



The Hidden Valley of Oz

by Rachel R. Cosgrove

Chapter 1

Jam Builds a Collapsible Kite

THE Collapsible Kite was almost completed. The little boy laboriously spelled out the final directions from the magazine that lay propped open, a small stone on either side to keep the breeze from disturbing the pages.

"Make a tail," he read, "ty-ing to-geth-er pieces of cloth."

Leaving the kite on the ground, he raced down the slope, slid under the fence, and hurried to the house.

"Mother, mother," he called in his shrill little voice.

"Mother, may I have some pieces of cloth?"

His mother appeared at the kitchen door. She had been cleaning the house, and her hair was tied up in a scarf. She held a mop in her hand.

"What kind of cloth, Jam?" she asked her son. Jam was really only his nickname. His full name was Jonathan Andrew Manley, so his initials spelled

"The directions said to use pieces of cloth to make a tail," he explained.

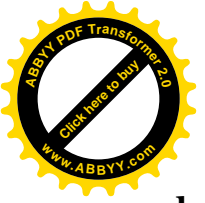
His mother looked puzzled. "A tail for what?" she inquired.

"For my Collapsible Kite," he told her. "I found the directions in my How to Build It Magazine. It's a special kind of kite that folds up into a little bundle, so you can carry it easily."

Mrs. Manley knew that Jam had been building something on the hill back of the house, but she had been busy and hadn't paid much attention to her son. Now she went to her sewing room and found an old sheet that had worn thin in the middle.

"Do you think you can tear this up into strips for a tail?" she asked as she showed him the sheet.

"Oh, yes, thank you, mother," he said, taking the sheet and racing back toward the hill. He slid under the fence once more, with never a thought about getting his blue jeans and cowboy shirt dirty. In his hurry he knocked off the cowboy hat that he had bought for fifty cents and three cereal box tops. He



had to stop, pick it up, and settle it securely on his head. He wanted a pair of cowboy boots, too, but his father had said, "No."

Poring over the directions for the kite once more, Jam found exactly how to attach the tail. Spread out on the ground, the kite looked very large. It was, in fact, much larger than the directions called for. Jam had decided it was easier to build the kite frame larger to fit the pieces of wood he had been able to find, than to try to cut the wood without a saw. The frame was hinged so that the whole kite would fold into a small, compact bundle. This especially appealed to the little boy, for he hoped to take the kite with him the next time his father took his family with him, as he occasionally did, on a field trip to collect specimens. Jam's father was the famous Professor Manley, a biologist who spent much of his time traveling to far away places in search of rare plants and animals.

"This kite looks big," he said to himself. "I'll bet it's big enough to fly away up into the sky and carry me with it. I wonder if it could. Maybe if I could hang a big box, or something like that, from the frame, I could sit in it and fly away up high like an airplane."

Then he remembered the crate. It was a large wooden crate that had contained a piece of delicate apparatus that his father had ordered for the laboratory. After the instrument had been unpacked, the crate was put out behind the garage, to be disposed of later. It would be just the thing! Jam hurried back down the hill, under the fence, and back of the garage. The crate was still there. Although it was big, it was not very heavy. Jam carried it back to the fence. It wouldn't go under the wire, but he finally managed to turn it on end and dump it over the fence. Then he crawled under the wire and lugged the crate up the slope to the place where the kite lay. He found some rope which he used to tie the crate to the kite. The crate would swing below the huge paper covered wooden frame when the kite was in the air.

"Now," he said, "I'm ready for my expedition."

But if this were to be a scientific expedition, he'd need some equipment. Hurrying back to the house, he rummaged through his closet and found his camping knapsack. On his way out through the kitchen, he took some cookies from the jar on the shelf and some apples from the basket that stood in the corner. Then he hurried over to the long, low building that



housed his father's private laboratory.

"Father, I'm going on a scientific expedition," he announced.

Professor Manley was very busy, so he just said, "Fine, fine," without looking up from his microscope.

"May I take some of the animals with me to see what effect a different climate has on them?" Jam asked eagerly, looking at the cages of white rats and guinea pigs that lined one side of the long room. "You take them with you," he continued, "and I want my expedition to be just like yours are."

"Ummm," his father muttered. Jam took this to mean yes, so he picked up a cage that held one white rat and another in which two little guinea pigs lay sleeping. He was glad he could take them with him.

Fully equipped, he raced back to his kite on the side of the hill. He loaded the knapsack and the animals into the crate and crawled in after them. For a moment Jam just sat there thinking about how wonderful it would be if his kite actually would take him flying high up in the clouds over lakes and forests and mountains. "Why," he said aloud, "a fine kite like this might even take me to some strange land." He looked over the edge of the crate and tried to imagine what it would be like if the ground were a mile below him. It was fun to imagine such things, but of course he never really believed a home-made kite could lift a boy off the ground.

Suddenly a freakish gust of wind swept the hillside. The kite, with Jam still in its crate, was caught up and lifted a few inches into the air. In a moment it settled down on the grass again, but Jam was as excited as if it had carried him miles. "Why," he said, jumping out of the crate, "I'll bet if I took my kite up to the top of the hill where the wind is strong it would fly like an airplane!" And so up the hill he went, dragging the crate and carrying the kite in his hand. As he climbed higher the hill became more steep, but he trudged along happily. Just as he reached the top the wind howled fiercely and the kite was wrenched from his grasp. Quickly Jam caught hold of the crate with both hands. It was already rising, but he clung to it firmly as it soared up, up, up into the sky. It took all the strength he had, but at last he was able to get one leg over the side and climb in. "Whew," he said, "this kite flies even better than I imagined it would!"



He looked down. The ground didn't look the way he had thought it would. It seemed very far away. As the wind increased and the kite rose higher, he began to be a little frightened because the hills and valleys were gradually fading from view. There was nothing Jam could do about it. He didn't know how to make his kite take him down to earth again. He hadn't even thought about that when he was building it, but then he never really thought it would fly.

"Golly, if only this wind would die down," he thought. But the wind blew harder and harder, and he wished he were safely at home instead of flying high above the clouds in his strange kite. He even wished he had never built it. "What good is a kite if I can't make it go where I want it to go?" he said sadly. The hours passed slowly and at last it was dusk, but the kite flew on and on. When night came and there was nothing but darkness all around him, Jam curled up in the bottom of the crate and closed his eyes. The wind sang and the crate rocked him gently. After a little while he fell asleep.

CHAPTER 2

The Talking Trio

JAM was rudely awakened by a hard jolt that threw him out onto the ground. For a few moments he thought that he was at home and had fallen out of his bed. Then he remembered. The kite no longer seemed in motion. Opening his eyes, he was blinded for a moment by the sunlight. Then, when his eyes were accustomed to the brightness, he sat up and looked around. The kite had come to earth and the crate had been broken to pieces when it struck the ground. Luckily the ground was very grassy, and Jam had not been hurt when he was dumped out of the crate.

He looked around to see if he could get any clue to where he was. A hill sloped down into a beautiful valley, where a river wound leisurely among trees and flowers. The plain, stretching away to a distant haze of mountains, was covered with a luxuriant growth of purple sage. Nearer at hand the ground was carpeted with large violets and pansies that looked as if they were made of royal purple velvet. Purple grackles walked over the ground, searching for food.



"I must be in the country," said Jam aloud. "I don't see any houses at all. Where in the world am I, anyway?"

Before trying to find out where he was Jam looked at the guinea pigs and the rat to be sure they were not hurt. He peered into one cage and saw two fat little faces looking out at him. The guinea pigs were short and chubby and had brown and white spots on their backs. Their eyes were black and snappy, and their whiskers wiggled gaily at him. They certainly were not hurt. And the white rat seemed to be in equally good health.

Jam pulled his knapsack and some food from the wreckage of the crate, strapped the knapsack on his back, and started to look for a house where he might be able to let his parents know that he was safe. He seemed to be miles from civilization, but he hoped he could send some sort of message. As he turned he heard a whistle behind him and a piping little cry.

"Hey, wait-"

"-for us!"

He jumped six inches into the air and peered around, looking to see who had called to him. No one was there.

"I guess I just thought I heard someone call me," he said aloud. He was a little startled by the sound of his own voice.

"No, sir, kiddo, you really heard something," squeaked a third little voice.

Jam whirled around in terror and cried, "Who is it? Where are you hiding?"

"Right here in-"

"-the cage," came the two little voices again, one starting the sentence while the other chimed in to finish it. It was the guinea pigs!

"Did you say something to me?" he asked in amazement.

"Certainly-"

"-we did," said the two creatures, smiling at him.

"But guinea pigs can't talk," he cried, close to tears. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing's wrong, kiddo," squeaked the third voice he had heard, and the white rat sat up and stuck the tip of his nose out through the wire mesh of his cage.

"You can talk, so why shouldn't we? After all, I'm the flashiest little white rat around," and he blew on his claws and polished them on his fur. "I'm Percy,



the personality kid, y' know."

"Oh, you're-"

"-stuck up," squealed the guinea pigs.

"And you're not-"

"-so important, either."

Jam's eyes had been getting bigger and bigger during this conversation. Animals couldn't talk, he knew; however, here they were, talking away as if it were the most natural thing in the world. What ever could have happened to them, to make them behave in this strange fashion?

While Jam stood wondering, Percy, the rat, said, "Well, kiddo, why stand there like a bump on a log? Open the cages and let us out. We get tired of being cooped up all day."

"Yes, please-"

"-let us out," echoed the funny little pigs, racing round and round the cage in excitement.

So, opening the cages, Jam took out the little creatures, putting one guinea pig in his pocket on the right side, one in the pocket on his left side, and setting Percy on his shoulder.

"Can you stay there without falling off?" asked the little boy of the white rat.

"Sure thing, kiddo," said the white rat, sniffing the air in all directions and looking around him with his beady red eyes. "This is quite the life. By the way, kiddo," he whispered into Jam's ear, "those two guys are mighty stupid. Why not ditch them and stick with me? We'll go places together, kiddo."

"We heard-"

"-that remark," cried the little guinea pigs.

"You're not-"

"-so smart, you know!"

"You're just-"

"-a rat!" and they pulled their faces back into Jam's pockets to keep from associating with their flip-pant companion.

"Huh," said Percy to Jam. "They're just jealous, that's what they are. They don't even have classy names like mine. High tone, that's what mine is. Percy, the personality kid," and he slapped Jam on the shoulder with his tiny white paw.

"Do they have names, too?" asked Jam.

"Certainly we-"

"-have names," came the muffled answers from the pigs.



"I'm Pinny and-"
"-I'm Gig," they squeaked.

CHAPTER 3

Jam Meets the Gillikens

JAM decided that he might as well fold up the Collapsible Kite and take it along, even though, without the crate, it would be impossible to use it as a vehicle to carry him through the air. Even if he could fly it, he wouldn't know how to guide it back to his home. So he bent the frame at the hinged joints, and soon nothing was left of the kite but a bundle of paper and wood strips which he bound to the outside of the knapsack with the ropes that had held the crate. Fastening the knapsack and kite on his back and tying his cowboy hat securely under his chin, Jam prepared to explore this strange country in which he now found himself. He looked around, wondering which way to go.

"There's a path winding round the hill," squeaked Percy.

"We'll walk that way then," replied Jam, "for if there is a path, someone must have walked here. And right now I want to see someone."

As if in answer to his wish, a strange group came into sight from behind the hill. They were little men, no taller than Jam, and the dozen or more of them advanced slowly and cautiously, huddling together as if for protection.

"Hello," he called, running to meet them. Percy hung on with all four feet to keep from being bounced to the ground.

The men seemed frightened by Jam's sudden rush toward them. They turned and began to flee in confusion.

"Wait for me," cried Jam. "Wait for me. Please don't run away."

The men, hearing his childish voice, slowed down and finally stopped at a safe distance from Jam and his animal friends.

"Why are-"

"-they afraid?" asked Pinny and Gig.

"We won't-"

"-hurt them."

One of the men, bolder than his companions, ad-



vanced a few paces toward the boy. The man was dressed all in purple, with a tall pointed purple hat that had a wide round brim edged with purple bells which tinkled as he walked, a purple coat with a lavender waistcoat under it, purple velvet knee pants, and high purple leather boots with long pointed toes that curled up. Coming closer to Jam, the man swept off his purple hat, making the little bells on the brim tinkle merrily, and bowed low to the little boy.

"Oh, noble wizard, or sorcerer," he began in humble tones, "have you come to destroy us, or have you come to deliver us from Terp, the Terrible?"

Jam looked at him in amazement. At a nudge from Percy, he spoke.

"I'm not a wizard or anything except a boy." Then, remembering his mother's admonition about what to do if he ever was lost, he added, "My name is Jonathan Andrew Manley. I live at 403 Terrace Place, Evansville, Ohio. I am lost and I want to go home. Will you please tell me where I am and how to get home again?"

The odd little man in the purple suit bowed low a second time and replied, "Oh, noble person from the sky, I have never heard of this land of Ohio. Is it in the Land of Oz?"

"No," answered Jam, "it's in the United States of America. Is this the Land of Oz?"

"Yes, noble sir. You are in the country of the Gillikens, the northern province of the Land of Oz."

"But what part of the world is this?" cried Jam. "I've never heard of a place where animals can talk."

"All animals talk here," said the Gilliken man, "for this is a fairyland, you know."

"Fairyland!" exclaimed Jam. "But fairies are just make-believe. They aren't real people."

"You must be mistaken, noble sir," and again he bowed low before Jam, "for we are all alive; and this is a fairyland."

"He must be right, kiddo," whispered Percy. "Pin-fly, Gig, and I could never talk before we hit this place."

"And now—"

"—listen to us," chimed in the guinea pigs, sticking their heads out of Jam's pockets and wiggling their whiskers furiously.

"How do I get home from here?" wailed Jam. "I do not know," said the little man. "We hoped



that you were a powerful wizard, come from the sky in your strange craft, to save us from Terp, the Terrible. We thought that your magic might destroy his power and free the people of Hidden Valley from slavery."

"Are you slaves?" asked Jam, looking at the little men dressed in purple costumes similar to their leader's.

"Yes," sighed one of them. "We are slaves of Terp, the Terrible, and must work for him in his vineyards and jam factory."

"Jam factory!" exclaimed the little boy. "That's funny. My nickname is Jam."

The little Gillikens looked at each other and nodded wisely. "A good omen," murmured one. "He is called Jam. Surely he will save us from Terp."

"But who is Terp, the Terrible?" asked Jam. "A wicked giant, noble Jam, ten times as large as any of us. He lives on muffins and grape jam; so we are kept busy growing grapes and making jam for him to eat on his magic muffins."

"Magic-

"-muffins!" squealed Pinny and Gig.

"What are-

"-they?"

Looking with curiosity at the funny little animals sticking their heads out of Jam's pockets, the man replied, "In Terp's courtyard is a muffin tree."

"Muffin tree," interrupted Jam. "Muffins don't grow on trees. You bake them, or buy them already made at the bakery."

"In Hidden Valley, oh noble sir, muffins grow on trees. In the castle courtyard is this muffin tree, guarded by a fierce, two-headed beast that allows no one near the tree except Terp himself. These muffins must be magic, for Terp keeps the tree guarded so well."

"We think," added another man, "that his power is derived from the muffins. If we could destroy the tree, we could escape Terp's power. But the fierce two-headed beast guards the tree constantly. One head is always awake and watching, so none of us can get close enough to the tree to chop it down."

"Why don't you escape over the plains I see in the distance?" asked Jam.

"Those are guarded by the fierce Equinots," replied one of the men, "so we dare not venture upon the



plains."

"Then how am I going to leave this place and find my way home?" asked Jam sadly.

"We do not know, but perhaps your magic will find a way."

The group murmured to each other for a few moments. Then their spokesman again approached.

"If you intend to leave this valley, perhaps you can help us; for we have heard from the birds that fly over our land of a great hero, in the land of the Winkies, which lies to the west. He is a great woodman, and knows many powerful people in the land. If you could get to him, he might come and chop down the magic tree of Terp, the Terrible, and save us."

"Perhaps," added another, "he would know where your country lies and could help you find your way to your home."

"Do you think he could?" asked Jam eagerly.

"He might."

"But how am I to reach this country of the Winkies?" inquired the boy.

"Alas, we do not know," replied the Gillikens. "You must remain out of the clutches of Terp, and then find a way to cross the plains of the Equinots. It is a long hard journey from here, but it is your only hope of ever returning to your home."

"Then I shall make the journey," decided Jam.

CHAPTER 4

In the Clutches of Terp, the Terrible

A GREAT roar sounded from the other side of the hill, shaking the very ground with its rumble. The Gillikens turned white with fear and raced for shelter, crying,

"Hide yourself! Hide yourself! Terp, the Terrible, is coming!"

In a moment all of the purple clad people had disappeared from sight, leaving Jam and his companions standing alone in the path.

"Better make for cover, kiddo," squeaked Percy.

"That roar sounded like Terp means business."

Jam looked about him for some place to hide and, spying a clump of lilac bushes, he ran quickly toward them. Before he had reached the shelter of the thicket, the giant was upon them. With a cry of rage, he



reached down and grabbed Jam in one huge hand, lifting him high above the ground. Terp, the Terrible, was indeed a terrible sight to behold. He was more than fifty feet tall, his face was ugly and covered with a shaggy black beard, although no shaggier and blacker than his thatch of hair. His body was huge and powerful, his legs and arms as large as tree trunks, and his feet and hands enormous. He was clothed in purple, much like his Gilliken slaves, except that the buttons of his coat were huge amethysts set in gold, his belt buckle was gold, studded with gems, and the buckles on his shoes, which were as big as row boats, were also of gold and amethyst.

Glaring at Jam, he roared, "Why are you not slaving in the vineyards, miserable midget? How dare you defy Terp, the Terrible? You shall be punished for this, you disobedient slave. I shall fling you into my darkest dungeon!" And he shook him as a terrier would shake a kitten.

"Put me down! Put me down!" shrieked Jam in terror, while Percy dove into the knapsack to keep from being hurled to the ground by the violence of the shaking. Jam kicked wildly, trying to escape. "Put me down! I'm not one of your slaves, I'm not, I'm not!"

Upon hearing this, the giant stopped shaking the child and held him up before his eyes to look at him more carefully. Noting the blue trousers, cowboy hat and shirt, and knapsack, he realized that the boy was not a Gilliken slave. But what was to prevent Terp, the Terrible, from adding a new slave to his collection?

"Who are you, stranger?" he growled.

Trying to keep his teeth from chattering in fear, Jam answered, "I'm Jam, from Ohio, and I want to go home."

At his words, a puzzled look came over Terp's ugly countenance.

"Jam!" he roared. "I've never seen any jam like this before. What flavor are you?"

"Flavor?" cried Jam. "I'm no flavor at all."

"We'll see about that," rumbled Terp. "I'll take you home and eat you on my muffins. Then I'll know what flavor you are. Maybe I'll like you even better than grape jam."

With these words, the purple giant strode along the path, holding tight to Jam who was struggling harder than ever to escape. Jam was too frightened



to notice the beautiful countryside through which they were walking. As the giant circled the hill, a valley lay before their eyes. On the slopes of the hills grew vast vineyards, the vines heavy with purple grapes. Little dome-shaped houses nestled in groups in the vineyards and through the valley. The houses were painted purple and had purple flowers blooming in their gardens. Purple picket fences enclosed yards with lavender crocuses peeping through the grass, while tall rows of purple hollyhocks guarded the doorways. Trellises covered with purple clematis arched the gateways of some of the homes. If the people had not had to slave for Terp, they would have enjoyed life in this beautiful place.

Down in the valley was a larger domed building with a tall smokestack towering above it. This was the jam factory, where the luscious grapes from the hillside vineyards were carted in purple wagons, to be made into grape jam. There was much activity in the valley, as the Gillikens worked feverishly at their jam making, fearful of incurring the wrath of their harsh overseer.

On one hillside, stood the palace of Terp, the Terrible. It was a huge building of purple-tinted marble built around three sides of an open court. The gardens surrounding the castle were a riot of exotic plants. The odor from their violet and lavender and purple hued blossoms perfumed the air and attracted swarms of bees and beautiful butterflies.

As Terp strode into the courtyard, Jam, who had ceased struggling by now, got a glimpse of the famous muffin tree. It was a large tree in the center of the yard and on it grew the muffins that the giant ate. Chained to the trunk of the tree was a huge monster with a body shaped like an elephant, a tail like an alligator, and two large, ferocious heads, one an owl, and the other a wolf. The owl head was asleep, for it kept watch at night; but the wolf head was wide awake, and the beast kept looking in all directions, watching for anyone who might try to destroy the tree.

Terp flung Jam and his friends into a room in one of the castle towers, promising to return for Jam at breakfast time the next day. Then he slammed the heavy door and bolted it on the outside, so Jam could not escape from the room.

"What'll we-"

"-do now?" cried the guinea pigs as Jam sadly took



them from his pockets and set them down on the floor. Percy nimbly scampered down without assistance.

"I don't know what to do," sighed Jam, close to tears. "I certainly don't want to be Terp's breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Speaking of breakfast," squeaked Percy, "reminds me of food, and food reminds me that I'm hungry. Got anything good in that knapsack, kiddo?"

Jam opened the pack and brought out some food which he shared with Pinny, Gig, and Percy. Even though their plight was as hopeless as ever, they felt better after they had eaten. Percy began making his inquisitive way around the room, sniffing and peering at everything.

"Maybe we'll find a way to get out of here," he said, examining every nook and cranny.

Jam helped in the exploration, while Pinny and Gig scampered about, peeking into dark corners with their beady little eyes. The light from the one casement window was beginning to fade, as night approached, and the prisoners still had found no way of escape. Jam climbed up and looked out of the window, but they were too far from the ground to jump out, and there seemed to be no way to climb down the castle walls. Percy, however, was not so sure that the descent was impossible.

"Let me see if I can get to the ground," he said. "Then maybe I can find some way to get all of us out of this ogre's clutches." Then, with a parting squeak of, "Keep a stiff upper lip, kiddo," he climbed over the window sill and disappeared from sight.

CHAPTER 5

Escape from the Tower

EXHAUSTED from his experiences, Jam lay down on the floor with his knapsack for a pillow and fell fast asleep. When he woke, it was night and the room was only dimly lighted by moonbeams that found their way through the casement windows. He sat up and stretched before he discovered that Pinny and Gig were watching the casement window intently.

"We heard-"

"-something outside," they told him.

"It sounded like-"

"-scratching on the wall."



Jam hurried to the window and tried to see what had disturbed Pinny and Gig. In the dim light he could see something moving up the wall, something small and white.

"It's Percy," he said to the little animals. "He's coming back. Hi, Percy," he called.

"Shh. Someone-"

"-will hear you," cautioned the pigs.

Jam whispered, "Where have you been, Percy?" But the rat made no answer. He only climbed slowly higher and nearer to the prisoners.

"He has something in his mouth," exclaimed Jam, as the rat became more distinct in the moonlight. "It looks like a rope or vine. Yes, it is a vine. I can see the leaves on it. But why is he bringing it up here?"

Soon Percy was close enough to the window so that Jam could reach down and take hold of the vine.

"Be careful or-"

-you'll fall!" squeaked Pinny and Gig.

As Jam took the vine, the white rat said, "Thanks, kiddo," in a breathless voice, and with one quick jump he was in the window.

"What's the-"

"-vine for?" asked the spotted pigs.

"Let me catch my breath, kiddos, and I'll tell you my idea." After a moment Percy continued, "I think I've found a way for us to get away from here."

"How? Oh-"

"-tell us!" cried Pinny and Gig.

"Yes," said Jam. "I don't want to be eaten on muffins by Terp, the Terrible, and we haven't much time to think of an escape."

"Well," said Percy, "you see, I climbed down into the garden to look around. There I found that a tall tree, as tall as the castle, is growing near this window. Grape vines had climbed up into the branches and twined around in the tree. Some of the ends of the vine hung down to the ground and seemed to be quite strong. I thought, smart boy that I am, that this was the answer to our dilemma. Just tie this vine around your waist, kiddo, and jump out of the window. You'll swing down to the ground that way."

"Just like the-"

"-monkeys in the jungle!"

"Is it strong enough?" asked Jam, pulling hard on the vine to test its strength. "Maybe it will break."

"Well, kiddo, it's up to you," squeaked the rat, sit-



ting up on his hind legs. "But if you don't try the vine, you'll make a vine breakfast for Terp," and he laughed at his joke.

"That's not-

"-so funny," cried Pinny and Gig.

"No, it isn't funny, at that," muttered Percy. "Let's get out of here !"

"I guess there's nothing to do but try the vine," said Jam. "It's our only chance to get away tonight"

"And tomorrow's--

"-too late!"

So Jam put on the knapsack, tucked Pinny and Gig in his pockets, and tied the vine tightly around his body under his arms.

"I don't think I'll take the ride down," squeaked the rat. "After all, I can climb down all by myself."

Jam climbed up on the window sill and sat there with his feet hanging outside the room.

"It looks a long way down to the ground," he remarked nervously. "Do you think that--?"

"Go on," interrupted Percy. "Jump! The longer you think about it, the harder it will be to make the plunge."

"All right," said Jam, shutting his eyes tightly. "Here goes," and he jumped out from the window ledge.

"Happy landing, kiddos," cried Percy, and then he began to scramble down the side of the building.

Jam sailed down through the air, the swiftness of the fall taking his breath away. As he neared the ground, he began to swing back and forth, held safely by the grapevine. Slower and slower, in shorter and shorter arcs, he swung back and forth like the pendulum of a grandfather clock. Finally the swinging ceased altogether, and he hung suspended in air. Opening his eyes, he saw that he was hanging only a few inches from the ground; so, pulling his jackknife from his pocket, he cut the vine that held him and fell safely to earth.

Percy, who had arrived at the ground level while Jam was still swinging from the tree, hurried over to where they were. "I think we can get away now," he whispered. "There aren't any guards around except the two-headed monster who watches the magic muffin tree."

Quietly they stole around the castle, keeping in the shadow of the walls as much as possible. As they



came to the front of the palace, they saw, dimly, the form of the two-headed monster guarding the magic muffin tree. His wolf head was asleep now, but the fierce owl head turned to and fro, blinking its huge round eyes and watching every movement that was made.

"Say, I wonder what those muffins taste like?" whispered Percy. "They must be something special to have a constant guard over them. I'd like to try one," and he licked his lips in anticipation.

"You'd better-"

"-forget them," cautioned Pinny and Gig.

"We don't want you eaten by the monster," said Jam in a low tone. "Come on, let's get away from here as fast as possible. I wonder which way we should go?"

"If you're going to find that famous woodman that the Gilliken slaves talked about, you'll have to head west," said Percy.

"Yes, but I'm not sure of the direction," replied Jam in worried tones.

"The important thing now is to get away from the castle and find some place to hide until morning," said Percy. "Then we can tell which direction is west by watching the sun."

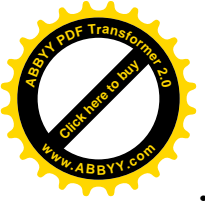
"That's right," said Jam. "The sun comes up in the east. We can go away from it, and we'll be heading west"

CHAPTER 6

Percy and the Muffin Tree

SO the little party made their way quickly down the road away from the castle. But Percy was not satisfied. He kept thinking about the magic muffins and wishing that he could have one. The longer he thought about the tree, the more sure he was that he could elude the monster and steal one of the muffins. He knew, however, that Jam would not approve of this at all; so he decided to slip away from Jam and the guinea pigs and hurry back to the famous magic muffin tree.

Jam was so intent on putting as much distance as possible between himself and the castle that he failed to notice that Percy was not scampering along behind him. On he hurried through the pale moonlit



night, while Percy raced in the opposite direction, back toward the castle from which they had just escaped. Although he knew that the owl head could see well at night and that owls like to eat rats, he hoped that the monster would not notice so small a creature as he was. When he came again to the courtyard, he moved very slowly and cautiously, creeping in the shadows and circling 'round the tree so that he was behind the huge beast that stood there. The only sound that broke the stillness was the faint clink of metal links as the chain that held the monster moved with the owl head.

Inching forward, Percy reached the trunk of the magic tree without being discovered by the great owl head. Quietly, quietly, he crept up the tree, carefully testing each foothold, so that he would make no noise and call the monster's attention to him. At last he reached the first branch and could see ahead of him one of the muffins growing out on a stem from the larger limb. As yet the huge beast beneath him had no idea that he was trying to steal some of the precious muffins. Percy crept closer and closer, and at last he was within reach of the first magic muffin on the tree. With a quick snatch, he seized it in his mouth, broke it from the twig on which it grew, and dashed down the tree.

The snap of the twig had roused the huge owl head, so that the beast whirled toward the tree and made a lunge at the flying white figure. Percy knew that the time for caution had passed, so he raced down the tree, leaped across the monster's tail, and streaked away through the night. With a scream of anger, the guard of the magic muffin tree jumped at the rat, but the chain that bound the brute to the trunk was too short to allow him to go more than a few feet from under the branches. So he stood straining at the chain, hooting in frustrated fury.

The uproar waked Terp, the Terrible, who jumped out of bed, dashed to a window, flung it open, and leaned out over the courtyard, trying to see what was happening. In the dim and fitful moonlight he could see the beast and the muffin tree; but he was unable to see Percy, who by this time had sped away after his companions and was out of sight. Seeing no one, the giant decided that some stray night bird had disturbed the two-headed monster, so he closed the window and climbed back into bed, little knowing that



one of his precious muffins was being carried farther and farther away from the castle. He fell asleep and dreamed that he was eating Jam and muffins for breakfast, unaware that both muffin and Jam were now out of his clutches.

CHAPTER 7

Jam Meets the Equinots

THE first faint hint of dawn was touching the eastern sky as Jam reached the edge of the great plain he had seen the day before. Pausing to rest, he realized for the first time that Percy was not with him.

"Percy. Percy," he called. "Where are you?" but no one answered him.

"What's happened-"

"-to Percy?" asked his other little friends.

"I don't know," he said. "I thought he was right behind me, but he doesn't seem to be here at all. I wonder if he got lost or if something has happened to him? Do you think that we should go back for him?"

"If we do-"

"-Terp will get us," exclaimed Pinny and Gig.

"You don't-"

"-want that to happen."

"No, because I don't want to be a giant's breakfast," he said. "It seems too bad to leave Percy behind, but we'll all be killed if we go back for him now."

"Percy can-"

"-take care of himself," added the other two.

"Well, he does seem to be clever, because he helped us to escape. It's ungrateful of us to leave him now, I suppose; and yet that's all that we can do. I don't want to stop here, for Terp might catch up with us, even now, when he discovers that we have slipped away. When we get across the plain, I can stop and sleep for a while."

So Jam trudged out across the plain, a lonely figure on the vast expanse in that dim morning light. He headed away from the rosy glow in the sky that was the forerunner of the sunrise, for he hoped to find help in the land of the Winkies, which lay to the west.

He had not gone far on the plain when he heard shouts and hoofbeats in the distance. Looking around



him, he saw a faint cloud of dust toward the south. The cloud grew larger as the sounds of hoofs drew nearer to him, and finally he was able to distinguish the forms of men on horseback, or so it seemed from where he stood.

"Maybe these people will help me," he said to his friends.

"And maybe-"

"-they won't!" exclaimed Pinny and Gig.

"Remember what-"

"-the Gillikens said," they continued.

Then Jam did remember that the slaves of Terp, the Terrible, had said that they could not escape across the plains because of the dreaded Equinots who lived there. Perhaps the horsemen who were rapidly approaching were none other than those fierce creatures of whom the Gillikens had spoken.

"What shall we do?" he cried. "How can we escape them?" and he turned first in one direction and then the other. If he went back toward the hidden valley, belonging to the giant, he was lost; and if he crossed the plain, the Equinots would get him. He had, however, seen Terp, the Terrible, and knew that he was an enemy to be feared, while all he knew of the Equinots was the tale he had heard from the frightened farmers who toiled in the vineyards for Terp. He decided that he would rather risk crossing the plain and meeting the Equinots, than to return to the castle of Terp, the Terrible, and be devoured.

"We'll run and see if we can escape them," he said to the little guinea pigs, who were cowering in his pockets in terror. So he began racing across the plain, as fast as his little legs would carry him, hoping that he might somehow escape the rapidly approaching riders. Soon the thunder of hoofs was behind him and he could hear shouts of, "Stop, stop!" but he dashed on. Suddenly he was jerked from his feet, and thrown to the ground with his arms pinned to his sides by a lasso that had been flung over his head. The Equinots swept up and surrounded the boy.

Jam struggled to a sitting position and looked at his captors. They were indeed the strangest sight he had ever seen, for they seemed to be part horse and part man, instead of men on horseback as he had thought when he had seen them from a distance. The bodies were horse bodies, but where the neck of the horse should have been, grew a man's body from the



waist up. Their arms were powerful and sinewy, and their faces were fierce and cunning. Their hair streamed out behind them like a long mane. Each body was clad in a tight fitting lavender satin jacket, with wide lapels of purple velvet and gold buttons down the front. The Equinots wore purple leather gauntlets, and their long hair was bound back with purple cords to keep it out of their eyes. Each horseman carried a coiled lariat like the one binding Jam.

The creature who had captured Jam seemed to be the leader of the band, for his horse body was larger than the others and was a shiny purple-black. His hair was the same glossy texture as his tail.

"Ah ha!" he cried. "So you thought that you could trespass upon our domain, oh foolish person," and his followers all gave a loud horselaugh and reared up on their hind legs, prancing close to Jam who feared that they might trample him with their hoofs. "How dare you try to cross our plain?" continued the leader. "We allow no one to walk here except ourselves; and any who dare to defy us are severely punished."

A shout went up from the band of Equinots. "Punish him! Punish him! Punish the intruder! Make him a slave to wait upon us."

"An excellent idea," said their leader. "We need some one to keep our bodies glossy and smooth, to make our beds of straw, to comb our hair, and to carry our food to us."

"But I don't want to be a slave," protested Jam. "I just want to go back to Ohio and never, never leave again."

"You shall go no place at all except to our stable homes, there to wait upon us as a slave should do," replied the leader. "All prisoners that we capture on the plains become our property, to do with as we wish."

There was a finality in his tone that frightened Jam. He realized that he had escaped from Terp, the Terrible, only to fall into the clutches of these creatures.

"What will-

"-happen to us?" moaned Pinny and Gig.

"Why did you-

"-bring us along?", conveniently forgetting that they had begged to accompany Jam on his journey of exploration. Jam was so distressed, however, that he paid no attention to the pigs but thought and thought,



trying to figure out some way to escape from the Equinots. He was still bound by the lasso, and the leader of the troop jerked him roughly to his feet by hauling the rope in.

"Come, slave, we have tarried long enough," said the leader. "Away to our stables!" and he prepared to gallop away in the direction from which he had come.

"Wait, wait!" cried Jam. "I can't run as fast as you do. You have four long, sturdy legs, but I have only two short ones."

"Never fear. I shall carry you," snorted the leader. "It is a small price to pay for so fine a prize as you are."

The leader trotted closer to Jam in order to be able to pick him up, throw him over his back, and gallop away with him. At this moment, however, there was a commotion in the outer ranks of the Equinots, which spread in toward Jam and the leader, who stopped to see what was happening. Suddenly Jam noticed something small and white, darting in and out between the legs of the Equinots, causing them to jump first one way and then the other.

"It's Percy!" he cried in excitement. "Percy has found us again.

"We thought we'd lost-"

-him for good," sighed Pinny and Gig, who resented the fact that Percy had called them stupid. But Jam was glad to see his old friend again.

"What happened to you?" he asked. "Where have you been?"

Percy stopped before Jam, laid the muffin on the ground, and gasped for breath, for he had been running for a long time in order to catch up with his friends whom he had deserted when he went back to Terp's castle for one of the magic muffins.

"I went back for one of the muffins," he said, still breathing with difficulty, his sides moving in and out rapidly with each breath he took.

"You shouldn't have done that," scolded Jam. "Terp might have caught you or the two-headed monster might have eaten you."

"Might have, but didn't, kiddo," replied Percy. Then, noticing for the first time that Jam was bound with the rope, he said, "Hey, what's going on here? Who tied you up, kiddo?"

"I did," said the huge black Equinot. "He is my



prisoner and must become my slave and comb my mane and smooth my back with a curry comb, and bring my meals to me."

"You can't do this to Jam," said Percy hotly.

"Oh, yes, we can," echoed the Equinots, and Percy, realizing that they were surrounded by the queer creatures, saw that Jam would have no choice in the matter.

"Can't you think of some way to escape?" pleaded Jam, well remembering that the quick-witted rat had saved them from one dangerous situation. But Percy could think of nothing. With their enemy closely surrounding them, what chance had they to escape by day?

Just then, Pinny and Gig poked their little heads out of Jam's pockets and said, "Why not eat-"

"-the magic muffin?" and jerked back into their dark pockets as if afraid that the Equinots might destroy them at once.

"Good idea," cried Jam. "I wonder what it will do?"

"There's only one way to find out, kiddo," replied Percy, and he nibbled off a bit of the muffin, sat up, and holding it in his paws, rapidly ate it before the Equinots could stop him.

CHAPTER 8

The Magic Muffin

No sooner had Percy swallowed a bite of the magic muffin than a most amazing thing happened. He began to grow. He grew bigger and bigger and bigger, while Jam watched in amazement, and the Equinots looked more and more startled. A little white rat is not a very ferocious animal in appearance, with his cute little red eyes, and his wiggling whiskers, his funny front teeth that he uses for gnawing, and his sharp little claws. But let him grow suddenly to ten times his original size, and he seems very different indeed. And that is exactly what was happening to Percy. The bite of magic muffin that he had devoured had made him grow so rapidly that he shot up in height until he was fully as tall as Jam, himself.

The Equinots were a wild and savage nation, but this sudden display of magic dismayed even their leader. To see a tiny white rat suddenly become a



huge, white beast, with long sharp teeth, and long gleaming claws is a fearsome sight indeed, and it frightened the Equinots so that they wheeled sharply and galloped across the plain in confusion. Only the leader held his ground; but when Percy pulled back his lips and showed his long fangs, the leader paled, dropped the rope with which he held Jam a prisoner, and raced away across the plains in rapid pursuit of his followers. In a few moments, all that remained of the Equinots was a cloud of dust in the distance.

Jam sighed with great relief and said, "Oh, thank you, Percy, and you too, Pinny and Gig, for rescuing me from those awful Equinots," and he quickly freed himself from the noose which was around his arms. "Let us hurry across the plain before those creatures decide to come back and recapture us."

Percy was walking around, still dazed by this rapid growth.

"I've never seen

"-anyone leave so fast," giggled the guinea pigs.

"As the Equinots-"

"-when Percy started growing."

Percy stooped and picked up the remainder of the magic muffin which had had such startling results after he ate it.

"No wonder old Terp guards his tree," he chuckled. "This must be what made him a giant."

"And he wants to be the only giant there, so that he can rule the hidden valley and make slaves of the poor Gilliken people," continued Jam. "I hope we can find the famous woodman of whom they spoke and ask him to chop down the magic muffin tree and save the people from Terp, the Terrible."

"Let's take along the rest of the muffin, kiddo," said Percy, and he tucked it into the knapsack, a feat he performed easily as he was now as tall as Jam himself. "We may need it again, before we get to the land of the Winkies."

The travelers now set out across the plain which was covered with purple sage. They were so anxious to put Terp, the Terrible, and the Equinots behind them, that before many hours had passed they had reached the low rolling hills on the other side of the flat land.

Jam was by this time very weary, for he had been up nearly all night and part of the day without any sleep, so, finding a mossy bank under a towering oak



tree, he lay down to sleep, putting Pinny and Gig on the ground to run about and find food for themselves. Percy decided that he, too, needed some rest after the adventures of the past hours, so he stretched out beside Jam and was soon fast asleep. When Pinny and Gig had satisfied their hunger by nibbling at the tender young blades of grass, they curled up by their friends and took a little nap also.

The shadows were lengthening when Jam woke from his sleep, feeling rested and refreshed. He tickled the end of Percy's nose to wake him up, and as Percy yawned and stretched, the guinea pigs roused.

"I wish that we could find some place to spend the night," remarked Jam, for he noticed that the sun was sinking in the west, and he longed for a good supper and a more comfortable bed than the mossy ground. "Let us walk on for a while and see if we can find a house in which we can spend the night."

"Good idea, kiddo," said Percy. "I'm beginning to get a little hungry myself."

"We ate-"

"-some grass," piped Pinny and Gig.

"Well, I don't think I'd like grass for my supper," replied Jam. "I'd like a good hot meal like my mother always has."

They trudged along through the trees and soon came to a wide, well-worn path, which ran in the direction they were traveling. Deciding that it would probably lead them to civilization, they hurried along it, for night was rapidly approaching. Soon they came to a clearing and saw a little, purple, dome-shaped house that stood in the midst of a well-cared-for vegetable garden. Smoke rose from the chimney, and as they approached the door, a light appeared in the window.

Jam walked up to the door and knocked timidly. In response to his tapping a kind-faced woman opened the door and asked what he wanted.

"My friends and I are looking for a place to spend the night," said Jam. "We have traveled a long way and are very tired."

The woman invited them in after Jam had assured her that Percy was not a dangerous beast. The woman's husband questioned the travelers about their adventures while his good wife prepared a steaming, delicious supper for the guests.



During the meal, Jam told his story to the couple. They marveled at the tale of Jam's accidental flight in his kite, the subsequent capture and escape from Terp, the Terrible, and the adventure with the Equinots.

"The Gilliken slaves told me I might get help, both for them and for myself, in the Land of the Winkies," said Jam. "They said that birds who flew over Hidden Valley had told them tales of a famous woodman, who might come and chop down the magic muffin tree and free them from the wicked giant."

"They must have been referring to the Tin Woodman," said their gracious host.

"Of course," his wife exclaimed. "He is the most famous woodman in all the Land of Oz, for even in this isolated place we have heard of his marvelous exploits."

"Who is this Tin Woodman?" asked Jam, as he took a bite of delicious plum pie. "Do you think that he will help us?"

"The Tin Woodman," answered the farmer, "is the Emperor of the Winkies, who live in the country adjoining ours. He once was a real man-a wood chopper by trade. But every time he hurt himself chopping wood he was patched up with tin. Finally his whole body was made of this metal."

"But is he alive?" asked Percy in amazement.

"Certainly," replied the good wife to the oversized rodent

"That's impossible," declared Jam, "for he would have died when he chopped his body up with his axe."

"Oh, no," she laughed, "for no one dies in the Land of Oz."

"No one dies?" exclaimed the boy. "I never heard of any place like that."

"This is a fairyland, kiddo," said Percy. "You should know it by now. Where else would I eat a tree-grown muffin that would make me as big as you?"

"Or where else-"

"-could we talk?" shrilled Pinny and Gig from the floor, where the farmer's children were playing gaily with them.

"I guess that's so," said Jam.

"You should be able to reach the land of the Winkies by tomorrow evening if you have good luck," said the farmer, "for the border between the land of the Gillikens here in the north and the land of the Winkies



to the west is not many hours' journey from here."

"How will I know when I have reached it?" inquired Jam.

"That's easy," replied the friendly woman. "You'll know by the color."

"The color?"

"Certainly. Here in the Gilliken country, purple is the favorite color, as you have no doubt noticed. We wear purple clothing, paint our houses and barns and fences purple, and grow lovely purple flowers in our gardens. But the people of the Winkie country like yellow; so when you begin to see yellow flowers and yellow farm houses, you will know that you are nearing your destination."

Jam was surprised at this color scheme. However, when the man explained to him that the Land of Oz was made up of four kingdoms, the Gillikens in the north, the Winkies to the west, the land of the Munchkins to the east, the Quadlings in the southern part, and that each country had its own color, he began to understand how the system worked.

"The Quadlings are the red country, while the Munchkins, in the east, prefer blue," said the wife, "and in the very center of all the Land of Oz is the Emerald City, where our fair and lovely ruler, Ozma, dwells. If the Tin Woodman cannot help you, perhaps he will take you to Ozma, in the glittering capitol of our land, and beg her to do something for you; for he is a great favorite with our girl ruler, and she would help you for his sake."

Jam was greatly encouraged by this information and felt that most of his troubles were over.

After supper, the farmer's wife showed Jam to pleasant little bedroom where he was to spend night. Percy lay down on the round, braided rag rug by the bed, while Jam slipped between the lavender sheets and was soon fast asleep. The farmer's children made a soft bed for Pinny and Gig by placing an old pillow in a box, and soon the weary travelers were sleeping peacefully. Jam dreamed that he had reached the castle of the Tin Woodman, and found him to be made of tin cans; while Percy dreamed of huge rats, ten times his own great size.

CHAPTER 9

Kite Island



JAM was awakened next morning shortly after daybreak by the smell of bacon frying. He could hear the farmer's wife in the kitchen, preparing breakfast, so he hopped out of bed, washed his face in the clear cool water from the pitcher by his bed, dressed quickly, and then woke Percy. After the huge rat had stretched and yawned widely, he said,

"Well, kiddo, today's the day. We're on the last lap of our journey."

"Yes," replied Jam. "I do hope that everything turns out as we want it to. What shall I do if this Tin Woodman cannot find a way to send me back to my home?"

"Don't worry about it is my advice to you," said Percy cheerfully. "This country isn't so bad; so if you can't get home, we'll just live on here. I think that I will, no matter what you do."

"But my mother and father must be worried about me," wailed Jam. "They'll think that something terrible has happened to me."

"Now, now, Jam, forget it," said the rat sympathetically. "Come on, let's go down to breakfast. You'll feel much better after you've eaten some of that good food that I smell cooking."

Percy was right, for after an excellent breakfast Jam felt much happier. As he strapped on his knapsack in preparation for the journey, he thanked the Gilliken farmer and his wife for their kind hospitality. The woman, knowing the appetite of small boys, had packed a lunch for Jam and gave him cookies and apples, also, to go in his pack.

When they were ready to leave, Jam called Pinny and Gig. The guinea pigs, however, surprised him by saying,

"We have decided-

"-to stay here."

The farmer's children had been so good to them and had begged so hard for them to stay with them as their pets, that the two little creatures had been won over completely.

"We hope you-

"-get home safely," they told Jam, as they said goodbye to him and Percy.

"Don't cause the good man and his wife any trouble," cautioned Jam. "Goodbye, and thank you for everything," he said to the two Ozites who had be-



friended him.

"If you ever pass this way again, you must stop and see us," said the woman who had grown to like Jam in the few hours he had been her guest. "We hope that you are successful in your adventure."

So Percy and Jam started again upon their journey to the land of the Winkies, where they were to see the curious tin ruler.

After a short walk along the path, they left the clearing and were again in the woods. The trees were not close together, however, and sunlight streamed down through the branches. It was a beautiful morning, and Jam and Percy walked along singing and whistling, glad to be alive.

After walking for several hours, the two companions heard a murmuring sound that grew louder as they advanced into the west. Coming round a bend in the path, they saw before them a wide river which they must cross, for it lay directly in their way. On the opposite bank, Jam could see sun flowers swaying in the breeze, turning their large yellow faces in his direction, toward the sun which was behind him in the east at this hour.

"Say, kiddo, those flowers over there are yellow," observed Percy. "That must be the beginning of the Winkie country. The farmer told us that everything there was yellow, instead of purple as it is on this side of the river."

"Then we must find some way to cross the river," said Jam, "because we will have to get into the Tin Woodman's country if we are to find him."

They walked along the bank for some distance, looking for a bridge; but even upon retracing their steps and going along the river in the other direction, they found no way to cross to the other side.

"What are we going to do, Percy?"

"I don't know," replied the big white rat, gazing intently at the water. "Can you swim?"

"A little; but not well enough to get across this wide river," replied Jam. "That's a long way to swim, and I'm afraid that I would drown if I tried to do it."

After a moment's silence Percy said, "I think I could make it, kiddo, even though no rat likes to get wet. I'll tell you what you can do—you can hold on to my tail, and I'll tow you across the river."

Jam was a little dubious, for he didn't know how good a swimmer Percy really was. But after due con-



sideration, he decided that it was the only way that they could hope to cross the river.

They slid down the bank until they were at the edge of the water. Then, stepping gingerly and with an expression of distaste on his face, Percy waded into the shallow water, with Jam close behind. When the river was waist deep, Percy began swimming. Jam grasped the end of his tail firmly and kicked his own feet to help keep himself afloat. Jam soon discovered that Percy was a fair swimmer, and they left the bank to the east far behind them. When they reached the middle of the river, however, the current grew very strong; and Percy could make no more headway toward the opposite bank.

"We're being swept down the river," cried Jam in frightened tones, for he feared that they might drown.

"I know," gasped Percy, "but the current is too swift for me."

The two swimmers tried to conserve their strength in hope that they might be able to reach one shore or the other, but they were rapidly becoming exhausted. Just as Jam decided that he could hold on to Percy's tail no longer, the rat said,

"We're coming to an island in the river, Jam. Hang on a little longer, and we'll get out of the water."

Jam looked in the direction in which they were being carried, and sure enough, a little wooded island was directly in their path. With this to encourage them, the two made a final effort to swim and managed to drag themselves upon the shore of the isle before the current could sweep them on down the river.

They lay panting upon the shore for some time. Jam had lost his cowboy hat in the river, and it bobbed up and down upon the waves as it floated out of sight. The hot sun soon dried his clothes. Percy, after giving himself a violent shake which sent a shower of water in all directions, allowed the sun's rays to dry his coat, also. Jam took out the contents of the knapsack to see if they were soaked, but the water had not penetrated to the articles in the bag. The Collapsible Kite, however, was thoroughly soaked.

"Maybe if you spread it out in the sun, kiddo, it will dry out and be as good as new," Percy suggested.

This seemed a good idea. So the boy carefully un-



rolled the kite and opened it up to its full size on the flat ground.

He was very hungry after the exertion in the water, so he ate the lunch that the good farmer's wife had given him, sharing it with Percy, who nibbled at it with relish.

After their lunch, Jam pulled on his shoes and socks which he had taken off and laid on a stone to dry. Although he had recovered from the swim, he was perplexed. How were he and Percy to escape from this island on which they had landed? Percy was thinking of the same thing, for he broke the silence by saying,

"Well, kiddo, where do we go from here?"

"I don't know," replied the little boy. "We know now that we can't get across the river by swimming."

"No more water for me," said Percy decisively. "I felt just like a wet rat when I finally managed to drag myself ashore."

Jam laughed at his friend, for how else could a wet rat feel than like a wet rat? Percy's huge body had only made his appearance more comical when he had crawled out upon the island, dripping water at every step.

When the two were thoroughly dried and rested, they decided to explore the island.

"Perhaps we'll find a boat here or a raft," suggested Jain. "Then we could get across the rest of the river to the land of the Winkies."

"We'll make it somehow, kiddo," said Percy optimistically, for with his feet once more upon dry land, he felt much better.

"I think that I'll carry the kite with me," Jam said, picking up the great frame. "It really isn't very heavy, and I don't want to fold it up until I'm sure that it is thoroughly dry."

The shore sloped up to the wooded portion of the island, so Jam and Percy walked toward the trees. As they neared the forest, something swooped down toward them from above, and a queer, flat voice cried,

"Who goes there?"

They were so startled by this sudden appearance that they hastily retreated to the shore again. Then, advancing cautiously, they strained their eyes upward to see what had surprised them.

"Look!" cried Jam. "Kites!"



Turning in the direction in which Jam was pointing, Percy saw, sailing above them in the treetops, hundreds of paper kites with long streaming tails of cloth. Each kite had a face painted on it. As the rat and the boy walked nearer to the trees once more, the kites swooped down toward them, screaming and crying in loud voices.

"Why, I believe they're alive!" said Jam in a wondering tone of voice. "They're talking to us."

"So they are, kiddo, so they are," replied the rat, sitting up on his haunches and peering at the odd shaped paper creatures.

A large, red kite sailed down close to their heads, and then, hovering above them, it inquired sternly, "Are you friend or foe?"

"We're friends, of course," said Jam pleasantly. "I've always liked kites, as you can see. They're fun to fly."

The kite sailed back up to his comrades and called, "They say they are our friends, and they have a Strange Kite with them."

"What does the Strange Kite say?" called the others.

The red kite swooped down toward them again and asked, "What does your kite have to say to us?"

"Nothing, I guess. It can't talk," Jam explained.

"Why not?" inquired Red Kite.

"Because kites don't talk," the child said before he thought.

"We do," the Red Kite reminded him.

"That's right, kiddo," Percy agreed.

"I know," the Red Kite said after examining Jam's Collapsible Kite. "It has no mouth. No wonder it can't talk."

"Do you have a pencil with you, kiddo?" Percy asked Jam. "You could draw a face on your kite and see if these others are right."

Jam went through the pockets of his jeans and came up with a short stub of a pencil. Laying the kite down on a level piece of ground, he drew two eyes, a nose, and a generous mouth on the paper that covered the wooden frame. No sooner had he drawn an eye than it winked at him. No sooner had he drawn the mouth than the kite spoke.

"Greetings, brother kites," came the flat voice.

"Greetings to you," screamed the other kites. "Now perhaps you can rescue us."



"Rescue you? But what is wrong with you?" inquired the boy, the kite, and Percy in unison.

"We are prisoners on this lonely isle," they sobbed in unison. "We have been here for many long years."

The Red Kite sailed closer again to explain. "It's a long sad story," he began.

"Then let us sit down and be comfortable," suggested Jam, and he found a fallen tree on which to perch, while Percy sat on the ground beside him, and the Collapsible Kite floated in the air a few feet over their heads.

"Tell on, friend kite," said Percy.

"We were once free kites, the toys of the little boys who live in the land of the Winkies, over yonder," said the kite, looking toward the west shore of the murmuring river. "We were very happy there, for the children would take us out into the fields and let us fly up in the breezes that blew across the land. Each of us had a home and a beloved young master. But this was many years ago when the land of the Winkies was ruled by a Wicked Witch. She was a bad and disagreeable old hag, and hated to see anyone happy. One lovely day the children were all out in the fields flying their kites when the Wicked Witch of the West flew by on her magic broomstick. Infuriated at seeing the happy children, she snatched all of us away from our owners and flew to this island with us. Here she tied us fast to the branches of the trees and flew away, laughing gleefully at her wicked deed."

"Why didn't you untie yourselves and fly home again?" asked the rat.

"We have no hands, only faces and tails," replied the kite. "So once our strings were tied securely to the trees, we were unable to free ourselves and were forced to fly over this island always. We heard from the breezes that blow us that the Wicked Witch was destroyed by a little girl who melted her with a bucket of water, but since no one knew that she had imprisoned us here, no one came to rescue us."

"How very, very sad," cried the Collapsible Kite in sympathy.

"I think that perhaps we can help you," said kind-hearted Jam. "I can climb trees. I'll be glad to untie any strings that I can get to."

"Before I grew so large," said Percy, "I was quite a climber, so I should be able to help with the job."



It took some time for Jam and the rat to find in which trees the different kites were tied and more time to climb the trees and loose them from their moorings. Percy found that he could climb as well as ever, even though he was now ten times his former size. After several hours, all of the kites were free, and they flew high in the heavens, darting up and down in joy at their liberty.

The leader said to Jam, "What can we do to thank you for your help, little boy?"

"We were trying to find some means of escape from this island when we happened upon you," Jam replied. "We want to get to the Land of the Winkies which is now ruled by a Tin Woodman who may help me to get back to my home again."

"We tried to swim the river; but the current was too strong for us and swept us down the river to your island," said Percy. "Now we're stranded here in the middle of the stream."

"Why couldn't I carry you across the river?" asked the Collapsible Kite.

"There's no way to hang on to you, now that the crate is broken," Jam explained. And he told the kites of Kite Island how he and Percy had come to Oz, carried by the Collapsible Kite.

"Let me have a conference with my fellow kites," said the big red one. "We may be able to show our gratitude to you by helping you to get to the Land of the Winkies. We, too, shall be returning there to find our little masters again."

"But they'll have grown up by now," objected Jam, "and won't want to play with kites."

"Oh, no," replied the kite, "They will still be children, for no one grows old in the Land of Oz. People stay whatever age they wish to remain."

"I've never heard of any place like that," said Jam, "but then, I've never heard of lots of the queer things that have happened to me since I landed here such a short time ago."

The Red Kite flew off to join his fellow flyers, and after some minutes of talk he returned.

"I think we may be able to suggest a way to get you across the river," the Red Kite said, "if you can find two small boards along the river bank."

Jam and Percy went down to the river and looked along the water's edge. After a short time Percy came upon some pieces of wood that had floated down



the river and had been washed up on the bank by the water. Picking up two of them, he called to Jam to return with him, and they carried the boards back to the edge of the woods where they had left the kites.

"Good," exclaimed the Red Kite when he saw that Percy had found the driftwood. "This is our plan. You must make swings of the boards and the ropes that seem to be hanging from the Collapsible Kite. Then fasten the swings to the kite so that you will be hanging from them in much the same way that the crate was suspended. Then we will guide you to the Land of the Winkies."

Percy looked skeptical. "Do you think that we can hang on to swings, kiddo, way up there in the air, without falling?"

"Certainly," the Red Kite replied. "You are clever enough to hold on tightly to the ropes."

"I'll take a chance on flying," declared Jam, "I don't want to stay on this island for the rest of my life." And saying this, he began to tie the two boards on to the Collapsible Kite with the ropes.

Suddenly he stopped. "But there's no wind to help us now," he said.

"It doesn't matter," soothed the Collapsible Kite. "Since I've landed in Oz I have discovered that I can fly all by myself, wind or no wind."

"Good, then we have nothing to worry about."

Percy was not so sure of this. "Be sure that the knots are good and tight, kiddo," he cautioned Jam.

"They are square knots," Jam declared proudly, "so you can rest assured that they will not slip."

Percy took heart at this remark and decided that he, too, was willing to take the kite ride across the rushing river.

In a few minutes the seats were ready for the two passengers. Jam sat in one, while Percy sat in the other, clinging tightly to the two ropes with his front Paws. He still was not too happy about the idea of flying through the air in so precarious a manner, but if Jam was willing to risk the trip Percy felt that he could not show his fear.

"Hold tight," cried the kites.

"Don't fly too fast or too high at first, kiddo," Percy begged the Collapsible Kite. "High places make me dizzy."

"At least you can't turn white with fear," giggled Jam, "for you're white already." Percy ignored this



remark, which he didn't think was very funny, but all of the kites chuckled to themselves.

"Ready?" asked the Collapsible Kite.

"Ready," said Jam and Percy in unison.

With this the Collapsible Kite soared up into the air, over the tree tops, with the other kites as an escort. They were off on their journey. After the first few minutes Jam discovered that sitting in the seat under the kite was much like being in a swing. He enjoyed his trip immensely and watched the scenery as it raced past below him. The kites flew faster and faster, and soon they were traveling at high speed, leaving the island and the river far behind them. Percy, however, was so scared that he kept his eyes shut tightly and clung to the ropes for dear life.

CHAPTER 10

Jam Meets the Tin Woodman

THE sun was beginning to sink in the west, when Jam saw a bright light ahead.

"I wonder what that glow is," he called to the kites who were leading him. "It looks as if something is on fire."

As they drew rapidly nearer to the light the Red Kite said, "It looks like a building with the sun reflected from it."

And that was what it was. The rays of the sun, as it sank in the west, were reflected from the walls and towers of a marvelous castle, all made of tin. As they drew closer to the structure the Red Kite said,

"If you wish, you can fly to earth here. I am sure that you will find someone who will direct you to the Tin Woodman. He probably lives in this tin castle that we see before us."

With these words the Collapsible Kite swooped earthward and hovered a few feet above the ground, allowing Jam to step easily from the seat to the grass. Percy still clung to the ropes, eyes tightly closed, not realizing that he had come to the end of his journey.

"Percy," said Jam, "Percy, we're here!"

At these words the white rat opened his eyes, and seeing that his feet were almost touching the lawn over which the kites hung, he nimbly hopped from the board and heaved a sigh of relief.

"I hope I never have to travel like that again," he



stated positively. "Not that we don't appreciate the lift, kiddo," he hastened to add, fearing he had hurt the Collapsible Kite's feelings, "but flying just doesn't seem to agree with me too well."

"Thank you for showing us how to get here," said Jam gratefully to the kites, "for it would have taken us several days to have walked this distance, even if we had managed to find some way to cross the rest of the river."

After bidding Jam and Percy goodbye, the kites soared into the air and flew away. The boy and the rat waved until the kites were out of sight. Then, with the Collapsible Kite hovering near them, they headed for the castle.

"Come, Percy," said Jam, "it will soon be dark, and we should walk over to the tin castle and see if we can find the Emperor of the Winkies."

As they approached the tin walls they began to meet Winkies who greeted them cordially. They were similar in appearance to the Gillikens whom they had already met, but the Winkies were dressed in yellow costumes instead of purple. The flowers were yellow, with sunflowers and dandelions brightening the countryside. Even the grass had a yellow-green hue.

They walked along a road which led directly to the gate of the castle. On either side stood tin statues. Even though he did not recognize them, Jam thought they must be of famous people of the Land of Oz.

Arriving at the castle gate, Jam decided that he had better tie the Collapsible Kite to a small tree that grew nearby, so it would not drift away while he was in the castle.

"I'll be all right here," the Collapsible Kite assured him. "Take all the time you want."

At the castle gate, Jam and Percy were stopped by a guard who wore tin armor and carried a tin spear.

"Halt and state your business," commanded the guard in a firm voice.

"Is this the castle of the Tin Woodman?" timidly inquired Jam, awed by all the splendor around him.

"It is," replied the guard. "The Tin Woodman is our Emperor."

"Then, if you please, I'd very much like to see him," said Jam. "I have been told that he might help me out of my difficulties."

"Our ruler is just and wise, and in addition, he possesses the kindest heart in all the Land of Oz," loy-



ally declared the guard. "His heart was given to him by the famous Wizard of Oz, you know," he added as an afterthought.

"We didn't know," said Percy, "but it's nice to know that he has a heart."

"Then will he see us?" asked Jam eagerly.

"I shall announce you," said the soldier. "What are your names and where are you from?"

"I am Jonathan Andrew Manley from Ohio in the United States of America," said Jam. "And this huge rat is my friend, Percy."

"Percy, the personality kid," said the white creature. "The largest white rat in existence."

"Please come into the reception room and wait while I tell our illustrious ruler that you desire to see him."

The guard led them into a tin room in the tin castle and gave them tin chairs to sit on. Then he left, closing the tin door behind him. Jam and Percy looked around the tin room, noticing the tin furniture and tin ornaments upon the tin whatnots in the corners. It certainly was the strangest house they had ever seen. In the corner there was even a tin piano which played tinny tunes.

In a few minutes the guard had returned and ushered Jam and Percy into the presence of the Tin Woodman. Jam stopped in amazement when he saw this strange man, for his body, and arms, and legs, and even his head were made of tin. He was jointed so that he moved with ease, and when he spoke, he sounded just like a human being.

"Come in, come in," he cried to them. "I am very happy to have visitors at this hour," and he beckoned them into his private apartment, which was all tin like the reception room had been. "So you are from Ohio," he continued. "Is that near Kansas?"

"Kansas?" asked Jam, surprised.

"Yes, I know a nice little girl who used to live in Kansas."

"Well," said Jam, "they're both in the United States."

"Good, good, it makes me doubly glad to welcome you. Any fellow countryman of my friend, Dorothy, is a friend of mine," and he shook Jam's hand enthusiastically. "But where," he added, looking in amazement at Percy, "Did you ever meet such a huge rat?"

"That's a long story," said Percy.



"And a very strange one, no doubt," said the Tin Man, who had had many marvelous adventures himself. "But, before you tell your tale, perhaps you would like to have some food. I, myself, am never hungry, and do not need to eat, being made of tin, but my flesh and blood friends always enjoy a good meal."

"We are hungry," admitted the little boy; so the Tin Woodman called for a servant and ordered a feast to be prepared for the two travelers. Soon the butler carried in a fine dinner on a tin tray and set up a small tin table from which Jam and Percy ate their meal, which was served on tin plates. After eating the last bite of pie with a tin fork, Jam pushed his tin chair back from the tin table and prepared to tell his strange story to the Tin Woodman.

He related all the amazing things that had happened to him, beginning at home in Ohio with his kite and telling all about Terp, the Terrible. When he spoke of the giant, the Tin Woodman nodded knowingly.

"I once had trouble with another giant who lived in the Gilliken country," he stated. "Or rather, I should say, a giantess, Mrs. Yoop, who very wickedly transformed me into a tin owl for a time. The North Country seems to be the place where most of the giants of Oz live."

Then Jam told the ruler of the Winkies about the famous magic muffin tree that was guarded by the two-headed monster and how Percy had grown large when he had eaten a bite of the magic muffin.

"See," said Percy proudly, standing up beside Jam, "I'm as tall as he is, kiddo."

"Well, almost," admitted the Tin Woodman. "You come up to his shoulder."

"Shoulder!" shrieked Percy. "I'm taller than that."

"I am sorry to say otherwise," insisted the Tin Man, "you are not only shorter than Jam, but you seem to be shrinking by the minute."

And sure enough, Percy was becoming smaller and smaller at a great rate of speed. He was now only waist high, so he cried,

"Help! Do something! I like being big. Give me some more of the magic muffin, kiddo, before I dwindle away to nothing."

Jam hastily snatched up his knapsack which he had put in the corner before dinner and began rum-



maging in it for the piece of magic muffin that Percy had not eaten. After a few minutes he found it and pulled it out of the bottom of the sack. By this time, Percy was only as high as Jam's knees. Jam quickly handed him the piece of magic muffin which Percy seized eagerly and began nibbling. Instantly he began to grow again, and within a few minutes' time he was again ten times his original size.

"Ah," he said in a relieved tone, "that's better."

"Most amazing," murmured the Tin Woodman.

"Very interesting indeed. I think I see why Terp, the Terrible, guards his magic muffin tree so jealously. It is, no doubt, the secret of growth that has made a giant out of what once was an ordinary man, no bigger than anyone else."

"The Gilliken farmers were right when they said that if someone would cut down the magic muffin tree, Terp would lose his power. They want you to come and rescue them by chopping down the tree," he added to the Tin Woodman. "They said that the birds who flew over their hidden valley had told them of a famous woodman in the land of the Winkies who could help them; and that famous woodman must be none other than you."

"I should be glad to help them if I can do it. With some thought on the matter, I may be able to figure out some way to chop down the tree and take all of Terp's wicked power from him."

"The Gillikens also said that you might be able to help me to get back to my home," said Jam hopefully. "I would be very happy if you could, because I miss my mother and father."

"There isn't much I can do for you," said the Tin Woodman, "but perhaps our ruler, Ozma, can help you-she, and the Wizard of Oz, and Glinda, the good sorceress of the Quadling country have helped Dorothy to return to the outside world on various occasions. Of course, Dorothy now lives here all of the time, because she prefers to be a citizen of Oz."

"Doesn't she love her family and want to be with them?" asked Jam.

"Oh, yes, she has brought her Uncle Henry and Aunt Em, with whom she lived, to Oz, and they are very happy here."

"Well, I don't think my parents would want to be here," said the little boy positively, "for my father is a college professor."



"He might like to meet Professor H. M. Wogglebug, T.E., head of the Royal College of Athletic Sciences, near the Emerald City," said the Tin Woodman. "The professor is a very interesting character who has invented many marvelous pills, such as the square meal tablet, which gives you the equivalent of a full meal in one small pill."

"Wonder how it tastes?" murmured Percy to himself.

"Do you think that I might see Ozma and ask her to send me home?" inquired the boy anxiously.

"Tomorrow we can travel to the Emerald City, and I shall present you to her royal highness," kindly replied the Tin Woodman. "I feel sorry for you, for I possess a kind and sympathetic heart which was given to me by the Wonderful Wizard many years ago."

This statement cheered up the small boy, who hoped to see an end to his odd adventures soon.

By this time, it was growing late; so the Tin Woodman, who saw that his small visitor was very weary, suggested that Jam wait until morning to finish telling the story of his adventures. A servant showed the boy and the rat to a fine tin bedroom, where Jam soon fell asleep in a tin bed, with Percy fast asleep on a rug on the tin floor beneath a window which overlooked the beautiful gardens of the tin castle.

CHAPTER 11

Dorothy and the Scarecrow Join the Party

JAM slept late the next morning. He was very weary from his journey. When he awoke the sun was shining brightly, and he could hear birds singing in the trees outside his window. Percy was sitting up, yawning and stretching, and when he saw that Jam was awake he said,

"Good morning, kiddo. We're off to the Emerald City today, aren't we? I wonder if I could prevail upon this Ozma person to enchant me in some way so that I'd stay big without having to keep up a diet of magic muffin? If the Tin Woodman hacks down that tree, my goose is cooked. I'm getting used to being a curiosity, and I don't want to be just an ordinary white rat again."

"Maybe she will," said Jam. "I'm beginning to



think that almost anything is possible in the Land of Oz."

The little boy was hungry, so he set out in search of his host, the Tin Woodman, whom he found waiting in the room he had been in the night before. The Emperor immediately ordered a fine breakfast for his guests and chatted with them while they ate.

After the meal he asked Jam to relate the rest of his adventures, but before the boy could begin, they were interrupted by a servant who announced:

"Her Royal Highness, the Princess Dorothy of Oz and the wise and illustrious Scarecrow to see the Emperor of the Winkies."

"Show them in!" cried the delighted Nick Chopper. "Show them in!"

In a moment a lovely little girl with golden hair entered the room, followed by the oddest character yet seen by Jam or Percy. It was a real, live Scarecrow, stuffed with straw, wisps of which were sticking out of his body. He was dressed in a faded blue costume, similar to the standard garb of the inhabitants of Oz, complete with blue boots that turned up at the toes and an old blue hat with round brim and pointed crown.

The Tin Woodman shook hands with Dorothy and embraced the Scarecrow. It seemed to Jam they must all be old friends.

"I am so happy to see you," smiled the Tin Man.

"We decided to pay you a little visit," said Dorothy, "because Ozma has gone to the Quadling country for a few days to visit Glinda."

"Excellent," cried the Tin Woodman. "But please forgive my rudeness. I have not introduced my guests. May I present Jam from Ohio in the United States and his friend, Percy, the giant white rat. These are Dorothy Gale from Kansas, now a Princess of Oz, and my old and dear friend, the Scarecrow."

Dorothy gazed with wonder at Percy, while Jam stared at the Scarecrow. After a moment Dorothy said, "How did you get to Oz from Ohio?"

"And where did such a large rat come from?" added the Scarecrow.

"I came by Collapsible Kite, quite by accident," said Jam, "and I am very anxious to get home again. I had hoped that Ozma would know some way to get me there."

"We had planned to go to the Emerald City today,"



explained the Tin Woodman; "but if Ozma is visiting Glinda, the Good, we shall have to wait until she has returned to see her."

Jam was very much disappointed when he heard this, for even a few days' delay in returning home was discouraging.

"Jam was just getting ready to finish the strange story of his adventures," said Nick Chopper, the Tin Woodman, "when you arrived. I'm sure that you will want to hear the story, too."

He briefly told as much of Jam's story as he knew, including the part about Terp, the Terrible, and how Percy had grown larger by eating a bit of the magic muffin. The Scarecrow and Dorothy were fascinated by this tale and begged Jam to continue, so he told of their escape from the Equinots and their adventure on Kite Island.

"Now I want to go home," he finished, "but if Ozma is not at home, I guess I'll just have to wait."

"Why do you have to see Ozma about getting home?" the little girl asked. "Why not have your kite fly you back, now that it has been repaired?"

"I don't know the way home," Jam explained. "The wind blew me here, but it might not blow me home again."

"Anyway, I wanted to ask her to make me permanently big," said Percy, "for a white rat of my size is much more of a curiosity than one of the regular size."

"All very true," said the Scarecrow, "and probably within the power of Ozma and her consultant, the Wizard of Oz."

"I can sympathize with you," Dorothy said to Jam, "for I remember how anxious I was to return home when I first came to Oz and Aunt Em and Uncle Henry were still in Kansas. I am sure that Ozma will help you when she returns from the south."

"In the meantime," said the Tin Woodman, "we could all go to the Gilliken Country and see if we could destroy the magic muffin tree and rid the Hidden Valley of Terp, the Terrible, who has made their lives so miserable."

"A splendid idea," said the Scarecrow, "and I for one am in favor of it. All in favor say, 'Aye.'"

"I think it would be lots of fun," exclaimed Dorothy. "We always have such good times together when we travel over the countryside."



"I might as well go along, too," said Jam, "I can't get home until I've seen Ozma, and I'd like to help you because you've all been so kind to me."

"Count me in, too, kiddos," said Percy. "I'll be glad to help get rid of Terp. Maybe I can get a supply of the magic muffins while we're there and keep my new size for a while, anyway."

So the five of them decided to journey to the Hidden Valley in the Country of the Gillikens. The Tin Woodman ordered food prepared to take on the trip, for although he and his friend, the Scarecrow, did not eat, he knew that Percy, Dorothy, and Jam were not constructed as he and the Straw Man were.

"The Scarecrow and I brought along the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger," said Dorothy. "Ozma took the Sawhorse and the Red Wagon, so we rode in style on our feline friends."

"They'll be good company on this journey," added the Scarecrow. "The country of the Gillikens is wild and we may encounter dangers along the way. The Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger are always good protection."

"Do you mean that you rode on a real lion and a real tiger?" gasped Jam. "Weren't you afraid that they would eat you up?"

"Gracious, no," laughed Dorothy. "They are as tame as anything and are our friends. But other people and beasts are afraid of them, so they are good protection for us."

"In fact," added the Scarecrow, "the Cowardly Lion is afraid of everything. But he is brave and hides his fear by his acts of valor, so that only his friends know how cowardly he really is."

"I don't know how I'll get along with two wild beasts," said Percy. "Maybe they won't like me and will devour me in one gulp."

"Never fear," said Dorothy. "They never harm any of our friends. They are really quite pleasant and friendly, and I'm sure you will grow to be fast friends."

"Well, maybe," said Percy, "But I'll be careful at first, kiddo."

"We had better start," said the Tin Woodman, "for it will take us longer to reach Terp's castle than it did for Jam and Percy to get here. They came by kite, but Jam's kite can't possibly carry all of us back to the Hidden Valley."



"I guess I'd better leave the kite here," Jam decided. Going to the tree that served as an anchor for the kite, he said, "We're all going back to the Gilliken country. Do you think that you could be happy here with the other kites?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Collapsible Kite. So Jam removed the swinging seats from the kite, untied it from the tree, and watched it fly away to find its new friends.

Then the little band prepared to leave, bound for the country of the Gillikens and the castle of Terp, the Terrible, and his magic tree.

Jam was a little frightened when he first met the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger; for these huge beasts were fierce looking indeed. They proved to be very gentle, however, and Jam soon learned to like them. He had heard why the Cowardly Lion was so named, but he was puzzled about the Hungry Tiger.

"Are you really so very hungry?" he asked, and the Tiger replied,

"Yes. I crave nice fat babies." At this remark, Jam and Percy shuddered with horror. "Don't be mistaken," the Tiger hastened to add. "I never eat them, for my conscience will not allow it. But I'm hungry for them, just the same."

"Never fear," laughed Dorothy. "The Hungry Tiger wouldn't hurt a fly."

It was decided that Jam and Dorothy should ride on the Hungry Tiger and the Cowardly Lion. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman did not need to ride, for they could walk indefinitely without getting tired.

Percy ran along by them, although he kept his distance from the two huge beasts, still fearing them, even though Jam seemed to enjoy their company.

CHAPTER 12

The Leopard with the Changing Spots

As they traveled along the road, they were greeted on all sides by the happy Winkie people; for it was little Dorothy who had saved them from the Wicked Witch of the West by melting her with a pail of water, and the Cowardly Lion, the Tin Woodman, and the Scarecrow had been with her on this adventure. Before long they had passed from the



tilled fields of the farmers with their rows of yellow corn, and pumpkin vines, to the wilder sections of the land of the west. They passed through fields of yellow poppies, until they saw looming before them a large forest. Because they had the two large cats with them and because, in addition, the Tin Woodman was armed with his gleaming axe, they did not fear any beasts that might be encountered in the woods.

Soon they were winding their way amid the high trees, whose leafy branches shut out most of the sunlight from above. Jam began to wonder if there were any savage animals living in this jungle, when suddenly the group heard a terrible commotion ahead of them. There were fierce growls and roars, which sounded as if a whole zoo had escaped and was engaged in a pitched battle. They had come to the edge of a clearing and as they paused, hesitating to go in the direction from which the noise was coming, they heard a loud crashing in the underbrush as if some huge creature were rushing toward them.

"Quick," said the Tin Woodman to Jam and Dorothy, "hop off the backs of the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger. If this is some vicious beast, they may have to fight to protect us. I, myself, will stand ready with my stalwart axe."

"Stand behind me," said the Scarecrow, "for I cannot be harmed; while you flesh and blood people must fear wild beasts."

Percy, too, was on the alert, for he was not as big and strong as these animals of the jungle. Suddenly a huge beast bounded into the clearing and stopped short when he saw the lion and the tiger crouched ready to pounce and the Tin Woodman with his shiny axe. The animal was a large leopard, but a more curious leopard has never been seen; for while the party watched to see if he planned to attack them, his black spots on the tawny background changed to green stars, and again in a minute to red circles, and again to orange bars. The people were nearly blinded by this peculiar changing of spots.

"Who are you?" growled the Cowardly Lion, "and what do you want? Are you a friend or foe?"

"Speak up," snarled the Hungry Tiger, "before we leap upon you and tear you to bits."

"Please do not attack me," cried the Leopard with the Changing Spots, "for I have just escaped another



group of fierce animals who were ready to destroy me, and I am too tired to run from you, too."

The beast did not sound unfriendly, so the Tin Woodman said, "Why were the other animals making war upon you? What had you done to them to incur their wrath?"

"Nothing, Tin Man," asserted the Leopard. "The other animals hated and distrusted me because I could change my spots, which no other leopard can do. So, because I was different, they have driven me from my home and threatened to tear me to bits if I ever return."

All the while he spoke, the Leopard's spots were changing, from pink diamonds, to violet hearts, to spinning pinwheels; and so on and on.

"I have always heard that a Leopard can't change his spots," spoke up the Scarecrow, "But I see before me evidence which proves the statement to be false. You certainly are different."

"Yes," moaned the Leopard with the Changing Spots, "that is the main trouble. The animals dislike me, only because I am different from them." And he sat down and sighed a long, sad sigh.

"That is often the case," philosophized the Scarecrow. "I have seen it happen again and again. People seem to think that if you are not like them, there must be something wrong with you."

"So now I am an outcast," the Leopard continued, "I have no friends and everyone hates me." As he said this, all his spots became blue teardrops.

"We don't hate you," Dorothy said stoutly. "I think you're nice."

"You do!" cried the Leopard with the Changing Spots. "You aren't just saying that because you feel sorry for me?" he added suspiciously.

"Course not. You're the most spectacular Leopard I've ever seen, and I think it's fun that you're different."

"You should be in a zoo," said Jam. "Everyone would come from miles around to see you. I'm sure that you are the only leopard in the whole wide world that can change his spots."

At this the Leopard with the Changing Spots began to cheer up, and his spots once more were bright and sparkling as they changed from one colored design to another.

"How do you like me?" he timidly asked of the



Hungry Tiger and the Cowardly Lion and Percy.

"I don't mind what your spots are like," said the Cowardly Lion. "I, too, am different from other lions -instead of being brave as lions should be, I am very cowardly."

"And I don't mind," said the Hungry Tiger, "because I crave fat little babies to eat, but I have a conscience, which other tigers do not possess, so I can't bring myself to touch such tempting morsels."

"Don't worry about me, kiddo," added Percy. "I like being different, and so should you. Did you ever see a rat my size?"

"No, you are rather larger than usual," said the Leopard, as the yellow spots on his back faded into violet and then became deep purple.

"And we don't mind being different," said the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. "In fact, we much prefer our bodies to the usual variety."

"You'll never know how happy you've made me," said the Leopard. "I had begun to feel that I didn't have a friend in the world until I met you. But where can such an oddly assorted company be going?"

"We are headed for the Land of the Gillikens," said the Scarecrow.

"To chop down a magic muffin tree," continued the Tin Woodman, whirling his gleaming axe through the air.

"If you eat the muffins, you grow ten times as big as you were, kiddo," added Percy. "That's what happened to me, you know."

"My, my, imagine that," murmured the Leopard with the Changing Spots.

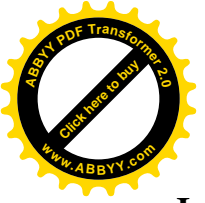
"There's a wicked giant there called Terp, the Terrible," said Jam, "and he wanted to eat me on his muffins instead of grape jam."

"How did you escape such a horrible fate?" asked the Leopard.

"I dragged a vine up to his window, and he swung down to earth, just like the monkeys in the jungle," laughed Percy.

"Now we're going back to destroy Terp and free the Gillikens whom he has enslaved."

"This sounds like a fine adventure," wistfully said the Leopard with the Changing Spots. "I have never had any adventures, for I have spent my life trying to find some living thing that didn't hate me because



I could change my markings."

"Would you like to come with us?" asked the Tin Woodman, who had a very kind heart. "We would be glad to have your company."

"You would?" cried the Leopard joyfully. "Honest and truly?"

"Sure thing, kiddo," said Percy. "The more the merrier."

"Why not," asked the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger.

"One more great beast will mean added protection," said the Scarecrow.

"We'd be glad to have you," said Dorothy, who liked to watch his spots change from golden snow flakes to silver crosses.

"Then we are agreed," said the Tin Woodman cheerfully.

"And may we call you 'Spots'?" asked Jam. "It's so short and simple and easy to remember."

"Call me anything you like," said the Leopard, "for you are the first friends that I have ever had; and I'll be pleased with any name you wish to give me."

"O.K., Spots," said Percy. "You're one of the gang, now."

With these words, Dorothy and Jam remounted the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger, who followed the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman through the forest, while Percy and Spots brought up the rear. Spots was so happy that he frisked along like a kitten, his spots fairly dancing from one brilliant shape to another.

The little group journeyed on through the forest until noon, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman entertaining them with tales of the adventures they had had on previous journeys through the Land of Oz. Dorothy and the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger had been with them on some of the trips, but the stories were new to Jam, Percy, and Spots, who enjoyed them very much. At lunch time, the wayfarers stopped beside a clear, rippling brook and ate their meal, drinking with it the cool water from the stream. Then they continued northeast, hoping to get out of the forest before nightfall.

The sun was sinking low in the west, however, and they were still walking along the wooded paths; so they decided to make camp for the night. The Tin



Woodman chopped some boughs for beds for Jam and Dorothy, who, after they had eaten their suppers, fell fast asleep. Soon the Cowardly Lion, the Hungry Tiger, Spots, and Percy were slumbering, too; and the stillness of the night was broken only by the low whispers of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman who never slept, but sat up and chatted quietly through the dark hours of the night until dawn broke in the east.

CHAPTER 13

Life in Bookville

IN the morning after breakfast the travelers continued their journey, hoping to reach the Gilliken border that day. After traveling for an hour, they came to a place where the path branched. Noticing a sign post, the Scarecrow stepped up to it and read:

"One mile to Bookville; or one mile to Icetown."

The sign to Bookville pointed to the right; the one that pointed the other way indicated that the left-hand path led to Icetown.

"Which way do we go from here?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"I've never heard of either of these places," said Spots, his spots changing rapidly to blue Question marks.

"There are lots of places in the Winkie forests that have not been fully explored," said Nick Chopper, "so I myself am unfamiliar with these two towns."

"Icetown sounds like it might be cold," said Dorothy thoughtfully, "so let's try the road to Bookville."

"Maybe we'll find some good adventure stories there," added Jam.

"Then, if we're all agreed, on to Bookville," cried the Scarecrow, turning onto the right-hand branch of the path and leading the group forward.

After proceeding along the path for some distance, the Scarecrow, who was in the lead, came to a bend in the path. When he had gone around it, his friends heard him exclaim:

"Well, for goodness sakes! Isn't that amazing!"

The Tin Woodman, who was next in line, looked over his old friend's shoulder and said, "Imagine that!"

The Cowardly Lion, with Dorothy on his back,



crowded past the two of them and uttered a low growl of astonishment, while the little girl was so surprised that she let go of the lion's mane and almost tumbled from his back to the ground.

Jam, anxious to see what they all were looking at, urged the Hungry Tiger forward, and when they could see around the others, they cried,

"What an odd looking place!"

Percy and Spots, not to be left in the dark, climbed into the branches of a small tree near the path, and looking over the heads of the others, saw a most astounding sight. In front of them was a high wall, made entirely of book shelves filled with books. As the people advanced slowly, they heard a chorus of voices crying:

"Stop, stop, come not here! Go back, go back, go back!"

"Who said that?" asked Dorothy, for she could see no one in front of them.

"The path seems to go right through that wall," said the Scarecrow, "so if we are to proceed in this direction, we'll have to go through the wall, around it, over it, or under it. Take your choice."

"It looks pretty solid," said Jam, "so how could we possibly go through it?"

"Maybe there's a door in it," suggested the Tin Woodman. "Surely the path wouldn't lead us to a blank wall."

"The forest is too dense to allow us to go around the wall," said the Leopard, his spots crowding close together on his back.

"Tell you what, kiddos," piped up Percy. "I'm pretty good at climbing, so I'll climb up that book-case and will see what's on the other side."

"That's right," agreed Jam. "Percy certainly can climb up those shelves if he could climb up a bare wall as he did when he rescued me from Terp, the Terrible."

"Very well, then," said the Tin Man, "you scale the wall and take a peek over the top. Then, after your report, we'll be better able to decide whether to go in this direction or to go back and try our luck with Icetown."

Percy hurried down out of the branches of the tree which he had climbed in order to see over the others and walked closer to the wall. He was within a few yards of the bottom shelf when the chorus of voices



began again.

"Stop, stop, come not here! Go back, go back, go back!"

Percy hesitated, but seeing no signs of life, he decided to start his climb. Advancing to the wall, he hopped up on the first shelf, and was reaching upward to get a hand hold on another shelf, when suddenly something flung him off the shelf to the ground.

"Say, wait a minute," he cried angrily. "Who pushed me?"

He was answered by a chorus of mocking laughter. He picked himself up from the ground where he had fallen and again moved to the wall, determined now to climb to the top, just to prove that he could. But again he was tossed from the wall; and again he had failed to see his assailant.

"What's wrong, Percy?" asked Jam anxiously. "You keep falling. Is the wall slippery?"

"Somebody pushed me," said the disgruntled rat. "Somebody pushed you?" asked Dorothy in surprise. "Who? I didn't see anybody at all."

"Neither did we," chimed in the others. "Are you sure that you just didn't fall?"

Percy was getting angrier by the minute. "Of course I'm sure," he said "I guess I should know if somebody pushes me, shouldn't I?"

"Well," said Dorothy doubtfully, "I guess maybe you should."

"Why don't you try again," suggested the Scarecrow after rubbing his forehead for a minute, "and we'll all watch very closely. If someone pushes you, we'll be able to see them."

Percy was a little tired of being tossed from the wall to the ground, which was hard and rocky and bruised him when he hit it; but he was also determined to convince his friends that he really was being pushed from the wall and not just losing his footing.

So once more he stalked up to the wall, while Jam, Dorothy, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the three big cats followed closely behind him and formed a semicircle around the spot where he planned to climb the wall again. Gritting his teeth, Percy made a quick leap up to a higher shelf and hung there for a moment, planning to pull himself up to the shelf. But the poor rat was doomed to defeat.



He felt something shoving his fingers, and he had to let go and drop to the ground.

"I didn't see anything," said Dorothy, and Jam agreed with her. The Tin Woodman, however, was not so sure that Percy had fallen through any fault of his own.

"It seemed to me," he said thoughtfully, "that one of the books moved to the front of the shelf and pushed Percy's paws until he was forced to let go and drop back to the ground."

"Something pushed me, kiddo," said the rat ruefully, "and since there's nothing on the shelves but books, maybe you're right."

"How could a book move all by itself?" asked Jam. "My books never moved out of the shelves unless I moved them."

"Queer things happen in the Land of Oz, though," said the little girl from Kansas, "so maybe these books can move all by themselves."

"You are so right, you are so right," came the chorus that they had heard before, and the books all began shifting around on the shelves.

"They're alive," exclaimed the Scarecrow. "Imagine that!"

"So they are," replied his tin friend.

"Of course we are, of course we are," went on the chorus. "Didn't you know that books live on and on and on and on?"

"Since you are alive," said the Tin Woodman, "can you tell us how to get over your bookcase wall? We wish to journey along this path, and the road seems to lead through here."

A storm of laughter greeted his speech. "Who are you, who are you, who are you that you want through?" cried the chorus.

"I am Nick Chopper, the Tin Woodman, Emperor of the Winkies."

"And that makes him your ruler, too," the Scarecrow reminded them, "for you are living in a part of the Winkie land."

"You must be wrong, you must be wrong," chanted The books in one voice. "We have a King, we have a King."

"Then I demand to see him," ordered the Tin Woodman, "for if there is another king in my land, I wish to know all about him."

"He wants to see our King," they cried, "he wants



to see our King."

As they finished speaking, a strange thing happened. A section of the bookcase wall swung open, and the group moved forward, through the portal, into Bookville. No sooner had they all passed through the door, than it slammed shut behind them with a loud noise, and the little party realized that they were trapped within the bookshelf walls.

The Scarecrow rushed back and tried to find the door through which they had come, but the wall was as solid as if it had been made of stone. As he searched for some sort of opening in the wall, he heard again the mocking laughter that had taunted them before.

"Looks like we're trapped, kiddos," said Percy, watching the Scarecrow's frantic efforts to find the swinging panel in the bookshelves.

"We were going in this direction anyway," said IDorothy, "so it doesn't really matter if the door behind is locked, does it?"

"Well," said the Tin Woodman slowly, "I guess it doesn't. But I'd feel happier if it hadn't happened, somehow."

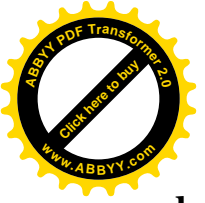
"Me, too," said the Hungry Tiger, looking around him with distaste.

Once inside the wall, the little party found a most curious village, with streets running between rows of bookcases. While they stood there, debating whether they should go on or try to go back, a strange creature approached them. It was a book, with a thin body and arms and legs, so that it looked like a stick man with a book for a head.

"Where do you wish to go?" inquired the book. "We want to see the King," said the Tin Woodman in a voice of authority.

"Follow me. I am the Guide Book," stated this strange apparition; and turning, he headed for the middle of the village with our friends close at his heels. As they walked along the street, they could see other books walking about, talking with each other, and staring at the stranger in their midst. There were all sizes and shapes and colors of books. Their guide had a fancy colored binding with a map printed upon it. There seemed to be all sorts of books, some with pictures on the covers, some plain, some with gold letters, and some with raised titles.

"This is the only village of its kind in the world,"



began the Guide Book. "It is inhabited entirely by books of all varieties."

"So we see," murmured the Scarecrow.

"Very curious, indeed," commented the Tin Woodman, while Dorothy and Jam gazed about them in wonder, and Percy, Spots, and the children's mounts peered suspiciously at the dwellers of Bookville.

"On your left," continued the Guide Book, "you will see the dwellings of our famous Detective Books who solve any crimes committed in our fair city. We shall not pass through the Murder Book section, for you would be taking your lives in your hands to venture there."

"Then let's keep as far away from there as possible," said Dorothy with a shudder, "for I don't really want to be murdered."

"We had a lurid case last week," said their Guide Book, "when someone murdered the English Language, one of our more scholarly text books."

"Very punny," said Percy to no one in particular. "Lots of people do that every day," said the Scarecrow.

"If that's what happens in the outside world," said their guide, "I'm glad that I live in Bookville. Imagine--murders every day!"

The group passed a playground, where a lot of little books were playing, chasing each other gaily, swinging on the swings, and sliding down the sliding boards.

"Those must be the Children's Books," said Dorothy.

"Exactly, exactly," replied the Guide Book. "We provide fine, safe places for our children to play." The bookcases along the street were becoming larger and more ornate and were set in large yards with flowers and shrubs growing profusely in formal gardens.

Dorothy commented on one particularly beautiful garden where an abundance of colorful flowers were blooming, and the Guide Book informed her that it was the home of the Flower Books.

"We have quite a rivalry between the various members of the Horticultural Book family," he added, "for each tries to outdo the rest with the splendor of the flowers in his garden. Of course, the Orchid Book is the aristocrat of the family, while the Wild Flower Guide is a shy, retiring little thing who



seldom appears in public."

"Very interesting, indeed," said the Tin Woodman, who loved flowers. "I had no idea that such a place existed in my kingdom."

At these words, the Guide Book drew himself up to his full height and stated positively, "You, sir, are only a visitor in our city. Please refrain from slighting the Book of Royalty with such remarks."

And with this, he turned and hurried on, letting the group follow him in silence for a time.

Before long they came to a very large, beautifully decorated bookcase, with a crest upon it.

"This is the royal palace, home of the Book of Royalty," said their guide, his voice low and filled with respect. "You will soon be in the presence of our high and exalted ruler," and he bowed low in the direction of the regal abode.

"Humph!" growled the Cowardly Lion, "who ever heard of being ruled by a book?"

"I've heard of raising babies by a book," said Dorothy.

"That's different," said the Hungry Tiger, "and please don't talk about babies. It makes me hungry."

Just then some curious little beings hurried to meet them. They were similar to the books, but instead of having books for heads, they had only single printed pages.

"We are the Palace Pages," they said, bowing low. "Please come forward and be presented to the most high Book of Royalty, ruler of our fair city of Bookville."

Then six little Pages lifted long golden trumpets to their lips and blew a fanfare, which announced the appearance of the Book of Royalty.

The king of Bookville stepped from his bookshelf palace and advanced to his throne which was on a raised dais in the courtyard. He was a handsome, richly bound volume, of royal purple color, with letters of pure gold gleaming upon his cover. He was followed by a retinue of beautiful editions, bound in the most expensive manner.

"His royal highness, the Book of Royalty, and his court," murmured the Guide Book, as he prostrated himself before the throne. The Tin Woodman and his friends stood there, frankly staring at the King of the city of books, but ignoring the fact that he was the ruler. After all, why should the Emperor of



the Winkies bow before one of the minor rulers in his own country?

"Oh, your gracious royal highness, wise and august leader of your people, here before you are the insignificant travelers who demanded entrance through our portals," intoned the Guide Book.

"Insignificant!" gasped Dorothy. "How can you say that about your Emperor and his -

"Emperor!" said the Book of Royalty in a severe voice. "I am the sole ruler here. All others are wicked imposters."

Upon hearing this, the members of his royal court chanted, "Imposters! Imposters! There is no other ruler but our Book of Royalty," and they all bowed low before the throne.

"See, miserable misshapen creatures," bellowed the monarch, opening and shutting his cover in his rage, "I, and only I, am King; and you all shall be my slaves."

"You can't do this to us," exclaimed the Tin Woodman.

"I'm tired of having people make a slave of me," said Jam resentfully.

"Shall we tear them to bits?" growled the Cowardly Lion, while the Hungry Tiger lashed his tail to and fro, and Spots had brightly colored swords and muskets spinning madly on his back.

"Wait," cried the Scarecrow to his friends, "let us have no violence, if we can avoid it. I am sure the Book of Royalty is just and fair," he continued in a conciliatory and flattering tone, "and would not harm us if we prove that we are a peaceful group of travelers who intend to do him and his subjects no harm."

This statement made the King of the Books very thoughtful. Finally he said in a crafty voice, "I am indeed just, and I shall see that you have a fair trial and a chance to prove your innocent intentions."

"Our ruler is just, and wise, and good," chanted his followers.

"I don't trust him," whispered Dorothy to Jam. "Neither do I," he replied. "I think this is some kind of trick."

"Silence," roared the Book of Royalty in a mighty voice, looking in their direction. Jam and Dorothy stopped whispering at once, and made themselves as small as possible, creeping behind the Cowardly Lion



and the Hungry Tiger for protection.

"What do you propose to do with us?" inquired the Scarecrow politely, although he too was suspicious of the book, not liking his manner.

"You shall have a trial," said the Book of Royalty with a sneer. "A trial by jury," and he turned to the Pages. "Bring on the Judge and Jury," he cried.

The Pages bowed low and scampered away on their errand. Soon they returned, followed by a group of black-robed, white-wigged volumes who walked pompously up to the dais and bowed to the king.

"Who are they?" asked Percy.

"These," said the Book of Royalty, "are the Law Books, who will try your case."

"Who will be our lawyer?" asked the Tin Woodman. The king laughed long and loud. "Lawyer? For you? Why should you have a lawyer? You are only the defendants. No one has a lawyer in this trial except the prosecution, and that's us."

"But we insist on a jury," said the Scarecrow emphatically. "You promised that, you know."

"Ah, yes, a jury you shall have. Unfortunately, it will not be a jury of your peers, for we have no citizens of such a low rank as you. All of our books have titles."

"Title or no, I'd rather be a Leopard with spots that change," said the big cat, his crescent spots changing to green apples and then to pink elephants, "than to be one of these stupid books, with no original thoughts in their silly printed heads."

"You think we aren't original?" said the incensed ruler. "Just wait, my changeable friend, and you shall sing a different song," and he scowled fiercely at Spots, who snarled and growled in return.

Percy drew Spots to one side and said to him, "Take it easy, kiddo, or you may not live to tell about this adventure. I think they mean business, and they outnumber us one hundred to one."

Spots reluctantly agreed that he would be quiet for his own sake, and for the safety of his comrades.

The king was ready to announce the beginning of the trial, when there was an interruption. A figure whirled up the street to the palace and began laughing wildly. It was a book with a motley cover, and a fool's cap was at an angle on his head. He had bells on his toes, and as he danced around the



throne, he cried,

**"Fiddle de dee, fiddle de die,
Never was fruitcake as nutty as I!
To stay out of school I made it a rule,
So I turned out to be, as you'll notice, a Fool!"**

The Book of Royalty scowled at the newcomer and said, "I thought I told you to stay in your own shelf when I had important business to attend to. Be gone!"

The colorful book ignored the command of the ruler and continued dancing around the courtyard.

"Who's that?" asked Dorothy in astonishment. "That," said the Guide Book hastily, glancing at the Book of Royalty to see if he would be punished for volunteering the information, "Is the Court Jester, the Rhyming Dictionary, who is, as you can plainly see, quite mad."

The Jester had by this time noticed Jam, Dorothy, and their friends; so he bowed before them and said:

**"It's plain as day they came to pay
Our bookish burg a visit;
But if they're smart, they'll soon depar~
And that's no fooling, is it?"**

"I wonder why he said that?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"I don't know," replied the straw man, "But he may not be such a fool after all."

"There may be a lot of truth in his queer poetry," said Nick Chopper. "I, for one, wish we'd never come here at all."

**"A Man of Tin who's tall and thin-
A Scarecrow bright and brainy-
A lass, a lad and let me add
Some other miscellany;
Three kinds of cat-a king-size rat-
So long a list may weary us.
Thus, let me say, be on your way
Before our fun turns serious!"**

"Silence!" screamed the monarch. "Fool or no fool, I'll have your addled head chopped off and put on the shelf forever."



The Rhyming Dictionary sensed that he had gone too far, so he quickly withdrew himself from the scene to escape punishment.

"I'm afraid we're in for it, kiddos," whispered Percy.

"I don't like the look of things at all," said Jam. "Do you think that we can get away from here?"

"We'll think of some way to escape," said Dorothy optimistically. "I've been in peculiar situations in Oz before, and I've always managed to escape somehow."

The Law Books had now arranged themselves before the throne, and one small black tome pounded with a gavel and cried,

"Oyez, oyez, oyez, the trial is about to begin. Please rise when the judge enters." He pounded on a table with the gavel, and all the books rose as a large, solemn looking black volume slowly walked into the room and climbed upon a high seat near the King.

The volume adjusted his spectacles, cleared his throat, and said in a deep voice, "The trial of the State vs. the Intruders will now begin."

CHAPTER 14

Trial by Jury

"YOUR honor," said the Scarecrow to the judge, "may I plead the case for myself and for my friends?"

"I object," shrilled one of the Law Books, jumping to his feet.

"Objection sustained," intoned the judge, completely ignoring the Scarecrow. "Proceed with the prosecution."

"But, your honor, the king promised us a trial by jury," cried Dorothy. "Where's the jury?"

"Call the jury," said the judge, "and do not interrupt again, little girl, or you shall regret it," he admonished Dorothy.

Twelve volumes were quickly called forward. "Have you any opinion already formed concerning the innocence or guilt of the accused?" the judge asked them.

"We think they are guilty, guilty, guilty," chanted the prospective jurors.



"Excellent," said the judge. "The jury has now been selected. Proceed with the prosecution at once."

"That's not fair," cried Jam angrily. "Why bother with a trial if the jurors think we're guilty before they hear from us?"

"Silence, foolish boy!" shouted the judge, pounding loudly with his gavel. "The jurors must think you are guilty, for you will have no opportunity to speak for yourselves. It's against the law!"

"I fear we are lost," said the Tin Woodman sadly.

"Quiet," cried the bailiff. "Silence in the court."

"Prosecutor, proceed," commanded the judge.

"Your honor, wise Book of Judgment," said the prosecutor, "these creatures have forced their way into our fair vlllage, insisting that the crude tin being is the ruler of us all, when we know full well that the Book of Royalty," and he bowed low in the direction of the throne, "is our rightful monarch."

"Horrors," cried the judge at these words.

"Treason, treason, treason," shrieked the jurors.

"Destroy the intruders," howled the onlookers.

"Order in the court," roared the bailiff, pounding the table with his gavel until the uproar had quieted.

"The jury has now heard the case for the prosecution," said the judge, peering over the top of his glasses. "What is your verdict?"

"We find the prisoners guilty, guilty, guilty," cried the members of the jury in one voice. "They must be punished, punished, punished."

"I object," spoke up the Tin Woodman angrily.

"You have no right to try me or my friends on any grounds. I shall protest to Ozma, and you shall all be severely reprimanded."

"Who is Ozma?" asked the judge.

"She is the ruler of the Land of Oz," declared the Scarecrow, "and all of us must obey her, including you."

"Treason, treason, treason," chanted the jurors.

"We have no ruler but the Book of Royalty."

"Ozma," sneered the King. "I am monarch here, and no one else shall be obeyed. Proceed with the trial," he commanded the judge.

"You have been found guilty by the jury, and so must be punished," said the judge in a stern voice.

"I hereby decree that you shall be pressed and bound into books."

"What!" exclaimed Dorothy.



"Books!" cried Jam. "What do you mean?"

At this moment the court jester appeared upon the scene again, and laughing wildly, he danced and pranced and sang,

**"Those who intrude get treatment rude,
As you will soon be finding;
in covers pressed, they're stiffly dressed
In hard, unbending binding."**

The Cowardly Lion gave a mighty roar and tried to spring forward, but he was quickly restrained by a whole set of books that leaped upon him and bound him with ropes. Another set captured the Hungry Tiger, even though he put up a terrific battle, and Spots and Percy were overpowered by still more volumes. A set in lovely matched scarlet bindings surrounded Jam, Dorothy, the Scarecrow, and the Tin Woodman, snatching the latter's axe from his hands and rendering him helpless.

"Sentence the prisoners," ordered the king to the judge.

"Scarecrow, step forward and face the judge," ordered the bailiff.

The straw man was thrust before the judge by the guards who had captured him.

"You would not make an interesting book," began the judge, "so you shall be unstuffed, your stuffing destroyed, and your clothing used to increase the rag content of the paper from which new books are made."

"Tin Woodman, step forward and face the judge," came the order again.

"Because you have tried to claim that you are our ruler, your body shall be melted down and used to make machinery for our printing presses," the judge decreed.

Jam and Dorothy were condemned to transformation into Children's Books, while the four animals were told that they would all be placed in the Animal Book.

"Off to prison with them," cried the Book of Royalty when sentence had been passed.

**"You'd best take care-
You'd best beware-
This Ozma may exist,**



**And she may bring
Her army, King:
Take my advice-desist!"**

This was too much for the Book of Royalty, who was getting tired of having such sentiments expressed by the Rhyming Dictionary, so he ordered the guards to arrest the Court Jester and take him to prison, also. The fool, however, was too quick for them and escaped by fleeing headlong down the road, with the guards hot on his trail.

When this commotion had ceased, the prisoners were marched away, surrounded by guards, to await execution of the sentences passed upon them. They were downhearted, for none of them could think of any way to escape the books.

"Rag content, indeed," muttered the Scarecrow to himself. "A personal friend of Ozma, and I'm to be used to make paper. What an end, after all the things I have been through."

"And my beautiful tin body is to be made into printing presses," sighed the Tin Woodman, a tear escaping from his eye and rolling down his tin cheek. Dorothy, when she saw the tear drop, seized the oil can the tin man always carried with him and oiled his face so that his weeping would not rust his jaws.

"Why bother?" he said to her. "It doesn't matter now whether I rust or not."

"Don't be so downhearted," said Dorothy sympathetically. "We've been in dangerous situations before, and something always happens to save the day."

"I don't care about saving the day," said Percy. "I just want to save myself."

"Animal Book indeed," snorted Spots, his pattern changing from red dots to big, black exclamation marks.

"Well, we aren't books yet, so maybe we'll be able to escape before the calamity occurs," said Jam hopefully.

While they talked, they were being escorted down one of the streets by the set of books who were guarding them. Presently they came to a huge grey bookcase that obviously was the prison.

"Halt!" cried the captain of the guards, flashing a sword through the air. "You will be confined in this prison until the time for your execution tomor-



row."

The bookcase had a door on the front, which was fastened by a curious lock. The captain produced a big, brass key, unlocked the huge door, and swung it open with difficulty.

"How will we stay in a bookshelf?" asked Dorothy. "We aren't books, you know," the Scarecrow said to the captain of the guards.

"Not yet," the captain said, "But since most of you are to become books, you'd better get used to living in shelves."

"I guess we'll just have to lie all huddled up on a shelf apiece," said Jam thoughtfully. "I hope we fit."

"It won't be comfortable," said Dorothy, "but since we have no choice, we'll have to make the best of it and try to get as comfortable as possible."

So it was decided that Dorothy was to have the bottom shelf, Jam the next, with the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman in the next two above them. The four animals scrambled up to the top four shelves, where they crouched a little more comfortably than their friends. When the guards saw that they were all arranged, they swung shut the great bookcase door, and our friends heard the rasp of the key as they were locked securely into their curious prison. As there was no glass in the door, they were in total darkness when the portal swung shut and they had difficulty in judging the passage of time. They soon discovered that they could hear each other talking, so they lay on their dark shelves, talking to one another and trying to figure out some way to escape from their predicament.

CHAPTER 15

Percy Gnaws a Hole

PRESENTLY Dorothy said, "It must be supper-time. I'm getting awfully hungry."

Jam, in the shelf above her, managed, after much maneuvering, to get at some of the food in his knapsack.

"I think I can slide a sandwich down to you between the edge of my shelf and the door," he said to Dorothy and proceeded to do just that, so the two children were able to eat a little. He could not, however, manage to send any food up to the Cowardly



Lion, the Hungry Tiger, Spots, and Percy. The Hungry Tiger said he didn't really mind, because one little sandwich could do no more than whet his appetite.

Percy, meanwhile, had had an idea.

"Hey, kiddos," he said, "I wonder how much luck I'd have at gnawing my way out of here. I am a rodent, you know, and gnawing is right up my alley."

"A brilliant suggestion," said the Scarecrow from his shelf. "If you could manage to get out of here, maybe you could get the key away from our jailor, and free us all."

"If only they hadn't taken my axe away from me," mourned Nick Chopper, "I could have hacked a way out of this prison in no time at all."

"No use crying over spilled milk," said Jam philosophically.

"In fact, you'd better not cry at all," said Dorothy to her tin friend, "or you'll rust."

So Percy began gnawing as hard and as fast as he could.

"What a racket," exclaimed Spots from his shelf. "If Percy keeps that up, the guard will hear us and come to investigate."

"That wouldn't be so good, would it?" said Jam from where he lay.

"But if Percy doesn't gnaw, we won't have any chance at all of escaping," said the Tin Woodman.

"What do you think we should do, Scarecrow?" he asked, for the Scarecrow had been noted for his brilliance ever since the famous Wizard of Oz had given him brains made of bran, pins, and needles.

"Maybe if we all sang we would make so much noise that Percy's chewing wouldn't be heard," suggested their learned friend after due consideration.

"Is there any song that we all know?" asked Jam. "How about, 'The Land of Oz Forever'?" suggested the Tin Woodman.

"I don't know that one," objected Jam.

"We might sing 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River'," said Dorothy; but the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger said that they didn't know the words.

"It may not sound very pleasant," said the Scarecrow, "But how about each person singing whatever song he likes. After all, what we want to do is make noise."



So it was agreed that they all would sing different songs if they wished.

"All together, now," cried Dorothy from the bottom shelf. "One, two, three, sing!"

Immediately a terrific din began, as the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman sang 'The Land of Oz Forever,' Jam and Dorothy sang 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River,' and Spots, the Hungry Tiger, and the Cowardly Lion sang 'I Went to the Animal Fair.' It nearly deafened all of them, but they kept on singing as loudly as they could, for they wanted Percy to gnaw a hole through the back of the bookcase prison without any interruption.

Percy gnawed and gnawed and gnawed amid the noise, and before too long, he had made a little hole through the board that enclosed them. So he gnawed and gnawed and gnawed some more and made the hole big enough to stick his head through. He cautiously poked his head out of the opening and looked around to see if anyone suspected what he was up to. As this was the back of the jail, with no doors or windows in it, the guards did not even patrol it, for they had no idea that anyone could get out of the prison anywhere except through the door. - - - saw that there was no one in sight, so he pulled his head back in through the hole and started gnawing again. He was so anxious to get himself and friends out of the prison that he chewed faster than usual. It was now dark outside, so he felt safe in making the hole large enough to get his body through. He knew that it now would be difficult for anyone on the outside to see his work. In a few minutes the hole was large enough to squeeze through, so he called to his friends to stop singing. But they were making so much noise that they could not hear him and kept right on making their discordant melodies.

The white rat realized that none of the others could get out of the hole that he had made, for there was no way of their getting from one shelf to another; so either he would have to gnaw a hole for each of them to get through or he would have to find some way to get the door of the prison open from the outside. He feared that if he had to gnaw seven more holes in the back wall of the prison, he would not be finished by morning, and the escape would be foiled; therefore he must find some other way to get



them out of the bookcase. Percy crept quietly around the corner of the grey prison, inching his way along so that he would make no sound to attract the attention of the guard. He was just ready to peek around the corner at the front of the building when he heard a sound that made his hair stand on end.

"Pssst!" came from behind him.

Percy whirled around, his teeth bared, ready to attack whoever had discovered him. In the darkness he could see a darker form which looked like one of the book people. Just as he prepared to spring upon the dusky figure, it spoke to him in a whisper.

"Tee hee! Tee hee! A form I see
That has escaped from jail.
He'd best watch out, or I've no doubt
They'll catch him by the tail!"

"The Rhyming Dictionary!" gasped Percy. "What are you doing here?"

"Be quiet, chum, or you'll be glum-
The guard will surely hear you;
Just take it slow - whisper low,
For I am standing near you."

When he realized that the Court Jester did not intend to call the guard, Percy said,

"Why are you out at this time of night? Does the king know where you are, kiddo?"

"I've slipped away, for, sooth to say,
The King does now detest me;
My warning rimes he thinks are crimes,
For which he would arrest me."

Percy was quick-witted enough to realize that if he could keep the Court Jester on his side, the imprisoned party might have a valuable ally, so he said, "Gee, I can't understand why the king is so mean to you. After all, kiddo, you are a smart operator, and the king should know that he can't do without you. Who cheers him up when he is low with witty sayings? Who sings clever songs to him to kill time when he's bored? Who is really the slickest operator in his court? You, my friend, you!"



The Rhyming Dictionary thought about this for a few minutes.

"There's truth indeed in what you say:
The King, who once admired me,
Keeps picking on me every day-
In fact, he's even fired me!"

"I think that he abuses you, kiddo," said Percy, realizing that he was fast winning the Jester over to his side. "Why don't you run out on him, and then he'll find out how important you were and be sorry that he was so mean to you."

"The idea's good---
And if I could,
To leave I'd not be slow to.
But should I roam
Away from home,
I know nowhere to go to."

"You could join us, kiddo. We're making our get-away just as fast as we can, and we don't intend to come back."

"I will! I will!
But what about
Your friends? They still
Are in, not out."

"I'm working on that little deal right now," said Percy. "If we could get the key from the captain of the guard, it would be a cinch."

"The King told the Captain
He wanted me clapped in
The dungeon, as Top Public Enemy;
So I'm sure he'll give chase
At his headlongest pace
Just as soon as he catches some ken o' me.
I can jump out quite near him
And jinglingly jeer him
And then, when he starts to pursue me,
I think you will find
I can lead him behind
That gray bookshelf, before he gets to me."



Percy immediately saw what the Rhyming Dictionary meant to do. He would entice the guard back of the prison, where Percy could pounce upon him and get the key to the prison.

"That's the old fight, kiddo," said the rat enthusiastically. "I think that there is only one of the books on guard. And once you lure him back here, his goose is cooked."

With this, the book pranced gaily around the corner of the bookcase, and into the line of vision of the guard. As soon as the Court Jester came in sight, the officer cried, "Stop! You are under arrest. I order you to give yourself up in the name of the Book of Royalty."

"Whoppity why, whop pity whee,
I'll never surrender-you'll have to catch me!"

chanted the fool, dancing out of the clutches of the guard who made a quick lunge at him. He edged toward the back of the prison and slipped out of sight around the corner of the jail with the guard pursuing him. Imagine the guard's surprise when Percy pounced upon him, pinning him to the ground and muttering fiercely in his ear,

"Quiet, or it's all up with you, kiddo."

The captain of the guards was so stunned that he lay there in silence, afraid that the rat would chew him to pieces.

"Reach in his pocket and pull out the keys,
And we'll open the prison as quick as a sneeze!"

Percy had meanwhile searched the captain of the guards and had found the huge key that opened the door of the bookshelves.

"Sit on him and don't let him get away," Percy instructed the Court Jester. "I'll open the door and let out my friends."

"Now, don't forget me when you leave,
For I have helped you, I believe."

"Never fear, kiddo, we'll take you with us" said Percy. And with these words he ran around to the front of the bookcase and unlocked the door. After a lot of pulling and tugging he managed to get the door open.



By this time the Cowardly Lion, the Hungry Tiger, Spots, Jam, Dorothy, the Tin Woodman, and the Scarecrow had sung themselves hoarse; but they were still croaking away, for they did not know that Percy had freed himself from his shelf. Imagine their surprise, then, when the door of the jail began to swing open. Immediately the songs ceased, and all was as quiet as could be.

"It's all right, kiddos," came a welcome whisper from the rat. "It's me, Percy."

"How did you manage to get the door open?" asked Dorothy.

"It's a long story, kiddo, and I think it should wait until we're safe. Hop out now and let's make our getaway before we are discovered."

"An excellent suggestion," said the Tin Woodman, as Jam and Dorothy slid out of their shelves.

"Oh, I've been doubled up on that shelf so long that I feel like an accordion," Jam exclaimed as he stretched, trying to get the kinks out of his arms and legs and back.

"My left leg's asleep," said Dorothy.

"Walk around on it, my dear," instructed the Scarecrow, "and it will soon feel all right," and he climbed down from his place in the bookcase, while the Tin Woodman followed him. The three big cats leaped down to the ground with ease, and the group crowded around Percy, asking how he had got the key that unlocked the huge door.

"The Court Jester and I captured the guard and took the key away from him," Percy told them. "The Jester's keeping his eye on the guard. One peep out of him, and it's curtains for a certain volume I could mention!"

"What shall we do with him?" asked Dorothy.

"If we let him go, he'll spread the alarm, and we may be recaptured," Jam said.

"Why don't we lock him up in the prison?" suggested the Scarecrow. "We'll put him on one of the lower shelves, so he can't get out through the hole that Percy gnawed in the back wall. Then our escape won't be noticed until the guard changes."

"That's a good idea, my friend," the Tin Man said, and all the rest of the party agreed with him. So the Emperor of the Winkies accompanied Percy to the back of the bookcase, where the guard was still lying on the ground with the Rhyming Dictionary sit-



ting on his chest, murmuring silly little jingles to himself. When he saw Percy and Nick Chopper, he jumped up from his seat on the soldier and turned the prisoner over to them, glad to be relieved of any responsibility.

In short order they marched the guard around the building and shoved him in on the bottom shelf of the prison. Then the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow closed the heavy door, and locked it, leaving the key in the lock.

"There's no point in taking the key with us," explained the Scarecrow, "and we don't want the guard to have to stay in his own jail indefinitely. All we want is a chance to escape."

The Tin Woodman, meanwhile, had found his trusty axe propped against a tree near the place where the guard had stood watch; so, armed once more with the gleaming blade, he was ready to lead the escape.

Jam and Dorothy decided to ride on the backs of the Hungry Tiger and the Cowardly Lion, for they could travel more quickly that way. After a brief council of war, the party moved down the broad avenue in the direction of the gate.

Suddenly Dorothy asked, "How will we get through the wall?"

The Rhyming Dictionary capered close to her and whispered,

"There is a way-a secret door
Where seldom eye detects it;
But I've had chances to explore,
And know just where to exit."

"Good," said Jam. "Then we won't have to worry about getting out of this dreadful place."

"Lead on, then," said the Tin Woodman, "for we don't want to stay here too long, or we might be discovered."

The Court Jester took the lead, followed by the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, Jam on the Hungry Tiger, Dorothy riding on the Cowardly Lion, and Spots and Percy bringing up the rear. Soon they turned off the main avenue along which they were traveling, and began to wind their way through narrow streets and alleys, past dark bookcases looming like tall buildings along the streets, until they came



to the wall that surrounded the town.

The Rhyming Dictionary stopped the party in the shadow of a building and whispered,

**"Stand silently here
Till the coast is quite clear-
Then I'll open the gate and say
And be sure when I call
To slip out through the wall
Without fuss or confusion or flurry!"
'Hurry!'**

Then he slipped away from them and approached the wall. After a moment, they heard a faint creaking of rusty hinges, and a small section of the wall swung outward, leaving a small door through which they all hurried while the Jester held the door ajar. In a moment, they were all outside the city wall, and the Rhyming Dictionary allowed the door to swing shut behind him and hurried on with the group. He said,

**"We're out of danger now;
They never leave the city.
They miss the lovely outside world-
Now isn't that a pity?"**

Now that they felt that they were safe, the group decided to make camp for the rest of the night; so finding mossy beds under the great trees in the forest, Dorothy and Jam fell fast asleep. The animals soon followed suit, while the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman, and the Court Jester walked a little farther along the path and conversed together until dawn.

When the children awoke, they found that the Tin Woodman had found a patch of wild strawberries which he had picked for their breakfast. The Hungry Tiger, the Cowardly Lion, Spots, and Percy had found their own food in the forest, although Percy asked for another small bite of the magic muffin to keep himself from growing small again.

"There isn't a great deal left," cautioned Jam, "so don't eat too much or you won't have enough to last you until we get to the tree again."

"Maybe then I can get a few extra ones," said Percy, "so that I'll have some to keep me large un-



till get to the Emerald City and ask the Wizard to enchant me so that I can't ever grow small again."

"What if he won't do it for you?" inquired Spots, big dark patches of doubt showing on his back.

"We'll tell Ozma how he saved our lives," said the Scarecrow, "and I think that she'll be glad to have the Wizard grant his request."

"I hope so, kiddo," said Percy gratefully, for he liked being large and hated to think of having to be just an ordinary white rat again after all of his adventures in his large state.

"Well, we must be on our way," said the Straw Man when he saw that the members of the party who needed to eat had finished their breakfast. "We still have a long way to go to reach the castle of Terp, the Terrible."

"We aren't even out of the land of the Winkies yet," Dorothy added, "and we have to get to the land of the Gillikens in order to conquer the giant."

"How are we going to defeat him after we get to his castle?" asked Jam, for he remembered that Terp was indeed terrible and knew that it would not be an easy task to subdue him.

"First we must destroy his magic muffin tree," asserted the Tin Man, "for without it, he will cease to be a giant after a short while. Then, when he is the size of an ordinary man once again, defeating him should be no trouble at all."

"I hope it works out that way, kiddo," said Percy rather skeptically.

"Just talking about it isn't going to get us any place," Dorothy reminded them. "So let's get started on our journey."

The poor Rhyming Dictionary was confused, for he didn't know what any of them were talking about. So Jam told him the story of his queer journey to Oz and the adventures he had had with the giant, the Equinots, and the Kites of Kite Island. The Court Jester didn't seem too happy when the boy had finished the tale, so Dorothy asked what was troubling him. The Rhyming Dictionary explained that he was not so very venturesome, really, and that he didn't think that he was going to enjoy the trip to the Gilliken country. Neither did he wish to go back to Bookville, for he knew that he would be punished severely if he returned.

After much deliberation, Dorothy said, "You would



fit in beautifully at the Royal Palace for there is a Patchwork Girl there who is always making up poems, and I know that she'd love to have you for a companion. If you could find your way to the Emerald City alone, I know that she would make you welcome."

"I have an idea," said Spots, his markings changing from blue moons to electric lights. "Since you are really very well protected by the Hungry Tiger and the Cowardly Lion, and since I have an excellent sense of direction, why don't I take the Court Jester to the Emerald City, and we can await your arrival there."

Dorothy agreed that this was an excellent suggestion, and the Rhyming Dictionary acquiesced wholeheartedly. So the little girl wrote a note to the Patchwork Girl, telling her that the Jester and Spots were old friends, and that she should make them welcome at the palace. She folded the note, gave it to the little book-man, and he and Spots were ready to go on their way.

"Take good care of yourselves," cautioned Spots, "We'll wait for you at the palace."

"To all of you, I bid adieu,
But hope I'll soon be meeting you.
Of Terp take care-I could not bear
To think that he was eating you!"

said the Rhyming Dictionary gaily. Then he hopped up on Spots' back, and the great leopard raced away to the south.

CHAPTER 16

The Snowmen of Icetown

THE friends waved goodbye to their two companions and then proceeded along the path that had taken them to Bookville. Soon they were at the signpost again, and began walking toward Icetown.

"I don't know what it'll be like there," said Dorothy, "but I'll bet they don't try to make books of us."

"Animal Book indeed," muttered the Hungry Tiger, still angry at the insults they had received from the books.

"And I'm the King of the Forest," declared the



Cowardly Lion. "I certainly don't belong in any book."

"Our fate was to be bad, too," said Nick Chopper. "The Scarecrow and I were to have the least dignified fate of all. At least the rest of you were to be in books, while we were to be placed in a very menial position."

"Let us hope that we receive better treatment in Icetown," fervently said the Scarecrow.

"Maybe they'll have ice cream cones," Jam said hungrily.

"Maybe we can just breeze through the place and keep on going, kiddos," said Percy, and the rest agreed that was really the best idea of all.

They had walked for perhaps a mile when Dorothy began to shiver, and Jam felt a cold wind blowing in his face. The Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow didn't feel the change in temperature, but Percy remarked that it seemed a lot colder than it had been, and the Hungry Tiger and the Cowardly Lion said that they preferred warmer climates than this. In the midst of their comments, they came to a hollow in the land, and there, below them, lay a most curious village. The ground was covered with snow and ice, and the houses were built of blocks of snow and shaped like Eskimo igloos. Since the path led straight down the hill into the town, the group began the descent, getting colder with each step they took toward the snow houses.

Suddenly a figure appeared in the path ahead of them and said,

"Who goes there?"

It was the queerest man Dorothy and Jam had ever seen, for he was a live snowman, complete with carrot nose, eyes made from chunks of coal, and on his head was an old, battered stovepipe hat. Around his neck was knotted a red, knitted muffler, and there were coal buttons down the front of his coat.

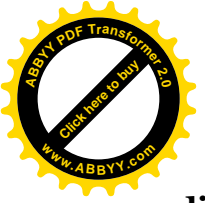
"Look," cried Jam, "A snowman. A live snowman!"

"Hello, there," Dorothy said to him. "My, this certainly is a curious place. I didn't know that any such place existed in all the Land of Oz."

"This," said the Snowman in icy tones, "is Icetown. No visitors are allowed."

"That's what is known as giving us the cold shoulder, I'd say," murmured Percy.

"We are sorry to intrude," said the Scarecrow in



diplomatic tones, "but your village lies in our path, and we shall have to pass through it in order to continue upon our mission. I am sure that you will understand and will not refuse our humble request."

"Travel at your own risk," said the Snowman to them. "Visitors are discouraged."

With these words, he turned his back on the group and hurried off down the path in front of them. The travelers paused, shivering, to discuss what they should do.

"We'll have to go on," said Dorothy to her companions, "for the only other path is the one through Bookville."

"And we certainly don't want to go back there," added Jam.

"I don't see what harm there'd be in walking through this cold burg, kiddos," said Percy. "What objections can 'frozen face' have to that?"

"Then on we go," said the Tin Woodman. "It shouldn't take us too long to get to the other side of the town. It doesn't look too large."

The group moved forward, walking carefully because the path was slippery with ice. Suddenly the Scarecrow, who was in front, slipped and fell, sliding down the path and skidding around a corner out of sight.

"Hey, wait for us!" cried Percy.

"I hope he doesn't bump into anything," said the Tin Woodman anxiously.

"It won't hurt him if he does," Dorothy remarked, "for after all he's stuffed with straw. Falling down doesn't bother him a bit. I hope," she added, "that I don't fall down myself, because I'm made of flesh and bones, and bones break."

Picking their way carefully, they all reached the bend in the path around which the Scarecrow had slid. But when they rounded the corner, there was no one in sight—no snowmen; no Scarecrow; no nobody at all.

"Where did he go?" asked Dorothy, looking around her in all directions. But look as she might, no Scarecrow appeared upon the scene.

"What's happened to him?" wondered Jam, a little note of anxiety creeping into his voice. "He was here just a minute ago."

"Scarecrow, Scarecrow, where are you?" called the Tin Woodman in a loud voice.



"Scarecrow, Scarecrow," echoed back to them. No other sound broke the icy stillness of the air. The Tin Woodman looked at Dorothy, a worried expression on his face. It wasn't like the Scarecrow to disappear like this.

"Something must have happened to him," said the little girl in dismay.

"But what?" asked the Cowardly Lion, looking around him unhappily. This sort of thing was not to his liking. He preferred open combat in the jungle instead of these mysterious happenings in Icetown.

"Could he have fallen into a hole in the ice?" asked Jam, searching the ground for some crevice into which the Scarecrow might have disappeared.

"The ground is as smooth as glass here and frozen solid," Dorothy said doubtfully. "I don't see how he could have fallen any place around here. And if he were within hearing distance, he would answer when he was called."

Percy said, "Brrr. It's so cold that it's freezing my whiskers. Let's move on or do something, kiddos, before we all turn into icicles."

At his words, a low wail began, and it became louder and louder until it sounded like the wild shrieking of the North Wind.

"What's that?" cried Dorothy, who was by this time becoming rather frightened. "Is it the wind or is it someone that we hear crying?"

Again the wind whistled around them, and this time it seemed to them that they could distinguish words in the wailing sound.

"I am the North Wind," came faintly to their ears. "I am slave to the Snowmen. Beware, oh travelers, beware, beware," and the sound increased in volume until it sounded like the wintry blast through tall pine trees.

"Where is our friend, the Scarecrow?" Dorothy called to the North Wind.

"Gone," he shrieked. "Gone! Gone!"

"We must find him," said the Tin Woodman. "I for one will not be frightened by the wind."

"But where can we look?" asked Jam. "He has disappeared completely. The North Wind must have blown him away."

"He's so light that it could have happened," agreed Dorothy. "What chance does a Straw Man have against the force of a strong wind?"



"But if he's been blown away, he must have been blown some place," remarked Nick Chopper logically. "And I mean to find him, no matter where he may be."

At this, the North Wind laughed loudly and blew his cold blasts on the little group, showering icy crystals down on them.

"Let's get away from here," exclaimed the Hungry Tiger who didn't like cold at all.

"I'd like to," answered the Cowardly Lion, "but the Scarecrow and I are old friends and have had many adventures together, so I can't desert him now. I'm for looking for him."

"Nobody's going any place without him," said Percy, who had grown to like the Scarecrow. "We need his brains in this outfit."

"Then let's quit talking about it and do something," said Jam. He was so cold that he wished he hadn't lost his cowboy hat in the river.

"Where shall we look first?" inquired Dorothy.

"We must go down into the village and find some of the Snowmen," decided the Tin Woodman. "If the North Wind is their slave and if he has blown the Scarecrow away, then they must know where he is now. We'll demand that they tell us what they have done with our friend."

"Good," said Percy, who was dancing around on his toes, trying to keep warm.

Slipping and sliding, the little band hurried on down the icy path into the village. There they picked out the largest igloo and headed for it, for the Tin Woodman said that it probably was the home of the chief snowman, who would surely know where their friend was hidden. When they reached the entrance, they discovered that it was a low, narrow tunnel through which they would all have to crawl in order to get indoors.

"Let me go first," said the Cowardly Lion, who was really quite brave. And he crouched down and crawled into the igloo entrance.

He was followed by the Tin Woodman who was beginning to be covered with frost, Jam, Dorothy, Percy, and finally the Hungry Tiger. The tunnel was dark and long, and the walls and floor and ceiling were a sheet of glittering ice, so it was difficult for them to crawl through to the building. Once inside the igloo, they saw that they were in a huge, dome-shaped room that was lighted by a mysterious flicker-



ing colored light that seemed to come from the walls themselves and cast curious shadows about the room. Directly in front of them was a large chair made of ice, and in it sat a huge Snowman with a crown upon his head instead of the battered hat that they had seen on the first Snowman. To one side of the throne was the Scarecrow, bound securely to a huge icicle that hung from the ceiling. When the Cowardly Lion saw his old friend in such a predicament, he lunged forward with a roar, only to be stopped short by a wall of ice which appeared around the Scarecrow when the King of the Snowmen waved a snowy hand in that direction.

"Hello, my friends," the Scarecrow said sadly, his voice muffled by the sheet of ice that surrounded him. "I hoped that you would escape, but I see that you have been captured, too."

"We aren't prisoners," his tin friend said. "We have come here to rescue you."

At these words the travelers heard a chorus of laughter behind them and spinning quickly around in their tracks, they saw that the doorway was now guarded by a large number of the cold people that inhabited this strange city.

"You cannot escape," declared the Chief Snowman in a cold voice. "You have fallen into the trap which we so cleverly set for you, and there is no hope for you now."

Dorothy shuddered at his chilling prediction, and all the rest of the group huddled together for warmth and protection.

"What do you intend to do to us?" asked the Tin Woodman. "Why molest us at all? We have done you no harm and intended none. All we wished to do was to walk through your city so that we could continue upon our journey which lay in this direction."

"Visitors are not allowed," stated the king positively. "All trespassers are punished. That is the law, and the law must be obeyed or I will be replaced by another ruler."

"Punish the trespassers!" shouted the Snowmen loudly. "Freeze them out!"

"Please don't talk about freezing," begged Dorothy. "I'm so cold now that I don't think I'll ever be warm again."

At this remark the Snowmen went into gales of laughter, rocking back and forth merrily.



"She doesn't think she'll ever be warm again," they gasped, when they were able to talk. "How true, how true."

"What do they mean?" asked Jam. He was very frightened by now, and he wished sincerely that he had never been carried away in his kite. It looked now as if he would never see his home again.

"It is the law that you shall be frozen into Snowmen," announced the Chief when the hall was again quiet. "Although I fear that you won't make very handsome additions to our population," he added, eyeing them distastefully.

"But I don't want to be a snowman," cried Dorothy. "I think that would be dreadful."

"What you think matters little to us," said the Chief in his icy voice. "Summon the Lord High Freezer!"

"Summon the Lord High Freezer!" said one of the Snowmen to another.

"Summon the Lord High Freezer!" this one said to his companions.

"Summon the Lord High Freezer!" the cry sounded through the large hall, echoing back from the dome above them.

Soon the crowd behind them parted to allow a fat little roly-poly Snowman to enter. He looked even colder than the rest, for he had a beard of long, drooping icicles hanging down over his coat front, and the very air around him grew even colder than it had been.

"Make way for the Lord High Freezer," cried the Snowmen, bowing to him as he puffed along toward the throne.

He bowed to the Chief Snowman and said, "Did you call for me, your highness?"

"Yes, Lord High Freezer, I have work for you. We have trespassers in our midst," and he pointed to Jam and his friends.

"Ah, ha," said the Lord High Freezer.

"Ah, ha," echoed the Snowmen who were crowded into the hall.

"It is my wish and command that these miserable intruders be frozen into Snowmen," continued the Chief.

"Ah, yes, indeed," commented the Lord High Freezer, nodding his head and looking closely at the little band with his black coal eyes.

"Ah, yes, indeed," cried the gathering of Snow-



men.

"I protest," said the Tin Woodman angrily. "We have done no harm to you, and furthermore we are loyal friends of Ozma, the ruler of all Oz. I demand, in her name, that we be released immediately, and be allowed to continue our journey unmolested."

"Quiet," said the Chief, eyeing him coldly.

"Quiet," said the Lord High Freezer.

"Quiet," cried the assembly.

"I fear we are lost," came the Scarecrow's voice

from behind the wall of ice. "What a queer snowman I'll make."

"None of you will make ideal Snowmen," declared the Chief, looking them over carefully, "but the Lord High Freezer will do his best."

"At least I'll be the right color, kiddos," said Percy sadly. "One frozen rat coming up!"

"Take them away," the Chief Snowman commanded as he rose, adjourning the assembly. "After they are well frozen, I will inspect them."

CHAPTER 17

The Scarecrow to the Rescue

A GROUP of Snowmen advanced and surrounded the Tin Woodman and his companions and brought the Scarecrow along with his friends. Then they were taken to the tunnel and made to leave the assembly hall. Once outside, they were conducted to a smaller igloo which had a large sign over the entrance: DEEP FREEZER.

"This," said the Scarecrow, "seems to be it."

"It was nice to have known all of you," said the Tin Woodman sadly, and he shook hands with the Scarecrow, Dorothy, Jam and even shook the paws of the Cowardly Lion, the Hungry Tiger, and Percy.

"Come, come," ordered the Lord High Freezer, "no need to tarry. Into the Deep Freezer with you."

One by one the little band crawled into the igloo, and when all were inside the Snowmen rolled a huge snowball in front of the door. It was cold in the small room-very cold and getting colder by the minute.

"I don't want to be a snowman," sobbed Dorothy.

"I want to go home," cried Jam.



"Brrr," said Percy, the Cowardly Lion, and the Hungry Tiger.

The Tin Woodman was so cold that his joints were creaking. Only the Scarecrow was able to resist the extreme cold. He sat on a block of ice and rubbed his forehead with his padded glove fingers.

"We must find some way to escape," he thought aloud.

"How?" asked Dorothy, her teeth chattering like castinets.

"There's only one way to warm us up," continued the Scarecrow. "We must build a fire. That would melt this igloo, and we could get away."

"A fire!" exclaimed Nick Chopper. "That's an excellent idea."

"I'd like a fire," shivered Jam.

"But what'll we use to make a fire, kiddos?" asked Percy.

They looked all around the small room, but they could find nothing but ice.

"There isn't any fuel here at all," said the Hungry Tiger who was so cold by this time that he had forgotten to be hungry.

"The fire was a good idea, but there isn't anything here that will burn, I fear," said Nick Chopper with difficulty, for his jaw joints were frozen nearly solid by this time.

"I guess we're really in for it this time," said Dorothy, "Although we've been through many strange adventures and have escaped, this one seems to be more than we can manage."

"I have a feeling that we are overlooking something," said the Scarecrow thoughtfully. "There must be something here that will burn."

And suddenly there came over his face a look of discovery.

"What is it?" asked Dorothy hopefully.

"Have you thought of a means of escape, my old friend?" asked the Tin Woodman.

"Yes," said the Scarecrow. "I have overlooked the most obvious source of fuel here."

"What could it be?" asked Jam.

"My stuffing," said the Scarecrow.

"Your stuffing!" they all exclaimed. "But we can't burn your stuffing!"

"Why not?" he asked. "You must take out my straw and build a bonfire with it. Roll my head and cloth-



ing in a bundle and carry them with you when you escape, and then you can restuff me when you find a strawstack. I'll be as good as new."

"My dear old friend," exclaimed Nick Chopper with emotion in his voice. "You are always so thoughtful of others. Once before," he told them, "the Scarecrow sacrificed his straw to an enormous Hippo-gy-raf to save us. Sometimes I think that even with the kind heart that I was given by the Wizard of Oz, I cannot begin to equal the kindness of my friend, the Scarecrow."

"Let's cut the speeches and build the fire, kiddos," suggested Percy, "or we'll all be frozen stiff and it will be too late."

So Dorothy took the Scarecrow's stuffing out as fast as she could, with her trembling fingers which were blue with cold, and made a neat pile near the entrance of the Deep Freezer igloo. Then she carefully made a bundle of his head and clothes and handed them to Jam to carry.

"Now for a match," she said, shivering so that she could hardly utter those few words.

"I think that I have some in my knapsack," said Jam, "if you can find them."

So Dorothy rummaged through the knapsack until she found a box of safety matches and drew one out of the box. She was shaking so by this time that she could not strike it, so the Tin Woodman took it from her chilled fingers and, after some effort, managed to strike it. The match flared up bright and hot in the cold room. Just then, however, a gust of wind swirled through the room, blowing out the flame, and they could hear the laugh of the North Wind.

"Try again," cried Dorothy. "Come, we'll all stand around the pile of straw and shelter it from the breeze."

So the Cowardly Lion, the Hungry Tiger, Jam, Dorothy, and Percy crowded close around the Tin Woodman and the straw which was part of their friend, the Scarecrow, and again the Emperor of the Winkies struck a match and dropped it upon the pile of straw. A tiny flame appeared and began licking at the straw heap. With an angry wail, the North Wind swished into the group and blew at the fire, but he only made it burn more brightly.

A faint cheer went up from the party as they saw the bonfire gaining headway, and soon the warmth



from it melted the snow blocks that made the igloo entrance way. With a furious dripping and running of water, a hole appeared in the side of the igloo.

"Quick, through the wall and away," cried the Tin Woodman, hurrying Dorothy and Jam through the opening and following with their animal friends close behind. Before the inhabitants of Icetown knew what had occurred, the party had raced through the town, sliding along the ice, and had escaped up the hill into the great outside world once more.

"Whew!" sighed the Tin Woodman with relief when they were out of sight of Icetown.

"What a relief," breathed Dorothy gladly. "I'm not really warmed up yet, but I know that I'm not going to be frozen into a Snowman, at any rate."

"You certainly have unfriendly people living here," commented Jam.

"Oh, Oz isn't all like this," said Dorothy to the little boy. "I love living here, even though I have met some queer people on my journeys through the country. Some of these remote places don't even know that they are a part of the Land of Oz and are ruled by Ozma."

"We'd better look for a straw stack," the Cowardly Lion reminded them, "and restuff the Scarecrow."

"Indeed we must," Dorothy agreed. "What would we ever do without him?"

At this time, they were still journeying through the forest, but they hoped to find in some clearing a farmhouse stood where they might obtain some stuffing for their padded friend. After walking along the wooded path for about an hour they saw that the trees were thinning out and that the bright sunlight from overhead was streaming down through the spaces between the trees, casting a golden glow over the entire landscape. The flowers that peeped through the grass were a delicate yellow hue, so they knew that they were still in the land of the Winkies; but from the distance they had traveled, they knew that soon they must come to the Gilliken boundary.

Before long they heard the murmuring of a river in the distance.

"I wonder if that's the river we tried to swim across, kiddo?" Percy asked Jam.

"It may be," the boy replied. "It's hard to tell how far we've come, for the Kites carried us very swiftly on our journey to the castle of the Tin Woodman."



"Probably it is the boundary between this country and our purple neighbors to the north," the Tin Woodman said, "and I hope that when we reach the banks of the river we can find some farmer who will give us straw with which to stuff the Scarecrow."

The forest became more and more open, and soon the trees gave way to fertile fields that lay along the river bank. After a short walk, the group came to a neat little yellow farmhouse where the Tin Woodman asked for straw. When the farmer and his wife realized that the strange tin creature at their door was their own beloved emperor, they insisted that the entire party enter their humble abode and have lunch, which they all ate with relish. Since the Emperor required no food, he carried the head and clothing of the Scarecrow to the straw stack behind the domed house and restuffed his friend while the rest of the party ate their hearty meal. Soon the Scarecrow was as good as new.

"I feel better than I have for weeks," he declared. "I've been needing new straw for some time now. It makes me feel like a new man."

Dorothy, Jam, and the rest were delighted to see their friend in his old shape again, and the Winkie farmer and his wife were fascinated by the story of how the noble creature had saved his friends' lives by sacrificing his straw to make the bonfire that freed them from the cruel snowmen.

"To think that such a place exists near our home!" exclaimed the farmer.

"We never enter the forest," his wife continued, "for fear of wild beasts. Now I am sure that we will stay well away from it."

CHAPTER 18

A Raft of Trouble

AFTER a brief rest in the comfortable house of the Winkies, the Tin Woodman reminded his companions that they must be on their journey, for they had some distance to go before they could reach the castle of Terp, the Terrible, and free his slaves from bondage. So they all bade farewell to the kind little man and his wife and set out once again toward the river. It was a lovely day, with the soft breezes gently swaying the sunflowers and other yellow blossoms to



and fro. Wild canaries flitted about on their tiny wings, filling the air with their happy songs.

"It's very pleasant here," said Jam. "Who would think that such dreadful people as the Books of Bookville and the chilly Snowmen could live in such a lovely land?"

"There are indeed strange inhabitants of this country," agreed the tin man, "but the good are in much greater numbers than the bad."

"Once there were wicked witches living here," Dorothy told the little boy, "but they have all been destroyed."

"Dorothy herself rid the Land of Oz of the two wickedest ones," the Scarecrow told Jam. "One of them was killed when her house fell on the witch."

"Her house!" exclaimed Jam.

"Oh, didn't you know about that?" asked Dorothy. "The first time I came to the land of Oz, my house was blown here by a cyclone."

"Then," continued the Tin Woodman, "she destroyed the Wicked Witch of the West by melting her with a bucket of water."

"The Winkies then asked the Tin Woodman to be their Emperor," said the straw man.

"And don't forget that you, yourself, were the ruler of the Land of Oz for a while," the Cowardly Lion reminded him.

"Oh, yes," said the Scarecrow, "I served a short term between the reigns of the Wizard of Oz and our present ruler, Ozma. But I didn't really like being king, because the crown was so heavy that it gave me a headache."

Jam marveled at the account of all these strange adventures, which could happen only in a fairyland such as this. By the time they had finished their brief history, the party had come to the banks of the wide river which was the boundary between the Gilliken and the Winkie sections.

"Here we are again, kiddo," said the white rat, his whiskers twitching. "How do we get across this time?"

"This shouldn't be too hard," answered the Tin Woodman. "With my trusty axe I can make us a raft that will float us across the river quite easily. I have done it many times before."

With these words, he turned to a small wooded area nearby to chop down some trees for the raft. As he hacked away at the trunks, he thought he heard low,



moaning noises, but as he could see no one in the forest he thought that his imagination was playing him tricks or that the sound he heard was the wind sighing through the branches. Although Nick Chopper was a champion wood cutter, it was some time before the logs were ready to be fastened into a raft, for the thing had to be large enough to accommodate the two large beasts as well as the rest of them. The Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger did not like to get wet any more than most lions and tigers do. They helped the Tin Woodman roll the logs to the river's edge where he fastened them together with wooden pegs which he fashioned from small pieces of wood. Every time he drove a peg into a log, he thought that he heard a moan, and finally even Dorothy noticed the sound.

"I thought that I heard a groan," she commented.

"I've been hearing that sound for some time now," the Tin Woodman told her, "But I thought that perhaps my imagination was playing tricks. If you hear it too, however, there must be something or someone who is groaning."

"But who could it be?" asked Jam looking all around for some stranger in their midst and finding no one.

The mystery remained unsolved, and as the raft was now ready for travel, they all slid it into the water and climbed aboard. The Tin Woodman had cut two long poles which he and the Scarecrow used to guide the craft, and they soon had propelled it out into the current of the river. Suddenly, without a warning, the pole that the Scarecrow held flipped high into the air and sailed toward the bank from which they had come. Our stuffed friend was almost flung into the swirling water with the force of the leap the pole made, but he had enough presence of mind to let go of the pole when he felt it begin its wild leap and managed to keep his balance with some difficulty.

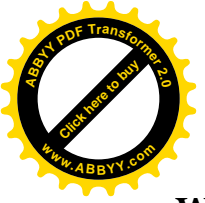
"Why did you throw the pole away, kiddo?" asked Percy.

"I didn't throw it," protested the Scarecrow. "It jumped right out of my hands."

"Jumped," exclaimed Dorothy. "How could a pole do that?"

"I don't know how," replied the straw man. "All I know is that it did. It acted like it was alive."

Just at this moment, the other pole, held by the Tin



Woodman, followed its companion, sailing through the air with ease. Being prepared by what had happened to his friend, the tin man was in no danger of being flung into the water, which would indeed have been disastrous to him, for it would have rusted him all over.

"Mine jumped out of my hands, too," he cried. "It felt just like it was alive."

"What are we going to do now?" asked Jam. "Without poles we won't be able to steer the raft at all, and we will drift downstream in the wrong direction."

"Perhaps we'll drift near the shore and be able to get to the bank," said Dorothy.

"And perhaps we won't, too," Percy added pessimistically.

"We aren't drifting any place right now," the Scarecrow suddenly observed. "The river is flowing past us, but we are standing still."

"So we are," the Tin Woodman agreed. "What is keeping us here?"

At these words, the raft began spinning around like a top, so violently that Dorothy sat down with a jolt, and Jam just caught himself before he was thrown off the raft into the river. Then the raft began rocking to and fro quite violently. The entire crew were in danger of being tossed into the water. They all lay down on the raft and clung to it as best they could, for none of them wished to be plunged into the cold stream.

"What got into this raft?" gasped Dorothy, clinging to the logs for dear life.

"I wish I knew," answered the Tin Woodman. "The thing seems alive."

"Maybe that's the answer," said the Scarecrow. "You and Dorothy both mentioned hearing moaning sounds when you were building the thing. It may have been the logs you heard."

"I've never heard of magic wood before," the Tin Woodman asserted, "but that doesn't mean that there couldn't be such stuff."

"If this raft is alive, what will it do to us?" asked Dorothy.

"It seems to be trying to toss us into the river right now," Jam said, trying to get a better grip on the raft.

"Don't you have any brilliant ideas for saving us?" Percy asked the Scarecrow. "If you don't think of



something, we'll all be drowned."

"If we would only drift a little closer to the shore." the Scarecrow began. But no sooner had he uttered the words than the raft swung itself out into the middle of the river once more.

"It seems to be able to hear what we are saying," commented Dorothy, who was wishing that they had never come to the river.

This gave the Scarecrow an idea. He cleared his throat and said in a loud voice, "This is a most delightful trip. I hope I never reach the shore."

"What!" exploded the Hungry Tiger, who was watching the water that swished past him with fearful eyes.

"Are you crazy?" ejaculated Percy, scowling at the Scarecrow.

Even the Tin Woodman feared that some water had splashed on his friend's head and given him water on the brain. The Scarecrow, however, motioned to them to be silent and then continued:

"I could lie on this raft forever. I hope it doesn't get near the shore, for then this delightful cruise might end."

At these words, the raft gave a sudden lurch that almost dislodged its passengers and started toward the opposite shore. Then Dorothy realized what the Scarecrow was doing. Obviously the raft would take them in the direction in which it thought they did not wish to go, so she added her voice to that of the Scarecrow.

"Oh," she cried, "how terrible! I think we are drifting toward the Gilliken shore."

At this, the rest of the group saw that the way to progress in the direction they wished to go was to complain bitterly that they were going that way.

"Why can't we go back to the Winkie side of the river?" cried the Hungry Tiger.

"I wish this raft would not ever get across the stream," echoed Jam.

"Gee, kiddos," said Percy in mock regret, "we are getting nearer and nearer to those purple flowers on the bank. Too bad!"

"I had hoped that we would never cross this river," growled the Hungry Tiger.

"And I don't want to leave my own land, where I love to rule," said Nick Chopper.

By the time they had finished these words, the raft



was nearly to the Gilliken side of the river, and with one final lurch up on its side, it tossed the group from its surface to the grassy banks among the lavender flowers that waved in the breeze.

"Well," gasped Dorothy, "what a ride that was!"

"I hope I never see a raft again," growled the Cowardly Lion.

"Did I get any water on me?" asked the Tin Woodman anxiously, pulling out his oil can and carefully oiling all his joints.

"I seem in good shape," the Scarecrow decided.

"Rolling on the grass just rolled out my lumps."

"At least none of us was hurt," Jam decided, "and we did get across the river, finally."

"Those must have been live trees that you used in the raft," said the Hungry Tiger. "I guess they resented being chopped down."

"Wonder what's happened to our live raft?" Percy inquired.

All eyes turned toward the river, and in the distance they could see the raft skipping merrily down the river, glad to be rid of its unwelcome passengers. Soon it was lost to sight, and that was the last our friends saw of the raft that refused to carry a crew.

"And good riddance," exclaimed Percy.

"I think we should go on," said the Tin Woodman, "for we lost some time making the raft and persuading it to bring us over the river. Can we make the castle of Terp, the Terrible, by evening?" he asked Jam.

"I doubt it," said the boy, "for we still have to pass through this forest and cross the plain of the Equinots."

"Whadda y' say we stop and visit with Pinny and Gig," suggested Percy.

"Who are they?" asked Dorothy.

"They are two little guinea pigs who made the kite trip with Percy and me," Jam told her, explaining that the two little creatures had decided to remain with the Gilliken family rather than continue the journey with the rat and the boy.

"The farmer has some children that wanted Pinny and Gig for pets," Jam continued, "so I left them behind. We probably could spend the night with the farmer, again. He and his wife were very kind to us and invited us to visit them if we passed this way again."



So it was decided to travel on to the home of the Gilliken farmer; and then in the morning, to make the last lap of their journey to the Hidden Valley and the jam factory of Terp, the Terrible.

The forest path began to look familiar to Jam and Percy who had traveled along it only a few days before on their trip to see the Emperor of the Winkies who now accompanied them.

"We ought to see the cottage before long now, kiddos," Percy told them.

"Yes," Jam said, "it isn't too far from here. I'll be glad to see the Gilliken and his wife."

"She's some cook, kiddo."

Jam agreed and decided that he was getting hungry for another good home-cooked meal. The flowers along the path were all purple and lavender now, and the purple finches in the trees sang their lilting melodies to cheer the travelers on their way.

Percy was the first to spy the clearing where the Gillikens lived in their neat little dome-shaped home and he called gaily,

"Hi there, kiddos, we're back again."

On hearing this sound, the farmer, who was working in his field, looked up; when he saw Jam and Percy and their friends, he hurried to greet them. A closer look showed him the Hungry Tiger and the Cowardly Lion who frightened him, but Jam hastened to him and assured him that the great beasts were friendly and would do him no harm. Jam then presented his friends, and the farmer was overwhelmed by such famous personages as Princess Dorothy, the Scarecrow, and the Tin Woodman.

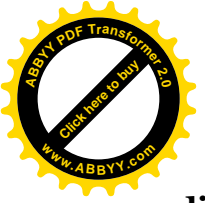
"I have persuaded the Tin Woodman to return with me and free the Gilliken slaves from Terp, the Terrible," Jam explained. And to the Tin Woodman he said, "This Gilliken farmer and his good wife were the couple who told me that you were the Tin Woodman, Emperor of the Winkies."

"But let us go to the house," said the farmer. "My wife will be most happy to meet all of you, and Pinny and Gig will be happy, too," he added.

"How are they doin'?" inquired Percy.

"Fine, fine," the farmer answered. "They play all day long with my children and seem to like living with us."

The farmer's wife was indeed glad to welcome Jam and his friends to her humble abode, and she imme-



diately began fixing a good meal for the weary travelers and insisted that they must spend the night at the farmhouse. She was greatly impressed by the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow, for their fame had traveled the length and breadth of the whole Land of Oz. Princess Dorothy, the Cowardly Lion, and the Hungry Tiger were also famous figures, so she felt highly honored to invite them to the feast that she prepared. Since there were so many of them, the farmer set up tables out under the purple plum trees in the yard, and everybody gathered around on benches and chairs. Although the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman never ate, they sat at the table and entertained the group with stories and songs throughout the meal.

"You certainly have picked-"

"-up strange companions," commented Pinny and Gig when they saw the assemblage. They were interested in the story of Jam's and Percy's adventures, but they had no desire to leave their comfortable home to accompany them on their mission to the castle of Terp, the Terrible.

"We like-"

"-it here," was their only comment, and obviously they meant it. The farmer's little children were very kind to them and gave them a good home.

When darkness fell, the farmer and his wife conducted Dorothy and Jam to pleasant bedrooms, while the Cowardly Lion, the Hungry Tiger, and Percy found soft beds in the hay in the barn that stood behind the house. The Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow sat outside under the stars, for they said they liked the night air, and could talk there without disturbing any of the rest.

Soon after sunup the next day, the travelers started again on their journey, for they wished to reach the Hidden Valley before nightfall. Jam was a little worried about the reception they might receive from the Equinots, but the Tin Woodman assured him that the queer horse-men would probably be terrified of the Hungry Tiger and the Cowardly Lion, since they had fled from Percy when he had grown large.

Percy was particularly interested in reaching the courtyard of Terp, the Terrible, for the piece of muffin that he had eaten for breakfast had been the last bit of the magic bread that he possessed, and he knew that in a day or two he would begin to shrink as he



had done once before, and he would no longer be the novel creature that he was when he was ten times the size of an ordinary rat. So he frisked along in front of the rest of the party, watching the path with his bright, red eyes and waving his long white whiskers in the breeze.

Before too long a time had passed, the trees became farther and farther apart, and presently the travelers saw that they were approaching the high plain that separated the Hidden Valley from the rest of the country.

"There are the mountains surrounding Hidden Valley," said Jam, pointing to some hills across the plain.

"With no further mishaps, we should be there in a few hours," said the Tin Woodman as he gazed across the purple sage to the mountains in the distance.

"The Equinots may give us some trouble, kiddos," said Percy.

"We're ready for them," growled the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger. Dorothy had been riding on the lion's back. At these words she jumped to the ground, so the huge beast would be unencumbered if he found it necessary to fight for the safety of the party. Each one of them kept a sharp lookout for any danger. And thus prepared, they set out across the level ground that marked the last lap of their journey.

The journey across the first half of the plain was uneventful. Before long, however, a faint cloud of dust was seen in the south. Percy and Jam had been watching the south rather carefully, for they remembered that the Equinots had come from that direction when they had encountered them the first time, so they shouted a warning at the first sign of motion on the plain.

"I think the Equinots are coming," cried Jam, and Percy affirmed the suspicion.

"Let us stop and be prepared for them," suggested the Tin Woodman.

"I'll stand out in front, kiddos," said Percy, "I scared the wits out of them the other time. They'll probably run like scared rabbits if they see me again."

"An excellent suggestion," the Scarecrow said. "The Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger should stand on either side of us to protect Jam and Dor-



othy."

"And I'll get behind you with my trusty axe," said Nick Chopper. "That should frighten even the stoutest heart."

All this time the cloud of dust was getting larger, and soon they could hear the pounding of hoofs. In a short time the first of the riders could be seen. With loud yells the Equinots swept up to the party. At a signal from the Tin Woodman the Cowardly Lion lowered his shaggy head and let out an ear-splitting roar that was echoed by a roar from his companion, the Hungry Tiger. The band of horsemen stopped short, and after one terrified look at the fierce group, headed by Percy, they wheeled and galloped off at top speed toward their homes. That was the last our friends ever saw of the Equinots, who were so scared by the animals they supposed had come to roam their plains, that they never again ventured far away from their stables to molest travelers who went there.

"They aren't so fierce," laughed the Hungry Tiger. "I should say not," said the Cowardly Lion. "Look at them run."

By this time the Equinots were so far away that only a faint cloud of dust that hung over the purple sage showed that they had been there at all.

"Now, on to Terp, the Terrible!" said Dorothy. "I hope he is as easy to conquer as were the Equinots."

"I'm afraid it won't be so easy," sighed Jam. "He's awfully big, and quite bad."

"I was sharp enough to outwit the two-headed monster before; but I don't know that I could do it again, kiddos," Percy added. "I was just lucky that time. If that owl head had seen me a second sooner, I'd have been a goner."

"I think we'll find some way to overcome them," the Tin Woodman asserted. "There are more of us this time, and we can probably enlist the aid of the Gillikens who are Terp's slaves. When they realize that we have come to deliver them, they will take heart and rebel against their oppressor."

"It would be nice to have the Wizard with us, though," said Dorothy. "He might be able to use his magic against Terp and conquer him more easily than we could."

"We'll manage, my dear," said the Scarecrow. "We always have, you know."



"That's true," Dorothy agreed, taking heart, for she knew that the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow were very valuable allies against any foe.

"What plan shall we use against the giant?" inquired Jam.

"I think it is wiser to wait until we get there before we make too many plans," Nick Chopper answered. "When I see for myself how the land lies, I may have better ideas than I would have right now."

"The Tin Woodman is right," agreed the Scarecrow. "When we get there will be time enough for making plans."

CHAPTER 19

The Scarecrow's Brilliant Idea

THE remainder of their hike across the open plain was uneventful. They chatted merrily as they walked, recalling adventures they had had on other trips. After several hours of walking, they came to the foothills that marked the boundaries of Terp's domain, and here they paused for a council of war.

"It is too risky to attempt anything until nightfall, I believe," said the Tin Woodman, who was their acknowledged leader in this adventure.

"If we could scout out the place before it is dark," the Scarecrow said, "it would be advantageous."

"True," agreed his tin friend, "but we might be discovered, and then all would be lost."

"Why don't we try to find some of the Gilliken slaves and see if they have any ideas?" Jam suggested, knowing that the little men would do anything to escape the tyranny of Terp.

"That sounds like a good idea to me," Dorothy commented. "They might be able to hide us until evening. If we stay out in the open, Terp, the Terrible, might see us."

"We could head for the valley where the jam factory is," Percy suggested, "avoiding the main stem. Then we might be able to talk to some of the slaves."

"That is probably our best plan of action," the Tin Woodman agreed. "You and Jam must lead the way, because we have never been here before, while the place is familiar to you."

Percy agreed to act as guide and led them in a wide semicircle, off the path into the woods that cov-



ered the hills surrounding Hidden Valley. They all slipped stealthily along after the white rat, for they did not want to be seen by the giant. Soon they had topped the ridge that hid the valley from the rest of the world, and Jam's friends saw, for the first time, the beautiful vineyards on the slopes of the hills and the factory down in the valley. Off to one side they could see Terp's castle, standing gloomy and aloof from the rest of the valley, with its purple walls throwing shadows around it even in the bright sunlight.

"There's the castle, kiddos," pointed Percy, "and the magic muffin tree grows in the courtyard. If we can give Terp the slip, we'll still have to take care of the two-headed monster that's chained to the tree and guards it from trespassers."

"If only we could lure Terp from the castle tonight, we might be able to overcome the owl- and wolf-headed monster and cut down the tree while he is gone, mused the Scarecrow. "My brains are working hard on an idea. Let me go off to myself for a few minutes of uninterrupted thought, and I may be able to think of a solution to our problem."

The Scarecrow walked away a few steps and sat down on the stump of a tree, rubbing his forehead with his fingers and concentrating hard on the problem. His friends kept very quiet, for they did not wish to disturb him while he was in such deep thought. He concentrated so hard that the pins and needles that were mixed in with his brains stuck out all over his head and made it look like a huge pin-cushion. After several minutes, he sprang to his feet with a big smile on his painted face and said,

"I think I have the answer. But we will have to enlist the aid of the Gilliken farmers in order to execute my plan."

"What do you propose to do?" begged Dorothy eagerly, for she knew that most of the Scarecrow's plans were good ones, carefully thought out by the brains given to him by the Wizard of Oz.

The group crowded close around their padded companion in order to hear the scheme he had evolved for defeating the giant and his monster who guarded the magic muffin tree.

"Terp, the Terrible, had planned to eat Jam for breakfast, hadn't he?"

"Yes," said Jam shuddering as he recalled how



close a shave that had been. "I couldn't convince him that I wasn't the kind of jam that you eat on bread."

"And he was probably quite angry when he discovered that you had escaped from the room in the castle tower."

"I'm sure he was," Jam said. "I think he is used to having his own way about everything around here, so I know he was furious when he found that his breakfast was gone."

"Good," said the Scarecrow. "Then, if you had eluded him once, he probably would want to recapture you if he could and have you for breakfast tomorrow morning."

"That he would, kiddo," Percy agreed.

"But I don't want him to recapture me," protested Jam. "Escaping from him might not be so easy this time."

"No, he'd be very careful of you if he laid hands on you again," Dorothy agreed.

"I don't intend to let Terp get you in his clutches again," the Scarecrow hastened to reassure the la-

"But if he thought that he knew where you were, don't you think he would go there to try to catch you?"

"Well, I suppose he would," Jam said.

"Certainly," spoke up the Tin Woodman.

"Then all we have to do is to make him think that you are some place in this vicinity, but at some distance from the castle," said the Scarecrow. "When he goes to look for you, we will have a chance to dispose of the two-headed monster that guards the magic muffin tree; and with the monster out of the way, cutting down the tree will be an easy task for our friend, Nick Chopper."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Dorothy, clapping her hands in delight. "Scarecrow, that is a perfectly wonderful idea."

"You can really thank the Wizard," he replied modestly, "for he is the one who made my brains, and they are so good that I can't help thinking up such clever schemes."

"But how do we get Terp to go looking for Jam?" asked the Cowardly Lion, a puzzled look on his big face. "None of us dares go to his castle."

"That's where we must have the aid of some of the people here," answered the Scarecrow. "One of



them must go to Terp and tell him that Jam has been seen in the hills on the far side of the valley. It will take the giant some time to reach there, and when he gets there he will waste more time looking for Jam."

"I think dusk would be the ideal time for him to get the message," decided the Tin Woodman, "for darkness will slow down the search, and we will have more time to do our job here."

"But what will happen when Terp returns and finds that the tree has been destroyed?" asked the Hungry Tiger. "He will be exceedingly angry and may do harm to us before he grows smaller."

"That is a grave problem that we have not considered," agreed the Tin Woodman. "It takes Percy several days to lose the effect of the magic muffins, and it may take the giant as long."

"Terp will be in a rage when he discovers that the source of his power is gone," Dorothy declared "He may do something dreadful before he ceases to be a giant."

"If there were just some way we could trap him and keep him a prisoner until he is our own size, we would have no trouble with him."

"Maybe some of the Gillikens would have an idea that would help us," Jam suggested. "They know this territory so much better than we do."

With this decision, the group moved on carefully, keeping under cover as much as was possible. They decided that if they could get near some of the vineyards, they would be able to get the attention of some of the workers and have a council with them.

"Some of the men know me," said Jam, "for they came to meet me when I first landed in Oz. Perhaps it would be better if I called to them, so they won't be frightened."

"If they see us first, they may all run away," said the Cowardly Lion, who knew that until people got acquainted with him they usually were afraid, for seldom does anyone see a tame lion wandering about the countryside.

"And they've never seen me this size, so I'd give them quite a jolt, too," added Percy.

"They have heard rumors of the Tin Woodman," continued Jam, "but since they have never seen him and do not know that he is a man made of tin, the sight of him might frighten them, too."



So Jam was elected as the member of the party to talk to the Gillikens. Dorothy offered to go with him, for she knew that no one would be afraid of a little boy and a little girl. It took the group some time to circle the ridge and reach the vineyards where the grapes for the jam were grown, for Hidden Valley was quite large. Dorothy thought it was a lovely spot, and she knew that if the giant were destroyed, the people who lived there would be happy and contented. Finally they arrived at the first of the grape-laden slopes, and they looked cautiously through the trees at the edge of the wood to see if they could safely call some of the workers to them without endangering their position. After several minutes of careful scrutiny the Tin Woodman said that he thought it would be safe for Dorothy and Jam to make themselves known to the workers, for there was no sign of Terp, the Terrible, in that part of the valley.

Slowly and quietly Jam and Dorothy stole out of the forest and advanced to the place where the Gillikens were busily gathering the fragrant, purple grapes and putting them into large baskets which in turn were loaded into little carts and taken to the jam factory in the valley.

"Pssst!" hissed Jam.

"Hello!" called Dorothy softly.

At this sound, the grape-gatherer nearest them turned to see who had called. When he saw the boy and girl standing there, he looked over his shoulder to see if anyone was watching him and hurried over to them. Jam recognized him as one of the group of Gillikens who had come to meet him upon his arrival, and this pleased him greatly, for at least the man would know who he was.

"Oh, noble sir," he said, bowing to Jam, "have you returned to save us?"

"Yes," said Jam, "I have brought with me the famous Tin Woodman, who is Emperor of the Winkies. And this is Dorothy, who is a Princess of Oz."

The little man bowed low before Dorothy, sweeping off his hat with such a courtly gesture that the little bells around the brim tinkled merrily.

"We have a plan for defeating Terp, the Terrible," Jam hastened to say, "but we need the aid of some of you Gillikens. Can you come with us?"

"Terp does not inspect this part of the vineyard



for some time yet," the farmer stated, "so it will be safe for me to leave for a little while. Where is the famous woodman?"

"He is hiding back here in the woods," Dorothy told the little man, "so if you'll kindly come with us, we will take you to our companions."

The man gladly followed the boy and girl to the place where the rest of the party was hiding, while Jam explained to him that the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger were friendly and that Percy was only the little white rat he had seen before. Then the farmer was presented to the Tin Woodman, the Scarecrow, the Cowardly Lion, the Hungry Tiger, and Percy. The man thought he had never before seen such curious beings as those in the queerly assorted little band.

Without further delay the Tin Woodman explained the plan that they had decided upon and asked the Gilliken if he thought it would work.

"Oh, yes, most noble Emperor," he said in a voice filled with respect. "When Terp, the Terrible, discovered that this little lad had escaped, he was in a towering rage and ordered all of us to search all of Hidden Valley for some trace of him. We did not run the jam factory that day, for he wanted every available person to look for his escaped prisoner. And when he was not able to find Jam, he was dreadfully angry. He still stalks about the valley, looking behind trees and bushes and in every conceivable place, hoping that Jam may still be here. If he thought that he could catch him, I know that he would drop everything and go at once to the place where the boy was supposed to have been seen."

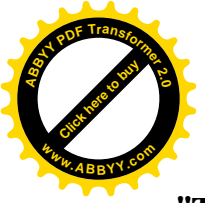
"We hoped he would feel that way," said the Scarecrow. "You see, we must get him away from his castle long enough for the Tin Woodman to chop down the magic muffin tree."

"For many years we have known that the tree was the source of his power, but we do not know just what that power is."

"Look at me, kiddo, and you'll soon understand everything," Percy said. "If you remember, I was just an ordinary sized little white rat, that is, until I ate one of the magic muffins."

"Do you mean that it made you grow that large?" asked the purple-clad man in astonishment.

"Right you are, kiddo," answered the rat.



"Then is Terp just an ordinary-sized man who has eaten magic muffins?"

"We think that is the case," said Dorothy.

"That must be the reason that he guards the tree so carefully."

"Yes. You see, the effect of the muffin is not permanent," Jam explained. "Percy has to keep eating some of the muffin in order to stay this large."

"And we believe that this is also true with Terp, for you know that he eats the muffins every morning for his breakfast."

"Then, if you, noble Tin Man," and here the little man bowed low before Nick Chopper, "can destroy the tree, you will destroy the giant."

"Exactly," said the Tin Woodman. "We have one other grave problem, however. We do not know just how long it takes for the effect of the muffins to wear off. Percy can go more than a day without eating the magic food to retain his size, and it may take several days for Terp to become our height again. We feel that it will not be too difficult to chop down the tree if Terp is enticed away from his home, but what is going to happen when he returns and finds that his magic tree is gone?"

"Ah, that is indeed a problem," mused the slave, "for Terp will be so angry that he may destroy all of us before he ceases to be a giant."

"We thought that maybe you would know of some way that we might capture Terp and keep him confined until he loses the effect of the muffin," Dorothy said, smiling prettily at the little man.

"Is there any place where he might be kept a prisoner until it is safe to let him out?"

The little man stood silent for some time, deep in thought. Then suddenly his face lighted up and he smiled.

"I think I know the place," he said.

"Where is it?" asked the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow together.

"The smokestack of the jam factory down in the valley," said the Gilliken. "It is very large at the bottom and there is a large opening through which Terp could squeeze. There is room for him to stand up in it, but he cannot climb out of the top, because the stack tapers, and the opening at the top is too small for him to crawl through."

"But how are you going to get Terp to go into the



smokestack?" Dorothy inquired.

"Yes," said the Scarecrow. "Won't he suspect something is wrong if you try to force him into such a peculiar place?"

Again a silence fell, and all concentrated on thinking up some way to get Terp into the smokestack.

"Won't the smokestack be filled with smoke?" asked the Cowardly Lion.

"I wouldn't want to go in a place like that," the Hungry Tiger stated positively.

"The fires are put out at night, so there is no danger of getting smoked or burned, if we wait until dark to do this."

"Where is this opening into the smokestack?" asked the Scarecrow, for he was beginning to have some ideas.

"It's really the door to the furnace," the Gilliken replied.

"Do you have a door on the furnace that can be closed?" continued the straw man.

"Oh, yes, it is a heavy iron door that several of us have to move because it is so large."

"Then why can't you close the door after Terp has crawled into the smokestack?" asked the Scarecrow. "In that way, you will have him trapped there until you wish to let him out."

"I believe we can do it," the little man said eagerly. "But," he added, "how can we get him into the smokestack in the first place?"

"You can tell him that I have climbed up into it and that no one else can reach me, because you are not tall enough," suggested Jam.

"Excellent, excellent," exclaimed Nick Chopper. "First you must get Terp away from the castle and allow us enough time to dispose of the monster and chop down the magic muffin tree, and then you must lead him back to the factory and persuade him to crawl into the smokestack. Once he is inside, you and your friends must slam the door shut and bar it from the outside. Then he can be kept captive there until he has lost his great size."

"Tonight we shall do this, oh famous woodchopper," said the Gilliken. "But now I must return to the vineyard, for Terp will be coming this way soon, and if I am not working, I shall be punished severely. As soon as night falls, I will come to the palace and tell Terp that the boy, Jam, has been seen in the



hills at the far side of the valley, and then you can destroy the tree."

He then took his leave of the group, and hastened back to his companions. Jam and his friends concealed themselves in the forest and waited for the giant to make his rounds. Before long, they heard the sound of his great boots tramping along the path, and he came into sight when he stopped for his inspection of the vineyard. He was indeed a terrible sight, for he towered above the vines and the workers and was as tall as some of the trees in the forest. Jam trembled with fear lest they be discovered. But Terp had apparently decided that the little boy had escaped him, for he had ceased looking for him. Dorothy thought the great man with his shaggy black hair and beard was very wicked looking. She hoped their plans would go according to schedule, for if they were discovered, all would be lost. She felt sure that Terp would destroy them immediately, rather than risk losing any more of his captives.

"He's worse looking than the Yoop," she said in a soft voice, and the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow agreed with her.

"He doesn't seem to have any magic powers, except the secret of growth," commented the Scarecrow, "so perhaps we will have very little trouble with him, once he is shut up in the smokestack."

And down in the valley the smokestack was sending forth great black clouds, unaware that it was to play such an important part in this strange adventure.

CHAPTER 20

The End of the Magic Muffin Tree

AFTER Terp had finished his inspection of his vineyard, he strode off toward his castle, reaching down and picking choice bunches of the luscious, ripe fruit as he walked. Terp was so large that he ate the grapes a bunch at a time, just as an ordinary person would eat a single grape. The Gillikens all bowed low to him as he traveled through the valley, for none of them wished to bring the giant's wrath down upon himself.

When he was out of sight, the little Gilliken hastened back to the hiding place in the wood and said,



"You are probably hungry. I will have my wife pack a basket of food for you, and I will bring it here to you at my first opportunity. I think you should remain hidden here until dusk, when it will be safe for you to venture nearer the castle."

"It would be very nice of you to bring us food," Dorothy told him, "for we are hungry, and we have no way of getting any food for ourselves."

"If we go out looking for grub, Terp might get us, kiddo."

"I think you are right," the Scarecrow said to the farmer. "We will all be careful to stay out of sight, for if Terp should see us, our plan would be ruined."

The Gilliken then took leave of them, and hurried away to his home. After a time he returned, carrying a large lunch basket with him. Looking around to make sure no one was watching him, he brought the lunch to Jam and Dorothy. His wife had made them delicious sandwiches of home-made bread and butter and grape jam. There were several kinds of fruits, two kinds of cookies, and a chocolate pie. Jam, Dorothy, and Percy ate and ate until all the lunch was gone. The Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger disappeared. Apparently they were lucky and found food in the forest, for when they returned they were licking their chops, and the Hungry Tiger sat up on his haunches and washed his face with his paws.

Their friend and ally had returned to his work in the vineyard, telling them that he would go to the giant's castle as soon as it was dark and inform him that Jam had been seen on the other side of the valley.

Then the party sat down in the woods to wait for nightfall, carefully hiding in a secluded dell beside a rippling stream. Jam and Dorothy, lulled by the murmur of the water, stretched out on the mossy bank and fell fast asleep. And so the afternoon passed, and the yellow sun sank low in the west, casting long shadows across the faces of the weary travelers.

Twilight found our little band wending their way toward the purple marble castle that loomed like a big blot on the landscape. The Cowardly Lion went in front to lead the way, followed by the Tin Woodman, his axe poised ready for action, the Scarecrow, Jam, Dorothy, and Percy, with the Hungry Tiger



guarding the rear. By the time darkness had fallen, they were hiding in the woods within sight of the purple building, watching it carefully for any signs of activity. Suddenly they heard shouting, and Terp rushed out into the courtyard, followed by a group of his slaves who were carrying flaming torches that cast an eerie light over the gardens.

"Ah ha," he roared, "so the little boy thought to elude me, Terp, the Terrible."

The reply could not be heard, but soon a procession was formed with Terp at the head, and it wound off down the hillside into the valley in the direction of the place where Jam was supposed to have been seen.

"Our friend must have stuck to his bargain," Jam said excitedly. "See, they are leaving the palace."

"Good," said the Tin Woodman. "As soon as they have gone a little farther we will see if we cannot do something about the monster and chop down the tree."

A clear, silvery light began to illumine the darkness as the moon rose over the edge of the horizon, and soon there was enough light for all of them to see quite well.

"We might have been better off in the dark," said Percy, for his white fur showed very clearly in the moonlight, and the rays were reflected from the shining surface of the Tin Woodman's body.

"Perhaps we can use the light to our advantage," suggested the wise Scarecrow, whose brains had been hard at work. "What happens when you twirl your axe around swiftly, my friend?" he asked Nick Chopper.

The Tin Woodman began twirling his gleaming blade rapidly, and as the moonlight struck it, it made a pinwheel of brilliance.

"It is possible that you will be able to hypnotize the monster with that whirling blade," the Scarecrow suggested. "That is a device often used by sorcerers and magicians. If so, you will be able to move in closely and chop down the tree very easily."

"Certainly it is worth a try," said the tin man, "and since the monster can do less damage to me than to most of you, let me go into the courtyard by myself and see if I can succeed alone."

"I think that I should go with you," objected the Scarecrow, "for someone will have to work hard at



the hypnotizing business. I believe that we can convince the monster that he is harmless as a kitten, and then he will give us no trouble."

"That's an excellent idea," cried Dorothy.

"Do you think it will work?" asked Jam.

"I don't know," said the Tin Woodman, "but it's worth trying."

"But it's no good just hypnotizing the owl head," the Cowardly Lion reminded them. "When the wolf head awakes, the monster will be as fierce as ever."

"That's right, kiddo," agreed Percy.

"The hypnotizing isn't going to work, after all," sighed Jam.

But the Scarecrow was thinking hard, and the Tin Woodman and Dorothy waited confidently for their old friend to come up with a solution to the problem.

"Have you ever heard of mass hypnotism?" asked the Scarecrow suddenly.

"No," said Jam and Dorothy together. "What's that?"

"It's hypnotizing a whole group of people at the same time," explained the straw man.

"I get it, kiddo," interrupted Percy. "You're going to hypnotize both heads at once!"

"That's right," the Scarecrow told them, a smile on his painted face. "It should be as easy to do two heads as one."

"Two heads are better than one, they always say, kiddo," laughed Percy, twitching his whiskers in glee.

"You'll have to wake up the wolf head," Jam said. "Otherwise this double hypnotizing won't work."

"That should be easy," Dorothy said. "All we have to do is shout loudly, and the wolf head will come to in a hurry."

The time had come for action, so the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow started toward Terp's. They all followed them close to the castle, staying in the shadow of the walls and slipping along as quietly as little mice. When they could see the monster chained to the tree in the center of the courtyard they all stopped, letting the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow go on alone. As Nick Chopper stepped out of the shadow, he began twirling his axe with all his might, spinning the bright steel blade around and around. The moonlight that fell on it was reflected as a dazzling light that caught the eye of the owl head that guarded the tree at night, and the monster watched



the light intently, not realizing that someone was behind the glittering spectacle, for the gleaming axe had almost blinded him. At a motion from the Scarecrow, all of them shouted loudly, waking the vicious wolf head. But it, too, fell under the spell of the Tin Woodman's axe. He moved slowly from side to side, and the monster's heads, with unblinking eyes, moved slowly too, following the light.

When he saw this, the stuffed Scarecrow knew that the great monster was hypnotized. He stepped quietly forward and began talking in a low, monotonous voice.

"You are harmless, you are harmless, you are harmless," he intoned, extending both his hands toward the monster.

"Call you hear me?" he asked in firm tones.

"Yes, we hear you," murmured the owl- and wolf-heads in unison.

"You will henceforth be as harmless as a little kitten," continued the Scarecrow.

"We'll be as harmless as a kitten," repeated the monster's heads.

"Never again will you be a fierce, ferocious monster," the Scarecrow went on.

"Never again will we be a fierce, ferocious monster," droned the heads.

The Tin Woodman now stopped twirling his axe, and slowly the great monster's heads stopped staring. They blinked their eyes and shook their heads.

"Who are these nice people?" asked the owl head.

"I don't know, but I'm happy to meet them," the wolf head replied.

When Jam and the rest heard this, they let out a cheer and ran over to where the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow stood under the tree, chatting with the tamed beast.

"And now," said the Tin Woodman, "to the important task of chopping down this tree that has caused so much misery in this beautiful valley."

"Hey, wait a minute, kiddo," cried Percy, "let me pick a couple of the magic muffins first. They might lose their strength after the tree is cut down, and I'm due to start shrinking any minute now."

As if by magic, no sooner had he uttered these words than he began to grow visibly smaller.

"See," he cried, "I figured this was coming."

"Climb up and get another muffin for yourself,



Percy," said Jam, "and then let our friend, Nick Chopper, get to work on the tree."

Percy quickly climbed up into the branches and picked two of the muffins which he held tightly in his sharp front teeth as he climbed down out of the tree. When he reached the ground, he had shrunk to half his former size, to the amazement of all except Jam and the Tin Woodman who had seen him small before. Sitting on the ground, he nibbled a bit of one of the muffins, and as soon as he had swallowed it, he shot up to his large size again.

"Amazing!" gasped Dorothy.

"My goodness, gracious," cried the Scarecrow.

"Think how big we'd be if we ate some of the muffins," laughed the Cowardly Lion to the Hungry Tiger.

The big striped beast replied, "I don't want to be any bigger than I am. My appetite is insatiable now. Think what it would be if I were ten times as large as I now am," and he shuddered to himself.

The Scarecrow then unfastened the chain that bound the monster to the tree. Once freed, the great beast bade them goodbye and lumbered off toward the forest, waving to them with his alligator tail. And that was the last they ever saw of him.

"Stand back now," ordered the Tin Woodman, "and let me get at this chopping job," and he began wielding his axe with vigor, making the chips fly in all directions. Even though the trunk of the tree was thick and tough, Nick Chopper was such a good wood chopper that he was making his last strokes in less time than it takes to tell.

"Stand clear!" he cried as the tree swayed and fell to the ground with a loud crash.

The muffins on it immediately withered up until they were tiny bits of bread, and a sudden gust of wind that came swooping into the courtyard picked them up and blew them all away.

"It's a good thing I got the muffins before the tree was cut down," said Percy. "With two of them, I have enough of the magic bread to keep my large size until I can get to the Emerald City and see this famous Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER 21

Tetp Is Trapped



MEANWHILE Terp, the Terrible, was searching diligently through the forest on the slopes at the other end of the valley, hoping to find Jam behind each tree and bush and rock.

As he looked, he kept muttering, "Where is he? Where is he? Where is my Jam for breakfast?" But of course he could not find Jam, who was at Terp's castle at that very moment. After searching over the slopes for some time without finding Jam, Terp began to fume with rage at the Gillikens, crying out that he didn't believe that anyone had seen Jam at all.

"Where is the stupid serf who told me that the boy had been seen here?" he roared. "Bring him before me so that I may punish him!"

The Gillikens, however, protected their friend and told Terp that they did not know who had called him forth from his castle on this useless search. Just then, on the edge of the crowd of slaves, one of the little Gilliken's friends, who had been let in on the secret, cried,

"Someone has seen Jam running through the valley toward the factory. Hurry, hurry, we may catch him," and he turned from them and began racing down the slopes into the valley in the direction of the jam factory and the tall smokestack.

Terp, hearing the shout, turned and saw the purple-clad Gilliken running along the road toward the factory. So he motioned to his slaves to follow, and he rushed down the hill with long strides that covered a block at a time. When he reached the door of the factory, he found that it had been flung open and the Gilliken was pointing toward the huge furnace in which the fire no longer burned.

"He went into the furnace," he said to Terp, bowing low.

"Follow him," roared Terp, so the Gilliken crawled into the furnace. But in a moment he crawled back out and said:

"Oh, noble Terp, the boy, Jam, has climbed up into the smokestack, and I cannot reach him, for I am not tall. You, however, oh high and noble ruler, are tall enough to reach up and take the very stars from the heavens. So if you could crawl into the furnace and reach up into the smokestack, you would be able to reach the boy easily."



"Very well," roared the giant. "I shall get him myself, since all of you seem so unresourceful." He went over to the furnace and crowded into it. At first he seemed to stick in the opening, and the watching Gillikens held their breath for fear he could not get into the smokestack. However, he struggled and struggled, rattling the furnace on its foundations, and finally he managed to get in. There he stood erect and looked up through the smokestack.

"Where is he?" came a muffled roar from the inside of the furnace. "I can see nothing but stars in the sky above here."

At these words there came a mighty clang, and Terp found that the door to the furnace had been closed tight. He tried to open it, but it had been barred from the outside by the Gillikens.

"Let me out, let me out!" roared the giant in a terrible voice. "How dare you lock me in this furnace! I'll destroy all of you when you let me out."

"But we won't let you out," came a chorus from outside the smokestack. "You will never again enslave us, oh Terp."

"You'll regret this," he howled, shaking the furnace door until the building shook. "You will all have to work twice as hard as you have been working."

"Ha, ha, ha. You can't scare us," came the voices from the factory. "We know what will happen to you when you are here for a few days."

"A few days!" cried the giant in terror. "You can't keep me here that long."

"Oh, yes we can," the Gillikens said in determined tones. "We have been your slaves for many years, but the tables have turned, and you are now in our power. In a few days, you will be utterly harmless, and then we will let you out of the furnace. But until that time, in you stay."

"But I shall starve," Terp exclaimed. "You can't be so cruel as to let me languish from lack of food."

"We shall feed you," one Gilliken said. "We are not so cruel and heartless as you have been."

Terp thought to himself that when the little men opened the furnace to give him food, he could force his way out of the building. They seemed to read his thoughts, for they said:

"We can lower your food to you from the top of the smokestack. We can find a tall ladder and a



long rope, and you will not have to starve."

Terp called out craftily, "Of course you will bring me some of the muffins from the tree in my courtyard."

"How can we do that?" they asked. "The ferocious two-headed monster guards the tree very carefully, and no one dares to venture near it."

"You could get a long pole with a little basket on the end and reach the muffins without having to get near the beast," he suggested desperately, rueing the day he had chained the monster to the tree.

"Ah, but it really doesn't matter," declared one of the Gillikens. "By this time the monster has been rendered harmless, and the tree has been destroyed by the famous Tin Woodman and his companions."

"What?" screamed the giant. "What did you say?"

"Destroyed," they all cried together. "The monster is gone and the tree has been chopped to the ground."

"Oh, no, that cannot be," sobbed Terp, the Terrible, not so terrible now that his source of power was gone. "You could not do such a thing to me."

"We could and we would and we have," they stated flatly. "We know now that the magic muffins were all that kept you a giant, and we have had them destroyed. In a few days, you will be our own size, and then we will let you out of the smokestack, but not one instant sooner."

The miserable giant wept bitterly, and he cried so long, and his teardrops were so large, that a little stream of salt water was soon running out of the cracks of the furnace. The men were not sorry for him, though, for he had been such a cruel oppressor that they were glad to get rid of him.

Leaving a few of their number to guard the furnace, the rest of the natives now hurried toward the castle to see if the Tin Woodman had accomplished his mission. When they arrived at the courtyard, they could see that the monster was gone, and the magic tree cut down and its power destroyed. All of them bowed low before the Tin Woodman and his friends and cheered loudly and long. Then they began dancing around the courtyard filling the night with the sounds of their merry-making. Several of the men seized the Tin Woodman and lifted him to their shoulders, while others caught up the Scarecrow, Percy, Jam, and Dorothy and started a parade into



the village. The Hungry Tiger and the Cowardly Lion were too large for them to carry, but they picked flowers from the gardens by the light of the moon and hung them in lovely garlands around the huge beasts' necks.

When they reached the valley, all of the villagers ran out to meet them, and the women prepared refreshments for the whole party. Then the boy and girl and their friends were taken into the little dome-shaped houses and given comfortable rooms for the night.

Next morning after breakfast, all of them went down to the jam factory to see Terp, the Terrible, in captivity. A tall ladder was found, and one brave man placed it against the tall smokestack and climbed up to the very top, where he leaned over the opening and looked down at the giant. He could see that already Terp was beginning to shrink so he called the joyful news down to the gathered populace. Then he lowered a basket of food to the giant, so he would not starve in captivity.

All of the citizens of Hidden Valley begged the Tin Woodman and all the rest to remain there with them, but Jam said,

"You have been very nice to us, and we are all glad that you are now free from the power of Terp, but I want to hurry to the Emerald City to meet the Princess Ozma of Oz."

"And I want to be made big permanently," said Percy. "So, so long, kiddos, maybe we'll see you again sometime."

Amid cheers of the people, our friends started on their journey to the Emerald City. They each carried a basket filled with food for the trip; and the Gillikens said that they planned to erect statues of all of them in the courtyard of the palace that Terp had owned. So, leaving Terp to the Gillikens who said they would teach him to live as they did if he stopped causing trouble when he became their size, our friends turned their faces toward the south and began the last lap of their adventuresome journey. They started straight south toward the Emerald City, for they wanted to avoid Bookville and Icetown and the river that had delayed them on their journey from the Tin Woodman's castle to Hidden Valley.

CHAPTER 22



The Emerald City of Oz

FOR the first part of their journey, Jam and Dorothy decided to walk instead of riding on the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger, for it was a beautiful day, balmy and mild, and strolling along the countryside was a pleasure. The grateful Gillikens accompanied them to the edge of the great plain. When they reached it the Tin Woodman told them that he thought they need have no further fear of the dreaded Equinots, who had been so thoroughly frightened by the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger that they would never prey upon the unwary traveler again.

The Gillikens again thanked the little group for their deliverance from bondage and stood watching until our friends had passed out of sight upon the flat land covered with purple sage. The Scarecrow thought they would probably be able to reach the capitol city of Oz in two days' time if they traveled steadily, and the prospect of once more returning home kept them walking at a good rate of speed across the even ground. After several hours they had crossed the plain and had come to a shady wood with pleasant paths. They were still in the Gilliken country, for the flowers that nodded by the lilting streams were a delicate lavender hue, and there were purple grapes growing on the vines that twined through the branches of the trees.

"I shall never see grapes again without thinking of Terp, and how he wanted to eat me on muffins for breakfast," said Jam, sighing deeply.

"Right, kiddo," said Percy, frolicking along beside him. "I'll bet the people in Hidden Valley never eat any more grape jam as long as they live."

"Which is always," said Dorothy, "for no one dies in the Land of Oz. They may be totally destroyed by some accident, or some sort of witchcraft, but they live on forever at any age they like."

"I never heard of a place like this before," said Jam. "Things like that don't happen in the outside world."

"Things like that could happen only in a fairy-land," smiled Dorothy. "That's why I like to live here."

"If my mother and father were here, I'd like it,



too," said the little boy. "But I'm getting awfully lonesome for them, and I know that they miss me, too."

"It won't be long now until you can go home," the Scarecrow told Jam, "for as soon as we reach the Emerald City I shall request an audience with Ozma and ask her to transport you to your home immediately."

"We would like to have you visit with us longer," said the Tin Woodman, "but we understand that you would rather be at home than any place else in the world. So just be patient for a little while longer, and your wish will be granted."

"How will Ozma send me home?" asked Jam. "I came by kite, but I can't return that way."

"We'll just have to wait and see," said the Scarecrow.

Jam did not notice, but the Scarecrow had a knowing little smile on his face. Dorothy saw it and knew that her stuffed friend had some idea, but she did not ask him what he was thinking of, for she felt that it might be some sort of nice surprise for the little boy. So the time passed swiftly as they walked along, and when evening came, they slept beneath the bright stars that twinkled in the heavens above them, lulled by the song of the evening birds.

Jam and Dorothy woke at dawn, and after washing their faces in the clear water of a brook that flowed through the forest, they ate some of the food that was left in the baskets the Gillikens had given them. Then all of them started on the last part of their journey, for they expected to see the walls of the Emerald City before night fell again.

The little boy from Ohio whistled as he hurried along. His happy little tunes kept all of them in good humor. The forest through which they had been traveling had become less dense, and soon they left its purple shadows behind them. The country lost its wild look, and they passed many well kept farmhouses surrounded by velvety lawns and prosperous looking gardens.

"The country begins to look more civilized," said the Scarecrow. "That means that we are getting nearer and nearer to the capitol city."

"It is a magnificent sight," the Cowardly Lion told Percy. "The walls are of the finest green marble that can be found, and the walls and streets and buildings



are studded with great, gleaming emeralds, some of them as big as building blocks."

"Who ever heard of emeralds that big, kiddo?" scoffed Percy.

The Tin Woodman came to the aid of his friend, the lion, and said, "The Cowardly Lion is not exaggerating in the least."

And Dorothy said, "You'll see when you get there that the city is even more wonderful than any description could ever be."

"Do you live in the city?" asked Jam.

"Yes, I have my own suite in the royal palace," the girl told him, "for Ozma and I are the best of friends, and she likes to have me near her."

"It all sounds very nice," he said.

At noon the travelers were invited to stop for lunch at one of the farmhouses that were scattered over the countryside, for the farmer and his wife recognized the Tin Woodman, the Scarecrow, and the Princess Dorothy and were greatly honored to have such distinguished company in their home. Dorothy and Jam were glad to eat a hot meal and thanked the couple for their kind hospitality. The farmer's children were a little shy. At first they were afraid of the queer looking Scarecrow and his companion, the Tin Woodman, but these two soon won them over by telling them stories, and when the party took leave of the farmer and his wife, the children wanted to go with them.

"Some day you must come to the Emerald City to see us," suggested Dorothy, and the children were satisfied with this suggestion and let their new friends go on without them.

"The country looks very familiar, now," said Dorothy. "We will be in the Emerald City in time for dinner this evening."

"And how soon will Ozma send me home?" asked Jam.

"Probably tomorrow morning," the little girl told him.

"How will I get there?"

"You'll be whisked through the air so fast that you won't even know you've started-and there you'll be, at home."

"Will it hurt any?" he asked in worried tones.

"Not a bit," Dorothy reassured him. "I've done it several times, and it doesn't hurt at all."



"Well, I just wish that it were tomorrow," he said wistfully.

"Never mind, kiddo," Percy comforted him, "it won't be long now."

More and more people were now traveling along the road, and one after another they greeted Dorothy and her friends.

"They aren't dressed in purple costumes," Jam observed. "All of them seem to be wearing green."

"Yes," Dorothy told him, "we have passed the boundary of the Gilliken country and are now in the section surrounding the Emerald City. The favorite color here is green, in honor of the capitol, so all the citizens wear different shades of green clothing instead of the purple worn in the North Country."

"What's that shack over there?" asked the white rat, pointing to a fine edifice with banners flying from its rooftop. Young men and women were going in and out, and it seemed a busy place.

"That is the Royal College of Athletic Sciences," the Scarecrow informed him. "It is supervised by Professor H. M. Wogglebug, T. E., our highly magnified colleague. He would interest you very much," the straw man continued to the rat, "for he is much larger than the normal woggle bug."

"He used to live under a hearthstone in a schoolroom," Dorothy took up the story, "and so he became Thoroughly Educated. That's what the T. E. after his name means. One day the schoolmaster discovered him and threw a magnified image of him on a screen so all the students could see what he looked like. While in this Highly Magnified state, he escaped, and so he exists today."

"Very interesting, kiddos," nodded Percy. "I'd like to meet him sometime and have a little heart to heart chat about our sizes."

"If you stay in the Emerald City, you no doubt will see him often, for he is a frequent visitor at the palace. He and Ozma had many interesting adventures with the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman while Ozma was a boy."

"A boy!" exclaimed Jam.

"Yes, she had been enchanted by a wicked witch called Mombi and didn't even know that she was the rightful ruler of Oz," Dorothy explained, "but Glinda, the Good Sorceress, rescued her, and now she is the most loved person in all the Land of Oz."



"Maybe you're an enchanted princess, kiddo," Percy suggested to Jam; but the little boy assured him he wasn't.

"I wouldn't want to be a girl, anyway," he said, and Dorothy laughed merrily.

With such pleasant conversation, they passed the time as they traveled along the yellow brick road that led to the Emerald City. The houses and gardens were becoming more and more sumptuous as they neared the capitol. Suddenly a green glow appeared in the sky to the south.

"What's that funny color in the sky?" asked Jam with alarm in his voice.

"That is the reflection of the sun on the walls of the Emerald City," he was told. "The emeralds that stud the walls are so brilliant that the green glow can be seen for miles around."

"It won't be long until our journey is over," Dorothy told him, "for when we reach the top of this little hill, you will at last be able to see the city walls."

When they reached the crest of the hill, Jam beheld the most beautiful sight that he had ever seen. There below him lay the Emerald City, which resembled the lovely jewels for which it was named. It glittered and shone in the sunlight, and gaily colored banners floated from the spires and parapets of the walls and from the tops of the buildings within. In the center of the city, the towers of the royal palace rose high above all the other buildings, and from the top of the highest tower floated the royal banner of Oz, a flag divided into red, yellow, blue, and purple sections, to represent each of the countries of Oz, with a green patch in the center in honor of the Emerald City.

"Oh," breathed the little boy in awe, "It's the most beautiful place I've ever seen."

"And look," cried the Scarecrow, "I believe someone is coming to meet us."

Looking down the road, they could see someone hurrying in their direction.

"It's Scraps, riding the Sawhorse," Dorothy exclaimed.

"And that looks like our friend, Spots, with them," said the Hungry Tiger.

"But how did they know we were coming now?" asked the white rat in amazement.



"Probably Ozma has been watching us in her magic picture," said Dorothy, "and saw that we were near the city gates."

"What's a magic picture?" Jam wanted to know.

"It's a picture hanging in her private rooms in the palace," the Tin Woodman explained. "In it appears any scene that she wishes to see in all the world. If she wants to see what I'm doing, she just orders the picture to show her the Tin Woodman, and there I am."

"That sounds like a marvelous invention," Jam decided. "Can she see things outside the Land of Oz?"

"Oh, yes," Dorothy assured him. "She used to watch me when I was home in Kansas. She even rescued me from an underground cavern once, when I was trapped there with the Wizard and Zeb, a boy from California."

"Maybe she'd let me see my father and mother," he said wistfully.

"I'm sure she will," said the kindhearted Tin Woodman. "All you'll have to do is to ask her."

By this time, the Sawhorse had approached them, and Percy and Jam saw a most peculiar couple. The Sawhorse himself was a marvel to behold, for his body was a log, with a gash cut out of one end of it for a mouth, a twig on the other for a tail, knots of wood for eyes, and legs and ears stuck into his body. On his back sat a colorful individual, who looked as if she had been made from a crazy quilt.

The Patchwork Girl laughed merrily and called,

"Hello, ~ howdy do to you and welcome to the to town.

The magic picture showed that you were Emerald City bound;

So to the Sawhorse I remarked, 'Wouldn't it be a pity,
If you and I did not go out and lead them to the city?'"

"I see that all of you have survived the journey," said Spots, his markings changing from pink balloons to purple grapes.

"Ugh, grapes," said Percy. "They remind me of Terp," and at these words, the Leopard changed his



spots to new moons.

"What happened to Terp?" he asked. "Did you manage to get rid of him?"

"Yes," the Tin Woodman answered, "we cut down his magic muffin tree and penned him up in the factory smokestack. When we left, he was already losing the size that he had acquired by eating the magic bread, and I'm sure that by this time he is no bigger than I."

"Good," said Spots. "That's one less wicked giant to contend with."

"What's that?" asked the Sawhorse in a gruff voice, pointing one gold-shod hoof at Percy.

"I'm an overgrown rat, kiddo," said Percy. "Take it from me, you animated fire log, you, I've seen better looking nags in glue factories."

"Purely a matter of opinion," snorted the Sawhorse, rolling his knot eyes wickedly.

"Now, now, let's not quarrel," said the Scarecrow soothingly, averting an argument between the two.

Scraps said to Dorothy,

"I want to thank you for my friend, the
Rhyming Dictionary.
He's taught me lots of lovely verse to please
mortal or fairy.
We wrote a welcoming ode for you, but
alas! alack aday!
The Sawhorse ran so fast, the words have
all been blown away."

"That's all right," said Dorothy, laughing.

"Before the big banquet tonight, i'll see
If I can write a poem for our company."

"Is there to be a banquet?" asked the Scarecrow.
"Oh, yes," said Scraps. "Ozma has invited lots of
guests. It's to be in Jam's honor."

"But she doesn't even know me," protested Jam.
"How can she be having the banquet for me?"

"In her magic picture she has seen
What you've done, and where you've been."

"Banquets at the royal palace are lots of fun,"
Dorothy told him. "Let's hurry to the city, so we can



get ready for the festivities."

So Dorothy hopped up on the back of the Lion, Jam on the Hungry Tiger, and the Tin Woodman on the Leopard with the Changing Spots. The Scarecrow and Scraps rode on the Sawhorse, and Percy scampered along beside them. The animals were able to speed along the road of yellow brick, and soon they were before the magnificent gates of the Emerald City. Jam was awed by the splendor he saw before him, for words cannot describe the beauty of the chief city of Oz. They were welcomed by a little man in a green uniform who opened the gates and admitted them to the city. They passed along broad avenues lined with exotic trees and shrubs, rivaling the emeralds with their beauty, and soon they arrived at the royal palace where a pretty maid in a green satin dress and pale green organdy apron curtsied to them and said:

"Ozma sends her greetings and says to tell you that when you have rested from your journey, she will receive you in her private apartment."

"Thank you, Jellia," said Dorothy. Then, turning to Jam, she said, "Jellia Jamb will take you to your room where you will find clothing to wear to the banquet tonight."

"But will it fit me?" asked the little boy.

"Oh, yes," Dorothy told him. "Remember, this is a fairyland."

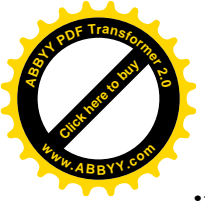
Percy went with Jam, and Jellia Jamb, who remarked that it was quite a coincidence that Jam's name should be like her own, led them through corridors of pale green marble, over floors carpeted with luxurious rugs of dark emerald green. After going up a winding staircase and down another long hall, Jellia announced:

"This is your apartment. If you want anything, just ring the bell. A servant will come presently and conduct you to our ruler, Ozma."

Jam thanked her, and he and Percy went into the suite of rooms. Once inside, the boy gasped in amazement at the splendor of his quarters. The furniture was inlaid with gold and precious stones, and the carpets and drapes were of the finest materials.

Percy whistled. "This is some place, kiddo!" he said. And he sniffed about the room, examining every corner of it.

Off the sitting room was a pretty bedroom, with



silken sheets and coverlet on the four-poster bed and pictures of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman on the walls. A tile bath with a tub as big as a miniature swimming pool next attracted the boy's attention, and he decided that for once in his life, taking a bath would be fun. When he was ready to dress, Percy opened one of the wardrobes and brought out a green satin suit, trimmed with dark green velvet and gold and emerald buttons. Each piece of the costume fit Jam exactly, and although he said he felt as if he were dressed up for a costume ball, he really looked quite nice. Percy found a jeweled collar which he put around his own neck, and Jam tied a big green bow on the end of the rat's tail.

"If it's going to be a party, we want to be in style, kiddo," commented Percy, admiring himself in the full length mirror that was on one of the doors. "I think we'll pass inspection."

"I wish my mother could see me now," laughed the little boy. But thinking of his mother reminded him that he was really quite homesick, so he said, "I hope they come for us soon, for the sooner I meet Ozma, the sooner I can ask her to please send me back to my home."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than there came a rap at the door, and when Jam opened it, a servant said,

"If you will accompany me now, honored guest, I shall conduct you to the presence of Ozma."

Percy and Jam followed the messenger through more corridors, and they came at last to the private rooms of the ruler of the Land of Oz. At the door they were greeted by Dorothy who took Jam's hand and led him to Ozma. Jam had not known what to expect, for he had never before been in the presence of royalty. But when a sweet and beautiful girl came forward to greet him, he forgot any fear that he might have had, for she was so gracious that she made him feel at home immediately.

"I am very happy to welcome you to the Emerald City," Ozma said. "I know that you are anxious to know about your family, so if you will come with me, I will let you gaze at my magic picture and see your home."

"Oh, thank you, your majesty," Jam said, overwhelmed at her kindness and by the fact that she knew all about him. Then Ozma took him to a cur-



tained picture and, drawing back the drapery, she said,

"We wish to see Jam's home."

Immediately, the scene changed to the interior of Jam's house and showed his father and mother. She seemed to be assuring his father that she knew somehow that Jam would return to them soon.

"You see, Jam, they are not sad," said Dorothy. "Ozma has made them know that you will be home soon. She is going to send you home in the morning. I have already told her that's what you want to do."

"I would like that," said Jam, and Ozma's nod confirmed Dorothy's statement.

"Now I will enjoy the banquet," Jam continued, "knowing my father and mother are not unhappy and that I will be home tomorrow."

Ozma smiled at him. "Now, let us sit down for a while, and you can tell me all about the adventures you have had here." So Jam told her about the flight of the kite, and how he had been captured by the giant, Terp, the Terrible, only to escape with Percy's aid.

"Do you think that your Wizard would enchant Percy so that he won't ever turn into an ordinary little rat again?" asked Jam.

"I think that it can be arranged," smiled Ozma and asked him to go on with his story.

He told of his flight to Winkie Land, carried by his kite. Then he described the further adventures that all of them had had in Bookville and Icetown. When he told how they had finally captured Terp and chopped down the magic muffin tree, Ozma thanked them for freeing her subjects from him.

"And now we are here," finished the little boy.

"I am glad," said Ozma. "I wish you could stay with us, Jam, but I know you are anxious to get home. In the morning the Wizard will swallow one of his famous wishing pills and wish you home in the twinkling of an eye. Now, let us go to the banquet that has been prepared in your honor."

She led the way to the great banquet hall, with Dorothy on one side of her and Jam on the other. At the long table were many interesting characters, including all of Jam's animal friends. The Tin Woodman, the Scarecrow, and Scraps had places at the table, even though they did not eat.

Although Scraps had not had time to compose a



poem for the occasion, the Rhyming Dictionary was prepared to recite a long ode that had been written in honor of the guests. Being accustomed to royalty, he was not embarrassed by the throng of celebrities at the dinner. He doffed his fool's cap, cleared his throat, and read from a parchment scroll:

ODE TO JAM

"Oh, gracious Ozma, and the rest
(Including each distinguished guest)
We gather here to honor one
Whose ventures literally stun
Our senses.
He's young and small-but what
For, with his great friend, Percy
He overcame and quite outwitted
An ogreish giant who'd committed
Offenses.

That through the skies his Kite Collapsible
Would fly to Oz was unperhapsible;
He was surprised, of course, because
He really didn't know that Oz
Existed.

But when the turf of Terp he hit
He cried no cry, nor flung no fit-
Instead, when Terp with grinning glee
For sandwich-spread had scragged him, he
Resisted;

And, aided by his brave pal, Percy,
(To make a long tale very terse) he
Discovered (while they made their getaway)
What kept the towering giant the taway
A muffin!

So then and there he made his mind up
That it was time Terp's reign to wind up,
And that, to serve this noble cause,
He and friend rat would never pause
For nuffinn'!

The fearsome Equinots he flustered;
He freed the kites all clutter-clustered;



**And then, as he began to range some,
A Le-o-pard whose spots are changesome
He signed up.**

**With Percy, next he found a group
Of friends who gladly joined his troupe;
With modesty I'll overlook
How, without me, each as a book
Would wind up.**

**But each companion, in his way
Contributed to win the day;
The noble Scarecrow gave his straw
In Icetown, so that they could thaw
Their way out;**

**When slaves enticed Terp far afield,
The Tin Man then his axe did wield
To fell the magic Muffin Tree-
And thus Jam's giant-stalking spree
Did pay out.**

**For Terp is giant now no longer-
He's waxing weak instead of stronger;
While in a smokestack tall he fidgeted
He shrank till he became quite midgeted-
Let's hiss him!**

**And now our little hero, Jam,
Whose true admiring friend I am,
To his Ohio home will go,
And all of us want him to know
We'll miss him!"**

**Then the Rhyming Dictionary bowed and smiled
while all the guests clapped loudly.**

Tiktok, the copper clockwork man, was also present, and Dorothy wound up his mechanism so he could make a short speech, welcoming Jam and Percy to the Emerald City. Jam said he had never had such a good time at a party in all his life.

The little Wizard of Oz was not at the banquet, and Ozma explained that he had some important preparations to make for the next day. She assured Jam, however, that he would meet the little man who had once come to Oz in a balloon and had built and ruled the Emerald City before she had been disenchanted.



"He's from Omaha, Nebraska," little Dorothy explained, "so he understands all about getting back to the United States."

There were stories and poems, and the royal band played for the guests, and soon it was bedtime. Jam was conducted back to his rooms, and he and Percy were soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER 23

Home Again

TAM was up bright and early the next morning, for he was anxious to return home. He dressed himself in his own clothes. The satin costume would never be suitable to wear in Ohio! After ringing the bell, Jam told the servant that answered that he would like some breakfast, if it wouldn't be too much trouble.

The servant soon returned, carrying a gold tray, laden with steaming cereal and milk, fruit and toast. Jam and Percy soon satisfied their hunger. The servant told them that if they were ready, he would conduct them to the courtyard of the palace, where Ozma awaited them.

"I'm ready now," the little boy said eagerly.

"Let's go, kiddo," said Percy.

In the courtyard of the palace, beside a fountain that sprayed precious jewels into the sunlight, stood Ozma and all her friends. Beside her stood a little, bald man dressed in a black suit. She presented him to Jam who learned that this was the famous Wizard of Oz of whom he had heard so much.

"So you want to go back to Ohio," said the Wizard, a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, sir, if you can send me," replied Jam.

"And you want to be enchanted so that you'll always be the size you are now," he said to the white rat.

"That's right, kiddo," the rodent replied.

"Well, first we'll fix you up," he said to the rat and handed him a cup of black, steaming liquid. "Drink all of this," he commanded, and although Percy made a face, for the brew did not taste good, he drank it to the last drop.

"I feel like the same large economy size as before," he commented, "so I guess everything is hunky dory."



"And now, for you, young man," said the Wizard. "Your friend, the Scarecrow, has made a suggestion about a gift for you to take home with you," and with these words, he drew forth a magic wand and waved it in the air three times, mumbling magic words as he did so.

In the next instant, there appeared on the lawn in front of them the Collapsible Kite that had brought Jam to the Land of Oz. Once again, as on that first journey, the crate, now as good as new, was suspended from it like a tiny cabin.

"We thought that you might like to take your kite back with you," Ozma explained. "And the Scarecrow made a suggestion about it, too. Why don't you tell him about it yourself?" she said, turning to the Stuffed Man.

"We thought that some day you might want to come back to Oz to visit us. Therefore, the Wizard has enchanted your kite. If you ever wish to return to the Land of Oz, just get into the crate, close your eyes, and wish hard to fly to Oz."

"If you can do that, then I know you can send me home," cried the little boy happily. So he said goodbye to all of his friends, hugging Dorothy and shaking hands with the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. He patted the Hungry Tiger and the Cowardly Lion on their great heads and told them that he'd never again be afraid of wild animals. Last of all, he shook Percy's paw and told him to be a good rat in his new home. Then Ozma kissed him on the forehead, and the little boy climbed into the crate. He took one last look at the garden, and all of the friends he had made and called,

"I've enjoyed being here and meeting all of you. Now I must go home. I wish I could take you all with to my mother and father. But some day, perhaps, I'll visit all of you again.

"Close your eyes tightly," commanded the Wizard. Then, with a flourish, he drew from his pocket a little vial fashioned from an emerald and unscrewed the silver cap. He shook a large white pill from it into the palm of his hand, replaced the cap on the vial, and returned it to his pocket. Then he said in a loud voice,

"I wish the Collapsible Kite and Jam back to his home in Ohio." He then popped the wishing pill into his mouth and swallowed it. Immediately the Collap-



sible Kite, with Jam in the crate beneath it, disappeared.

"Well," said Dorothy, "He's safely home by now." So the crowd dispersed, and Percy followed the Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger to his new quarters in the royal palace, for Ozma, as a reward for his help in freeing her subjects from Terp, the Terrible, had offered him a home with her.

Inside the crate, Jam felt a little lurch and then a gentle thud. He opened his eyes. The kite had landed on the hillside, just where it had been before his adventure had begun. He crawled out of the crate, ran to the fence, slid under it, and raced to the house. He was met at the door by his mother and father who had been sure for the past day that they would soon see Jam again.

After hugging and kissing him, his mother said, "Where in the world have you been?"

And Jam replied, "I've been to the Land of Oz, and I've had a nice time. But I'd rather be here at home with you than in any fairyland there ever was!"

The End

AFTERWORD

Over the forty years since I wrote *The Hidden Valley of OZ*, one question I'm often asked is, "How did you happen to write an Oz book?" In fact, Frank J. O'Donnell, president of Reilly & Lee who published the Oz series, asked me just that. I told him I wrote it "for my own entertainment and satisfaction" and as a "surprise for my mother."

I had entered the Land of Oz when I was a child. My first dated gift of an Oz book was a copy of *The Wizard of Oz* I received Christmas 1928. I had turned six just two weeks earlier. It was not, however, my introduction to the series; the first one I read was *The Land of Oz*, which remains my all-time favorite. My mother ordered books for us from The American Book Company, but they had only the Reilly & Lee list which started with *Land*, not *Wizard* which was published by Bobbs-Merrill, and numbered their series starting with *Land* as number one (which made *Hidden Valley* thirty-eight, although it is actually the thirty-ninth



in the Oz series). However, The Land of Oz mentioned in the front that it was a sequel to The Wizard of Oz, so somehow my mother acquired it for us.

At some point in my adult life, I realized that the books has several authors. So I wrote my own Oz story and sent it off to Reilly & Lee on January 13, 1950. At that time it was called "Rocket Trip to Oz," because that's how I transported Jam to the magical land. Jam's father, a scientist, had an experimental rocket ship ready for a scientific flight, and Jam just happened to touch the starting switch accidentally when he was alone in the ship. I chose Percy as a main character, because I worked with white rats in the laboratory. They are fascinating, clever, and a very necessary part of medical research. Without the help of such laboratory animals, we'd never be able to develop new cures for old and new human maladies. So I added Percy, the Personality Kid, to the group of animal characters so beloved by Oz fans. Another one who has caught the fancy of many readers is Spots, the Leopard with the Changing Spots.

Elizabeth Laing Stewart, an editor at Reilly & Lee, replied on April 7, 1950, returning my manuscript. She wrote a very encouraging letter, telling me that she'd read my story to her eight-year-old "critical" son who loved it and, a week later, told Mama to ask me to write another one. My first fan! What Mrs. Stewart liked best herself were Percy's personality, the suspense and good plotting, and the ingenious way I wove in the other Oz books without interrupting my own story. She suggested a few minor revisions and said that, if I had not heard from them in a year, I should contact them again to see if they were ready to publish another Oz book.

So I revised my manuscript and retyped it, having learned after submitting a single-spaced typescript the first time that manuscripts should always be double-spaced. The on January 11, 1951, I received a letter from Frank O'Donnell, saying that Reilly & Lee might publish an Oz book by a new author in the fall, and he asked me to resubmit "Rocket Ship." I worked like mad to finish the fair copy, and I mailed it on January 14.

On February 20, Mr. O'Donnell wrote to say



that the decision on my book would be made soon, but they wanted to change the title. He also asked for some biographical information which I sent on February 24. At the time, I had a neighbor who was an editor at one of the major publishing houses, located in New Jersey, and he offered to look over my contract or any offer I might receive from Reilly & Lee. As I knew exactly "zilch, nada, and less-than-nothing" about the business end of writing, I welcomed the favor.

On April 3, Mr. O'Donnell offered to buy my manuscript outright; but my friend advised me to ask for a royalty contract, and I sent my counter offer on April 5. On April 9, Mr. O'Donnell explained the royalty situation with the Oz books: the Baum estate was entitled to a share of all monies earned by every Oz book, because they retained all publication rights to the series started by L. Frank Baum. I felt this was only fair. I was promised ten cents per book, the same royalty paid to Ruth Plumly Thompson and Jack Snow.

On April 16, I agreed to Reilly & Lee's terms. Mr. O'Donnell wrote on April 18 that the book would be published that fall. He asked for additional title suggestions, and I sent some April 20 (although "The Hidden Valley of Oz" wasn't one of them). On April 26, my contract arrived. They also wanted to change the way Jam got to Oz as they had rejected another manuscript which also used a rocket ship. They suggested a flying saucer. I did a quick revision of the first part, signed the contract, and sent it all back to Chicago on April 29.

On May 9, Mr. O'Donnell wrote that he needed copy for my dedication page as well as the introduction. These I mailed on May 13. On May 18, Mr. O'Donnell said that they had decided that the flying saucer was too similar to the rocket ship, and they needed still another way to get Jam to Oz. Mr. O'Donnell also suggested a new title, The Hidden Valley of Oz, which was fine with me. (I have never read books by title! I usually read by author-or, in the case of the Oz books, by series.) In his letter, he included Mrs. Stewart's suggestion that I send Jam to Oz via kite, as I had a kite chapter in my story. This made good sense, so I reworked the beginning again while laid up with



a broken ankle. This revision and my acceptance of the new (and final) title went out on May 20.

On June 5, Mr. O'Donnell asked for some minor changes which I sent on June 9. On June 22, he sent me a revised Chapter One. (I had never heard a child say "golly," nor have I since then. And Jam never said it again in the book! Oh golly gee whiz!) On July 12, they wrote that they had asked Robert Peck, the advertising executive who handled the Oz account, to go over the poetry. After forty years, I'd have to look at my original manuscript to tell what I wrote and what he did. Since Hidden Valley, I've written a lot of other books (my forty-second is due out in August 1991), and I can't possibly remember every detail of all of them. In the letter of July 12, I also received a tear sheet from the latest Reilly & Lee catalogue advertising my book.

My copies of The Hidden Valley of Oz arrived on Election Day, November 6, 1951. I wrote Mr. O'Donnell on November 7, telling him how much I liked the book, including the artwork by Dirk.

And now, forty years later, I'm amazed at the speed with which all this happened. Today the time from signing the contract until the book appears on the stands can be two years or more. Perhaps in some ways we lived slower lives then-but publishing certainly was far speedier than it is now!

Did I ever write another Oz book? Of course I did, as soon as they accepted Hidden Valley. I hope that someday my second book, The Wicked Witch of Oz, will also be published. Then those who liked Hidden Valley may read more adventures of characters they met there as well as meet new ones, including my own Wicked Witch! I created her, because I've always liked the various witches in Oz. Mombi, in particular, has always been one of my favorite Oz characters. To have a real story, you have to have a villain, and the wickeder that villain, the better.

The Hidden Valley of Oz was my first published book, so it is very special to me. It disturbs me that over the years the Oz books have been banned from some schools and libraries. I believe that fairy stories stretch the imaginations of children, which is very important. I worked for



many years as a scientist, and the truly important new discoveries are often made by the people who allow their minds to take giant leaps into the unknown. This takes imagination. And imagination, as with all other skills, needs to be exercised to stay strong and healthy.

This is how I created a new tale of Oz and was privileged to see it in print. Now, forty years later, it gives me great pleasure to see my book, long out of print, reissued. I hope it will give a whole new generation of children many hours of reading pleasure.

**RACHEL COSGROVE PAYES
"Royal Historian of Oz"
Brick, New Jersey
October 1990**