

WRAPING TUNAS AHOY-Y-Y!

Kangy and I were cruise in the Tropics, Barney, an old hand at sea when we had an adventure that beats anything that I've ever been through.

It was a fine mornin' in the tropics. Up aloft the lookout was keepin' a sharp eye on the sea for we were huntin' the coast of Borneo. Ah at once he bawled out: "Big school of somethin' headin' this way!"

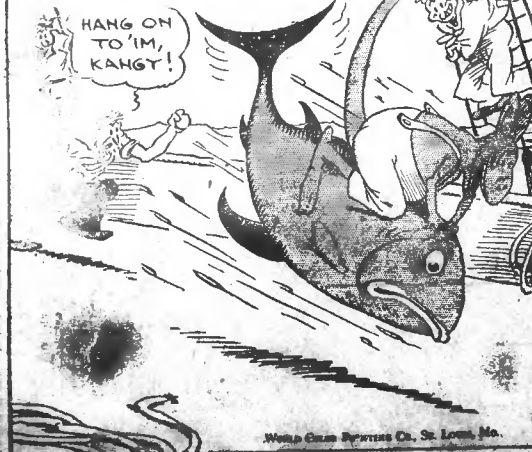
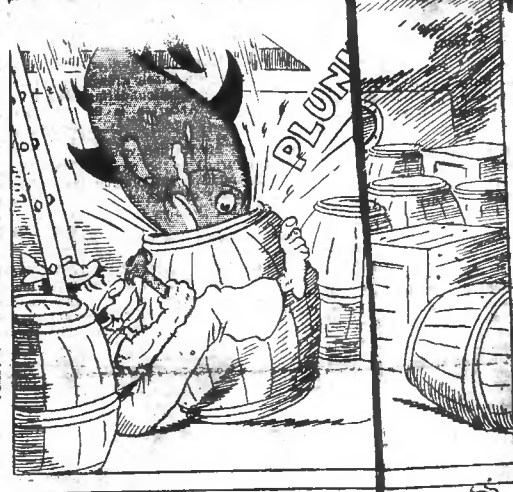
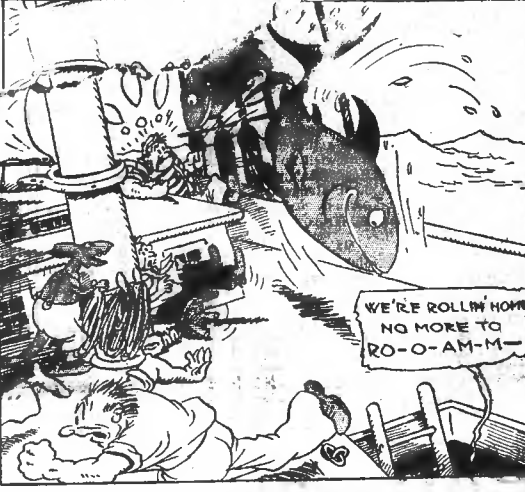
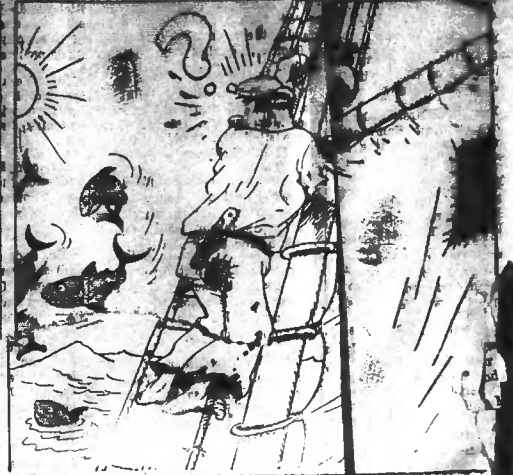
Well, sir, just then a fish boat ten feet long landed on deck. Then more of 'em flopped over the rail. The big fish, which by the way, were known as leopards, were known as leopards 'cause they were blowin' about the deck like rubber balls. I'll be blowed if it weren't like a three-ringed circus.

Down in the hold one of the crew was tightenin' the hoops on an empty barrel. One of the tunas dove down through the open hatchway and plunked headfirst into

the barrel. The next thing we saw was a tuna sailin' up through the hatchway, a barrel over his head, and a pop-eyed sailor hangin' onto his dorsal fin. Over the rail bounced the tuna. Just in time the sailor let go and landed on deck.

While I was wonderin' what was goin' to happen next a blue signal shot past me headin' for the open hatchway. Blow me if it wasn't Kangy, ridin' a tuna as big as a horse. Down the hatchway bounced the tuna, with Kangy stickin' to his back.

Just about then the last of the big fish flopped over the side into the sea, and all hands but the man at the wheel made for the hold to see what had happened to Kangy. I'd be disappointed if there wasn't the tuna dead, and pitched on the back was Kangy, with his whiskers, and as pleased as a cat with two tails.



A COLLAR IS WOT I NEED.
HELLO, DO YOU SELL COLLARS HERE?
YOU BETCHA.
I NEED A COLLAR, FIDY.
WHAT SIZE?
FOURTEEN AND FIDY.
OH BOSH! I HAVENT A COLLAR THAT HIGH.
JIMINY! WHAT'LL I DO?
DONT WORRY, I'LL FIX YOU UP.
HES A BRIGHT HERRERDASHA, I'LL SAY.