

a fresh look

by Tom Hardison



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or wave, and automatically the other driver regardless if he were executing a 180 degree turn or putting the make on his woman would wave back. Even if he had to turn around and catch up with us and then pass on a yellow line--They would wave. Definitely.

Well, being also a quiet, unassuming soul I went on for a month or so thinking old Bird must know every human in town with a sports car. Finally I asked, and he explained the Brotherhood.

"Well," he said, "sometime between the MGTC and the MG TD people who owned sports cars began waving at each other. You know, to acknowledge that you too were a poor fool at heart, cramped, cribbed and crimped in yon tiny car."

There was a brotherhood, he explained that had since grown so that now everybody in a sports car waved and smiled and blinked lights at other sports cars. They knew that each other was a nut of a different design that enjoyed leaky tops and exorbitate repairs prices, speeding through turns trying to figure out the difference of rack and pinion steering. There was just something that bonded sports cars together, he couldn't really explain why.

"Misery enjoys company," he finally said. So after that when me and old Bannanas Bird went romping through town I hoisted my thumb at every car not made in America. And Bird too, but due to his formal education of the grand machines (he owned one) his taste was refined. No volkswagons, no little sedans. Just sports cars.

"Don't wave at Jags or 'vettes. They tend to laugh at you rather than waving at you," he said.

All this long exposition brought me to remembering when I finally closed the deal on my MGB.

Immediately I went cruising through the streets of the old hometown searching for a sports car to thumb.

ned at a stoplight, I prepar-

I saw one coming my way after a time; a sleek yellow MGA about one half of the way restored. Oh good, I thought, I can thumb the Father of the B. I did and the driver looked at me like he was saying "where did I meet that joker?" No matter, the next would know about the Brotherhood. But he didn't--The Triumph fast-back GT 6 roared passed as I waved but it was definitely a finger other than the thumb that he returned.

The grey MGB didn't even wave--but instead flashed a sardonic grin that was a little wider than his windshield.

Finally almost home and totally dejected I saw ahead, coming my way a brand new, highly polished MG Midget--British Racing Green, fog lamps car placques--the works.

He won't wave, I thought--so I wasn't going to. We were stopping to go straight, he was going to turn to his left. We looked at each other's cars, at our faces, and began to sheepishly smile. We waved, both at the same time and I sensed from his face that he too wanted to be part of the Brotherhood. I let him turn, due to the long line of traffic behind me and he tooted his horn in appreciation.

He was the only one all day that waved--It's sad that now, after a year only occasionally can I find someone who waves back. I think that they know about the brotherhood--they just don't give a damn about it. Just like in everything else in life everyone is getting a little too strung out. Number one, all alone. The Brotherhood is failing . . . even in vein as basic to Americans cars nobody notices. The Brotherhood is failing because we are failing to relate to somebody else's leaky tops or exorbitate forced prices; The brotherhood is failing completely down the line from tin cans floating on hard rubber balloons to flesh walking with holes in the soles of shoes. And only once in a while will you find someone who will notice--much less wave.

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