

ADDITIONAL SPORTS

YOUNG ALADDIN HAS NOTHING ON CHEVROLETS WHEN MOTORS HUM

Louis and Arthur Celebrate Unpremeditated "Chevrolet Day" With New Car, New Record, and Big Bonfire at Motor Speedway.

[By Thomas A. Hendricks]

Sunday it was a Chinese puzzle of parts scattered over all the Chevrolet machine shop at 621 Fulton street, and these parts resembled an automobile just about as much as 500 scattered sheets of paper resemble a novel. Observers hazarded a guess that with a run of luck the entire array might possibly be assembled into some sort of motor car in a month or six weeks.

Monday afternoon, scarcely twenty-four hours later, long after 5 o'clock, that same aggregation of bolts, shafts, gears, wheels, nuts, housings, pins, and other unnamable things came rambling out on the Speedway track a beautiful, powerful, smooth running, purring, violet streak that without even a preliminary warming up or a single sputter, proceeded to knock off lap after lap at better than eighty-five miles an hour.

Answer Is Chevrolet.

Neyer in the history of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway has anything ever approached a stunt like this—and the answer is Louis Chevrolet. Every single piece of that new eight-cylinder purple Frontenac and its mate, which will be out Friday or Saturday, is an old friend of that great Franco-Swiss-Hoosier designer. His own hands had done work too often left by other designers to mechanics in faraway factories, his own eyes had supervised the minute details so trifling in appearance, but so vital on race days, and from the very first second that Louis rolled the newcomer out on the track he knew exactly what that long tailed, bullet nosed, eight-cylinder, purple pacer would do.

Just before twilight in that romantic hour when the spell of the Speedway is at its height Louis and Arthur, the Chevrolet brothers, made their entrance. Other cars had come out, warmed up, and gone home; all spectators had left or were about to do so, when the guard at the gate gave the "gangway signal," and into the track rolled the majestic car clad in the imperial purple of ancient Rome.

Eager Railbirds Flutter.

Out of the garages and workshops, faster and thicker than doughboys from their fox holes after the barrage, poured the multitude of drivers, grease-grimmed mechanics and the flock of stop-watch bennies who do their speeding in conversational

tones, slid into their usual positions on the concrete pit walls, for every one knew that Chevrolet and action are one and the same, and every one wanted to get a look at the newest Chevrolet creation.

But no one was prepared for what happened. "Oh, he'll swing her around a few laps at fifty to sixty miles an hour, just to see how she acts," said the wise fellows.

Imagine the surprise when Louis tore out after Chassagne who was driving the "old-fashioned" Peugeot ahead of him, sent his purple streak into the first turn at a constantly accelerating pace, caught the flying Frenchman on the back stretch and came thundering down the home stretch at a trifling eighty-five miles an hour—and all this from a car that the day before had been a jig-saw puzzle to every man in the world save one.

Chassagne Hangs Close.

Lap after lap Louis reeled off at the same speed with Chassagne hanging close to his rear wheels, and after about ten complete revolutions he slid into the pits, all smiles and confidence and turned the wheel over to C. W. Van Ranst, the Frontenac head draftsman. Then Louis and Arthur stood by the pits and watched their car glide by and received genuine and sincere congratulations from every one.

This car and the sister car which will be out by Saturday are to be driven by Tommy Milton and Ralph Mulford, and it looks right now as if these two were mighty likely looking candidates for first place on Decoration day.

But as great as was this performance of the new Chevrolet eight, it is doubtful if it exceeded that of the old Chevrolet-built Frontenac driven by Jules Ellingboe, who was the sensation of the day as far as speed was concerned when he set the unofficial record for the 183-inch motors by turning the track at better than 101 miles an hour at 1:29 flat for the lap.

DePalma Holds Record.

The official track record for the 183-inch motors for one lap is held by Ralph DePalma and his blond Ballot, who set the mark at 1:30.08, better than ninety-nine miles an hour in the time trials last year.

And to come to the end of a perfect Chevrolet day, Louis ordered one of the old-time 300-inch Frontenacs of the vintage of 1919 on the track and it obligingly caught fire in honor of the occasion and might have burned up in glory had not the Wilcox-Shank fire eaters been right on hand with the good old extinguishers and put out the blaze before it had caused much damage.

New car, new record, bonfire and all, it was a perfect Chevrolet day.