

“Do you run a Ford?’ he says.

“No,’ I says, ‘not exactly. But from time to time,’ I says, ‘I climb up on her front veranda and harkens to her purring a lullaby while she runs herself.’

“Talk about your full-jeweled movements,’ I says. ‘She starts gentle like a slide trombone, but when you pull out all the stops, she goes batting across the geography of our common country so fast she makes the telephone poles look like a picket fence around a cemetery, or the capital I’s in a high school essay. And every time

the man who owns the repair shop sees her pass, he goes home and is cross to the children.’

“What kind of cars does Ford make?’ he asks.

“All kinds,’ I says, ‘all kinds and then some few other varieties. They put up a Town Car that only needs a dumb waiter and a coon elevator boy asleep in the

