

# THE TUMBLE TALES of MARTIN KIDDO



# Oregon Journal

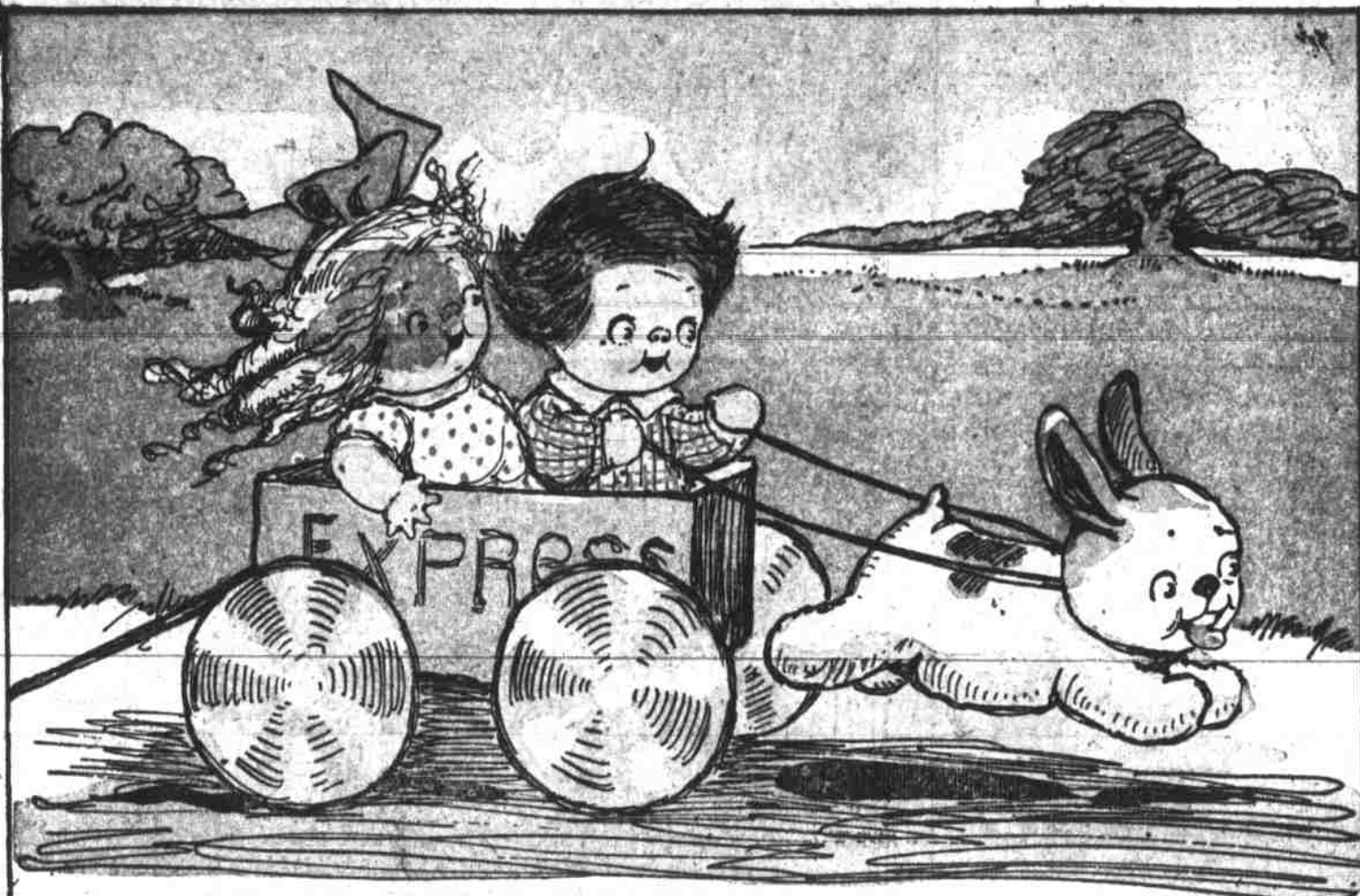
Comic Section

Written by MARGARET G. HAYS

Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1912



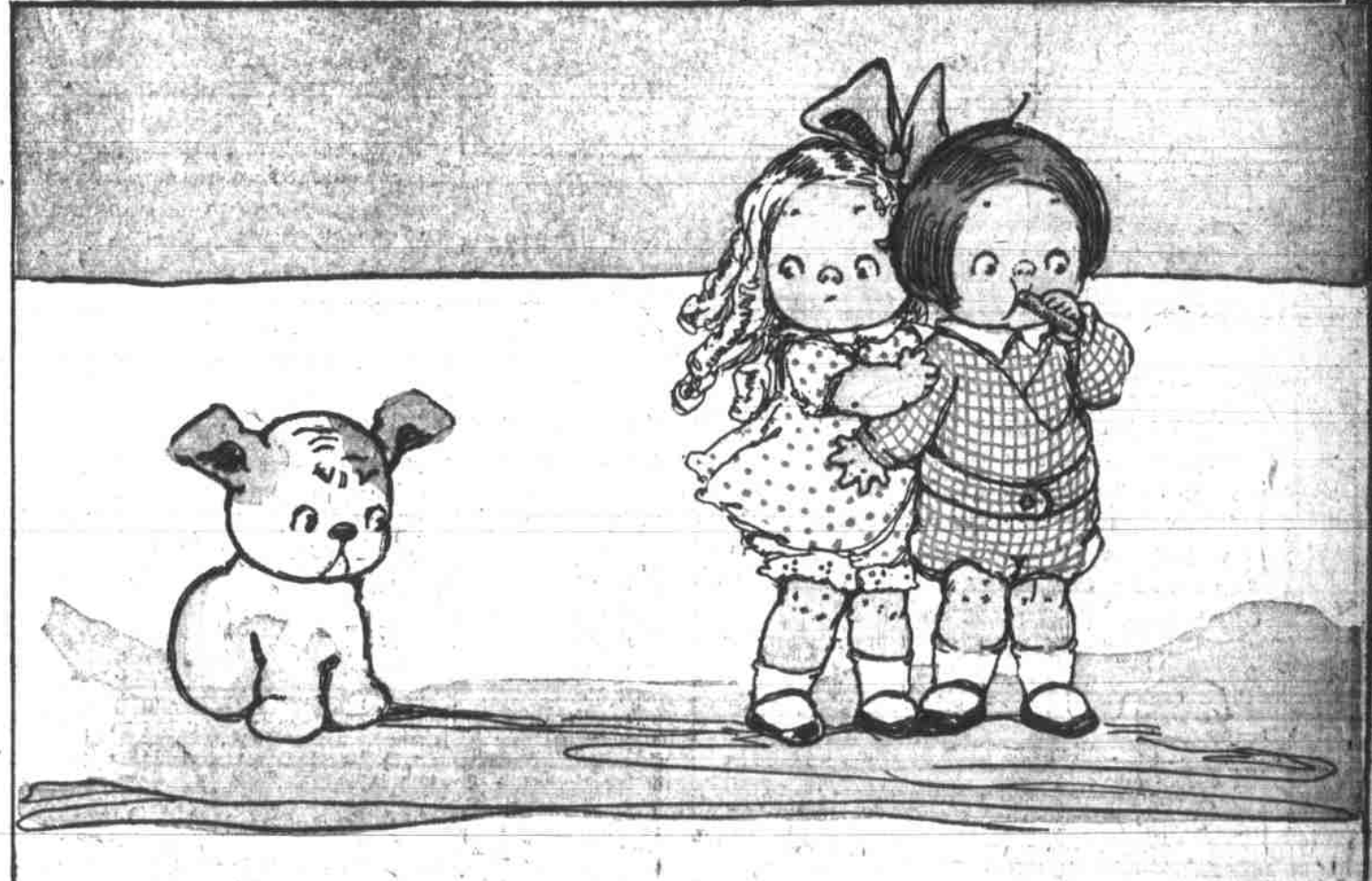
Me'n Puppo took Gwendyline Vangeline May for a ride in her 'spress waggin, an' someways or nother the 'spress waggin upsetted an' me'n Puppo 'n Gwendyline Vangeline May we goed down the Boogey Bog—the Boogey Bog is the culvert on the corner of the street—an' it's an orful nassy place, but—ennyways we falled down it.



An' it was all dark an' snakey an'—an' horribilferous goin' down ther', an' Gwendyline Vangeline May she would o' cried if it hadn't of been for me holdin' on tight to her 'ittle fat hand—an' Puppo he was fallin' way far ahead of us, 'cause see he goed into the Boogey Bog the first, 'cause he'd been the horse to the 'spress waggin when it upsetted.



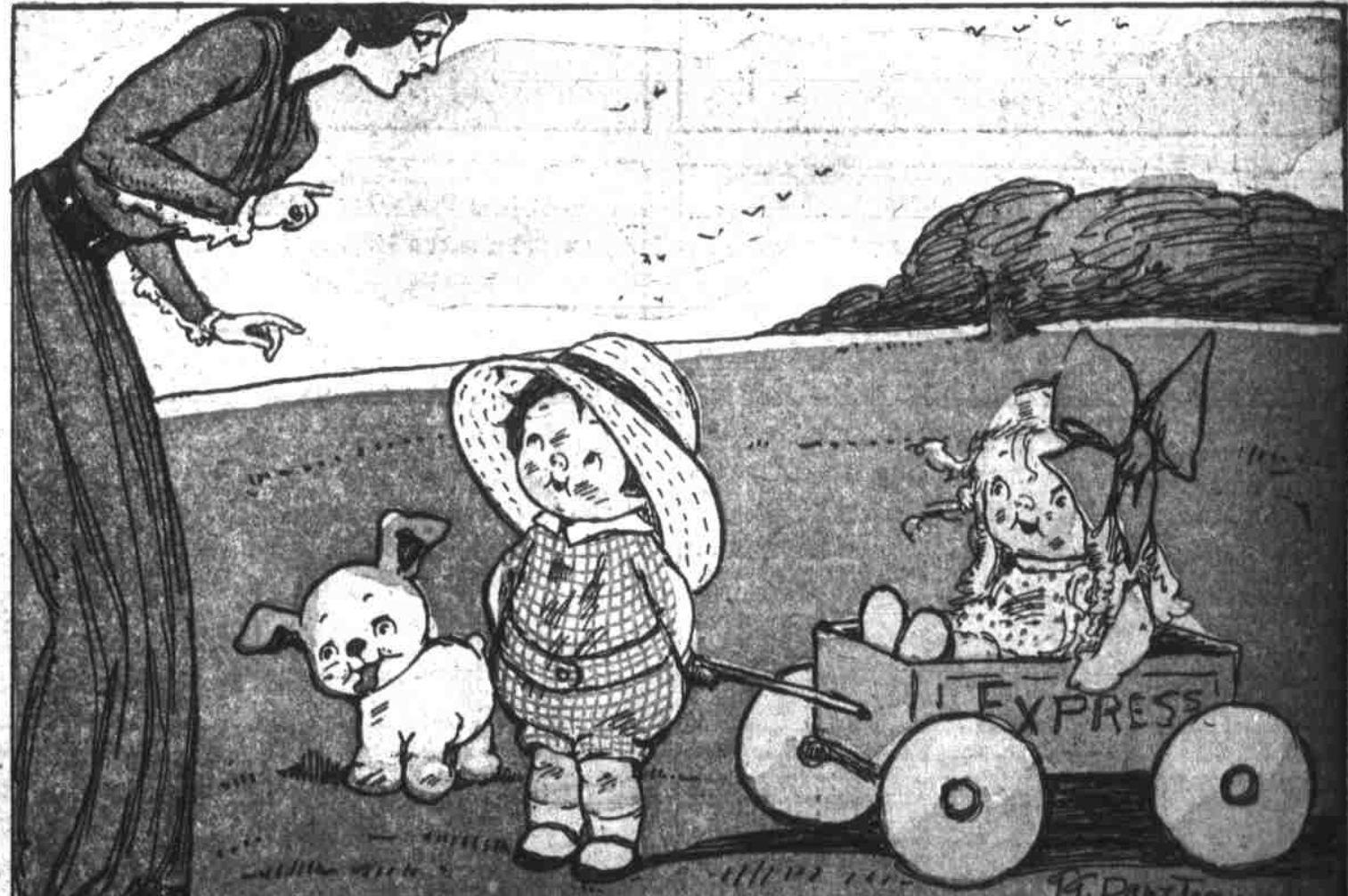
An' suddently we stopped Bang! Bing! Bung! an' we was in the middle o' a gr-r-eat big sandiferous desert—an' ther' wasn't ennythin' but sand—an' sand—an' then some more sand—an' sky—an' sky—an'—an' 'en some more sky—an' after 'bout two or free—er—days—we gotted orful tired o' it.



An' Gwendyline Vangeline May she 'menced to cry, "I want my Mamma." An' Puppo sed he was 'fraid he'd get a—a—mad—an' get hydrantfobius—if he didn't got a drink pretty soon—an' 'en he might—he might jus' bite me'n Gwendyline Vangeline May—an'—an' wouldn't 'at be terribilferous. So I—I blowed my whistle.



An' long comed a—er—a Otter-mobile, an' it sed, "Jump in," it sed, "Come 'long with me." An'—an' me'n Gwendyline Vangeline May 'n Puppo we gotted in—an' sitted down an' the Otter-mobile jus' hopped out o' 'at ol' desert in 'bout seven or teenty hops—what che know 'bout 'at! (Copyright, 1912, by The North American Company.)



An'—an' he taked us back to the corner an' I putted Gwendyline Vangeline May into the 'spress waggin an' tooked her home 'gen—an' I telled her Mamma why we was so late for dinner an' what gotted us so terribilferously dirty—an' she shaked her head at me an' she sed, "Oh—Oh—Oh, you Kiddo!"