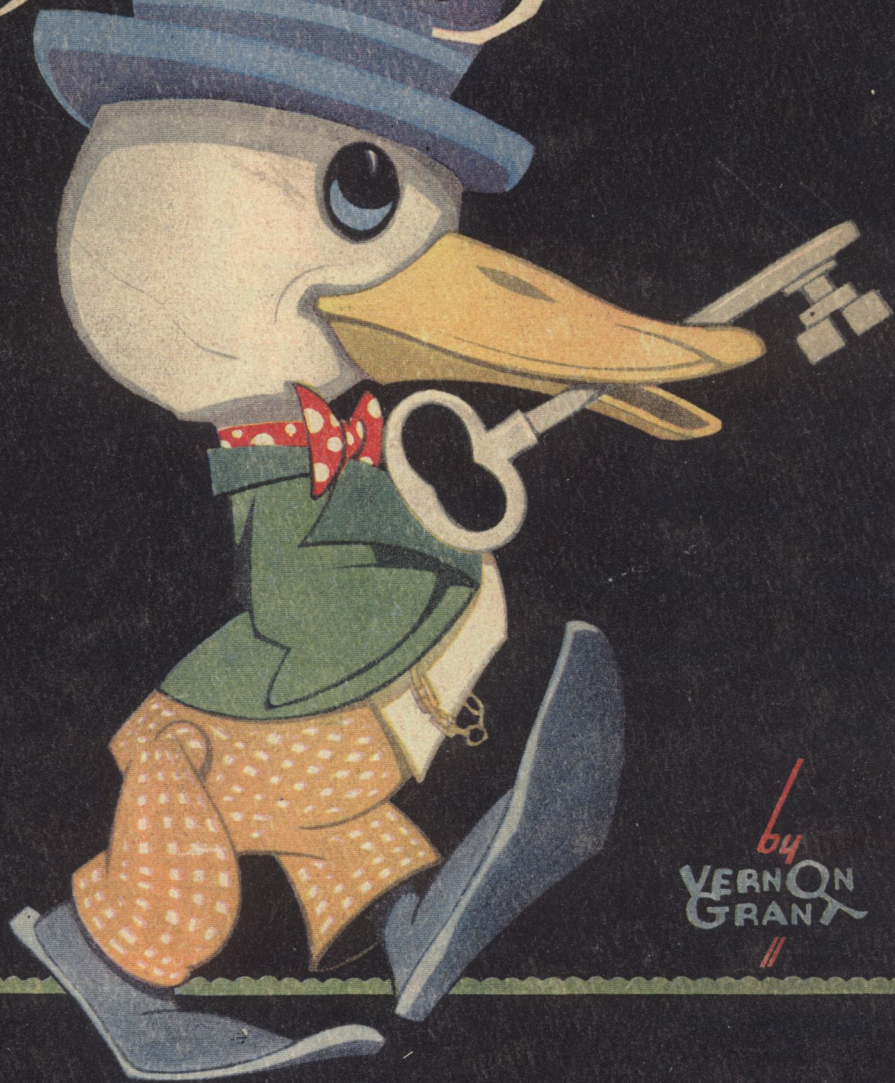


# Flibbity Jibbit



by  
VERNON  
GRANT  
//



*This Book Belongs*

to \_\_\_\_\_

# Everything that can be said of MILK can be said of RENNET-CUSTARDS ...and MORE!

Watch Aunt Rennie (the rennet enzyme) work her magic on milk. She'll change it into delicious renet-custards which everyone loves to eat with a spoon. But the milk will still keep all of its wonderful food values that help you to grow and protect your health. That's because it is uncooked.

And more, renet-custards are easier to digest because the rennet enzyme not only forms soft fine curds but actually performs the first step in the digestion of milk.

So your milk is just as nutritious, easier to digest, and much, much more fun to eat.



Make renet-custards  
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Already sweetened. Six flavors.  
At your grocer.

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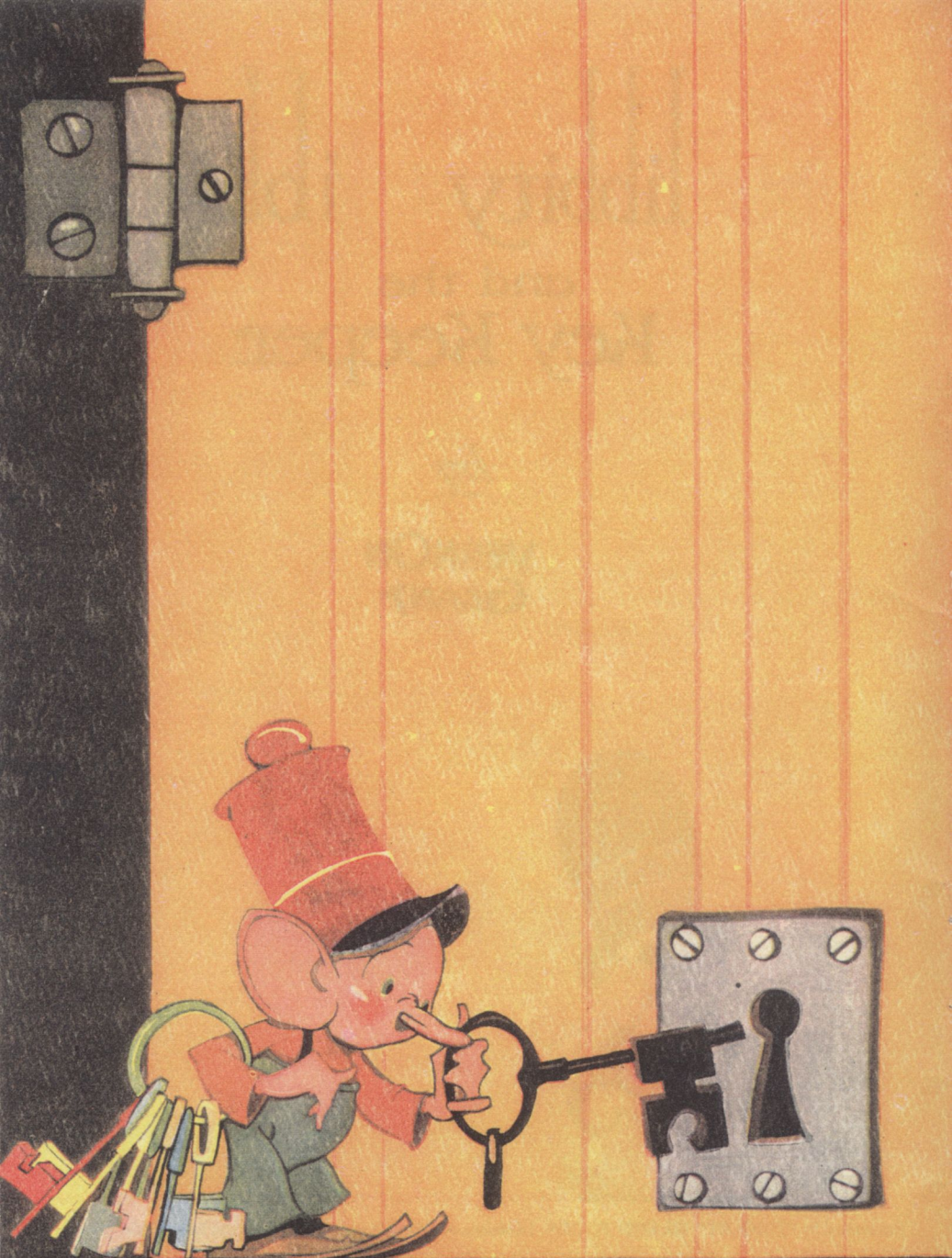
"Junket" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products, and is registered in the United States and Canada.

# Flibbity Jibbit

and the  
Key Keeper

*by*  
//  
VERNON  
GRANT  
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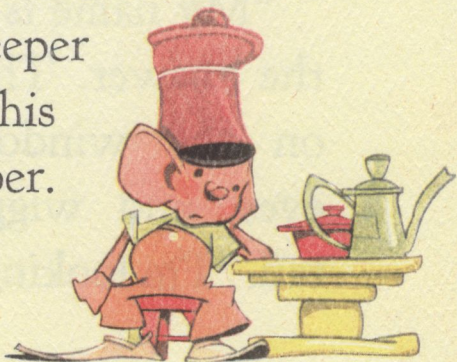


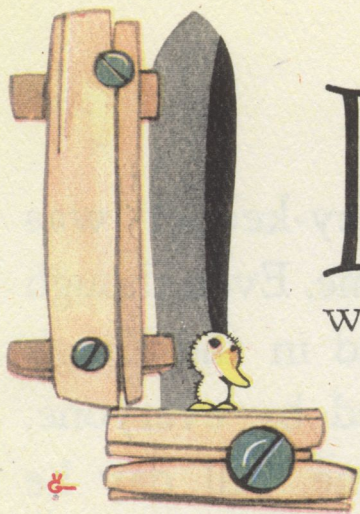
..... Locking *and* unlocking the heavy doors ..



**T**HE Key-keeper was lonesome. Even though he lived in the King's castle, and was liked by everyone, he was still lonesome. All day he would go about the castle with his big keys, up and down the long stairways. He would go winding through the crooked halls, locking and unlocking the heavy doors for the King and the King's helpers.

After everyone had gone to his room and the doors were locked for the night, the Key-keeper would go alone to his room to eat his supper. He was lonesome.





**I**N spite of all the good things to eat the Key-keeper was still very lonesome.

Early one morning when the Key-keeper went to the tower to unlock the bells so they could ring, he saw a funny little bird. The little bird was huddled way up high on a window sill.

“What are you doing there, and what is your name?” said the Key-keeper to the funny little bird.

“My name is Flibbity Jibbit,” was the answer. The little bird perched on the window sill, blinked his eyes, and wiggled his fuzzy little tail. “I’m looking for a home. You see

I'm all grown up now, and only yesterday I set out to face the world."

"Would you like to stay with me, Flibbity Jibbit?" said the Key-keeper.

"I am lonesome. You can live with me in my room. I will give you warm clothes. I will share my food with you. And you can go about the castle with me every day as I lock and unlock the doors."

"Wowie-kee-flowie!" said Flibbity Jibbit.

Flibbity Jibbit remembered how cold and lonesome he had been through the long night on the window sill in the bell tower. His tummy told him it was time for breakfast. Flibbity Jibbit looked at the Key-keeper. The Key-keeper looked at



"They had a fine breakfast"



Flibbity Jibbit. They both smiled.

In a few minutes Flibbity Jibbit and the Key-keeper were chatting like old friends as they sat at the Key-keeper's own little green table. They had a fine breakfast.

Flibbity Jibbit liked his new home very much. The Key-keeper was so jolly, and so kind.

One evening as they were going across the bridge to the castle, they

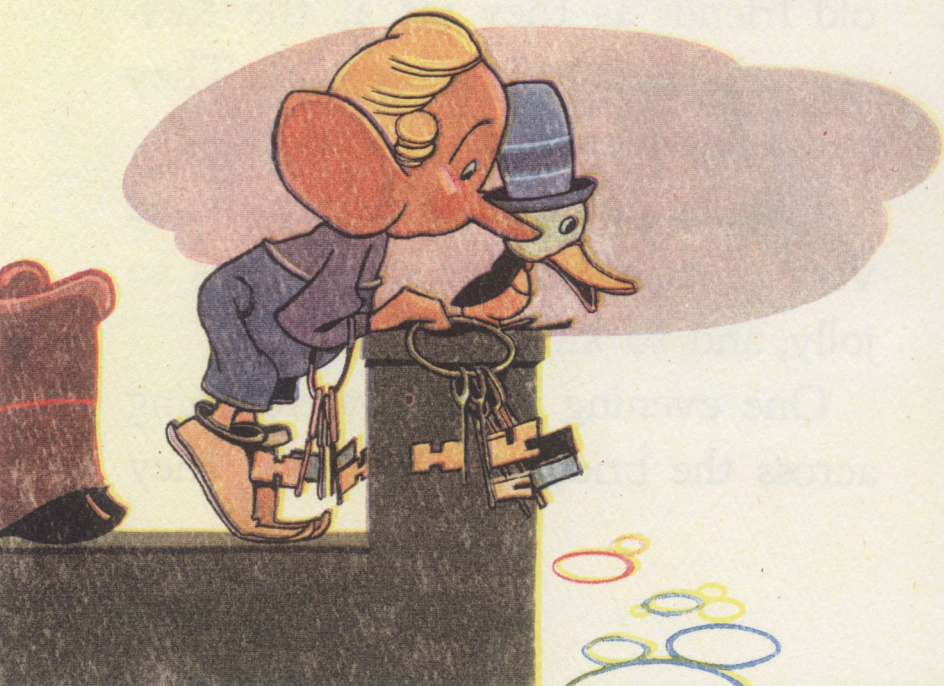
stopped to look down into the water. They were having fun counting the fish, when—ka-plunk! Something fell into the water just below them.

“Wowie-kee-flowie, what was that?”

“It must have been a key.”

“Let’s count them and see.”

“One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—NO THIRTEEN





So they sat and thought until it was almost dark

—and that's the key to the King's own rennet-custard refrigerator. The door is locked. What shall we do?" said the Key-keeper.

"Let's sit down and think," said Flibbity Jibbit. So they sat and sat, and thought and thought until it was almost dark.

"The castle folks are lighting their candles," said the Key-keeper.

"It's getting dark," said Flibbity Jibbit.

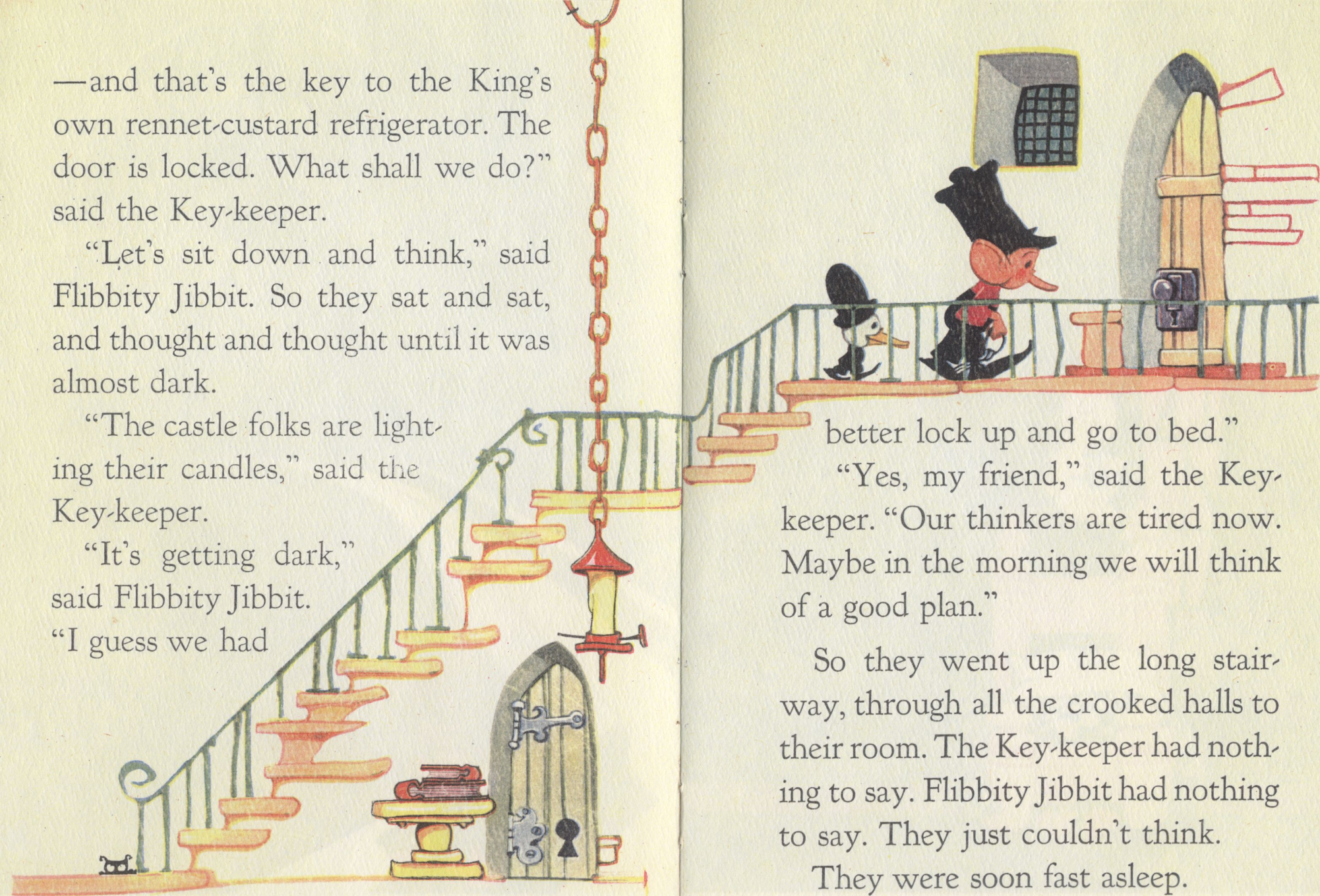
"I guess we had

better lock up and go to bed."

"Yes, my friend," said the Key-keeper. "Our thinkers are tired now. Maybe in the morning we will think of a good plan."

So they went up the long stairway, through all the crooked halls to their room. The Key-keeper had nothing to say. Flibbity Jibbit had nothing to say. They just couldn't think.

They were soon fast asleep.





Flíbbíty Jibbít had nothing to say. They were soon fast asleep

As soon as it was light, Flibbity Jibbit and the Key-keeper were wide awake.

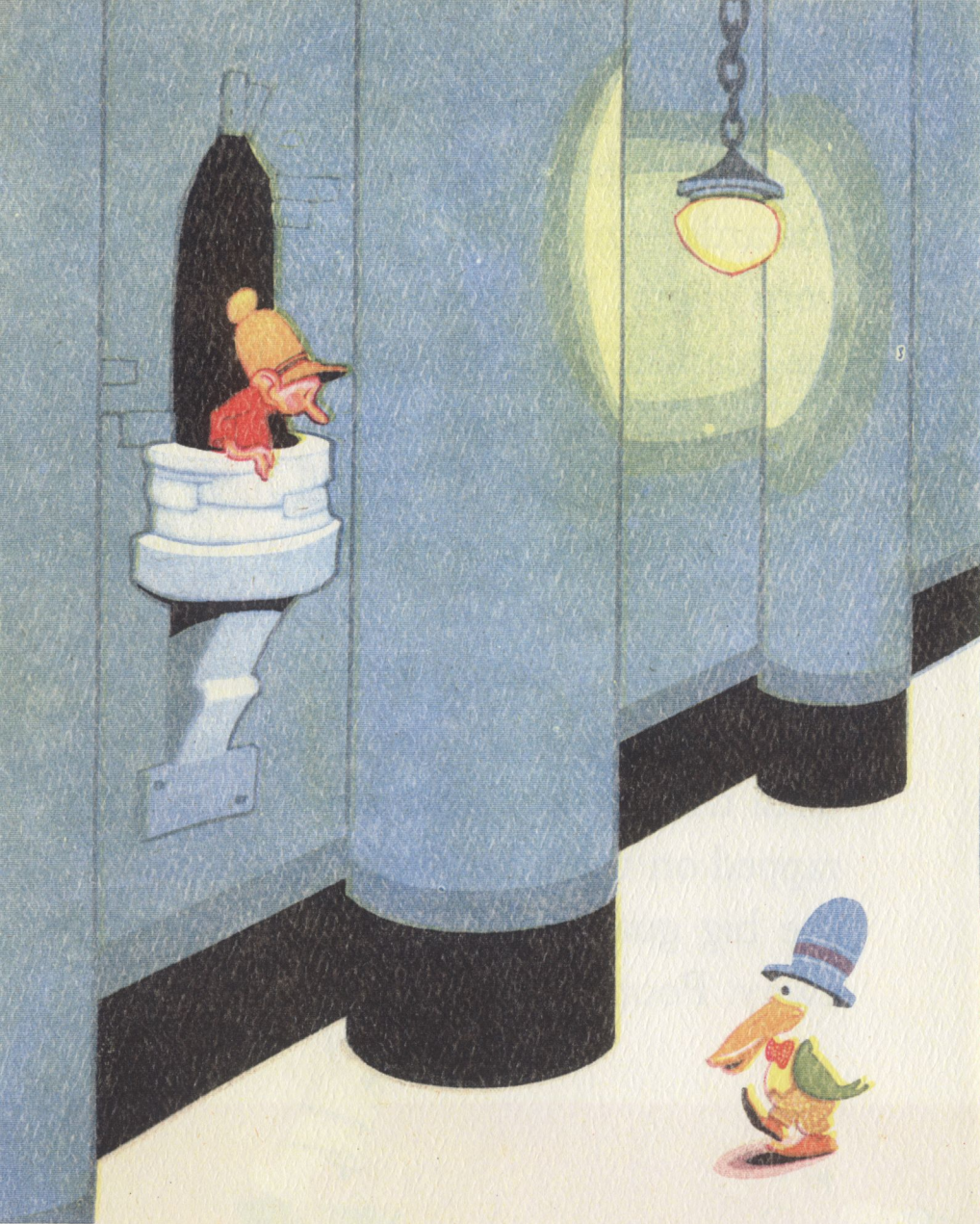
"We had better go to the King and tell him just what happened," said the Key-keeper. "I am sure he will understand."

"Wowie-kee-flowie!" said Flibbity Jibbit, as he looked at the Key-keeper. The Key-keeper looked at Flibbity Jibbit. Their knees shook because they were afraid. But finally they both shook their heads—"Yes"—the up-and-down way. So they told the King just how they lost the key.

"So my rennet-custard refrigerator is locked!" said the King gruffly. "I am having a party today. All the castle folks are invited. If my rennet-

custard refrigerator is locked, the party will be a failure. No rennet-custards — no fun!" The King was very angry. He stood up. He called his guards. "The Key-keeper has lost the key to my rennet-custard refrigerator," he shouted. "I will have no rennet-custards for my party today unless the key is found. Take the Key-keeper's keys away! Chain him in the prison tower. Keep him there until the lost key is found." Then he rapped on the table with his fist and the big guards took the Key-keeper away. Poor little Flibbity Jibbit was

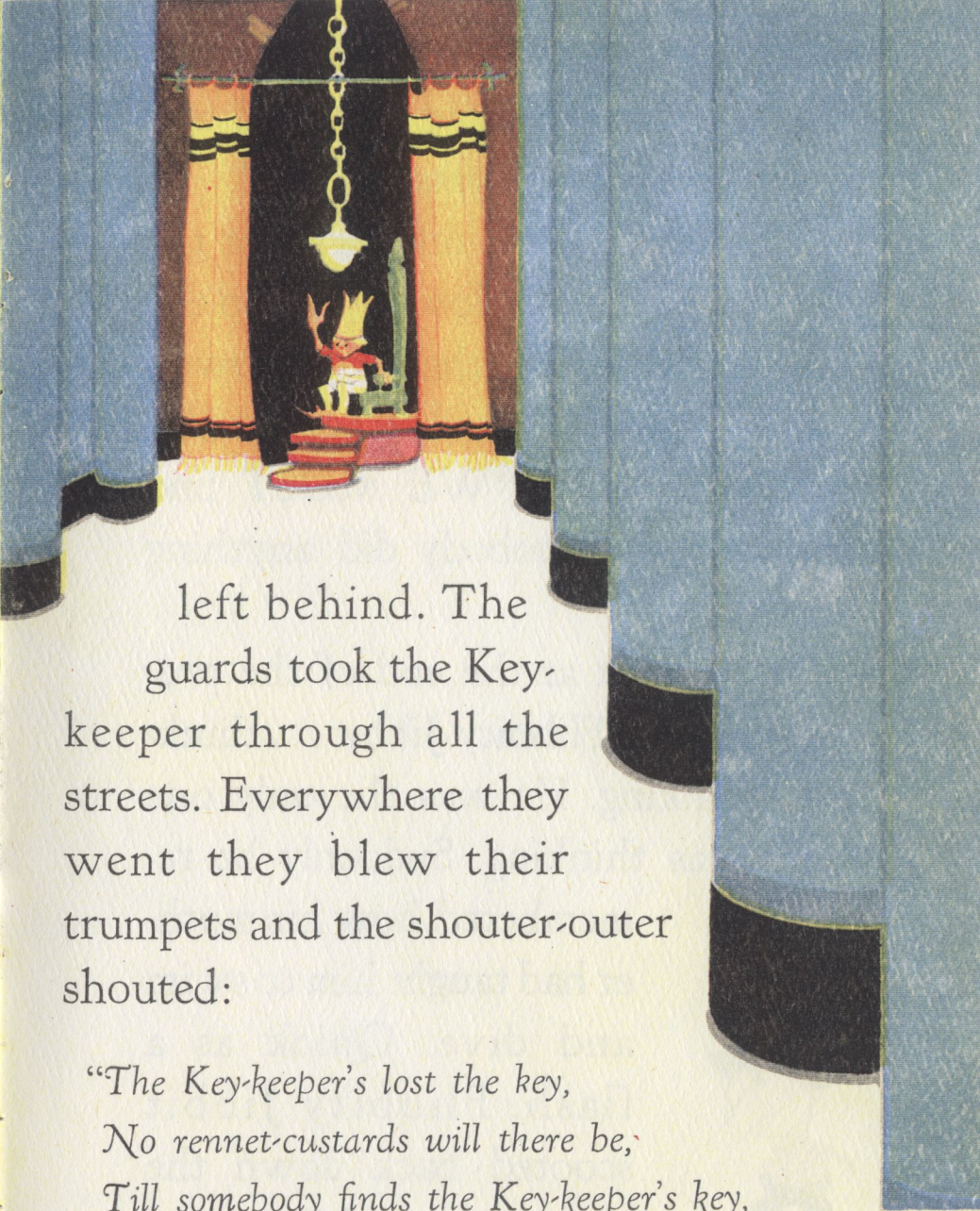




Poor Flíbbíty Jíbbít was left behind

left behind. The guards took the Key-keeper through all the streets. Everywhere they went they blew their trumpets and the shouter-outer shouted:

*“The Key-keeper’s lost the key,  
No rennet-custards will there be,  
Till somebody finds the Key-keeper’s key,  
Chained in the prison tower he’ll be.”*



The Key-keeper hung his head and trudged along. He was ashamed.

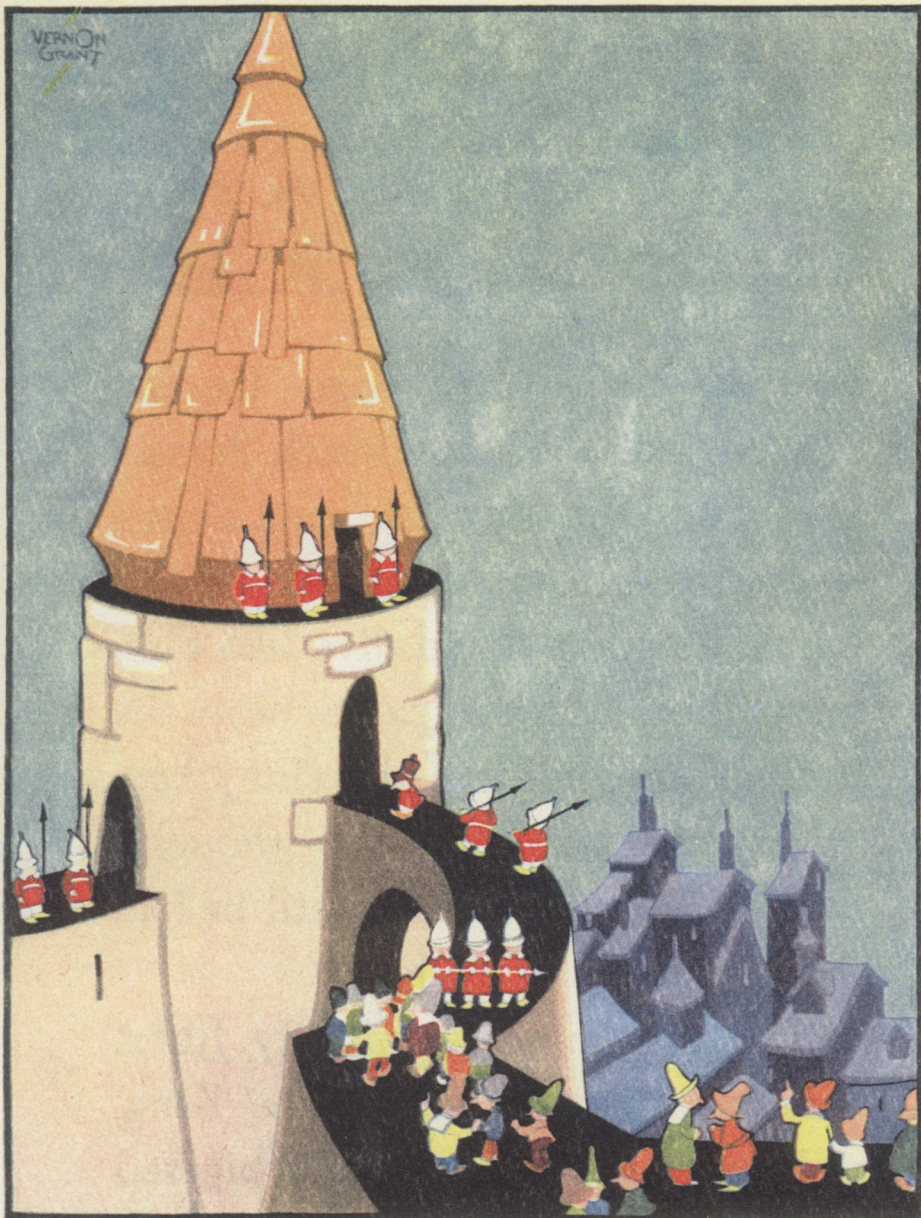
The good people felt sorry for the Key-keeper and followed him up the long black walk to the prison tower.

"We must find the key and set him free," they said. "WE MUST find the key." But nobody did anything about it.

Way back at the end of the procession was Flibbity Jibbit . . . thinking, thinking. He was the only one who was thinking. Suddenly he re-



membered how his mother had taught him to swim and dive. Quick as a flash, Flibbity Jibbit scooted back down the street. He waddled right



The good people felt sorry for the Key-keeper  
and followed him up the long black walk to  
the prison tower



over to the waters edge. He undressed. He took a big breath. Splash! Down into the water he went. Down—down—down. Nobody in the whole kingdom could dive like Flibbity Jibbit. As he came near the bottom he could see the shiny key. “Wowie-kee-flowie!” he thought. Down, down, he swam, until he had the key firmly in his bill.

In a few minutes Flibbity Jibbit waddled right up before the King, and laying the key on the big red cushion said: “I have found the key



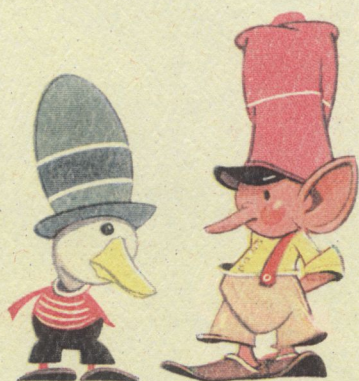
Down, down, down. Nobody could dive like Flíbbíty Jíbbít

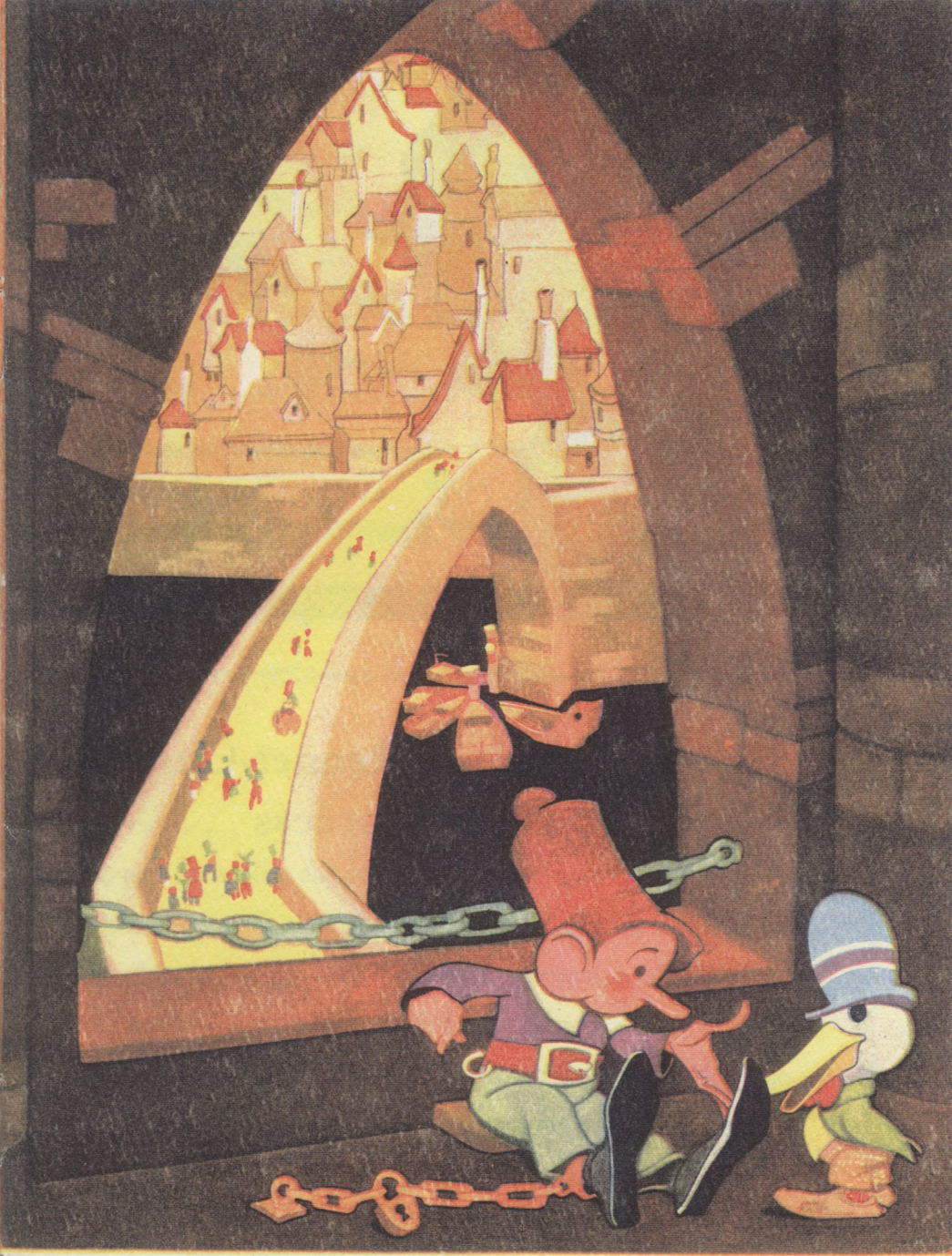
to your royal happiness." The court cheered. The King smiled. Flibbity Jibbit curtsied and said, "Excuse me, O King, I can't wait to run to the prison tower to tell my friend, the Key-keeper, the key has been found."

"Okey-Dokey," said the King, "Tell the Key-keeper I will send my guards at once to unlock his chains and give him back his keys." The King stood up. "And furthermore, I hereby invite you, Flibbity Jibbit and your friend the Key-keeper to join my

rennet-custard party."

"WOWIE-KEE-FLOWIE!" said Flibbity Jibbit.





"The Key has been found" said Flíbbíty Jíbbít



... and the King's Rennet-Custard Party was a great success ... because children and grown-ups, too, love to eat milk with a spoon when made into delicious rennet-custards. Being uncooked, rennet-custard desserts provide all the original vitamin and mineral values of milk. And more, the rennet enzyme not only forms fine, soft curds which are more readily digestible, but performs the first step in the digestion of milk. Easy to make! No cooking, no baking.

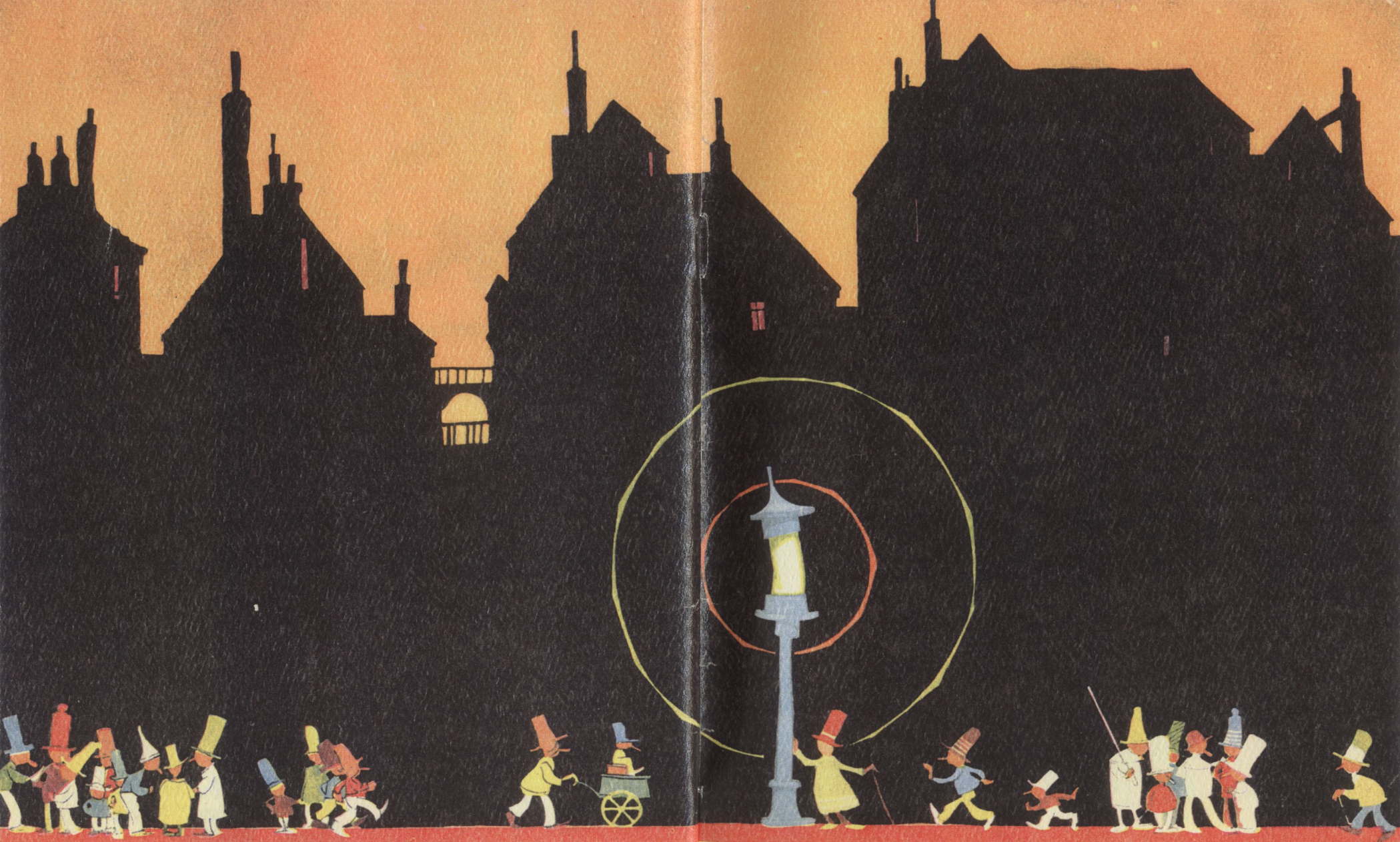
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Little Falls, N.Y.  
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flavor to taste. At your grocer  
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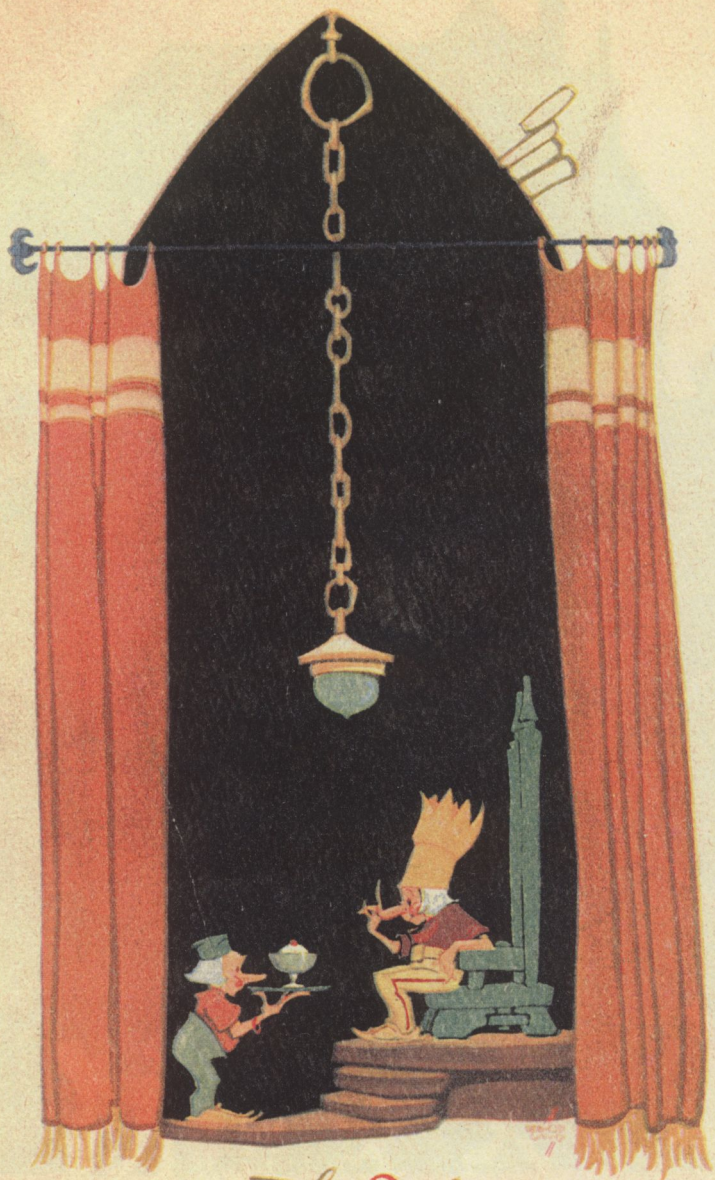




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*The End*