Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

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WATERMELON TIME IS HERE, THE JOLLIEST SEASON OF THE YEAR. THE LUSCIOUS RED, INSIDE THE GREEN—A FINER SIGHT YOU NE'ER HAVE SEEN.

Text by HOWARD R. GARIS
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Pictured by LANG CAMPBELL

1. "Do you know what I am going to do?" asked Uncle Wiggily of his pig gentleman friend one day. "No," grunted Mr. Twistytail, "I can't guess. You do so many queer things." Uncle Wiggily laughed, twinkled his pink nose and said: "I'm going to give a watermelon party. Help me carry the melons home." At the melon patch they picked two large ones. "I'll tote one on my head!" grunted the pig.

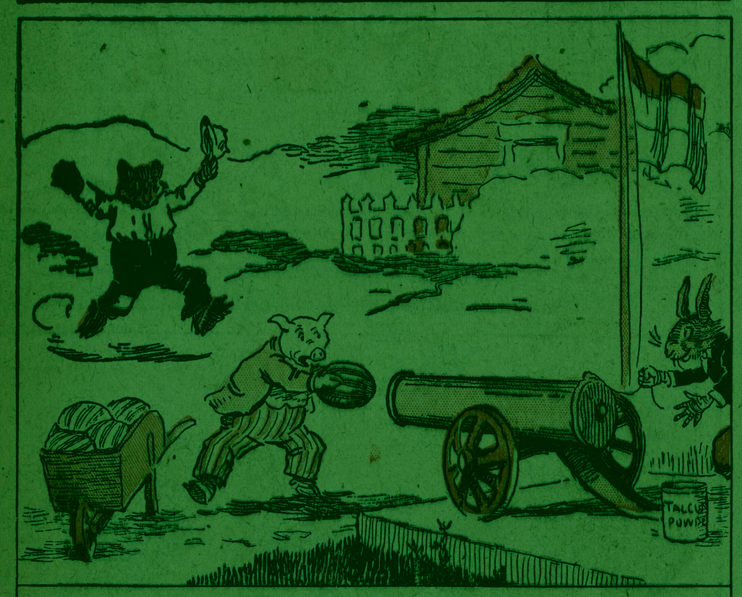
2. Mr. Twistytail was thinking so much of how smart he was, to "tote" a melon on his head, that he didn't watch his feet. All of a sudden, at the top of a hill, the pig gentleman stumbled and fell. "Oh, there goes my melon!" he grunted. "I'll chase after it!" cried Uncle Wiggily. Putting his melon on a stump, the bunny ran after the other. Faster and faster it went down the hill. "Whoa!" cried the rabbit.

3. But the runaway melon wouldn't "whoa!" It kept on rolling. Mr. Twistytail picked himself up, and finding that he wasn't hurt, he said: "I'll jog down the hill and help Uncle Wiggily catch that melon." But when the two friends reached the bottom of the hill they saw a sight that made the pig gentleman laugh. "Fust time Ah eber done had a melon come to me dis way!" chuckled the Pickaninny.

4. The little colored boy was so hungry for watermelon that he ate nearly all of the broken one that had rolled down hill. "There is another melon up on a stump," said Uncle Wiggily. "Take that home to your mother, Pickaninny. Mr. Twistytail and I will get some more." This time the rabbit gentleman loaded a wheelbarrow with melons for his party. "None of them will get away from us now," said the bunny.

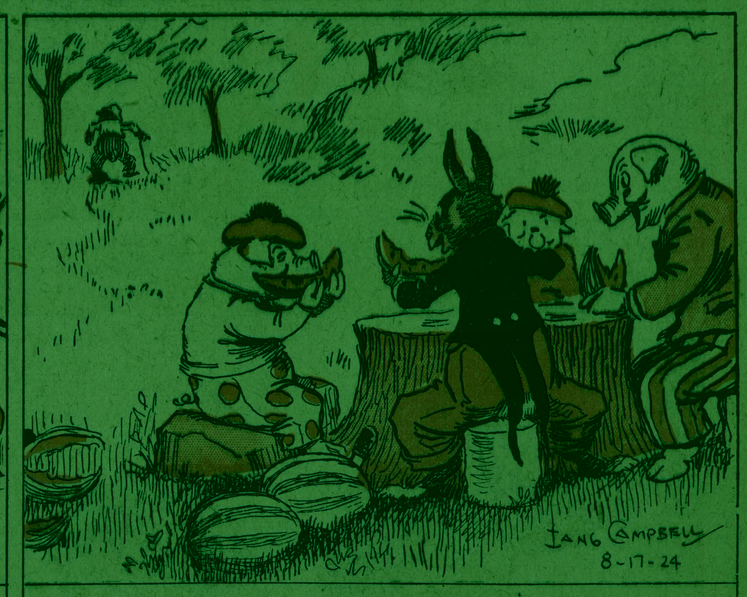
5. Uncle Wiggily was telling his pig friend what a jolly time they would have at the party, and Mr. Twistytail was hoping his two little piggie boys—Curly and Floppy—could come, when, all of a sudden, Uncle Wiggily asked: "Did you hear a queer noise?" Mr. Twistytail answered: "Seems to me I did. What was it?" The rabbit gentleman looked around and cried: "It's a big, black bear! That's what it is!"

6. "Don't be afraid, Uncle Wiggily!" grunted the pig. "I think we can get away from the bear." The bunny said he wasn't very much afraid. "But I don't believe we can run away from the bear. He is coming very fast." Surely enough, the bad chap was. "I know what I can do!" grunted Mr. Twistytail. "I'll throw a melon at the bear, and whang him on the nose!" Mr. Twistytail threw but missed the bear.



7. "That wasn't a very good shot, Mr. Twistytail!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "No, it wasn't," grunted the pig. "We'd better keep on running if we want to have a melon party." On they ran, trundling the melons, and the bear, with a growling laugh, followed. At last Uncle Wiggily saw a flagstaff and a cannon. "Hurray!" he cried, "we'll use a melon for a cannon ball and shoot the bear. Load, Mr. Twistytail!"

8. The cannon was soon loaded with talcum powder and a melon. On came the bear. "Halt!" cried Uncle Wiggily, like a soldier. "What do you want?" The bear growled: "I want your ears to nibble!" The bunny laughed and cried: "Fire! I'll give you something to nibble on!" Out shot a cloud of smoke. Out shot a big melon. "Bing!" it struck the bear on his soft nose. "Oh wow! My nose!" howled the bear



9. "That was a good shot, Uncle Wiggily!" squealed the pig as the bear, holding his sore nose, ran over the hill and far away. "Yes, I'm glad the cannon didn't miss!" laughed the bunny. Then, all of a sudden, they heard a rustling in the bushes. "Perhaps this is the Wolf or Bob Cat!" whispered the pig. But it was Curly and Floppy. "You are invited to my melon party!" said Uncle Wiggily. It was a happy time.

And if the jumping jack doesn't take all the air out of the auto tire to blow up his football, the next pictures and story will be about

UNCLE WIGGILY'S ICE CREAM PARTY.

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