

WOOGIE and the CROCODILE

THE YARNS OF BOB AND BILL

By FLEM.

Kangy, my kangaroo pal, and Singoot, my monkey friend were cruisin' with me in th' schooner Lanui, th' skipper bein' Tops'l Barney, an old shipmate. One day, in th' China Sea, we were becalmed near a pretty island. So Kangy, Singoot and I decided to do a little explorin'. Soon's we landed we headed into th' thick jungle. Well s'r, we'd just stepped out into a little open spot when out of a bunch of trees on th' other side of th' clearin' came a roar.

We were wonderin' what was up when out of th' trees jumped an ape, and right after him a big, savage crocodile. I was puzzled, for that ape was th' livin' image of Woogie, an ape that I had once made friends with when I had been cast away on an island in th' China Sea. By gravy! It came to me then that this must be th' same island, and that th' ape was really

Woogie, my old pal! And that dodgasted crocodile was tryin' to catch him to make a meal of him!

With my gun ready, and Kangy and Singoot by my side, I tore after that crocodile. Woogie wasn't goin' to be gobbled up by that ugly critter if I could help.

Then we saw th' crocodile, just about to pounce on Woogie. I was liftin' my gun to shoot th' critter when I tripped on a rock and bang when my gun. When I got th' dirt out of my eyes and looked around I'll be dingbust if Kangy, Singoot and Woogie didn't have that crocodile pinned to th' ground. I cut a piece of tough vine and in a jiffy we had him tied so tight he couldn't grunt. Woogie was so glad to see me again that he danced around and almost cried. Later we hitched th' crocodile to th' boat and made him tow us for a long ride

