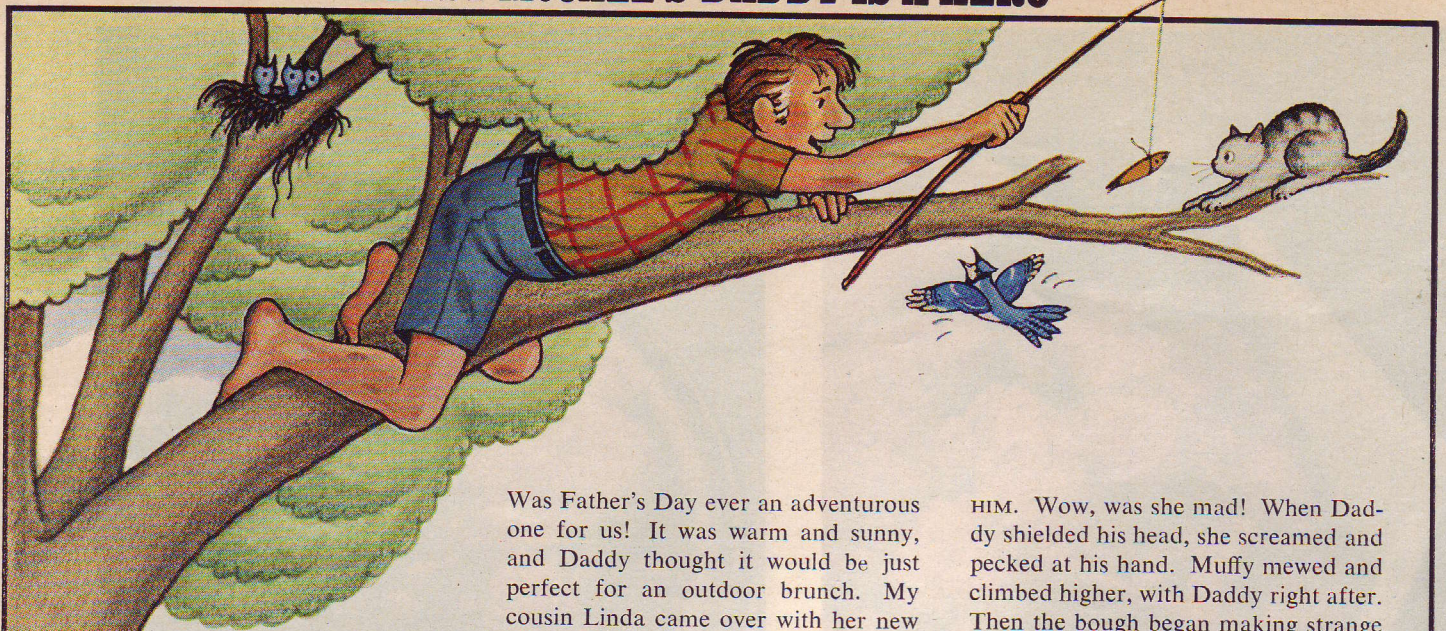
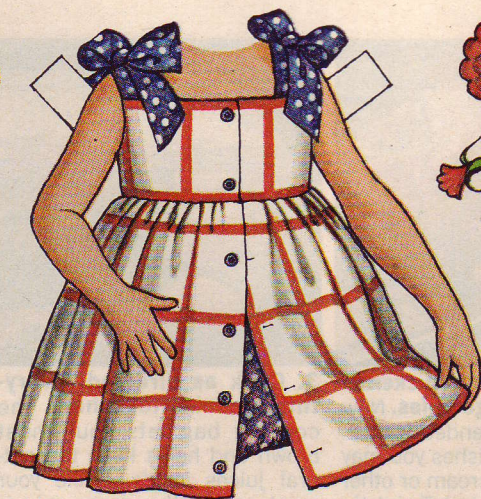
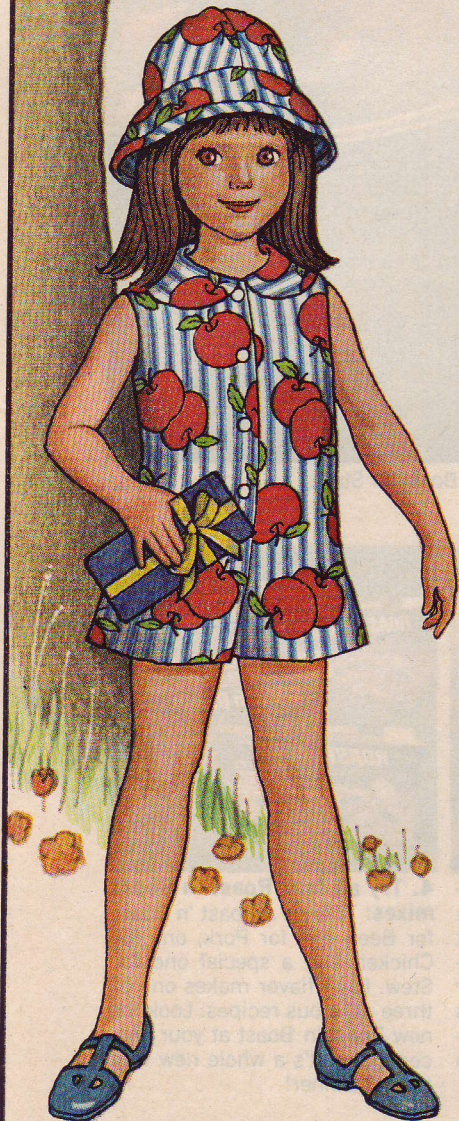


BETSY McCALL'S DADDY IS A HERO



Was Father's Day ever an adventurous one for us! It was warm and sunny, and Daddy thought it would be just perfect for an outdoor brunch. My cousin Linda came over with her new kitten, Muffy. We had six other guests, too—a family of blue jays with a nest up in the big maple that shades our terrace. We were just about to start brunching when we heard this loud cheeping and mewing. That silly kitten had stolen along a big branch toward the nest. Mother Blue Jay dropped the big insect she was carrying for her babies and attacked Muffy with such screeching and such a fierce flapping of her lovely blue wings that the kitten scooted up to a higher branch, yowling with fright, the mother jay right behind. Things did look bad, I can tell you. We called to Muffy to come down, but she was just too scared. Daddy tried to lure her down with a tiny fish. No use! So Daddy climbed up to the big branch. Then the mama bird began attacking

HIM. Wow, was she mad! When Daddy shielded his head, she screamed and pecked at his hand. Muffy mewed and climbed higher, with Daddy right after. Then the bough began making strange noises, and Mommy *ordered* Daddy to come down. Which he did! And there was poor little Muffy, so far up, *soooo* scared. And then, guess what! Daddy began talking cat talk: "Grrmaow?" "Mauiow!" Muffy replied. "Meowww," said Daddy, encouragingly. She pattered down the branch: "Meww?" and kept coming down daintily, while Daddy talked to her. She let him lift her down, purring like a motor, and we were all very relieved. Mama Jay went to hunt for food, and Mommy served brunch—scrambled eggs (cold by now); popovers (stone-cold), and a special Father's Day cake (yummy). Daddy was the hero of the day. And even Muffy thought he was something pretty special, for she jumped into his lap and purred like ANYTHING!



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