

a noticeable aversion to individualism is observed. Our patient has become a follower. "Spectatoritis" is a time-saver, but does it destroy the virtues we need? When a muscle is unused for many years, it becomes weaker and weaker until it is completely useless. With the press, radio, and television pounding their views into a man's head, he gradually acquits himself of the burden of logical investigations. He becomes a mirror for the opinions of others. He is easy prey for propaganda. When he falls into these tendencies he should look to the examples of a few nations which surrendered their true use of opinion. Germany became the biggest sucker of our age by listening unquestioningly to the promises of a Berlin wall-paper man. Russia has stated her case in the statement of one of her leaders: "The human being is an animal differing from other animals only in that he has a slightly higher mental capacity."

The only way we will remain a truly free nation is not by the use of dogmatic prejudices nor weak impressions, but by the use of careful and unprejudiced reasoning.

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Crisis

William Klein

THE hot breath of the desert was whipping dust devils across the boiling hot apron as Mike Fremont walked out of the offices of Southwest Airlines. He appeared to be a walking reincarnation of a department store mannequin, except the mannequin would probably have more personality. His most striking features were his chin and mouth. His chin had traces of strength, but his mouth was indecisive, almost as if he were constantly pouting. His face in combining the two features added up to an absolute nothing. Weariness oozed out of him like maple syrup out of a jug. It wasn't the kind of weariness that sleep could cure. Only a psychiatrist could cure the weariness that plagued him. He was tired of his work, his associates—in fact, his whole everyday existence with one exception, his family. The insecurity that afflicts all humanity had affected Mike in a strange way. He had become a conformist as many people do. But, unlike many people, conformity had become an obsession with him; all his natural endowments had been concentrated in this one direction. He had smothered the individuality he had been born with, and had become nothing but a stuffed shirt.

"Mr. Fremont" is what everyone called him to his face, but to his back they called him the highest paid yes-man in Phoenix. "Maybe it's true," he thought as he walked to his car. "But I won't worry about that now; right now all I want is to see my wife and daughter and to have a nice cold highball while I wait for supper."

He stepped into his car and drove home as he had done many times in the last five years. Leaving the car in front of the garage,

he climbed out and stuck his head in the kitchen door. He called to Lorraine. The silence that greeted him didn't have blond hair and blue eyes like his wife. All it carried was an ominous fact. His wife wasn't home. Mike walked toward his room looking for a note. Finally he found it. The note carried many implications, but it stated the definite fact that she had gone to Reno for a divorce. He was caught completely off guard. He was aware that things hadn't been going too well lately, but he had shrugged it off as one of the passing phases of married life. What had gone wrong? What had he done to make her take such drastic action? He walked to the bar and poured himself a drink. One glass of bourbon didn't help; so he tried another and another until he didn't care whether he had a wife or not.

When he woke up, night had fallen. From the hazy blur of the clock's luminous dial he managed to translate 4 a. m. The world wasn't real. Only his head was real, and it was real big. He staggered into the bathroom and stuck his head under the cold water faucet. The shock woke him and brought him back to reality. He knew he had to do something fast, or his marriage was through. He had to see Lorraine. His brow had settled into a line of dogged determination. He was fighting for the only thing that remained of his life, his family. He called the airport and ordered the sleepy attendant to have his plane ready in thirty minutes.

The early dawn was turning the eastern sky orange as Mike's car roared into the airport. His plane was sitting in front of the company hangar. Without saying a word to anyone he climbed in and started the engine. After getting an okay from the control tower, he taxied the plane onto the runway. A member of the ground crew waved frantically at the back of the plane as it roared down the runway. He waved with one hand and with the other he held the nozzle of an unused fuel line.

Mike swung the little craft due north and opened the throttle. He didn't know what he was going to do when he got to Reno. He only knew he would do anything. He had been cruising at 750 feet for about ten minutes when the engine stopped dead. A quick glance at the control panel spotted the trouble—no gas. The ground for miles around was covered with hardy mesquite brush. All he could do was ease her in and hold on.

When he came to, the first thing he was aware of was a horrible pain in his right calf. One of the I beams in the wing had come through the fuselage and into his leg. Binding the wound tightly with a piece of his shirt almost stopped the bleeding. The pain was nearly unbearable. He screamed for help. The only answer was the lonely moan of the wind in the brush. The fact that he was going to have to walk ten miles back to Phoenix with one leg stared in his face and nearly overwhelmed him, but it didn't. The desperation of the circumstances brought out the will power that had been held in for so long. Suddenly his whole life was before him, and he realized

why Lorraine had left him. He had bored her to death. He had leaned on her strength. He realized that he was no longer the man she had married. He pushed open the door and crawled out. Using a limb for a crutch he began his march south. Now he knew what he would do when he saw Lorraine. His chin was strong; his mouth was a tight line. His face in combining the two was determined.

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What Is a Sports Car?

Terry Brock

A SPORTS car is a fast-moving, slow-drifting, road-loving heap of mechanical perfection that will go faster, stop quicker, last longer, out-gun, out-run, and out-fun any other pile of iron ever bolted together in this or in any other country. It is like a smooth, well-built, brown-eyed blonde who moves in the society of Hollywood, London, Paris, New York, or Rome, but prefers stupid old you from anywhere.

A sports car is a flash in a rainy night, a creature with a mind and a will of its own. Tomorrow it may turn into a rugged, roaring powerhouse in the mud or sand, or a meek thing at the edge of the highway, trying to keep its exhaust quiet and hoping that the Law appreciates the finer things of life. It is that whoosh that went by you on the lonely back road. It is the screaming whine of 5000 revolutions per minute on the long straight-away, the big needle touching the magic 100 figure on the circular black dial.

In the polite society of the boulevard on a pleasant summer afternoon the sports car is an aristocratic, blue-blooded lady who will not bow, even distantly, to her fat cousins. She speaks only to members of the family and to Auburns, who speak only to Cords, who speak only to Duesenbergs, who speak only to Bentlys, who speak only to Bugattis, who will not even speak to each other.

A sports car expects and deserves the pampering expected by a spoiled and expensive wife. But will forgive you many an oversight, just as a good wife should. It is the true-blue friend who won't desert you, even on the turnpike when you have crystalized and snapped a rocker arm doing your own road test. (A wrench and a pair of pliers, and you were on your way in half an hour.)

It is a barky exhaust, the long sweep of clean fender, an honesty of line, a functional piece of power dictated by engineers instead of housewives. It talks in terms of revolutions per minute, block horsepower, power to weight, zero to a hundred, rather than of tomorrow's styling, automatic push-button pushers, and three- and four-tone color combinations.

A sports car is many things for many people. For some it is the Ferrari at Florida in 1955, slugging it out to the split second with the D-type Jaguar—or the boy with the back-yard job pinning the ears