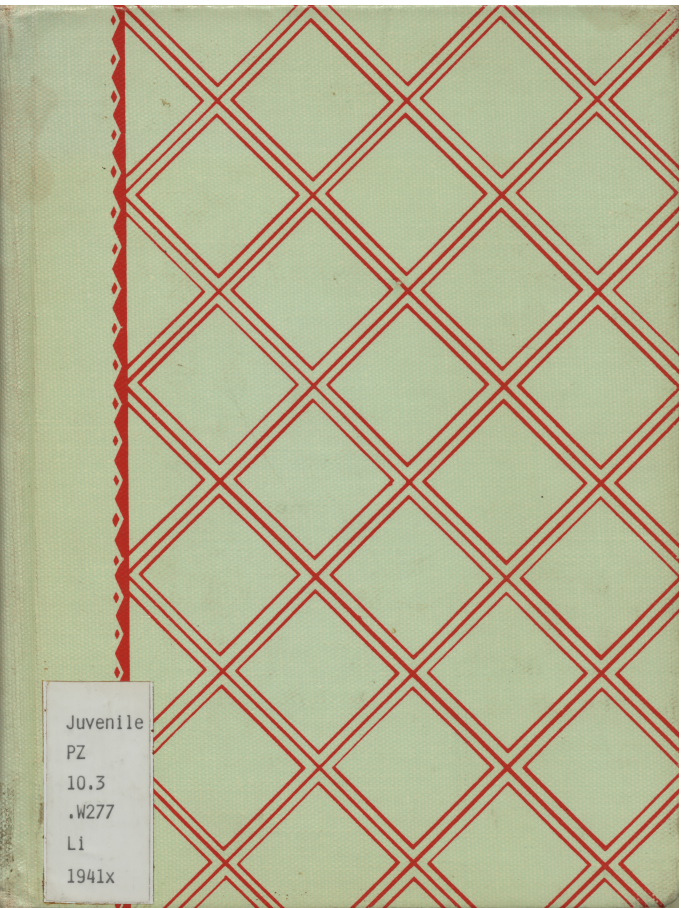

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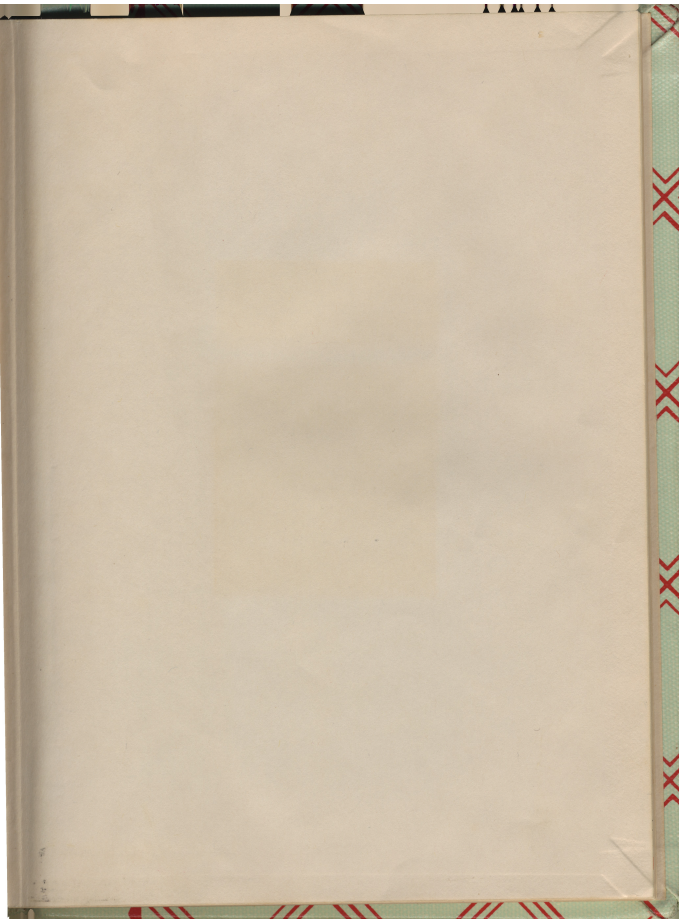

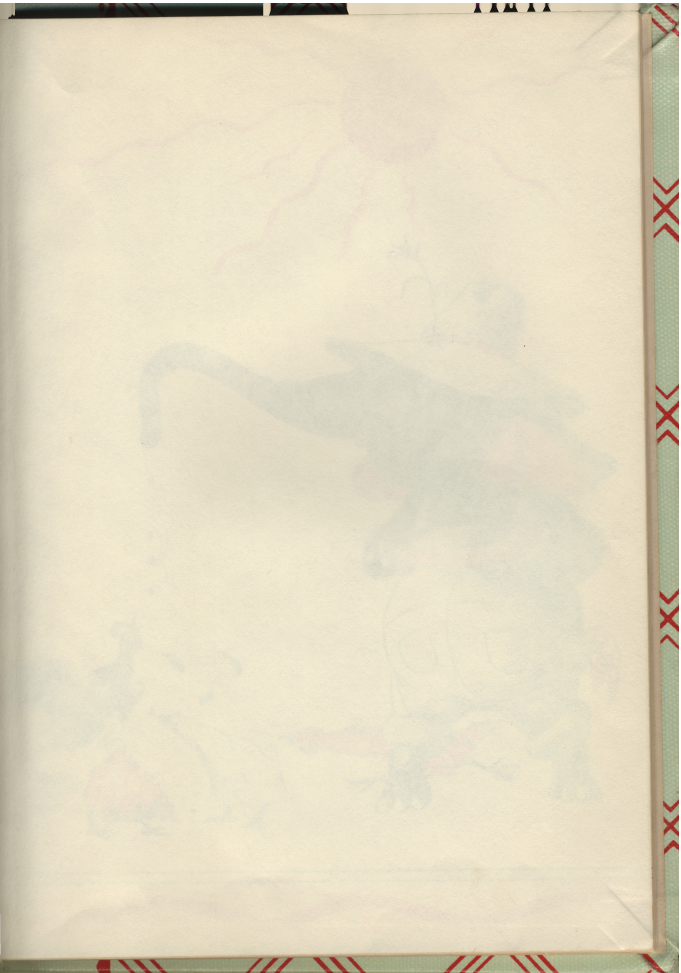

ittle Elephant Visits the Farm

Uncle Oliver and Little Elephant carry the suitcases

Little Elephant Visits the Farm

Story by HELUIZ WASHBURNE, 1892-
Pictures by JEAN McCONNELL

Author and artist of Little Elephant Catches Cold, Little Elephant's Christmas and Little Elephant's Picnic

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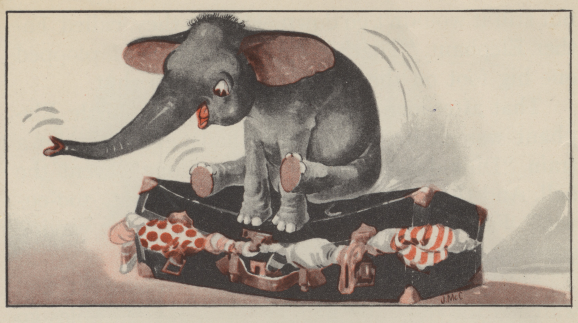


SUMMER had come and Little Elephant was glad. Now he could play outdoors every day. Little Elephant loved the summer.

One day Mother Elephant said, "Little Elephant, tomorrow we are going to visit Uncle Oliver Elephant, down on the farm."

Little Elephant jumped up and down on all four feet, and raised his trunk and trumpeted, "Humpha! Humpha! Humpha!" which meant, "Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!"

The next morning Father Elephant tromped up to the attic and brought down the big suitcases. Mother Elephant began to pack them.

By the time everything was packed, the suitcases were so full they wouldn't shut. Little Elephant sat on the lid of the biggest one and bounced and bounced,

but still it wouldn't go down. Finally they called Father Elephant. "That's easy," he said, and plopped one big foot on the cover. Bang! It was shut.

That afternoon they got on the train. Little Elephant was excited because he had never been on a train. "Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!" went the bell. And the whistle shrieked, "Too-oo-oot, too-oo-oot!" Father Elephant stood on the platform waving good-by.

At first Little Elephant sat quietly in his seat, and watched the trees and houses and telegraph poles go whizzing past the window. Then he grew restless. This bothered Mother Elephant, who was trying to take a nap.

"Do sit still, Little Elephant," she said, "and stop wiggling."

It was a long train ride and Little Elephant got very tired. First he read the picture book Mother Elephant had brought. Then he ran up and down the aisle and looked out of the window. Finally there was nothing more to do, except ask questions.

"Is this the station?" cried Little Elephant, every time the train stopped.

But Mother Elephant always said, "Not yet," for she couldn't sleep now.

Little Elephant didn't see how he could wait any

At first Little Elephant sat quietly in his seat

longer. Then Mother Elephant said, "Little Elephant, how *did* you get so dirty? What will Uncle Oliver and Aunt Amy say? Go down to the little room at the end of the aisle, and wash your face and trunk. And don't forget to wash your ears!"

Little Elephant hated to wash his ears. They were such terribly big ears! When he reached the little room, he ran the water in the basin and began to wash. But the train was swaying and the water wouldn't stay still. It rushed first to one side and then smacked against the other side.

Little Elephant couldn't stand still either, with the train swaying so. He tried to wash his face but the soap got in his eyes. He felt all around for a towel. Where were the towels?

Finally he got one eye open and saw a nice pile of them on the rack over his head. He reached for one with his trunk. But just then the train gave a long whistle—"Too-oo-oo-oot!" and looped around another curve.

CRASH! BANG! The next thing Little Elephant knew, he was sitting on the floor buried in a heap of towels.

When the train straightened out again Little Elephant dried his eyes and trotted back up the aisle. Mother Elephant put on her glasses. Then she lifted

He was sitting on the floor buried in a heap of towels

each one of Little Elephant's big ears and looked inside. "Little Elephant, did you wash your ears?" she asked sternly.

Little Elephant stood first on one foot and then on the other. He didn't know what to answer. "A little," he said at last, looking down his trunk.

"Humph! I thought so!" scolded Mother Elephant. "Now go back and wash them thoroughly. A big Little Elephant like you should be able to wash his own ears."

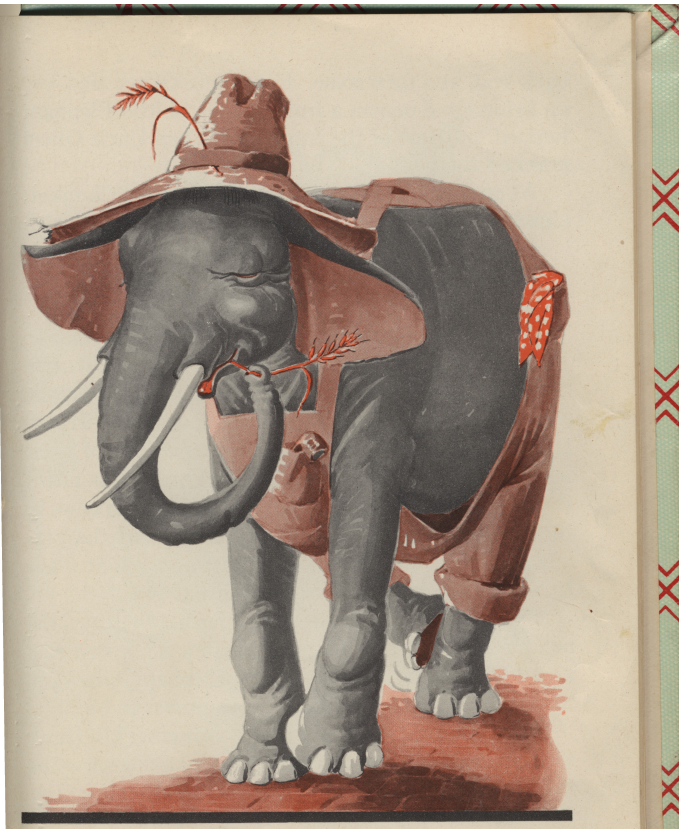
When Little Elephant came back the second time the train was pulling into a station.

"Here we are!" called Mother Elephant. "Hurry up!"

There was jolly Uncle Oliver Elephant, standing on the platform. Little Elephant knew it was Uncle Oliver because he had on baggy red overalls and a large straw hat, and he was chewing a wisp of hay. "We-e-ell! Ble-e-ess my soul! If it isn't Little Elephant!" boomed Uncle Oliver, as he lumbered down the platform to meet them. "Have you come to help me on the farm, young fellow?"

Uncle Oliver's funny little open car was standing beside the platform. "Get in, get in!" he said.

Little Elephant didn't see where they could put the suitcases, for Mother Elephant filled up the whole



There was jolly Uncle Oliver Elephant

back seat, and then some. But Uncle Oliver tied two on behind and one on a front fender. Little Elephant hopped into part of the front seat. Then Uncle Oliver cranked the car.

At once the whole car began to shake. "Chunket-chunkety-chunk!" roared the engine.

"There!" cried Uncle Oliver as he jumped inside and grabbed the wheel. Away they went down the road in a cloud of dust.

"You squeeze the horn," shouted Uncle Oliver.

Little Elephant reached over and took hold of it. "Honk! Honk!" The chickens ran screeching across the road. Little Elephant was having fun. "Honk! Honk! Honk! Honk!" Everyone jumped out of their way. Little Elephant looked around him at the farms and the big red barns. He saw the horses and cows in the meadows, the ducks on the ponds, and the pigs and chickens in the barnyards. Little Elephant *knew* he was in the country now, and he was glad.

Pretty soon they came to the farm. There on the porch was Aunt Amy Elephant with a big apron tied around her waist. "My, my, Little Elephant," she said. "What a big Little Elephant you've grown to be!"

Little Elephant stood there swinging his trunk from side to side and scowling. He hated grown-ups to tell him he was a big Little Elephant. Just then Un-

The chickens ran screeching across the road

cle Oliver said, "Here, Little Elephant, help me with these suitcases," and Little Elephant felt better.

Aunt Amy and Mother Elephant hadn't seen each other for a long time, so they locked their trunks together and went into the house, talking as fast as they could.

As soon as the suitcases were unpacked, Little Elephant put on a pair of red overalls that were just like Uncle Oliver's, only smaller. When he came downstairs Uncle Oliver took an old straw hat from the peg on the kitchen wall and stuck it on Little Elephant's head. Uncle Oliver said, "Now you look like a real farmer." And he laughed so hard he shook all over.

"I've planted a garden for you, Little Elephant," he said, "Come and see it."

In the garden were two rows of carrots, one row of beets, three rows of radishes, two rows of string beans, and four rows of onions, for Little Elephant just loved green onions. And it was all edged around with sunflowers. Little Elephant was pleased about his garden until Uncle Oliver said, "But you'll have to keep it weeded. You'd better start today."

Little Elephant looked down his trunk, and flapped his big ears. He was sure he wouldn't like weeding that garden.

"But it's fun," said Uncle Oliver. "See, you do it

Little Elephant put on a pair of red overalls

this way." He grabbed hold of a little green stem with his trunk, twisted it around, gave it a yank, and up it came. Little Elephant thought he would try one. It came out so easily he pulled another and another.

"Didn't I tell you it was fun?" asked Uncle Oliver. "You'll soon have it all weeded." Then Uncle Oliver went away to saw wood and pump some water.

Little Elephant kept on pulling, tossing the weeds into a nice pile. "I'll just pull them all out," he thought, "and surprise Uncle Oliver." The pile grew bigger and bigger.

When Uncle Oliver came back carrying a pail of water in his trunk, he stopped to look. Then he dropped the bucket of water with a great splash. "Bless my soul!" he cried. Uncle Oliver always said that when he was excited. "Bless my soul! You've pulled up all your onions!"

Little Elephant felt like crying when he saw what he had done. All his lovely green onions! He blinked

"You've pulled up all your onions!"

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his eyes very hard, but still two big tears rolled down and dropped on the ground.

"There, there," comforted Uncle Oliver. He pulled out a large red bandana handkerchief and wiped Little Elephant's eyes. "You have lots of garden left. And you will make a good farmer because you work hard." Then he went off to pump some more water.

Every day on the farm was a happy one for Little Elephant. There were so many things to do. When Aunt Amy made butter, Little Elephant would carry the pails of buttermilk down to the pig pen. Here lived a fat old mother pig and three little pink baby pigs. "Ungk! Ungk! Ungk!" grunted the old mother pig as she nosed about for the chunks of food mixed in with the buttermilk. "Oink! Oink! Oink!" squealed the three baby pigs as they slupped up the good buttermilk.

Sometimes Little Elephant helped in the barn. "Set down some hay," Uncle Oliver would say. Then Little Elephant would climb up the ladder into the sweet-smelling hay loft. There he would scoop up a nice trunkful of hay and toss it down through the trap door. Then he'd get another and another, till Uncle Oliver would call, "Enough!"

On hot days Little Elephant went down to the stream that ran through the meadow. He liked to

He would toss it down through the trap door

wade in the cool water. Sometimes he took off his overalls and lay down in the nice mud on the bottom. One day he was sitting there on the bank with his packages of peppermint chewing gum Uncle Oliver had given him. Little Elephant liked chewing gum. But Mother Elephant didn't often let him have it.

One by one he opened the sticks and put them in his mouth. Ten sticks made a good big wad. He chewed and chewed. With the tip of his trunk he pulled it out into a long loop. He put it back and pulled it out again.

He was having a fine time, when suddenly he heard a funny sound behind him. "Ssssss! Ssssss! Sssss!" He turned around and there stood a big grey bird, flapping her wings and hissing at him. She looked very fierce. Little Elephant was so scared he gave a great gulp and swallowed his gum—all ten sticks!

"Sssss! Sssss!" hissed the bird again, running toward him. Little Elephant jumped up and started for the house. But the cross old bird was still chasing him, pecking at his heels. "Ow-ow-ow!" bawled Little Elephant.

He burst into the kitchen and slammed the screen door. But the bird stood on the step, still flapping her wings and hissing.

"Why, Little Elephant, you aren't afraid of Sally,

But the cross old bird was still chasing him

are you?" said Aunt Amy, laughing. "A big Little Elephant like you! Why, she's only my pet goose and she's hungry."

But Little Elephant had never seen a goose before. Besides, he couldn't forgive Sally for making him swallow his chewing gum.

The thing Little Elephant liked best about the farm was sliding down the barn roof. The roof over the hayloft was higher than the rest of the roof, so he'd start at the top, scoot down, bump onto the second part, fly down that, drop onto the roof of the chicken house, whizz off that and jump to the ground. It was exciting because the barn was high and he went pretty fast. If he didn't jump quickly enough when he hit the chicken house he slid off into the manure pile just below.

Mother Elephant was worried when she saw him slide down the roof. "You'll break your neck, Little Elephant," she said. "I wish you wouldn't do it."

Little Elephant said he would try to remember.

Then one day he saw Aunt Amy's big black umbrella in the back hall. It was her very, very best umbrella. Little Elephant had a bright idea, a wonderful idea. With that umbrella he could jump off the barn roof just the way a fellow jumped out of an airplane. But that was Aunt Amy's best umbrella. He

It was exciting because the barn was high

knew he shouldn't take it. So he walked outside and slammed the door hard.

He looked up at the barn roof. A fine wind was blowing. He could just see himself sailing away with that umbrella. One more slide wouldn't hurt. And then he'd never do it again.

He went inside and took the umbrella. Holding it in his trunk, he climbed out on the rooftop and gave himself a shove. Down he slid, faster and faster. The seat of his overalls was smoking. Now was the time! Quickly he opened the great umbrella.

The next thing he knew, he was sailing off the roof. Oh, this was glorious! Suddenly—"Poof!"—went the umbrella, and turned inside out. Little Elephant was falling, falling, falling. Then *plop* he landed, right on top of the manure pile. But he was still holding onto the handle of the inside-out umbrella.

Mother Elephant came running out of the house. This time she was really cross. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh *dear*!" she cried. "Didn't I ask you not to slide on the barn roof, Little Elephant? Now look at you! And just see what has happened to Aunt Amy's best umbrella!" With that she pulled him along to the pump.

"I didn't mean to hurt Aunt Amy's umbrella, honest I didn't," sobbed Little Elephant. Big tears were running down his cheeks now and he felt very miserable.

He was still holding onto the handle of the umbrella

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"Well, whatever were you trying to do with her umbrella, anyway?" asked Mother Elephant, giving his ear a pinch. For she was really very put out. Besides, she didn't know what Aunt Amy would say when she saw what had happened to her very best umbrella.

"That was my para—para—parachoot," exploded Little Elephant.

"Your what?" said Mother Elephant.

"My para-choot!"

"Your parachute!" gulped Mother Elephant. Land of goodness! What would Little Elephant think of next?

When they reached the pump Mother Elephant dipped her trunk into the trough and drew up a lot of water. Little Elephant knew what was coming. Swi-i-i-i-ish, went the cold water all over him. Then she took up another trunkful and sprayed him again. Little Elephant stood there and shivered till Mother Elephant got him clean. "This is your last pair of overalls," she said, "and now you must stay in bed till they get dry."

She led him in through the warm kitchen where Aunt Amy was frying doughnuts. There was a big stack of them on the table, all white with sugar. Little Elephant's mouth watered, and he reached for one as

Swi-i-i-i-ish, went the cold water all over him

he went past. But Mother Elephant said, "No, you can't have any doughnuts. Only good Little Elephants get doughnuts."

Mother Elephant put him into bed and left the room with his wet overalls. Little Elephant lay there and thought about those doughnuts. Then he heard someone tip-toeing up the stairs. The door opened softly and there was Aunt Amy with a big plate of sugared doughnuts.

Little Elephant bounced up in bed. "Sh-sh!" said Aunt Amy. "I'm sure you didn't mean to be naughty. Perhaps these doughnuts will help you to remember not to slide on the barn roof any more."

"Ummmmm!" said Little Elephant as he slipped one doughnut on the end of his trunk and reached for two more. Now he felt terribly sorry about Aunt Amy's best umbrella, and he wondered if she knew what had happened to it.

Aunt Amy set the plate down and went away. Little Elephant ate one doughnut and then another and another. He felt full right up to his neck. Still there were more doughnuts on the plate. They were awfully good. So he ate and ate till they were all gone. Then he pushed the plate out of sight under the bed.

Mother Elephant noticed that Little Elephant didn't eat much supper that night. She wondered if he

Still there were more doughnuts on the plate

wasn't feeling well. Perhaps he'd caught cold from getting so wet. And she was troubled. In the middle of the night she heard Little Elephant crying.

She jumped out of bed and ran into his room. Little Elephant was all doubled up, "Ow-ow-ow! My stomach, my stomach!" he wailed.

"What's the matter with your stomach?" she asked. Now she was sure Little Elephant was sick. It was all her fault for getting him so wet and cold.

"I've got an awful pain right here in my stomach. Ow-ow-ow."

"Now you lie still, Little Elephant, and I'll get something to make the pain go away." In a few minutes she came back with a large hot water bottle and a cup of hot ginger tea. Before he could say a word she clapped the hot water bottle on his stomach. Little Elephant gasped, but it *did* feel good. Then she fed him spoonfuls of hot ginger tea. All the time she was worrying over what had made Little Elephant sick.

Pretty soon Little Elephant went to sleep and the hot water bottle slid off onto the floor. As Mother Elephant leaned over to pick it up, she spied the plate under Little Elephant's bed. She pulled it out and saw the sugary crumbs. "Humph! Doughnuts!" she snorted softly. "Aunt Amy's been at it again. Always spoiling

She fed him spoonfuls of hot ginger tea

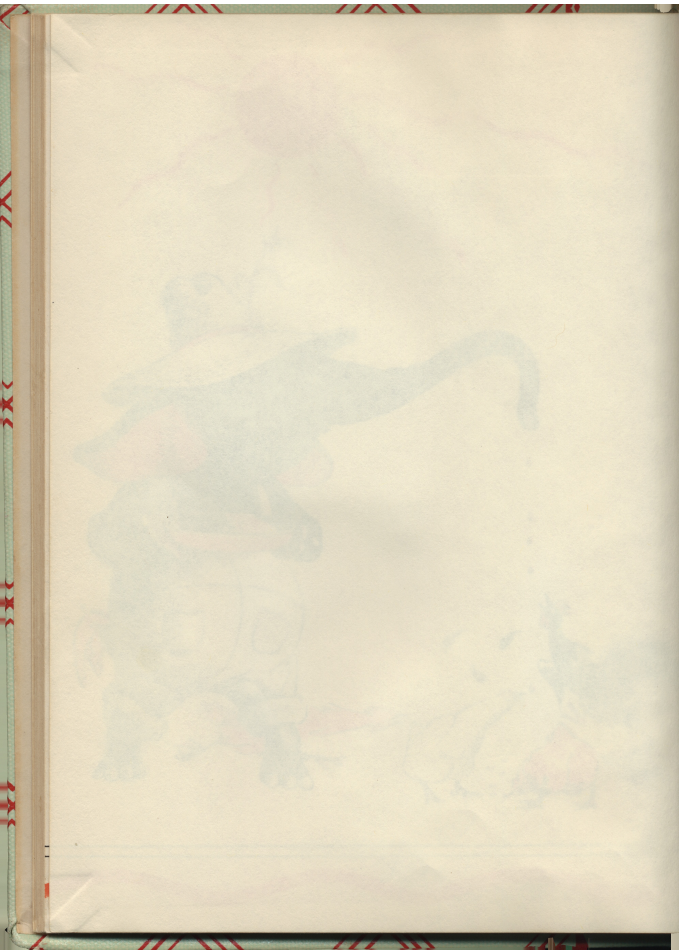
other people's children!" But she smiled as she went out and closed the door.

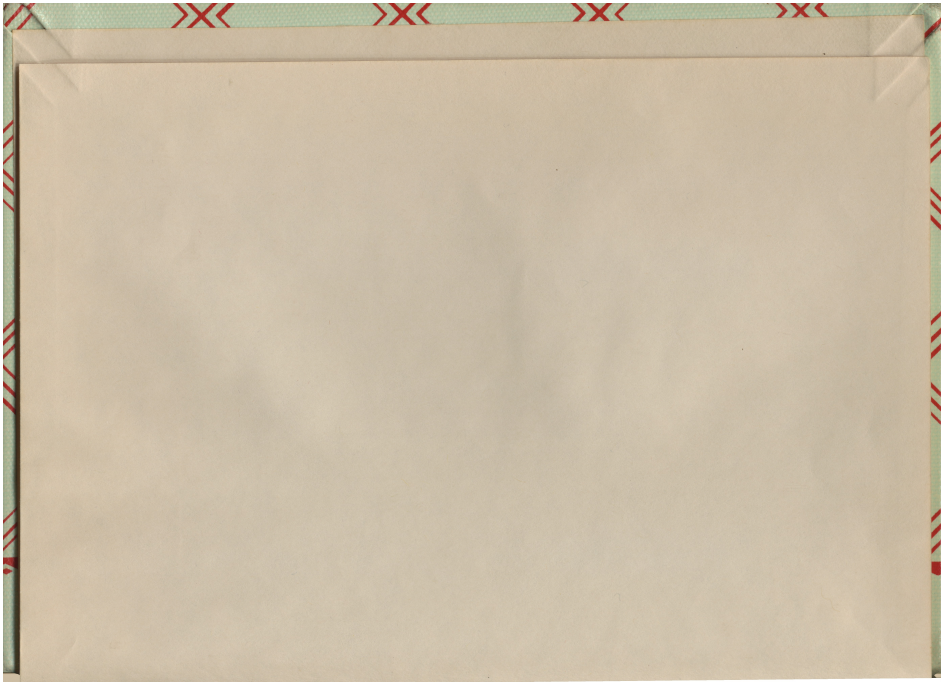
The summer passed and Little Elephant learned many things about a farm. He took good care of his garden, and pulled up just the weeds. So the vegetables grew big and juicy. The only sad thing was that he didn't have any onions.

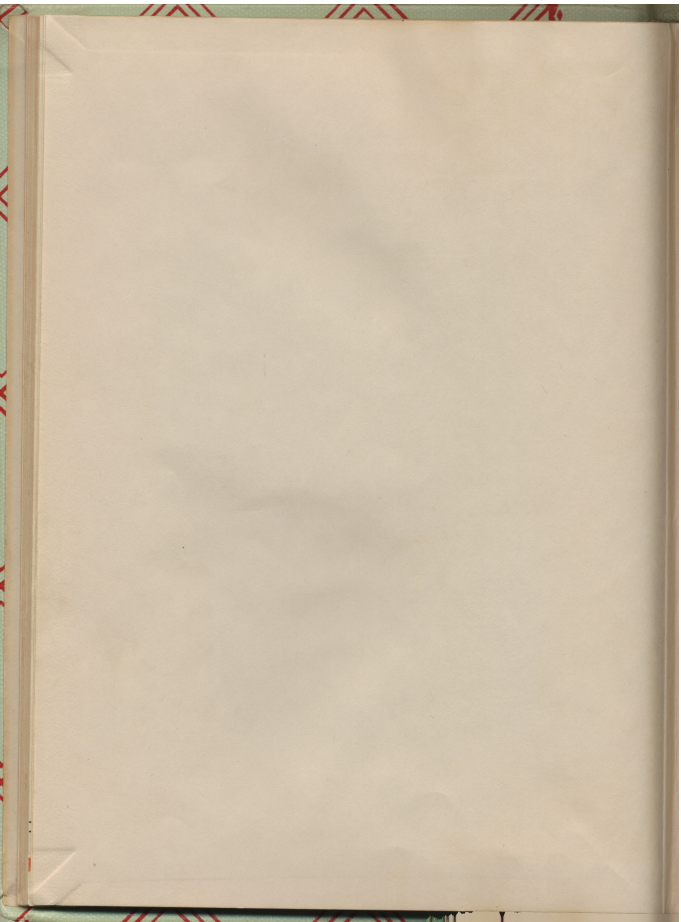
All too soon Mother Elephant said they must be going home. It was time for school to begin. Little Elephant didn't want to go back to the city. He felt very sad as he watched Mother Elephant packing up all his nice overalls. He'd had *such* fun wearing overalls and going barefoot. Uncle Oliver hung up the big straw hat on a peg in the kitchen. "It will be here when you come again," he said.

Then Mother Elephant climbed into the back seat of the old car. Uncle Oliver tied on the suitcases and handed Mother Elephant a big basket full of the last vegetables from Little Elephant's garden. On the top was a tree-mendous bunch of green onions from Uncle Oliver's garden.

He cranked the engine, "Gr-rr-rr, grr-rr-rr! Chunkety-chunkety-chunk!" Little Elephant hopped into the front seat and away they chugged. Aunt Amy stood on the porch waving her handkerchief and calling "Good-by, good-by! Come again next year."







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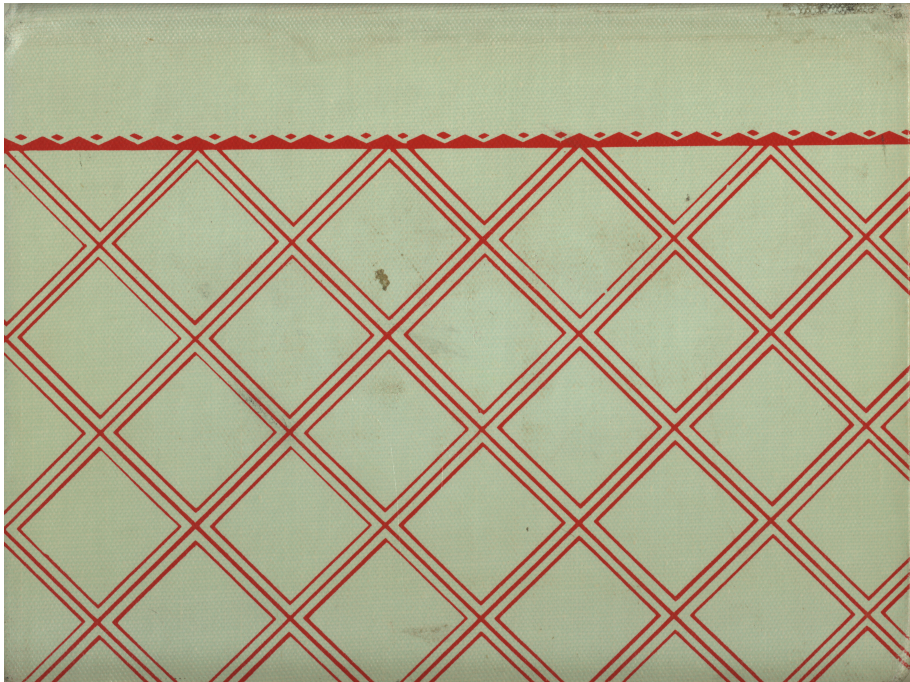
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