

Winter 2001

SouthPark

Luxury Living



The
Private
Life of
Billionaire

Bruton Smith

Jewelry Connoisseurs —
David and Sandie Rousso

Relax in Romantic Venice

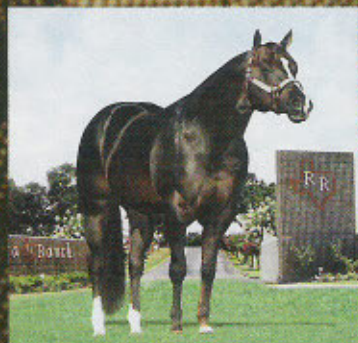
Joe Gibbs on the Green

Winter 2001 \$2.95



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Homeboy



Mr. Smith's black stallion, Coolest



Mr. Smith's Chapparell guest home at Reata Ranch



Mr. Smith's Ponderosa guest home at Reata Ranch

Asked to describe himself, Mr. Smith deliberates.

“Loving — caring — tenderhearted,” he decides, dissolving into an impish laugh.

self is rooted in his rural upbringing in Oakboro, where as the youngest of nine children, he was a born scrapper.

“I rode bulls in high school,” he reveals, shrugging the dangerous sport off as *de rigueur* for a farm boy. “When I was 7 or 8, I decided I was going to become middleweight champion of the world,” he suddenly injects. “I practiced that for a long time.”

Mr. Smith’s early athleticism instilled healthy habits. “I don’t smoke. Don’t drink. Don’t run around,” he insists, pushing his virtues the way he would features on a new car.

Given his 10-figure bank account, the divorced Mr. Smith qualifies as a genuine catch. Gesturing toward a gigantic silver trophy perched on his sofa, he announces, “This girl I went out with the other night sent me that trophy today. I don’t normally get trophies. I usually get flowers. Don’t you think it was extremely thoughtful of her? I thought so.”

Was it a first date? “Of course not.

Bruton Smith once gave a party where he served his guests caviar and grits. Beluga, to be sure. But the grits were plain old-fashioned cheese. “Try it,” urges the ebullient Mr. Smith, happily confessing this inventive hors d’oeuvre was his own culinary creation.

Ironically, caviar and grits epitomize the eclectic persona of Mr. Smith, longtime Charlottean and rambunctious entrepreneur, whose net worth *Forbes* recently valued at a cool billion. Now ranked 236 of the 400 richest in America, he is also one of the few individuals to have two corporations he founded — Speedway Motorsports and Sonic Automotive — listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

No one could be more unimpressed by his assiduous assets than Mr. Smith.

Flaunting money repulses him. Instead of wintering at Cannes, he’s likely to be found at his unprepossessing office, behind his unprepossessing desk, masterminding his automotive empire.

So, what does it take to make this self-

made billionaire happy? “Not much,” Mr. Smith replies, without thinking. “I can be happy pretty much anywhere I am because I enjoy what I do.”

Stated like a true believer. But loving what he does is the secret of Mr. Smith’s phenomenal success. In a rare two-hour interview, the publicity-shy tycoon demonstrated why he is an original jewel in the Queen City’s crown.

Mr. Smith on Mr. Smith

Asked to describe himself, Mr. Smith deliberates. “Loving — caring — tenderhearted,” he decides, dissolving into an impish laugh.

This willingness to poke fun at him-

Billionaire

Why Success Hasn't Spoiled Bruton Smith

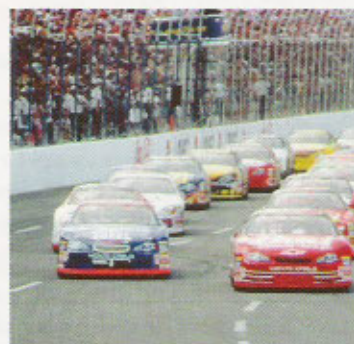
by Nan Bauroth



The Speedway Club at Texas Motor Speedway



Mr. Smith's corporate jet



NASCAR at L.M.S.