## SCAPE A CANNIBAL ISLAND

Well, folks, I promised to tell ye how I was rescued from th' cannibal island. But before doin' that I'm goin' to relate a little hair-raisin' experience I had be-fore bein' rescued.

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One day, seein' a whoppin' big frog, I decided I'd have frog legs for supper. So after him I went. Just as I made a jump for him a big tiger 'thumped against a palm tree beyond where I had been standin'. He had been followin' me all the time and leaped at me just as I jumped for th' frog.

Then things began to hap-

Then things began to happen. A big snake that had been in th' top of th' palm dropped down and coiled around th' tiger. Sufferin' cats, you should have seen th' rumpus. I don't know how it ended, for I got out of there in a hurry.

of there in a hurry.

When I got back to the beach I saw Woogle and his missus feedin a pelican. That's when I got a hunch for a stunt that might get me away from the island.

With th' burnt end of a stick I wrote a message, tellin' how I was cast away on an island, and fastened it to th' pelican, figurin' somebody on a ship might get a squint at it and come to my rescue.

Woogle seemed to get an idea of what was up, and th' first thing I knew he was blubberin' like a kid. Y'see, Woogle had come to think a lot of me.

Well s'r, one night, about a week later, while Woogle, his missus and I were asleep in our grass house, there was the boom of a cannon that brought us to th' door of th' house in a jiffy. Out there on th' moonlit lagoon was a big ship ridin' at anchor.

Poor Woogle! As I went

was a big ship ridin' at anchor.

Poor Woogie! As I went off to th' ship th' next mornin' th' last thing I saw on th' beach was Woogie gazin' mournfully after me. As we pulled for th' ship my pet parrot perched in th' stern of th' boat and croaked:

"We're rollin' down to Rio."





































