

less kind profiting knowledge, sportsmanship, and achievement.

Americans are great lovers of achievement and record setters. It is a concern of almost every American whether or not Whirlaway's winnings can be surpassed, or if any one will be able to pass DiMaggio's consecutive hitting record, or will Joe Louis, as well as his record, ever be beaten. Thousands of dollars are spent annually for the editing of magazines giving the records of baseball teams, football teams, hockey teams, races automotive and horse, track men, and golfers. Americans admire the best and continually strive to better the records of those who have gone before.

The competitive spirit, kept within the bounds of fairness, has been a large factor in the progress of American science and business. The present conflict is an example of competition out of bounds. The war, regardless of its disadvantages, will give the survivors many new and beneficial scientific discoveries. American manufacturers do everything within their power to supply the public with articles a little better, a little more efficient than their competitors.

When the United States stops growing, stops fighting, or loses its competitive spirit, the Old World will have conquered the New.

A Disruption in The Family

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Flavius Germaine cocked his short, little leg over his knee, loosened his yellow polka-dotted tie, leaned back in his chair, and prepared to read the market reports. He tried to concentrate on the rise and fall of stocks, but the bang of a piano and wild shriek of a clarinet distracted his poor, befuddled brain. The noise ceased; within two seconds he heard the pad, pad of two pairs of rubber soles on the hardwood floor.

"Hi ya, Pop! Whatcha know? How about the kid and me usin' the buggy tomorrow? There is gonna be a battle royal when Pembroke High meets Whistleville. I'll bet we mow 'em down." He illustrated by picking up his clarinet and playing a bit of taps in boogie-woogie rhythm.

"Philo Germaine, don't call me a kid. You know very well that I am only one year, four months, three days, and two and one quarter hours younger than you,"

screamed Ophelia, as she tugged at her hip length sweater and furiously kicked at the dog's ball with the toe of her dirty saddle shoe. It was a perfect connection. The ball sailed across the room, hitting Flavius squarely on the nose.

Poor Flavius, his already jangled nerves began to jingle. He jumped to his feet and, waving his paper in the air, cried, "What kind of a place is this? I come home to get some peace and quiet, but what do I get? A couple of youngsters tearing around as if they are maniacs. Stop arguing and speak English." He rubbed his little round nose that had now taken on the hue of an over-ripe tomato and then proceeded, "What do you want?"

"We don't want very much. We just want to use the car tomorrow to go to the football game."

"You want to use the car tomorrow?" Flavius fairly yelled at them. "Do you

realize that I haven't used one ounce of that four gallons this week? I think it's my turn to do some driving."

"We didn't have the car any last week and it is our turn. Besides, we have already told the gang that they can go with us. Philo has asked that Jimmy McGimmee, who is simply a doll," explained Ophelia. She closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and started waltzing around the room with a dreamy expression on her face.

Philo stuck his foot in front of her and she nearly fell flat on her face. "Come out of that trance 'Sleeping Beauty.' We've work to do." Turning to his father he began, "Don't you want your daughter to be a success socially? I've gone to all the trouble to arrange for her to go to the game with the smoothest boy in the school. That is, he is the smoothest with the exception of me. Think how much it will mean to her to be seen out with such a piparoo. On top of that, we want him to join our club."

"Listen 'Superman', you talk as though I am some sort of an ickie. If you don't quiet that noise, I won't fix you up with Honey Bunny for the G. I. G.'s Rat Race," Ophelia threatened.

Flavius finally managed to get in a couple of words, "Why . . . why can't this Doll or Superman or whatever kind of an animal it is, drive his own car and use his own family's gasoline?" He sat down in his chair again and started to unfold his neglected newspaper. "You know I don't like to be bothered when I am reading."

Philo sprawled on the sofa. He threw one leg over the arm and began drawing hearts, with the words "Honey Bunny" within them, on the knee of his cream colored "cords."

"Mother told you that she used half a can of lye the last time she washed those things. From the look of them now she

will have to use a can and a half the next time," Ophelia warned. "Please Pop," she continued, "couldn't we have the car, just tomorrow? I promise that we won't ask for it again until at least next week."

Old Flavius looked fondly at his daughter, "I'm sorry, Ophelia, but I want to use the car myself." Turning again to Philo he bellowed "Why can't Joe Bloe use his car? It seems as though someone else in this town would have a gallon of gas to waste on a bunch of kids. Why does it always have to be me?"

"Joe's dad is out of town, and have you forgotten that you forbade me to ride with him after the time he was seeing how close he could come to a parked car, and you were the man who chased him all over town trying to get your fenders back?"

Flavius nearly dropped his teeth at this answer. "These kids," he thought, "a man hasn't a chance. They have an answer for everything and usually two or three questions to go with it." He didn't know what to say or do for there was nothing left to say or do. He jumped to his feet and tore across the room and shaking his finger in his son's face he roared, "I am using the car tomorrow and that is final."

Just then there came a sweet voice from the telephone in the hall, "Yes Mrs. Greene, I am sure I will have enough gas to drive downtown tomorrow. Neither Mr. Germaine nor the children have used the car this week, and I have been especially careful that we might have enough to drive. Tell the girls that I shall come for them around eleven o'clock."

Flavius walked dejectedly back to his chair. Picking up his paper he murmured, "I *thought* I was going to use the car."

Ophelia started up the stairs, but Philo called to her, "If we split the cab fare six ways, it won't cost very much will it?"