

Goux, New Speed King, Has Always Chosen Motors for His Playthings

From Childhood He Has Been Reared in the Shadow of Peugeot Automobile Factory.

Twenty-eight years ago in the village of Valentigney (Doubs), France, in the beautiful valley of the Rhone, there came to brighten the home of one Anatol Goux and his wife a baby boy. They were sure that some day their son would be a great man. Their faith was well founded, for yesterday their boy was declared winner of the 500-mile race at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, and was heralded as the greatest race driver in the world.

When other boys in Valentigney were playing marbles and quoits, Jules Goux was tinkering with a tiny motor. His father gave it to him as a plaything, and it charmed the lad. The motor came from a great factory in Beaulieu, where Peugeot motor cars are made. The elder Goux for more than thirty-five years was superintendent of the Peugeot factory, and only recently retired from active service at the plant.

As Jules grew older his interest in motors and motor cars increased and he became a frequent visitor at the factory. Later his father gave him employment there during his vacations. After he finished his school course he entered the business and began to study it from the ground up.

BECAME HIS HOBBY.

Thus he learned to know every part of the great motor car. It became his hobby, and he studied it continually. As a result many of his suggestions were carried out in the manufacture of the cars, and thanks to Jules Goux, as much, perhaps, as any one else, the Peugeot

every race in which he entered. Since the hill climb at Belfort he has annexed fourteen firsts, one second and four thirds out of a total of some thirty races in which he has entered. His records have been made in long distance events as well as in contests over shorter routes.

His best performance was the breaking of the world's speedway record at fifty and 100 miles at the Brooklands track in England, on April 13, this year, in the same car which he drove in yesterday's contest. His record there for fifty miles was 28:18.65 and for 100 miles 56:29.92. He has driven 106 miles 387 yards in one hour, the best hour's performance on record. During practice spins at the Speedway the last week Goux exceeded the 100-mile-an-hour clip on several occasions.

DIDN'T NEED SPEED.

"I did not have to go fast to win yesterday," he explained through his interpreter, as he sat waiting for dinner at the Columbia Club last night. With Goux were Charles W. Sedwick, director of the Speedway; J. Guy Monahan of the Premier Company; W. L. Esterly, manager of the local branch of the Firestone Tire Company; P. Zuccarelli, pilot of Peugeot 15; E. Begin, Goux's mechanic, and A. G. Kaufmann, United States representative of the Peugeot factory and manager of the Peugeot racing team. This little supper party marked Goux's celebration of his victory.

Goux acted as if he had expected a victory from the start and the outcome of the race was no surprise.

Peugeot Automobile Factory

Twenty-eight years ago in the village of Valentigney (Doubs), France, in the heart of the valley of the Doubs, there came into existence the name of the present Peugeot and his wife a very long time ago. They were not that much but they had a great idea. Their idea was well founded. For yesterday's motor car was founded on the idea of the 1888 motor car as the first Peugeot motor car was built and was regarded as the greatest motor car in the world.

When other boys in Valentigney were playing marbles and quoits, Jules Goux was tinkering with a toy motor. His father gave it to him as a plaything and he charmed the lad. The motor came from a great factory in Besançon, where Peugeot motor cars are made. The elder Goux for more than thirty-five years was superintendent of the Peugeot factory, and only recently retired from active service at the plant.

As Jules grew older his interest in motors and motor cars increased and he became a frequent visitor at the factory. Later his father gave him employment there during his vacations. After he finished his school course he entered the business and began to study it from the ground up.

BECAME HIS HOBBY.

Thus he learned to know every part of the great motor car. It became his hobby, and he studied it continually. As a result many of his suggestions were carried out in the manufacture of the cars, and thanks to Jules Goux, as much, perhaps, as any one else, the Peugeot car stands at the head of the list of international race cars today.

Goux drove his first race in 1905, when he won an eight-mile hill climb at Belfort, France, receiving the Lederlin Cup as a trophy. From that time on victories came easy, for the daring driver gained confidence in his ability early, and being fearless, drove for all he was worth in

every race he entered. His success was not all due to his skill as a driver. His car was built on the basis of a great deal of experience and it was his car that he drove. His car was built on the basis of a great deal of experience and it was his car that he drove.

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Goux acted as if he had expected a victory from the start and the outcome of the race was no surprise.

"I did not have to go fast," he repeated. "All I had to do was to drive. I know my car. It is just like a child. If you know how to treat it, it will respond immediately. That is the secret of success in automobile racing—know your car."

In his races during a period of eight

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Goux Chooses Motor Cars for His Playthings

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE ONE.

years. Goux has never been in a smash-up nor has any serious accident befallen the car he was driving. He has never been injured.

"If a man takes proper care of himself and his car he need not be in danger during a race," he said. "Drivers tax themselves too much. They don't take as good care of themselves as they do of their motors," Goux added. Mr. Kaufmann explained that while racing, Goux eats chocolate and drinks wine or a very light brandy, taking no other nourishment until after a race. He is an athlete and keeps himself in condition. He is unmarried.

CABLES NEWS TO FRANCE.

Immediately after the race yesterday, the winner sent cablegrams to friends and relatives in France. Among them were messages to the elder Goux and two sisters. They live in Bisancon, France, and have followed the career of Jules with interest. Whether he wins or loses he communicates with home immediately.

Of medium height, lithe, with his brown hair and blue eyes and a well-trimmed mustache to offset the slight sternness of his expression, Goux is a striking individual. He is quiet and reserved at all times, yet pleasant and courteous.

Goux seemed to have inspired his teammates and manager with confidence, and it was an enthusiastic welcome he received when he stopped in front of his pit at the end of the contest. All the members of the Peugeot teams were on their toes to get to him.

"Goo-goo-goolash Na-ha-blam. Blam, blam."

For the most part that's what the great crowd roared like. The cameras were pointed on the tired but happy driver from all sides. They tried to reach him, understood that they wanted him to pose for a photograph, but that they couldn't unless they were allowed to get close to him. A line of cameras was stretched all the way back down the track. Goux turned his head and looked at them, but he didn't smile. He just looked at them and they were satisfied. They didn't get to him, but they were satisfied. They didn't get to him, but they were satisfied.

holding up his hands said with a decided accent:

"I should worry!"

Roars of laughter greeted this remark, especially as Goux had just established his claim to the \$20,000 purse beside other prizes. The Frenchman started to walk away, but he was surrounded. An interpreter finally rescued him and explained that the newspaper men wished him to pose for photographs. He refused to pose until after he had washed the black grease from his face.

"He will come out as soon as he washes his face," said the interpreter.

"No! no! no!" shouted the chorus of newspaper writers, and photographers. "We want his face dirty."

The interpreter exchanged a few words with the driver, and he turned about facing a series of clicks from the cameras. His first request was for a bottle of wine.

When he reached his garage, after posing, he was surrounded by another crowd eager to grasp his hand. His mechanic and a guard accompanied him and edged the crowd away.

"Why, he's just a kid," exclaimed a woman who had pushed to the roadside to get a close view of him. Goux, probably thinking she had paid him a compliment, smiled and lifted his hat. One of the Peugeot mechanics who rushed out to greet Goux as he reached the garage seized both his hands, danced in glee

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Spend This Summer
Sightseeing in
Glacier National Park

THE new National Park

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"Goo-goo-goolash, bla-bla-blam, blum, bre-er-er-er."

For the most part that's what the greeting sounded like. The camera men rushed on the tired but happy driver from all sides. They tried to make him understand that they wanted him to pose for a photograph, but the Frenchman either could not understand or he did not wish to. A hundred queries were shouted at him in vain. Goux showed his embarrassment when he could not understand. He showed, however, by his one remark spoken in English that he has been in America long enough to absorb some current slang.

holding up his hands and with a dejected air.

"I should worry!"

Roars of laughter greeted the remark, especially as Goux had just established his claim to the \$24,000 prize beside other prizes. The Frenchman started to walk away but he was surrounded. An interpreter finally rescued him and explained that the newspaper men wished him to pose for photographs. He refused to pose until after he had washed the black grease from his face.

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