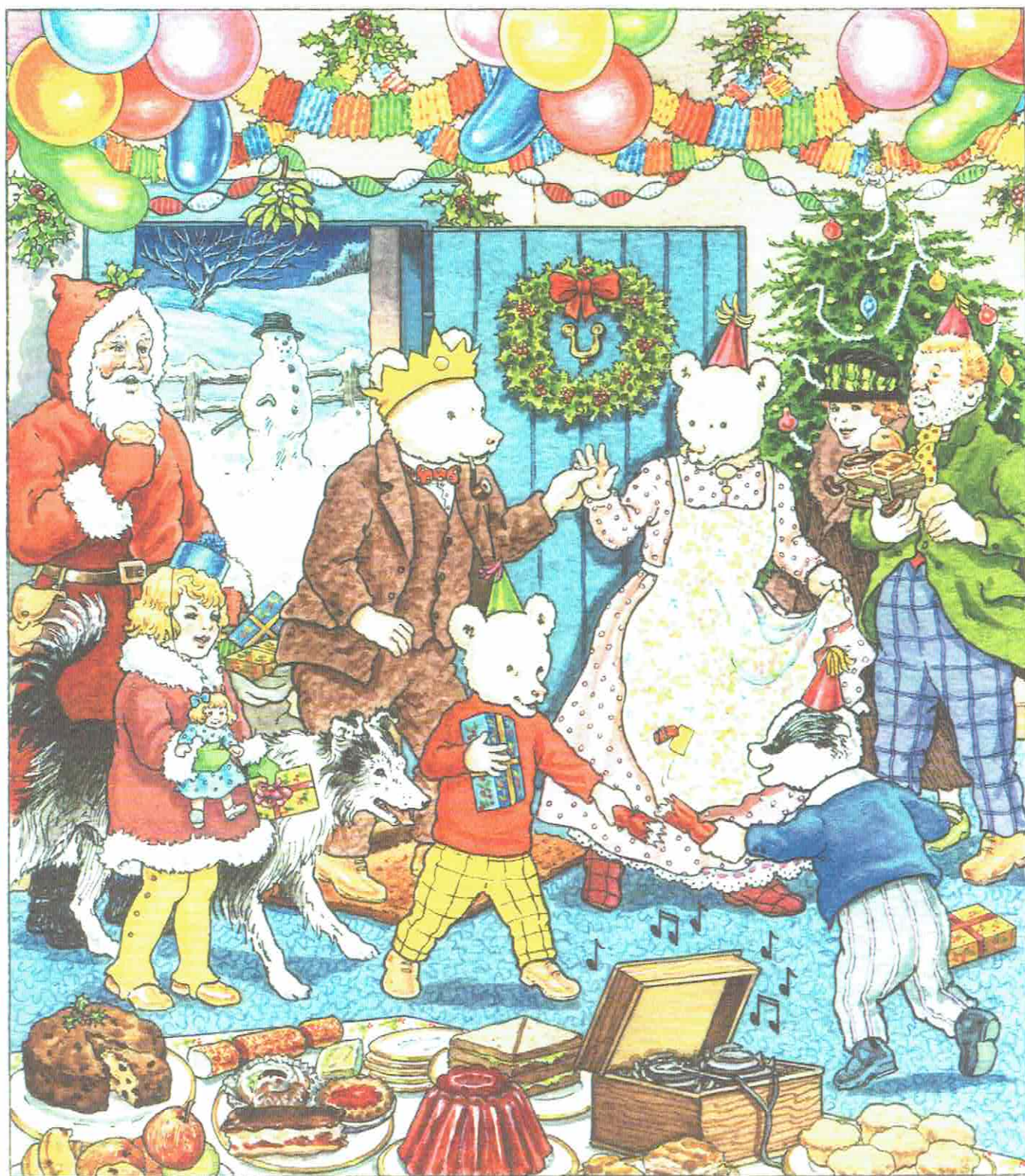


NUTWOOD



The Tourtel Reprints 5
"Rupert and the Snow Man" and "Rupert and Bingo"



Contents

Contents	3
Preface	3
Dedication	3
Rupert and the Snow Man	4
Rupert and Bingo	10

Preface

Another year, another Christmas Special, chums. Once again, we are mining the rich seam of Mary Tourtel's much mis-treated artwork and stories, with the added delight of Gina Hart's peerless colouring skills and original artwork for the cover, back page and half-headers, created especially to complement Mary's genteel and meticulous drawing skills. We have also followed the precedent set by the 2002 Christmas Special, re-writing the rhyming couplets in a more consistent and Annual-like format. As before, we have also included the original Tourtel text, in all its loosely-scanning glory, at the foot of the page.

These are delightfully seasonal stories, full of typically Ruperty snowy scenery, brought out as never before from these Tourtel originals by Gina's love of light and ability to create atmosphere. Look at the cold sky in the image on page 4, for example, or at the "night-time in the kitchen" scenes in "Rupert and the Snow Man" to see what we mean.

This Nutwood Special was planned by John Beck. The images were coloured by Gina Hart, who also painted the cover image, the "Follow Rupert" image and the "half-headers" that enhance the title pages of the two stories. Glynis Murray scanned the images, while Alan Murray laid out the Special and wrote the new rhyming couplets that sit, Annual-style underneath the story images.

Rupert, the "Little Lost Bear", made his first appearance on Monday, 8th November, 1920 in the Daily Express, representing that newspaper's desire to better the Daily Mail's "Pip, Squeak and Wilfred" and the Daily Sketch's "Uncle Oajah" as a children's favourite. The baggy-trousered bear has outlived them all and is still going strong, 84 years later. Rupert's creator was, of course, Mary Tourtel, born Mary Caldwell, at 52, Palace Street, Canterbury on 22nd January, 1874. At the time of Rupert's creation, Mary's husband, Herbert, was working as senior executive at the Express. Mary was already an established and successful children's book illustrator with a penchant for animals, pre-Rupert anthropomorphic characters, and intricate detail when depicting scenery and architecture. She wrote Rupert stories

and illustrated them (with a little help on the rhyming couplets from Herbert) for 15 years. Herbert died in 1931 and Mary was clearly heartbroken at the loss of the great love of her life. Although she moved to Llandrindod Wells after Herbert's death, presumably for a change of air and scenery, a combination of eye trouble and grief brought her illustrating career to an end in 1935, when Alfred Edmeades Bestall took up her illustrious mantle and Rupert developed once again. Mary lived for a further 13 years, but eventually succumbed, very suddenly, to a brain tumour.

It's very easy to forget, in the light of Alfred Bestall's genius, just how important Mary Tourtel was to the development of illustrated children's literature. Most adults and children think of Bestall's Rupert and his adventures that range from science fiction to fantasy, peppered with surrealism and comedy, as the quintessential Rupert. Without Mary Tourtel, however, Rupert would not be here, we would not be *Following* and the world would be a poorer place.

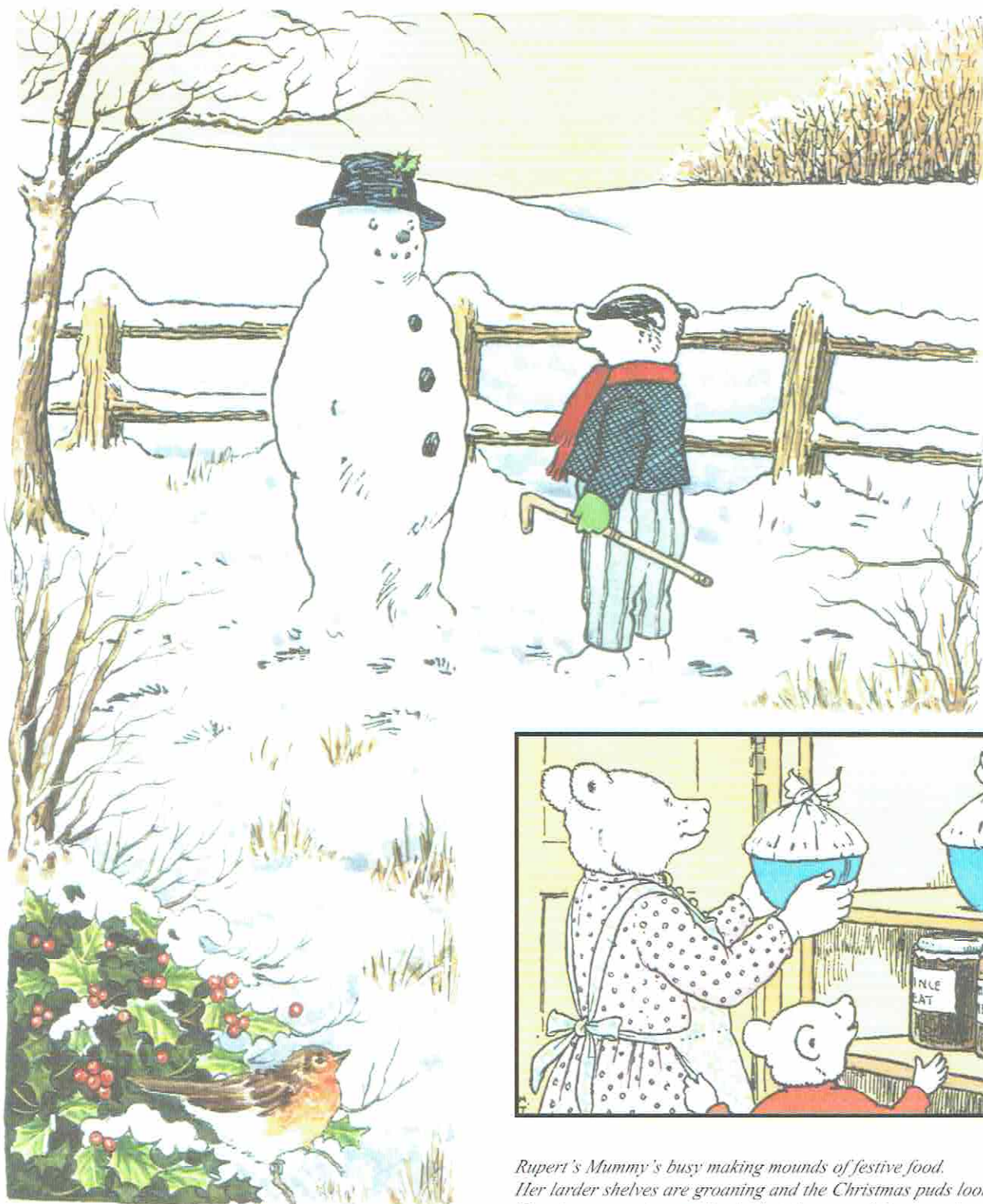
Rupert and the Snow Man (T21) first appeared in the Daily Express from the 1st to 24th December, 1924. *Rupert and Bingo* (T22) followed on from 21st December, 1924 to 23rd January, 1925. Both stories were repeated in a number of books, but were never repeated in the newspaper. I am grateful to John Beck, Phil Toze and Jane Lee for the use of their eagle eyes in proof-reading this "Special".

Alan Murray (Publications Officer)

Dedication

This Nutwood Special is dedicated to the memory of Follower Keith Richardson, who left a bequest to the *Followers* in his will, to help us to carry on our work, increasing enjoyment of Rupert and his world. We hope that Keith would have been pleased with this very practical use of his gift and that *Followers* everywhere gain enjoyment from the quality of publication that Keith's generosity has helped us to produce.

RUPERT AND THE SNOW MAN



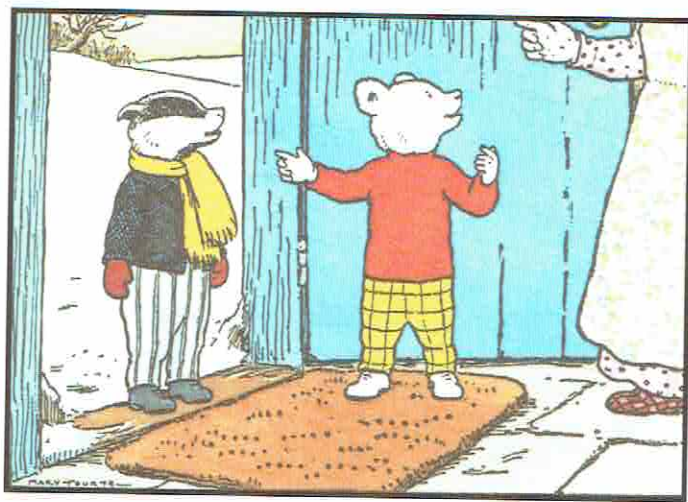
*Rupert's Mummy's busy making mounds of festive food.
Her larder shelves are groaning and the Christmas puds look good!
She always worries needlessly that there won't be enough,
So there's mincemeat, pies and lemon curd and several Plum Duff.*

Christmas is coming! Mrs Bear, you see, with worthy pride,
Has made her puddings, ready for that happy, jovial tide.

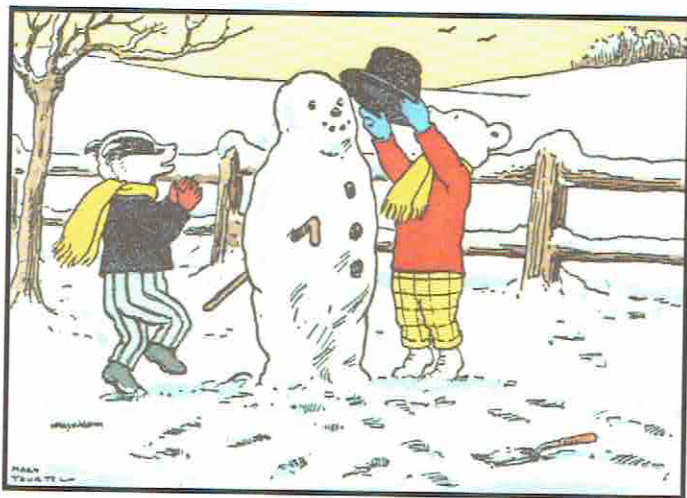
In her well-stocked larder they are stored. Rupert looks on with glee.
There are jars of mincemeat, lemon curd - for pies and tarts they'll be.

RUPERT AND THE SNOW MAN

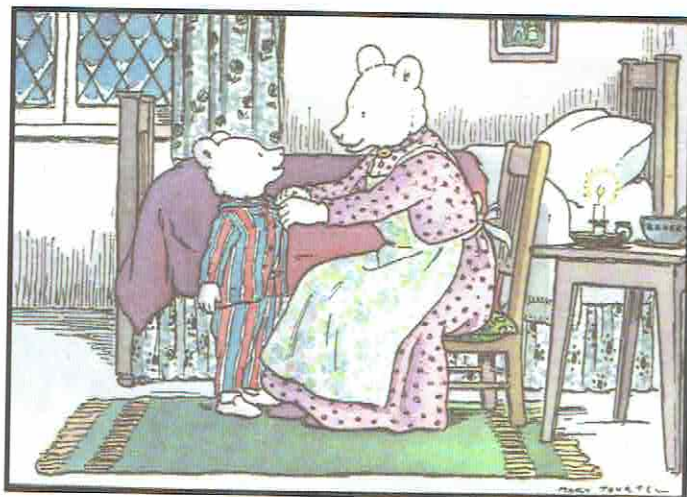
RUPERT AND BILL MAKE A SNOW MAN



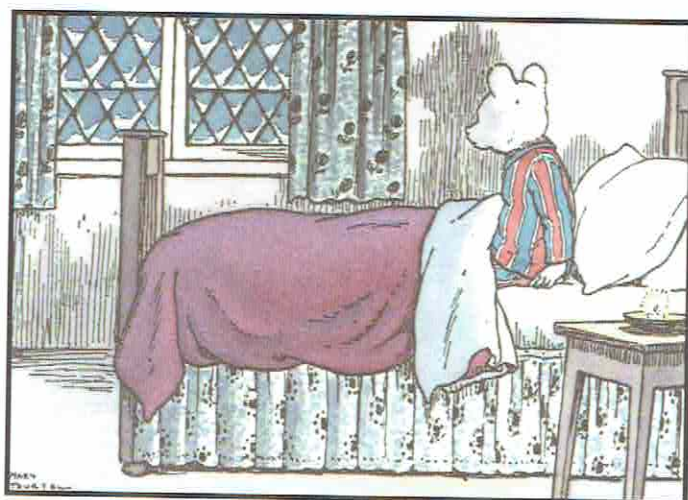
*Bill Badger comes to play with Rupert in the nice, new snow.
So Rupert asks his Mummy to agree that he may go.
Provided that he wraps up warmly, Mummy says he can.
So Bill and Rupert head outside to build a big snow man.*



*In scarves and gloves the chums set to and soon they're nearly done.
They're warm from working, even in the thin and wintry sun.
The Snow Man looks a jolly fellow, smiling, round and fat.
And to save him from a chill, he's got a rather natty hat.*



*That night, in warm and striped pyjamas, Rupert heads for bed,
With thoughts of Snow Men, fun and laughter ringing in his head.
It's still four weeks 'til Christmas, when Santa comes to call.
That seems a long, long time when you're excited, tired ... and small.*



*His cosy bed was warm, and Rupert in the Land of Nod,
When he heard Bill Badger's voice outside, which seemed distinctly odd!
He thought it was a dream, but almost jumped out of his bed
When he heard Bill's cheery voice again "Wake up, you sleepyhead!"*

A knock comes at the door. He runs and opens it to see Bill Badger there, "Rupert," he says, "Can you come out with me?" "Since the snow has come it will be fun to make a big Snow Man." "Oh, may I, Mummy?" Rupert asks, "Yes, dear" she says, "you can." Rupert and Bill set to at once; the work soon makes them warm. They heap and shovel up the snow, till the Snow Man takes his form. With stones for eyes and stones for teeth, they make him round and fat. And then at last when all is done, they crown him with a hat.

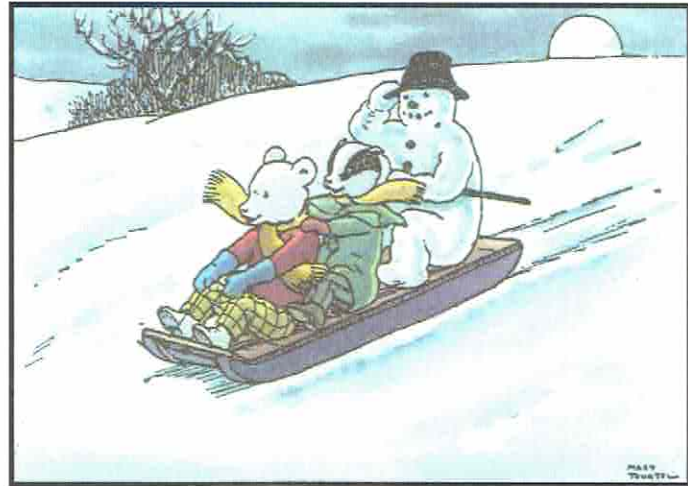
That evening after Bill went home, Rupert was going to bed: "How many weeks to Christmas now, Mummy?" he asked. She said: "Exactly four weeks from to-day." "What a long time," he sighed. "I'd like to have, from Santa Claus, a wireless set," he cried. His Mummy tucked him up in bed, and soon in slumber deep He dreamed that some one called his name and woke up from his sleep. It's "Rupert!" some one clearly calls below the window there; It sounds like Bill's voice. Once again - "Hi! Wake up, Little Bear!"

RUPERT AND THE SNOW MAN

BILL AND THE SNOW MAN TAKE RUPERT TO A PARTY



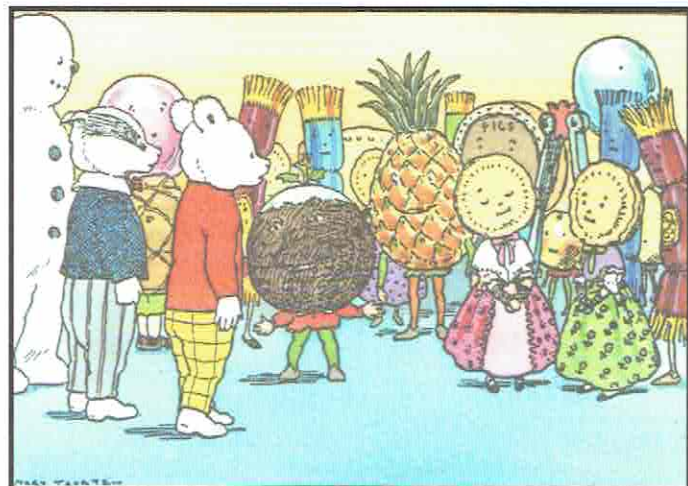
*He popped his head out of the window. Bill was standing near
With the jolly snowman, full of life and smiling, ear to ear.
"We're going to a party," said his chum, "a special one.
Put on your clothes, you sleepy bear, or you will miss the fun!"*



*So Rupert, wrapped up warmly, stepped out in the moonlit snow.
They climbed on to a sledge, the Snow Man cried "Away we go!";
With Rupert at the reins they zoomed off on the special sled.
And the Snow Man grabbed his hat to stop it blowing from his head.*



*When they reached the party house the Snow Man rose and stood
To doff his hat and greet their host - a smiling Christmas pud!
The portly pudding welcomed them, "Come in and join the throng.
You're better late than never! Now, what kept you for so long?"*



*The party crowd was odd - Balloons and Little Miss Mince Pies,
Fruit and Crackers, Puddings, they could not believe their eyes!
They stood there, quite dumbfounded and could only gape and stare
At the party guests, who also seemed to be the party fare!*

To the window Rupert goes. There's Bill; with him the Snow Man, too.
"Oh, what a job we've had," they said, "Rupert, in waking you."
"Quick! Dress yourself, and hurry down and join us here outside.
We're going to a party now - the three of us," Bill cried.
Then Rupert finds himself outside: He sees a lovely sleigh.
"You sit in front, then Bill, then me," he hears the Snow Man say.
"They're waiting for us. Hold on tight. Are you ready? Off we go!"
The sleigh starts forward down the hill, and dashes o'er the snow.

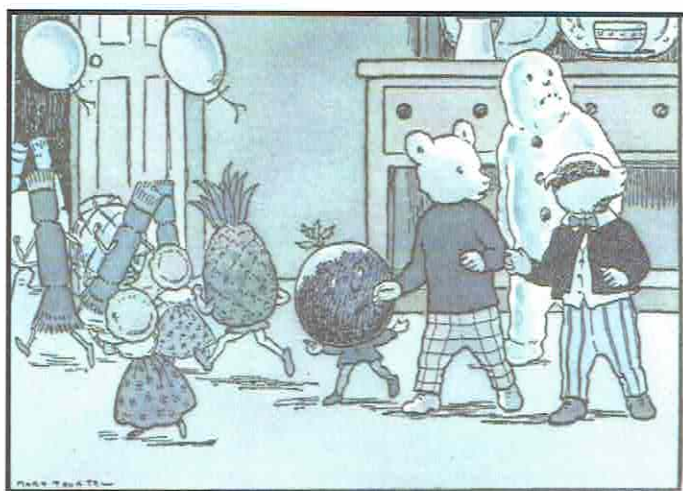
They stopped at length before a house; Rupert's amazed to see
A Christmas Pudding at the door, "I'm glad you've come," says he.
He looked so jolly, round and fat, receiving them in state.
"Dear Snow Man and your friends, you're welcome, though you're late."
The Christmas Pudding leads the way down to the kitchen, where
There surely is the strangest crowd, thought Bill and Little Bear.
The Pudding introduces them to the Pretty Miss Mince Pies,
And Crackers, Pineapple, Balloons - "And now for games!" he cries.

RUPERT AND THE SNOW MAN

THE PARTY-GOERS ARE CHASED AWAY BY THE COOK



*Then the games began, from Fox and Geese to Blind Man's Buff.
The party pies and cruckers simply couldn't get enough!
The Snow Man stood aside from them and tried to keep his cool
For fear that he would turn into some pebbles and a pool!*



*Then suddenly a step was heard. "It's Cook!", the pudding cried.
"Let's get into the larder. It's time for us to hide."
They put the light out, shut the door and no-one made a sound.
For awful things might happen if their festive fun was found.*



*Alas, the cook and kitchen-maid came through the kitchen door,
With a poker as a weapon, they stood gazing round the floor.
But not a burglar could be seen, to bash upon the head.
"It's your imagination, Cook", the kitchen-maid said.*



*When Cook drew back the larder door, the Mince Pies held their breath.
The bold Snow Man went "Boo!" and almost scared her half to death!
His face was white, his eyes were black, but what shook Cook the most
Was that she was quite convinced that she had met the larder ghost!*

Then fast and furious was the fun. And lots of games they play,
From Blind Man's Buff to Fox and Geese, and forfeits they must pay.
The Snow Man has to stand aside and seek the coolest spot,
For well he knows that he would melt if he got really hot.
But what's that sound? They hear a step; the stairs begin to creak.
Cook's heard them. Down she comes the cause of all that noise to seek.
"Quick! Quick!" the Christmas Pudding cries, "Put out the light and hide!
Come to the larder: there is room for all of us inside."

Cook opened cautiously the door and peeps and peers within.
All's silent. Naught there can she see that could have caused that din.
She grips a poker and she holds her candle high to look,
While the kitchen-maid, behind her says: "'Twas all your fancy, Cook."
Straight to the larder goes the Cook, and, opening the door,
She stops - for something all in white comes rising from the floor.
Cook dropped the poker in her fright. "A Ghost! A Ghost!" she cried:
Then turned and fled, and with the maid ran upstairs, terrified.

RUPERT AND THE SNOW MAN

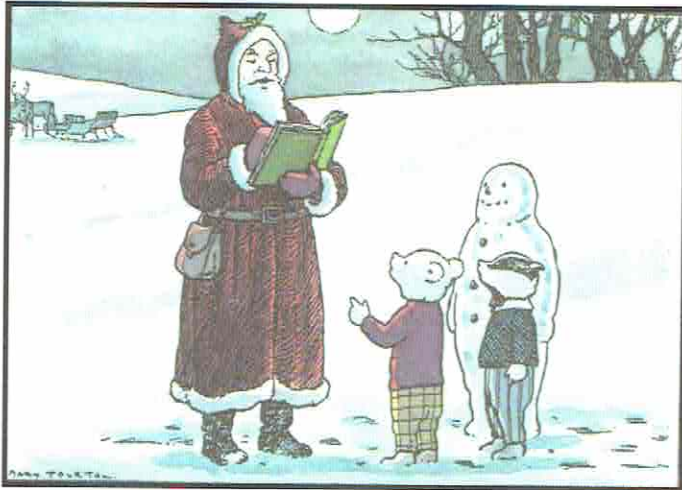
RUPERT TRIPS ON FATHER CHRISTMAS' PRESENT LISTS!



*The Cook had run away, so Bill and Rupert followed suit.
With their new friend, the Snow Man bold, 'til Rupert caught his boot
On something sticking in the snow, and when he turned to look
He saw, to his surprise, that he had stumbled on a book!*



*When Rupert scrambled up again, and dusted off his ears,
He heard the voice of Santa Claus, "I'm glad you're here, my dears.
I've lost the book in which I look to find my Christmas list.
Without it, I will never know whose presents I have missed!"*



*So Rupert went and pulled the book out of the snowy ground.
"Look, Santa. When I came a cropper, this is what I found!"
Old Father Christmas smiled and laughed. "Your little trip" he cried,
"Was just a cloud that had a silver lining tucked inside!"*



*The Snow Man, Bill and Rupert climbed on Father Christmas' sleigh
And, wrapped in warm and furry rugs, they all were whisked away
By Santa's trusty reindeer, with the moonlight on their backs
To help to pile the toys for girls and boys into their sacks.*

Next minute, Rupert finds himself with Bill and the Snow Man Outside the house, running away as fast as e'er they can. "Come on," they call, and Rupert runs till headlong does he go, And finds he's fallen o'er a book half-hidden in the snow. Soon Rupert, on his feet again, after the others ran. To find the Snow Man talking to a kind-looking old man. "Why, it's Father Christmas," Rupert thought, and when he heard him say He'd lost a book - "Wait" Rupert said, "It is not far away."

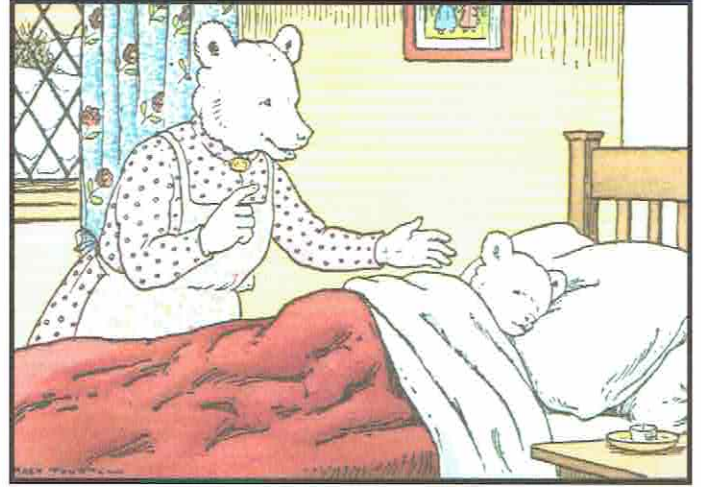
Then back came Rupert with the book. "That's it," Father Christmas cried. "It tells me where I have to leave my gifts this Christmastide. "Tell me your name and your young friend's." Clear directions Rupert gives For fear that he might fail to find exactly where each lives. "Come," Father Christmas said, "with me to where I store my toys, And help me fill my sacks with gifts for all the girls and boys." Tucked in his sleigh in great fur rugs they rush on hrough the night, O'er vast untrodden plains of snow under the Moon's bright light.

RUPERT AND THE SNOW MAN

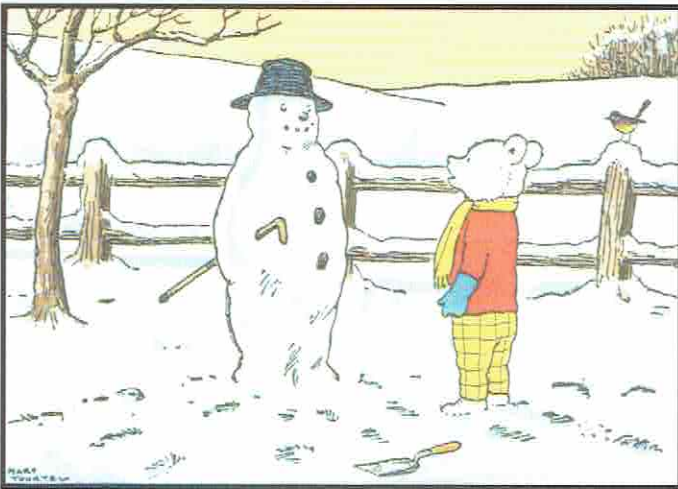
RUPERT'S DREAM COMES TRUE: A NEW RADIO



*They stuffed the sacks with ducks, and tracks for model trains to ride.
A teddy bear, a box with ten tin soldiers tucked inside.
With all those toys to pack into a sack - the time wore on
'Till, tired and weary, Bill and his chum Rupert must be gone.*



*As if by magic, Rupert Bear was in his cosy bed,
With dreams of Snow Men, toys and Santa glowing in his head.
"Wake up, you lazy, dozy boy!", said Mummy Bear.
"It's far too nice a day to be just lying, snoring there!"*



*When Rupert went to visit Snow Man, standing in the snow,
He didn't say a thing to Rupert, but he seemed to know
Of Bill and Rupert's trip to Santa's Grotto in the night,
His face set in a cheeky grin that said "I know alright!"*



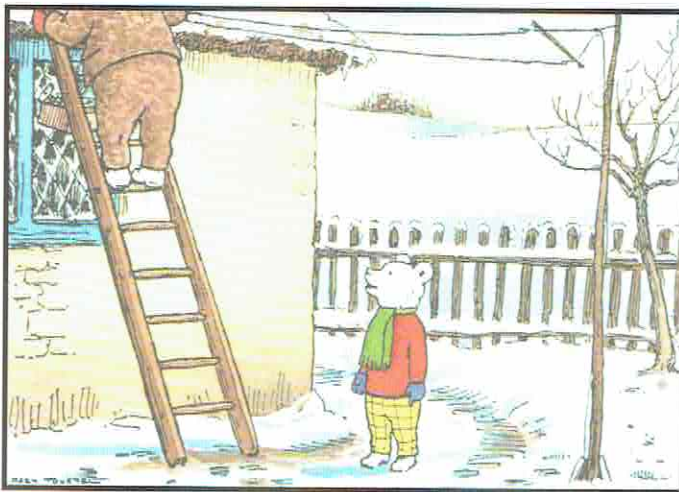
*On Christmas morning, Rupert Bear came leaping from his bed
And clamped a set of headphones to his ears, around his head.
"Oh thank you Santa, this has been the finest Christmas yet.
The book I found helped you remember my new wireless set!"*

At length they reach the place wherein Father Christmas keeps his store.
Neither Bill nor Rupert e'er had seen so many toys before.
"Now, bustle up," said he, "for we have such a lot to do."
Gladly both Bill and Rupert work, the Snow Man helping, too.
While Rupert in his dream still seems to be helping with the toys,
His mother comes. She says: "Wake up! It's late for little boys
To be in bed on this fine morn." But still in Dreamland yet
He murmurs: "Father Christmas, please, my wireless don't forget."

That morning after breakfast-time Rupert went out to see
The Snow Man. Yes he still stood there - the very same, thought he.
Then Rupert told him of his dream, of the party and the book:
Although he answered not a word he had a knowing look.
When Christmas morning comes at last, Rupert wonders what he'll find.
Oh joy! There is a wireless set, and of the newest kind.
He sprang up from his bed at once to try the head-phones on.
"Oh, Father Christmas, thanks," he said, "for such a lovely one".

THE END

RUPERT AND BINGO



*Rupert has a radio, a gift from Santa Claus
And Daddy must put up a wire and aerial, because
They haven't yet been able to receive a single sound.
Daddy climbs the ladder, while Rupert hangs around!*

Daddy's putting up the aerial for Rupert's wireless set
Which Father Christmas left for him; and soon they hope to get
All that's broadcasted far and near; They will enjoy it so,
For neither Dad nor Rupert yet have listened-in, you know.



*As Daddy tidies up his tools and clammers off the roof
A lonely dog pads into view and gives a mournful "Woof":
Its lead is snapped, its face is sad. "Look Daddy!", Rupert cries
"That dog has lost his owner. See the poor thing's frightened eyes."*

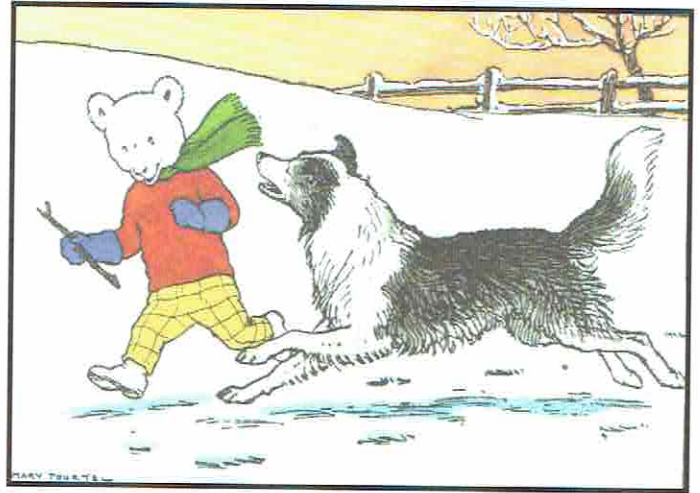
Dad's work is finished; down he climbs. Rupert's still looking on:
When suddenly he sees a dog - so lonely, woe-begone-
Creep round the corner of the house. "Look Daddy," Rupert said.
"At that poor dog. I'm sure that he is either lost or strayed."

RUPERT AND BINGO

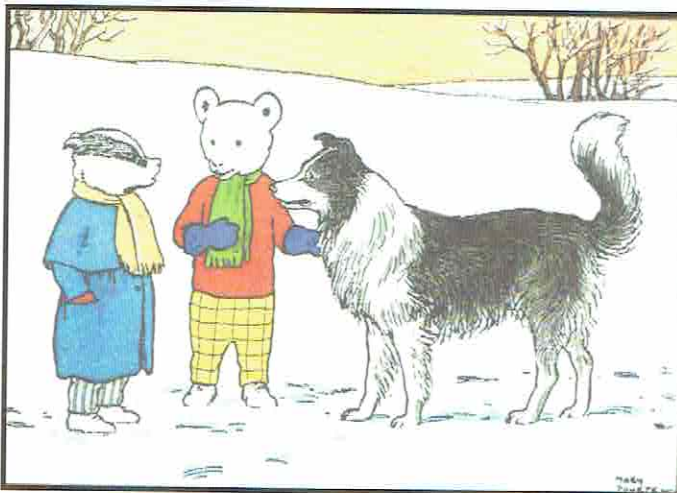
RUPERT, BILL AND BINGO PLAY IN THE SNOW



"I'm sure that Mummy Bear will give him food," said Rupert's Dad. And sure enough, some meat and bones and milk made him less sad! "I wonder what the name is," Rupert wondered, "of this pup?" He guessed, and called him "Bingo", and the dog's ears pricked right up!



With Bingo feeling full and warm, and ready for the day, They ran out in the snow and frost, to exercise and play. Rupert found a stick to throw. The dog had found a friend But trouble was in store for them before this story's end!



But in the meantime, Rupert's friend, the Badger, wandered up. So Rupert introduced his old chum Bill to his new foundling pup. "Let's run to my house", Rupert cried, "and we can have some fun! I've got a brand new radio, a rather splendid one!"



As they were running home, they passed a sheet of solid ice. "A frozen pond!", cried Rupert. "Follow me, it does look nice!" So Bingo and Bill Badger ran behind, while Rupert led. To slide at speed. He took no heed of what could be ahead.

"Give him," said kindly Father Bear, "some drink, and food to eat: Ask Mother, she is sure to have bones or some scraps of meat." So Rupert fed the poor stray dog. He did not know its name, But called him Bingo. Soon he found he answered to the same.

Then down the road Bill Badger came. He's so surprised to see Rupert with Bingo. "Why, what's this? You've got a dog," said he. "Yes," Rupert said, "he wandered in; I've lots to tell you yet: Come home with me - what do you think? I've got a wireless set."

When Bingo had been fed and brushed and rested - "Come, old boy," Said Rupert, "we'll go for a run." He barked and jumped for joy. How merrily they raced along! Then Rupert got a stick And threw it. "Hi, good dog," he said. "Go fetch it, Bingo, quick!"

One their way home, they pass a pond. "Oh, look, Bill," Rupert cried, "At that fine, lovely sheet of ice - it's just the place to slide." On rushes Rupert, Bill comes too, and Bingo scampers after Barking with joy; while through the air rings out their merry laughter.

RUPERT AND BINGO

BRAVE BINGO SAVES RUPERT'S LIFE



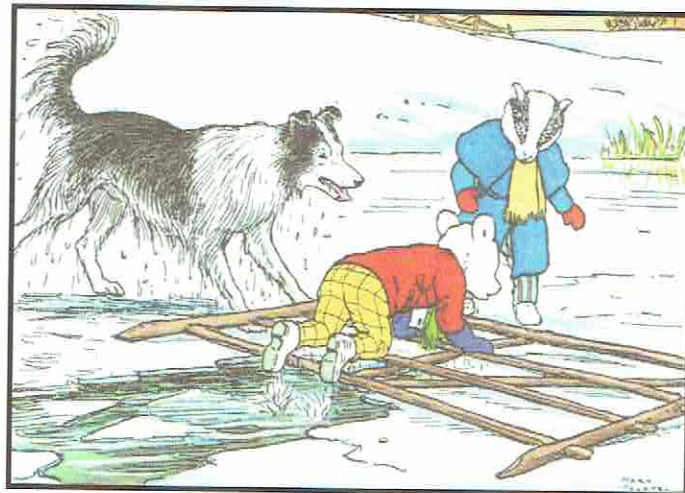
*Now, you and I know better than to trust to unknown ice.
But Rupert was excited and was on it in a trice.
He didn't spot the danger of the ominous dark mark
And in an instant, he was in the water, cold and dark.*



*The freezing water took his breath away. He thrashed around.
Poor Bill stood, quite dumbfounded, scared to stray from solid ground.
But Bingo raced, surefooted, and with not a single care,
To leap into the freezing water, next to Rupert Bear.*



*Brave Bingo paddled long and hard to save poor Little Bear
While Bill dragged some old fencing down to throw the struggling pair.
Would he get there in time? Or would they meet a chilly end?
It made Bill's heart run cold to see his frightened, drowning friend.*



*He made it just in time and Rupert staggered up to Bill.
Quite frozen to the bone and feeling frightened, weak and ill.
But still alive and ready for a welcome cup of tea.
But for Bingo and for Bill, where would poor Rupert be?*

The ice looks firm; it's nice and smooth. Away they slide and run.
While, eager Bingo goes ahead, enjoying, too, the fun.
When Rupert's halfway o'er the pond, he sees a great big crack.
Beneath his feet - the ice gives way before he can turn back.
In a second Rupert's fallen in that water, icy cold;
He clutched and struggled, but nowhere could he get any hold.
Bill stood dumbfounded, but the dog saw Rupert where he splashed,
And, like an arrow from the bow, straight to his rescue dashed.

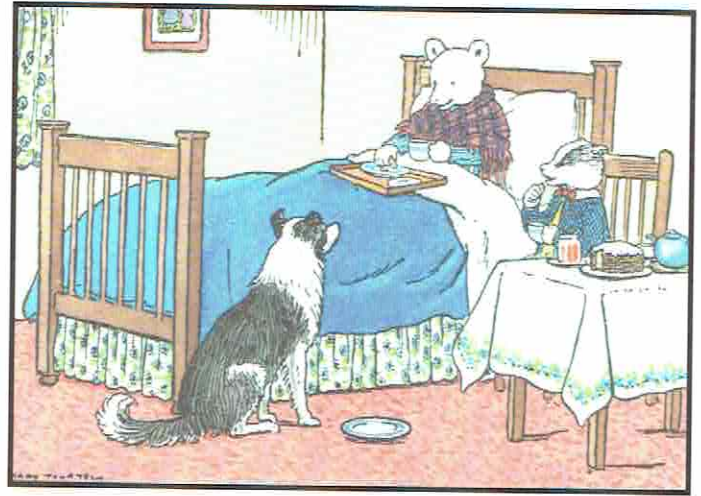
Bingo gripped Rupert - held him up. "Hold him," cried Bill, "while I will bring a hurdle here, and then to get him out we'll try."
Bingo got Rupert to the edge, up which he could not climb.
Bill drags a hurdle from the fence - Oh, will he be in time?
Bill puts the hurdle o'er the break. Half-frozen, Little Bear
Climbs from the water. Bingo, too, scrambles out, and, standing there,
With panting breath and hanging tongue, watches his little friend.
Who, but for Bingo's bravery, might there have met his end.

RUPERT AND BINGO

WILL BINGO LIVE AT RUPERT'S HOUSE?



*Though freezing, Rupert ran for home, and when he made the door
Poor Mother Bear was terrified and feared what was in store.
Her soggy son was shivering.. Said she, "No need to cry!
Warm clothing and a cup of tea. Let's get you warm and dry!"*



*So Rupert Bear was tucked into a warm and cosy bed.
With tea and cake and bread and jam, the chilly chums were fed.
And very soon, their mood was changed from fear to food and fun.
And Rupert knew that with such friends, he was the lucky one.*



*Next day, recovered from his nasty shock and cold surprise,
Poor Rupert Bear could not believe his own astonished eyes.
When a dog-thief tried to steal poor Bingo back to hit him more.
In an instant, Rupert grabbed the frightened dog and slammed the door.*



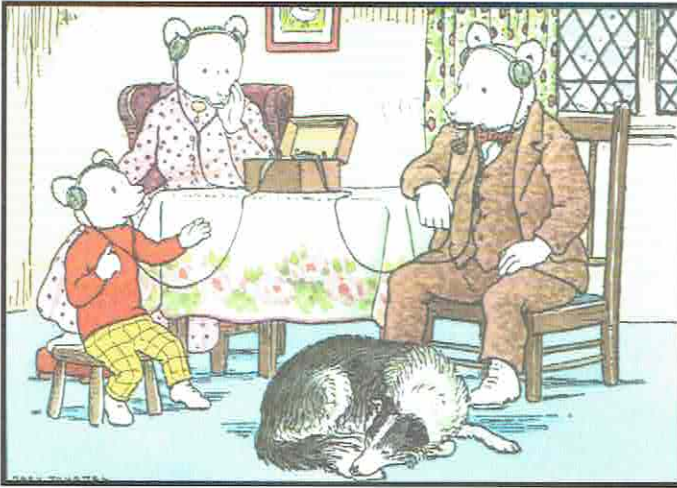
*When Rupert told his Daddy of the man outside the door,
Mr. Bear was livid, and let out an angry roar!
His face was red, his breath was quick, his angry eyes did shine.
"Clear off, or I will punch your nose and dial 999!"*

They hurry homeward. Mother Bear had from her doorway seen
The three come running. "Why," she cried, "Wherever have you been?"
For he's still dripping wet. They tell what happened. "Quick," she said.
"Off with your clothes, and in you get at once to a warm bed."
Mummy wrapped him in a nice, warm shawl, and said: "Now, here you stay,
Or else you'll have a dreadful cold." Then down she went straightway,
And soon brought up a lovely tea for Bill and Rupert there.
Oh how they did enjoy themselves - and Bingo had his share.

Next morning Rupert, now quite well, with Bingo went to play,
When "Hi! That's my dog you've got there," he heard a gruff voice say.
Poor Bingo trembled. 'Twas the man who'd stolen him before.
Rupert ran quickly with the dog inside, and shut the door.
"Oh, Daddy, Daddy, there's a man wants Bingo," Rupert cried.
Father went quickly to the door and saw the tramp outside.
Oh how astonished was that thief when he saw Father there.
"Clear off, or I'll fetch the police." Said angry Father Bear.

RUPERT AND BINGO

BINGO GOES HOME TO HIS FAMILY



*That evening all the bears sat down to hear the radio,
When a story of a dog was told, and Daddy Bear said "Oh!
That collie dog that's lost is Bingo! Now, what we must do
Is to write his owners straightaway to fetch their dog from you."*



*A heavy-hearted Rupert braved the snow to post a note.
"Your Bingo is quite safe and well," is what his Daddy wrote.
"I'm sorry to be losing him, as are my son and wife.
He is a fine and friendly dog who saved our Rupert's life."*



*Next day, a knock comes on the door. It's Bingo's family.
And Bingo's joy that they are back is very plain to see.
He runs to meet them, full of fun. He wants to sport and play.
But for Rupert and his Mummy, it's a sad and gloomy day.*



*The lady says that Rupert Bear should visit his new friend.
And have a cup of tea. It looks just like a happy end.
But Rupert can't help feeling it would not have ended so.
If Father Christmas had not brought his nice new radio!*

That evening, Rupert listened-in, Mummy and Daddy too,
To all the music, tales and news. Then came a message through.
"Stolen or strayed, a collie dog; if found, please write straightway."
An address they gave, and said they'd fetch their dog without delay.
It must be Bingo, they all thought, when the message came that night;
Then Father said: "To that address of course we'll have to write."
Next morning, Rupert went to post the letter, sad at heart:
For he knew if Bingo were the dog they soon would have to part.

Next day a knock came at the door. Mother opens it to see
A lady with a little girl: "Where is the dog?" asked she.
No need to ask if 'twas her dog, for with a joyous bound
He leaps to greet his mistress dear, so glad that he is found.
The lady thanks them gratefully and says her car she'll send
For Rupert when he'd like to come and see his faithful friend.
So Rupert watches Bingo leave, with sadness and regret:
It almost made him wish that he ne'er had that wireless set.

THE END





Follow RUPERT every day in the Daily Express

Nutwood is a non-profit making periodical, compiled and published for The Followers of Rupert. Original Rupert text and illustrations are © Express Newspapers plc, whose permission to reproduce here is acknowledged gratefully.

Nutwood is produced by, published by and © The Followers of Rupert, 2004. Permission to reproduce any part of this Nutwood Special must be obtained from The Secretary, John Beck, 29, Mill Road, Lewes, East Sussex, BN7 2RU. (Tel/Fax 01273 480339). Web page www.rupertthebear.org.uk, Rupert Characters © & ™ Express Newspapers plc. Printed by Beacon Press, Uckfield, East Sussex

