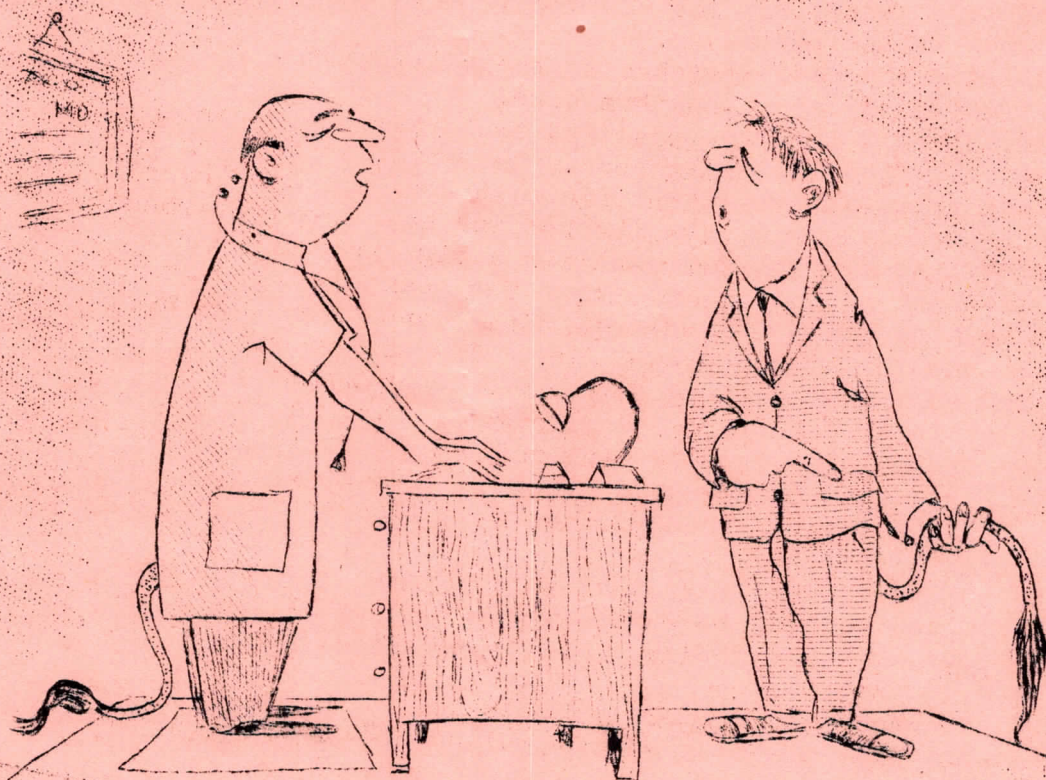


# Scribble

NO. 5.

APRIL 1961



MOTTO:- It is not always he who runs the farthest that gets the fastest,  
----- or something.

### E D I T O R I A L

My mum says that yorkshire puddings aren't what they used to be. I'm rather inclined to agree with this profound observation, and that's not just because it's my mum who said it. My dad said it too, but he blames it on the way my mum mixes them.

I suppose it all ties in with this new Cambridge theory that the whole universe is gradually running down. I've had my suspicions about this long before the Cambridge boffins mentioned it, so it seems only logical that yorkshire puddings should be deteriorating together with everything else. The theory itself is not really revolutionary or surprising (I mean the one about the universe - not the puddings). Any reasonably observant person must have noticed the way things are going, and my dad can hardly blame my mum for the decline of the whole universe.

There are two scientific schools of thought as to the origin of the world. One school believes that the universe is constant. That it always has existed and always will exist in more or less its present state. That anybody could believe such a ridiculous proposition is most difficult to credit, but you must remember that there are ostriches in every zoo. If you bury your head in the sand the world is bound to appear constant except for the occasional worm that passes by and the frequent kick in the pants.

Let us leave the ostriches to their illusions. I intend to waste no more valuable space on them here.

Most of you will have realised from your own experience that the universe is slowly running down. However, it is nice to have your theories supported by scientific evidence. With those little radio telescope things of theirs the boffins have now confirmed our suspicions.

Apparently, it all started with a big explosion and this earth of ours is just part of the blast. They can say that again. Imagine it like this. You put a tin of Heinz beans on the gas ring and forget to punch a hole in the top first. The tin becomes hotter and hotter until it suddenly explodes and beans come flying out all over the place. We are one of those beans. To get a more accurate picture try to imagine the whole thing in slow motion. It is reasonable enough to assume that this bean is not going to sail happily on through the air for ever. It is losing speed all the time and is going to come down somewhere with a 'plonk'.

We need not worry unduly though, as the 'plonk' is not likely to occur for a few million years yet. Personally, I am more interested in how much tomato puree is going to be splattered around by the bean as it flies on its journey.

Here is Scribble No. 5 to add to the mess. Don't blame us though. It's fate, just part of the general deterioration of the universe.

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH:- If a door opens somewhere and nobody goes out,  
the chances are that somebody will be coming in.

Who piled all this blinkin' blonkin' coal onto the fire?



READERS' LETTERS

Dear Sir,

I always use the law of gravity when darning socks. I lie on my left side and interweave a thread downwards. Then, when it's due to perform an about turn and go up, I cheat gravity by rolling onto my right side. Then, the thread can still be threaded downwards. This can be repeated indefinitely. It means you never have to fight against the pull of gravity ever again. Tell Aunt Judy.

WILLIAM F. TEMPLE  
WEMBLEY.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for Scribble. The point of the cartoon (it is a cartoon, isn't it?) escapes me. Just why and how were the Odeon doormen shipwrecked? However, you are to be congratulated in digging up this Atom character.

RON BENNETT  
HARRINGATE.

Dear Sir,

This is not an easy letter for me to write as I fear that you may fail to treat it seriously and that it may merely serve as 'grist to the mill' for your no doubt excellent periodical.

The troublesome fact is that your magazine has, of late, been the cause of much embarrassment to me. The reason for this will be immediately apparent by my signature, and I am sure you will understand how one of such a sensitive nature as myself can be affected by the association which my name has with one of your fictitious characters.

I trust therefore that you will respond to this letter in a humane manner and please help me to put an end to this farce which is becoming a nightmare.

WILLIAM SPENCER GINSBERG  
LEEDS.

((EDITOR'S NOTE:- Mr. Winston Spencer Ginsberg disappeared several weeks ago and we have had no communication from him whatsoever. However, I will see that he gives your letter his immediate attention, if and when he returns.))

Dear Sir,

I found your magazine "Scribble" on the table in my doctor's waiting-room. You should be more careful with them. They could end up anywhere. Someone might even read one.

JOHN WATSON  
BURNLEY.

Dear Sir,

How could a golf club be sold in New York for \$1,875,000? (Scribble No. 3). A golf club is not a golf course. Silly! A golf club is just that ---- a club to hit golf balls with.

P.F. SKEBERDIS  
MICHIGAN. U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

I received with misery your latest trashy offering and took it to the office with me. Having a spare moment I retired to the lavatory (for want of a politer word) to read it ----- I left it there.

JIM LINWOOD  
NOTTINGHAM.

Dear Son,

I found a pair of your socks in the dustbin. They must have been dropped in there by accident. I am posting them on.  
DAD.

\*\*\*\*\*

The police were closing in. Hour by hour the cordon of uniformed men and volunteers tightened around the dark forbidding forest. Night had already fallen, and amidst the trees the noisy chirruping of birds had long since given way to a cold, dank, uneasy silence. "Poor devil," muttered the inspector to himself, as he listened to the mournful baying of tracker dogs held impatient on the leash. "Three days and nights on the run - must be about all in." A black cloud drifted across the stars, and suddenly he remembered the young girl they had found lying on Radfield Common. He remembered too the long distance lorry driver whose lonely journey to the north had had no end, and in that moment all compassion left him. He looked at his watch. The luminous hands closed slowly into midnight, and the hunt was on.

Ronald Keene lay huddled at the foot of a giant elm, seeking what little protection its winter-stripped branches could afford. The thin prison clothes clung wetly to his shivering body, and what once might have been a glint of cunning in his eyes was now dulled over by utter fatigue. Summoning together his last reserves of strength, he prepared for a final dash out into open country. But even as he rose stiffly to his feet, a sudden movement in the bushes to his right sent him cowering back into the shadow of the elm. His pulse quickened as the undergrowth slowly parted to reveal a thin white face.

Keene gave a slight gasp as the moonlight shafted down on his midnight visitor. He was very old, with slightly bloodshot eyes, which every now and then he turned heavenwards in their dark sockets as if praying for his immortal soul. Heavy brows and an unkempt white beard gave him a quality of timelessness which Keene found intensely disturbing.

"Got-----got you on the run too, have they?" he stammered hoarsely. The other nodded slowly, but remained silent. It was only then that Keene noticed the heavy iron fetter around his companion's ankle, from which dragged a short length of heavy chain. A method of imprisonment which had not been in use for over a hundred years. Quite suddenly, all Keene's confused doubts and fears drew themselves into the sharp focus of abject terror. As the aged white figure began to move slowly towards him, with ominous clanking of chains, his lips began to tremble until very soon his whole body was convulsed. He cried very softly at first, then gradually louder, until demented shrieks filled the length and breadth of the forest-----

The inspector took away his hand from the stilled pulse. "That's it," he said curtly. "He's cheated us after all." He got to his feet and for a few seconds looked somewhat unkindly at the silent goat which had been standing patiently beside the still-warm body.

#### FOOL YOUR BURGLAR

Are you having burglar trouble? Here is a simple, yet most effective protective measure. Before going to bed at night lift your front door off its hinges, but leave it propped up in its normal position.

The housebreaker creeps up to the front door during the early hours of the morning. He picks the lock, turns the handle, and presto: the hingeless door falls down flat with a bang that awakes the whole neighbourhood.

It is advisable to keep a first-aid kit and a jar of marmalade handy in case the door falls outwards and injures the poor fellow.

(Continued from page 2)- give myself a thorough rub down with olive oil."

The bus strike is now over, so once again here is our quiz. The answers are at the foot of the page.

- (1) Where does the Prime Minister of Italy live?
- (2) Of what country was Hindustani the Prime Minister?
- (3) Theodore Roosevelt's initials were T R. True or false?
- (4) Do you mind if I smoke?
- (5) How many "Rs" in the word constitutional?

BELLY BELONG ME WALK ABOUT TOO MUCH by Neville Goldberg.

I want to learn Chinese. No kidding. I honestly do. I know that I have the necessary aptitude to become a linguist. My grandfather was Russian and I have an uncle who has a genuine Persian carpet. Another uncle of mine plays German whist almost every night, so you see, I have real foreign blood in my veins.

Strange languages scare some people, but not me. Words like Milano, Champs Elysee and Unter den Linden fall easily from my lips. I like foreign cooking too, and dishes like ravioli, goulash and petit-point have been my staple diet for years.

Even so, why Chinese? Well, it's quite simple really. I was born in a house that had a Chinese laundry on one side and a Chinese restaurant on the other. Uncle Solly used to say that the Chinese writing on the walls gave the place an ornamental atmosphere.

Still, I don't suppose I would have chosen Chinese if it had not been so easy. In the first place you don't have to learn an alphabet. There isn't one. The whole language is based on little pictures. Pictures for trees, pictures for houses, pictures for pictures. These are known as characters, and one can come across some very interesting characters indeed.

China's influence has, in the last few years, spread far and wide; and Chinese communities can be found in every part of the world. Even in Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, 7% of the population are Chinese; and the area in which they live is, of course, known as Chinese Caracas.

The language itself reflects the nature of the people. For example, the simple greeting, "Pleased to meet you" would be, to the Pekingese, a very impolite statement indeed. The literal translation of his first words to a new acquaintance would probably be, "I have the honour to hang for the first time from your eyes." Another instance of how much more interesting this language is than our own, would be, "Yonder of the motor car as for, whom of is it?" Of course, the English equivalent is obvious.

There is no limit to the charm and delight of these fascinating people and I am constantly angered by the stupid Anglo-Saxon who thinks that all Chinese speak like the Oriental tennis player ----- "Velly solly, silly volley." I shall learn Chinese, and when I am an old man with stomach ulcers I shall visit my Chinese doctor and complain, "Belly belong me walk about too much."

~~~~~  
Answers to the quiz at the top of this page:-

- (1) Italy.                      (2) Mahatma Gandhi.                      (3) 1692.
- (4) I don't care if you burst into flame.                      (5) Three.

## FURTHER FURTHERISATION by Professor Sidney Ippolitofivanoff.

I dealt briefly with adverbs in my impervious lecture. We then discovered that the adverb does something to the verb. Judging from the letters I've received it does something to readers also. Excellent!

I think that we are now ready to become a little more involved. How are adverbs formicated? The answer is ridiculously simple. Just take any adjective and add "ly" to the end. This is called a suffix (nothing to do with the county) and this grammatical transfertilization is known as a suffixation, but let us amnesiate that for the moment.

Take any example: 'Precise' - the adverb becomes 'precisely'. CONSTANTLY, CURLY, FAMILY and MONOPOLY are similarly derived.

The revulsion of this rule is also applicable. For instance: 'FAIRLY' comes from 'FAIR', 'EARLY' from 'EAR', 'GRIZZLY' from 'GRIZ' and 'HOLY' from 'HO'.

We have now, more or less, done adverbs.

### CONSTRUCTION OF WORDS

According to the Dictionary, construction is defined as 'syntactical connexion', but we won't let a little thing like that deter us.

If you stick something at the beginning of a word it is called a prefix; and at the end of a word, a suffix. We are now ready to fix a few words.

Take the word 'subjugation'. Sub (meaning 'under') is the prefix, and jugation (which, of course, needs no explanation) is the root. If you want to say 'under jugation', you simply join the two together and there you are; sub-jugation. What could be easier?

Some words have a foreign composure. An example is 'least'. The prefix 'le' is from the French meaning 'the': and the suffix 'ast' is from Yorkshire dialect meaning 'have you'. Put the two together and a new word is excreted.

You should find every aspect of our language as easy as this once it has been chlorified.

~~~~~

### HEY DIDDLE, DIDDLE

It is perhaps a little early to forecast the result of the next general election, but already the main issue at stake is becoming apparent. What will be the decisive factor? Not nationalisation, not foreign policy, not even home rule for the Irish.

British scientists have put forward a tentative suggestion for a moon rocket. The nose cone will contain a vast quantity of dye which will burst upon arrival at its destination and considerably brighten up a large area of the moon's surface. Wonderful idea!

Presumably, the colour used for the project will depend upon which government is in power at the time. It's up to you readers. If you want a blue moon, vote Tory. If you want a red moon, vote Socialist.

Of course, with the steady increase of commercialisation it is more than likely that the rocket project will be sponsored by one of the country's leading industries, in which case the 'dye plan' would be discarded. Instead, the moon's surface will probably be plastered with Heinz beans.

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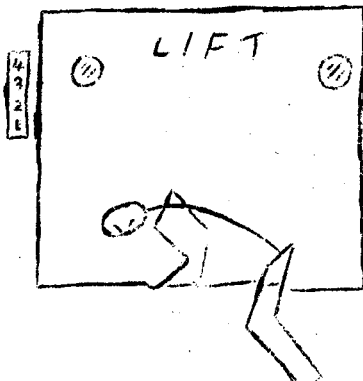
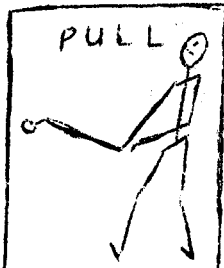
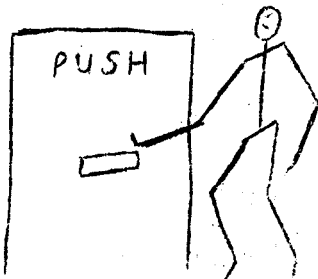
MEDICATED WITH IZAL GERMICIDE

# SOCIETY COLUMN

Our reporter was at London airport last week to interview Air Vice Marshal Dillon before his departure for the Himalayas. When questioned, his Airship said that he hoped to make a single-handed assault on Mont Blanc and Mont Gomery. The reason for this is that he has, of late, found extreme difficulty in withdrawing his other hand from his pocket. His previous assault was very leniently dealt with by the judge.

Gloria Aston-Villary, the beautiful 19 year-old daughter of Sir Percival Aston-Villary, has started work as a cipher clerk with Sheffield County Council. We hear that during her first week on the job she developed a code of her own. She must have been sitting in a draught.

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## IN THE TRADE by Ken Beedle.

Have you ever noticed when you buy something nowadays how everyone you meet tells you that they could have bought it for you cheaper or 'got a bit off'? You never meet these people before you make your purchase, only afterwards; and they all have a brother, a friend, or some distant relation 'in the trade'.

You stand proudly before your shining new acquisition; be it telly, washing machine, car, or radio, ready to show it off. You point out all the smart new details and then you reverently mention the price. There is immediately a sharp intake of breath. "You didn't give all that for it," they gasp? "If only you'd let me know, our Augustus could have got you a" - (here they mention a much more expensive, up-to-date model you admired so much in the shop but couldn't afford) - "for" - (here they mention a ridiculously low figure which compared to the price you paid for yours would have left you enough over to pay for that new suit you have been promising yourself all winter).

The upshot is that you never feel the same. You feel you've been robbed. You probably have, but at least you were previously happy in your ignorance.

By the way, if you would like a few copies of Scribble at half price which I managed to squeeze out of the editor - but don't tell everybody!

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Neville Goldberg, my most approximate friend, is undoubtedly the most unforgettable character I've ever crossed. In a previous issue of Scribble, Neville described himself as being very old and very tired. I can understand that. After all, he lives with himself 24 hours a day. Maybe it's just an impression I've got, but he appears to be trying to live with me for 25 hours a day. As a result, I too am beginning to feel very old and very tired.

These are hard words and perhaps a little misleading. Neville, as I see him, is very close. A few random definitions of close - STIFLING, DENSE, NEARLY EQUAL. Neville is nearly equal. In fact, he is more nearly equal than anyone else I have ever known.

He's a great guy really. Perhaps it's just modesty on his part, but he has a positive genius for concealing his many virtues. He has concealed them so well that nobody has yet discovered a single one of them.

However, viewing Neville from my editorial chair, I must admit that he is a brilliant writer. With a bit of luck he may one day write an article for Scribble that is worth reading.

THE MOST FORGETTABLE CHARACTER I'VE MET by Neville Goldberg

I wouldn't go so far as to say that he is a likeable character, though he can be very charming if something important is involved, like money, or Colin Freeman. His name, by the way, is Colin Freeman. Not that I hold it against him. As an editor he is an energetic, encouraging, firm individual. As a man he is a lazy, discouraging slob (if he's looking I'm only kidding).

He has a fantastic grip on life, and a deep understanding of real values. Some time ago, when things just wouldn't go right for me - I had not had any work for weeks and had not backed a winner since "Airborne" in the Derby - I wanted to borrow the price of a cup of coffee and a Camembert sandwich. He watched me struggle with my pride as I searched for the words to use, words that did not come easily to a man of my calibre, and when I finally found the courage to say what I had to, he laid a gentle hand on my arm, and drawing his cheque book from his pocket, struck me sharply over the head with it and told me to go crawl back into my hole.

So you can understand why I can't say more about the guy.

I ----- I guess I'm just choked up.

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We regret any offence that might have been caused by the article referring to Mr. Stanley Baldwin that would have been printed in the last issue of Scribble. We wish to state that any remarks that might have been made had the article been written would have been in good faith, and references that might have been made to Mr. Baldwin's bicycle would certainly not have been of a derogatory nature. We apologize most sincerely for any inconvenience that would have been caused to Mr. Baldwin had the article been printed.

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The horoscope which normally appears on this page has been temporarily moved to page 4 due to circumstances beyond our control.

MEDICATED WITH IZAL GERMICIDE



AUNTY JUDY

Dear Aunty Judy,

Although my son has had a college education he insists on walking all round the town with a sandwich board proclaiming 'THE END IS IN SIGHT'. What do you advise?

Mrs. H. Bennett

Harrogate.

PUT A PATCH ON HIS TROUSERS.

~~~~~

Dear Aunty Judy,

My boy-friend is an architect and he keeps asking me to go up to his room to see his etchings. Should I go?

Eileen Blackhall

Neville's Cross.

GO, BUT WARN HIM THAT ETCHINGS ALWAYS MAKE YOU WANT TO SCRATCH.

~~~~~

ENTRY OF THE GLADIATORS by Ken Beedle.

Anthony stood against the wall of the imposing building, crushed by the crowd of excited, shrieking humanity. This was the moment he had dreaded. Once inside the great arena, once the opponent had been met it was every man for himself, and he knew that in the heat of the moment he could be calm and meet his fate with courage and dignity.

It was the waiting that he hated most. The fear of the unknown. He wanted to make a break for it, but he was trapped by the pushing and screaming mob around him and there was no escape.

He thought of the last few weeks of intensive training to prepare him for the encounter ahead. He had learned to keep cool, to think just that one move ahead, to act quickly and gracefully, each movement timed to the split second.

It was the initial clash that he feared. That first moment when he would stand alone, face to face with his adversary, each weighing up the other. The slightest mistake could spell disaster.

Suddenly the huge doors opened, and the heaving, struggling mass erupted into the great open space. Anthony found himself just inside the doors which had closed behind him. From time to time hysterical screams of young girls pierced the general cacophony of sound which seemed to fill the air all around him.

His heart pounded against his ribs. His pulse raced. He clasped his hands tightly, took a deep breath, and approached his opponent. As he tried to speak he felt a tightness in his throat.

"Would you like to dance," he muttered?

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

We've all been waiting for it since the back end of last summer. At last it is here: Spring. Isn't it wonderful to be woken up at 5 o'clock in the morning by the racket --- er, singing of dozens of birds outside our windows? Do we mind feeling tired and bad-tempered all day because of these hours of lost sleep? Of course not!

Dear Aunty Judy,

My 23 year old daughter has got her first date with a boy next week. Should I tell her the facts of life?

V.J. Day

London.

YES! AND BE SURE SHE REMEMBERS THE DATE.

~~~~~

Dear Aunty Judy,

Every single morning when I wake up my wife just lies there, laughing. I'm driving me nuts. Do you think I am too sensitive?

George Broadbelt

Knaresborough.

NO! SHE IS: YOUR IMAGINATION IS TICKLING HER.

## 'NOUNCEMENTS

Madam Bertha, our medium (we couldn't get a large) has still not regained consciousness after her trance-Atlantic crossing.

The first performance of Moulten Pilchards' unfinished symphony was executed by the Halle Would Bowl last night. The orchestra was immaculately dressed. The conductor(ate of route 43) was Otto Coald.

Africa is running short of wild animals and has issued an urgent appeal to any wild beasts who are resident in Europe to return home. Several species (elephants, alligators, gazetteers, giraffes) are threatened with extinction.

FOR SALE:- Vacant tomb in desirable setting, ideally situated near shops and bus route. Owner going abroad.

In Westminster last week, when the Foreign Secretary was asked for some information on the Congo situation, he replied, "I don't sink zat it iss advizable for me to zay anysing about zis problems at ze moment".

~~~~~

Scribble is printed by Ron Bennett of Harrogate, the man who said:- "O.K., so you remember me in your will and I do your duplicating for nothing, but supposing I go first?"

The cover is by Arthur (ATOM) Thomson, the man who said, "Arthur Thomson's better than no Thomson at all".

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## ERRATUM

We apologize for the errors listed here, which were discovered after the magazine went to print.

Page 2, line 6 should read: "Bi-monthly bye" instead of "twice a month".

Page 4, ammended title. "The fugitives" is incorrect when in actual fact there weren't a fu, but only one. New title -"The Lonegitive".

Page 5, the answer to question (5) of the quiz should be "Four" and not "Three" as stated.

P.4, line 12, 2nd word, should be replaced by P.2, line 12, 2nd word.

P.8, line 5 should read, "It is impossible to remove them when seated".

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

## JUST IN TIME

Running feet disappeared round the corner and all was quiet once again except for the musical rick a tick tick of the pneumatic drill across the street. Robin slowly raised the manhole cover and peeped out.

He was horrified to see a pair of eyes staring straight into his own.

"Good afternoon", he muttered. The pi geon didn't reply, but to

Robin's relief it stopped staring at him. Robin climbed out of the manhole and began to pull on his socks when,

(Continued next time)