

Printed for
Ozzites
Wheresoever
Dispersed

The Ozmapolitan

Emerald City

Land of Oz

Weather
Always Fair
in the Land
of Oz

Volume OZ

Glorious Reign of Ozma—1st Period

No. A

HISTORIAN OF OZ SENDS LETTER TO ALL OZZITES

Emerald City (Ozmapolitan News)

Dear Boys and Girls:

The other day I was sitting in the Royal Garden with Ozma and all the other dear Oz celebrities. We had just finished tea, and putting down my cup I rose to go to the apartment I always occupy on visits to the palace.

"I must write a letter to the boys and girls," I explained, bowing to the little Queen.

"Why?" asked Tik-Tok, the Metal Man, "are you wound up to write a letter?"

"No," I laughed winking at Scraps who was combing the Cowardly Lion's mane, "but I have three pieces of news!"

"I know one!" chuckled Scraps giving the Cowardly Lion's head such a tug, the poor creature's eyes watered. "There's a new Oz book and it's all about—

"ME!" purred the Hungry Tiger, waving his tail lazily, "it's even called 'The Hungry Tiger of Oz!'"

"Pshaw, we've all had books written about us, why get so excited over yours!" mumbled the Cowardly Lion gruffly. "What's the other news, Miss Historian?"

"Well," I answered quickly to keep the two beasts from getting into an argument: "The boys and girls are going to have OZ CLUBS, and besides that there is going to be a real Oz magazine called THE OZMAPOLITAN!"

"Ozmapolitan!" shrielled Scraps, dropping the comb,

"We have a map, we have a Queen

And now we have a magazine!

What for?"

"For fun and to tell all the Oz news that happens in between books," I explained hastily.

"Hurray for the Ozmapolitan. I'll send them my picture at once," exclaimed the Scarecrow.

"But about these clubs," put in Jack Pumpkinhead in a worried voice. "What are the boys and girls going to do with Oz clubs, hit one another or have a battle?" Poor Jack is not very bright, having only a pumpkin for a head.

"Oh no, no, NO!" I hastened to assure him. They're not that kind of clubs at all. The boys and girls will belong

Special Ozmapolitan Radio Photo to Ozzite Readers



This photograph was made by special request of Queen Ozma. Every citizen of the Fairyland of Oz posed for the Royal Photographer and each looked his best for the picture. The Ozmapolitan, on behalf of the Ozzites throughout the world, extends thanks to the citizens of Oz for their kindness and efforts in posing for this remarkable photograph.

OZ PHOTOGRAPHS MERIT PRAISE

Philadelphia (Ozmapolitan News)

Ruth Plumly Thompson, the Royal Historian of Oz, has expressed great delight over the remarkable photographs for her latest history, "The Hungry Tiger of Oz." John R. Neill, the Royal Photographer, is to be commended on his work. He has suffered many hardships and has undergone hazards to produce over 100 beautiful pictures for this fine, big book, and The Ozmapolitan takes this opportunity to compliment Mr. Neill on his work.

to these Oz clubs and they'll play Oz games, have Oz puzzles and parties and shows and badges and picnics and secret signs and—everything!"

"Why then," puffed the Scarecrow, springing up with a shout, "Why then they'll have just as much fun as we do."

"Of course they will!" And you will, too. And if you do not believe me, read all about the Ozmite Club in column three of this page!

And now that I've told you all three pieces of news, you must tell me what you think of the The Hungry Tiger when you have joined an Ozmite Club your own self and how much you have enjoyed the first number of The Ozmapolitan. Will you?

Best of Oz wishes and love.
Ruth Plumly Thompson.

OZ CLUBS FORM ALL OVER U. S. A.

Emerald City—

According to dispatches, nearly every city is to have an Ozmite Club. The loyal subjects of this great and magical country are fast organizing. They are to have a special Ozmite Club pin to wear, a newspaper of their own, Oz secrets, parties, games, picnics, etc. It is a fun club. There are no dues, and membership entitles you to invitations to parties and all of the aforementioned.

Any boy or girl who loves the Oz folk or wants to read about their strange adventures as recorded in the Oz books is eligible to membership.

If there are no Ozmite Club headquarters in your city, go to your book dealer and ask him to write to "The Wizard of Oz," 536 Lake Shore Drive, care Reilly and Lee, who will supply him with full particulars and material for organizing your Ozmite Club—free of charge.

JOIN NOW! JOIN NOW!

HOW TO GET THE OZMAPOLITAN

The Ozmapolitan is supplied to Ozmite Club members through the club headquarters in your city. Copies will be given to those wearing an Ozmite pin who will call at the dealer representative of the Ozmite Club.

SHIP STRANDED IN MID OCEAN

Chimney Pot Sends S. O. S. For Aid

Chicago (Ozmapolitan News Service)

One of the greatest sea mysteries of all time is puzzling shipping circles. For the past several days repeated S. O. S. calls have been received from the good ship Chimney Pot, under command of Captain S. Claus, of Clausland. The headquarters shipping office is mystified by reason of the fact that the calls are coming from a location in the Western Seas hitherto unknown to sailing vessels. The mystery is further heightened by the fact that the messages disclose that the vessel herself is in no immediate danger, but is calling for a relief freighter to be sent out to help bring back a rich cargo discovered by Captain Claus and his strange crew.

Last January Captain Santa Claus built a wonderful vessel—The Chimney Pot—and with a strange, untried crew set sail for The Lost Islands, where, he informed shipping circles, real live toys were to be found in great abundance. The exact location of The Lost Islands was not known at the time of sailing and The Chimney Pot cleared Clausland, the most northern port, with rather liberal clearance papers. Radiograms received many days after sailing advised headquarters that the vessel had sighted and hailed King Neptune, ruler of the sea, who had given the commander the exact location of The Lost Islands, which lie somewhere west of the setting sun and may be reached by sailing directly through the hole left in the sky by the setting sun.

Huggerumbo, the polar bear, acting as helmsman, made this hazardous passage with no loss of life, and now it appears The Chimney Pot has made The Lost Islands, where they have completely filled the hold with real live toys. Apparently Captain Claus, anxious to provide real live toys for every boy and girl in the world, is sending frantic S. O. S. calls for another ship.

However, due to the mystery of the exact location and the danger of undertaking such a voyage the shipping headquarters have sent radio orders to Captain Claus to weigh anchor and return at once. If the ship
(Continued on Page 3, Col. 3)

The Ozmapolitan

Established in the Glorious Reign
of Queen Ozma

OZMAPOLITAN CO., Publishers
Ozmapolitan Bldg.
The Emerald City of Oz

The Reilly and Lee Company
United States Representatives
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Cable Address Oz
Radio Address Wizard

Entered at the Emerald City Post
Office for mail transmission as first-
class matter.

WIZARD OF OZ, Editor

Do Fairies Believe in You?

Since my little ship and I set sail to discover new lands and fairy races for the boys and girls we have witnessed many strange happenings, but none so gay as the adventures of the people in the Fairyland of Oz. It is one of the happiest harbors in the whole great sea of ink, and to drop off once a year at that magical country and record the strange history of its amazing inhabitants is a real delight.

Discovered more than twenty years ago by L. Frank Baum, The Land of Oz is a truly American Fairyland, with a geography as real as our own and a population characteristically and whimsically American. The Scarecrow, The Patchwork Girl and The Tin Woodman are distinctly American fairies, to name only a few of the inimitable creations of Mr. Baum that will live as long as there are children to believe in them.

I have always believed in fairies and in Oz. To one who does, delightful things are bound to happen. And one of the very delightfulest happened to me several years ago when the publishers of the Famous Oz Books handed me the key to that wonderful Kingdom and said: "Will you record for the boys and girls the future history of Oz?"

What fun! As a little girl I had followed breathlessly the fortunes of Dorothy and The Scarecrow. To continue to follow them and to explore for my own self this quaint and mysterious country has been a real adventure in happiness. Accompanied always by an invisible army of children—for they are my ablest assistants and fellow explorers—it has been my great good luck to discover Prince Pompadour and his Elegant Elephant, Kumpo, Mrs. Sew-and-Sew (the Queen of Bagdad), Sir Hokus of Pokes; the Lost King and a host of other odd and Ozzy celebrities.

Kindly and comfortable creatures frequent the forests of Oz, queer and incomprehensible tribes inhabit its out-



Quizzical Father, looking at mischievous Ozmite's poor report in Arithmetic: "Son, how much are 7 and 9?"

"Sixteen, Pop."
Surprised Father: "Hm, pretty good."
"Pretty good? Shucks, that's perfect."

lying territories and deserts, Magic lurks in its mountains and giants are by no means extinct there. I know this, and so do the boys and girls. Closing my eyes, I seem to see that eager expectant company of little folks, lost in a dreamy world of castles and enchantments, a world so cozy and utterly satisfying that I, for one, cannot doubt its existence.

"When I look at the sky," writes the dearest little girl of all, "I sometimes think Oz must be back of the bright clouds there." And who shall say it is not, a gay high-hearted Kingdom of Adventure on the other side of the sunset?

I believe in Oz and all of its fairies and lately—hush!—lately, I've a kind of notion the Oz folks believe in me. To believe in fairies is easy enough, but to have them believe in you, ah, that is an achievement. And if you, who are reading this, want to experience a little of its thrill, begin by believing in a live Scarecrow. Could you believe in a live Scarecrow? Try! For if you believe in the Scarecrow, believing in the Cowardly Lion will be almost easy and after that you will come to believe in the whole merry Oz crew. And once you do, they will surely believe in you. "Really?" you ask. No, unreally! Unreally! Unreally! And could anything be more delightful than the unreally ones?

Ruth Plumly Thompson,
Royal Historian of Oz.

An Ozzy Yell

One two three,
Who are we,
The boys and girls
Who love O Z.

Tongue Twister

Today Tik-Tok Tripped
Through Tip's Tossing Tally-
ho To Take The Thirty Trav-
eller's Tickets.

CAN YOU WRITE AN
OZZY POEM?

Then Just Read This

The Royal Publishers of Oz offer a prize for the best poem celebrating the wonderful characters of Oz . . . or their adventures . . . or about the Oz books.

Want to try for the prize? Here's what you do . . .

Write a poem . . . on one side of the paper . . . as plainly as you can . . . Sign it with your full name . . . address . . . age . . . birthday . . . Mail the poem to The Royal Publishers of Oz, care of Reilly and Lee Co., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

If your poem is chosen, you will receive THE NEW OZ BOOK FOR 1927 . . . FREE . . . and before any other Oz-zite in your city . . . and the new book will have a message to you from the Royal Historian of Oz, Miss Ruth Plumly Thompson.

The following poem was composed by Rachel Campbell, 3827 Georgia St., San Diego, California:

When Ozma Was a Baby

When Ozma was a baby,
Very long ago,
According to old Grannies,
There was lots and lots of snow.
Drifting every winter
Down the mountains white,
Cotton snow and sugar snow,
It made a lovely sight!

When Ozma was a baby,
The stars were closer then,
And there were people on them.

Merry little men,
Who dressed in golden jackets
And sang the sweetest tunes.
The sun was twice as big as now,
And there were twenty moons!

When Ozma was a baby,
The beasts were not so small;
The elephant could touch the sky
He towered up so tall.
The lions' roars were music
And they were so fond of play,
They came up to the villages
Most every other day.

When Ozma was a baby,
The witches used their charms
And sorcerers and wizards too
Filled people with alarms.
But Oh, it must have been rare sport
To see them sailing by,
Black witches on long broom sticks
A trailing 'cross the sky!
(Continued in Next Column)



THE SCARECROW

In Oz lives the Scarecrow,
His castle, my dears,
Is built quite entirely
Of yellow corn ears.
And the Scarecrow's chock full
Of fresh straw, and so gay
He tickles himself,
And all Oz, every day.
He don't have to eat,
And he don't have to wash,
And when he falls down
He just lands with a squash
That don't hurt him at all.
"I should think everyone
Would enjoy being stuffed
Like I am, it's such fun."
Said the Scarecrow of Oz,
As he stood on his head.
"Tell the children to try it."
That's just what he said!
(But we couldn't very well,
could we?)

You can read all about the Scarecrow in "The Scarecrow of Oz" and also in "The Royal Book of Oz."

A Real Ozzy Idea

Get up an Ozmite Club in your neighborhood.
Have regular officers.
Have meetings and play Ozzy games.
Wear an OZ pin . . . Ask about it . . . where you buy the Oz books.

OZIMERICKS

In a rain last week we are told,
The Tin Woodman so brave
and so bold
Soaked his joints in such shape
That his mouth now will gape
Till replaced with a hinge
made of gold.

Jack Pumpkinhead bought a new home
With a porch and fine yard
where to roam,
But the roof sprung a leak
And wet poor Jack's feet,
So he now has a cold in his dome.

??? Riddle ???

Why is it unsafe for the Queen of the Field Mice to hide in the Scarecrow's stuffing?

(The answer is elsewhere in this Ozmapolitan—can you find it?)

When Ozma was a baby,
Folks never worked at all,
Flowers blossomed by themselves in spring,
Fruit ripened in the fall;
While toys and sugar candy
Hung on each forest bough.
I wish that Princess Ozma
Could be a baby now!

SPECIAL OZOGRAM

(Ozziordinary News Special)
Emerald City—

Invitation to all the children everywhere to visit the Emerald City at this time is withdrawn on account of the crowded condition of Emerald City and lack of sufficient accommodations. The Scarecrow, the Patchwork Girl, the Cowardly Lion, and the Tin Woodman felt so terribly over not being able to meet the boys and girls from everywhere that good Queen Ozma has granted the Oz folk permission to meet all their little friends on the radio as well as in the books about Oz. Queen Ozma grants her permission in a special

OZ-O-GRAM

Emerald City—

I hereby grant royal permission to broadcast joy and happiness among children by reading of the doings of the Scarecrow, Jack Pumpkinhead, the Tin Woodman and other Oz folk, as recorded in the Oz books.

All loyal Ozzites are requested therefore, to tune in and hear the broadcast of these marvelous stories.

By order of Her Majesty,
Queen Ozma of Oz.

RADIO BROADCAST OF OZ STORIES HUGE SUCCESS

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION FLOOD TOPY TURVY TIME MAN

Chicago—

After receipt of Queen Ozma's message, the Topsy Turvy Time Man of station WMAQ, of the Chicago Daily News, called the Emerald City and asked for a copy of the first History and was presented with "The Land of Oz". Now all listeners within range tune in every day at Topsy Turvy Time and listen to the broadcast of the Oz stories.

Letters of appreciation, thanks and delight are received daily because everybody loves the Oz books, you know.

And now, boys and girls, you can have all your old friends, little Dorothy, Glinda, Rinkitink and all your new friends, the Hungry Tiger, the Airman, the Scarlet Prince, etc. on the air each day. But like everything else worth having, you have to work for this too. Here's what you do.

Write a letter to your own broadcasting station having a Children's Hour, and ask the Radio Man to Broadcast the Oz stories, so you can hear them read each day. And tell your little friends to do the same. And if enough children ask Mr. Radio Man, he will do as he is asked. Try it and see.

ROYAL SURVEYOR WANTS HELP ON NEW MAPS OF OZ

All Ozzites Given Chance to Help and to Win a Prize

(Special Dispatch to the Ozmagician)

Queen Ozma's Royal Surveyor is now preparing new maps of the Land of Oz and of the surrounding countries. Since many places in the marvelous Land of Oz are unknown and unexplored, he has proclaimed that he will appreciate any authentic information in regard to the location on the maps of new lands and peoples.

At the present time there is some doubt as to the location of the Yoop Castle. Whether it is in the Gillikin Country or in the foothills of the Quadling Country mountain range is not definitely known.

The last survey was made several periods ago and even the location of the house of the Wicked Witch, which appears on the present map in the Winkie Country, is said by one Ozzite to be near the Road of Yellow Brick in the Munchkin Country.

Reference to the records of the Royal Historian, the Oz books, will clear up these differences and the Surveyor asks Ozzites to do a bit of research in the Oz books and to mark the present maps of the Land of Oz and of the surrounding countries, which may be obtained from Ozmite Club headquarters at your book store. Full directions for the contest will be found on the maps. It will be easy to do and lots of fun. Just write clearly the names and places on the maps and send them to the Royal Surveyor, 536 Lake Shore Drive, care Reilly and Lee, Chicago, Ill.

To the contributor of the best revised map will be presented six Oz books; to the second best, four books; and to the third best, two books. The books to be selected by the winners from the nineteen titles appearing in the ad on page 4 and each prize will be specially autographed by the Royal Historian of Oz.



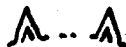
SPECIAL THE LAND OF OZ
First Book of the Famous Series
Now Published In Popular Edition
\$1.00 Per Copy

FOR FUN TRY THIS

Listen, Ozzites, here's some fun,

Draw two wigwags and you've begun
A dear old friend of striped coat

Whose crooning voice is sweet of note.



Now below three circles round;

Their purpose will be later found.



And for mouth, we'll use instead

A "Y" that stands upon its head.



Now then, around the whole you'll draw

Some lines that look as though they're straw.

A dot or two for eyes he'll need,



And now you have a cat to feed.

Start An Ozmite Club

Have regular officers, meetings and play games.

Wear an OZ pin, too.

Ask about the club where you buy the Oz books.

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4) does not sail within a week, it is feared it will not be back in time for Christmas, which would put the calendar makers in a great muddle, for Christmas can in no way be held with Captain Santa Claus absent. The genial Captain has been dictating the story of his voyage over the radio, and all the strange and mysterious adventures of his trip may be found in that amazing book—**The Curious Cruise of Captain Santa.**

One other thing is puzzling headquarters. How can the Captain know his directions when he is west of the place where the sun goes down? Readers of the Ozmagician will be kept advised of the progress of the return trip.

CHILDREN'S MOTHER GOOSE

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He drew the pictures for a book

That everybody buys.
And when he'd drawn the pictures

And placed them in the book,

He closed it up quick as a wink

And never took a look,
Because he knew that if he looked

He'd laugh until he'd cry
And thinking 'twas so bad a book,

No one would ever buy.

Now there was a crooked man
And he walked a crooked mile,

And he found a crooked sixpence

Beside a crooked stile.
And when he got to Crooked Town,

He spent the crooked money
For one look at the wise man's book

And my, but it was funny!

Then Little Miss Muffit
Sat on a tuffet

Eating Jack Horner's pie.
She put in her thumb—

But me! Oh my!

Four and twenty blackbirds
Were baked within the pie.

All upside down and inside out

And mixed up in a jumble
The cow tried to jump over the moon

And fell down in a tumble.
And so the crooked man

Who had walked the crooked mile

Bought the book and started home,

And such a crooked smile
You never saw, as sense he made

Of all the crooked rhymes.
And when he'd reached his crooked home,

He had the best of times.

This self same book is now for sale

A dollar twenty-five,
A better book was never seen

By any child alive.

If you should walk: a crooked mile

To get one, you must say
You want the one with pictures

By the wise man, Donahey.

CLASSIFIED

FOR RENT—Bunbury home in Quadling Country. Furnished. Only vegetarians need apply. Utensia City, Post Box 3X.

FOR RENT—Emerald Square store facing Scarecrow Ct. Apply Rm. IMN, Tik-Tok Bldg.

WANTED—Cashier for Jack Pumpkinhead's 24T Lunch Room.

WANTED—Laborers to repair yellow brick road. Apply Royal Palace, Comptroller's Office.

EXTRAORDINARY EXTRAVAGANZA ENTERTAINS EVERYBODY

Skeezix Surprised by Stupendousness of Circus

Chicago (Ozmapolitan News)

BY SKEEZIX

Last week some other kids and I were playin' "hidey hole" and "dare base" in the alley, and along came two men with posters and paste buckets full of stuff that looks like milk shake, but isn't and began to put up a sign on a sign board.

One of the kids bet more'n a million dollars that it would be a sign about an ottermobile or tobacco, or sumpin', but it wasn't. 'Fore they got the sign more'n haf up there was a picture of a lion and the snout of an elefant and the word "Circus."

"Whoop-eel, Circus comin'! Circus comin'!, all the kids started yellin', 'ceptin' me. I didn't stay to yell, but ran faster'n anything to see Uncle Walt and tell him what he didn't know yet and ask him if maybe I couldn't go. He said he'd see about it, and I said there wasn't any sense to seein' about it 'cause either I could go or I couldn't and could I? He just laffed and said 'I could, and I was back in the alley to tell the kids I could go 'fore they got through yellin' 'round. They wished they was me, then, and they all beat it home quick to bring in water and wood and do a lot of things they'd forgot to do before they asked could they go.

I stayed right there and helped the man by keepin' the wind from blowin' away the sign which is in different pieces, like a puzzle, and the man said I was a pretty good kid and he'd send me a pass but it hasn't come yet.

The circus won't be here for a lot of days yet, but when it does come I'll tell you all about it 'cause if you haven't seen this one you haven't seen any circus worth talkin' about 'cause the sign says this one is the World's Biggest Circus with more'n thirty elefants.

Quick as Uncle Walt heard about the circus comin' and knew about me goin' 'cause he said I could, he told a friend of his about it who writes and draws funny pictures, and he is going to make a book called "Skeezix at the Circus," with pictures and everything. But I don't know what he will say, so when the editors of The Ozmapolitan asked me would I write about the circus myself if they'd put it right in the

(Continued Column 4)

SOCIETY COLUMN


Nick Chopper is busily engaged these days in chopping down branches for decoration of his palace for the much heralded wedding of Geraldine Fussy of Flutterbudget to Clarence Skillet of Utensia, Mr. Chopper's nephew.

A Tottenhot orchestra from the Winkie Country will entertain at the wedding breakfast.

Glinda the Good gave a theatre party at the Emerald City Opera House on Saturday. Jack Pumpkinhead leaned too far out of his box seat and lost his head as General Jinjur's crack drill squad brought down the house with their superb drilling.

Dr. Pipt's glass cat caught his tail in a swinging door and had to carry it about with him in a basket until he received a healing mucilage from the China Country which enabled Dr. Pipt to bring about a complete recovery from the loss.

Miss Cutenclip will give a tea party on Thursday for her guest, Henrietta Bewilder, from Fuddlecumjig.



HERE IS THE LATEST BIG OZ BOOK IT'S A DANDY! There Are Now 19 Titles

1. The Land of Oz.
 2. Ozma of Oz.
 3. Dorothy and the Wizard in Oz.
 4. The Road to Oz.
 5. The Emerald City of Oz.
 6. The Patchwork Girl of Oz.
 7. Tik-Tok of Oz.
 8. The Scarecrow of Oz.
 9. Rinkitink in Oz.
 10. The Lost Princess of Oz.
 11. The Tin Woodman of Oz.
 12. The Magic of Oz.
 13. Glinda of Oz.
 14. The Royal Book of Oz.
 15. Kabumpo in Oz.
 16. The Cowardly Lion of Oz.
 17. Grampa in Oz.
 18. The Lost King of Oz.
 19. **THE HUNGRY TIGER OF OZ.**
- \$1.60 Per Volume
AT YOUR BOOK STORE**

SPORT COLUMN

Hammerheads Win Over Hoppers in Fast Game

Bunbury Stadium—

An uphill game was played by the polo champions of last period against the Hoppers, on the mountain side stadium here today. Although the Hammerheads seemed truer shots, the Hoppers held the lead with their superb hopping tactics. The Sawhorse, who was ridden by the Captain of the Hammerheads, stepped into a hole and broke his foreleg, but Tip soon whittled a new one and he immediately re-entered the game.

Captain Hardnut, of the Hammerheads, played with a vengeance and brought his team out with a clean victory.

Standing of the Teams

	Won	Lost
Hammerheads	6	1
Hoppers	5	2
Flutterbudgets	2	4
Tottenhots	2	5
Whealers	1	6

Chopper and Tik-Tok Finish in a Draw

Emerald City—

Nick Chopper and Tik-Tok, in an effort to settle a dispute as to who was the better runner, wagered even money, 10,000 pequots, on a marathon which was run, last week.

The day was rainy, but a start was made from the gates of the Emerald City. The pace was fast and the rattle of tin on the pavement terrific until Tik-Tok slowly ran down, and Nick's joints became so rusty with the rain that both were forced to give in. Because of the draw, the stakes, held by the Wizard, were donated to the relief fund of the Weary Travellers of Oz.

Join the Ozmite Club At Your Book Store

If there are no Ozmite Club headquarters in your city, go to your book dealer and ask him to write to "The Wizard of Oz," 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois, care Reilly & Lee, who will supply him with full particulars and material for organizing your Ozmite Club—free of charge.

NOVEL PLANS FOR NEW HOSTELRY FOR TEENIE WEENIES

(Ozmapolitan Foreign News Service) Teenie Weenie Land—

After the rains of last April, the General called a meeting of the Doctor, the Nurse, the Artist and Indian Chief to discuss plans for a trip down to Bubbly Creek Marshlands to view a likely site for a proposed summer resort settlement.

The Artist has drawn up extensive plans for a fine hotel. While on our tour with paints and brushes for the Teenie Weenie Art World magazine, in the interesting marshlands, he discovered a crate of strawberry boxes on a sandy beach hidden by rushes. An idea struck him that this would be a splendid structure requiring very little labor to put it in shape for occupancy as a resort hotel.



A friendly wild goose (photograph above) agreed to assist in the construction of the proposed hotel and has also solicited the support of many swamp frogs.

The Teenie Weenie mothers are delighted with the report that the completion of the summer resort will afford a rest haven and play grounds for the summer months. The fathers are also pleased with the idea, as pollywogs are plentiful and fishing should be good.

Two histories of the doings of the Teenie Weenies have been compiled. There are many interesting stories of these little people in "The Adventures of the Teenie Weenies" and "The Teenie Weenies Under the Rose Bush."

(Continued from Column 1)

paper, I said I would and they're goin' to. More next time.

Editors Note: Since Skeezix wrote the above article, the circus has arrived and Mr. King's new wonderful book, "Skeezix at the Circus," has been printed. There are colored pictures on every page and "lions, tigers and everything."

Because the cattle eat it.



REILLY & LEE CO.
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO