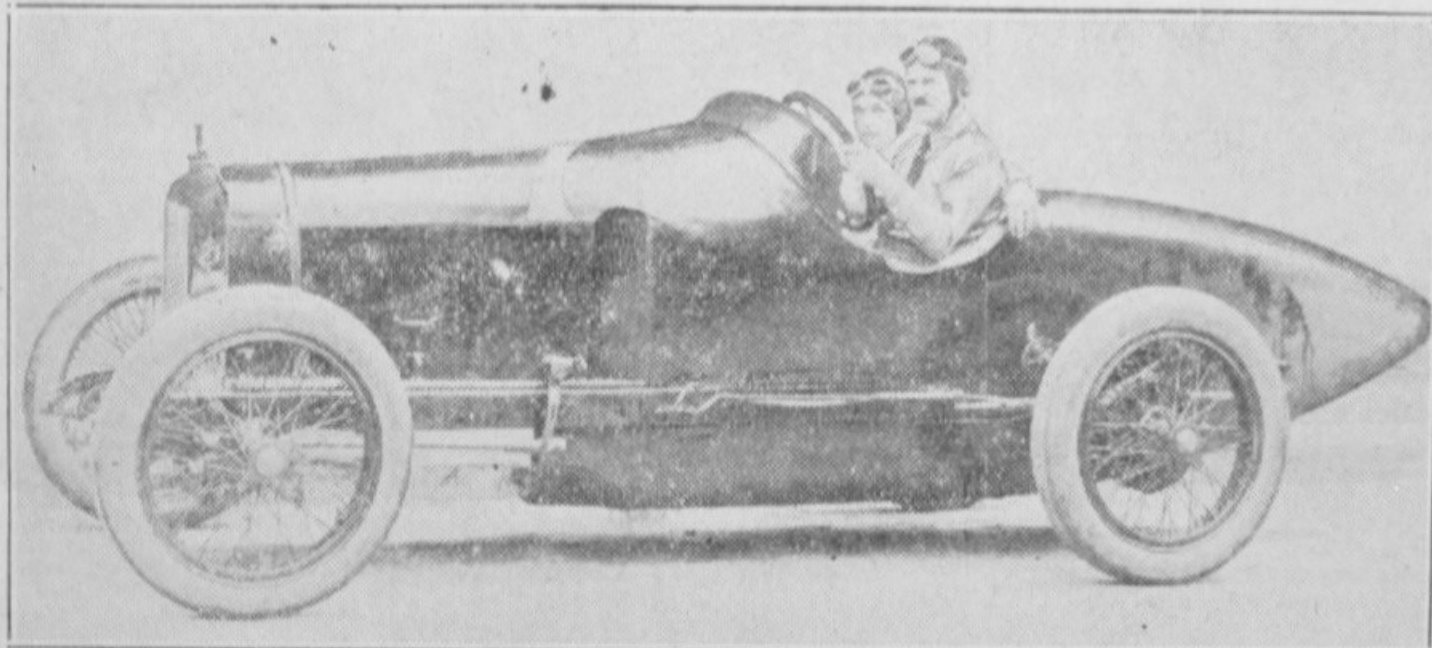


# Chevrolet, Famous Racer of Years Ago, Wants Son to Avoid Risks of Speed



## 'Those Were Good Old Days,' He Says, in Relating Racing Experiences

"Do I want my son to become a racing driver? No!"

It's Louis Chevrolet speaking—the "smiling Alsatian" who defied death on the nation's speedways several decades ago, competing with such daring drivers as Ralph de Palma, Barney Oldfield and Eddie Rickenbacker.

He's now leading a quiet life here in his home at 7300 Harford Road, and he wants his son, he declares, to do likewise, because—

"Well, I've looked the grim 'Old Lady' in the face a good many times and I don't want him to take the same chances when he doesn't have to. Does he want to race? Yes, but he's married, has a little girl, and there's no use in pretending the sport isn't dangerous. As for myself, I've retired for good—yes, really!"

### He's Happier Now

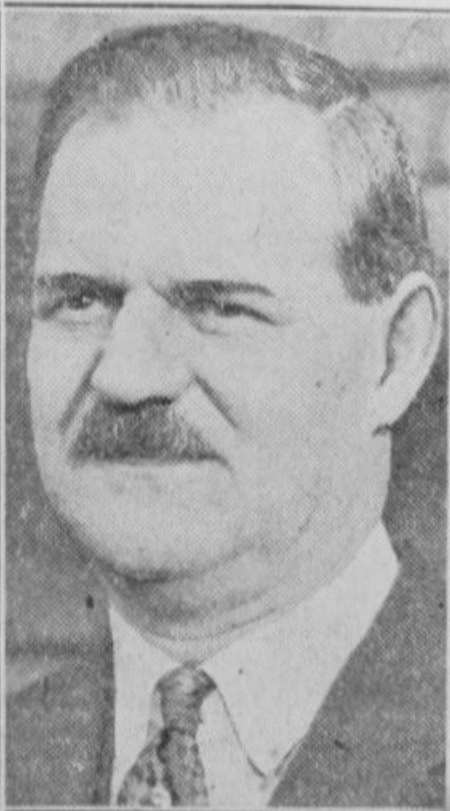
But is Chevrolet really happier than in the old days when the cars he designed, built and raced—Frontenacs, Buicks, the car which bears his name—hurtled past the finish line in a blinding blur of speed?

Tall, powerfully-built, with his famous smile as much in evidence as ever, he sat in his comfortable living room today and showed the writer two scrapbooks yellowed with age, and as he did so, his manner became animated; he laughed and talked freely. "Somehow," he said, "I get a kick out of remembering—"

There are pictures there as vivid as life; snapshots of Chevrolet in his old racing cars, pictures of famous speedways, of breath-taking races—sunshine, glory, the roar of the crowds, sudden, unexpected tragedy—

### Brother Was Killed

Chevrolet for a moment fell silent as he looked at the picture of the



Louis Chevrolet in racing car with Earl DeVore, who died when the steamer Vestris went down (above) and as he is today (below).

crash in which his brother, Gaston, died after a career almost as spectacular as his own.

"You see?" he murmured reflectively. And then: "But, of course, racing is safer nowadays than it used to be; the cars are of better material. I can remember the days when if your car held together, you were lucky."

Chevrolet's wrists still bear the scars of burns he received when his car burst into flames during a race.

"I'm better off now," he insisted. "Really!"

### 'What a Race'

But the next minute he laughed and exclaimed: "See this picture? It was taken in Miami, when several other drivers and myself took part

## In Retirement Here at His Harford Road Home, He Designs Motors

in a speed-boat race. None of us had ever so much as thought of racing a boat before, and consequently knew nothing about it. I won, but what a race!"

Chevrolet has had a score of accidents and once won a race on three cylinders.

He recently designed a successful aircraft motor for the Glenn Martin Co. here, for "that is really my business," he says, "designing engines."

"No, the racing game is all very well, but . . ."

He fell silent.

"Still, those were good old days!"