**The Story of a Puli**

by Hayes Blake Hoyt

CH. FRUSKA, Swiss Puli bitch.

"I looked at my diary. Kicsi had known! How stupid we humans are who must always have words to communicate!"

Well, now they are both in America, and Kicsi is part owner of a mistress and two little boys. Like the latter, she loves ice cream. They go to the Dairy Queen together, and Kicsi sits in line, and when she gets to the counter she puts her paws on it, and barks.

One day a little girl neighbor of theirs put a purse over Kicsi's shoulder and said, "This is your pocketbook—for ice cream. You don't have to ask Billy and Joe any more for money!"

"Well," continued Dr. X, "believe it or not, Kicsi would not let us take it off until late that afternoon. It was very heavy, and the strap was too long, but it had to stay around her neck! Since then I've tightened the strap, and she carries it as proud as a peacock. Seems incredible, but it's true!"

Did she know any English when she left Europe? I asked.

"No, and now as you can see, she understands too much!" laughed the doctor.

I looked down at Kicsi, the grey, noble little dog—her beautiful eyes glistened through their fringe at me! I patted her. She gave me a small amiable lick.

"You don't need to learn a language, Kicsi, you understand the human heart! And Dr. X, I'm so glad you have her, and she has you and your family!"

"Yes," Dr. X replied. "For me it was a great gift, but for Eugene, perhaps it will be an opportunity to send a message from all the people who cannot say with words what they feel.

Once again I patted Kicsi, shaggy, shining symbol of the brave spirit and loving faith there still is everywhere in the world.

**Their Own Language**

by Rudy Robinson

In HER mysterious ways of making all living things equal, through the law of compensation, nature having left the dog devoid of speech, has endowed him with a crystal ball.

In Tokyo, on the night before the disastrous earthquake of 1923, dogs could be heard howling all over the city. Their com- motion was so alarming that police were dispatched in squads throughout the entire city in an effort to subdue the horrible canine uproar. The next day the city was levelled by one of the worst earthquakes in all recorded history.

In 1940, at the St. Bernard Monastery in the Swiss Alps, famed for the dogs which bear its name, not one of the some 60 dogs housed there could be induced to leave their sleeping quarters and go out for their daily exercise period. The mystified monks tried every means at their command to coax the trembling animals outside the building, but to no avail. Within a few hours that entire section of the mountain was hit by a devastating avalanche.

In sober contemplation of the above, indeed I would give several dollars if just one of my dogs could talk! Especially before an election.