

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE ONLY

—But Grown-ups May Listen



"FUMBOMBO," The Last of the Dragons

[If you are no longer of an age when dragons interest you, don't bother to read this. But we leave you to decide for yourself whether that age is 15 or 50.]

OLD KING COLE is a friend of yours. Naturally. A jolly old soul. But not half as jolly as King Oliver. And he certainly didn't have a dragon. Not that the dragon belonged to King Oliver, mind you. He merely gave it board and lodging. It was the Princess Rosana's dragon, and its name was Fumbombo.

You should listen to the story of Fumbombo. They're going to broadcast it from 2YA every Wednesday in the Children's Session, starting on June 27. It's a real Fairyland story, written by W. Graeme Holder, who died recently. You'll laugh at Fumbombo, but you'll fall in love with this little dragon. At least, it was little when Princess Rosana found it, but it soon grew. Dragons are like that. If you want to keep a dragon, you must have a big garden with a cave in it. That's where King Oliver stabled Fumbombo, when he grew too big to wander about the palace. To tell the truth, Fumbombo was always rather a nuisance indoors, even when he was little. He would get so hot. Dragons breathe fire, you know.

Princess Rosana, who was the daughter of King Oliver and Queen Maud, found Fumbombo when she was coming home from school one day. She heard a sort of mewing behind some rocks, and there was this queer little creature climbing out of a great big egg. She didn't like to leave him there—he looked so helpless—so she popped him into her basket, and took him home to the palace. Queen Maud, of course—as mothers always do—wanted to throw him away. But King Oliver was rather taken by the little fellow.

They tried him with a bowl of milk. Fumbombo lapped it up like a cat. But suddenly there was a sort of hissing, bubbling noise. The dragon had begun to boil! It was all that fire inside him of

course. They didn't know how to put him out. You can't put a dragon out, that's well known. They picked him up—very carefully, to avoid touching his red-hot nose—and put him on the window sill to cool down. But that didn't do much good because he melted the paint and stuck to it. In his struggles, he fell off and landed slap in the water down below. But that wasn't a bad thing, as in no time the water in the butt was

steaming and boiling, and King Oliver was able to have a splendid hot bath.

That was just the beginning of Fumbombo's adventures. And there are lots of other people in the story besides Fumbombo. There's Prince Yubinko, the hateful man whom Rosana has got to marry, and there's Roderick, the gardener's handsome boy, with whom she falls in love. And there's Aunt Tabitha, and last, there is the brigand.

Graeme Holder wrote a great many plays, which have been heard on the air in New Zealand and in other countries thousands of miles from here, but it is doubtful if he ever wrote anything quite so delightful as "Fumbombo, the Last of the Dragons."

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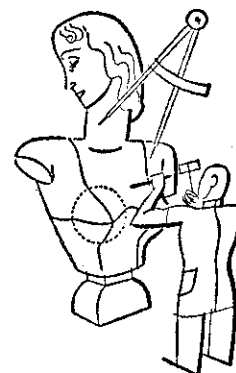
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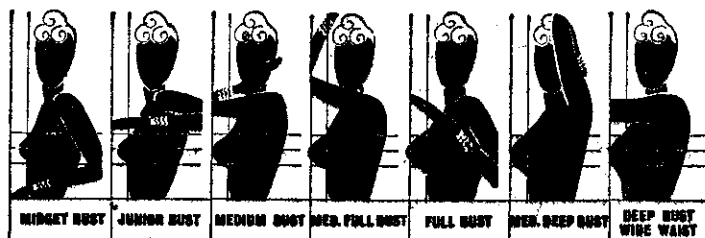


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