

One mornin', while I was still on th' cannibal island, Woogie, my ape pal, com-menced jabberin' and grin-nin' and pointed off into th' jungle. Just as I was beginnin' to think he was goin' dippy he rushed off into th' jungle, still jabber-in'.

I was puffin' away on my pipe, wonderin' if I'd ever see Woogie again, when a voice among th' thick trees

yelled:

"Ahoy! Douse your toplights, you lubber!"

Well s'r. what with Woogie's funny actions, and
now this voice yellin' that
way, I was beginnin' to
think that I was goin' dippy, and hearin' things.
Well s'r, what do you think
I found when I hunted up
th' place where that voice
came from? A bloomin'
parrot, talkin' and yellin'
like a bucko mate in a
blow.

blow. I was chucklin' at th' parrot's funny lingo, when all at once about a hundred.

savages piled onto me.
Down I went, and th' last
thing I heard was th
screechin' of th' parrot.

When I came to I was
tied to a big post, and those
grinnin' apes of cannibals,
were pinchin' me, rollin'
their eyes, and lickin' their
lips. I says to myself,
Bill, here's where you go
into th' stewpot for sure.

into th' stewpot for sure.

I was feelin' pretty sad, I was feelin' pretty sad, when there was a screech, and out of th' jungle flew th' parrot, with Woogie and another ape right behind him. In about two shakes of a tops'l sheet, Woogie sent those savages scootin' and had me loose from th' post. Then once more he commenced jabberin', lookin' kinda foolish, and pointed to th' other ape. Then I got wise. Th' other ape was Woogie' missus. Well s'r I had to laugh, and Woogie and his missus kinda giggled too.

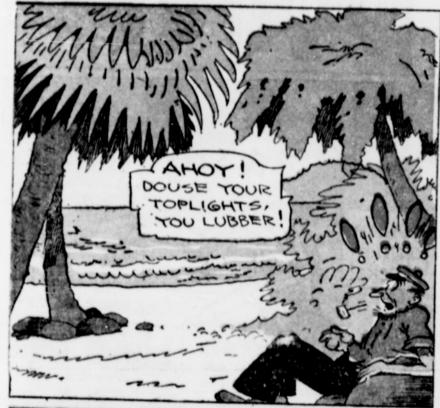
giggled too.

In my next yarn I'll tell you how I escaped from th' cannibal island.















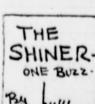














BILL HAS A

BLACK EYE



