

SCRIBBLE

FEBRUARY, 1961.

NUMBER 4.



"SHIPWRECKED..... OF COURSE NOT,
WE COME HERE EVERY SUMMER!"

MOTTO:- Ignorance is this

E D I T O R I A L

1961 has made an ominous beginning. In fact, things could hardly be worse. It is mid-winter, the barometer of international politics is at its lowest point ever (Ginsberg assures me that the barometer of international politics is always at its lowest point ever), the cold-weather crop of corn on the cob has let us down, the country's financial position has deteriorated to such an extent that it is now more or less beyond recovery, and, the brightest news of all; Scribble No.4 is on sale.

We would like to wish readers A HAPPY NEW YEAR, but unfortunately a clause in the magazine's charter forbids us to do this. Besides, I should not like to be accused of facetiousness by wishing you happiness and prosperity and such seasonal greetings, when you are fully aware that the future is just about as bleak as it possibly could be.

I have been impressed by the many letters received at the editorial office'. Several readers ask who we are and why the devil are we publishing the magazine anyway. That's an easy one. The answer is Winston Spencer Ginsberg. No more, no less.

The story really started twelve years ago when I was very keen on train-spotting. I found myself outside the railway station one day without the means of entry. Not a single coin in my pockets. Ginsberg, bless his heart, chanced to be passing and bought me a platform ticket. I have remained in his debt ever since until last summer, when the opportunity arrived for me to repay this most generous fellow.

I had just painted my front door and was busy keeping the flies off it when W.S.G. approached from an easterly direction. Ginsberg always walks from east to west with the sun. He says that it lengthens his life-span.

He came straight to the point. "Colin, old chap." He always calls me 'old chap'. Says it makes him feel younger. "Colin, old chap. You are now looking at the most talented man alive today." I nodded. As usual Ginsberg was understating the facts.

He continued. "Yet, this limitless fountain of talent, knowledge and wisdom remains untapped." He scratched his elbow. Ginsberg always scratches his elbow when overcome with emotion. He says it helps him to restabilize.

"The world should benefit from my experience." He waved at a fly as he spoke. The fly waved back and W.S.G. continued.

"The world IS going to benefit from my experience; and you, Colin, old chap, are going to create the medium by which they will do it."

I was too stunned to speak. I just stood there and listened to Ginsberg scratching his elbow.

Well, readers! Does that answer your question as to why we are publishing Scribble?

Sophia Loren, when asked at London Airport recently, what she thought of British men, replied in fluent Italian, "Jeeny, weedy, weaky".

John Sturky, the wing three-quarter for Chelsea, when interviewed last month, is reported to have said, "Before having a bath I always try to

(continued on next page)

READERS' LETTERS

Dear Sir,

I'm glad to see W.S.G. has now joined your permanent staff. This is a very wise move and is to be applauded. As a follow-up may I suggest that Messrs. Freeman and Goldberg should resign and leave the field to Mr. Ginsberg alone. Then only, can the Scribble - or whatever the next issue will be called, because I'm pessimistic enough to be sorely afraid that there will be a next issue - rise to its inherent possibilities (if any).

Prof. Ippolitofivanoff seems to write good sense, which in itself is most unusual for this magazine. Sack him. He spoils the general illiterate effect that is Scribble's least (not to mention only) charm. Perhaps you should transfer him to some better class publication, such as a toilet roll.

ARCHIE MERCER
LINCOLN.

Dear Sir,

Your magazine is a load of tripe.

ESTELLE GORDON
HARROGATE.

Dear Sir,

Your magazine is the most magnificent literary work that has come to my notice in recent years.

COLIN FREEMAN
KNARESBOROUGH.

Dear Editor,

The holes in your socks were too big to darn. I have had to throw them out.

Love,
MUM.

Dear Sir,

When I got Scribble a while back I wasn't at all sure what it was. Now I've read it and I'm still not sure what it is. Would you mind telling me what you've sent me. 6d. should be worth about a nickel or so, but I'm afraid that Mr. Eisenhower might get mad if I sent such a sum out of the country. Too much goin' out an' not enuf comin' in, ya know.

CRAIG COCHRAN
SCOTTSDALE
ARIZONA
U.S.A.

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The editor, W.S.Ginsberg and all who have the misfortune to write for Scribble wish to thank all the readers who sent us Christmas greetings.

Special acknowledgements to the Civil Service workers at A.G.D. Block 2, General Post Office, Harrogate. We'll drop in for a cup o' tea sometime. Thanks also to the Science Fiction Club of London (I wish you all 'bon voyage') and to all other S-F fans who sent cards.

Not forgetting St. Christopher's petrol pump at Bournemouth. It's my first direct communication from a petrol pump and although I was pleased to receive your card, I think that perhaps they are taking this education lark just a little too far. Greetings to all other readers in Bournemouth who wrote to us.

Let's take a short cut. Best wishes for 1961 to all readers.

Thanx to S-F fans who have sent us zines. We'll trade. This is the last time that Scribble goes out as a rider with Skyrack (Thanks Ron). All those who have subbed or contacted us in any way will be receiving future issues. It's now goodbye to those of you who have had more sense and not contacted us.

HERE COMES SUMMER

Reproduced by kind permission of the Financial Gazette.

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" (Shakespeare, or someone.) At this time of the year it is my wont to amble slowly and timelessly along naked country lanes (if you'll excuse the expression). Mortimer Wilberforce once said, "It ain't 'arf cold in these 'ere parts". Who knows? I've never been in these 'ere parts.

Be that as it may, Winter has many charms. What can be more attractive than the dull thud of a falling leaf? Is anything more appealing than the 'slither-slither' of the earthworm ploughing through the mire? No! In all honesty, there is nothing more appealing.

Many a happy hour have I spent assiduously stretched out on my shooting-stick listening to the mating call of the cumulus nimbus.

Life holds many pleasures for lovers of nature.

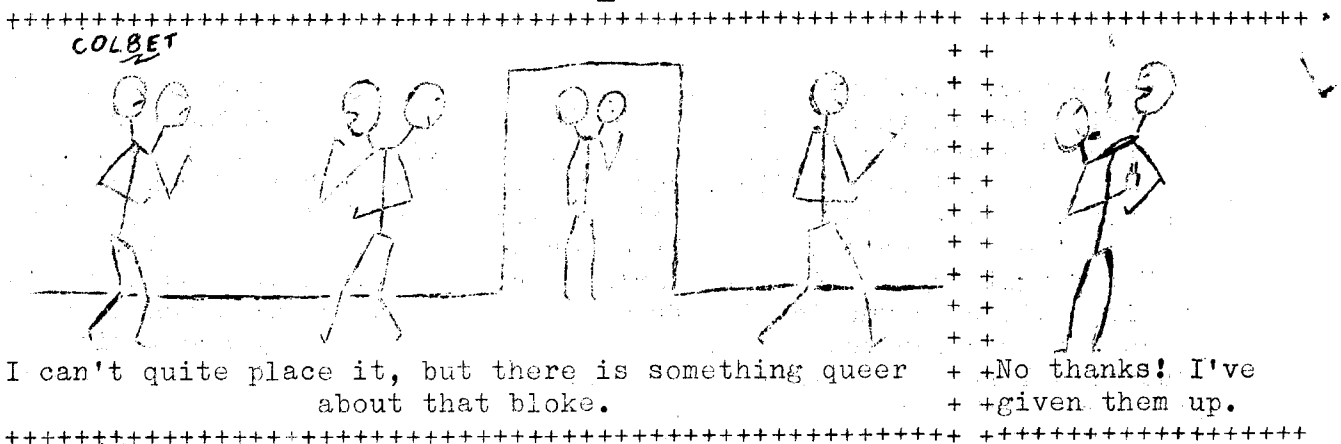
Tomorrow, Why not forget the cares of your mundane existence? With your woolsack flung nonchalantly over your shoulder and your copy of 'Everyman's Guide To The Wuffle-Warbler' assiduously reposing in your breast pocket, you are ready to absorb all that nature can offer.

Look, perceive, and digest.

The Water Lily gently oscillating in the breeze. The stalagmites madly pollinating. The titillating call of the magneto. The rhythmic snapping as the farmer prunes his cuticles.

Through yonder hedge crawls a bodkin. He is rapidly masticating his staple diet of boiled rice. Suddenly he freezes. There, poised on a branch of a nearby tapioca is his natural enemy - the short-tailed gherkin. The bodkin's nostrils dilate as the smell of gherkin reaches him. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the bodkin merges with the undergrowth, but he is too late. With an almost inhuman cry the gherkin leaps onto his adversary (many happy returns). In a few seconds all is over.

How sad that nature is not always as delightful as this!



It is impossible to explain the gravity of the situation in Greek. In fact, if readers will forgive me for saying so, 'impossible' is hardly the word.

WE'RE NOT GIVING UP SMOKING

New Year resolutions are a serious matter. Too many people treat the whole business as a bit of fun. This attitude is to be abhorred. However, as usual, Scribble will show the way. Below we print our own resolutions. We shall tackle them with the sincerity they merit.

I RESOLVE:-

KEN BEEDLE

- (1) To throw out Ida Gleek. (2) To keep my wootches in a proper bottle.
- (3) To throw out Clem Gleek.
- (4) When the wind of change blows shut the door of circumstance; not to leave my fingers in it.
- (5) To throw out Alfie, Edna, Sammy and baby Gleek.
- (6) To follow the horses for what I can get out of them.
- (7) To throw out Grandma Gleek.

I RESOLVE:-

NEVILLE GOLDBERG

- (1) To stop calling my psychiatrist "mummy".
- (2) To spend more time with my birds. (3) To have my binoculars cleaned.
- (4) To have my eyes tested. (5) To stop calling my oculist "daddy".
- (6) Never to cry over spilt milk. Perhaps to sob a little in a corner, quietly, but never to cry.
- (7) Never to over-charge my batteries. However, if I do, I faithfully promise to give half to charity.

I RESOLVE:-

COLIN FREEMAN (ED)

- (1) Not to be so harsh on Ken Beedle when he submits articles to me for publication.
- (2) Not to be so harsh on Neville Goldberg when he submits articles to me for publication.
- (3) To stop publishing the stupid, idiotic, nonsensical rot that Ken Beedle and Neville Goldberg submit to me for publication.

I RESOLVE:-

WINSTON SPENCER GINSBERG

The crossword every morning after the other three have solved it. I have made extensive enquiries and I am now almost certain that I am the only resolver of solved crosswords in the country. Even the professor (Ippolitofivanoff, of course) was stumped when I asked him to do a little resolving the other day; I was rather busy myself - showing Aunt Judy how to darn socks properly. Aunt Judy: there's a wonderful woman for you, but when it comes to darning socks she's got no idea at all. When I saw her she had covered the hole with lines of wool going in one direction and was just starting to weave across them. I was horrified. She was threading the needle up and down. "What's the use of having a law of gravity if you ignore it?"

"Down and up", I said. "Not up and down. You're just wasting a lot of unnecessary energy by going up first. If you go down first the momentum will help carry you over the next thread."

That's what I told her. People don't use their brains with these simple everyday tasks.

LESSER FURTHERISATION By Professor Sidney Ippolitofivanoff.

I would like to thank the many readers who have written to express their appreciension of my first lecture on the English language and have asked me to continue with the series as they would like to talk as good as what I can. Naturally, I am touched.

Apparently, the subject matter of my previous lecture was a little too advanced for most readers and rather beyond their compression. I shall therefore consume that you know nothing at all; and shall start from scratch, so to speak.

The sentence is a composture of all sorts of things, but at the moment only four of them are sufficiently compost to interest us.

NOUN The noun is the substantialest part of the sentence. Jellied-eels, for instance, are a noun. It is something material. Something you can get hold of. The noun is the thing that is doing something to the verb, or perhaps the thing to which the verb is doing something, or even both. In every sentence there is a 'doing'. You will now see that something must be doing the 'doing', or alternatively, something must be being done by the 'doing'. That something is the noun.

ADJECTIVE An adjective is a word that precedes the noun.
eg.:- 'Which ---- fool swiped my pen?'

The blank in the above sentence is where the adjective should be placed. The adjective will, of course, describe what sort of a fool it was what swiped my pen. Readers may supply their own adjective.

VERB The verb is the word that does something. Take the following sentence:- 'He did nothing all day'. 'Did' is the verb, because it is the action part of the sentence. It is the word that is doing something. The fact that 'he did nothing' is just unfortunate. Don't let it confuse you.

ADVERB The adverb describes the verb in the same way that the adjective describes the noun. 'Suddenly' is an adverb. Take the previous example: 'He did nothing all day'. We now insert the adverb and we have:- 'He suddenly did nothing all day'. The sentence develops a new depth of meaning.

There are also pro nouns which I am unable to deal with here as this is an amateur periodical.

FOR SALE:-

For the connoisseur of ancient English architecture, contracts are being negotiated for a delightful detached residence built in the form of a medieval castle. 37 bedrooms, separate w.c., extensive grounds, royal standard. Excellent position in good district of Windsor. Within easy walking distance of Buckingham Palace. Apply Russian Embassy.

Winston Spencer Ginsberg wishes to express his gratitude to the anonymous reader who sent him the vertical hold he asked for.

W.S.G. would be more than grateful if somebody could now tell him where to put it.

98 Across. - (5,3) Is very fond of birds.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAID ABOUT 'SCRIBBLE'.

Tit Bits said, "It is not as good as the Readers' Digest".
A leading psychiatrist said, "How did they get out?"
Lifebuoy Toilet Soap said, "It smells".
Winston Spencer Ginsberg said, "What have they done to my boy?"
Readers' Digest said, "It is not as good as Tit Bits".
The English Speaking Union said, "On y soit qui mal y pense".
The Manchester Guardian said, "Cor, blimey".
Walter Gabriel said, "An indispensable literary masterpiece".
Gloria Smoothe said, "If you don't stop it I'll call a policeman".
Paris Patch said, "Strike a light".
The editor of Scribble said, "All this is very gratifying".

HAMLET AND EGGS

or

THE CRUEL STREAK IN THE BACON

by Roger Norris (author of "From Cod to Caviar")

Breakfast is a dying art. Ravaged by the vagaries of wartime dietetics, this prince of meals still labours under its intolerable burden of post-war gastronomic apathy. It is therefore, the aim of this article to foster in my readers a greater interest in the art of breakfasting: to induce in them a sweeping wave of nutritional nostalgia. Whilst recognising the right of the Frenchman to crunch his crusted croissants at petit dejeuner, let me make it quite plain that I hold no brief for the anaemic nibblers of this country who idly toy with a triangle of toast at their morning meal.

Ham and eggs are our heritage. This traditional English breakfast must satisfy even the most exacting and patriotic palate, although I would like to bring to your notice some appetising ancillaries: (ANCILLIARIES:- Little known species - hybrid by cross-fertilization between anchovy and celery). In this context, reference should be made to the work, "An Hundred Divers Wayes of Eatynge Ye Slayne Swyne" by William Shakespeare, commonly attributed to Bacon.

Very often I surprise myself by what I term, for want of a better phrase, my "frying panache". The other day, quite by accident, I tipped into the blue-hot frying fat a table spoon of cold water. The event left a permanent impression on me. Referring later to "Freud on Mrs. Beeton" I discovered that I had chanced on the rare and much discussed Von Sizzler effect, which produces either, (a) a complete cessation of articulate utterance, or (b) epithets rarely encountered outside Scribble. Delving further into this monumental tome my eye alighted on the Holst Theory. Holst propounds that ham and eggs arranged in the shape of the feminine form will arouse in the young child a subconscious Oedipus complex, thus stimulating the craving for the food so arranged. Holst has had it. This morning I presented a plateful to my faddy four year old. Five minutes later he was at the door of my study peering at me through a grotesque mask of congealed bacon fat and yolk of egg.

"I tried to kiss mummy", he whined, "but she doesn't smell so good."
Nor does Holst.

FILM REVIEW by Neville Goldberg.

A new name has been added to the list of great movies of our time. A name that will spell tension, glamour, and excitement to millions of picturegoers. One word that speaks volumes. "Trash" is Hollywood's latest weapon in the fight against television. "268 minutes of stark reality". That is how Nathan Gage, publicity manager of Green & Gage Pictures Inc., describes this epic. Filmed in spectacular Neuro vision, "Trash" is set against the absorbing background of New York's garbage disposal unit.

Anthony Seedie plays the part of Dusty, an introspective and senile garbage collector who is obsessed with the idea that he is losing his grip on women. His wife, Nadia, played by Italian beauty Pigra Donna, has left him for the arms of a Chinese tattooist who has had designs on her for a long time. A great moment is the fantastic close-up of Pigra Donna removing a raspberry seed from between her teeth with the corner of a visiting card. In his search for consolation, Dusty emigrates to Belgium where he meets a Phlegmish trapeze artist, and together they settle down to a life of sketching trapezes.

It is now that the story develops into what must be the most outstanding film for centuries. To say more at this point would be unfair to the sponsors. Before our preview of "Trash" we made a solemn promise to the distributors that we would reveal nothing of the great climax. They, in their turn, have promised to reveal nothing of the next edition of Scribble.

A THRILLING DETECTIVE STORY by Ken Beedle.

(We couldn't think what to call it)

The almost lifeless body of Lilly Lagoon was found quite dead in Howard K. Riffleburger's sitting room. Battered, bullet-ridden, and a jewelled dagger between her shoulder blades, she lay outstretched upon the door mat.

The D.A. was cautious. He didn't want to commit himself until he'd checked the apartment. With a terse "no comment" he waved away the rabble of reporters. He waited until the room was empty. Then, taking a small envelope from his pocket, he carefully swept into it a mass of fingerprints. Next he turned his attention to the pile of rusty old horseshoes on the mantelpiece. 'Something strange here,' he thought, packing them neatly away into the ammunition boxes he found littered round the floor. Dispatching them to the lab he turned to the magnificent cocktail cabinet. Four glasses had been used. The bottom of one was melted away and the wood on which it stood was charred black.

He turned quickly away from his new find as Lieutenant O'Flattery burst through the door.

"Hi chief", he yelled. "I got Riffleburger here. Wanna see 'im?"

"Sure, run him in Paddy. Just for the record. This one's a piece of cake. Suicide. Look! She left a note - NO MILK TODAY."

Sorry folks, but because of the bus strike there will be no quiz this month.

AUNTY JUDY

Dear Aunty Judy,

There are some rough men wandering around this district at night and I am scared to go out. What do you suggest?

Katie Miller
Neville's Cross.

BUY SOME SANDPAPER

Dear Aunty Judy,

I am a keen horse-woman but I have only ridden on the flat and would like to try over the sticks. How do I set about it?

Anne Filson
Knaresborough.

KNIT A JUMPER

Dear Aunty Judy,

I live near a timber yard and my back is very dirty, but the landlord won't clean it. What do you advise?

Shirley Knott.

BUY A BACK BRUSH

Dear Aunty Judy,

My girl friend has recently developed a purple tinge in her eyes and greenish blotches on her skin. Do you think she is sickening for something?

Johnnie Walker.

BROTHER! SHE'S JUST SICKENING

NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON by Roger Norris.

The night was sharp and clear. A full moon, rising behind the distant mountains, threw them into rugged relief against the night sky. John stood motionless on the verandah, half listening to the gentle swish of the surf far down on the beach below. He had turned over again and again in his mind the probable outcome of his action. He knew in his heart it was a terrible thing he intended to do. Had not his conscience torn him apart a thousand times in the past few days? But he also knew full well that he could find no rest until it was done. His lips tightened into a grim smile as he remembered Sheila's tearful pleadings, how she had brought forward every conceivable argument which might dissuade him from this course. He turned slowly to face the full moon which by now was high above the mountains. These were the nights he feared most, the nights when this dreadful desire possessed him, the nights when he almost completely lost his own identity in bouts of uncontrolled temper and passion. His hand slid automatically into his pocket to feel the reassuring shape of the cold metal.

Presently he heard subdued voices coming up the path from the beach. Swiftly he strode into the bugalow. Even at this moment of approaching climax he had not lost his sense of the dramatic. At the touch of a switch he plunged the room into darkness, and then moved to the centre of the room where he stood very still, waiting.

There came again the sound of voices outside, Sheila's and David's, and the soft turning of the door handle. Suddenly the door was wide open and John could see the two figures plainly silhouetted against the sky.

Impulsively, his hand jerked from his pocket, and there was the cold glint of moonlight on metal, followed by a sharp click and a short tongue of flame. In that split second he saw Sheila's hand jump to her lips to choke back the involuntary gasp of surprise. And then it was all over. She had been too late to stop him. As John slumped back into the arm-chair, all the tension seemed to go from him and his face relaxed into a forlorn smile. He had broken his New Year resolution. He had lit his first cigarette of 1961.

FOR MUSIC LOVERS

Isabella Mendosa, the fabulous Spanish singer, is now touring Britain. With a fund of Spanish folk songs she has infused culture, colour and passion into our music, so raucously riddled with the rhythms of rock and roll. For those readers as yet unacquainted with these delightful lyrics, we translate below one of the most heart-rending songs of her repertoire.

The milkman is late this morning.

El lechero viene tarde esta mañana.

My husband has gone to the war. I have looked for him all over the town, but he was not there. I am left with my twelve children and the milkman hasn't come.

Twenty years have passed. My husband never returned. My twenty five children are safe and well. Thank goodness the milkman came.

A T O M

Do you like the cartoon on our cover? Those of you who have been reading Scribble since its inauguration (sounds good) will probably agree with me that our cover cartoons by Atom - Arthur Thomson - are easily the best page of the magazine. Thanks Arthur. We'd have been in a mess without you. Examples of Atom's work over the years are being collected together to form an Atom Anthology. It will run to at least 80 pages and will cost 7/-. For those of you who are both interested and rich enough, cash with order should be sent as soon as possible to:-

Ella Parker,
151 Canterbury Rd.,
West Kilburn,
London, N.W.6.

Readers in the States to:-

Betty Kujawa,
2819 Caroline,
South Bend 14,
Indiana, U.S.A.

The Anthology will not be available for a couple of months yet, but orders must be posted early as only a limited number will be printed.

+++++

Scribble is printed by Ron Bennett of Harrogate, the man who said,
"How can I go solo with only ten trumps?"

Edited and published by Colin Freeman:-

SCRIBBLE . 6d in U.K.

Ward 3,
Scotton Banks Hospital, 10/- in USA.SCRIBBLE
Ripley Road,
Knaresborough,
Yorkshire,
England.

STOCK EXCHANGE REPORT

There has been much activity on the market. Well, it's usually pretty busy on market day. Some commodities are up, others are down. Water tanks have remained static. Spirits have risen, T.V. aerials have gone up, beer has gone down, and underpants have reached a new bottom.

Winston Spencer Ginsberg for TAFF.