

her father was the black sheep of her family, so we have never been absolutely sure) who at this very moment is lying idly at my feet, looking reproachfully at me with her large amber eyes. It is amazing how it is possible for one to damn a race, excluding one certain individual, who is definitely an exception. My cat is the exception in this case. She never howls—it is always the neighbor's cat which I hear so early in the morning; she never falls in love; is it her fault that men find her so lovely and irresistible that they cannot help falling at her feet

and worshipping her? Her charms are dazzling, and her character unquestionable.

Cats have their place in the world just as castor oil and spinach. There are quite a number of cats who are doing more than their share in the modern world today. Cats still go about catching rats, and in our changing universe there are many rats to be caught. Thus, cats are very distasteful in many instances, I must admit, but the world would not be the same, if it were not for cats.

Smokey

JACK STAUCH

"It won't be long now; the zero hour is approaching. Where can that crew chief of mine be? He is probably down at that pub with that O'Brien girl he met the other day. He should be here to supervise my feeding. Ah! here comes my dinner."

A long gray-green petrol truck pulls alongside and disgorges its volatile contents into Smokey's wings. Next come the low slung ammunition trucks bearing the solid food in one ton and fifty caliber packages of lethal death. Hurry up with the loading; Smokey's off on a mission in twenty minutes.

"Well, it's about time he got here. What's that he's got around his neck? Oh, I see; it's a green scarf, probably a gift from that O'Brien girl. Ah! This is better; a full load and I'm rar'in' to go. Here comes the gang, Joe, Jimmy, Tommy and Kitty too. Good old Kitty!"

"Easy there, don't twist my nose so hard, I'm a fragile hunk of stuff. Now for a little exercise. I'll race you. Up and up into the clear cold sky we go.

My but that cold air feels good rushing by my gills. Look out, paperhanger, here I come."

Faster and faster, farther and farther he races through the darkness. Hamburg, Berlin, Stuttgart are the targets for tonight. Heavy flack is encountered over Stuttgart, and Smokey is shaken up a bit.

"Gee, it sure is hot up here tonight. Ouch! That one got me in the tail feathers. I sure hope I stick together."

"Pilot to bombardier, pilot to bombardier. Over target; bomb bays open; good hunting."

"Ah! There they go. I'm lighter now. Watch me go. Look at those explosions. It won't be long now, Shickelgrueber. Ouch! There went my right lung. A direct hit! Well, I guess it's home on one now. I'm sure glad those people at Lockheed know what they're doing when they make my brothers. We're close to home now; I can see the white cliffs of Dover. I can rest now, for these boys will get me home."