

## **Sport: Bandits, Racers**

Monday, Jun. 11, 1928

Every year certain things happen in Indianapolis. Some of them happen at the same time. Automobiles race in the 500-mile sweepstakes out at the speedway. Lots of visitors come to town and after the race there is a dance at the Broadmoor Country Club.

All these things happened last week in Indianapolis. Other things happened also. Four men in an old car, for instance, drove up to the Broadmoor Club and parked near the door, leaving the engine running. The orchestra was playing "Dear, On A Night Like This" as the four men came into the ballroom and fired at the floor. Three of them stood guard over the line of 200 ladies and gentlemen while a fourth went down the line with a canvas bag into which the guests dropped their money and jewels. . . .

Several hours before they were robbed at the Broadmoor Club the ladies and gentlemen of Indianapolis had seen the checkered flag go down at the end of the race. They had seen the cars which, because of their speed, looked lopsided and awkward, whirl round the track. A Duesenberg Special with Jimmy Gleason driving led most of the way with Tony Gullota in a Stutz Special giving him a fight. Going into the last fifty miles the pit called in Gullota, and he stopped on his next runaround. "Gas line clogged!" he shouted, jumping out. Gleason signalled that motor trouble was forcing him to stop for gas. A big red car with "39" painted on the hood and tail was in front now. By looking at the programs the people in the stands made out that the driver was someone named Lou Meyer. Gullota who had gotten started again was a close second.

Smiling and sitting back in the seat of the boiling car Meyer shook all the hands he could reach. A few days before a friend had lent him money enough to buy his car, an overhauled Miller Special. A year ago he rode a few laps as relief driver for Wilbur Shaw.

But in the stands watching Meyer that afternoon were several men who had driven racing cars when they were younger. Of these the richest and most noted was a gentleman of French descent with a spike of a mustache, a lined face, thick neck, and popping black eyes—Louis Chevrolet, godfather of an automobile.

Like Henry Ford, Alexander Winton, R. C. Durant, and Eddie Rickenbacker, Louis Chevrolet drove racing cars before he gave his name to an automobile company. A name is also the only connection that Louis Chevrolet has with the Chevrolet Motor Company. The name suggested speed, the company wanted it, so Chevrolet sold it in 1913.

Louis Chevrolet is the oldest of three brothers, motor musketeers. Arthur was the second brother. A woman cured him of racing. Death cured the third brother, Gaston, in a collision on the Los Angeles speedway in 1920. On the Memorial Day before his death he won his greatest race—the Indianapolis Sweepstakes.

Louis Chevrolet came to the U. S. in 1902. He still talks with a French accent. He has a sister who lives in Plainfield, N. J. In 1917 in a Frontenac he broke the world's record for a hundred miles.

"Racing?" says Louis Chevrolet, "No, I am through from racing." He says he wants to start an airplane company in Indianapolis.