





The Journey
of
Bangwell Pitt
By
Marianna

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This is No. ²⁹⁸.....

Marianne



all the characters
in this book are
real. They live
in American
Museums, on Chairs
on rugs painted
chests, pamphlets
and pictures





Bangwell Putt
is almost one
hundred and
thirty years old.



I have
no name



my name
is Adolphus

2

when she was young
she may have been
silly and gay.

She may have
kept late hours
and never gotten
to bed till quite
a while after
dark.



She may
have smoked
a pipe

She may
have used
lip stick

She may
have been
a perfect
angel

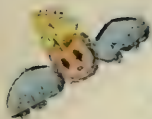


I really do not know
But

I do know that she belonged ³
to a little blind girl named
Clarissa Field and that for
80 years Bangwell Putt
and Clarissa lived happily
together.



and
to live happily
for so long a
time with some
one else there
must be
love.



So I think that



4

Clarissa must have
loved Banguell Putt
and that Banguell
Putt must have loved
Clarissa.



wonder if
I'm pretty

then
after a long and
pleasant life in

Clarissa's white house
(with an elm tree in front)

5

Bangwell Putt went to
live in a little museum
in

DEERFIELD



Now here
is Adolphus
again. His
home is on
a rug. He
will keep
coming in

there

she sat
next to
a fat
velvet
horse



He
was
kind

6

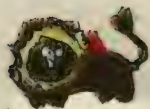
but he could only say

Huff
and some-
times Wuff
or Puff



So life
was not
exciting!

But Bangwell
Putt had her memories



I live on
a chair



the one
without
a name
is here
again
do not
know
where
his home
is



One
night she
saw a new

MOON

out of the
window

and



she made a wish

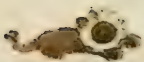
8

The very next day
some one took her
down and dusted
her off and put
her in a



BOX
marked

CHRISTMAS LOAN
EXHIBITION
OF
OLD AND RARE OBJECTS



Ah ha

said Bangwell Putt
my wish is coming
true!

9

I am going to travel
and have adventures "



"perhaps I shall meet
some gentleman "

So

she
went
led up hill and down dale until



10
at last

Some one took her
gently out
and said



"How
quaint"

and
sat
her
up

"She is not
at all elegant"

between two beautiful
ladies who whispered

"who is this
person?"

"her figure
is terrible"



tried not to care

She looked at a
picture on the wall
of



“

The City of NEW YORK
“ in
North America

and
tried to
keep thinking

“I am
in IT”

12

But

it did not help much



Bongwell Pratt
did
care

and
she said
to herself

" I
do
not
like

the City of New York in North America

I
wish
I were
not in
IT

I
wish
I were
back in
Deerfield "



Late one afternoon she
heard a little boy say
"this is Christmas
Eve!"

then
it grew
dark and
all was still



Bangwell
Putt thought
"children
are hanging
up their
stockings
this minute"



she began
softly to
sniffle

and



SUDDENLY

she
heard a queer
little sound



tipity tip bump-bump
slipity slip thump thump

and there
right in front
of her
was
a

handsome Hessian
Soldier
riding
a



curious little horse

at least
in front he
was a horse

But
behind he looked
rather like a

SNAIL

The Hessian Soldier
was saying
"I am come for
to fetch Mistress
Bangwell Pett
to the BALL

15

Here



a comb for to put
in your hair and
slippers for to dance
in." Bangwell Pett
trembled with delight

16

she put



the slippers

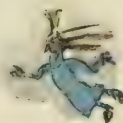


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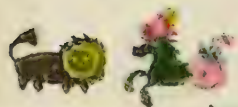
on her feet

the comb
in her hair

She thought
to herself
"Could this be
the gentleman
I have been
dreaming of?"



Then
the Hessian Soldier
said "Please to mount
upon my Snail m'am"



my name
is Charlemagne pleased
to meet you

But

at that the horse burst into tears



"I'm a horse
I'm a horse"
He sobbed

it
seems
he had
asked
everyone
to call
him Horse
and to
forget
the snail
behind



C. and his
guardian
Angel



a lost
sheep named
Matilda

But no
one did

The Hessian Soldier was
very matter of fact and

he SHOUTED

You're a
SNAIL
too!



ALAS
thought
Bangwell
Putt we
will never
get to the
BALL

so
she
said
to the soldier



"could not he be called
Horseandsnail?"

that seemed to help
so
B. Putt



I'm sure
I don't
know
what he
can see
in her"
said the
doll in
satin.



climbed up behind
the Hessian Soldier

and
off
they
started



tip-
ity tip
bump bump
slipity slip
thump thump



Shepherd
looking for
Matilda

Sometimes the Snail
went first



and they had
to get off and
turn round

Sometimes he
turned round.





they went around corners



they
passed
Adolphus
but he
did not
speak



they passed
the one
without
a name
He said
Whooo
oooo

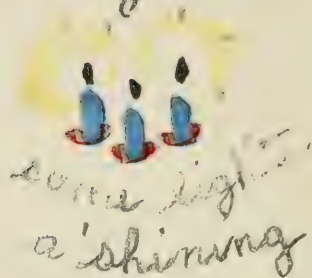


and down dark halls



once they
thought they
saw a lion

till
they saw



on
a



little tree

it was a strange
little tree

it
had



birds

and



flowers on
it



and
an angel

who

came down
and introduced
them

and
said



"This is Cinderella
and the Prince."

But

at that the Hessian Soldier
frowned and said
"Tut tut, name is Pett
first name Bangwell."



He
 did not seem to mind
 being called a Prince
 himself but he was
very particular about
 other people's names.

Nevermind



said Horse and nail
 Don't pay any
 attention to him.

You can be Bangwell
 Cinderilla Pett.
 B. C. Pett for short



"Call for B.C. Pitt"
cried the Angel



Here is
a Stranger who would
like to meet you
He is

Big chief Black Heart
of the Mohawk Tribe

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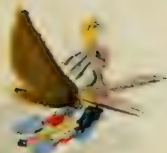
"Name is Injun!"
said the
Hessian
Soldier.

But
he did
not say
it very
loud.



"Ah said
Horseandnail
He is.
more polite to
people with
tommyhawks

and he sighed





then a little
man in a long coat
called out

Choose your partners
for the dance



Adolphus
arrived
but he
did not
speak
nor
smile



B Pitt was asked to dance

the one
without
a name
came to
the Ball
too

a Dutch



baby danced with a
blue-eyed dog



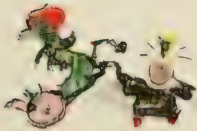
Shepherdes
still looking
for Matilda

and a little bride



got down off her
bridal box and
danced with
Charlemagne.

He
was
much
pleased



Matilda the



lost sheep
danced alone



there is Matilda!

there
were
other

34

guests and
I wanted to
draw their
pictures too

but Adolphus
got



right in the center
of the page

and
staid
there
until

a Bird



named
Claudia

looked



at him



Then the baby



began to yawn

and
he
went
very
quietly
away


and

36

every one said
good night God bless you
Merry Christmas
and
went home.



and
Bangwell Putt
climbed up on
the shelf and
went happily
to sleep.

A few days later
she traveled back
to Deerfield 

where
the velvet
Horse



was waiting.

He said
Huff
Puff
and
wuff

when he
saw her



coming in the
front door.



Adolphus
went
back
to his
place
on the
rug.



the one
without
a name
went -
will he
went to
Shrangri-
la.
so I
heard.

And now sometimes they say

on
 a Winter's night
 when all is still
 in the big room
 you can hear
 a little sound,

tipity tip
 bump bump

and

a
 Soldier

in an old fashioned uniform



rides a strange horse

Down the hall he goes and around the corner

and he calls
"Bangwell Putt
name is Putt
first name Bangwell"

But there is
no answer.

Maybe she'll come
back some day
he says

PS And they do say too that
off and on letters come for him
postmarked Deerfield and signed

B. PUTT

But I cannot say whether
this last is true or false

Marianna



NGC 207
C22

