

The Cinnamon Bear

Originally aired from November 26- December 25, 1937

CAST: 3 women, 14 men, 2 children (boy and girl)

ANNOUNCER- Tim

MOTHER- Pam

JUDY- Brynn

JIMMY - Shane

CINNAMON BEAR - Ben

CRAZY QUILT- Rob

FE FO, THE GENTLE GIANT- John Gould

WINTERGREEN WITCH- Aimee

GRAND WUNKEY- Aaron

QUEEN MELISSA- Theresa

NICKY FROODLE- Joey

SANTA CLAUS- Don

WORKER- John Gould

JACK FROST- Matt

SFX:

Unwrapping and rummaging through tissue

Trunk lid squeaking open

Wooden top shelf being lifted out

Toy propeller (starts, flies around, lands)

Walking and running over dirt and brush

A thunder boom

Glowing sound (Synth?)

Whistle

Slide whistle

Slap on the back

Wind Blowing

Gong

Door opens and closes

Zipper

Splash

Glass breaking and tinkling

Large door squeaking open

Footsteps in hall

Writing on paper

Stuffing paper into envelope

Another Propeller (starts, flies, lands)

Clank as they land

Bell rings

Intercom switch

Sleigh bells and reindeer hooves

Toy train motor

gears shifting, train moving, stops

glasses clink

(MUSIC)

CINNAMON: And here's the Cinnamon Bear!

(MUSIC: "The Cinnamon Bear Theme")

ANNOUNCER: This is the story of The Cinnamon Bear and his very marvelous adventures with Judy and Jimmy Barton. But we can't very well meet the Cinnamon Bear, until we meet Judy and Jimmy. They are twins, and they live in a big old fashioned house. At this very minute, they are in the upstairs sitting room. And from all I can hear, Judy and Jimmy are busily engaged in that very pleasant task of writing letters to Santa Claus. Let's listen.

JUDY: How are you getting along with your letter, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Oh, pretty well. I've guess I've got about everything down here.

JUDY: Now, don't go asking for everything the way you did last year.

JIMMY: Oh, you girls are all alike. I bet'ch'a if we counted the things in your letter and the things in mine, you'd have the most.

JUDY: Why, I bet'ch'a I wouldn't either.

JIMMY: You would.

JUDY: Well, I won't argue about it. But I bet'ch'a my letter's more dignified than yours.

MOTHER: Judy? Jimmy?

JUDY: Yes, mother?

JIMMY: (OVERLAPPING JUDY) We're in here, mother.

MOTHER: Have you finished those letters to Santa Claus yet?

JIMMY: Uh-huh.

JUDY: (OVERLAPPING JIMMY) Yes.

MOTHER: That's good, because we still have something very important to do.

JIMMY: What's that, mother?

MOTHER: What do you suppose I have in those cardboard boxes here?

JIMMY: I know. Our Christmas tree ornaments.

JUDY: Yes! And you promised us we could help you go through them. To see if any of them were broken.

JIMMY: Yeah, yeah.

JUDY: Oh, let's hurry, mother, I can't wait.

MOTHER: Just a minute, I'll put them right here on the table.

JIMMY: Oh boy.

JUDY: I hope that little pink Santa Claus didn't get broken.

MOTHER: We'll see.

SFX: unwrapping tissue

JUDY: Ooh. Aren't they beautiful?

JIMMY: I'll say. I like those big gold ones specially.

MOTHER: Everything seems to be pretty much in order. The tinsel is here, all the lights— everything seems to be here, except, eh...

JIMMY: Except what, mother?

SFX: rummaging through tissue)

MOTHER: Well I can't see the silver star anywhere.

JUDY: You mean the big one we always put way up on top of the tree?

MOTHER: Yes, but I don't see it in any of the boxes.

JIMMY: Aw, gee, mom. I'd feel most awful if anything happened to that old silver star.

JUDY: Me too. (GETTING SAD) We've had it on top of our tree for years and years.
(STARTING TO CRY) Christmas just wouldn't be the same without the silver star.

MOTHER: Now, don't cry, Judy. It's probably just misplaced. I remember Uncle Jed took some things up to the attic last year after Christmas. Perhaps he put it away up there.

JIMMY: Could we go up and look for it, mother?

MOTHER: All right. If uncle Jed put it away, it's probably in the big trunk in the corner by the window. Be careful you don't hurt your fingers when you open it.

JUDY: We'll be careful. Come on, Jimmy.

JIMMY: OK. Here we go, up the stairs.

(THEY REACH THE TOP AND TRY TO CATCH THEIR BREATH)

JIMMY: (whew) Here we are.

JUDY: Yeah. (PAUSE) Gee. There sure's a lot of stuff up in this attic.

JIMMY: (INTERRUPTING) Oh, Judy. There's the old trunk mother told us to look in.

JUDY: Must be awful full of things. The top isn't closed all the way down.

JIMMY: Well, you get on one side, Judy, and I'll get on the other, and then we can both lift at the same time.

JUDY: All right, Jimmy.

(SOUNDS OF THEM LIFTING TRUNK LID)

SFX: trunk lid squeaking.)

JUDY: Oh, look, Jimmy. There's one of those old crazy quilts right on top. Take it off and we'll see what's underneath.

JIMMY: O.K. (PAUSE) There. (PAUSE. SMELLS SOMETHING UNPLESANT) Hmm. Smells like mothballs, doesn't it?

JUDY: Uh-huh. Do you see the silver star anyplace?

JIMMY: Uh-Uh. Just a lot of old clothes and stuff. Let's lift this top thing out. Come on, Judy, help me.

JUDY: All right.

(SOUNDS OF THEM LIFTING)

SFX: wooden top shelf being lifted out.)

JIMMY: Now, let's see. Say, here's a small box of ornaments.

JUDY: Oh, but they're all broken, Jimmy. And the silver star isn't there.

JIMMY: Gee, here's one that's not broken. It's a pretty little airplane. It's make out of gold glass or something.

JIMMY: Find anything else, Judy?

JUDY: You bet. Look at this, Jimmy. A little teddy bear with a green ribbon around his neck. Gee. He isn't any more than four inches high.

JIMMY: Look. Look what I found, Judy. A real honest to goodness telescope. Isn't it a dandy?

JUDY: Scrumptious. I bet that belonged to Uncle Jed when he was a sailor.

JIMMY: I bet so, too. It sure is a wonderful telescope. When I look though it, everything seems a million times bigger. Boy, I bet if I was out on the roof, I could see clear over to England.

JUDY: Farther than that, maybe. You know what, Jimmy?

JIMMY: What?

JUDY: This teddy bear is the teeniest one I've ever seen.

JIMMY: Sure is. Say, Judy. I bet if we looked at him through this telescope, he'd be a lot bigger.

JUDY: Let's see, shall we? I'll lean him against the back of the trunk and you look.

JIMMY: All right. Now, just wait till I get it fixed. (SLIGHT PAUSE WHILE HE LOOKS)
Jiminy Crickets!

JUDY: What do you see, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Willikers. He looks bigger than anything. Take a look, Judy.

JUDY: Let me see. (PAUSE WHILE SHE LOOKS) Goodness! He *is* big, isn't he? Why he looks almost as big as we are.

JIMMY: Only he really isn't. If you'd move over a little, Judy, we could both look at the same time. There. That's it. Can you see him?

JUDY: Plain as day.

JIMMY: (STARTLED) Judy. Judy, he moved. The bear moved. Did you see him moving?

JUDY: I thought I did, but...

JIMMY: Sure he moved. Gosh.

CINNAMON: Gr-r-r-ah.

JIMMY: Judy.

JUDY: I'm listening.

JIMMY: He made a noise.

JUDY: Maybe it was just a creaky board.

JIMMY: No, it wasn't any creaky board. It was that bear. And I'm gonna talk back to him.

JUDY: (CAUTIOUSLY) Oh, Jimmy, maybe you better hadn't.

JIMMY: Oh, don't get scared. He can't hurt you. He's really only four inches high. (TO CINNAMON BEAR) Hey, you! You, teddy bear.

CINNAMON: Gr-r-r-ew.

JIMMY: Did you hear him, Judy? Did you hear him? He growled at me.

JUDY: Oh. He did, didn't he? Say, Jimmy, ask him if he's a really truly real live bear.

JIMMY: All right. (TO CINNAMON BEAR) Hey, teddy bear, tell us, who are you?

CINNAMON: (SINGING IN A RICH TENOR VOICE)

I'm the Cinnamon Bear with the Shoe-button eyes
And I'm looking for someone to take by surprise
I go growling and prowling each night after dark
But the folks say my growl's just a cinnamon bark.

Though I growl

[in Cinnamon Bear's normal voice] Grr-rah!

[Tenor] And I growl

[Normal] Grr-rooh!

[Tenor] My victims only say

Oh, who's afraid of you?

I'm the cinnamon bear with the shoe button eyes
And I'm huffy and fluffy and tough for my size

I devour lots of honey and cinnamon buns
Just to make me ferocious but nobody runs

Now I'll growl

[Normal] grr-ah!

[Tenor] And I'll growl

[Normal] grr-oooh!

[Tenor] And if you'll act afraid

I'm much obliged to you

(JUDY & JIMMY LAUGH)

JUDY: That was wonderful Cinnamon Bear.

CINNAMON: Gr-r-r-r-ah.

JUDY: (WHISPERING TO JIMMY) Jimmy, let's pretend we're really afraid of him. It'll make him feel good.

JIMMY: (NOT COMPLETELY SURE) Oh, all right.

JUDY: (PLAYING) Ooh. Don't give us a scare like that again, Mr. Cinnamon Bear.

CINNAMON: Gr-aa.

JIMMY: (PLAYING ALONG) Oh, Judy, I'm scared.

CINNAMON: Gr-oo.

JUDY: Oh, Jimmy, hold my hand tight.

CINNAMON: Sure, and... did I really frighten you?

JUDY: Terribly.

JIMMY: You just about scared the daylights out of us.

CINNAMON: Well, I promise not to frighten you anymore. That is, not until me ferocious nature gets the better of me again. Now would you be kind enough to tell me your names? I always keep a record of the people I scare.

JIMMY: I'm Jimmy.

JUDY: And I'm his sister, Judy.

CINNAMON: I'm much obliged to meet you, I'm sure. Me name's Paddy O'Cinnamon.

JIMMY: That sounds Irish.

CINNAMON: Well, sure, I'm... slightly Irish. That's why I wear this green ribbon around me neck. But tell me, what are you two doin' up here?

JIMMY: Well, we lost the silver star that goes on top of the Christmas tree.

JUDY: Have you ever seen it, Cinnamon Bear?

CINNAMON: A silver star? Did it have five points?

JIMMY: I... well, I think so.

CINNAMON: Sure, I've seen it. Lots of times.

JUDY: Oh. show us where the silver star is, Cinnamon Bear.

CINNAMON: Oh, it's not here now, it... it's gone.

JUDY: What shall we ever do now?

JIMMY: Well, who took it?

CINNAMON: Why, the Crazy Quilt Dragon, to be sure.

JUDY: Who is he?

CINNAMON: Oh, just a dragon. Not a very good one at that. He's terribly fond of shiny bright things. Every day for the past month he's been runnin' into the trunk to admire the silver star. This afternoon it got the best of him, I guess. He just upped and ran off with it.

JUDY: (CRYING) Oh, now we'll never, never see the silver star again.

CINNAMON: Here, here, here now, don't carry on like that. You can get the silver star back. Well... maybe.

JUDY: (BRIGHTENING UP) How?

CINNAMON: By goin' after the Crazy Quilt Dragon. Chase him. I'll help ya.

JIMMY: Will you really?

CINNAMON: Oh, sure I will. Crazy Quilt's no great friend of mine. And besides, you are both very obliging and were perfectly terrified when I growled at you.

JUDY: Oh, you're the most wonderful Cinnamon Bear in the whole wide world.

CINNAMON: It's very nice of ya to say it.

JIMMY: Well if we're gonna catch up with the Crazy Quilt Dragon, we better get goin'.

JUDY: Where do you think he went, Paddy?

CINNAMON: Well, if I know Crazy Quilt, he probably headed for the Lollypop Mountains in Maybeland.

JIMMY: Maybeland? How do we get there?

CINNAMON: See that little hole in the wall?

JUDY: Yes.

CINNAMON: Well, we just pop right through there.

JIMMY: Oh, but Paddy, Judy and I can't get through that little hole.

CINNAMON: Oh, yes you can. It's very simple. Really. All you and Judy have to do is "de-grow."

JUDY: What do you mean, “de-grow?”

CINNAMON: Oh, just de-grow. Get smaller and smaller and smaller until you’re only four inches high, like me.

JUDY: Really. That sounds most magical.

JIMMY: Willikers. Show us how, Paddy. Quick.

CINNAMON: Of course, of course. Well—ahem—it’s really quite simple, you know. It’s all in the way you look at it. We’re only as big as we say we are.

JUDY: I don’t understand what you mean, Cinnamon Bear.

CINNAMON: Well, you’re used to seein’ yourself the way you are now—about four and a half feet high. Now when you look at me through the small end of the telescope, I’m big, aren’t I?

JIMMY: Uh-huh.

CINNAMON: When you look through the small end, things look bigger. But if you turn the telescope around and look through the big end, they look smaller.

JUDY: Oh.

CINNAMON: There. Now the only thing you children have to do to *be* small, is to see yourselves that way.

JIMMY: But how are we gonna do that, Cinnamon Bear?

JUDY: Yes, that’s what I’d like to know. We can see each other through the telescope all right, but how can we see ourselves?

CINNAMON: Sure, and it’s simple, the first thing you do is put the telescope up on top of that dresser there, the one with the looking glass. Fix it so the small end is next to the looking glass. And then look at yourselves through the big end. And, Presto Change-o, you’ll be as small as me.

JUDY: Isn’t this fun, Jimmy? Reg’lar magic.

JIMMY: Sure is, all right. Now come on and help me put this telescope on top of the dresser. It’s pretty heavy.

JUDY: Mm-hm,

(SOUNDS OF THEM LIFTING THE HEAVY TELESCOPE)

JUDY: There.

JIMMY: We’re all set, now.

CINNAMON: Now you two can look through the telescope.

JUDY: All right.

JIMMY: There. (PAUSE) Why, I can see you and me, Judy.

JUDY: So can I. And we look so tiny, we...

(MUSIC: SHRINKING)

JUDY: Ohh!

JIMMY: Gee willikers!

JUDY: Do you feel funny, Jimmy?

(MUSIC SWELLS)

JIMMY: Awful funny!

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

JUDY: (WHEW) Here we are. Why, we're at the other end of the telescope.

JIMMY: And look how big everything is. Why look way over there, Judy. The trunk seems as big as a mountain.

JUDY: And just a minute ago we were taller than it is.

CINNAMON: Well, well. How d'you like bein' only four inches high?

JIMMY: All right, I guess.

CINNAMON: Well, we'd better get started, now, if we want to catch the Crazy Quilt Dragon. He's got a pretty big head start.

JIMMY: Where do we go, Cinnamon Bear?

CINNAMON: Right through that hole in the wall.

JUDY: Why... when we were down on the floor a while ago, it was only a tiny little hole. Now it looks like a tunnel.

CINNAMON: That's exactly what it is, Judy. A tunnel. And it leads to Maybeland.

JUDY: Oh dear. How are we ever gonna get down off this big high dresser, Cinnamon Bear?

CINNAMON: In the airplane, to be sure.

JIMMY: Why, look, Judy. Over near the side of the dresser. It's that gold glass airplane that I found in the truck.

JUDY: Only now it's great big.

JIMMY: But Cinnamon Bear, we can't go anywhere in that. Why it's only a Christmas tree ornament.

CINNAMON: That's where you're very mistaken, Jimmy. That happens to be me very own extra private airplane, and it flies beautifully.

JUDY: It does?

CINNAMON: It certainly does. Absolutely.

JIMMY: Why, look, Judy. It has a motor and everything. What does it run on, Cinnamon Bear?

CINNAMON: All the motors in Maybeland run on soda pop. Now, you and Judy climb in first.

JUDY: All right.

JIMMY: All right.

(THEY CLIMB IN)

JUDY: Ohh, gee. This is wonderful. When do we start?

CINNAMON: In a second, Judy. Uh, can you jiggle that lever while I get the propeller goin', Jimmy?

JIMMY: Sure. Uh, this one?

CINNAMON: That's right.

JUDY: Oh, Jimmy, I'm so excited.

CINNAMON: Contact?

JIMMY: Contact!

SFX: toy propeller starting up.)

CINNAMON: Won't be a minute now and we'll be off for Maybeland. Here we go.

[ALL EXCLAIM TOGETHER]

JUDY & JIMMY: Wheeee!

JIMMY: Gee!

JUDY: Woo-Hoo!

JIMMY: Oh boy!

CINNAMON: I'll just circle the room a couple of times and then we'll head for the tunnel.

SFX: toy plane flies around)

JUDY: Oh, watch where you're flying, Cinnamon Bear. Just missed hitting the trunk.

CINNAMON: I'm sorry, Judy. Hold tight, now. Here we go into the tunnel.

SFX: toy plane flying)

JIMMY: **[ECHO]** It's awful dark in here. How can you see, Cinnamon Bear?

CINNAMON: **[ECHO]** Me shoe button eyes is especially good, you know. Anyway, won't be dark for long. We're nearly through the tunnel already. Can't you see the light ahead?

JUDY: **[ECHO]** Sure enough. Why look! We're outside. **[ECHO STOPS]** Oh, Jimmy, isn't it wonderful?

JIMMY: Ooh. Why it's the most wonderful place I've ever seen. Is this what you call Maybeland?

CINNAMON: Indeed.

JUDY: Do lots of people live here?

CINNAMON: Scads and scads of them. All kinds of dolls and little animals and funny creatures you probably never even heard of.

JIMMY: Are they all nice like you, Cinnamon Bear?

CINNAMON: Some are rather bad, they tell me, but, of course I haven't met all the inhabitants of Maybeland.

JUDY: Oh, it feels like a dream. What is this place we're flying over now?

CINNAMON: Those are the Lollypop Mountains, Judy. All those different colors you see down there are lollypop trees.

JIMMY: Look! Is that the Crazy Quilt Dragon?

CINNAMON: Where?

JIMMY: Right over there! On top of that shiny cliff!

CINNAMON: Yessiree, it's Crazy Quilt, all right. And that's a cliff at the top of Looking Glass Valley. It's made entirely of looking glass. He probably picked the spot so he could bend over and admire his reflection. He's very vain.

JIMMY: Let's hurry and catch him.

SFX: PLANE LANDS

CINNAMON: We must be specially cautious. Mustn't let him know we're after him. Now Jimmy, you take that side, Judy, the other. Now walk straight at him.

JIMMY: All right. Come on.

JUDY: Isn't it exciting, Jimmy?

CINNAMON: Hey, you! Crazy Quilt!

CRAZY QUILT: (LEAVING) I'm very busy right now, Cinnamon Bear. I'll speak to you some other time.

JUDY: Where's our silver star.

CRAZY QUILT: Eh, silver star? Uh, what silver star?

CINNAMON: (WARNINGLY) Don't try to quibble, Crazy Quilt. Hand it over gracefully, and you can go your way.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, what a terrible mistake you've made. ("tch-tch-tch") Why, I've never seen this, uh... silver star you're talking about. You must have the wrong party.

JUDY: You have too got it. I can see it even if you are trying to hide it. It's our silver star and we've got to have it to put on top of the Christmas tree.

CINNAMON: You stole it out of that trunk and you know it.

CRAZY QUILT: What? Oh! Come, come, come, come. You think *I* would do such a wicked, wicked thing as steal... Oh. ("tch-tch-tch")

CINNAMON: You still insist that you didn't take it, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: I repeat, I have not seen it.

CINNAMON: (WHISPER TO JUDY & JIMMY) Well, we'll have to scare him. Let's go.

JUDY: Go on! Scram, you bad dragon!

JIMMY: Scat! Skiddoo!

CRAZY QUILT: Oh! Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, how funny.

CINNAMON: Gr-r-r-ruff!

JIMMY: Boo!

JUDY: (HAUNTING SOUND)

CRAZY QUILT: (RUNNING AWAY) Help! Help! Oh, don't hurt me... Ohhhh.

SFX: scrambling over dirt)

CINNAMON: He's slipping over the edge of the cliff!

(MUSIC: (harp and cymbal descending and splash)

CINNAMON: He fell into the ocean! Right into the Root Beer Ocean! Quick! We've got to run down so we can head him off when he comes out of the water. Come on!

JIMMY: Hurry up, Judy!

JUDY: I'm coming!

(THEY RUN)

SFX: running footsteps in dirt and brush)

CINNAMON: We'll get him! He can't escape this time! (THEY ARRIVE) There! He's just coming up on the beach.

CRAZY QUILT: (SOBBING) Oh, I'm so unhappy. Such unkind people to say, "Boo," to a Crazy Quilt Dragon. Don't you know you should never do that?

JIMMY: Why shouldn't we?

CRAZY QUILT: Well, I'll tell you. (SINGS)

Don't ever say "Boo" to a Crazy Quilt Dragon
In hopes he'll turn tall and run.

There aren't many words that will make him go crazy
But "Boo" is a decidedly one.

You can say "Cheese It" or "Scat" If you please
It will certainly bother him none.
Now "Shoo" or "Skiddoo," Sir, would not be taboo. Sir,
But booing is just never done.

Don't ever say "Boo" to a Crazy Quilt Dragon
No, never, not even in fun.
Remember a Crazy Quilt's colors are fast
And are guaranteed never to run.

CINNAMON: Ha! That was very pretty, Crazy Quilt.

JUDY, JIMMY & CINNAMON: (laugh)

CRAZY QUILT: Go ahead and laugh. Though I suppose I deserve it for giving way to my baser self. But if you only knew how weak I am when something beautiful and shiny attracts me. So when I found the silver star...

JIMMY: You mean when you *stole* it.

CRAZY QUILT: Well, if you want to put it that way. Oh, I never would have taken it if I had known how much it meant to you. May I apologize and ask your forgiveness?

JUDY: You mean, you're sorry, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: Of course, little girl.

JIMMY: And you won't ever do it again?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh! Never, never, never.

CINNAMON: That's fine. Now everything will be hunky-dory if you'll just return the silver star to us.

CRAZY QUILT: Of course. Uh... only...

JUDY: Only what?

CRAZY QUILT: Only... it dropped out of my mouth when I jumped off the cliff. And it's lost in the Root Beer Ocean.

CINNAMON: Hm. This is a pretty kettle of halibut, if I do say so myself.

JIMMY: You're a fine kind of a dragon. First you steal our silver star, and then you go and lose it.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh me. Nothing but shame do I get. Shame to the left of me. Shame to the right of me.

CINNAMON: Don't try and pull any of the weepy-weepy stuff around here, Crazy Quilt. It won't work.

CRAZY QUILT: Alas, for ten centuries—uh, maybe eleven—the Crazy Quilt Dragons have flourished with nary a blot on their escutcheon¹. Oh, to think that I must be the one to bring shame to our illustrious name.

JUDY: Oh, there, there, Crazy Quilt. Don't feel so bad about it.

CRAZY QUILT: I must redeem myself. There's no three ways about it. I must. Now, if you could all overlook my past offenses, I... I'd gladly help you look for the star.

CINNAMON: (CHIDING) Applesauce with raisins in it. Don't let him fool you, children.

CRAZY QUILT: I really have a good heart, you know. It's made out of red yarn. And it's been and true as true can be. Don't you think you could see your way clear to let me join up in your expedition? Huh? How's about it?

ANNOUNCER: And so it looks like the Crazy Quilt Dragon, who feels bad for stealing the silver star, is now going to help Judy and Jimmy and the Cinnamon Bear find it again after it fell into the Root Beer Ocean. But they met up with the mean Inkaboos who threatened to throw them into the great inkwell. Aided by the Scissor Soldiers who held off the enemy, our heroes rushed down to the beach, jumped on Crazy Quilt's back and plunged into the Root Beer Ocean where they discovered their precious silver star floating on the water. Just as Jimmy was about to pick it up, a blue and white polka dot whale rose out of the ocean and swallowed it. From that point, their adventures continued to get crazier as they came upon many more inhabitants of Maybeland—some friendly, and some not so friendly.

Wesley the Wailing Whale swallowed the silver star, and when he coughed it up, Samuel the seal, caught it and started to juggle it, which made it easy for Penelope the Pelican to snatch it in mid air and fly away with it. As Cinnamon Bear would say, it was a pretty kettle of halibuts.

Along their travels, they met Mr. Presto, the correspondence school magician, who helped them get it back from Penelope Unfortunately, however she dropped the star on the Island of Obie. Then, to crown their misfortunes, all of a sudden they were surrounded by pirates. But these pirates were very different. They didn't make people walk the plank, and they didn't hunt for gold. All they wanted was candy—and plenty of it. Captain Taffy offered to sail them as far as the Island of Obie, where the pelican dropped their silver star. When they got there they sighted a Roly-Poly Policeman on the beach wearing their star on his chest. He was perfectly willing to give them their silver star which he had pinned on his chest. But by the time they got to him, that old Crazy Quilt Dragon, who you remember liked bright shiny things, got to the policeman first and off with the silver star.

Professor Whiz, the educated owl, told them he'd seen the Crazy Quilt Dragon go into the Wintergreen Witch's house, and what's more, he had the silver star with him. But

¹ A shield or protective cover.

when they entered the house, there wasn't a sign of Crazy. At one end of the room was a huge picture of a forest. At least they thought it was a picture, until they discovered it was a real forest. So in they went, and met Fe Fo, a gentle giant who was so friendly, he took them to the Goody-Goody Grove to help them find Crazy Quilt, and the silver star. So they left Fe Fo and plunged into the forest. And now we join our adventurers as, all of a sudden like, it got pitch dark and they saw two yellow lights, like eyes, flashing in the inky blackness.

MUSIC:

JUDY: Ooh. Do you suppose it's the witch?

CINNAMON: Maybe it's some terrible monster.

JUDY: Oh, it's so dark. And those awful yellow eyes.

JIMMY: [SHIVERING] Don't be scared, Judy. I'll take care of you.

A STRANGE GUTTERAL GROWLING SNORING SOUND

CINNAMON: What was that?

JIMMY: Gee. I wish I knew.

CINNAMON: It's some awful monster. That's his breathing.

A STRANGE GUTTERAL GROWLING SNORING SOUND

SFX: A THUNDER BOOM

JUDY: [HOPEFUL] Look! It's getting light again.

A STRANGE GUTTERAL GROWLING SNORING SOUND

JIMMY: Sure enough. It must have been magic.

CINNAMON: [LAUGHS] And there's my monster.

JUDY: Why, it's the Crazy Quilt Dragon.

JIMMY: Hey, Crazy Quilt! Wake up and hear the birdies!

CINNAMON: Here. Let me try. I'll tweak his nose for it.

SFX: GLOWING SOUND

CRAZY QUILT: [WAKES UP STARTLED] Woah! Oh, where am I?

JIMMY: Never mind where *you* are. Where's our silver star?

CRAZY QUILT: Star? Star? Oh, I'm so bewildered I... Oh, now it all comes back to me. Judy, Jimmy, and Paddy O'Cinnamon. At long last. An end to this nightmare. Is it really you, my friends? Or am I still dreaming?

JUDY: Of course it's us. Who else would it be?

CRAZY QUILT: I didn't know. I thought it might be more of the Wintergreen Witch's magic.

JIMMY: Magic!

CRAZY QUILT: Yes. Oh, you'll never know what I've been through. Oh, the shame of it all. Oh, aaaaa-gony.

CINNAMON: [BORED] Why don't you stop your infernal moaning and tell us what happened?

CRAZY QUILT: Well, to make a short story long... After those pirates sailed away with you, I dashed hither and thither like a mad thing in search of enough corks to make me watertight so I could swim after you.

JUDY: Did you find them?

CRAZY QUILT: Luckily, yes. I stumbled upon the requisite four barrels of corks, swallowed them hastily, and in I plunged.

JIMMY: And you swam after us all the way?

CRAZY QUILT: All the way. A mere nothing, though. By the by, I was backstroke champion last year, you know. And I also hold medals for freestyle swimming, the Root Beer Crawl...

CINNAMON: Oh, quit your braggin', Crazy Quilt, and get on with your story.

CRAZY QUILT: Far be it from me to enumerate my aquatic achievements to an unappreciative audience. Well, anyway... I swam like ten thousand dragons and arrived at the island of Obie in remarkably good time. There, to my delight, I saw the silver star reposing on the bosom of the Roly Poly Policeman.

CINNAMON: And then you talked him into giving it to you.

CRAZY QUILT: I didn't either. I was just about to engage him in casual conversation, when... wham. Something indescribable overcame me.

CINNAMON: Yeah. You just couldn't resist the star. It was so bright and shiny...

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, it was terrible. I wasn't myself at all. Some powerful and evil influence seemed to guide me. A voice kept repeating and repeating in my left ear. That's the blue and orange one, you know. "Get the star. Come this way." And so although I wanted to wait for you, in agony I fought to wait for you, this diabolical force kept pulling me.

CINNAMON: Sure. Just itchy claws. That's all. Itchy claws.

JUDY: Don't interrupt him, Cinnamon Bear.

CRAZY QUILT: At my utter shame, I succumbed to the voice, got the star by pretending you had sent me after it, and was drawn like steel to a magnet, up the beach, into a house, through the picture frame into this magic forest, right to the spot where you found me just now. And then... oh, oh... I shudder to think of it.

JIMMY: What happened?

CRAZY QUILT: The Wintergreen Witch appeared and stood before me, and then I realized it was she who had exercised this horrible power over me, and made me steal the star.

CINNAMON: Oh, come now, Crazy Quilt. Don't blame it on a lady.

CRAZY QUILT: She is no lady. And she made me hand over the precious star and then I think she must have put me in a short trance, because that's all I remember. Oh aaaaa-gony.

JIMMY: [DISAPPOINTED] Jiminy Crickets.

JUDY: Poor old Crazy Quilt.

CINNAMON: Sounds fishy to me, that's what it does.

CRAZY QUILT: Well... *you* believe me, don't you, Judy?

JUDY: Of course I do. Didn't you save us from the Inkaboos?

JIMMY: Sure he did. Say, what did the witch look like, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, hideous, horrible, terrifying. She changed colors all the time. Ugly green, then purple, then blood red. And that nightmare of a face—great rolling eyes, three fangs tearing through an ugly slit of a mouth and...

JUDY: Stop. I don't think I want to hear any more.

JIMMY: Aw, Judy. If you get scared just by hearing Crazy Quilt talking about that old witch, how are you going to be when we meet her face to face?

CINNAMON: [TREMBLING] Sure... gotta meet her... face to face...gotta be very brave...

CRAZY QUILT: That's what I say. Uh, though somewhat reluctantly.

JUDY: I guess I can be as brave as the rest of you. But how are we going to find our way back to the place where we came through the picture frame?

JIMMY: Gee willikers. I haven't thought about that. These woods all look the same. Do you know which way to go, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, I'm dreadfully sorry--or maybe dreadfully happy—that I haven't the slightest idea which way to reach the Wintergreen Witch's house. Remember, I've been in a trance, or something.

CINNAMON: Hmph. I wish you'd go back into your trance and shut the door after you. Well children, I... I guess there's nothing left to do but follow our noses. Hope we'll find a place where we came in.

CRAZY QUILT: What to do?

JIMMY: I know. The whistle. The one the giant gave me.

CRAZY QUILT: Giant? Oh, I don't like that one little bit. Sounds bad.

JUDY: Oh, but Fe Fo's a gentle giant. And he was very nice to us.

JIMMY: Sure. And he gave me this little whistle. And said if we ever needed help, to blow on it three times and he'd come a-running.

JUDY: I'm sure Fe Fo can help us. Blow the whistle quick, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Ok.

SFX: Whistle blows three times, weakly.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, goodness, Jimmy. That's not loud enough for anyone to hear. Uh, better let me try it. I'm good at wood instruments, you know. Played the tuba in college.

JIMMY: All right, Crazy Quilt. Here it is.

CRAZY QUILT: Ah. Watch the old maestro. I place the instrument thus... inhale [TAKES A DEEP BREATH] and... [HE STARTS CHOKING]

SFX: Whistle meagerly blows while he's choking on it.

JUDY: What happened?

JIMMY: Gee willikers! He swallowed the whistle. This is the limit. What'd'ja have to go and swallow the whistle for?

SFX: whistles as Crazy Quilt talks

CRAZY QUILT: [WHISTLE] couldn't help it. [WHISTLE] slipped.

JUDY: Oh dear. Now we'll just have to walk and walk and maybe we'll never be able to get out of this old forest.

CRAZY QUILT: [HICCUP/WHISTLE]

JIMMY: What's the matter, Crazy Quilt?

CINNAMON: He's got the hiccups.

CRAZY QUILT: [HICCUP/WHISTLE]

CINNAMON: And every time he hiccups, it blows the whistle.

JIMMY: Quick, Crazy Quilt. Do it again.

CRAZY QUILT: [HICCUP/WHISTLE]

JIMMY: That's swell. You blew it three times.

JUDY: Good. Maybe Fe Fo will come to our rescue.

SFX: footsteps in the brush.

CINNAMON: Bless my stuffing, I can hear him now.

CRAZY QUILT: [HICCUP/WHISTLE]

JUDY: That's enough, Crazy Quilt. Fe Fo heard you.

CRAZY QUILT: Can't stop. It just keeps [HICCUP/WHISTLE]

FE FO: [APPROACHING] Here I am, my little friends. Just as I said I'd be. Oh, but my gracious. You don't have to blow the whistle so many times.

JIMMY: We're not doing it on purpose, Fe Fo, the Crazy Quilt Dragon has got it caught in his throat.

JUDY: And every time he hiccups...

CRAZY QUILT: [HICCUP/WHISTLE]

JUDY: It whistles.

FE FO: Well, well. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. I'll fix that. Just a pat on the back...

SFX: SLAP ON THE BACK

CRAZY QUILT: [WHISTLE]

JIMMY: There it is.

CRAZY QUILT: Ooh! What an ordeal. Why does everything happen to me?

CINNAMON: Because you're always sticking your Crazy Quilt nose in somebody else's business. That's why.

FE FO: So this is the Crazy Quilt Dragon you were looking for. And did he give back your silver star?

JUDY: No he didn't, Fe Fo. Cause the Wintergreen Witch did something magic to him and made him bring it to her.

JIMMY: Crazy Quilt says she's a terrible old witch. Does she scare you, Fe Fo?

FE FO: It all depends on what color she is.

CINNAMON: Hmm, that's right. Didn't you say she changed colors, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: Definitely. And you didn't believe me, smarty. She changed from green to purple to red.

FE FO: Oh, that's bad. When she's all right, she stays green. But when she gets a notion to practice magic, she goes all sorts of colors.

JIMMY: Well, no matter what color she gets, we've got to find her.

JUDY: Yes, and that's why we called for you, Fe Fo. We thought maybe you'd be real nice and take us back to the place where we came through—the picture frame. We don't know which way to go.

FE FO: I'd be glad to. Only I'm sorry to see you leave the Magic Forest. It's awful lonesome here. Maybe you can come back and see me again. Huh?

JIMMY: Willikers. I don't see how we can, Fe Fo, on account of we've got to get our star and get back home before Christmas.

FE FO: Oh well. Maybe someday you can. All right everybody. I'll put the dragon on my left shoulder and the rest of you on my right. Up you go.

SFX: SLIDING UP

JIMMY: Whee! We're way up in the air.

CRAZY QUILT: My, my. This is something new for me. My, you *are* a whopper of a giant, Fe Fo. Simply a whopper.

FE FO: Hold tight. Here we go.

MUSIC: TRAVELING

FE FO: Here we are folks. End of the trip.

CRAZY QUILT: What? So soon?

CINNAMON: Sure. Fe Fo's no slowpoke. Only take a few of his big steps to get you someplace in a hurry.

FE FO: All right now. Down you go.

SFX: SLIDING DOWN

JIMMY: Gee, we're right where we came in, too. I can see right through the trees into the Wintergreen Witch's house.

FE FO: Well, my friends, I wish I were small enough to go through the picture frame with you. But that's impossible. So I'll just have to say goodbye and good luck.

JUDY: Goodbye, Fe Fo. We'll never, never forget you.

JIMMY: You bet. And thanks a million.

FE FO: Goodbye.

SFX: WALKING AWAY THROUGH THE BRUSH

FE FO: [CALLING BACK] And I hope the witch stays green.

ALL: Goodbye.

JUDY: Goodbye, gentle giant.

CINNAMON: All right, now. Steady yourselves, everybody, and through the picture frame.

JIMMY: Ok, Cinnamon Bear. Here I go.

JUDY: And me.

CRAZY QUILT: And reluctantly, I.

MUSIC:

CINNAMON: Hm. The room's empty.

CRAZY QUILT: Splendid, splendid.

SFX: WIND BLOWING IN AND A GONG

WINTERGREEN: [CACKLING]

[ALL SPEAKING AT ONCE]

CRAZY QUILT: Oh!

JUDY: The witch! Oh!

JIMMY: The witch!

CINNAMON: The Wintergreen Witch!

WINTERGREEN:[CACKLING] Right, my pretty dears. Right. Thought I wasn't here, eh?
Heh. [CACKLES]

JUDY: Hold my hand, Jimmy.

CRAZY QUILT: Excuse me. I just remembered I left the water running in the bathtub. I'll see you later.

CINNAMON: Me, too. Come on, children. Out the door.

SFX: Door closes

JIMMY: It closed itself.

CRAZY QUILT: Hurry. Back through the picture frame.

SFX: GONG

CINNAMON: Oh, it's nothing but a flat painted picture now.

WINTERGREEN:[CACKLES]

CRAZY QUILT: Oh! Trapped! Doomed! This is the end.

JIMMY: Jiminy Crickets! Look at the witch. She's changing colors.

WINTERGREEN: [CACKLES]

JUDY: Green, and blue, and purple, and red.

WINTERGREEN: Sit down, my dainties. Sit down and make yourselves comfortable.
Because you'll be here a long time. [CACKLES] A long, long time.

JUDY: Wh... what are you going to do, Mrs. Witch?

WINTERGREEN: You'll find out. And don't call me Mrs. Witch!

JUDY: Please, Mrs. Wintergreen. Give us our silver star and let us go.

CINNAMON: Yes, uh... Please give it back.

JIMMY: We've come an awful long ways to get it.

CRAZY QUILT: *ahem* And, after all madam, What does a wonderful sorceress with your great power want with a paltry Christmas Tree ornament. Hm?

WINTERGREEN: I want it for my magic forest. That's something I've never had before. I'm going to hang it in the sky, over the black lake.

CINNAMON: Well, if we can't have the star, would you mind if we just sort of moseyed along?

WINTERGREEN: [CACKLES] No you don't. I have other plans, my pretties. Other plans.

JIMMY: Well, I bet you can't do anything to Judy and me. Cause we belong to the USA. I bet you can't magic any American citizens. So there.

JUDY: Besides, we don't believe in witches anyhow. They're just to scare people on Halloween.

WINTERGREEN: So you don't believe the Wintergreen Witch can magic things, eh? Heh, he, heh. I shall demonstrate. First, I open the door.

SFX: Door opens.

WINTERGREEN: Now, see how beautiful and clear it is outside?

CRAZY QUILT: Indeed. And how I'd like to *be* outside.

WINTERGREEN: Now I'll close the door.

SFX: door close.

WINTERGREEN: And... mumbo... jumbo... habba-dabba-woooo.

SFX: GONG

WINTERGREEN: Now I open the door again.

SFX: door open

SFX: Thunder. Cast barks and meows like Cats and dogs.

JIMMY: Gee willikers! Look!

CINNAMON: It's rainin' cats and dogs.

SFX: door close.

WINTERGREEN: [CACKLES] There. There. You've heard of it raining cats and dogs, haven't you?

JUDY: Yes, Mrs. Wintergreen.

WINTERGREEN: Now you've not only heard, but seen it. Do you still think the Wintergreen Witch can't magic things?

JUDY: Oh, no, no! You're truly wonderful. But won't you please let us go?

CRAZY QUILT: Yes. Pretty please? We haven't done anything to you.

WINTERGREEN: Heh. He, he, he. No. But I'm going to do something to you.

JUDY: Oh!

JIMMY: Oh!

WINTERGREEN: There are several things I need around the house or in the magic forest, and you pretties have come at just the right moment. He, he, he. First, I think I'll change you twins into white mice. He, he, he, he.

JUDY: Oh, please don't. Not mice. I don't like them at all.

WINTERGREEN: And this Crazy Quilt Dragon will look beautiful after I've changed him into a pin cushion.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, aaaaa-gony.

WINTERGREEN: And as for this funny little bear, he'll make a lovely doormat—with "WELCOME" on his tummy. [CACKLES]

CINNAMON: Oh, me poor stuffins.

WINTERGREEN: Now be quiet while I prepare my magic. [CACKLES AS SHE GOES TO ANOTHER ROOM]

JUDY: [WHISPERING] Jimmy, if we only had something to make her forget about us and the silver star. Have you got anything she might like?

JIMMY: Gee, I don't think she'd like my knife. And my small wristwatch is home in my bureau drawer.

JUDY: I've got it. Maybe she'd like my little looking glass. Mrs. Wintergreen!

WINTERGREEN:[CALLING FROM THE OTHER ROOM] Yes, my pretty dear?

JUDY: I have something much nicer than the silver star for you. And it's ever so much shinier. Look.

WINTERGREEN: [SCREAMS] Take it away! Take it away! Don't you know witches can't stand to see their own faces! Take it away!

CINNAMON: What a break. Keep on showin it to her, Judy!

WINTERGREEN: No, no, no, no! I'll do anything you ask. Anything.

JUDY: All right. First you've got to let us go.

CRAZY QUILT: And promise not to do anything to us after we leave.

WINTERGREEN: Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes! But take that dreadful looking glass with you.

JIMMY: And you've got to give us back our silver star.

WINTERGREEN: Oooogh, even that! Here!

SFX: GONG

JUDY: Oh, Jimmy! At last we've got it back!

CINNAMON: Open the door, witch, and make it snappy!

SFX: DOOR OPENS

CRAZY QUILT: [CACKLES] And foo for you Mrs. Wintergreen. Come along, children.

SFX: door closes

JIMMY: Isn't this swell, Judy? We've got the star and everything.

JUDY: Isn't it beautiful?

CINNAMON: yeah, but we can't stop to admire it now. We got to rush right down to the shore and get right back across the Root Beer ocean. Come on. Hurry, everybody.

JIMMY: You think you can swim us all back, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: Absolutely. I'm plenty full of corks to manage it. Climb aboard.

CINNAMON: I think I'd better carry the star.

CRAZY QUILT: Pardon the suggestion, but I've an ideal place for it. My hind pocket. The one under that big orange patch. It's waterproof and has a zipper.

JIMMY: Ok, Crazy Quilt. Unzip.

CRAZY QUILT: With pleasure.

SFX: ZIPPER

CRAZY QUILT: And in it goes. Zip again...

SFX: ZIPPER

CRAZY QUILT: And safe and sound. And hold on, my friends, for it's cherrio and into the Root Beer Ocean

SFX: SPLASH

MUSIC:

CINNAMON: You sure made great time, Crazy Quilt. Here we are, back on the Maybeland mainland.

CRAZY QUILT: Now that we're all hunky-dory, I must ask you all to excuse me while I sit down and rest a bit from my strenuous swim.

CINNAMON: Sure.

JIMMY: You've got it coming to you, all right.

CRAZY QUILT: Uh-huh. Ohhh, hum, hum. I think this would be a lovely spot, right here in the leigh of this rock. There. Now I'll just lean back and then...

SFX: GLASS CRACKING

JUDY: What was that?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh! Oh, I fear, uh... oh, my friends. Oh, I'm blushing red. I... well behold the star!

JIMMY: Willikers! It's busted!

JUDY: In a dozen pieces.

CINNAMON: if you *had* to sit down, Crazy Quilt, why pick a rock to sit on?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, I am abject. I am speechless. But I beg you to realize that my mistake was unintentional.

JIMMY: Oh, we know you didn't mean to do it. But, gee, Crazy Quilt, couldn't you have used your head a little bit?

CRAZY QUILT: Well...

JUDY: Don't go picking on poor Crazy Quilt. Course he didn't mean to break the star. But making him feel bad isn't going to do him any good.

CRAZY QUILT: Gladly. Anything to help atone for my frightful carelessness. Anything to... Wait! Why don't we go and see... Melissa.

CINNAMON: Splendid. Now why didn't I think of that?

JUDY & JIMMY: Who's Melissa?

CRAZY QUILT: Haven't you heard of her? Why she's our Queen. The ruler of Maybeland.

JUDY: What could she do?

CRAZY QUILT: What *can't* she do, you mean. She's wonderful. So kind and generous. Everybody loves her.

JIMMY: That's swell. But what could she do about the silver star?

CRAZY QUILT: Anything. Everything. She has wonderful powers, nothing is impossible to her. Why, do you know, once upon a time, I had the great misfortune to fall into a lemonade wishing well, and all my beautiful colors ran together.

CINNAMON: Heh, heh. I sure would have liked to have seen you then.

CRAZY QUILT: I shall overlook your remark. Oh, I was a mess. I thought surely I'd never be able to hold up my head in society. But I went to Melissa and she restored me to my natural beauty and splendor.

JUDY: Oh goody. Maybe she can help us. Where does Melissa live?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, she lives in the palace in the capital of Maybeland.. A bit southish of the Lollypop Mountains right in the middle of Marshmallow Meadows.

JIMMY: Maybe she'll know some way to have the star all put together again.

CINNAMON: I'm sure she will. Will you take us there, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: Certainly. I'm quite as good on land as on water.

JUDY: Everybody help me pick up the pieces of the star. Jimmy, let me have your hanky. It's bigger than mine.

JIMMY: Ok. Here it is.

CRAZY QUILT: [OFF MIC] Ah, here are some pieces.

CINNAMON: [OFF MIC] Yes, and here are some more.

JIMMY: [OFF MIC] Here are some.

JUDY: I think Jimmy and I have all the rest. Hold out your hanky, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Ok.

SFX: GLASS TINKLING

JUDY: There.

CRAZY QUILT: All right now. Let's get started. Climb on, everybody.

CINNAMON: Up you go, Judy. Up, Jimmy.

[THEY CLIMB UP]

CINNAMON: Well, we're on. Outdo yourself, Crazy Quilt. Gallup as you've never galloped before.

MUSIC:

CRAZY QUILT: This is the anteroom to the Queen's audience chamber. We'll have to wait here until time for us to see the Grand Wunkey. He's sort of head of all the ceremonies, and presents everybody to Melissa.

CINNAMON: I wish he'd hurry. My stuffing's getting very tired.

JUDY: Oh, I don't mind waiting so much. It's so beautiful. I like to look down that big staircase and see all the people passing up and down.

GRAND WUNKEY: [APPROACHING FROM OFF] Oh! Here you are. So sorry to keep you waiting, but, eh.. you know how it is. So much busy. You are the Crazy Quilt Dragon, are you not? I'm sure I've seen you before. I'm very good at remembering places... I mean, faces. That's my job. Now, where were we? Oh, *ahem*, awfully nice of you to drop in, and all that. Must come again sometime.

JUDY: I'm Judy.

JIMMY: I'm Jimmy.

CINNAMON: And I'm the Cinnamon Bear.

CRAZY QUILT: That's us. And we're very anxious to see Melissa.

GRAND WUNKEY: Now, let's see. What formation would look best? Let me see... Yes. The little girl first., yes. Then, I think the boy, slightly behind her with the bear. Then the Crazy Quilt Dragon bringing up the rear guard.

GRAND WUNKEY: *ahem*, I think everything is in order. Do you mind if I adjust your green bow, little bear?

CINNAMON: I thank you to keep your hands off me bow. And me name is Paddy O'Cinnamon, if you please.

GRAND WUNKEY: Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, of course. Of course. *ahem* I think we may enter now.

JIMMY: About time.

GRAND WUNKEY: Ouvre la porte!

SFX: DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN

GRAND WUNKEY: my, my, my, my, my those hinges need oiling dreadfully. Must make a note about that. [WRITING] Uh, see about oil all hinges. Now, now, are we all hunky bunky?

CRAZY QUILT: Yes, Wunkey.

GRAND WUNKEY: [CALLING] Dudley? The fanfare!

MUSIC: FANFARE

GRAND WUNKEY: Oh, thank you Dudley. It's lovely. Thank you. And now, friends, you may enter the presence of... Queen Melissa of Maybeland!

SFX: they walk in.

[A FEW SECONDS OF SILENCE AS THEY LOOK AROUND, THEN...]

ALL: Ooh!

JUDY: Oh, my goodness. Isn't she beautiful, Jimmy?

JIMMY: You bet. Why she's nearly as pretty as mother, I'd say.

JUDY: Look at her throne. It's all shiny.

GRAND WUNKEY: All gold, children. 18 karat solid gold.

JUDY: Looks like there's something shining all about her, too. Must be more magic.

CRAZY QUILT: It is. That protects her from anything touching her. Nothing could get close enough to her.

JUDY: I sure never saw anything like this before.

MELISSA: [FROM OFF] Will you please come closer?

GRAND WUNKEY: Her Majesty desires you to approach. [WHISPERING] Be sure you don't go too close. [ALOUD] *ahem*, Your Majesty, may I present Miss Judy!

MELISSA: How do you do?

JUDY: Fine, thanks. But we...

GRAND WUNKEY: Eb, eb, eb, eb. Mr. Jimmy.

MELISSA: I'm so happy to see you.

JIMMY: And we're glad to see you.

GRAND WUNKEY: And this is...

MELISSA: The Crazy Quilt Dragon, of course. How are you?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, very well, Your Majesty. Thank you.

GRAND WUNKEY: And, eh... last but not least...

MELISSA: Well, who is this fuzzy person with the green ribbon round his neck? Who are you, little friend?

Paddy introduces himself to Queen Melissa of Maybeland - Sung by: The Cinnamon Bear

CINNAMON: I'm the Cinnamon Bear with the shoe button eyes

And I'm helping these children recover a prize

It's a silvery star that was fashioned, you see,

For the very tip-top of a big Christmas tree.

Though we've hunted low, and we've hunted high

We cannot get it back, no matter how we try

A most Crazy Quilt Dragon made off with it first

Then a whale ate it up, but that isn't the worst.

Oh, it's been through a hundred adventures since then

We just lose it and find it and lose it again.

So we've looked and looked, til we're all most blue

And if you'll help us out, we're much obliged to you!

JUDY: So you see, Your Majesty?

MELISSA: Call me Melissa, won't you? We're all going to be friends. And friends shouldn't be too formal.

JUDY: Well, you see, Melissa, the Cinnamon Bear told you part about what happened to our lovely silver star. But lots of things happened to us after that.

CRAZY QUILT: And the last thing that was the Wintergreen Witch cast a spell on me and forced me to steal the star and take it to her.

MELISSA: The Wintergreen Witch? Grand Wunkey? Make a note that I must take up the case of the Wintergreen Witch at my next council meeting. She's been practicing magic without a license.

GRAND WUNKEY: Oh dear, dear me. Yes, your Majesty. Hm... [WRITING] Fix witch. Good and proper.

JUDY: She was going to change us into things. Then I showed her a looking glass and she got awful scared and let us go.

JIMMY: And Crazy Quilt took us across the Root Beer Ocean, but...

CINNAMON: But he sat down on the star and broke it into a dozen pieces.

JUDY: So we thought maybe you could help us get it fixed.

MELISSA: Of course I can help you.

JUDY: You can? Oh, that's wonderful!

MELISSA: Now, you just listen very carefully to everything I say and your silver star will be restored.

JIMMY: Jiminy Crickets, and will we be able to put it on our Christmas tree just like we used to?

MELISSA: On the very tip top, Jimmy. And no one will ever know it was the very least bit broken.

JUDY: Oh, that will be wonderful.

MELISSA: And now I will write down the instructions for you to follow.

SFX: WRITING

MELISSA: There.

SFX: PAPER INTO ENVELOPE

MELISSA: Now I've put the instructions inside this envelope, Jimmy. And you must follow them exactly.

JUDY: Oh goody. Let's see what we have to do.

MELISSA: Oh, I'm sorry, Judy. But you mustn't open it here.

JIMMY: Well, why?

MELISSA: Because that would keep the magic from working. You see, restoring the silver star is going to take a special kind of magic. If it had been made in Maybeland it would be simple. But unfortunately it was made in the world. And that's another matter. It will need quite a little extra work.

JIMMY: Will it be hard to do?

MELISSA: No. Not hard. But you must do exactly as they say. But don't worry, friends. I know it will work out all right.

JIMMY: Gee, Melissa. I don't know how we'll ever be able to thank you.

JUDY: It will just make Christmas perfect, Melissa.

CRAZY QUILT: Allow me to express my deepest thanks. Melissa, for past favors and present courtesy. I... bow.

CINNAMON: Hmph. I'm not fancy, Melissa. But I'm much obliged to you.

MELISSA: And you're all quite welcome, dear friends. I hope you will visit me again after the silver star has been restored to its original beauty.

JUDY: We'd sure like to, Melissa.

MELISSA: Then do so. And now, Grand Wunkey, would you please set our friends on their way? I would be happy to entertain you in my palace for awhile, but I know you are anxious to see your star mended and safe.

JIMMY: Yes, Madam. Thanks so much, but we do have to hurry, kind of.

JUDY: Yes, we've got to get back before Christmas.

MELISSA: Well, goodbye, then. And good luck.

ALL: Goodbye.

GRAND WUNKEY: Goodbye, Your Majesty. Will you please follow me, single file if you please, in the order in which you came in.

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks like our heroes are off to more wild adventures. In the middle of the Wishing Woods, they met Snapper Snick, the Crooning Crocodile, who lived in a big white bathtub and sang. He helped them read Queen Melissa's instructions for restoring their broken star to one piece. It said, "Underneath the Singing Tree, another clue you are sure to see." And so they went. Along their way, they were stopped by a great river of mud and attacked by Muddlers—huge ugly creatures made entirely of mud. Our friends climbed frantically onto Crazy Quilt's back, and he tried to swim, but couldn't. As luck would have it, just at the last frightful moment, over the hill came the Cacklebur Cowboys, headed by Slim Pickins, to the rescue. They then learned that the Singing Tree was somewhere in the Golden Grove, and off they tramped across the Purple Plain. And just as they came upon the singing tree, right out of nowhere jumped that wicked old Wintergreen Witch. If only Judy hadn't given her looking glass to Indian Chief Cookandbottlewasher, she might have held it in front of the witch's face and scared her, like she did on the island of Obie. But when Wintergreen learned that Judy no longer had the dreadful looking glass, she right then and there decided to change the twins and Cinnamon Bear and the Crazy Quilt dragon into bullfrogs. And it looks like nothing in the world, or Maybeland, can stop her. She just laughs and laughs and ...

WINTERGREEN: (CACKLING) I'll teach you to tag along the Wintergreen Witch. I'll teach you to trifle with my reputation.

JUDY: Please, Mrs. Witch.

WINTERGREEN: AAAAGGHHH! I told you once never to call me Mrs. Witch.

JIMMY: Please don't turn us into bullfrogs.

CINNAMON: I never was very fond of bullfrogs.

CRAZY QUILT: I dare say they're all right in their way, but...

WINTERGREEN: Keep still all of you! Bullfrogs I want you to be, and bullfrogs you shall be. I'll begin my incantation.

ALL: Oh!

WINTERGREEN: Oh... Abracadabra... Ooohhhh. Mombo. Jumbo! Abracadabra! Woooooo! (SHE CONTINUES TO STRUGGLE AND CHANT IN THE BACKGROUND)

JIMMY: Gee, we're not bullfrogs yet, Judy.

JUDY: I guess maybe she has to say some more things first.

CINNAMON: Well, I don't feel in the least like a bullfrog, yet.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh. Ah. I know what's the matter. Definitely.

JUDY: What is it, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: The witch can't change anybody into anything. Melissa has not only banished her from the island of Obie, but has taken away her magical powers.

WINTERGREEN: (SCREAMS)

JUDY: Look, she's tearing her hair out!

CINNAMON: Let her tear it. So, you would turn perfectly respectable citizens of Maybeland, USA into bullfrogs, would you? Gr-rauff!

CRAZY QUILT: And so, my hideous hag, you would cast your weird spells on us, would you? Ha ha. Well, where is your black arts, now, may I ask?

WINTERGREEN: (GASPING) It seems that I can't do as I wished, and change your babbling mouths to those of croaking bullfrogs. Let it be so. Melissa has done me one more bad turn which I won't forget. But I still have what's left of your Silver Star.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh. My word, so she has.

JIMMY: You give it back, you nasty old witch.

WINTERGREEN: (CACKLING) Try and make me. My power may be gone, but I can still run faster than the wind. I'll take your star and throw it where you'll never, never see it again.

JUDY: Oh dear.

WINTERGREEN: I'll run to the other side of the Golden Grove. It's the north boundary of Maybeland. And there on the other side is a great abyss, which separates it from the snow country. I'll throw your star down in the bottomless abyss!

JIMMY: No you won't. I can run, too.

JUDY: Catch her, Jimmy!

JIMMY: You bet!

WINTERGREEN: (CACKLING) Try and catch me!

CRAZY QUILT: I'll do my best, you woebegone witch.

CINNAMON: Ahem, I'm not exactly built for speed, but I'll stay with you.

WINTERGREEN: AAK!

MUSIC

JIMMY: Gee willikers, she fell down.

CRAZY QUILT: Now she's picking herself up again.

WINTERGREEN: AAAKKK!

MUSIC:

JUDY: My goodness. She fell down again.

CINNAMON: Bless my stuffing, what goes on here?

GRAND WUNKEY: (APPROACHING) One moment, my good woman. One moment, prithy.

JUDY: Who's that?

JIMMY: Jumpin Gee Willikers, it's the Grand Wunkey.

CINNAMON: I wonder what he's doing here.

CRAZY QUILT: Well, hello friend Wunkey, what is the meaning of your welcome presence in these parts?

GRAND WUNKEY: Oh hello, hello, greetings from Melissa and all that. Just a moment please, I'm here on my official capacity right now. Wintergreen!

WINTERGREEN: AHH! What do you want?

GRAND WUNKEY: I simply want to tell you that you had better be a good witch, because you are surrounded by the very best quality "A-Number-One" witch proof invisible net, and you can't pursue your nefarious schemes any longer.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh. So that's what tripped her up and made her fall.

GRAND WUNKEY: Oh, yes indeed. Melissa's been watching you with a great deal of interest. Just toss that star back to the children, Wintergreen. There's a good witch.

WINTERGREEN: AAAAAAHHHHHHH!

GRAND WUNKEY: Oh. Now you don't have to be so unpleasant about it. Dear me, what an odious person you are, to be sure.

JUDY: does Melissa know what happened to us, Grand Wunkey?

GRAND WUNKEY: Oh my, yes. Melissa knows everything that goes on in Maybeland. She sent me here to take charge of the Wintergreen Witch. Now, just step lively there, you ex-witch. Give the star back to the young man there.

WINTERGREEN: (SOBBING) There!

JIMMY: Oh boy.

JUDY: Thank you so much, Grand Wunkey.

GRAND WUNKEY: Not at all, not at all. Just in the line of duty, you know.

I'm here purely on business, you understand.

CRAZY QUILT: Which business?

GRAND WUNKEY: Yes. Witch business. I've been instructed to take the Wintergreen Witch into exile. So come along now, Wintergreen, old thing.

WINTERGREEN: (SOBBING) Oh!! Where are you taking me? Have you no heart to take a poor old defenseless woman, with no home, no place to lay her tired head, or somewhere she's never been...

GRAND WUNKEY: My, my, my, my, my. I've no time to bandy words with you. Melissa has instructed me to conduct to the Looking Glass Valley, to spend the rest of her days. Come along, Wintergreen. Melissa's orders must be carried out to the letter, you know. Step lively now, Wintergreen.

WINTERGREEN: (SOBBING)

GRAND WUNKEY: (FADING OUT) Oh, come, come, come, come. Don't blubber. Please, don't bawl like that. My, my, my, my, my. Such warbling. Here, here, here, here.

CRAZY QUILT: Well, well. Look here. Why, this wasn't anywhere before.

CINNAMON: Bless my stuffing. It's a huge silk hat.

JUDY: Why it's the biggest one I ever did see.

CINNAMON: Look, it's got windows in it.

CRAZY QUILT: And there are some letters painted on it. "The Flying Hat". My word. What do you suppose this is?

JUDY: You know what? I bet'ch'a this great big hat is the clue Melissa said we'd find.

JIMMY: Sure enough. And see, Judy? Here's a door in the hat.

JUDY: Look. There's a note on the door. What does it say, Jimmy?

JIMMY: Well it says, "No trespassing, unless you are Judy, Jimmy, Cinnamon Bear, and the Crazy Quilt dragon.

CRAZY QUILT: My, this is interesting, indeed.

JUDY: I'm going to open the door.

SFX: DOOR OPEN

JUDY: Ohhh. Look.

CINNAMON: Very comfy looking, I'd say at quick glance.

CRAZY QUILT: My, my. Four chairs. Each by a window. Stylish stuff. All the trimmings.

JIMMY: And look. Three are just our size, and one's big enough for Crazy Quilt.

CINNAMON: Here's another note on one of the chairs.

JIMMY: Read it, Paddy O'Cinnamon.

CINNAMON: Okay. (SLIGHT PAUSE WHILE HE READS) Very interesting indeed. It's from Melissa, just as I thought. (READING) "Dear friends, the flying hat will take you out of Maybeland to a place where you should have no trouble getting your precious silver star mended. When you are ready for the flight, just say, 'Topper, topper, off we go, to the land of ice and snow.' Once you're there, find Nicky Frodle. Lots of luck,

Melissa.” My... oh, oh... uh, wait. Here’s a p.s. Do not be afraid of the flying hat. It is equipped with the very best Maybeland motor.

JUDY: Oh, this is awfully exciting. But I wonder why we have to go to a land of ice and snow to get the silver star fixed.

CRAZY QUILT: It is indeed mystifying. But undoubtedly Melissa has some definite reason for sending us there.

JIMMY: Well, I don’t want to rush you, but we’re wasting time. Suppose we do just as Melissa says and get going.

CRAZY QUILT: Always the practical man of affairs, Jimmy. Let us go indeed.

JUDY: I’ll say the rhyme that Melissa told us to use to make the flying hat go. Everybody ready?

CINNAMON: Surest thing you know.

CRAZY QUILT: Indubitably.

JUDY: What?

CRAZY QUILT: Just skip it.

JUDY: Topper, topper, off we go, to the land of ice and snow.

SFX: PROPELLER SOUND)

ALL: (MAKE EXCLAMATIONS OF SURPRISE).

CRAZY QUILT: (OVERLAPPING) Oh my.

JUDY: (OVERLAPPING) It’s starting.

JIMMY: (OVERLAPPING) We’re going up.

CINNAMON: (OVERLAPPING) Oh my goodness.

JIMMY: Oh boy, this is swell.

MUSIC:

SFX: PROPELLOR MOTOR STARTS TO SLOW DOWN.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh.

CINNAMON: (EXCITED) Oh, look. We’re going down. Yes. Heh, heh. Here we go.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh.

SFX: CLANK AS THEY LAND

THEY ALL JUMP AND REACT

CRAZY QUILT: (OVERLAPPING) Oh.

JUDY: (OVERLAPPING) Oh.

JIMMY: (OVERLAPPING) Oh boy.

CRAZY QUILT: (OVERLAPPING) Yes.

CINNAMON: Come on. Let's get out.

CRAZY QUILT: Well.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

JUDY: Brrrr. Isn't it cold.

JIMMY: You bet. Gee, I wish I had my sweater.

CINNAMON: I could use my green flannel underwear right now.

CRAZY QUILT: I'm a bit afraid my crazy quilt colors will get frozen blue.

JUDY: Look at the flying hat.

JIMMY: Why it's tipping itself. Just like it was saying goodbye.

SFX: PROPELLER STARTS AND FADES

CINNAMON: Oh look. Now it's flyin off.

CRAZY QUILT: Yes. Well, there's no doubt about it. This is where Melissa meant for us to come.

JUDY: Look everybody. The palace. There's the bell, Jimmy. Ring it.

JIMMY: Okay.

SFX: BELL RINGS

SFX: DOOR OPENS

NICKY: How do you do?

JUDY: How do you do?

JIMMY: Oh.

NICKY: You must be Judy, Jimmy, the Cinnamon Bear, and the Crazy Quilt Dragon. Oh, I've been expecting you for some time. Won't you come in?

CINNAMON: Much obliged to you.

JUDY: Thank you very much. Are you Nicky Froodle?

NICKY: I am. Excuse me while I close the door. It's pretty cold outside.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

JIMMY: Gee, it's lot's warmer in here, all right. We've been kind of chilly out there. Heh. We're not exactly dressed for it like you are with all that white fur.

JUDY: I don't mean to be rude, but you look like us... and yet you don't.

NICKY: Oh. I'm an elf.

JUDY: Oh. Well, Queen Melissa of Maybeland sent us in a flying hat to see about getting our beautiful silver star put together again. And she said we were to see you.

NICKY: That's right, Judy. But Melissa meant for me to take you to somebody else, and he'll help you. Will you please follow me up the hall?

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

JUDY: My goodness. Who is it, Nicky Froodle?

NICKY: Why, didn't you know? It's Santa Claus.

JUDY: Santa Claus.

JIMMY: Willikers! You don't mean the *real* Santa Claus, do you Mr. Froodle?

NICKY: Of course, Jimmy. No one else.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

JUDY: Oh, my goodness.

JIMMY: Gee Willikers!

SANTA: (LAUGHING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM) Welcome, welcome, my children. Come right in. I've been expecting you.

CINNAMON: Thanks, Santa. Don't mind if I do.

CRAZY QUILT: Your invitation is most acceptable. Thank you.

SANTA: Come on. Come on, Judy and Jimmy. Now don't be bashful. (CHUCKLING)

NICKY: Go ahead.

JUDY: I guess maybe I'm silly, but it's kind of exciting to meet the really truly Santa Claus.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

JIMMY: Yes. You see, we never thought we would and... well, it's kind of like shaking hands with the... with the President, or something.

SANTA: (CHUCKING) Ho, ho, ho, ho. Well, don't you feel that way, now. Don't you know that I love children better than anything in the world?

JUDY: I... I guess so, but...

SANTA: You know, this is quite a treat for me. The most I ever get to see of children is when they're sound asleep.

JUDY: Don't they *ever* get to see you?

SANTA: Oh no. If they're awake, they don't get to see me at all.

JIMMY: That's it. Judy and I wondered why we didn't see you that Christmas we stayed awake all night and watched. But our presents were there Christmas morning just the same.

SANTA: (CHUCKING) I remember that time. I fooled you youngsters, didn't I? Now by the way, I got your letters this year, too.

JIMMY: You did? Gee, that's swell.

SANTA: And I hope you'll be quite satisfied. Now let's see about your silver star.

JUDY: Did Melissa tell you what happened to it?

SANTA: Oh, yes indeed.

JIMMY: How did she talk to you, Santa Claus?

SANTA: By short wave. Radio is my hobby. When I have time to spare. Now, you put the star on my desk do I can look it over?

JIMMY: You bet.

SFX: TINKLING OF BROKEN STAR

JIMMY: There it is.

SANTA: My, my, my. Certainly is smashed, isn't it? That can be fixed. Oh yes. Easily fixed.

JUDY: Can you fix it in time for Christmas? Course you understand how important it is for us to have it by then.

SANTA: Oh ho, ho, ho! Indeed I do. I'm not going to fix it myself. No, that's a little out of my line. But I'll take you personally to a man who specializes in that sort of work. Oh Nicky!

NICKY: Yes Santa?

SANTA: Have my sleigh and reindeer ordered, will you please? And oh yes, have a couple of fur suits sent up for Judy and Jimmy. It's pretty cold out.

CINNAMON: How about Crazy Quilt and me?

SANTA: What? Oh, ho, ho. You were so quiet, Paddy O'Cinnamon, that I almost forgot about you. Well, you're pretty well fixed by nature for the cold country. But I don't know about the Crazy Quilt Dragon.

CRAZY QUILT: Why not, Santa Claus?

SANTA: Well, you look as if you were just a bit the worse for wear. Let's see. A number of seams ripped, and... oh. Quite a tear over there.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh yes.

SANTA: Well, I think a bit of tailoring wouldn't be amiss. Oh Nicky? Call the tailoring establishment and arrange for a complete overhaul of the Crazy Quilt Dragon.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, thank you, Santa Claus. I'm not too vain, I hope. But I don't feel my sartorial best when I've got so many rips and tears.

NICKY: Is that all, Santa Claus?

SANTA: Mmmm, yes. Yes, I think so.

NICKY: All right.

SFX: INTERCOM SWITCH ON

NICKY: Send up two fur suits to Santa Claus' office immediately, and, uh...

WORKER: What size?

NICKY: He wants to know what size, Judy.

JUDY: I don't know. I guess about like yours.

NICKY: (INTO INTERCOM) Size nine and three-quarters.

WORKER: Nine and three-quarters, okay.

NICKY: Have the sleigh and reindeer out in front of the palace.

WORKER: Sleigh and reindeer, okay.

NICKY: And tell the tailor shop to expect one Crazy Quilt Dragon for a complete overhaul.

WORKER: Overhaul for dragon. Right.

SFX: INTERCOM SWITCHES OFF

SANTA: All right, now. Come along now Judy and Jimmy and Cinnamon Bear. Follow me.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SANTA: Nicky Froodle will show you where to go, Crazy Quilt.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh thanks ever so much, Santa. Complete overhaul, eh? Hm. Not bad.

NICKY: This way, Crazy Quilt.

CRAZY QUILT: Well, goodbye all. Eh, when I see you next, I promise a complete revelation.

SANTA: (CHUCKLES) Now just a second while I button up my coat. Ah. There.

JIMMY: Here are the fur suits, Santa. The service is extra good today.

SANTA: Oh, fine. Help yourself, children. You need any assistance with the fastenings?

JUDY: No, thank you.

JIMMY: Gee willikers. We look almost like Cinnamon Bear.

SANTA: (CHUCKLES) Well, all set?

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SANTA: Mmmm. Woah. Oh, it's pretty chilly out

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

JUDY: We don't mind it now.

JIMMY: Oh look, Judy! Here come the reindeer.

SFX: BELLS

JUDY: Oh, my goodness.

JIMMY: Gee, they're swell. Would you let me hold the reins awhile, Santa?

SANTA: Oh, I'm afraid not, Jimmy. You know, there reindeer are funny. They won't obey anybody but me. You see? They're my own special private reindeer. And this is the sleigh in which I make my yearly visit to the world. All right, everybody. Here we go! High, Donner and Blitzen!

SFX: BELLS AND HOOVES, CONTINUE UNDER SCENE

JUDY: My goodness

CINNAMON: Can you get everything into this one sleigh, Santa?

SANTA: Well, not as much as I used to. Have to tie on a couple of trailers now. See that building over there?

JIMMY: Sure. What is it?

SANTA: That's the candy factory. And

over there is the doll factory, Judy. And that one back there is the mechanical factory.

JIMMY: What do you make in there, Santa?

SANTA: Oh, toy trucks, engines, bicycles, electric trains, all sorts of things. You know, I have a crew of specially trained brownies and elves in each of these factories and they're busy all the year 'round.

CINNAMON: Do ye every have anything made in the big palace where you live?

SANTA: Oh, a few special things. But that's where the toys are stored when they're finished. And every day there's an inspection in the Grand Hall. Oh, maybe you'd like to see one of the inspections after your star is fixed. How about it?

JIMMY: You bet.

JUDY: Who is it you're taking us to visit, Santa?

SANTA: Oh, you'll see in just a minute, Judy. His house is right over here. Woah, boy! Woah!

SFX: HOOVES AND BELLS STOP. CONTINUE TO SHUFFLE AROUND A LITTLE

SANTA: This is one of my best friends. Listen to him sing. That'll tell you who he is.

"I'm Jack Frost"

JACK FROST: (SINGING) I'm Jack Frost
The world's most famous painter
And I deal in winter pictures
That are lovely to behold.

I can paint a million pictures
With my brushes and my mixtures
But I'd like the work much better
If my feet were not so cold.

Br-r-r-r-r!
I'm colder than November
I'm colder than an Eskimo
I'm colder than a clam.

Br-r-r-r-r!
I'm colder than December
It's impossible to realize
How cold I really am.

I'm Jack Frost
The world's most famous painter
And according to the census
I'm the only one who knows
How to frost the roofs and fences
With such gorgeous consequences
But I'm feeling most despondent
'Cause my nose is almost froze!

Br-r-r-r-r!
I'm really rather chilly
I'm colder than 100 polar bears
Have ever felt.

Br-r-r-r-r!
This may sound rather silly
But I'd buy a radiator
If I thought I would not melt!

CINNAMON: Bless my stuffing. So that's Jack Frost. I felt his fingers many a time, but I've never seen him.

JUDY: Look at all the icicles on his hair.

SANTA: Hi, Jack. Some friends to meet you. Here's Judy, Jimmy and the Cinnamon Bear.

JACK FROST: (OFF MIC, FROM INSIDE HIS HOME) How do you do? Come in, won't you?

JIMMY: Thanks, Mr. Jack Frost.

JACK FROST: (APPROACHING) I'm glad you dropped in. I'm on my vacation now. Nothing for me to do out in the world after the snow comes.

SANTA: Jack, my little friends, Judy and Jimmy, have had a bit of trouble with a silver star which belongs on top of their Christmas tree. It's been badly smashed and needs fixing. Show it to him, Jimmy.

SFX: BROKEN STAR

JIMMY: Here it is, Mr. Frost.

JACK FROST: Oh, that'll be easy. I'm extra good at stars.

JUDY: I've often admired your work on the windows, Jack Frost.

JACK FROST: Thanks, thanks. Yes, I do fairly good work. But I'll never be really satisfied until I learn how to frost a chocolate cake.

JUDY: Oh, mother can frost cakes like everything. Maybe she'd teach you.

JACK FROST: Good. Next time I'm down your way, I'll try to find time for a lesson. Now, if you'll just step this way into my laboratory...

SFX: DOOR OPENS

CINNAMON: My, my. Just look at all the brushes and things.

JIMMY: Gee willikers. It's wonderful.

SANTA: This is where Jack does all his research work.

JUDY: It's beautiful.

JACK FROST: Now, let's see about the star. Hm, this won't take a second. Just a bit of magic snow cement, here, and here, and here. And... there.

JUDY: Oh! Why... why look, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Gee.

CINNAMON: Well, bless my stuffing.

JUDY: Our silver star is all beautiful again. Just like it was before. Can I touch it Mr. Frost?

JACK FROST: Oh, not for a minute. (FADING) I'll put it here on the window sill for a bit. It has to be exposed to the cold north wind to get good and solid. (APPROACHING BACK) Now, while we're waiting, I'd like to show you a few of the designs I'm working on for next year's frostings.

JIMMY: Mm. There's a big star on one of your designs. You like stars, Jack Frost?

JACK FROST: Better than anything.

JUDY: How many points do you put on your stars?

CINNAMON: He puts five, Judy. You can count 'em for yourself.

SANTA: And now, we've got to get started for the big storeroom, and meet Crazy Quilt. The tailors have done a mighty fine job renovating him.

JIMMY: Let's hurry. I'm anxious to see him.

CINNAMON: Humph. He'll probably be so conceited you won't be able to touch him with a ten foot pole.

JUDY: Now Cinnamon Bear, don't be jealous.

SANTA: All right. Come along, everyone.

JIMMY: Goodbye, Jack Frost. Thanks for mending the silver star.

JUDY: We're ever so grateful.

JACK FROST: Oh, sure, that's all right.

JUDY: Don't forget. Next time you're visiting the world, you just stop at our house and I'll have mother show you how to frost a chocolate cake.

JACK FROST: You bet I will, Judy. Well, goodbye, everybody.

JUDY: Goodbye, Jack Frost.

JIMMY: Goodbye. Bye.

SANTA: Bye. He, he.

SFX: SLEIGH BELLS

JIMMY: Brr. It's cold out here. I don't know what we'd do without these fur suits you gave us, Santa.

SANTA: All right. Everyone in the sleigh, now. Make it snappy.

CINNAMON: Will somebody please give me a boost?

JIMMY: There you are, Cinnamon Bear.

CINNAMON: (CLIMBING SOUNDS) Ah. Much obliged, Jimmy.

SANTA: Everybody in? All right. Off we go. Heigh, Donner, heigh Blitzen. Heigh!

SFX: SLEIGH BELLS AND HOOFS

MUSIC:

SANTA: Ah, and here we are. This is the big storeroom.

JIMMY: There's Crazy Quilt waiting for us.

JUDY: Hello, Crazy Quilt. Hello, Nicky.

CRAZY QUILT: Salutations, my friends. Salutations. Eh, notice anything different, Judy?

JUDY: Oh! My goodness, Crazy Quilt. You sure look specially handsome.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh yes, indeed. My friends, you are gazing on a new Crazy Quilt Dragon.

JIMMY: Boy, and you've got a brand new bow around your neck. It's sure a humdinger, Crazy Quilt.

CINNAMON: Eh, I guess he's not the only one who has a bow.

JUDY: Of course not, Paddy O’Cinnamon.

CRAZY QUILT: Green. A very common color, green. Now, ahem, *my* bow...

CINNAMON: Orange. That’s what it is. Orange. A yellowy orange.

CRAZY QUILT: It isn’t either. It’s scarlet. So there.

CINNAMON: Well, whatever it is, they sure took you to the cleaners, all right. Too bad they didn’t dry clean your crazy quilted brains while they were at it.

CRAZY QUILT: Well, I...

SANTA: Here, here, here, here, here. No quibbling, please.

JIMMY: Oh, don’t mind them, Santa. They’re always like that.

SANTA: Oh, I see. Now, I have a little surprise for Judy and Jimmy. Uh, now, of course you children may not care for surprises... uh, or do you?

JUDY: Of course we do, Santa.

SANTA: Well, if you’re sure you do, close your eyes, all of you.

CRAZY QUILT: Am I to be included in this, uh, “what you think is going to happen” business?

SANTA: Why, certainly. And Paddy O’Cinnamon, too.

CINNAMON: Oh my. I sure hope it’s Cinnamon buns.

CRAZY QUILT: Always thinking of your tummy.

SANTA: Now, now, no peeking there, Crazy Quilt. Keep those purple patched eyelids closed tight. Heh. Now, I’ll take hold of your hand Judy, and yours Jimmy. There we are. All set. All right now. Come along.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

JUDY: My goodness, this is exciting. Where do you suppose he’s taking us?

CRAZY QUILT: I’ve no idea, Judy. Utterly no idea.

SANTA: Theeeeeeeeere. Here we are. Now we can all sit down.

CRAZY QUILT: Ahem. Uh, would it be permissible to open our eyes now, Santa?

SANTA: Oh, no, no. Not just yet. I’ll tell you when. (CALLING) All right, Major Muffy! Carry on!

MUSIC:

SANTA: Ha, ha. You can open your eyes now. Open em wide.

THEY ALL ARE STUNNED BY HOW MARVELOUS IT IS

JUDY: Oh, how beautiful.

JIMMY: Jumping, gee willikers.

CINNAMON: Bless my stuffing, what a big hall.

CRAZY QUILT: My sainted Crazy Quilt heart, I've never seen anything like this.

JUDY: That great big Christmas tree. Why it's bigger than the one in the store downtown.

JIMMY: It sure is. Lots bigger. Gee, I have to put my head way back to see the top of it.

JUDY: And all the colored lights. Why, there must be a million of them.

SANTA: A million and a half, to be exact, Judy.

CINNAMON: That big domed roof with the lights on it, uh, would that be made of glass, now?

SANTA: Well, not exactly. Something quite like it, but stronger, more substantial. One of my own inventions.

JUDY: It's... It's just so beautiful. With all the lovely toys and lights and everything. Well, it does kind of take your breath away.

SANTA: You like it, Children?

JIMMY: You bet.

JUDY: It's the most gorgeous thing I ever saw.

Oh, Jimmy. Look at the hundreds and hundreds of beautiful dolls

JIMMY: Gee. And would you take a look at all those bicycles, and scooters and the toy tractors

SANTA: Now we're passing the Animal Kingdom. Elephants and camels and monkeys on sticks. Animals of every description.

CRAZY QUILT: No Crazy Quilt dragons, however.

CINNAMON: I should hope not. One is enough.

NICKY: Santa Claus! Santa Claus!

SANTA: Huh? Here's Nicky Froodle, he's back again. Everything ready now, Nicky?

NICKY: All ready, sir.

JUDY: You know what, Santa Claus?

SANTA: No. What, Judy?

JUDY: I was just noticing, all the little dolls and soldiers and toy animals are standing perfectly still. Just like they were waiting for something.

SANTA: That's right, Judy. They are waiting for something.

JIMMY: What?

SANTA: Well, Just to make certain all my toys will know how to behave when I take them out into the world, I put them through a special rehearsal under the big Christmas tree. And

while they're marching, my supervisors inspect them. So that's what my toys are waiting for, Judy and Jimmy. The Christmas Tree Parade.

JIMMY: A parade? Jiminy Crickets, Santa. Are we gonna see it?

SANTA: Heh, heh. You are, Jimmy. And right this very minute. (CALLING) Oh, Major Muffy? Proceed with the Christmas Tree Parade!

"The Christmas Tree Parade"

MUSIC : Sung by The Toys at The Christmas Tree Parade

Rub-a-dub-dub
The bugle has blown
And summoned us into line.
The buttons on our uniforms
Are polished till they shine.
(Are polished till they shine.) (Softly)
Now the general is giving commands,
"Fall in!"
And the call for attention is made,
"Tenshun!"
And everyone is ready for The Christmas Tree Parade!

Rub-a-dub-dub
And clickety-clack
And lumpety-humpty-hum
(Boom, boom, boom) (Softly)
'Round the Christmas Tree and back
In marching form we come.
(In marching form we come.) (Softly)
To the beat of the little bass drum
"Boom, Boom!"
To the toot of the little tin horn
"Toot, Toot!"
We'll make a lot of children sing and shout
On Christmas morn.
(We'll make a lot of children sing and shout
On Christmas morn.) (Softly)

THEY ALL APPLAUD AND LAUGH

JUDY: Oh, Santa Claus. That was wonderful.

JUDY: Jimmy, I think we'd better be getting home pretty soon, don't you?

JIMMY: (SIGHING) Yes, I do. You know, I feel sort of... well...

SANTA: Eh, let down, Jimmy?

JIMMY: (DOWN) Yes. I guess that's it. Gee. We've done so many exciting things and... I guess maybe I'm sort of tired or something. Anyway, it's getting awful close to Christmas, and Judy and I have had a swell time with you Santa Claus. And, well... we think we ought to go home.

CRAZY QUILT: Ahem. As our adventures together draw to a close, as spokesman for our little party...

CINNAMON: And just who appointed you as spokesman?

CRAZY QUILT: (PERSERVERING) As spokesman for our little party, may I say a few words?

CINNAMON: No.

CRAZY QUILT: Thank you. (A LITTLE DRAMATICALLY) I realize that like all good things, even this, our quest for the silver star must come to an end. With laurels on our brow...

JUDY: What's he talking about?

CINNAMON: Just let him rave. Crazy always has to make a speech.

CRAZY QUILT: ...We spend the last precious moments together. (SNIFFING) May I propose a toast.

SANTA: Well, I think that would be all right, friend Crazy Quilt.

CRAZY QUILT: I propose a toast to those true friends, those stalwart friends. Ah me, those friends so soon to depart... (ahem)... Lift your glasses of milk, friends. I give you Judy and Jimmy.

SFX: GLASSES CLINK

SANTA: Ha, ha. Well put. Well put. Well, have you all had enough?

ALL ACKNOWLEDGE SATISFACTION

SANTA: I don't wish to hurry you, but it's getting time to leave. I'm going to take Judy and Jimmy...

CINNAMON: (INTERUPTING) And me, Santa. Don't forget me.

SANTA: Oh, ho, no. I wouldn't forget you, Paddy O'Cinnamon. I'm going to take you back with Judy and Jimmy to their attic.

JIMMY: Oh boy. This is the biggest thrill yet.

JUDY: You've been so awful kind, Santa. We don't know how to thank you.

SANTA: Oh, ho. P'shaw. That's what Santa Claus is for. To help children find happiness.

JIMMY: Well, what about Crazy Quilt? Is he going back with us, too?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, no thank you, Jimmy. I think not. In fact, I'm rather taken with the Snow Country. I'd like to stay on here for a bit.

SANTA: Well, that's quite all right. Glad to have you. (CALLING) Oh, Nicky?

NICKY: Yes, Santa Claus?

SANTA: Is the sleigh ready?

NICKY: Just about, Santa Claus. They're filling the last trailer now.

SANTA: Good. Have you checked everything with my list?

NICKY: Yes, I did that personally.

SANTA: Well, all right. Heh, heh. Then I guess we can start. Come children. Shake a paw there, Cinnamon Bear.

MUSIC:

SFX: SLEIGH BELLS

SANTA: Eh, I'll help you up, Judy. (MAKES LIFTING SOUNDS) There.

JUDY: Thank you, Santa, dear.

SANTA: Now, how about you, Paddy O'Cinnamon? You need any help?

CINNAMON: Well, just a little boost, please, Santa Claus.

CRAZY QUILT: Will you allow me the pleasure, Paddy O'Cinnamon?

CINNAMON: I don't trust you at all, Crazy Quilt. But you can do it just this once.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, such a way to regard the friend with whom you've gone through thick and thin.

CINNAMON: How come this sudden burst of affection, Crazy Quilt? Are you feeling all right?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, Quite. Here, let me help you up.

SOUNDS OF BOOSTING

CINNAMON: There. Thank you, Crazy. You know, sometimes you're a good dragon. But only sometimes, mind you. Only sometimes.

JUDY: Have you got the silver star all right, Jimmy?

JIMMY: You bet. Been hanging on to it ever since we got back.

SANTA: All right. You get in next, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Ok, Santa. Oh, would you please hold the star for a minute while I get in, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, with pleasure, Jimmy. Any little last minute favor, you know.

JUDY: Good bye, dear Crazy Quilt. I... I hate to go away and leave you.

CRAZY QUILT: (HOLDING BACK TEARS) Good bye, Judy girl. Parting is such sweet sorrow. (EXITING) Oh dear, oh dear, I'm afraid I may have to weep a few Crazy Quilt tears.

JUDY: Oh please don't. We'll see you again sometime. Sure we will.

JIMMY: Goodbye, Nicky Froodle. If you ever come to the world with Santa Claus, drop in to see us. I'll show you my magic lantern set.

NICKY: Maybe I will sometime, Jimmy. Thanks.

SANTA: Just take a look around, Nicky, and see that all the trailers are fastened securely.

NICKY: All right, Santa.

JIMMY: Ok, Crazy Quilt. You can give me the silver star now. Crazy Quilt?

JUDY: Where is he?

JIMMY: Willikers. I don't know. Wha... he was here just a minute ago.

SANTA: He must have dropped back to help Nicky. (CALLING) Heigh! Crazy Quilt!

NICKY: He's not here, Santa.

JIMMY: Gee, where do you suppose he went...

CINNAMON: Look! There he is!

JUDY: Where, Paddy!

CINNAMON: Over there! Runnin as fast as he can go!

JIMMY: Jiminy Crickets. And he's got the silver star. Look at him go. Lickity split.

CINNAMON: I knew that Crazy Quilt dragon would show his true colors.

JUDY: Oh dear. It makes me want to cry.

SANTA: Well, we'll have to hurry, if we want to catch him. (CALLING) Oh, Nicky! You and Jimmy unhook the trailers from the sleigh! We can go faster without them.

NICKY: All right, Santa.

JIMMY: Be with you in a jiffy, Nicky.

JUDY: And I thought Crazy Quilt had reformed.

CINNAMON: Huh. Once a villain, always a villain.

SANTA: I don't understand why he'd do such a thing. (CALLING) How are you coming boys?

JIMMY: This the last. There. Come on, Nicky!

SANTA: All right, take my hand, Jimmy. (LIFTING HIM) Up you go. There. (CALLING) Are you in, Nicky?

NICKY: (FROM THE BACK) All set.

JIMMY: Willikers, let's hurry.

SANTA: Heigh, Donner! Heigh, Blitzen! Heigh.

SFX: SANTA SLAPS THE REIGNS AS SLEIGH BELLS JINGLE.

SANTA: There. A little more speed there, boys. Eh... that's better.

CINNAMON: Gr-rough! Just wait till I get me paws on that double crossin' dragon.

JUDY: I'm just awfully disappointed in Crazy Quilt.

JIMMY: Me too.

JIMMY: Look, Santa Claus. I think we're gaining on him.

SANTA: We are at that, Jimmy. But, oh, my goodness.

JUDY: What's the matter?

SANTA: He's heading straight for the North Pole. Faster, Donner. Faster, Blitzen. Faster.

MUSIC:

SANTA: Ah, just as I thought. There he is. Trying to climb up the North Pole. Come on, everybody! After him.

THEY ALL CLAMOR AFTER HIM

SANTA: We'll have to catch him before he gets up the pole, or we'll never get him.

JUDY: Why, Santa?

SANTA: Why the Mystic folk live up there. They'll take him right in with them. And we'd never see Crazy Quilt or the silver star again. Woah, woah there. Woah, Donner. Woah, Blitzen. Woah.

SFX: SLEIGH BELLS SETTLE

JIMMY: Hey! What's the idea of stealing our star, Crazy Quilt?

CRAZY QUILT: Why, hello Jimmy boy. Fancy meeting you here. What's all this yelling about the star?

JIMMY: You know what about the star. You've got it.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, now. Come, come. You must be mistaken, my little friend. Such a little thing would never occur to me.

JUDY: Why, Crazy Quilt. You big story teller. If you didn't steal it, why did you run away like that?

CRAZY QUILT: Run away? But I didn't run away, Judy. Um... merely getting a bit of exercise. Trying out my new snowshoes. Oh, great sport.

CINNAMON: And I suppose you used snowshoes to climb the North Pole? And if so, where are they?

CRAZY QUILT: Where are what?

CINNAMON: The snowshoes, you villain, the snowshoes.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh... um, er, ub... I, uh... just dropped them off to be half soled.

CINNAMON: Oh, don't pay any attention to him, children. He's got the star, all right. I can see it. It's sticking out of his hip pocket.

JUDY: I'm so ashamed of you, Crazy Quilt. After we trusted you and everything.

JIMMY: We won't ever believe in you again. Ever.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, my friends. My dear, dear companions. Don't talk like that. You'll make me... (HE SLIPS)

SANTA: Look. Look, he slipped a bit.

JIMMY: No. He's got hold again.

SANTA: Oh! Can't any of you climb after him? If he reaches the top, we're lost.

JUDY: I know how to bring him down. Remember, Jimmy? We'll all yell "Boo" at him.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, no! No, not that!

CINNAMON: Come on, everybody. Now, one... two... three!

ALL: BOO! BOO! BOO!

SFX: SLIDE WHISTLE DOWN

CRAZY QUILT: Oh dear.

JIMMY: He's down. Let's get him, Judy!

SANTA: All right, All right!

THEY ALL ATTACK HIM

JIMMY: There he is.

SANTA: Get in there.

CINNAMON: At last, I've got you, Crazy Quilt. And I'm feelin' extra specially ferocious. Gr-rough.

JUDY: Tickle him, Jimmy. Tickle him.

CRAZY QUILT: Oh, my friends. To think our beautiful friendship should end like... (HE STARTS LAUGHING) Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho!

CINNAMON: He's turning over. Grab the star, Jimmy!

JIMMY: I've got it, Paddy O'Cinnamon! I've got the silver star!

CINNAMON: Oh, you Crazy Quilt dragon. Thought you'd get away with it, huh? I'll teach you to trifle with Cinnamon Bears. Shake him up, children. Shake him up. (FADES AWAY) Shake him up. Shake him up.

MUSIC:

MOTHER: Wake up. Wake up, children.

JIMMY: (DREAMING) Wh... what's that?

JUDY: (DREAMING) Tickle him, Jimmy. Tickle him good.

JIMMY: (DREAMING) Oh, that's all right, Judy. I've got the silver star.

MOTHER: Children. What in the world are you doing? get up off the floor.

JIMMY: (YAWNS)

MOTHER: (CHUCKLING) You're all tangled up in that crazy quilt. Did you fall asleep?
Dear, I hope you didn't catch cold.

JUDY: Cold? It isn't cold, mother. Not like it is in the Snow Country.

JIMMY: Sure, it's a lot colder at the North Pole.

MOTHER: What? My darlings. Are you ill? Have you got a fever? Let mother feel your hands. You're talking so strangely.

JUDY: We're all right, mother. We had the most elegant time.

JIMMY: We sure did. The silver star was gone because the Crazy Quilt dragon stole it. But Santa Claus helped us catch him and get it back.

MOTHER: Hm. You don't seem to have any fever. Now, hurry up, both of you. Daddy's home.

JUDY: Did he bring the Christmas tree?

MOTHER: Yes dear. And he wants you to come down and help him decorate it. My goodness, I wouldn't have let you come up here in the attic if I thought you'd go to sleep.

JIMMY: But we didn't go to sleep, mother. We went to Maybeland.

JUDY: Oh, Jimmy. Look at poor Paddy O'Cinnamon on the floor. And he's only about four inches high any more.

JIMMY: Can we take the Cinnamon Bear down with us, mother?

MOTHER: The what?

JIMMY: Wh.. (MATTER OF FACTLY) The Cinnamon Bear. You know, Paddy O'Cinnamon. We found him in the trunk, and he's the one who took us to Maybeland. And we had lots and lots of swell adventures, too.

MOTHER: Oh, I see.

JUDY: May we take him downstairs, mother?

MOTHER: Of course you can. Now hurry, it's beginning to get dark.

MUSIC:

JUDY: There, Jimmy. The tree is all decorated. Isn't it simply beautiful?

JIMMY: Uh, huh. And there's our silver star. Right on top where it belongs.

JUDY: And Cinnamon Bear is sitting on a branch right near it.

JIMMY: Remember the big Christmas tree that Santa Claus had at his palace?

JUDY: Yes. And remember how we watched that wonderful, wonderful Christmas Tree parade with all the toys and dolls?

JIMMY: You bet. **JUDY:** (SIGHS)

JIMMY: You know what, Judy?

JUDY: What?

JIMMY: I wonder if we really did fall asleep up in the attic like mother said.

JUDY: I don't know, Jimmy. It's all sort of mixed up like.

JIMMY: It sure is. I just don't see how we could all dream of it.

JUDY: What do you mean?

JIMMY: Well, I mean, well look at Paddy O'Cinnamon. We didn't dream him.

JUDY: Course we didn't. Dear little Cinnamon Bear. I bet he's about the best friend we've got.

JIMMY: And what about the Crazy Quilt dragon, Judy?

JUDY: Well, don't forget that we found our silver star and crazy quilt up in the attic.

JIMMY: Sure. But it was a dragon when we were up at the North Pole. You know, maybe it all got changed around like that because mother came up to look for us.

JUDY: Grownups don't believe in magic very much, I guess.

JIMMY: No. They just say you're sick or you'd been asleep or something.

JUDY: I wonder if we stayed awake tonight, do you suppose we'd see Santa Claus? We could ask him about it and thank him for helping us catch Crazy Quilt.

JIMMY: Uh, I don't think we'd better do that, Judy.

JUDY: Why not, Jimmy? We've just got to find out, don't we?

JIMMY: Well, it would be nice, all right. But don't forget what Santa told us. Children can't see him if they stay awake.

JUDY: (THINKING) That's right, he did.

JIMMY: I guess we'd just better keep it a secret, Judy.

JUDY: You mean about looking for the silver star?

JIMMY: Yes. Cause nobody'd believe us anyhow.

JUDY: We believe us. Don't we, Jimmy?

JIMMY: I suppose so. But, gee willikers. I wish mother hadn't said that about us going to sleep. It.. It makes me kind of wonder.

JUDY: Well, anyway, we got our silver star. And best of all, we've got Paddy O'Cinnamon.

JIMMY: You know what, Judy? Let's put him up on the tree every Christmas.

JUDY: Yes, I think we should. After all, that's where he belongs. Right near the silver star where he can guard it, and see that nobody ever, ever steals it again.

CINNAMON: (SINGING "THE CINNAMON BEAR SONG" SOFTLY)

I'm the Cinnamon Bear with the shoe button eyes,

JUDY: (SPEAKING OVER) Jimmy. I thought I heard something.

JIMMY: Wh... it sounds like Paddy O'Cinnamon.

CINNAMON: ... and I'm happy and fluffy and tough for my size.

JIMMY: Singing his very own song.

JUDY: Jimmy. He's only four inches high.

CINNAMON: I devour lots of honey and cinnamon buns,

JIMMY: Listen, Judy.

JUDY: Oh, Jimmy. It IS the Cinnamon Bear.

CINNAMON: Just to make me ferocious, but nobody runs.

JUDY: Maybe we weren't dreaming after all.

CINNAMON: (COMES CLOSER) Now I'll growl, (REGULAR VOICE) "Gr-r-r-r-ah,"
(RICH SINGING) And I'll growl., (REGULAR VOICE) "Gr-r-r-r-ew,"
(RICH SINGING) And if you'll act afraid, I'm much obliged to you.

MUSIC CONTINUES

ANNOUNCER: And so ends the story of "The Cinnamon Bear". Whether Judy and Jimmy dreamed these adventures, or whether they really happened, doesn't matter. They were truly wonderful, and certainly most magical. And now that the silver star is shining brightly on the very tip top of Judy and Jimmy's tree, we can smile our biggest holiday smile and say, "A Merry Christmas to you all." We hope you'll always remember little Paddy O'Cinnamon, the Cinnamon Bear. That's the one thing that will make him very happy. And I can tell you on his behalf, he'll be much obliged to you.

MUSIC ENDS

MUSIC: "CINNAMON BEAR THEME"

THE END

CAST & NOTES:

The voice of the Cinnamon Bear was provided by Buddy Duncan, a [little person](#) and [vaudeville](#) comedian. Many notable radio voices lent their talents, including:

- [Barbara Jean Wong](#) as *Judy Barton*
- [Joseph Kearns](#) as *The Crazy-Quilt Dragon*
- [Verna Felton](#) as *Judy & Jimmy's mother*
- [Lou Merrill](#) as *Santa Claus*
- [Martha Wentworth](#) as *The Wintergreen Witch*
- [Gale Gordon](#) as *Weary Willie the Stork and Oliver Ostrich*
- [Rosa Barcelo](#) as *Queen Melissa*
- [Elvia Allman](#) as *Penelope the Pelican*
- [Joe DuVal](#) as *Fe Fo, the Giant*
- [Frank Nelson](#) as *Captain Tin Top*
- [Hanley Stafford](#) as *Snapper Snick, the Crooning Crocodile*
- [Howard McNear](#) as *Samuel the Seal and Slim Pickins, the Cowboy*
- [Cy Kendall](#) as *Captain Taffy, the Pirate, and Chief Cook and Bottle Washer (Indian Chief)*
- [Ted Osborne](#) as *King Blotto the Third, and Professor Whiz, the Owl*
- [Elliott Lewis](#) as *Mr. Presto the Magician*
- [Ed Max](#) as *the Inkaboo Assistant Executioner*
- [Dorothy Scott](#) as *Fraidy Cat*
- [Lindsay MacHarrie](#) as *Westley the Wailing Whale, the Grand Wunkey, and others*

The actor who played Jimmy Barton remains unidentified (although some fans of the serial believe it was [Walter Tetley](#)). Radio announcer [Bud Heistand](#) served as the narrator. [Lindsay MacHarrie](#) was also the producer of the show.

Both actors [Gale Gordon](#) as *Weary Willie the Stork and Oliver Ostrich* and [Joseph Kearns](#) as *The Crazy-Quilt Dragon* would later go on to work on the 1959 television show [Dennis the Menace](#). [Gale Gordon](#) was under contract to play John Wilson (after the death of [Joseph Kearns](#), who played George Wilson) on [Dennis the Menace](#).

The story and all the songs were written in six weeks time by [Glan Heisch](#), aided by his wife, [Elisabeth A. Heisch](#) (1908–2003). He was specifically directed to create something in the style of [The Wonderful Wizard of Oz](#) and [Alice's Adventures in Wonderland](#).