



Mr. MacGregor Comes Through

HERE'S a great opportunity for you, Mr. MacGregor," I said, looking up from my paper. He had just come in the door and was hanging up his coat.

"It seems they've found a new moon on Jupiter," I went on.

"What was wrong with the old one?" he asked.

"This is no time for levity," I said, somewhat sternly, I am afraid. (Mr. MacGregor is inclined to take things lightly.) "An expedition to Jupiter's new moon would bring prestige to the planetarium."

"Why don't *you* go, then?"

"I headed that expedition to observe the eclipse," I reminded him. "I only got back last week."

"New Jersey isn't that far," he grumbled.

"It isn't a question of distance, but of dedication," I said sagely.

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That had its effect. MacGregor isn't such a bad guy if you take him right.

"When would I have to go?" he asked, absently sorting through some old meteorites I had left on the desk.

"As soon as you can," I replied. "Ours won't be the only expedition, you know."

"I have to get a haircut tomorrow," he said, looking at his calendar. "And I'll need some new socks. How about Thursday?"

"Thursday it is," I said. "I'll be there bright and early to see you off."

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But on Thursday I overslept, and by the time I got to the launching-pad there was no one there. All I could see were Mr. MacGregor's sunglasses, lying on the ground.

It was just like him to go off without them. But at least he didn't fail in his duty to the planetarium.