

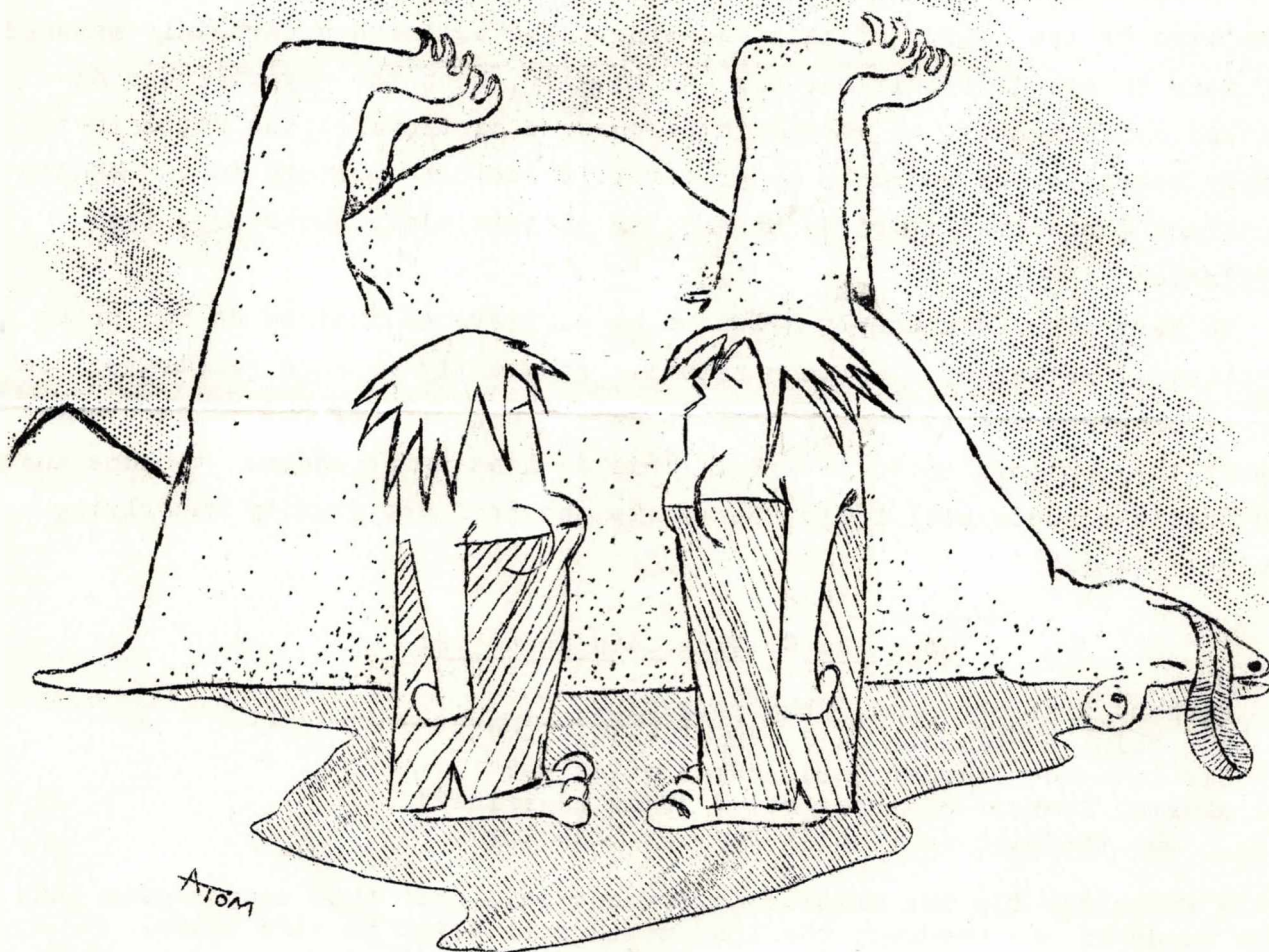
SCOTTON

*promised flies to  
sky 24*

# SCRIBBLE

OCTOBER 1960

No. 2.



"He just threw it in and said, 'Make a sandwich or something.' "

MOTTO:- Ne mangez pas les fraises. Elles sont les miennes.

### EDITORIAL

In response to a deluge of letters (thank you Mum, Ron and Cecil) we have bowed to popular demand and altered the title of our rag. The new title is more representative of the contents. We assure readers that we will do our utmost to maintain the high literary standard suggested, I might even say demanded, by the word 'scribble'.

On the adjacent page are published extracts from the first letter received by the editor of this magazine. The writer has certainly managed to make things difficult for us. Eventually, when the magazine has expanded sufficiently, we intend to purchase a dictionary, but until that happy event occurs we would be grateful if would-be writers to the editor confined themselves to words of one, or if absolutely necessary, two syllables.

We have also been deeply offended by suggestions that we do not print sufficient matter of a serious nature. Apparently we have penetrated the abyss of obscurity to such a depth that the majority of our readers have found the contents to be amusing. This is most unfortunate. We hope that in future readers will fully appreciate the profound gravity underlying every article.

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What the Critics said about us:

Richard Dimbleby said, "What magazine?"

Sir Ralph Richardson said, "What magazine?"

Sir Laurence Olivier said, "What magazine?"

Winston Spencer Ginsberg said, "What magazine?"

Who the 'hell is Winston Spencer Ginsberg?

A spokesman for the British Government said, "If this weapon gets into the hands of our enemies, the free world will never be safe again.

A spokesman for the American Government said, "Gee".

A spokesman for UNO's committee of cultural relations said that if our magazine complied with his committee's two regulations (a) That it serves no useful purpose, and (b) That it continues to lose money; we will definitely be in line for one of his committee's grants.

Dear Sir? Ed? Edward?

I must congratulate you on your splendid service in the first edition of what I would call 'Scotton Glad Rag'. For many years I have been completely ignorant of the rate of pay in the Siberian Salt mines, and I remain so, but I must admit that I can now boast of knowing of someone who knows someone who is expecting a vacuum cleaner.

After my rather ominous opening paragraph I feel I should introduce myself. I am an 18 year old spinster and by some unknown means I find myself the proud possessor of what in the future may well be a rival to 'News of the World', presenting such features as; 'I was a Wheelchair Vampire', and 'Behind the Screens', with maybe a patient's startling declaration, "He had his knife into me as soon as I entered the theatre". After having absorbed all relevant and irreverent information, I felt that I should send a letter of appreciation. As my great-aunt Sophie, who was a medium, used to say, "When the spirit moves you, knock", so I write to say "thank you".

I am most interested in people and my acquaintances include a melomaniac, an excolioptevist, and an active would-be member of Covent Garden, to mention only a few.

Hazel Garbert,  
Harrogate.

Dear Miss Garbert,

I am printing my reply to you because I have got to fill the magazine somehow. I'm pleased to be able to report the safe delivery of the vacuum cleaner. Quite a lively little spark too. It's a bonny wee thing, although rather wiry. The father has been a lowly character in the past - knocked around the dirtier quarters picking up any old bit of fluff, so to speak, but I am pleased to say he has now reformed. Decided to make a clean sweep for the sake of the youngster.

I sincerely hope that your excolioptevist friend does not find it too painful. Has he tried religion? My whole life has changed since I became a Moron. Your melomaniac must be quite an asset too. I have befriended a number of maniacs, but unfortunately none of them have mellowed. I am not too happy about this Convent Garden character you mention. As the Mutgar of Khidmutgar once said, "Nun shall pervert me". I believe she did too.

You were good enough to introduce yourself, so I think that I should reciprocate, if I can find a convenient receptacle. It was most courageous of you to admit that you are a spinster, but you know I am not really very interested in politics. I spent several years at Bournemouth School where I learnt to play pontoon, although I specialised in the Daily Telegraph crossword puzzle.

Neville Goldberg and Kenneth Beedle are my staff on the magazine. Energetic is perhaps an apt description of Neville, although the word hardly does him justice. He is the sort of chap who will follow you through a revolving door and come out first. Ken is just the opposite. An easy-going type who will quite happily spend a day by the river with a fishing rod catching nothing more interesting than a cold. I will close with the traditional French greeting: "Regardez votre veston. C'est tout troué aux coudes".

Editor.

"How to make skirts out of old patchwork quilts" is a book well worth reading.

Winston Spencer Ginsberg states that the amplifier uses a Mullard EF 86 and on play-back provides about 25 D.O. bass lift at 50 c.p.s.

A few words for backward readers:- This like rubbish reading time you waste you if backward are you that surprising hardly is it.

NEWSFLASH: Lord Smith is much better. Lady Smith is very relieved.

The book "How to make patchwork quilts out of old skirts" is strongly recommended to our readers.

#### READER'S LETTERS

Dear Sir,

Thank you for the copy of your magazine which I read very carefully. What does it all mean?

The Society for  
the Propagation  
of Good English.

@@@

Honoured Sir,

I am here to vacate from Borneo and am reading of your magazine 'The Scottish Scoundrel', and would like it to have, but am possessing only one packet of dried eggs (American) vintage 1940. Would you accept? If agreeable I would then send my address.

With love and yours faithfully,

Patrick Quentin  
Wong.

@@@

• Dear Sir,

• Velly solly I spent my lolly.

• Yours,  
• Confucius.

• @@@

• Dear Sir,

• Thank you for the magazine.  
• We are sending you in exchange a  
• ticket for a seat in the first  
• moon rocket.

• British Interplanetary  
• Society.

• @@@

• Dear Sir,

• When would you like to move?  
• Medical Association.

• @@@

• Dear Sir,

• Would you please send me  
• another bottle of your tablets.  
• They worked wonders.

• Robin Goodfellow.

• @@@



READER'S LETTERS (continued)

Dear Sir,

I read your magazine with pleasure as did most of my friends. We think it was extremely good, although we found some of it just a little above our heads. It is wonderful, at last, to find somebody who really understands us. Do you like Windsor knots? I showed your magazine to our resident psychiatrist when he came round our ward the other day and he seemed very interested in you.

Yours,

Isaac Quentin Wong.

P.S. You will be pleased to know that he has made a note of your name and address.

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NOTICE:- THE POLICE ARE ANXIOUS TO DISCOVER THE WHEREABOUTS OF WINSTON SPENCER GINSBERG WHO, IT IS BELIEVED, CAN ASSIST THEM IN THEIR ENQUIRIES INTO THE WHEREABOUTS OF PATRICK QUENTIN WONG.

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ROUND KNARESBOROUGH CASTLE WITH KEN BEEDLE

If it's entertainment you are seeking try sitting in the castle grounds on a Sunday afternoon. Hear the colourful history of Knaresborough castle to a background of 'Tales from the Vienna Woods' and 'My Fair Lady' played by the local brass band. This atmosphere is admirably suited to the hero of our story - the castle guide.

He is a democratic man this Keeper of the Keys. You realise this at first glance. No uniform for him, just open-necked shirt and coloured braces like any other tourist.

We began our tour with the dungeon. We were told how the prisoners were chained to the walls (we can still see the rings) and emerged at last to 'deathly punishments'. Some wit mentions the band. We then tramped upstairs to the great hall.

For the first few minutes the guide mimed to a background of 'Bless the Bride' at the conclusion of which his voice came over as though through a loud-hailer, " . . . .and from this very spot, ladies and gents, William the Conqueror fired an arrow and hit the tree on Scotton cricket field".

As this is a distance of over a mile everyone was most surprised - including the tree. Mother Shipton was more surprised than anybody and uttered the famous words, "Stone me", and from that day to this the spring near her cave has turned everything placed in it to stone.

"And now, ladies and gents, if you will step this way. . . . ."

I turned my full attention to 'The Men of Harlech' melting in the afternoon sun, and to their accompaniment, marched off to tea.

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This is the second edition of our magazine. How well I remember the first one! Having obtained permission to sell it in the grounds of the hospital, we decided to make Saturday, a visiting day, our deadline for publication.

At 1.30 p.m. on the 23rd of JULY I rode forth, one hand clutching a bundle of Scotton Scandals, the other eagerly urging forward my electric wheel chair. Feeling more than a little optimistic I made my way to the back gate in order to encounter the rush of visitors from the bus. I arrived at the gate just in time to meet two ladies and sell them my first copy.

"Nice day", I said breezily, dropping the 3d piece into my embarrassingly empty tin.

"You ought to be at t' front gate love", said the lady as she took the paper.

"OH! I am just waiting here for the visitors' bus", I replied.

"Oh, you've missed that", she said. "They've all gone in the other way".

I have often wondered since if she thought I was very impolite for not stopping to say goodbye.

When I eventually encountered the main group of visitors they were gathered together at one end of the glass corridor waiting to go into the wards. This couldn't be better, I thought gleefully. I'll get 'em all at once.

It was strangely quiet in that corridor. The hum of my motor seemed insolently loud as I approached. For some reason I began to feel slightly nervous, whilst the visitors, in their turn, tried not to stare at the somewhat bizarre contraption that glided towards them. Just before entering the corridor I had sold another copy to a young man standing alone near the doors. Apart from looking at me as though I had forgotten my trousers he was quite nice about it, dropping the money into my tin and rapidly tucking his purchase into his coat pocket, where it presumably still lies.

The rest of the visitors had obviously noted the transaction because when I entered they were ready for me. Some of them became suddenly engrossed in deep conversation; some of them whistled or inspected their nails; others gazed through the windows, or at the floor, or at their caps, or even at their wives. They gazed anywhere except at me. At last I stopped. It had become very quiet indeed. At the third attempt I managed to say, in a fairly clear voice,

"Would anybody like to buy a copy of the patients printed and published by the magazine?"

No one seemed to notice the mistake. No one seemed to notice anything. Nothing happened. Absolutely nothing. The silence was becoming oppressive. Almost subconsciously I switched into reverse and backed away a few feet. I could feel myself becoming very warm and wondered if it showed on my face. And then it happened. A small bespectacled gentleman, to whom I shall be eternally grateful, came to my rescue.

"Ow much did you say it was?"

I told him.

"Well, that's not much, is it?"

I agreed. He took a copy and immediately the ice was broken. In twos and threes they came and they bought. Soon the tin was full and the magazine had gone. Sold out! What magic words.

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EXTRACTS FROM GENUINE LETTERS SENT TO THE PENSIONS OFFICER

1. I cannot get sick pay. I have six children, can you tell me why this is?
2. This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?
3. Mrs. R. has no clothes and has not had any for a year. The clergy have been visiting her.
4. In reply to your letter; I have co-habited with your office so far without result.
5. I am forwarding my marriage certificate and two children, one of which is a mistake, as you can see.
6. Sir, I am glad to say that my husband, reported missing, is now dead.
7. Unless I get my husband's money I shall be forced to lead an immortal life.
8. I am writing these lines for Mrs. G. .... Who cannot herself write. She expects to be confined next week and can do with it.
9. I am sending you my marriage certificate and six children. I had seven and one died, which was baptized on a half sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas.

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SPANIARD: "You English are mad!"  
ENGLISHMAN: "Yes, but the Spanish armada."

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This letter to the editor was received only a few days before the magazine went to press. Now you know what happens to readers who send in their letters late. They are printed on page 7 instead of page 4. The letters that is, not the readers.

Dear Sir,

I have bought every issue of your magazine since it first started and I would like to know why there has been no mention of the personalities who produce it. Please could you tell us something about yourself and your staff.

Les Dobson;  
London.

This is Ed. I would not dare write my own opinions of my staff. I have no wish to face a libel action. However, I have asked each of them to write a synopsis of himself. Well, you asked for it, so starting with myself: here goes.

ME by Colin Freeman

I am 25 years old. I regard myself as cynical, but not exactly an angry young man; just annoyed. My humour tends towards the sarcastic and is detested by the majority of my acquaintances. The remaining few who appreciate it consist of such a rude and self-centred bunch of young men that I would normally shun them like a plague if it was not for the fact that they are my best friends.

My personal appearance is enhanced by an olive-coloured skin, handsomely adorned on the upper slopes with casual-looking white specks; dandruff. I have two large, brown eyes which have earned me the endearing nickname of 'cow-eyes'. I am prepared to take this compliment at its face value and feel quite flattered by it. Indeed, I have always maintained a tremendous regard for the cow. My right leg is half an inch longer than the left: a great asset when walking anti-clockwise round a hill.

ME by Neville Goldberg

It's very difficult to talk about oneself. There are lots of things one is unable to say, because they are either too personal or too critical, so with the understanding that I have omitted both the embarrassing and the inadvisable, here goes:- I was born on the 22nd of March 1931. I think that I am getting old. I am very tired.

ME by Ken Beedle

A little while back I had enough time on my hands to read right through to the back cover of a paper-back and found there an appraisal of the author. He seemed to have been everywhere, done everything, sunk to the lowest depths and risen to the greatest heights. Well, that's him. This is me:-

I'm a tall thin fellow, about 5'2" in my socks (I never wear shoes) attractive (from the Latin att/rac/tive, meaning like a hat-rack) - young enough to feel life's desires and old enough to be apathetic in following them up.

I have had a lot of experience reading books, I usually start at the front and work through to the back. I put this in to help if you ever want to read a book. As a hobby I collect the left hind feet of Indian elephants.

I am collecting material for my next book on the Upper Mongolian Wuffle-Warbler and would appreciate any help from readers.

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AUNTY JUDY PAGE

The world is a troubled place. This page is devoted entirely to easing things a little. If you have a problem write to Aunty and tell her all about it. You can lose nothing. You certainly won't lose your problem.

Dear Aunty Judy,

I bought one of your magazines, but my darling Fritzzi swallowed it. What do you advise?

I. Pretalott.

Dear Aunty Judy,

While cleaning out my husband's desk today I discovered several photographs of alligators. Do you think my husband is losing

Annie Sthetic.

BUY ANOTHER COPY. FRITZI IS

NOT ALONE IN HIS DILEMMA.

SEVERAL READERS COMPLAINED

THAT THE MAGAZINE GAVE THEM

A BELLY-ACHE.

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT YOUR HUSBAND

PREFERS SOMEONE WITH MORE BITE.

KEEP YOUR TEETH IN.

Dear Aunty Judy,

Dear Aunty Judy,

I keep getting the feeling that I am being followed, or someone is looking for me. What is this a sign of?

W.S.Ginsberg.

Dear Aunty Judy,

There is a field at the bottom of our garden. In this field there's a cow. This cow keeps looking at me when I'm in the garden. What can I do about it?

Daisy Dodds.

WISHFUL THINKING

GROW A MOUSTACHE DEAR, THEN IT WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU.

Dear Aunty Judy,

Three weeks ago my husband went out to buy a sliced loaf. He has not yet returned. What should I do?

Maude Owtes.

Dear Aunty Judy,

I am thinking of starting a magazine like yours. Is there any advice you can give me?

Sammy Beaverbrook.

I SHOULD STOP WORRYING. THE BREAD WILL BE STALE BY NOW.

MOVE TO ANOTHER DISTRICT. THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR BOTH OF US.

Dear Aunty Judy,

When I go out with men I get goose-pimples. Can you solve my problem?

Maisy Dotes.

Dear Aunty Judy,

I am an eligible but lonely bachelor. I would like to meet a lonely, eligible spinster. Can you help me?

Editor.

QUITE SIMPLE. WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER NOT HAVE: MEN OR GOOSE-PIMPLES?

IF YOU TALK ANYTHING LIKE YOU WRITE, IT IS NO WONDER YOU ARE LONELY.

## ADVERTS

The patients of ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Knaresborough, give value for money (the magazine excluded) and have for disposal several very attractive plastic scale models (aeroplanes, cars, etc.) made by the patients themselves. They also have for sale some tasteful hand-made jewelry at very low prices. Anyone who is genuinely interested should contact the editor, or better still come and see these articles for yourself. Any day: any time after 1.30 p.m.

## TAPE-RECORDING ENTHUSIASTS

The editorial staff would be very interested to receive recorded messages from other tape enthusiasts. Why not send us a message on tape and we will reply immediately. Recordings should be made at  $3\frac{1}{2}$ " per second on spools not bigger than  $5\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter twin track. You may not know this, but a tape can be posted in an envelope in any post-box for the price of 6d (this applies only to tapes up to  $3\frac{1}{2}$ " in diam.) So let's hear from you. Please address all tapes to the editor.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR THE SCOTTON SCRIBBLE

East Germany . . . . . 17 red marks

West Germany . . . . . 12 black marks

Hungary . . . . . 15 Karl Marx

British Isles . . . . . 6d (not inc. postage).

Address your letters to the editor, the man about whom Somerset Maugham once said, "Who?"

ADDRESS:-

Colin Freeman,  
Ward 3,  
Scotton Banks Hospital,  
Ripley Road,  
KNARESBOROUGH,  
Yorkshire.

This magazine is kindly printed by Ron Bennett of Harrogate.

continued on next page:-