

**ZINGGO**  
**AND**  
**THE MAGIC**  
**BEASTS**

**BY**

**HUGH LOFTING**

# ZINGO

and the

## MAGIC BEASTS

told and illustrated by

HUGH LOFTING

Creator of

The Dr. Doolittle Books

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ALICE IN CREAMLAND

DENTAL LECTURES THE DENTAL LESSON

*and*

ZINGO THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

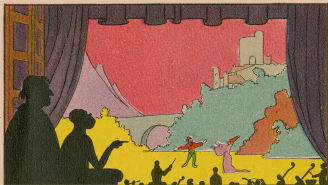


INGO, the monkey, spent many happy years watching his old friend the organ-grinder enjoy a life of comfort. This, you will remember, had been made possible by the money which Zingo had earned when he set forth selling Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

But alas! Money is always more easily spent than earned. And the monkey knew that it was nearly all gone. The trouble was that his master was very fond of the opera. Being an Italian, he had always had a great love for good music and good singing. While he had been poor, of course, he could seldom afford to go to the opera. But since he had been well off he had gone almost every night, and paid high prices for his seats. He used to take Zingo with him too. They thought it strange to see a monkey there. But when his master said he was willing to buy another seat he was allowed to bring him in.

Thus Zingo now knew most of the operas by heart and all the great singers by sight. Often he watched them opening their mouths wide to sing high notes, showing their nice white teeth.

"I might", he said to himself one night, as he watched Mme. Timpinelli singing, "I might, if the



old man becomes very poor again, start out and try to sell Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream to opera singers—and yet I suppose they all use it. Certainly Timpinelli must. No one could doubt that she uses her toothbrush night and morning and visits the dentist twice a year. I never saw such beautiful teeth.”

Well, the day came sooner than Zingo had expected when his master found himself poor again. The organ-grinder was at no time a good business man; and one morning he received a bill from the theatre-ticket agency. It was so large that he found he hadn't enough money left to pay it.

So the old organ was brought out and the two set out upon the path of their former trade. Both the organ and the organ-grinder were not what they used to be. And they earned hardly any money at all.

So Zingo had to turn again to the rescue of his master's fortunes. Remembering what great success



he had had selling Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, he felt that he could do no better than go back to that. But to whom should he try to sell the cream? He found it hard enough to discover anyone before who was not using it. A year or more had passed. Now those who did not use it would be scarcer still!

But, of course, Zingo was a great explorer and had a gift for finding strange lands so he sat down and did some serious thinking.

"Animals", he said to himself, "will be my best market. Yet what animals? I've been into the jungles; I've tried the hyenas, the squirrels and the beasts of the forest. Still there must be other animals left to try—perhaps stranger ones than any I have ever seen".

For another ten minutes he sat and thought. At last he leapt to his feet.

"The Animals of Fairyland!" he cried. "That's it! The magic beasts, dragons and fellows like that.. Of course the Land of Imaginary Animals will most likely be very hard to find. But it will be worth while if I can only get to it."

So again, when his old master was asleep, Zingo quietly left home and started off.

First of all, he called at the Colgate Factory and as usual they were very nice to him. He was at once fitted out with a suitcase, several dozen tooth-brushes, a good supply of sample tubes of Ribbon Dental Cream, letters of introduction and everything else that he needed. Then he went away and all trace was lost of him for a long while.

He was quite right, his hunt this time was a hard one. No human could have done it. But Zingo was

clever, and after many weeks he found the home of the Beasts of Fairyland.

It was a strange country. Great high mountains, lovely valleys and pleasant plains. The land of make-believe. Wherever you looked you saw what



you wanted to see. If you wanted a rock to be covered with roses, it at once began to glow with lovely blossoms and brightly colored butterflies. As soon as Zingo entered the country he knew he had come to the right place.

"Here", he said, "one might meet anything out of the story books. I will eat some fruit from this mango tree and then I'll look around".

Ten minutes later, the monkey set out. The first thing he met with was a swan.

"Pardon me", said Zingo, "But might I ask who you are?"

"I'm Lohengrin's Swan", said the bird. "It was I who carried the good Knight through the air and along the streams when he came to be champion for Elsa of Brabant."

"It is an honor to meet you", said Zingo. "Tell me: do you ever brush your teeth?"

"Oh," said the swan. "I have no teeth—at least, not what you would call teeth."

"Of course!" said the monkey. "I should have known. May I ask what other creatures you have here?"

"Well, there are a great many of us, all Fairy Beasts. You see since Mortals no longer believe in us, we can't mingle with them and we had to have some place to go so we made this home for ourselves. It would take a long time to go through the whole roll-call. To begin with, there's the Night Mare."

"Night Mare?—Good!" said Zingo. "Would you please take me to her?"

The swan said, "Yes, indeed," and, to the monkey's great surprise, asked him to get up on her back. As she flapped her big wings and soared into the heavens, Zingo felt very proud to be riding on the same swan that had carried the good knight Lohengrin.

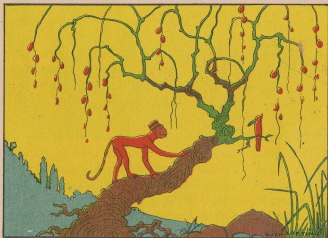
They found the Night Mare grazing in a field. He said to the swan, "Why, she doesn't seem real." He couldn't make head or tail of her. Sometimes she looked like a horse and, then, even while he looked at her, she would become something else, a hobgoblin, a griffin, or just a feather of blue smoke.

"What else have you got here?" he asked the bird. "I'm afraid the Night Mare isn't much good to me."

"Let me see," said the swan, "there's the Easter Rabbit; Pegasus the flying horse; a Centaur; the Sea Serpent; a dragon or two—Would any of those do?"

"I think they'd all do," said Zingo.

"Good," said the swan. "Get up on my back again and we'll go round and visit them. But first we'll have to see the Chief Wizard."





"Why?" asked Zingo.

"Because the dragons you see", said the bird, as once more she lifted the monkey and his suitcase into the air, "are to guard the cave where the Chief Wizard keeps the Magic Stone. He is the only Human we have in the Land of Fairy Animals—a sort of doctor to us, you know. When Imaginary Animals get sick their complaints too are imaginary and have to be treated by Magic instead of Medicine."

This set Zingo thinking. He wondered if the Chief Wizard had anything in his box of magic tricks for the treatment of the teeth as good as Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. He made short work of his visit to the Easter Rabbit, the Centaur, Pegasus the flying horse, and the Sea Serpent. They all wanted to know about the proper care of the

teeth, but had so far neglected them badly and some had become ill. Then he asked the swan to take him to the Chief Wizard.

He found him to be a nice old man with a long beard, who gladly showed the monkey his workshop with all the things that he used. Zingo found that he had no cure for toothache and nothing to keep the teeth white and clean. Both he and many of the beasts had suffered a good deal.

Later they went together and visited the dragons guarding the cave of the Magic Stone. Zingo asked why it had to be guarded.

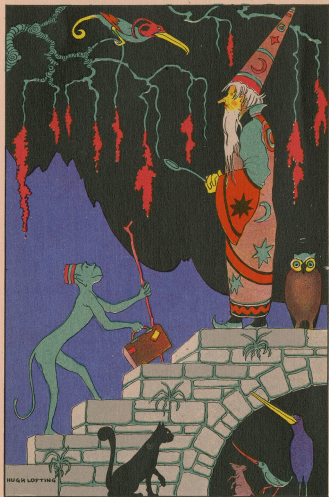
"Well, you see", said the Chief Wizard, "it is an old custom. The stone, as you know, can change anything into gold. Look in here."

The Wizard threw open a door and showed a pile of gravel—stones as big as a hen's egg—all solid gold!

"In days gone by," the old man went on, "when we mingled with Mortals, gold meant something. But now? Well, we just keep up the old custom and set the guard over the Stone. . . . Heigh ho! I really don't know *why* we do it still—habit, I suppose."

"But how old are you?" asked Zingo.

"I really don't know. Maybe thousands of years. You see, I drank at the Fountain of Youth. I can never die. . . . Sometimes—when my teeth bother me—I wish I could. . . . And then the Dragons, why teeth with them are everything. I have worked for years trying to find some charm that would take care of their teeth. But the poor things are really quite gentle when you get to know them. They



have a hard time with their teeth. They have such a lot of them to look after."

"Well now, Sir," said Zingo, "it seems to me that I have come at the right time. In the World of Mortals we have a rule: "Brush the teeth night and morning, and visit the dentist twice a year." We shall have to get a dentist up here to look after you and your animals, but if you will be so good as to get the Fairy Beasts together, I will teach them how the teeth should be brushed. I have here the very thing you have been seeking so long, to keep the teeth white and strong, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream."

So the Chief Wizard called the Imaginary Animals to gather about the little hut where he lived; Pegasus the flying horse, the Easter Rabbit, the Sea Serpent, the Centaur, the Dragons and the poor, ghostly Night Mare, who never stayed the same two minutes. There were many more, besides, whom Zingo did not know at all.

The monkey made his great speech to them and they all listened. Then the Chief Wizard thanked him and asked what reward they could make to him.

"Perhaps," he ended, "this gold we have here, will be of use to you. If so, only say how much you want and it is yours, for we can make it at will."

But how should Zingo carry it. At first he said he would take the whole shed full, but very soon found that he could not carry it. So many of the Beasts of Fairyland offered to help him.

"I can take a good weight", said Pegasus, the







flying horse. "Shovel it into two sacks and lay it across my back."

"You can't carry more than I can", said the Centaur, half-horse and half-man. "Put four sacks on me and I'll whisk it away like a handful of hay."

"Well", said the Dragons, "we are not weak. Give us five sacks apiece. We may be slower but we'll get there."

And thus, with the help of his new friends, Zingo carried away enough gold to buy all the castles in the world. At the edge of the Land of Fairy Beasts he hid most of it and went away with what he could carry in his suitcase. Later he made many trips and took the rest. And so once more he made his old master rich and happy.

But behind him, in the Land of Fairy Beasts he left something far more precious. For now the Night Mare, the Sea Serpent, Pegasus the flying horse, the Centaur, the Dragons, the Easter Rabbit and all the others out of Storybooks were able to keep their teeth in good shape with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. And, following that golden rule that the teeth should be brushed night and morning and the dentist be visited twice a year, they all lived happily ever after.

THE END.

