

# Testing Monster Racing Cars at Seventy Miles an Hour Is No Fun, Louis Chevrolet Says

(Special to The Daily Journal.)

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 5.—A great, snorting monster dashed over the roads of Wayne and Oakland counties Wednesday night, frightening good farmers out of their sleep and scaring stray horses into ditches. The strange thing came out of the darkness—a lean, grayish streak spitting fire at the sides, and with a mighty “bang, bang” disappeared again, leaving behind it only a cloud of reeking fumes. The farmers heard it coming and wondered what had passed, all in the same breath.

End of the world, cyclones, cloven hoof? No. It was only Louis Chevrolet testing out the new car which he will drive in the Vanderbilt and Grand Prize races next month. The machine “acted up” just outside of Birmingham and the driver used the “whip” on her. He opened her wide, then cut her off again while she was jumping, snaked her over the rough road bed, whaled her on high speed and pushed her on low; he punished and pummeled the giant 110-horse power race car until she was beaten into submission. But still she continued to snort and rear and spit fire until the gas was cut off in the Buick garage and she was changed from a living, breathing thing of terrific power, to a piece of machinery that had to be pushed into the stall.

## Wild Dash Through Darkness.

Night riding in a Vanderbilt race with a driver like Louis Chevrolet is thrilling enough for the eighteenth story climax for yellow backed novel. But after all, there is not much to it from the passenger's point of view, except to hang on to the seat continually with both hands and gulp

to keep your heart in your throat. Trying to figure out what is ahead of the 180 foot range of the gas lamps with the car bumping along at 70 miles an hour is very trying on the nerves. The road ahead looks like a wiggly snake that is constantly moving before the machine; while on either side is the darkness which banks the road like two high walls. There is a constant rain of mud and oil that beats on the face like lead shot. The terrific explosions of the powerful motor are strung into a steady roar by the wind and the general effect is bad on the head.

## Terrific Strain on Car.

Racing through the darkness at 70 miles an hour; a hill looms out and with a snort from the motor the speed lever is shoved forward a few notches; down hill, the power is shut off and the car is running free. Four loud explosions in quick succession, the motor is enveloped in flame; then the speed lever is thrown forward again. The road turns abruptly, off goes the power and the brakes pull down the speed of the car. She hits the corner at about 70 miles an hour and rounds it, skidding the entire distance. The car swings drunkenly back and forth several times before she gets her bearing and is off again.

That's the way Chevrolet drove his big Vanderbilt racer over the roads into Detroit.

“Fun?” Louis laughed. “No, not so much fun, the roads are bad and sandy and my hands are blistered from hanging to the wheel. It is not fun to drive a racing car like this over Michigan roads, but this will show up anything that is wrong with her. When these road tests are through there will be nothing on this car which will not stand the strain of the Vanderbilt race.”