

**THE STORY OF  
LITTLE  
BLACK SAMBO**



**BY  
HELEN BANNERMAN**

UNIVERSITY OF  
NORTH CAROLINA

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The story of Little Black Sambo

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*THE ONLY AUTHORIZED AMERICAN EDITION*

The Story of  
Little Black Sambo

BY

HELEN BANNERMAN



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FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

## PREFACE.

THERE is very little to say about the story of *Little Black Sambo*. Once upon a time there was an English lady in India, where black children abound and tigers are everyday affairs,



who had two little girls. To amuse these little girls she used now and then to invent stories, for which, being extremely talented, she also drew and coloured the pictures. Among these stories *Little Black Sambo*, which was made up on a long railway journey, was the favourite; and it has been put

into a DUMPY BOOK, and  
the pictures copied as  
exactly as possible, in  
the hope that you will  
like it as much as the  
two little girls did.

The Story of  
Little Black Sambo.

The Story of  
Little Black Sambo.

**O**NCE upon a time  
there was a little  
black boy, and his name  
was Little Black Sambo.



And his Mother was  
called Black Mumbo.



And his Father was  
called Black Jumbo.





And Black Mumbo  
made him a beautiful  
little Red Coat, and a



pair of beautiful little  
Blue Trousers.



And Black Jumbo  
went to the Bazaar, and  
bought him a beautiful  
Green Umbrella, and a  
lovely little Pair of Pur-  
ple Shoes with Crimson  
Soles and Crimson  
Linings.



And then wasn't Little  
Black Sambo  
grand?





So he put on all his Fine Clothes, and went out for a walk in the Jungle. And by and by he met a Tiger. And the Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give



you my beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Red Coat, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."



And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give



you my beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I wont' eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers, and went away saying, "Now *I*'m the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."





And Little Black Sambo went on and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Purple Shoes with



Crimson Soles and  
Crimson Linings.”

But the Tiger said,  
“What use would your  
shoes be to me? I’ve  
got four feet, and you’ve  
got only two; you haven’t  
got enough shoes for  
me.”

But **Little Black Sambo** said, "You could wear them on your ears."

"So I could," said the Tiger: "that's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So the Tiger got poor  
Little Black Sambo's  
beautiful little Purple  
Shoes with Crimson  
Soles and Crimson Lin-  
ings, and went away  
saying, "Now *I*'m the  
grandest Tiger in the  
Jungle."

And by and by Little  
Black Sambo met an-  
other Tiger, and it said



to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful Green Umbrella." But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella, when I need all my paws for walking with?"





“You could tie a knot on your tail and carry it that way,” said Little Black Sambo. “So I could,” said the Tiger. “Give it to me, and I won’t eat you this time.” So he got poor little Black Sambo’s beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, “Now *I*’m the grandest Tiger in the Jungle.”



And poor Little  
Black Sambo went away  
crying, because the cruel  
Tigers had taken all his  
fine clothes.



Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr," and it got louder and louder. "Oh! dear! said Little Black Sambo, "there are all the Tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do?" So he ran quickly to a palm-tree, and peeped round it to see what the matter was.



And there he saw all the Tigers fighting, and disputing which of them was the grandest. And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes, and began to tear each other with their claws, and bite each other with their great big white teeth.





And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each others' tails, as they wrangled and scrambled, and so they found themselves in a ring round the tree.



Then, when the Tigers were very wee and very far away, Little Black Sambo jumped up, and called out, "Oh! Tigers! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?" But the Tigers only answered, "Gr-r-rrrrr!"



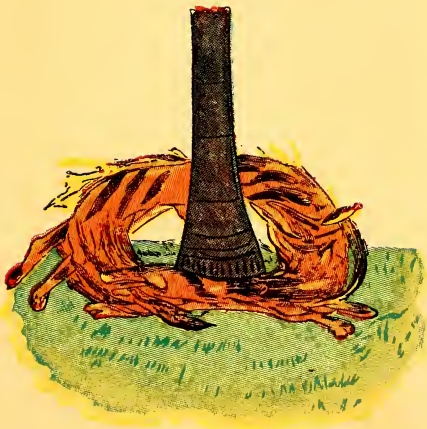
Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away." But the Tigers would not let go of each others' tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr!"

So Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.



And the Tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each others' tails. And they were so angry, that they ran round the tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you couldn't see their legs at all.





And they still ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool of melted butter (or "ghi," as it is called in India) round the foot of the tree.



Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great big brass pot in his arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Tigers he said, "Oh! what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with."



So he put it all into the great big brass pot, and took it home to Black Mumbo to cook with.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"



So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter, and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes. And she fried them in the melted butter which the Tigers had made, and they were just as yellow and brown as little Tigers.





And then they all sat down to supper. And Black Mumbo ate Twenty-seven pancakes, and Black Jumbo ate Fifty-five, but Little Black Sambo ate a Hundred and Sixty-nine, because he was so hungry.











