"We shall not cease from exploration | And the end of all our exploring | Will be to arrive where we started | And know the place for the first time." — T. S. Eliot
Autopower streamliner to many records, including the 413.156 average that got him an inaugural black hat in August of 2002. For years White was locked in long-running top-speed duel with rival Al Teague that gave onlookers a sizzling competition saga and possessed on every run.

“The 400MPH Chapter is a tremendous thing, a great honor,” son Rick White told me, “Anyone running the salt recognizes what an achievement it is to run that fast. In our situation it was he and I, we built the car together, it was a labor of love and we both drove and set records. My dad gave his life to do this.”

Red hat, blue hat, black hat..., decisions, decisions, which one to earn? There are fewer black hats than there are people who have walked on the moon.

Note: Photojournalist Louise Ann Noeth is the author of the award-winning book, “Bonneville: The Fastest Place on Earth,” a complete historical review of the first 50 years of land speed racing. After 11 years in print, less than 15 of the author’s special autographed edition remain. For more details and to order, go to: www.landspeedproductions.biz.

Three inches behind center chrome strip has been removed, and it does have a bull nose strip. The spare tire mount has been shortened, to place the tire closer to the body, something that was often done. A little unusual is the use of a ’48 Ford gas tank door. The taillights are from a ’40 Ford, but so are the headlights, which have been mounted in the front of the fenders. The rear bumper is from a 1937 DeSoto, and the front might be too. Those bumpers were always rare and desirable. The problem was that there weren’t many 1937 DeSotos around, and only the front bumper, a flat bumper, was useful; the rear bumper was rounded and stuck out too far from the body, even on the DeSoto. Of special interest is the top, which has been chopped a few inches, but appears to fold down; it and the side curtains do not look old.

On the negative side, the car has been sideswiped, damaging the right fenders, front and back. Also, the car has been jacked up and the rear end rolled backwards, which suggests to me that the transmission had been knocked out. All of this could be easily fixed at the time, but was it? My friend, Al Rogers, who took these photos, was surprised that I was unsure whether I remembered the car.

He said it sat behind the gas station at 62nd and SE Powell, a place where a lot of hot rodders hung out. He said it had belonged to Bill Lyons who sold it to Bob Johnson, neither name rang a bell with me. Rogers said, “You don’t remember it? It was free! No one wanted it!” If I had known that I would remember the car. I would have towed it home. I have the rear fenders from Mid Barbour’s ’35 and a good deal of the Gaylord interior from Mahaffey’s ’35, and it looks like that close as I’ll ever get to owning a phaeton. [Figures and photos of the car and its components are shown.]

Overtures to Motion. Essays, 123 pages, photos, perfect-bound. $18.00 (plus $2.00 postage). Signed. Albert Drake, P.O. Box 68584, Portland, OR 97290-6854.