Elmer’s Evolution
MARYANN McLAUGHLIN

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 Brown’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 brok-
en rainbows as they fall rustling to their
winter bed? And don't you see 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 dim-
ming 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 play-
ing 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 deter-
minded people who made this country grow
from coast to coast. It was a determined
people who pushed back the halls of learn-
ing 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, elec-
tricity, 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-

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