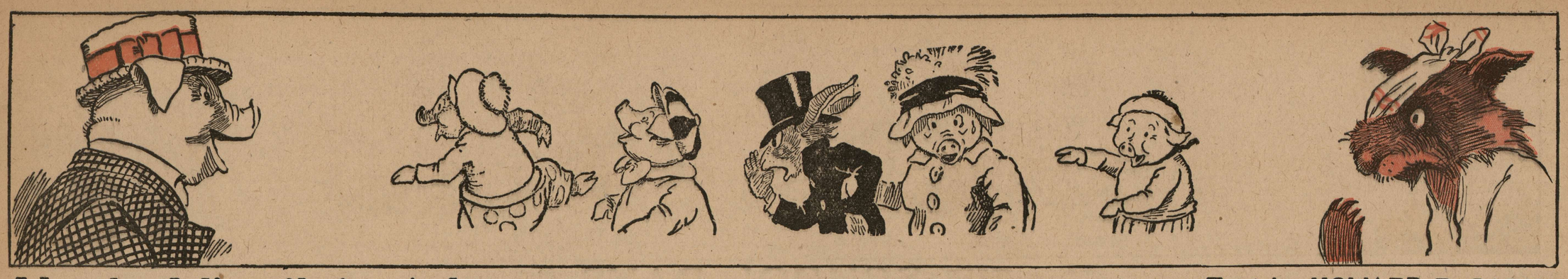

Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

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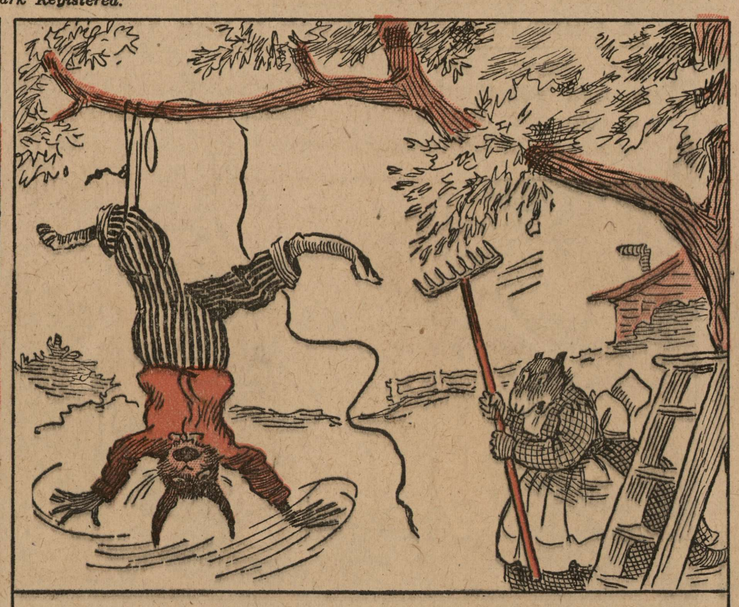
IT ISN'T SO EASY TO HANG UP A SWING. FOR OFTEN YOUR HEAD O'ER YOUR HEELS YOU MAY FLING. AND THIS, AS YOU KNOW, IS A VERY WRONG THING!

Text by HOWARD R. GARIS
Author of the Famous UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORIES
Pictured by LANG CAMPBELL

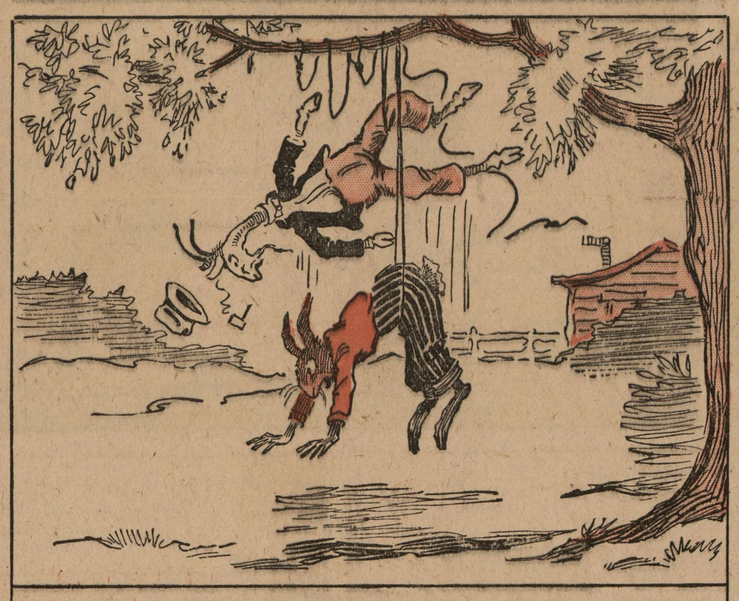
1. Do you know what I would like, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. "Well, perhaps I can guess," answered the bunny. "No, I don't believe you can!" said the muskrat lady. "I want you to put me up a swing on the tree in our yard. I have the rope and board." Uncle Wiggily looked at the swing branch and twinkled his nose. "It's too high up," he said. "I'll get a ladder," Nurse Jane answered.



2. Uncle Wiggily climbed up on a step ladder to reach the tree branch to fasten the swing rope. "You go in the bungalow and get me a piece of cherry pie, if you please," said the rabbit to Nurse Jane. "I'll put up the swing." But while Nurse Jane was inside, Uncle Wiggily slipped off the branch and the rope tangled around one leg. "Wait a minute! Stay there! I'll help you!" cried Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy.

3. "What are you going to do with that rake?" cried Mr. Longears as he dangled around on the rope. "I am going to pull you down!" squeaked Nurse Jane. "Cut the rope! That's the way to do it!" cried the bunny. Nurse Jane got her scissors. She cut the rope, but they both forgot what would happen. Down fell the bunny—ker-plunk! "Don't ever do a thing like that again!" said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy.

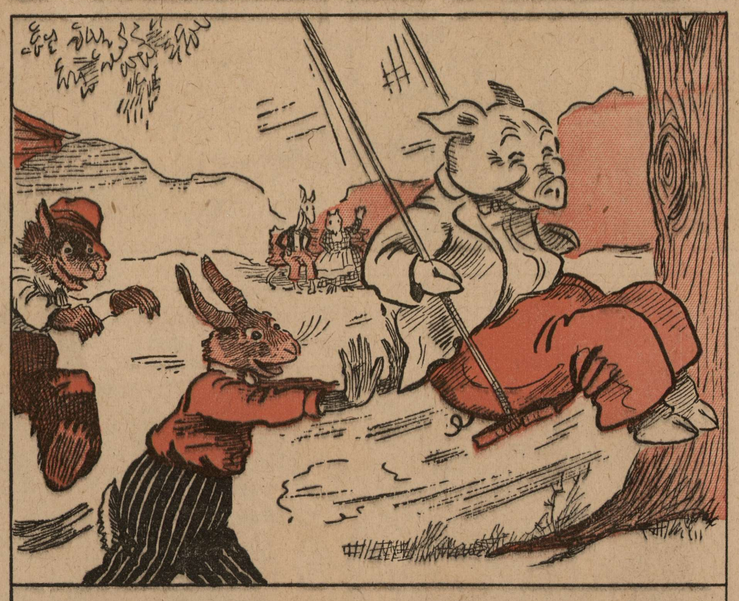
4. After Uncle Wiggily had eaten some cherry pie he felt better, and said he would try again to put up the swing. He climbed to the tree branch, but, while Nurse Jane was gone, he slipped again and became tangled in the rope. "Hi, what are you doing?" bleated Uncle Butter, who was passing. "Is that a new way to swim?" The bunny said: "Please don't ask questions, but help me to get down! I'm choking!"



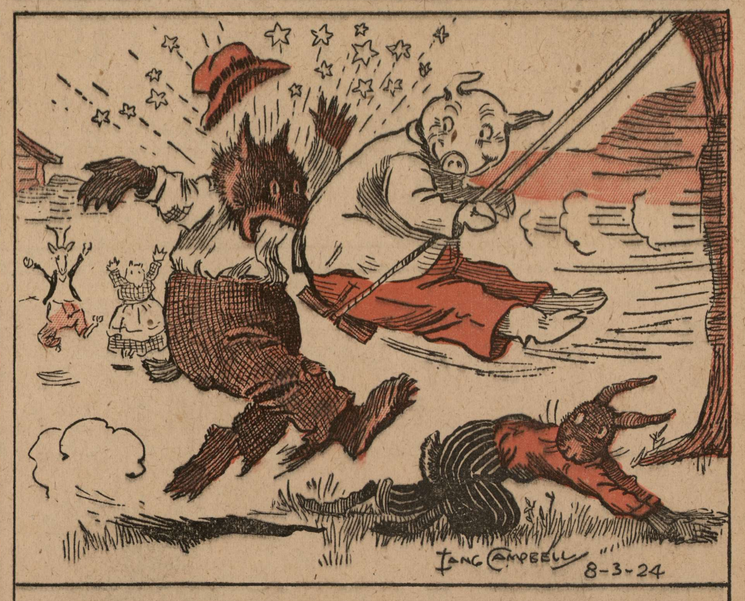
5. One end of the swing rope was twisted about the tree. On the other end dangled Uncle Wiggily. "I'll loosen this end of the rope," bleated Uncle Butter, "and lower you to the ground." The bunny said this would be all right. "But lower me gently," he begged. "Not as Nurse Jane did." Uncle Butter loosened the rope, but it slipped, caught around his legs and there he was—dangling with Uncle Wiggily.

6. The shouts of Uncle Wiggily and Uncle Butter, as they swung around on the rope, were heard by Mr. Twistytail. "Quick, Nurse Jane!" grunted the pig gentleman. "Bring out a mattress and put it beneath them! I'll cut the rope and when they fall they won't get hurt." Mr. Twistytail cut the rope with a grass-sickle and down fell the goat and rabbit. "Making a swing is hard work," said Uncle Wiggily.

7. "What you need," said Mr. Twistytail, after Uncle Wiggily and the goat had each eaten a piece of cherry pie, "is some one to grunt for you. I'll do that." So while the pig gentleman grunted, the goat and bunny hung the swing. "Nurse Jane must be the first to try it!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "She must have the first swing!" So, when all was ready, Nurse Jane took her place, smiling very sweetly.



8. "There! I've swung enough!" said Nurse Jane after awhile. "I am sure you gentlemen would like a turn." Uncle Butter said it made him dizzy to swing. "Then come and sit on a bench with me," begged Nurse Jane. "Uncle Wiggily and Mr. Twistytail may have the swing." When it was the pig's turn, the bunny began to push him. "Higher!" squealed the delighted pig He couldn't see what was behind him.



9. All of a sudden, from where she was sitting, Nurse Jane saw the Bushy Bear behind Uncle Wiggily and the pig in the swing. "Quick, Wiggy! Duck down!" cried Nurse Jane. "Let Mr. Twistytail bang the Bear on the nose!" Down flopped the bunny. The swing passed over him, and Mr. Twistytail was so heavy that when he banged the Bear the bad chap was knocked off his feet. "Wuff! Wuff!" grunted the Bear.

And if the baked bean doesn't hide under the stove when it ought to go swimming in the molasses with the sugar spoon, the next pictures and story will be about

UNCLE WIGGILY'S EXCURSION.

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