

Yankee in Oz by Ruth Plumly Thompson eText version

1.1 Chapter
 1 The Big Parade Chapter 2 Yankee and Tompy Arrive in Wackajammy Chapter 3
 In the Yellow Castle Chapter 4 Escape from Wackajammy Chapter 5 The
 Packaged People Chapter 6 Max, the Mix-Master Chapter 7 Trip on A
 Trav-E-Log Chapter 8 The Land of Lanterns Chapter 9 A Merry Meeting on the
 Mountain Chapter 10 The Red Jinn Makes His Plans Chapter 11 Badmannah
 the Terrible! Chapter 12 Badmannah Nets Another Princess Chapter 13 The
 Red Jinn's Castle Chapter 14 The Magic Chest Chapter 15 Yankee to the
 Rescue Chapter 16 In the Palace of Ozma of Oz Chapter 17 Badmannah's
 Treasure Cave Chapter 18 Aunt Dofffs Victory Banquet Chapter 19 The
 Travelers

Return Chap
 ter 1: The Big Parade THINK it will rain?" Pushing back his breakfast
 plate, Tompy darted over to the window to look anxiously up at the sky. "No
 sign of it so far," said his mother, "though it does feel a bit thunderish and
 hot. Whew--more like the Fourth of July than Labor Day." "Oh, who minds a
 little burn," grinned Tompy. With a complacent sideway glance in the buffet
 mirror, he pulled down the jacket of his blue band uniform, then, swinging his
 precious snare drum over the right shoulder, he picked up his sticks, clapped
 on his visored cap, and one-twoed it smartly to the door. "Wait. Your
 gloves!" cried Mrs. Terry, snatching them from a chair and hurrying after
 him. "Gee, Mom, thanks!" Grabbing the gloves, Tompy broke into a run.
 "Remember now," he called back over his shoulder, "you be at Center and Pine
 by ten sharp. That's where we're really going to give it the big blast off.
 Bye, see you." Casting dignity and marching form to the winds, the
 eleven-year-old drummer of Pennwood Prep raced off to join the line-up for the
 big parade. Not many boys Tompy's age had his sense of rhythm and
 musicianship and though he played several instruments, drums were his greatest
 joy and hobby. He had a set at home, complete with ride cymbals, high hat,
 tom-tom, snare, floor snare, and bass drums. The band outfit also was of the
 best, and so clever was Tompy with sticks, brush, and pedal that he had won
 countless prizes on television programs and interschool contests. For
 marching, Tompy used his faithful snare and there was no chance of the fellows
 losing a beat with Tompy setting the pace. Besides being a whiz on drums,
 Tompy was an outstanding sprinter, a handy fellow to count on during hockey
 and football seasons, and so lively and likeable that the boys had promptly
 shortened the Thomas P. Terry to "Tompy." In the friendly town of Pennwood,
 Memorial Day, Fourth of July, and Labor Day parades were grand and memorable
 occasions. Everybody took part or turned out to cheer, chatter, and hugely
 enjoy themseEves. Nothing, not even a cloudburst, would have kept Mrs. Terry
 from her appointed place in the line of march on this sultry September
 morning. Early though it was, crowds already bordered the tree-lined avenues
 and from all directions the marchers and motorized units were assembling.
 Excited little boys on wheels, streamers floating from handlebars, rode
 furiously in all directions. Dogs of every shape and pedigree pranced after
 their owners or dangerously trotted back and forth over the highway. The
 Pennwood Band was placed about dead center, between the Boy Scouts and Red
 Cross mobile unit and marchers. Up ahead were the Police Color Guard and
 cruising cars, the township officers in flag-bedecked motors, then a company
 of Army engineers, and the veterans, each post with a splendid turnout and
 band. Sandwiched between were the Cub and Girl Scouts, the Pennwood Riding
 Club, the telephone float with its dependable Pole Cat truck, and, last of
 all, the fire companies of Pennwood and the surrounding counties. Polished to
 the ninety-nines were the chemical trucks, the hook-and-ladders, and the
 high-pressure fog fighting units--a long array of modern fire fighting
 equipment with their sirens adding to the excitement and fun. Joking with
 the band boys, saluting passing pals with raised drum stick, Tompy impatiently
 marked time as he waited for the outfits up front to start moving. It seemed a

week of Sundays before the good old go ahead signal sounded. Then with a HUP hup HO they were off, flags fluttering, brasses blaring, and Tompy giving out with the long rolls and tarrididdles that had made him famous. Wild enthusiasm greeted the marchers. The precision stepping of the Scouts deservedly drew long cheers; the SaEvation Army unit and the engineers came in for a goodly share, too. But for Tompy and the Pennwood Band stepping along smartly to the strains of The Stars and Stripes Forever, the townspeople really let go with shouts, whistles, and resounding applause. Tompy's ears turned red with pleasure, but keeping his mind strictly on his plain and fancy rhythms he cherished the moment they would pass Center and Pine. There his mother, his father, his cousins, and dozens of the Terry clan would be gathered and waiting to give them a royal shivaree. As it turned out, Tompy never did reach Center and Pine, at least not in band formation or any other reasonable formation at all. Halfway there, big spatters of rain began to fall and sudden fierce gusts of wind sent leaves along the curbs swirling upward. Ominous rolls of thunder drowned out all the bands; the sky turned green streaked with black while the wind rose to a veritable howl. The last thing Tompy remembered was the paraders scattering in confusion far below, for now Tompy was airborne, clasping his drum sticks and gasping for breath as Hurricane Hannah tossed him about like a football. In great swoops he curved upward, then down, then way, WAY up, his buoyant drum accelerating the speed of his flight across the sky. By this time he was streaking horizontally westward with such force and velocity he could no longer think of or worry about himself or anyone at all! Hours might have been days and days, years for all Tompy knew, and how long and how far he was blown he never did find out. He was not even conscious of the final slant downward, nor the sudden lessening of the terrific gale that had propelled him like a rocket across the sky. Now, it floated him lazily earthward and with a last little puff dropped him carelessly into a clump of bayberry bushes. The slight jolt and the prickle of twigs brought the young bandsman out of his stupor and to his senses. For a whole moment he sat perfectly still, then, climbing groggily out of the bayberry bushes, he gave himself a shake. His first thought was for his drum. Praise be--it had come through the flight in good shape. Changing his sticks from his right hand to his left, Tompy flexed his fingers, which were practically paralyzed, and had his first good look around. "A beach!" he muttered in dismay. "Bee-ruther, I have come a ways. Not an ocean, but a lake," he figured, squinting through his lashes. "Going to be a long march home, that's for sure. Maybe I could catch a bus!" he thought hopefully. But after peering in all directions he realized the chances for a bus ride were pretty slim. The beach was wide, rock-strewn, and deserted. There were no houses or roads anywhere in sight. A brisk breeze ruffled the surface of the lake, which was not blue or green but a pleasing yellow. Reflected in its clear waters, the sky tinged the whole with an azure magic all its own. But Tompy, standing forlornly on the strange shore, was in no mood to appreciate the scenery. Not a boat nor sail was on the horizon. Then, just as he was about to turn away, a huge tubular container rounded an island off shore and, borne by the tide, floated rapidly toward him. "Crazy!" breathed Tompy, slipping out of his halter and stashing his drum and sticks on the sand. In his excitement he made a little rush, stepping right into the water. Closer and closer rode the odd metal craft, till a final roll of the tide lodged it between two rocks almost at his feet. The upper hatch of the cylinder had sprung open and regarding him with joyous surprise and interest was a dog, a one-ear-up, one-ear-down kind of dog with a wide curving mouth and roguish eye. "Wr-rough!" bellowed the dog as Tompy splashed toward him. Straining against his harness, he barked again. "Wait, fellow, wait!" said Tompy, uneasily eyeing the complex fastening of the lower hatch. "I'll get you out! A space dog! A rocket rider!" he gulped. "Now, what do I do?" Fortunately he had brought along his scout knife and recklessly began cutting the cords and laces that held the dog in the capsule, dodging rapturous licks on the ear and nose as best he could. As he worked feverishly on the last stout tape, a bright label stitched on the back of the canvas coat worn by the

dog caught his eye. This is YANKEE--Air Force--Dog Astronaut "Yankee?" breathed Tompy. "What a name--what a dog. Well, three cheers and a big bazoo!" "Woo-oooh OOH!" yodelled Yankee in complete agreement. Then, as Tompy severed the last restraining band, the doughty sky rider burst like a rocket from his imprisoning shell, bounded ashore, and vanished in a white blur of speed. Almost knocked fiat by the impact, Tompy was after him in a flash. "Yankee--YANKEE!" he implored, racing over rocks and sand. "Come back! Come back! Oh, this is awful, awful." Wise in recovery procedure, he realized instantly that a rocket rider should have immediate medical attention before resuming a normal routine. Yet there was Yankee running like mad. "He'll probably kill himself," fumed the boy. Shading his eyes, he looked desperately in all directions, but there was no sign of the white dog anywhere. Making his way back to the lake's edge, Tompy slung on his drum, thrust the sticks through his belt, and sat dejectedly down on a rock to consider what to do next. Before he had reached a single conclusion, a scatter of sand and a mighty thud announced the rocket rider's return. "Oh, Yankee--Yankee, are you all right?" Dropping to his knees, Tompy embraced the panting but still exuberant traveler. "Right? Certainly, I'm all right," puffed Yankee, flinging himself full-length on the sand. "Just had to stretch the legs--just--" Abruptly breaking off in the middle of a sentence, the space dog rolled over and sat up. With round eyes, boy and dog regarded each other. "You're not barking; you're talking," stuttered Tompy leaning forward. "But how could you--how can you?" "But I AM!" squealed Yankee kicking up a shower of sand. "Now, let's not worry over things we do not understand," he continued more calmly. "I am talking. There it is. Do you mind?" "Mind? I should say not!" Tompy told him breathlessly. "Why, it's great, it's grand! Now you can tell me all about your flight and maybe together we can figure out a way to get home. BOY! Am I ever lucky!" "We're both lucky," panted Yankee. "Just think, here I am talking like a trouper. By George, wait till I get back to the base. I'll give the boys the shock of their lives. Here I've had to get on with barks, growls, and tail wags all my life, and though I can understand people, people are pretty dumb and slow about understanding dogs. Why, this is ma-luff-maliff-teruff-terrif, Grrr ough ough ough! Just wanted to see whether I still can bark," he finished apologetically. Then, snatching a drum stick from Tompy's belt, he tossed it high in the air, caught it neatly, and dropped it at Tompy's feet. "Oh, please, not my drum stick!" begged Tompy retrieving the stick and clutching it tight against his chest. "These are special ones, you know." "I know, I know," drawled the space dog. "We have bands at the base, boy, and how I love those drums. But I must say this is all highly irregular and off schedule. Just the simple matter of going into orbit, dropping down off an island, being scooped up by the Navy, and flown back to the Cape. Instead of which I plump down in a yellow lake, hit a rock, blow my top, and find myself on some strange planet with a boy drummer! All very peek, if you ask me!" "Peculiar is right," sighed Tompy, pushing back his cap. "This country does not look like our country at all." "Then how'd you get here?" inquired Yankee, staring intently at his fellow adventurer. "You don't look like a planeteer to me." "Oh, I'm not--I'm not," Tompy assured him hastily. "I'm Thomas P. Terry from Pennwood, PennsyEvania. I was launched, too, Yank. Hurricane struck while I was marching in the Labor Day parade and, POW-ZOWY, I blew and flew for miles and miles and finally dropped down here about ten minutes ago." "And a fortunate thing for me. Without your help, I might never have got out of that confounded can." With a glance over his shoulder at the metal space capsule, Yankee moved closer to the boy who had freed him. "Bee-ruther!" exclaimed Tompy, throwing one arm around the dog. "Weren't you lonely up there all by yourself? Weren't you scared?" "Uncomfortable, perhaps," admitted Yankee, half closing his eyes at the memory of his harrowing ride, "but not scared. Bull terriers don't scare easy, y'know. I'm not pure bull terrier," he went on calmly, "a bit of springer spaniel is mixed in somewhere in my family which accounts for these freckled ears and my longer legs. But mostly I am bull terrier and bull terriers are

TOUGH. That is why they chose me, I expect, and with half the Navy searching for me by this time, I'd better get back to the Cape!" "First we'll get you out of that jacket," decided Tompy and this he proceeded to do. Next he unwound the wires and pulled off the adhesive sensors from the space dog's chest. "They registered temperature, heart beat, blood pressure, and so on," explained Yankee, wincing a bit as the last adhesive came loose. The handsome leather harness with its crossed American flags Tompy did not remove. "Boy! What a relief!" sighed Yankee. Rolling over and over, he kicked up his legs and wriggled joyously in the sand. "Maybe we should save this jacket and some of the instruments in the capsule." Tompy glanced uncertainly at the big metal container still stuck fast between two rocks. "Why?" Yankee continued to roll luxuriously. "The fellows have already received all the flight data by radio and have all the information they need." "Then you did go into orbit!" gasped Tompy, eyeing the still wriggling rocket rider with growing admiration and respect. "How should I know?" wheezed Yankee. Rolling over, he began to bark hysterically, quite forgetting he could talk. "What I meant to say," he added as Tompy look puzzled, "was that I was in there long enough to orbit three or four times, If I did, well, I guess will put those bears and monkeys back in their cages!" Racing in a mad circle around his rescuer, Yankee wound up with a leap that rolled Tompy over backwards. "Not unless we get home and can prove it," puffed Tompy, fending him off with one hand and scrambling to his feet. "Do you realize that we are LOST and right in the middle of nowhere?" "Lost!" sniffed Yankee, kicking up a cloud of sand. "You can't lose a bull terrier, boy. I'll find the way back, never fear, and take you along with me." "Why, Yankee, I believe you will! And, know something else? I like you; I like you a lot." "And I like YOU!" Yankee sprang high in the air to lick Tompy on the nose. "Come on, sonny. We're wasting time." Tompy, however, still felt uneasy about his doughty guide. "Oh, I'm sure you should rest, and I know you should have some shots or special food." Despairingly, he looked around the barren beach. "Now there you go, worrying about things we can't help. I'm fine, just fine," insisted the terrier. "I have been fed some goofy stuff through a tube and though I could go for a juicy bone--" Yankee made a playful dash for Tompy's shin. "But that can wait. Come on, let's go, and give us a riddle-cum-jig on that drum, Tomp. It'll scare off the natives and start us out in style. This way, boy--our course is due east," he announced after sniffing the air delicately in all directions. And so, to the lively ratta-ta-tat of Tompy's drum, the two travelers turned their backs on the yellow lake and set resolutely off to find their way back home.

Chap

ter 2: Yankee and Tompy Arrive in Wackajammy AFTER a long mile's march, through heavy sand and around jagged rocks, the two adventurers found themseEves facing a wide stretch of pleasanter countryside. Rolling hills, fields of waving wheat, and an occasional stand of trees promised easier going and perhaps the presence of friendly natives. "This can't be another planet," declared Tompy, pausing to shake the sand from his loafers. "If it were, we'd be fried and frizzled without oxygen or pressure suits." "My guess is--we're on some lower level between the earth and outer space," reasoned Yankee, sitting down to scratch his ear. "You surely know a lot for a dog," marveled Tompy, regarding the terrier with wide-eyed admiration. "Why not?" drawled Yankee. "Dogs are just as smart as people, usually smarter. Trouble is, people never ask dogs things; they just TELL them things, snap the fingers, whistle, shout, or talk baby talk. And that I find disgusting!" "I'll bet you do! Jeepers, Yanky Dank, are you ever funny!" laughed Tompy. "But after all, people don't often have a chance to talk to dogs. Dogs don't talk where we come from, remember?" "Oh, I remember all right," grumbled the terrier. "But if we understand people-talk, why can't they understand us?" "Wonder if there are any people around here, or any place where we could buy a sandwich?" sighed Tompy. "I'm hungry as a goat and BOY, when I think of that picnic I'm missing." "Try the grass," said Yankee. Snatching a mouthful, he chewed it up with pretended relish. This really worried Tompy, for he had

noticed that dogs at home only ate grass when they were out of sorts. "Let's push on. Maybe there's a farm ahead," he urged, starting off at a good pace with Yankee loping hopefully alongside. He had stopped drumming quite a while back, as watching his footing and keeping an eye out for friends or enemies took his whole and entire attention. Halfway through the first small wood they had their first bit of good fortune. In a leaf-strewn clearing, arched over by a peaked yellow roof stood a well. "What's this?" inquired Yankee, sniffing suspiciously at the mossy stones built up around the opening. "A well, and that means water!" explained Tompy briefly. Seizing the crank that operated the rusty chain he began turning it briskly. With echoing groans and creaks the bucket began to rise. "Hurry! Hurry!" begged Yankee, dancing with impatience. "I'm thirsty enough to drink a river." With a last hard turn, Tompy brought the brimming bucket to the top and was about to lift it down when he noticed some printing on the side. "Welcome Well!" announced the message. Who drinks of these waters shall be cured of all ills and be WELL, indeed." "Well, well and good!" chuckled Tompy, reading the friendly greeting aloud. "So what are we waiting for?" "You first." Yankee gulped convulsively as Tompy drew a brimming dipperful and drank it thirstily. "Golly day! I do feel better, not tired at all. Boy, was that ever good." Wiping his mouth on his sleeve, Tompy lifted the bucket down for Yankee, who gulped and gulped till it was half empty. When at last he had had his fill, Tompy's heart gave a great thump of relief. There was a new light and sparkle in the space dog's amber eyes. "Just what I needed, Gruff-ruff. I feel great!" exclaimed Yankee. "Boy, if I felt any better I couldn't stand it. What kind of water was that anyway?" "Search me," answered Tompy with a shrug, "but if that message was correct, you are now in fine shape and have thrown off all ill effects of your rocket ride. You'll have to admit this is a funny country, though." Yankee made no reply, for snuffling around in the bucket, he found a round metal box. Lifting it out with his teeth, he tossed it high in the air. "Be careful," warned Tompy, catching it as it came down. "Could be a bomb or something." "Probably some vitamin pills," scoffed the terrier, taking another long drink from the bucket, as Tompy carefully examined the little box. "One to a person," directed the label on the box top. "Well I'm not a person. I'm a dog, so give me two," Yankee grinned widely as Tompy snapped up the lid. It was full of small envelopes. "Turn right," said the card shortly. "But that's all wrong," objected Yankee, as Tompy read out the card. "Due east is straight ahead. See what's on mine?" "Turn left," ordered the second card. "Left? I'll do nothing of the kind," snarled the terrier. Snatching the card, Yankee ground it underfoot and then buried it for good measure. "Go different ways; not on your life. I've never had a boy before and I aim to stick with him till we get back to the good old U.S.A. Hay! Hay!" "I've never had a dog either," cried Tompy, tossing his card over his shoulder, "but if I did have one, I'd want him to be exactly like you--you're the best dog a fellow could have, Yanky Dank, know that!" "Grrr-rr! Wuff woooOOOO!" Leaping up to lick Tompy on the ear and furiously wagging his tail, Yankee bounded forward. "Come on, then. We'll follow my nose and stay together no matter what!" "No matter what," repeated Tompy, hurrying after his self-appointed guide. Zig-zagging left and right, the space dog galloped along so fast Tompy had to run to keep him in sight. "Hi--take it easy," he puffed, pushing through a mass of brush. Yankee already had stopped and standing on his hind legs was staring intently at a sign nailed to a yellow pine. "Wackajammy, two ellenboggers ahead," read Tompy. "Now, how far would that be?" "Who cares," yipped Yankee, dropping to all fours. "Let's take a whack at it. Maybe they'll give us something to eat. I'm hungry enough to chew bark." "Me, too," sighed Tompy, patting his middle, "so the sooner we get there the better." Ten minutes brought them to the edge of the woods and right to the edge of a billowing expanse of wheat that stretched on as far as the eye could reach. Cutting through the wheat and almost as if planned for their convenience was a yellow pebbled highway. "Well, I must say this is more civilized," conceded Yankee, stepping gingerly out on the pebbled pathway.

"Could be a trap," worried Tompy following him cautiously. "Suppose we run into a bevy of natives brandishing spears?" "Natives brandishing spears would not be raising this fine grain nor have built this neat roadway," argued Yankee. "Doubtless they are fine people who will welcome us with open arms and a splendid lunch. Give out with the drum, boy, so they'll know we're coming. A one--a two--a! Tap ter rappa ta tappa ta tap!" Stiff legging it on ahead, Yankee tossed occasional comments over his shoulder. "I am a friendly fellow, usually," observed the space dog solemnly. "So long as people are friendly, I am friendly. If they are not, I spring sideways and knock 'em down. I show my teeth and growl. Now, my advice to you, Tomp, is this--if you meet someone bigger than you and they start roughing it up, stick out your foot!" Closing one eye, Yankee resumed his forward march. "Ha ha--stick out your foot! I'll remember that. But let's try being friendly first, shall we? Golly, this path is widening out. Take a look!" "The reception committee," muttered the terrier, stopping short with one foot still in the air. The pebbled pathway had indeed widened out. A vast, grassy park, surrounding a handsome yellow castle rose like a mirage before their eyes. Drawn up before the castle an imposing array of dignitaries silently regarded them. Clad in yellow silk jersey jackets and jeans with green leather belts, wearing green leather gold buckled pumps they were as handsome a lot as the boy or dog had ever seen. Men and women alike had bright yellow hair drawn back and caught on top of their heads with golden rings. The men's hair ended in a waving brush, the women's in shining pony tails that reached far below the waist. As the silence continued, Yankee, growing restive, barked sharply. Covering their ears, the entire company began moving backwards. "Oh, now you've frightened them," whispered Tompy. "Say something. Say something quickly." "Company HALT!" bawled Yankee in a loud but pleasant voice. To Tompy's surprise, they did halt. Then the tallest of the group stepped forward and graciously raised his scepter, a long, long loaf of bread. As the gold ring holding back his hair was wider than the others and studded with jewels, Tompy immediately decided that this was the top man. His first words proved that he was right. "I am King Jack-a-lack of Wackajammy," announced the slender ruler with a gracious wave of his scepter. "Welcome, boy, and--and animal," finished the king after a long, curious look at the bull terrier. "This is Yankee, an American Air Force dog," explained Tompy hastily, "very smart, very friendly." "Hi-yi! I love EVERYBODY!" yelped Yankee with an exuberant leap forward. The leap was so unexpected and forceful it knocked the startled monarch flat. Nothing daunted, Yankee began frantically licking his face from chin to forehead. "But--but--nobody loves a king," sputtered Jack-a-lack, as two of his courtiers pulled him quickly to his feet. "Well, I do," insisted the terrier, only prevented from a second leap by the restraining hand of Tompy on his harness. "Now, now, I'm sure that is very nice," mumbled his Majesty with an uneasy step backward. "We have been expecting you, you know. Hand me that scroll, Teena." With a flashing smile, the handsome girl beside Jack-a-lack pulled a thin parchment scroll from her pocket and handed it over to the king. Opening the scroll he read slowly and distinctly the following words: "Two daring and intrepid travelers from a far and famous land will find and rescue the Princess Doffi." "That's us all right," said Yankee with a complacent glance at Tompy. "But I don't understand," put in Tompy. "How could you know we were coming when we did not even know it ourselves?" "Because Yammer Jammer, Chief Counselor of the realm, has so prognosticated. Yammer never yet has been wrong," stated the king rolling up the scroll. Completely unconvinced, Tompy said nothing. "Just who is this Princess?" inquired Yankee, coming practically to the point. "My aunt," the king told him solemnly. "Aunt Doffi manages this whole country and nothing has gone right since she disappeared. Only Aunt Doffi knows the secret recipes for our famous bread, cakes, biscuits, and pies, the proper time to plant our wheat, and the best days for harvesting. She tells us what to do about everything. I-tell-you, without Aunt Doffi we are completely lost." "How long has she been gone?" asked Tompy, interested in spite of himself. "One week, today,"

sighed the king, rolling his eyes mournfully. "Just left--disappeared--vanished without a trace." "Now, I wouldn't worry too much," advised Yankee, making a snatch at a yellow fly. "You probably worked the old girl too hard, King dear, she has simply gone off on a short vacation." "She is not an OLD girl," stated Jack-a-lack wagging his finger sternly. "Aunt Doffi is a lovely lady and also a princess. Never, never would she have left us willingly." "Oh, all right, all right, say she is--" answered the terrier, "but after all, Jack, you are the ruler here; why not start acting like one? Never heard of an aunt running a kingdom, did you, Tompy?" "I thought--I thought you loved me," sniffed Jack-a-lack, looking ready to cry. "Oh, I do, I do!" Lunging forward, Yankee gave the king's hand a conciliatory lick. "But I must say, you are making it pretty hard. There, there, now," he added quickly, as the king's face grew longer and longer. "We'll find your Aunt Doffi, but first we must have something to eat, so we'll be in good shape for the journey." "Hear! Hear! Thirty-three cheers!" shouted the courtiers tossing their yellow locks. In the confusion and excitement, Tompy managed a few words with his wily companion. "Good for you, Yank. That's a neat idea. We'll agree to anything til we've had a good lunch. Then we'll be off like a flash. It will be hard enough to find our own way home without stopping to hunt for lost aunties." "Maybe she's hiding in an aunt hill," snickered the terrier capering after Jack-a-lack who was waving them into the yellow castle. Adding his drum taps to the resounding cheers, Tompy followed on the double.

Ch

apter 3: In the Yellow Castle TOMPY never had been in a castle before and darted quick glances left and right as they passed through the great glass doors into the main hall. There were heavy damask curtains at the tall windows; latticed screens, carved light wood chairs, cushioned sofas, gold topped tables stood invitingly about. A yellow fountain sprayed up in the center, the floor was tiled, each square of exquisite design and workmanship in different shades of yellow and green. "Boy, oh boy, the base was nothing like this," marvelled Yankee, pausing to take a long drink from the fountain. "Nor Pennwood, either!" said Tompy, leaning down to whisper in the space dog's ear. "It's like a dream, or something." "Then I hope we have something to eat before we wake up," muttered the hungry terrier. "My guess is, that these wheat growers will come up with nothing but biscuits, cake, and pie!" Yankee guessed wrong. The royal lunch, served in a pleasant patio opening out from the hall, could not have been more appetizing. There was pie, to be sure, but it was chicken pie followed by hot biscuits, fresh vegetables, fruit, orange ice, and tall glasses of lemonade. Tompy and Yankee sat at a small table with Jack-a-lack and Queen Teena, the others at long tables at the side. Though he had never before dined in such style, Yankee's table manners left nothing to be desired. Seated forward on his cushioned chair, he daintily nipped up the large pieces of chicken from six pies. Skipping the vegetables and fruit he next put away six buttered biscuits, eleven sugar cookies, and then sat back well satisfied, only half listening to the occasional remarks addressed to Tompy by the king. "It seems to me," observed Tompy as Jack-a-lack, having finished his luncheon, leaned comfortably back in his gold armed chair, "you have served up a cracking good meal in spite of your missing Aunt Doffi." "Oh, our chef remembered the chicken pie recipe," explained the king, taking a sip of lemonade. "Anyone can prepare vegetables and fruit, and there was a good supply of biscuits and cookies on hand, so we manage we manage. But what of our customers?" sighed the king, shaking head sadly. "All over the West they are waiting for their fresh bread, cake, biscuits, and pies." "I still think you could get on by yourseEves," volunteered Yankee, raising one paw. "Why not run the place yourself, King?" "Why should I?" asked Jack-a-lack fretfully. "It's hard work and would take all of my time. Why should we get on without Aunt Doffi when two brave and intrepid travelers have been sent to find her?" "True, true," muttered Yankee, wishing he had not brought up the matter. "Are there any dogs in this country, by the way?" "No, no, I think

not," answered Jack-a-lack, startled by the quick change of subject. "Why do you ask?" "Just curious," admitted Yankee, blinking his eyes sleepily. "Your Highness has forgotten Toto," boomed a long faced, big eared fellow sitting at the next table. "That's right, so I have," sniffed the king, "as Yammer Jammer, our Chief Counselor, has just reminded me. There is a small dog belonging to Princess Dorothy, but they both live in the Emerald City." "Emerald City! Toto! Dorothy!" exclaimed Tompy, jumping up in astonishment. "But they are in OZ!" "Certainly they are in Oz," snapped the Chief Counselor haughtily. "Anything wrong with that?" "Well, no--no, not really," Tompy swallowed hastily. "Is this country in Oz, too?" "Where else?" smiled Jack-a-lack indulgently. "Wackajammy is in the northeastern part of the Winkie Country on the Winkie River. We grow all the wheat and supply all the baked goods for the whole West," announced the king looking around proudly. "You do!" Sitting down as suddenly as he had risen, Tompy reached under the table for his drum, for he felt he must have something real and familiar to hold on to. "Would you care to hear our story, about the United States and how we happen to be in yours?" asked Yankee, noting Tompy's confusion and trying to be of help. "Some other time," yawned His Majesty, shoving back his chair. "It's time for my nap and now that you have had lunch, you will doubtless be anxious to start your search for Aunt Doffi." "The sooner the better," agreed Tompy, rising to his feet and saluting the king with a drum stick. Tilting Yankee off his chair he hurried over to the door leading to the back gardens. "SUCH manners!" snarled the terrier leaping along at his side. "Listen to our story, but don't bother me with yours. You'd think they'd like to hear about a real, genuine rocket rider and a flying drummer. But, oh no--just be off about OUR business, find the missing princess, didn't even offer us a reward! Grrr-uff, I've a mind to go back and nip a few ankles. By the way," he added as an afterthought, "how are we to recognize this Aunt Doffi if we do happen to meet her. Perhaps I should go back and ask for her picture," worried Yankee who was really a kind-hearted fellow. "Let's not," decided Tompy, quickening his pace. "Let's whip around this hedge and disappear fast. I don't like the looks of that Yammer Jammer person. He positively glared at me when I started to leave." "He did!" exclaimed Yankee with a quick backward glance. "Well, here he comes now. Shall we stand and bite or run for our lives?" "Run!" directed Tompy, noting that not only the Chief Counselor but three tough guardsmen were coming after them at a furious speed. And, run they did, leaping flower beds, dodging statues and fountains and trees. Yankee, having four legs, could run faster. Like a shot he streaked through the garden, raced through its open gates and out on the pebbled highway beyond the castle. Then, hearing no footsteps pounding behind him, he came to a panting halt. Where was Tompy, what was holding him back? Three yellow guardsmen, to be exact. Almost at the gates he had been caught and overpowered. Controlling an impulse to pelt back and spring on all and sundry, the terrier growled under his breath, then, creeping along on the other side of a hedge followed cautiously. Down one path and another marched Yammer Jammer, Tompy, and the guards, finally stopping at a small stone guard house. Here, the first guard unlocked the door and the other two roughly shoved Tompy inside. Then locking the door again, the first guard handed over the key to Yammer Jammer. "Attend, you deceitful, nefarious boy, you," hissed Yammer, putting his ugly face close to the barred window in the door. "Here you shall stay till you agree to find our princess. I shall return in two hours and shall know whether your promise is true or false." Pulling a yellow book from his pocket, the Chief Counselor opened it to the first page and continued angrily, "I am the king's chief prophet and can read your mind. I know what you are thinking this very instant and I don't LIKE it!" Slamming his book, Yammer turned on his heel. With ears cocked forward, Yankee waited til the grim procession had marched off. Then, pushing his way through the hedge, he scampered over to Tompy's prison. Even standing on his hind legs he could not reach the barred window, so scratching on the door he called softly, "Hi, Tompy, are you all right?" "I--I guess so!" Coming over to the window,

Tompy looked out. "Where were you?" he whispered accusingly. "Oh, Yankee, I thought surely you'd come to help me. "I can help you better this way," panted the terrier. "Too many of 'em, my boy. If I'd joined the fracas, we'd both be locked up. As it is, I'm loose and free. I'll get you out, never fear!" "But HOW?" wailed Tompy dismally. "The walls are solid stone and nobody could squeeze through these bars. After all--" Tompy sighed heavily. "After all, Yank, you're only a dog." "But not just any dog, remember." Dropping to all fours, Yankee expanded his chest. "I am an Air Force Dog, my boy, and when any member of the armed forces is at hand, the whole Army is there and can be depended upon. I will return--" "O.K., General MacArthur!" said Tompy, beginning to smile in spite of himself. "Say, I'll bet you will, too, and I'm sorry I said you were only a dog." "Well, I am a dog!" retorted Yankee, kicking up a bed of yellow asters, "and PROUD of it. But this calls for strategy. First I'll scout around, then make my plans." "Oh, do be careful!" begged Tompy. "If they catch and tie you up, neither of us will ever get back home." "I'll be careful," promised Yankee and away bounded the doughty bull terrier, the American flags on his harness snapping in the breeze. There was no furniture in the guard house and after shaking the window bars and finding them exceedingly tight and sturdy, and then examining every inch of the stone walls for loose stones, the leader of the Pennwood Band sat down on the hard floor in complete discouragement. The happenings of the morning had all been so odd and puzzling, he could not be sure whether he was awake or asleep and dreaming it all. How could that old duffer have read his mind, for instance? How did he know that he and Yankee intended to find their way back home without stopping to hunt for the lost princess? And Wackajammy itself? Whoever heard of such a place? And, if it was in Oz, as Jack-a-lack had said, it was stranger still. To be sure, he had read several Oz books but had considered them to be just fairy tales. Yet here they were, right in the middle of a storybook country and he, himself, in as tight a position as he ever had been in his whole life. But right in the middle of all the worry and wondering Tompy began to think of Yankee. Even thinking of him made Tompy smile. After all, Yankee was with him in this adventure--Yankee as real and clever and brave as any three of his team mates at home. What could he be doing now? Still smiling, Tompy leaned back against the hard wall and closed his eyes. It was dim, damp, and very still in the little stone house, and it had been a long, tiring morning. presently, Tompy slid down the wall, rolled over sideways, and fell into a deep, dreamless slumber.

C

Chapter 4: Escape from Wackajammy A PERSISTENT scratching noise roused Tompy. Rubbing his eyes he lurched to his feet, for a moment wondering where he was. Then it all came back with a rush and in one step he reached the window. Muttering and growling under his breath, the bull terrier was clawing frantically at the guard house door. Tapping on the window bars with a drum stick to attract his attention, Tompy softly called his name. Without a word, Yankee reared up on his hind legs. In his mouth was the yellowbook Jammer Jammer had consulted before he stalked away. By stretching one arm down, Tompy could just reach and pull it through the bars. "Open it--open it!" directed Yankee. Without asking any questions, Tompy did as he was told and out dropped the big brass door key. Pouncing on the key he fitted it in the lock, gave it a turn, and his prison door swung open. "Yankee! Yankee! You're back, you're safe. How did you do it?" Rushing out, he hugged him so hard they both fell over. "The book, get the book!" panted Yankee, wriggling free. "Let's launch ourseEves out of here, and fast!" With no further urging, Tompy darted back, picked up the book, slammed the door of the guard house, and pelted after Yankee who already was on the run. Not till they were through the garden gates and far along the pebbled highway beyond, did they slacken their speed. On each side were the small yellow houses of the villagers. Casting interested glances right and left as he ran along, Tompy noted that they were dressed in sensible yellow overalls and green shirts. But instead of busying themseEves in the wheat fields or elsewhere they stood in idle groups arguing, played

games of catch and toss, or walked aimlessly around their tiny gardens. None paid the slightest attention to the boy and dog racing down the highway and just as he felt he could not run another step, Yankee turned off into a narrow path cutting through a field of wheat. Pushing into the wheat till they were completely hidden, the exhausted travellers flung themselves down for a short breather. While they rested, Yankee explained how he had managed to steal the book and key from the king's Chief Counselor. "Sort of crept up on him," snickered Yankee with one of his wide grins. "Kept under cover till I reached the base--" "Castle," corrected Tompy, settling into a more comfortable position. "Then I slipped through a side door and hid behind a curtain in that big hall with the fountain," went on Yankee. "I could hear them talking and arguing, old Yammer Jammer loudest of all. Thought they'd never stop, but pretty soon they did and it grew so quiet I stuck out my head. The whole place was empty except for Big Ears. He was sound asleep on a sofa with one arm hanging down, and guess what?" "What?" asked Tompy impatiently. "The key was in his hand, but the book had fallen open on the floor. So I pussyfooted over and gave his hand a nudge. Fortunately, he did not waken, but the key slipped out of his grasp. I picked up the key--dropped it in the book--shut the book--then I clamped my teeth on the whole biz and slithered out of there on my stomach. I'll wager every lazy duffer in the place was asleep. Even the guards I passed on my way out were leaning against the wall snoring like buzz saws. Imagine grown men snoring in the middle of the day! Lucky for us they did, boy, lucky for us!" Rolling over on his back with his four feet straight in the air, Yankee gave a tremendous yawn and closed his eyes. While he had been talking, Tompy had been turning the pages of the yellow book. Glancing curiously at the first one, he saw two words: Mind Reader. "For Pete's sake, Yankee!" sputtered Tompy holding it up. "This book is a mind reader." "Oh, I figured it must be something special. That's why I brought it." Rolling over, Yankee opened one eye. "How does it work?" "Let's find out," said Tompy. "What are you thinking NOW?" he asked quickly. Before the bull terrier could answer a whole sentence appeared on the book's second page, then disappeared. "It says we had better move on," mused Tompy. "Is that what you were thinking?" "Exactly what." Yankee was on his feet like a shot, his tail wagging furiously. "Say--this will be a big help to us, Tomp." "Well, why didn't Yammer read Princess Doffi's mind?" reasoned Tompy. "Then he would have known where she was." "Maybe a mind reader only works when the person is present," surmised the space dog running over to sniff at the yellow book. "Of course!" exclaimed Tompy. "That must be it, but how do you catch on to all these things so fast?" "Can I help it if I'm smart! Come on!" Giving Tompy's coat a playful jerk, Yankee headed back to the pebbled highway. Tucking the Mind Reader under his jacket, Tompy soon overtook his galloping pal. Wackajammy, from what they could see, was a pleasant, old-fashioned country. Windmills flapped lazy wings in the light breeze. The power was there but the mills themselves were deserted, the millers fishing contentedly in the small streams that laced the meadows beside the road. As frequent backward check-ups showed no one in pursuit, the two travelers slowed down to an easier pace and, when they came to a huge, rambling building at the edge of the village, stopped altogether. It was the Royal Bakery of Wackajammy. Leaning from windows and standing in doorways, the bakery boys and girls waved languidly at the visitors. No smoke rose from the tall chimneys and no good smell of hot bread, cinnamon buns, or pies floated out to tickle the noses of passersby. "Get to work, you lazy loafers!" yelled Yankee, kicking up a shower of pebbles and following his remarks with a few sharp barks. "Yes, why don't you?" called Tompy, addressing himself to a plump, aproned fellow in the nearest doorway. "Because we are waiting for Aunt Doffi," answered the baker primly. "She hasn't been around all week and we just don't know what to do." "Do what you always did," advised Yankee, tossing his head. "Oh, we couldn't do that," explained the baker extending both arms. "Aunt Doffi always tells us how many loaves of bread, cakes, pies, rolls and cookies to bake. She has orders from all over the West. Aunt Doffi gives the orders around here."

"But that's ridiculous," scolded the terrier putting back his ears. "Suppose she doesn't come back, then what?" "Then NOTHING. Who are you anyway?" demanded the baker sullenly, his face now quite red and angry. "Get out of here!" shouted all the bakery workers tossing their yellow locks. Next instant a perfect burst of hard biscuits, stale bread, pound cakes, and pies came hurtling down on the heads of the two adventurers. Snatching a loaf of French-style bread, Yankee tore down the highway. "Gr-ruff!" wheezed Yankee speaking thickly through the bread. "Isn't this fun? Haven't enjoyed myself so much since the blast off!" "Sure is!" puffed Tompy, picking up small tarts and cup cakes as he pounded along, "but we always seem to be running." After a fifteen minute sprint they did stop. "Are we still heading east?" he asked, flinging himself down on a rustic bench. "Anyway, we seem to have come to the end of the line." "End of the road, sure enough," grunted Yankee dropping the loaf of bread to take short sniffs in every direction. "East still straight ahead," he concluded, "but you know, I hate to leave this wacky country in such a poor state. Somebody had better find Aunt Doffi, or else. What they need 'round here are a couple of tough top sergeants. And how do you suppose they deliver all this bread stuff? Haven't seen a truck, train, or plane since we got here." "There aren't any," Tompy told him with a solemn shake of his head. "Objects and even people sometimes are wished about or transported by magic belts or enchantments." "They are!" Yankee took a good bite of bread and munched it thoughtfully. "Kind of way out, eh? Tell me more, Tomp--tell me more." "Well," began Tompy, "I only know what I've read--" "That's the trouble," grumbled the terrier, "nobody reads to dogs--a wonder we know anything at all." Coming over to lean against Tompy's knee, he listened with a far away look in his eyes as Tompy gave him a brief history of the magical Land of Oz. As you and I and most people know, Oz is an oblong country divided into four triangular kingdoms. To the north is the purple country of the Gillikins, to the west the yellow land of the Winkies. To the east, lies the blue Munchkin Kingdom and to the south the red Quadling Country ruled over by Glinda the Good Sorceress. In each of these four countries are many smaller kingdoms and in the exact center of Oz, the Emerald City built by the Wizard of Oz. To begin with, this Wizard had not been a real wizard, but a little man named Oscar Z. Diggs who did tricks and made balloon ascensions at circuses and fairs. On one of his flights his balloon blew off course and after a long, bumpy journey came down in the exact center of Oz. On the balloon, Diggs had his first two initials, O. Z. The inhabitants, seeing the name of their country on this strange contrivance floating down from the sky, immediately hailed the startled balloonist as a Wizard and made him ruler of Oz. Although he was not a real wizard, Diggs was a shrewd and clever ruler, and he planned and superintended the building of the Emerald City and was famed through out the Land. Years later, Dorothy Gale a little Kansas girl and her dog Toto were blown to Oz by a cyclone. In the company of the Cowardly Lion, a live Scarecrow, and a Tin Woodman, Dorothy arrived at the Emerald City. The Wizard, not being a real wizard, could not send her home--but he did construct another balloon and agree to fly with her to America. After appointing the Scarecrow to rule in his place, he mounted into the basket, but the balloon broke loose before Dorothy could join him. After some more astonishing adventures, Dorothy and Toto finally were sent home by Glinda, the Good Sorceress of the South. Quite a few other mortal boys and girls have come to Oz in curious ways. Dorothy and the Wizard both returned and now live in the capital with Ozma, present ruler of the merry old country. The Wizard from much practice and with the help of Glinda is now a real Wizard, and so many exciting things have happened in Oz that many books of history have been written to record them. Tompy had not read them all, but enough to give Yankee a good idea of what to expect in this magical country. "Of course," he finished, quite out of breath from his long recital, "I never really thought I would land in Oz myself!" "Me neither," admitted Yankee, scratching his ear with his hind leg, "but since we ARE here we might as well see all we can and enjoy ourself. After all, Oz is not so very different from America. Maybe they do

have wizards and sorceresses, but remember WE have scientists and astronauts and computers and can push buttons for almost everything we need. Now, just where in Oz did Jack-a-lack say his kingdom was?" "In the northeastern part of the Winkie Land where everything is yellow." "So I've noticed," mused the space dog looking up as a flock of yellow birds circled overhead. "The leaves of the trees are yellow, the houses are yellow, the--" "Yes, and if we don't watch out we might turn yellow, too. Let's shove along, shall we? If we keep on going east, we'll soon be out of the Winkie Country. Then when we cross the purple Gillikin Kingdom we'll come to the edge of the Deadly Desert and how in crackers will we ever cross that?" "Did anyone ever cross it before?" inquired Yankee, panting a little at this new problem. "Well, yes," answered Tompy, recalling several notable instances. "Of course, we could turn south and head for the Emerald City. Then Ozma could transport us to America with her magic belt." "No, thanks!" The bull terrier shook his head till his harness rattled. "I prefer to get there on my own steam. Let's just keep our noses pointed east and see what happens." "Let's," laughed Tompy. Popping the last cup cake into his mouth, he stepped off the pebbled pathway and started across a broad meadow edged with goldenrod. Yankee, taking a last bite of the bread, discarded the rest and loped contentedly at his side. "You know, Yank," Tompy reaching the far side of the field, paused to take a long backward look, "I just can't believe we really are in Oz. Always thought it was a storybook country, a fairytale!" "Now don't you go disbelieving fairytales," cautioned the space dog, closing one eye. "From what I heard back at the base the sky was mostly a big old fairytale, till men began charting and studying the heavens. And now, with astronauts rocketing up there left and right, we'll some day be dropping down for a visit on different planets, we thought were only pretty stars to shine at night. I'm proud I was chosen for a moon orbit. But it figures, it figures. The dog star, Sirius, is the brightest star in the sky, so why shouldn't a dog have a share in space exploration? And who knows, some day some lucky pooch will be landing on that dog star to lark around with all those sky terriers. As far as I know, I am the first American dog in space and might be considered a sky terrier, too!" Considering this tremendous honor, Yankee sprang straight up in the air and came down hard on Tompy's foot. "Oh, you're a Yankee doodle dandy, all right!" grinned Tompy, giving him a friendly shove. "Sure, sure, and if I'd been scooped up off the Florida coast, I'd never have bumped into you nor be having such a cracking good time in Oz. Ki-Yi-Yippy!" yodeled Yankee, tearing after a yellow rabbit that had popped up on his path. Guided by his excited barks, Tompy pushed through the thick underbrush and closely spaced trees of the small wood into which he had vanished. Guarding his precious drum as best he could from twigs and thorns, he presently came to a more open spot. "Stand back! Stand Back!" warned the space dog shrilly. "I have him cornered." "For seven's sake, who's afraid of a rabbit!" exclaimed Tompy scornfully. But this was no rabbit the bull terrier had backed up against a tree. It was a huge hairy bear-like creature with big claws and a long, quivering snout. "Call off your snipper snapper!" it bawled, flashing angry little eyes at Tompy. "Whipper snapper!" snarled Yankee lunging forward. "Gr-rrruff!" "Wait, wait," begged Tompy, seizing him by the harness. "I know what this is, Yankee. "It's a great bear anteater. We have one in the zoo back home." "AUNT eater!" The hair on the terrier's back stood up like a hair brush. "So that is what happened to the king's Aunt Doffi! What have you done with the princess, you monster, you?" "Oh, no, no, NO!" cried Tompy, giving Yankee's harness another tug backward. "Anteaters never eat aunts with a "U," only a-n-t-s, insects and termites. Isn't that right, er--Sir?" He added the "Sir" to make up for Yankee's rudeness. "That's correct," wheezed the anteater gruffly. "The name is Slug-a-bug," he announced in a surly voice. Dropping from his upright stance, he shot out a long, long tongue, licked up a whole colony of red ants from a dead log, and ate them with great relish. "OH--that kind of ants." Losing all interest in the ugly creature, Yankee darted off in search of more interesting quarry. Tompy, however, stayed long enough to ask some questions.

"Yes," Slug-a-bug told him grudgingly. "There is a town on the other side of this wood. But you won't like it." "Why?" asked Tompy uneasily.

"Squeak-eek, eek!" snickered the anteater, starting to back into a clump of bushes. "You'll find out--you'll see! They'll take the starch out of that barking termite's tail," he finished spitefully, continuing to back until nothing showed but his ugly snout.

Cha

Chapter 5: The Packaged People FORTUNATELY the wood was not too dense nor wide, and by the time Tompy had overtaken his fleet-footed pal, they were on the outskirts of a compact little city. "Looky, a sign!" called Yankee. As usually he had cantered on ahead and was already through the gates. TIDY TOWN You May Pass Through, But Do Not Linger "Who wants to linger?" sniffed the terrier as Tompy read it out to him. "All I crave is a big bone and a little conversation. Talking to people is a big thing for me and how'm I doing?" "Couldn't be better," answered Tompy, giving Yankee's ear a friendly tweak. "But do be careful here and don't go chasing animals bigger than you are." "Size has nothing to do with it. Courage is what counts. Why, that big old anteater backed up a tree before I even touched him," scoffed Yankee, snapping off the top of a yellow geranium. "All right--all right, but just take it easy," cautioned Tompy, remembering Slug-a-bug's spiteful warning. Tidy Town was well named. Everything was orderly and neat. The houses of yellow shingles had high-peaked roofs and were set close together with gardens back and front. Instead of numbers, the doors and gate posts were lettered from A on down through the alphabet. "Wonder what they do when they come to Z?" wondered Tompy as they proceeded down the long, pleasant avenue. "That we will zoon zee, for here we are," snickered the terrier. And sure enough, the house next to Z was lettered A-B and the one beyond, C-D. "Let's knock on Abie's door. Maybe he will give us an afternoon snack. I'm hungry again," complained Yankee, his tongue lolling out. "All right," agreed Tompy. He was hungry, too, also curious. Racing the space dog to the door he got there first and using a drum stick tapped sharply three times. No one came and when he tried the door he found that it was locked. "Know something, I believe this town is deserted." Frowning a bit, Tompy looked in all directions. "We haven't seen a single person since we came." "Come to think of it, we haven't," said Yankee, "but somebody must live here because it's so spic and spandy. Perhaps they've just left." "Let's try another street," proposed Tompy. But everywhere it was the same. Not only were there no people, but the curtains of all the shops were drawn and the doors securely locked. Soon the silence grew so oppressive, the two adventurers found themselves talking in whispers. Practically on tip toe they came to the town center. Here, curved halfway around a circular park was a one-storied, many windowed building. There was a large door in the side facing them, and oddly enough it was open. With an excited bark, Yankee charged across the park and through the open door--Tompy right behind him. The building was evidently a store house of some kind, its walls lined with shelves, the shelves stacked high with packages, rather like cereal boxes in a supermarket. Hardly knowing what he had expected, but vaguely disappointed, Tompy stepped over to the nearest shelf. "Dry stuff, seems like?" Yankee's ears and tail drooped. "Maybe there'll be a box of dog biscuits," he added more hopefully. Tompy did not answer. He had taken down a package and, having read the label, was staring at it in perfect stupefaction. "What's in it? What's the matter?" wheezed the terrier, coming over to stand close beside him. Matter enough, I can tell you. The label on the package said: P. CARPENTER Drop Contents in Bowl Add One Cup of Water Stir and Stand Back Swallowing his astonishment, Tompy read the strange label for Yankee, then moving along the line of shelves began reading others. "Baker, shoe maker, tailor, gardener, grocer, fifeman, store keeper, builder, handyman-painter." "Packaged people!" he gasped, shoving back his cap. "What on earth?" "But we are not on earth," Yankee reminded him calmly. "We're way up here in Oz. Let's open a box and let one out," he proposed daringly. "Open that one you have in

your hand. The carpenters back at the base were friendly chaps. Maybe he could tell us something about this town. Anyway, it would be someone to talk to." The space dog looked up persuasively. To tell the truth, Tompy needed little urging. Bursting with curiosity, he hefted the packages and glanced around for a table, bowl, and some water. Finding none, he pushed through a swinging door at the back. Sure enough there was a large airy work shop behind the store room. A whole line of bowls were set out on the big center table. On sheEves along the side stood big bottles of clear water, measuring cups, vials containing blue and yellow powder, and many other items. With ears cocked and head on one side, Yankee watched as Tompy opened the package and shook an envelope of fine yellow powder into the first bowl. A long gold handled spoon hung from a hook on the table edge. Carefully measuring a cup of water from one of the bottles, he added that to the yellow powder and seizing the spoon began to stir up the mixture for dear life. At the tenth stir, a smothering cloud of vapor rose almost to the ceiling. He had just time to jump back before a rosy cheeked full dressed little man stepped briskly out of the bowl. Reaching into a back pocket, he pulled out a big handkerchief, mopped the moisture from his face, picked up a leather bag from the bowl, and slid off the table. The label stitched on his yellow overalls carried the letters O P. Before Tompy and the bull terrier had recovered from the shock of his sudden appearance, Opie was through the swinging door and off about his business. "Wait! Wait!" begged Tompy pelting after him. "You did it, you did it!" barked Yankee, scampering joyfully after Tompy. Halfway across the park, they came abreast of the man who had come out of the package. Nodding pleasantly to one and then the other, he turned right and walked quickly down the main street, the boy and dog fairly treading on his heels. When he reached the gate post lettered O.P. he hurried up the path, took out a key and unlocked the door of the house. Before he could close it again, Yankee and Tompy had squeezed through. "Well!" exclaimed Opie, looking them up and down. "I must say this is most irregular. What are you suppose to be? Where are your labels?" "We haven't any--we're visitors," announced Tompy, as the terrier touched the carpenter experimentally with his paw to see whether he really was true. "Could you tell us why there are no people about and who--" "--Is the boss," said Yankee, neatly finishing the sentence. "Are you all right, Mr. Opie, not mixed up or anything?" "Certainly not," smiled the carpenter, picking up a small memorandum book from a desk beneath the window and hurriedly flipping through the pages. "If I answer both questions, will you go away?" he continued, still intent upon the notations in the book. As Tompy nodded, Opie proceeded to tell them a few facts about Tidy Town. "There are no people about because you arrived during the do-over period," he explained earnestly. "Every few years we are remixed and re-packaged. That way we never wear out; it's a change for us, too. Now I am a carpenter--last time I was a painter and who knows what I'll be next," he murmured looking dreamily off into space. "Interesting, isn't it?" "I--I guess so," Tompy spoke doubtfully. "But how can you be a good carpenter when you never have been one before?" "You will have to ask Max that question," answered Opie shoving the memorandum book into a back pocket. "Max is town planner and mix-master around here and he must like carpenters for I am the first out, the very first!" Jumping up, Opie clicked his heels, picked up his bag of tools, and started for the door. He was so pleased with the idea of being first, Tompy decided not to tell him that he, not Max, had started him on his present career. "Hurry, hurry!" urged the little carpenter motioning for them to come along. "I have seven fences to repair before supper time." "Supper?" Yankee's ears shot up and his tongue hung out. "Couldn't you eat it now and save time?" "No, no, everything goes according to plan around here. Supper is at six, not before and the fellow who occupied this house ahead of me has taken care of that. Probably has a tasty meal set out at the back," sniffed Opie with a pleased wave in the direction of the kitchen. "Mind if I look?" asked the terrier hungrily. "Not at all. Just close the door when you leave," directed the carpenter, "and better leave promptly. We have little time for visitors

here." Whistling cheerfully off key, Opie gave them a brief salute and left without further conversation. Tompy hurried over to the door to watch until Opie turned the corner, then joined Yankee in the cozy little kitchen. Sure enough, on the table were three neatly wrapped sandwiches, an apple, and a wedge of lemon pie. Yankee already had eaten one, paper and all. "Beef," he choked happily, swallowing the last morsel, and looking longingly at the other two. It was only four o'clock, but as there was no telling when they would eat again, Tompy tossed him another sandwich, ate one himself, leaving the apple and wedge of pie for the carpenter. "I told you carpenters were nice chaps," said Yankee licking up a few crumbs he had overlooked. "He did turn out rather well," agreed Tompy who could not help feeling proud of his handiwork. "Boy, would I ever like to meet this Mix-Master. Must be a regular wizard!" "Probably, probably," considered Yankee. "And he will be a mighty mad wizard when he discovers you have been meddling around his shop, and we had better be someplace else when he finds Opie's empty box." Tompy could not have agreed more. In double quick time they were out of the house and hurrying through the town. Max evidently had returned to his shop and been working busily on his mixes. Now the streets were crowded with labelled people, purposefully entering their houses, opening shops, marching along with ladders, buckets of paint, and boxes of groceries. Some had baskets; others trudged by pushing wheelbarrows. A tailor passed them on the run snapping his shears. When they reached the park, Tompy tried to start a conversation with one of the gardeners. The fellow, already busy raking leaves, frowned and lifted his rake, directing it toward a large sign on one of the trees. Move On NO LOITERING "Glad to," growled Yankee, as Tompy read it out to him. "What a place. All work and no fooling." "No children, either, had you noticed?" observed Tompy, as they skirted the park and came again to the Mix Master's shop. There was a pleasant garden back of the shop, full of trees, herbs, and flower beds. Beyond the garden, Main Street dwindled into a dusty road. A fountain, bubbling on the edge of the garden caught Yankee's eye and viewing the dusty road with great disfavor, he stopped long enough for a satisfying drink. Tompy, too, scooped up some water from the bronze basin above the base and was just turning around, when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. "So here you are!" boomed a hearty voice. "I've been waiting for you. Come in, come in!" The hand gripping his shoulder was so powerful that Tompy had no choice and was quickly propelled into the work shop. Here he had his first good look at the town planner. To say he was surprised is putting it mildly. He was not only surprised but completely flabbergasted. He certainly was not the sort of fellow one would expect to find in charge of a neat little city like Tidy Town. A shabby velvet robe with dirty ermine edging was stuffed into an equally shabby pair of brocade breeches, making the town planner's middle bulge out alarmingly. On his head set an old felt hat and perched on the hat was a battered gold crown with most of the jewels missing. On one leg he wore a green sock, on the other, a blue. His buckled pumps did not match and were even more disreputable than his robe. But the blue eyes in the round jolly face beneath hat and crown twinkled so merrily that Tompy felt somewhat reassured. Yankee, too, had been taken aback by the Mix-Master's comical get up. Controlling an impulse to nip the town planner's shins or give him a good butt in the breeches, he had followed the two into the work shop. Shoving the boy down on one bench and seating himself on one opposite, Max regarded them with pleased approval, looking longest at the space dog who had sat down and was panting heavily as he awaited developments. "Well," chuckled Max, finally breaking the silence, "how do you like my little town?" "NEAT!" answered Tompy, summing up all of his impressions with one word. "Describes it to a Tee-HEE HEE!" roared the Mix-Master boisterously. "I simply must have things neat and tidy, y' know." "Tidy?" burst out Tompy, his eyes traveling from Max's old battered crown to his broken down mismatched pumps. "Yes, TIDY," repeated the Mix-Master in a firm voice and before either had a chance to ask any more questions he launched into as strange a story as they were to hear during their entire journey through

Oz.

Chapter

6: Max, the Mix-Master YEARS ago I was king of the small Kingdom of Hotchinpotch, back there," said Max, waving largely over his left shoulder. "Pleasant enough place, but everything was done hit or miss and no matter how many edicts I edicted, nobody did as he was told. Castle was run as carelessly as the rest of the country, meals any old time, maids and footmen never around when needed, the cook playing on his fiddle instead of the stove. Even Pudge, my white elephant, went her way instead of mine." "Elephant!" exclaimed Tompy hun ching forward. "Oh, yes, I had an elephant," explained the town planner putting his finger tips together, "--and contrary as they come. Each time I was dressed in my best and off for a visit, she'd head for a river, dive in, roll over, and leave me to swim home!" "Hoo-hoo-OOPs!" sputtered Yankee, then hastily covered his mouth with one paw. "And the women," groaned Max, paying no attention to the interruption, "they were contrary, too, fooling with their hair, trying out new dance steps instead of caring for their homes and children. As for the men. those lazy good-for-nothings were always off somewhere hunting and fishing instead of working. A lazy lot, my subjects!" "Maybe you were not strict enough," observed Tompy. "You should have stamped and hollered till they knew you were boss!" "Oh, I could, I could, but I found a better way. I simply left!" roared Max, laughing so hard his hat and crown fell sideways. "I just traveled on and on till I found a spot that suited me, THIS ONE. A good peaceful stretch of country with a wood, streams, and a cleared place for building a town. A town was all I really wanted. So now, I have it, a town where all runs like clock-work, with citizens ready mixed to do each job that needs to be done and no fooling or back talk either. All I have to do is sit back and watch them work. You have no idea how I enjoy it," he confided, giving his belt a mighty hitch. "But HOW did you do all this?" demanded Tompy far from satisfied with this sketchy explanation. "Now, now, do you expect me to tell all my secrets?" Max shook his finger playfully under Tompy's nose. Seems to me you did a pretty fair job on that carpenter. Don't go--don't go!" he cried as Yankee and Tompy jumped up together and started for the door. "I didn't mind," he told them gruffly. "Saved me the trouble. Stay a while," he coaxed, as the two came back, and rather uneasily resumed their seats. "I may even explain a few of my experiments," he added as a further inducement. "Fact is, I could not have managed my packaged people at all if the woods had not been full of chemis trees, nor without that gold spoon you used on Opie. Found it in a cabin left by an old hermit. Cozy place, that cabin, and, as the old fellow did not return I lived there for several years trying out one formula after another. You see, I wanted people mixed to perform special jobs and do them well. The hermit must have been an experimenter, too, for he had a cabinet full of bottled powders and all the tubes and vials a fellow would need. So, all in good time I discovered a way to combine the powders in his cabinet with leaves of the chemis trees and to turn out all the citizens I needed. The first batch, mostly carpenters, painters, stone workers, and builders, built the town. If I used the hermit's old tin spoon to stir my mixes, nothing at all happened, but when I stirred them with the gold spoon hanging above his desk they came out quite perfect." "That hermit must have been a magician," mused Tompy, leaning on both elbows. "Doubtless, doubtless," admitted Max grudgingly, "but I think I can take most of the credit. I mix up two or three batches at a time, store the packages for use when the others wear out, and that is about it!" "Would you care to hear OUR story?" asked Yankee, somewhat bored by Max's long recital. "Some other time, some other time," muttered the town planner brushing the terrier impatiently aside. "Instead you may watch while I turn out the last fellow in the present crop." "Why not mix up some women and children?" sniffed Yankee sitting back resignedly as Max lumbered over to a shelf and brought back a big box. "Children make too much noise. They scatter things about. And women are nothing but a bother and distraction. Who needs them?" grunted the former king of Hotchinpotch dumping the contents of the box into his largest bowl. "Why is that package so much

bigger than the others?" inquired Tompy as the Mix-Master added two cups of water to the powder. "Large economy size," he sniffed in a quick aside to Yankee as Max turned his back. "This fellow NEEDS to be larger. He has a big job to do," explained Max turning around. With a wicked wink at his visitors, he seized the gold spoon and started to stir the contents of the bowl. What happened next happened so fast that both boy and dog were taken by surprise--not a pleasant surprise, either. Out of the vapor rising almost to the ceiling sprang a giant of a guardsman. Snatching Tompy up in one hand and Yankee in the other, he stood stiffly at attention. "I never use force myself," apologized Max, "but at times, force is necessary. I have plans for you," he shouted. He had to shout to make himself heard above Yankee's fierce growls and Tompy's indignant protests. "I have everything here but a listener," bellowed the town mixer waving the gold spoon. "Now I shall have two listeners!" "Oh, no, you won't!" raged Tompy. "Put me down, you big dummy!" he yelled, kicking the guard savagely in the knee while Yankee, wriggling sideways closed his teeth on the fellow's huge hand. Without a sound or even blinking the guard held on. "He has no feelings--no one can hurt him," advised Max with a sly grin. "YZ will hold on till I give him the signal. Now do be sensible and decide to stay. I'll assign you initials--a comfortable house, and all I ask is that you listen while I talk for two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. I have never been able to converse with my packaged people. They will not stop work long enough to listen. They are only interested in work and the jobs they are mixed up to do. I get lonely--very lonely," confessed the town mixer, clasping his hands tightly together. "But now that you are here everything will be cozy as a tea party." Stunned by the guard's indestructibility and Max's determination, Tompy and Yankee stopped struggling and began to think, each in his own special way. Mistaking the sudden silence for consent, Max gave them a wide smile. "You wait here, boys, and I'll go see about your house," he puffed, waddling over to the door. "Stay as you are, YZ, till I return." "Right!" snapped the guard, speaking his first word since coming out of the package. YZ had Yankee by the harness and Tompy by the belt and was so tall that they hung at about knee level. Tompy, however, had both hands free and acting on an unexplainable impulse, he jerked the drum sticks from his belt and ripped out a rapid ratta ta-ta tah! At the first tap the guard straightened up and in perfect time to the drum beats started to march. As they passed the table, Yankee snatched the gold spoon from the bowl. Faster and faster flashed Tompy's sticks, faster and faster stepped the guard, through the work shop, through the garden, and had reached the road beyond when an anguished scream made Tompy look back. It was the Mix-Master, panting after them like a locomotive under full steam. "Stop! STOP!" he yelled. "Robbers, villains, thieves, give back my golden spoon!" With each yell Max jumped a foot in the air, but even so he was making alarming progress. But he was no match for his long legged, fast stepping guardsman. Soon his screams grew fainter and fainter and finally could not be heard at all. Afraid to stop, Tompy banged away like a champion, wondering how long he could keep up the furious pace. "Better'n walking," grunted Yankee, "and he's taking us in the right direction, too." Jounced unmercifully by the fellow's rapid strides the two had little breath for conversation. YZ had gone about five miles, when a sudden turn in the road brought them almost to the bank of a broad river. Convinced that the stupid guardsman would march straight into the river and sink to the bottom, Tompy, panicked by the prospect, tossed his drum sticks in the air. The same instant YZ stopped and so abruptly that his prisoners swung back and forth like pendulums, the gold spoon still clamped in the terrier's teeth, beating a veritable tattoo on his knee. Then plump, BUMP, the boy and the dog found themselves sitting in the middle of the dusty road blinking with shock and astonishment. Of the guardsman there was not a single trace. YZ had vanished. Well, not completely, for between Yankee and Tompy lay a small heap of yellow powder. "Free, we're free!" yelped the terrier leaping to his feet. "But where'd he go?" choked Tompy looking wildly around. "Who cares!" barked Yankee. Retrieving the drum

sticks, he dropped them at Tompy's feet, then spying the gold spoon he brought that back, too. "Say--yay!" Catching sight of the mound of yellow powder, Yankee circled it warily. "Here's our guardsman!" he muttered. "So that's how Max does his powdered people over. Gives them a few taps with the gold spoon and, poof, they're nothing but powder. Heard that spoon clicking against his boots when he dropped me." "You're absolutely right," agreed Tompy, touching the powder with the top of his shoe. "A lucky thing you stole that spoon, Yanky Dank. For after a while when I no longer could keep on drumming YZ would have tramped straight back to Tidy Town and we'd have had to listen to that old wind bag for the rest of our lives!" "And a lucky thing you started drumming," sighed Yankee. "Why do you suppose it set him to marching?" "Search me!" Tompy shrugged his shoulders. "In this country things seem to happen for no reason at all!" "You know, I didn't trust that Mr. Mixed-up from the very start," stated the space dog kicking up a cloud of dust. "Pretty mean trick to stir up a guardsman to grab us instead of doing it himself. And how about that awful looking rig. Why didn't he have one of his tailors run him up some new suits?" "Perhaps he had to look mixed up to mix up his packaged people?" surmised Tompy giving his drum a pleased little tap. "We'll never see him again, thank goodness!" "Never gave us time to ask if he had seen anything of Aunt Doffi," grumbled Yankee, "and would not let us tell even a little bit of our story, after going on and ON about his old home kingdom and new mechanical town!" "Don't YOU care!" Tompy leaned down to comfort him and straighten his harness and American flags. "When we get home people will listen to us." "When we get home, I won't be able to talk. Had you thought of that?" wailed the space dog dismally. "I'm in no hurry to leave Oz, boy. I want to be all talked out before I go back to that bark and tail wagging routine. Besides," Yankee snuggled against Tompy's knee, "when we get back, I'll be at the base and you'll be off some other place." "Let's not think about it," begged Tompy, burying his face in Yankee's rough coat. The thought of parting with his stout hearted comrade was too awful even to consider. "I'll find some way to keep him," he decided fiercely. "I'll never let him go! How's for pushing on?" he suggested hurriedly. "It's growing darker and we ought to try to find a safe place to spend the night." "Safe?" scoffed the bull terrier, wagging his tail rapidly, "who wants to be safe?" Before they set out, Tompy tapped the gold spoon on a rock to see whether the rock would disintegrate. Nothing at all happened, so, concluding it only reduced the packaged people to powder, he placed it carefully beside all that was left of the guard. "Why not take it along?" growled Yankee. "Teach the big noodle-head a lesson. Then he'd have to stop mixing up people packaged to order and learn to live with people the way they are. Let him go back to Hotchinpotch and argue with his elephant," he snarled, the hair on his back bristling at the mere thought of the mischievous town planner. Talking of one thing and another, the travelers soon had come to the river itself and after a short conference, decided to continue along the bank till they came to a bridge. Glancing over the rippling water, Tompy noted that the foliage on the other side was tinged with purple, lavender, and soft shades of violet. Recalling the map in one of his Oz books, he was cheered immensely to realize that it would not be too long before they would be in the purple land of the Gillikins and one country nearer

home. Chap
 ter 7: Trip on a Trav-E-Log A WONDER they wouldn't have a bridge across this old river," complained Yankee after they had gone a mile. "We can't make any headway wailing sideways." "You WOULD think so," agreed Tompy, "and walking is such a slow way to travel. never get anywhere at this rate." "Oh, yes, we will." Pricking up his ears the space dog stopped dead in his tracks. On a log floating slowly along the edge of the river sat an enormous bull frog popping his eyes provokingly at the bull terrier. Never one to dodge a challenge, Yankee gave a spring and landed on the log. Off dove the frog, in the nick of time, too. The jolt swung the log around so it was nearer to shore. With a leap that most knocked Yankee overboard, Tompy came down on the

log behind him, seizing a stout branch that stuck up from the end to keep his balance. "Forget about the frog!" he puffed, for the terrier already was poised for a dive. "Hang on and I'll paddle us across." "Oh, that will not be necessary, murmured a gruff voice. "I'll ride you over and take you any place you wish to go." "It's the log--it's talking!" burst out Tompy, almost tumbling into the river. "Well, what did you expect me to do--bark?" inquired the log good naturedly. "Why, no--you old cut-up, you," chortled Yankee. "It's just that logs where we come from don't talk or do anything at all. But I suppose Oz logs are different?" "Some are--some aren't," answered the log. "I am Tim, a trav-e-log. Now, how could I take travelers where they wish to go without asking questions? So first we cross the river? Is that correct?" "Oh, yes, YES, and thank you very much!" said Tompy as Tim began moving steadily toward the opposite bank. "And after that?" The trav-e-log rolled his knot hole eyes roguishly back at the still astonished boy. "After that, take us some place where we can eat," directed Yankee before Tompy could even open his mouth. "Oh, why didn't you tell him to carry us back to America?" he fumed, edging along the log so he could grasp the terrier's harness. And a fortunate thing that was, for as the front end of the log touched the bank, Tim rose straight up in the air and then shot forward like a missile aimed at a distant target. The two now straddled the log, Yankee with two legs on each side and his ears snapping in the wind. With relief, Tompy noted that they were still headed east. Farms and vineyards flashed by below. They even passed over a small castle, its purple turrets glittering in the late afternoon sunshine. Not until they came to a sizeable forest did the trav-e-log slacken its speed. Then, before Tompy could beg him to proceed, for a forest was the last place he wanted to spend the night, Tim slanted swiftly downward and suddenly ended tilting his passengers off into a big pile of leaves. "Axel! Axel!" bawled Tim, leaning against a tree to steady himself. "Come out, come out! Here's company for dinner." Unhurt but considerably shaken, Tompy and Yankee regained their feet. They had landed in a small clearing with a sturdy log cabin in the exact center. Smoke curled up from the chimney and the tantalizing aroma of a savory meat stew wafted toward the hungry travelers. "Not bad, not bad at all," whispered Tompy to Yankee as a tall lean woodman appeared in the cabin doorway. "Maybe yes, maybe NO," cautioned the space dog, grown wary by his experiences with the Mix-Master. "Before we are chopped into kindling, pull out that reader and see what this fellow has in mind." As the woodcutter came striding out, Tompy opened the yellow Mind Reader, flipping it over to the first page. "No harm in these young travelers, and I've enough dinner for three." Reassured by this sentence which appeared and then faded out, Tompy tucked the reader under his jacket again. "Hello Tim. So you came back to see the old man. These friends of yours?" asked Axel, waving cheerfully. "No, just passengers, hungry passengers. Thought you might enjoy some company for a change." "Oh, I will, I WILL!" boomed the woodcutter with a friendly nod at the boy and dog. "Come in, come in," he urged. "No use asking Tim. He's not interested in food." "Eating is just a bad habit and a pure waste of time," rasped the trav-e-log. "See you all later." The woodcutter's cabin was small but comfortable. The simple furniture, carved from logs, consisted of a rough table, a couple of benches, a chest, some sheEves, and an built-in bunk. Over the fire on a crane hung a huge pot of bubbling stew, and it was so homelike not to say cozy that Yankee after a quick glance around flung himself down on the hearth for a snooze. Axel, as he set out knives and forks, a long loaf of home made bread on a wooden board, and a jar of grape jelly, told Tompy a little about his life in the forest. He was by choice a woodsman, he said, because he preferred solitude and quiet to life in a town. He spent his days cutting wood in handy sized logs and delivering them to farms and castles in the vicinity. Tim, he explained, had been different from the other logs. Felling a small oak, which he intended to chop into logs for Joe King, ruler of the Gillikins, he was surprised to have the first piece he cut off rise up and speak to him. This was unusual, even for Oz, but not too strange for the tree had been a

live oak. Before he could collect his wits, the uncut trunk of the oak shot up into the air and never came down. The log already chopped off the tree stayed on for several days and Axel dubbed him "Tim Ber" which did seem appropriate. Then, tiring of the small clearing, Tim took himself off and has spent the times since carrying passengers around the country. "He comes back often for a shave and trim," explained the woodcutter, "and his only worry is that someday when he is sleeping he may be burned for firewood." "That would be awful," shuddered Tompy. "He is so pleasant and obliging." "Not always," answered Axel, giving the stew a good stir. "A trav-e-log has his cantankerous spells same as the rest of us do." "Would you care to hear OUR story?" inquired Yankee. Though half asleep, he had been listening with interest to the woodcutter's tale. "Not now," said Axel. "Dinner is about ready. Suppose we eat first and talk afterward." Tying a rough napkin around the space dog's neck, he set a big bowl of stew on the hearth. He and Tompy silently ate theirs from tin plates at the table. The concoction was so good and tasty that Tompy had two re-fills and Yankee three. "Best dinner I've had since I left home," declared Tompy, having topped off the stew with four slices of home made bread and jam. "Thank you, thank you, always like to see the young eat hearty," murmured the woodcutter. "But now, if you'll excuse me, I'll give Tim a scrape and shave while it is still light. Come again, come again some time," he urged, bending down to untie Yankee's bib. "But we haven't gone yet," the terrier reminded him slyly. "No hurry, no hurry, but you'll probably wish to continue your journey. I never keep visitors over night," announced Axel firmly. "Well, how was that for a big brush off?" Tompy grinned ruefully down at the space dog as Axel slammed purposefully out of the cabin. "He did give us a good dinner, though," sighed the space dog heaving himself to his feet with a tremendous yawn. "Since we listened to his story, you'd think he might have listened to ours? Nobody but nobody will listen to us!" "Just wait, we'll find someone, sometime, some place who will," promised Tompy. "Maybe Tim will take us with him when he flies off," he added hopefully. "That blockhead," grumbled Yankee. "Not sure I care to ride with him again. Come along--we might as well start while we still can see where we're going." Axel had placed Tim on a sawhorse and was busily clipping off small twigs and smoothing down the ends of the trav-e-log with a plane as the two walked over to join them. "How about taking us to the end of the forest after you have had your trim?" called Tompy, raising his voice above the scrape of the plane. "One trip to a customer," creaked the trav-e-log grumpily. "Besides, I plan to stay on here for quite a while." "Have you seen anything of a lost princess around here?" asked Yankee, addressing himself to the woodcutter. "Can't say I have," answered Axel. "Ladies don't often venture into this forest. Too many wild animals." Discouraged by the answers to both questions, Tompy and Yankee moved slowly toward the edge of the clearing. "You'll find a path off there to the right," called Axel without looking up or bidding them goodbye. "Thanks," said Tompy shortly. "Why do people in this country look so pleasant and act so mean?" muttered the bull terrier glowering back over his shoulder. "Who knows?" sighed Tompy. "But you have to remember, Yank, nobody really owes you anything, and as my Dad keeps telling me, if you want to get ahead in this world you mostly have to depend on yourself." "Not any more, you don't." Coming closer, Yankee pressed against Tompy's knee. "You have me now, and I have you and we can depend on each other. So come on, boy--what do we care about wild animals! With your drum sticks and my teeth, we'll scare the hair off 'em. Just keep your ears and tail up, Tomp, and nobody will know you're afraid." "If I had a tail!" hooted Tompy beginning to laugh. Quite restored to their usual cheerfulness, the two friends stepped confidently into the darkening forest. With long rolls, crash rolls, and sharp back beats on the rim of his drum, Tompy filled the air with such a clamor that birds flew screaming skyward and such beasts as lurked in the shadows backed off in terror. Neither mentioned the fact that soon it would be too dark to see where they were going or to keep on the path at all. Ears and tail erect, emitting fierce growls at regular intervals,

Yankee marched on ahead. But it was not long before even the stout hearted space dog's steps began to falter. "It's no good, Yank." With a last resounding roll, Tompy stuck the sticks back in his belt. "It's too dark to see anything now. We'll just have to stop and camp out for the night. We'll build a fire and take turns keeping watch." "Fire?" grunted Yankee. "Well, what's that up there? Looks like the tail light of a low flying plane". "Not a plane--why, it's a lantern!" stammered Tompy, squinting up at the dancing light overhead. "A magic lantern! Now, what in sevens is it doing up there?" Of course, there was no one to tell them but the lantern like a small merry moon came bobbing toward them and no one was carrying it either. When the lantern was directly overhead, it hung motionless for a moment, then with a little bounce turned around and headed off in the opposite direction. Without a moment's hesitation, Tompy and Yankee pelted after the dancing ball of light. Neither had realized how far they already had traveled and in almost no time they were out of the dismal forest and into open country again. It was, indeed, night, but the sky was spangled with stars, and the soft glow of many colored lights shone through the high wall of a strange kingdom, just a meadow's breadth away. Across the meadow and over the wall sailed the magic lantern and right after the lantern hurried the curious boy and space dog. Brought up short by the wall itself, they stood regarding it with growing excitement and relief. The tinkle of guitars, the trob of woodwinds and other, bell-like instruments came teasingly out to them. Drawn by the music, forgetting his weariness, Tompy ran along the wall in search of a gate. The wall itself was constructed of stiff crinkled paper and decorated with flowers, water falls, mountains, bridges, and figures of many gay, odd-looking people. "Let's bust our way in!" proposed Yankee, beginning to prance in time to the music. "Oh, no. We couldn't do that," objected Tompy. "There must be a better way." And there was, for presently he found a section of the stiff paper wall that moved aside like a screen. It glided smoothly back at his first shove and almost holding their breaths, the two adventurers stepped through the opening. C

Chapter 8: The Land of Lanterns THE country beyond the wall was so dreamlike, so unbelievably beautiful and gay that Yankee and Tompy stood for a long time in dazed silence and admiration. Spread out before them lay a long, lovely garden land. Blossoming fruit trees filled the soft air with fragrance; vined trellises, heavy with grape vines and climbing wisteria, edged the pathways that led to small bamboo houses. Streams, spanned by high curved bridges, ran like siEver threads through the rich and colorful tapestry of the whole garden. Fireflies twinkled in the grass like small stars or soared up high as the tree tops. Above all, floated hundreds of paper lanterns, similar to the one that had guided them out of the forest, casting an unreal and faerie light over the whole scene below. Enchanting as the gardens were the people themseEves. Men and women alike were clad in embroidered silk robes, the men's flowing free, the women's belted with broad satin sashes. But it was their heads that startled and fascinated Tompy. They were not usual heads at all, but lighted paper lanterns with delicately painted faces, each different and distinctive but all cheerful and amiable. In groups of two or three they drifted about under the trees, or danced gracefully in the center square to the lilting music that had drawn Yankee and Tompy like a magnet to the wall. "Not Chinese, not Japanese, but Lanternese," concluded Tompy, quite pleased with the name he had invented for them. "They're lit up," mumbled Yankee, ears back and eyes bulging. "What if they are?" breathed Tompy. "Now don't bark or spring about, you might frighten or blow them out. Oh, I do hope they will like us," he said, taking a firm hold on the terrier's harness as two of the Lanternesians separated themseEves from the crowd and started slowly toward them. The embroidered slippers of the approaching gentlemen turned up, their long silken moustachios turned down, and each carried a long lighted taper. As they reached the boy and dog, they bowed ceremoniously, at which Tompy caught his tongue between his teeth, for as they bowed the lighted

candles inside their lantern heads touched the fragile paper sides. Oddly enough, their heads did not catch fire. Limp with relief, Tompy himself bowed three times. Yankee, never having learned to bow, compromised by wagging his tail. On the sleeve of the gentleman facing Tompy was an embroidered name, "Flicker." On the one facing Yankee was the name, "Blaze." With never a word, Flicker leaned forward to touch Tompy's face, while Blaze ran his fingers lightly over the space dog's head and ears. Then exchanging a meaningful look and evidently coming to some important conclusion, Flicker touched his taper to each of the buttons on Tompy's jacket, while Blaze touched his taper to the tip of Yankee's quivering tail. Expecting to be burned or to burst into flames both sprang back. But nothing unpleasant happened. The buttons on Tompy's jacket merely lit up like small electric lights, while the tip of Yankee's tail glowed like a tiny beacon. As the two were recovering from their surprise, Flicker and Blaze moved majestically back toward the center square, Flicker turning once to wave an arm, indicating that they were to follow him. "Wants us to come along, I take it?" Tompy experimentally touched his jacket buttons to see whether they were hot. "Why not?" wheezed Yankee, who was turned pretzel-wise trying to get a better view of his rear end. "Live and burn. Ha, ha! Bet I'm the only dog in the world with a real tail light." "And how handy it would have been in that forest," laughed Tompy. "Know what," he went on, as they started after Flicker and Blaze, "my uncle is a scientist who works with cold light. These people are illumined with cold light or I'm a son of a sea cook." "Sound reasonable," conceded Yankee with a rapturous sniff of the soft night air. "Lucky for us we are lit up that way, too. These are gentle people, Tompy, a dog has ways of knowing." "Then I can skip the mind reader routine," decided Tompy. "After all, the characters we meet change their minds so fast, I'd have to go through each country we come to with my nose glued to the book." "Well, you'll not need it here." Yankee spoke with such conviction that Tompy could not help believing him. For quite a while after they had joined the gay throng in the square they stood watching. Then Yankee began prancing about, licking fingers and elbows and tugging playfully at sleeves and sashes. The dancers did not seem to mind, and one pretty little Lanternesian was so tickled that she took the terrier's paws and danced three waltzes with him. Tompy, meanwhile, had been edging closer to the musicians, grouped under a graceful willow off to one side. Some played accordians, lit up like lanterns, other strummed on bamboo guitars, or piped away on long bamboo flutes. The fellow Tompy admired most was the one with the big bamboo fiddle. The music itself was like none he had ever heard and kept his feet tapping with melodies that made him sad or gay by turns. Noting his interest, Flicker, who stood nearby, pushed him gently forward. With pleased nods, the players made a place for him. There were no drums in the outfit and heartily wishing he had his brushes instead of his sticks, Tompy fell to, following along with such a light rustle of rhythm and fusilade of taps that more than once the dancers stopped to applaud. Almost unnoticed, the hours drifted by, but presently, overcome by a desperate weariness, the young drummer leaned back against the trunk of the willow and closed his eyes. He was roused by a light touch on his shoulder. Again, it was Flicker who seemed to be in charge. Taking Tompy by the arm, the kindly old gentleman guided him across the mossy square, down a long arbored pathway to one of the quaint bamboo houses. Yankee, tired as Tompy, had crept under a bamboo bench. Though half asleep, he opened an eye now and then to check on proceedings. Fortunately that one eye was open as Flicker and Tompy started across the square. Scrambling out, he pattered anxiously after them. The little house, with its transparent paper windows and simple bamboo furniture, could not have been more inviting. Fresh flowers were everywhere, and a large silver bowl of grapes, plums, and satiny pears was on the center table. After patting Tompy and Yankee fondly on the head, Flicker bowed twice and left, closing the sliding doors behind him. With a satisfied glance around, Tompy tossed his cap up on a screen, slipped off his drum and halter and jacket, and fell on a cushioned straw mat under the window. Yankee not bothering even to look around curled up on another mat

beside Tompy. The only light in the room came from Yankee's glowing tail and Tompy's twinkling jacket buttons, but nothing could have kept them awake a moment longer. Relaxed and in perfect comfort they slept dreamlessly on till morning. Yankee, the first to waken, rolled over, jumped up, and turned sideways to examine his tail. "Mouse and pussy cat whiskers!" he growled crossly. "It's gone out and now I'm just like any other pooch!" "Oh, no, you're not!" Sitting up with a smile, Tompy enjoyed a luxurious stretch. "You're still something quite special, Yank, a sky riding space hound. Remember!" "Maybe it will light up tonight?" worried Yankee, still intent on his tail. "Tonight? Jeepers! I hope tonight we'll both be back home!" exclaimed Tompy, jumping up and reaching for his jacket. "Guess the folks have given me up for lost by now." "They've probably stopped looking for me, too." Now regarding Tompy instead of his tail, the space dog gave a little bounce sideways. "Well, we'll fool 'em, eh Tomp? We'll turn up in the old U.S.A. good as new and twice as sassy. Wonder what they eat around here, flowers? From the looks of them, I'd say they were light eaters--ha, ha!" "How about some fruit? Care to try some?" Tossing Yankee a pear, Tompy bit into one himself and found it delicious. "Kinda watery, but better'n nothing," mumbled the terrier after several juicy bites. "Let's shove on," he urged running over to the sliding doors. "A splendid day for travel, seems like." "Be right with you," said Tompy. Slipping on his halter and jacket, he collected his cap from the top of the screen and then hurried across the sunny room. The door rolled back smoothly at Tompy's light touch and quite rested and in high spirits the two adventurers stepped outside. The Land of Lanterns looked almost as lovely by day as by night. Flowers nodded, birds sang, butterflies, the largest and gayest Tompy ever had seen, flitted about, but there were no people anywhere around. "Gee whiskers, where IS everybody?" Yankee looked around in real disappointment, for in just one evening he had grown quite fond of the Lanternesians. Running over to the nearest house, he stood on his hind legs to peer through the window, Tompy quickly following him. Reclining gracefully on a straw mat was a lovely little lady. But her pretty lantern head was completely collapsed, its candle blown out. She looked so odd and pitiful that they turned away. "Live by night and sleep by day," sighed Yankee. "D'ye suppose Flicker blows out all the candles and if he does, who blows out his?" "I wonder?" mused Tompy who was as disappointed as Yankee not to see the musicians and dancers or kindly old Flicker again. He could not even thank him for a pleasant evening. "Never thought I'd sit in with a grand combo like that," he observed as they passed the great willow in the square. "Boy, that bass fiddler was out of this world! All of them were." "Well, they are out of the world, at least our kind of world," sniffed Yankee. "How did I do, Yank?" asked Tompy, giving his drum a light rim tap. "Fine, simply fine. Didn't you see me stepping 'round with the gals? I tell you, anyone who can make a bull terrier dance has a lot on the drum. You were sharp, boy--real sharp!" "I thought so, too," agreed Tompy smoothing down his jacket. "And know something? I like this country and the Lanternesians are the pleasantest people we have met so far." "Oh, I'll go along with that," agreed Yankee galloping on ahead. "Couldn't have been nicer!" "Know why?" Tompy tilted his cap forward. "Because they didn't talk. No questions, no arguments, no boring stories, and yet we all got along smooth as silk. Maybe that's why people like dogs so much," he continued thoughtfully. "Best company a fellow can have, a dog. Knows what you're thinking without your saying a word, no gripes, no insults, and NO back talk. Whatever you do, he's for you!" "You think so?" Yankee's tail and ears shot straight up. "Mean you'll like me just as much when we get back to the States and I can't bark a word?" "You betcha!" Leaning down, Tompy gave him a good hug. "A dog can tell you more by a look, a tail wag, or woof than a person in a whole hour of biz-bazzing." "Ki-Yi-Yippy!" squealed the terrier, racing to the top of the curved bridge they were crossing. "Then I won't mind going back, I won't mind it at all." The Land of Lanterns was a small country and a pleasant hour's walk brought them to the other side of the paper wall. With

little trouble, Tompy found the sliding panel that served as a gateway and gave it a little push. With a last regretful look around the lovely land they were leaving, they stepped through the opening and then closed the wall behind them. Ahead loomed a high purple mountain. The country between the wall and the mountain was rough, rocky, and covered with thorny vines and scrub pine. "Oh, well," sniffed Yankee, pushing along doggedly, "we can't expect easy going all of the time. Could be we'll meet another trav-e-log or flying what-is-it." "What say we go 'round the mountain?" proposed Tompy untangling a thorny vine from his trouser leg. "But east is straight ahead," objected Yankee stubbornly. "Come on, Tomp, we'll make out. And, OH, what I'd give for a fat hamburger swimming in gravy!" Tompy was famished, too, for except for the pear and a bunch of grapes he had not eaten either. But pulling in his belt, he trudged resignedly after the bounding bull terrier and sooner than they had expected they came to the base of the mountain itself. After circling around a bit, Yankee barked sharply, and hurrying over, Tompy saw why. Yankee had come upon a sign, and this is what is said: UPANDUP MOUNTAIN A stony path straggled skyward and in a few places steps had been hewn out of the rock. Thankful for even this small help, the hungry travelers started the long climb upward.

Ch

apter 9: A Merry Meeting on the Mountain AFTER scrambling up the rocky trail for almost an hour, Tompy plumped down on one of the roughly hewn steps to fan himself with his cap. "Man, could I ever go for a stack of my mother's griddle cakes swimming in butter and syrup," he sighed wistfully. "Does she serve sausage with them?" asked Yankee peering down from the step above. "Scads and scads of sausage," boasted Tompy. "Just leave the sausage for me, seven or eight of them anyway. Remind me to invite myself to breakfast sometime." Closing his eyes, Yankee licked his chops hungrily. "You're invited now, for the first morning we are home," promised Tompy recklessly. "Say, hay--what's that? Sounds like a water fall." "What?" panted Yankee. "Well, water may not be breakfast but it'll help." Scampering up the rocky steps two at a time, the space dog flashed off to the left. Here, off a craggy ledge and from the rocky heights above, a narrow water fall cascaded into a small pool below. With eyes closed and front feet spread, Yankee was lapping up water like mad when Tompy himself stepped out on the ledge. Both were refreshed after the cool drink. Tompy even dipped his handkerchief into the pool and mopped off his face and hands, while the terrier wriggled joyously under the flying spray. Then giving himself a shake he glanced anxiously around at the crossed flags on his harness. "They'll dry," Tompy assured him with a grin and tied his own wet handkerchief behind the flags. "They'll all dry. Oh, MY--my goodness!" Both swerved sideways as a perfectly enormous butterfly fluttered down beside the pool. Not really a butterfly, but a girl with wide butterfly wings. Tall as Tompy himself, she leaned over the pool to admire herself in the clear water, and not even in story books had Tompy seen anyone more bewitching. A soft profusion of flowers sprang upward from her head, long tendrils of glossy vines and maiden hair fern rippled down her back and framed her small lovely face. Her short dress, fashioned of flower petals, gave off little puffs of perfume as she moved. Afraid to stir, lest they frighten this lovely sprite away the two stood rooted to the spot. But the little flower girl seems to be more pleased than startled to see them when she did turn around. "Flowers! Flowers!" she called softly fluttering her wings. "Pick as many as you wish." Inclining her pretty head she hurried over. Not wishing to hurt her feelings, Tompy chose a garden pink and pulled it through the top button hole of his jacket. He plucked a corn flower for Yankee and stuck it jauntily through his harness. "Hello! And a merry morning to you! I am Su-posy," she announced, pirouetting around on one toe. "Then supposy you tell us something about yourself," murmured Yankee, touching her gently with his wet nose. "Oh, there's nothing much to tell," smiled Su-posy tossing her head. "I just fly all over this mountain to bring everyone fresh posies. It's hard for them to grow their own, but mine are fresh every day so everyone is

happy to see me. "I'll bet!" exclaimed Tompy, hoping he could remember how she looked so he could describe her to his mother when he got back home. "Do many people live up here?" inquired the ever practical Yankee, raising one paw. "Oh, yes. There are castles over there almost hidden by the trees," answered Su-posy waving over one shoulder. "There are shepherds over there," she added waving over the other. "And on the mountain top, ugh!" With a slight shudder the flower girl gazed aloft. "Let's not speak of the dangerous fellow who lives up there. I must go now. A little sad someone is prisoner on the mountain and my flowers cheer her up. But don't stop on the mountain top, dears. Fly swiftly over. It will be safer." With this warning and last dazzling smile, Su-posy flashed upward and vanished among the tree tops. "She thinks everyone can fly," said Tompy looking back toward the rocky mountain trail. "What about that bad fellow on the mountain top? Perhaps we had better turn back?" "Nonsense! Nonsense!" blustered Yankee. "Remember that a fellow who could frighten Miss Posy Su-posy might not scare us at all." "That's so," agreed Tompy. "My drum and your growl might scare him more than he could scare us." The meeting with the little flower girl had been so unexpected and pleasant that they almost forgot their hunger and talked cheerfully of one thing and another as they resumed their climb upward. "I wonder whether Max has caught up with his gold spoon and puEverized guardsman?" mused Tompy, pausing to pick a handful of huckleberries that grew thickly along the pathway. Even thinking of Tidy Town's Mix-Master made him chuckle. "No doubt of it," grunted Yankee. "Probably has scooped up his powdered henchman and is stirring up another one to chase after us. What worries me more," continued the terrier sitting down to pant a little, "are those lazy Jammers standing around like dummies waiting for the king's Aunt Doffi to tell them what to do. Would really like to meet that old girl. Kinda figure her as grim rolling-pin-in-hand kind of dame. She would have to be to keep those duffers in line." "Then perhaps it would be better if we didn't find her as old Yammer Jammer predicted we would. Now, how could he ever have had an idea like that, even with the Mind Reader to help him?" "Oh, I gave up on that one long ago," sniffed the space dog taking the next two steps in one bound. There he stopped, every hair on his back erect. "Now what?" gasped Tompy hurrying up the last steps himself. "Top of the mountain--that's what! Watch it, boy, watch it! Over there, backed up against that rock--old Mr. Mountain Topper himself!" warned Yankee, speaking out of the corner of his mouth. Peering through the swirling mists around them, Tompy glimpsed an expanse of level terrain. But beyond he could still make out more rocky steps leading higher. "Relax, relax!" he whispered. "This is only a halfway spot, Yank--a plateau or something. There's still a lot of mountain to climb before we reach the top. And that old fellow over there is just another traveler like we are. "Oh--, you think so?" Slowly the hair on Yankee's back settled down. "Then all we need do is sneak by the old codger and push on up. Easy now, let's not waken him." But when they came to the gently snoring sleeper, instead of hurrying by both came to a complete and astonished halt. For there, with his glassy back to the rock was certainly the oddest person they yet had encountered. "It's a JUG! A big bean pot with arms and legs," hissed Yankee, "and what's that beside him, a big baby carriage?" "Not a baby coach, a jinrikisha," corrected Tompy who had often seen pictures of these odd contrivances. This one was a red lacquered elegant conveyance, cushioned and trimmed with rubies. Its arms were hung with numerous baskets containing jugs, jars, and bottles and instead of shafts the front curved up and was finished with a flat bar of gold. "How does it run?" whispered the space dog stretching his neck so he could sniff at one of the red wheels. "Well," explained Tompy, glancing uneasily at the jinrikisha's owner, "usually it's drawn by a man." "Not by a man, by MAGIC!" rumbled a deep voice that seemed to come from the center of the big jug. "Meet the Red Jinn of EV-- Very rich, very clev-- There you are--Har de Har! And whoever you are?" Up rose the lid of the red jug and out popped the rosy round face of a jolly old gentleman with red hair and whiskers. "I'm a DOG!"

squealed Yankee, so enchanted by such jollity he leapt up to lick the Jinn on the ear, knocking his lid clear off. "A hungry dog!" he added, chasing after the rolling lid. "Regular Arabian Night's stuff!" thought Tompy, barely able to control his laughter as Yankee retrieved the lid and handed it politely to the Jinn. "And YOU?" inquired the Jinn, clapping the lid on the back of his head and clasping one arm tightly around Yankee's neck. "Thomas P. Terry, your Highness!" announced Tompy touching his cap. "An American boy from PennsyEvania." "Oh, call me Jinnicky," smiled the Red Jinn, rolling his glass eyes from one to the other, "A HUNGRY boy, I presume?" "Oh, yes, VERY hungry," Tompy told him earnestly. "Yankee and I have eaten nothing since yesterday." "Come to think of it, neither have I," murmured Jinnicky reflectively. "I tell you what, we'll all have breakfast together." "Breakfast?" gurgled the space dog, wriggling out from under the Jinn's fat arm. "Where is any?" "Suppose you leave that to me," said the Jinn pattering over to his jinrikisha. Fumbling in one of the many baskets he pulled out a bright siEver bell and rang it sharply three times. Before the last clang had died away, a small black boy in a towering turban dropped down out of nowhere. Placing a well-laden tray on a flat rock beside his master, he held up two fingers, winked at the boy and dog, and then vanished. Yankee, barking hysterically, dashed over to the spot of his disappearance only to collide with the boy returning with a second tray. Without displacing a dish he set it down before the startled bull terrier. In a flash he was gone, returning almost instantly with a third breakfast for Tompy. Wordlessly Tompy took the tray and sat down beside the Jinn. This time Yankee did manage to lick the bell boy's hand before he took off. This was his way of saying "Thank you." Then afraid his breakfast would vanish before he could eat it, he began gulping down fried sausage, rare beef patties, and tiny biscuits at a furious rate. "No hurry," smiled the Jinn taking a small bite of a large lamb chop. "Let's take our time, shall we? Breakfast is my favorite meal. Far as I can see, only one thing is missing." "Nothing is missing from my tray." Lifting one siEver cover after another, Tompy simply gloated over the steaming hot cakes, bacon and eggs, buttered rolls, and strawberries and cream. As you might guess, he started right in on the hot cakes, while Yankee, suddenly remembering his manners, more slowly consumed the rest of his sausage and meat patties. Still, Jinnicky did not appear to be satisfied. Shoving back his tray, he again hurried over to his jinrikisha, coming back this time with a large striped band box. Rubbing his hands gleefully, he pried up the lid and apparently well satisfied returned to his breakfast. "Always like music with my meals," he observed, looking over at Tompy. With his fork in the air, Tompy's mouth fell open, as he watched a dozen smartly uniformed miniature bandsmen step out of the box. No sooner did their feet touch the ground than they expanded tallward and sideward till they were of quite normal size. "There, isn't that better?" beamed Jinnicky, as the band at a sharp signal from the leader struck up a lively march. "Man, it's crazy!" mumbled Tompy. "It's--just--" Glancing again at the bandsmen, Tompy stopped, for after all the other astonishments of the morning he had run out of adjectives. Yankee in much the same quandary barked his approval and with his tail wagging in time to the music turned his attention to his big bowl of cereal and cream. Urged on by the kindly Jinn, Tompy managed somehow to eat his own breakfast. Then unable to contain himself a minute longer, swung his drum around into position and ran over to join the musicians. The music, quite lively before, now really began to swing and bounce to the magic of Tompy's flying sticks. His face wreathed in smiles, the Red Jinn, hopped off his rock and began kicking up his heels like a pony just turned out to pasture. "You're hired!" he roared, thumping Tompy on the back. "You shall return with me to my red glass castle and lead all of my royal bands! And YOU, my fine funny friend--you shall be royal watch dog and keeper of the Red Gates," he panted, leaning down to tweak Yankee's ear. Too breathless and happy to answer, Tompy rattled off his rolls, press rolls, double paradiddles, and ratamaques and never before had there been such gaiety and tumult on that bleak mountain side. But, right in the

middle of a lively polka, a shower of rocks hurtled down from above. "Stop that outrageous racket! Stop it at once!" bellowed a ferocious voice from the mountain top. "Be off, you noisy lundigans!" "Don't you dare stop! Keep playing, keep playing!" yelled the Red Jinn. In a perfect fury he started over to his jinrikisha. "Nobody can tell ME what to do." Snatching a huge red umbrella from the handle of his trusty jinrikisha, he came racing back. By the time he had reached the bandsmen, the umbrella had grown big enough to cover them all. Rocks continued to rain down, but the umbrella was so strong and tough that they rolled harmlessly off the sides. Tompy kept drumming, the musicians continued to play, but somehow the fun was spoiled and all the joy had gone out of the morning. Finishing the polka, the leader bowed once to the Red Jinn, once to Tompy, then ignoring the rocks and followed by his men, marched sternly back to the bank box. One after the other diminished in size and disappeared, the last man in pulling down the lid. No sooner had the music stopped than the rocks stopped falling, too. "Ding it! Dang it!" fumed Jinnicky plumping down and tossing the red umbrella over his shoulder. "My whole day is ruined. Never more exOZperated in my whole life!" Snatching up his siEver dinner bell he rang it sharply. "Tell Alibabble I'll not be home till later," he told the startled bell boy when he appeared. "I've a score to settle with a man on a mountain, three scores!" he added grimly noting the cut on Tompy's cheek, the big lump rising on Yankee's head and the wide jagged crack in his own jug. "Atta boy, Jinn!" yelped the bull terrier, as the bell boy, casting an alarmed glance at his master, gathered up the empty trays and vanished, forthwith!

Chapter 10: The Red Jinn Makes His Plans SITTING on another flat rock beside the Red Jinn, with Yankee pressed close to his knee, Tompy could not help wondering what Jinnicky had in mind. For his own part, he felt little enthusiasm for an encounter with a rock-tossing monster. Jinnicky, however, seemed quite unconcerned and restored to his former cheerfulness. "I did intend to fly straight home after my fine visit with Randy in Regalia," he confided, tilting his lid to keep the sun out of his eye. "Har har de har, and what a roudy down dilly that was. The Elegant Elephant came over from Pumperdink to join us-- "You mean Kabumpo?" put in Tompy who had read a bit about this famous elephant. "Surely, surely, old Kaboscis himself!" chuckled the Red Jinn, "and you'd like Randy, too. Ho de humph! Quite a shock to be hit by a rock after a pleasant visit like that. But I'll settle that rock tosser if it's the last thing I do! Alibabble, my Grand Advizier, can run the place for a little longer. He manages quite well, but if I stay away too long he grows crotchety and my people will never stand for that. Know what he calls me?" "What?" asked Tompy, untying his handkerchief from Yankee's harness and applying it gently to his scratched cheek. "A crack-pot!" roared Jinnicky. "Har de har har! And now I really am a crack-pot," he finished touching the long gash that ran from the top to the bottom of his red jugged body. "Crack-pot, nothing!" sputtered Yankee indignantly. "If you're a crack-pot, I'm an itty bitty scaredy cat." "Can your er--er--jar be mended?" questioned Tompy looking rather worried for he did not want the jolly little Jinn to fall apart. "Oh, yes," sniffed Jinnicky, nodding his head. "I've some glazed glue in one of my baskets, but when I reach my castle I'll use my magic to fix myself as good as new. "It's a mighty good thing you had your red umbrella along, or we'd have been smashed flat," observed Tompy. "And we certainly do thank you for that, and for the super breakfast and band concert." "Oh, it was nothing, nothing at all," smiled the Jinn. "I never travel without taking some magic along. Red magic is my specialty, y' know." "We have some magic, too," volunteered Yankee, not wishing to be outdone. "Show him the Mind Reader, Tomp." "Mind Reader?" muttered Jinnicky, taking the yellow book Tompy was holding out to him. "Now that could be pretty useful." Flipping it open to the first page, he stared fixedly at Tompy. "It works, by jingo, it works! Ho ho, and so you are thinking that if I know so much about magic I could use some to send you fellows home?" "Well--yes!"

admitted Tompy, rather embarrassed to have the Red Jinn read his mind. "Bet a bone you could, too!" Leaping up the space dog seized the book before Jinnicky could read his mind. "I might, I might," murmured Jinnicky. "That is, after we settle the hash of this wild willikin on the mountain. Nobody's going to throw rocks at the Red Jinn of Ev. Here, give me back that book, you rascal," he puffed, running after the circling terrier. "Here, kitty, kitty." "Call me 'Yankee' and I will!" teased the space dog, backing away. "Oh, all right--'YANKEE!'" cried the Red Jinn winking at Tompy. "Mmn-mn! Prognostications?" he mused, opening the book at the middle. "What does it say?" begged Tompy edging closer, for he had not had time to examine the Mind Reader very closely. "It says that 'Two daring and intrepid travelers will find and rescue Princess Doffi.' So that's what you're after, a princess." "Well, not exactly," explained Tompy. "Wait, wait, don't tell me," mumbled the Red Jinn moving sideways. "Let's see what the Mind Reader says." Rapidly he turned pages till he came to one headed, "Past history of people present. Thomas P. Terry, American boy, aged eleven, fine student, outstanding tympanist, leader of school band, good at sports--blown to Oz by hurricane. Desires to return home. Yankee, two-year-old bull terrier, launched in pressurized capsule to orbit moon. Makes one orbit. Lands in Yellow Lake in Winkie Country of Oz. Desires to return to his base." "Well, I'll be jingled and bingled!" Slamming the book the Red Jinn regarded the two travelers with new interest. "Did you hear that, Tompy? It says I really made an orbit of the moon!" squealed Yankee. "Whee-eee zippity ZEE!" Round and round pranced the terrier till he fell in an exhausted heap. "Orbit? Orbit! What's he mean by that? Why all the Yellababo?" demanded Jinnicky seizing Tompy by the arm. "It means that Yankee was launched by a super rocket, went completely around the moon, and safely returned," explained Tompy leaning down to give the space dog an exuberant hug. "Circled the moon? Our moon?" gulped the Red Jinn holding his head with both hands. "But that's impossible! What magic did he use?" "The know-how and magic of American science," stated Tompy tilting his hat cockily over one eye. "That's what it means." "You mean, then, that American magic is more powerful than Oz magic and mine?" Completely crestfallen and looking ready to cry, Jinnicky pulled in his head and drew in his arms and legs and began rolling rapidly toward his jinrikisha. Springing after the spinning red jug, Yankee cleverly placed himself between the jinrikisha and the Red Jinn, bringing him to a quick halt. "Don't go! Don't leave us," he coaxed, trying to pry up Jinnicky's lid with his nose. "Come out, come out, or I'll jump right off this mountain. Here I go--" At Yankee's threat, Jinnicky's lid rose enough to show his eyes, eyes fairly popping with anxiety as the space dog headed lickity-split for the mountain's edge. "Don't stand there like a dummy, catch him--catch him!" cried Jinnicky giving Tompy a push. His fondness for the bull terrier had overcome his jealousy. "Do you want him to bash out his silly brains?" he gulped as Tompy open mouthed watched Yankee's take off. In the next second both were running and on the edge of a wicked cliff managed to catch up with their reckless pal. Yankee, underestimating the speed at which he was going and the distance to the mountain's edge, never would have been able to stop had not Tompy grabbed his harness and the Red Jinn his tail, all three falling backwards together. "Never--NEVER do such a thing again," scolded Jinnicky, rolling over and scrambling to his feet. "Might as well jump off a cliff as be mashed by a heartless giant," panted Yankee, secretly delighted that his little trick had worked. Tompy, still stunned by the terrier's narrow escape said nothing whatever. "I wasn't going to leave you. I just wanted to think," explained the Red Jinn looking sheepishly from one to the other. "And no one but no one can think faster than you, Juggins, old boy. And when it comes to magic, you're the real champ. Have we anything to compare with that red umbrella, your dinner bell, or band box and jinrikisha in America?" he asked rolling an eye up at Tompy. "We most certainly have not!" declared Tompy, who felt that he could agree with the space dog on three counts at least without detracting from the honor of his country. "Har har de har, how right you are! No matching

the magic that comes in a jar."Though I must say," conceded the Red Jinn generously, "a rocket ride 'round the moon comes close to it. Oz magic is not bad either," went on Jinnicky as they backed away from the cliffs edge together. Picking up the Mind Reader which he had dropped when he retired into his jug, he patted it fondly. "Would not mind adding one of these to my collection." "It's yours if you fly us off this mountain and safely back home," promised Yankee recklessly. "But it's not really ours to give," objected Tompy. "Yankee stole it from the Chief Counselor of Wackajammy." "That old false alarm!" growled Yankee, the hair on his back rising at the thought of Yammer Jammer. "After throwing you in the guard house, what do we care about him? Would you care to hear the whole story of my rocket ride and what happened to us in this Land of Oz?" he asked, planting himself directly in the path of the Red Jinn. "Not now, not now," murmured Jinnicky, who by this time had reached the spot where they first encountered him. "Now I must think!" "Nobody will listen to our story, no ho-ho-body," wailed the terrier putting his nose in the air and howling dismally. "Sh-hh!" cautioned Tompy, looking at their juggled companion. "If Jinnicky can think up a way to send us back home, what does it matter? Remember it is the END of a story that counts." "Then I suppose all we can do is wait for the count down." Stretching out at full length at Tompy's feet, Yankee resignedly closed his eyes and began droning,

"ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-four--"

Chapter 11: Badmannah the Terrible! KNOW any riddles?" The question was so unexpected, and the reappearance of the Jinn so sudden, that Tompy gasped and Yankee sprang up as if he had been stung by a bee. "Riddles!" yipped Yankee, the first to recover his aplomb (whatever that is?). "L' see--when is a bull not a bull?" he asked, wagging his tail furiously. "When it's a bull finch?" answered Jinnicky with his head on one side. "No, no--try again," squealed the space dog, tossing a stick into the air. "When it's a bull fiddle?" ventured Tompy. "But why and ever fool around with riddles when there are so many important problems to decide?" he thought with an exasperated glance at the Jinn. "Wait, wait! I have it," clasping his fat hands, the Red Jinn fairly beamed with satisfaction. "When it's a bull terrier, YOU, for instance!" he finished with a bounce. "Kee-rect. Now you think up one," proposed Yankee, giving him a nudge. "The real riddle is how we are to get off Upandup Mountain and back home," sighed Tompy, before Jinnicky had time to speak. "Oh, that," the Red Jinn dismissed the whole matter with a careless shrug. "We'll just fly off the mountain in my jinrikisha and in good time I'll find some way to return you boys to America. Of course, if I don't find one, you can both live with me in my red castle in Ev, and that would suit me to a Tee--Hee Hee. Whee! Wouldn't we have a time, though!" As the boy and dog exchanged an alarmed glance, Jinnicky padded over to his jinrikisha, hopped nimbly up on the cushioned seat, and waved for Tompy and Yankee to join him. It was a bit of a squeeze, but with Tompy and the Jinn on the seat and Yankee on the floor space between them, they did manage to fit in. Watching closely, Tompy saw the little wizard give the right arm of his odd chariot a slight twist. Next instant they were zooming straight upward. "Wager you boys never traveled this fast before?" shouted Jinnicky, holding on to his lid. Tompy hanging to the arm of the jinrikisha with one hand and to Yankee's harness with the other, started to explain that the space dog had gone more than 25,000 miles an hour on his rocket ride, but his words were swept off by the rush of wind and he finally gave up all further conversation. From the plateau they had left, Upandup Mountain rose in a sheer stretch of bare rock and as they sped higher and higher, Tompy realized how fortunate it was that they had met the merry little Jinn. On foot they never could have climbed the rest of the way at all. But to his dismay, when they soared over the mountain itself, the jinrikisha began to descend, coming down on the flat, mossy top. "Oh, why stop here?" groaned Tompy with a shuddering glance at the craggy peaks beyond the small clearing. "Those cliffs over there are probably full of caves, dangerous crevices, and Oz knows what!" "Well,

it's a cave man we are after, is it not?" stated Jinnicky rolling off the seat and standing calmly beside the jinrikisha. "That rock tossing villain who cracked my jug, scratched your cheek, and put a lump on your dog's head." "Just wait till I get my teeth in the big Wampus!" snarled Yankee, trying to spring out after the Red Jinn. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," cautioned Tompy. "Jinnicky's in charge here. What will you do if the big gorilla rushes out at us?" he inquired anxiously. "Oh, I'll probably think of something," murmured Jinnicky indifferently. "Jumping jam pots! Here comes someone now, in a hopping hurry, too!" "It's a girl!" wheezed Yankee, ears and tail erect. "No," decided the Jinn after a long earnest squint. "It's an itty bitty pretty lady. Now, whatever is SHE doing up here and popping out of an ugly cave?" "She's wearing an apron and her hair is tied up with a duster. She must be the maid. Imagine a cave man having a maid!" Tompy's voice fairly squeaked with astonishment. There was no time for further guesses, for the swiftly running little figure had almost reached them. "Go away! Go away!" she implored, waving her arms frantically. "This mountain belongs to Badmannah the Terrible. Go away--leave at once!" she called, her voice rising to a piercing wail. "Watch it! Watch it!" cried Tompy as a second figure came charging out of the cave. "Cease! Desist! STOP that!" bellowed Jinnicky as the burly mountaineer caught the girl by the shoulders and started to shake her like a rug. Yankee, snarling fiercely, launched himself at the black bearded giant. Tompy grabbed the red umbrella from the arm of the jinrikisha and bounded after the terrier. Stopping just long enough to pull his siEver dinner bell and a small jug from the nearest basket, Jinnicky pounded after Tompy. As the hard head of the space dog hit Badmannah amidships, Tompy brought the red umbrella smashing down on his wrists. Howling with pain and fury, Badmannah dropped his little cave keeper and made a grab for Yankee, at which the Red Jinn rang his siEver dinner bell six times. Down flashed the faithful bell boy, snatched up the much shaken little cave keeper, and vanished so fast he left a hole in the air. Completely baffled by the quick appearance and disappearance of the bell boy, Badmannah paused long enough to glance upward, and did not see the small jug the Red Jinn was hurling at his head. "A bull's eye!" barked Yankee, as the red jug hit the big mountaineer right in the middle of the forehead, smashed, and released a cloud of red dust. "What was it?" cried Tompy, as the bearded giant, clawing at his eyes, sneezing and coughing, turned and ran blindly back to his cave. "Red pepper!" exulted Jinnicky, dancing up and down. "If you ain't got strength, use strategy!" he puffed, unmindful of all syntax and grammar, and making a bee line for his jinrikisha. "Well, you can say we won that round!" boasted Tompy, running after the Red Jinn and falling among the cushions. "Boy, you really did pepper his hash,," sniffed Yankee bounding to his place on the floor. "Kachoo-hoo-hoo!" he sneezed as some of the red pepper wafted toward them. "Let's get out of here while we are still ahead." "But I hate a bully!" snarled Jinnicky, flashing his red glass eyes. "We can't go off and leave him here romping all over the mountain, tossing rocks at harmless travelers, and shaking pretty little serving maids. Princess Ozma would never allow such behavior, if she knew. Of course, Oz is not MY kingdom; mine is off in Ev beyond the Deadly Desert. But I have met Ozma and am determined to settle this big bully here and now!" "But how can we do that?" worried Tompy. "Red pepper will hold him back for a time, but when he comes out he'll be tiger mad. Then what?" "Oh, I'll probably think of the right treatment," sniffed Jinnicky-- Don't forget, boys, there's nev Been a wizard as clew As the rollicking, rollicking Red Jinn of Ev!" Bawling out the last line, the Red Jinn provokingly retired into his jug, so fast that his lid simply bounced. "So there he goes again." Yankee moved nearer to Tompy. "Pretty smart of him to whisk the girl off, though. Maybe he will come up with something?" "Maybe, but think of all the time we are wasting," fumed Tompy. "At this rate we'll not be home for a week, and I expect by now my mother and dad are about crazy. I'm supposed to be rehearsing the boys for a band concert on the tenth and have football practice on the twelfth, and here I am sitting on top of Upandup Mountain." "I'm here, too,

remember," Yank'ee reminded him with a comforting nudge. "And after all, Tompy, you can put on a band concert or play football any old time, but think how seldom you can explore a country like this one, meet people like Su-posy, the Lanternesians, or the Red Jinn! Boy--I do dote on that little guy!" "Oh, I do, too," admitted Tompy, glancing nervously in the direction of Badmannah's cave. "But taking on a bearded giant like this is just plain crazy. "Rub my head, there's a good fellow," begged Yankee, deciding to change the subject. "Between that rock knock and butting that stone man, it's really buzzing. Wonder what the little cave keeper is doing now?" "She's dressed like a queen, feasting like a king, and sitting on my red throne, if Ginger obeyed orders," crowed Jinnicky popping up like a jumping jack. "So you like the old man a bit, eh?" bending over, he gave Yankee a quick squeeze and Tompy a friendly wink. "Well, I'm fond of you both, very fond. Har har de har! But the dog's right," he added more seriously. "When you have an opportunity to see strange places and people, you should enjoy those places and people. And do stop worrying, my boy. I promised to send you home and I will. Might even lend you this jinrikisha, if you fly me back home first. For, once in your country, my magic might not work and then--" "Then you'd have a chance to see our kind of country and our kind of people," observed Yankee slyly. "Yes, yes, so I would," grinned Jinnicky, pulling the space dog's ear. "But I just might prefer being king in my own castle, y' know." "I guess everyone likes his own country best," sighed Tompy, wishing the Red Jinn would start making plans to overcome Badmannah instead of delivering lectures. "Har har de har! Then I suppose you think I should not throw this hulking bully off this mountain because it's the place HE likes best?" teased Jinnicky. "Well, I might let him off if he promised to be a good mannah instead of a bad one." "Nobody could make that big buzzard behave," snarled Yankee, rearing up his head. "Brr-rrrrah--look out! Look out, here he comes again!" "And all dressed up," breathed Tompy reaching for the umbrella. This was quite true. Showing no ill effects from the cloud of red pepper, Badmannah was walking unconcernedly toward them, pulling along a huge net, such as fishermen drag behind their boats. His thick black hair and beard were brushed to a glossy sheen, and instead of a torn plaid shirt and baggy trousers he now wore a smart hunting jacket, leather shorts, green ribbed socks, and shiny black boots. On his head sat a wide-brimmed velour hat with a dashing purple feather. "Well, I'll be minced and jellied," muttered Jinnicky. "A handsome rogue, if I ever saw one!" "Don't let that fool you," warned Yankee under his breath. "He's just dressed as a gentleman, remember, and bad as ever he was. Where's that Mind Reader, Juggins? Let's find out what he's thinking." "Splendid idea," wheezed the Red Jinn. Pulling the Mind Reader from under a cushion, he opened it quickly to page one, keeping his eye glued to the yellow book all during the ensuing conversation. "Ah, still here I see?" rasped Badmannah, stopping a few yards from the jinrikisha. "Can't say I blame you. Nothing like this good mountain air. Hah!" Expanding his chest at least three inches, the cave man looked contentedly around, "What a day! A perfect day for fishing." "Fishing?" burst out Tompy. "But there's no water around here." "Quite true," agreed Badmannah pleasantly. "But you see I am not out to catch fish. Since you have mischievously done away with my cave keeper, I shall fish me up another little princess from down below!" "Princess!" Yankee's ears shot up. "Was the girl you were shaking a princess?" "Naturally," drawled Badmannah. "I always have a princess to wait on me and keep my cave clean. This last one was best of the lot. What a cook! Ah, those feather light biscuits, those juicy huckleberry pies, those seven layered cream chocolate cakes," he murmured rolling up his eyes. "Cakes, pies, biscuits!" exclaimed Tompy, now as worked up as Yankee. "So it was YOU who aunt-napped the Princess of Wackajammy?" "Quiet! Quiet," demanded Jinnicky, pushing the snarling bull terrier down with one hand and rummaging frantically in one of his baskets with the other. "Oh, hi my tiddly igh! Where is my petrifying powder?" he howled. "The net! The net! We must get that net! Your lost princess is safe, but far worse is to come!" "I'll get it! I'll get it!" offered Yankee,

lurching up so suddenly that Tompy had to hold his harness with both hands. "No! No! You'll be killed!" he screamed. "Let Jinnicky try some magic first." Paying no attention to the uproar behind him, Badmannah was striding rapidly toward the edge of the mountain. "Watch this, you pickled son of a potted prune!" he yelled derisively, pausing a moment to glare back at the Red Jinn. "Call yourself a wizard? Pah!" Covering the rest of the distance in three mighty bounds, he jerked up the great net and with one mighty swing sent it whistling down into the valley below. At the same instant, Jinnicky abandoned his search for the petrifying powder, gave the arm of the jinrikisha a frantic twist sending it up, out, and way over the spot where the net was hurtling downward.

Chapter 12: Badmannah Nets Another Princess FOR a tense moment the jinrikisha hung motionless, then sending it still higher, the Red Jinn swerved quickly to the left. In the nick of time, too. Swiftly as it hurtled downward, the drag net was rushing up and on this cast, Badmannah had netted not only a princess but a splendid emerald trimmed castle. If Jinnicky had not flown them off the mountain when he did, all three would have been crushed like egg shells, as the castle came crashing down on the mossy mountain top. Just before the landing, Badmannah with a single jerk, freed his net and stepped aside. "Magic, what miserable magic is this?" moaned the Red Jinn, clasping his shiny middle. Tompy leaning over the arm of the jinrikisha, rubbed his eyes, still not believing what he had seen and now saw. As for Yankee, the terrified terrier, shaking from head to foot, turned his back and buried his nose in the red cushions. "Don't tell me, don't tell me," he choked, speaking thickly through the cushions. "Everything is smashed, the princess, the castle, and all the people inside!" "No--no, nothing of the sort. Bad magic works better than that." The Red Jinn spoke morosely. "Not even one window in that castle is broken." "Why, there's the Scarecrow!" In his excitement, Tompy almost fell overboard, as the flirnsy straw man rushed headlong out of the castle, collided with Badmannah on his way in, and fell flat on his face. "It IS the Scarecrow," breathed Tompy, as the flimsy straw stuffed man picked himself up. "Then it must be Ozma's castle down there. Oh, it can't be!" "But is IS!" groaned Jinnicky, jamming his lid down over his ears. "It said in the Mind Reader that Badmannah intended to steal Ozma and her castle. And he has!" "Mean to say this wicked rascal has kidnapped the ruler of the whole Land of Oz?" Yankee swung around to have a look for himself. "Man, this is war. Call out the marines, launch the missiles, alert the Navy and strategic air force." Having issued what he considered the necessary commands, the bull terrier began to bark so loud and hysterically that Jinnicky covered both ears. "Stop! Stop it," ordered Tompy, tapping Yankee on the head with a drum stick. "This is not America, this is OZ. There are no marines, there is no Navy or air force or any missiles. There is no one but Jinnicky to stop Badmannah now." "Oh, yes, there is," sighed the Red Jinn glumly. "Have you forgotten the Wizard of Oz? He is probably down there in the castle now working on some magic trick to set that villian back on his heels. Everything happened too fast, there was no time, as a Wizard I'm a mis-er-a-ble Failure," he wailed, slumping down among his cushions. "You are NOT! You're a regular whizeringo of a wiz!" insisted the space dog leaping up to lick Jinnicky on the nose. "Besides, if that wizard down there is blinking clever, why doesn't he do something now. Why didn't he do something before?" "That's right!" grunted Jinnicky straightening up. "Why didn't he? Why doesn't he?" "Oh, look, look now!" gasped Tompy. "Badmannah is driving them all back to his cave. There goes Dorothy--and Scraps, there's the Cowardly Lion and Hungry Tiger, there's the Soldier with the Green Whiskers and Jellia and Betsy Bobbin--" "But where's Ozma, where's the Wizard?" panted Jinnicky, as Ozma's frightened friends and courtiers poured out of the palace, followed by the big bad mountaineer snapping his great net over their heads. "I'll get him! I'll fix him!" yowled Yankee with a leap that almost jerked Tompy's arms out of their sockets. "Are you crazy?" he hissed, jerking the terrier back by main force. "Maybe you're a space dog but you're not an eagle. You can't fly!"

"Oh, my-me-misery mumbus!" Suddenly remembering something, the Red Jinn dove into the side pocket of his jinkikisha, pulled out a bulbous blue vase and flung it straight downward. Expanding like an enormous balloon, the vase dropped over the green castle, enclosing it in a great blue unbreakable bubble of glass. "That will keep Badmannah out and Ozma IN!" muttered Jinnicky, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "Ginger and gum drops, boys, almost forgot I had my expanding vase along." Before his startled passengers had recovered from their surprise, the little Jinn sent the jinrikisha spinning off northward. "Why the big retreat! Why are we running away?" grunted Yankee. Without bothering to answer, Jinnicky winked and then precipitously retired into his jug. "Well," gulped Tompy, taking a long breath. "Here we go again! I certainly hope this ding jingus knows where it is going," he muttered as they went soaring over mountains, valleys, and plains.

Ch

apter 13: The Red Jinn'S Castle WHILE Tompy still was wondering just where the red jinrikisha was carrying them, it sped across the borders of the Gillikin Country and out over the Deadly Desert which surrounds the Land of Oz. High as they were flying, the hot blasts from the burning sands made him wince while Yankee crouched down on the floor covering his nose with both paws. In his cool jug, Jinnicky had all the best of it. But as the heat became almost unbearable, a rush of salt air swept upward reviving the wilted travelers. Now they had not only crossed the desert but the greater part of Ev. Below on the northern shore of this pleasant tropical land rolled an immense emerald sea, foam crested waves breaking in endless procession on the siEvery beach. Close to the sea stood a glittering red glass castle, like no other castle in Oz or elsewhere. Large, low, and circular, with countless triangular turrets rising from its flat roof, it had kaleidoscopes topping each turret which spun around and around, their sparkling glass pendants tinkling like bells in the ocean breezes. Beyond the main castle were hundreds of smaller castles, exact copies of the large one. Every castle had circular gardens with flowering shrubs, date and palm trees. In the distance rose low and high mountains, range after range. At the top of the hundred glass steps leading to the castle, the jinrikisha came to a gentle and perfect landing. Almost as soon as it touched down, Yankee was out. Bolting down the many steps, he plunged joyously into the tumbling sea, diving through the green combers and riding them in, over and over again. Tompy longed to be doing the same, but hampered by his clothes, stared up at the castle, off at the mountains, and down at the sparkling ocean. "Man oh man," he sighed. "If I lived in a spot like this one I'd never go away." "Har har! I hardly ever do," puffed Jinnicky popping up his head. "But on this trip I met you and big bouncer down there. Wouldn't have missed that for a barrel of jumping beans." "Even though you were all cracked up doing it?" laughed Tompy, touching the jagged gash in the Red Jinn's jug with a drum stick. "Even though," chuckled Jinnicky. "What do I care about that? Everybody's a little cracked, even though the cracks do not show," he sniffed, waving to Yankee who was bounding up the glass steps, three at a time. "Ough--wow. WOW! How do you stand all this grandeur?" snuffled the space dog shaking water in every direction. "I manage, I manage!" Jinnicky nodded his head like a china mandarin. "And why not? My people are brave. They love me and I love them, and each fellow is a king in his own castle. The ruby mines in the mountains take care of us all. The men work the mines and it's share and share alike with enough for everyone! But, good gollywoks, we can't stand here talking like people at a tea party. We can't leave Ozma on the mountain with a big bully like Badmannah. But I have a red magic trick or two that will settle his hashamaroo. HAH!" Tumbling out of his chariot, the Red Jinn clapped his hands three times. At the first clap, a black boy dashed out a side entrance and began rubbing Yankee with a red towel, a second boy handed Tompy a tall glass of EV ade, while a third, after one look at Jinnicky's cracked jug, ran screaming for Alibabble. "I tell you what," proposed Jinnicky almost as if he had read Tompy's mind, "why not cool off in my ocean while I'm assembling

the proper jugs and jars." "Oh, could I?" Handing his empty glass back to the small servitor, Tompy looked around for a place to undress. With an understanding wink the boy took off, returning almost immediately with a big towel, a sharp pair of red trunks, and a small dressing tent which was quickly set up on the broad step. Yankee, meanwhile, wriggling out of the clutches of the first boy, went pattering after Jinnicky who already was pushing through the great glass doors of his castle. Stepping into the tent, Tompy slipped out of his drum halter and shed his clothes. Then cantering down the long flight of steps, he flung himself into the cool green water, to dive, float, tumble, and swim seven ways for Sunday! All the weariness and worry of the morning were soon forgotten in a familiar ocean. Waiting for him at the top of the stair when he finally came out was the same obliging boy, this time with two towels and his clothes, the band uniform brushed and pressed, his loafers polished and shining like glass. "Say--thanks!" sputtered Tompy accepting the load with a broad grin. With an answering grin, the boy winked and ran back into the castle. Dried and dressed in record time, Tompy slipped into his halter, tilted his cap at a dashing angle, and, feeling ready for almost anything, marched through the swinging glass doors and into the Red Jinn's elegant throne room. In fact, he felt so refreshed and great that he ra-a-ta-tatted his way between the long line of red vases and right up to the throne itself. Instead of Jinnicky, a small dainty figure perched on the throne's very edge. "Why, it's the princess, the lost princess," breathed Tompy. In the confusion of the last few hours, he had almost forgotten that Jack-a-lack's Aunt Doffi would be waiting for them in the castle. Even though she was dressed in a ruby studded sari, provided by Alibabble, the upswept cloud of hair caught back by a jeweled band identified her at once as a native of Wackajammy. Doffi's hair was not gold, but siEver, falling like a misty fountain almost to her knees. In a face unlined and rosy, the blue eyes of the little princess sparkled with fun and good humor. She was so cute, so unlike the grim rolling pin swinging aunty he and Yankee had pictured that Tompy bowed three times and once more for good measure. "Fairy Godmother type," he concluded with another admiring look. "Well, if it isn't the boy with the big umbrella!" smiled the princess, extending both hands. "My other rescuer, no less!" "Oh, pshaw, that was nothing," mumbled Tompy uncomfortably. "Yankee and Jinnicky deserve most of the credit." "You all were amazing! Come, sit up here beside me," she invited. "There's plenty of room and you'll be out of the way." Aunt Doffi was quite right. The throne room was full of hurrying figures carrying baskets, jugs, bottles, and jars. In the middle of the floor, the Red Jinn was sorting them and putting some aside, discarding others, busily helped by the bull terrier, who was quite good at toting away rejected baskets and rolling unwanted jugs and jars off with his nose. The Grand Advizier was everywhere at once, wagging his turbanned head, ordering Jinnicky and his cheerful helpers about, poking his long nose into each basket or jug Jinnicky selected. Sitting beside the pretty princess, Tompy watched with growing interest the preparations for the return journey to Upandup Mountain. And while he watched, Aunt Doffi told him how Badmannah's drag net had swept her up a week ago, just as she was returning to the castle from the royal bakery. "Pretty humiliating to cook and clean for one despicable wizard, after managing a whole kingdom!" Aunt Doffi said. After the luxury of the yellow castle, sleeping on an old mat on the cave floor had not been easy either. But, realizing she was at the mercy of a ruthless robber, she had cleverly proceeded to win him over by preparing elegant meals and entertaining him with amusing Wackajammy folk tales. Quite sure she could not leave or escape, Badmannah left her alone most of the time, only appearing for meals. Each morning he set off for his second cavern, to gloat over treasures he had dredged up from kingdoms below, and to plan new thieveries. "But how does he find them? How did he find you?" asked Tompy. "With his magic magnifying glass," explained the princess. "One turn of the handle sends it shooting out over the mountain edge. When he pulls it back, there pictured on the glass is whatever lay directly below. If it is a castle, each precious object shows up

distinctly, so he can pick and choose before he casts his drag net."

"Bee-ruther, what a racket!" mused Tompy. "Why this fellow makes Captain Kidd, Robin Hood, and Jesse James look like two bit hi-jackers." "I was hiding behind a rock the day the glass showed Ozma's emerald studded palace and knew from his wicked laughter he meant to cast his net for Ozma herself. I had no idea it was powerful enough to drag up the castle, too, as Jinnicky told me it did. When you all dropped down on the mountain top, Badmannah was furious, for he did not wish any interference during his biggest haul! About all I could do was run out and warn you," sighed the little princess. "The rest you know, for you were there." "Sure was," said Tompy squirming at the mere memory of those awful moments. "I suppose that magic glass showed him you in the bakery turning out all those fabulous cakes, cookies, and pies, and then he decided to snare the best cook and prettiest princess in Oz for his cave keeper?" "Oh, no--not the prettiest!" Aunt Doffi positively blushed at such flattery. "Let's just say he needed a cave keeper and chose me. But how in Oz did you and that wonderful Yankee dog ever persuade Jinnicky to come find me? You, yourseEves, are not Ozians. I can tell." "No," admitted Tompy quickly, "we are not...." Then, briefly as he could, he explained how Yankee, after a rocket ride around the moon, had fallen into the Yellow Lake, how he had been blown by hurricane to the same spot, how they traveled together till they came to Wackajammy, how they were made welcome, and how the Chief Counselor had prophesied that they would rescue the lost princess of the realm. He hurried over the part where Jammer had thrown him into the jail house, how Yankee had rescued him and also stolen the Chief Counselor's Mind Reader--anxious to get on to their meeting with the Red Jinn on Upandup Mountain, and the way Jinnicky had taken the two refugees from America under his wing from that time on. "None of us knew you were prisoner on the mountain top," went on Tompy earnestly. "But when Badmannah tossed those rocks down, it made the Red Jinn mad, so mad he flew up to have a go at him, And were we ever surprised to find and be able to rescue you! So now, I suppose you will be hurrying back home. Boy, you should see those lazy loafers. They're just standing around like big nothings doing nix and how they DO need you!" Tompy shook his head and rolled up his eyes. "Oh, I couldn't leave now," answered Aunt Doffi in a shocked voice. "Not while Ozma is on that miserable mountain." "Neither can I," said Tompy shoving back his cap. "It's all so exciting, just like being in the middle of an Alfred Hitchcock mystery. Do you think Jinnicky really can settle Badmannah this time?" he asked with an interested glance around the bustling throne room. "Oh, yes, certainly yes!" answered the little princess with a reassuring nod. "He has done very well so far, sending me off here--with the bell boy and dropping the glass bubble over Ozma and her castle. I do worry about all her friends and courtiers in that awful cave, though." "Aren't you worried about Jack-a-lack and the people back in Wackajammy? Things must be in an awful state by now," finished Tompy. "They'll get hungry after a while and go to work" sniffed Aunt Doffi wrinkling up her small nose. "What does worry me is that Jack-a-lack will discover how much fun it is to run the kingdom and bakery and decide to manage them both, himself.!" "Ha, ha, I wouldn't worry about that," roared Tompy recalling the lazy young king. "One thing I do intend to do." All at once Aunt Doffi looked quite stern. "For his rude treatment of you and Yankee, I shall demote Yammer Jammer for a year. I'll set him to kneeding bread. That's what!" "Do him good," said Tompy sliding off the throne, for the Red Jinn, having assembled all the magic paraphernalia he needed, showed unmistakable signs of departing, only held back by the firm grip Alibabble had on his arm. "Surely, oh surely, your Majesty is not going to visit her Royal Highness Ozma of Oz looking like that!" gasped Alibabble, as Doffi and Tompy joined the group in the room's center. "May I remind you that your face is dirty, your hair needs cutting, and in that cracked jug you are a perfect disgrace!" "Disgrace?" howled Jinnicky, glaring up at his Grand Advizier. "This is not a royal visit, this is a war. I'll probably have a dozen more cracks in my jug before it's over. Out of my way, you old Snockerwock!" Dodging left and right as Alibabble tried

to dab at his cheeks with a red sponge, the Red Jinn backed off, til Yankee with one well-aimed pounce bowled the Grand Advizier over like a ten pin. "Come on, Juggins, now's your chance," growled Yankee. And Jinnicky made haste to take it, too. Followed by three black boys carrying jugs and baskets he pelted for the door and was out before Alibabble regained his footing. Scrambling into his jinrikisha, Jinnicky waved impatiently for Tompy and the space dog to hurry. Yankee was already in his place on the floor when Tompy with more haste than grace climbed aboard. "Goodbye, you brave people." Standing on tip toe, Princess Doffi reached up to pat the bull terrier on the head. "Oh, aren't you coming?" asked Tompy in dismay. "No room!" snapped Jinnicky sharply. "No place for a pretty lady, that mountain. Think you can amuse yourself, my dear, until we return?" "Oh, yes--yes! I have plans," confided the little princess, clasping her small hands. "I shall prepare a grand feast for the conquerors' return! It will be ready and waiting for you, Red Jinn, dear." "Make mine spare ribs and plenty of 'em," gurgled Yankee leaning forward to lick Doffi on the chin. Before she could promise, Jinnicky, catching a glimpse of Alibabble pushing through the door, sent his magic chariot spinning up, off, and away for their second encounter with Badmannah, the terrible.

Chapter 14: The Magic Chest THE Red Jinn, as usual during flights, had disappeared into his jug. Fervently hoping he was thinking as fast as they were traveling, Tompy eyed the baskets swinging from the handles of the Jinriskisha, wondering which jar held the magic to subdue the wily wizard of Upandup Mountain. "Seems-to-me--," bawled Yankee, his flags and ears streaming backward in the wind, we-are-al-ways-sky-boot-ing-through-the-air. "You're a space dog, aren't you?" shouted Tompy, holding his drum down with both hands to keep it from lifting him off the seat. "But-let's-stick-to-gether-no-matter-what!" "Like-glue-oooh-oooh OOh!" yodeled the terrier, ducking down as they whizzed over the Deadly Desert. For some reason, the journey back seemed shorter than their flight to Ev. Having already witnessed the terrific power of Badmannah's magic, Tompy's feelings as they again approached the mountain top were about evenly divided between fright and curiosity. With his usual skill, Jinnicky set his red chariot down right beside the blue glass bubble enclosing Ozma's castle. "Well, here we are--Har de Har!" he piped, nervously sticking up his head. "And at least Badmannah has not found a way to break in." "But everything is so quiet," shuddered Tompy. "Oh, look, fellows, he has blocked up the entrance of his cave." "Want me to nose around a bit?" volunteered Yankee, who was panting to get "operation rescue" underway. "No, NO!" whispered Jinnicky putting out a restraining hand. "We'll wait for him to make the first move." "I still can't figure why Ozma hasn't used her famous belt, or the Wizard some of his green magic," said Tompy. "Because the Wizard and Ozma have undoubtedly been transformed," announced Jinnicky calmly. "Soon as he entered the castle, Badmannah took that precaution, you may be sure. Here, have one of these." Nipping a small bottle from the nearest basket, the Red Jinn took out three red pills. Swallowing one, he handed another to Tompy and popped the third into Yankee's open mouth. "Preventive magic!" he explained, "to offset any tricks that big bazoola may try." "Well, I must say," with a little grimace Tompy downed the red pill, "though I've taken shots for polio, typhoid, flu, and what not, I've never before taken a pill to prevent transformation." "Surprises you, eh?" sniffed Jinnicky, diving into another of his baskets and coming up with a glittering crystal ball. "Certainly did," admitted Tompy, "but not so much as Princess Doffi. Yankee and I sorta figured the king's aunt would be big and bossy and a really grim dame. Instead, she is a regular stunner!" "A doll!" drooled Yankee, resting his chin on the front bar of the jinrikisha. He had often heard the men around the base refer to pretty office workers and nurses as dolls, and somehow it seemed the exactly right word to describe the little princess. "Why not?" argued the Red Jinn, staring fixedly at the crystal ball. "Useful objects often come in beautiful boxes.

Wonder if I could coax her to run my kingdom and ruby mines. She'd be a pleasant change from Alibabble, though I must say the old botherskite does rather well. Anyway," he concluded, starting to toss the ball from hand to hand, "I shall ask her when we get back to Ev." "Back!" snorted Yankee. "How are we to get anywhere sitting here on our tails?" "Try standing on your head," advised Jinnicky, intent upon his juggling. "I suppose you both realize that we're in deadly danger and must proceed with extreme care and caution." "Why not break into the castle, untransform Ozma and the Wizard, and let them decide what to do," suggested Tompy reasonably. "If we break in," answered Jinnicky, "so can Badmannah." "Then restore them without breaking in," proposed the space dog wagging his head. "Too risky," said the Red Jinn pursing up his lips. "That buzzard is around here somewhere just waiting for a chance to cast his net. So long as the castle is enclosed in that blue bubble, it cannot be budged or moved to some distant dreadful spot." "What about us?" demanded Yankee glaring around in all directions. "Suppose he tosses his blinking net over this go cart and--drops us all to the bottom of nowhere?" "That is what I am trying to prevent," grunted the Red Jinn, shuttling the crystal ball back and forth faster and faster. "Badmannah may be quite near, but INVISIBLE," he added, lowering his voice to a mere whisper. "Invisible!" shuddered the space dog, pressing hard against Tompy's knee. "Gee-whiskers, this mountain really spooks me. A fellow'd be safer rocketing 'round the moon." Clutching Yankee's harness, Tompy could not have agreed more. "Well," said Jinnicky, dropping the crystal ball back into the basket, "the big bazoola is NOT invisible." "Good!" growled Yankee. "My nose might lead me to him in time, but biting an invisible villain would give me no pleasure at all!" "Come along," said the Red Jinn, rolling off the seat. "We'll try one of the caves." Clutching one of his numerous baskets, he trudged determinedly toward the robber's hideout. "I hope you have your cave opener with you," sniffed Yankee trotting along at his side. The main cave when they did come to it was sealed off by a smooth slab of rock which exactly fitted the opening. "Some trick to it," mumbled Jinnicky putting his ear to the stone. "Open sesame!" directed Tompy, suddenly remembering his Arabian Nights. Naturally, nothing at all happened. Then, as Yankee and the Red Jinn, who never had read the Arabian Nights, looked on in astonishment, Tompy tapped out a brisk ra ta ta ta ta too! on the provoking door. Slowly and noiselessly the slab of rock swung inward. By sheer luck, Tompy had hit upon the exact number of taps to gain entrance. Without waiting to find out how he had accomplished this extraordinary feat, the space dog and Jinnicky rushed inside. Tompy, still stunned by the success of his drum taps, followed more slowly. The main chamber was deserted. Not a trace of Ozma, her friends, or of Badmannah himself. "Poor little Doffi," mourned the Red Jinn, looking around at the sparsely furnished room in disgust, "having to put up with a place like this. You'd think with all the stuff he has stolen he'd have fixed up a comfortable home." Rough straw mats were strewn around the uneven stone floor. A rickety stove stood off in one corner, on which the little princess must have had no end of trouble cooking her famous cakes and pies. Except for a table, two benches, some sheEves for dishes and pans, and two handsome carved chests, there was no other furniture. "Even a hedge hog would have a better hole," sneered Yankee, going over to sniff at the larger chest. "Come along, perhaps the Oz folks are in one of these corridors branching off back there." "For the present, we'll all stay right here," announced the little Jinn. Leaning down, he pulled a fat gold watch from his left sock and gazed at it intently. "One o'clock and half past my usual lunch time," he sputtered and hurrying over to the table he climbed up on one of the benches. "Come on, boys," he urged, plumping his basket down in front of him. "Time to eat." Yankee, who always was hungry, needed no second invitation and sprang joyfully up beside him. "Shouldn't we look for the Ozians first?" asked Tompy, glancing around uneasily, "and wouldn't it be safer outside?" At this moment with a resounding BOOMP the cave's rocky door slammed shut. "Trapped!" squealed Yankee, leaping off the bench. "Oh, nonsense!" said Jinnicky, though there was a

slight quaver in his voice. "Tompmy drummed us in and can easily drum us out when we are ready to leave. Since that rascal thinks he has us safely out of the way for a while, he'll probably leave us in peace. Big battle ahead, boys, and 'never fight on an empty stomach!' that's my motto." Taking the siEver dinner bell from his basket, the Red Jinn rang it three times and then sat back waiting for his lunch to appear. A little light sifted down from cracks in the rock overhead, but not enough to suit him, so he fished a yellow jug from his seemingly bottomless basket and set it in the middle of the table. Without wick or bulb it cast a cheery radiance around the dismal cave. As Tompy rather doubtfully seated himself opposite Jinnicky, a tinkle of breaking glass sounded from a back corridor. It was Ginger. Finding the cave closed he had flown over the top and jumped through a huge skylight with the Jinn's lunch, returning the same way with two more for the others. As the Red Jinn seemed completely unconcerned about everything, Tompy, too, stopped worrying long enough to eat two turkey sandwiches, an apple, a big piece of sponge cake, plus a glass of chocolate milk. Ginger had thoughtfully supplied the terrier with a heaping bowl of chopped beef and liver. Then, looking around with deep disapproval, the bell boy took himself Eward. Rather wishing he could go along, Tompy tried to recall the exact number of taps he had used to open the cave. Yankee, after his splendid lunch of liver and beef, quenched his thirst in a small spring bubbling up in the floor, then set off to explore the cave. After darting here and there, he came to a sudden stop, his nose pointed straight upward. "There's noboby here, but I smell PEOPLE!" he announced, looking over his shoulder at the Red Jinn. With nose still lifted, he made a dog line for the larger chest. "In here!" insisted Yankee, trying to push up the lid with his head. "Oh stop! Oh, do be careful!" cried Tompy rushing over to grab his harness, but the space dog already had bumped up the lid, and resting his paws on the edge was staring down into the dusty interior. "But it's perfectly empty," muttered Jinnicky who had come up behind him. "Anybody can see that!" "I tell you there are people in there!" squealed Yankee and wriggling out of Tompy's grasp, he jumped recklessly down into the chest. "Take your foot out of my eye!" roared an angry voice. "Stop shoving!" complained another. "It's crowded enough in here without YOU!" "Yankee! Yankee, where are you? Come out! Come out!" begged Tompy feeling frantically around in the empty chest. But no voice answered or came to reassure him. The chest was now silent and empty as it had been before. "So that's where he's put them," groaned the Red Jinn, slamming the lid and jerking Tompy backward. "QUICK!" he panted, trying to drag Tompy along with him. "We must leave this cave at once. At once, do you hear!" The little Jinn was strong and determined, but Tompy was stronger and also determined. Resisting every inch of the way, he finally tore loose from Jinnicky's hold on his coat tail. "If you think I'll leave Yankee in that awful chest, you're crazy!" he yelled, his voice fairly cracking with indignation. "I won't stir a step without my dog!"

Chapter

15: Yankee to the Rescue

STAMPING his foot in exasperation, the Red Jinn padded over to the table and lifted t he crystal ball from his basket. Then clapping the stopper on the yellow vase, he dropped it into the basket, put the basket on his arm, and started on a run for the entrance of the cave. As he ran, he tossed the ball from hand to hand, muttering strange words in a strange language under his breath. Frantic between loyalty and desperation, Tompy watched him go. Without Jinnicky's help, how could he hope to release Yankee from the hateful chest? As he took an uncertain step forward, the unbelievable happened. Up flew the lid of the chest and out bounced the outraged bull terrier. With a strangled cough he dropped the musket he had in his mouth and stared groggily around. Before he could make a single move, Tompy, with a little cry of joy, seized his harness and raced him across the cave. The Red Jinn already was standing before the rocky barrier. Without even looking up he snatched the drum sticks from Tompy's belt and clumsily but accurately beat out the exact number of taps Tompy had rattled off when they

gained entrance to the cave. As it had done before, the smooth slab of stone swung outward, and the three prisoners dashed through the opening. They were so relieved and happy to be out of the cave, none of them spoke for a whole minute. Then Yankee, after giving himself a good shake, sat down to pant a little. "Never in my life have I been caught in such a crowd," he wheezed plaintively. "Must be fifty or sixty people and animals in that chest." "And quite invisible," groaned Jinnicky mopping his forehead with his red silk kerchief. "Mean to say you didn't see them?" quavered the space dog looking from one to the other. "There were two pretty girls with crowns, a lion, a tiger, a silly glass cat, a metal man ticking like a bomb, and dozens more. Big old soldier with green whiskers started to poke me with his gun so I took it away from him." "And we couldn't see you either. After you jumped in that chest you vanished, just like that," said Tompy snapping his fingers. "I DID!" squealed Yankee. "Come to think of it, I did feel funny--kind of weightless like when I was in my capsule. SO," the terrier looked reproachfully over at Jinnicky, "your red pill didn't work, after all." "To be rendered invisible and to be transformed are not the same, and require different treatment. I did get you out of the chest!" Jinnicky reminded him in an injured voice. "You certainly did!" exclaimed Tompy, thumping the little wizard on the back. "Man, we can never thank you enough. But how in blazes did you happen to remember the right number of taps to open that awful door?" "I've not studied red magic for two hundred years for nothing," sniffed Jinnicky smiling slyly. "Once I have heard a signal or incantation, it registers indelibly on my mind." "Like a tape recorder," marveled Tompy. As for Yankee, he was so overcome by such cleverness, his tongue hung out at least a foot. "But what about the others? We're not going to leave them in that miserable chest, are we?" Tompy glanced fearfully over his shoulder. "For the present, yes. So long as Badmannah is lurking about, they are safer in the chest. So would YOU have been," sighed Jinnicky with a rueful glance at Yankee. "Where IS that big Gom anyway?" As if in answer to his question, a muffled screech made all three leap up like deer at the sound of gun fire. It was Badmannah--Badmannah himself. Crouching at the entrance of the cave, he had been caught and swept violently backward as the rock door swung open. And there he was, pinned flat against the wall of the cave. Only his feet and one arm could be seen. But clutched in the hand of that arm was the dreaded drag net that had caused so much grief and trouble. "Oh, my, ME, MERCY MUSTARD!" Jinnicky took one horrified look, then promptly disappeared into his jug. "A fine time to stop and think," growled Yankee, every hair standing on end from fright and shock. "Do you think that door'll hold him?" shuddered Tompy, as the howls of the robber caveman grew higher and longer. "Not too long," predicted Yankee backing off a few steps. "Soon as he realizes he has one free hand, he'll tap on the door and swing it outward." "But he would have to drop his net to do that." Tompy leaned down to whisper this information in the terrier's ear. "DRAG NET!" snarled Yankee. "Oh boy! This is our chance!" With a spring that sent Tompy sprawling, Yankee launched himself at the screaming caveman. "I told you he'd be safer in that chest!" sputtered Jinnicky popping up out of his jug so fast the lid spun. Pulling Tompy to his feet, the Red Jinn started running faster than he had done in his whole two hundred years, dragging the loudly protesting boy along. Yankee, intent on one thing and one thing only, did not even see them leave. Reaching the rocky door in less than the count of two, he closed his teeth on the great hand holding the net--and hung on. Hung on, till Badmannah, letting out the loudest screech of all, dropped the net. Without thought of the terrible danger or risk he was taking, the bull terrier seized the net by its loosely tied cords and sped after his two comrades. Only one jump behind them and with the net still clamped in his teeth, he leaped into the jinrikisha and took his old place on the floor. Without a word, Jinnicky twisted the arm of his flying go cart and hoisted them high above the mountain. And just in time, too, for Badmannah, finally collecting his wits, had swung the door aside and came roaring after them. As the jinrikisha shot upward, the drag net billowed out

with such force that it almost lifted Yankee in the air. Both Tompy and the Red Jinn had to hold him down to keep him from hurtling overboard. Gamely, though his jaws ached from the strain the space dog hung on. As they now were fifty feet above ground, and realizing he must act quickly, Jinnicky stopped the jinrikisha in mid air. Then Tompy took a firm grip on the cords at the rim of the net, and the Red Jinn grabbed those dangling from Yankee's mouth and tied them fast to the handle of the Jinrikisha. Then, and then only, did the stubborn bull terrier unclamp his teeth. As soon as they had stopped the net had collapsed, lessening the strain of holding it steady. "Well, Juggins," panted Yankee, "you said we must have that net and now we have it!" Resting his chin on the front bar, the exhausted space dog closed his eyes. "Yes," puffed Jinnicky falling back among his cushions. "So we have!" Tompy, his heart almost bursting with pride at Yankee's heroic action, gave him such a hug he let out a squeal of protest. "My jaw's about broken, don't crack my ribs, too," he wheezed. Secretly he was delighted by this display of approval and admiration. For the present, the three were out of danger, but the problem of rescuing Ozma, her friends, and courtiers was as far from a solution as ever. Hoping Jinnicky would not again duck into his jug, Tompy looked at him questioningly. "There!" panted Jinnicky, adding a few Ev hitches to the net cords. "That will hold it till we decide what to do. And what in peppers and pickles ARE we to do!" he muttered clasping and unclasping his fat hands. "If it were only three o'clock, I could use my petrifying powder. That would keep Badmannah quiet until we released Ozma and everyone else and got ourseEves and her castle safely off this mountain. But the dinged powder only works after three o'clock." Pulling the fat watch from his sock, Jinnicky stared at it dismally. "It's not even two." "Well, of course," observed Yankee, opening one eye, "you're a wizard and I am only a dog, but why not drop this net over the big bully and catch him in his own booby trap. Then you could send him to the bottom of the sea." "Gee whollopers, Yank, what a crackerjack of an idea!" exclaimed Tompy. "Ho, me, my, what a muddle head. Now, why didn't I think of that m'self?" Thumping the space dog on the head, the Red Jinn jumped up with a wild whoop and waved his lid. "But who will cast the net?" he demanded, stopping short in the middle of a spin. "Not YOU." stated Yankee. "Your arms are too short. Tompy is strong and clever. Tompy shall cast the net." "ME!" gasped the leader of the Pennwood Band, both thrilled and terrified at the thought of such a dangerous undertaking.

Chapter 16: In the Palace of Ozma of Oz WELL, boy, what do you say? Think you can swing it?" asked Jinnicky glancing nervously from the dangling net to Tompy. "Sure!" answered Tompy with more confidence than he felt. "Anyway, I can try," he added, flexing his right arm to show his muscle. "Trouble is, though," went on Jinnicky pushing back his lid, "none of us knows how the blinking net works, nor the proper incantation to set it in motion." "Oh, foof!" sniffed Yankee. "You're as good a wizard as he is. Just tell it what to do and where to take Badmannah and bet you a bone it will take him there!" "Are you sure he's a dog?" Jerking a thumb at Yankee, the Red Jinn grinned over at Tompy. "Grrr-oogh-ough-OUCH! WOWO!" barked the impatient terrier. "Let's get on with the launching." Shaking his head and still unconvinced, Jinnicky twisted the arm of his red chariot and slowly and steadily it began to move downward. "Tell me when we're close enough for the haul," he said anxiously. "Now, stop right now!" directed Tompy when they were about forty feet from the mountain top. "Well, I see he's still there," observed the space dog peering over the front of the jinrikisha. "There, on that boulder and blubbering like a big baby. Quick with the net, Tompy, before he looks up and sees us." And quick they were, I can tell you. With nimble, though slightly shaking fingers, Jinnicky untied the many knots in the cords. Then Tompy, bracing his feet, and without losing a second grabbed the cords in both hands and hauled up the drag net. It was lighter than he had expected and now, with the Red Jinn's arms clasped around his waist, he swung the drag net three times around his head, then sent it flying downward. "Carry your

master to the bottom of the Nonestic Ocean!" yelled Jinnicky in a voice that rattled every jug and jar in the baskets. "And KEEP him there," he bellowed fiercely. Breathless with suspense, the three watched as the net belled out, swooped down, and neatly scooped up the startled cave man. Then drawing its own cords it whistled upward and went sailing over the mountain. As it flashed by, they could see Badmannah desperately clutching the webbing and already making faces like a fish too long out of water. "We did it! We did it!" yelled Yankee licking first Jinnicky and then Tompy on the ear. "Ki-Yi and YIPPETTY!" Pleased and excited as the space dog, the Red Jinn and Tompy plumped down on the seat to recover from the awful strain of the last few moments. "Well, that's the end of Badmannah!" sighed Yankee leaning back against Tompy's knee. "Not necessarily," said Jinnicky pursing up his lips. "You can't put an end to Oz folks, y' know. But it WILL keep him out of mischief til Ozma decides what to do with him." "You mean he won't drown?" gasped Yankee, his eyes growing rounder and rounder. "But why did you send him to the bottom of the Nonestic Ocean?" asked Tompy, wondering how Jinnicky had thought of it so quickly. "Because it's the farthest place from here!" he roared, tilting his lid over one eye. "By the way, how do I look?" he asked suddenly. "Is my face really dirty?" "Well," considered Tompy, more than surprised at the question, "there are a couple of smudges on your cheek and one on your nose, but why bother? We must all look a sight." "Why bother?" squeaked Jinnicky, fumbling in his nearest basket. "we are about to enter the castle of the ruler of this entire country. When the famous Wizard of Ev meets the famous Princess of Oz, do you suppose he wishes to look like a tramp? A cracked jug is bad enough, but a dirty face would be inexcusable." Pouring water on his red handkerchief from a bottle he had pulled out of a basket, Jinnicky began to scrub his round face with a thoroughness that would have delighted Alibabble. "Save some for me," begged Tompy, holding out his handkerchief. "This bottle stays full no matter how much we use," chuckled the Red Jinn handing Tompy the bottle. So Tompy proceeded to soak his handkerchief and wash his face. Then, as Yankee had no handkerchief he poured a goodly measure over his head. "Thanks!" gurgled the space dog, shooting his tongue in and out and drinking up most of the downfall. "Brush me off, somebody." Without pausing in his face scrub, Jinnicky took a red hair brush from the basket and tossed it to Tompy. Removing his cap, Tompy first brushed his own hair, then worked on Yankee till his coat shown. Next the little wizard took off his lid and applied the brush vigorously to his unruly mop and then to his whiskers, not minding at all that Yankee's white hairs were mingling with his red ones. "All spruced up?" he demanded, dropping the brush back in the basket. "Almost," said Tompy who was straightening the American flags on Yankee's harness. Now he gave a quick nod, well satisfied with his efforts. "Har de har and ho de ho! Strike up the band, Tomp, here we go!" shouted Jinnicky. "Tah tah-te TAH! Tah tah-te TAH!" went Tompy's drum sticks and lightly as a bird on a bough, the Jinrikisha touched down beside the impressive residence of Princess Ozma of Oz. Sure that the worst of their troubles were over, the three swarmed out and hurried up to the entrance. As Tompy was wondering how the Red Jinn would remove the great transparent bubble, Jinnicky tossed up his lid and, muttering under his breath the proper red magic words, stood back. As he cleverly caught his lid and clapped it on, the glass bubble encasing the castle burst like a punctured balloon. Clouds of blue vapor spiraled upward filling the air with a pungent fragrance. Plunging through the smoky mist the three rescuers rushed joyfully inside. Having already visited the Yellow Palace of Jack-a-lack and the glittering red castle of the Red Jinn, Yankee and Tompy were not too impressed by Ozma's many towered, emerald studded dwelling. By this time castles were no novelty. But glancing about as they hurried toward the throne room, Tompy had to admit that for comfort and elegance Ozma's royal residence surpassed all the others. Jinnicky, who preferred his own palace to any in Oz or elsewhere, ignored the emerald trimmed furnishings and rushed right up to the throne itself. "Your Highness! Your Majesty!" panted the little Jinn, bowing as low

as his jug permitted. "We are here to inform you that--" "Hold it! Hold it!"--barked Yankee tugging at Jinnicky's sleeve. "There's no one here, Juggins, no one at all." Which, of course, was true. The throne was empty and the little princess and her famous Wizard were nowhere in sight. In his eagerness to explain how they had disposed of the wicked caveman, Jinnicky had completely forgotten that Ozma and the Wizard had been transformed. "Don't you care," comforted Yankee, as Jinnicky threw his lid on the floor and slumped dejectedly down on the steps leading to the throne. "She probably heard you and must be around here somewhere." "Jing ding it! How could I have been so stupid," fumed the Red Jinn, turning red as his cracked jug. "I forgot, too," confessed Tompy with a sheepish grin. "If she is transformed, we still have to find her and the Wizard, but where shall we look first?" "And what shall we look for?" asked Yankee practically. "Lamps, pictures, books, ornaments?" With a huge sigh, Jinnicky rolled to his feet, picked up his lid, and set it firmly on his head. "They can be most anything," he murmured dubiously. "That bowl of flowers might be Ozma, that paper cutter, the Wizard, but until we locate the exact objects to which they have been transformed, I cannot restore them to their proper selves. But soon as I touch the right one, I shall know," he added more cheerfully. "And chances are, they are right in this room." "My nose is not magic, but it works rather well," announced Yankee, recalling how it had guided him to the invisible people in the chest. "So you start touching and I'll start sniffing and see who finds them first." "What can I do?" asked Tompy, burning to share in this odd game of hide and seek. "You may carry my green restorative powder. Here," puffed the little Jinn taking what appeared to be a large salt shaker from his basket and handing it to Tompy. "With both hands free I can start touching things with both hands. Hah!" Dropping the basket on the foot of the marble steps, Jinnicky whirled around like a top, touching everything in sight, Tompy following along in breathless suspense. Yankee, using his own system, zig zagged left and right, sniffing desks, chairs, foot stools--rearing up on his hind legs to have a go at vases, lamps, and clocks. Finally elevating his nose, he let out an excited bark and went scampering down a long green carpeted hallway. Turning in at the first open door, he found himself in a small cozy sitting room. Chintz covered chairs stood invitingly about, on one an unfinished sweater, with knitting needles stuck in a ball of green yarn, hung over the arm. Beside the chair stood a small round table all set for tea. The cookies heaped in the emerald studded basket looked so tempting that Yankee, who always was hungry, helped himself to nine or ten, then jumping up on the chair drank half the cream in a small jade pitcher. Much refreshed, he then proceeded with his search. The clock ticking away in the corner and a loudly singing canary in a jeweled cage, held his attention momentarily, then he moved over to a long sofa that was placed along the wall at the back. After methodically sniffing each cushion, he leapt up to examine a curtained picture that was centered above it. "Why have a picture and then keep it covered up?" muttered the terrier with an incredulous sniff. "Must be an ugly uncle or something?" Jumping off the sofa he gave another quick glance around the room, then ran back to the throne room to see what luck Tompy and Jinnicky were having. "Find anything?" asked the Red Jinn as Yankee came loping toward them. Out of breath from his quick canter around the room, he was slouched on Ozma's throne, the picture of discouragement. Tompy, seated on one of the steps leading up to the throne, seemed equally down hearted. "Nothing," grunted the space dog, flinging himself down beside Tompy. "Badmannah must have swished Ozma and the Wizard off to some secret hiding place," decided Jinnicky. "That would mean he has stolen Ozma's belt. Oh, why didn't we look for that belt before we dropped him in the Nonestic Ocean?" he groaned. "Probably has it 'round his arm or is wearing it as a garter. And worse still!" he sputtered, jumping up in dismay. "If he still has the belt he can zip back here any minute!" "Oh, come now," protested Tompy. "He may not even have known about Ozma's belt and its magic power. If he had he would have wished those others to his cave instead of marching them there." "That's

so," agreed Jinnicky, ready at this point to grasp at any straw. "Say," put in Yankee, rolling an eye up at the Jinn. "I did see a funny thing in a room back there. A big picture covered by a green curtain." "YANKEE! YANKEE! I love you!" cried Jinnicky. Springing off the throne and completely over the startled terrier, he went charging down the long hall so fast his fat little heels fairly twinkled. "Why all the fuss and stuff?" gulped Yankee scrambling to his feet. "What's so exciting about a curtained picture?" "You'll see! You'll see!" called Tompy, already halfway down the hall. Tompy had read enough Oz books to know that the curtains concealed one of the most valuable treasures in the whole castle. One had but to ask the picture to show a lost or missing person, or an absent one, and immediately that person would appear. As Tompy and Yankee burst into Ozma's sitting room, the Red Jinn was standing before the picture, lid in hand. "Ozma, Princess OZMA, dear, where are you?" he asked softly. "A television set!" gasped Yankee, who had spent many pleasant hours watching various programs with the men at the base. And, in a way, he was right. The curtains were drawn back and the picture's misty landscape was fading. In its place was a dark haired lovely girl--Princess Ozma of Oz herself. She was sitting disconsolately on a heap of silken rugs surrounded by huge sacks, jars, chests, and boxes, all the treasures, in fact, the thieving caveman had dragged up from kingdoms in the valley below. "She is not wearing her belt." worried Jinnicky, standing on tip toe to have a closer look. "But, after all, she is safe!" exclaimed Tompy in relief. "If you can call a cave belonging to Badmannah safe?" scoffed Yankee. "This must be the treasure cave Aunt Doffi told us about." "Of course, of course, but how did she get there without her magic belt? Oh, where in mustard IS that belt?" fumed the Red Jinn, only half realizing he was addressing the picture. Instantly Ozma and the treasure crammed cave melted from view to be replaced by one of the filigreed panels beside the royal throne in Ozma's palace. Yankee, by this time completely confused and mystified, jumped up on the sofa to press his nose close to the picture's glass. "What is it? A secret panel or something?" asked Tompy. "No, NO!" Jinnicky could hardly conceal his delight. "It's Ozma's safe, see that small jade knob in the center, so--HO--the magic belt has been safe in the safe all the time. Ozma was not wearing it when Badmannah rushed into her palace, or she could have settled him in short order." "And better still!" cried Tompy. "Since Badmannah does not have the magic belt, he'll have to stay at the bottom of the sea and all we have to do is get Ozma out of that cave." "So--here we go again!" sniffed Yankee, prancing after his two comrades and more than pleased at the prospect of rescuing another princess.

Chapter 17: Badmannah'S Treasure Cave BADMANNAH'S treasure cave was not hard to find. In fact, it was quite close to the first cave. Its entrance was blocked by a similar rocky slab. "Now, how in Ev did Ozma ever land in this cave?" pondered Jinnicky. "But never mind, we'll soon know the how and why of it. Will you do the honors, or shall I?" "I will!" announced Tompy, now sure that he remembered the exact number of taps he had used to open the other cave. Pulling out his sticks he rattled off a succession of taps on the stony slab. To the consternation of them all, nothing happened. Then, Jinnicky, taking the sticks beat out the same number of ra tah tah tahs. Again, nothing happened. After three more tries the little wizard was so angry he hammered on the door with both fists, then jumped back and gave it a tremendous kick. Then, howling with pain, he hopped around on one foot. "Oh, my toe! I've broken my toe!" he wailed piteously. Yankee and Tompy scarcely heard him, for either the blows or the kick had done the trick. Slowly and majestically the stone slab swung inward and without a backward look both dashed into the cave. Ozma, alarmed by the taps and thumps and sudden opening of the door, sprang up and thinking it was Badmannah glanced desperately around for a place to conceal herself. Imagine her relief at the appearance of a good looking boy and dog. Tompy barely had time to introduce himself and Yankee, before the Red Jinn, finding himself alone and the cave entrance wide open came limping in to

join them. "Why, Jinnicky, what are YOU doing on this awful mountain?" cried Ozma. She had met the famous Red Jinn when he, Randy, and Kabumpo had rescued the royal family of Pumperdink and was so overjoyed to see him she flung both arms around his neck. "Small matter of saving a princess," explained the space dog, wishing she would pay some attention to him. "He kicked open that stone door to do it, too!" "YOU didn't!" Ozma stepped back to stare incredulously at the Jinn. "But I did!" With a grimace, Jinnicky looked ruefully down at his toe. "And now that it's open, let's shake the dust of this miserable cave from our heels before that slab slams shut again. I have only one foot left and may need that later." Ozma, as you can imagine, had had quite enough of the dismal cave and with Jinnicky limping along on one side, Tompy running on the other, and Yankee, gallantly holding up her train, they left with more speed than ceremony. Once outside, the little ruler of all the Ozians cast a frightened glance around for signs of the wicked caveman. "He is at the bottom of the Nonestic Ocean," stated Jinnicky solemnly, "and entirely due to the quick thinking of this Yankee dog and clever action of this smart American boy." "Then, you all helped me!" Ozma's warm smile set Tompy's heart a-jump, Yankee's tail a-wag, and Jinnicky's round face to glowing like a full moon. "And you two must have come all the way from the United States," marveled Ozma bending over to touch the American flags on the space dog's harness, "just as Dorothy, Trot, and Betsy Bobbin did!" "Would you care to hear our story?" asked Yankee eagerly. "Oh, yes, yes, but not right now. First we must find the others. Where are they all?" With a worried frown Ozma turned to Jinnicky while Yankee with a resigned sigh looked off into space. "Your people are quite safe, my dear," answered the Red Jinn, "though at the moment slightly invisible. But, it is a long long story, so do let's return to your castle where we can sit down and talk in comfort." Jinnicky's toe already was talking to him, announcing in angry throbs that he had better get off of it and as soon as possible. "Yes, that might be best," agreed Ozma, then, for the first time glimpsing the ugly crack in the Red Jinn's jug, she gave a little cry of distress. "Oh MY! My goodness!" she moaned. "You've broken your jar on that wretched door." "Oh, no," Tompy corrected her quickly. "He broke that rescuing another princess. You're the second princess we have rescued today." "Another princess!" exclaimed Ozma, clasping and unclasping her hands. "That's right," Jinnicky wagged his head from side to side. "Cracked my jug for one and broke my toe for the other, but it was worth it!" "Why, you poor brave wonderful dears!" Overcome by such devotion, the little princess tried to embrace all three at once. Then more eager than ever to hear the whole story, seized Tompy by one hand, Jinnicky by the other, and with Yankee again proudly bearing her train hurried back to the emerald studded castle. There seated on her throne, with Tompy and the Jinn ensconced in comfortable chairs and Yankee stretched out at her feet, she implored them to tell her all that had happened since they arrived on Upandup Mountain. "Not till you tell us how you came to be in that cave," said Jinnicky. With feet propped up on a cushioned stool he looked expectantly at the pretty princess. "It all happened very quickly," began Ozma leaning forward. "I was up in the North Tower room going through an old trunk to find a costume to wear to Jack Pumpkinhead's party. All at once, and with no warning whatever, this whole castle rose up into the air and went sailing across the sky. It was traveling so fast, I could see nothing but a blue blur when I hurried over to the window. And it all was done so smoothly, not a picture fell or one piece of furniture overturned. Before I had grown used to that, we landed with a big thump on top of this horrid mountain." "Upandup's the name, your Highness," put in Yankee with a knowing wag of his head. "Loud screams and shouts were coming up from below," continued Ozma with a quick nod at Yankee, "so I started to run down the steps as fast as I could. But it was too late. When I reached the throne room, this dreadful mountaineer was lashing about with a great net driving everybody ahead of him. As I ran over to the safe for my magic belt, he turned around and saw me, so I did the only thing I could do without my belt." "And what was that?" inquired

Jinnicky edging forward on his chair. "Before he could swing his net again or come after me, I swallowed the wishing pill I always carry with me and wished us all to some safe place." "But where was the Wizard? What had he been doing?" demanded the Red Jinn indignantly. "Why weren't the others in the cave with you?" burst out Tompy, who had been listening in spellbound silence to Ozma's story. "Quite simple," drawled Yankee, before Ozma could answer. "The Wizard is probably off on a trip somewhere, the treasure cave is probably the only safe place on this mountain, so the wish carried Ozma there. The others were not transported with her because they already were in Badmannah's power." As usual, Yankee was right. When Ozma recovered from her surprise at the space dog's clever deductions, she explained that the Wizard was, indeed, on a trip, visiting Glinda, the Good Sorceress of the South. "And so, even though he knows it is against the law of Oz, Badmannah has been practicing magic on Upandup Mountain." Ozma shook her head sadly. "Well, I should snicker te-wicker!" squealed Yankee, jumping up to touch her knee with his paw. "Bad, bad magic. Did you know that impudent rascal dragged you up here in his net to be his cave keeper? He intended to live in this castle himself and told us so. And before he kidnapped you he kidnapped Princess Doffi of Wackajammy, and dog knows what he had stolen from people below and stored in that treasure cave!" "Yes, I know," sighed Ozma resting one hand on Yankee's head, "and if you had not come to find me, I'd still be sitting in that cave. But how did you all happen to be on this mountain?" Thinking it unkind to keep her in suspense any longer, the Red Jinn proceeded to tell her of his meeting with Tompy and the bull terrier, their discovery and rescue of Princess Doffi, and some of their hair raising experiences with Badmannah the Terrible. By this time he was so hoarse that Tompy and Yankee, taking turns, went on with the story. Tompy hardly could conceal his pride as he explained how Yankee had nosed out the invisible courtiers in the robber's chest, how he had become invisible and been restored by the Red Jinn, how he afterwards managed to capture the drag net from the wicked caveman. Yankee insisted on telling how Tompy had cast the net, caught the reckless robber, and how the net on Jinnicky's command had carried Badmannah to the bottom of the Nonestic Ocean. Now, little remained to be told except their search through the palace and the part the magic picture had played in her discovery. "Oh MY! Poor Dorothy, Trot, and Betsy Bobbin. Poor Scraps and Jellia and Sir Hokus! We must let them all out of that dreadful chest at once. Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!" Stopping just long enough to embrace her three rescuers, Ozma hurried over to her safe. "I must recall the Wizard right away. "It will not be necessary to recall the Wizard!" Jinnicky spoke rather stiffly. "Red magic is as powerful as green, my dear, and has worked rather well so far." "Wliy, so it has!" murmured Ozma, pausing uncertainly before the green panel. Yankee who was right beside her, now leaped up and with his paws on her shoulders whispered earnestly in her small ear. "Let Juggins finish the job he started," begged the space dog. "It'll mean a lot to little Wizzo." "Of course, it will," whispered Ozma as Yankee dropped to all fours. Pretending to have changed her mind she walked quickly back to her throne. "How thoughtless of me," smiled the little princess. "With you here, I will not need either my belt or the Wizard." "Three cheers for our Jinnicky!" cried Tompy tossing his cap in the air. "He'll have everyone out of that chest in a half beat." Taking up the Red Jinn's basket, he handed it over with a grin. In breathless suspense they watched as he pulled out his crystal ball and began tossing it from hand to hand. If I knew what red magic words he used, I would tell you, but those words are his secret. But I can tell you that instantly and one after the other, Ozma's friends and courtiers with thumps, bumps, slams, bangs, and bounces dropped down into the throne room. Sir Hokus and Tik-Tok made the most noise, the armor of the good knight clanking and rattling as he landed. The metal man, whose machinery had run down, hit the floor with a clang like a church bell. The Cowardly Lion and the Hungry Tiger descended with all four legs spread--gave a couple of bounces, then sat down with their tongues lolling out in sheer astonishment. Betsy Bobbin, Trot, and Dorothy

floated lightly to a long sofa, Dorothy clutching Toto in her arms. This small Kansas terrier had been in so many curious adventures since his arrival in Oz that he took this one quite calmly. The Scarecrow and the Patchwork Girl fell with soft plops, holding desperately to each other. The Soldier with the Green Whiskers came down on his chin, his long luxurious beard breaking the fall. Then the footmen, maids, and cook came tumbling along, and there they lay, sat, or sprawled in such comical attitudes that Tompy had to bury his face in Yankee's coat to keep from laughing out loud. "Everybody here? Everybody out?" panted Jinnicky, whose arms ached from the continuous juggling. After a hurried glance around, Ozma reminded him of the glass cat. The Wizard had ridden off on the Sawhorse, so they both were accounted for. After the arrival of the short tempered feline, the Red Jinn dropped the crystal ball thankfully back into his basket. As none of the palace people knew what had been happening after Badmannah drove them into the cave, they all jumped up and began jabbering in low and high voices till Ozma clapped her hands for silence. "We are now safely back in our castle," she told them quickly, "but the castle still rests on the top of Upandup Mountain which belongs to Badmannah. You have seen and remember him, I'm sure?" At this, loud groans and angry roars filled the air. "But now, I'm happy to say," continued Ozma as soon as she could make herself heard, "Badmannah has been sent to the bottom of the Nonestic Ocean by our good friend Jinnicky with the help of this brave boy and his dog Yankee. All enchantments have been dispelled and we are about to return to our own capital." At this wonderful news, the whole company came rushing forward to thank Jinnicky, Tompy, and the valiant bull terrier. "Tell us more! Tell us more!" pleaded Dorothy dropping down on the arm of Ozma's throne. Betsy Bobbin, on her knees, was hugging Yankee within an inch of his life. Giving her an appreciative lick on the nose, Yankee managed to untangle himself before his ribs cracked and darting away began to mingle with the famous celebrities of Oz. "So you are the little fellow I have been hearing about," he murmured as Toto came pattering toward him. "Woof! Woof-gr-ough," answered Toto, pausing briefly on his way to the kitchen to finish the breakfast that had been so rudely interrupted. "What's the matter, can't you talk?" inquired the space dog in surprise. "In a country where all animals talk, I prefer to be different. I BARK," Toto informed him with a roguish sideway prance. "Goodbye, Lop-Ear!" "Does that answer your question?" rumbled the Cowardly Lion ambling over. "More or less," admitted Yankee as they companionably touched noses. "Delighted to know you, Sir." "I believe we have met before," observed the Cowardly Lion sleepily. "As I recall, you put your foot in my eye." "Quite unintentional," Yankee assured him, bounding away while things still were on a friendly basis. "I see you have your gun back," he teased as he galloped past the Soldier with the Green Whiskers. "Scat! Go away!" stuttered the Grand Army of Oz, jumping behind Sir Hokus and peering timidly out at the space dog. Warily Yankee circled the glass cat who was flashing her ruby eyes dangerously to join Betsy Bobbin who was busily winding up the copper man. "Where--are--we?" rasped Tik-Tok striding jerkily up and down. "We're all back in the castle, Ticker, and in a few minutes Ozma will move the castle back where it belongs." "Well,--good," said Tik-Tok, patting Betsy so hard on the head that she positively blinked. Ozma, meanwhile, had been conferring with the Red Jinn and come to a final decision. Declining with real regret his invitation to return with them to the Red Castle, she clasped on her magic belt, feeling that now she could use it without hurting his pride. "Won't you come with us to the Emerald City?" she asked, looking coaxingly at Tompy and then down at Yankee who had returned to his place at her feet. "Thank you. Thank you so much," answered Tompy. "But I really must be getting back--my family thinks I was lost in a hurricane. Yankee, too, must report to his base for the whole United States Navy has been searching for him. Yankee is a famous space dog, you know, and made a moon orbit before his capsule landed. in Oz." "Moon orbit--space dog--capsule?" murmured Ozma, completely at sea. "I was rocketed into space, flew 'round the moon in a magic dog house, got off

course, and crashed down in a yellow lake in your Winkie Country," explained Yankee, coming to the rescue. Ozma, though still rather confused nodded her head convincingly. "Oh, then, if you have a flying dog house, I am sure you will come back to visit us some other time?" "I just might," promised Yankee, winking at Tompy. "So now, we must part," sighed Jinnicky, rolling out of his comfortable chair and bowing politely to the ruler of all Oz. "It has been a treat to see you again, my dear, and I'm happy to have been of some help." "What about all that treasure in Badmannah's cave?" worried Tompy, raising a drum stick. "Shouldn't it be returned to the owners?" "It certainly should and will be," declared Ozma. "How thoughtful you are to remind me." "That then settles the last problem," said Jinnicky looking around with mingled pleasure and regret. "Goodbye, Princess, dear! Take care of your pretty self." "Goodbye," said Tompy, shaking Ozma's outstretched hand. "So long, Doll," sighed Yankee with a last adoring glance. "Come on, Tomp! Come on, Yankee!" urged Jinnicky. "Goodbye, all you wonderful people." Waving genially, the Red Jinn and his two friends moved slowly through the crowd of cheering courtiers. Reaching the door at last, each gave a final wave--Yankee using his tail for this purpose--then all three stepped out of the emerald studded castle and on to the bleak top of Upandup Mountain.

Chapter 18: Aunt Dofffs Victory Banquet JINNICKY, anticipating the burning heat of the desert, ducked into his jug soon after the take off. Quite accustomed to air travel as it was done in Oz and Ev, Yankee and Tompy carried on a lively conversation. Most of it was shouted, owing to the rush of wind and speed, but this did not bother them. "Even if I had landed on the moon I couldn't have had doggonner adventures than I've had here," bawled Yankee, bracing himself against Tompy's knee. "And I couldn't have done more crazy kinds of flying, even in space." "Yeah!" shouted Tompy. "How about that trave-e-log? And just think of all the places we've been and the people we've met. Who did you like best of them all?" "YOU, of course, you--oooh ooo!" hooted the terrier with a joyful bounce. "Same here," screamed Tompy, reaching in the Jinn's basket for the water jug that was never empty. "I mean Oz and Ev people," he continued, dousing his handkerchief with water and tying it over his nose and mouth like a mask. Already he could feel the hot blasts of desert winds. "Why, good old Juggins, of course!" howled Yankee. "There's a man! As for the girls? Kind of a toss up between Doffi and Ozma." "Same here," echoed Tompy, pouring water over Yankee's head as they shot out over the churning sands. "We seem to agree about almost everything," sputtered Yankee, "and know why? We're both sharp as tiger's teeth. Thanks for the shower." Both lapsed into silence till the blistering stretch of sand dropped behind them. So much had happened that it seemed to Tompy more like two months than two days since their arrival in Oz. Even on long summer trips and vacations he never had had so many odd and amazing experiences nor encountered so many interesting countries and people. Yankee, lost in thought, hardly gave a glance at countries and castles below. Although it was his bounden duty to return to his base and resume his duties there, he was beginning to wish that he and Tompy could stay longer, or even always in this strange and magical land. To go back to his old way of communicating with people, to barks, growls, and tail wags would be dull and difficult indeed. But separation from Tompy loomed as the worst ordeal of all. In spite of himself, the doughty bull terrier found himself choking up. Big tears coursed unnoticed down his face and dropped off his nose. Then, furious at such a display of weakness, Yankee shook his head and turning around gave Jinnicky a sharp shove. "Come out of that shell, you old turtle, you!" he barked and so gaily that nobody knew he had been crying. "Wha-ziz, Wha-zat?" mumbled the Red Jinn, arms, legs, and head emerging simultaneously from his cracked jug. "Your ocean, your castle, YOU'RE HERE! Time to come down," announced the space dog, "and be quick about it, I'm hungry again." "Har har de har! You always are! But I am a Jinn in a ginger jar And will take care of that In the twink of a star. Har har!" Quite pleased with his verse, Jinnicky landed the

jinrikisha right at the entrance of the great glass mansion he called home. Alibabble, first through the swinging door, darted forward and before the Jinn could object jerked him out of his seat and into the castle itself. Next, Princess Doffi, followed by dozens and dozens of the Red Jinn's turbanned and smiling subjects came hurrying out. And never before had there been so happy and hearty a welcome. Aunt Doffi, wearing a huge apron and with a daub of flour on her nose looked more ravishing than ever. Thrusting a bunch of parsley and a red pepper through Yankee's harness, she dropped a kiss on his head, hugged Tompy so hard his cap flew off, then raced back into the royal kitchen to put the finishing touches on the seven layer victory cake. Bells pealed and the many pendants on the revolving kaleidoscopes tinkled like mad. Pelted with flowers, orchid chains, and ginger blossoms, the embarrassed boy and dog made their way through the throng and into the castle. One wreath hung over Yankee's ear and two more tripped him up at every step. Tompy was so festooned and decorated that only his head showed. Alibabble, to give him due credit, had worked wonders with his little master by the time they reached the throne room. Jinnicky's jug, completely repaired by some red magic, shined like new. His hair and whiskers had been trimmed and brushed, and his injured toe cured by some red magic saEve. "Hi Yi Yippity IGH! You look great!" panted the space dog, ducking sideways as two more wreaths descended upon him. Tompy, feeling for his sticks under the mass of flowers, gave off such a ripple of rhythm that the company first listening in stunned silence fell prone, touching the floor three times with their noses. "You just have received the ultimate tribute and honor," beamed Jinnicky. "From now on, your slightest wish will be the law around here." "Hurrah! Hurrah!" barked the space dog, scampering lightly over the backs of Jinnicky's prostrate retainers, licking ears and elbows till they all sprang up and ran giggling off to help Aunt Doffi with the victory banquet. And fabulous feast it was! Aunt Doffi turned out to be not only an expert bread, cake, and biscuit maker but queen of all cookery. For coziness sake, she had placed the Red Jinn and herself, Tompy and Yankee at a small table. Alibabble presided over the longer table in the center of the vast banquet hall. Before the first course, Jinnicky gave them a brief description of happenings on Upandup Mountain and I tell you the Princess of Wackajammy was more than delighted to know that Badmannah was where he could do no more harm. Even in the White House, thought Tompy, looking around with hardly concealed delight, they could not have dined in more elegance and with more style. And better still, in spite of the gold service, sparkling ruby tumblers, embroidered table linens, it was not in the least boring or dull. Melons heaped with the fruit that abounded in this lush tropical land were followed by chowders and relishes beyond compare. Each meat, fish, and fowl dish was surrounded by glazed vegetables almost too beautiful to eat. Yankee had not only his spare ribs, but sampled everything as it came along. Even considering that space dogs might have more inside space than other dogs, Tompy watched with growing alarm as the terrier downed one course after the other. Each dish as it appeared was greeted with loud cheers and hurrahs. After sampling the crown roast of lamb, Jinnicky pulled the square cut ruby ring from his finger and with a deep bow presented it to the smiling princess. It fitted nicely on her thumb and she promptly held it up for all to see. The royal cook, who had been peering in from time to time, instead of being jealous seemed as pleased as Jinnicky. Removing his tall red chef's cap, he skipped through the door and set it ceremoniously on Aunt Doffi's head. "Stay with us. Do stay!" pleaded Jinnicky. "You can run my castle, my ruby mines, and the whole dinged Kingdom!" "Stay! Stay!" chorused the happy banqueters, for, in the short time the little princess had been in the castle she had won every heart. Even crusty old Alibabble added his voice to the clamor. "If I were you," advised Yankee, as a thoughtful serving boy wiped his chops with a red napkin, "I would certainly stay. Let that lazy nephew of yours run his own kingdom and bakery and tend his own wheat fields. Little Juggins here is worth a dozen Jacks. And is he ever lucky. Hi-my-wish I had a pretty little aunty like you. I never had even one aunty," finished

Yankee, looking wistfully across the table. "Well, you have one now," declared Aunt Doffi, tapping him on the head with a gold spoon. "I'll be proud to be your aunty and will think of you with pleasure every day." "You will!" choked Yankee, almost strangling on a peppered croquette. "Did you hear that, Tompy?" "I certainly did!" said Tompy trying not to feel jealous. "And I'll also be Tompy's Aunt Doffi and Jinnicky's Aunt Doffi," added the princess winking at each of them in turn. "But you know how it is, Red Jinn dear. I must return to my own country and people." "Ding jing it!" groaned the Red Jinn. "Well, if you must, you must, but things will never be the same around here. Maybe you would come back on my birthday?" he proposed hopefully. "Why not?" laughed Aunt Doffi, tossing her head. "And I'll bake you a magniferous birthday cake when I do." "Since you are boss and make all the rules around here, what's to stop you from having four or five birthdays a year?" whispered Yankee in an aside to the Red Jinn. "Har har de har! What a splendid idear! From now on I'll have seven birthdays a year!" chortled Jinnicky waving his fork. That being happily settled, they all fell to and finished off the rest of the victory feast, afterwards adjourning to the throne room where the celebration continued. Jinnicky opened his band box and with Tompy as top drummer the music could not have been livelier. There were old Ev folk songs, four-steps, jigs, and, last of all, Jinnicky's favorite polka. With Aunt Doffi for a partner, he fairly outdid himself. In fact, everybody present was jiggling, sliding, hopping, and spinning. "Going to be pretty dull back at the base after this," puffed Yankee as he pranced by the band. "Afraid so," agreed Tompy, giving out with a final ruff and flourish. Outside the sun had already set and a big red moon sailed over the quiet sea. At a signal from Jinnicky, the bandsmen, after a quick salute for Tompy, marched back into their band box. Clapping on the lid and quite breathless from the polka, the Red Jinn climbed back on his throne. Without a word being spoken, everyone seemed to realize that Tompy, the mischievous bull terrier, and Princess Doffi were about to leave, and a sad little silence fell over the gay company. Suddenly recalling that he still had the Mind Reader, Jinnicky had one of the boys fetch it from one of his numerous baskets and returned it to Aunt Doffi. She, borrowing a ruby handled pen from him, carefully noted on a back page the seven dates he had chosen for birthdays. After a short, earnest conference in which she was given a choice of the jinrikisha, the Red Jinn's magic walking stick, or his powerful light out candle, the Princess of Wackajammy rather nervously selected the last. So the fat red candle in its gold holder was duly brought by Alibabble and then sorrowfully lighted by the little Wizard of Ev. Then, still wearing the jewelled sari and the chef's cap, the bewitching princess blew them all a kiss. The candle blazed up and as quickly burned down and sputtered out, and before you could say Jill Robinson, Aunt Doffi had vanished and gone away home. "Why did she light out with the candle?" sniffed Yankee with two tears rolling down his face. "MY secret," Jinnicky told him. "And she's probably back in the Yellow Castle by now. Couldn't you fellows stay the night and go home tomorrow morning?" he snuffled, dabbing at this eyes with his big handkerchief. "Can't bear having you all go on the same evening. Besides," the Red Jinn clapped his hands sharply, "there's the matter of medals." "Medals?" exclaimed Tompy. "Medals?" echoed Yankee, his ears perking up. Nodding mysteriously, Jinnicky rolled off his throne to take the red veEvet cushion the Grand Advizier was holding out to him. On the cushion were two handsome medals. Tompy's was a smooth ruby bar pin which the Red Jinn neatly clipped on the collar of his band uniform. "For quick thinking and courageous action," he announced, stepping back with a satisfied grin. Yankee's medal was round, an ivory miniature of Jinnicky himself, surrounded by a frame of small rubies. It was attached securely to an elastic red band. "To a fearless fighter and faithful friend," said Jinnicky, holding it close to Yankee's nose so he could examine it. Then he slipped the band around the bull terrier's neck, and I tell you, never had a dog worn a more valuable collar. Tompy and Yankee were both so delighted and pleased that everyone grew more cheerful. Now Yankee insisted that the Red Jinn have one of the

American flags that he had worn on his orbit. So Tompy slipped one out of its holder and ran it through the small handle on Jinnicky's lid, where it looked very gay and saucy. Realizing that the boy and dog were anxious to return to the States, the Red Jinn now busied himself with preparations for their departure. Tompy would have preferred to light out instantly as Aunt Doffi had done, but Yankee had set his heart on one more ride in the Jinn's red go cart, so he let the space dog have his way. The jinrikisha could travel as fast and as safely by night as by day and as it was only nine o'clock, they would be safely back home at eleven, if Jinnicky's calculations turned out to be right. After he had instructed Tompy as to its operation and the correct way to return it to his red castle, Jinnicky presented Tompy with a small red jug. "If you ever need help," he said, thumping Tompy on the shoulder, "just pull out the stopper of this jug." Then turning to Yankee, he gave the terrier a last hearty hug. "Goodbye, old Poochigan!" he sobbed and, whispering a short message in his right ear, straightened up. "Why, that's malif, maluff, terif, teruff!" squealed Yankee. Nipping the little Wizard lovingly on the knuckle, he sprang into the waiting jinrikisha wagging his tail--in fact, he wagged all over. Tompy, who could not bear to say goodbye, squeezed both of Jinnicky's hands and hopped up beside the bull terrier. "Carry us to Pennwood, PennsyEvania, U.S.A.!" he directed. Jinnicky had hung lanterns on both arms and they cast a cheerful glow all around them. Then Yankee barked, Tompy waved, and they were aloft and away, leaving the moonlit sea, the glittering glass castle, and the best friend either of them ever had had behind

them. Chap
 ter 19: The Travelers Return THE night was so windless and still that the jinrikisha made scarcely a sound as it sped across the sky, and this time they passed over the desert at so high an altitude that its burning blasts could not reach or bother them. Instead of shouting, they found they could talk in ordinary tones, which was as unexpected as it was satisfactory. "Let's talk all we can and settle everything while I can still speak your language. Soon I'll not be able to say another word and just be another dumb animal--a nothing," mourned Yankee. "Stop it. Stop it," said Tompy sharply. "We'll always be able to understand one another and you know it!" "Maybe, maybe," sighed the terrier, "but what good will that do? I'll be one place and you another!" "But first you're going home with me," answered Tompy firmly. "Then my father will call the base and they can send up a plane for you. But you will not be there long, if I know my Dad. He'll fix things up and have you honorably discharged. Then you can live with us always and be MY dog. After all, you've done your share in the space program, and deserve a reward. Bet they'll give you a citation and a medal!" "Ha ha! I have a medal!" chortled Yankee. "And it certainly will knock the fellows' eyes out when they see all those rubies." For a few moments Yankee was quite cheerful, almost believing that he and Tompy could stay together. But this cheerful mood soon evaporated leaving him more gloomy than ever. "It'll never work," he concluded glumly. "That idea of yours will go over like a lead balloon. You just don't know about army and air force procedure. I'll be an old grandfather before they sign all the papers. "Well, you don't know my father. My father can do anything!" boasted Tompy, sticking out his chin. "Besides," Tompy lowered his voice, forgetting no one possibly could hear them, "the Cape boys think you're lost. We needn't tell the whole story. We'll let them keep on thinking you went down with your ship. I'll tell my family I found you and that 'finders are keepers.' How's that for a neat idea?" "Neat but not honest," decided Yankee, after considering Tompy's plan for a moment. "After all the time and money it took to send me up, it wouldn't be fair to let them down. I'll have to report back for a medical check up and all that welcome jazz. They already have the flight history from the capsule radio, but it will be a feather in their caps to know I returned to earth in good shape. A shame I'll not be able to tell them what really happened, but I've a notion no one's going to believe us anyway. Even the other dogs on the base will think I've cooked up a cock

and bull dog story if I mention even half of the things that we did in Oz and Ev." "Guess you're right," sighed Tompy sinking back against the cushions, "but I still think my Dad can swing a deal with the space outfit. He's a real pushover for dogs, especially smart dogs like you." "Oh, come now, I'm not all that smart," answered Yankee. Far from convinced that Tompy's plan would work out, he lifted his nose to sniff the night air and tried to determine what kind of countries spread out below. Their return had been so quiet, neither Tompy's mother nor father knew that their missing son was back home. In gloomy silence they were having breakfast when a familiar clatter of feet on the stair made both jump up. "Tompy, you're safe--you're home!" gasped Mrs. Terry as he and Yankee charged into the dining room. "The whole town's been searching and searching for you. Where, oh where have you been?" "Oh, Oz, Ev, and every old where!" cried Tompy lifting his mother off her feet with his hug, while Yankee bounded over to Mr. Terry, sat down, and gravely extended his paw. "Well, hi, boy, where did YOU come from?" Dropping his napkin, Tompy's dad drew the terrier closer. "Same places I did. This is Yankee, the space dog who made the moon orbit a few days ago. I found him and he found me and we came back together. Oh, Dad, can we keep him? Can we, can we?" "Whoa-ho-wait-a-minute." Flopping down in his chair, Tompy's father tried to make head or tail of all these amazing statements, but with Yankee barking hysterically and Tompy talking a mile a minute, he finally gave up, took a quick swallow of coffee and sat back to beam at them both. Indeed, his mother and father were so overjoyed to have him home again, nothing else seemed of any importance. But later, over a quickly prepared second breakfast of sausage, griddle cakes, and syrup, the strange story was finally all straightened out and told. A chair had been drawn up for Yankee and they kept filling and refilling his plate til he was in danger of bursting. "I had a dog like you when I was a boy," confided Mr. Terry, taking it for granted that Yankee would understand, which, of course, he did. "Best darn dog I ever had, too. Could beat any two dogs in town, and smart--I tell you--" "RRRuff, gr-uff!" retorted Yankee, jumping down from the chair to move nearer to this discerning new friend. If Tompy's mother and dad were at first a bit skeptical about their amazing adventure, the ruby tie clip and dog's gem trimmed medal finally convinced them that it was true. Yankee's picture had been in all the papers, with a record of his orbit and the sad news that his capsule had been lost. "The Navy and boys at the base have about given you up," Mr. Terry told the space dog giving his ear a tug. "What a whale of a welcome is waiting for you!" Yankee nudged Mr. Terry's knee, as much as to say, the welcome he was having now was all that he needed. I know you will be pleased to hear that everything turned out much as Tompy had hoped that it would. Yankee was flown back to his base for a check-up and then to the Cape for further ceremonies and honors. The story of his orbit and safe return was played up in papers all over the world and he even appeared on television. It was all quite flattering but the bull terrier as the weeks passed began to miss Tompy more and more and he took but a half-hearted interest in proceedings. He did enjoy the medal presentation, for Tompy and his parents were invited and he had a brief reunion with the boy who had traveled over Oz and E-v with him. At the suggestion of Tompy's dad the whole story had not been told, merely the fact that Tompy had been carried off by a hurricane and had come down upon Yankee and his wrecked capsule in a northern Jersey lake, and how the two had found their way back to Pennwood together. Tompy's description of the lake was so vague that after combing northern New Jersey by helicopter the search for the wrecked capsule had finally been abandoned. If any of the Navy or space men were to read this story, they will know why and what really did happen. After the medal presentation, Tompy's father had a long talk with the Naval Officer in charge. Though sympathetic with Tompy's desire to keep the famous space dog, he felt that Yankee's place was still with the space program. Just as he was on the point of a complete refusal, Tompy bethought himself of the Red Jinn's jug, which he luckily had tucked into the pocket of his sport coat. Without taking the jug out he quietly

removed the stopper. The same instant, the Commander, who had been looking very commanderish, indeed, broke into an affable grin. Placing a hand on Tompy's shoulder and glancing indulgently down at Yankee whom a young officer had on a leash, he spoke his final words on the subject. "I really see no reason why this dog should not be presented to your son who found and brought him back. Yankee has served his country well and deserves a discharge. I will have the papers drawn up at once and the dog will be released to you in due course." "Due course" turned out to be one short week. Picked up at the airport by Tompy's father, Yankee arrived just as Tompy got home from school one bright fall afternoon. And what a wild and hilarious reunion that was! And how it would have pleased Jinnicky, whose magic jug really brought it about. Casting aside his Air Force dignity, Yankee raced from the top to the bottom of the house, licked his new family on chins, ears, and noses and then raced back upstairs and bounded up on Tompy's bed. "Like old times!" he panted as Tompy fell on the bed beside him. "Yankee--you're talking! YOU'RE TALKING!" gasped Tompy rolling over. "And will talk every afternoon from five to six, but only to you!" whispered the terrier in a lower voice. "Thanks to old Juggins!" "So, that's what he told you just before we left?" exulted Tompy. "Man, oh man--it's wonderful!" "You betcha," agreed Yankee. "But remember, no one is to know. Come on, boy, let's go down to the end of the garden where we can talk in peace and catch up on all the news." And that is the way it was and is. After school each afternoon the boy and dog retire to a secluded spot and have a merry old Oz time biz baz. During the day, Yankee keeps Mrs. Terry company or hies off on various adventures with the neighborhood dogs and you can guess who is boss? On band practice hours, Yankee is right up there with the band and, on marches, steps smartly ahead. He is also on hand for all baseball and football games and practice and is better than a dozen cheer leaders when it comes to sparking up the team. "You talk to that dog as if he were a person," scoffed Fats Waller, the left tackle on the football squad when Tompy began explaining the next quarter's strategy to Yankee. "He is a person!" stated Tompy, drawing himself up to his full height. One day, coming home from a shopping trip with his mother, Tompy spied Yankee in a neighbor's side yard. The bull terrier was sitting in the center of a raptly attentive circle of canines--setters, collies, dachshunds, boxers, dogs of every breed and kind--all the ears up and tongues lolling. At last Yankee had found somebody, a lot of somebodies to listen to the whole and complete story of their adventures in the marvelous lands of Oz and Ev. Tiptoeing off without disturbing him, Tompy, grinning from ear to ear, sat down to practice on his drums. That night as the two were ready for bed, Tompy took out the most cherished of his afternoon purchases. "I've bought us an Oz book," he confided. "One I never have read. Oh, you'll like this one, Yank Dank. It's called The Purple Prince and is all about Jinnicky and his adventures with Randy and the Elegant Elephant, Kabumpo." Yankee, already in a half doze on his side of the bed, sprang up, his tail and ears pointed straight upward. "We'll read a chapter every night," went on Tompy, "starting right now." Slipping under the covers, tilting the bed lamp at the proper angle, and with Yankee snuggled close beside him, Tompy began reading the story of the Red Jinn's travels and the way he and another boy about Tompy's age with the help of old Kabumpo saved the Royal Family of Pumperdink. It was long past Yankee's talking time, but from the way he would nod, sniff, and grin (and if you think Yankee could not grin, you don't know any bull terriers) Tompy knew he understood and was enjoying every word. So here, happily reading an Oz book, we will leave them. Perhaps after you have finished this story you, yourself, will want to read another book about the jolly Little Wizard of Ev. ~~~The End~~~

Table of Contents

[Baum, L Frank - Oz 41 - Yankee in Oz](#)

About this Title

This eBook was created using ReaderWorks™Publisher, produced by OverDrive, Inc.

For more information on ReaderWorks, visit us on the Web at "www.readerworks.com"