Nutwood

Special Issue

Boys' & Girls'

BOOK

for

1937

A DAILY EXPRESS PUBLICATION

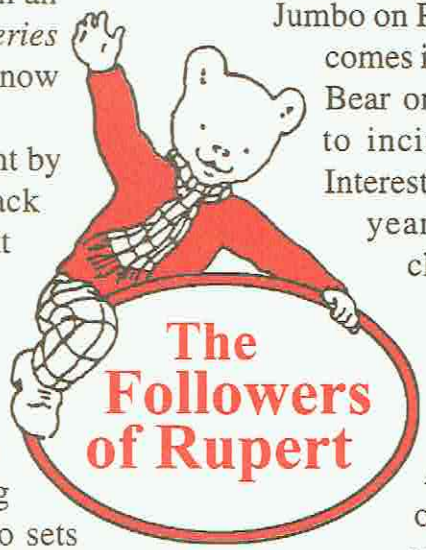
The Bestall Reprints 8

Rupert in the "Boys' and Girls' Book", 1937

COMPILER'S NOTES

As promised, here is another Christmas present - we hope that you enjoy it as much as you seem to have enjoyed last year's. This is another publication that will not be made available through any other source. The original stories were taken from the *Boy's and Girl's Book*, where they were scattered through the pages of an annual publication with many other features. As we said last year, Alfred did not enjoy these short features, but he did them rather well nonetheless. They are full of impish humour and fine line drawing. These 12 pages of Rupert represent, as far as we know, the last Bestall Rupert work that has not appeared as either a story in an Annual or in one of the *Adventure Series* books. Of course - someone may know different ...

We have created this Bestall Reprint by scanning the original red and black images in full colour on a Hewlett Packard scanner. The red and black "masks" were then separated using Adobe's *Photoshop* image-manipulation package and some minor tidying-up was done at that stage. Typesetting was done using Adobe's *Pagemaker* package. Two sets of pages were then prepared - one containing all the black lines and print and one containing all the red bits (printed as black on white). John Challener, our esteemed printer, did the rest - lining up the two sets of images as well as possible. The minor misalignment that you can see between red and black are present in the originals - it would have taken **years** to remove these! I have, however, removed some added pencil marks, put there by the book's previous owner(s) and corrected a couple of rather gross printing errors, where Rupert's sweater was half-red, half-white.

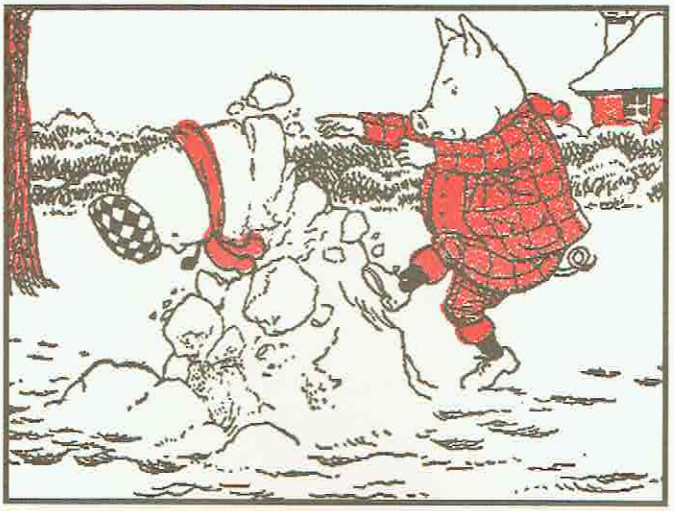


Here we see again a rather unpleasant Podgy - he had not developed his "lovable rogue" personality at this stage and was more of a "Cross Pig" (P2) who mocks, cheats and vandalises snowmen. Bill Badger is established again as Rupert's bosom chum and a bit of a practical joker (P74, P266). Horace the hedgehog puts in an appearance, but not with that name (P122). Edward appears without a surname (P194 - he was Edward Elephant in the 1936 book) and we are left wondering what relation is Old Mother Jumbo on P218. Unusually, Daddy Bear comes in for a wigging from Mummy Bear on P242, after he comes close to incinerating Rupert and Algy. Interestingly, and in contrast to last year's special, Rupert and his chums are described as "the pets" (not "the boys") indicating some ambivalence in AEB's mind at this stage as to what they were!

All of the images on the covers of this special, apart from our own logo, are from the Boys and Girls' book. The rather fine Rupert sitting reading on the back cover is from P287 of the book - where it has the caption *"Don't run away, there's lots of fun yet"!* Let's hope that, with the hard work and dedication of Ian Robinson, John Harrold and Gina Hart, that turns out to be true!

Alan Murray

One wintry morning while at play,
Young Rupert builds a snowman gay



But Podgy, during Rupert's lunch
Destroys it with an angry punch

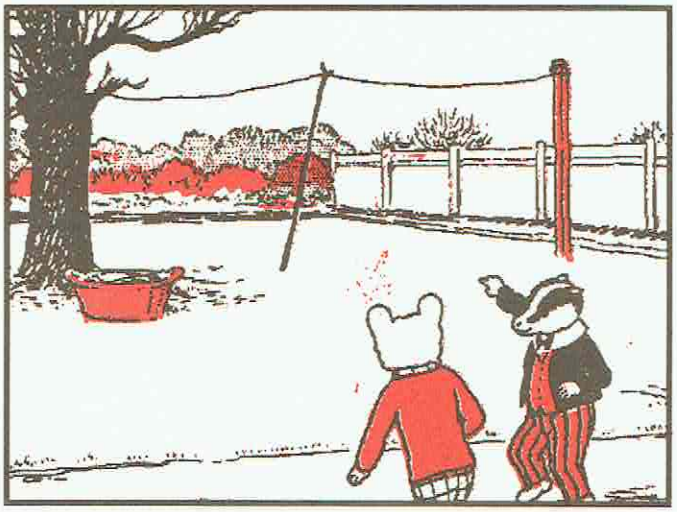
Jack Frost hears Rupert heave a sigh;
Says, "We'll beat Podgy, please don't cry"

A "Podgy" snowman for a prank
They build, and under shove a plank

They hide, while Podgy, angrier still
Attacks the snowman with a will.

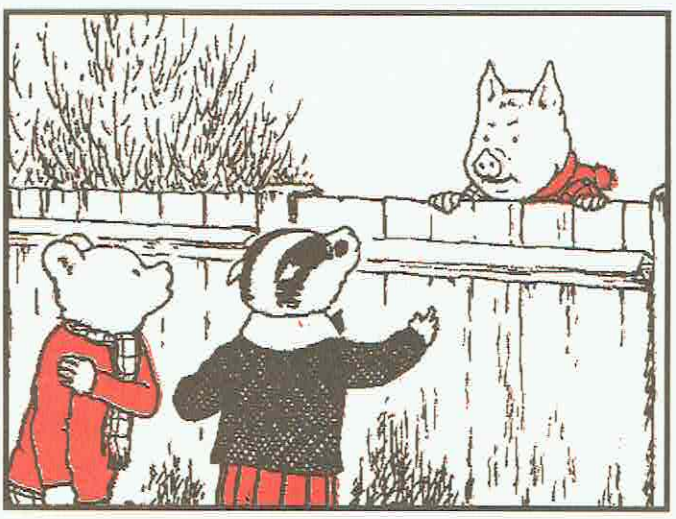
On him they make the snowman fall!
"That serves you right, Cross Pig," they call

Some boys prepare for sports one day,
So Rupert says, "That game we'll play"



"I know," Bill cries, "a frolic fine
We'll have with Mother's prop and line."

Alas, the line is very high;
They fall, no matter how they try.

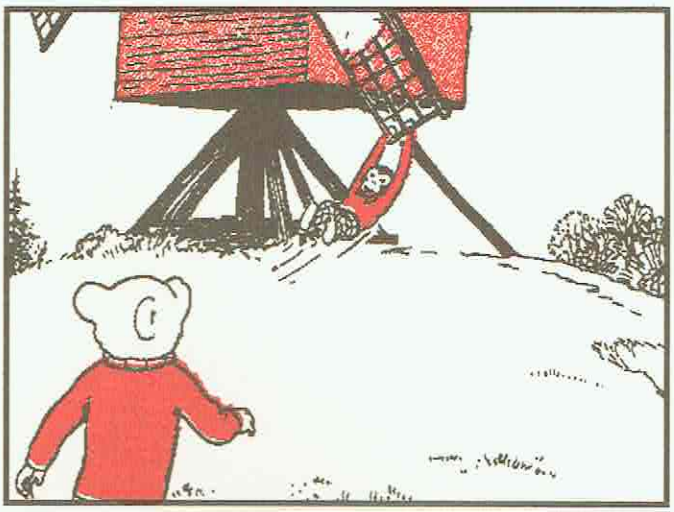


Then Podgy, who has watched them, cries,
"Pooh-pooh" You'll never win a prize."

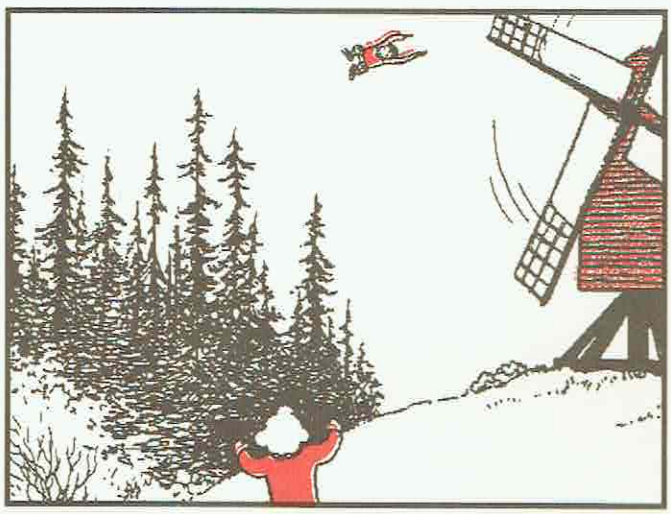
"Stand back," he shouts, with mocking smile,
"I'll show you how to jump in style."

His jumping lands him in a tree;
"Ha-ha!" the pets cry, "what a spree"

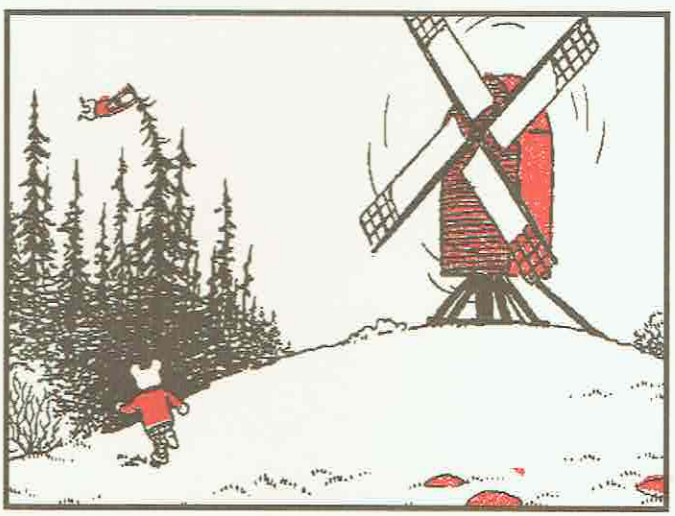
While out with Rupert in a breeze,
The monkey, Chimp, a windmill sees.



To have a swing he grasps an arm!
"Come back," cries Rupert in alarm.



The arm is whirled round very fast;
Chimp's thrown, and Rupert stares aghast.



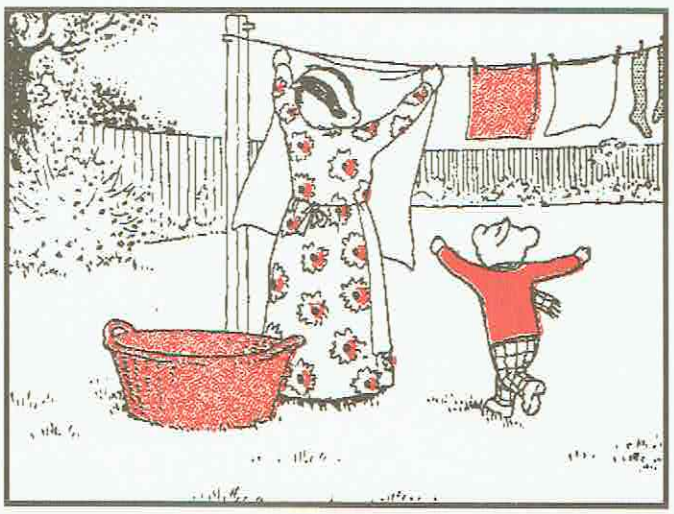
Chimp grabs a pine tree by its top,
While Rupert runs, afraid he'll drop.

When Rupert to the tree draws near,
Chimp's naughty chuckle he can hear

"I'm off again", Chimp says to tease.
"You're not," cries Rupert, "Home, Chimp, please!"

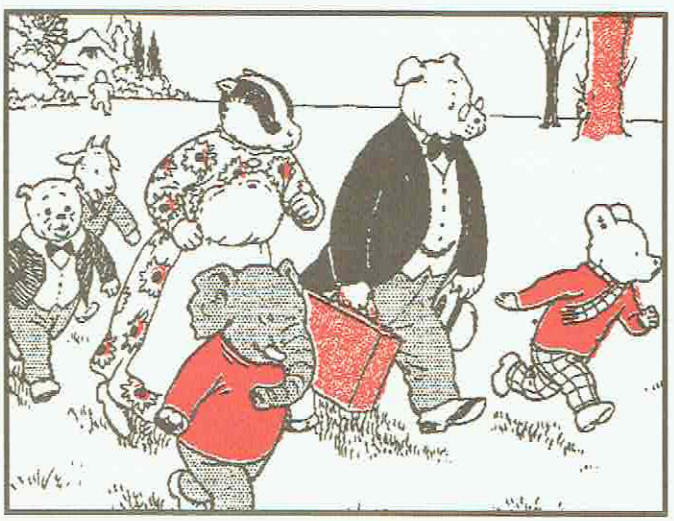
One morning Rupert comes on Bill
Down in the forest, prostrate, ill.

For Bill a bed of leaves he makes
While all the time with fear he shakes.



To Mrs. Badger then he flies.
"Poor Bill's been taken ill," he cries.

Then they to Doctor Towzer go
And quickly tell their tale of woe.



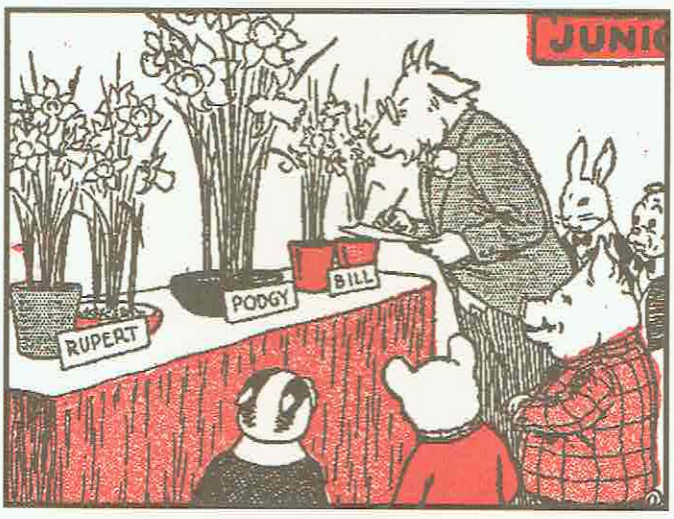
Bill's friends have heard, so quite a group
Towards the forest, anxious, troop.

And then Bill laughs, "Oh! I shall burst!
You April fools! To-day's the first.

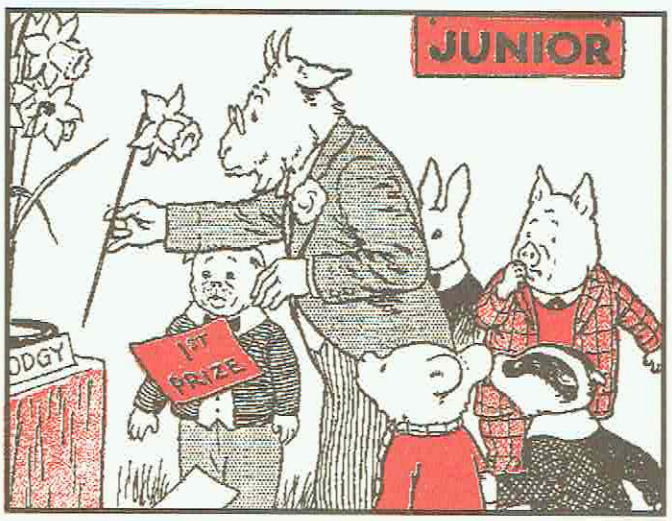
Says Bill to Rupert, "Here's a Show!
Let's enter those fine daffs we grow"

Soon towards the Show with eager feet
They take their pots of flowers so sweet.

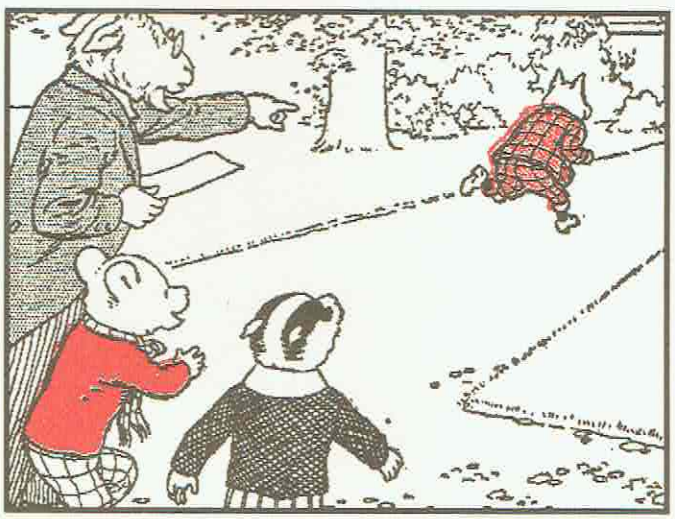
Then Podgy enters for the prize,
Some daffs of quite tremendous size.



Says Bill to Rupert, "What a blow!
No hope for our poor flowers, I know!"



The Judge thinks Podgy's flowers too grand
And finds they come up in his hand.



"Ugh! They're not real ones," Rupert said.
"Cheat!" cries the Judge, but Podgy's fled.

Said Barbara, "I've a garden new,
So, Rupert, help me, please, will you?"

The weeds are thick, so they compete
To see whose plot shall look most neat.

Soon, Rupert's startled by a sound.
"Come, see," cries Barbara, "what I've found."

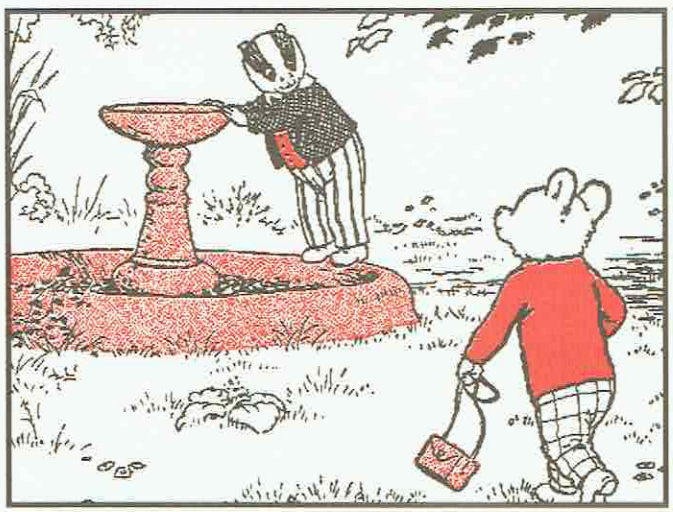
So off with Barbara Rupert goes
To where a plant all prickly grows.

They've never seen that plant before,
So pull a piece to find out more.

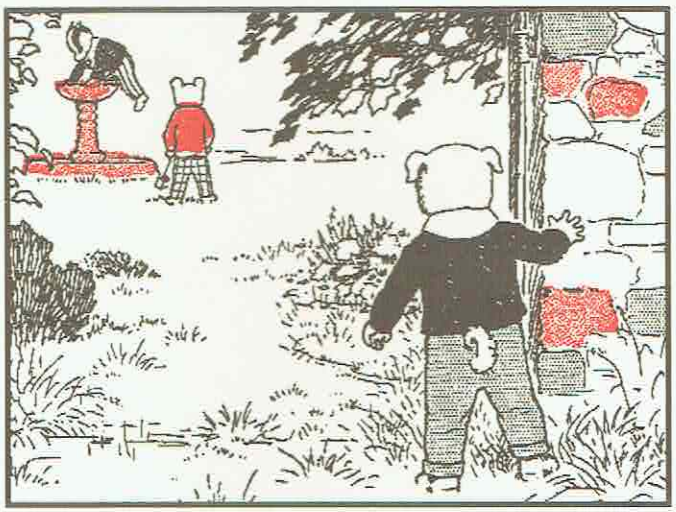
Then, frightened, quickly back they leap
They've roused a porcupine from sleep.

Poor Algy's growing rather stout;
He can't keep pace when walking out.

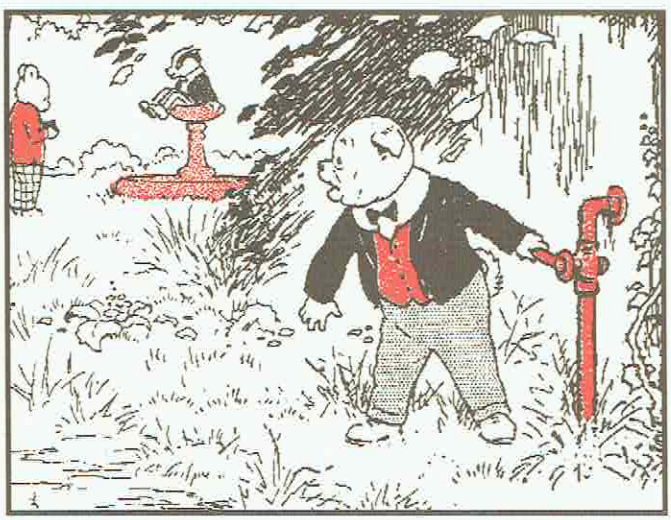
His playmates find a garden old,
And enter, feeling very bold.



Says Rupert, "Climb that fountain, Bill!
I'll snap you, if you'll sit quite still."



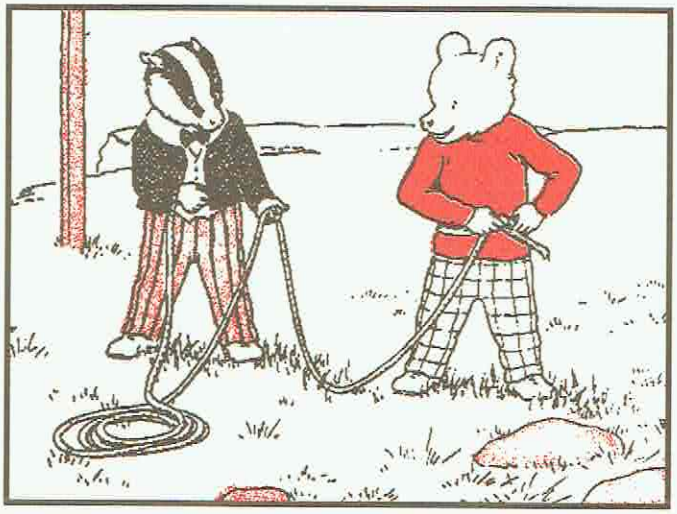
Then tubby Algy gets there too,
And sees just what they hope to do.



The fountain tap by chance he spies
"I'll teach those selfish chaps," he cries.

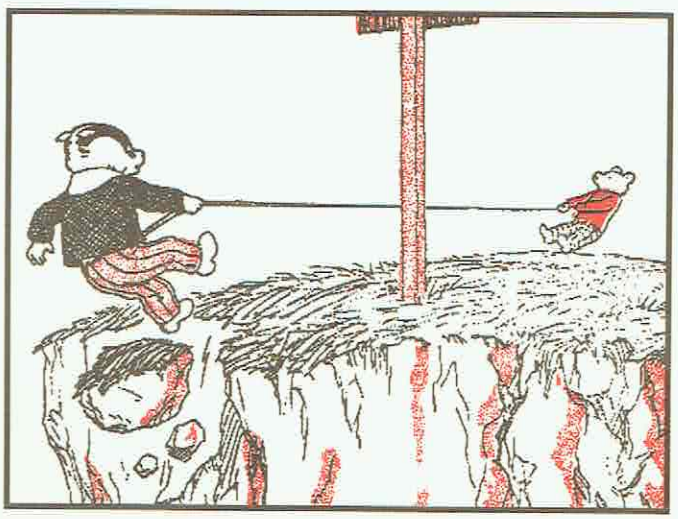
So naughty Algy turns the tap.
Bill's drenched, and spoiled is Rupert's snap.

While on the cliffs one sunny day,
Bill finds a rope; cries' "Rupert, play"

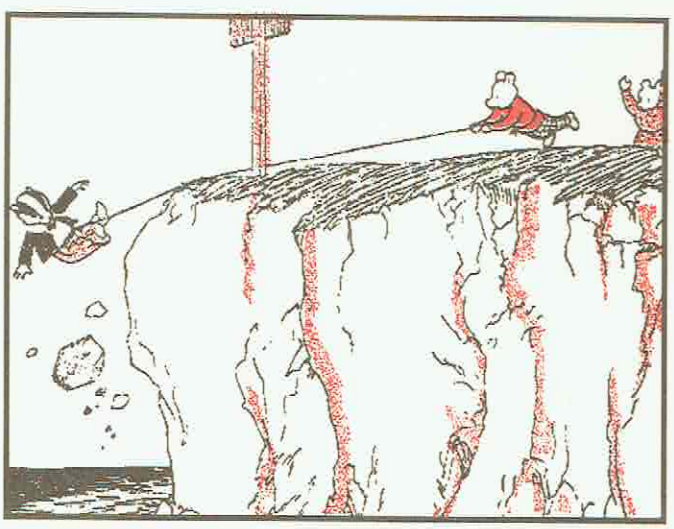


Around their waists they knot the rope;
To play at tug-o'-war they hope.

With this new game they're so absorbed,
They do not see the "Danger" board.

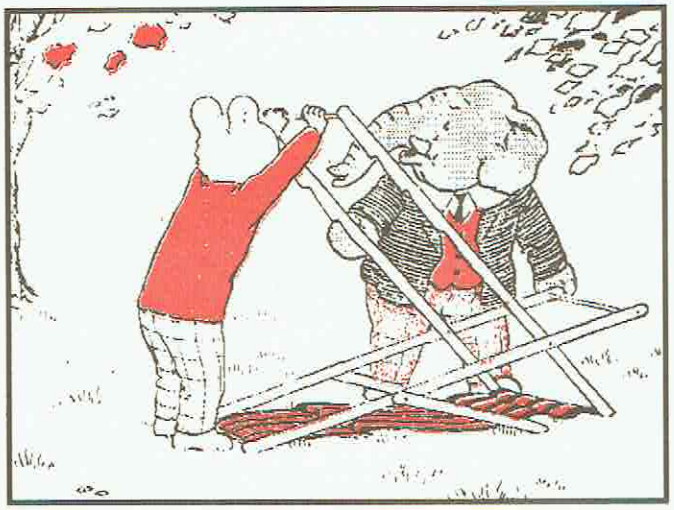


The cliff gives way, and poor Bill falls;
"Oh help me, hold me, please," he calls.

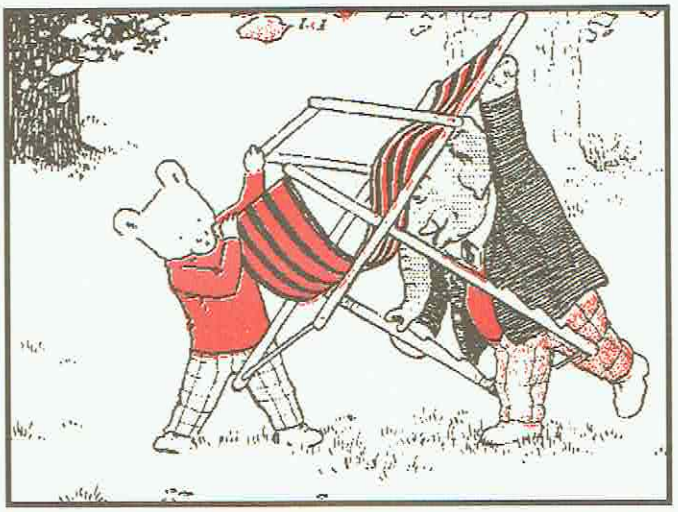


But Rupert's footing gives way too,
And Mother cries, "What *shall* I do?"

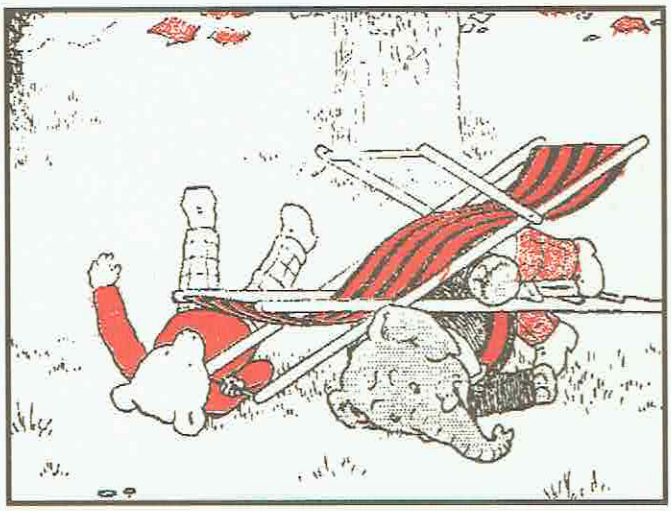
Hurrah! They're safe! Through luck the line
Got wrapped around the "Danger" sign



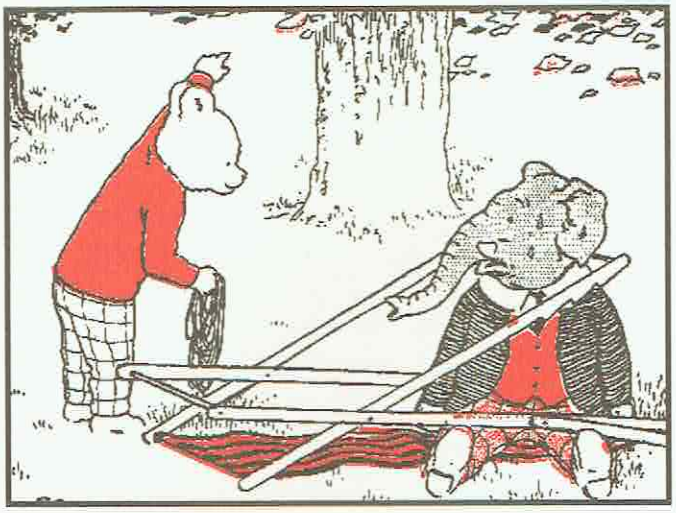
"Why, here's a deck chair," Edward cries;
It's inside out, though," Rupert sighs.



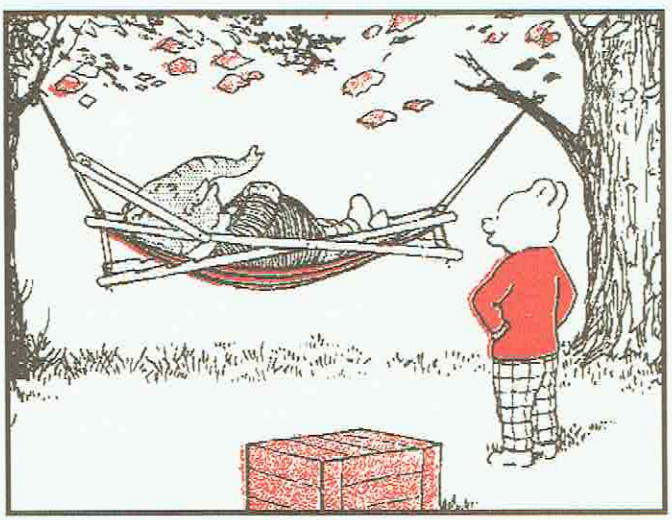
They strive until they're in despair
To make the thing look like a chair.



But Edward's leg gets in a slat,
And soon the pair fall over, flat.



"That chair," says Rupert, "is a fraud;
Let's make a hammock with this cord."

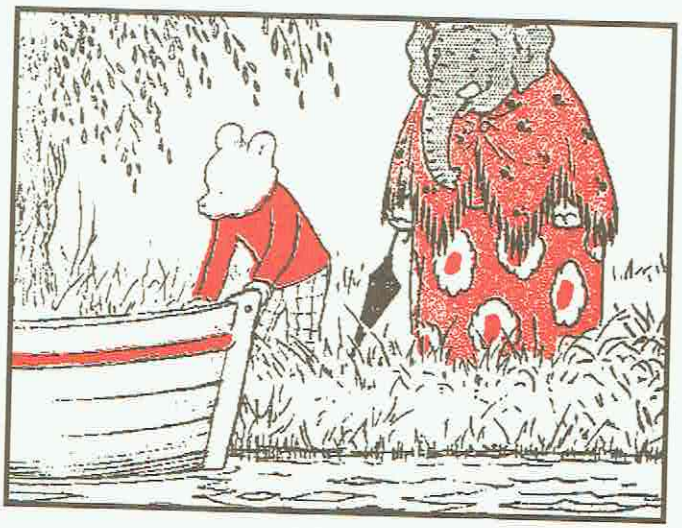


The chair between the trees they sling,
Then Edward gets in for a swing.

Alas! He is so very plump,
The boughs give way, and he falls - BUMP.

While Rupert's fishing one fine day,
Old Mother Jumbo comes his way.

She says she wants to cross the stream
So Rupert soon concocts a scheme.

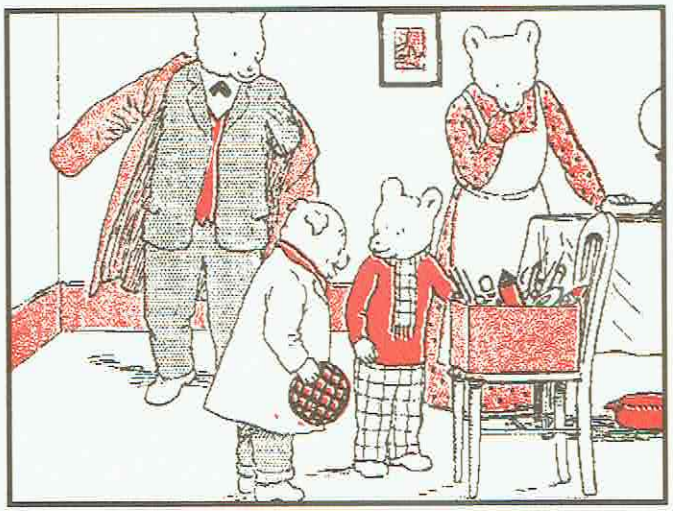


A boat is anchored by a tree;
Says Rupert, "Trust yourself to me."

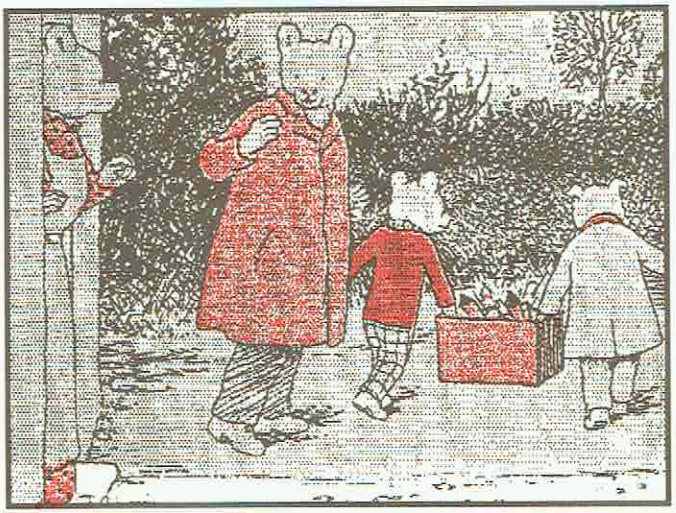
He ties the boat with knots most neat,
While Mother Jumbo takes her seat.

With her umbrella Rupert steers,
And praise sincere he proudly hears.

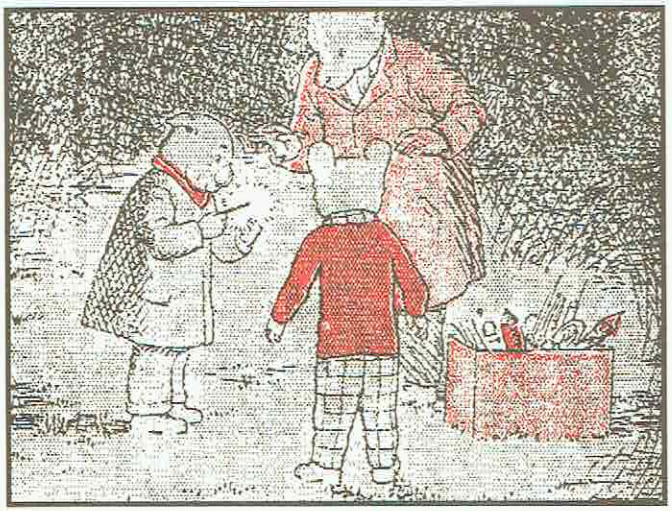
Then Mother Jumbo notes his skill
As home he pulls without a spill



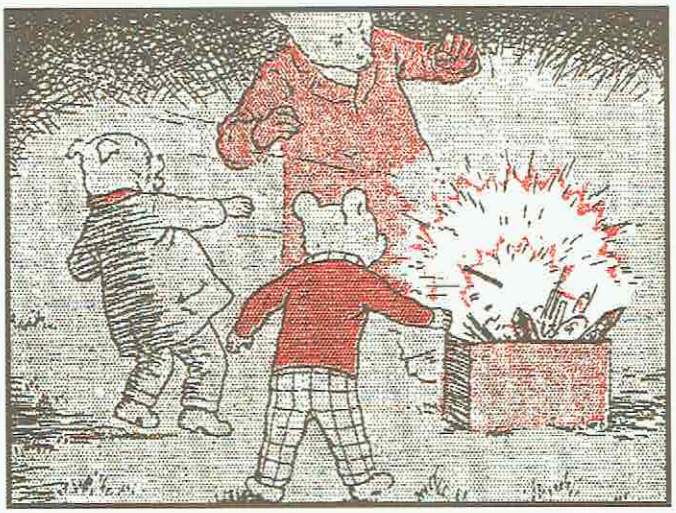
It's bonfire night, and Mr. Bear
Says Algy may their fireworks share.



They carry off with great delight
A packing-case of fireworks bright.



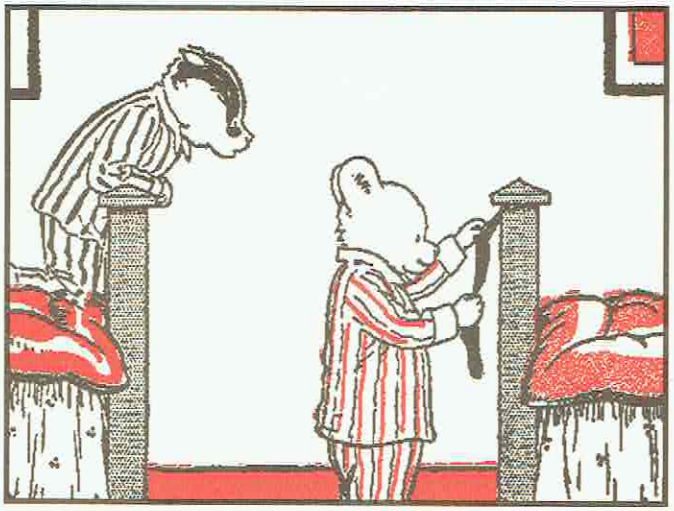
The little guest will have first go;
He's told to wave squibs to and fro.



It frightens him and so, distressed,
He drops his squib in all the rest.

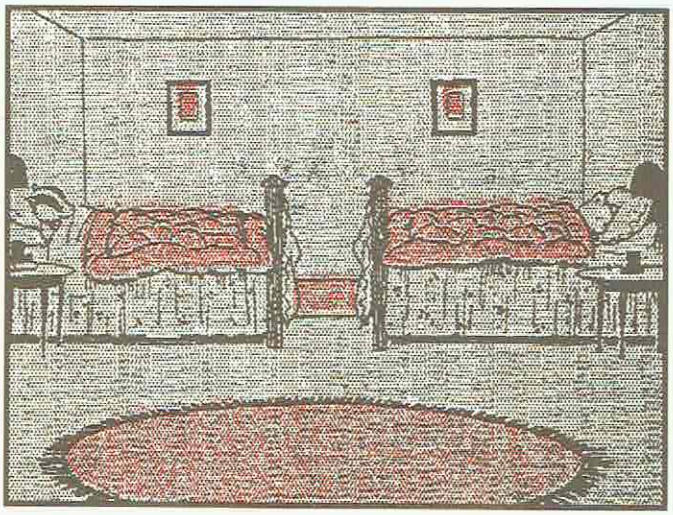
Bang! Bang! With fear the youngsters scream
As flames rush towards them in a stream.

Their looks give Mother twenty shocks,
Why *did* they stand so near the box?



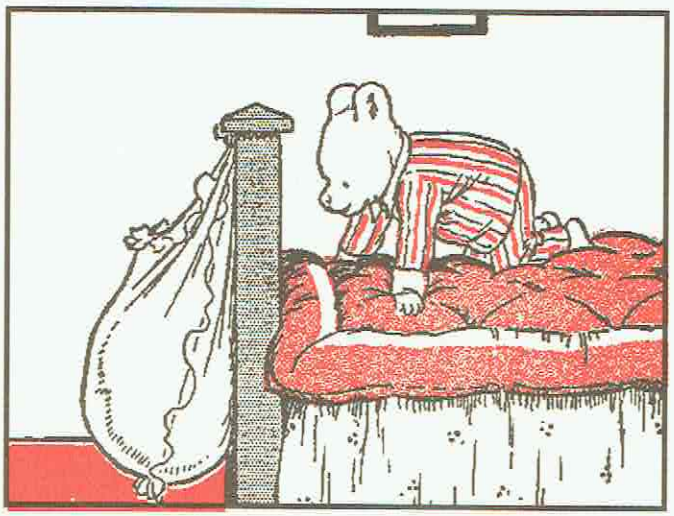
At Christmas, Bill, who's Rupert's guest
Thinks Christmas stockings need a rest.

He says they don't hold half enough
A pillow-case is just the stuff.



So Rupert says, "I'm sure you're right,"
Hangs up his case, puts out the light.

Soon Rupert wakens up because
He seemed to hear old Santa Claus



He switches on the light to see.
Yes! Santa's been! Oh, what a spree.

But what a shock! Bill's head appears.
"Hurrah! My trick's worked well," he jeers.

Follow RUPERT every morning

in the Daily Express

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