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BY KIND PERMISSION OF WING COMMANDER A.J. SNETSINGER, E.D.

D A I G D A Z E

"I've never won any blue ribbons, haven't even got a black tongue, but I wouldn't trade my life for all the blue bloods in Caninedom. No, sir! I'm just a stray black and brown, raggedy little Heinz dawg, but I'm happier than all those other pampered pets put together!"

"Sure I grouse about the meals Sgt. Hughes dishes out once in a while, and I sometimes dislike being told what to do by people wearing 'hooks' and 'rings', and my paws get sore from marching on a hot drill square, and I don't like sleeping in close, stuffy quarters with four hundred humans, and I'd like to stay out after 22:30 hours at night, and I'd like to get to see Dad and Mom and the girl friend every week end, and I don't like 'joe jobs' - guess it wouldn't be natural not to 'sound off' about these things once in a while, but if I could get all these things there would be something else I'd want - seems we little dawgs are much like humans that way."

"But I sat back on my fanny the other day, after chasing the birds and the squirrels off the front lawns, and let my thoughts drift back - - I wasn't the most contented dawg before - - I couldn't always do what I wanted, often I craved company, excitement, anything to keep my mind occupied because I knew that the busiest dawgs were the happiest."

(Concl'd on back page.)