Mike

CONGRATULATING MIKE'S FATHER ABOUT
his stalwart son's being brought into the
world was like congratulating a Kansas
farmer who had just lost his home in one
of those twisters for which the Jayhawker
State is noted. The principal difference
between Mike and a tornado is that a
tornado is usually over in a flash. Mike
goes on and on.

Mike is my sister's youngest boy. He
was born on November 23, 1939. Little
did the family realize as they gazed
at this little cherub with the angelic face
that they were looking at a reincarnation
of "Peck's Bad Boy." The maternal side
of the family feels sure that Mike inher­
ited his sweet disposition from the
paternal side.

Mike failed to display any homicidal
tendencies until he had reached the ripe
old age of sixteen months. It was on a
Saturday afternoon that I was honored
with the task of guarding this little
bundle of innocence and delight from any
harm that might befall him. Our moth­
ers, armed to the teeth with advertising
matter and some of my father's hard
earned cash, had sallied forth on a shop­
ing expedition. Mike was cheerfully
playing in his play-pen, and I was stretch­
ed full-length on the couch listening to a
football game. I must have dozed off,
because the next thing I remember was
that I jumped to my feet thinking the
ceiling had caved in. I was mistaken.
It was only lovable little Mike, standing
there with a wicked gleam in his big
brown eyes and a tack hammer in his
hand. The big brown eyes with tears
replacing the wicked gleam were all that
kept me from "nephewicide." Despite
the huge lump on my head, I had great
difficulty convincing my ever-loving sister
that her pride and joy had attacked me
with mayhem in his heart.

Mike's brown eyes are his chief stock
in trade. About three weeks ago I took
him to the grocery with me, and, as soon
as we entered, women began commenting
on his beautiful eyes and presumably
sweet disposition. Mike stood demurely
by, taking all of this in and probably
thinking, "What fools these mortals be." I
was going on about my business when
suddenly I heard, "... and the little
devil pulled it right off his head!" I
was afraid to look around, but look I
must. There stood Mike, leering at me
from the doorway, with a malicious grin
on his face and a sailor cap cocked
jauntily on his head. I retrieved the
hat as quickly as possible, returned it to
the bawling brat whose mother had
spoken, and stole silently from the store.

Mike is known as the "Roselawn
terror"—Roselawn being the section of the
city in which we dwell. It is well
known that when Mike comes out the rest
of the children go in. His advent re,
sembles the approach of a swarm of
locusts, or a leper, in the reaction that it
brings forth. Mothers scurry hither and
yon, guiding their flocks to safety; others
rush to the phone and plead with their
down-the-street neighbors to take the
youngsters into their houses, as the dis­
tance is too great for them to make it
home. When I walk down the street,
I can feel the eyes burning into my back,
and I can almost hear, "There goes the
little brat's uncle."