

twelve-year-old boys. Who will forget the long pants controversy between parents and child.

"Why Johnnie, you'll look like an old man in long trousers," says the parent.

"Yeah, and I'll look like a two-year-old without them," answers Johnnie. So Johnnie looks like a two-year-old for another year. When the day finally arrives for the first step into manhood, Johnnie is accompanied by his maternal parent. Since he is growing fast, a suit fit for Primo Carnera is chosen, and his mother was right, he does look like an old man.

What is there about shopping that transforms women? Is it the suppressed passions of their ancestors, the Amazons, coming to the front? Is it a hangover from the customs of the American Indian? Anyway, the next time you hear the war-whoops from the bargain basement and see the mad dash of warriors for the last pair of silk hose, or when you see the mangled form of a husband drop exhausted on the corduroy pants shelf, try to be tolerant. Remember evolution takes thousands of years.

Dog-Gerel

By

James D. Pierce, Jr.

I think that perhaps I have spoiled an excellent chance to remain quiet; for it certain persons should read this desultory piece, I should be "drawn and quartered" without one moment's hesitation. I love dogs, and I think, excusing the trite and hackneyed expression, that they are one of man's best companions. However, I feel that a good dog should be a real "he" canine and not the much-too-common variety of a "cowering beastie." I detest being made a personal body-guard to a four-legged pampered, carnivorous, domesticated mammal. I prefer the dog that barks to go out

and howls to get in. There is a warm spot in my heart for him even if he does howl at three in the morning after one of his frequent rampages over the neighborhood. He knows his own mind and even a neighbor's harsh and uncomplimentary expletives seem to swerve him little from the voicing of his desires.

But the lap dog—the sleek, often sick, snuffling thoroughbred must have its regular "airings" and the household is upset if one of these is accidentally or purposely missed. To top off the whole thing, the darling (I hope my soul is not destined for Tartarus) must be walked according to prescription. The leash must be snapped on when crossing all intersections, but he must be given complete freedom at all other times except when a bigger dog comes along; then, mud or no mud, I must hold him in my arms while he glowers down as if to say, "If I could only get loose." The larger dog does not wish to fight; he is curious to know just what this funny creature really is. Could he possibly be in his own class of vertebrate animals? Our hero then appeases his wounded dignity by barking vociferously after the unconcerned animal.

His virility and fighting ability is again exemplified when, on some occasions, he chases a squirrel. He is quite abashed when this furry creature holds his ground and he, our Beowulf of dogdom, must swerve in order to avoid a collision. Chasing and fighting with cats is unheard of as he knows that "discretion is the better part of valor." It is indeed trying on my nerves and general good disposition to take this dark little animal for his nocturnal "cavortings." He either tries to blend his dusky frame into the dark surroundings in order to slip away, or he stays so close to my feet that I must go through various contortions avoiding him. He is the kind of dog that one steps on but once. I might add on the dog's

behalf that perhaps even a St. Bernard might suffer from my full weight, being classed in the language of the hoi polloi, as a two-hundred-and-fifty "pounder."

This animal is not only king while on his daily jaunts, but he also is dictator while in the house. If he and someone else wish the easy chair, there are no questions and there is no arguing—he reclines while others use the straight-back chairs. The only consolation is that he can only fill the corner of one easy chair at a time. When a bed spread is marked with his cute little foot-marks it is quite a joke and as a reward for taking him out, it is my spread that is thus "finger" printed. He also likes to chew on things, not, however, his toys which consist of a rubber bone, an old tennis ball, and rubber imitation rat. He is afraid of the whistle in the rat, the bone is too large, and the ball is too old. As a consequence, he selects a new tennis ball or a glove. The new tennis ball no longer interests him as soon as he has succeeded in puncturing its periphery with his needle-like incisors. One finger of a glove is all that he likes. He is like a person who rejects a center stamp out of a block of one hundred.

All days are dog days for me. One can see with half an eye that I am a martyr to the cause of this cerberus. I am one because I feel sorry for him and "willy-nilly," I can't get out of it.

Pinkie

By
Grace Ferguson

There has been more than one Pinkie; yet the original has dominated the line, and his personality has shone forth in his successors—Pinkie II, III, and IV. But with Pinkie V and VI came drastic changes. They didn't possess that subtle similarity to the original; one might almost say that they were "outside the pale."

First there was, very naturally, Pinkie I. Before him there was no royal line; infidel Blues and Browns are scattered through the history of the rulers. But Pinkie was a great character. He had two beautiful black ink eyes and a tiny little round nose. Dignified, despite his rounded shape, he was kindness itself, and he guaranteed to soothe away all "tummy" aches, rheumatism, head pains and, in fact, any kind of ailment. He was generous to a fault, especially when the water in him was too hot for comfort, but it must be admitted that he had a heart of gold. He was the prince of hot-water-bottles.

Hot-water-bottles! You are laughing! Oh, you have not a proper respect and appreciation for the virtues of the hot-water-bottle. It has been the faithful servant of the human race for many, many years. Its predecessor, the warming pan is now highly venerated, drawing high prices in all antique shops.

Yes, the hot-water-bottle is an all-sacrificing friend. It has no wish but to share its heat with you, nay, more than share—to give you its heat till it becomes lukewarm and bereft of the only wealth life gives to it. Then we no longer have any use for it; so we put it from us, push it to the bottom of the bed, or drop it to the floor. We have all it can give us. That reminds me of a woman I once knew, who used her friends that way; kept

