

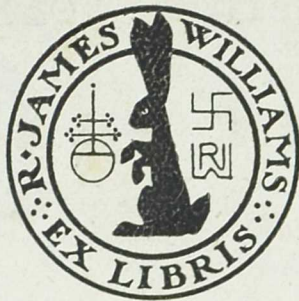
THE LANGHAM SERIES
FOR CHILDREN

THE
WANGLEBOO
BOOK

By CLIFTON BINGHAM

with Pictures by
JOHN HASSALL





NON MULTA,
SED MULTUM.





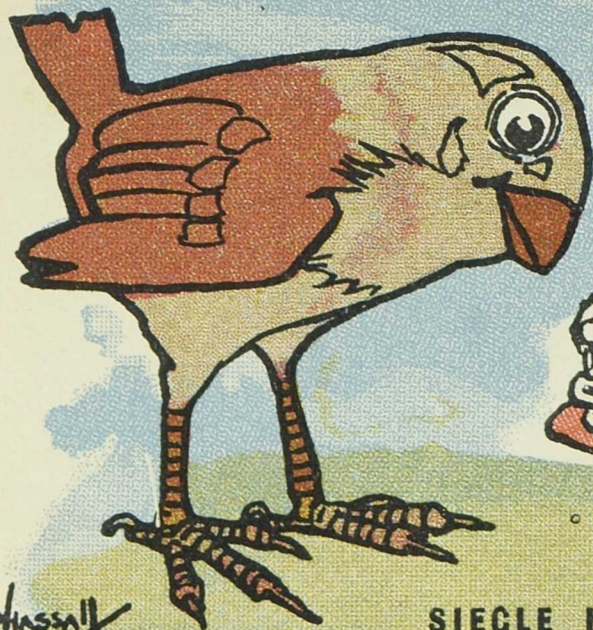


THE WANGLEBOO BOOK

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THE WANGLEBOO BOOK

BY
CLIFTON BINGHAM



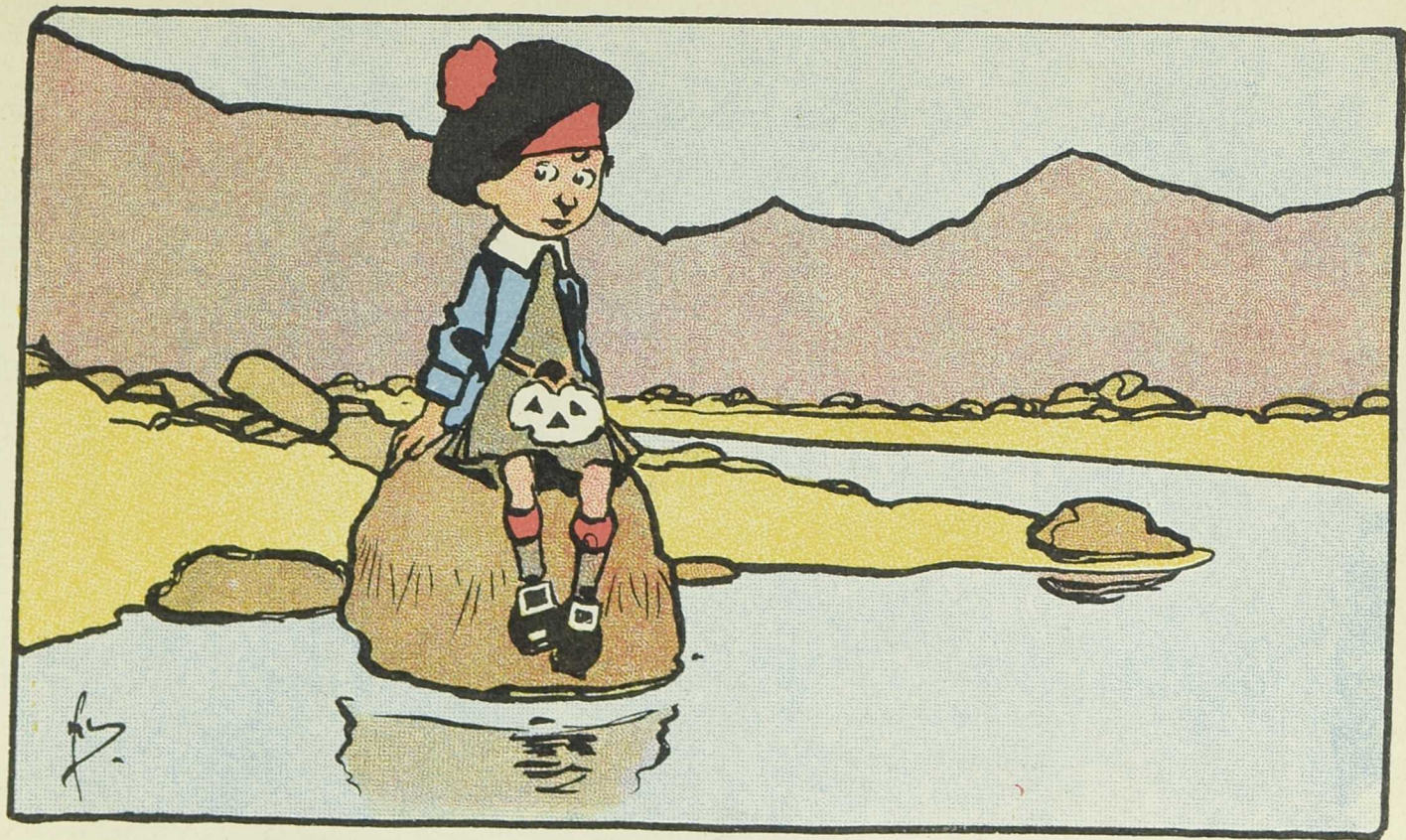
Hassall

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Astonishing ! You have never heard of the Wangleboo ? Dear me, you surprise me. Wherever can you have lived ! I feel quite sorry for you. However, I will let you know a lot about him, and his adventures.

A was an urchin at Ayr,
Who persisted in saying "Don't care";
When the Wangleboo heard
Something dreadful occurred,
And now that small boy is not there !

That's me. Don't be alarmed. I am the Wangleboo. Universally admired. Especially by artists and aunts with naughty nephews.



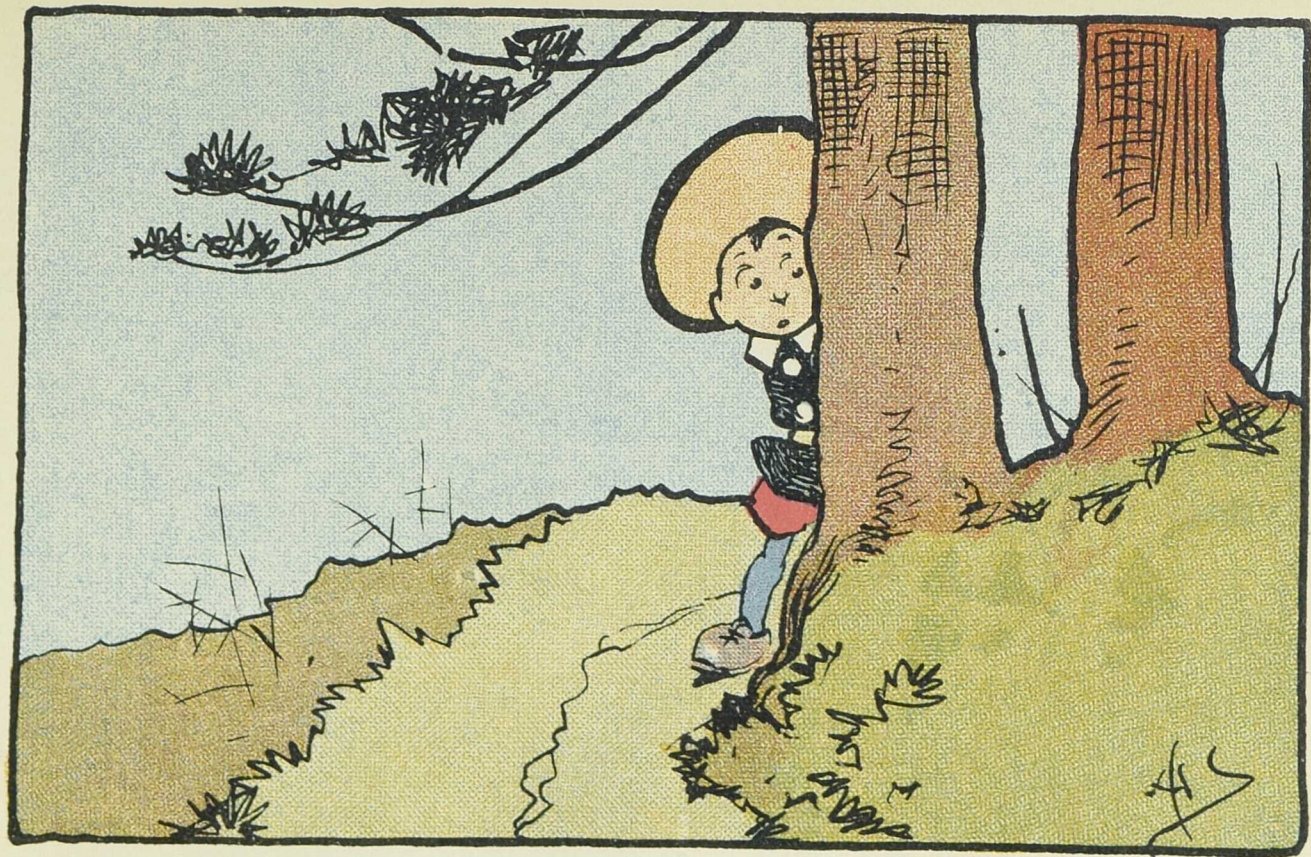
AN URCHIN AT AYR.

Boys who do not behave should beware of me. I never introduce myself to them, but introduce them to me. I never eat good boys; they have no flavour. But Bad Boys—Brrrh! I prefer them Baked and Buttered. Beautiful!

My friend the Bulliphant does not like them. Never met him? Well, don't. I wouldn't if I could help myself. The only things I can help myself to, are Boys—Bad Boys.

So if you meet me, please beware,
Or else you won't be where you were!

You are beginning to know me now, aren't you?



BAD BOYS BEWARE.

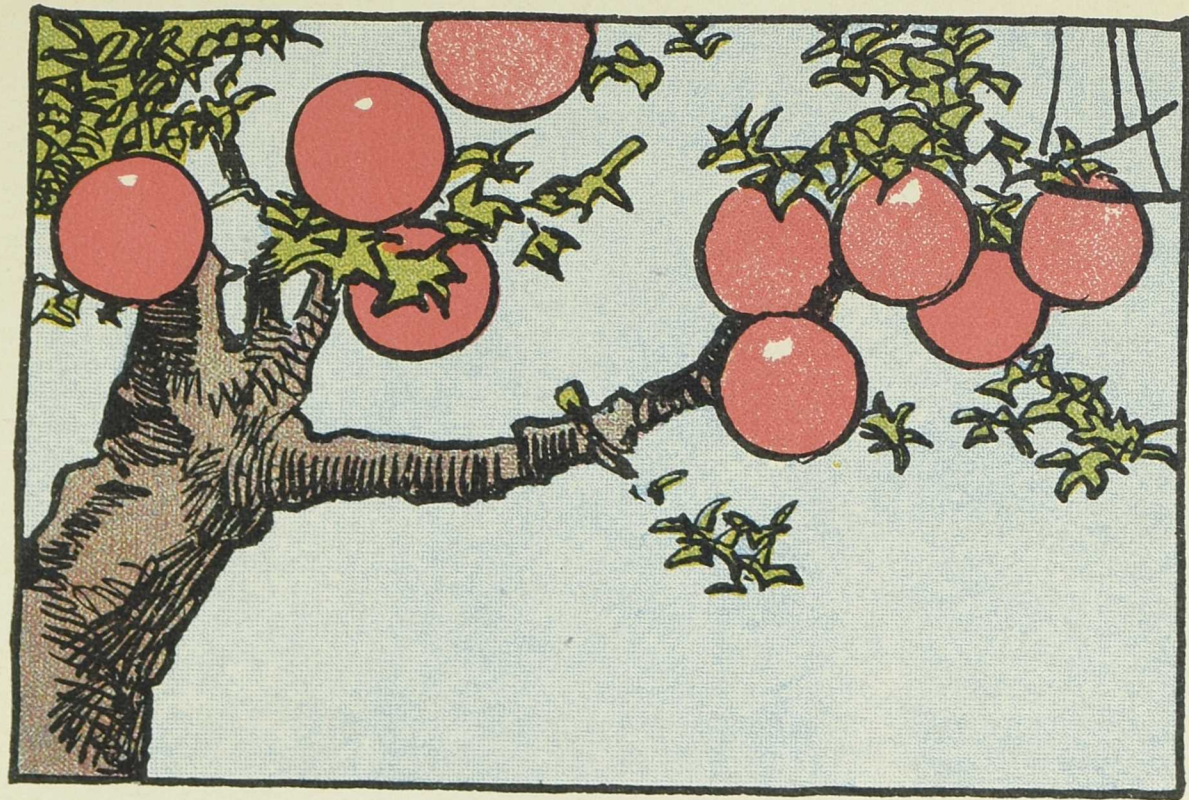
Crocodiles, Chocolates, and Cheese are my favourite fruits.
Crumbled Crocodile is lovely. You should see me lying under the
Cheesebush, too, waiting for one to drop into my mouth.

When it will not drop, I sneeze,
Tishu, and down falls a cheese.

That is why I like having a cold in the head. I get more cheese.
Talk about chops, indeed.

Cheese,
Please.

You did not know I was a Poet, did you? I am. I am the
Wangleboo as well. There!



THE CHEESEBUSH.

Don't disturb the Wangleboo
When he's slumber-umbering ;
Though his snores may startle you
When he's slumber-umbering.

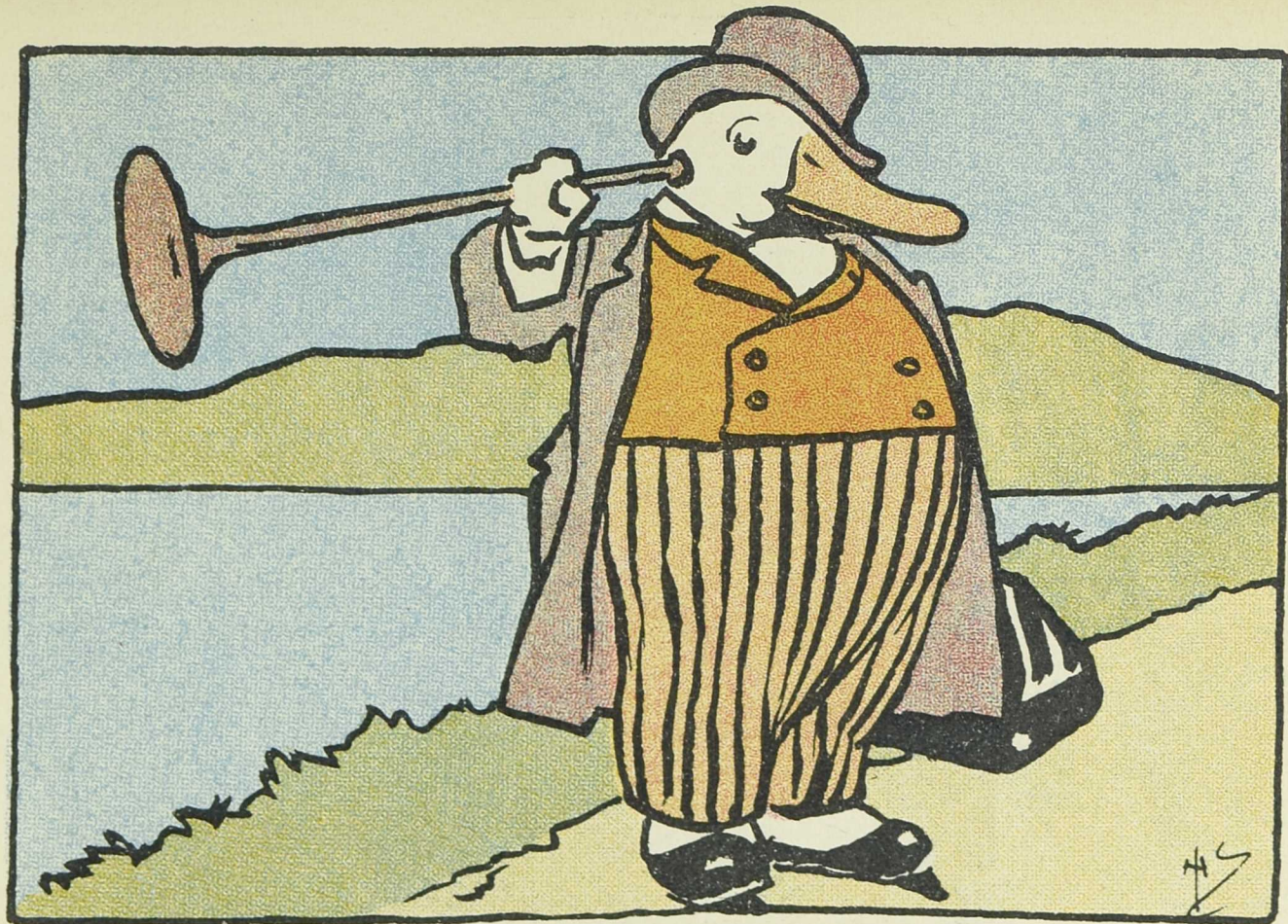
Isn't that dreamy? Only I can't sing. I must have caught a cold
in the last chapter. I would send for Doctor Drake, only he's all
quack, and directly he opens his mouth you see his bill.

Oh dimpled dumpling on the dish,
To eat you very much I wish ;
But if I did, there is no question,
I'd nearly die of indigestion.

That's another of mine. Sweet, isn't it? Of course I don't write
poetry like that every day in the week. It's too difficult.

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite
If they are so inclined ;
So long as they don't come my way
And bite me, I don't mind."

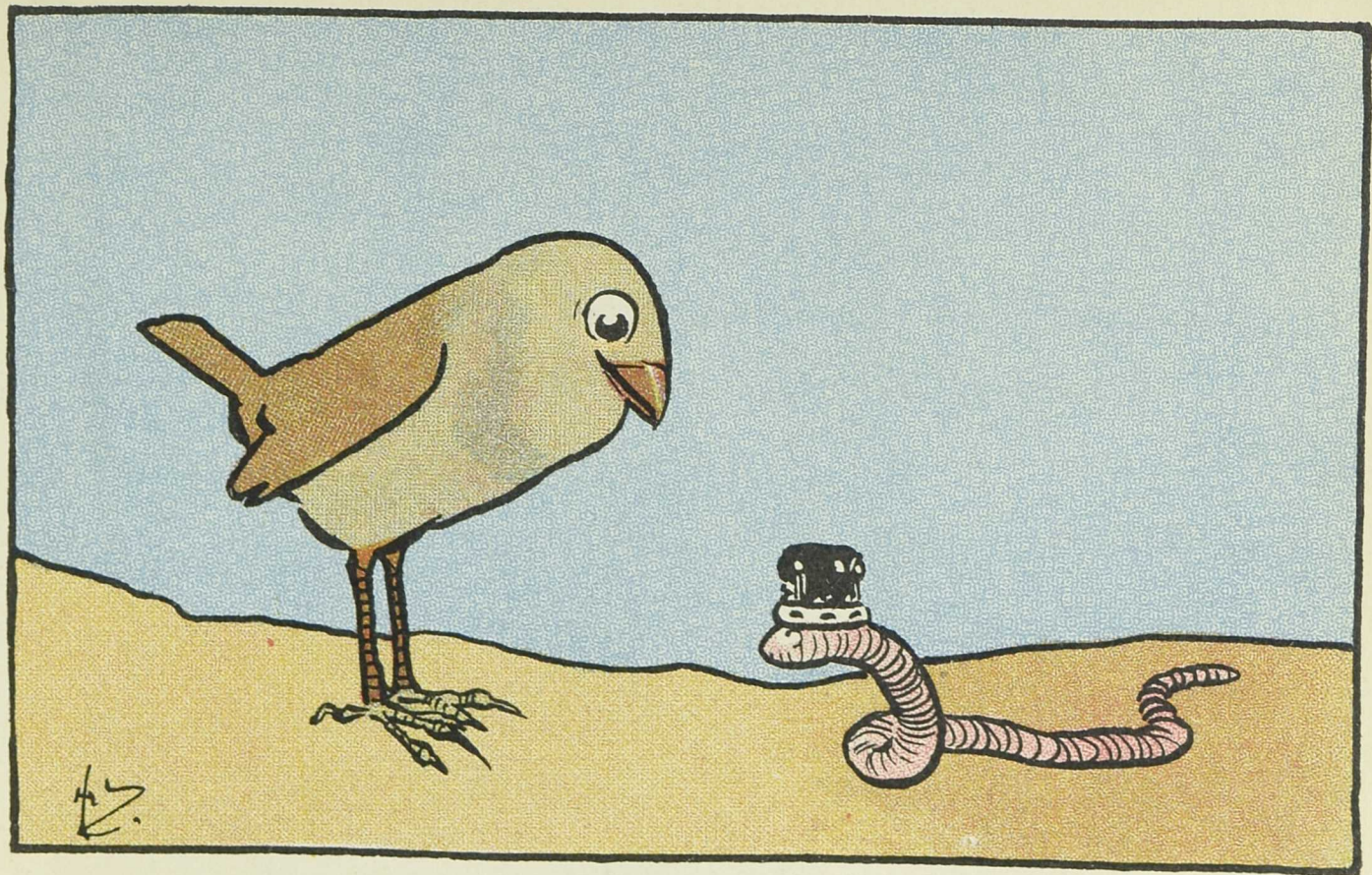
More Doggerel. Hope it won't disagree with you.



DOCTOR DRAKE.

Elephants are queer things. I met one once when I was in Egypt. He was very affable to me, at first. Offered to take me to the Earl's Court Exhibition, when he came back to England. I said "No," and he was offended. He presented me with the contents of his trunk, and so was I. It was not empty. We are now enemies. If I had thought of it, I would have eaten him. But I was not hungry, and he might have been tough.

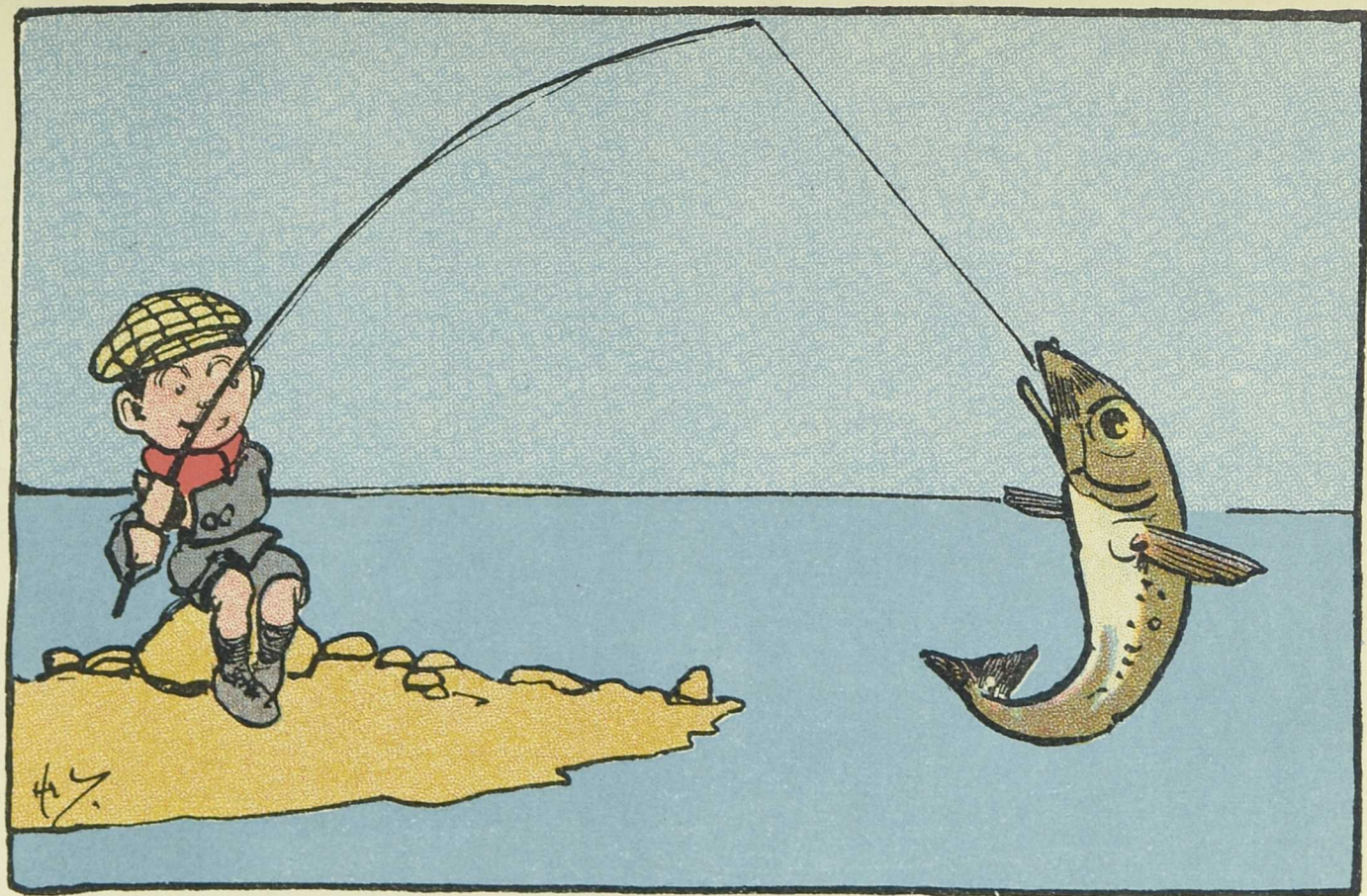
The Early Worm has lost his way,
He rose at four the other day,
And went to keep, so I have heard,
An engagement with the Early Bird.



EARLY BIRD AND EARLY WORM.

Foreign parts, did you say? Rather. Finland, Funland, Furland!
I have been to them all. Fished in Finland. Fine sport. Caught
a Flat-fish five yards round. Did I measure it? I forget, now.
It was on a Friday. I know it was a fry-day for him. I finished
him in a fortnight. It's foolish for a fish to be caught on a Friday.

Oh! Football is the game for me,
For I've six and twenty legs, you see;
And if you ask me the truth to tell,
On every leg I've a foot as well.

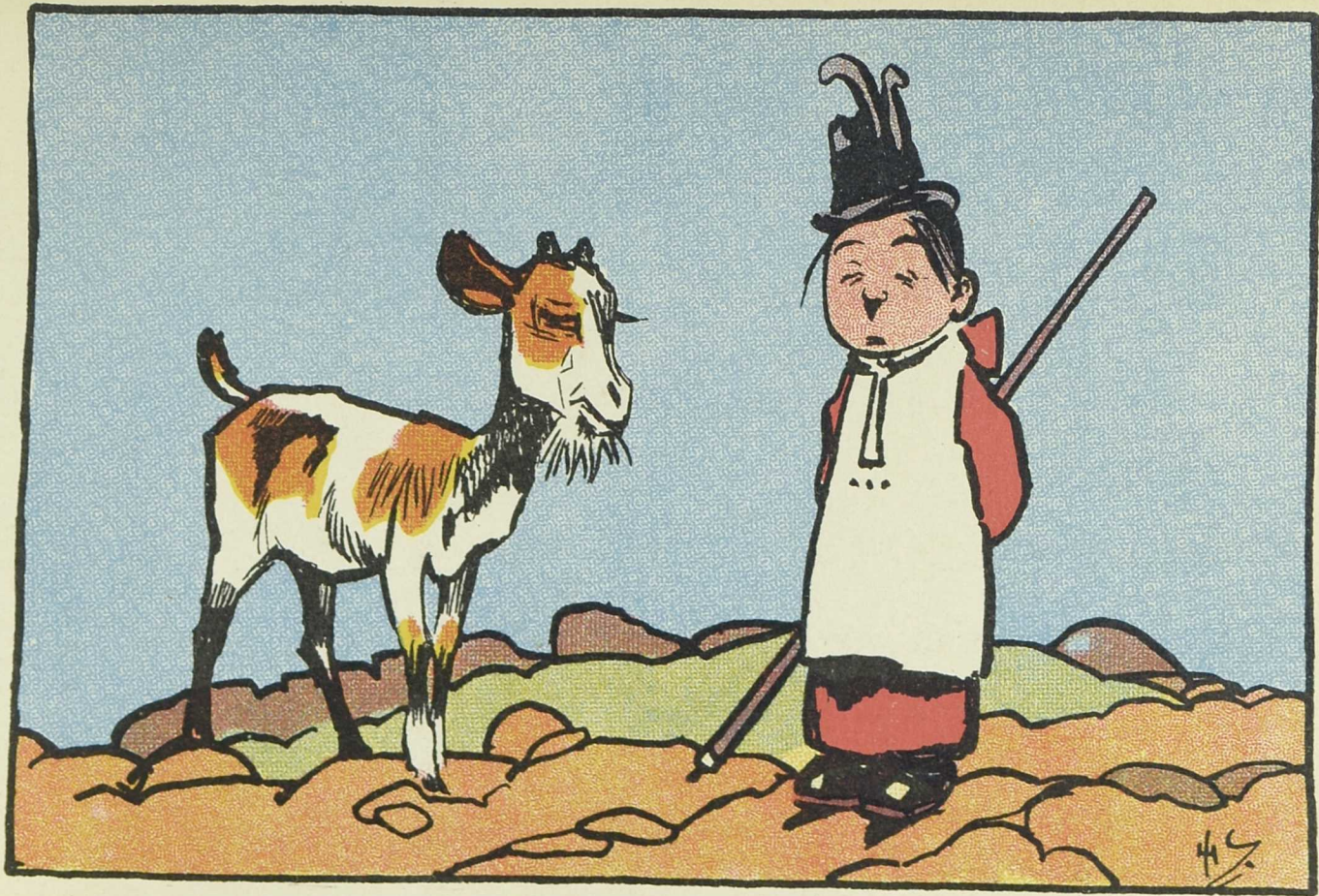


FOOLISH TO BE CAUGHT ON A FRIDAY.

Golf, too, is a fine game, when it is not played by a Goose.
It is not lucky to hit the ball into a greenhouse.

Oh don't be gloomy with the goat,
Or grumpy with the gnu,
Because they wear a grander coat
Than either me or you.

Poetry like that sticks to me like glue. You don't understand it?
To tell you the truth, neither do I. Next time I meet the Guinea-
pig I'll ask him to translate it. If he won't, I'll hold him up by
his tail till his eyes drop out.

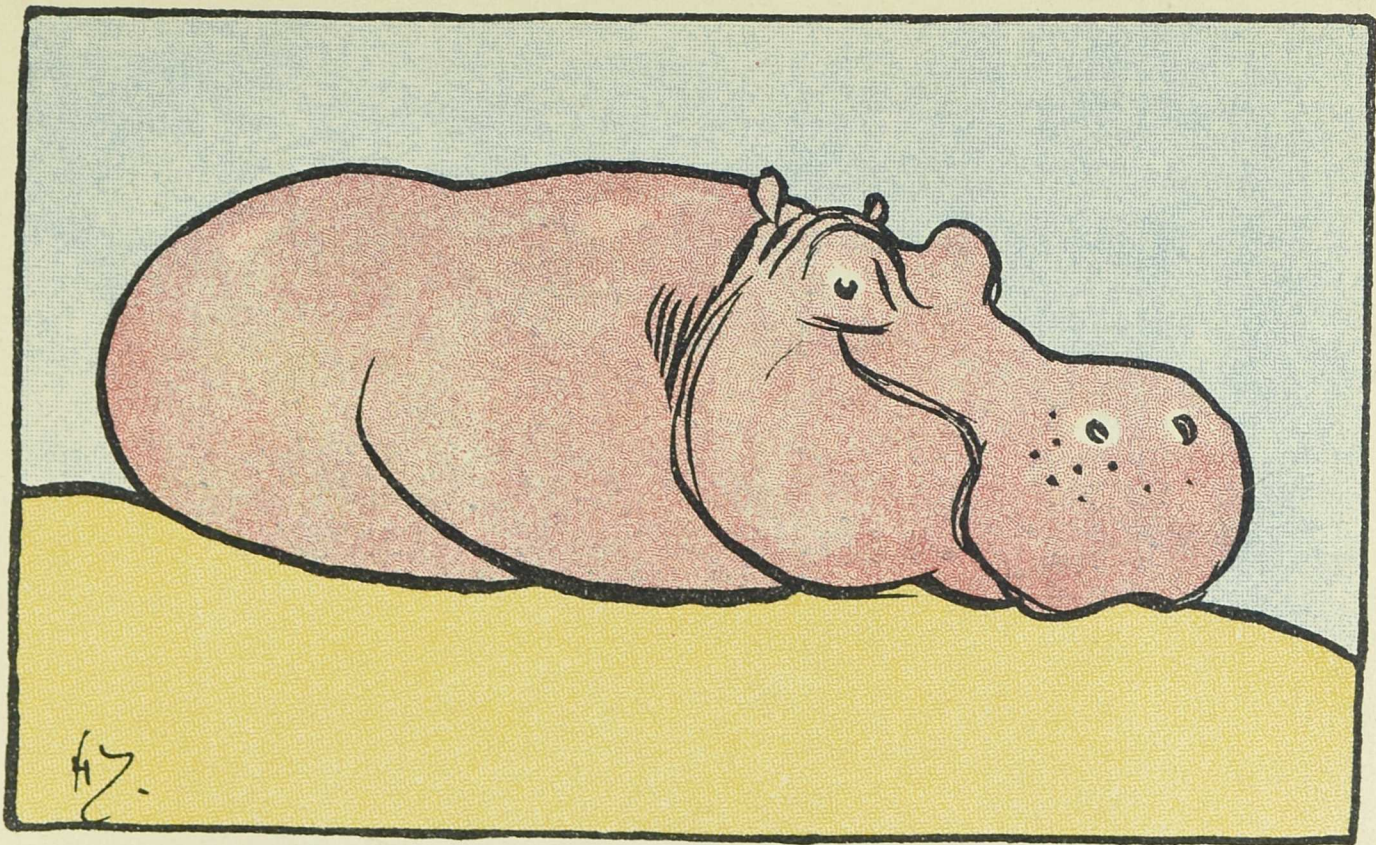


DON'T BE GLOOMY WITH THE GOAT.

How d'you do? Have you used Hops for the Hair? If not,
don't. The Hippopotamus did, and he is now as bald as a House.
I shouldn't advise you to tell him so, however; and don't ever go
for a ride on a Horseradish!

How doth the happy herring lie
Within the frying pan,
And fry, and fry, and fry, and fry
As handsome as he can!

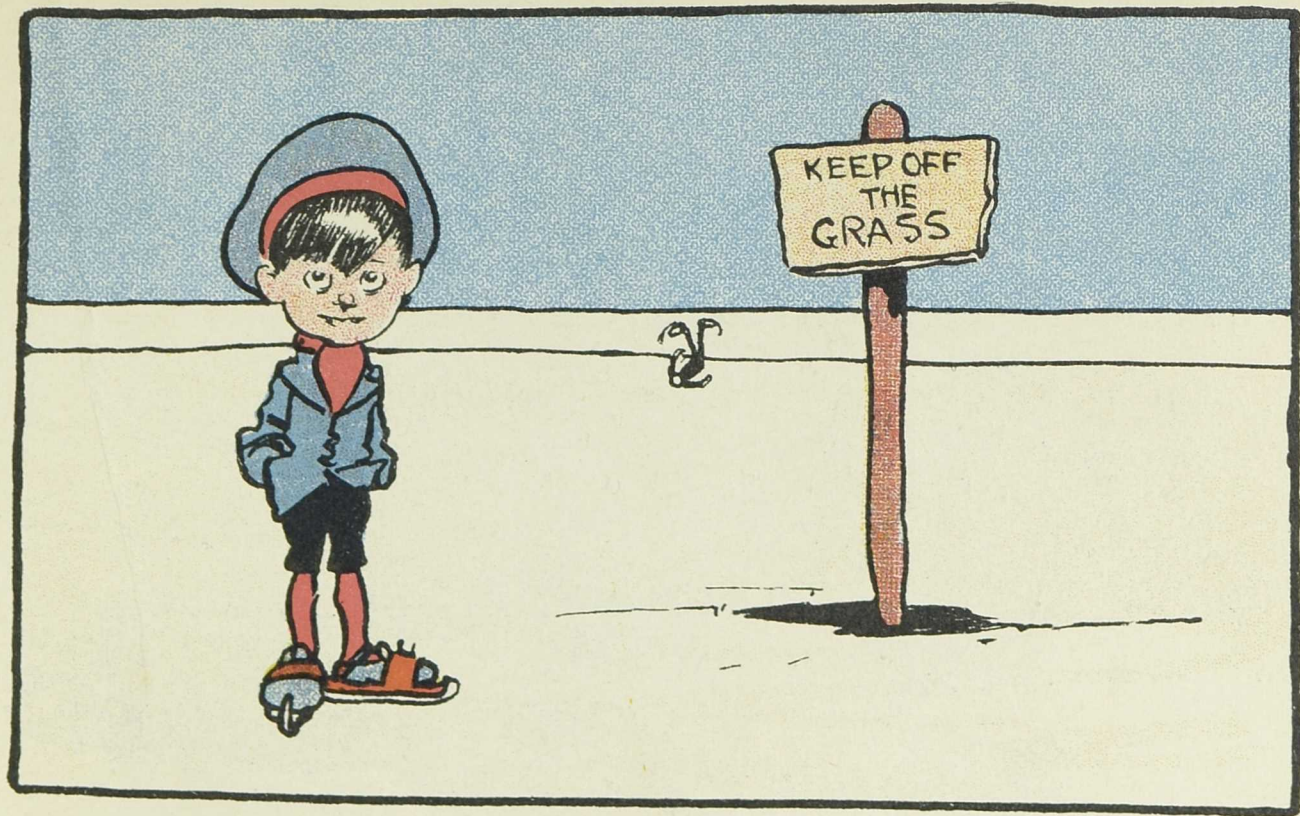
I wrote that poem standing on my head. It's wonderful how it helps
you to write. Try it and see.



HIPPO AS BALD AS A HOUSE.

I am the Wangleboo. I think I said so before, but it is as well to remind you, as this is another chapter. Lots of things begin with me—I mean, with I. Ice, for instance, is one. It is just like glass, and, when you try and stand on it, you instantly turn into a tumbler! Marvellous! Ink, too, is wonderful. You put some on some white paper, and it is red at once.

I am the Wangleboo,
And what I say I'll do
I either do or don't,
If no-one will, I won't.

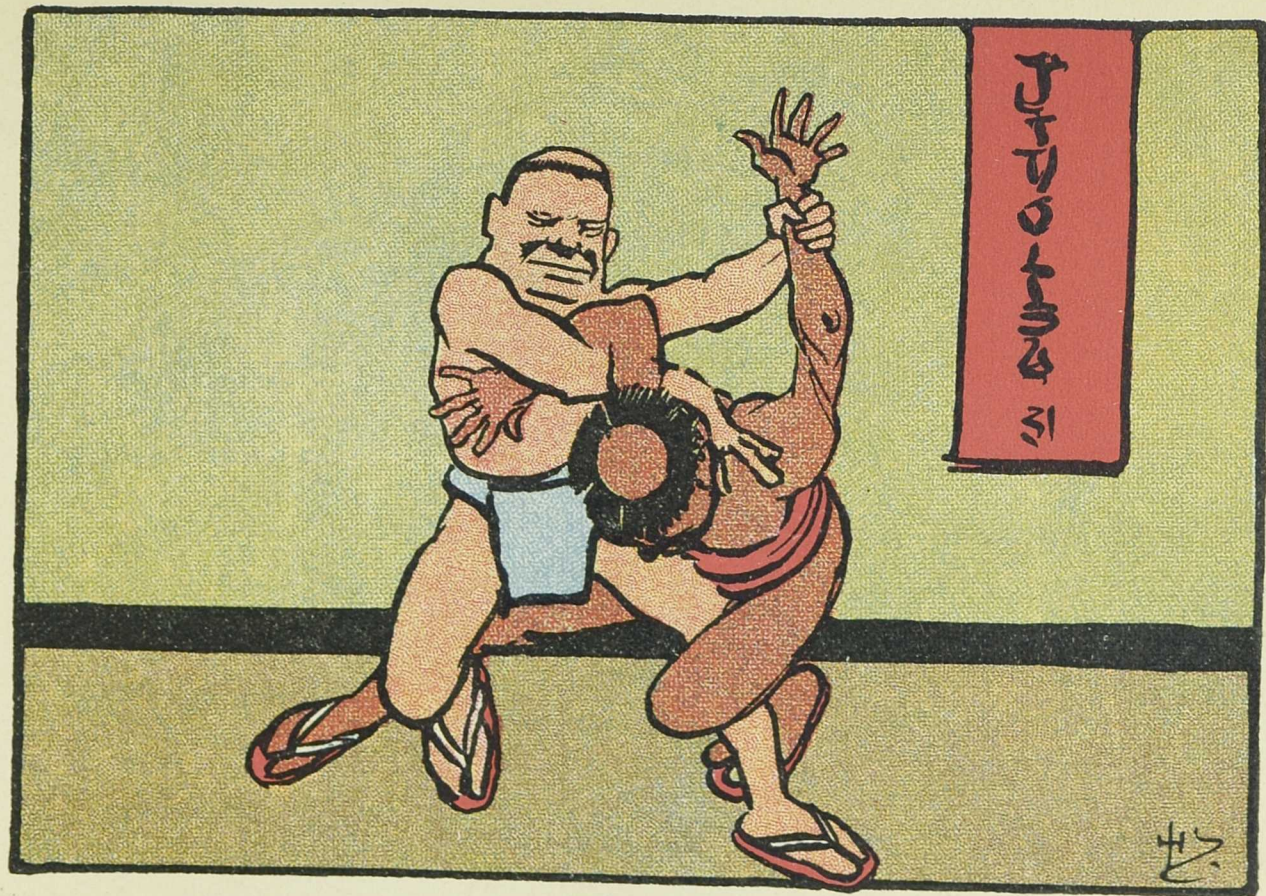


ICE.

Jiu-jitsu ? Oh yes, I have had some, thanks. It was no joke.
It took me, after my first lesson, half an hour to find out where
I was.

Jiu-jitsu may make a Jappy
Very proud and very happy,
When their arms and legs entangle,
But I much prefer to wangle !

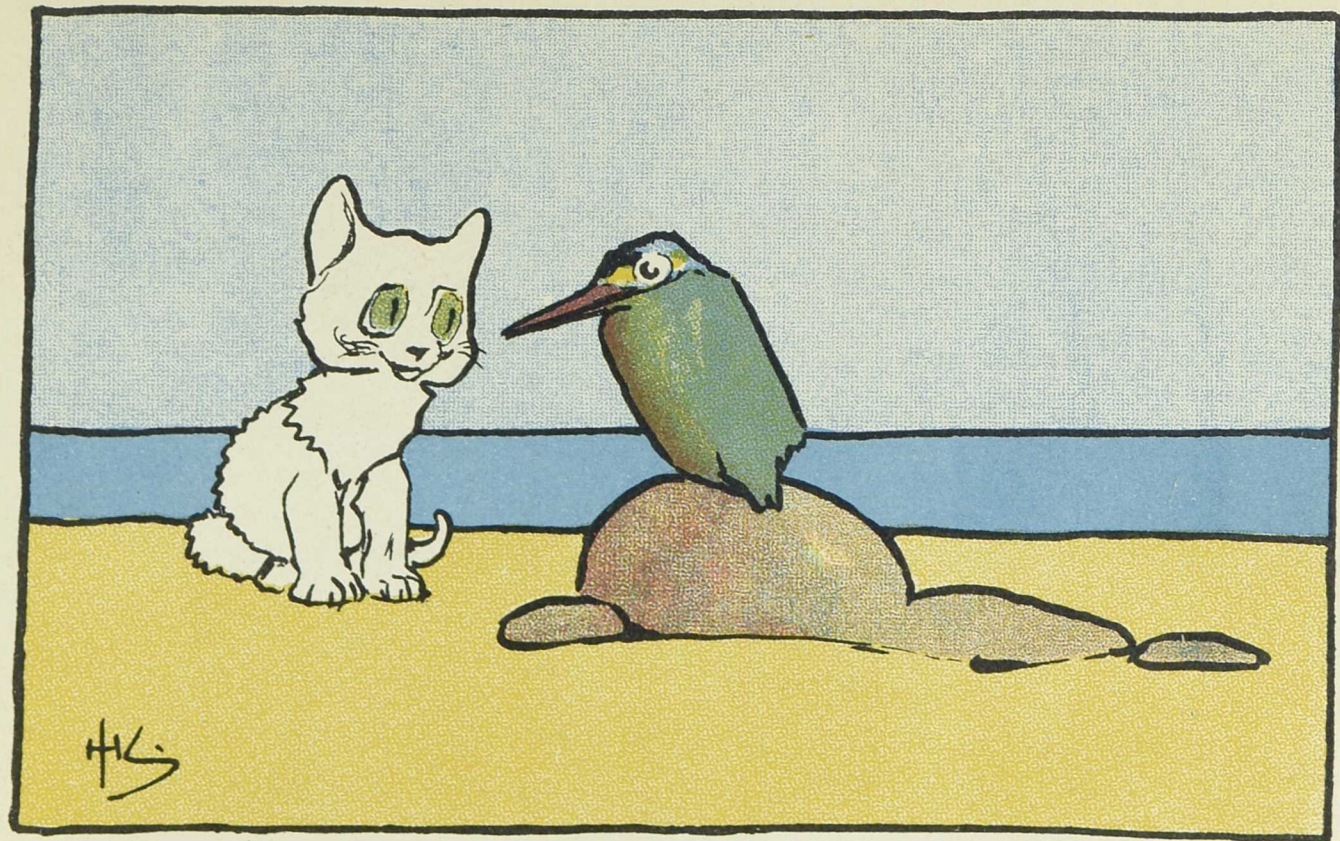
I am taking lessons on the Jewsharp now ; it is much simpler
to learn, and not so dangerous. Just so.



JIU-JITSU.
23

Kangaroo and I had a fine time kite-flying the other morning. Only he would have the string of his kite tied round his neck. The wind was rather high, and so was he, when we finished the game. I haven't seen him since. Suppose he didn't take a return ticket. I sent a picture post-card to the King about it. He only said that when Kangaroo did return he would be prosecuted for leaving the Kingdom without permission.

The Kitten and the Kingfisher
Were strolling by the sea,
"If this were nothing else but milk
How lovely it would be";
The Kingfisher smiled kindly,
"You want too much," said he.

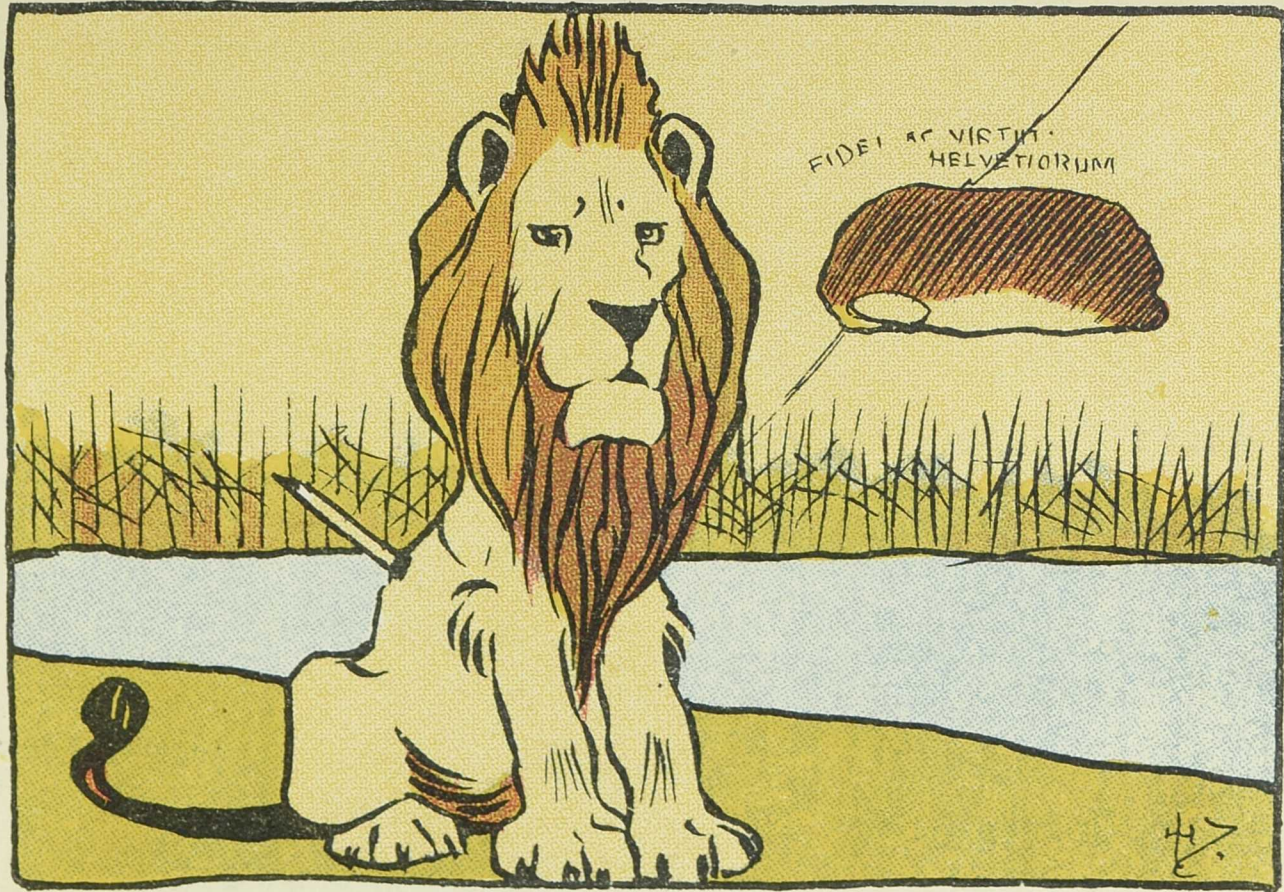


KITTEN AND KINGFISHER BY THE SEA.

Legs? Well, yes. I have a few. Twenty-six. Thirteen each side. Useful when walking. When four get tired, take another four. And so on. Lucky I do not wear boots? Rather. Leather's very dear.

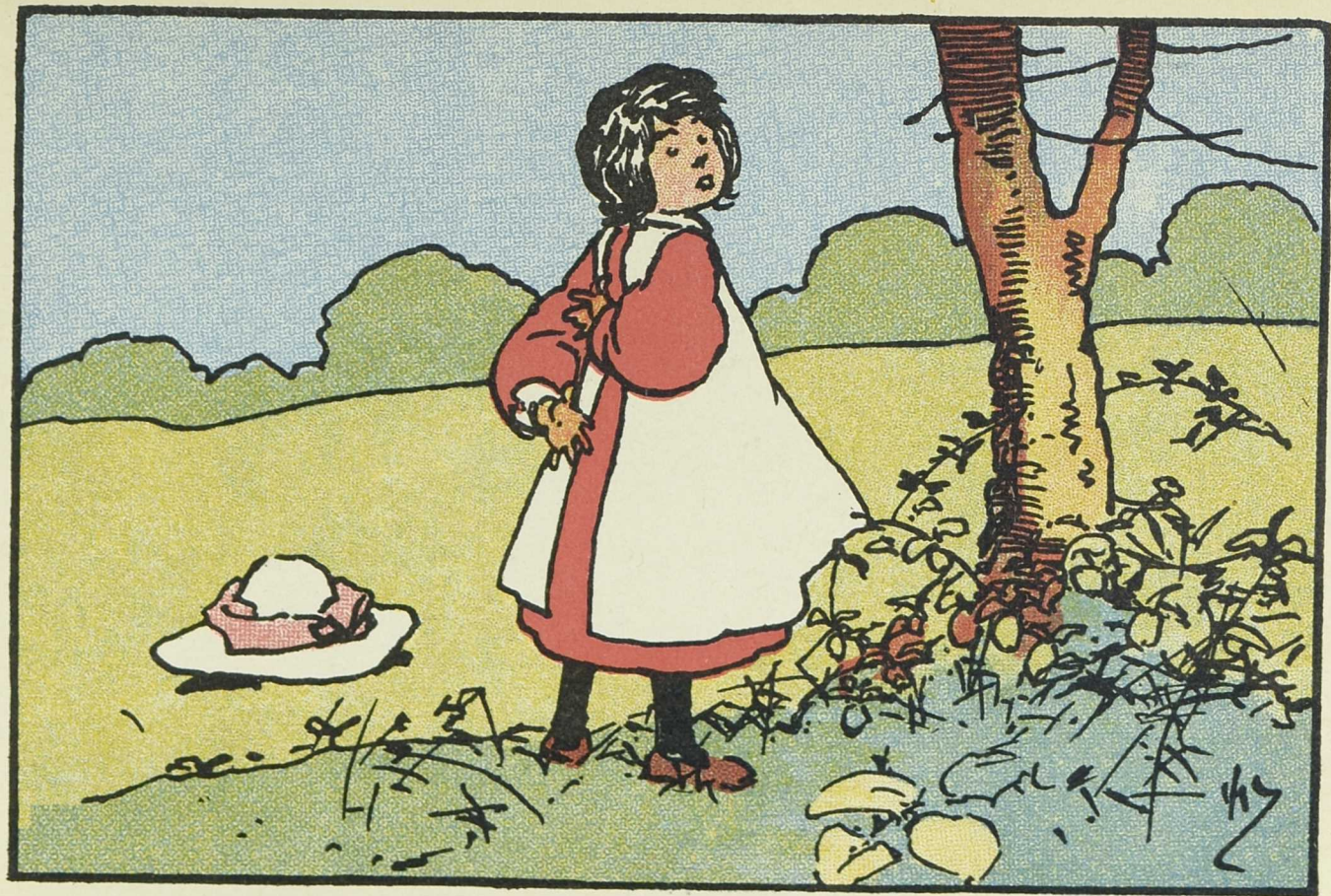
A Lion who lived at Lucerne,
Was anxious the language to learn,
But his zeal it did quench
When he found it was French,
And cried, "to my lair I'll return."

I lunched with him the day he went, and he forgot to pay the bill. So I had to. We had Lamb and mintsauce. He had the Lamb and I had the mintsauce.



LION OF LUCERNE.

It's rather awkward to have so many legs, I find. They take up so much room. You know what it is like when your foot goes to sleep? So do I, only more so. Still, everything has its drawback, as the little girl said when she found her new pinny strings fastened behind.



EVERYTHING HAS ITS DRAWBACK.

Motorcars, did you say? Well, I had one once. I often travelled sixty hours a mile in it. Most marvellous! I motored from Manchester to Middlesex once in nineteen days, fourteen hours, seven minutes, and the millionth of a second. Meteoric!

The Mummy and the Motorist
Were flying down the road;
Said he, "this is a treat you missed,
It's now quite a la mode"!
The Mummy through his mask but hissed
"D'you think it will explode"?

Next station, British Museum. He got out there.



THE MUMMY AND THE MOTORIST.

Nurse used to tell me when I was a Wanglebaby, I was a very naughty one. No wonder. I had six and twenty big toes to try and get into my baby mouth. In the end, I had to put up with my tail, which was quite easy. She used to get cross with me because I always beat her at ninepins.

The Nightmare and the Hobbyhorse
Went out to find the moon;
And this was queer, because it was
A summer afternoon.
"No matter"! said the Hobbyhorse,
"We're sure to see it soon"!



NURSE ANNOYED WITH THE NINEPINS.

Oh! I quite forgot to let you know who I am. I am the
Wangleboo! Thanks. Have an Orange? Fresh from the oven.

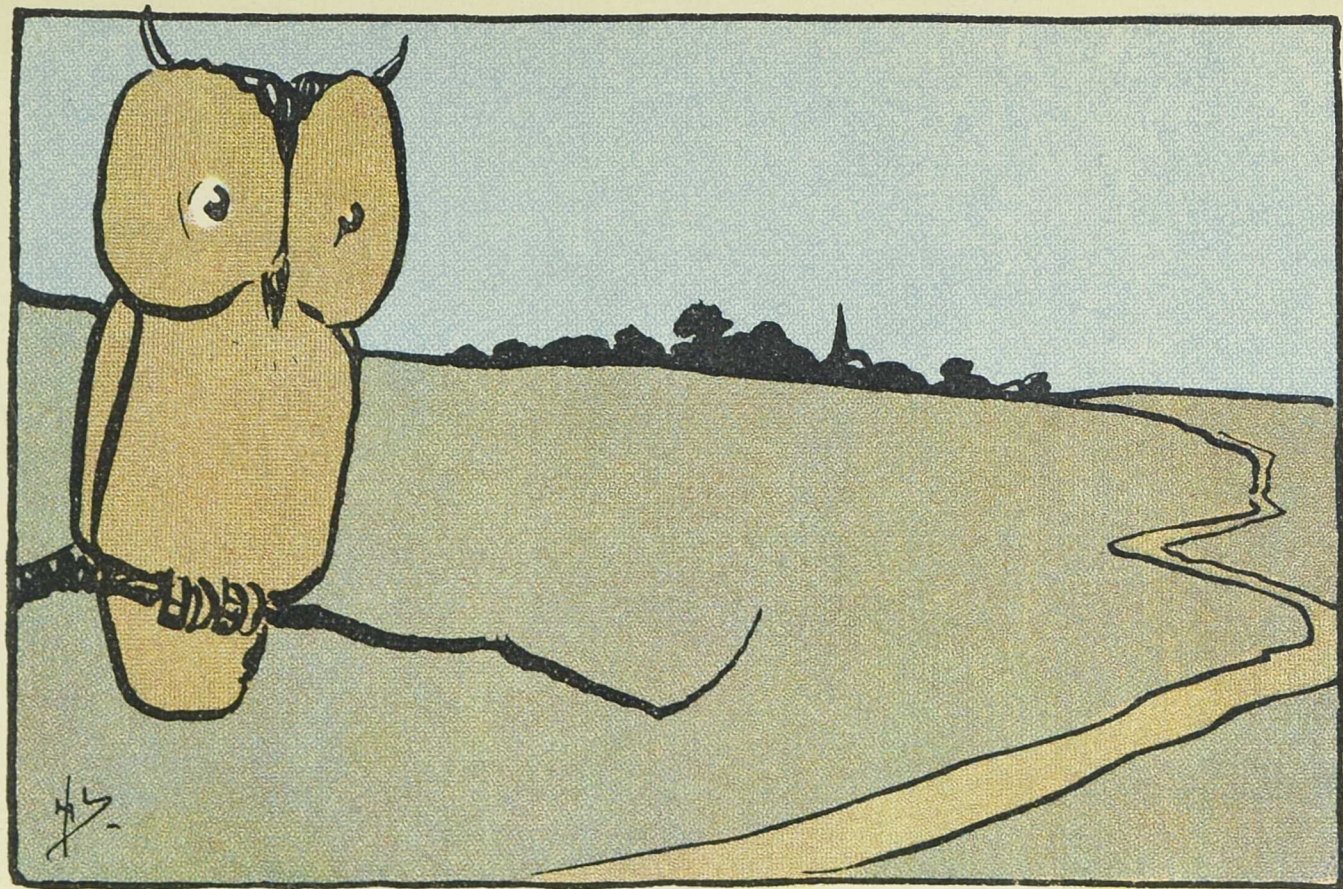
ODE TO THE OWL.

Owl!

Thou fearful, frightful, frantic fowl,
Terror of cats and bats and rats,

Tell me, without a scowl,
That's if thou canst, oh Owl,
Why Millers always wear white hats!

I read that to the Ostrich and it so upset him that he buried his
head in the sand, and would not come out until I said Oysters.
We had some at once. The shells soon revived him, and the
oysters did me good.

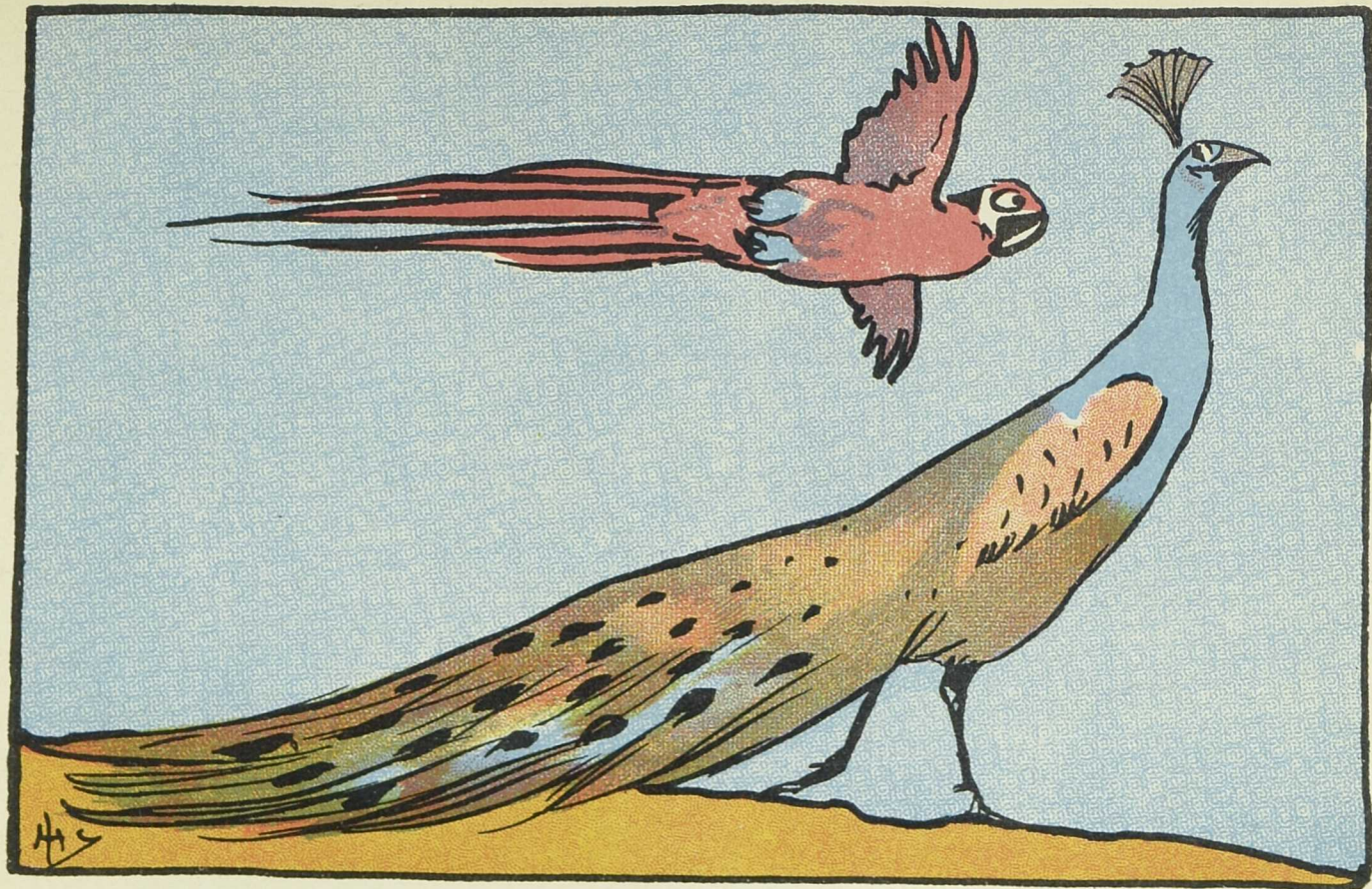


OWL.

Proverbs? Rather. I've invented pounds of them. Here is one. "Never mention sausages in the presence of a Pig." How does that taste? Here is another. "It never pains but it roars."

The Peacock and the Parrot went
One night to see the play,
Though how they let them get inside,
Is more than I can say.

I suppose my friend the Pelican let them pass for a penny apiece. It must have been a Pantomime.



THE PEACOCK AND THE PARROT WENT.

A POEM.

Do purple pigs wear paper caps ?

Perhaps !

Are pussy kittens fond of laps ?

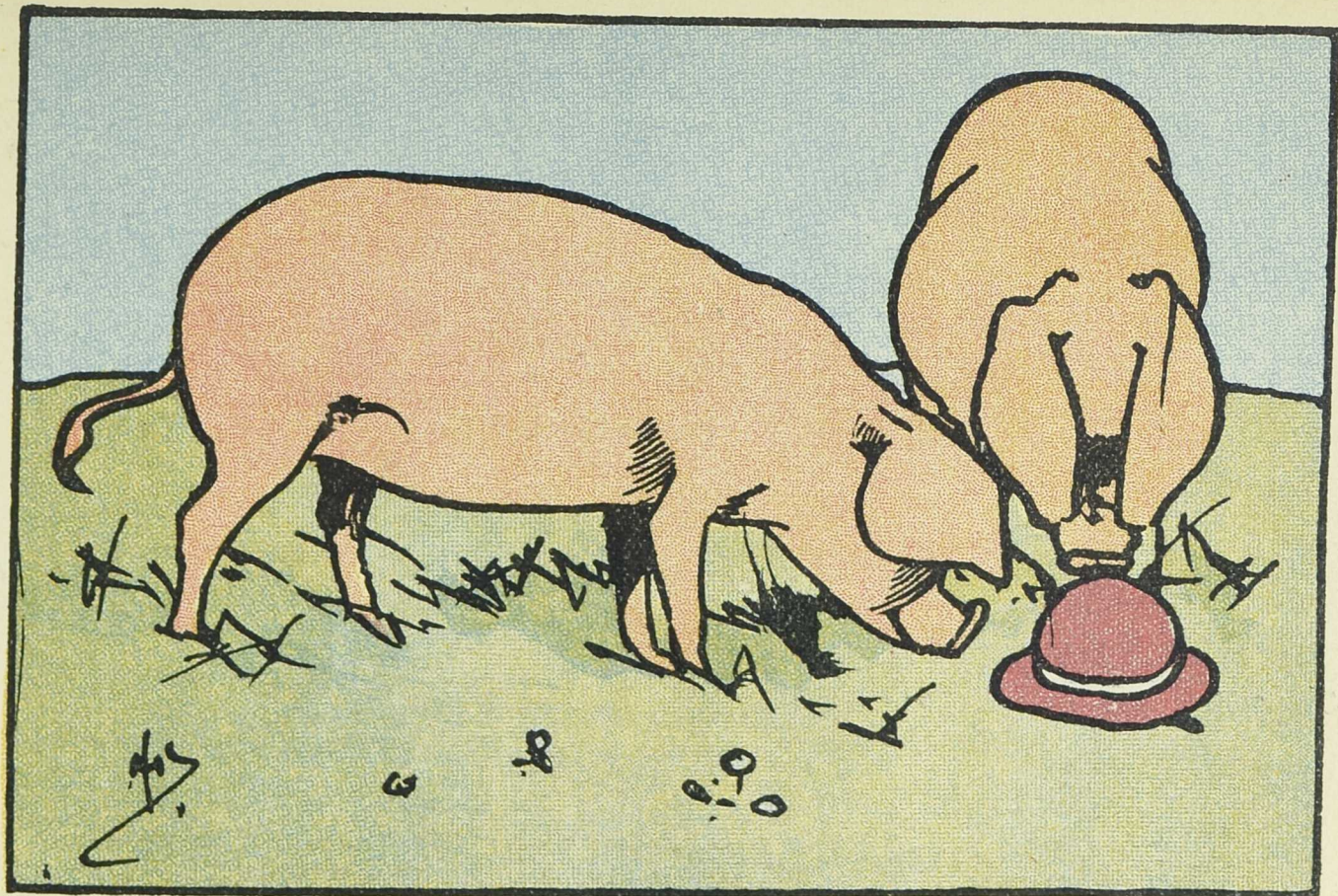
Perhaps !

Is pepper hot, are pigmies small,

Do sheep pens ever nonsense scrawl—

Does this mean anything at all ?

Perhaps !



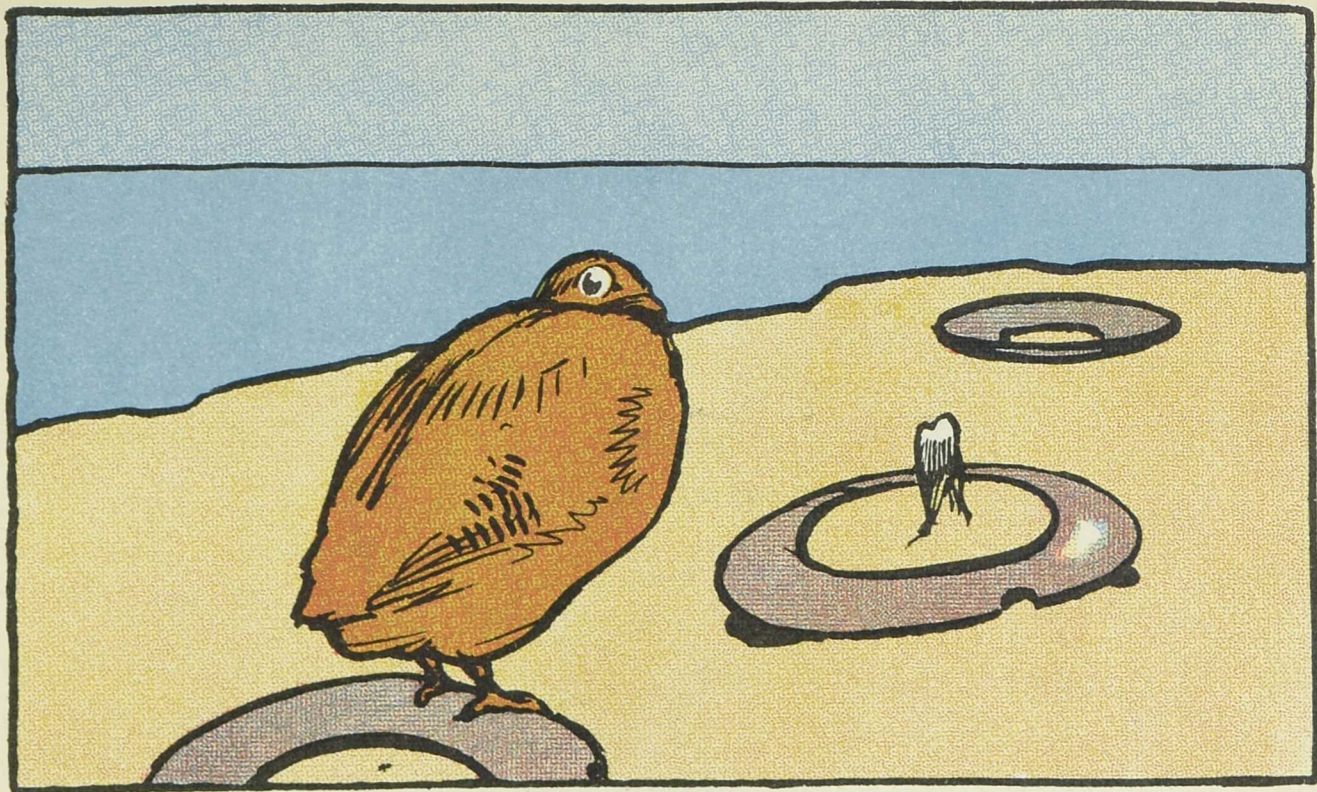
DO PIGS WEAR PURPLE HATS.

Queer, isn't it! The last time I saw my friend the Quagga,
he challenged me to a game of Quoits. The Quail was marker.
I won.

The Quoodle and the Quack-duck once
Went swimming for a Cup,
The Quoodle, who was winner, asked
The Quack-duck out to sup;
The Quack-duck was the first to come,

(and feeling very hungry, as he had had nothing to eat since
Quarter Day but a Queen-cake)

He ate that supper up.

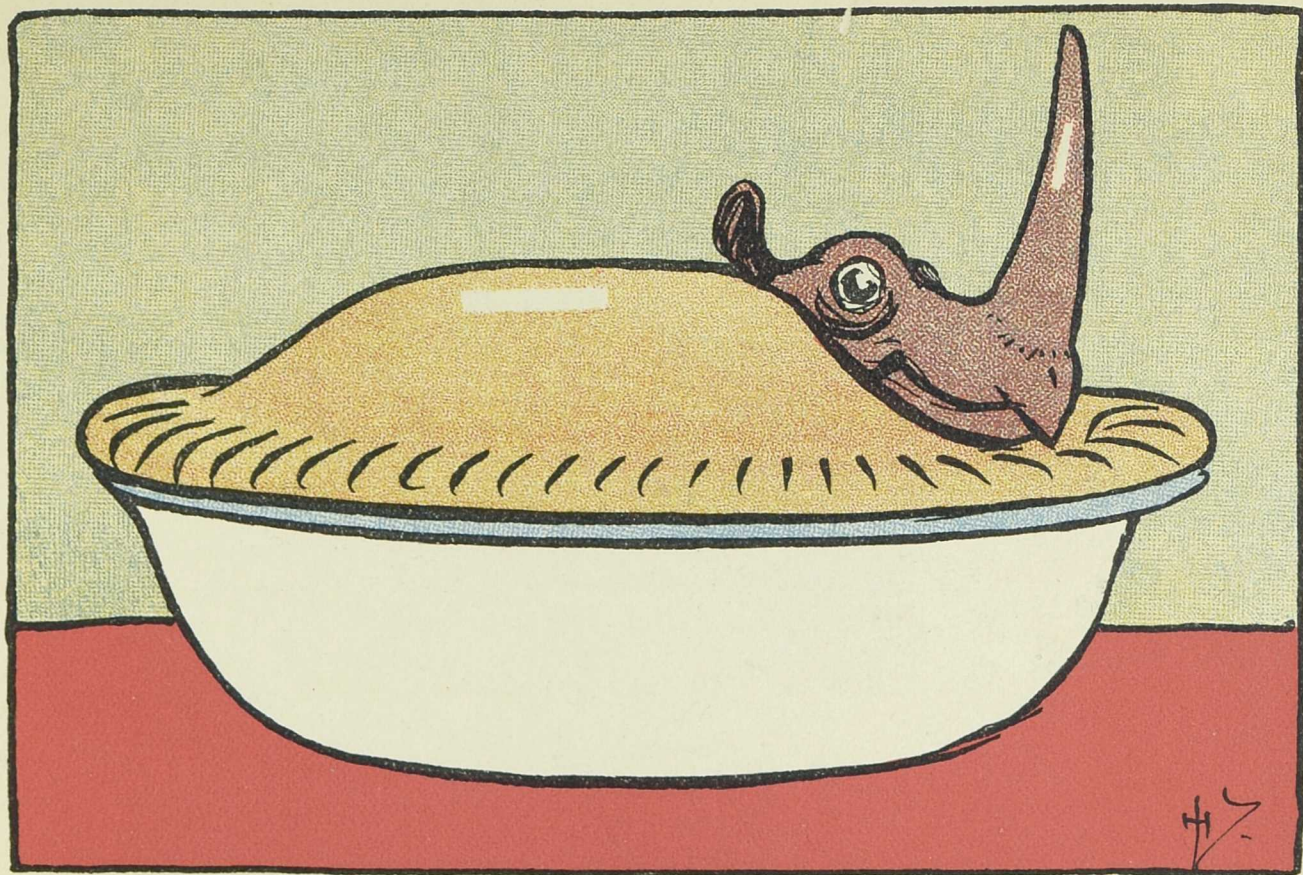


QUAIL AND THE QUOITS.

Rhinoscerous Pie! There's a rare dish for you. I tasted it the last time I dined with the Rajah of Runtifiddle, at his Royal Palace on the Rhino. We had Rat-sauce with it and we drank Rosewater and Glycerine. It gave me Rheumatism in my twenty-first leg the next morning. It is only in season when there is an R. in the month and a Rhinoscerous handy.

"Oh ripe and round and rosy Rhino,
When in a pie, you're rather fine oh!"

That's mine oh!



RHINOCEROUS PIE

The Rabbit and the Rusticoot

Upon the ramparts met;

"I fear me much," the latter said,

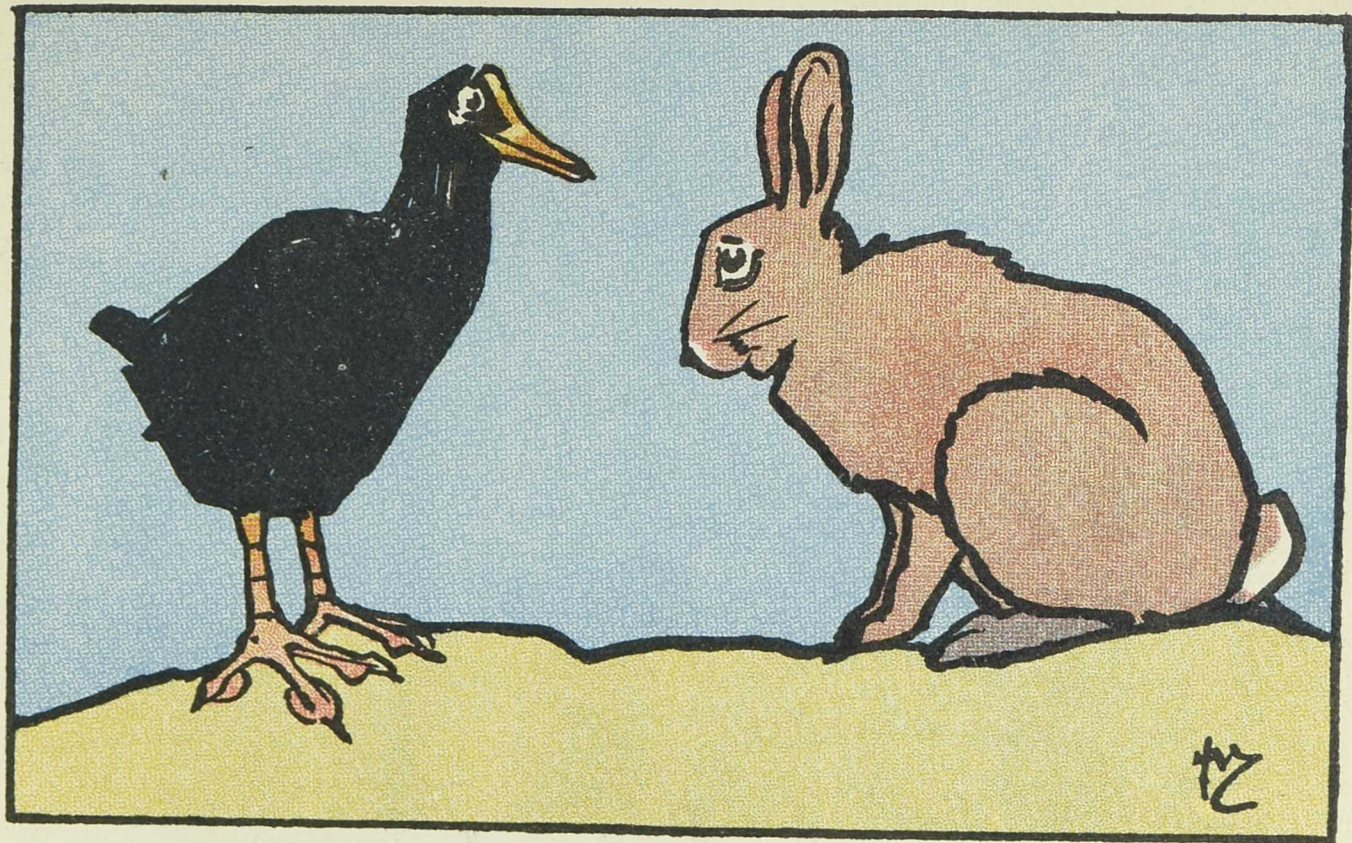
"It's likely to be wet!"

"It all depends," the Rabbit said,

"Indeed, it's very plain,

The weather's certain to be fine

Until we have some rain."

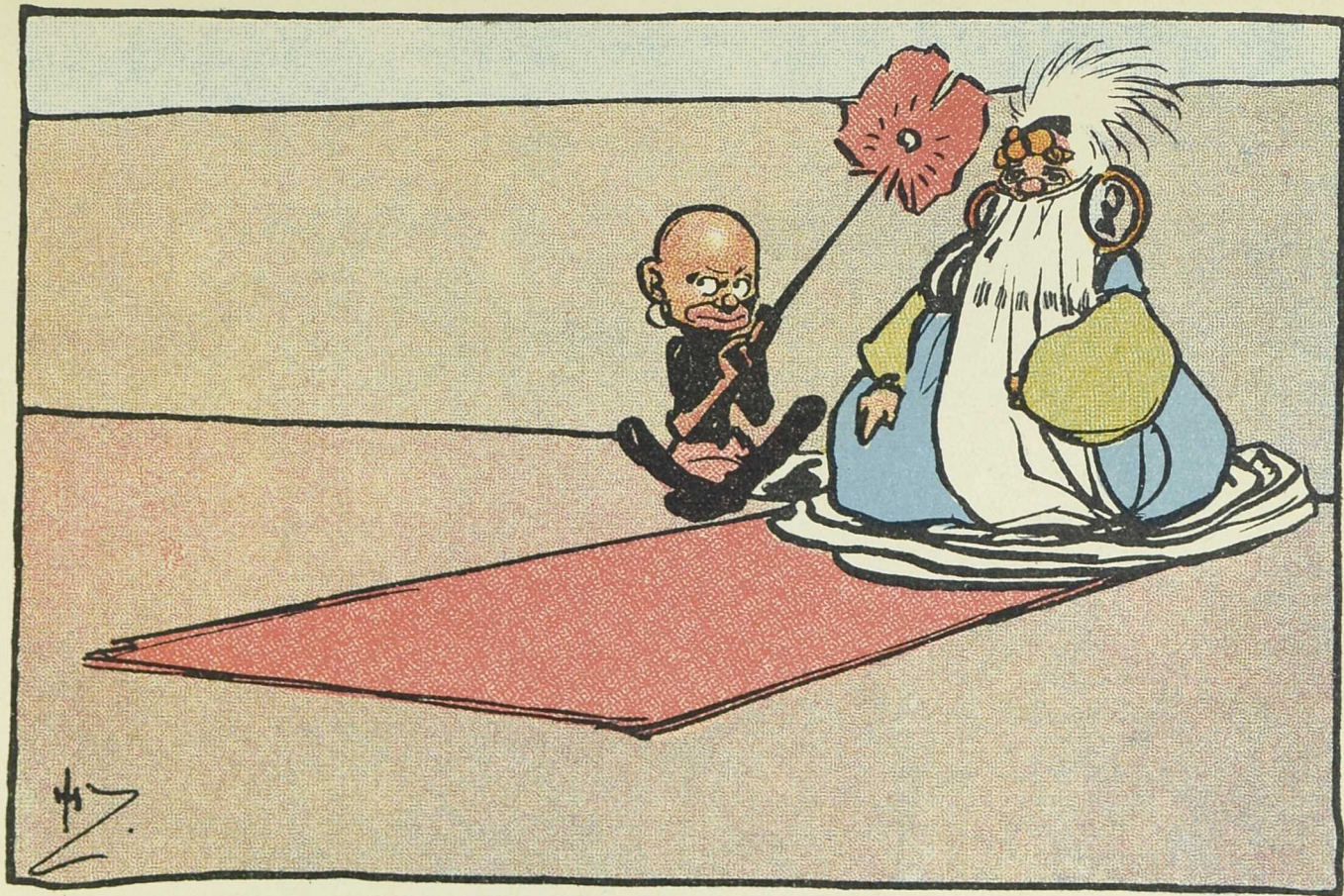


THE RABBIT AND THE RUSTICOOT.

So glad we have met, as the Saucepan said to the Shrimp.
Sing? Of course I can. Would you like to hear me? I sang to
the Sultana of Sugar Cakia on Saturday seven weeks, and she has
been all of a shiver ever since. She was so surprised. So was
I. I think she was Spanish.

I sang to that stately Sultana,
Serenades to the beauteous banana,
She cried "Off with his head,"
So I stealthily fled,
Sighing "hasta manàna, manàna."

That means see you to-morrow. But I didn't.

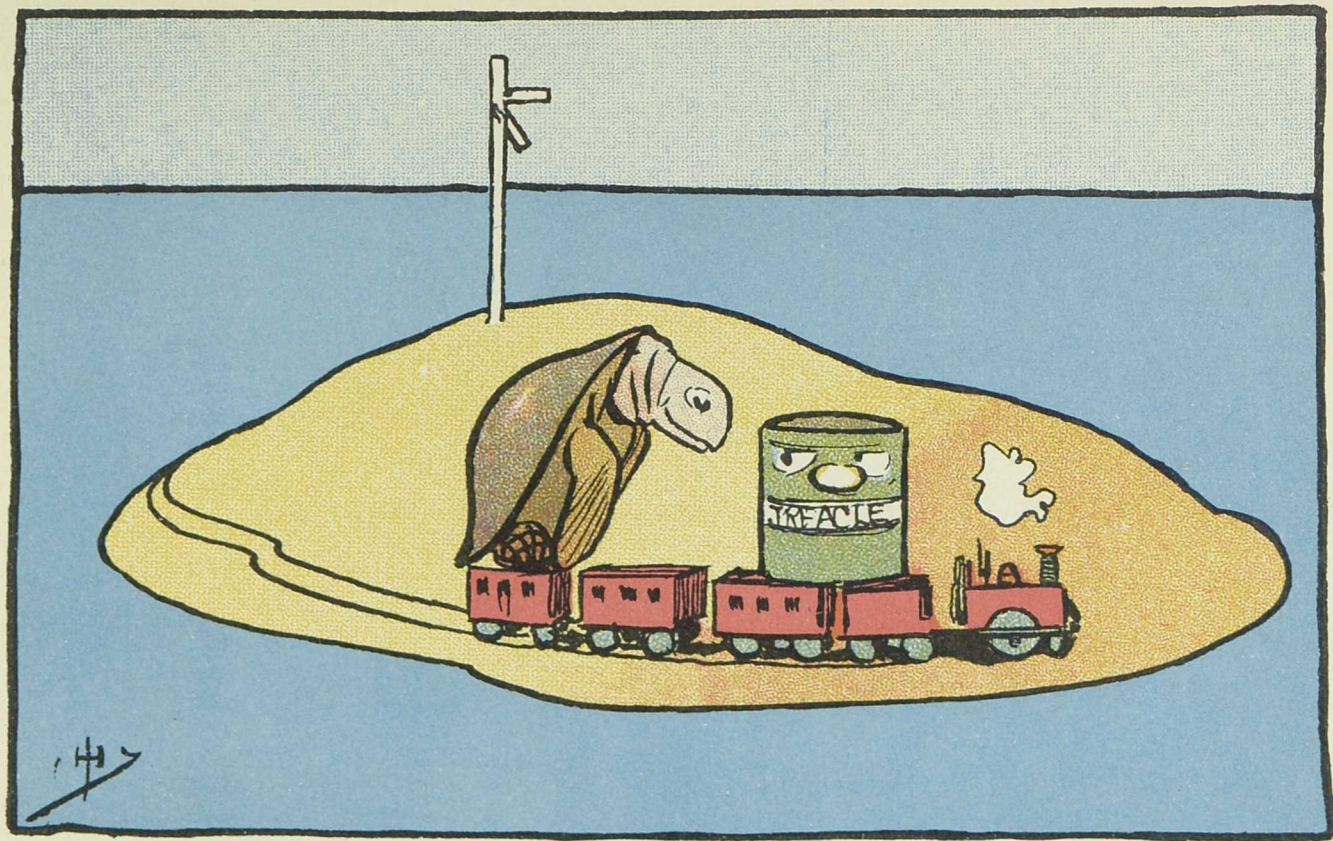


THE SULTANA OF SUGAR CAKIA.

Trouble you for my Tail when you have done Treading on it!
What? I'm no gentleman? Who said I was? I am the Wangleboo!
There you are!

The Turtle and the Treaclepot
Were travelling by train;
I don't know where, but think it was
To There and Back again.

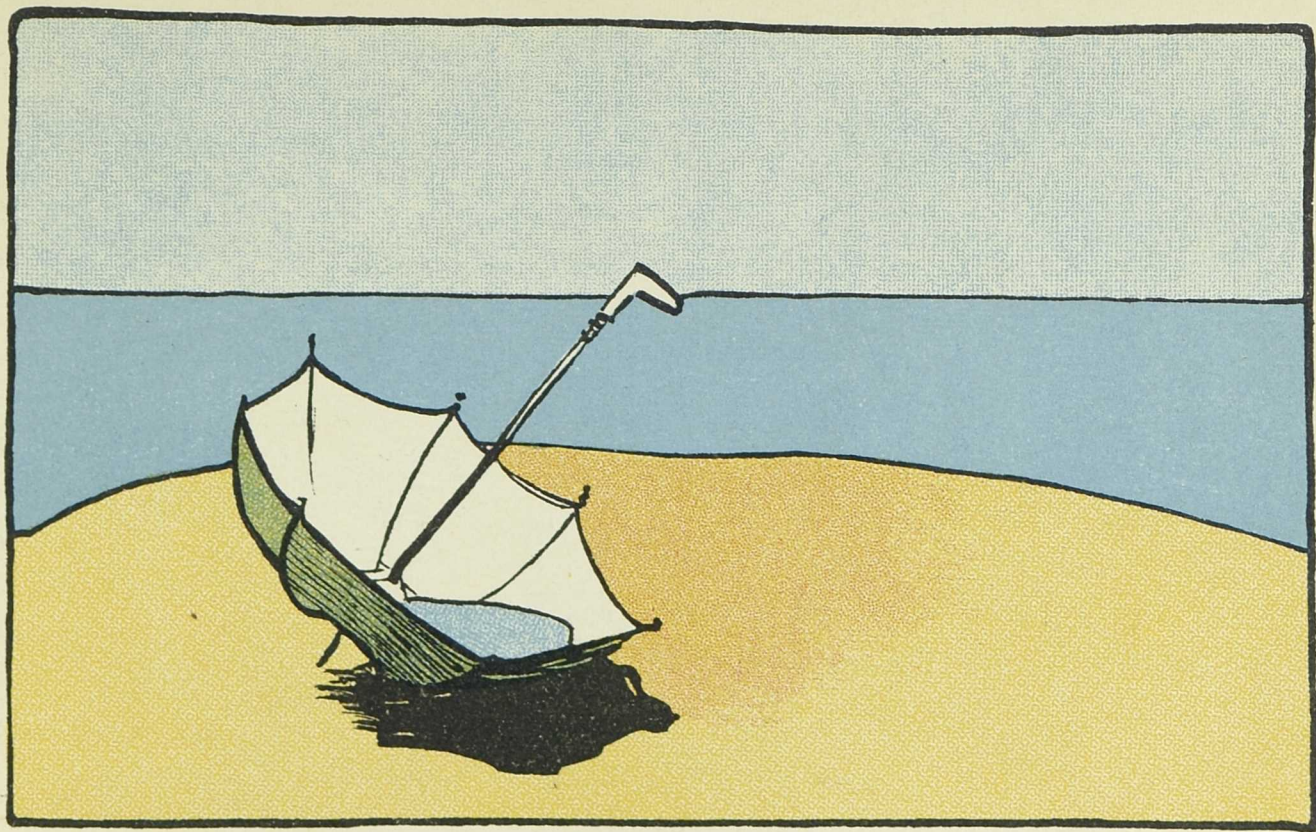
That's all so far. They haven't got there yet. When they do I will
finish the poem. I think I will call it "The Two-too-too-Tourists."



TURTLE AND THE TREACLE POT IN THE TRAIN.

Useful sort of present, wasn't it, for the Unicorn to send me?
An umbrella. When it is over my head, my tail gets wet, when
it's over my tail, my head gets wet. Silly. He told me his
Uncle never went to bed without one. Suppose he slept in a river
bed, and thought it would keep the water off him.

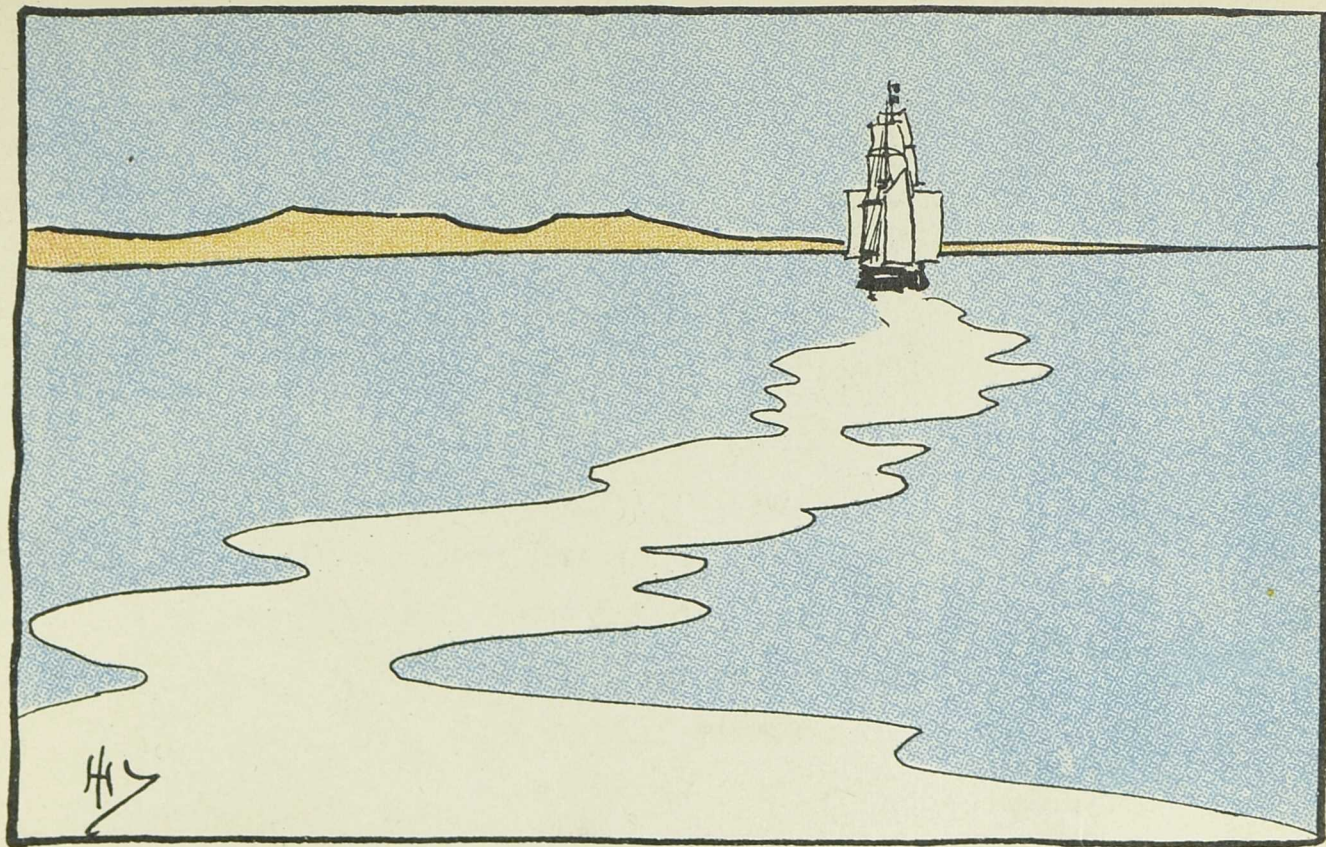
However, it is useful when I am thirsty, as I can catch
rainwater in it, turned upside down.



UMBRELLA.

Voyages? Oh yes. I have had volumes of voyages, if I could only find time to write them all. I have often been in vessels and even ridden in a van.

Oh! I am the Wangleboo,
If it's all the same to you,
I've voyaged here, I've journeyed there,
Both on the sea and in the air!
I've written prose and verse
On tramcar and in train,
I'm venturesome as you can see,
And yet I am not vain!

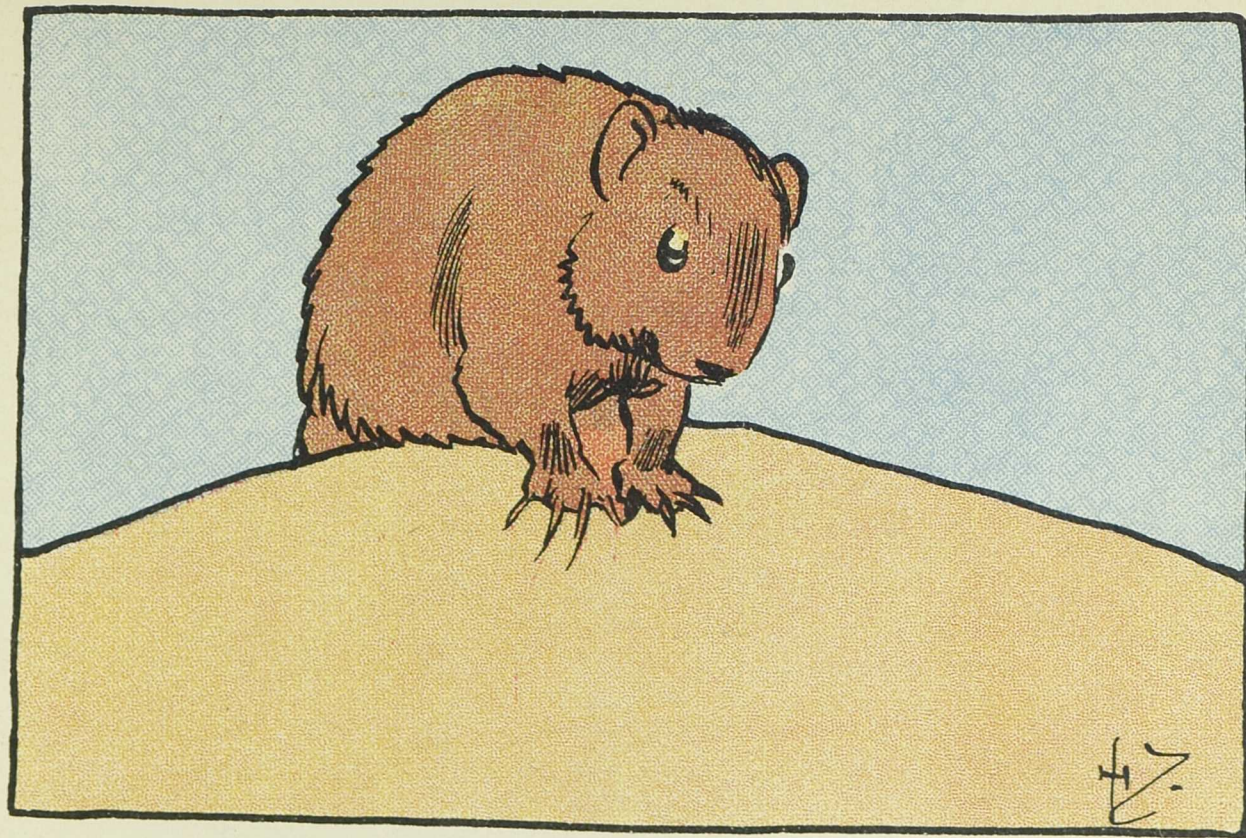


VOYAGES.

We are an ancient family, we Wangleboos. One of my ancestors was with William the Conqueror when he landed at Whitechapel. Another was with Wellington at Waterloo. The Wombat told me so.

When the Wangleboo is booing,
And the wily Wimplepig
In the wilderness is wooing
Something white that wears a wig;
While the bluebells wildly tinkle
Like a whirlwind o'er the whin,
That's the time to catch your winkle,
But be wary with the pin!

Isn't that wangful?

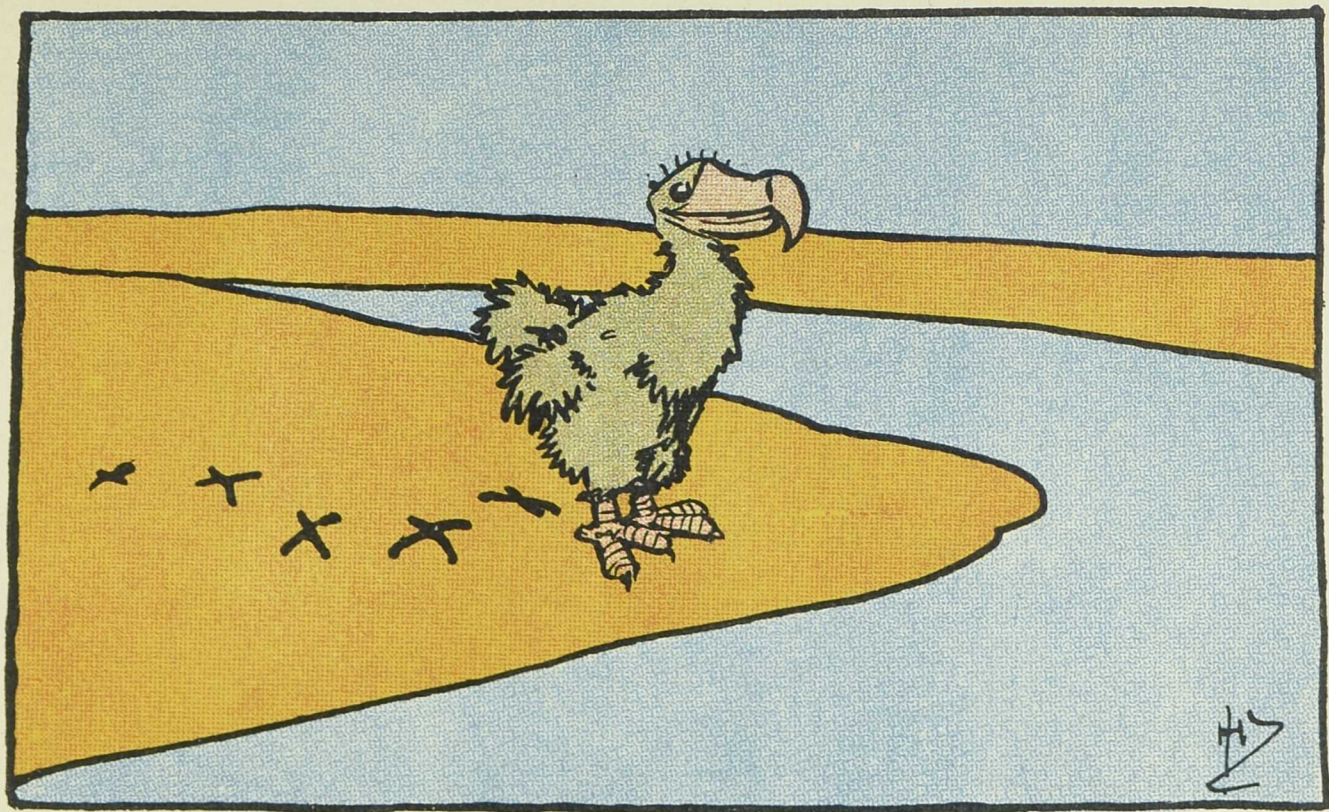


THE WOMBAT TOLD ME SO.

Xtinct? No, of course not. You are thinking of the Dodo.
He was too xcentric to xist any longer. Hence he is now, as the
late lamented Mr. Euclid puts it, X, an unknown quantity. I knew
him well, but he was very xpensive.

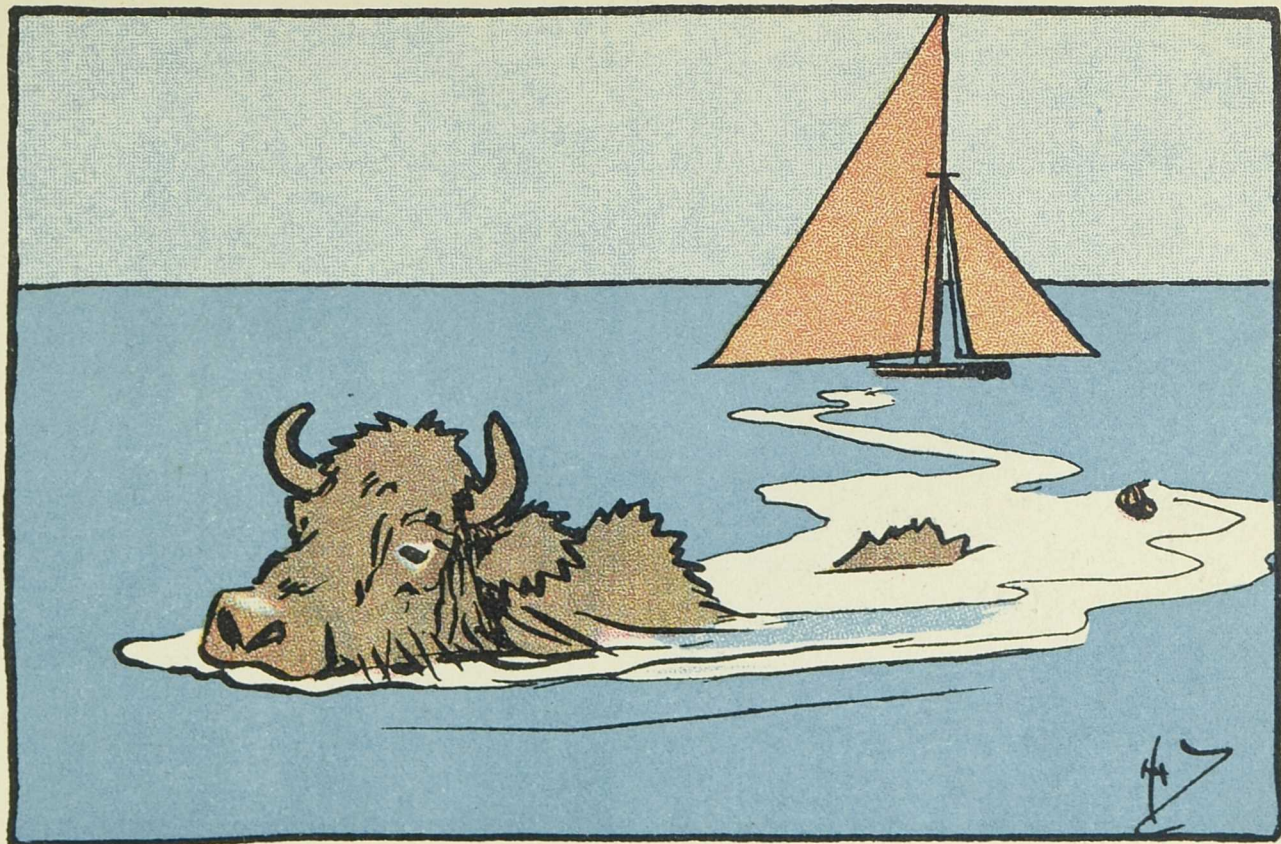
He dwelt beside the river Exe,
That friend of whom I dream,
And when I knew that we must part
My sorrow was Exe-streme.

An ecstatic xtract from my last volume.



XTINCT.

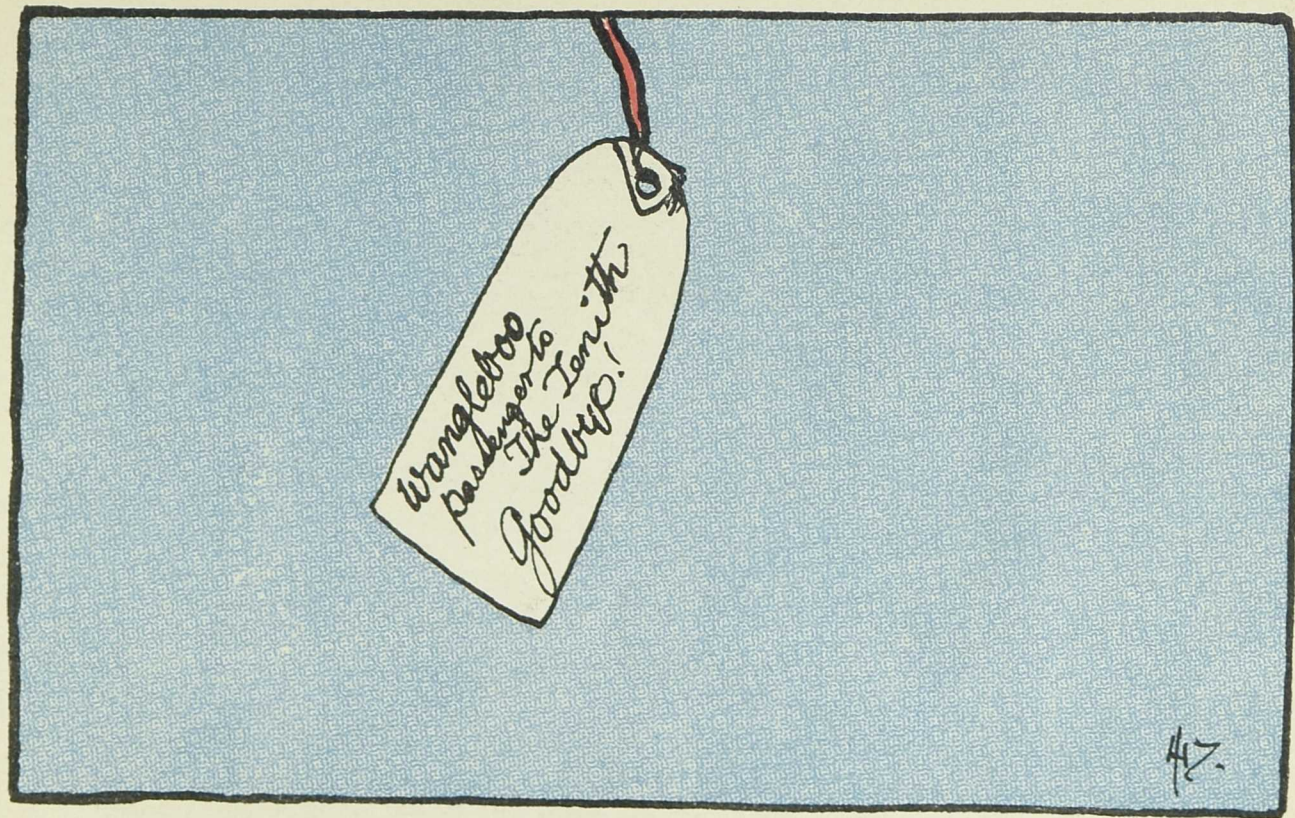
Yes. You are quite right. It was when I was Yachting with the Yak on the river Y. He annoyed me by yawning, and I pushed him overboard. He made such a big splash. But it was years ago. I was quite a youth. He swam ashore and shouted "You!" That was all. The last time I saw him, he was disguised as one of the "Yum-yum" Minstrels, and singing a jodel song on the beach at Yarmouth. I yawned then.



THE YAK SWAM ASHORE FROM THE YACHT.

Zoo, did you say? I went there once, invited by the Zebra. But when I arrived there, they zealously endeavoured to shut me up in an iron cage, to be stared at by curious bipeds. I managed to escape after swallowing three keepers. I think they must have been sailors, they tasted so salt. I took a Zig-zag path into the Zenith and have never been near there since.

So now the Wangleboo
Bids you a fond adieu,
And if you say
You'd like, some day
He'll wang again to you.



TO THE ZENITH.

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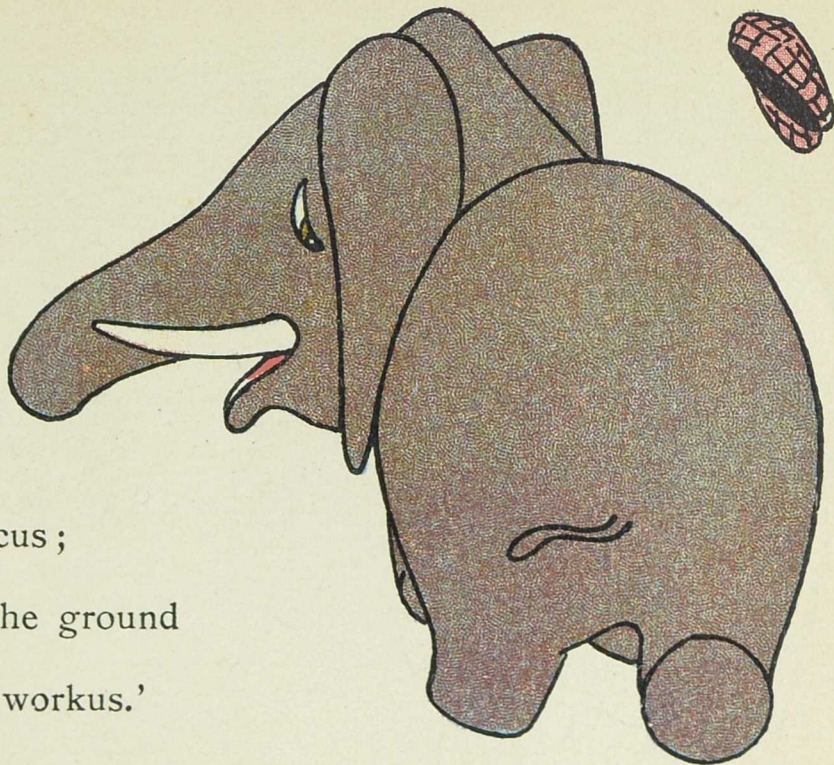
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**LANGHAM SERIES
FOR CHILDREN. .**

No. 2.

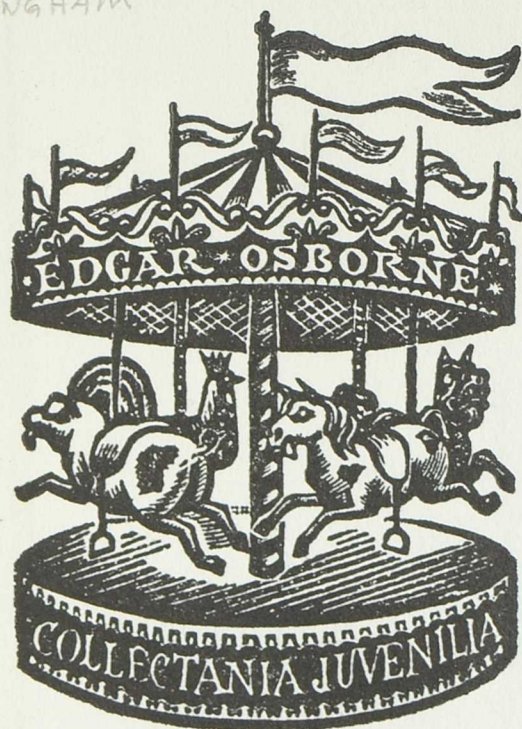
But one dark night he ran
away

To join a travelling circus;
Sleeping sometimes upon the ground
And sometimes in 'the workus.'



Specimen Illustration from the True Story
of William. By Reginald Rigby.

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