



# MOTOR MEN

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*Scott Bradley Smith*

MY DAD SOLD CARS FOR A LIVING. For more than 40 years, he'd take customers out on the lot and show them new Chevys, describe each of the various options, the interiors, the trim packages. If they liked what they saw, they bought it. If they didn't, my dad never pressed them. His style wasn't hard-sell, and his customers stayed with him for years, even sometimes when they moved away. We used to call him "the last honest car salesman in the world."

The Chevy dealership was in my hometown of Elizabethtown, a bedroom community halfway between Harrisburg and Lancaster, Pennsylvania. On the plywood walls of my dad's office hung framed certificates and wood plaques that he'd been awarded for sales leadership. For selling the most cars in sales