



3 BUGS  
in A RUG

BY THE STUMBOUGHZ  
2 STORY BY VIRGINIA  
DRAWINGZ BY JOHN, 7, GENE MORA, 5

DAVID MCKAY COMPANY

*Price* \$1.00

# THREE BUGS IN A RUG

*By Virginia Stumbough*

Three little bugs once lived in a rug, and were snug as three bugs in a rug could be — until

SPRING HOUSECLEANING!

The lady who lived in the house and who really owned the rug, put on her apron, rolled up her sleeves and put on a dustcap to keep her hair clean.

*Br-r-r-r* went the electric cleaner.

*Squish-squish* went the sponge.

*Whisk, whisk, whisk* went the broom.

And what happened when the lady who lived in the house reached the living room rug? Well, just read about what Eenie, Meenie and Minie, the three little bugs, did that is a surprise to everyone — even themselves.

DAVID McKAY COMPANY  
WASHINGTON SQUARE • PHILADELPHIA

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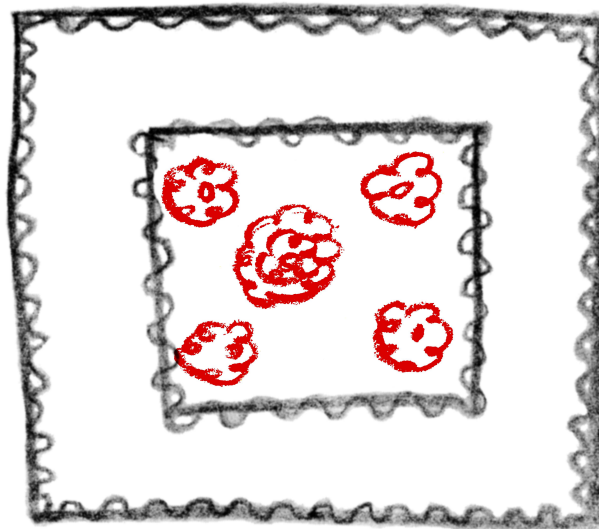






# THREE BUGS

in a



RUG

*by* THE STUMBOUGHS

STORY BY VIRGINIA

PICTURES BY JOHN CHARLES, 7

AND GENE NORA, 5

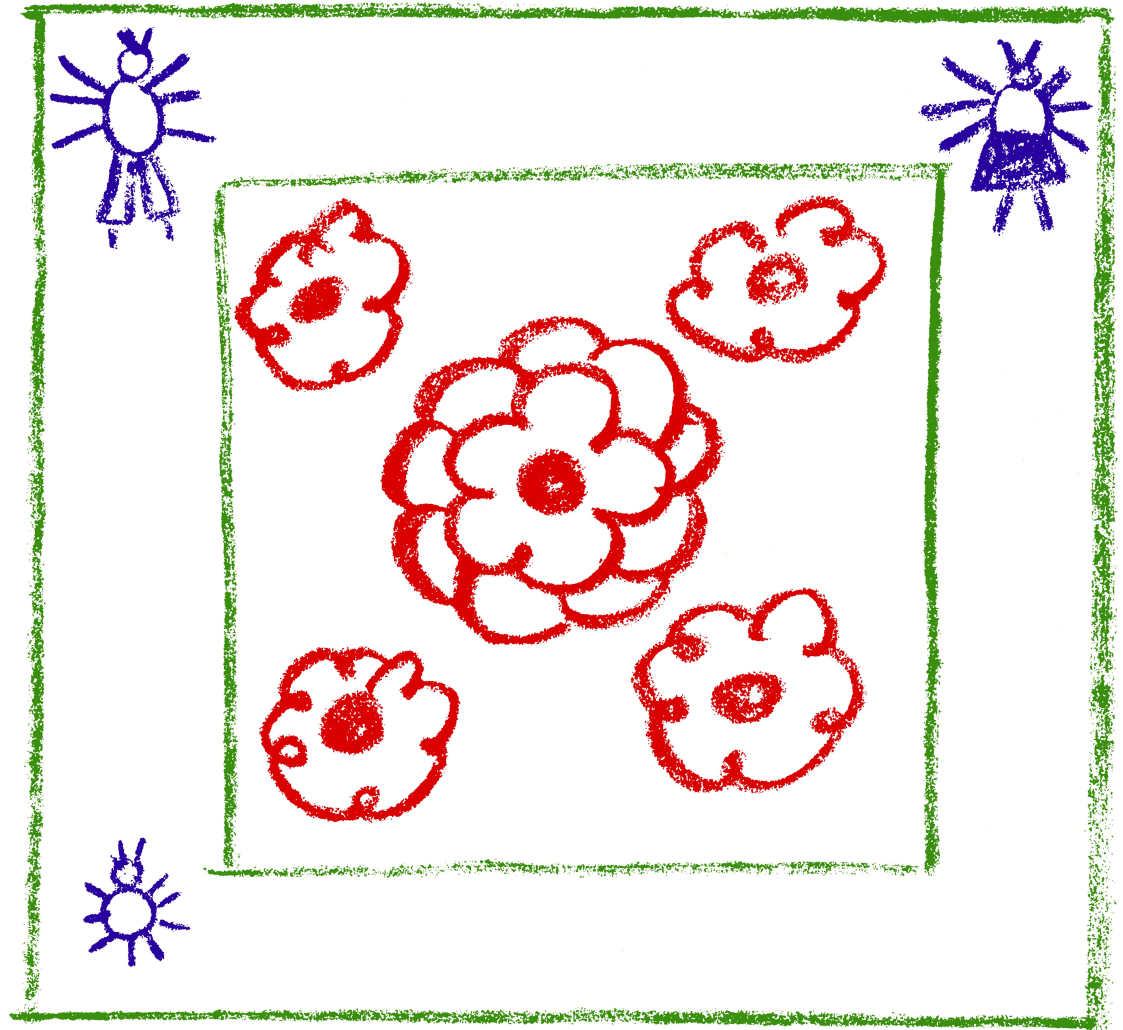
DAVID McKAY COMPANY  
WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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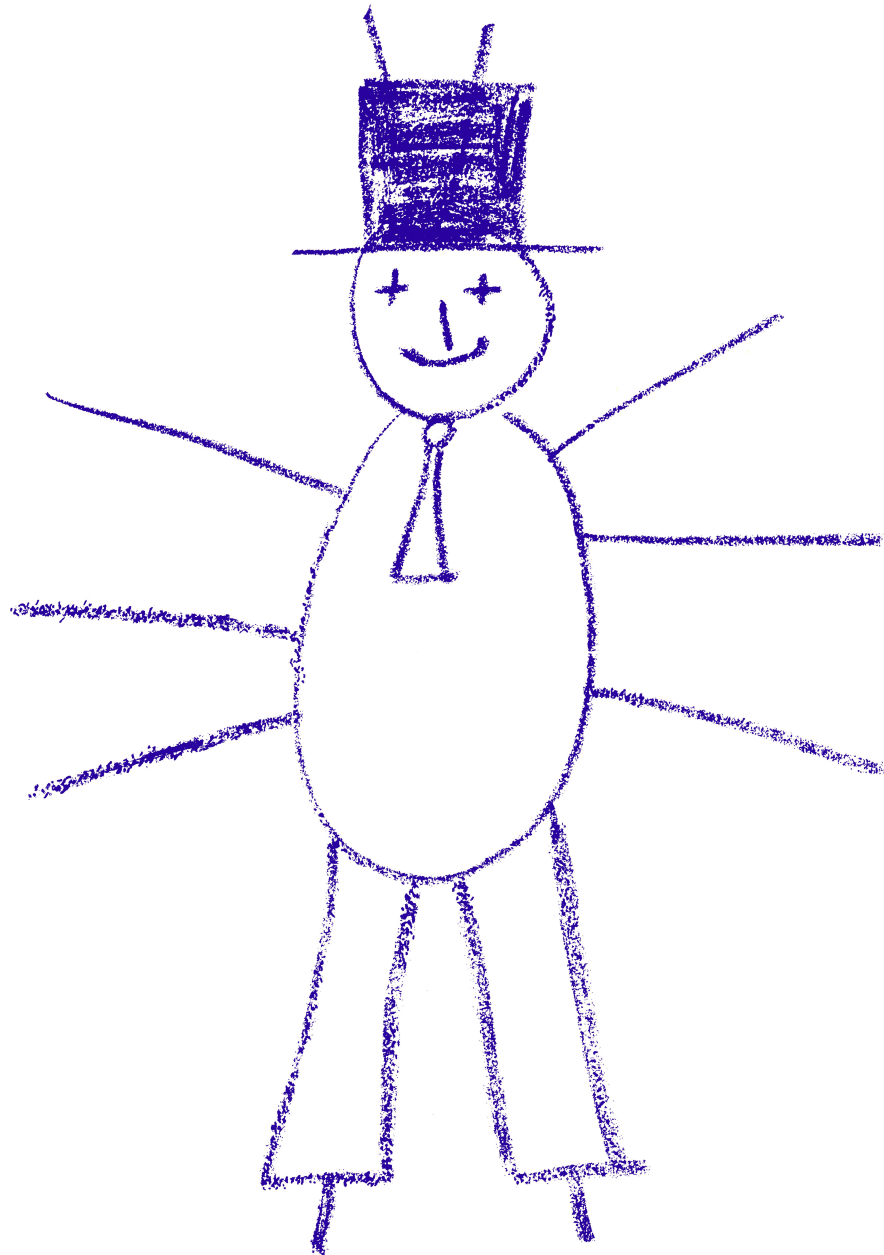


THREE  
LITTLE  
BUGS  
once  
lived



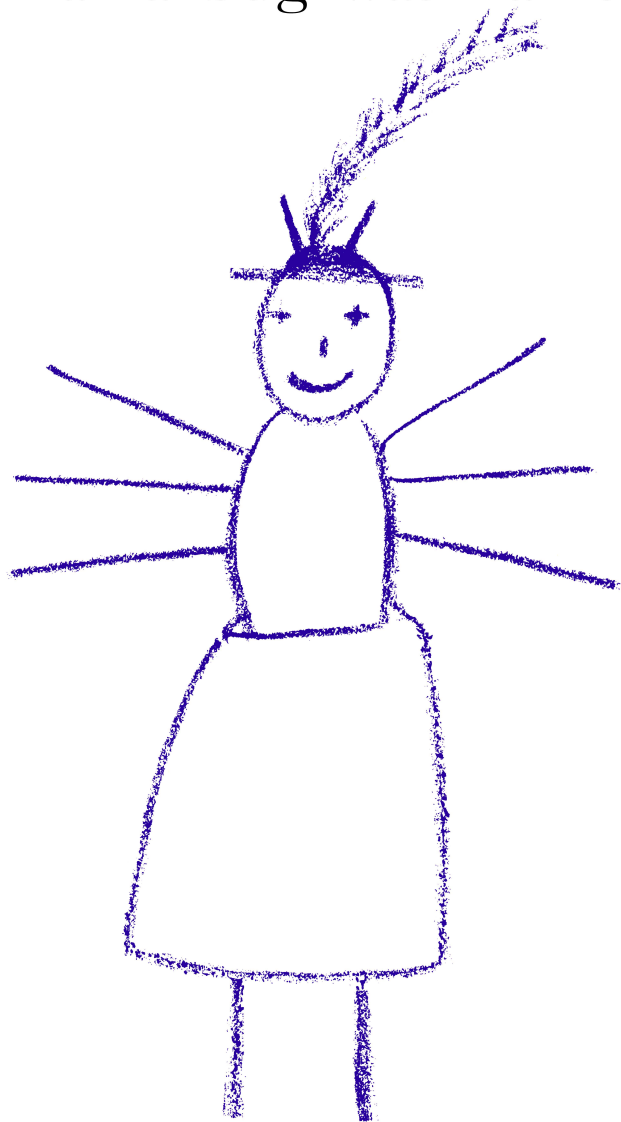
in a rug,  
and were snug as three bugs in a rug could be.

Papa bug  
was  
named



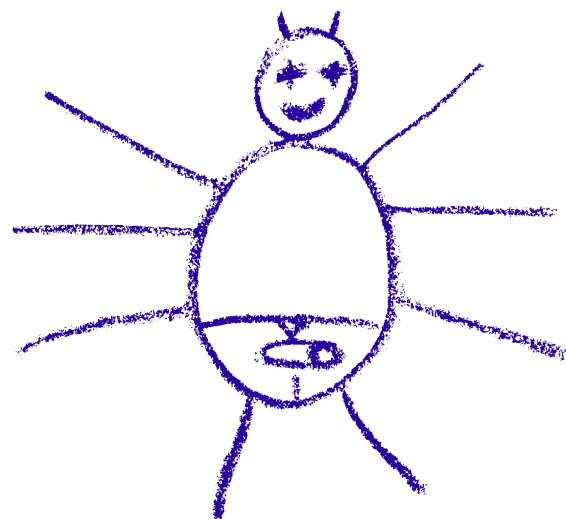
EENIE.

Mama bug was named



MEENIE.

Baby bug  
was named

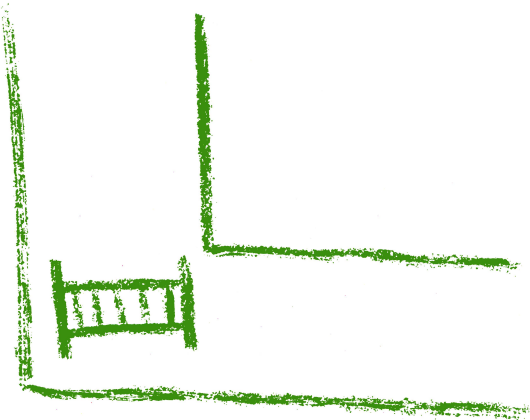


MINIE.



EENIE'S bed was in  
the left-hand  
corner of the rug.

MEENIE'S bed was in  
the right-hand  
corner of the rug.



MINIE'S bed was in the  
lower corner of the rug.

One day Minie was playing under the kitchen linoleum, where he

hadn't any right at all to be, since Meenie had told him *never* to leave their own rug and go off by himself.

But he forgot all about how naughty he had been, to go away alone against his mother's wishes, when he saw — — — —





—the lady who lived in that house, who really owned the rug!

She was getting ready for spring cleaning! She put on her apron and rolled up her sleeves and put on a dust-cap to keep her hair clean.

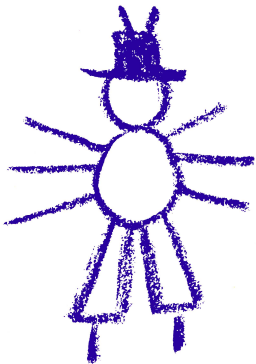
He ran as fast as his eight little legs would carry him, crying, “Oh Meenie, Meenie, what shall we do? The lady who lives in this house is going to do spring cleaning, and she will ruin our snug little home in the rug!”



Meenie was very upset, and she ran crying, “Oh Eenie what shall we do? The lady who lives in this house is going to do spring cleaning, and she will ruin our snug little home in the rug!”



Now Eenie was the Papa bug, and it was up to him to think of something quickly, for he loved his snug little home in the rug, and didn't want to see it ruined by spring cleaning. At last he thought of a plan.



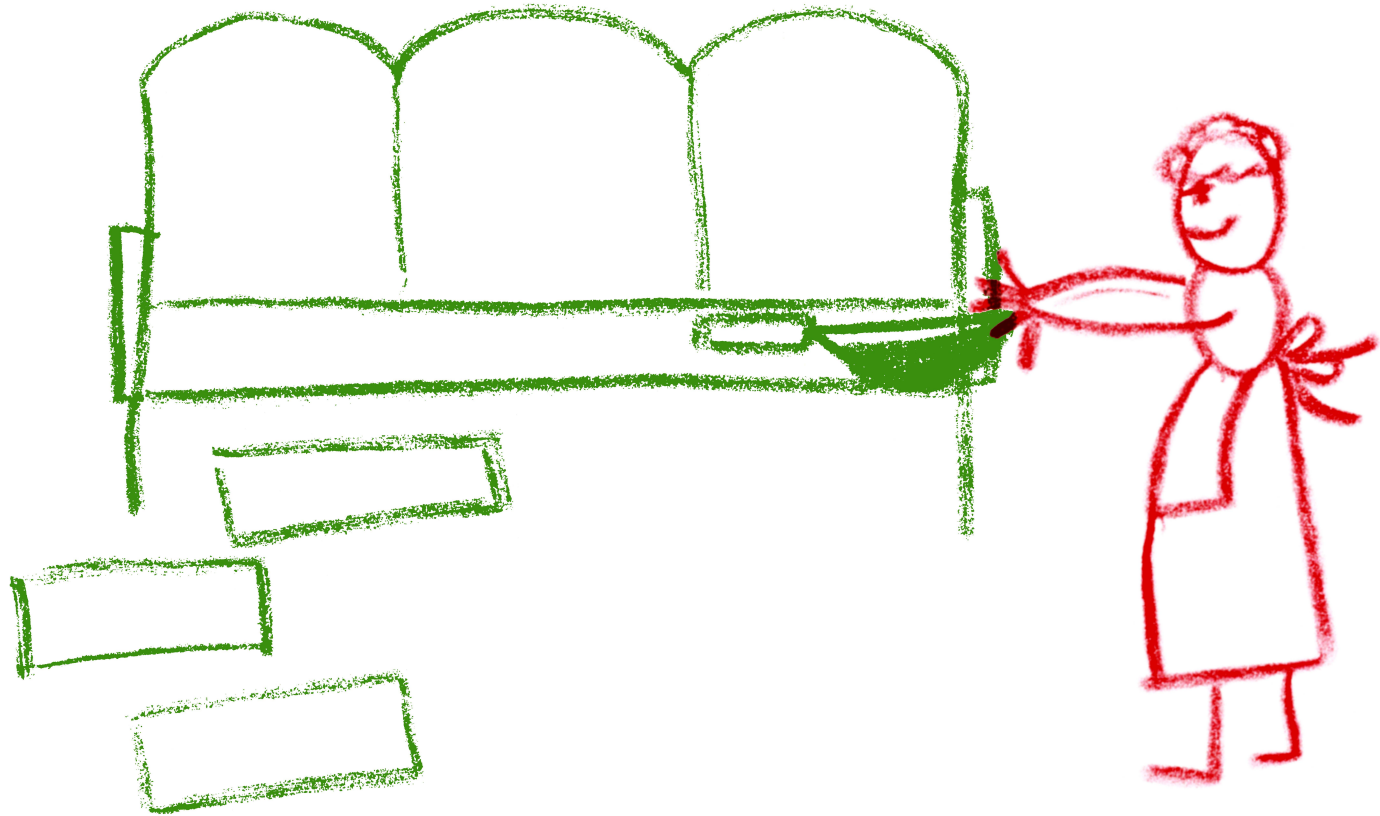
“Pick up your beds, and carry them on your backs,”  
he told Meenie and Minie.

“When we  
see the lady  
who lives in  
this house  
coming,  
we’ll just  
move out  
of her way  
until she is through cleaning.”

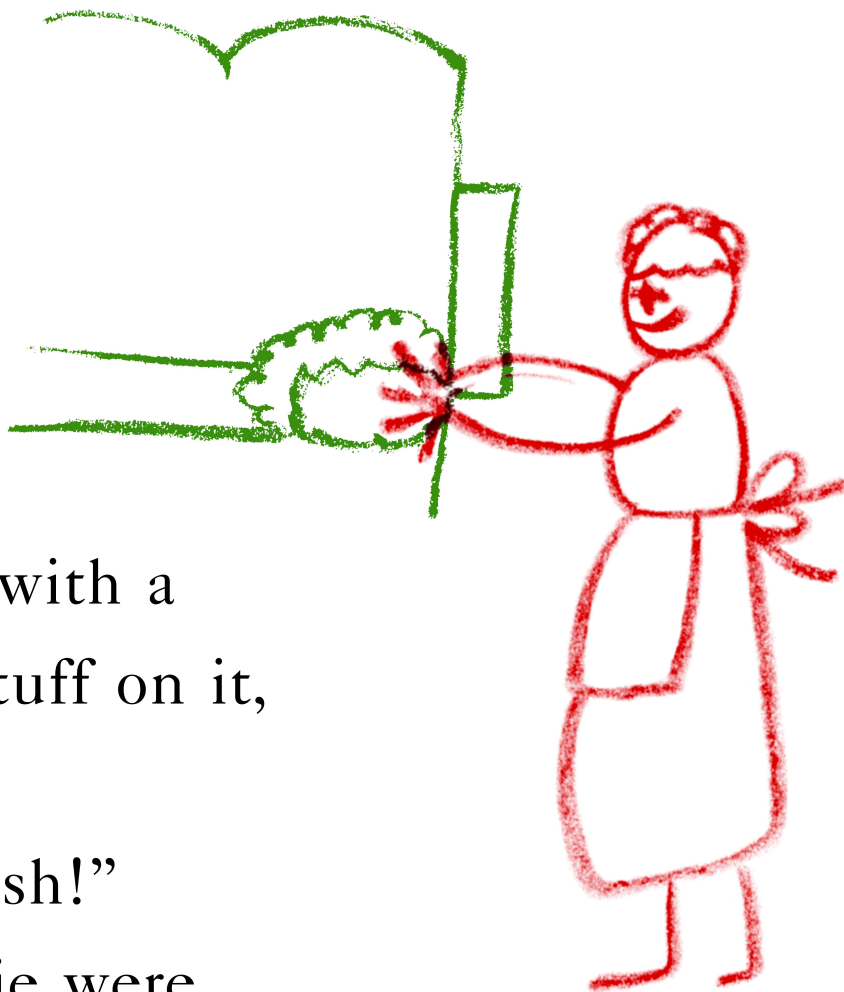


So Eenie and Meenie and Minie picked up their beds  
and carried them on their backs.





First the lady who lived in that house cleaned the sofa, and they hid under the wing chair. She pushed the sofa out from the walls, and took all the cushions out, and went over every inch of the sofa with an electric cleaning attachment that went, “Br-r-r-r!”



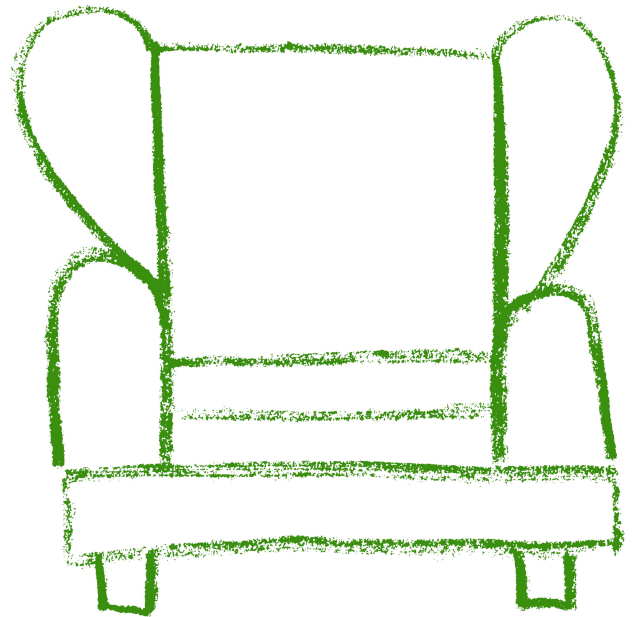
And then she went over it with a sponge with foamy white stuff on it, that went,

“Squish-squish, squish-squish!”

Eenie and Meenie and Minnie were mighty, mighty glad they weren't under *that* part of their rug, close to the “Br-r-r-r” and “Squish-squish, squish-squish!”

Then she cleaned the wing chair the same way, while they carried their beds to safety under the—

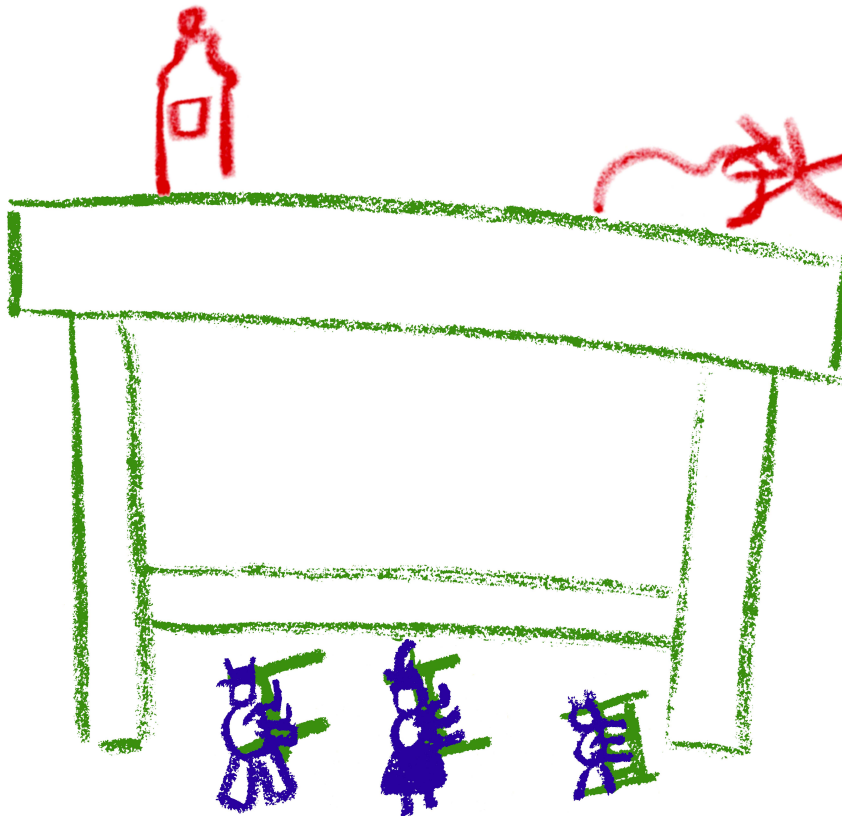
—library table.



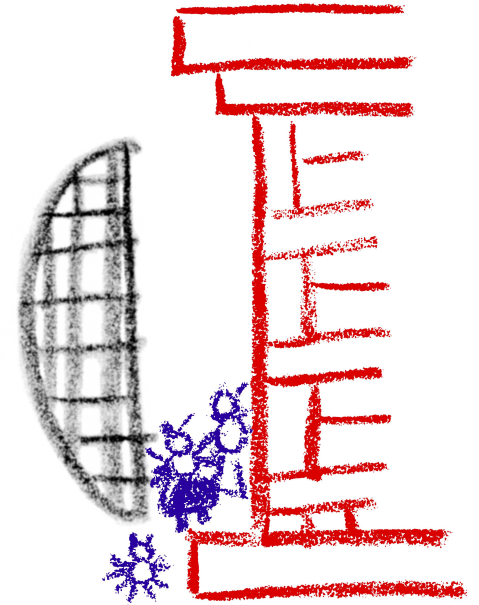
When she cleaned the table, with a waxed cloth that went,

“Swoo-oo-oosh,  
swoo-oo-oosh!”

they scurried to another hiding place behind the—



—fireplace screen,

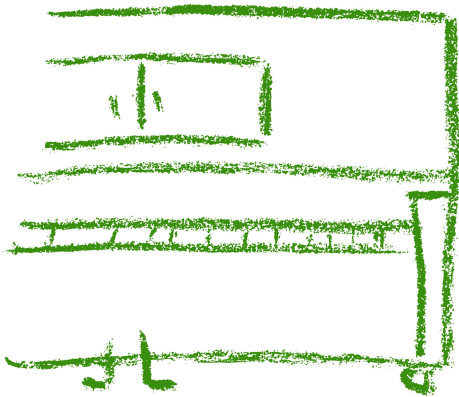


But here she came with a whisk broom to brush out the ashes.



“Whisk, Whisk, Whisk,”  
went the broom, and

how Eenie, Meenie and Minie did run! They ran as fast as they could, considering the beds they were carrying on their backs, to hide under the piano.



Now the piano was such a *very* heavy piece of furniture, that the lady who lived in the house couldn't move it by herself.

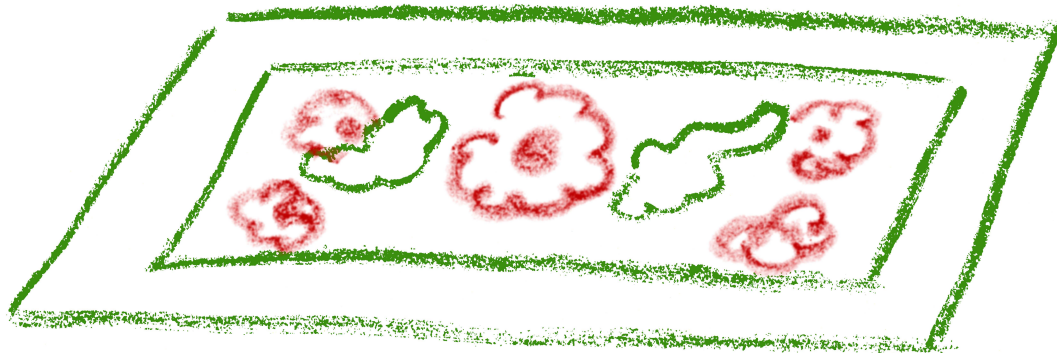
“Can’t we live under the piano, Eenie?” asked Meenie.  
“What, such a dangerous spot if someone moved it a little bit, and to have to give up our snug home under the rug!” exclaimed Eenie.

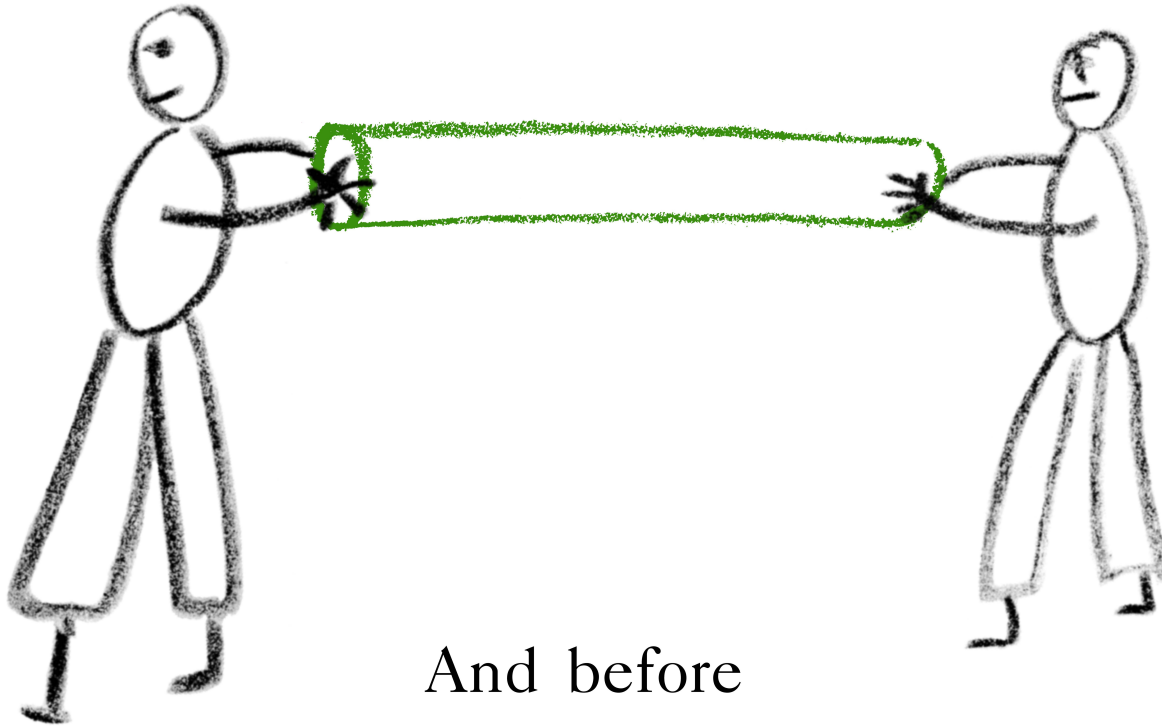
And though Minnie found a particularly comfortable spot for his little bed behind the loud pedal, Eenie said it was just a temporary home. As soon as spring cleaning was over they could go back under their rug to live.



When—what do you think happened?  
The piano was moved! And that wasn't  
all, for the lady who lived in that house  
said,

“The bugs must have been in this rug!  
Just see how holey it is! I'll have to  
have a new one.”





And before

you could say Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo, two men had come and moved the piano, rolled up the rug and taken it away!

The three little bugs barely escaped with their lives, their beds on their backs, to the hall carpet, which was not at all the same. It wasn't as thick and soft as their



old rug, and hadn't any right and left and lower corners for their beds, but just stretched way, *way* down the hall and out of sight around a corner.

“Oh Eenie, this is *awful*,” said Meenie. “Isn't this a dreadful carpet, without any real corners for our beds? It isn't *nearly* as snug as our own old rug.”

“Perhaps it's all for the best,” said wise old Eenie. But when they asked him what he meant, he just shook his head, and told them to wait and see.

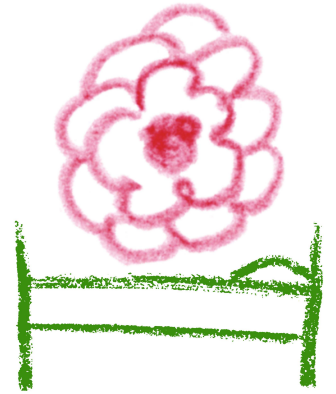




They waited and waited.

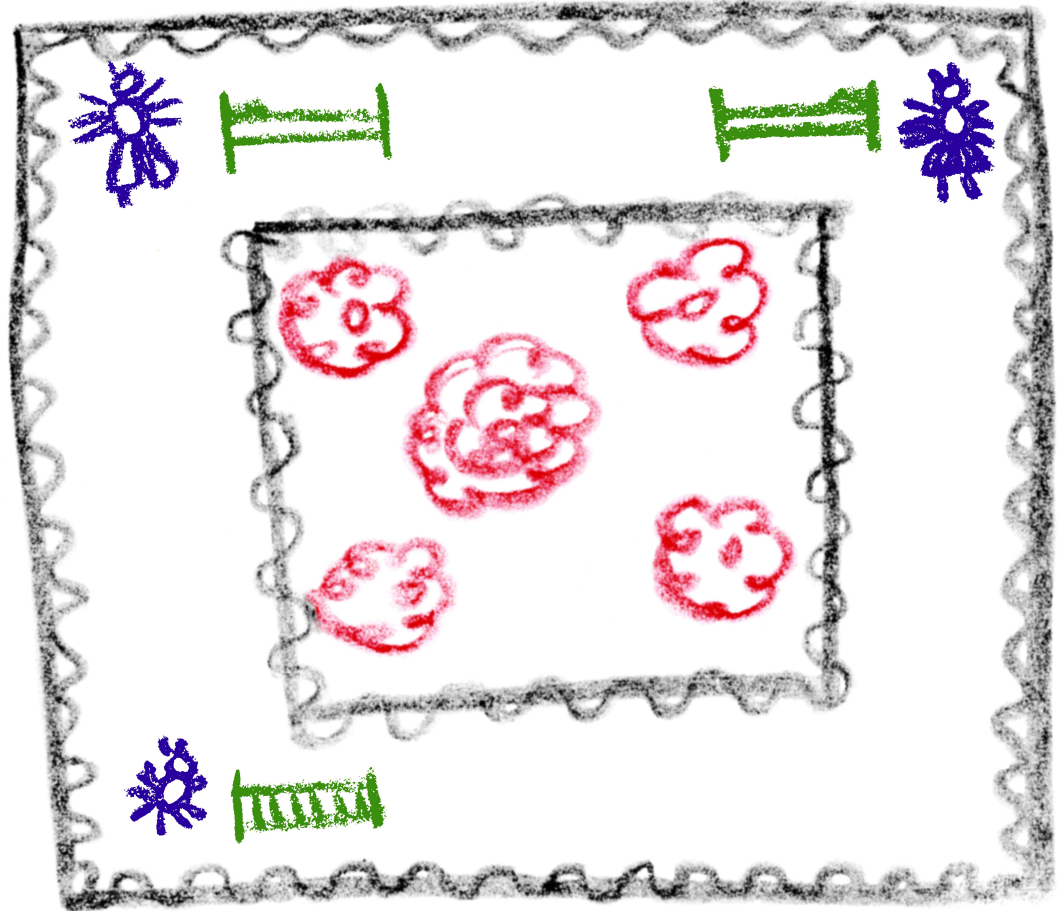
Eenie put his bed under a red rose  
in the carpet.

Meenie put her bed under a pink rose  
in the carpet.



Minie put his little bed under a green  
leaf in the carpet.

Then one day they heard heavy tramping steps along the hall, and they knew at last why Eenie had been so mysterious.



“A new rug for our room,” squeaked Minie in his little bug voice. That is what it was, a brand new rug! Eenie

and Meenie and Minie moved their beds in as soon as the rug was laid. And ever afterwards as they heard the lady of the house and her friends exclaiming over the beautiful new rug, they all agreed that they were—



—the three snuggest little bugs that ever lived in a rug!

THE END













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BY THE STUMBOUGHZ  
2 STORY BY VIRGINIA  
DRAWINGZ BY JOHN, 7, GENE MORA, 5

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The Stumbough family—Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stumbough and John Charles and Gene Nora—recently moved to Evanston, Illinois, near a Lake Michigan beach which they love in summertime.

John Charles and Gene Nora spent a full week around the dining room table drawing pictures of the three bugs for this story by their mother; then had to decide which of the many would be best for a book. They think it is more fun to read stories, though, than to draw pictures for them, and are especially partial to those their mother writes.

Virginia Stumbough, a native of Oklahoma, has published many magazine articles and a book on the genealogy of the Mulholland family. Now, however, she prefers writing books for children, since her own are old enough to enjoy them.

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