

PENNY LOSES HER PIGTAILS



There was quite a commotion in the kitchen last night. Jack and I were busy in the basement trying to revive an old desk chair with some red enamel. The gals, we thought, were set for the evening — Kitty with a magazine, Penny with her coloring books.

When we suddenly heard the little lady sobbing, we raced up the stairs to investigate. It was a strange scene.

Penny was straddling a kitchen chair, and there were tears trickling down her cheeks. Kitty was standing behind her with a pair of scissors in her left hand and one pigtail in the other. She was misty-eyed.

"What gives?" I asked with a giggle.

"It's not funny, Daddy," Penny said as she burst into a full cry.

"But it *is* funny, sis, you look lop-sided," Jack commented.

"If you must know," Kitty explained, "we found this page of hair styles for little girls in the magazine and we thought Penny was ready for a 'page boy' trim. Now that we've chopped one of the pigtails, we're not so sure."

"Honey," I said consolingly, "you're going to look fine, just fine."

Penny was really wailing now. "I'm not, either," she said, "I'm gonna look like a clipped poodle. I want my pigtails back!"

"Look, Penny," I whispered, "this is just part of the business of getting bigger. It's kind of like 'growing pains'. Everybody has 'em, one way or another. Fact is, even big cities like Chicago have 'growing pains'."

The flow of tears let down a bit, as the little face took on a puzzled expression. "But, Daddy," she asked, "how can a city have a pain?"

"Well, let's just take a look at Chicago today," I said. "Right now it's up to its hips in improvement work. They're building superhighways, fixing bridges, and putting new pavement on lots of streets. They're also setting up a lot of new one-way streets so that traffic can move

faster. And, over in Grant Park, they're digging a big hole that will become an underground garage for parking automobiles."

"I still don't see how the city can have a pain," Penny said.

"Well," I continued, "Guess I don't mean a real pain like you get in your legs after too much roller skating. The pains I'm talking about are different than that. You see, all this work is going to give us a better city a few years from now. But, in the meantime, the streets are crowded, automobiles have to detour and get jammed up, lots of streetcars and buses have to run over different routes, and there's general confusion. Because of this, people may be late getting to work or back home, and their nerves are upset. Some of them can't understand why they should be delayed. They say the whole thing's painful to them."

"Oh, I see," she said. "Isn't there anything they can do about it?"

"These important big jobs must be done if Chicago is to keep on being a leading city. It's the price of growing up. But a lot of smart Chicago people are doing something about it. They're leaving their cars at home or parking them outside the downtown section. Then they use the rapid transit trains to and from the loop. That way they ride over and under the jammed streets and get rid of their traffic pains."

"Gee, Daddy, maybe you can help me then," Penny exclaimed as her face brightened.

"How's that?" I asked.

"If you'll let me use some of that green stuff you're always rubbing in your hair, maybe my pigtails will grow faster!"

I went back to the basement.

Sincerely,

Bill Saver

Don't let delays spoil
your group outing

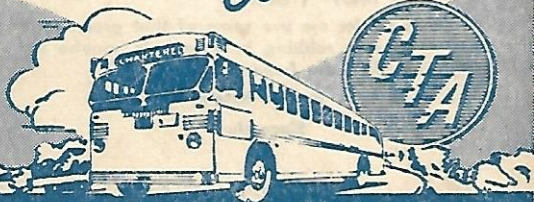
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