

WENT ON A CANNIBAL ISLAND

One mornin', while I was still on th' cannibal island, Woogie, my apa pal, commenced jabberin' and grin-in' and pointed off into th' jungle. Just as I was beginnin' to think he was goin' dippy he rashed off into th' jungle, still jabberin'.

I was puffin' away on my pipe, wonderin' if I'd ever see Woogie again, when a voice among th' thick trees yelled:

"Ahoy! Douse your toplights, you lubber!"

Well s'r, what with Woogie's funny actions, and now this voice yellin' that way, I was beginnin' to think that I was goin' dippy, and hearin' things. Well s'r, what do you think I found when I hunted up th' place where that voice came from? A bloomin' parrot, talkin' and yellin' like a bucko mate in a blow.

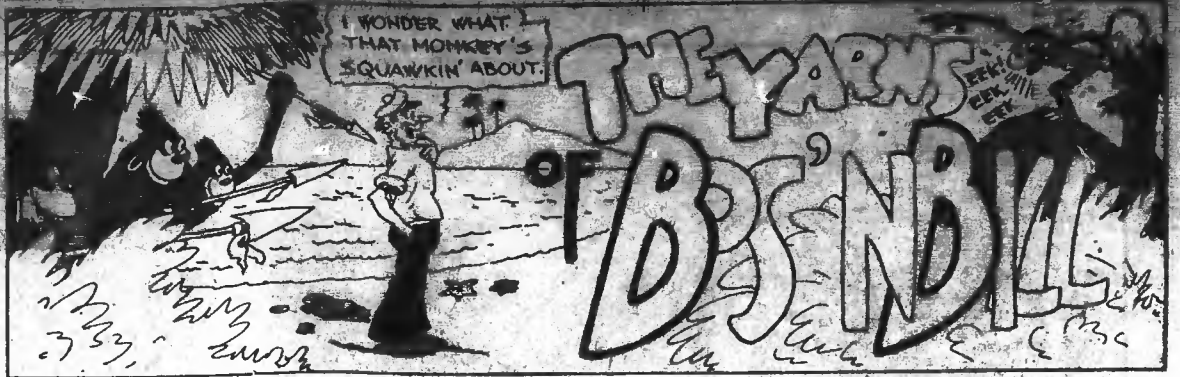
I was chucklin' at th' parrot's funny lingo, when all at once about a hundred

savages piled onto me. Down I went, and th' last thing I heard was th' screechin' of th' parrot.

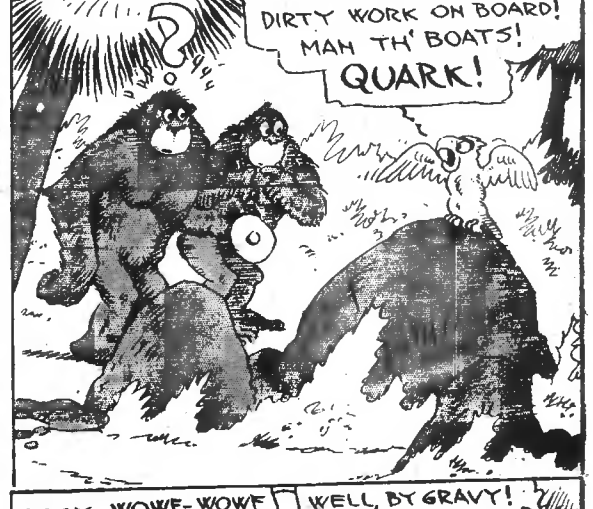
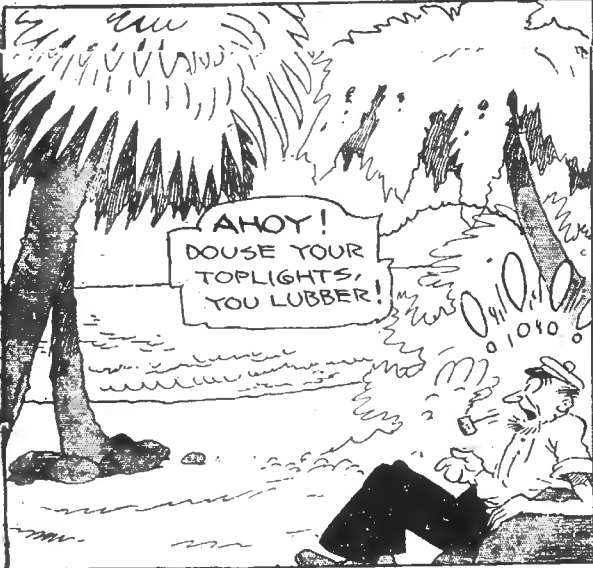
When I came to I was tied to a big post, and those grinnin' apes of cannibals were pinchin' me, rollin' their eyes, and lickin' their lips. I says to myself, Bill, here's where you go into th' stewpot for sure.

I was feelin' pretty sad, when there was a screech, and out of th' jungle flew th' parrot, with Woogie and another ape right behind him. In about two shakes of a tops'l sheet, Woogie sent those savages scottin' and had me loose from th' post. Then once more he commenced jabberin', lookin' kinda foolish, and pointed to th' other ape. Then I got wise. Th' other ape was Woogie's missus. Well s'r I had to laugh, and Woogie and his missus kinda giggled too.

In my next yarn I'll tell you how I escaped from th' cannibal island.



THE YARN OF 'BILLY' BILL



WORLD COLOR PRINTING CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

