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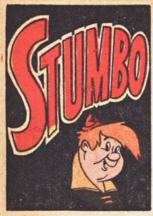
















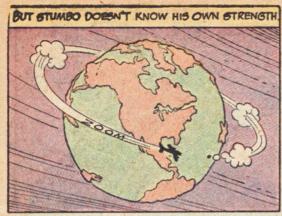


































































































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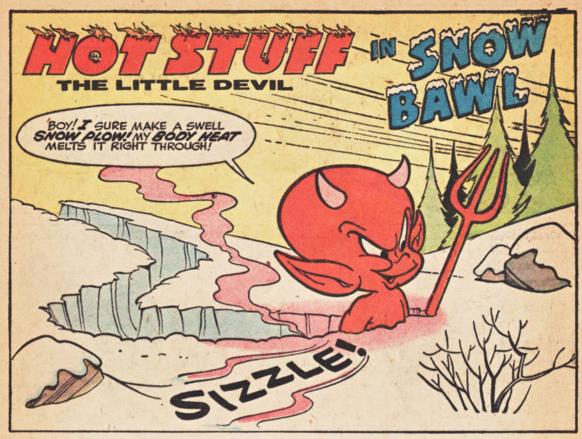












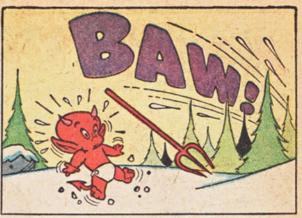
































































FIRST DAY

"Come on, dear. It's time to go!" smiled Mrs. Crawford pleasantly.

"No! I won't go! I won't!" muttered her

daughter Donna rebelliously.

"Now, Donna, that's no way to talk!" Mrs. Crawford's face was quite stern, but then it crumpled into soft and tender lines as she beheld the little girl's misery. Swiftly, she knelt and took the small figure into her arms. "Believe me, honey," she whispered, "you'll like school once you start! You'll see! There'll be fun and games and other children to play with . . ."

"But I can play with the kids right here on the block!" Donna interrupted, her lower lip quivering perilously close to tears. "We have fun and games right here! Wh-why do I have to go to school for that?"

"Because everyone has to go to school!" her mother patiently explained for the umpteenth time. "It's the law, Donna, You must go to school. Now let's go. You don't want to be late your very first day."

"Yes, I do!" Donna protested in her heart. "I want to be so late that I never get there at all!" But aloud she said nothing. She knew further argument was useless. She couldn't ask her mother to break the law! So, silently, miserably, she slipped into her coat and followed Mrs. Crawford out the front door.

It wasn't a long walk to the school building, but Donna clung to her mother's hand all the way as though for support. Soon, all leaving her all alone in a strange room full of strange children. Mrs. Crawford had explained it all to her long before. Mothers weren't permitted to stay with their children in kindergarten. It would be the first time in her whole life that she, Donna, would be out of sight of her mother's eyes, out of range of her voice. And she was frightened . . . frightened into speechlessness.

Even when they reached the school and Mrs. Crawford introduced her to the teacher, a smiling young woman called Miss Ames, Donna didn't speak. Even when Mrs. Crawford blew her daughter a kiss and hurried out of the classroom, Donna remained silent. Her anguished eyes followed her mother out the door, but she couldn't seem to force any words from her lips.

And then the little girl beside her spoke softly. "Miss Ames said we could do whatever we wanted while she was getting our records in order. Would anyone like to jump rope?" A squeal of assent went up from the other children, and as if by magic, a place was suddenly cleared, a rope appeared, and the game was on! Before she quite knew what was happening, someone pushed Donna forward, someone shouted "it's your turn," and she found herself jumping in rhythm to the churning rope!

Her cheeks flushed, her braids flying, Donna didn't miss a step! Rope jumping was her speciality! "Hurray!" the other children shouted, "She's the champ!" And suddenly, Donna realized she was part of the group . . . having fun . . . real fun . . . in school!



THE BIG FIGHT

The big fight was all set. The Alley Cats had finally chosen the cat that was to fight Cecil, the champ of the Home Cats.

Before Cecil had taken to fighting, the Alley Cats would run rampant over the house pets. But now, with the one and only Cecil around, all the Alley Cats would think twice before they started with any of the Home Cats.

Yet all this could quickly disappear if Cecil ever lost — and Louie, the manager was thinking this. Should Cecil lose, the Alley Cats would quickly start making fools of the poor Home Cats!

All the cats of the neighborhood, those who lived in alleys and those who lived in homes, were out to watch this important fight.

"C'mon Cecil!" the voices from the Home

Cat section were screaming.
"Boo, Cecil!" answered the Alley Cat rooters.

Then everything became quiet. The Alley cat's fighter was coming into the school-yard.

"Gee, look at him!" said one Home

"Wow!" said another.

This certainly was a powerful cat. In fact, he almost looked too powerful for a cat. He was about twice the size of Cecil, and Cecil was quite a big cat. He had muscles the size of watermelons and a chest like a barrel!

No one had ever seen him before, no one

from either side.

The fighters were in their corners now. The referee was making the introductions.

"In this corner," said the ref, "is Cecil, world champion and pride of the Home Cats!"

"Yayyy!" shouted all the Home Cats.
"And in this corner," continued the ref,

"is Powerhouse Pete!"

"Hey, I heard of Powerhouse P..." started a Home Cat rooter, but an Alley Cat fan stopped him short with, "Whatever he says, he's lying!" The Alley Catter had heard of Powerhouse Pete also.

The fighters were facing each other now, and now they were swinging.

BIFFF! BAMMM! POWWW! went Pete, and he was hitting home.

Poor Cecil was in terrible trouble. He was reeling. He couldn't even get a blow in, And Powerhouse Pete wasn't stopping!

But a voice from the Home Cat section was shouting again. "Hey, I'm sure I've heard of Powerhouse Pete! And he's not a cat! He's a young mountain lion who's been masquerading as a cat!"

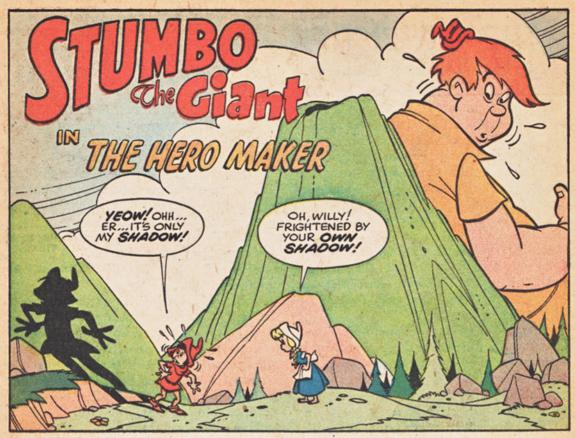
The news swept through like wildfire. Until finally it reached the ears of Cecil.

"This is a dirty trick!" was all Ceeil had time to say. For now he was moving toward Pete with fire in his eyes. BOOOM! BIFFF! BRAMMM! BINGG! BLAMM! went his fists and claws, and before someone could say again, "He's a mountain lion," Powerhouse Pete was down and out on his back.

The referee was lifting Cecil's paw a second later and saying, "Cecil is still champion of all cats and mountain lions, too!"

"I sure agree," puffed Pete, who was still watching stars.

















































































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