



Johnny Funny Bunny's Spring Planting

The Story of the Cut-Outs—By Harrison Gady



WELL, I declare!" exclaimed Johnny Funny Bunny as he tore a leaf from the calendar and hopped right into the air with surprise. "Here it is the first of May and I

haven't a seed in the ground." "What's that?" asked his wife as she looked up from her knitting, and "What's that?" chimed in all the little bunnies.

"I said it's the first of May," Johnny repeated, "and time for me to start the spring planting."

"Spring planting!" queried his wife. "You don't intend to go in for farming, do you?"

"Sure I do," retorted Johnny, looking very important. "I'm going to plant a garden and raise everything from beets to carrots."

"H'm-m-m! You don't say," returned Mrs. Funny Bunny. "You haven't tired of getting them for nothing in old Mis' Mullin's garden patch, have you?"

"No," Johnny answered; "only since I discovered that freckled boy of hers building box traps I haven't hankered about crawling through her garden."

"Neither would I," his wife agreed, shuddering. "Those traps are such terrible things, and then, too, there's no reason why we and the babies can't have a garden of our very own, if we all take hold and help prepare it."

NOW you're talking!" Johnny cried; "and I am going right out to hire a couple of strong young turtles I know to help with the plowing." And he grabbed up his battered straw hat and dashed through the door.

"Well, well!" mused his wife. "He's getting very ambitious all of a sudden. I never thought Johnny liked to work well enough even to think of a garden."

Calling the little bunnies she quickly tucked them into frocks and overalls, and on each little head placed a gayly colored sun-bonnet or a hat of yellow straw. Armed with rakes and hoes they were soon all at work, each little bunny trying to outdo the others, while Johnny chirped merrily to his sturdy team of turtles as they started his plow in the first furrow.

All went well until Ol' Mr. Sun had reached his highest, and Johnny began to get very tired and very warm. He puffed and puffed as he trudged behind his team of turtles. "Whew! This is going to be hot work," he said.

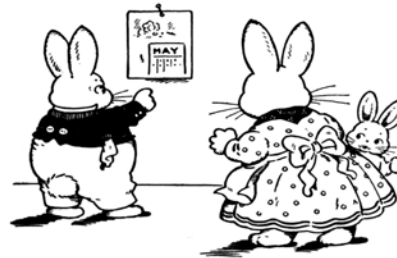


"I thought you would get tired," put in Mrs. Funny Bunny. "You know farming is hard work."

"Shucks! I'm not tired of it; only these pesky turtles are so slow and I have three big fields to plow."

But he kept growing warmer and warmer, and the longer he worked the slower that team of turtles seemed to go.

"I'll have to do something better than this," mumbled Johnny. "This team will never do."



"Better hire a couple of horse flies," piped up a small voice from over the fence.

Looking up, Johnny saw the face of funny Mr. Mole, while beside him stood Mr. Possum and little Mr. Chuck. "Huh! Is that so? If you fellows were the right sort you'd come over and lend me a hand."

"We'll help you all right when it's time to harvest, along with the crows and bugs. Besides, I've a golf match on and must hurry along," Mr. Possum replied as he merrily twirled a golf club.

"Pshaw! You fellows make me tired. Why, even Ol' Mr. Toad was good enough to volunteer his services."

"That's nothing," Mr. Mole declared. "Tinkering around a garden is just in his line anyway."

You chaps may help me yet," suggested Johnny slyly as his visitors turned to depart.

Johnny, very hot and very weary, sat down and, puckering his little brow, became lost in deep thought.

YOU'LL never get your garden plowed at this rate," his wife called to him.

"Don't disturb me, Hepsy," he called back. "All I want is a little rest and quiet. I am working out a wonderful scheme to make this plowing easier. It only requires a bit of strategy."

Just then he turned and spied a little tumble bug sitting on a dried leaf, swinging his feet.

"Well, now! Jimmy Tumble Bug, you're just the one I'm looking for," Johnny said as he scampered over to his little friend and whispered in his ear, until the little bug became so excited he fell right off the leaf.

Scrambling to his feet he shouted: "Hurry! Hurry, Johnny! Here comes one of the scamps now."

Johnny Funny Bunny dashed madly away to hide behind an old stump, while slowly ambling along came the quaint little figure of Mr. Woodchuck.

"Where's Farmer Johnny?" he asked waggishly as he saw Li'l Jimmy Tumble Bug. "I suppose he's gone home to lunch, where I'll be directly. I'm hungry."

"Why travel so far?" Jimmy inquired. "There's a choice bag of seeds hidden right in the center of that field, and a smart young chuck like you ought to be able to find 'em."

THAT so?" says Mr. Chuck. "Well, I'm a smart young chuck all right," and he vaulted over the fence and started to dig furiously all over the field.

He grew warm and he grew mad, but the little tumble bug kept spurring him on until he had overturned the earth in that entire field without finding a seed. Swinging about angrily he started for the little bug, who made a funny face and shouted as he darted into a hole in the adjoining field: "Nobody is smart enough to catch me."

Just then Mr. Mole came shuffling along and, seeing Mr. Chuck so excited, asked: "What's up?"

"Up! Only a little tumble bug has played a trick on me. He says there's nobody smart enough to catch him and he's right in that hole," replied Mr. Chuck as he pointed to the next field.

Ol' Mr. Mole suddenly showed interest. "He said that, did he? Well, I'll show him," and away he went right into the hole.

Soon little ridges commenced to appear all over the field as Mr. Mole made tunnel after tunnel in the furious effort to catch Jimmy Tumble Bug. But work as hard as he could, he could not find him, and reappearing tired and mad he joined Mr. Chuck and arm in arm they disappeared over the brow of the hill—two dejected little figures.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Hurrah!" echoed Johnny Funny Bunny from his hiding place behind the old stump. "That's two fields plowed, and now for the third and last."

Just then the sporty Mr. Possum appeared, gayly swinging his golf club. Johnny,

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If you wish to see how Johnny Funny Bunny plowed his garden, print the color pictures on cardstock. Or print out the pictures on regular paper and mount the cut-outs on some lightweight cardboard using paste or glue. Cut carefully around the tabs at the dotted lines and bend them back so the pictures will stand upright. Line up the pictures as shown above.

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standing on the edge of the third field, greeted him with a low bow as he asked: "Well! Any luck to-day?"

"Luck! Well, I should say yes. Played all the holes in quick time, too, I'll tell you," proudly ejaculated Mr. Possum.

"That so? I'd believe it if I saw you do it," returned John doubtfully. "I have my doubts whether you can hit a ball."

"What's that?" Mr. Possum exclaimed, bristling. "You dare to doubt my ability?"

"I don't doubt it, but I'd like to see you hit a ball."

Mr. Possum, somewhat taken aback, climbed over the fence and joined Johnny in the field. Placing his ball on a little mound of earth, he prepared to make a drive.

"I'll hit it once, just to show you"; and he brought his club down "whack."

But he didn't hit the ball; he only dug up the ground. He tried again and again, and each time he failed. He grew so mad he could hardly see, while Johnny laughed and laughed. Mr. Possum went all over the field, and his club dug it up from end to end and he never once knew that a little tumble bug kept pushing the ball out of the reach of his club.

When he had reached the farthest corner of the field, very tired and very mad, he gave it up and, with a black scowl at Johnny, hurried away.

"Whoop!" shouted Johnny. "My third patch is plowed. There's nothing left to do now except put in the seeds; and I wish to thank you for your services, Jimmy Tumble Bug. 'Pears to me we are a very good team."

At that both laughed till the tears rolled down their faces. Jimmy Tumble Bug doubled up in a knot and tumbled about over the plowed ground, stopping now and then to slap his knee at the thought of the great joke.

"Jimmy, it pays to use our heads—yes?" giggled Johnny.

"And to spot the other fellow's selfishness—what?" chuckled Jimmy.

"I can't thank you enough, Jimmy. But here's something you may like." And he gave Jimmy Tumble Bug a fine present of seeds.

"Thanks nothing," replied Jimmy; "it's been great sport for me, for tumbling is my business, you know." And with a nod of farewell he hopped away.

Johnny Funny Bunny, very pleased and with a sly twinkle in his eyes, hastened home. "Hurrah, Hepsy! Our fields are all plowed."

"All plowed?" his wife repeated in surprise. "You must have worked very hard and very fast."

"I did, but with my head and not with my hands," said Johnny; "and the moral is, to make farming easy use your head before using your hands."

