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Uncle Wiggily's Thanksgiving with Gobble Obble

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There came, one afternoon, a knock at the door of the hollow stump bungalow where Uncle Wiggily Longears lived.

"Do you s'pose that can be the Fuzzy Fox or the Woozie Wolf?" anxiously asked Nurse Jane, the muskrat lady housekeeper.

"No," answered the bunny gentleman. "They would not dare come boldly up to my bungalow, in broad daylight, though if it were night they might come sneaking along, trying to nibble my ears. I suppose this may be Sammie or Susie Littletail, or Johnnie or Billie Bushytail. I'll let them in."

But when Uncle Wiggily opened the door, in came rushing a great big turkey gobbler gentleman. In his bill he carried a basket in which set a dish filled with something red.

"I have it, Uncle Wiggily! I have it!" exclaimed the turkey. "I picked it up and ran away with it! Now they can't have any Thanksgiving and I'll be safe! Shut the door!" he gobbled, and setting the basket on the floor he scuttled behind a chair, while Nurse Jane and Uncle Wiggily were so surprised they hardly knew what to do.

"What in the world have you brought with you, Mr. Gobble Obble?" asked the bunny gentleman. Gobble Obble was the turkey's name.

"The cranberry sauce," was the answer. "At our house, where I have been living, they are making a great fuss over Thanksgiving, which will happen in a few days. They have been feeding me up to fatten me, and every day the Man would come out and look at me; though I didn't know what for until I heard the children talking about it."

"Talking about what?" Nurse Jane wanted to know.

"Thanksgiving," gobbled the turkey. "This morning I heard the cook say: 'That gobbler is fat enough to roast, now. I think I'll make the cranberry sauce. It will be Thanksgiving soon!'"

"Then," went on the turkey, "I knew why they had been feeding me things to make me fat! You can't imagine how I felt! Well, the cook made the cranberry

sauce. She put it in a dish and set it out on the back steps to cool. I watched my chance, picked it up and ran over here. There's the cranberry sauce!" and Mr. Gobble Obble pointed to it with one wing.

"But why in the world did you bring away the cranberry sauce? What good is that going to do you?" asked Uncle Wiggily, very much puzzled by the turkey's queer talk and actions.

"Listen," gobbled the turkey. "I heard one of the children say that Thanksgiving wouldn't be Thanksgiving without turkey and cranberry sauce! Then, thinks I to myself, if I run away, and take the cranberry sauce with me, there will be no Thanksgiving, and many poor turkeys will be glad of it."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, chuckling so hard that his pink nose twinkled like a lightning bug on Fourth of July.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Gobble Obble. "Won't you be good enough to hide me and the cranberry sauce until after Thanksgiving? Then I'll be safe."

"Of course you may stay here," said the bunny gentleman. "But the idea of thinking you can stop Thanksgiving by hiding yourself, or the cranberry sauce!"

"Can't I?" asked Mr. Gobble Obble, doubtful-like.

"Of course you can't!" exclaimed Mr. Longears. "Why, Thanksgiving doesn't mean just feasting on turkey, ice cream and cranberries!"

"It does at the house I ran away from," said Mr. Gobble Obble.

"Yes, and I suppose it does at many other houses," went on the bunny gentleman. "But Thanksgiving is really a time in which to be thankful for the things one has had to eat all the year—for that, and other blessings. The Pilgrim Fathers, who came over to live among the Indians, were thankful for even a little parched corn."

"What are Indians?" asked the turkey, who had never studied history.

"Wild men, who wore feathers such as yours," said Nurse Jane. "They are Indians."

"I'll tell you about the Indians some day," promised Uncle Wiggily. "Now we must talk more about Thanksgiving."

"I don't like to talk about it," sighed Mr. Gobble Obble. "It isn't a happy thing for me even to think about, much less talk about!"

"But you shouldn't have run away with the cranberry sauce," went on the bunny gentleman. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to take it back."

"All right—I will," promised Mr. Gobble Obble. "But I'll go after dark, so the cook

won't see me. Then I'll come here again and stay with you and Nurse Jane."

"Yes, do," invited the bunny. "Spend Thanksgiving with us."

So when it grew dark Mr. Gobble Obble picked up the basket of cranberry sauce in his bill, and went over the fields and through the woods to the village, where lived the real boys and girls and their fathers and mothers. Softly and silently, like the shadow of a feathered Indian, the turkey made his way to the back stoop. There he set down the cranberry sauce and scuttled over to Uncle Wiggily's hollow stump bungalow again.



Days and nights came and went, and then it was Thanksgiving.

"Very lucky am I to live to see this day," gobbled the turkey as he ate breakfast with Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane. "If I hadn't run away with the cranberry sauce I'd be roasting in the oven now!"

"Well, I'm glad you aren't," spoke the bunny. "Though of course it wasn't right for you to take the cranberry sauce."

"They'll have that for Thanksgiving, anyhow," remarked Nurse Jane. "But now, Wiggy," she went on, "if I get the baskets ready, will you start out with them?"

"Yes, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy," answered the bunny gentleman, twinkling his pink nose.

"What baskets are you speaking of?" asked Mr. Gobble Obble, as he saw the muskrat lady putting carrot cakes, turnip floppers and lettuce sandwiches up in little bundles.

"These are for the poor folk of animal land," answered Uncle Wiggily. "Each year, at Thanksgiving, Nurse Jane puts up a good dinner for them, and I take the baskets around in my automobile."

"How nice!" gobbled the turkey. "May I help? I'm so thankful for not being in the oven, that I'd like to make some one else thankful too, if I could."

"That's the idea!" cried the bunny. "Yes, come along, Mr. Gobble Obble!"

Soon the bunny gentleman had filled his automobile with baskets of good things packed by Nurse Jane. Over the fields and through the woods rode Uncle Wiggily and the turkey gentleman, and many a poor animal family was the happier for Uncle Wiggily's visit.

And at last, when the final basket had been left, and Uncle Wiggily and the turkey were on their way back to the bungalow, out from behind a bush jumped the bad old Fuzzy Fox.

"I want to nibble Uncle Wiggily's ears for my Thanksgiving dinner!" howled the Fox. "I want ears to nibble!"

"Well, you can't—not to-day!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, and he made the auto go so fast that the Fox was left far, far behind.

"Oh, ho!" gobbled the turkey as they came within sight of the stump bungalow. "This ride will give us a good appetite for the Thanksgiving dinner."

"Indeed it will!" laughed the bunny.

But when they went inside, and met Nurse Jane, the muskrat lady looked at them in such a queer way that Uncle Wiggily asked:

"What is the matter, Miss Fuzz Wuzz?" (He sometimes called her that in fun.) "Has anything happened?"

"Yes, Uncle Wiggily, there has," sadly answered the muskrat lady housekeeper. "I will not keep it from you!"

"Have—have they come after me?" asked the turkey in a faint and far-off voice. "Have they?"

"Oh, no," said Nurse Jane. "But by mistake I packed up everything in the house to eat in those Thanksgiving baskets, Uncle Wiggily! I didn't save out a thing for ourselves, and what to do about your Thanksgiving dinner I don't know! I'm so sorry——"

"Tut! Tut! Never mind," broke in Uncle Wiggily kindly. "I dare say we shall find something to nibble on. A couple of carrots will do me."

"Well, I have those," Nurse Jane said, "and a little corn."

"I love corn!" gobbled the turkey.

"I can eat it myself," the muskrat lady declared. "So if you can put up with that for Thanksgiving, we'll eat!"

Then they sat down to the corn and carrots, and Uncle Wiggily said:

"I'm thankful I could make the auto go so fast that we ran away from the fox."

"So am I," agreed the gobbler. "And I'm thankful I'm here sitting up to the dining table, instead of being nicely roasted on top of it! And I'm thankful I could help you feed the poor animal families."

"I'm thankful," spoke Nurse Jane, "because you two gentlemen didn't scold and

make a fuss when you found what a mistake I'd made about the dinner."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Then we are all thankful, and there could not possibly be a better Thanksgiving than this!"

So they ate the corn and carrots and were very happy.

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