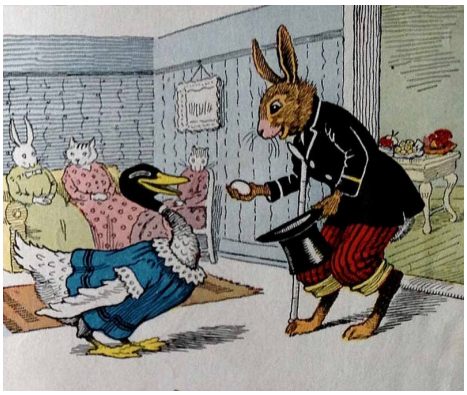
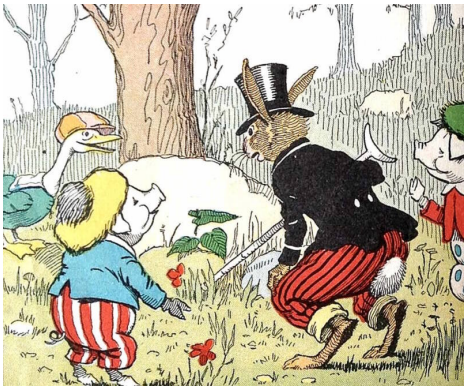
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Uncle Wiggily Picked Some May Flowers

Howard R. Garis



One day, Uncle Wiggily Longears stopped at the home of Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady. Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy had asked the bunny gentleman to call and return an egg she had borrowed. Uncle Wiggily found Mrs. Littletail, the rabbit, Mrs. Bushytail, the squirrel, Mrs. Bow Wow, the dog lady, and Mrs. Kat, the pussy lady, at Mrs. Wibblewobble's house. "Is this a party?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Oh, no," said Mrs. Wibblewobble, "but I could make it one if I had a few nice May blossoms." Uncle Wiggily said he'd get some.



Uncle Wiggily went into the early, green spring woods. He began looking at the ground. Pretty soon he met Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck, and Curly and Floppy Twistytail, the two piggie boys. "What are you looking for, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Floppy. "For some nice May flowers to make pretty bouquets so Mrs. Wibblewobble can have them for her little reception party," answered the bunny. "But, boys, I am sorry to say I haven't yet found a single blossom." The animal boys felt sad for Uncle Wiggily.

"Hey, fellows, I know how we can have some fun!" quacked Jimmie the duck. "How?" asked Curly, while Floppy balanced a stick and a leaf on the end of his nose, like a juggler in the circus. "Uncle Wiggily will never find any flowers in the woods. It is too early," said Jimmie. "But near my house are a lot of ladies' hats, with some dandy flowers on. We could take some off, plant 'em in the woods where Uncle Wiggily would find them, and then he'd be happy." The two piggie boys said that would be fun. Now let's see.



Jimmie Wibblewobble, the duck boy, meaning no harm, of course, led Curly and Floppy back to his house. Mrs. Wibblewobble and her animal lady friends were so busy talking that they did not notice what the boys did. The boys began pulling the pretty blossoms off the hats. "We'll stick them in the ground among the trees and lead Uncle Wiggily to them," quacked Jimmie. "He'll think they're real blossoms, and he'll pick a big bouquet." Floppy laughed, and Curly said, "We ought to put perfume on 'em and make 'em smell."



After Jimmie, Curly, and Floppy had pulled from the ladies' hats as many of the make-believe flowers as they wanted, the animal boys hurried off to the woods again. "I'll get my mother's perfume atomizer bottle, and we'll make the flowers smell as sweet as real ones," grunted Floppy. And in the picture, you see how the animal chaps planted the artificial flowers in the green moss of the woods. Floppy sprayed some lovely perfume over them, so that they smelled just as real as anything. Meanwhile, Uncle Wiggily was out of luck.



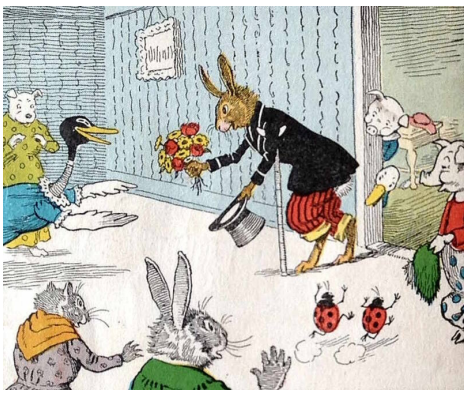
After Jimmie the duck and the two piggie boys had planted the make-believe flowers and had sprayed them with perfume, they ran off through the trees and found Uncle Wiggily. "Oh, come with us!" quacked Jimmie. "We know where there are some lovely flowers you can pick for the reception party at my house!" "It is very kind of you boys," said the rabbit gentleman. "I have been looking all over for May flowers, but could not find any." And when Jimmy, Curly, and Floppy pointed to the blossoms, the bunny felt very jolly.



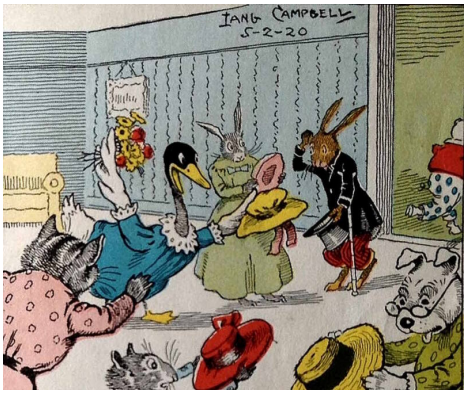
Uncle Wiggily began picking a bouquet of what he thought were real flowers for Mrs. Wibblewobble. He filled one paw with a big bunch of the artificial blossoms. "How nice and sweet they smell!" said the bunny, holding a rose to his nose. "We are glad you like them," quacked Jimmie politely. "Don't let Uncle Wiggily see that perfume bottle, Floppy!" grunted Curly in a whisper. Floppy hid the atomizer behind his back, and Uncle Wiggily kept on picking flowers. All this while, Mrs. Wibblewobble and the ladies were talking.



After Uncle Wiggily had picked a big bouquet of what he thought were sweet-smelling May flowers, he took them to Mrs. Wibblewobble. The ladies were still talking. "Please accept these May posies, which I picked in the woods for you, Mrs. Wibblewobble," said Uncle Wiggily with a polite bow. "Oh, how lovely and kind of you!" quacked the duck lady as she took the blossoms. "And how lovely they smell. Just like perfume!" All of a sudden, Mrs. Littletail looked out in the room where the hats had been left. Oh, dear!



"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" quacked Mrs. Wibblewobble as she looked at her hat. "Oh, Uncle Wiggily! How could you be so cruel?" The bunny gentleman did not know what to say. Just then, Mrs. Littletail saw the animals running away. "Did they show you where to get the May flowers, Uncle Wiggily?" asked the rabbit lady. "Yes," answered Mr. Longears. "Oh, the little rascals!" quacked Mrs. Wibblewobble. "It wasn't Uncle Wiggily's fault at all, and we can sew the flowers back on our hats." And this they did.



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