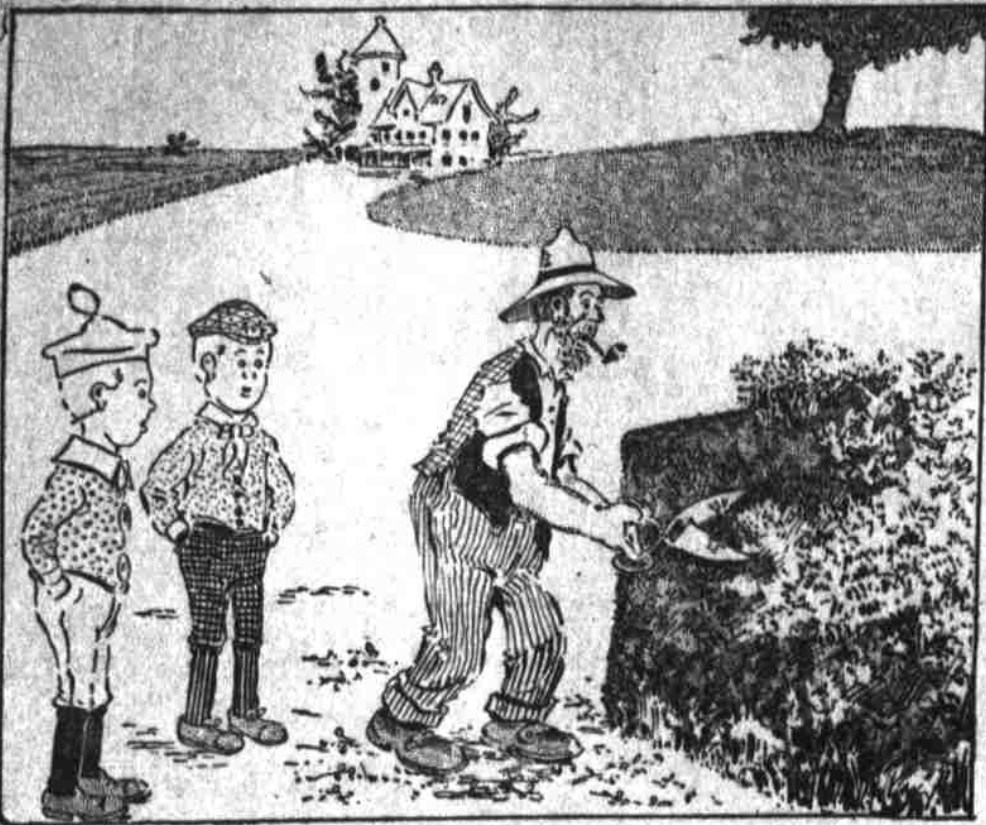
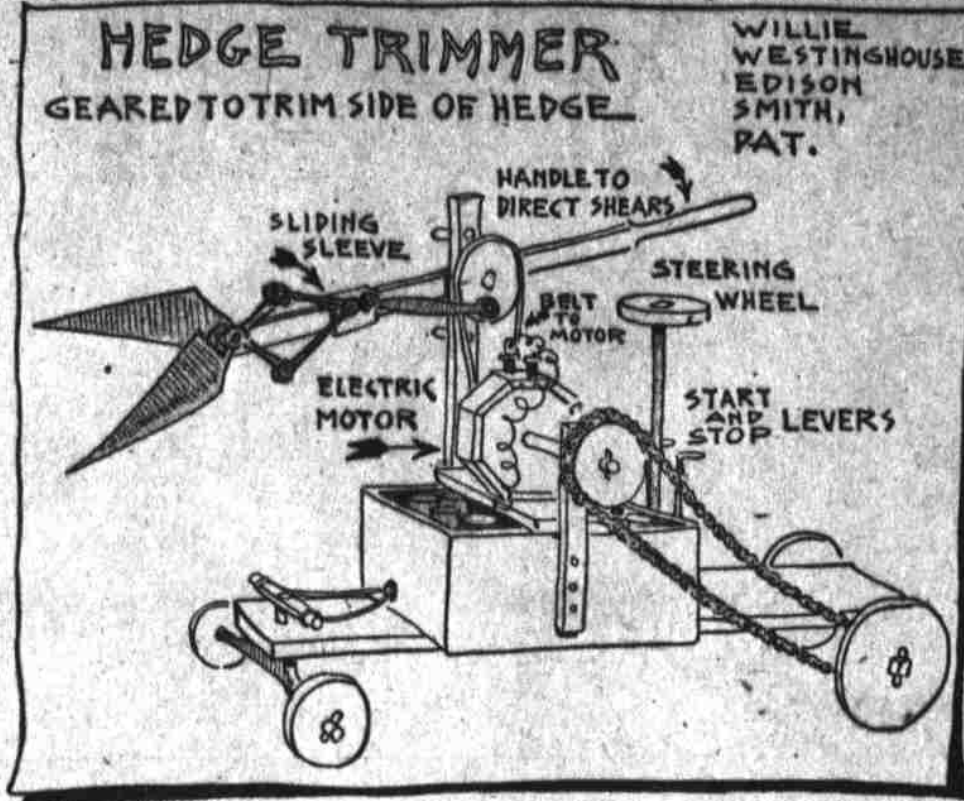


WILLIE'S HEDGE TRIMMER TRIMS MR. JONES



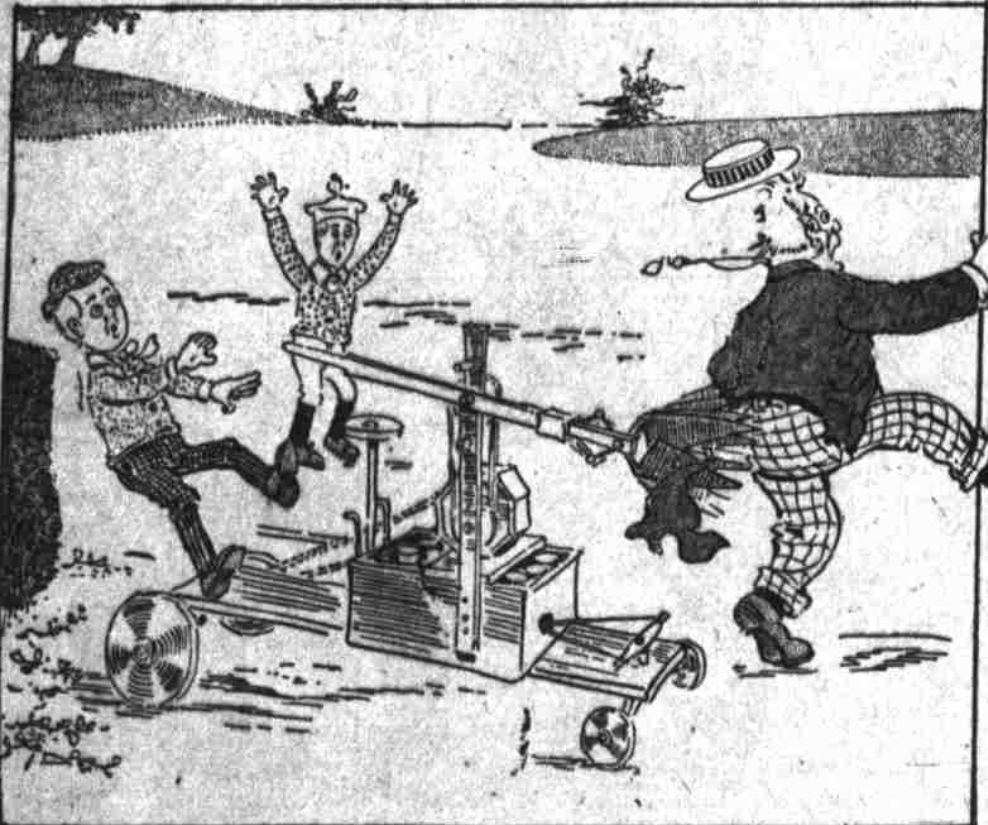
Dear Tommy—They've got about a mile of hedge on the Jones place, and old Dennis, the gardener, has to trim all of it.



It's such slow work that Johnny and I built a machine like this to help Dennis out.



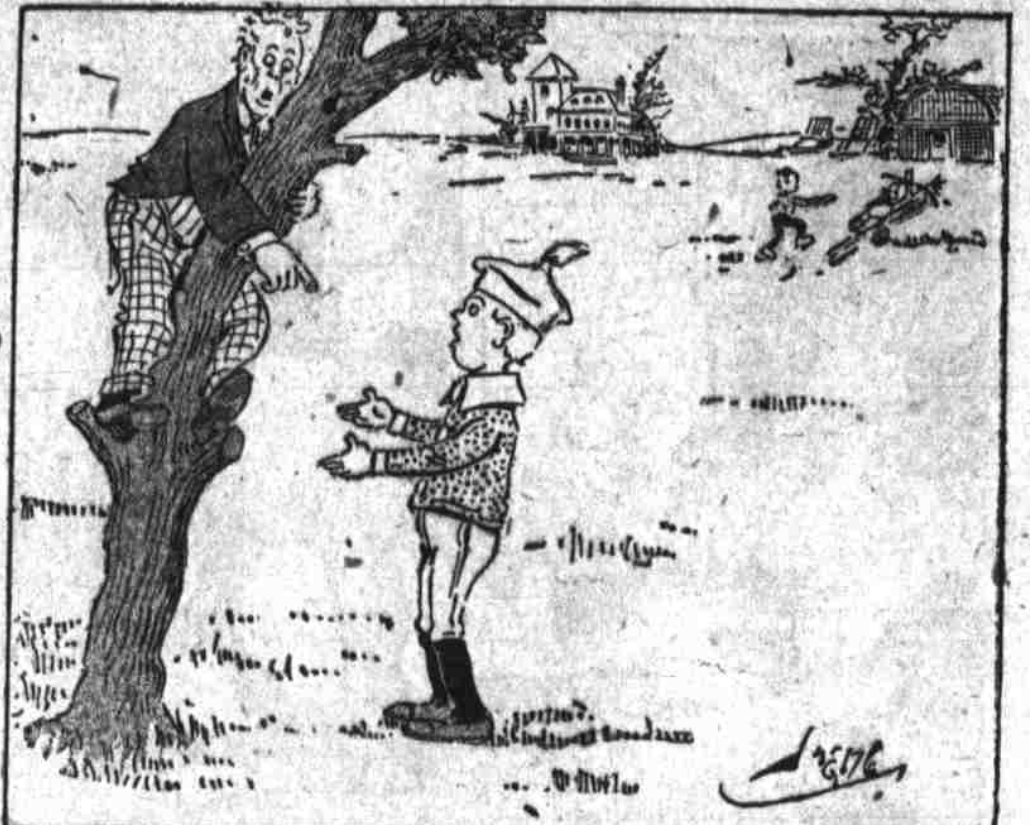
It did the work in no time at all, until Johnny tried to turn it around.



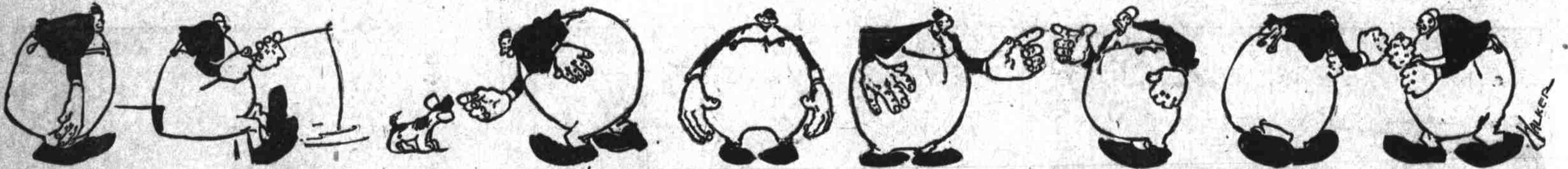
And fell off! The shears snipped a piece off Mr. Jones' coat and ran wild.



We all had an exciting time, but nobody got hurt.



Mr. Jones told me that if I didn't stop inventing things he wouldn't let Johnny play with me any more.
Yours, Willie.



PA'S NIGHTMARE---THIS IS A REAL ONE

