

Elmer's Evolution

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Spring is here! Can't you hear the rumble of skates as the children zip by the house in their youthful glee? Can't you hear the mingled chatter of the spring birds? Can't you smell the sweetness of the pure, clean air — such a relief from that choking smog of the long winter? Can't you see the first buds as they peep through the small gray tips of the dismal twigs? And can't you see Elmer — his beautiful red hair and his bright eyes gleaming as they catch the ray of the warm, mellow sun? Can't you see him? He's standing right out there in the yard like a victorious king in the center of his domain.

This winter with its excessive dose of snow, slush, and dirt told pitifully on Elmer. He was always dirty, and his restlessness reflected the uncertainty of the world around him. With the first sign of spring Elmer perked up. His attitude became that of one who thinks life beautiful and worth living. He took more pride in himself, and hung his head in shame when forced to make an appearance in anything but his Sunday best.

Today Elmer paid a visit to his favorite beauty parlor. His hair has taken on a new radiance and is as soft as silk. The ends of his long hair curl up in tune with his pert little nose; and his coloring, portraying him as a ball of Satan's fire, is a more lustrous red than ever before. Over and above all is the distinct fragrance of tar soap which surrounds him like a halo. And Elmer is proud — with a proudness that is half egotism, for Elmer knows he's beautiful. He's proud because he is clean and pure and radiant like all the other signs of spring.

Isn't it warm today? Summer's here

at last and here to stay — for a while anyway. The biff — bang of the tennis ball, and the splash and gurgle of the swimming pool impress upon me the spirit of vacation and relaxation. Elmer, too, catches the enthusiasm of the season, but he is unable to enjoy it to the fullest extent. His hair is so long and so thick that with the extreme intensity of the summer heat he presents a true picture of agony.

Now, I've read articles by many well-known authorities on the subject; and the majority agree that Elmer, minus his hair, would be no cooler. They claim a thick covering will keep out excessive heat and retain the desired coolness. If this is true, then why am I more comfortable in the heat of a summer day when attired in a bathing suit instead of a fur coat? With this firm belief to guide my conscience, I've decided to put Elmer into the hands of a competent barber for a few hours.

The massacre has taken less than thirty minutes, and when Elmer reappears again I am both shocked and amazed. Can that really be the same Elmer? Or was there a mixup in all the fur which gave me Farmer Borwn's young lamb by mistake? Instead of the long gleaming tresses, I see only short stubbles that almost resemble hair. The creaminess of Elmer's skin beams and his dark eyes stand out like beacons against the light background. Poor thing, he knows there's something wrong. He shys away from people and even his own kin stand by with expressions of shock and hilarity. Elmer's had a crew cut! He may look slightly queer at first, but he is more appropriately attired for summer.

It's fall again! Don't you hear the enthusiastic shouts of the boys on the lot

renewing their favorite game of football? Don't you see the massive formations of birds flying south? Don't you feel the harshness of the chilled breeze as it sweeps around the corner? Don't you see the broken rainbows as they fall rustling to their winter bed? And don't you hear Elmer's soft feet pattering over the blanketed earth, and don't you see his cute little pug-face peeking around the corner of the porch? Don't you see him? He sees you and with the slightest invitation he barges into the welcoming warmth of a cozy living room of early fall.

With the passing of each week, Elmer's hair grows longer and the stubbornness of his summer hair cut decreases. His new hair which did not suffer from the bleach of the summer sun, is as red as before, although now it is a deeper shade which

lacks the richness of his former coat. Elmer's eyes still sparkle for there is no weather or circumstance capable of dimming his proudest possession. And Elmer is gay — he shows it in every move he makes. If he's not on the football field with the other boys, he's browsing around an open fire where the girls are toasting weiners and marshmallows. He's in for everything — that versatile Elmer.

But now it's evening — the evening of a typical fall day. Elmer's been out playing all day — he should be tired. Say, where is he anyway? I'd better see — I thought surely he came inside when I called him. Oh, there he is stretched before the blazing fire on the hearth. There lies Elmer, the pride and joy of our family, as he enters the final stage in his cycle of evolution.

Three Reasons Why

TED LEMASTER

The United States is a great nation not because of its natural water ways, acres of timber, acres of wheat, corn, oats, rye, mines of iron, coal, copper, tin. It is the people who man the water ways, level the trees and run the mills, sow the crops and reap the harvest, operate the mines who make the United States so great a nation. The people of the United States have made this a nation to be proud of because they have kept it growing, kept fighting, and kept the spirit of competition alive.

Since the first Continental Congress this country has grown. It was a determined people who made this country grow from coast to coast. It was a determined people who pushed back the halls of learning from the little red school house to the halls of Johns Hopkins, Chicago University,

Harvard, and many other fine colleges and universities. Americans have grown and continue to grow in the development of chemistry, aeronautics, agriculture, electricity, radio, political science, as well as many other fields. Americans are for the most part a race of people that likes to know all the answers. Insignificant as it may seem the popularity of quiz programs is indicative of this trait.

Americans are a fighting people, but not in the crude Hitleristic style. They, on the other hand, fight a war among themselves. This war is fought in all fields of athletic competition. It is fought in the schools, in business, in every walk of our American life that offers competition. It is not a war of the Hitler kind profiting only blood, sweat, and tears. It is a war of the blood-