Eugene Pearson began race driving in a junk jalopy. From his \$13 first place earnings from his first victory, Pearson rose to the pinnacle of his sport. Winning the Grand National championship three times, he became the second all-time winningest driver with 105 victories. Pearson drove Dodges for famed car builder "Cotton" Owens, Fords for the Holman-Moody team and Mercury race cars for the Wood Brothers. Pearson was nicknamed the "Silver Fox" because of his crafty driving style. He is retired.

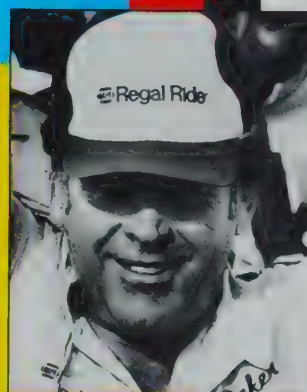




1980

Buddy Baker

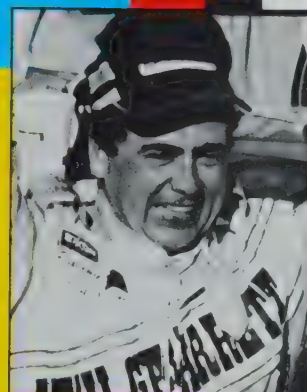
No one ever tried harder to win the Daytona 500 than Elzie Wylie "Buddy" Baker. Son of a famous racing father, "Buck", Baker became a driving force in the 1970s with a number of different racing teams, including those of Ray Fox, "Cotton" Owens, Petty Enterprises and Bud Moore. He won the 500 in his 18th attempt. However, if they had paid off on the leader of the "Daytona 490", Baker might have won the race as many times as Richard Petty.



1986

Geoff Bodine

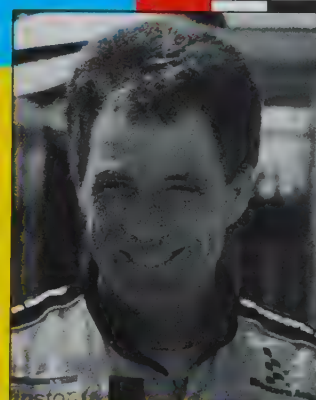
Geoff Bodine was one of the top drivers in the northeast when he came south in the early 1980s to go Winston Cup racing. Bodine is from a racing family. The Chemung, New York, Bodines own a short track there. Geoff's brothers Todd and Brett are both successful race drivers in their own right. Bodine scored his Daytona 500 victory driving for Rick Hendrick's team. He gambled on gasoline mileage and beat Dale Earnhardt.



1989

Darrell Waltrip

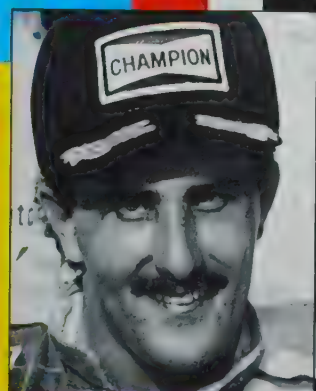
Darrell Waltrip, a Kentucky-born driver, began racing go-karts in 1959, then moved to Sportsman racing on the short tracks of Tennessee. In the early to mid-1980s, no driver was more dominant. Waltrip scored three Winston Cup championships. With 84 career victories he is one of the sport's winningest drivers. He was the first young driver to defeat the legends of the sport with regularity. Waltrip won his first 500 in his seventeenth start in the race. Today he owns and drives the Western Auto-sponsored Chevrolet Lumina.

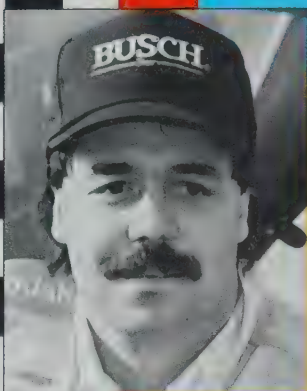


1990

Derrike Cope

Derrike Cope is one of two West Coast drivers to win the 500. (The other is Ernie Ivan). Cope, born in San Diego, grew up in the Spanaway, Washington, area. He was 1984 Winston West Rookie of the Year. His first victory was the 500 in 1990 which he scored for the Bob Whitcomb racing team. He was a professional prospect as a baseball catcher before a knee injury ended his baseball hopes and turned him toward stock car racing. He said of his 500 win in 1990, "I became a part of history."

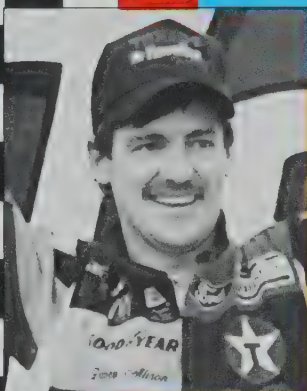
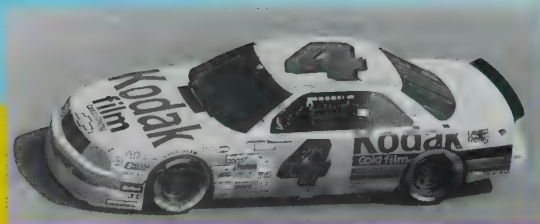




1991

Ernie Irvan

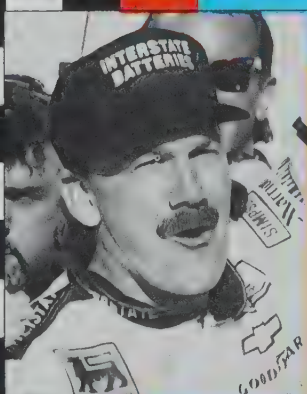
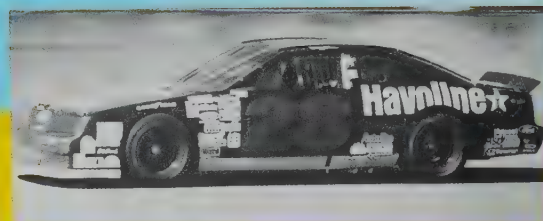
Ernie Irvan was born in Modesto, California. He was an excellent athlete in high school as a tennis and football player. Ernie's father helped him build his first race car in 1977. When Irvan first moved to the Charlotte area, pursuing a racing dream, he did a welding job on the new grandstands at Charlotte Motor Speedway. Irvan scored his Daytona 500 victory in Larry McClure's Kodak Film-sponsored Chevrolet Lumina. He replaced the late Davey Allison as driver of the Havoline Ford for car owner Robert Yates during the 1993 season.



1992

Davey Allison

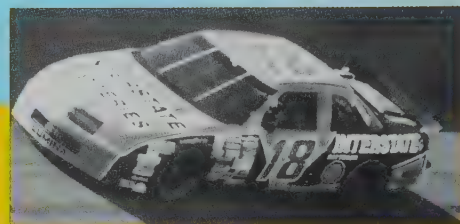
Davey Allison was one of stock car racing's briefest and brightest shining stars. Son of driving great Bobby Allison, Davey won the 500 in 1992 in Robert Yates' Havoline Ford. In 1987, he became the first rookie in history to start the 500 on the front row. In the fourteenth start of his career he won the Talladega 500 in 1981. In 1993, tragedy struck. Allison was killed in a helicopter crash at Talladega Alabama Superspeedway. He was 32 years old. He is one of four deceased Daytona 500 winners.



1993

Dale Jarrett

Dale Jarrett is, like Richard Petty, "Buddy" Baker, Kyle Petty and the late Davey Allison, the son of a famous race driver. Jarrett's father, Ned, never won the Daytona 500, though he came close and was a two-time Winston Cup champion. Dale grew up racing at Hickory Motor Speedway in North Carolina, where his father was once the promoter. It took Dale Jarrett 129 career starts before he won his first major race, the 1991 Champion 400 at Michigan International Speedway. If not for racing, Jarrett might have been a golf professional.



MOMENTOUS CRASHES



This is the stuff of nightmares, not dreams. One minute, you are driving a race car at Daytona. The next moment, you are at the wheel of an airborne hunk of iron. Your whole life flashes in front of your face – and then you hit.

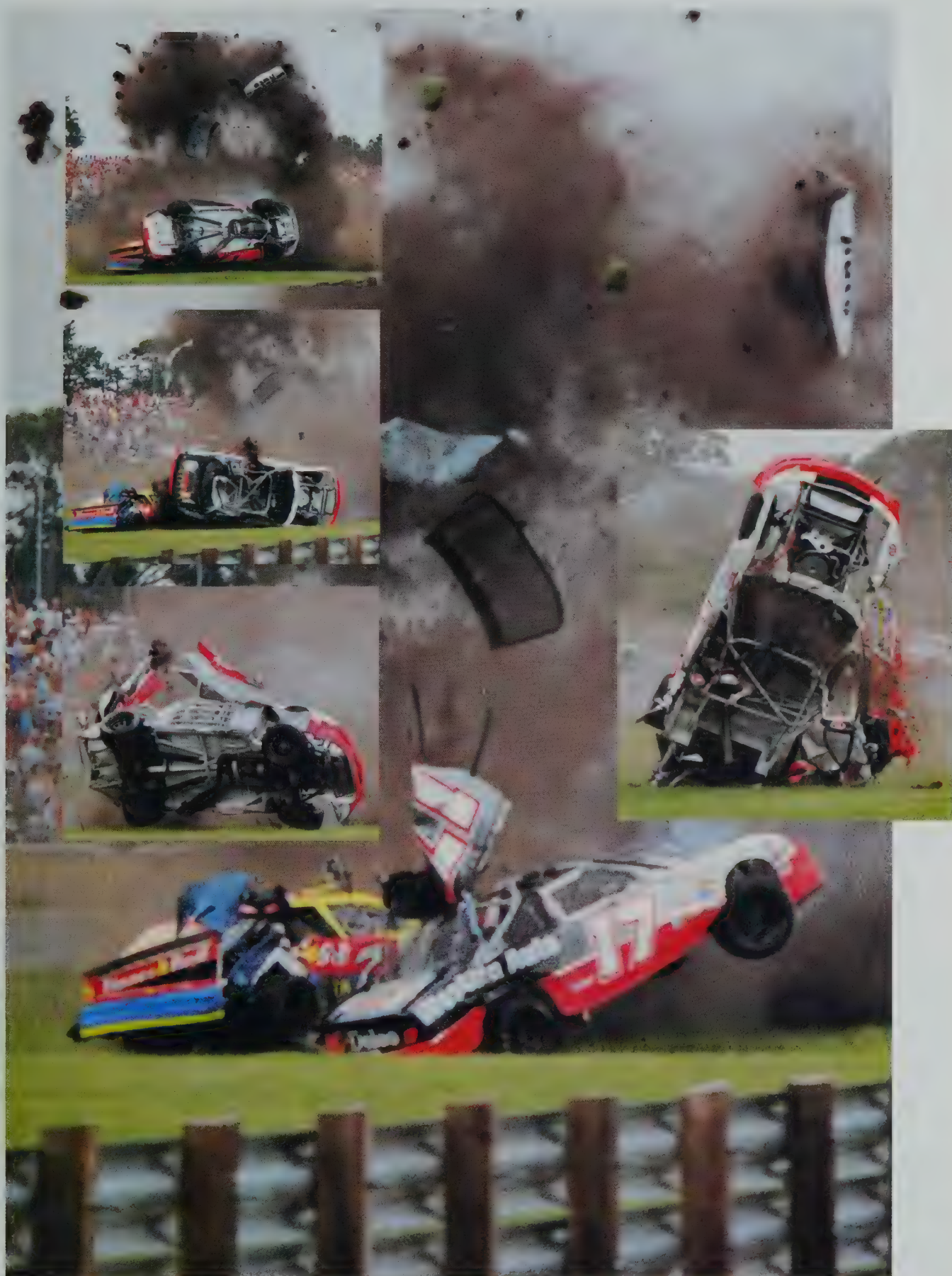


Above: Jim Hurlbert's Buick (34) explodes into a ball of fire after the Buick (60) of Natz Peters wrecked and crossed his path. The pair were competing in the February 17, 1984, consolation race at the Speedway. The wreck seriously injured both drivers. Preceding page: Hurlbert's crashed Buick comes sliding toward the starter stand with a badly damaged front end.





Above: Crashing cars "dance" at Daytona. Gerry Wollard (35) of Peoria, Illinois, and Bobby Mausgrover (64) of Keokuk, Iowa, tangled in the "wild" West Turn on February 19, 1968, in the ARCA 300. Their Fords looked as if they were dancing as they careened down the track. Wollard suffered cuts and a strained neck. Mausgrover bruised a hip. Both drivers recovered to race again.



Above: Darrell Waltrip's Chevy (17) flew apart on the backstretch following a grinding collision with Joe Ruttman during the Pepsi 400 July 6, 1991. Waltrip was sent to Halifax Medical Center following the crash, but was released with only a sore shoulder.



Above: A tumbling, tragic crash. Bruce Jacobi, of Speedway, Indiana, was critically injured in this massive crash on the backstretch during a qualifying race for the 1983 Daytona 500. Jacobi died from his injuries in 1987.

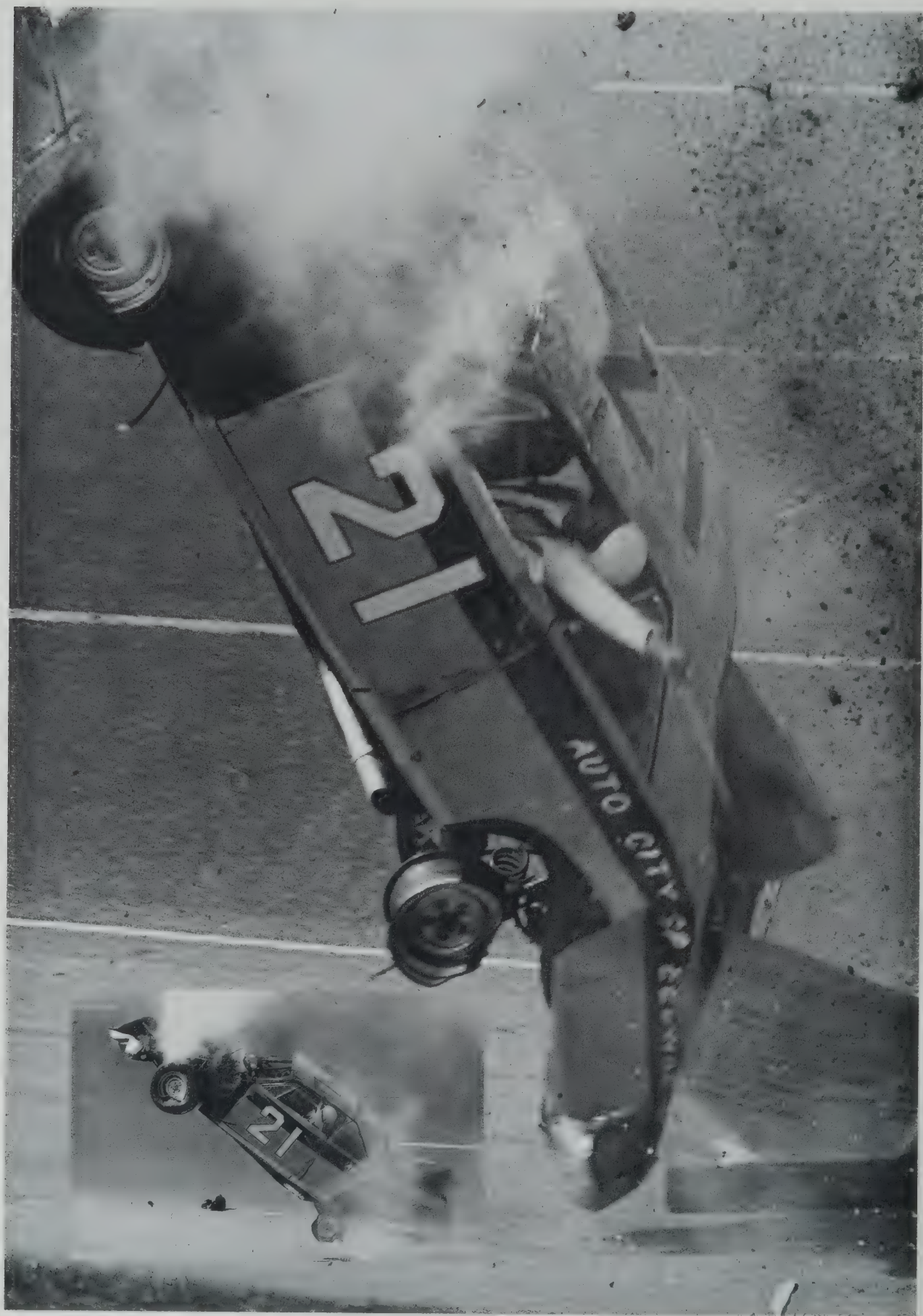


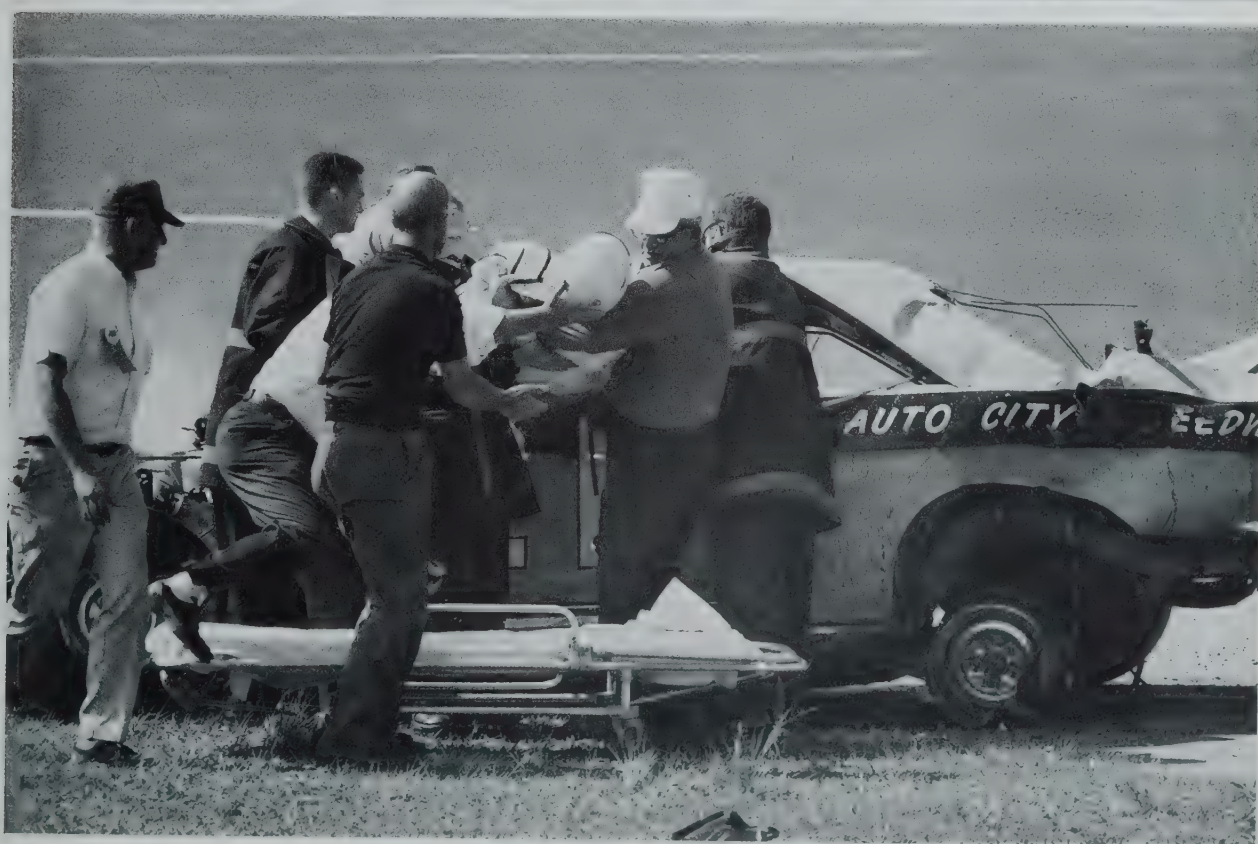
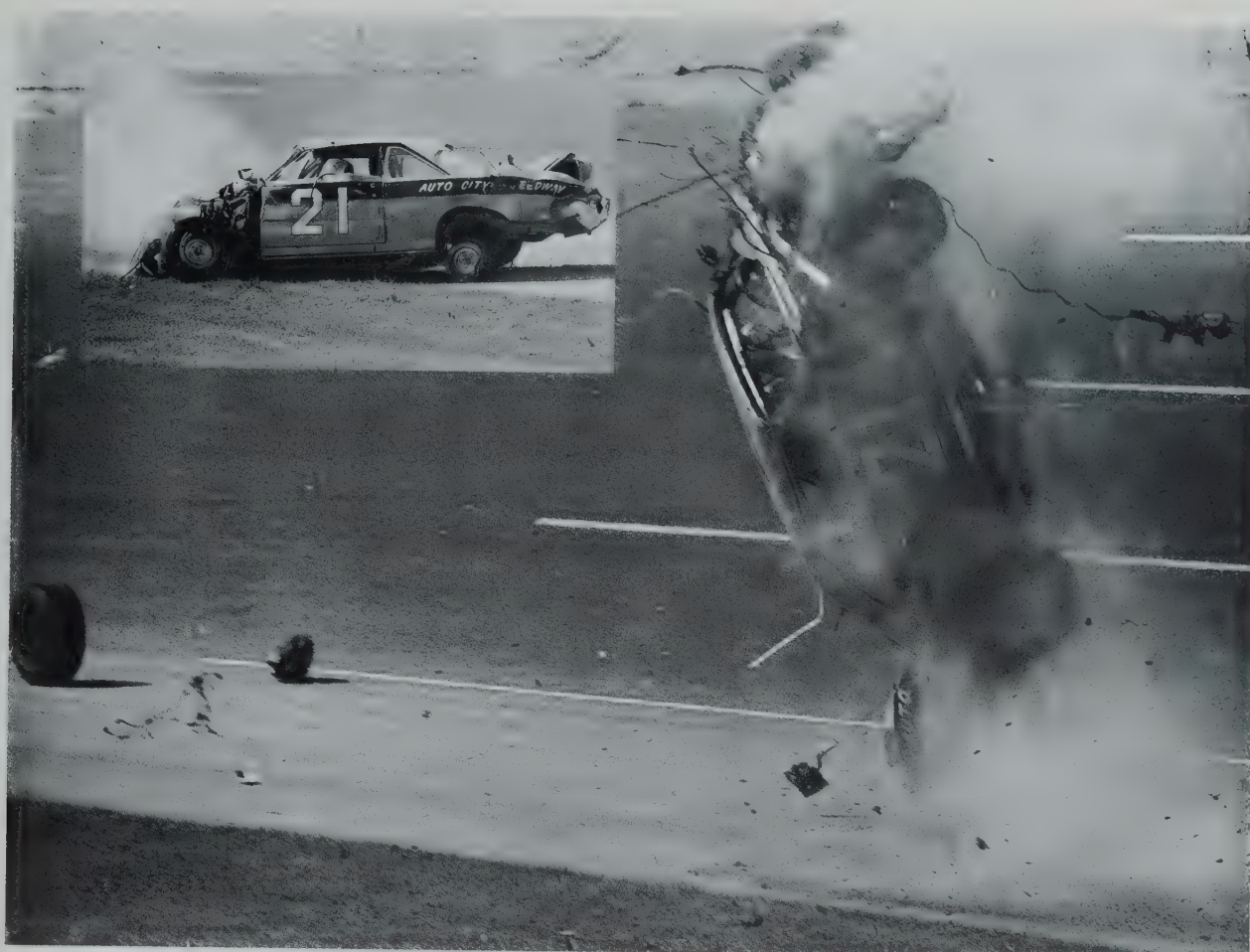
Above: The ecstasy, the agony, the ecstasy again. Cale Yarborough became the first driver in NASCAR history to record a lap speed over 200 mph. He did this on his first qualifying lap for the 1983 Daytona 500, but as he was completing his mandatory second qualifying lap, something went wrong in turn four. His Ranier Racing Chevrolet (28) became airborne and flew like a paper airplane. The car was demolished, but Yarborough was okay. In fact, he went on to victory that year driving his backup car, a Pontiac.



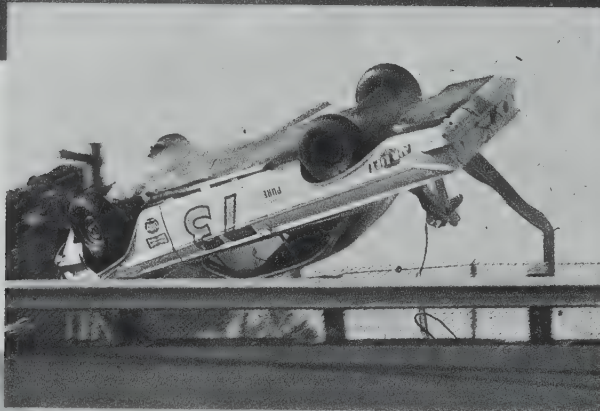
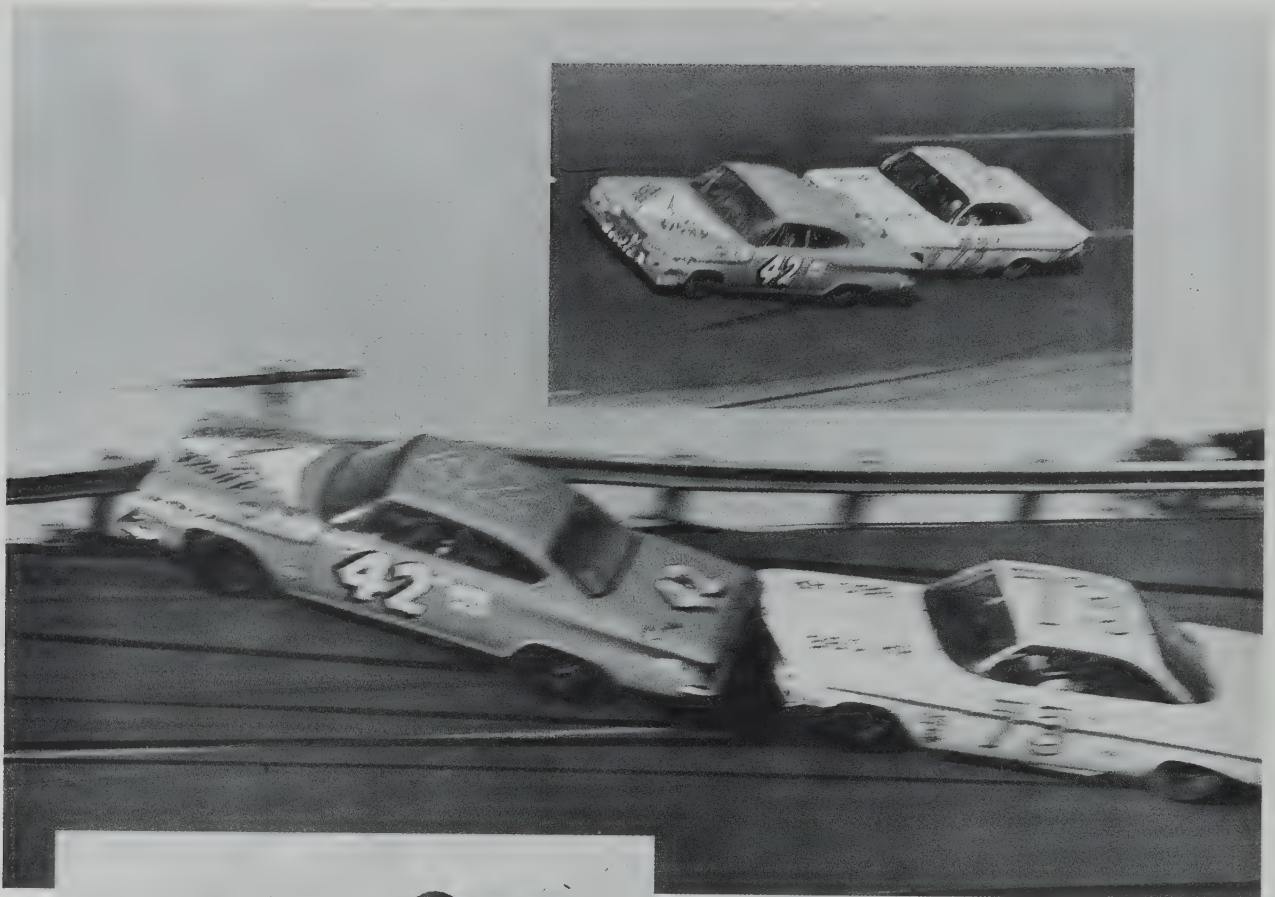
Above and insets: Turn two was wild in the 1992 Goody's 300 race. While running in a tight pack of 15 cars, Joe Nemechek (87) got loose triggering a 10-car melee. The chain reaction involved the cars of Chuck Bown (63), Tom Peck (19), Bobby Labonte (44), Tommy Houston (6), Michael Waltrip (30), Ricky Craven (99), Hut Stricklin (92), Mike Wallace (20), Todd Bodine (34) and Steve Grissom (31).



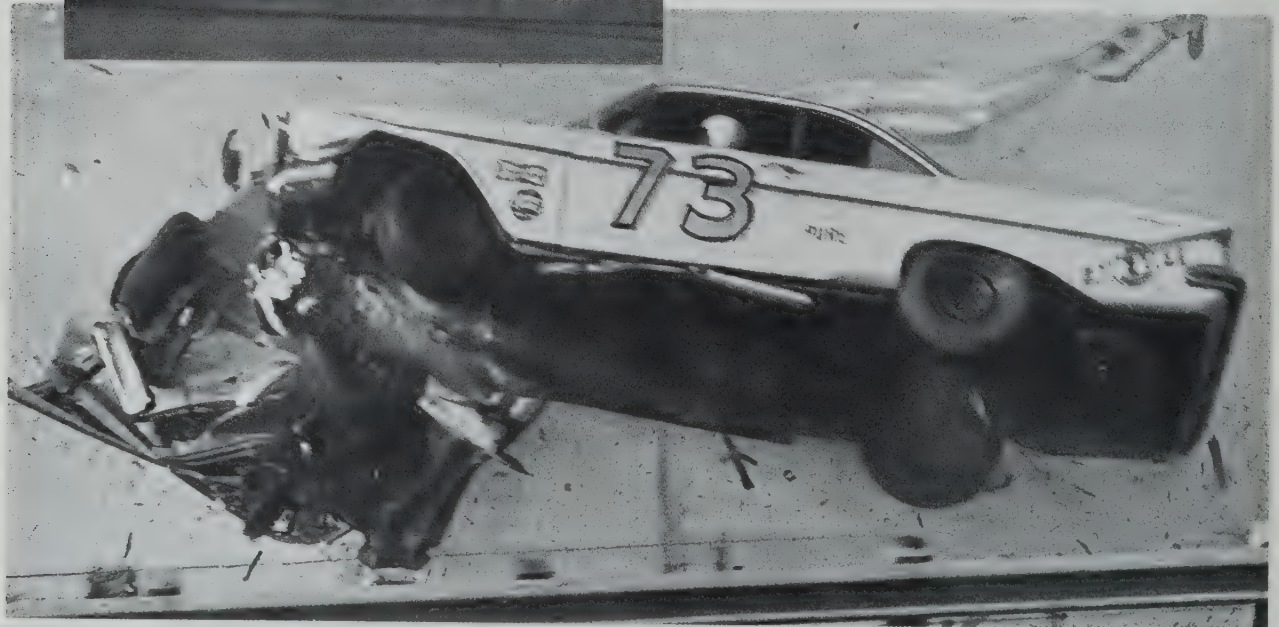


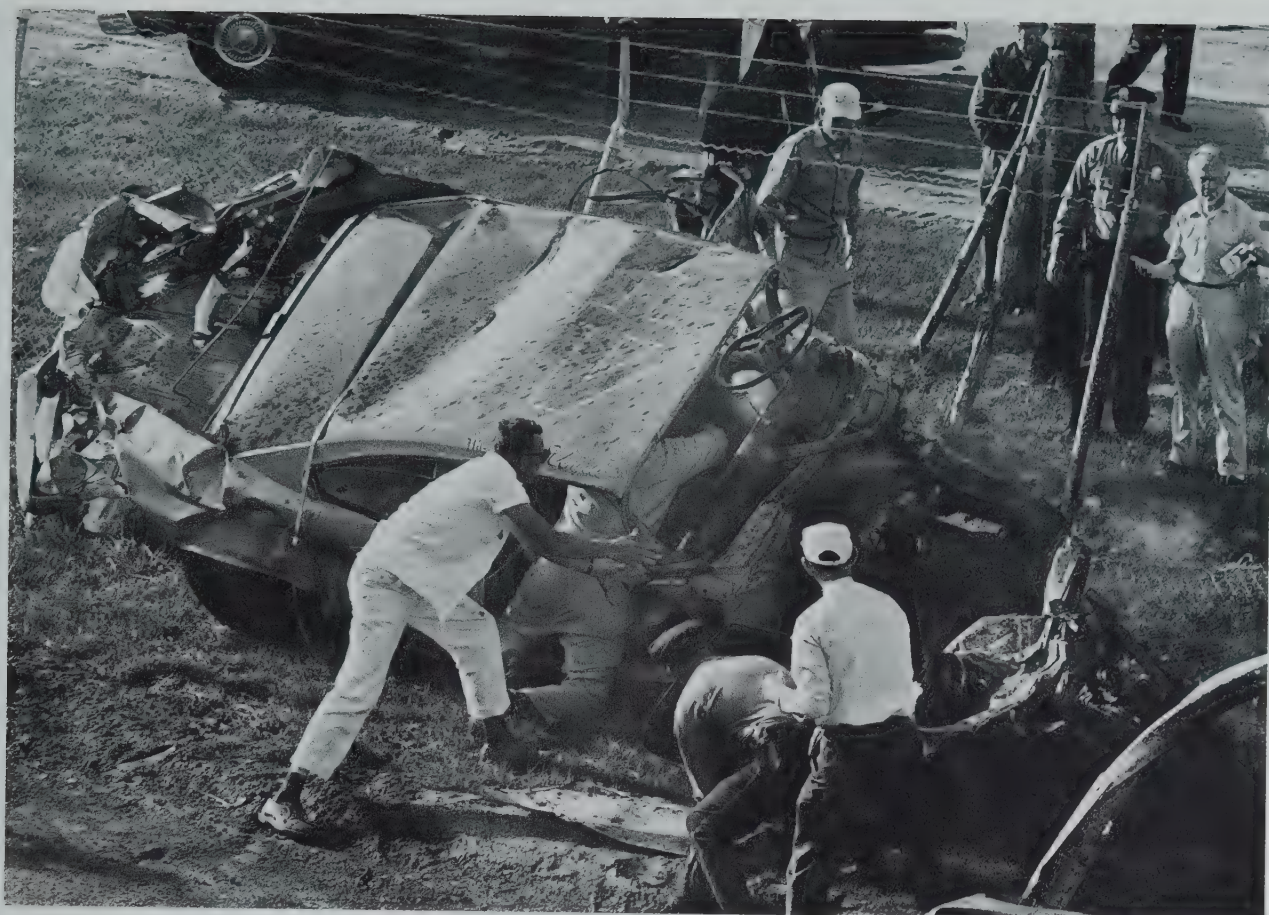


Preceding page and above: Johnny Roberts' (21) unbelievable wreck, in which he almost came out of his race car, was captured by stop action photography. The wreck occurred in the ARCA 250 race on February 19, 1967. Roberts, of Breckenridge, Michigan, suffered a cerebral concussion, but recovered from the horrendous accident.



Above and below: In 1961, Lee Petty (42) and Johnny Beauchamp (73) had one of the most harrowing crashes in Speedway history. In a qualifying race prior to the 1961 Daytona 500, Petty's Plymouth, the "Blue Angel" was launched out of the racetrack by Beauchamp in turn four. *Next page:* The car landed in the parking lot next to the NASCAR offices and Petty had to be cut out. Though he drove several more times, the crash ended the career of the first Daytona 500 winner for all practical purposes. A safety worker suffered a severely lacerated hand helping pull Petty to safety.





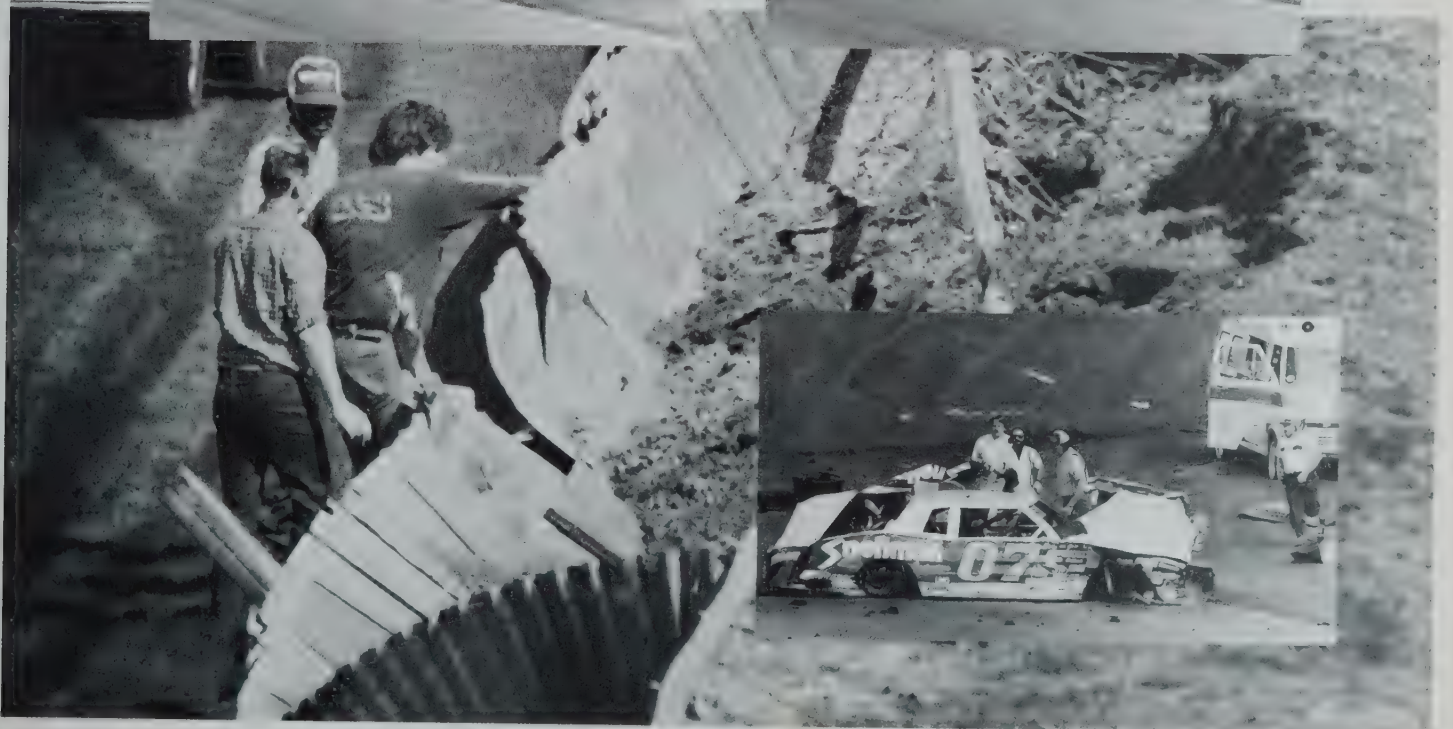
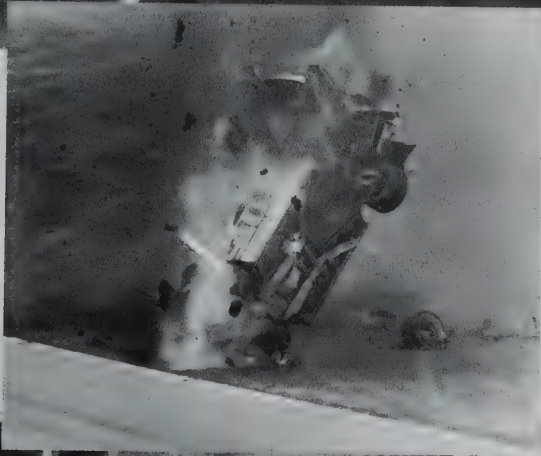


Above: Tragedy in Indy cars. Indianapolis-type race cars are open-wheel, purpose-built racers. Only once have Indy cars raced on the high banks of Daytona. That was in April, 1959. The results were exciting and disastrous. The cars were so fast, averaging approximately 178 mph, they literally flew off the pavement. One such resulting accident, pictured here, claimed the life of George "Red" Amick on the backstretch. His car was sheared in half in the violent crash which also splintered the guard rail.



Above: Usry's dilemma in the dirt. Tom Usry flips his Oldsmobile (70) sending up a shower of dirt in this crash in the ARCA 200 on February 12, 1989. Usry, of Broadway, North Carolina, suffered multiple fractures in the crash but recovered.





Above: No joy ride for LaJoie. Randy LaJoie's Chevrolet (07) disintegrated after he lost control coming out of turn four at the Speedway during a qualifying race for the 1984 Daytona 500. The car spun backwards and crashed into the dirt embankment near the entrance to pit road. The race car bounced and twisted five times before coming to a stop. LaJoie, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, recovered. However, the Speedway was shut down for a while as workmen repaired the caved-in retaining wall.



Flailing air at Daytona: Bob Ballantine crashed in the 1981 Sportsman 300 race. The Ellicott City, Maryland, driver took a wild ride. Although the crash was one of the most spectacular ever seen at the Speedway, Ballantine emerged with nothing more than cracked ribs and some bruises. The photo was an award winner for The News-Journal.

THE FRANCE FAMILY



Racing's first family, the Frances of Daytona Beach, Florida. It all began with "Big Bill and Annie B." and it grew into an empire named NASCAR and the International Speedway Corporation. Today, they call it simply "DAYTONA."

THE FRANCE FAMILY

It all began with "Big Bill" and "Annie B."

"Big Bill" was William Henry Getty France and "Annie B." was Anne Bledsoe France. Together, they began a family and formed two businesses which grew into an empire in Daytona Beach, Florida.

"Big Bill," was born September 26, 1909, in Horse Cave, Virginia, outside of Washington, D.C. He learned about cars and became a mechanic, race car builder and driver in his late teens. Anne Bledsoe was a nurse at Children's Hospital in Washington. She was born in 1904 in Nathan's Creek, North Carolina. They met in Washington and were married in 1931.

In 1934, along with young son, William Clifton France and about \$75, they stopped in Daytona Beach to swim in the Atlantic Ocean and to watch Sir Malcolm Campbell drive his "Bluebird" down the sands chasing a new world Land Speed Record. France had heard about the "World's Most Famous Beach," where men raced cars. The family liked the area so much they stayed. In 1944, the couple's second son, James Carl France, was born. The rest is motor racing history.

Two significant events shaped the life of Bill France, a giant of a man at 6-foot-7, 250 pounds. In 1947 he was one of the founders of the National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing (NASCAR). Then in 1959 he founded the Daytona International Speedway Corporation (later to become International Speedway Corporation.)

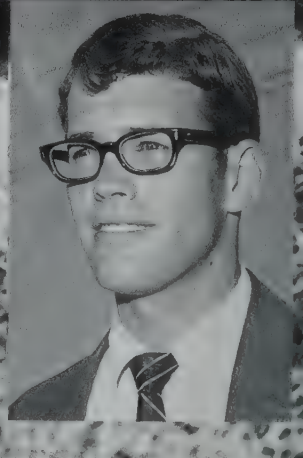
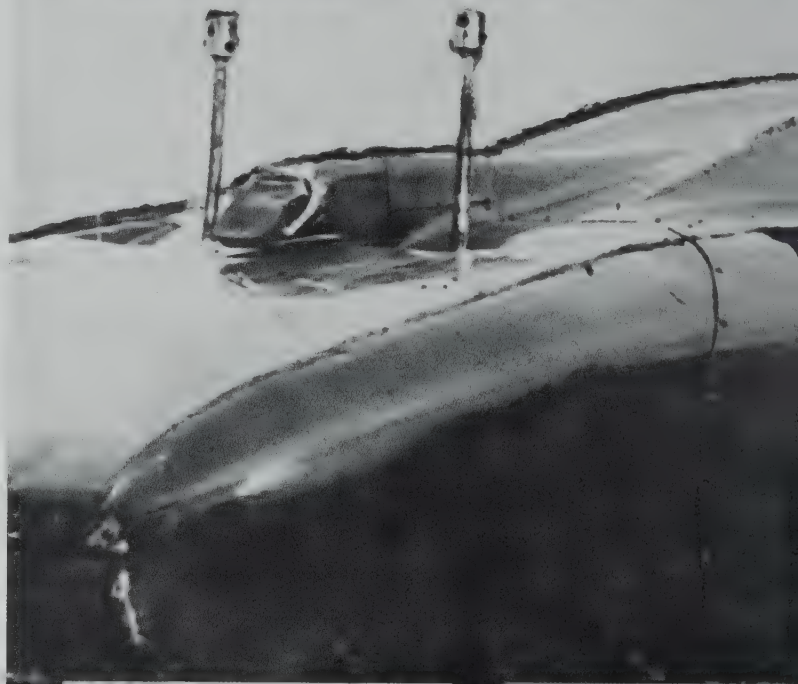
During the formative years France ruled NASCAR and the Speedway like a benevolent dictator. He was an excellent cook and loved to fish, often sailing his beloved boat, the "Little Kay" to the Bahamas to chase the big ones. "Big Bill" was the father of stock car racing, and one of the prime movers in motor sports, world wide. Sports Illustrated once called Bill France "... the most powerful man in motor sports in this country, perhaps the world."

France, racing's John Wayne, died June 7, 1992. He was 82. Anne France had died six months earlier, January 2, 1992. Both are buried in Ormond Beach.

The Frances left behind a strong family business, now headed by Bill France and his brother, Jim.

Today, International Speedway Corporation, a publicly held company, owns major speedways in Darlington, South Carolina, and Talladega, Alabama. It is also involved in the ownership and management of Watkins Glen International in upstate New York and operates Tucson Raceway Park in Arizona. Bill France is Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of ISC. He took the reins of NASCAR in 1972. Jim France is president of ISC and executive Vice-President and Secretary of NASCAR, the largest motor sports sanctioning body in the world.

Bill and his wife, Betty Jane, have two children who work in the family businesses, Lesa France Kennedy and Brian Z. France. Jim and his wife, Sharon, have three children. A son, Jamie France, works for the family business. They also have daughters Jennifer and Amy. All live in Daytona Beach.



Preceding page: The France family, from left, Bill, Jr., Anne, "Big Bill" and Jim.



Clockwise from top left: "Big Bill" allows son, Billy, to sit in Henry Ford's 999 speed car. Betty Jane France busses husband, Bill. Three France women, Betty Jane, left, "Annie B." and Lesa France Kennedy. "Big Bill" gets his Pontiac out of the mud at track construction site. Bill, Jr. takes over NASCAR in 1972. Jim France, younger son of "Big Bill," served in Vietnam. A.J. Foyt, Jr. with Bill France, Jr. Center: In 1952, "Big Bill," who wound up owning Malcolm Campbell's "Bluebird V," allows son, Jim, then seven, to "drive."

NOW AND THEN ...



Above and below: One thing about racing in Daytona Beach which has remained constant is the crowd the sport attracts. In 1993 more than 100,000 saw the Daytona 500. The grandstands on the beach in 1956 held fewer than that.

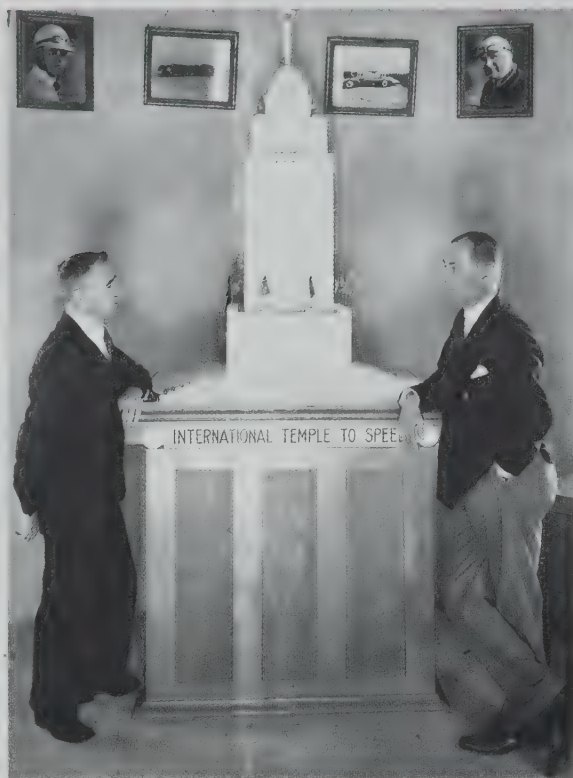
RACING MEMORIES



In the beginning, there was the beach. The beach would become the “World's Most Famous Beach” because you could drive on it and because men raced on it. The challenge of speed became a quest, which continues to this day in an immense thunder-bowl of asphalt on the western side of town, several miles from the beach, where it all began.

TEMPLE TO SPEED, BIRTH OF AN IDEA

The International Temple to Speed project was begun in 1933 by a group of local civic minded citizens. The project failed when funds for construction could not be raised. The photo shows project founders Burt Williams, left, and Malcolm Campbell, right, with the "temple" model. The building was to have been on what is now City Island in downtown Daytona Beach.



By DON EMERY

The edifice, designed to take its place as one of the world's most beautiful buildings, will serve many purposes, utilitarian as well as sentimental. First, it will house the first International Library of Speed, its Science and Progress. Second, it will stand as a memorial to those who have given their lives, their inventive geniuses, their time and money to the development of speed. It will serve as a tribute to those intrepid drivers and pilots who are still devoting their energies to the furtherance and progress of speed. It will stand through the ages as an inspiration to further endeavor in the development of speed. Its further purpose will be to maintain among all nations and peoples an interest in speed, its bearing on the life of man and his civilization. Here will be collected and exhibited mementos, objects of art, scientific data and information incidental and resultant from the progress of speed on land, on water, through and in the air.

Mr. Burt E. Williams, originator of the idea and organizer of the International Temple to Speed, Inc., furnishes the following description of the Temple and its various decorative and structural features:

Architecturally the building will be modernistic, down to the last detail, entirely free of classic motifs. The exterior will be built of Georgia marble and Florida coquina rock, surmounted by a glass globe of the Earth, fifteen feet in circumference. The shaft will stand about 150 feet in height on a base fifty feet

square. Circling the base will be a carved frieze symbolizing man's progress in the Art of Transportation, from the naked savage bearing a burden through an untracked wilderness, to the transoceanic liner, the automobile, the airplane and the railway train. The frieze will be cubistic in style, giving a feeling of movement and fluidity. Ships, airplanes, cars and trains will give the effect of a moving mass, suggestive of the huge interwoven system of transportation which covers every corner of the earth's surface.

An architectural innovation will be the columnar pilasters based on the palmetto trees so common to the Florida coast and so characteristic of the Florida landscape. At the tops of these columns will be located four aerial beacons, for guidance of night fliers. The uppermost of the four floors of the interior will contain a huge pipe organ with amplifiers and broadcasting arrangements for public concerts. The carved screens of the organ loft will represent four winged human figures, representing the four seasons. The other rooms such as the library, the various memorial rooms and the founders room will be decorated with murals depicting speed in its many stages of development.

Other unique features will include a mooring mast at the peak for use of dirigibles.

The International Temple of Speed, Inc., is an organization, not for profit, men and women interested in the history of speed, its present status in the life and activities of man and in its future progress and development.

And it is to be built by popular subscription throughout the world as an honor to those that have made transportation safe by their daring.

Artist Don Emery came to Daytona Beach in 1922. Following the "boom" he opened an art and advertising office and later established an art school. He supervised art projects throughout Florida, painting murals under the auspices of the Government Arts Project. His works were hung at the Huntington Gallery, New York, at Florida Southern College and were a part of many private and public collections. He was instrumental in establishing the Daytona Beach Little Theater and the Art League of Daytona Beach. The description of the Temple to Speed, above, formed a part of the project's fund-raising brochure.



A fiery end to a landmark: For many years, the Ormond Garage symbolized the "Birthplace of Speed." It was built in 1903 for the 1904 tournament of speed on Ormond Beach. It was a frigid, sad day, January 7, 1976, when the landmark building went up in flames. The structure, once the site of the early beach speed kings and their cars, was being used to house electric golf carts for the adjacent golf club. There was speculation that a faulty electrical wire led to the fire which destroyed the structure on Granada Avenue.

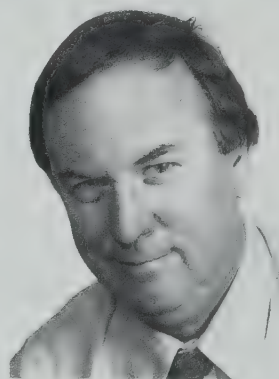
ABOUT THE AUTHORS



Above: Jim Tiller, left and Tom Tucker pose at the start-finish line of the Daytona International Speedway.

Tom Tucker

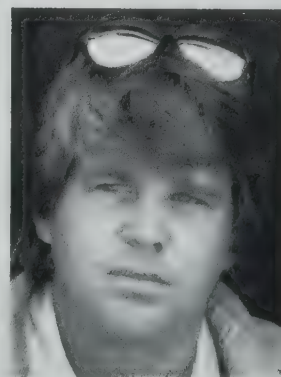
Tom Tucker is a writer, former publicist, and journalist. He has been fascinated by auto racing since age two when his father, Ben, and the late Bill France promoted a NASCAR stock car race in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1948. Tucker still has the official souvenir racing program. For 14 years he was an award-winning sports writer for The Daytona Beach News-Journal, then The Atlanta Journal. For four years he was a publicist for R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. and Anheuser-Busch's Budweiser brand in racing. He then opened his own public relations shop, which included the Porsche Racing Team directed by the late Al Holbert. He also worked in the publicity department of Daytona International Speedway, and owned his own motorcycle racing team. Tom, who is a columnist for The News-Journal, and his wife, Susan, live with their cats, McQueen and Tuxedo, in Ormond Beach, Florida.



Jim Tiller

Photojournalist Jim Tiller was born and raised one mile from Daytona International Speedway. He has been a photographer at The Daytona Beach News-Journal for 13 years. He shot his first racing photograph during Speedweeks, 1982. It was a photo of Bobby Allison crashing his race car in practice. Allison went on to win the 500 that year.

For the past two years Tiller has been Chief Photographer of The News-Journal. Both Tiller and the department have won numerous local, state and national awards over the years, many for racing photography. His photograph of Rusty Wallace's crash in the 1993 Daytona 500 appeared in a two-page, full color spread in Sports Illustrated magazine in February, 1993. This spectacular photo is on pages 112 and 113 of this book. Jim and his wife, Kathy, live in Flagler Beach, Florida, with their basset hound, Sofia.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Jim Tiller and I have many to thank and credit for their help with this book.

First, our publisher, Tippen Davidson, who is also publisher of The Daytona Beach News-Journal. Without him there would be no book. We also thank him for his many contributions, photographic and editorial. Tippen's wife, Josephine Field Davidson, Editor of The News-Journal newspaper, has provided inspiration and guidance.

Special thanks must go to the Daytona International Speedway for its help. The France family; Speedway President James Foster; Larry Balewski, assistant to the president; Bob Costanzo, chief photographer; Dave Rodman and Gary Van Voorhis of the publicity department; Bob Mauk and John Mauk of Speedway archives all were of great help.

In many instances I have quoted words written by reporters and sports writers, who have worked for The News-Journal. In other cases, I have capsulized their accounts. They are, in no particular order, Bernard Kahn, Jeff Kahn, Brad Willson, Tom Brown, Tim Carlson, Fred Booth, Bob Hunter, Neil Pooser, Charles LaPoint, Joe Biddle, Troy Moore, Bob Buttgen, John Malloy, Lee Moore, Jim Warters, Tom Tiede, Bob Desiderio, Colin Johnson, Andy Smith, Oscar Miller, Jimmy Nasella, Jim Chitwood, Lydia Hinshaw, Randy Rorrer, Godwin Kelly, Brent Woronoff, Ken Hornack, Ken Willis, Sean Kernan and Balewski, a former staffer. I hope I have left no one out, but if I have, I am sincerely sorry.

Jim, who enthusiastically researched our photographs, would like to credit the following photographers, whose work we have used. From The News-Journal: Jack Jessee, Sam Satterwhite, Al Swett, Ed Baggett, Nigel Cook, David Tucker, Sam Cranston, John Gontner, Larry Bolch, Pete Wright, Pam Lockeby, Roger Simms, Michael Takash, Bob Pesce, John Kerwin, Bruce Brady, Don Carson, Brian Myrick, Dennis Winn, Chuck Borel, Mike Auleta, Peter Bauer, Kevin White, Gerri Bauer, and R.H. LeSesne, Dick Barr, the Associated Press, and the Daytona International Speedway Corporation.

Our "From the Beach to the Speedway" time line is the work of News-Journal Art Director Steve McLachlin. He loaned us the working space in his art department which became our headquarters.

And, finally, Jim and I would like to express our sincere and heartfelt gratitude to two special people, who were a part of our team producing this book. They are our editor, Martha Van Camp, and our graphic designer Jerry Sprankel. They took the journey with us.

Tom Tucker and Jim Tiller

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GLOSSARY

- AAA—American Automobile Association.
- APRON—Low, flat edge of race track used by drivers, and track emergency and service vehicles.
- ARCA—Automobile Racing Club of America.
- BINDERS—Brakes.
- BITE—Traction on a race track.
- BLOWN ENGINE—When some part of engine breaks causing a puff of smoke.
- BOTTOM OUT—Suspension compressed to the limit of its travel by centrifugal force on car as it enters high-bank turn on high-speed run.
- BROADSLIDE—Driving sideways through turn on dirt track.
- CART—Championship Auto Racing Teams, Inc.
- CHARGER—Go-or-blow driver; runs at maximum speed all the time.
- CHIEF MECHANIC—The “Boss” of racing operations.
- CHOPPING—Cutting in front of rival car.
- CHUTE—Fast part of race track in front of main grandstand.
- CLOSED TRACK—Any track generally circular in shape.
- CLUNKER—Sluggish, beat-up car.
- COME APART—When engine blows and sprays metal on the track.
- CORNER—Curve on oval race track.
- CREW CHIEF—Mechanic in charge of pit operations.
- CROSS-UP—When one car slides sideways out of control.
- DIRT TRACKING—Term usually used for driver using dirt track driving techniques on paved track.
- DRAFTING—Method used at superspeedways to obtain faster speed and conserve fuel. One car will drive close on the bumper of another, creating a vacuum in draft so both cars will go faster due to less turbulence and wind resistance.
- DRAG RACE—A test of acceleration over a very short distance—usually a quarter of a mile.
- FACTORY TEAM—Drivers and mechanics who receive some form or subsistence from Detroit manufacturers.
- FASTBACK—Car with sloping back.
- FEATHERFOOT—Very cautious driver.
- FIA—Federation Internationale de l'Automobile — The sole international sanctioning body entitled to make and enforce rules and regulations for the encouragement and control of automobile competitions.
- FLAT-OUT—Fast as machine will run.
- FoMoCo—Ford Motor Company
- GASOLINE ALLEY—Garage area of speedways.
- GRAND NATIONAL—Late Model stock car circuit.
- GROOVE—That part of the race track where cars handle best at peak speeds.
- HAIRY—When cars are running close together and hard to handle.
- HANDLING—Car's chassis performance.
- HANGING IT OUT—Swerving rear end extremely to make car resemble power slide on major speedway.
- HEMI—Engine equipped with hemispherical-shaped combustion chamber.
- HIT THE BINDERS—Put on brakes.
- HOT DOG—Leading driver or one who is very fast and showy. Such as, “He's a Winston Cup Hot Dog.”
- INFIELD—Area enclosed by oval track.
- LATE MODEL—Race car no more than three years old.
- LEANING ON HIM—When one driver gets inside another and lets him know he's there by crowding the turns.
- LEADFOOT—Driver who keeps accelerator on or near floor.
- LETS GO—When something breaks.
- LOOSE—When rear end of car has tendency to drift to outside in a corner.
- LOSE IT—When a driver loses control of his car.
- MAJOR SPEEDWAY—Track of one mile or more in length which stages races of major proportion in length and purse. Superspeedway.
- MoPAR—Chrysler products (Dodge and Plymouth).
- MOTOR MOUTH—Someone who talks a lot.
- NASCAR—National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing, world's largest stock car race sanctioning body.
- PACE CAR—Car that leads pack through one or two laps just before race starts. Pace car also paces race under caution flag. Also called safety car.
- PACER—Steady, consistent driver.
- PARADE LAP—Ceremonial lap made by lined-up cars before pace lap and race.
- PITS—Trackside area accommodating repair crew of each driver.
- PIT CREW—The team of mechanics who work on a race car and service it during race.
- POLE POSITION—Coveted front row inside spot given driver with best qualifying speed.
- PUSHING—When front end of car has tendency to drift to outside and will not turn in toward corner.
- RIDE—Opportunity to drive a car in a race.
- ROLL BAR—Hollow steel tubing that forms an arch over the driver's head to protect him in case his car rolls over.
- ROLL CAGE—A complete network of roll bars and connecting braces that provide increased protection to the driver.
- SANITARY—In top racing condition.
- SLINGSHOT—Method used to pass on high-speed tracks. Trailing car moves out of draft of leader, creating a vacuum which then pulls front car back.
- SOUP-UP—Change or modify engine to increase speed.
- SPOILER—Device used to improved a car's handling at high speed.
- STAND ON IT—Push accelerator to floor and leave it there.
- STROKER—Driver who keeps steady pace.
- SWAY BAR—Suspension component designed to improve handling.
- TACH—Short for tachometer.
- USAC—United States Auto Club.
- WEDGE—Raise or lower various corners of race car to shift weight and improve handling.
- YELLOW BUMPER—Rear bumper of cars driven by first-year drivers on NASCAR tracks are identified with yellow paint warn veterans they are behind inexperienced competitors.

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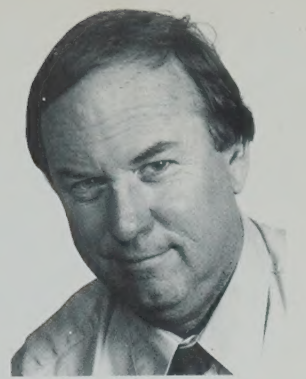
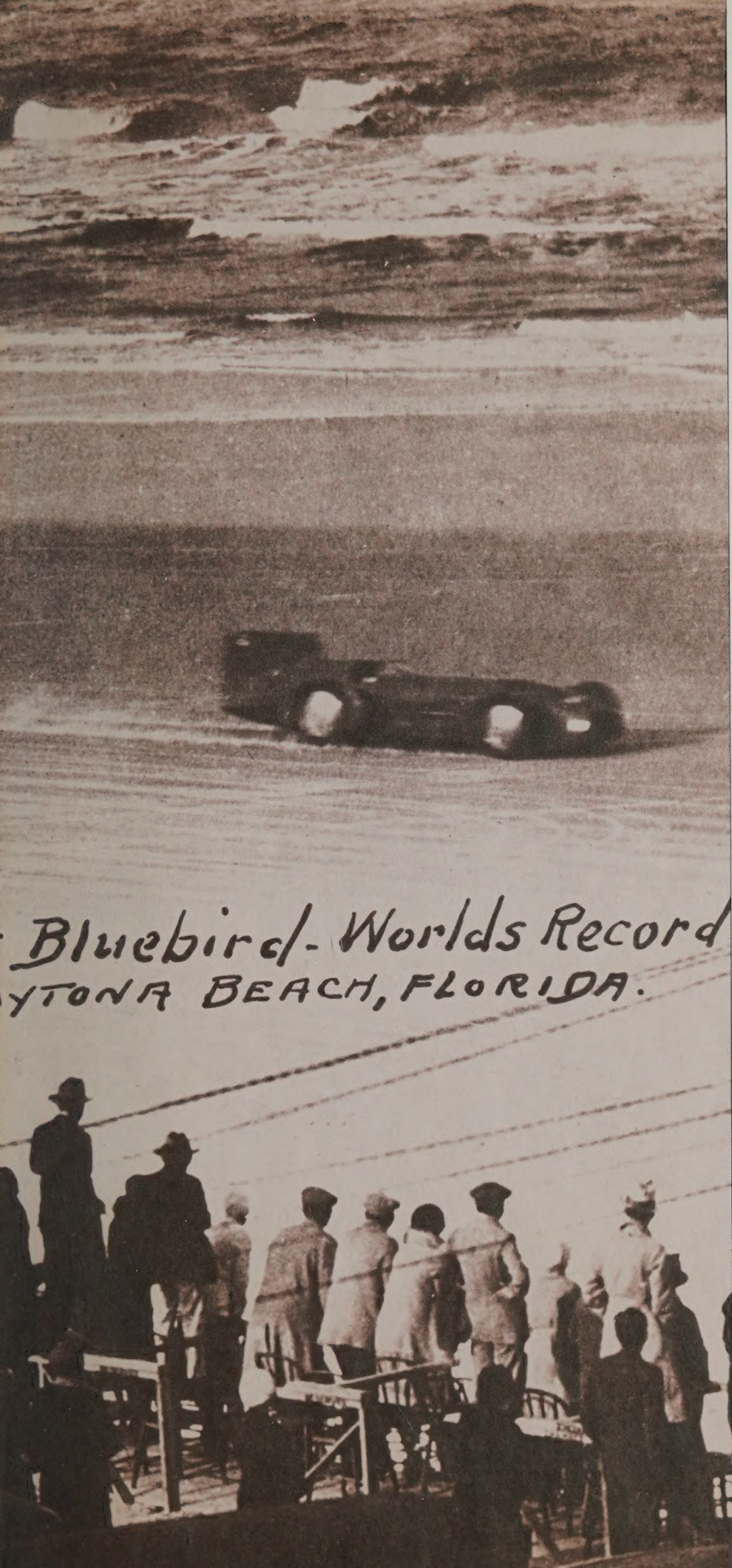
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AUTOGRAPHS



Sir Malcolm Campbell



Tom Tucker

Tom Tucker is a writer, former publicist, and journalist. He has been fascinated by auto racing since age two when his father, Ben, and the late Bill France promoted a NASCAR stock car race in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1948. Tucker still has the official souvenir racing program. For 14 years he was an award-winning sports writer for The News-Journal and later, The Atlanta Journal. For four years he was a publicist for R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. and Anheuser-Busch's Budweiser brand in racing. He then opened his own public relations shop, which included the Porsche Racing Team directed by the late Al Holbert. He also worked in the publicity department of Daytona International Speedway, and owned his own motorcycle racing team. Tom, who is a columnist for The News-Journal, and his wife, Susan, live with their cats, McQueen and Tuxedo, in Ormond Beach, Florida.



Jim Tiller

Photojournalist Jim Tiller was born and raised one mile from Daytona International Speedway. He has been a photographer at The Daytona Beach News-Journal newspaper for 13 years. He shot his first racing photograph during Speedweeks, 1982. It was a photo of Bobby Allison crashing his race car. Allison went on to win the Daytona 500 that year and Tiller went on to become one of Daytona Beach's most respected racing photographers. For the past two years Tiller has been Chief Photographer of The News-Journal. Both Tiller and the department have won numerous local, state and national awards over the years. His photograph of Rusty Wallace's crash in the 1993 Daytona 500 appeared on a two-page, full color spread in Sports Illustrated magazine in February, 1993. This spectacular photo is on pages 112 and 113. Jim and his wife Kathy, live in Flagler Beach, Florida, with their bassett hound, Sofia.

Back cover: Sir Malcolm Campbell proudly poses with his beloved Bluebird III at the Main Street Pier in 1933. Campbell and his car drew a crowd of curious spectators.



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