

with their peaks and gullies, and paper is on the floor in drifts about the edges of the table. Various articles of clothing are scattered over the furniture. Father is sitting by the radio with an ear glued to the loud-speaker and a warning scowl across his face while the two brothers roll about the floor in the midst of it all, screaming and tearing at each other's eyes, both boys dressed as aviators with folded sheets strapped to their backs as parachutes.

The moon has risen, all is quiet, and I slip into the living room to view its secret

midnight attire. A chair has made its way in from the kitchen and sits above a register with a pair of pajamas suspended from its back. A pair of wet, muddy shoes wait beside it, while several other pairs are strewn about the floor. One old army legging lies in the doorway, reminiscing. Over the backs of the other chairs are more clothes; shirts, trousers, and reversibles. The rest of the room is clean from its early evening "redding-up." This is our living room in its bedroom dress.

How To Become A Maestro In Two Easy Lessons

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Civilization has given the human race many disgusting things, but none of them can even come close to the abhorrent practice of haircutting. Haircuts, as they appear today, constitute one of the greatest setbacks to the advance of man. They make man appear, to an outsider, inferior to the dumb animals. Whoever heard of an animal voluntarily getting a haircut? The injury that is done by haircuts to the bank-roll, time, and comfort of man, is incomprehensible.

The average period between haircuts is two weeks, although my average is six or eight weeks, depending on the number of threats given by my parents and friends. This means that every two weeks a man must take an hour off from his work and waste it in getting a haircut. Now, say that thirty million men waste an hour thus every two weeks, the other fifteen percent being anti-haircutters such as I am. There you have thirty million hours wasted every two weeks, not including the eighteen million hours wasted by the anti-haircutters every five or six weeks. Just imagine how many war products our factories could put

out in that many hours. Therefore, haircutting is unpatriotic because it hinders our war effort by giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

For days after getting a haircut, I feel queer. I feel lost and lonely. I am afraid to face things. I avoid public places as if I were a criminal. Everything seems to go wrong. Then, a week or two later, my whole life changes. I have a feeling as if I could lick the world. I am "living" once more.

Being a fair-minded individual, I have tried to see both sides of the question. I realize that a person can learn much of the current news, politics, and sports in a barber shop. I know that the barber shop is an institution of learning. I also realize the advantage of short hair on a hot day or while in swimming. Nevertheless, I would gladly give up these things if I could let my hair grow as long as I care to.

I would like to give some advice to anyone who detests haircuts as I do. Brother, buy yourself a violin and let your hair grow as long as you please.