



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily And Grandpa Goosey

Howard R. Garis

"Well, where are you going to-day?" asked Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, of Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as she saw him putting on his red necktie and starting out toward the barn where he kept his airship.

"Where am I going?" he repeated. "Well, to tell you the truth, Nurse Jane, I hardly know."

"Out in your airship, I suppose," she said, as she looked in the bread box to see if there was any rice pudding for the pussy cat to play store with.

"Oh, yes, I am going to fly about a bit," said the rabbit gentleman. "Perhaps I may have an adventure; who knows?"

"Well, I know one thing you will have if you go flying around in that airship of yours," said Nurse Jane, putting on her apron to peel the oranges for the clam chowder. "You'll have a fall; that's what you'll have. And you'll skin your nose and stub your toes and maybe rub off the fur from your ears for all I know."

"Oh, I trust not! I trust not!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily quickly, holding up his paws. "I hope nothing like that will happen. The last time I rode in my airship I did not fall—when I helped to teach the little birds to fly."

"Well, I'm sure you'll fall this time," spoke Nurse Jane.

"You are not very cheerful this morning," laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Have no fear; I will come back safe and sound."

"Well, all the same, you had better take some court-plaster along in case you scratch your twinkling nose on a bramble briar bush," said the muskrat lady. So Uncle Wiggily took the court-plaster with him.

Then he went for a ride in his queer airship. I call it queer because it was very odd. The old rabbit gentleman's airship was made of a clothes basket, with a lot of toy circus balloons tied to it to make it rise up. In back there was a whizzy electric fan to make the airship go along like an automobile, and there was a baby carriage wheel to steer it by. On top of all this was a big Japanese umbrella fastened over the balloons, to keep hail stones from pelting holes in them and making them burst.

That happened once, and Uncle Wiggily and his airship had a dreadful fall, just

like Humpty-Dumpty.

“But I’ll not fall to-day,” said Uncle Wiggily, as he got in the clothes basket and sat on the sofa cushions.

He had taken the airship outside the barn, and as he loosed the string that held it fast, up it shot into the air, just like a balloon. Then Uncle Wiggily started the electric fan, and away he went as nicely as you please.

“Oh, there he goes!” cried Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbit children, as they stood on the ground below, and watched him. “Please take us for a ride, Uncle Wiggily!” they begged.

“Not now, my dears,” he said kindly. “Some other time I will. You must go to school now.”

So Sammie and Susie hopped on to school, and Uncle Wiggily traveled along in his airship.

“I wonder what sort of an adventure I will have?” he said. “Ha! I have it! I will go call on Grandfather Goosey Gander. I will take him for a ride.”

He went to the old goose gentleman’s pen, but when he got there, and invited Grandpa Goosey to get into the clothes basket, Grandpa Goosey said:

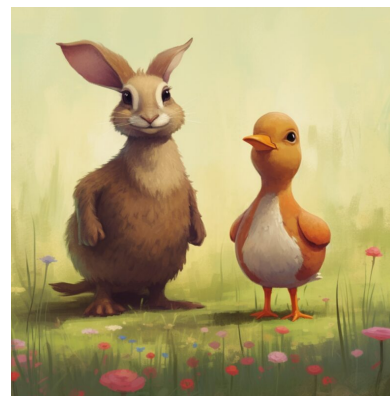
“What! Trust myself in an airship, high above the ground? No, indeed, thank you, Uncle Wiggily. I have no use for airships. They are too dangerous! They are no good!”

“I am sorry you think so, and will not come with me,” said Uncle Wiggily, sort of sadly like. “I think airships are fine. I am going off looking for an adventure.”

“And I am going to the woods to gather acorns for my kitchen fire,” said the goose gentleman. “But I am going to walk. It is safer, by far. Airships are not good for animals like us.”

“Well, I think they are,” spoke Uncle Wiggily, as he rose in the air again.

The rabbit gentleman circled around, flying along in his clothes basket airship, and he was having a fine ride. But no adventure happened to him. By and by, after a while, not so very long, Uncle Wiggily found himself flying over a big woods.



“I wonder if this is the forest where Grandfather Goosey went to gather acorns?” thought Uncle Wiggily. “If it is, maybe he will be so tired, if he is here, that he

will be glad to ride home in my airship.”

Pretty soon the old rabbit gentleman heard a loud quacking noise.

He looked down, and what do you think he saw? Why, the old goose gentleman was caught fast in a trap by both legs. Some hunter had set a trap to catch a fox, and poor Grandfather Goosey Gander had stepped into it by mistake. There he was, held fast.

“Oh, dear!” cried Grandpa Goosey. “What shall I do? I have tried to get out and I can’t. I have called for help, but no one comes to me. I am away off in the woods alone, and here I must die in the trap. Oh, I wish I had even gone in Uncle Wiggily’s airship! Oh, will no one help me?”

“Yes, I will help you!” cried the rabbit gentleman. “Here I am, Grandpa Goosey!” And wasn’t the goose gentleman surprised, when he looked up and saw his rabbit friend in the airship over his head? Oh, he certainly was surprised.

Uncle Wiggily made his airship go down, and then he soon helped Grandpa Goosey out of the fox trap. He put some court-plaster on the goose gentleman’s scratched legs and asked:

“Now will you ride home in my airship?”

“Indeed I will,” said Grandpa Goosey. “Airships are good after all. I am sorry I said they were not.”

“Pray do not mention such a thing. I knew you didn’t mean it,” Uncle Wiggily said. Then he and Grandpa Goosey rode safely home through the air.

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