

# KANGY THE KANGAROO

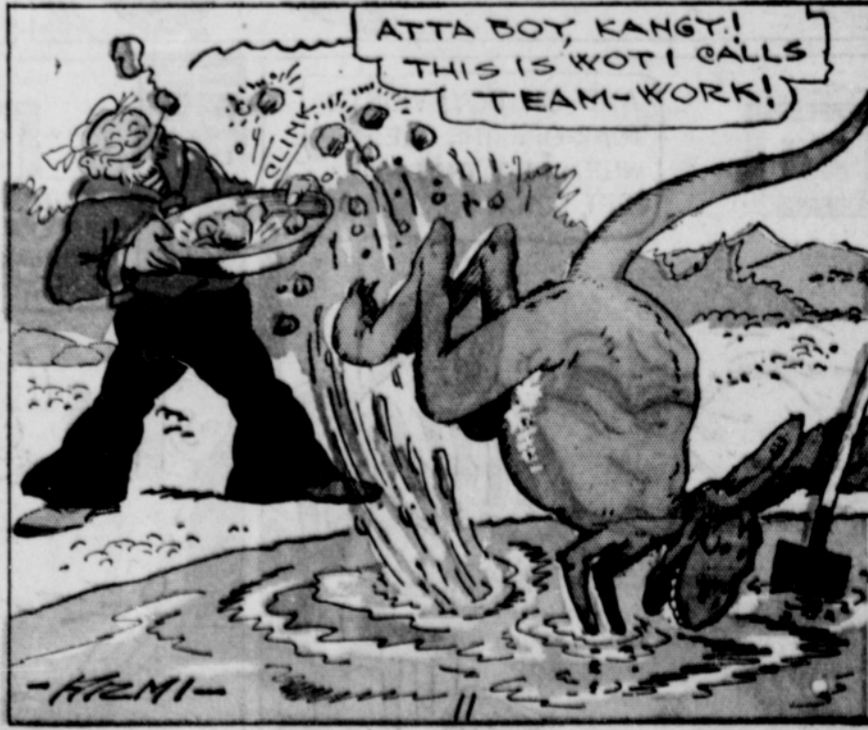
Here's a yarn that'll tickle your funny-bones, youngsters. Years ago I left my ship in Australia to go huntin' for gold. Well s'r, it would take a great many yarns to tell you what happened to me on that gold hunt. Here's what happened first:

One mornin', as I was walkin' along a river lookin' out mighty sharp for gold, I saw somethin' shinin' on th' bottom of th' stream. By gravy, says I, that looks like gold, sure pop! With my gold-pan and my shovel I waded into th' river and commenced washin' th' gravel for gold. And sure enough, when all th' dirt and small stones were washed out of th' pan I saw shiny bits in th' gravel. Wow, I was excited! I started tossin' some of th' big rocks out of th' pan onto th' bank back of me.

back and over I went, gold-pan and all, into th' river. When I got my head above water again I was hoppin' mad, I tell you. Then I saw what had boosted me into th' river. Squatted on his hind-legs, wigglin' his whiskers, and givin' me th' merry eye was a big kangaroo.

Well s'r, I scrambled ashore and went for that big, sassy joker. Th' dust was flyin' around there for a few minutes, and I must say that long-legged critter put up a whale of a fight, but in th' end I got him by th' ears, rubbed his nose in th' dirt, and tamed him good and plenty.

After that, when he found out who was boss, we became great pals. Kangy, that's what I named him, was as smart as mustard, and in no time at all I taught him to help me wash gold out of th' river gravel.



World Color Printing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

