

RIDE IN A STUTZ WITH CHEVROLET

Louis Drives One Between
80 and 90 for Writer.

TWO NEW MODELS OFFERED

One Eight, Other a Six—The 'No-back' Is an Added Feature.

From a Staff Correspondent of THE SUN.
INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 4.—Stutz's president, F. E. Moskovic, is the proud father of two new babies. They are not twins, for one is an eight pound—beg pardon—eight cylinder, and the other a six. Both are distinguished by four speedy speeds forward, classy little automatic device to prevent backward roll, characteristic Stutz low center of gravity, hit-us-if-you-dare steel running boards, hasn't-cut-yet safety glass and seats adjustable, both front and rear, to all kinds of bodies in Le Baron bodies. And the happy parent has taken up golf and is down to 100 r.p. 18 Hoosier holes.

But that is another story, which has nothing to do with his joining the save-a-life movement. In fact, he has saved at least a couple of lives, one of his own and that of E. R. Parker, Stutz's general sales manager. With Bert Dingley, service manager, and others, President Moskovic was putting two of the new cars through their paces some time ago for engineering purposes. At the wheel of the first car he was burning up the road at over 90 miles per hour, when, lo and behold, right in the middle of the concrete over the brow of a hill not over 250 feet away appears a large sedan turning around.

Mr. Moskovic realized instinctively that any known brake would be useless here. He said afterward that the first thing that flashed across his mind was: "Is the other car backing or moving forward?" But instantly he realized that with his car going at 90 miles an hour and the other slowly moving only a few hundred feet away it made no difference.

The Writer Goes Riding.

So the only president of an American automobile company who has ever been a racing car driver put those strong arms of his to the wheel in the tightest place in his life and with the two left wheels of the Stutz down off the road passed the sedan in safety. With brakes hydraulicking and wheels skidding Moskovic got his car back on the road and came to a stop after making three complete turns in the road. Parker jumped out, ran back and flagged the car Mr. Dingley was driving.

Whereupon executives and engineers of the Stutz Motor Car Company of America, Inc., went into conference on the road and decided that only a safety Stutz could have negotiated, without overturning, the ditches and sharp turns involved in this very personal save-a-life movement.

That night the Stutz president pondered over the situation. He realized that day by day the performance of the modern car had been increased; but the performance of the brakes had been left alone, in other words, emphasis had been placed on acceleration, but deceleration had not advanced accordingly, immediately Stutz started a real study of the brake problem from a technical standpoint, with the result that today Stutz is fitted with a braking system which under the same conditions would have brought the car to a stop without the necessity of taking to the ditches.

Later this writer went off with William F. Sturm, authority on automobile racing, and hit ninety miles an hour on one of the most marvelous rides in the world, thanks to a new Stutz with Weymann body and Louis Chevrolet, experimental engineer, at the wheel.

From the Stutz plant this 1929 Stutz made its way through the streets of Hoosierland's capital, with all due regard to traffic law and everybody's life and limb, gliding noiselessly past other cars, gliding gracefully around corners, gliding powerfully on the Speedway.

In this setting of Stutz and track, empty grand stands and Hoosier heath, Louis Chevrolet again becomes the racing driver. With magic hand he nonchalantly brings this car into the backstretch at eighty-five miles an hour. At eighty-three miles an hour he negotiates the northeast turn. The four corners of this two and a half mile speedway are all banked at an angle of 16 degrees 40 minutes.

Between Eighty and Ninety.

Chevrolet—Louis, not the new six cylinder—is smoking a cigarette. Bill Sturm, from the back seat, is reading the speedometer. And your correspondent is sitting comfortably on the front seat, taking notes as the car Stutzes around the Speedway between eighty-two and ninety miles an hour.

"We have just entered the northwest turn at eighty-two miles an hour," says Bill, and he has hardly announced the fact and figure before we are out of it at eighty-five miles.

Faster and faster, down the homestretch with the speedometer reaching fourscore and ten. We ninety it past the judges' stand, the timing point and the pits.

"Into the southwest turn at 88," says Bill.

"Out at 84," says Bill.

Through the short straightaway on the south end of the track and into the southeast corner, then down the long backstretch.

"Into the northeast at 90," says Bill.

"Out at 85," says Bill.

Then Louis puts the Stutz into the backstretch at 90, and Bill Sturm starts a stream of "ninety-ninety-ninety." The writer quits taking notes and Bill quits calling figures. Into the corners, out of the corners, down the homestretch, down the backstretch, the speedometer hardly wavers from 90. At first we are fascinated by the speedometer, which seems almost glued to "90." Then, realizing that it is Louis Chevrolet who is responsible for this feat of fast and firm driving we see

nothing but a pair of fine hands which play lightly with the wheel, moving it this way and that, even down to fractions of an inch to negotiate the little hills and valleys of this speedway, which Louis Chevrolet knows in amazing detail.

Having completed the last two and a half mile lap at a perfect ninety. Louis Chevrolet headed for the Hoosier country to prove that the riding qualities of the car and the no-back device work just as well in the Hoosier hills as on city street and speedway. The Stutz ate up a concrete road at 85 to 88 miles an hour, went up a hill at 83 and held to 65 and 70 on a rough gravel road.

These Fabric Bodies.

As on the speedway we talked about this and that, but chiefly about the car, its construction and its performance, and there was no difficulty experienced in making ourselves heard no matter what the speed. "If this were a steel sedan body we would have had to shout everything traveling at the speeds we have made this afternoon," said Louis Chevrolet. "But these fabric bodies are the quietest thing of their kind and with their light weight lowering the center of gravity they add noticeably to the way a Stutz holds to the ground."

Louis was driving the car with one hand and using the other now and then to manipulate his cigarette, all at a speed of 70 to 75 miles an hour. "This makes a nice cruising speed," he remarked. "You have the throttle only half open and there is still lots of reserve.

"These new Stutzes have plenty of acceleration and they've got powerful brakes, for these days quick deceleration is damn important—excuse my French."

Then, picking the steepest hill in the country around Indianapolis, a gravel road with a 17 per cent. grade, Louis Chevrolet demonstrated the "Noback," which is a ratchet device working automatically the moment the car starts moving backward unless in reverse gear. Again and again as the Stutz ascended the hill he stopped the car without applying the foot or emergency brakes, and each time the "Noback" device went immediately into operation, locking the car so that it could not move backward, just as it did later when stopped in traffic on Indianapolis streets having a slight incline.