





"SKUDDABUD"

BY

COLUMBA KREBS

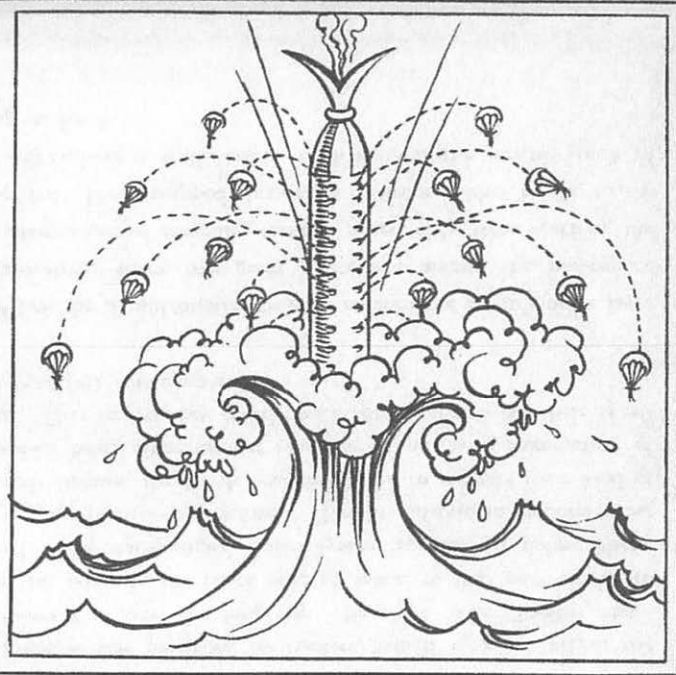
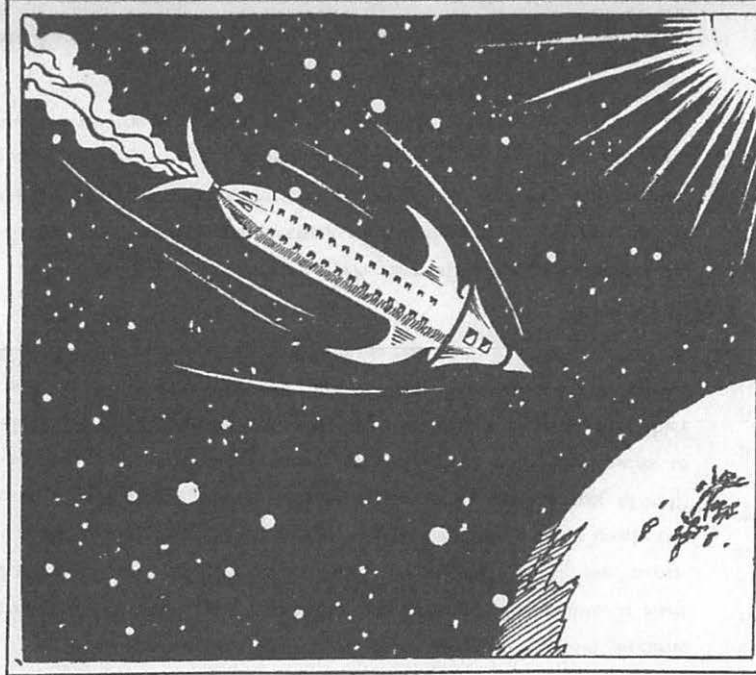
Once upon a time there was a strange race of people, called: "Skuddabudians" who did not live on this Earth. They were many thousands of years ahead of us in evolution. Therefore, they had bigger heads and slimmer bodies than we have, just as we are further advanced than our caveman ancestors who lived thousands of years ago. Way, way back in their ancient history, the Skuddabudians had much smaller heads and stouter bodies, similar to ours. In time, their home-planet grew so aged, that it's interior fires blew out through volcanoes. It's oceans evaporated, and sank down to the core of the planet. It's atmosphere gradually followed the seas underground, which eventually left the surface in a dying condition.

But long before the surface of their poor old planet became entirely uninhabitable, the Skuddabudians foresaw their doom, if they did not do something drastic about it, to stave off the end. As "necessity is the mother of invention," they dug underground cities inside the burnt-out volcanoes. They became so clever in the sciences of self-preservation, that nothing seemed impossible for their big brains to achieve. They developed the knowledge of how to manufacture their own food, water, and even air, etc. Thus they managed to survive and eventually provide a high degree of comfort.

They had dug down only one layer beneath their planet's surface, and their population finally became so crowded, they had to consider the need for expansion. Interplanetary migration, that was the answer! So, one memorable day, a colony of daring pioneers, with their families, climbed into the first Skuddabudian dirigible for spacial travel. This

huge machine was propelled by rockets, which were set off at the right moment to start the long trip. Bam-zip! The dirigible zoom-zoomed far out into the black void of space, to find new worlds to conquer! The star-spangled Solar System spread out before them, offering many planets to pick from. The Skuddabudian pioneers chose our Earth, because the Earth was best fitted to support their kind of life, besides being their nearest neighbor in our sun's community of planets. They hoped they could find a spot on Earth for their (preferably peaceful) colonization.

When the Skuddabudian dirigible entered the Earth's outer layer of stratosphere, there was great excitement among the passengers. After many years of traveling through space, they were reaching the goal, at last! They strapped themselves by huge rubber bands, to the deep, soft-cushioned walls inside, to withstand the terrific shock of landing on Earth.



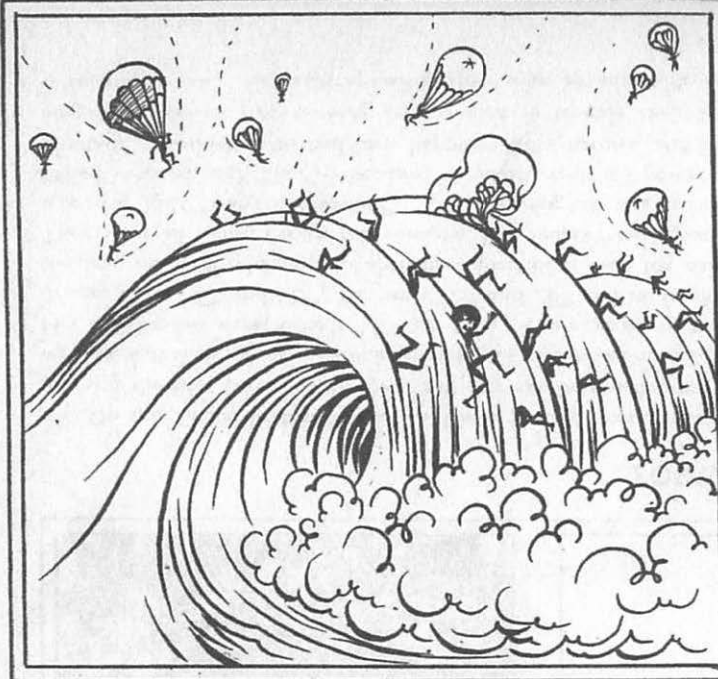
DOWN—BUT NOT OUT.

The Skuddabudian pioneers were not experienced in travel through space, therefore one of the dirigible's controls got out of order. When the Captain saw that he could no longer guide the dirigible, he commanded all the passengers to unstrap themselves from the shock-proof wall, and strap on their parachutes. Then they all made ready to leap out of the portholes, one, two, three—go!

Their dirigible dived straight down into the South Sea with a tremendous—SPLASH! None of the passengers were hurt, because they had been quick enough to go parachuting in time to escape the dirigible's fatal nose-dive. They drifted down in their parachutes, and the wind blew them all upon the sandy beach of a large, deserted South Sea

Island. They decided to make this Island their new settlement, in fact, they couldn't do anything else.

In their native home-planet, far away, the pioneer Skuddabudians had been accustomed to lighter gravity and thinner air, because their planet was much smaller than the Earth. They made earthly conditions more endurable by wearing anti-gravity suits, (which lightened their weight) and nose-stoppers, that thinned out the earth's thicker atmosphere. Gradually, as they became more and more accustomed to earthly conditions, they could discard these mechanical aids, and live like normal human beings. It was a new life in a new world for them, and they made the best of it.



SETTLING DOWN ON THE SETTLEMENT

The Skuddabudian pioneers had a hard time trying to build up a settlement on their new-found South Sea Island. All their possessions had been lost in the sunken dirigible, which was now at the bottom of the ocean. But they did find some loose objects thrown up by the waves from the undersea wreckage. With the aid of these odd pieces they fashioned crude tools. Then they chopped down trees, and built farm houses and villages. In time, their big brains managed to find ways and means to work metal mines, make machinery and thereby erect real cities. Their instruments of communication with their home-planet were lost, and as no one in the pioneer band knew how to recreate such instruments, they had complete isolation. Their folks in their home-planet thought they were lost.

These brave pioneers feared nothing, except the ocean, as they had never seen such a thing before. Therefore, they didn't know how to build ships, nor did they wish to. But their children were gradually learning to overcome their natural fear, by playing with the waves on the seashore. Someday, maybe, they would learn how to build boats and sail away for more exploring of this strange, unknown world, we call Earth. During the first generation of the Skuddabudian pioneer settlers, everything was rather makeshift. But after many experiments and improvements, they developed a civilization, very much like earthly kinds. Their motto was: "Where there is a will, there is a way, and if there is no way—make one."

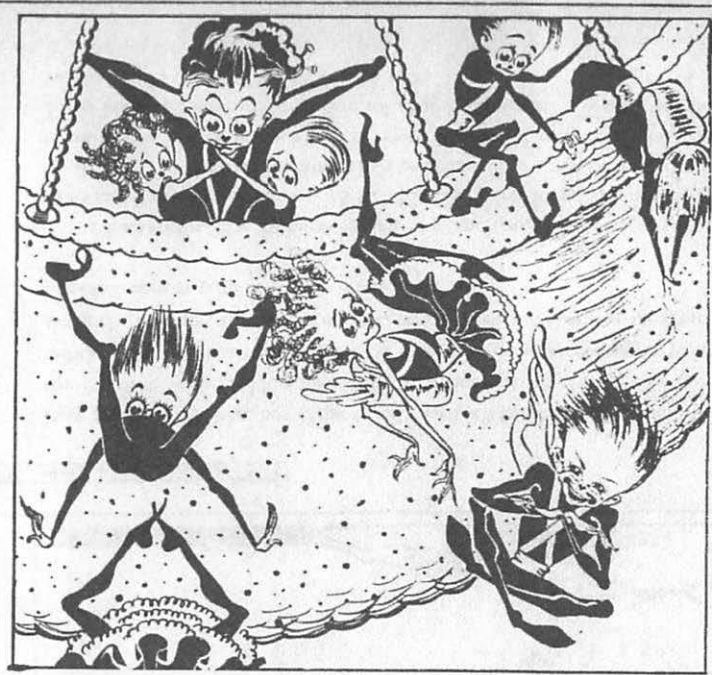


FORWARD MARCH!

On this Skuddabudian South Sea Island lived a famous mother. She was the first Governor's widow, and she was famous because she was 'blessed' with the overwhelming number of twenty-seven children! Her eldest twins were named: "A" and "B". The next set of twins, in age, were: "C" and "D", the next: "E" and "F" and so on down the line, until the obliging alphabet-letters had been used for names. They were all twins, except the youngest son, number twenty-seven, who was just: "Baby Skuddabud". The meaning of this name is: "Skud"—speed, and "Bud"—the spirit of youth, with it's power and promises! Skuddabudians had such happy-go-lucky natures, and lightning-like liveliness, that nothing ever seemed to trouble their keen, calculating minds. Generally speaking, they were an admirable race,

big-hearted, but practical idealists, with a wiry endurance. They could tackle any problem, and see it through, with concentrated confidence.

It was on the first day of May, when Mother Skuddabud, and her children planned and prepared to take a balloon-ride over the Island to celebrate a grand family reunion. Her elder children had taken the day off from their own families to be with their mother and all their brothers and sisters. Mother Skuddabud thought up a way of getting them into the balloon-basket, as they couldn't all scramble in at once. She pretended she was a major-general, and lined them up like soldiers on parade. Clicking their heels together, and saluting her, they goose-stepped up the ladder of the balloon, single-file, until they were snugly packed like sardines in a box. All aboard, they're off!

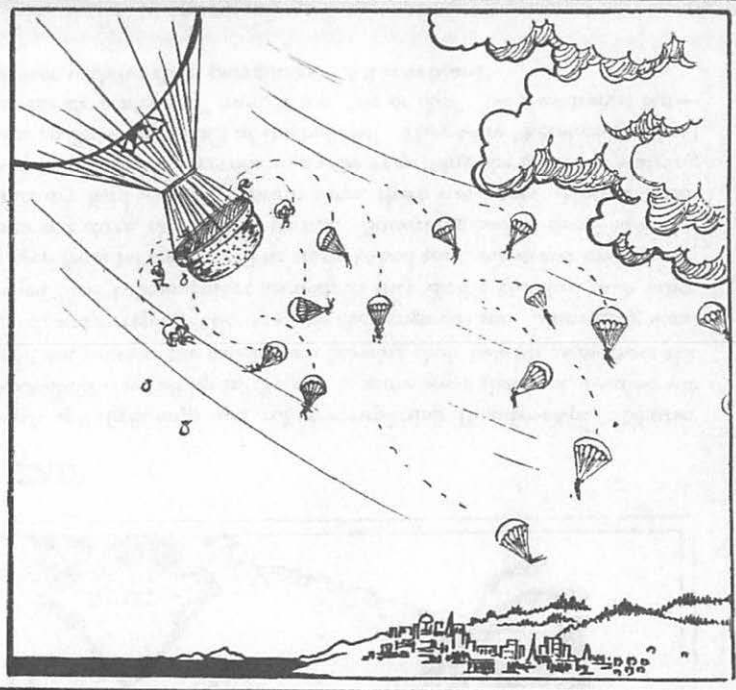


DANGER AHEAD!

They're off on a grand adventure, that may turn out to be more exciting than they expect! Up rose the balloon, and sailed away into the sky, amid many shouts of glee from it's full basket. Mother Skuddabud's voice often rose above the strong breeze, as she tried to keep her children in order—which was no small matter! "U" - "R" she cried, "YOU ARE both going to fall out, if you don't watch out." "X" you will EXIT also, if you don't sit down." "P" you'll bounce harder than a PEA—"Q" take your CUE from "C" and SEE the landscape in safety." "A" - "B"—A BEE is attacking me, help chase it off!" Etc., Etc., Etc.

The balloon was being whirled along faster and faster by the rising gale, straight into the teeth of an approaching storm. Soon, thunder

clouds spit lightning, and rolled ear-splitting thunder-claps. Mother Skuddabud was "all up in the air" in more ways than one, because she could not prevent the storm from blowing their balloon away from the Island, and sweeping it out towards the dangerous sea. The raging wind rocked their balloon-basket around, as they dizzily clutched each other to keep from falling out. The storm-lashed sea came nearer and nearer! Once out there, they would be lost. Something had to done—quickly, while dry land was still beneath them, there was hope. Mother Skuddabud commanded everyone to do the very thing she had been warning them against—to fall out of the balloon! They were "between the devil and the deep blue sea" now, it was "do or die." So they leaped out—but not without their parachutes! All overboard!



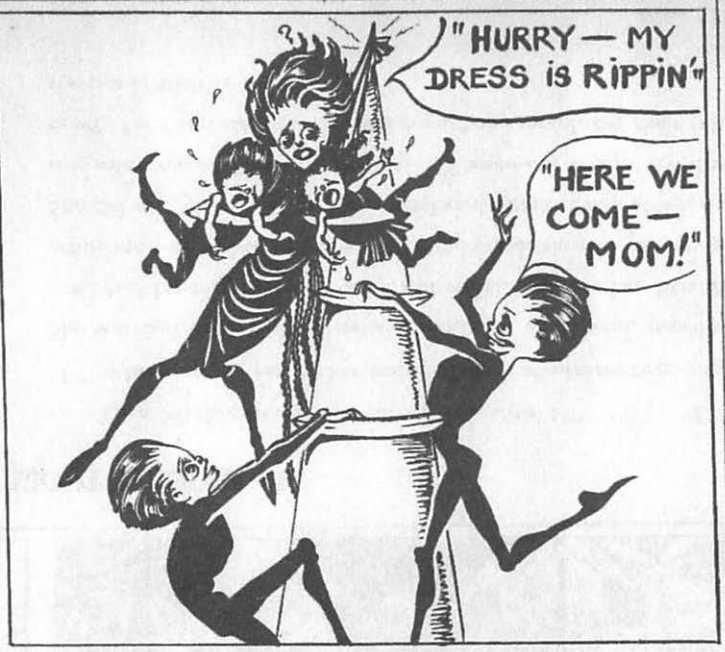
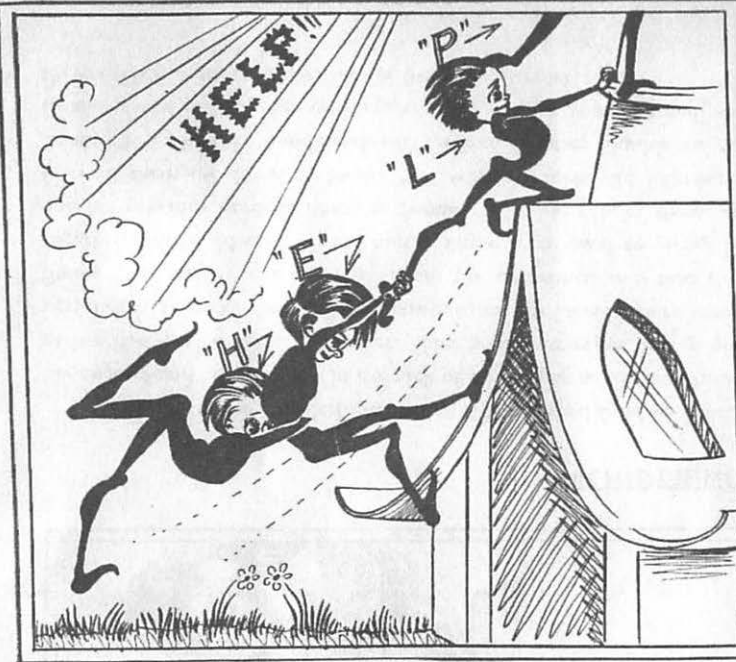
HIGGLETY-PIGGLETY, HELTER-SKELTER!

Mother Skuddabud screamed above the tempest: "Hurry, hurry, leap for your lives, but look before you leap! Do not forget to open your parachutes, and be careful where you land!" She thought it was safer to take a chance on landing safely (if not softly) anywhere on the ground, than to trust their lives to winds and waves over the sea. The seashore was already in sight. Quick, quick, over they went—over the top and down, down to—what?

Mother Skuddabud frantically tucked little "Y" and "Z" under each arm, and climbed over the side of the balloon-basket. She managed to pull her parachute-string open in spite of her burdens, after a few moments of failing. She gratefully felt her parachute billow out above, and support her in mid-air with a sudden yank, as it checked her head-

long plunge. When her large family had all tumbled pell, mell, out of the balloon, with reckless abandon, they became playthings for the wild winds. The tempest tossed them far and wide—higglety-pigglety, helter-skelter! Luckily, the winds carried them farther inland, away from that dreaded ocean, with its dark dangers.

Meanwhile, the balloon sailed on and on, out over the ocean; carrying Baby Skuddabud with it. He had been forgotten and forsaken by the rest, in that last minute rush overboard. If only he had reminded them of his presence by a yell or two, instead of remaining fast asleep. Thus he had been overlooked in all that excitement. Where would the balloon carry him? We will learn later!



"H" - "E" - "L" AND "P" TO THE RESCUE

Mother Skuddabud floated down in her parachute faster than all the rest of her family, because she carried the added weight of two scared little squirmers, namely: "Y" and "Z" under each arm. She fell towards a tall, sharp spire atop a temple-steeple. Would she be speared by it's cruel point? Oh, oh, she scraped past it, and escaped such a fate "by the hair of her head"—but her dress caught, and held her suspended. She hung by a strand to the spire, with only that frail support between her and a fatal fall. That was something to worry about. She helplessly called for help, accompanied by two lusty little pair of lungs.

The constant threat of her dress to let go of the steeple-spire and drop her down to the merciless ground, far, far below, was something to yell about. That strand kept slipping and ripping, thread by thread. As luck would have it, her four sons, (who had landed nearby) overheard, and came rushing to her rescue, in answer to her cry for help. Their names were: "H" - "E" - "L" and "P" and they were anxious to live up to their names. "We'll HELP you! they all cried, "Just hold on, we're coming as quickly as we can! Remember our steeple-jack stunts in the circus? We know how to save you, so just have confidence in us—and don't move on account of your dress! ! !"



WONDERING ABOUT WANDERERS

Climbing up the steeple first, Sonny "H" grabbed hold of Mother Skuddabud and her 'cargoes' in the nick of time—just as the last threads of her hard-pulled dress tore apart. Her parachute-ropes now proved very handy to make their clinging positions on the steeple more secure. Sonny "H" swiftly cut the ropes from the parachute, and tied them together around Mother Skuddabud. These were used to swing her and her precious burdens down to Sonny "E". He caught them, and lowered them on down to Sonny "L" who, in turn, did likewise to Sonny "P". In this 'hand-me-down' fashion, Mother Skuddabud was finally placed on solid ground again. Her helpful sons shouted with joyous relief as they climbed down from the steeple.

Then Mother Skuddabud started out with 'H' - "E" - "L" and "P" to hunt up the rest of her scattered flock of parachuting children. She searched for miles and miles around, but all in vain, because the wind had broadcast them too far and wide. But Mother Skuddabud refused to worry about them, as that wouldn't do them or her any good. She did say: "I hope some-one remembered to take Baby along, during the wild descent from the balloon. Where—oh! where are they all now? Let them alone, and they'll come home, and bring their tales on the tips of their tongues."



BROTHER "A" — HE'S THE RIGHT PERSON IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME

Each one of Mother Skuddabud's parachuting children landed in a different place, where they had various exciting adventures. So, we'll leave Mother wondering where they were wandering; and we'll follow the fortunes or misfortunes of Baby Skuddabud's brothers and sisters, from "A" to "X" while Baby himself is being carried over the sea in the abandoned balloon.

To begin with, Brother "A" floated down in his parachute, towards a garden-party. The Club-members were seated around a long table under the trees. Lighted lanterns swung above in the breeze, and shone on glasses and silverware below. The chairman of the "Clanny

Clam Club" arose with great dignity and addressed the members. They were startled when they heard the news, that their president had resigned from his seat of honor. His advanced age was offered as the reason for his retirement. He was too indisposed to even attend this meeting and wanted to give younger blood a chance to climb. This was most annoying, after waiting "on pins and needles" for his arrival, for so long—even "Clanny Clams" will rebel sometimes. There was a lot of buzzing, tittering, scratching of heads, stroking of chins, and knitting of brows, as they argued about who should be elected to fill the president's empty chair.



When Brother "A" floated down nearer to the Club-diners, he could overhear their heated arguments, and he thought: "Aha! I'll see if I can give them a little surprise—wind, wind, blow me right." He chuckled with glee when the wind seemed to heed, and swooped him straight down into the president's empty chair at the head of the long banquet-table. The chair seemed to be waiting just for him to land in. So he settled himself comfortably in it, and waved a cheery greeting to everyone. Gasps of astonishment, and cries of welcome arose on all sides, and a buzz of excitement rippled up and down the long table.



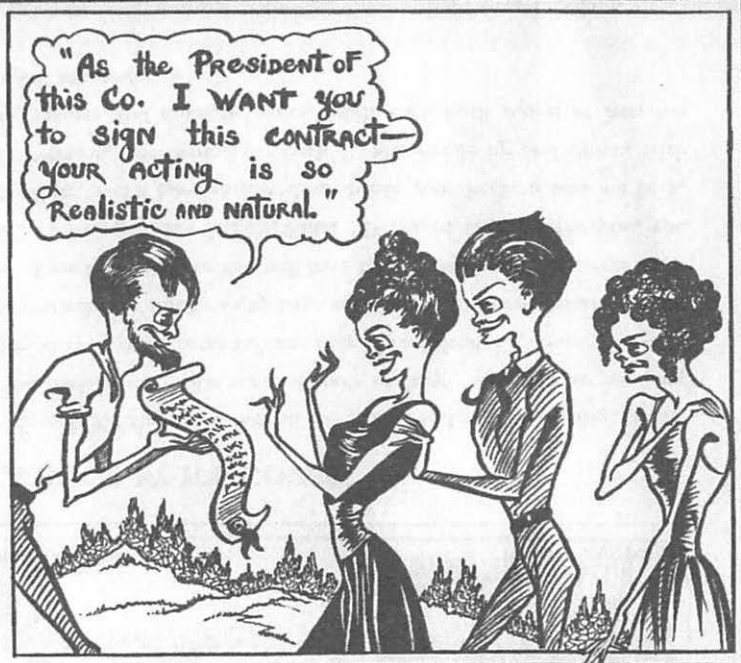
The chairman cried, "How strange that our-fellow member, should arrive at this moment in such an unusual way. We would like to know from whence he came." After Brother "A" had explained everything, he offered himself as a candidate for the honor of becoming their new president. The chairman thereupon proposed Brother "A" as his rival in the election. Slips of paper were passed around to everyone, and then they wrote the name of the man they preferred for the presidency. When the votes were counted, the results showed that the Club-members wished Brother "A" to stay just where he was. Glasses clicked up and down the table as the chairman cried: "Long may he live to warm that chair!"



SISTER "B" — ONE CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY IT'S COVER

Sister "B" floated down in her parachute towards a city-park. She saw a young couple sitting on a park-bench, holding hands and looking at each other romantically. When she had drifted near enough to see who they were, she gasped under her breath: "Mercy me, that man is my hubby—I can't imagine him flirting with anyone but me. Maybe that is his twin brother. No, his brother does not have the habit of pulling at his tie, like he just did. Gggrr—I can't stand this any longer—just let me get down there and I'll blow things up! I'll fix them! The very idea!"

Sister "B" flopped down on the grass beside the 'spooning' couple on the park-bench. She was a bundle of fury! Pointing an accusing finger at the "other woman" she raged breathlessly: "You—you, how dare you take my hubby away from me while I'm away—go away from him. I am back now, so you will have to back out, and don't ever come back. Turning to her hubby, Sister "B" raged on; "As for you, you back slider, you'll have to just about break your back to win me back, after betraying me behind my back!" She strode up and down, with wild gestures and dramatic tones, while they both stared at her, too shocked to answer.



Suddenly, it seemed to Sister "B" that they were rather enjoying her exhibition of jealous temper,—as though the joke were on her. A gruff voice from the rear cut short Sister "B's" explosions. The voice boomed: "That's great! After shooting this scene about a million times, until our nerves are all shot, we finally had it right, when in bounces an intruder and messes it up, what's the idea?" Sister "B" was startled. She turned to see an important-looking man striding towards her. Her much-misunderstood hubby laughingly explained: "That's the Director who engaged me today to play a part in: 'Appearances are sometimes deceiving.' Ha-Ha! You were fooled that time—"

Sister "B" humbly apologized to both of them," I'm sorry I misjudged you, but how was I to know that you had become an actor while I was up in the air on that ill-fated family balloon-ride?" Then the Director came up and complimented Sister "B" on her acting ability, much to her surprise. "I've changed my mind about that scene, I think your intrusion and jealous rampage improved it. If you can do it again, how about signing up to join our film company?" Would she? After all her study in dramatic art, she could, and did. Luck is usually earned in some way.



BROTHER "C" — A LEAP IN TIME SAVES NINE.

Brother "C" floated down in his parachute towards a country road, where he saw an automobile parked for repairs. When he had drifted near enough, he recognized his own family having this car-trouble. His wife welcomed his helping hand, after he had flopped down beside her, and flipped off his parachute. He set to work with a will,—and a few tools, and soon had the flat tire fixed and blown up. When he had finished pushing it in place he heard a dull roar behind him. It sounded like the rush of water. He turned around, and saw a stormy sheet of water billowing over the embankment towards them. For a second he was so stunned he couldn't imagine what it was. But

he didn't stop to figure out the "whys and wherefores" when the truth dawned on him.

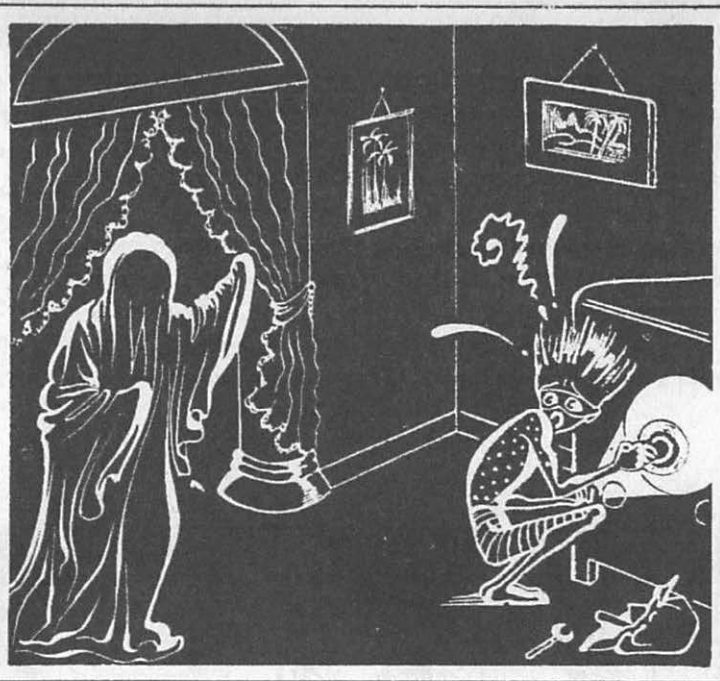
"A flood!" he screamed to his wife, "Quick! Jump into the car. We're ready, and we better be going! Speed is our only hope now!" He didn't even stop to pick up his tools,—what did they amount to when one's life is in danger? He leaped into the car after his wife, and pressed frantically on the starter. Chug - chug - chug - spft! "Giddap, you ol' tin-can! You shouldn't, you mustn't you can't stall now!" he cried desperately, as he bent, doubled with terror, over the driving-wheel.



The flood came lapping against the car's rear-wheels, and spraying foam into the back-seat, where their seven children were crying with fright. The car finally shot off with rebellious snorts, as Brother "C" shifted into high speed. Although the speedometer registered sixty, it meant nothing when the flood began to slow them up with its engulfing currents. The water rose, and poured into the car, to submerge them,—when suddenly the road dipped. Thus the pull of gravity helped the car to gather more and more speed, to pull out of the deeper waters, as it sped down the incline. They needed this impetus to take the leap for life across the bridgeless chasm ahead.



Suddenly, they found themselves poised in midair above the raging torrent below, between two high embankments. It was a tense, tense moment that seemed eternal to the car's breathless passengers. They wondered if they would ever reach the opposite side. The front-wheels struck it, but the rear-wheels hung down over the edge of the cliff—horrors, were they sliding back into the chasm? Brother "C" tried to press on the gas harder, while the whole family leaned forward, straining— (as tho' that would help pull the car up) Ugh! Ugh! Chug! Chug! How they prayed, until, after what seemed centuries crammed into seconds, the car dragged its rear-wheels up onto the dry road at last! They were only too glad to leave the flood tumbling down into the swollen river behind them.

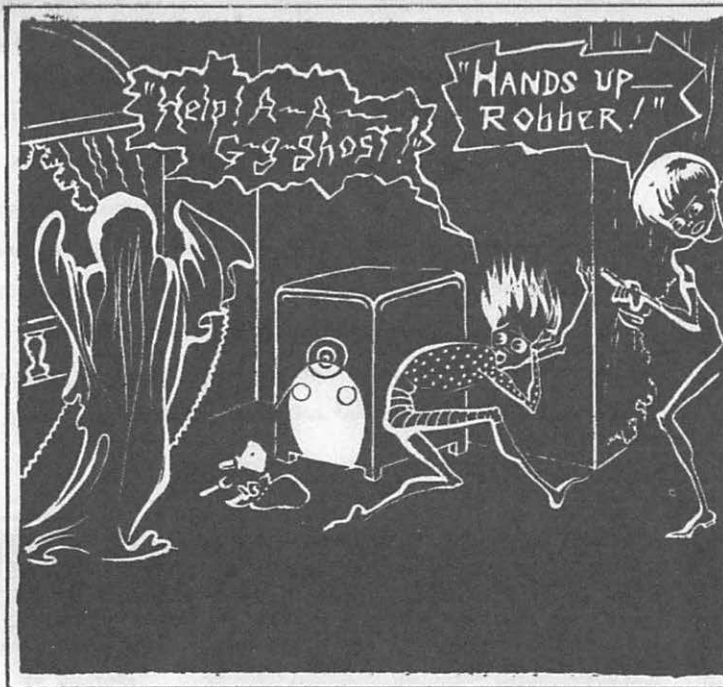


SISTER "D"—HER ENTANGLEMENT UNTANGLED THE PARENTAL KNOT

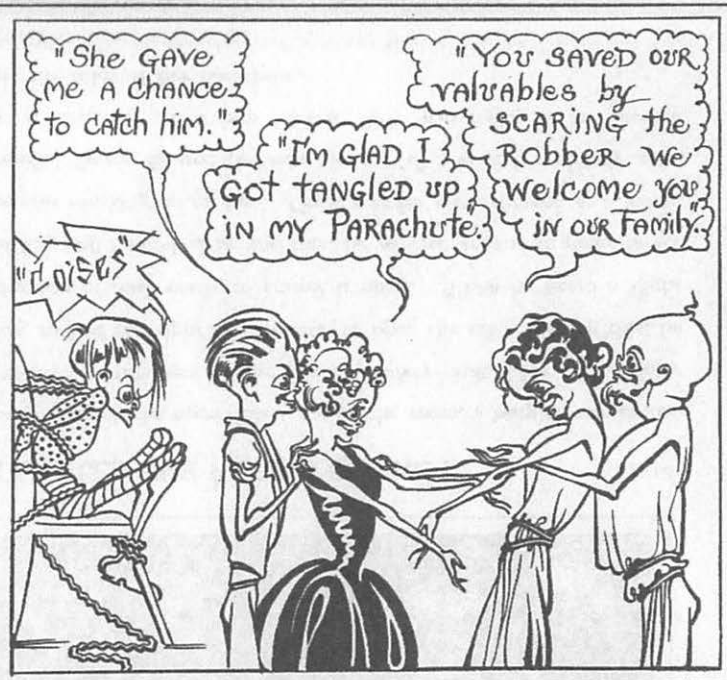
Sister "D" floated down in her parachute for a long time, as the wind blew her farther than the others. So she was the last to land and it was night time. She landed on the balcony of a fine country estate. "Well, of all things," she gasped, "This is the mansion of my former fiance's hard-hearted parents, whose objection to my poverty caused our broken engagement."

When she landed, her parachute draped over her in a heap. As she struggled to disentangle herself, she became more entangled in the folds and cords. But she managed to stagger up, and feel her way

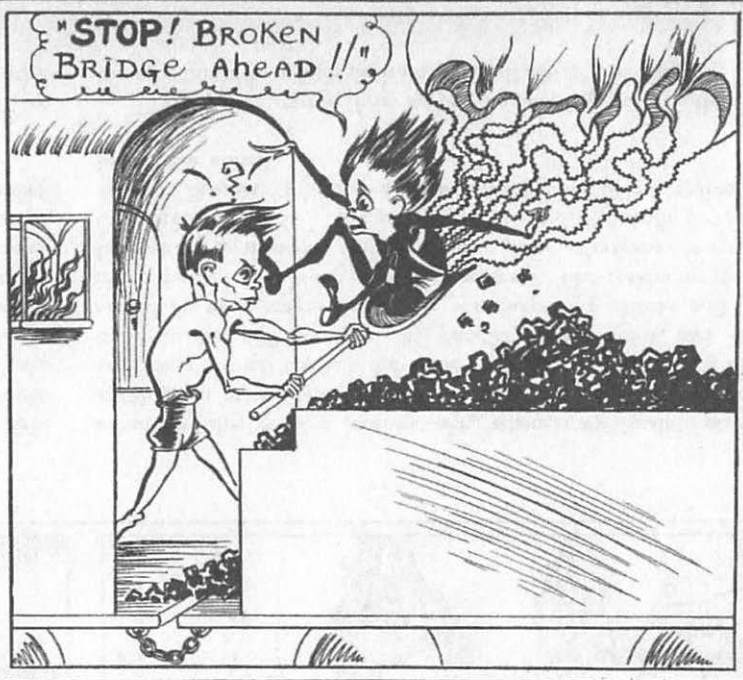
blindly through the open door. Inside the room, a burglar was tinkering with the tumblers of the family's safety-vault. He was silently trying to find the right combination to open the safe. Failing this, he had a bag of tools ready to jimmy it open. When he heard a slight shuffling and mumbling behind him, he whirled around in panic to see who was sneaking up on him. Great was his astonishment, as a white, shrouded figure, floated towards him. "It" waved it's ghostly arms with a menacing air at him. Sister "D" was trying to free herself from the folds of her parachute.



The burglar's face went white as a sheet with fright. He dropped everything with a strangled yell: "Help! Help! A-a g-g-ghost. It's having a fit!" He made a wild dash for the open window. But he never reached it, because his flight was arrested by a sharp command from behind, "Hands up!" It was a young man in pajamas, who kept the petrified burglar covered and cornered with a gun, while Sister "D" finally managed to disentangle herself from her parachute. Then they lost no time in strapping the burglar to a chair with the parachute's long cords, while he raged helplessly.



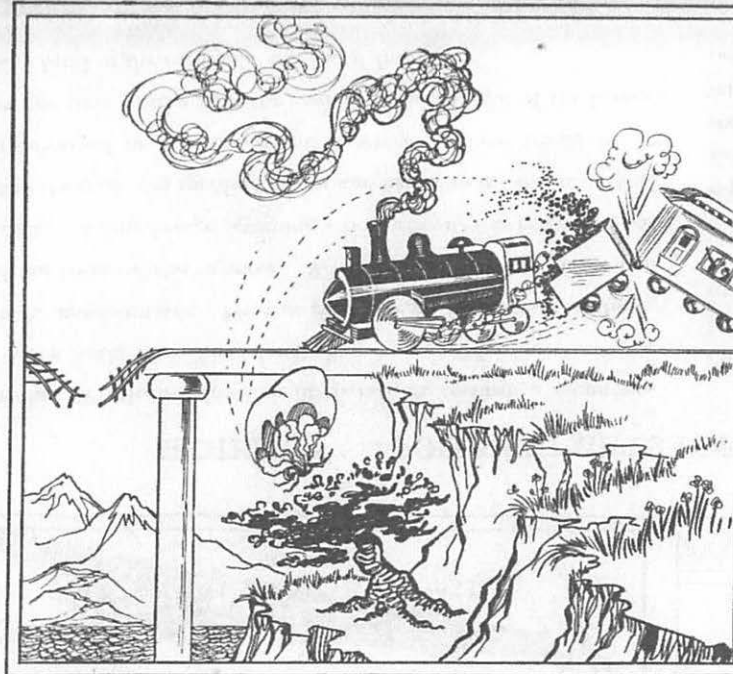
The parents of Sister "D's" former fiancé, awakened by all the noise, leaped out of bed to see what was the matter. They didn't know what to make of such a strange scene. So their son explained everything: "My dear "D" here, made it possible for me to capture the burglar, by scaring him with her ghostly parachute-disguise; therefore she deserves our gratitude. If it were not for her preserving our property, we would have poverty, too. But she saved our possessions by landing where and when she did. Now will you consent to the renewal of our engagement, If I can persuade her to reconsider?" Of course, the parents were glad to agree and Sister "D" accepted.



BROTHER "F" — FORESIGHT GIVES FOREWARNING TO BE FORE-ARMED

Brother "F" floated down in his parachute towards a mountain-range. The wind blew him along above a train that was winding around the mountain-side. He was high enough up to see far ahead, beyond the vision of the engineer. What Brother "F" saw, froze him with fright. A long bridge, spanning a deep chasm, was broken at one end—and the train was speeding nearer and nearer to it's doom. Could it be forewarned in time to prevent a wreck? There would be no time for the train to stop after the engineer came in sight of the bridge, because a bend in the mountain side hid it from view.

Brother "F" thought, "If I could only give them a signal somehow! I'll try to reach the engineers' ear by screaming—yeouw! Eee-yeouw! ! It doesn't seem to make any impression on anyone, altho' it's my loudest. I guess I'm still too high up for them to hear me. What a pity I am so completely at the mercy of the wind, and cannot guide myself to where I should land—anywhere within shouting distance of the engineer. Oh Lady Luck, bring us together in some way!" The fireman of the train turned from the boiler, to heave up another shovelful of coal. When he lifted his shovel—plop! Something heavy fell into it, Brother "F" screamed: "Quick! Stop the train—to avoid a broken bridge ahead!"



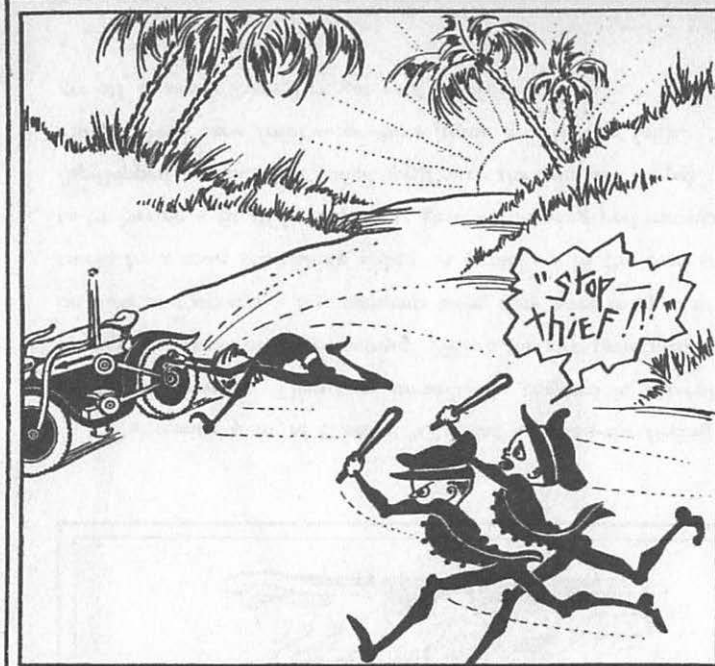
This startling command was instantly carried out, when the fireman relayed the news to the engineer. He, in turn, shut off the throttle and grabbed for the air-brakes, which stopped the train so suddenly that its line of cars were jammed against each other. The shock threw Brother "F" clear out of the coal-car and over the cliff. Yet, the brakes had not been pulled on any too soon, as the edge of the broken bridge was only a few inches away from the engine's cow-catcher. One second later would have been too late! The passengers all swarmed out to see what the trouble was. Everyone breathed a sigh of grateful relief for their narrow escape from destruction.

The train-crew anxiously looked high and low for Brother "F", as there were so many dangerous places to fall into. On a lower, rocky



mountain-ledge grew a scrubby tree, where they finally spied a leg sticking out of the top branches. Rigging up a cow-boy's lariat, they whirled it around the leg, drew the rope taut, and hauled away. Up came Brother "F" over the cliff, dangling in the noose, and was welcomed by many eager arms. He was limp from shocks and bruises, but a dash of cold water soon revived him. The conductor decorated him with a gold medal, and gave him a purse as reward for saving the train from a wreck. The passengers cheered, "Hurrah for our life-saver!" Brother "F" pointed to the scrubby tree below, saying: "And hurrah for mine!"

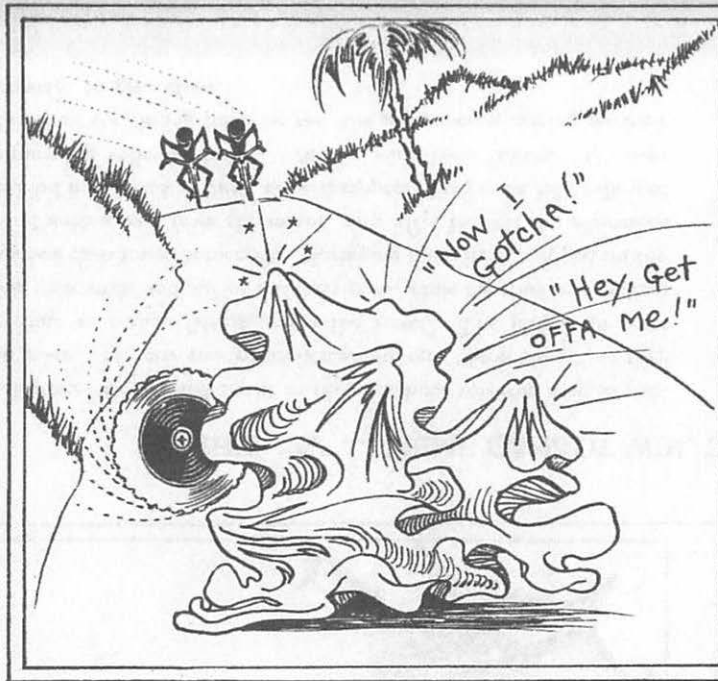
This event started him on an engineering career, that finally brought him into a high position in the Railway Company.



BROTHER "G" — CRIME CANNOT WIN, THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS

Brother "G" floated down in his parachute towards a small suburban town. He saw two policemen shouting: "Stop thief!" as they gave chase to a man fleeing across the street. The policemen were waving their sticks and pulling out their guns, while the thief was making a desperate dash for a motorcycle. Springing upon it, he stepped on the gas, and with a roar from the motor, shot off. He left the policemen far behind in a cloud of dust, as he disappeared over the hill, followed by a pursuing volley of bullets. As the wind blew Brother "G" over the hill after the fleeing thief, he saw the policemen springing on their motorcycles to give chase.

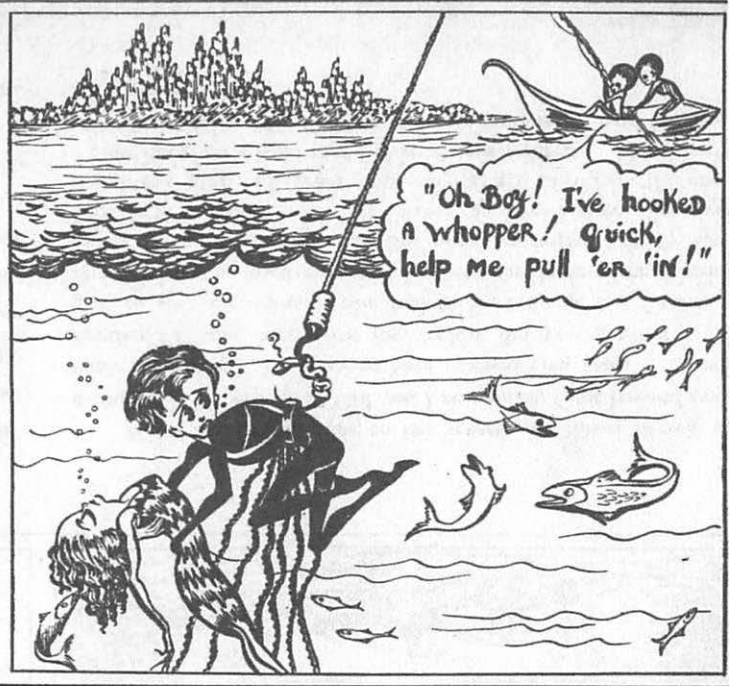
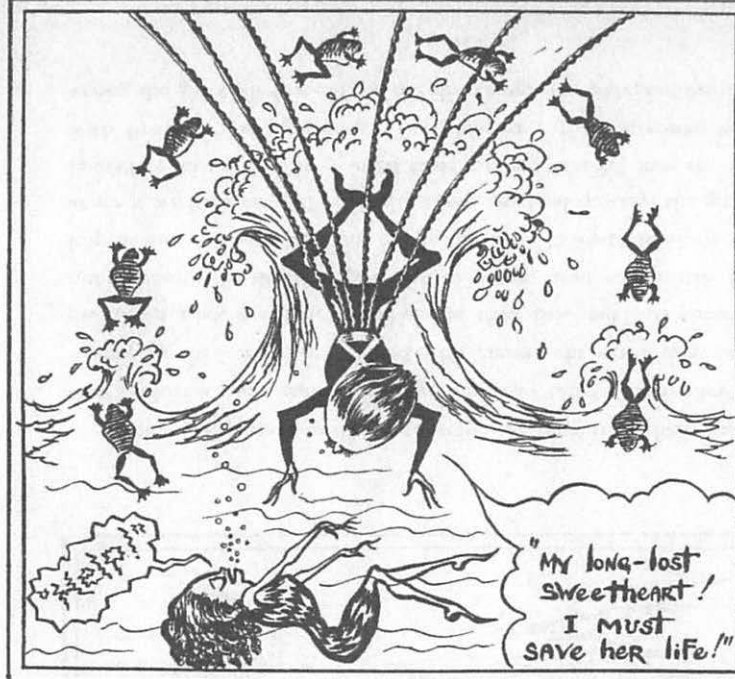
Witnessing this tense drama from the skies, Brother "G" thought: "With such a good start, the policemen will never be able to catch up with him, as his motorcycle is just like theirs, (it probably is theirs). That is too clean a getaway for the thief, and I do not intend to let him get away, if I can help it—that is, if only the wind will help me help it!" Luckily, the wind seemed to overhear, and stopped blowing long enough to allow Brother "G" to swoop down over the fleeing thief—just at the right second! He felt like a hawk hovering over and pouncing on it's prey!



The terrific blow of Brother "G's" fall knocked the fleeing thief off his motorcycle. Then they immediately engaged in a free-for-all tussle under cover of the parachute. When the two policemen arrived on their motorcycles, a few moments later, they were stopped in their tracks by a most astonishing sight. A parachute in the road seemed to be having a fit all by itself. It gave an amusing performance. It flip-flopped around, and poked itself into the funniest shapes, while muffled yells came from somewhere inside it's twisting folds. "Hey, get off of me!" "Now I've got you!" Biff-bang-bump!



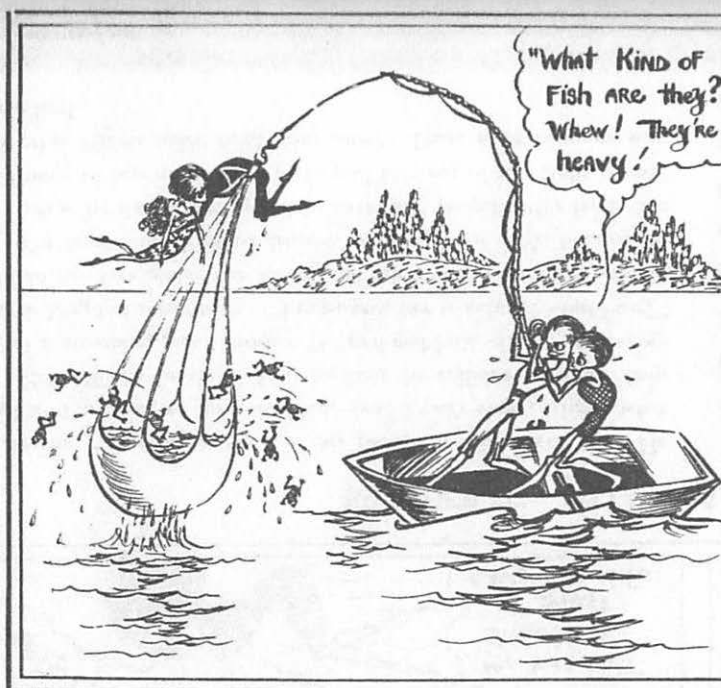
The policemen couldn't make head or tail of such "going-ons" at first. But when a tousled head finally popped up from out of the moving mass of material, dragging a still more tousled head behind, by the scruff of it's neck, the policemen understood. They lost no time in diving into the tousled tusslers, to disentangle them from the parachute, and handcuff the thief. After brushing Brother "G's" clothes, the policemen slapped him on the back, saying: "Here's your reward for your brave capture of the thief. We would like you to join our police-force as a "G-man" How about it?" Brother "G" thanked them, and accepted their offer, adding: "I might as well become a "G-man" as my name it "G".



BROTHER "I" — TO WIN A WIFE, SAVE HER LIFE

Brother "I" floated down in his parachute towards a lake. He thought: "I'm going to get a ducking,—and I can't swim, whew, what will I do? When he dived into the lake, he collided with the limp form of a drowning girl. Brother "I" grabbed hold of her, and recognized his long-lost sweetheart. "I must save her somehow!—but how?" He lifted her face above the water, and tried to swim, but it was no use. The harder he threshed around, the deeper he sank, because he didn't know he should have just lain back, and propelled his feet! He would have to depend on his wits to pull him out of this tight corner, as all other efforts failed him! But how? There must be some way to save her!

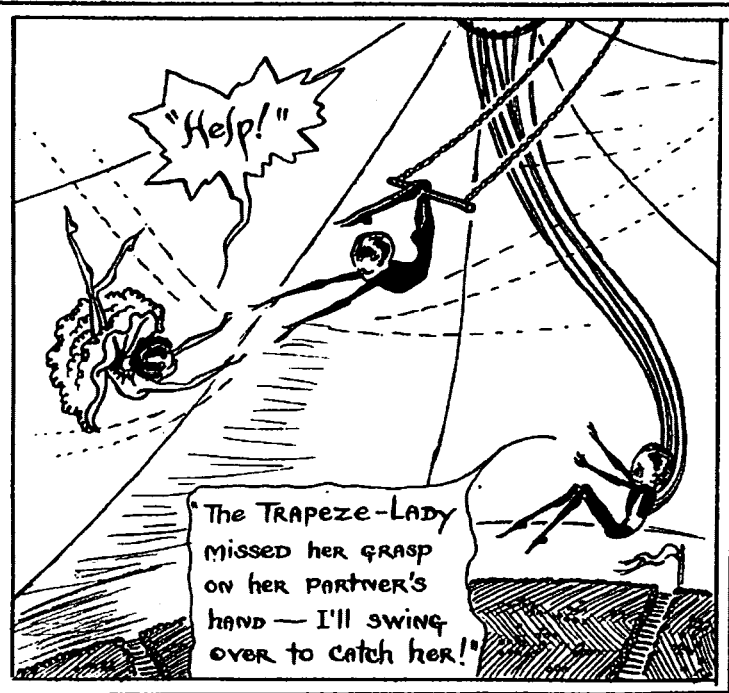
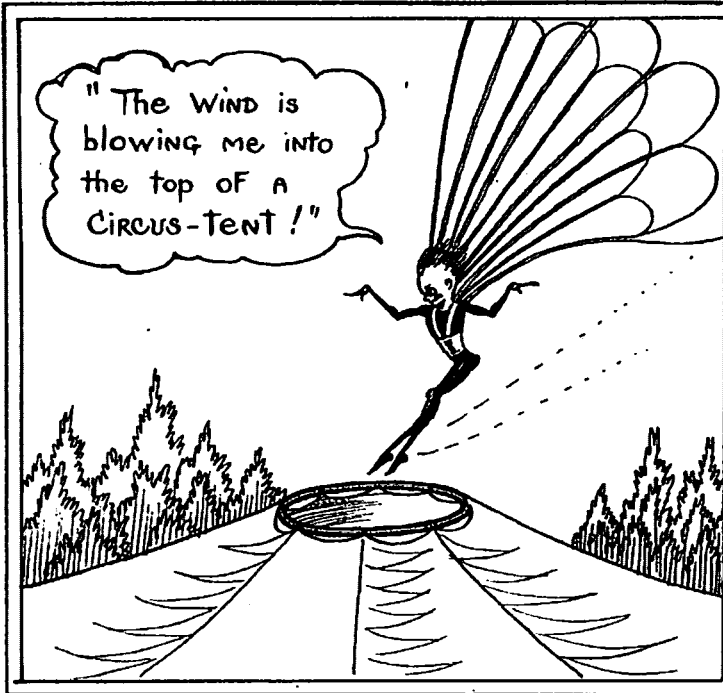
Suddenly he saw a huge fish-hook dangling down under the water. He reached around with one hand and grabbed hold of it's shank. He guided the hook to the rear of his belt, and deftly slipped it under it. Then he instantly felt a yank on his belt, as they were both swiftly pulled up to the surface of the lake. He took grateful gulps of air, while a cry of joy rippled across the lake. "Oh boy! I've hooked a whopper, feel it's weight. Help me drag it in." Then another man's voice from the fishing-boat: "What kind of a fish can it be?" "It must be a large sturgeon."



The two fishermen in the boat were so far away from their "catch" they could not quite make out what they had caught, until they had wound up the line. They gasped with amazement when they finally pulled out a boy and girl, on the end of their fish-hook! A parachute hung beneath the dripping pair, full of water, from which little frogs leaped out. The fishermen cried together: "Goodness,—just look at what we have caught! Pull them into our boat quickly, the girl has fainted." In no time they lifted their strange "catch" into the boat, with Brother "T's" assistance. Everyone gave their attention to reviving the girl with first-aid for the drowning,—by pumping her arms.



When she finally came to her senses, she raised herself up and exclaimed: "Where am I? Oh! yes, I remember, I got beyond my depth while swimming. I'm sorry to have worried you, Dad." Then seeing Brother "T" she cried with joy, "How did you get here? I'm so glad to see you again." She looked fearfully at her father, as she recalled how he used to order him off the front-porch because "T" didn't agree with his views. But now her father actually smiled at Brother "T" saying to him: "T", How can I reward you for saving my daughter's life? I'll grant you—anything!" Brother "T" answered: "Your daughter's hand that I have always wanted." Her father's eyes twinkled: "Guess I'll have to keep my promise." And he gave them his blessing.

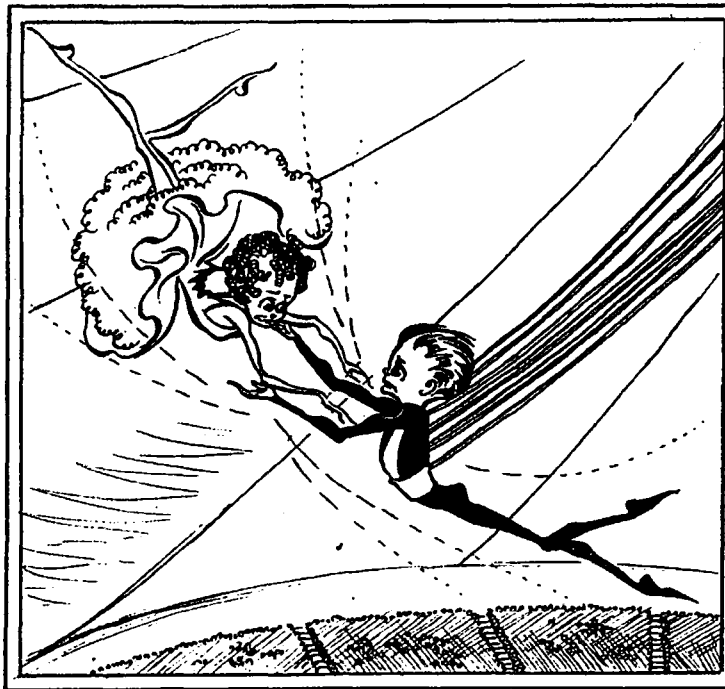


BROTHER "J" — HE CAUGHT A GOOD CATCH, "WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE"

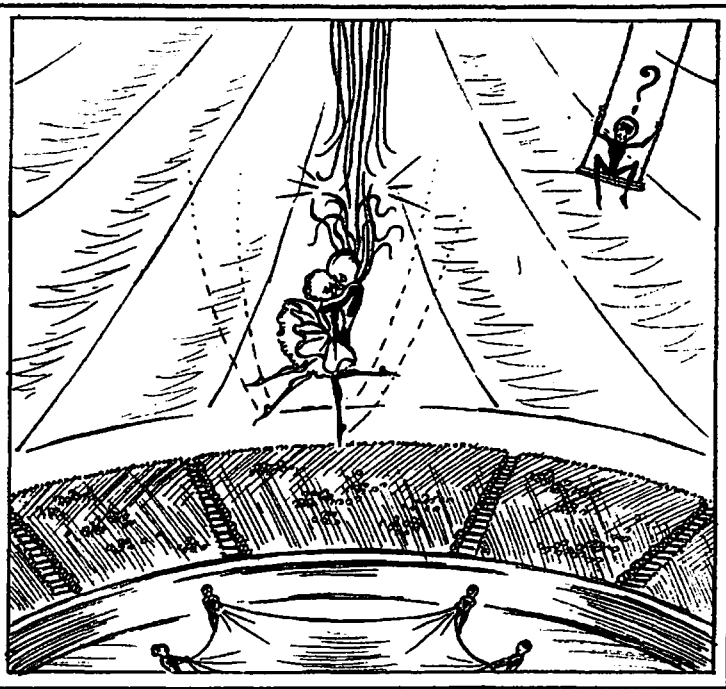
Brother "J" floated down in his parachute towards a circus-tent. He sailed in through the opening at the top of the tent, feet-first. He found himself hanging suspended inside the tent, by his parachute-ropes. The parachute was too large to be pulled in through the opening—for which he was thankful. Swaying in midair, so far above the saw-dust arena, he looked around at the circular tiers of upturned faces. They were all intent upon watching a couple of trapeze-artists swinging through their stunts—with the greatest of ease. The lady performer hanging to her trapeze by her toes, swung out towards her partner.

She suddenly let go, to catch his out-stretched hands as he swung over towards her.

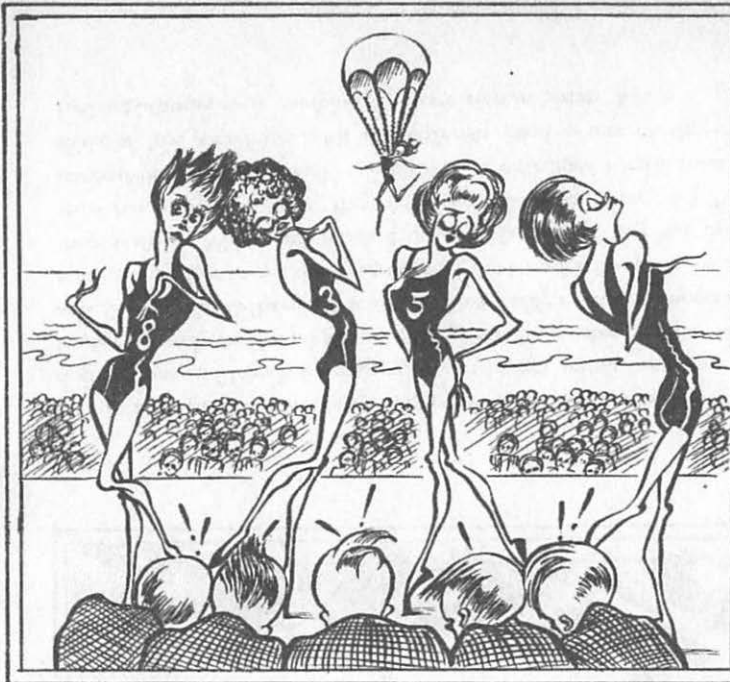
Horrors! She missed her guess as to the distance, by a sheer hairs-breadth, and began to fall towards the arena. Shrieks of terror arose from the breathless audience, as there was no net below to catch her. "Help!" she shrieked, as she caught sight of Brother "J" on her way down. She stretched out her arms appealingly to him. Everyone wondered whether they could achieve a mid-air meeting. They hoped against hope as they watched this drama of life—or death.



Brother "J" swung over by a flip of his body, just in the nick of time to catch her. She clung to him, gasping with relief at her narrow escape. As they hung to his parachute-ropes, a roar of admiration echoed throughout the big circus-tent. Brother "J's" parachute-ropes began pulling apart, one by one, under the sudden strain of the added weight. There was a frightened scurry of feet below, and commanding shouts. But these two, whose lives now hung by threads, didn't dare look down to see what was going on. They held their breaths when they heard the last parachute-rope pull apart with a sickening snap.



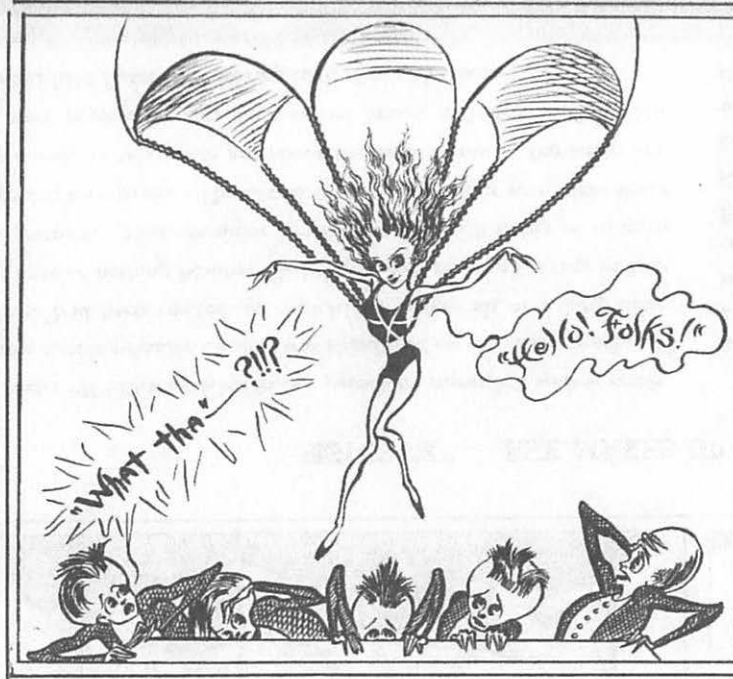
They kept their eyes closed tightly as they fell down—down, to what? Suddenly they felt themselves bouncing in a large canvas-sheet, that was stretched across the arena, and held taut by many willing hands. The dead silence of tense anxiety was split by cheers of joyous relief from the hysterical audience. "Hurrah for the stranger from the sky! Huzzah!" The manager of the circus congratulated the hero of the hour, adding: "We invite you to join our circus, to repeat that act daily—with additional safety-devices, of course." This is how Brother "J" became a trapeze circus performer, and a partner of the trapeze-lady—for life.



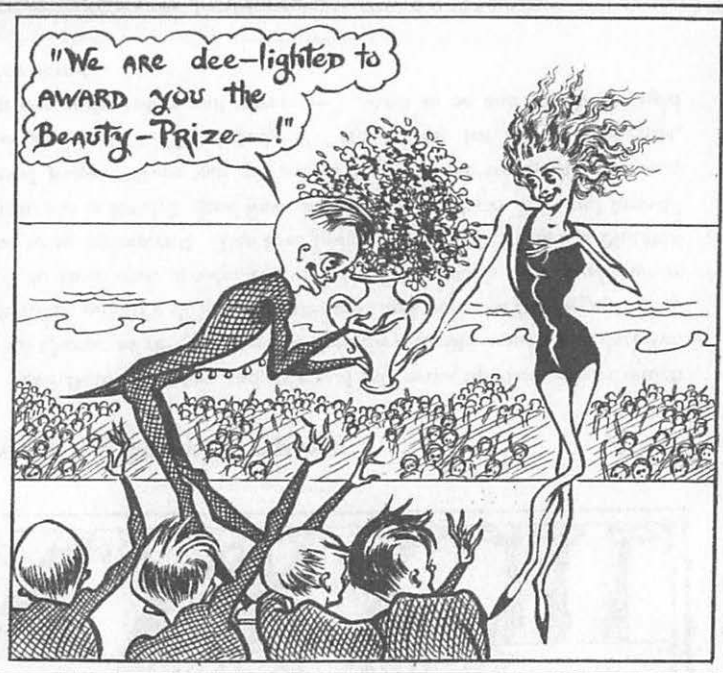
SISTER "K" — SHE MAKES UP THEIR MINDS FOR THEM

Sister "K" floated down in her parachute towards a seaside resort, where a Bathing-Beauty Contest was being held on the sandy beach. A platform had been erected, on which the Judges sat at a long table. Long lines of bathing beauties filed slowly past them, all trying to look their prettiest. Many feminine hearts fluttered with hopes of winning the golden loving-cup. The Skuddabudians have their own ideas about what beauty is, which are just about the same as ours. Big heads and eyes were popular because they looked brainy and alert. Meanwhile the wind held Sister "K" soaring high above this scene.

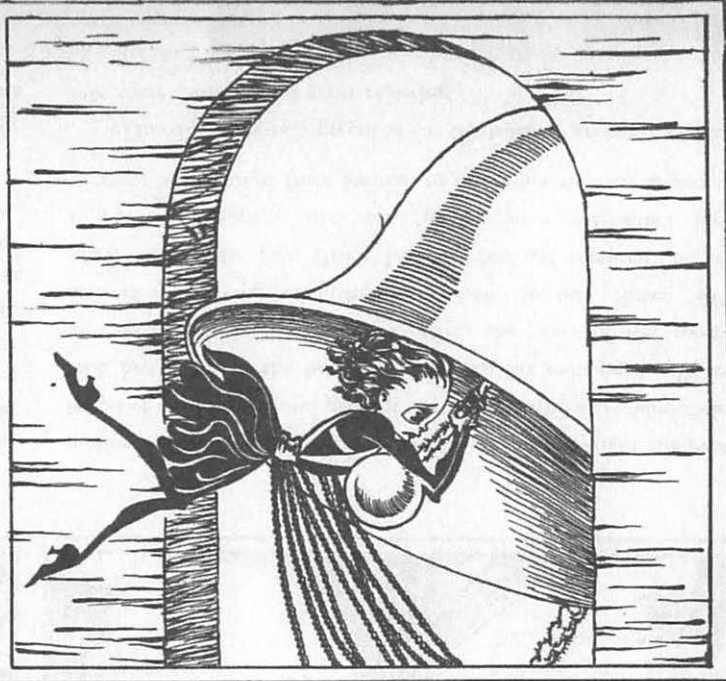
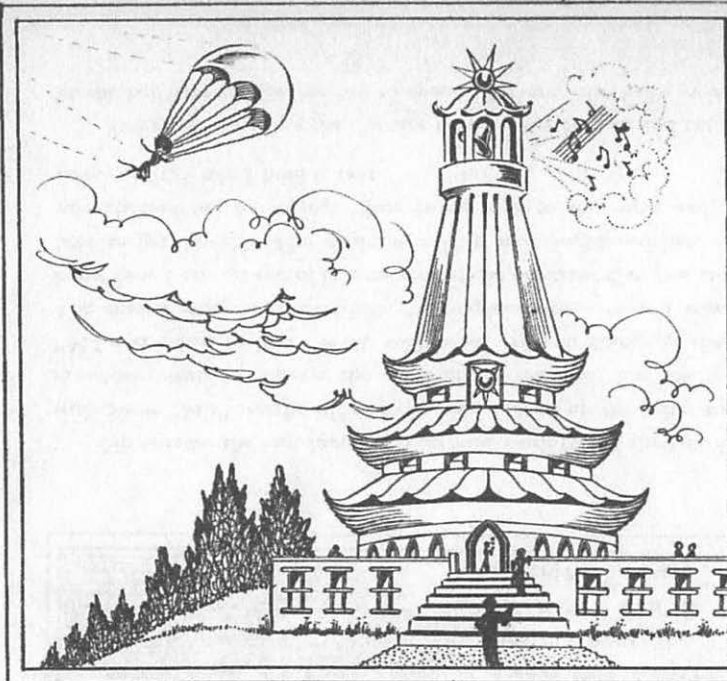
The Beauty-Contest Judges could not make up their minds which girl to choose as the winner. When they finally came to a decision, each Judge picked a different contestant, and then the fun began! They stuck to their own choice, and it looked as though they could never come to an agreement! The first Judge cried, "My choice is Number Eleven, she is lovely! Just look at those lashes, locks, lips and limbs!" Second Judge: "None can get near Number Nine for beauty of nose, knees and neck!" Third Judge: "Ah, I vote for the cuddly cutie, with her curls, colors and curves!—" And so on and on they waged their contest.



It took Sister "K's" surprising pop-visit to settle this important dispute once and for all, by making up the Judges' minds for them. She landed squarely in the middle of the Judges' long table, with a whirl and flop of her deflated parachute. This sudden strange appearance made the Judges forget their dignity and duck under the table, to save their scalps. When they plucked up enough courage to come up, to see what it was all about, they got a good look at Sister "K". Her unusual beauty made a bull's-eye hit, as she untangled herself from the folds of her parachute. All the different good points of the other bathing-beauties were combined to perfection in Sister "K".



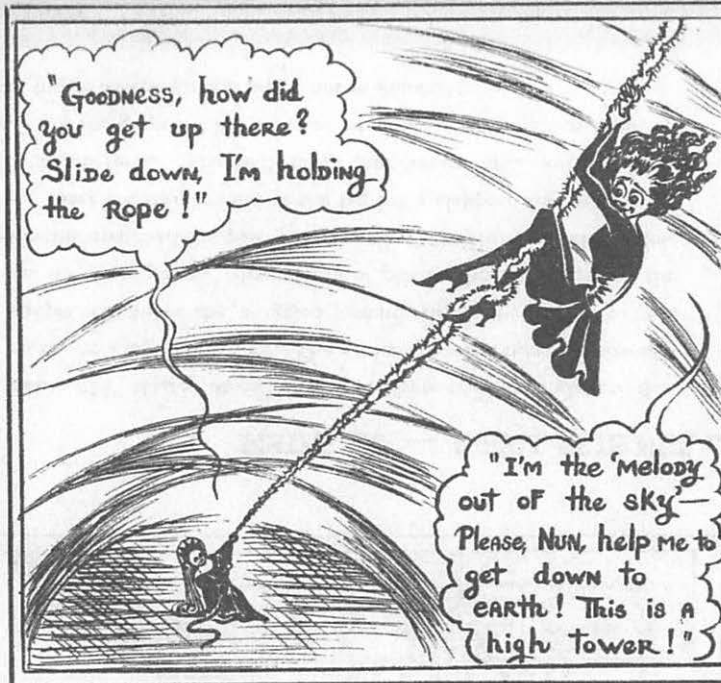
When the Judges had recovered from the shock of her landing, her dazzling beauty took away their breaths. Therefore, they all voted for her with sighs of relief to have their argument turned to an agreement. So, amid deafening cheers from many sun-burned throats, the Judges cheerfully awarded the Bathing-Beauty-Contest prize to Sister "K". She did not have to strut, swing or swagger to win, because her real beauty was more than skin-deep, shining from "the windows of her soul." The audience of bathers responded with loud applause over the attractive picture she presented.



SISTER "M" — A BELL SETS HER LIFE RINGING TO A NEW TUNE

Sister "M" floated down in her parachute towards a cloister that was on top of a high mountain. The nearer the wind blew her towards the steeple, the more she wriggled around, helplessly trying to steer clear of it's sharp points. But instead of pinning her on it's points the wind kindly switched her past and swept her straight inside the belfry-tower. Here she caught hold of the big bell's clapper, that was swinging back and forth. The bell's deep, thunderous tones rang out deafeningly, as she gasped: "If I can just hang on long enough to think up a way to get down—in one piece, not in pieces."

The weight of her collapsed parachute dragged so hard on her muscles, that she knew she couldn't hold out much longer at this rate. She must get rid of it quickly, before her strength gave way under it's pull. So she clung to the clapper with one hand, while with the other she unloosed her parachute-belt. When this unbearable burden slipped off and fell on the roof outside, the relief was reviving,—although short-lived. The bell's swinging made it more and more difficult for her to hang to it. Looking down into the steep shaft of the belfry-tower, she saw the bell-ringing nun at the bottom. The nun was pulling hard on the rope that was attached to the big bell.



No wonder the nun found it such hard work to toll the bell now, with Sister "M's" weight added to it. She looked up the belfry-tower in wonderment, to discover the cause of the trouble. She saw Sister "M" and called to her: "Well, well, what are you doing up there?" The answer rang down the shaft, "I'll explain later. Now I want to know how I can get out of this uncomfortable position? Can you tell me how to get down?" Her straining aching arms frightened her. The nun cheered her by saying: "Just swing over to the rope, and slide down on it, while I hold it taut."

Sister "M" saw that the distance between the clapper and the edge of the bell was too far for her to span. But now the bell's swinging



motion helped her to reach the rope. So, at the right moment, she let go of the clapper, and grasped the rope. A breath-taking slide soon took her down to the bottom, where she lay exhausted. When the nun took her to the Superior's office, the news of her spectacular method of arriving, electrified the whole cloister. Sister "M" had often tried to join their Order, but they had not accepted her, wishing to test her sincerity. But now, her belfry-tower entrance impressed them as being a sign from heaven, to admit her to their community.

Therefore, she was prepared for the solemn ceremony of initiation into their Order, amid great rejoicing.



SISTER "N" — THE GREATER THE HEIGHT, THE DEEPER THE DIVE

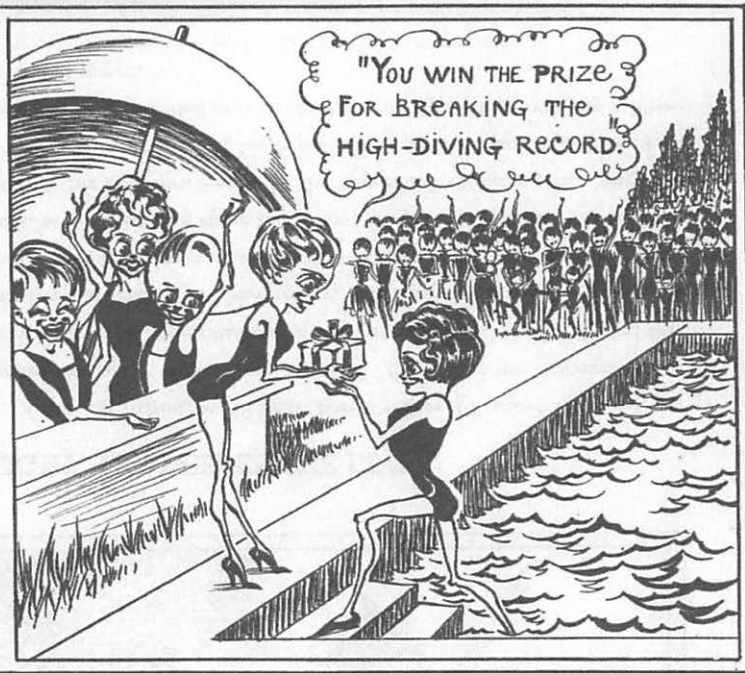
Sister "N" floated down in her parachute towards a summer resort in the woods. When she had drifted near enough, she could see a high diving-board beside a deep, narrow pool, on the front lawn of a large hotel. A vacation crowd was gathered to watch some sporting event, which turned out to be a high-diving contest in an Olympic tournament. A contestant was at that moment, in the act of turning three somersaults in the air, from the highest diving-board, and diving into the pool below. After the applause had died away, Sister "N" overheard one of the spectators shout: "It will take a lot to beat that record—who's next for the high-diving championship?"

Sister "N" thought, "Hmm, here's where I'll show them a show that they've never been shown before." She timed her descent, and at the right moment, she unstrapped her parachute-belt, and wriggled free from her parachute. It blew away, with no more weight to drag it down, while its former passenger shot down to the pool straight as an arrow, and as fast as a stone in the grip of gravity. There was nothing to check her fall now,—would she regret it? Pointing her pug-nose towards the narrow pool far below, she yelled: "Gangway, I'M next! Everyone raised startled eyes to the hurtling figure from the sky. They stared and gaped.

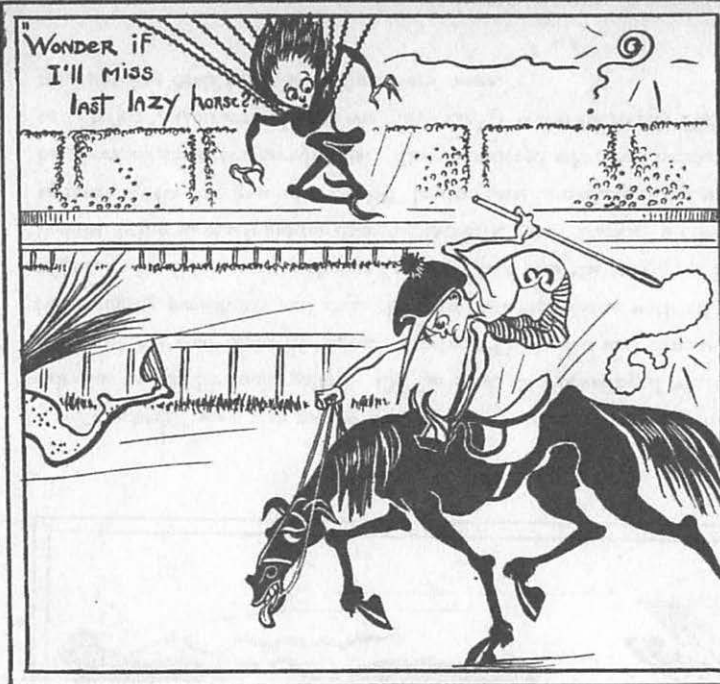


Sister "N" had enough space to turn dozens of somersaults in, so she gaily turned them. Meanwhile her thoughts were racing over the risks she was running. "Here I've let myself in for a higher dive than anyone ever dared to try before, or will again. What good is a championship if I break my neck diving for it, and miss the water? Perish the doubt, I believe I can win—so guide me, fate!" The pool came rushing up to greet her, with its stony sides ready to catch—and crush her. The spell-bound audience held its breath with suspense, as they measured the distance between her life or death.

She jack-knifed a few times for their amusement, then suddenly straightened out into a swan-dive. She whizzed perilously close to



the stony edge of the pool, struck the water, shot under, and skimmed over the bottom. Her spectacular dive raised such a splash, that it sprayed the audience, and washed the next contestant straight off his diving-board. Everybody breathed naturally again, and somebody said: "She has escaped the great danger by a hairsbreadth!" "Whee-e-e! Whoo-o-o! Whouw-w-w!" chorused the cheering audience, when her head finally popped up to the surface of the pool. She had broken the high-diving record by many yards, by gambling with her life. The Judges of the Contest awarded her the grand prize, and she became the champion high-diver of all time. Her motto was: "Nothing dared, nothing won."



BROTHER "O" — THE DARK HORSE GETS, AND GIVES A SHOCK

Brother "O" floated down in his parachute towards a race-track. There he saw a lone, dark horse straggling along, way behind the rest of the race-horses. The jockey on this horse was lashing him, as he bellowed: "Come on, you lazy lout, "Darkie", look at the others, way ahead of you by this time. They'll be coming up behind us on the next lap, if you don't catch up with them. What you need is some dynamite, or a bomb blown up under you—giddap—giddap—giddap." For a moment "Darkie", the dark horse, seemed to understand, and lifted his hoofs a few inches higher, but it didn't last long.

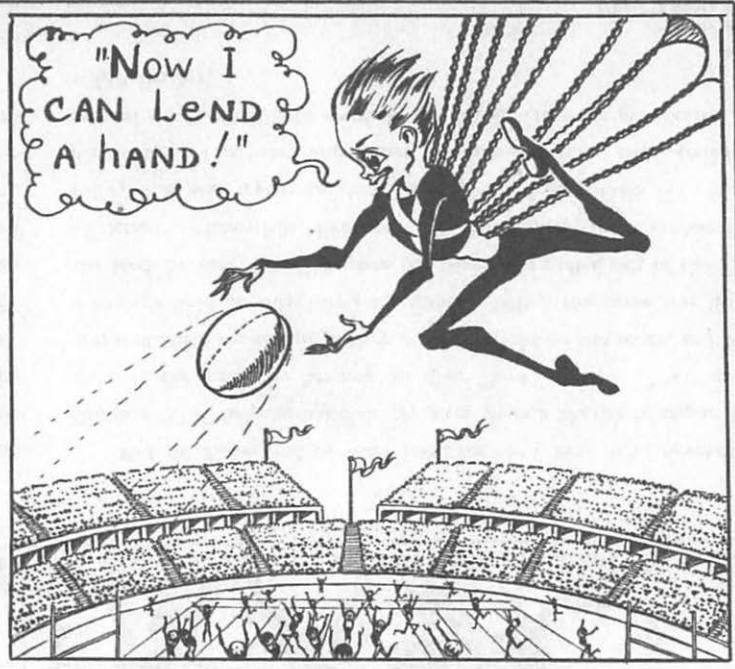
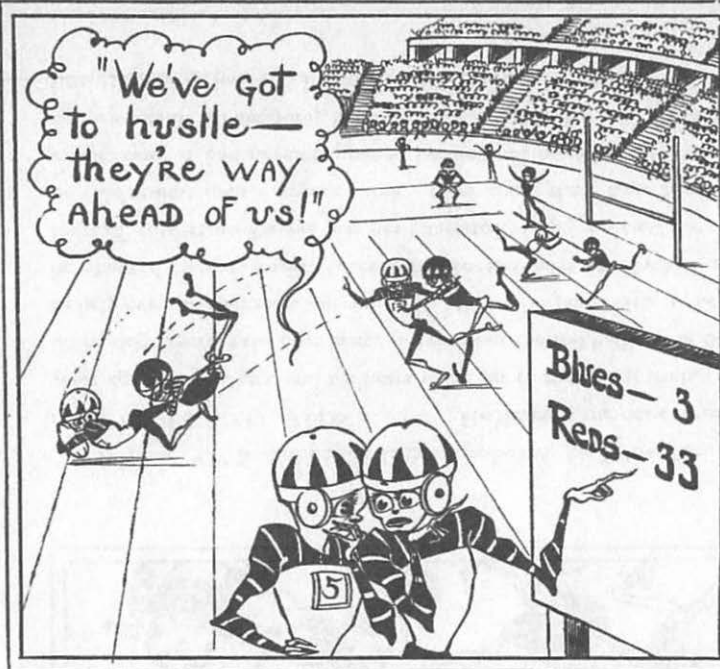
For suddenly, Brother "O" gave them both shell-shock, by landing right behind the jockey, on the horse's rump. The blow of Brother "O's" landing nearly felled the dark horse, and the poor jockey couldn't imagine what had struck him. Was it a lightning-bolt, or had the sky fallen? No wonder the jockey wondered what had happened, when he found himself knocked off the saddle, and sailing over the horse's mane. He landed on the inside of the inner fence safe and (more or less) sound. Meanwhile, Brother "O" and "Darkie" were trying to make the best of their new relationship.



"Darkie's" way was to try and get away from his strange new rider, as fast as he could gallop. Off he shot, sky-rocketing down the stretch in his mad flight of fright. Brother "O" loosed and cast away his dragging parachute, and then clung to "Darkie's" mane with all his might, as he didn't have a chance to fit his feet into the stirrups. His weight, being so much lighter than the jockey's, gave "Darkie" a chance to make up for lost ground. "Darkie" lost no time in making it up, until he overtook the other race-horses. They wondered what had happened to "Darkie", (hitherto always the "also ran",) when he finally flicked his lightning heels in front of their very noses.



The grandstand crowds rose and roared with one accord, as "Darkie" the "Dark Horse" breezed into victory across the finish-line. "Rah! Rah! Rah! for the "bolt out of the blue" they yelled with glee. Brother "O" was the "bolt" that had bolted the "long shot" from the rear to the front. The owner of "Darkie" was grateful to Brother "O" for being the "spark-plug" that shocked his slow-poke horse into winning his first race. So he divided his winnings with Brother "O" who, in turn, divided his part with "Darkie's" jockey. Brother "O" wanted to make amends to the jockey, for the rude way in which he had been knocked off his horse.



BROTHER "Q"—THE REDS GOT "BLUE" WHEN THE BLUES GOT "OUT OF THE RED"

Brother "Q" floated down in his parachute towards a square, brown patch in a wide expanse. All he could make out at first were tiny dots zigzagging around on this field, which was surrounded by crowded grandstands. When he had drifted nearer, he saw the tiny dots grow into human figures, some in red uniforms and others in blue. They turned out to be football players, in the throes of a fierce tussle for victory. One blue team-mate said to another: "Look at that scoreboard. The Reds are putting us "in the red" by beating us. We Blues must snap out of the "blues", and use our heads to beat the Reds!" So

they stuck out their little chins, and dived back into the game with desperate determination.

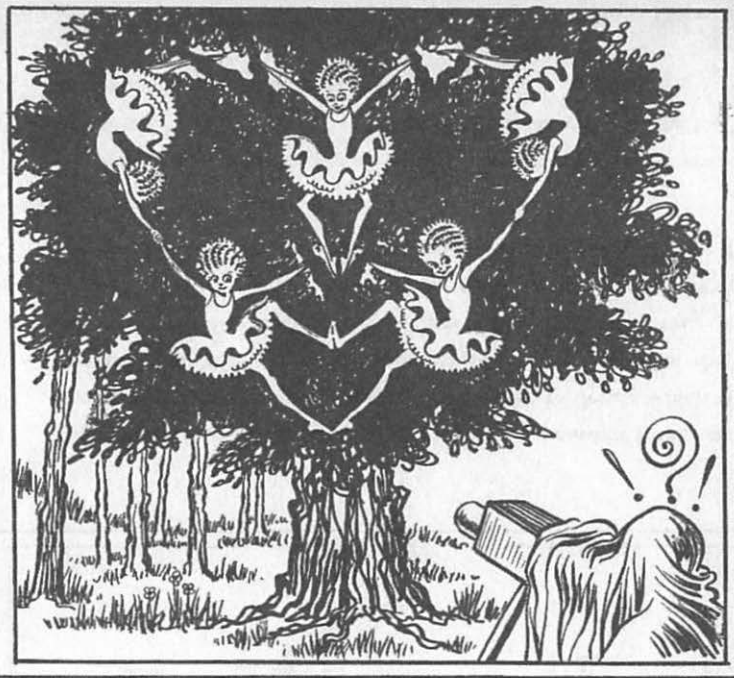
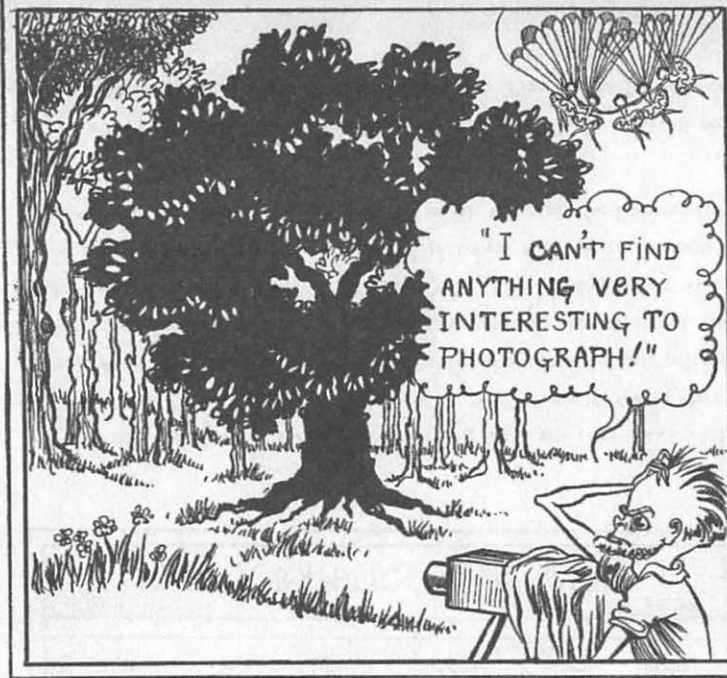
Brother "Q" descending high above them, saw the football whizzing up towards him, on it's highest fling. With a sudden twist of his body, he managed to catch it. Brother "Q", seemed to be poised in midair, while the players all stood stock-still with amazement. What was he going to do with the football now? Was the big question in everyone's mind. Both the Blues and the Reds hoped he would favor their side. It was a crucial moment, which would turn the tide one way or another. Many arms were stretched up to catch the ball.



Brother "Q" looked at the large score-board, far below him, and read: "BLUES.....3, REDS.....33." He thought the odds were too great against the Blues, and his heart went out to the losing team. The under-dog deserves the most help, so he tossed the football to the Blues, to help even up that most uneven score. "Carry it on to victory, boys!" he shouted encouragingly. According to the rules of Skuddabudian football, this unusual move was not contested, simply because they had no rule against such a strange catch. How could there have been such a rule, since it had never happened before, and would probably never happen again? Therefore, Brother "Q's" queer play was allowed to turn the tide of luck towards the side that needed it most.



But the Blues had to work hard for their new luck, nevertheless. Brother "Q's" helping hand simply gave them a chance to regain a toe-hold on the score, by bracing up their "blue" spirits! They scurried and scrambled around until they got a foothold on the score, and finally a strangle-hold on their climbing points. When the game was finished the Reds became "blue" because the Blues had pulled out of the "Red" of defeat. Meanwhile, Brother "Q" had landed (more or less gracefully) and was trying to find his way out from under his collapsed parachute. The victorious Blues disentangled him, and carried him around the football field on their shoulders, while the grandstand went wild with joy!



"R" - "S" - "T" - "U" & "V" — THE QUINTS SPRING A SURPRIZE THAT WINS THE PRIZE

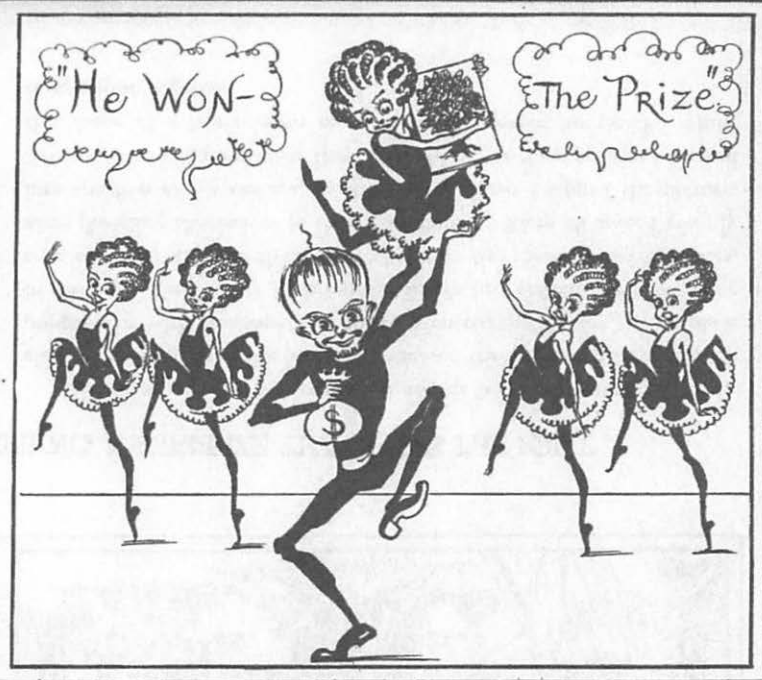
Five of the Skuddabudian sisters, who were Quintuplets, namely: "R" - "S" - "T" - "U" and "V", all floated down together in their parachutes, towards a forest. A lone Photographer was wandering around under the big trees, seeking a good picture to take. He thought: "How can I find a picture unusual enough to snap, for my entry in to the Annual Photographers' Contest?" When he came to a huge tree with three forked branches, it seemed unusual enough to be worthy of having it's picture taken. He had tried unsuccessfully, all afternoon to find a landscape that appealed to him.

So he set up his camera and stuck his big head under the black cloth. As he pressed the bulb that released the shutter, his eyes nearly popped out with amazement at the sudden change he saw taking place in the tree. Five dainty little female figures had drifted down onto the tree, and draped themselves gracefully over the three forked branches, after divesting themselves of their parachutes. They all smiled sweetly into the lens of his camera, as the Photographer snapped the picture. They seemed to know what they were doing, as their positions formed the shape of a heart, with one girl in the center, to tie the whole composition together.



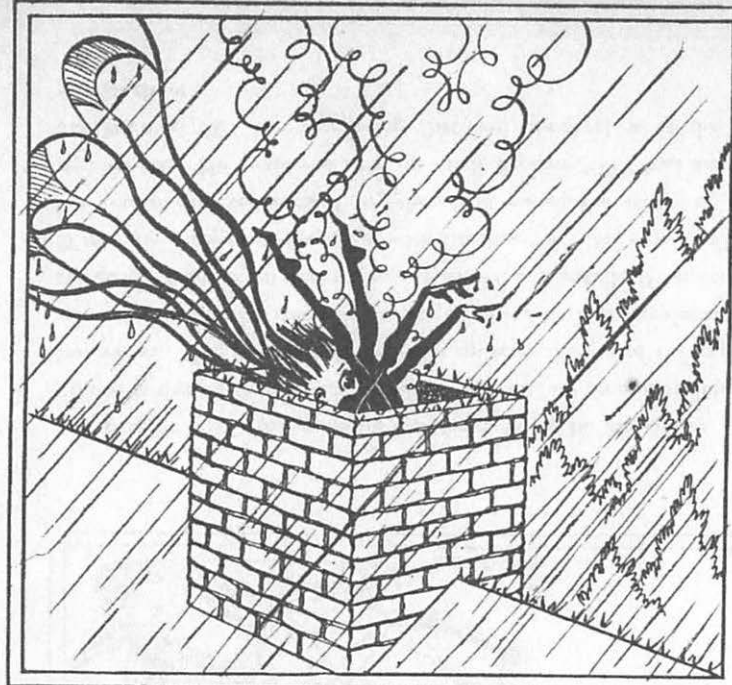
When the Photographer had recovered from the first shock of his surprise, the Quints called to him: "Wait, we'll form a design that is even better than this one!" Then they twisted themselves into all sorts of shapes like very clever contortionists, suggesting the letters of their names— "R" - "S" - "T" - "U" and "V". The Photographer was so overjoyed about getting such unusual pictures, that he took them all out for supper. They were all hopeful of his winning the Photographic Prize.

The Judges' table for the Contest, was piled high with all sorts of photographs sent in by many contestants. The weary Judges were



beginning to look as though they were getting eye-strain from looking over so many entries, and brain-fag from trying to decide which were the best. But when they came upon the two photographs of the big tree, with the five sisters on it's three forked branches, they were greatly impressed. Here was something really unique, and so the votes were overwhelmingly in favor of choosing both pictures for the first and second prizes.

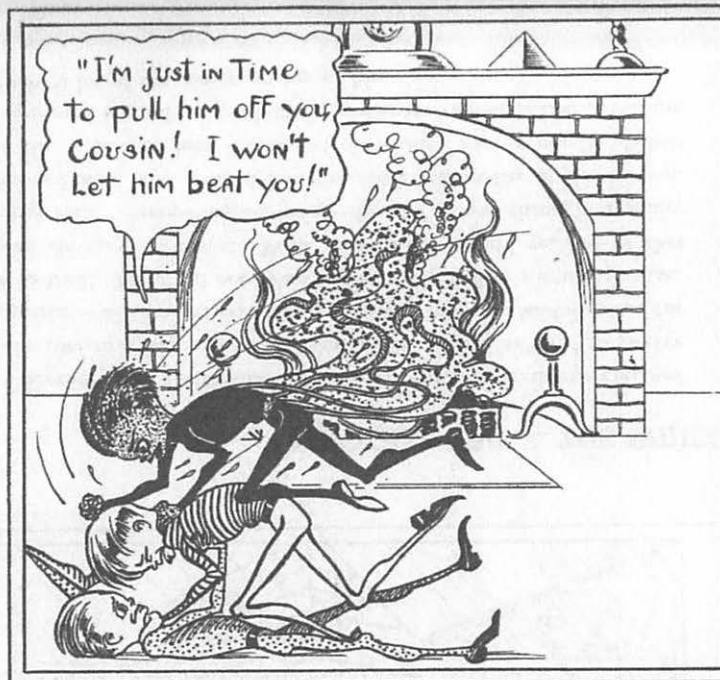
The winning Photographer divided the prize money between the five sisters "R" - "S" - "T" - "U" and "V" because it was due to their acrobatic poses, that he won the prizes.



BROTHER "W" — THE WIND'S WET WILL SAVES A WILL

Brother "W" floated down in his parachute towards the chimney on the roof of a huge house. No matter how hard he tried to swerve away, the wind insisted on picking out that most outlandish place for him to land! He could not avoid sailing straight down into that wide, gaping chimney—whoops! Well, at least, he would get out of that driving rain! Bump-bumpity-bump—he slid down through a grimy chimney-funnel, and crashed into the roaring grate-fire at the bottom. The fire welcomed him warmly—(too warmly for comfort!) While he squirmed around on the burning coals; his rain-drenched parachute brought a lot of soot down on top of him.

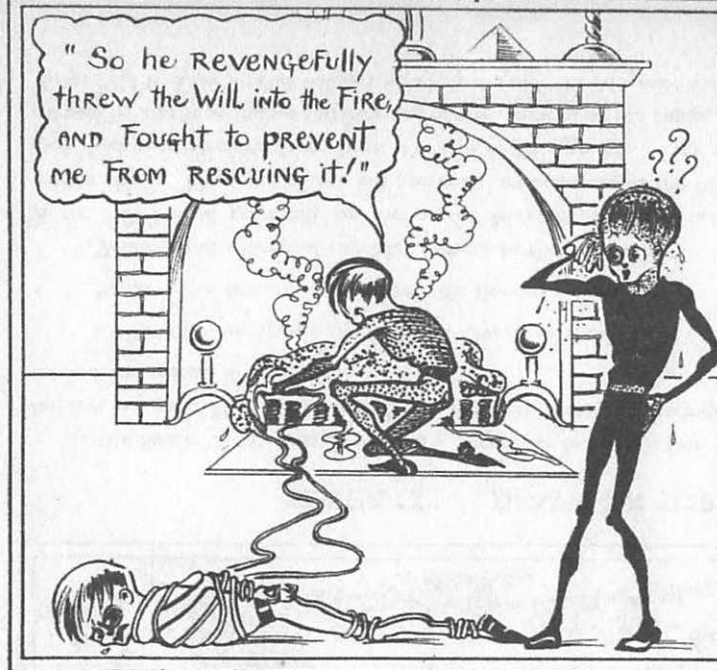
His soaking clothes and parachute soon dampened the fire, until it sizzled and steamed, while he tried to get his bearings after such an unusual ride. It didn't take him long to pick himself up, "as quickly as a cat on a hot stove" and stumble out into the room. He was covered with soot, except for the rolling whites of his eyes. They soon stopped rolling to stare at a strange scene being enacted in the room. Two men were engaged in a fierce fight, with one of them losing out, as he was knocked over on the floor. The other one pounced down on him with upraised fist.



Brother "W" recognized the fallen man to be his cousin. As "Blood is thicker than water" Brother "W" lost no time in rushing to his rescue. One long leap landed him squarely on top of the enemy, who was choking his cousin. Caught off-guard by this surprise-attack, the enemy went down under a rain of blows, and rolled off his cousin. While the enemy was grappling with Brother "W" his new assailant, the cousin gathered himself together, and joined the battle of two against one. He wondered how on earth Brother "W" had arrived; and Brother "W" was wondering (between punches) what the fuss was all about.

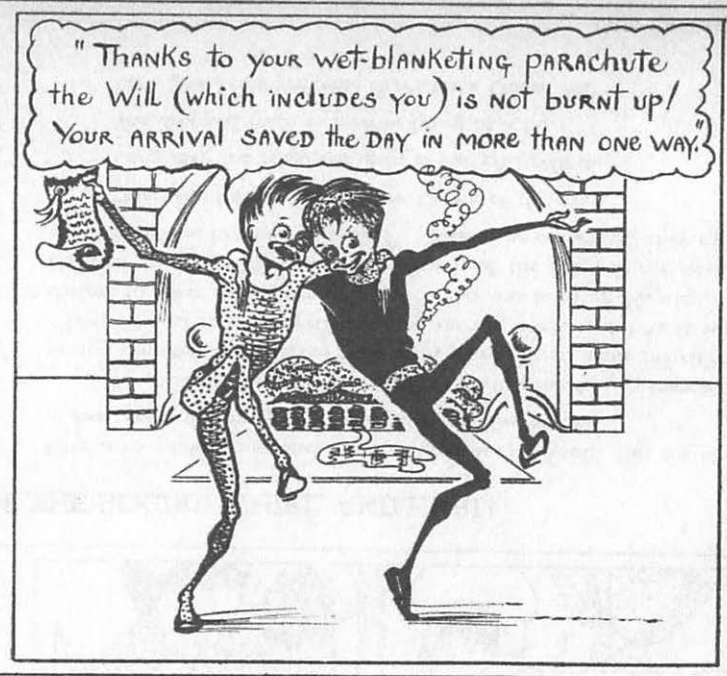


They had a tough time beating him—but they finally managed to pin him down on the floor. While tying him up with the parachute-ropes, Brother "W" said: "The wind and rain drove me down the chimney just in time to lend you a hand in settling your quarrel. How did it start?" His cousin replied: "This man was my late father's valet, who had been promised a share in my father's will, during one of the old man's generous moods. But, at the last moment, the valet had been forgotten and left out of the Will. Ever since then the valet has been burning with bitter disappointment—" he stopped suddenly, as though he had forgotten something very important.

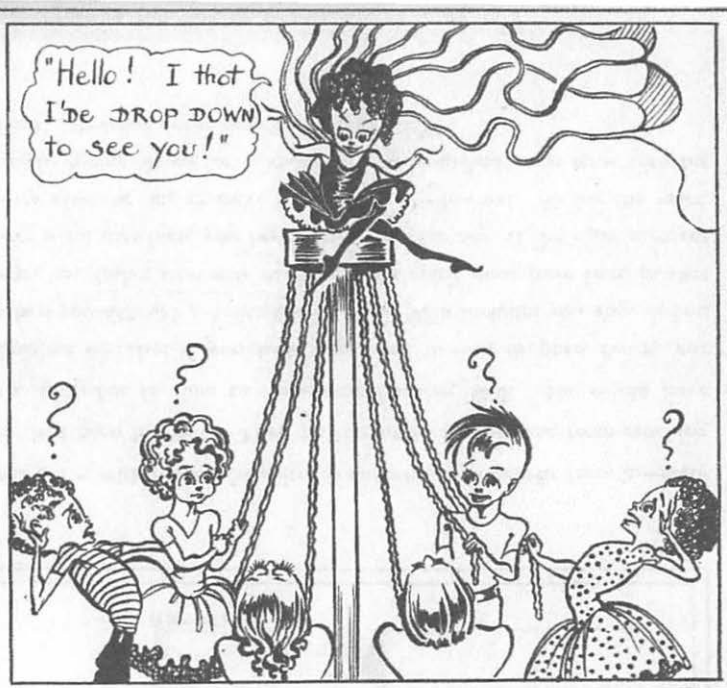
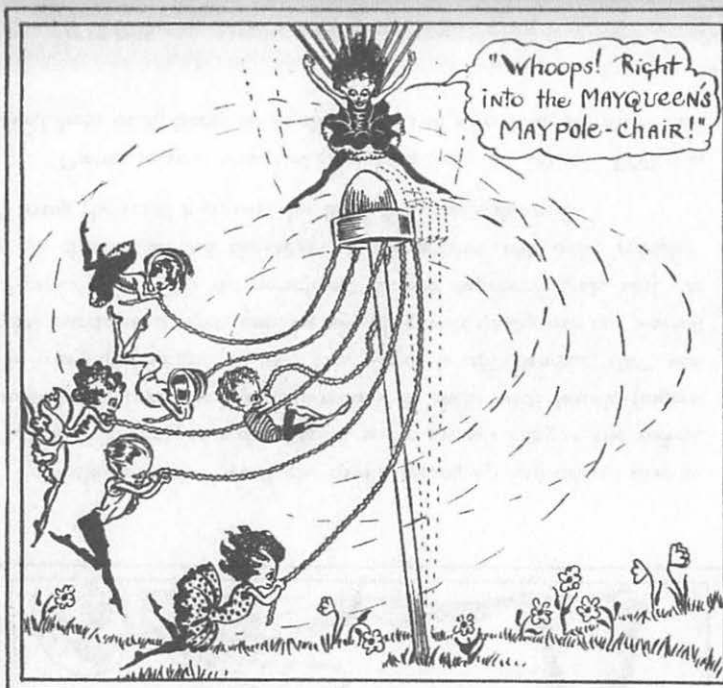


Without another word, the cousin sprang up and dashed over to the grate. Leaning over the charred, wet parachute lying on the soaked, smouldering coals, he searched around in them with frantic fingers. He was murmuring: "Where, Oh, where is it?" Brother "W" was more puzzled than ever, until he saw his cousin finally fish out a scroll of paper from under the parachute. It had impressive seals, and was a bit charred around the edges, but otherwise still quite readable. Waving the scroll high over his head, his cousin shouted:

"Thanks to your wet-blanketing parachute, my father's Will was saved from being burnt up in the fire. The valet had thrown it into



the grate, with revengeful spite, so nobody could benefit from it—since he had been left out. Then he fought to prevent me from reaching the grate-fire in time to rescue the burning Will. He would have finished me also, if you hadn't dropped in—er, dropped down, just when you did, like a Santa Claus! This Will includes you also, as you were my father's favorite nephew. His spirit must have been in that wet wind that blew you here, down the chimney, at the right moment—to save the day in more than one way—hurray! As for the valet, maybe 'going down for a knockout', has knocked some sense into his head! Revenge never pays in the long run!"



SISTER "X" — DOWN ON TOP OF THE SOCIAL WHIRL, AND HURL!

Little Sister "X" floated down in her parachute towards a flowery hill-top, where a Maypole stood. Some children were gaily swinging around and 'round it, singing:

"Who'll be our Queen of the May, Queen of the May?

We'll crown her and drown her with flowers so gay,

Where's our Queen of the May, whose birthday's today?"

Sister "X" landed gracefully on top of the Maypole, in the Queen's empty chair. The force of her fall prevented an accident, as the Maypole had been working loose from its hole in the ground. This was caused by all the swinging and swaying of the children on its ropes. If Sister "X" had not landed where and when she did, the Maypole would

have been yanked out, and fallen on somebody's head. But the shock of her timely descent pushed it deeper into the ground.

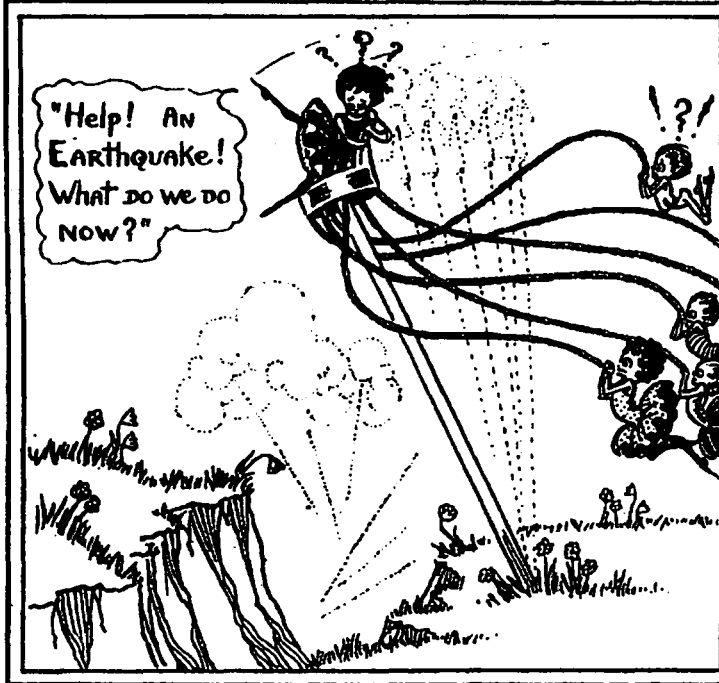
The children came to a standstill with surprise at this unexpected visitor. Question-marks arose from many staring eyes, while she chirped: "The wind of fate dropped me here, on my birthday." (As it was a custom to select for Queen only a girl who was born on Mayday,) the children asked: "Will you be our Queen of the May, as we have no one here whose birthday is today?" When she consented, they sang:

"Hail and hurrah for our new Queen of the May,

Long may she reign and gain is our glad refrain,

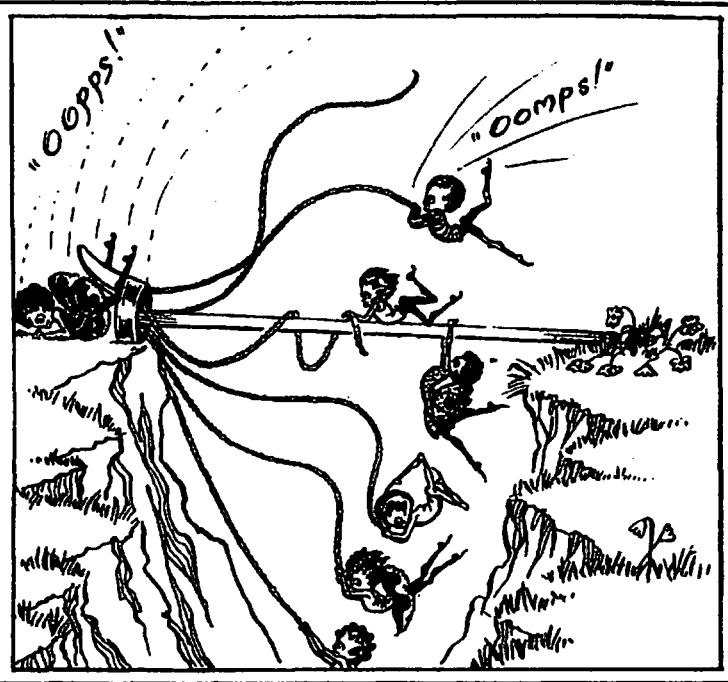
She dropped from heaven to bring us a bit.

Let's give her a welcome that's for a Queen fit."

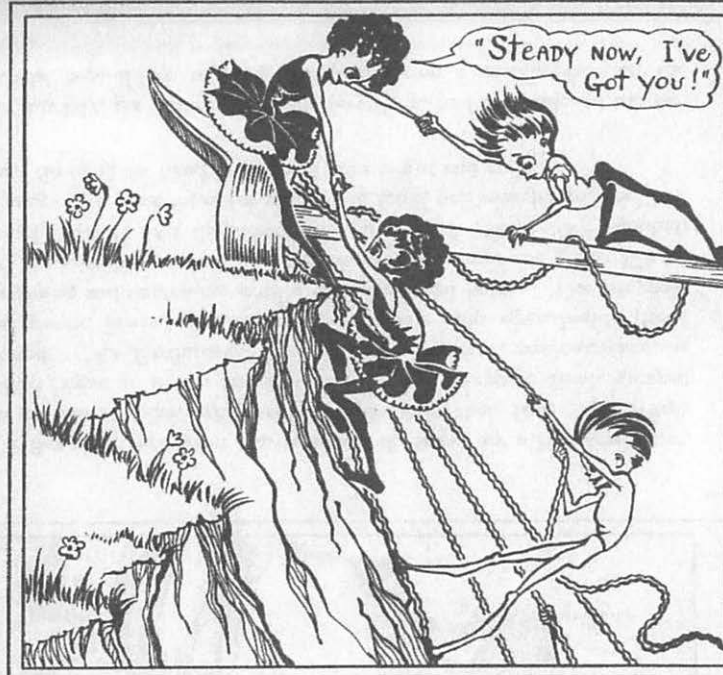


But their merriment was suddenly disturbed by a rumbling noise, like distant thunder, which they heard under their feet. The whole hilltop began to shake, and shiver, while the Maypole dizzily swayed around. "An Earthquake!" the children screamed, panic-stricken, as the ground heaved and cracked. A fissure split open beside them, deepening and stretching, until a chasm yawned below. The Maypole was completely uprooted and hurled straight across the gap. Where would it land? At the bottom so far below? Sister "X" shouted: "Hang on to your ropes for your lives, for if you ever let go, you'll be lost. So hang on, hang on with all your might and main!"

Luckily, the fissure, although very deep, had not widened too far. So, the top of the toppling Maypole found a resting-place on the



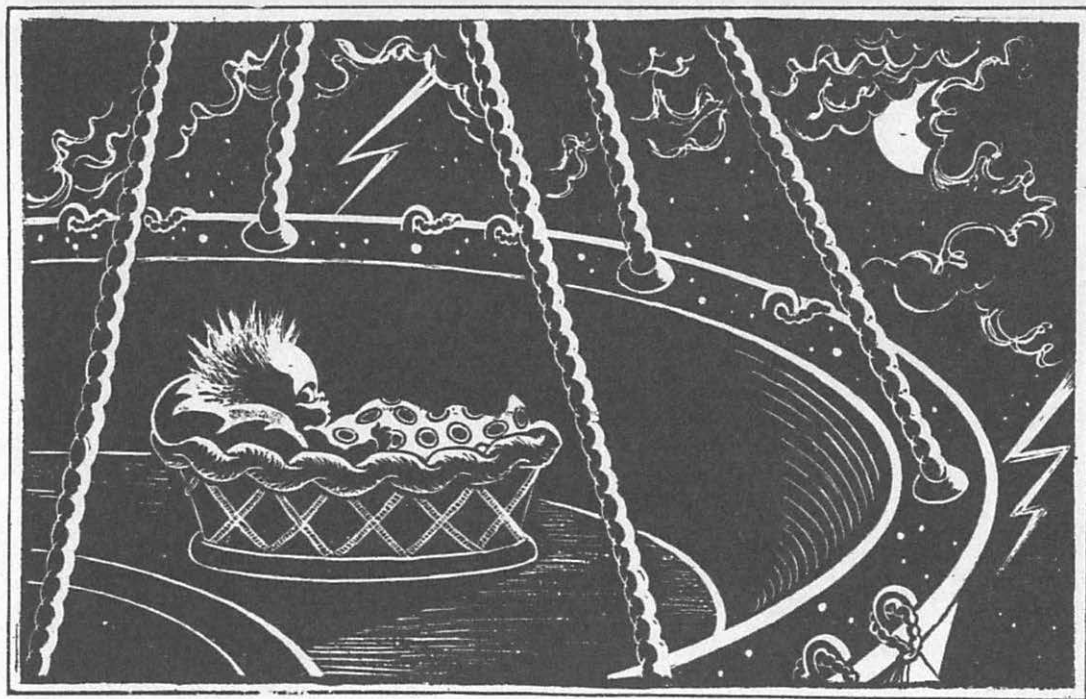
opposite embankment. Sister "X's" parachute was like a cushion, that softened the blow of her fall on the other side. Otherwise, she would have been knocked senseless. All the children, except two, had desperately hung onto their ropes, and had thus been swung over with the falling Maypole. They toppled down into the deep chasm until they dangled at the ends of their ropes. The boy, whose rope got twisted around the Maypole, landed on it, and wondered how long he could keep his teetering balance. The girl, who lost her rope, caught hold of the pole, and wondered how long she could hang under it. She got goose-flesh, and "Squizlypricks" chased up and down her back, when she looked down into the black pit gaping below—like huge jaws waiting to catch her.



Thus, everyone, except Sister "X" was in a most perilous position. The ever-threatening danger of falling to the bottom of the chasm confronted them. Once they let go of their ropes, those steep sides could not be scaled! Sister "X" shouted commandingly to them "Climb up to me on your ropes, and I'll pull you over the top. Hurry, before your arms tire and you break your necks!! You under the pole, swing over to me, and you, on top, do likewise." But the panic-stricken boy cried, "I-I-I can d-do b-b-better I-I-like this!" He crept along the pole, inch by inch, like a measuring worm, balancing himself on his hands and knees. His narrow bridge to safety seemed to stretch for miles, as it lay prone across the dangerous depths.



Meanwhile, the other children had snapped out of their frozen terror to obey their May-Queen. Although they were "at the end of their ropes" far down in the gulley, they dug their toes into the earthly sides of the steep incline and pulled themselves up, hand over hand, foot over foot, along their life-lines, higher and higher. Thus, one by one, they finally reached their May-Queen's helping hands at the top. No sooner had the last one climbed out of the chasm, then another quake closed it up behind them. What a narrow escape that was (by the skin of their hands) from being buried alive! When they were all gathered around Sister "X" again, they heaved sighs of grateful relief, and rubbed their bruised hands. Safe and sound on solid ground at last, they lost no time in making a quick retreat from that dangerous locality.



Now that we have enjoyed sharing in all the exciting adventures of Mother Skuddabud and her alphabetical children, from big brother "A" to little sister "Z"; we'll turn to Baby Skuddabud the youngest child, who had been left behind in the balloon. You remember how he had been forgotten by the whole panic-stricken family at the last moment, during their higglety-pigglety, helter-skelter parachuting overboard?

Baby Skuddabud was just a forsaken little castaway now, the sole passenger in the abandoned balloon. He slept peacefully in his little red basket on the seat, all through the storm. Meanwhile, gas was leaking

out through a rent that had been torn by the raging wind in the big balloon-bag above. This leak was slowly deflating the bag, causing it to sink lower and lower, as it carried Baby Skuddabud farther and farther out to sea. Like a deserted ship, the buffeted balloon was driven on and on, at the mercy of every wind that blew.

What mysterious future awaited Baby Skuddabud—a dark destiny or a fortunate fate? BOOK TWO of the "SKUDDABUD STARRY STORY SERIES" will carry on with Baby Skuddabud's adventures,—which are bound to be astounding!

