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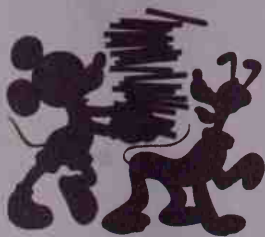
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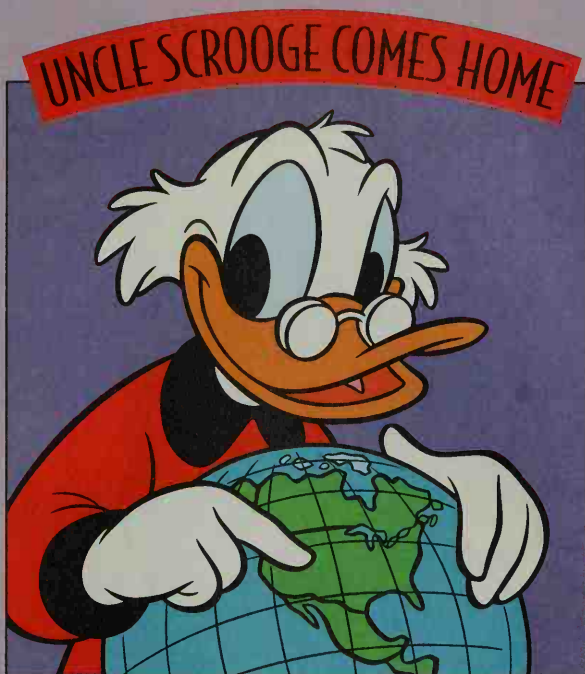
UNCLE SCROOGE COMES HOME

VARIETY
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Disney's



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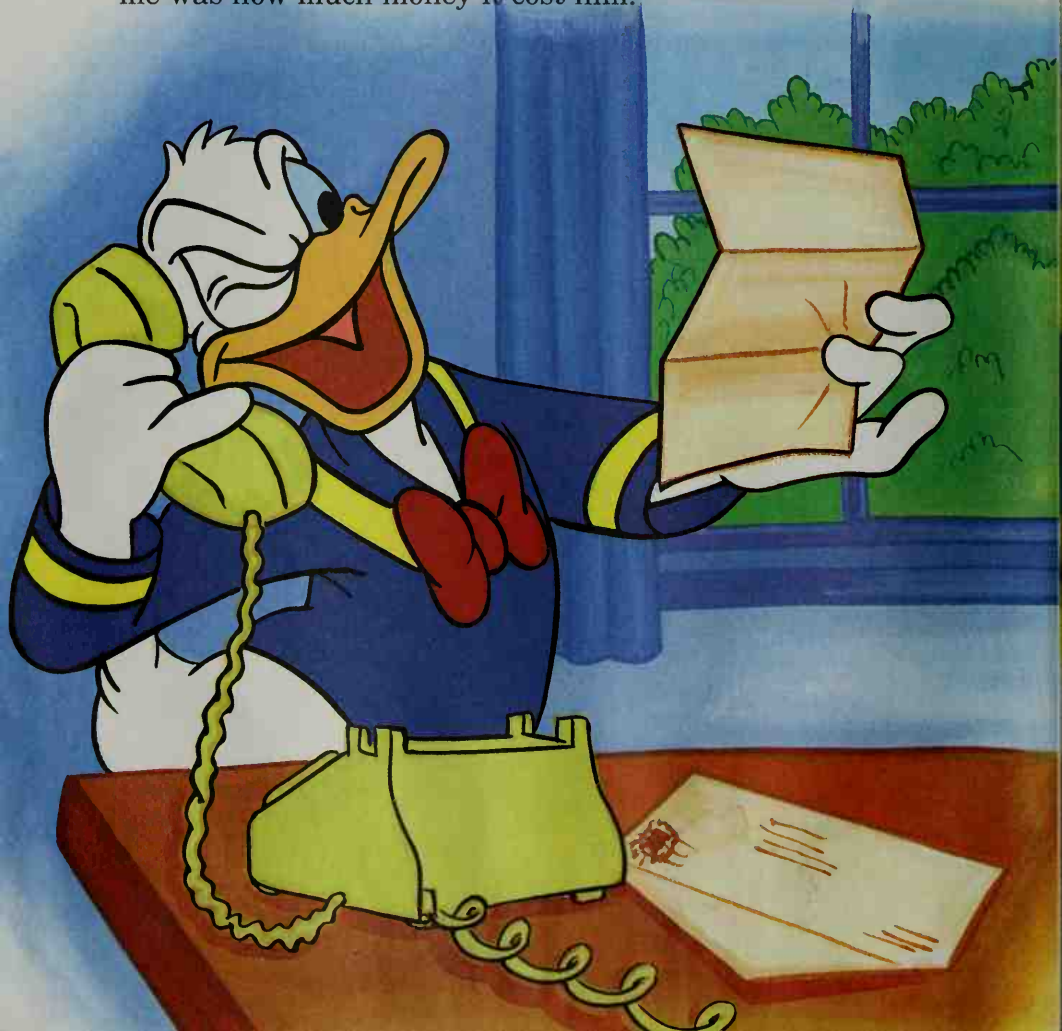
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One morning Donald Duck called Daisy on the phone. "I just got a letter from Uncle Scrooge," said Donald.

"How is he enjoying his trip around the world?" asked Daisy.

"Aw, phooey!" said Donald. "Who can tell? All he told me was how much money it cost him."





"Oh, that's too bad," said Daisy. "Hey, wait a minute, Donald. I have a great idea. Why don't we throw a welcome-home party for Uncle Scrooge? He can tell us about all the places he's visited. Maybe he'll even forget about all the money he spent."

"All right," Donald agreed. "As long as he doesn't yell too loud."

A few days later, Donald picked up Uncle Scrooge at the airport and drove him straight to Daisy's house.

"Humph!" said Scrooge. "Why are we going to Daisy's? I just want to go home and unpack—"

"WELCOME HOME, UNCLE SCROOGE!" his friends shouted as they met him at Daisy's door.





"Wak!" cried
Uncle Scrooge.
"A surprise party!"

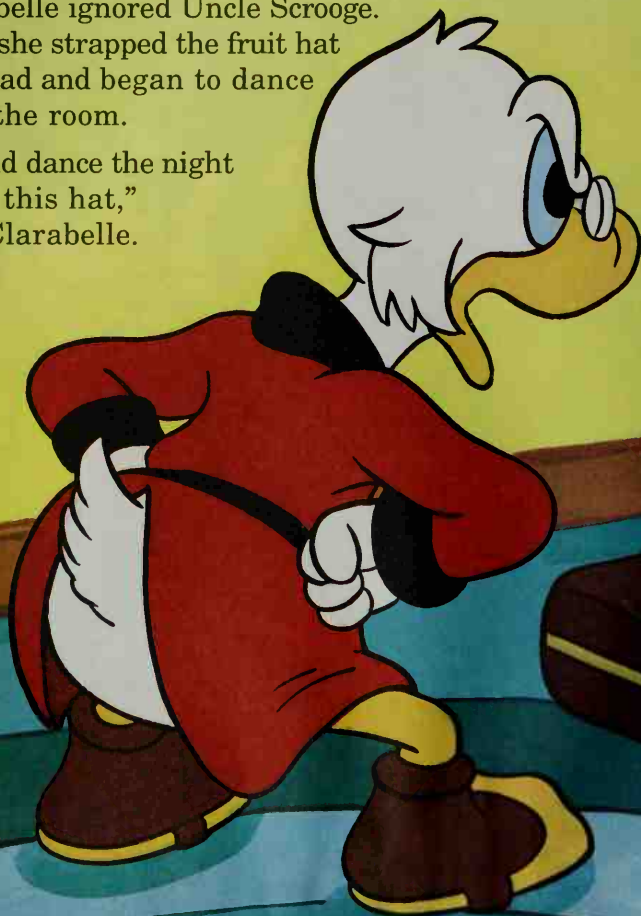
Uncle Scrooge waved his arms in surprise, knocking over Donald who dropped all the luggage on the floor.

"Ooooh!" Clarabelle Cow gushed as she spotted a hat shaped like a bowl of fruit inside an open suitcase. "I just love hats!"

"Put that down!" scolded Uncle Scrooge. "It's one of my mementos. I brought it back from Brazil."

Clarabelle ignored Uncle Scrooge. Instead, she strapped the fruit hat to her head and began to dance around the room.

"I could dance the night away in this hat," sighed Clarabelle.



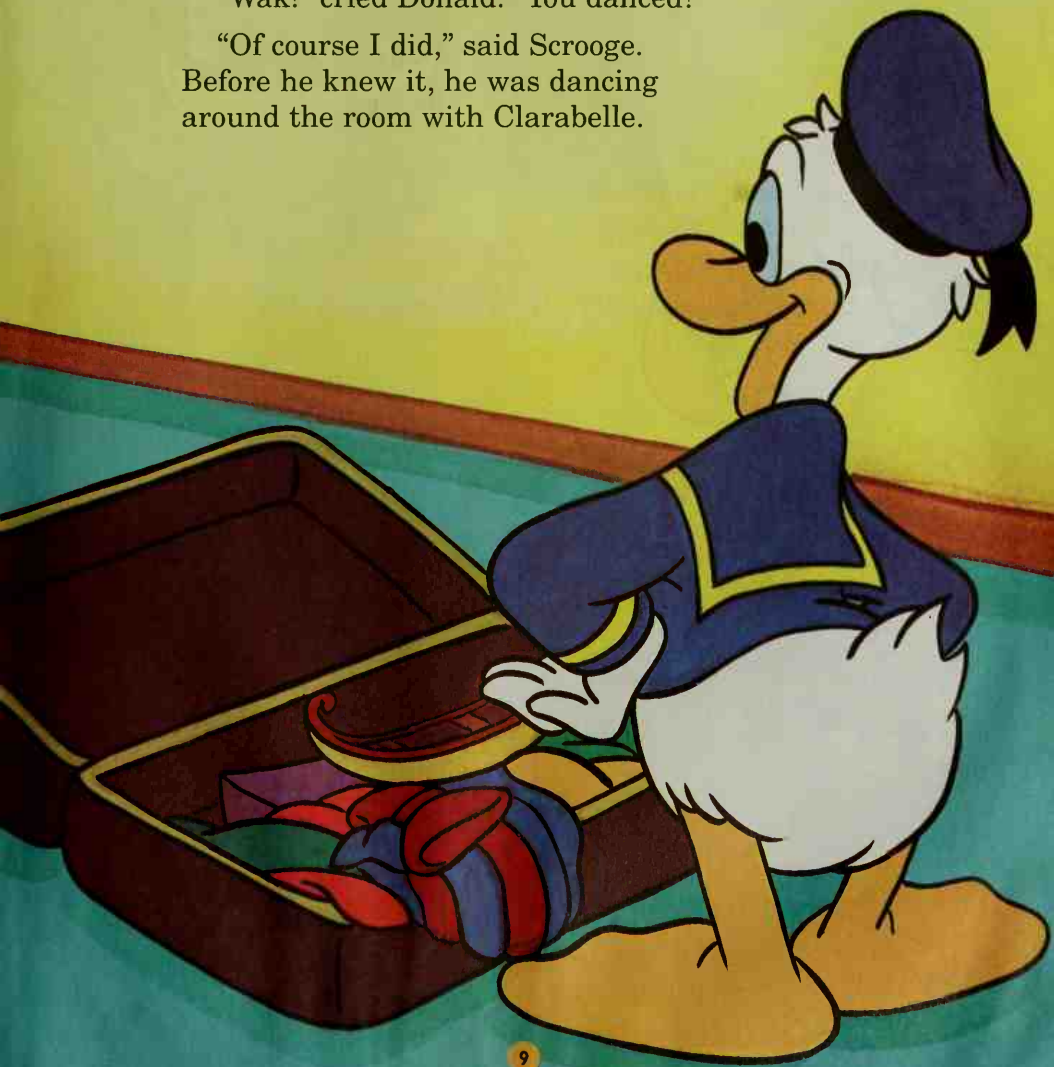




“That’s just what I did!” exclaimed Uncle Scrooge. “I was in Brazil for Carnival—a few weeks before Easter. I bought the hat so I could remember dancing the night away in South America.”

“Wak!” cried Donald. “You danced?”

“Of course I did,” said Scrooge. Before he knew it, he was dancing around the room with Clarabelle.





"You know," said Uncle Scrooge, after he'd finished dancing, "Carnival in Brazil reminds me of other carnival celebrations."

"Oh boy!" Morty couldn't believe his ears. "You mean you went to more than one carnival?"

"Phooey! They're held all over the world. You should have seen the carnival in Venice. Everyone dressed up in costumes and there was even a parade of gondolas," Scrooge explained.

Ferdie looked confused. "What's a gondola?"



“A gondola is a long, narrow boat that floats through the streets of Venice,” said Uncle Scrooge.



"How can boats float in the streets?" asked Ferdie, giggling.

"Lots of the streets in Venice are canals," replied Uncle Scrooge, as he handed the boys two toy gondolas.
"Here are some souvenirs for you."

"Gee, thanks, Uncle Scrooge!" Morty and Ferdie exclaimed.

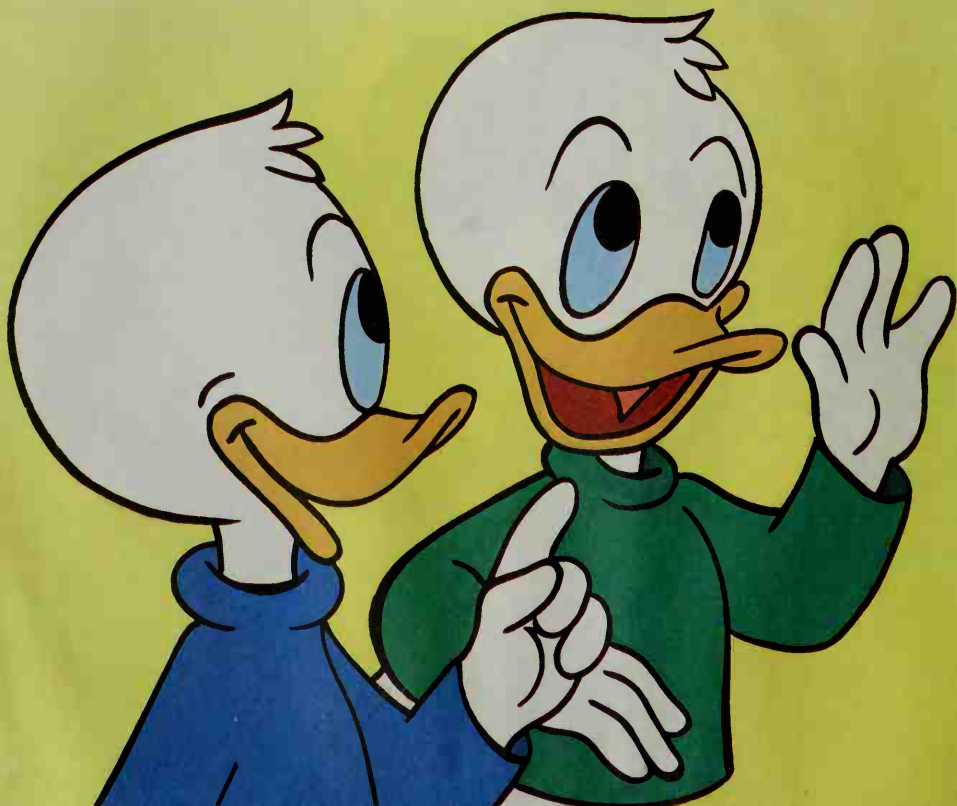


“Hey, isn’t it a little late for Easter eggs, Uncle Scrooge?” Louie asked as he pulled a colored egg from the luggage.

“Bah!” said Uncle Scrooge. “Different lands have different ways of celebrating spring. In the Ukraine, in Eastern Europe, they decorate eggs.”

“They look just like fancy Easter eggs to me,” said Huey.

“Well, in a way, they are! That’s where our custom comes from,” said Uncle Scrooge.

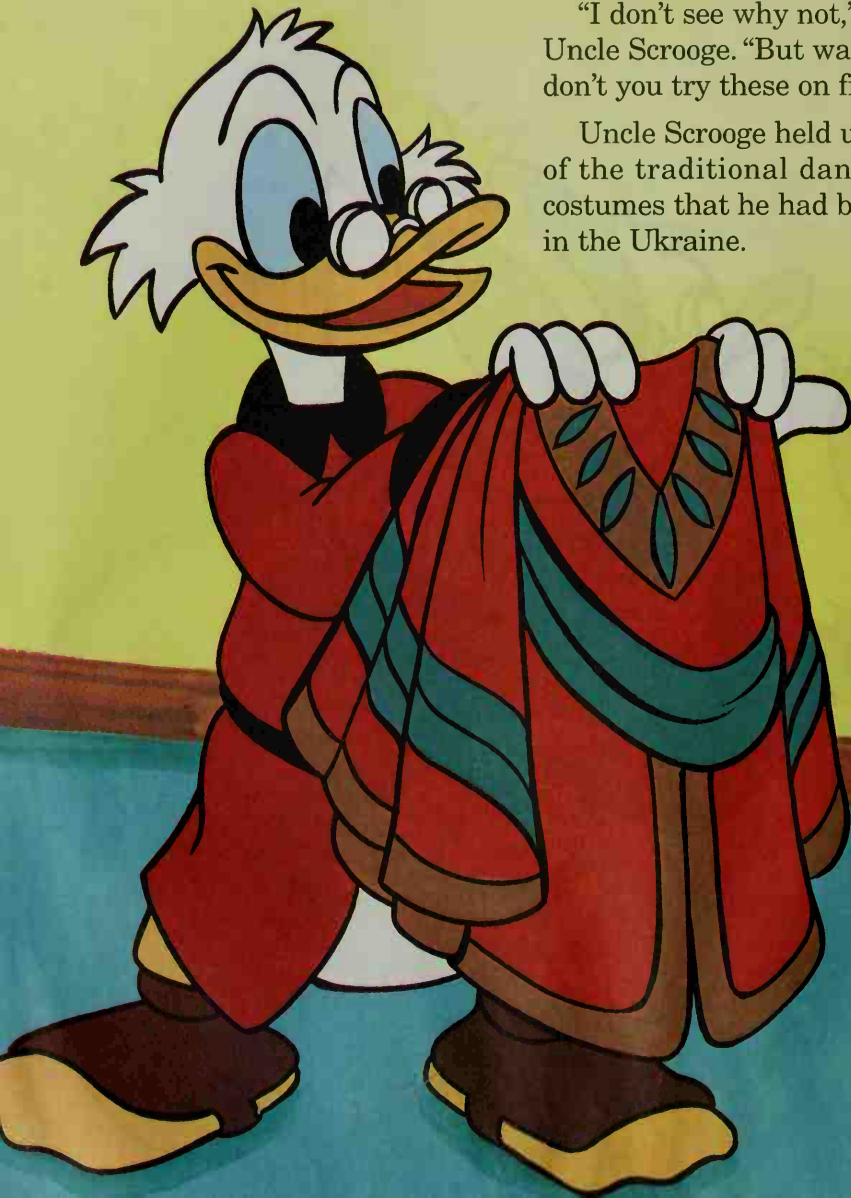




"May we decorate some eggs, Uncle Scrooge?" asked Dewey.

"I don't see why not," said Uncle Scrooge. "But wait! Why don't you try these on first?"

Uncle Scrooge held up one of the traditional dancing costumes that he had bought in the Ukraine.



“Cool,” said Louie. “But why do you have three of them?”

“Phooey! I bought two and got one free. Keep them, boys, as a reminder of all the fun I had! Now, let’s start decorating some eggs!” Uncle Scrooge said.



"First, you make a tiny hole in the top and another in the bottom of an egg," explained Uncle Scrooge. "Then, blow through the egg until all the yolk has dripped out."

Next Uncle Scrooge gave everybody some wax pencils, and they all drew wax designs on the eggs and dipped them in dyes. Soon there were several beautifully decorated eggs.



"Uncle Scrooge,"
asked Donald, "what
do they call it when
you've decorated your
whole arm?"

"A mistake," said
Uncle Scrooge, shaking
his head.





“Oh, look what I found!” said Daisy. She pulled a Japanese costume out of a suitcase.

“That kimono is from the Tanabata or the Star Festival,” explained Uncle Scrooge.

"On the seventh day of the seventh moon, during the hottest time of the year in Japan, friends and family visit each other," said Uncle Scrooge. "Who wants to hear how this custom came to pass?"

"We do, we do, Uncle Scrooge!" cried everyone in the room. So Uncle Scrooge began the story.



"There once was a heavenly king named Tentei. His daughter was called Weaving Girl because she weaved wondrous cloths for the gods.

"One day Weaving Girl fell in love with a boy known as Herd Boy. It was his job to take care of the animals.



“The two fell so deeply in love,” Scrooge continued, “that they forgot their duties. The animals grew thin, and the gods ran out of clothing to wear. Tentei became so angry he declared that Weaving Girl and Herd Boy could only meet once a year on the seventh day of the seventh moon.”

“That’s the most romantic story I ever heard,” Daisy said with a sigh. She was now wearing the kimono and a traditional Japanese wig.



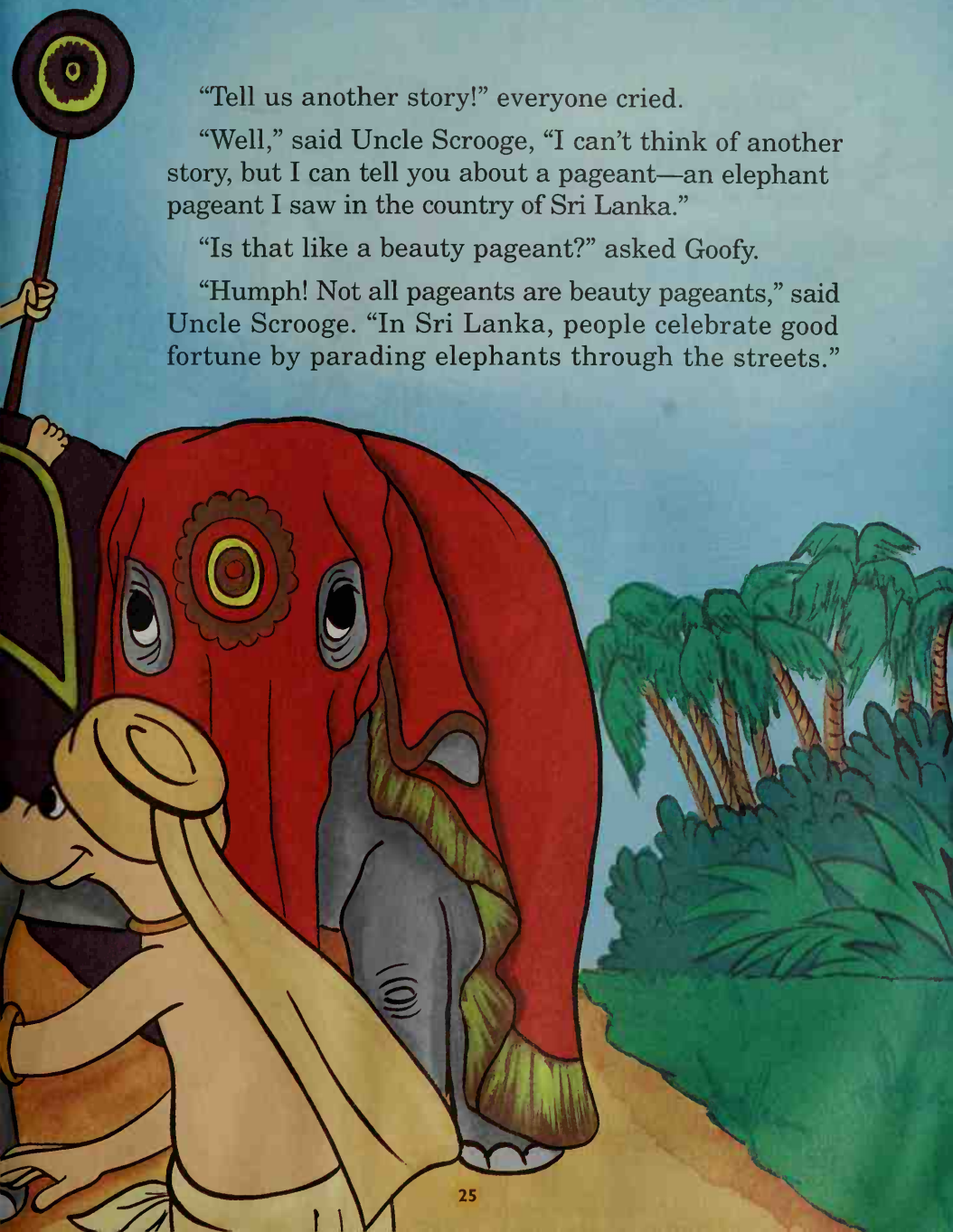


"Tell us another story!" everyone cried.

"Well," said Uncle Scrooge, "I can't think of another story, but I can tell you about a pageant—an elephant pageant I saw in the country of Sri Lanka."

"Is that like a beauty pageant?" asked Goofy.

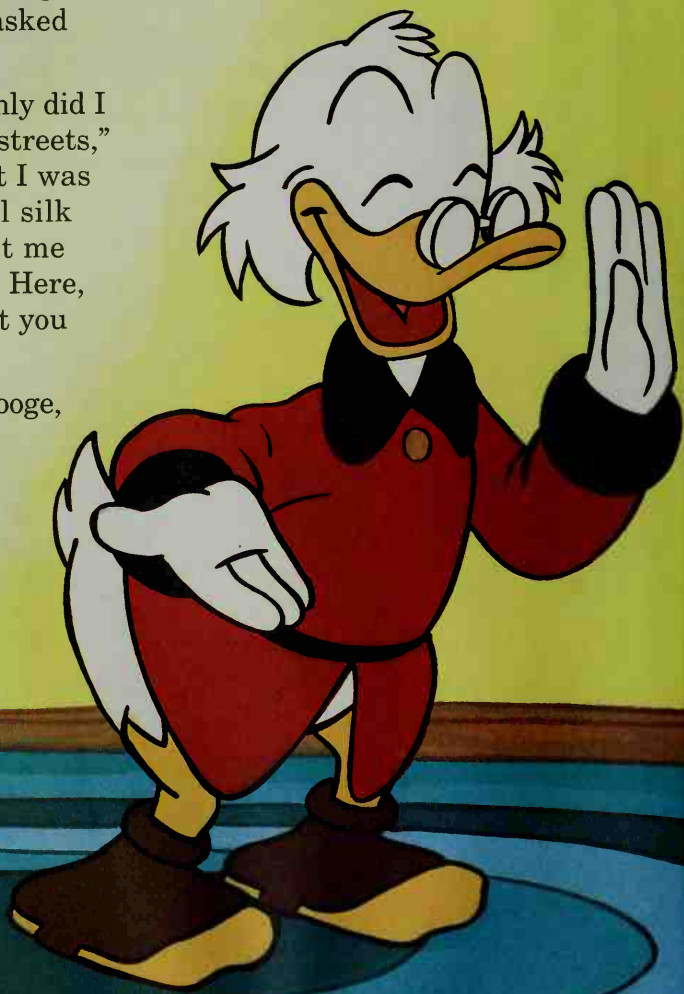
"Humph! Not all pageants are beauty pageants," said Uncle Scrooge. "In Sri Lanka, people celebrate good fortune by parading elephants through the streets."



"Did you ride through the streets on an elephant, Uncle Scrooge?" asked Minnie Mouse.

"Phooey! Not only did I ride through the streets," said Scrooge, "but I was given this special silk parasol to protect me from the hot sun. Here, Minnie, why don't you keep it?"

"Oh, Uncle Scrooge, thank you!" said Minnie.







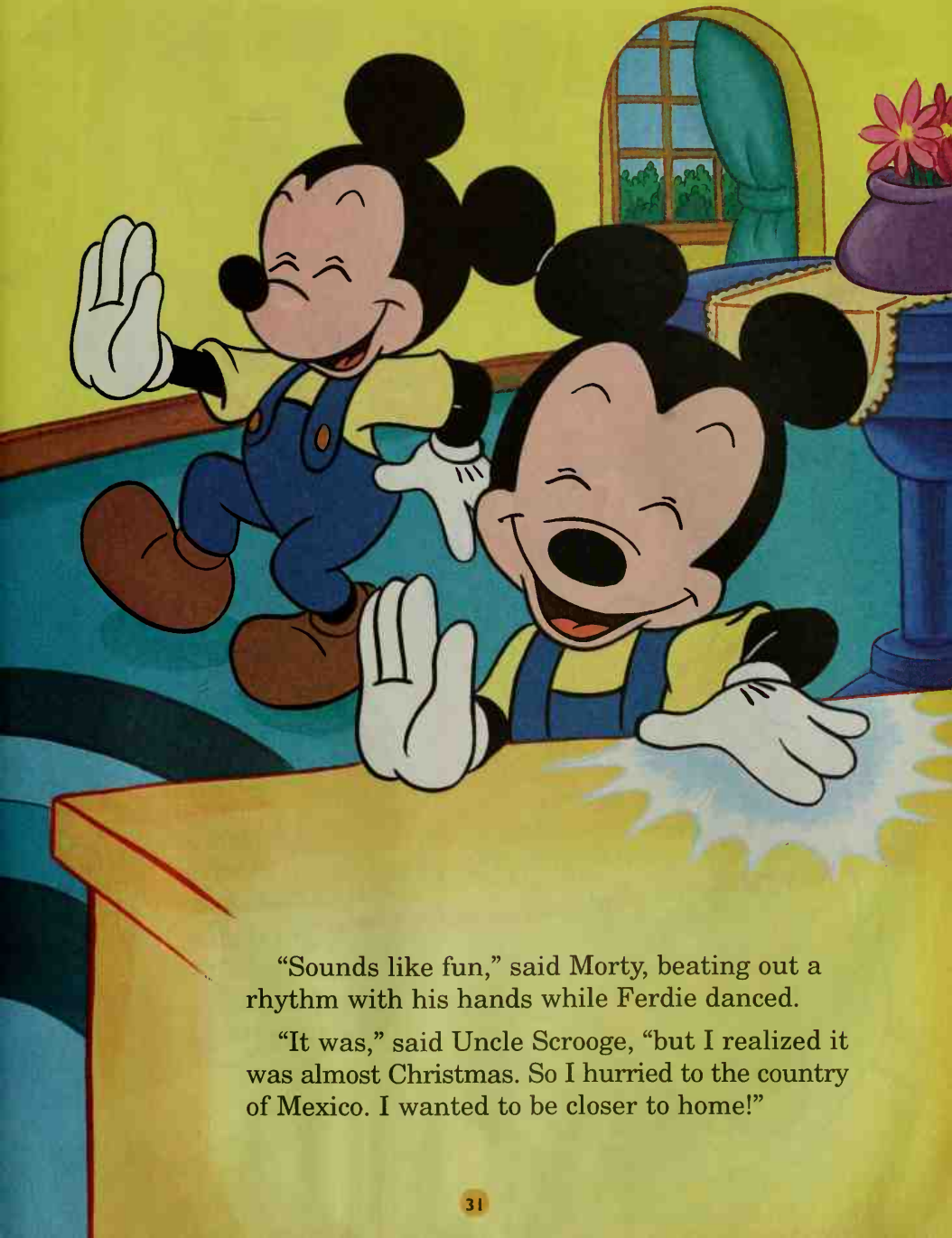
"Where did you go next, Uncle Scrooge?" asked Mickey.

"I went to the Ivory Coast in western Africa for a harvest celebration called the Klo Dance. It's a lot like trick-or-treat," said Uncle Scrooge.



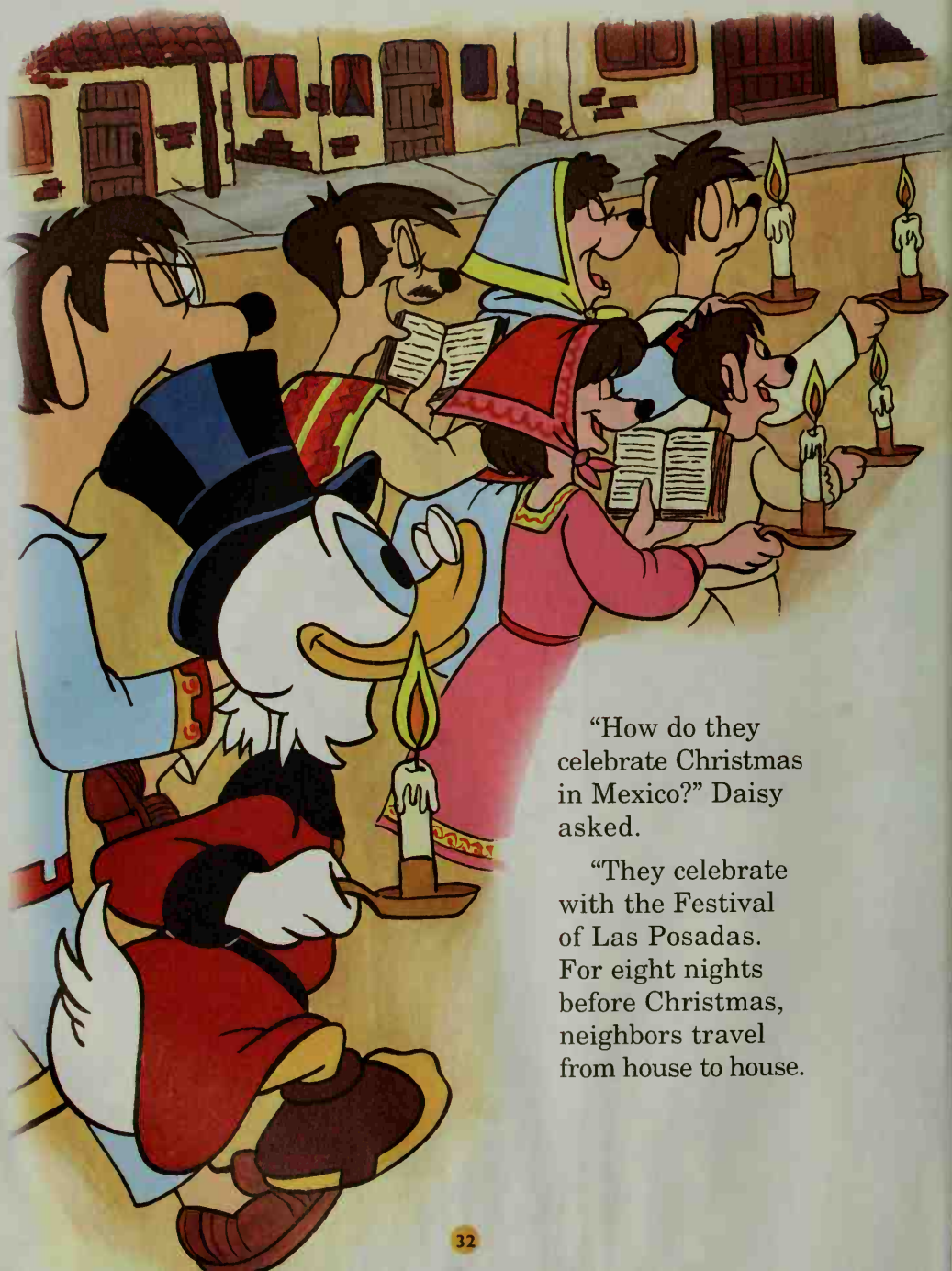
“Boys dressed in strips of palm leaves go from house to house, dancing to rhythms they make by beating sticks together. They ask for treats and sing songs of thanks when they are given peanuts and yams to eat,” said Uncle Scrooge.





“Sounds like fun,” said Morty, beating out a rhythm with his hands while Ferdie danced.

“It was,” said Uncle Scrooge, “but I realized it was almost Christmas. So I hurried to the country of Mexico. I wanted to be closer to home!”



“How do they celebrate Christmas in Mexico?” Daisy asked.

“They celebrate with the Festival of Las Posadas. For eight nights before Christmas, neighbors travel from house to house.

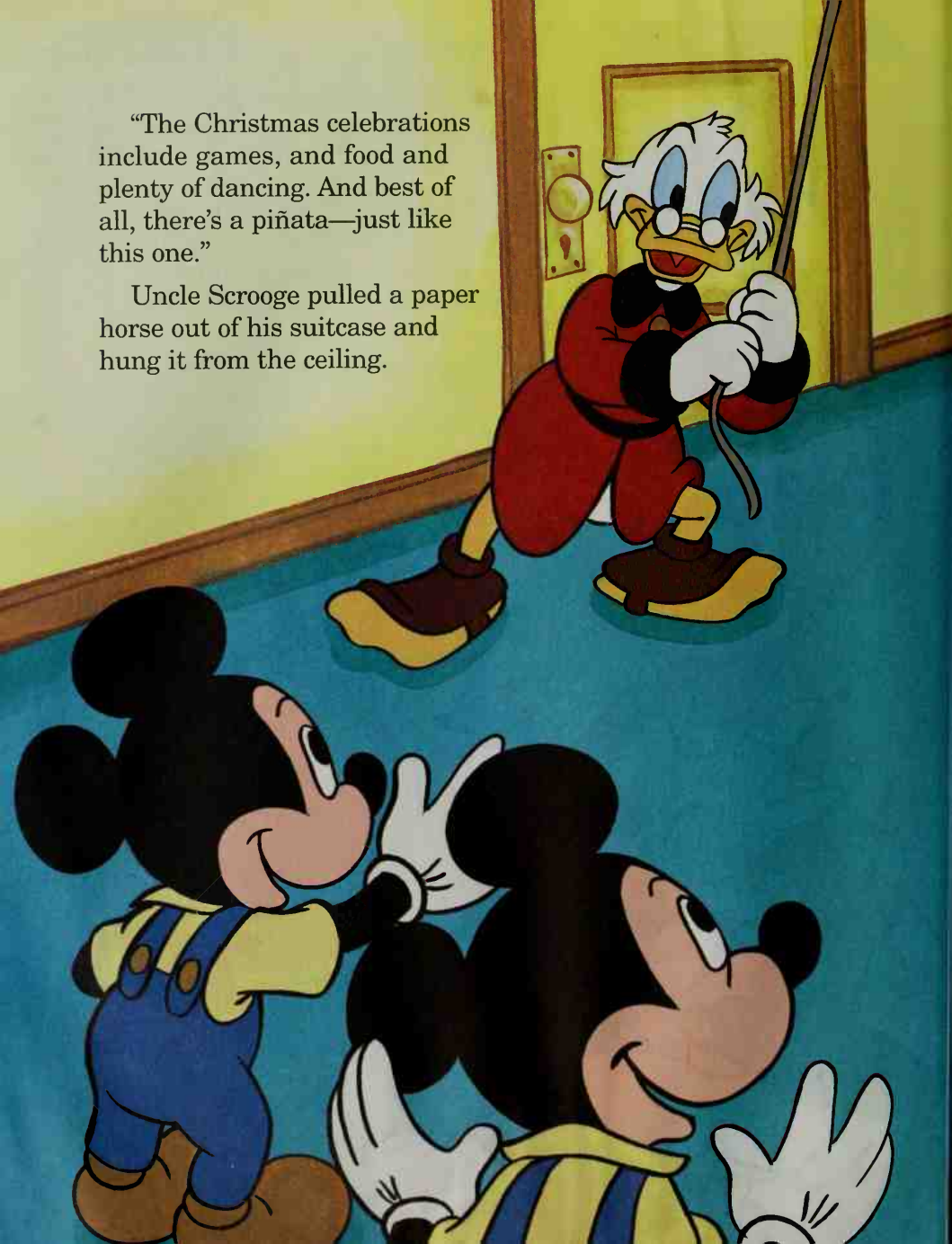
"They carry lighted candles and sing Mexican Christmas songs," Scrooge said.

"Each night they stop at a different house and ask for a place to stay. And each night, as part of the tradition, they are told there's no room for the travelers," Scrooge continued.



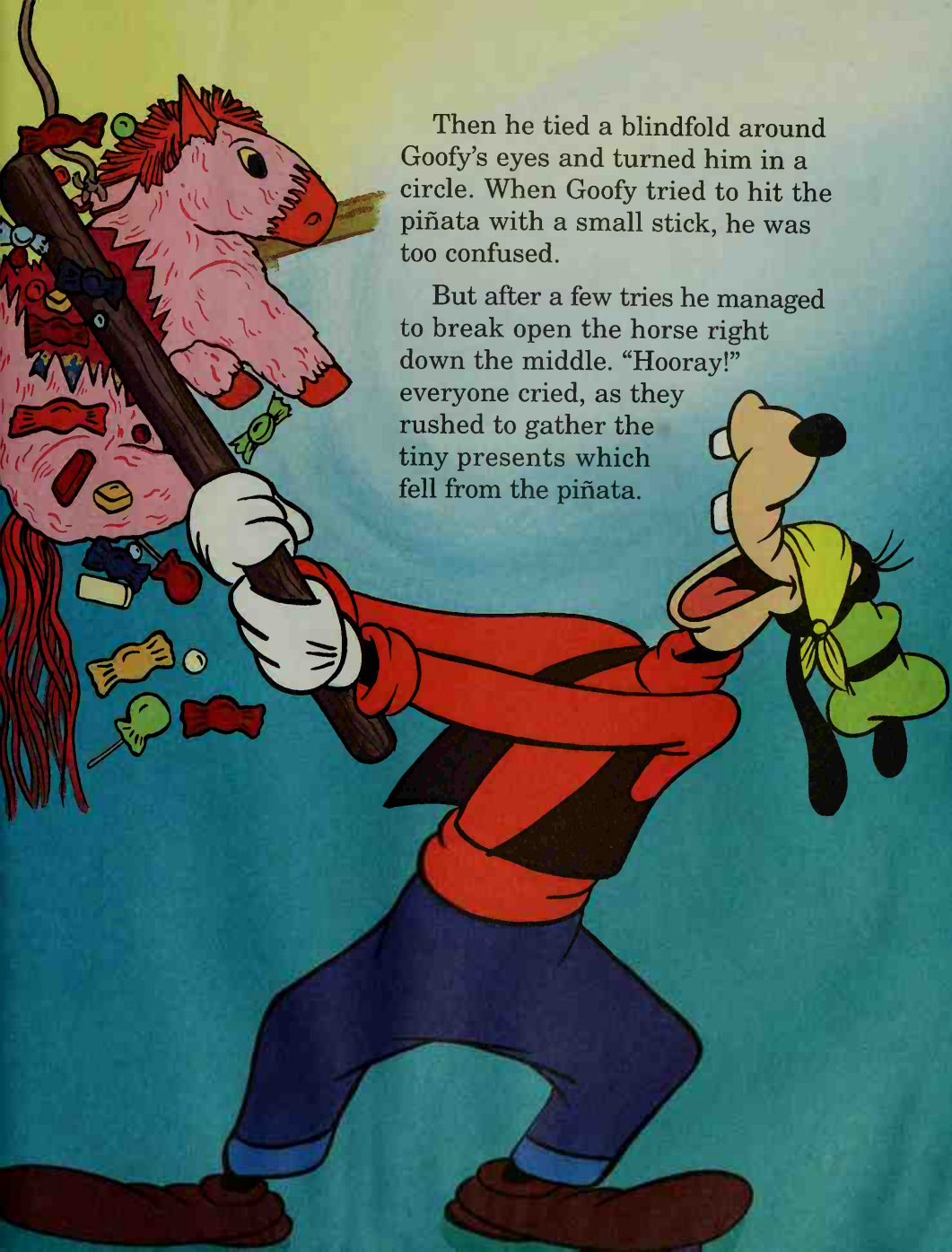
"The Christmas celebrations include games, and food and plenty of dancing. And best of all, there's a piñata—just like this one."

Uncle Scrooge pulled a paper horse out of his suitcase and hung it from the ceiling.



Then he tied a blindfold around Goofy's eyes and turned him in a circle. When Goofy tried to hit the piñata with a small stick, he was too confused.

But after a few tries he managed to break open the horse right down the middle. "Hooray!" everyone cried, as they rushed to gather the tiny presents which fell from the piñata.





Uncle Scrooge let out a big sigh.

"What's wrong, Uncle Scrooge?" asked Daisy. "Didn't you like Mexico?"

"Bah! I loved Mexico," said Scrooge, "but Christmas made me homesick for the United States."

"So what did you do?" asked Daisy.

"I came back and spent New Year's Eve in New York City."





“Did you see the giant ball drop in Times Square at midnight?” asked Mickey.

“I sure did,” said Uncle Scrooge. “And I also got to go sledding in Central Park!”



Uncle Scrooge let out a deep, hearty laugh. "You know, all my travels around the world reminded me of one of the best customs here in the United States."

"What's that, Uncle Scrooge?" asked Donald.

"It's our custom of celebrating with friends and relatives all year round," Scrooge smiled.



"There's nothing nicer than sharing the things you love with the people you love!" added Daisy.

Everyone was so happy, they gathered around their favorite uncle and shouted, "Welcome home, Uncle Scrooge!" Then they all sat down to a delicious feast of foods from every country that Uncle Scrooge had visited.



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