I spent one evening at the recent auto show. I did not see you there. You should have been there, for such exhibitions are both entertaining and instructive. Moreover, there is hardly any industry which so directly and materially emphasizes the trend of the times as does the auto industry. The number of local dealers represented gave the whole exhibition a civic aspect, which should have commanded the interest of all good citizens—and this, of course, means you.

Yet it is not hard to forgive your absence. In these hard times one looks and thinks twice before investing admission fees for shows of any kind. One wants to be assured of real entertainment in return for cash and time expended; and it is only natural to question why one should pay admission fees to look at cars which will eventually be seen anyway.

So, staying away, you did well; but attending, you had done better. Anyway, there was a crowd.

But personally, I was disappointed. Having read, as almost everyone has, of the need of radical changes in the outline of motor cars, I expected to see—

much has been said, of late, deploring the fact that the shape of the motor car of 1933 as scientifically a monstrosity. The gasoline engine, having been perfected, the next change must be in the body outlines, if greater speed and facility of handling were to be achieved. The cry has been for the STREAMLINE; for the least air resisting shape. It has been pointed out, further, that if the shape of the average airplane were the shape of the average auto, the speed of the plane would be about thirty miles per hour.

So, I hastened to the park to see how the auto manufacturers had met this challenge, and I say again that I was disappointed, bitterly disappointed for I have great faith in American inventive genius.

All the old shapes were there. It is true that a corner had been pinched off here, a fender turned in, there, a wheel covered, or a wind-shield more tilted, to make new effects of "Streamline," but nevertheless, there were the same old shapes, like old ladies, who having had their faces lifted and freshly rouged, and their hair bobbed, sought to impress the world with the glories of youth. And the effect was as comic as it was pathetic.

But, it was even more than that; for a study of the results led one to sense an underlying fear,—fear of change; fear of making "new" departures; fear of violating worn-out traditions,—which had prevented the manufacturers from doing what they all, and what we all know ought to have been done.

But there was one car. And my hand goes out in congratulations to its creator. On a revolving dias was an AUTOMOBILE, unlike any car I had ever put my eyes on; all curves everywhere; no angles anywhere; low-hung, smooth-bodied, with the accent of weight in front rather than behind as we are used to seeing it. I gazed fascinated, instinctively knowing that there was the herald of the future.

The demonstrator lifted the hood; the engine was on top; he opened the passenger door; the interior was revealed which looked like the rich commodious "first class" cabin on a luxury liner. It was further pointed out that all seating space was between and not over the wheels. I looked again at the other cars. Compared with this truly modern creation, their outlines seemed like faces in an old family album, souvenirs of a quaint tradition, cherished for fond memories, but eloquent only of a day forever gone, of a milestone already passed.