

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

the establishment, one familiar voice could be heard above all others, singing, shouting, swearing.

"Pop?" The immature voice squeaked only loud enough to be heard by its owner. Again, the one word inquiry was uttered, this time louder. The familiar voice from inside became even more familiar as a blurry-eyed bulk of fatherhood wavered toward the door in answer to the call.

"C'mon, Pop. Let's go home."

## A Land of Opportunity

James Stainbrook

**A**LMOST two centuries ago the thirteen English colonies declared their independence and built the foundation for their unification as an independent and democratic nation. The words, "all men are created free and equal," are exemplificative of the ideals embodied in this simple, yet eloquent, declaration drafted by Thomas Jefferson. Obviously, the founding fathers of the United States desired this nation to be a land of opportunity for all men. They expressed this desire in the preamble to the Constitution—"We the people of the United States of America in order to form a more perfect union, . . . secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States further established the principles of personal liberties and opportunities for all citizens by declaring that no state should "make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." After examining the principles which these two documents so articulately express, one cannot help being cognizant of the fact that America was meant to be a land of opportunity for all.

Since the founding of this nation, many people of various races and nationalities have come to its shores seeking an opportunity to live, work, and study as they think best. Many of these persons have played significant roles in the building of this great country. There may be some significance to the fact that one of the first men to die in the struggle of the colonies for their independence was a Negro, Crispus Attucks. True, freedom and liberty have not always come easily to those who have sought them. Nevertheless, the very difficulties endured by those who have advocated and worked for the ideals upon which America was founded serve to make the American heritage more meaningful. These ideals have often been opposed by those who would limit "the pursuit of happiness" to a particular group. This opposition once erupted in civil war; the United States was divided into two hostile camps, those who remembered that all men were created free and equal and those who felt that some men were created to be slaves. Abraham Lincoln reiter-