

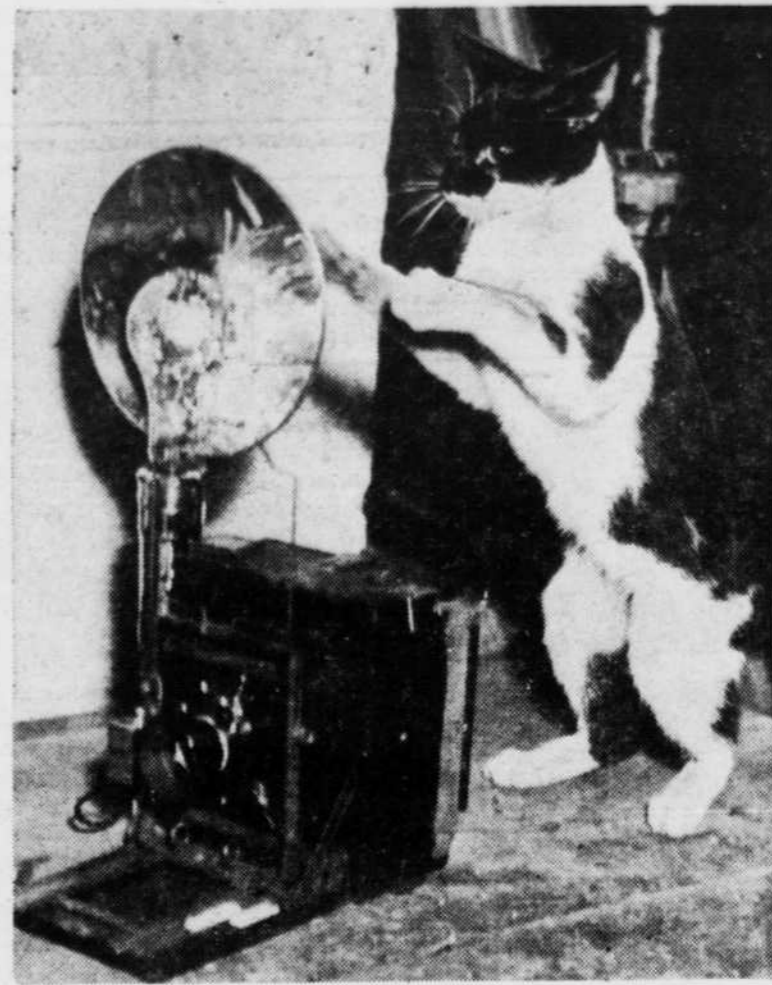
# SUFFERIN' CATS!



**MEET EDITOR MOUSER**, of the Evening Yowl, who sits at his desk looking wise as an owl. "People are silly," he opined one day. "Let's ask cats about them and see what they say."



**HE CALLED** his reporter, young Tabby Taboo, to find out from kitties what they think of you. "Now there is a question," he heard Tabby say. "I'd like to find out why they sing all day, 'A kit'll eat ivy, too, wouldn't you?' they yell. They should know that cats won't give ivy a smell."



**FLASHBULB TOMMY** suspected the worst. "Old Mouser," he said, "has been quenching his thirst. He must have been drinking that catnip again, or else why worry what we think of men?"



**MATILDA PIOUS** just cannot be gay. "People have gone to the dogs!" she must say. "Why they're called hepcats is way beyond me. They're wolves, as even a blind cat can see."



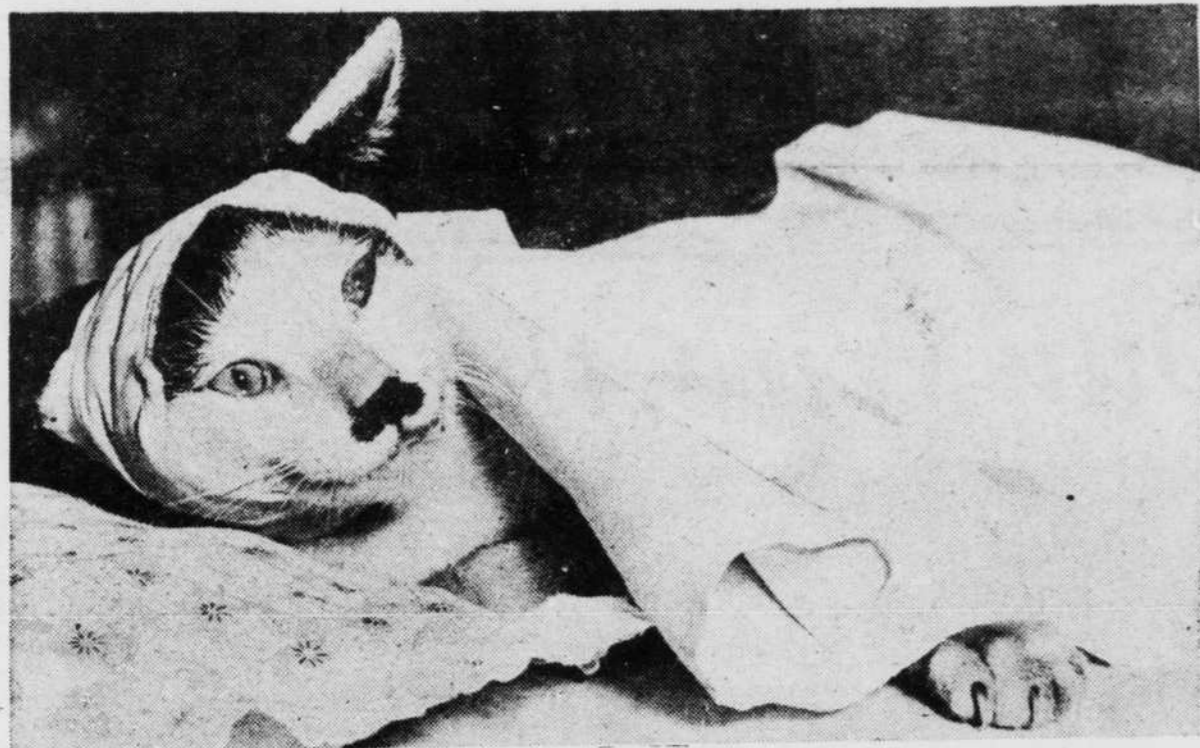
**ALFRED GRIZZLE FUSS** has been eating ersatz. He blames it on Washington. "Bureaucats!"



**JOE RATTER** is sailing away from it all. He thinks it's his duty to answer the call. "The catpower shortage is acute on ships, so I'm on my way without packing my grips. People are all right, except for their laws. Income tax—p-rrrr! Ain't that the cat's paws?"



**PAUL PURR** says, yawning to stay awake. "people just don't give us cats a break. They pour cats and dogs and talk of nine lives, and those who are catty are always their wives."



**"YOU ASK** about people? Take one look at me!" moans Adelpate Schickelpuss, hurt as can be. "A boot in the puss keeps me locked in the house. Is it my fault, I ask you, that Hitler's a louse? My face gets people all agog. I wouldn't wish it on a dog."



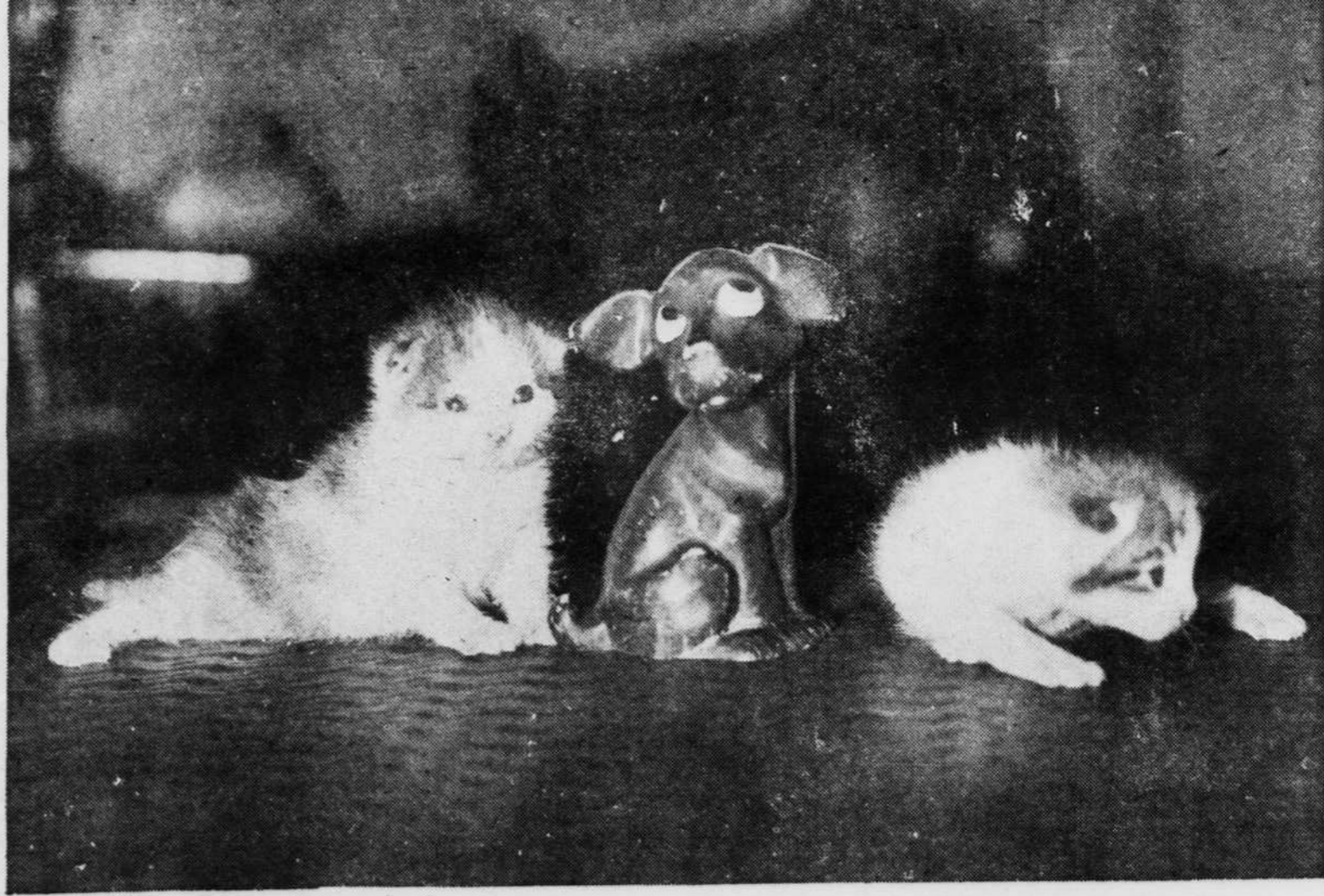
**"PEOPLE,"** says Al E. Catt, "give me a pain. They don't know enough to stay out of the rain. When Sinatra sings you hear of them swooning, yet they throw shoes at us when we start our crooning."



**GLORIA GLAMORFUSS** has no complaint. She just thinks sailors and soldiers are quaint. "I'm Number One pin-up girl of the cat colony, but I wish all the Toms learned to whistle at me."



**FELINE FELICE** isn't snooty at that. "I just hate, though," she says, "to be called plutocat."



**TO THE Tabltha Twins** the world's still a strange place, so they know such a little of the human race. "The story book says that we cry for our mittens, but give us some milk and we're contented kittens. A cozy room and a ball of string will make us as happy as any old king. We keep our nose clean and our fur free from fleas, and never, never, are we rescued from trees."