

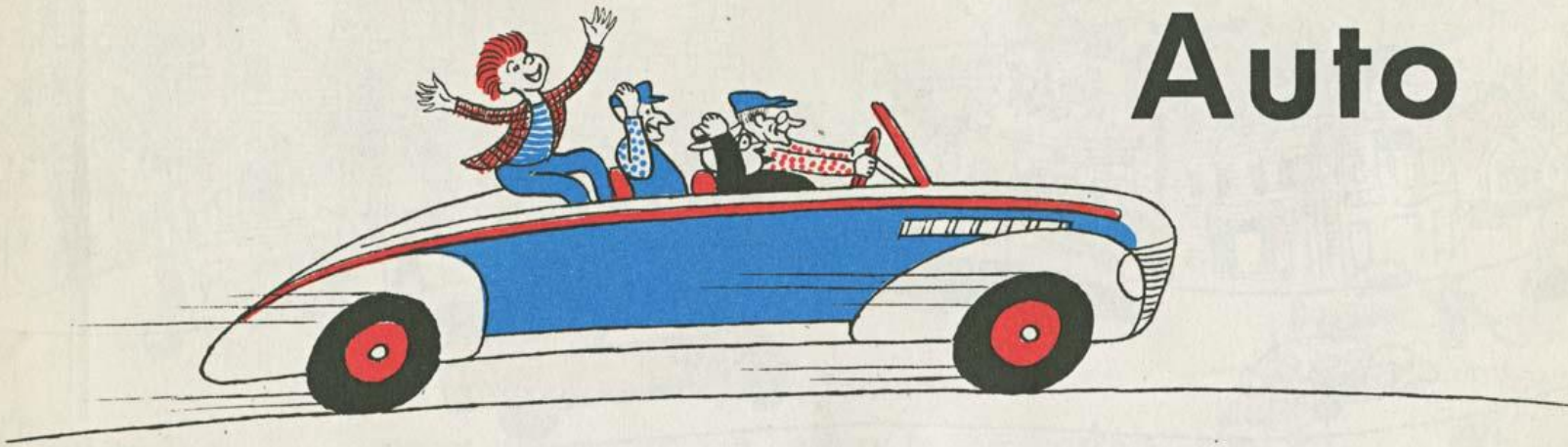
The
RED WHITE & BLUE
AUTO



By Lucy Sprague Mitchell. Illustrated by Tibor Gergely.

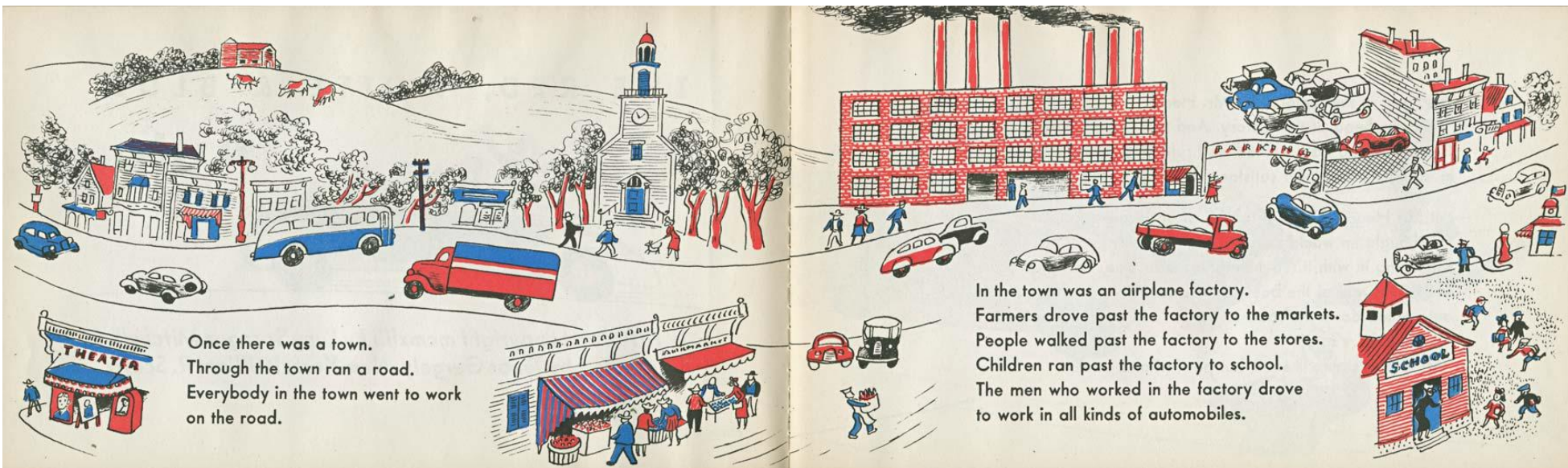
THE RED, WHITE & BLUE

Auto



*Written and copyright mcmxlili by Lucy Sprague Mitchell.
Illustrated by Tibor Gergely. New York: William R. Scott.*

Made in U.S.A.

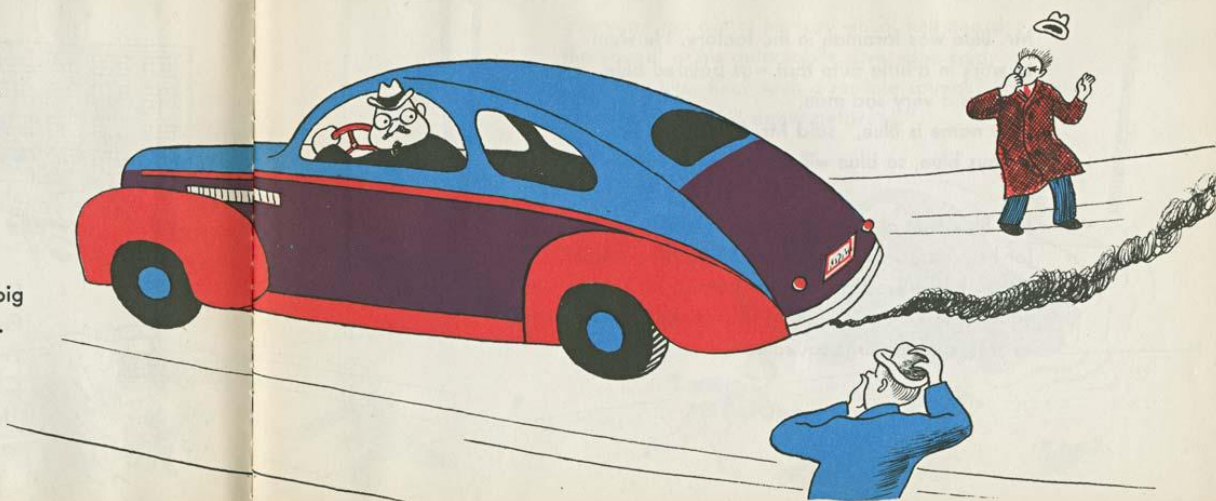


Once there was a town.
Through the town ran a road.
Everybody in the town went to work
on the road.

In the town was an airplane factory.
Farmers drove past the factory to the markets.
People walked past the factory to the stores.
Children ran past the factory to school.
The men who worked in the factory drove
to work in all kinds of automobiles.

The head of the factory was Mr. Head.
"I am the head of the factory. And that I find satisfactory.
Down the road I am whirled, as I ride through the world
in an auto that's most satisfactory," said Mr. Head.

But Mr. Head's big auto took a lot of gasoline.
He thought he would save gasoline by mixing
something in with it. That mixture made blue, bad-smelling
smoke puff out of the back of his auto. When Mr. Head's big
auto rolled down the road to the factory, everyone sniffed.
The neighbors said,
"Mr. Head's auto is swell, but pew! what a smell!"



Mr. Blue was foreman in the factory. He went to work in a little auto that was painted blue. He was a very sad man. "My name is Blue," said Mr. Blue, "and I'm always blue, so blue will do for my auto, too."

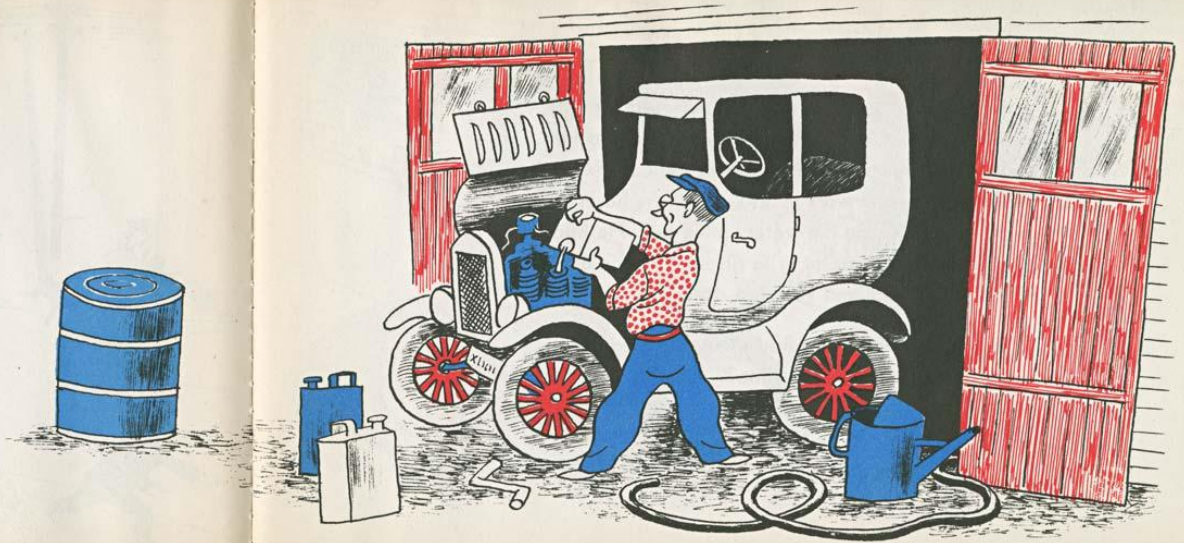
Mr. Blue was always having trouble with his tires, for he whizzed down the road like a blue streak. When he whizzed around the corner, his rubber tires squeaked. When he wanted to stop, he jammed on his brakes, and the tires squealed.

Everyone ran out of his way when they heard the squeal of his automobile. Everyone said, "Did you ever hear such a terrible squeak? Mr. Blue's tires will surely get weak."



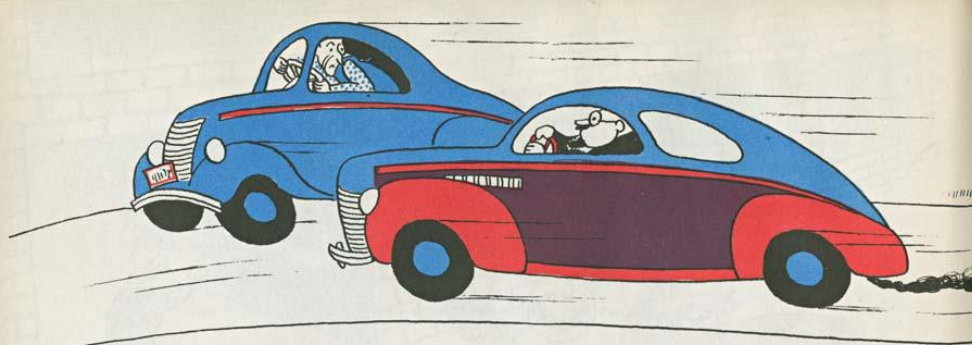
Mr. White took care of a big machine in the factory. He came to work in a rattling, old auto that was painted white. Mr. White was very bright and he kept his old, old auto running right. He always oiled the engine. He always saw that he had water and good gasoline. But he couldn't stop the rattles because his car was so very old.

The neighbors knew that it was Mr. White when they heard a car rattle and clatter down the road.

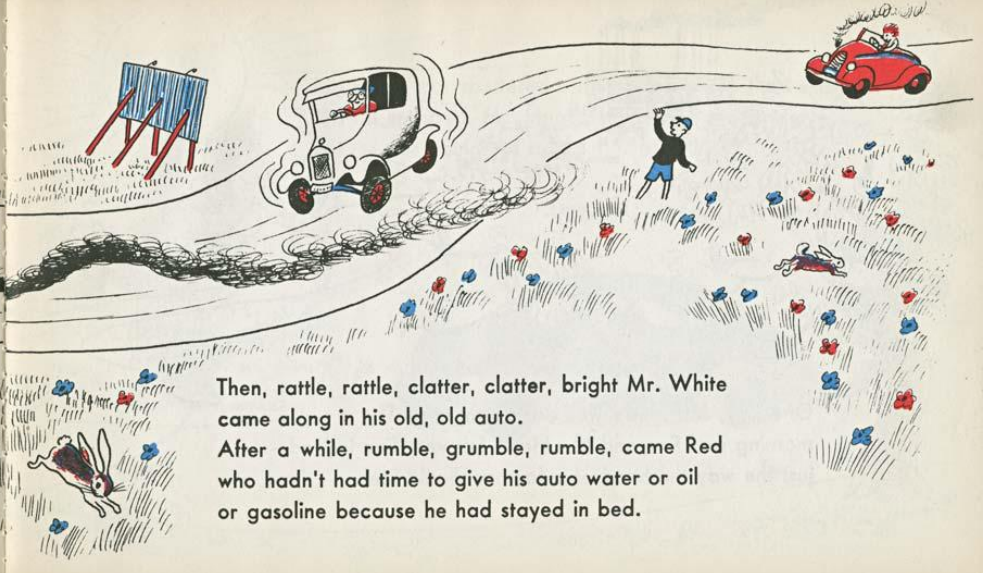


In the furnace room of the factory worked a big boy. Everyone called him Red because he had red hair. Red was always in a hurry because he was always late. When he drove to work in his red car, he hadn't time to pour in water. So the water would boil. He hadn't time to stop for gasoline or to give the engine oil. So his car grumbled and rumbled down the road.

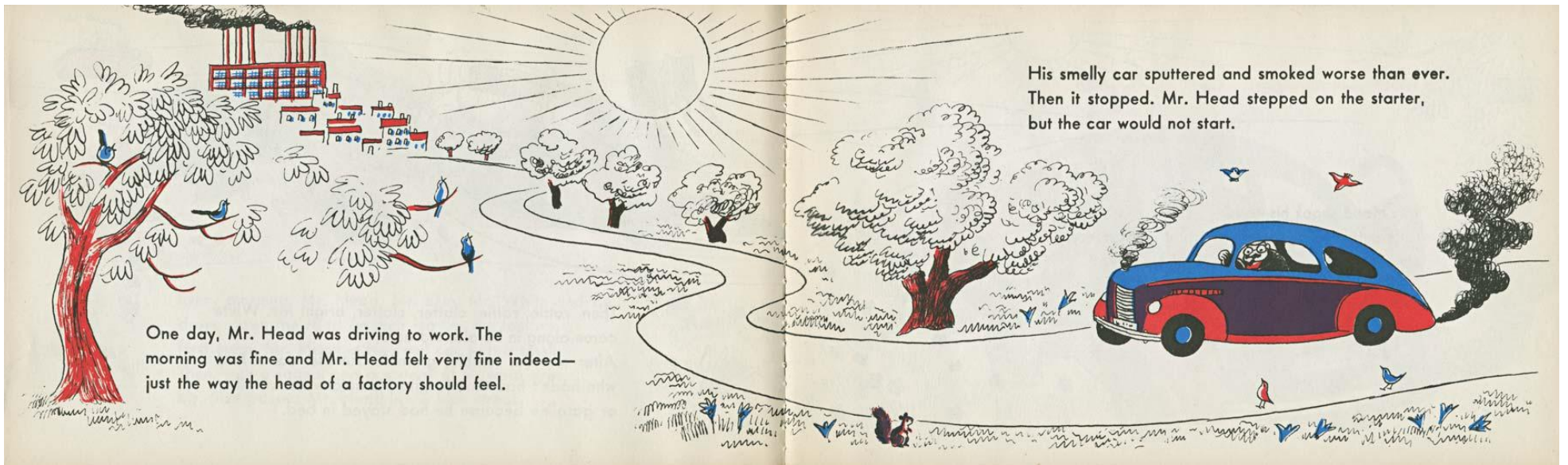
"I hate to be late," said Red every morning.
"Why don't you get up in time?" said Mr. Blue the foreman.
Red grinned and scratched his red head.
"Well, I just stay in bed, instead," he said.



Every morning, Mr. Head, Mr. Blue, Mr. White and Red drove down the road on their way to the factory. First came Mr. Head in his swell car with a smell. Then, with a squeal and a squeak of his weak tires, Mr. Blue passed Mr. Head like a blue streak.

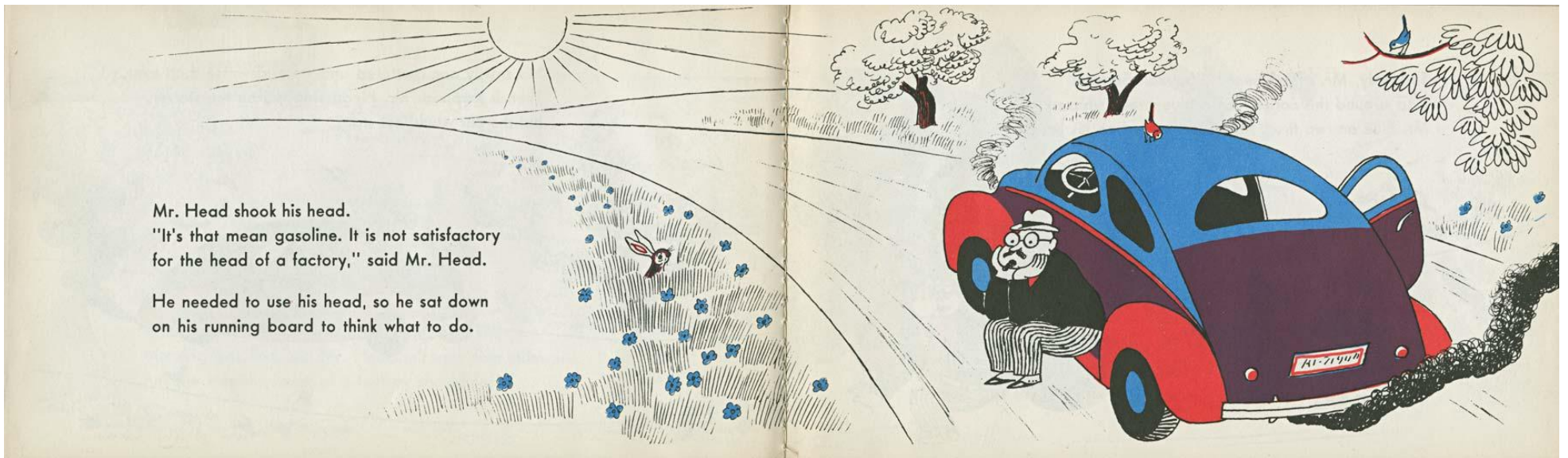


Then, rattle, rattle, clatter, clatter, bright Mr. White came along in his old, old auto. After a while, rumble, grumble, rumble, came Red who hadn't had time to give his auto water or oil or gasoline because he had stayed in bed.



One day, Mr. Head was driving to work. The morning was fine and Mr. Head felt very fine indeed—just the way the head of a factory should feel.

His smelly car sputtered and smoked worse than ever. Then it stopped. Mr. Head stepped on the starter, but the car would not start.



Mr. Head shook his head. "It's that mean gasoline. It is not satisfactory for the head of a factory," said Mr. Head.

He needed to use his head, so he sat down on his running board to think what to do.

Suddenly, Mr. Head heard, "Squeal! Squeak!"
And around the corner like a blue streak whizzed
Mr. Blue on two tires. Mr. Blue jammed on his brakes.



Pop! pop! pop! pop! All four of Mr. Blue's weak tires
blew out. His car went bang! into Mr. Head's swell auto.
Mr. Blue flew out of his seat and landed plop on the road.

Then Mr. Blue began to blubber.
"I've gone and burned up all my rubber.
I've ripped off my mudguards and running board, too.
I always was blue and now I'm black and blue.
Now what shall I do? I guess I'll sit
on the running board, too," said Mr. Blue.

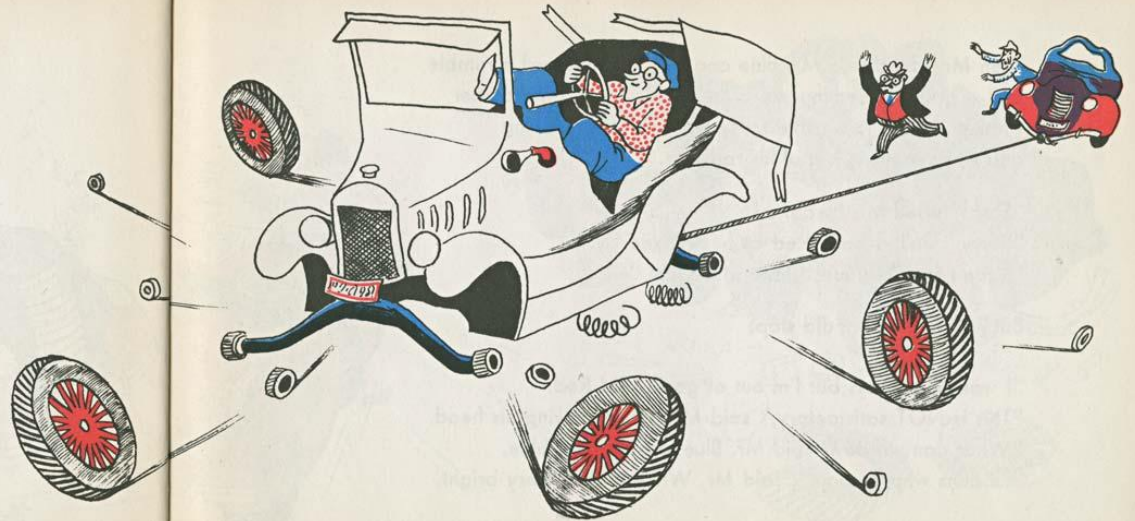
"You've crashed into my auto and smashed it,"
said Mr. Head. "That is NOT satisfactory
for the head of a factory!"

Mr. Blue was too blue to answer anything.
So he sat down on the running board next to Mr. Head.



Then Mr. Head and Mr. Blue heard rattle, clatter, rattle. Around the corner came Mr. White. Now Mr. White was very polite. When he saw Mr. Head and Mr. Blue sitting on the running board, he stopped his old, old automobile. "Mr. White, you are bright. What can you do?" said Mr. Blue.

Mr. White tied a strong rope from the front of Mr. Head's auto to the back of his and began to pull. But it was too much for the old, old auto. It began to rattle and shake. Then bang! it pulled right in two. Then the roof fell down—the springs fell out—the steering wheel came off—the wheels rolled away. "May I sit on your running board?" asked Mr. White politely.



Then Mr. Head and Mr. Blue and Mr. White heard a rumble and a grumble coming down the road. Around the corner whizzed Red in a terrible hurry with his water boiling and steam coming out of his radiator.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Head.
"Sorry," called back Red as he whizzed by.
"I can't stop because I hate to be late."

But just then his car did stop.

"I wanted to pass but I'm out of gas," said Red.
"This is NOT satisfactory," said Mr. Head shaking his head.
"What can we do?" said Mr. Blue looking very blue.
"I'll think what is right," said Mr. White looking very bright.



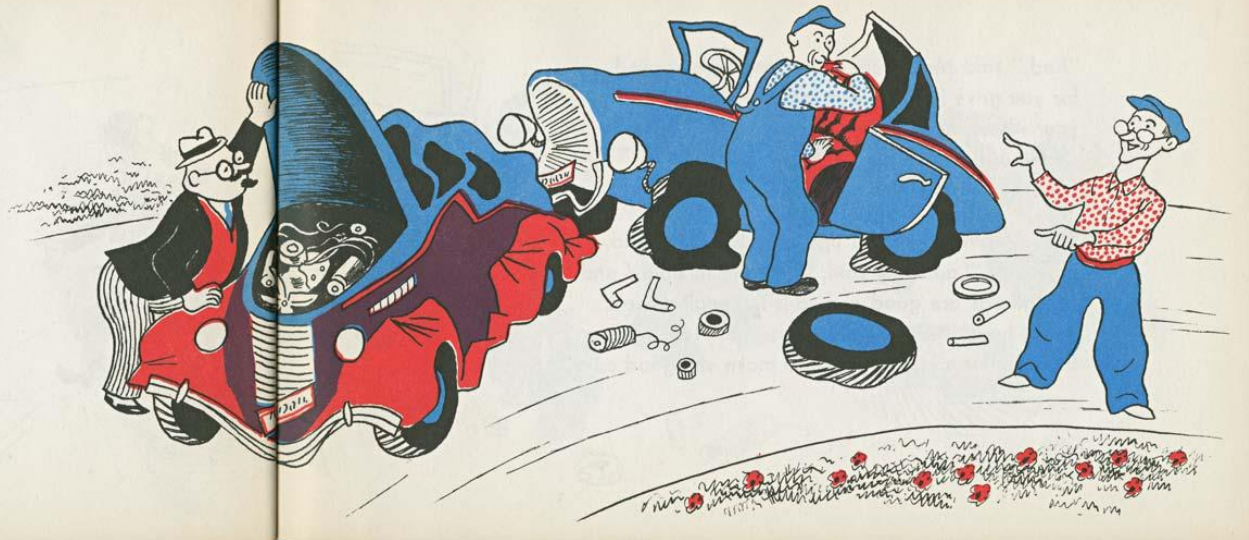
Mr. White got up and walked around the four autos.

"Mr. Head," said Mr. White, "your car is smashed in the crash. You used mean gasoline but your engine is still good."

"That's right, Mr. White," said Mr. Head.

"Mr. Blue," said Mr. White, "you've driven too fast to have your tires last. And your mudguards and running board are gone. But the body of your car is good. The seats are good, the springs are good, the steering wheel is good."

"That's right, Mr. White," said Mr. Blue sadly.

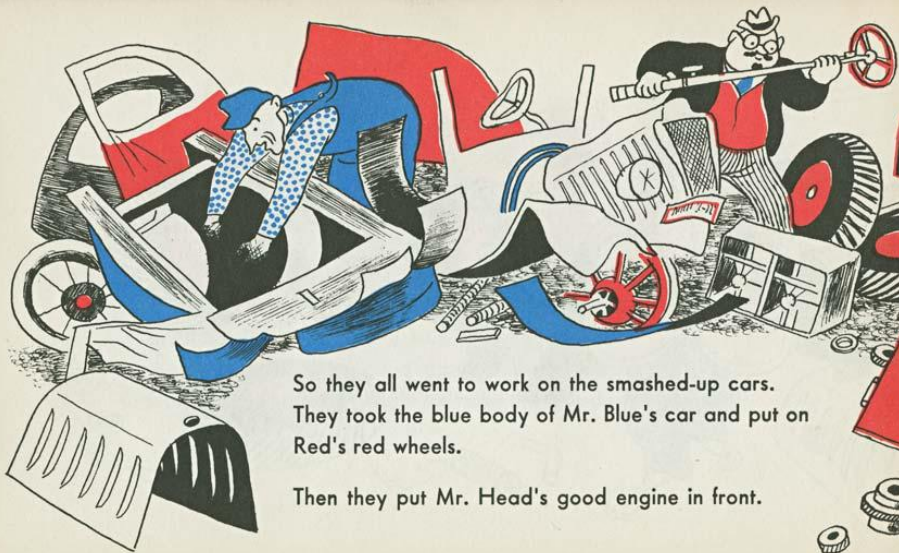


"Red," said Mr. White, "your engine is spoiled for you gave it no oil. But I really admire your wheels and your tires. Your wheels will do and your tires, too."

"That's right, Mr. White," said Red.

Then Mr. White picked up the pieces of his old, old auto. "Look," he said, "the running board and mudguards are good and so is the engine hood. And I have plenty of good gasoline. Now, I guess from all this mess, we ought to make one good auto."





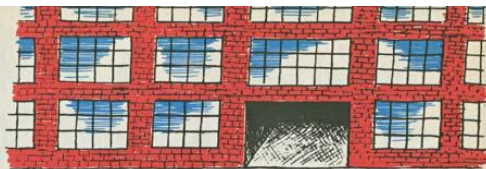
So they all went to work on the smashed-up cars. They took the blue body of Mr. Blue's car and put on Red's red wheels.

Then they put Mr. Head's good engine in front.



Then they put on Mr. White's white hood over the engine and his running board and mudguards.

Then they took the gasoline out of Mr. White's car with a hose, and put it in the tank at the back.



Then they all got into the auto and drove to the factory. Everyone said, "What a beautiful red, white and blue auto! It whirs and purrs so quietly on the road you can hardly hear it!"

"This is really the way we should go every day," said bright Mr. White. "What's the sense of taking four autos to the factory when one will do?"

"True," said Mr. Blue.

"Well said," said Red.

"As the head of the factory, I find this satisfactory," said Mr. Head.



So ever after they drove the red, white and blue auto instead.

