

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

back on the '39 chopped and channeled V-8 on the back roads of Peru, Indiana. It is the flying feather-weight Austin-Healy 100 breaking the world's record at Bonneville. It is the memory of Sterling Moss at Montlhery clocking 100 plus for a week for the big Jaguar.

Sports cars are a happy and proud breed—like the Scotch tartans, French fleur-de-lis, and the British uppercrust. But when you acquire one, do not expect understanding, credit, appreciation, or admiration. To the majority a sports car will evoke: "What do you want that thing for? It's not Practical." And you can't answer—because the answer is out there in the sunset of a winter's day on the wide open road, the wind stinging past your upturned mackinaw, the contented purr of the big engine turning into a whine, and the needle of the rev counter creeping into the red.

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Street Scene

Sue Tarr

THE small figure sped through the cluttered street, his mind whirling as fast as the tires on his bicycle. How much that bicycle meant to him! Even at Christmas last year when his mother had proudly presented it to him, it was dirty; but it was his one possession and he cared for it lovingly. Tonight his ma had said, "Go find him." He knew where to look. The longer he thought about his instructions, the faster he peddled his two-wheeler, dodging the wretched inhabitants of the neighborhood who dawdled along the sidewalk. Past the tiny cafe he rode, where the uninviting odor of strong coffee and stale cigarette smoke reached his nostrils and a scrawny cat peered at him from the front window. A noisy gang of boys—"urchins," some people called them—was shooting marbles on a manhole cover in the middle of the narrow street. He wanted to stop and play with them; but remembering his ma's words, he rode on past the crowd and turned right at the corner. Pausing momentarily to catch his breath, he glanced up at the street light. It spread a penetrating gloom over the neighborhood and the boy wanted to blot the unpleasant sight from his mind. He thought, then, of his own home and pictured the two-room apartment above the drug store: the starved icebox, the dingy sheets on the unmade beds, and the cracked plaster on the walls. Things would be different when he grew up. . . .

The sneering laughter of the marble-shooters brought him back to his present situation. The small figure turned his poorly-clad back on the shouts of the young crowd and slowly, now made his way along the sidewalk, pushing the bicycle at his side. From the next block come the annoying din of a juke box, the clink-clink of glasses, and the boisterous confusion which accompanies them. As the boy neared