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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

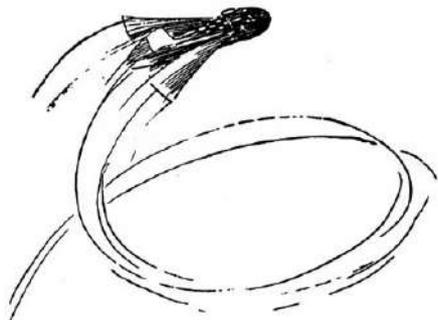
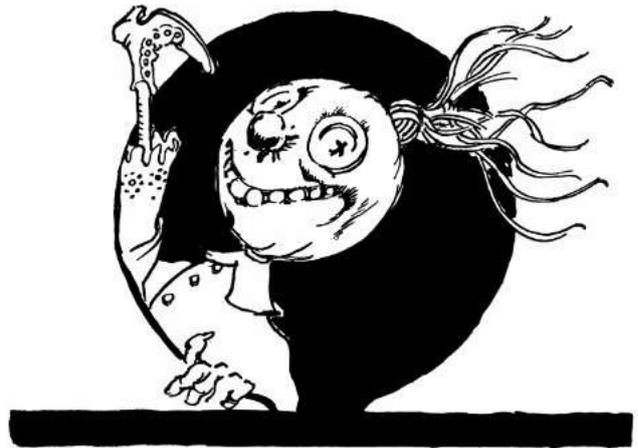
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Ozoplaning with the Wizard of Oz: Azarine Is Restored to Red Top (20/20)

From the castle window, the whole party cheered wildly as the Ozoplane, roaring with power, soared over the wall, over the tree tops and up, up, and up, till it vanished into the cloudless, blue sky.

"My pie! I do hope Nick doesn't start claiming any more countries," sighed Jellia, drawing in her head reluctantly. "And for cake's sake why couldn't they have waited a few days?"

Of course the Tin Woodman is never tired, but Wiz certainly needed a rest after all we've been through!" "Never you mind about that!" Glinda patted the kind-hearted little Jellia on the shoulder. "The Wizard has his black bag along this time, and in that bag there is a cure for almost everything—even lack of sleep!"



"Look!" called Dorothy, pulling Jellia back to the window. "Shaggy and Dear Deer are running races round the pond and here come all our servants and celebrities! Hiah, Tik Tok! Hello, Scraps! See, Azarine! That's the Patch Work Girl! You'll simply love her! We all do! Someone must have sent word that Strut had been defeated!"

"I did—I dispatched one of my doves," explained Glinda. "And now, my dear," the tall and lovely Sorceress motioned significantly to Ozma, "is it not time to deal with Bustabo, and restore this Little Lady to her Castle?"

"Oh, not yet! Please, not yet!" begged Dorothy, as Azarine looked expectantly from Glinda to Ozma. "We want Azarine to stay here a long time, don't we, Jellia? Come on Azzy, dear, I'll lend you an old dress and we'll all go for a ride before lunch! You, on Shaggy—Jellia and I on Dear Deer—Bettsy and Trot on the Cowardly Lion, and the Scarecrow on the Hungry Tiger!"

"It's all right, go ahead," Ozma nodded indulgently as the little Princess hung back. She did want so much to stay and meet all the interesting people in the garden, but she felt it her real duty to return to her subjects, now suffering under the cruel rule and temper of Bustabo.

Then:

"I've already turned Bustabo into a red Squirrel!" Ozma told the Princess, gravely. "In that form he still can enjoy himself, but do no harm to others. I've also sent a

message saying you will be home in a few days, and placed Archibald the Archer in charge till you return!" "Oh, how did you know Archy is the one I trust most?" marveled Azarine, her eyes shining with happiness and astonishment. "Bustabo threw Archy into a dungeon a week ago, because he tried to help me!"

"Ozma knows everything," confided Dorothy, with an adoring glance toward the little Ruler of all Oz. "And everything's going to be lovely! Come on, Azzy! I'll beat you to the fountain in the garden!"

So now, with her last worry removed, the little Princess of Red Top skipped off with Dorothy to meet all the exciting celebrities in the garden. The two deer, alarmed by the strange appearance of some of the Ozlanders, had hidden themselves in a snow-ball bush. But Azarine soon coaxed them out and in no time at all, they were chatting like old friends with the Hungry Tiger and the Saw Horse.

Jellia stayed in the garden only a short while, for Jellia had other things to do. The little Oz Maid was determined to have a party to celebrate their home coming and soon, in deep conference with the castle chef, she was planning the most gorgeous feast the Green Castle ever had known.

It began at noon and lasted till nightfall. Even long after the tall candles had burned low, the cheery company sat around the royal table while Dorothy, Jellia and the Scarecrow told and retold their amazing adventures in the Strat and on Red Top Mountain.

So delightful did Azarine and the two Deer find life in the capitol, they stayed on and on. Each evening, the girls and Ozma, and her most important counselors, would gather in her private sitting room. There, looking at the magic screen, they followed the progress of Nick and the Wizard as they flew on and on through the strange Highways and Byways of the Stratosphere. What a story they will have to tell us when they return.... WHAT a story!

