

Walter Lantz

WOODY
WOODPECKER

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WOODY WOODPECKER

BIG
GAME
HUNTER

Big
Game
Hunter



New
BETTER
LITTLE
WOODPECKER

710-10

Walter Lantz's
Woody
Woodpecker

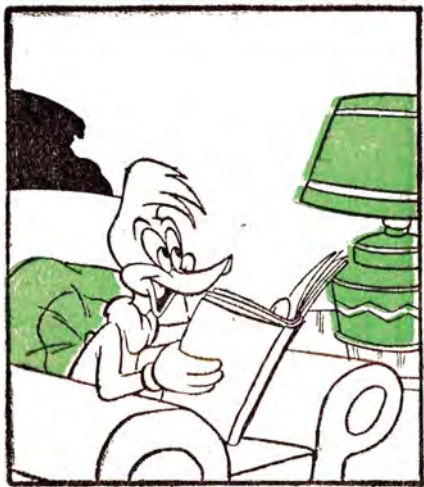
BIG GAME
HUNTER

From the Famous
Motion Picture Cartoon



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"That's the Life!"

"Oh, Boy! That's the life," sighed Woody Woodpecker as he put down the book he was reading—a book about big game hunters and explorers. "Nothing to do but travel and explore things."



“What a Racket!”

He dropped the book. “And to think they get *paid* for it, too. What a racket!” All of a sudden a thought struck him. “Why couldn’t I do that kind of work?” he said to himself. “I explored lots of those old



Woody Was Excited

caves over on Hogan's lot and I've traveled to New York two or three times."

The more Woody thought about it the more excited he became. He jumped up and shook his finger in the air.

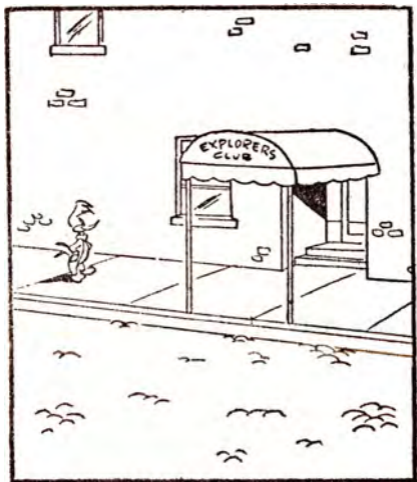


He Set Out

“I’ll bet I’d be a natural for that kind of work!”

Without another moment’s hesitation, he set out for the Explorers’ Club.

“I’ll drop in on those fellows right now and let them



He Went to the Club

know who I am," he exclaimed as he walked down the street.

He stopped in front of the imposing entrance to the club.

"Hm-m-m," he said as he looked the building over. "Pretty old-fashioned. There'll



He Met the Doorkeeper

be some changes made when I get to be president of this club.”

A doorman met Woody as he stepped inside.

“I beg pardon, sir,” he said.
“No one is admitted without a



"Here's My Card."

card, sir, in any case."

"Card?" Woody repeated. "Oh, sure, I have lots of them." He pulled one out of his pocket and handed it to the doorman. "There you are, boy. Put it in your scrapbook."



He Looked at the Card

He walked on into the club while the doorman looked at the card in bewilderment.

Woody looked around the room critically. "The inside is worse than the outside," he remarked to himself.



He Called Woody

“Just one moment, sir!”

Woody turned around to see the doorman running after him waving the card.

“This card says Chin Fu’s Chinese Restaurant!”

Woody glared at him. “Who



"A Personal Card, Sir."

did you expect to have a Chinese restaurant? Pat O'Leary?"

The doorman was not amused. "I meant one of your personal cards, sir."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" answered Woody. "Per-



He Felt in His Pocket

sonal card—” He fumbled in his pocket while the doorman stood by with his arms folded, grimly waiting. “I always carry my own pack. They’re all marked, too.” He pulled out a pack of playing cards.



"Pick a Card!"

Woody fanned out the cards and held them out to the doorman. "Here you are, my man. Take one."

The doorman was so surprised that he picked out a card and looked at it.

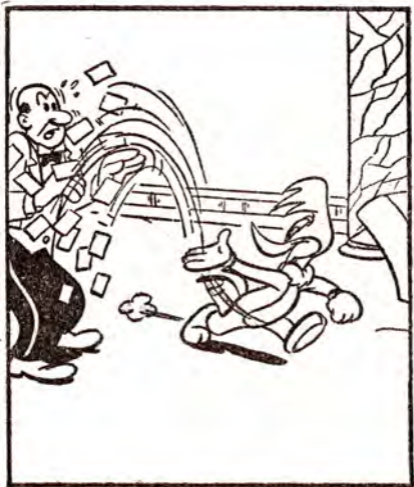


“Ace of Spades.”

“Ace of spades,” called Woody.

The doorman looked amazed. “You’re absolutely right. It’s incredible!”

“You said it,” replied Woody. “It’s a good trick.”



Woody Tossed Him the Cards

With a quick motion, Woody tossed the deck of cards toward the doorman. "Here, keep the pack and try that trick on your friends." He hurried away while the doorman picked up the cards.



"I've Been Duped!"

What the doorman saw when he picked up the first few cards made him roar with anger. Every card in the deck was the ace of spades! "Zounds! I've been duped!" he cried.



Woody Looked Around

Meanwhile, Woody was still looking around the club.

“Golly, this place sure is quiet,” he said to himself. “Maybe everybody is out exploring or something.”

He could stand the silence

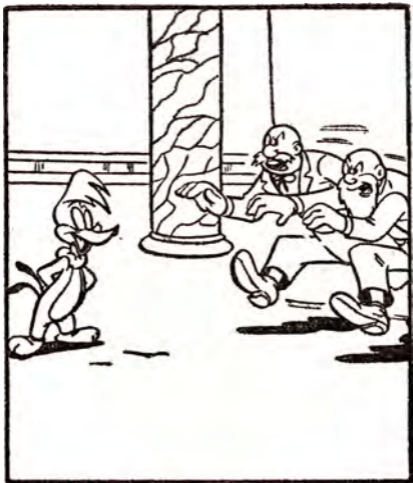


"HEY!" He Shouted

no longer. Suddenly he shouted, "HEY!"

From every chair jumped a man. They looked as though they had been shot from guns.

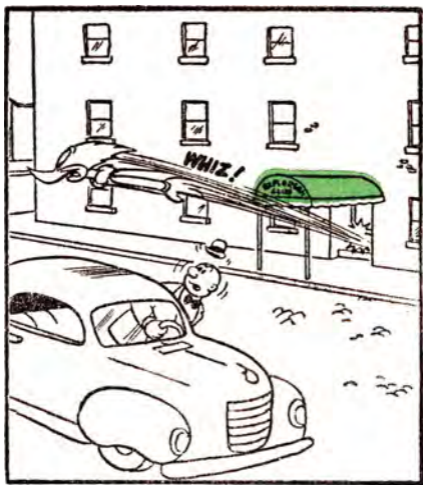
Woody stood and grinned as he watched the club mem-



"Greetings, Gentlemen!"

bers pick themselves up and rush toward him. He drew himself up and faced them.

"Ahem, greetings, gentlemen," he began. "My name is Woody Woodpecker." He waited for them to shake his



He Sailed Through the Air

hand and welcome him.

Instead he suddenly found himself sailing through the door and across the street like a rocket. WHIZ! He streaked through the air, just missing a passing car.

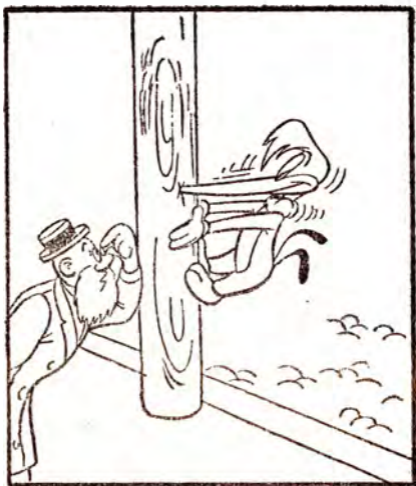


He Hit a Pole

People stopped to stare.

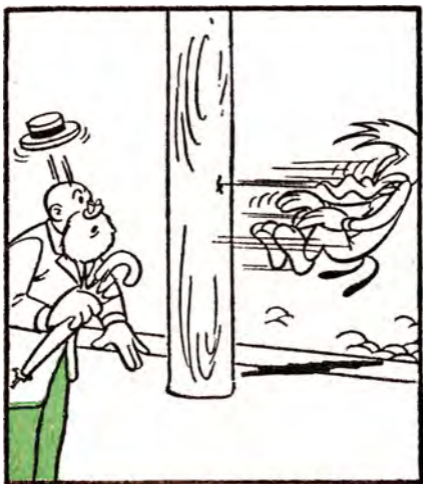
KLUNK! Woody hit a telephone pole beak first, just like a dart going into a bull's eye. He hung there, quivering and seeing stars.

His flight had been wit-



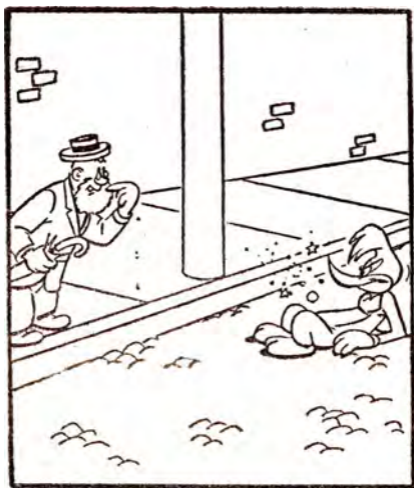
The Man Watched

nessed with great interest by a very distinguished-looking gentleman who was passing by. The man watched as Woody braced himself and pulled to get his beak out of the pole. He pulled and pulled.



He Was Released

BOING! Suddenly it came out like a spring and Woody shot away from the pole. He dropped to the street and lay there shaking his head and feeling for broken bones. He could still see stars, and he did



“What Kind of Experiment?”

not notice that the distinguished-looking man had approached him until he spoke.

“Pardon me, young man,” he began. “Would you mind telling me what kind of experiment that was?”



Woody Explained

“That was no experiment, I was just thrown out of the Explorers’ Club.”

The gentleman looked shocked. “I don’t understand. That’s not like my fellow members—” He held out his



They Shook Hands

hand. "Allow me to apologize for my colleagues."

Woody shook his hand. "Now that you mention it," he said, "they did look like a bunch of collies—long noses, long hair on their faces—"



"I Am Professor Packaderm."

"Let me introduce myself," the man continued. "I am Professor Packaderm, big game hunter, world traveler."

Woody immediately changed his frown to a smile. Here was the chance he had been wait-



Woody Was Thrilled

ing for, and he jumped at it.

“Glad to meet you, Professor. I’ve been thinking a lot about your racket lately. I’d like to break into it myself.”

He tried to act casual about it.

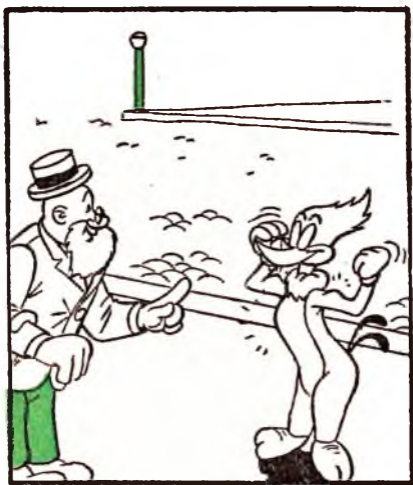
“Do you know of any open-



"I'm Planning a Trip."

ings at the present?"

The professor leaned back on his umbrella. "Why, yes, as a matter of fact," he said, "I'm planning a trip myself very soon. I could use another man." He looked Woody up



"You're Just the One."

and down. "The only qualifications are a strong back and a weak mind. You look as though you are just the one to fill the bill."

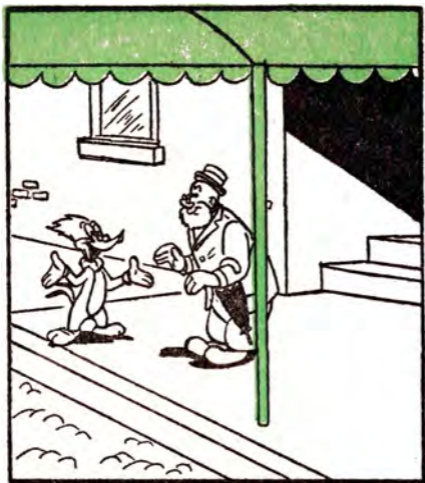
Woody swelled with pride and flexed his muscles. "Why,



They Went to the Club

thank you, Professor, but I'll bet you're just saying that."

The professor put his hand on Woody's shoulder. "Come along, son. We'll go over to the club and I'll explain my trip to you in detail."



“You Go First.”

“Right,” answered Woody, falling into step with his new friend and employer.

But when they reached the door, Woody stopped.

“Maybe you had better go in first, Professor. The boys



They Went In

and I don't get along so well together."

"Nonsense," the professor replied. "You'll love them when you get to know them. Follow me." He strode through the door.



One Man Turned

“Good morning, Hawkins,”
the professor said.

The doorman smiled.

They walked toward the
chairs where the members
were sitting. All of a sudden
one member turned around.



They Rushed Out

“He’s in again, men!” the man shouted. “After him!”

Before Woody and the professor knew what was happening, they were on the street.

“My word!” exclaimed the professor, clutching his hat



They Turned the Corner

with one hand and his umbrella with the other.

They stopped running when they rounded the corner. Woody was angry.

“How many times do I have to get thrown out of there be-



"Come to My Hotel."

fore those guys know me?" he growled.

"I can't understand it. They were always so friendly," said the professor. "Oh, well, come on over to my hotel and we'll discuss our plans."



Woody Saw the Map

Up in his hotel room the professor explained his trip to Woody and showed him a map of where the expedition hoped to go. Woody was thrilled.

“The Ivory Coast, eh?” he ex-



Woody Was Impressed

claimed. "That sounds good."

"We're looking for the graveyard of the elephants," the professor told him.

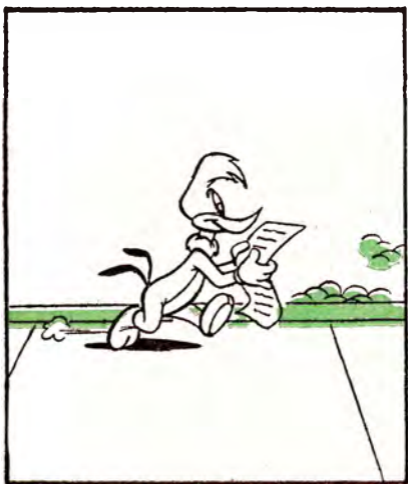
"Graveyard? Why not just follow the hearse?" Woody laughed, but the professor



"Here's a List."

did not. He was very serious. He handed Woody a large sheet of paper.

"Here is a list of the equipment you'll need," he said. "I'd advise you to see to it immediately."



He Walked Downtown

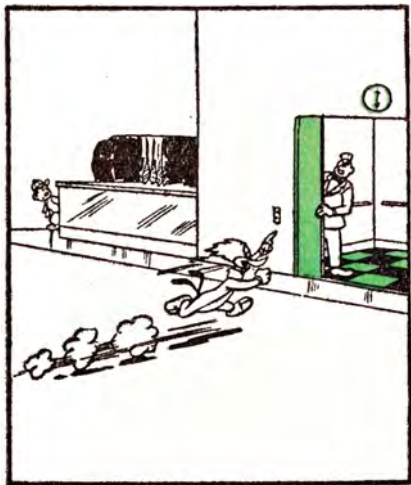
Woody set out at once to get the supplies listed on his paper. As he walked down the street he decided to try the largest department store in town. He was sure that would be the best place to look first.



He Entered the Store

He hummed to himself as he walked through the revolving door and down the aisle of the store.

“I’ll try the second floor for camping equipment,” he said to himself.



“Going Up!”

He saw an empty elevator. “Going up! Wait a minute!” he shouted as he started to run across the floor.

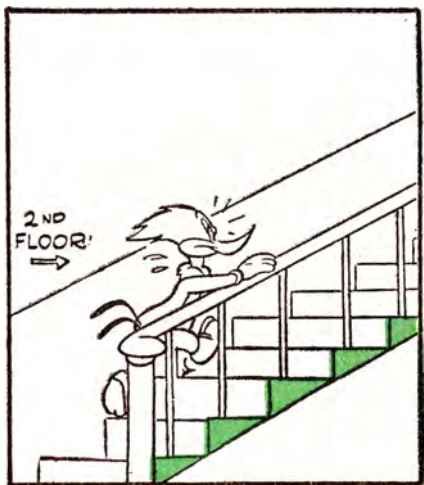
The elevator boy waited until Woody’s beak was even with the door, then he



The Door Slammed

slammed the door. Woody crashed into it and fell flat.

The elevator boy laughed as he peeked out of the window and said, "Sorry. All filled up. Stairway on your left."



He Walked Upstairs

Woody picked himself up and made his way to the stairs. "What a sense of humor," he mumbled to himself.

When he reached the second floor, he looked around for someone who could wait on



He Saw a Floorwalker

him. He saw a man standing by the counter and walked over to him.

“Pardon me,” he began. “Are you a floorwalker?”

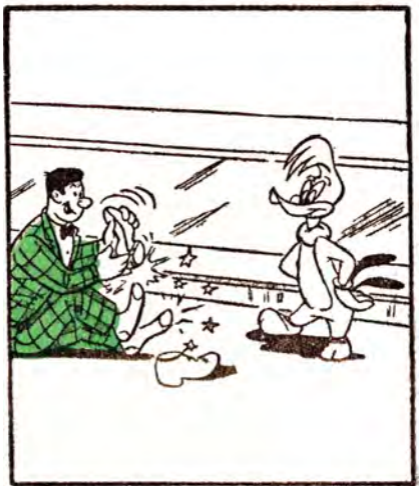
“Yes, and my feet are killing me,” replied the man.



"I Never Thought of That!"

Woody was helpful. "Why don't you take your shoes off?" he suggested. "Maybe they're too tight."

"By George! I never thought of that." The floor-walker sat right down on the



He Took off His Shoes

floor and took off his shoes. "Ah. Much better," he sighed. "Now what can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for the big game department," replied Woody.

The floorwalker got to his



"What Kind of Game?"

feet and picked up his shoes. "That depends on what you call a big game." He started to explain. "Now, we have tennis rackets, golf clubs—"

"No, no!" broke in Woody. "What I mean is—"



Woody Shouted

The man went right on talking. "Then we have checkers, Monopoly, parchesi—"

Woody tried to stop him, but the man wouldn't listen. Finally Woody could stand it no longer.



“I Mean Lions!”

“WAIT A MINUTE!”

The man dropped his shoes.

“When I said big game I meant lions and tigers and stuff!” Woody shouted.

The floorwalker looked frightened to death. “Oh,



"You Want the Zoo."

dear," he said. "What you want, sir, is the zoo. I'll get you a map of the city and show you how to get there." He walked away hurriedly.

"Never mind!" Woody called after him. He was disgusted.



"I'll Find It Myself."

"I'll find what I'm looking for myself," he said as he turned and walked into another department. "Getting started in the exploring racket is harder than I thought."

Finally he came to a counter



"This Must Be It."

with fishing tackle and camping gear.

"Ah," he said to himself. "This looks like the right place at last." He looked at the guns and skis and bicycles on display. Then he saw a man.



The Salesman Glared

He walked up to him. "Is this the sporting goods department?" he asked.

The man glared at him. Then he pointed to the golf clubs and tennis rackets all around him. "Look, pal. Does



The Salesman Shouted

this look like fur coats?”

Woody shook his head. “Er—Nope!” he answered.

“Well then it’s sporting goods!” the salesman shouted, leaning over the counter and shaking his finger in Woody’s



He Pulled out the List

meek-looking face.

Woody pulled his list from his pocket. "I have a list of things here that I'm going to need."

The man took the list and raised his eyebrows as he



"Hm-m-m. Quite a List."

looked at it. "Hm-m-m. Pith helmet—elephant gun— This is quite a list, sonny!"

Woody leaned on the counter and looked important. "Yeah. Isn't it a beauty?"

The salesman laid the list



He Sneered

down and leaned on his elbow as he sneered, "Tell me something. Do you really want all of this stuff, or is this your Christmas letter to Santa?"

This made Woody furious. "Never mind the remarks!"



"I'm Going to Africa."

he shouted. "Just get this gear together. I'm in a hurry to get to Africa!"

The man laughed. "Africa! Now I've heard everything!" He picked up the list and walked over to a shelf.



He Took the List

Woody followed him. "I'm going to be a famous explorer," he boasted.

The man smiled. "My, my. What are you going to explore?"

"The graveyard of the ele-



Woody Followed Him

phants,” replied Woody.

“They found that, didn’t they?” He laughed. “I saw it in a movie ten years ago.”

“Okay, wise guy,” Woody answered. “Let’s get going.”

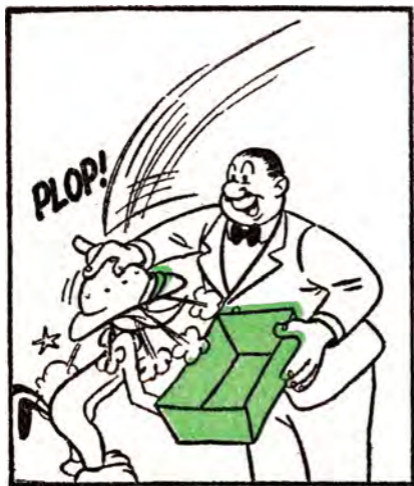
The man adjusted a ladder



He Pulled out a Box

along the wall and climbed up to find a box.

“Let’s see now,” he said. “Pith helmets—pith helmets. They must be here somewhere.” He pulled out a box and climbed down. He opened



"Here You Are."

it and took out a helmet. "Here you are, Trader Horn. So much for the sun helmet. What's next on the list?" He jammed the helmet down on Woody's head hard.

Woody stood rocking on his



"A Little Big?"

heels with the helmet completely covering his face. "Er—would you say this was a little big?" he said from underneath it.

"Nonsense," the salesman replied. "That's the way



"I Can't See."

they're wearing them now."

"But I can't see anything!"

"You don't have to, pal," the man explained. "That's why they have native guides!"

Woody snatched the helmet off his head. "I *still* think it's



He Took It Off

too large!" he cried.

"All right, be stubborn," the man answered. He found a smaller helmet and an elephant gun and brought them out to show Woody. Woody put on the helmet and shoul-



He Looked in the Mirror

dered the gun. He looked at himself in the mirror.

“Hm-m-m. This looks pretty sharp,” he said to his reflection. He stood there dreaming while the salesman went to find the other things on his list.



He Imagined Things

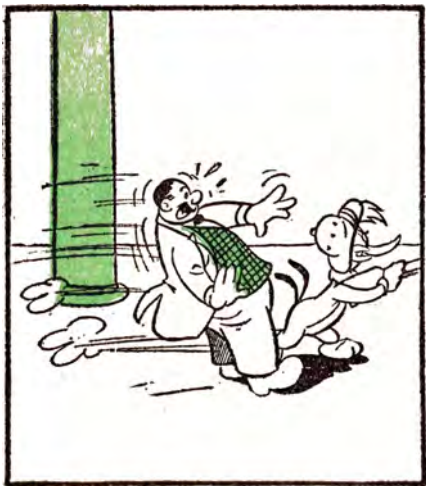
As Woody held the gun, he began to imagine himself as a big game hunter. "Just think," he whispered to himself. "Woody Woodpecker, big game hunter and explorer, stalking through the steaming



He Raised the Gun

jungles." He walked down the store aisle, peering to one side and then the other, pretending he was in the jungle.

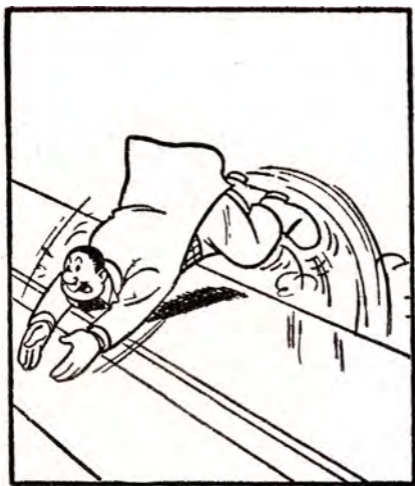
Suddenly he raised the gun to his shoulder and pointed it. The salesman had noticed



“Watch out, Men!”

him and started back to find out what was the trouble. Just as he reached him, Woody shouted, “Watch out, men! Here he comes!”

The salesman gulped and stopped short. “Take cover!”



Over the Counter

he shouted. "I don't see it but here I go!" He dived head first over the counter as Woody kept shouting. He waited a few minutes, shaking with fright. Then he cautiously raised his head high enough to



He Pretended to Shoot

peek over the counter.

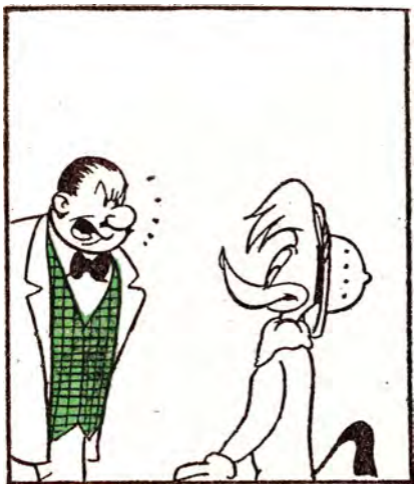
“I’ll get him! Bam! Bam! Wow, he must weigh two tons!” Woody was pretending to shoot his gun down the aisle. The salesman looked all around but could see nothing.



“What Goes On?”

“Hey, wait a minute!” called the salesman, coming out from behind the counter. He strode up to Woody. “What goes on here, anyway?”

“A rhinocerus! I got him just in time, too!” said Woody



"Go Home and Play."

innocently and proudly.

The man was very angry. "Look, Junior, if you want to play, go on home. I'm busy." He snatched the gun from Woody's hands and took the helmet from his head. "I'll



Woody Was Disgusted

send all your stuff to you. Just get out of here. Please!”

Woody left his list and went downstairs. As he walked out of the store and down the street he muttered to himself, “Some people have no imagi-



He Was Ready

nation. No imagination at all.”

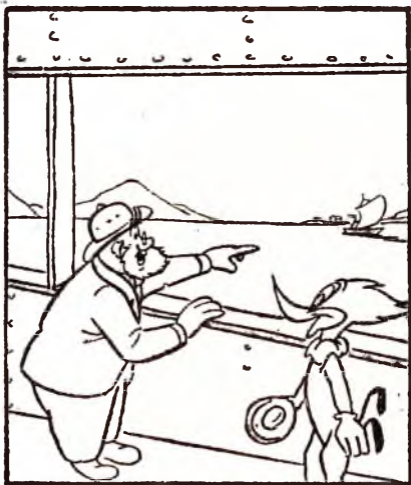
One week later, Woody was all packed and ready to go. His gear had come from the store. His bags were all ready. He put on his helmet and took a look around the room.



They Met at the Boat

“Let’s see. Have I forgotten anything?” he asked himself. Then he locked the house and hurried to the pier.

Professor Packaderm was waiting for him there. They quickly got their luggage

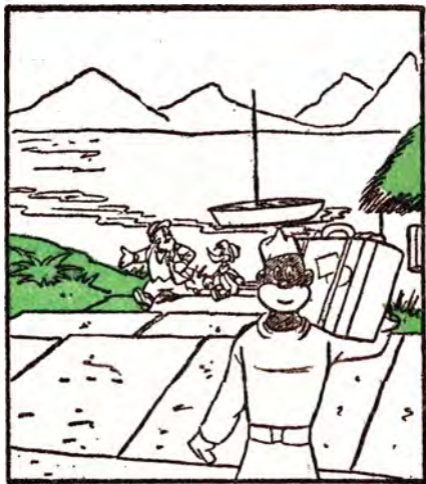


"There It Is!"

aboard and were off.

The voyage was calm and pleasant. One morning about ten days later, the professor called Woody to the rail.

"There it is, Woody," he exclaimed. "The Ivory Coast."



They Left the Boat

Woody was enthusiastic. "Oh, boy!" he said. "Now do we start traveling by land?"

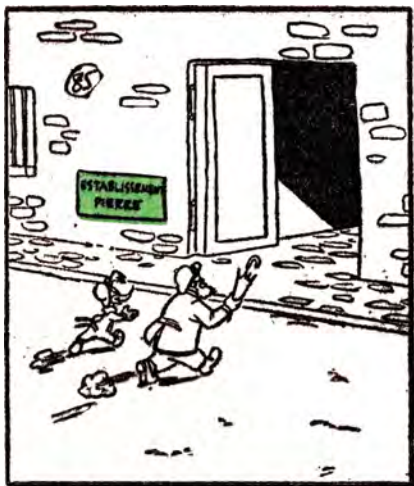
As they left the ship, the professor explained. "First of all we must select some native boys for our safari."



Woody Looked All Around

Woody looked all around as they walked down the street. He couldn't get used to the strange costumes worn by the natives.

"I have it all arranged with the French garrison in charge



The Professor Pointed

of this area," the professor said, pointing with his umbrella to a large building. "My friend Pierre is the military governor. He will fix us up with everything we need."

As they approached the



“Welcome!”

door, a man came running out to meet them. He waved his arms in greeting and called, “Monsieur Packaderm! Welcome! Welcome!”

“Pierre, my friend!” replied the professor.



"It Is Ready."

The two shook hands and clapped each other on the back. Then the professor introduced Woody and asked Pierre if the safari was ready.

"Oui, monsieur, oui. Come wiz me," he said.



The Natives Were Waiting

They followed him out to an open area near the edge of town. There they saw a group of natives waiting for them. Pierre pointed to them. "There they are, monsieur. Fifteen—just what you asked for."



“Wait Right Here.”

The professor was pleased.
“Fine, Pierre. Fine.”

“Come along and I will introduce you to the head boy.”
Pierre started to walk on.

Professor Packaderm turned to Woody. “Wait for us right



"I'll Get Acquainted."

here, Woody. We'll be back in a minute."

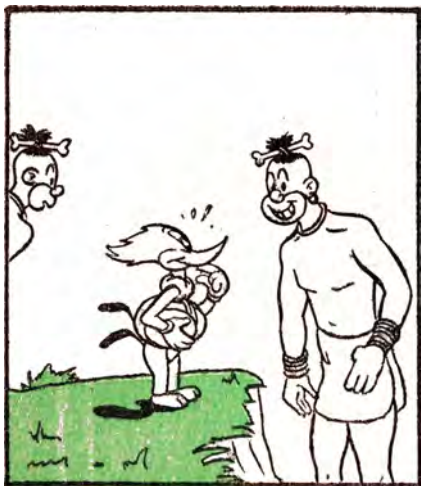
"Okay," replied Woody. As the two walked away, Woody looked around him. He saw the little grass huts with their thatched roofs. In front of one



"Hi, Ya, Fellers?"

of them sat a group of native boys. Woody approached them. "Hi ya, fellers?" he said with a friendly wave in their direction.

The natives all turned to look at him with surprise. One



He Didn't Finish

or two of them rose and came toward him, grinning.

“Thought I ought to get acquainted—” began Woody, but he didn't finish his sentence. He could feel cold perspiration breaking out on his



Woody Gulped

forehead as the natives stared and grinned at him.

“Newambie mbolo bwana zu!” said one native.

Woody gulped. He whirled around to see another native right behind him.



"HELP!"

"They're closing in on me!" he cried. He could stand it no longer. "HELP! PROFESSOR PACKADERM!" he shouted, throwing up his arms and running for his life. The natives stared after him.



The Professor Turned

Professor Packaderm was sitting on the ground talking to the head boy when Woody dashed up to him. He turned to see the commotion.

“Those cannibals are after me,” cried Woody, panting.



He Laughed at Woody

“Where’s my gun?”

The professor laughed.
“Why, Woody, don’t be silly.
They haven’t eaten a human
being in years.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of.
Think how hungry they must



He Reassured Him

be by now!” replied Woody.

“Nonsense, my boy.” The professor tried to calm him down. “They were just trying to be friendly. They were smiling.”

But Woody wouldn't believe



"Run Along and Try Again."

it. "Yeah?" he said. "Why do they smack their lips and drool when they smile then?"

"That's just your imagination," replied the professor. "Run along now and try again while I check over our equip-



He Took His Guide Book

ment for the trip.”

“Okay.” Woody agreed but he wasn’t very happy about it. “I’ll try it.” Suddenly he remembered his guide book. He dug it out of his bag and paged through it. “Let’s see,” he said



He Started Back

to himself. "Hm-m-m, it says most natives can speak pidgin English."

Taking the book with him, Woody started back toward the native huts. When he saw one boy standing by a tree, he



"I'll Try This One."

walked over to him and opened his book. "I'll start with this one," he said to himself. "He doesn't look quite as fierce as the others." He found the words in his book and said, "You now! What name be-



The Native Stared

long you? Speak up!”

The native boy stared at Woody. Then he scratched his head.

“Guess he didn’t understand that one,” Woody muttered. “I’ll try another ques-



He Began to Laugh

tion.” He turned a few pages. “Here’s a good one.” He closed the book and smiled at the boy. “You savvy place where this fella elephant he stop long?”

The native boy opened his



“What’s the Matter?”

mouth. As Woody watched him he began to laugh!

“What’s the matter? You no savvy pidgin English?” Woody was losing his patience. He glared at the boy. But the madder he became, the more



He Rolled on the Ground

the native laughed. Finally the boy fell down on the ground and rolled over and over.

Woody threw his guide book on the ground. He clenched his fists and shrieked, "WELL, WHAT'S SO FUNNY?"



“You’re a Riot!”

The boy got to his feet. He still had tears in his eyes as he pointed at Woody and shook his head.

“Man, oh man, you’re a riot!” he exclaimed.

Woody’s head began to spin.



"I Also Speak French."

"Hey!" he cried. "You talk regular English!"

"I also speak French, Bwana." The native addressed him with respect. "I am an educated boy."

Woody picked up his guide



He Looked at His Book

book. "Funny it doesn't say anything about that here," he said.

"That must be an old publication, Bwana," the boy replied. "Nowadays all the natives attend the mission



Woody Was Beaten

school and learn English and French.”

Woody was beaten. “Wait till I get hold of the salesman that sold me this book!” he growled, walking away.

The native boy stood and



"Everything's Ready."

laughed as he watched him go.

When Woody reached the place where he had left the professor, he found him there.

"Everything's ready and in good order," Professor Packard said. "We leave for the



He Was Loaded Down

interior in half an hour. Think you can be ready by then?"

"Sure thing, Professor. I'll get my gear right now."

When Woody reappeared a few minutes later, he was carrying a lot of gear.



"You Won't Carry That."

The professor was shocked. "My gracious, Woody," he said. "You don't have to tote all that stuff. That is what the natives are for." He looked over toward the huts. "Here comes your boy now."



"Here Comes Your Boy."

Woody turned to see a giant native coming. He dropped his gear when he heard the professor's next words.

"His name is Ouagadougou Abidjan."

"Wow!" said Woody. He



"May I Call You George?"

smiled at the boy. "That's a lovely name, but do you mind if I call you George?" he asked, trying not to hurt his feelings.

"Not at all, Bwana," replied the boy. "My middle name is George."



He Picked up the Boxes

“Fine,” exclaimed Woody. He pointed to the pile of bags and boxes on the ground. “Here is my gear, George.”

“Okay, Bwana.” George began to gather the supplies together and load up. But when



He Reached for the Gun

he picked up Woody's elephant gun, Woody grabbed it and pulled frantically.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "You can carry everything but the gun, George."

The native started to protest.



“Don’t Argue!”

“But I’m paid to —”

Woody stopped him. He slung the gun over his shoulder. “Nobody is going to separate ol’ Woody from his gun! Now don’t argue with me!” He glared at George.



He Grabbed the Gun and Woody

George did not argue with him. He picked up the gear, putting some of it on his head and carrying some under his arm. Then he grabbed the barrel of Woody's gun and slung it over his shoulder, carrying



They Were Off

Woody up so that he dangled in mid-air.

They were off to the interior. For two days they traveled without seeing any animals or having any exciting adventures.



"How Do You Like Africa?"

"How do you like Africa so far?" the professor asked Woody one day.

"Swell," replied Woody. "It's a great racket, all right."

"It's interesting work and sometimes very dangerous."



“That’s Africa for You.”

Woody laughed. “Don’t be kidding me, Packy! The wildest thing we have seen in two days is mosquitoes.”

“That’s Africa for you. You never know what’s going to happen next.”



They Made Camp

Just then the head boy approached them. "It's getting late, Bwana," he said. "I think this is a good camp site for tonight."

"Splendid suggestion, Mbo-lo! We're right near a stream,



"I'm Going Hunting."

too," the professor agreed. He turned to Woody. "We can do a little fishing while the boys make camp."

But Woody shook his head. "That's too tame for me. I'm going hunting."



George Protested

George did not want to go. "Bwana, it's not safe for two people to go alone in this jungle," he tried to explain.

"I thought we might find some meat for supper. A couple of antelopes or some-



Woody Wouldn't Listen

thing," he went on to say.

"But there are also lions and tigers and other wild animals out there," protested the boy.

"Aw, that's a lot of rubbish, George," Woody scoffed. "You have been reading too many



He Looked Surprised

books. Haven't you?"

The native looked surprised and thoughtful. "I did read a book once in the mission school," he said slowly.

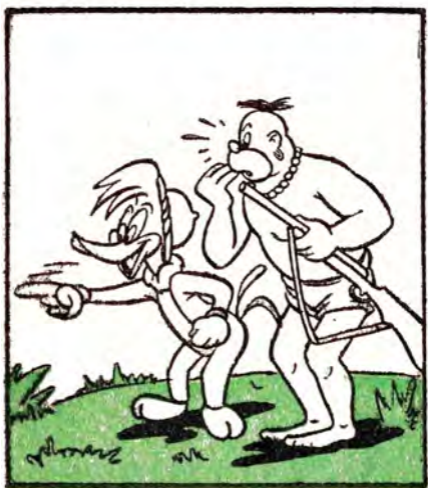
"All right, let's get going," said Woody impatiently.



George Was Afraid

As they started through the jungle, Woody burst into song. "A-hunting we will go—" he began.

But George looked around him fearfully. "Please, Bwana, not so much noise." He nearly



Woody Pointed

dropped the gun when Woody stopped him and shouted.

“George!” he said. “Do you see what I see?”

George looked. “All I see are flowers, Bwana,” he replied.



"Orchids!"

Woody was excited. "Not just flowers!" he shouted. "Orchids, George! Orchids! Thousands of them!"

George was unimpressed. "I tried some orchids once," he said, "but they didn't taste



He Ran to the Flowers

good at all.”

“Don’t be silly, George. Orchids like that are worth fifteen dollars apiece back home.” Woody ran over to the beautiful blossoms. He had never seen so many at once be-



He Stood Sniffing

fore. He closed his eyes and sniffed. "Ah—" he breathed.

As Woody stood sniffing, George walked over to him slowly. "I still say they're not good to eat."

But Woody wasn't listening.



"We've Got a Fortune!"

He had had an inspiration. "Why chase elephants when we have a fortune right here?"

George thought for a minute. "Well," he admitted, "fifteen dollars is a good month's pay."



A Lion Was Watching

“I’ll start a corporation,” Woody went on. He was too excited with his idea to notice that a lion had pushed his head through the bushes. “We can corner the market on orchids.” He closed his eyes and turned

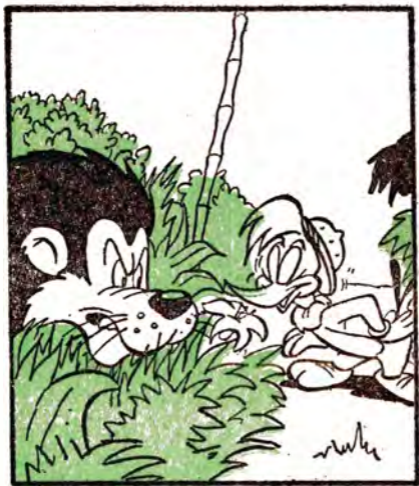


George Saw the Lion

to the flowers. "Just let me smell these once more—"

George saw the lion over Woody's shoulder. But Woody still had his eyes closed.

"Oh, oh—" said George. Suddenly he was gone. Woody



Woody Kept Sniffing

kept on smelling the flowers, not knowing he was all alone with the lion.

“Hm-m-m,” he exclaimed. “These smell different all of a sudden. The odor is sort of musty—” He straightened up



He Saw the Lion

and turned to speak to George, but George was not there. "Wha-what—" he began, when he felt a hot breath on the back of his neck. He turned his head and hit his beak smack on the lion's nose!



"Oh, George!"

His helmet flew off his head. He stood rooted to the spot in terror. For a moment he couldn't utter a sound. Then he took a deep, gasping breath and yelled, "Oh, George!"



In the Tallest Palm Tree

From far away George answered him. "Are you calling me, Bwana?"

Woody and the lion both looked around. There, high in the tallest palm tree, was George, hanging on for dear



The Lion Crept Nearer

life. He was very quiet.

Woody gulped. He started to edge away, but every time he moved a step, the lion crept nearer. His teeth were bared.

“Er—I think I’m in trouble,” Woody called to George.



George Climbed Higher

“Whatever you do, don’t get panicky!” warned George from his perch. “Don’t let him know you’re afraid of him!” George took a firmer hold on the tree trunk and climbed a little higher.



Woody Shook

Woody was shaking like a leaf. He didn't dare to look behind him, because he could feel the hot breath of the lion and could hear him lick his chops as he opened his mouth to snatch him. Woody tried to



"Run Like Sixty!"

stop shaking. He tried hard.

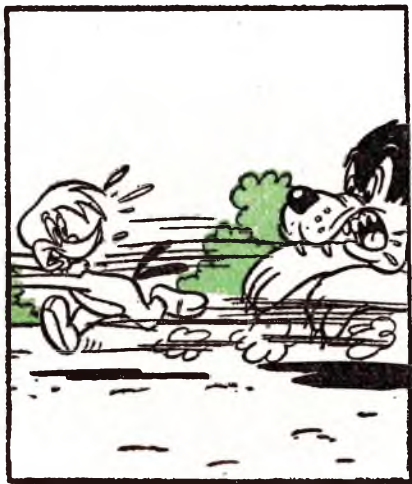
"Okay, I'm calm, George. Now what do I do?" he cried through clenched teeth.

"Start running like sixty, Bwana, right now," answered George frantically.



Woody Was Gone

Before the words were out of George's mouth, Woody was gone like a flash. The lion's jaws snapped on a cloud of dust instead of on him. Woody said to himself as he ran, "I could have thought of



He Kept a Step Ahead

that myself!”

As he ran and ran, trying to keep a step ahead of the raging lion, he became more and more disgusted with George.

“You’re supposed to be my guide!” he shouted. “Why



"You Are Doing Fine."

aren't you doing something?" George was watching with great interest. "You are doing fine, Bwana. Just keep on running for a little while longer and he'll fall from exhaustion!"



The Lion Was Tired

Just at that moment, when Woody thought he, too, would drop from exhaustion, he heard two shots ring out. The lion roared and stumbled. Then he fell crashing to the ground and rolled over dead.



"We're Just in Time."

Woody stopped running and turned to see Professor Packaderm waving his rifle.

"Hi, Woody!" he called. "Looks like we arrived just in time." He bent over to examine it. "A fine specimen!"



Woody Thanked Him

Woody ran up to him. "Boy, Professor, am I glad to see you!" he said, panting. "I couldn't have run much farther." He thanked the old man for saving his life. "But, quick, Professor," he added.



Woody Was Angry

“Give me your rifle!”

As he snatched it out of the professor's hand, the professor tried to quiet him.

“Now, now, calm yourself, my boy. I've already dealt with the bounder.”



He Chased George

“That’s what you think,” growled Woody. “You’ve only shot the lion.” He began to chase George off into the jungle. “I’m going to deal with the bouncer, myself!”

“My word!” said the profes-



The Professor Explained

sor to himself. He finally stopped Woody and succeeded in soothing him. "We mustn't be too hard on these boys," he explained. "They're really just like children."

Woody soon got over his fit



"See What I Found."

of anger. "By the way, Packy," he said, "come over here and see what I found." He pointed toward the orchids.

The professor looked pleased. "Don't tell me you've found elephant tracks!"



Woody Pointed Proudly

“Better than that,” said Woody proudly pointing to the flowers. “Orchids! Millions of them.”

The professor’s face fell. “Oh dear, Woody,” he said. “I do hate to disappoint you



"I Hate to Disappoint You."

but these are a very common variety."

"You mean they're not worth anything?" Woody couldn't believe his ears.

"I'm afraid not," continued the professor. "They grow



Woody Saw Another One

wild in any tropical country, but they can't compare with the cultivated ones."

Just then Woody saw something which made him shout. "Wow! Professor, look over there!" He pointed toward a



"What a Mammoth One!"

huge flower growing by itself away from the rest. "Look at that mammoth one over there." He ran toward it. "You can't tell me this one isn't worth something!" He leaned over to sniff at it.



He Sniffed

The professor was running after him shouting, "No, no! Wait, Woody—don't—"

But Woody didn't hear him. "What perfume!" he was saying. "This plant would sweep anyone off his feet!"



It Pulled Him off the Ground

That's exactly what the plant did. Curling one petal around Woody's neck, it pulled him right off the ground. Woody was too startled to call for help or to struggle. Before he knew what had



The Professor Groaned

happened, he was whisked inside the flower and the petals had snapped shut over his head.

The professor groaned as he saw Woody snatched up. He called a native to bring axes



Woody Flew to the Ground

and more boys to chop down the plant. "Quick!" he called. "Woody's trapped in a man-eating plant!"

But just as he uttered the words, he heard a muffled cry.

"UGH!" came from the



The Plant Died

plant. With a violent shaking, the petals flew open and out shot Woody, head first, to the ground. As he sat up and looked, it wilted and drooped.

“How extraordinary!” said the professor. “I believe the



"I've Been Insulted."

plant is dead!"

Woody got to his feet and stomped off into the jungle. "I've been insulted!" he said.

The native boys and the professor stared after him speechlessly.



"Food Will Help."

As they made their way back to camp, Woody felt better.

"A little food and a good night's rest will do a lot for us," declared Professor Packarderm. "And these chaps are



“What’s Cooking?”

the best cooks on the Ivory Coast.”

The two natives who were cooking over a huge fire looked pleased. “Thank you, Bwana,” one of them said.

“What’s cooking?” asked



Ivory Coast Soup

Woody, peering into the pot.

“We’re having a treat tonight, Bwana,” replied the boy. “This is Ivory Coast soup.”

“You mean *that* is soup?”
Woody cried. Just then he



He Hurried Away

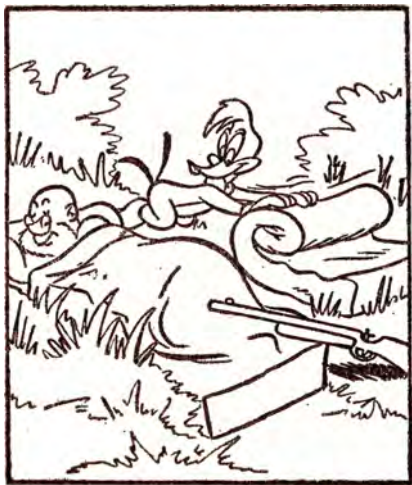
caught sight of the look on the cook's face. Woody gulped. "Er—heh, heh," he said walking away rapidly. "I was going to say—it looks very tasty." He hurried over to the professor while the boy glared at him in a



Woody Ate Beans

solemn and profound manner.

The professor could not persuade Woody to try the soup. "No thanks, Packy. I'll eat beans and then tonight I'll just dream of a steak instead of eating that stuff."



They Turned In

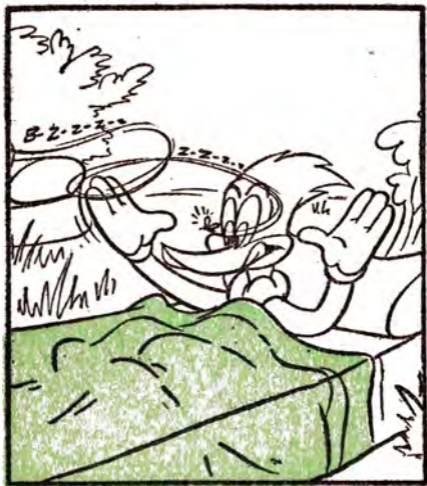
Shortly after they had eaten and after the professor had enjoyed his after-dinner cigar, the two explorers decided to turn in. They unrolled their bed-rolls, and placed their guns near by.



Woody Stretched Out

“Have a good night’s rest,” said the professor, sleepily.

“If I do it will be the first good thing I’ve had today,” replied Woody, stretching out comfortably. Just then a mosquito buzzed around his head.



A Mosquito Flew By

“Hm-m-m. I knew it wouldn’t last. Here come the mosquitoes!” He sat up and waited until it flew past his eyes. Then he slapped with all his strength. He missed the mosquito but hit his own head



He Slapped

with such a loud slap that the professor jumped up in bed.

“Try to sleep, Woody. Don’t mind the noises,” said the professor.

Woody lay down again. “All right. I’ll try to sleep,”



He Couldn't Sleep

he promised. But first he heard a hyena laughing. Then he heard a monkey screech. Every noise made him sit up shaking and the professor had to tell him what kind of animal it was.



"That's a Lion."

All of a sudden there was a terrific roar. Woody flew completely out of his bed-roll.

"What's *that*?" he screamed.

"That's a lion," replied the professor with a sigh which turned into a snore.



Woody Got Up

Woody could stand it no longer. "How do they expect a fellow to sleep around here!" he muttered as he got up and walked away from camp. "I'm stopping this right now!"

He walked firmly over to



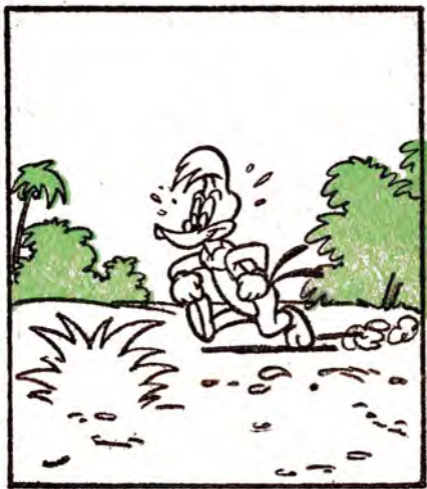
“What’s the Matter?”

the edge of the jungle. There he saw several wild animals, staring at him through the leaves. He walked up to them boldly. “What’s the matter with you guys?” he shouted. “Don’t you know people are



"Scram!"

trying to get some sleep around here?" He shook his fists at them. "Now scam! SCRAM!" He started forward as if to chase them. Like a flash, all the animals turned and bounded away.



"I Told Them Off."

Woody felt better. He turned and started back to his bed. "I guess I told them off," he said proudly. "Now we'll have a little peace and quiet around here. Maybe I'll be able to sleep before daybreak."



Woody Fainted

But at that moment, it suddenly dawned on Woody what he had done. "*What* am I *saying?*" He stopped short. "WILD ANIMALS! I could have been **KILLED!**" Woody fainted.



They Set out Early

Next morning the explorers set out early to track the elephants. Woody and George went one way while the professor and the rest went another. They were to signal if one found the elephants.



They Saw Tracks

“Look!” shouted George. Woody saw two huge footprints in among some broken trees. “I’ll get Bwana Packarderm,” cried George and ran away through the trees.

Woody decided to follow



He Bumped into Something

the tracks while he was waiting. He walked along with his head down, watching the tracks so carefully he didn't see what was in front of him until he bumped something.

"Whoops! Pardon me," he



"You're an Elephant!"

apologized as a huge animal turned around. "I was just looking for a—" Then he gasped. "You **ARE** an elephant!"

The elephant stared at him. Then it slowly backed away



It Hit Woody

in the water hole. It dipped its trunk into the water. Then slowly it raised the trunk, pointed it straight at Woody, and SWOSH! A stream of water hit Woody, knocking him flat on the ground.



“Are You All Right?”

“Woody! Are you all right?” called the professor, running up to him. “My boy wounded the elephant that was attacking you, but he got away.”

Woody sat up. “Wow! I’m



They Followed the Beast

a little dizzy from that blast.”

The professor began to run. “That wounded elephant will no doubt head for the elephants’ graveyard right now. If we can find him, he will lead us to it.”



He Led Them to the Graveyard

They trailed the wounded elephant for days. He led them through the jungle and over hills and through valleys. They kept him always in sight, and the professor became more and more con-



"It's a Success!"

vinced that they were almost at their goal.

Then one day, they stood on a hill and looked over into a valley strewn with bones.

"Woody, the expedition is a success," announced the pro-



"Wowie! We're Rich!"

fessor solemnly. "There is the elephants' graveyard."

"Wowie!" shouted Woody, jumping up and down. "We're rich!"

The professor turned to him in surprise. "Rich? How do



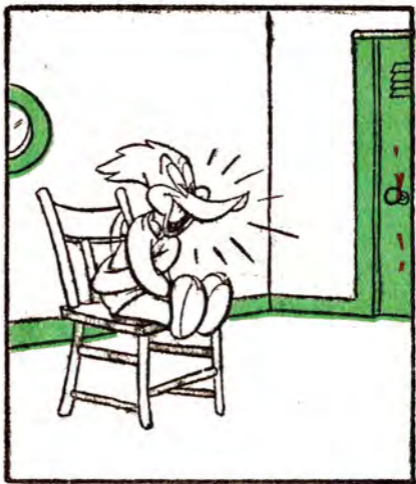
"I Want Some Pictures."

you figure that, Woody?"

"Why, that fortune in ivory down there!" he said.

"I don't intend to disturb it," said the professor. "I want to take some pictures."

Woody began to laugh.



He Stayed in His Cabin

Woody didn't see much on his return trip. He stayed in his cabin all the time—in a straight-jacket, tied to a chair. "Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed insanely. "Ivory! Elephants! Money! Ha, ha!"



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