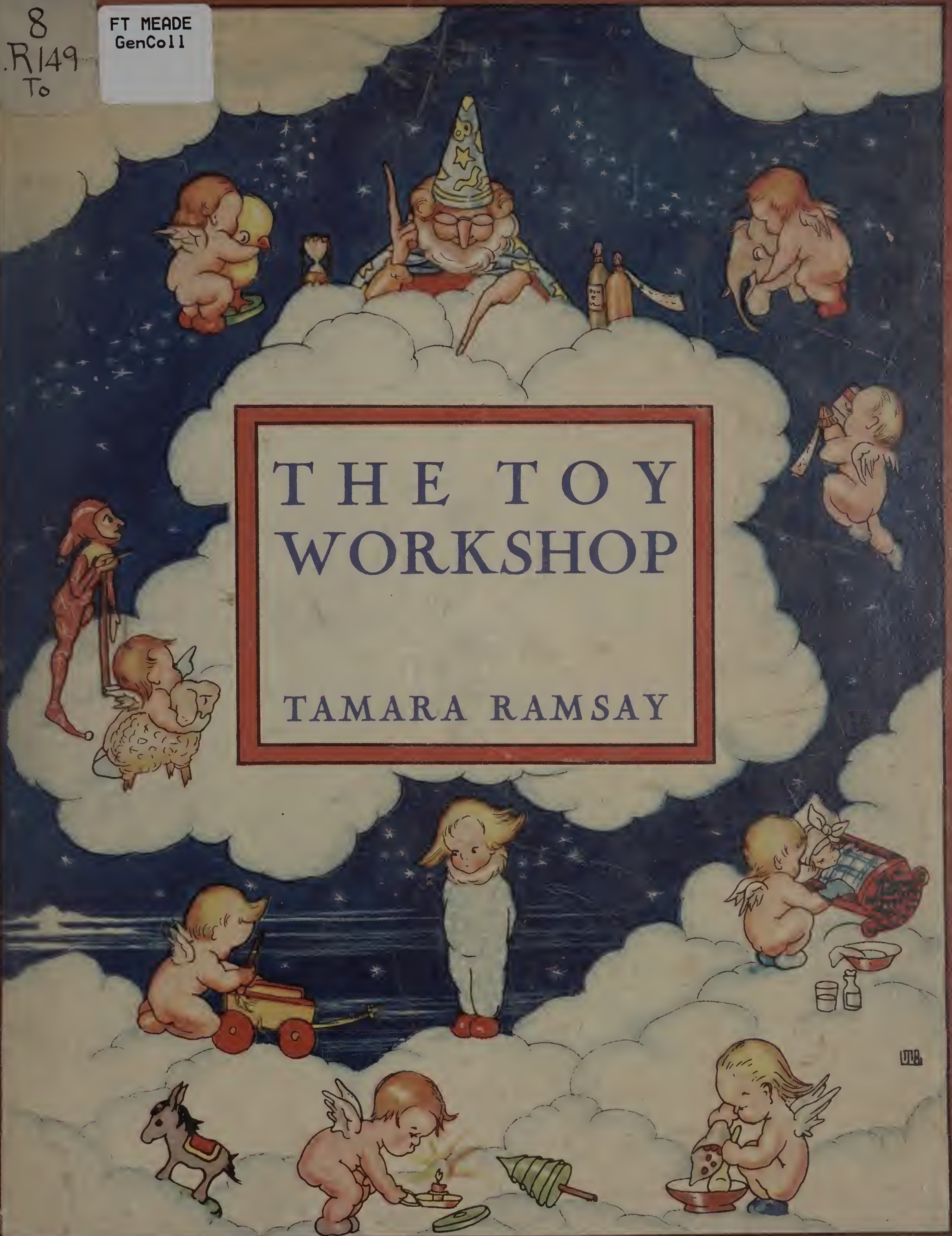


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THE TOY WORKSHOP

TAMARA RAMSAY



W.B.



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PRESENTED BY

FOREWORD

Childhood speaks a universal language and this lovely picture book coming to us from across the seas will delight little Americans just as much as it did the little children for whom it was made.

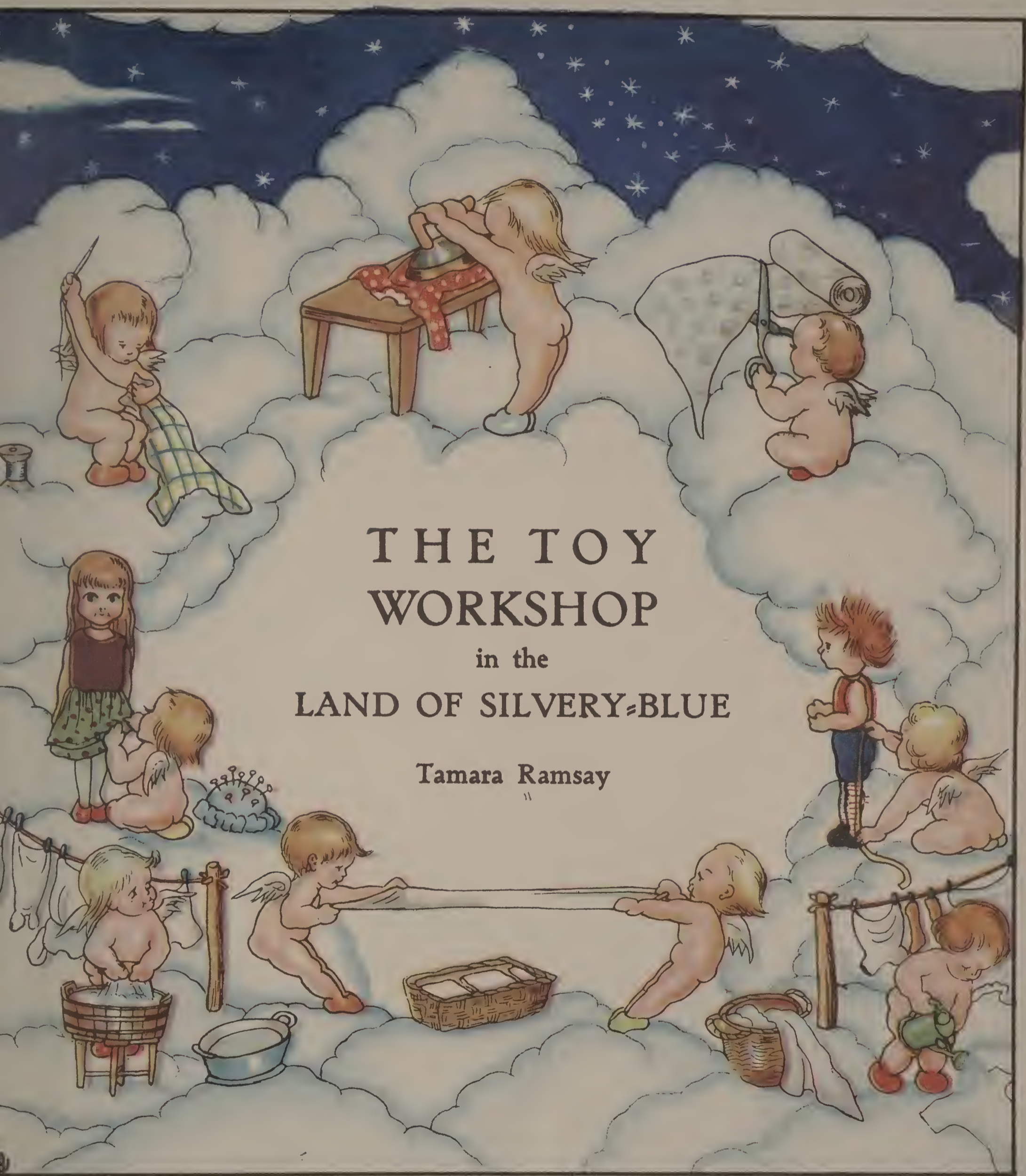
The appealing story of the beloved toys who were made whole again, and the gorgeously colored pictures which supplement it, will bring genuine happiness and real joy to the littlest ones — and what greater *raison d'être* can there be for any picture book anywhere!

Agatha L. Shea

Director of Children's Work for Branches

The Chicago Public Library,
June 30, 1932.





THE TOY
WORKSHOP
in the
LAND OF SILVERY-BLUE

Tamara Ramsay

ALBERT WHITMAN & COMPANY

Chicago

Printed in Germany

1932

TOMMY was a little boy four years old. He was visiting his grandmother.

All afternoon Tommy had played with strange toys which grandmother found for him up in the attic. "Toys your father used to play with when he was a little boy," was the way grandmother explained it.

There was a little wagon, but three wheels were off. The jumping-jack had one leg missing. A little yellow chick had lost one eye. The toy elephant had two loose ears.

But the longer Tommy played with these strange broken toys, the nicer they seemed to him. The little wagon had very pretty red trimmings. The jumping-jack had the friendliest expression. The little yellow chick fitted right under Tommy's arm as though it had always been carried there.

At bedtime Tommy was a very tired little boy. Grandmother tucked him into the big bed in the old-fashioned spare room. She handed him his own Teddy Bear just before she put out the light.



TOMMY explained to Teddy that he liked these strange toys so much because his father had played with them when he was a little boy. He felt sorry, too, because they were so badly in need of repair.

As he talked, he fell asleep. Then a strange thing happened. He seemed to become smaller, and Teddy seemed to get larger. Tommy got so small that he looked like a doll in his blue polka-dot pajamas.

Just as he was about to become frightened, Teddy put out his big brown paw and said, "Tommy, you are going tonight to the Toy Workshop in the Land of Silvery-Blue. There you will have all these toys made as good as new. You will like them ever so much better than you would new ones, because they have been played with and treasured for so many, many years."

"Will the wheels be put on the wagon?" asked Tommy.

"Oh yes," said Teddy. "And the jumping-jack will have two legs, just as he had when he was new."

"What about the little yellow chick with one eye?" asked Tommy.

"You'll see he will be all right," said Teddy cheerfully. "And your elephant will be ever so much happier with his ears fixed. He's been afraid he'd lose them all these years."



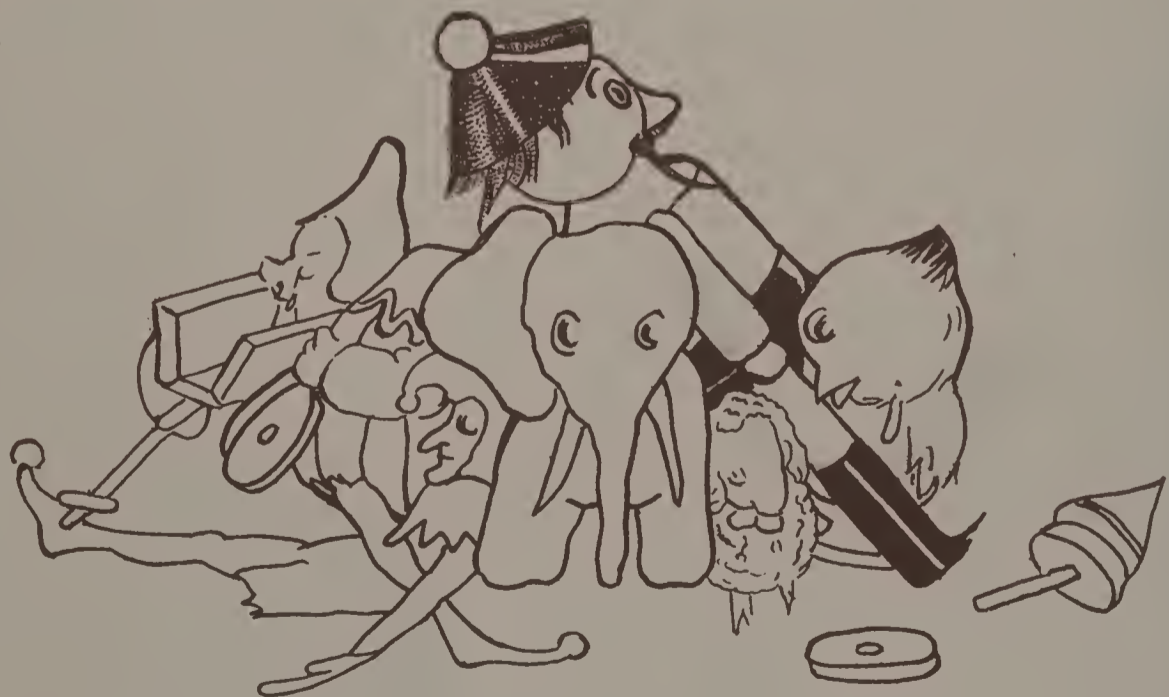
AS Teddy finished speaking, the windows opened quietly and four wee people slipped into the room. Tiny wings on their shoulders helped them to move quietly. They wore knitted shoes and mittens to match.

“We’re from the Land of Silvery=Blue,” they said.

“We have come to take you, Tommy, and all the toys you were playing with this afternoon to the Land of Silvery=Blue. Mothers and fathers might call it the Land of Memory. What you call it doesn’t really matter at all. While you are there, all your toys will be made new.”

One of the little visitors wearing a blue bow found the jumping=jack. One wearing red knitted shoes and mittens picked up the yellow chick ever so carefully. A third little visitor found the three wheels and put them carefully in the little yellow wagon. The fourth picked up the elephant so carefully that the ears couldn’t possibly fall off.

“We must go quickly, for there is much to do,” they said.





WINGS moved softly, and Tommy found himself floating out through the open window, straight out into the starry blue night. Two wee people were holding Tommy between them.

The jumping-jack and the toy elephant were in the lead. The yellow chick and the little wagon were there, too.

“Only toys who have been loved very much for a long time can enter the Land of Silvery-Blue,” the wee people told Tommy.

“First your father played with these toys and took care of them, and loved them. Then your grandmother put them away in a dark trunk. But through the years she thought of them and loved them too, because your father had played with them when he was her little boy.

“This afternoon she gave them to you. At first they seemed strange. The little wagon had three wheels off, but after you had played with it for a little while you noticed its pretty red trimmings. The jumping-jack had one leg missing, but his expression grew more friendly as you played with him. Soon you grew to like the yellow chick and the elephant, too. Now you love them as your father did.

“When we come to the gate, be sure to tell the gatekeeper just what we’ve told you.”



TOMMY found himself standing on a bank of white clouds. Off to the left was the starry blue night through which they had flown. Before them was a gate. At the gate stood a man with a long brown robe. He had long whiskers that reached below his knees. Large keys hung on a chain at his waist. Glasses were pushed high on his forehead.

He coughed and said, "I am Old Man Forgetfulness. I guard the Land of Silvery=Blue. Go back, little boy, to your warm bed."

Tommy climbed up on the highest cloud.

"Please, Mr. Forgetfulness," he said, "we must go in. All my toys are on their way to the Toy Workshop."

"Why should you get into the Land of Silvery=Blue?" asked the old man. "It is my job to keep people out!"

"All these toys have been loved for a long, long time," said Tommy. "My daddy played with them. My grandma took care of them for a long time, and this afternoon she gave them to me. And now I play with them and love them very much!"

Without a word, Old Man Forgetfulness took the largest key that hung at his waist. He fitted it slowly into the lock. The gate swung open.



DOWN the street straight before them stood the Toy Workshop. A big bell hung at one side of the door. A candle burned brightly at the other. One of the wee people pulled the bell rope. Small windows directly over the entrance were pushed back, and a funny old man with a tall hat poked his head out.

The jumping-jack sat on the step with his broken leg lying beside him. Tommy leaned against the door. He was cold and tired.

“Who’s there?” called the funny old man with the tall hat. “Can’t you give a person a chance to sleep? Well! Well! Come right in. You all do need help, I can see that. Call in through the window just what toys you’ve brought. I’ll be right down.”

The wee person wearing the blue bow stood on tiptoe and said clearly, “We have four toys: a wagon, a jumping-jack, a yellow chick, and an elephant. A real little boy is here too, cold and hungry. His name is Tommy, and he needs food.”

Soon all the workshop was astir.

The doors were thrown open, and in came the wee people with Tommy and all his toys.

At last the toy wagon, the jumping-jack, the yellow chick and the elephant were in the Toy Workshop in the Land of Silvery-Blue.



TOMMY was taken into a small room lined with shelves. On the shelves were big boxes with the strangest labels.

HANDS, LEGS, HEADS, NOSES, EYES, EARS, FACES, HAIR, ARMS, and FEET he read.

"This must be the material they use for broken dolls," Tommy thought to himself.

The funny old man with the tall hat sat on the top of a ladder reading from a big book.

"He's the one who decides what each broken toy needs," Tommy was told. "Sawdust is measured on the scales over there.

"He just read in the book that fresh tomato juice is good for little boys who feel tired, so he ordered some for you. Here it is."

Tommy drank tomato juice from a big spoon.

"When you feel rested," the funny old man in the tall hat said kindly, "go down to our kitchen where cookies and cakes are just coming out of the oven. Eat all you want, for cookies and cakes never hurt anybody in the Land of Silvery-Blue."

Tommy had been drinking fresh tomato juice as the funny old man in the tall hat suggested. Soon he felt much better.

Tommy walked down a long hall. At the very end of the hall was the kitchen.



THE walls were silver-blue. Shining silver pans lined the shelves. Along one wall was a long table with a shining white top.

On this table were cookies and cakes. There were big angel food cakes with thick white frosting. There were tiny little cakes with pink frosting. There were middle-sized cakes covered with coconut. There were dozens and dozens of tiny cup cakes, each with a different kind of frosting.

Across the room was another table just as long, with a top that was just as shining white. Here were cookies — heart-shaped cookies, star-shaped cookies, round cookies, and oval cookies. Then there were animal cookies, and gingerbread men all in rows.



AT one end of the table was the cooky circus. A cooky camel and elephant led the procession. Then came the lion and the kangaroo. A gingerbread man was leading a troop of cooky horses. A second gingerbread man with a bright red frosted coat and long whip was surrounded by five tiger cookies. Two cooky bears were standing on their hind legs. Then came the clowns, some with high hats, some with hats with broad brims, and some with caps. One clown had no hat at all.





W.E.

DOWN at the very end of the room was the large stove. One of the wee people with a tall white hat stood at the stove stirring a pan. The tea kettle was singing a song about the Land of Silvery=Blue.

Little people of the workshop rushed in and out. One carried a tea=tray. One came hurrying in with his arms full of wood, while another put wood in the fire with big, blue tongs.

They were all smiling. Each was glad to help the other. Each was very happy, for he was helping with all his might to make some toy as good as new.

The very moon was smiling as he peeped into the kitchen. Tommy smiled, too.

“Take all the cookies you want, Tommy,” encouraged the cook. “Only the very nicest things can happen to you while you are here with us!

“Only the nicest children with their nicest toys ever find their way to the Land of Silvery=Blue — children whose toys have been really loved for a long, long time.

“I’m sure you’ll be glad to see your toys by this time. Go straight ahead!”



IN the next room Tommy found the wee people with whom he had started his journey to the Land of Silvery=Blue.

"Hello," called the wee person wearing the blue bow, "weren't the cookies good?"

Another said, "You are just in time! The jump=ing=jack has his leg in place. He must rest for half an hour. Then he will be as good as new."

One of the little people who had first picked up the yellow chick ever so carefully called, "Tommy, come right here. Your little yellow chick which had lost one eye is waking up. While he was asleep in this blue cradle, we put in a new eye. It is bright and shining, and matches his other perfectly!"

In one corner sat one of the little people pound=ing with his hammer, making lots of noise. Tommy looked closer. Sure enough! It was his very own wagon painted bright yellow, and trimmed with red. Two little people were replacing the wheels.

Then Tommy saw the little person who had picked up his elephant so carefully that it couldn't possibly lose its ears. This little person was smiling as he worked over a toy elephant! This elephant had two ears fastened on securely. It was a pretty new color with shining white tusks, for it had just been painted!



GIVE all of your toys a chance to rest a little longer," said one of the wee people wearing a blue bow. "While you are waiting, go into the room down stairs. There you will see how all the dolls are made as good as new."

Tommy walked down the stairs and into a big white room. The very floor was as soft as a fleecy cloud. Eight little people and the funny old man with the tall hat were as busy as could be. One was just handing a baby doll a bottle of milk as it lay in its buggy.

Another was busily cleaning a doll's teeth.

"Sometimes dolls are put away for a long, long time, and the dust and dirt covers them. Sometimes dolls are left out in the garden over night, and it rains on them. Sometimes dolls are dropped, and their arms and legs are broken. Yet these are the dolls that are most loved — and never forgotten," explained one of the little people.

"They come to us to be mended. The doll having its bath in the blue bathtub fell face down in a mud puddle yesterday afternoon.

"The one in the blue bed had a bad fall yesterday morning. When she was picked up, they found her head was cracked, and she had a long cut in her side. Now her head is bandaged.



IN a very little while all these toys will be as good as new.

These dolls and all the toys must hurry back to their little owners. Then we must begin on more toys that some little child loves very, very much! I think you had better find your own toys now, and start back home with them."

"Thank you," said Tommy. "I have had such a very, very nice time with you."

At the doorway stood the wee people and all his toys. The jumping-jack was smiling his nicest smile because he now had two legs.

The yellow chick was there — a yellow chick with two bright eyes!

From around the corner came one of the wee people pulling the bright yellow wagon, trimmed with red. It had four wheels and was filled with cookies. And the toy elephant was as good as new.

"Now, Tommy, you must hurry home. Good-bye. Come again! Don't forget us," sang the wee people.

Tommy found himself standing on a big white cloud right in front of Old Man Forgetfulness. The jumping-jack was peeping over the edge of the cloud. The yellow chick stood beside Tommy. The toy elephant waited patiently for him to speak.

"Good-bye, Mr. Forgetfulness," said Tommy.



YOU, and all the little people in the Land of Silvery=Blue have been so kind to me and my toys. Here they all are — as good as new! My wagon is filled with cookies from the Land of Silvery=Blue. Won't you have some?"

"Thank you, Tommy, I will," said the old man. "Of all the little children who have come here, you are the only one who has offered me a cooky. Come back soon to the Land of Silvery=Blue!"

As Old Man Forgetfulness sat down to eat his cooky, the bank of white clouds on which Tommy and his toys stood completely disappeared.

Then Tommy, and the jumping=jack with two legs, and the yellow wagon with four wheels, and the yellow chick with two bright eyes, and the toy elephant, and all the cookies began their fall through the starry night.

Softly, slowly, and ever so pleasantly they seemed to float

down,

down,

down,

down,

down.



TOMMY sat up in bed. The sun shone in brightly through the windows. He rubbed his eyes and looked hard at the foot of the bed. He looked, and he looked, and he looked. And no wonder!

Grandmother had tiptoed in earlier that morning and had hung a bag of cookies on the foot of his bed.

So the first thing that Tommy saw when he sat up in bed was the bag of pretty cookies. They seemed to him to be the very ones he had in his little yellow wagon when he left the Land of Silvery=Blue.

Tommy sat looking at the cookies for several minutes before he realized that he was really back in the big bed in the old-fashioned spare room at grandmother's.



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