upusueu everyuung unat accomplished in order to -passports, vaccinations, ckets, clothing-and then ne and asked, "Where is

Jon had heard we were e he had begun to make s Junco. In fact, he imirs to pack: four one pair of pajamas, The Real Trains, and Julius

ike having another child the minute Jon had left

Hal responded, goodi can carry him all the ulius Jumso is more than curity cat.

il was right. Julius Jumso ed Ion on all of his anxe doctor and the dentist pital for a tonsillectomy. to visit grandparents inwho always slept on the Jon, his sleepless eyes ng Jon feel that he was over, I suppose. Julius New York with us, slept I next to Jon, and would, e sleeping in the bunk in room with him, too,

ked the horrible question ly and Heather and I im-

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nounced in a subdued voice, I left him in the bathtub."

"In the water?" I asked quietly, envisioning a soggy Julius Jumso with us for the next ten weeks.

"Just imaginary," Jon assured me, "He needed an imaginary bath."

I could not argue with the logic of that, I merely leaned forward and asked the taxi driver if we would have time to go back to the hotel for the left object and still make our 11-o'clock sailing, and he gave me a half encouraging, half anxiety-producing "I think so." So we turned around and he dropped me off at the corner of the hotel and said he

from his unwatery bath and dashed back to the taxi and rode to the pier with exasperated and hostile thoughts replacing the complacent ones that had filled me asperated and hostile thoughts replacing earlier.

During those days on ship I had a preview of things to come. Julius Jumso was left in the dining room three times, in the dressing room of the swimming pool twice, and an uncounted number of times in the deck chair on the main deck. Fortunately the shabby cat soon became so familiar that he was returned with amazing rapidity each time he was lost. But I began to have grave doubts about how long he would (continued)

