

CHAMPION OF THE HIGH SEAS



Well, kids, th' yarn today has to do with a fight on th' high seas, and how a big battle lost his match.

Top's Barney's schooner, on which Kangy and I were takin' a cruise, had sailed from Thursday Island and was in th' Java Sea, nearing Borneo.

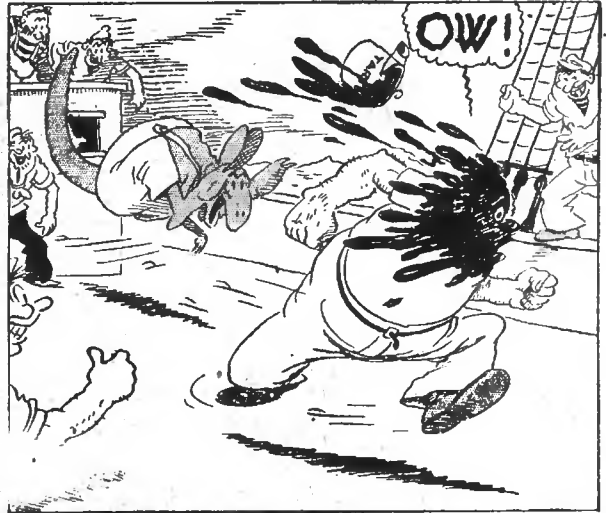
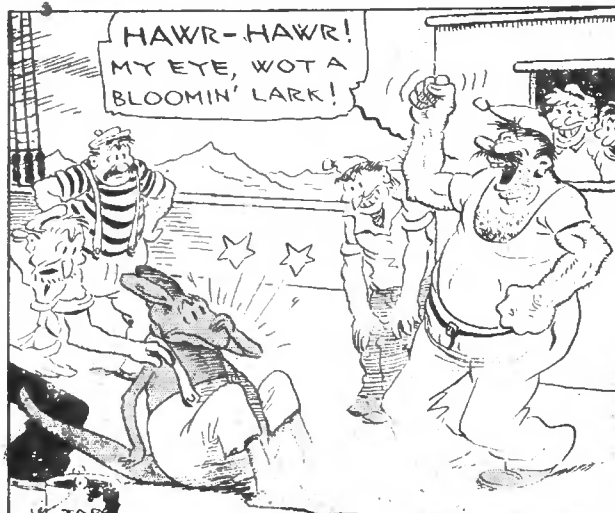
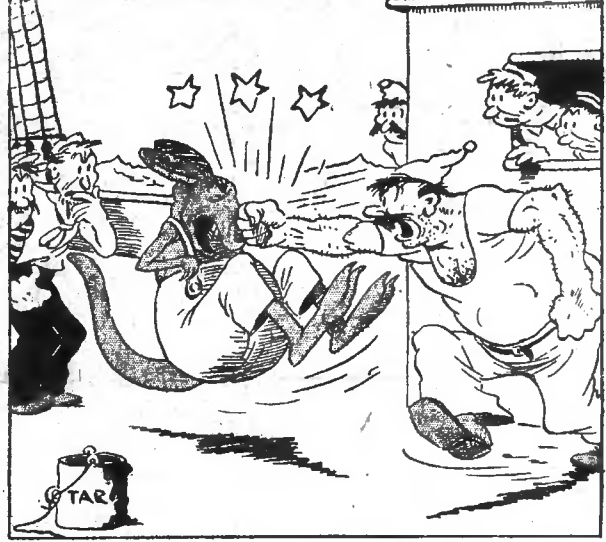
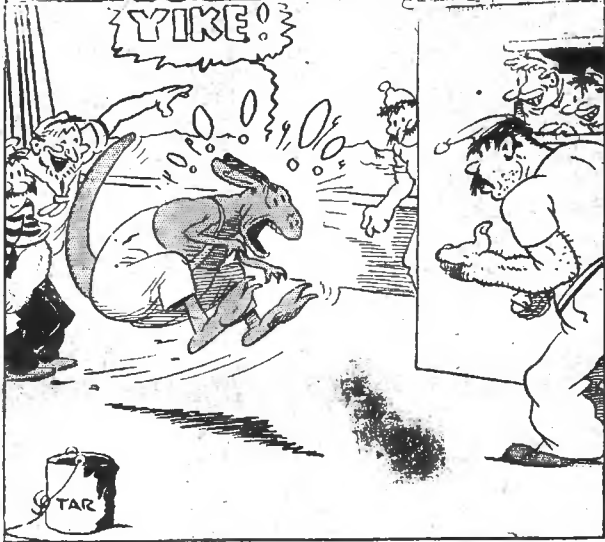
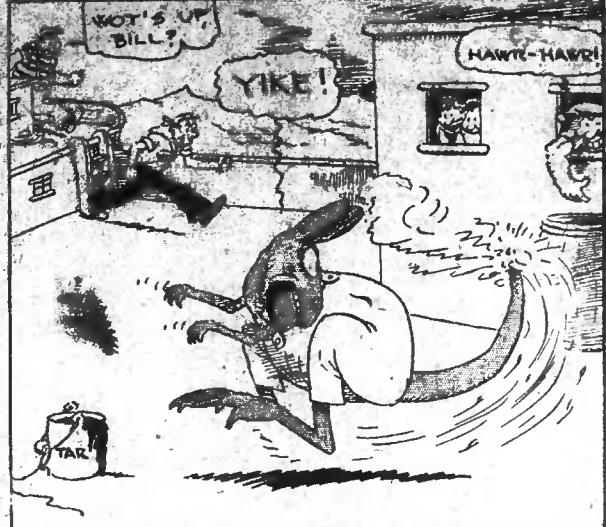
One mornin' Kangy was peekin' into a barrel near th' galley, which is th' ship's kitchen, when Big Pete, one of th' crew, lit a match, and from behind an end of th' fo'c'stle held th' burning match to th' end of Kangy's tail. From th' break of th' quarter-deck I saw th' whole thing, but it happened before I could interfere. Poor Kangy yipped and jumped about th' deck. Th' sailors thought it a rich joke, and Big Pete laughed louder than any.

I was good and mad, for Kangy was my pal, and besides, I can't stand by and see animals cruelly treated.

Top's Barney had heard th' rumour and came on deck from below. When I told him what Big Pete had done he was for keethaulin' th' bully. But Kangy, knowin' who had burned his tail, took th' punishment of th' big sailor into his own hands, as you might say.

With his eyes fairly shootin' fire he made for Big Pete. Bein' a fighter, Pete hauled off and landed his fist on Kangy's tender nose. But Kangy was a fighter, too. Grabbin' a bucket of tar in his paws he jumped again and clapped th' bucket, tar and all, over Pete's head. That was too much for th' big bully. With a tarry yell, spittin' tar at every jump, he ran, with Kangy after him.

Well s'r that sailor was so scared that he jumped over th' rail and into th' sea. Of course we fished him out, but after that he left Kangy alone.



PURRY TOUGH YEP!

OH BOY! A LETTER FOR ME, IN A PURTY PINK ENVELOPE, TO HO - OH DADDY -

THIS IS FROM A CHICK, BOY! I'M POPULAR WITH THE FLAPPERINES - UM-M - SNIFF PERFUMED, TOO -

A GOOD LOOKING GUY DOESN'T HAVE TO TAKE A BACK SEAT - NO NO - ISADORE! OH! MY HEART'S BEATING A JAZZ -

NOW FOR SOME ROMANCE - WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER PINK ENVELOPE INSIDE AND WRITTEN THEREON - OH!

Please give this to your friend Mr. Muddarty. I have lost his address.