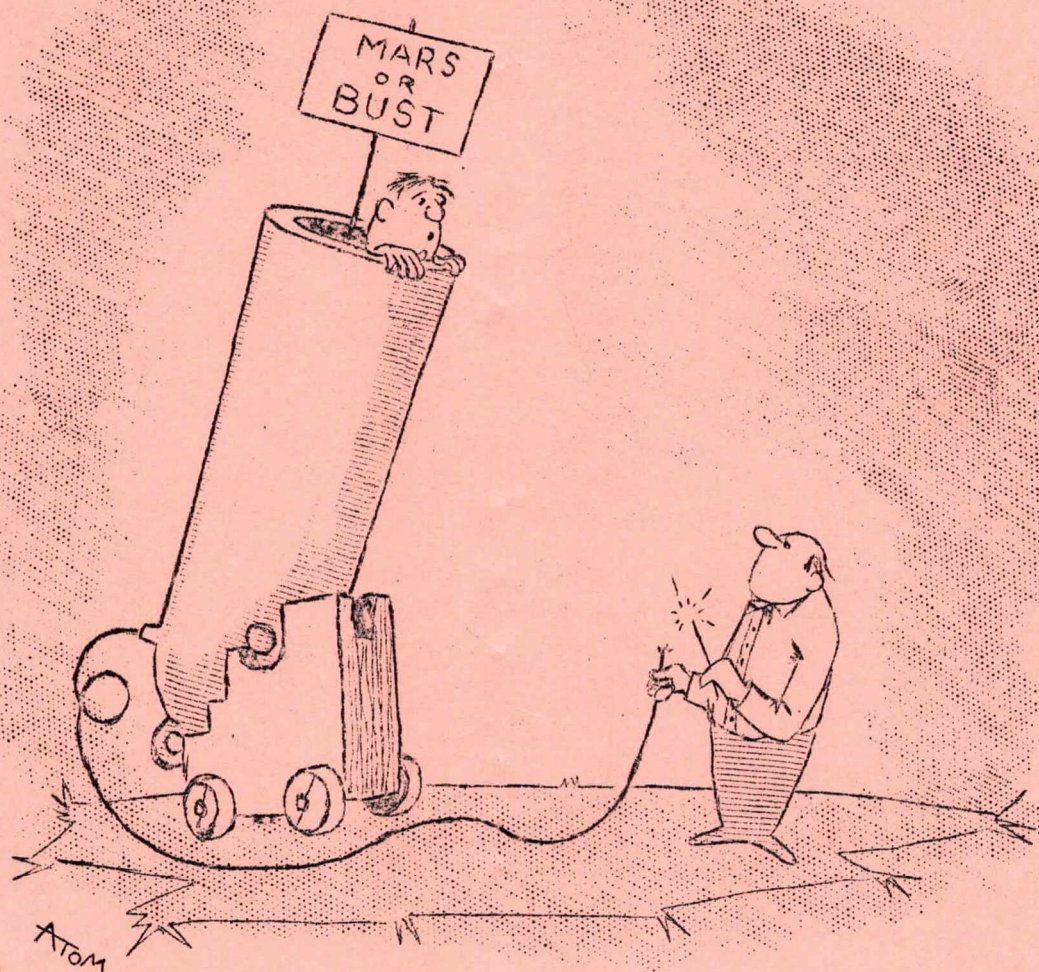


Scribble

NO. 8.

WINTER, 1961-62.



"You're quite SURE this will put Britain
ahead in the space race, Professor?"

NOTTO:- If Napoleon could do it, then so can we.

E D I T O R I A L ?

My main purpose each day is to learn a little more about life, so that by the time I die I will have found out how to live. Perhaps I should increase my rate of learning if I am to achieve this ambition before Krushchev (or some other 'peace-loving' world statesman) explodes a 1,000 megaton bomb. I don't think Krushchev means any real harm with his bomb though. It's just his status symbol. I've certainly no intention of worrying myself into growing an ulcer every time he has atomic hiccups.

Talking of ulcers, Guy Burgess, the British diplomat who deflected to the Russians, is ill in Moscow with ulcers and also hardening of the arteries. "I'm just going into hospital for a check-up," he said to reporters when interviewed. "Churchill said that any man who had done anything useful in his life suffered hardening of the arteries by the time he was 50. And I'm just 50." He was obviously too modest to comment further.

Talking of British modesty and reserve, Lonnie Donegan is over in the U.S.A. with something on his mind. "I like America. Here, show business people are treated as a sort of aristocracy. That doesn't happen in England. There we're still considered buffoons." Surprise, surprise.

While we are in that part of the world it seems worth noting that the U.S.A. appears to be feeling the effect of increasing world tension and is apparently finding the situation a tremendous strain on her manpower and financial resources. A two year-old girl in Los Angeles was recently summoned for non-payment of property tax, and an eighty year-old man in Rhode Island has received his army call-up papers. "Things look real desperate," he remarked, which seems to sum it up as well as anything.

Could it be that Uncle Sam is suffering as a result of his foreign aid programme? Poverty-stricken South Viet Nam, for instance, has received more than £66 million (in dollars of course) since 1954. The latest shipment included 48,000 tins of weight-reducing diet food for the now overweight Viet Nameese. Yes, the Yanks sure are generous.

We don't recognise Red China. A country with a population of approximately 600 million people and we refuse to recognise its existence. Fair enough. ----- A large proportion of the world's problems is caused by the incompatibility of the two extremist powers - U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. Why not de-recognise them both? If we can do it to China it should be a simple matter to pretend that Russia doesn't exist with a population of only a little over 200 million and U.S.A. with a mere 175 million.

Britain is poking her nose through the door of the European Common Market. And what does she see inside this showpiece of international co-operation? There is engineer Daniel Mirat who lives in Belgium and works over the border, a few miles away in France. He has a car and would like to drive to work each day, surely a simple matter at any time but especially so in the new-found brotherhood of the Market. There's just one little difficulty however. Belgian officials say that his car must be registered in Belgium, French officials insist that it should be registered in France. This slight difference of opinion has so far lasted for two years, and meanwhile Daniel Mirat is walking.

or THANK GOODNESS I'M SHORT-SIGHTED

The Hole in the Road article literally inspired me - to start a hole of my very own. I began here in Elm Road (so that I could get back home for lunch). The first thing I discovered was a bunch of old Scribbles that someone had buried. Why hadn't I thought of that? I usually tear them into small pieces and push them through the plug-hole of the bath.

Digging is fun but it lays one open to occupational diseases. At the moment I'm suffering from trench feet and an attack of worms.

Hopping you are the same; Your friend and well-digger,

Thank you for Scribble. Sometimes @ I realise that Ron Bennett is unique
I catch myself laughing out loud, @ but 30000 coupons! That's too much.
even when there are people around @ Is a con-man who is also a professor
(and there usually aren't any more@ of Psychology practising Freudalment
+sniff+). @ conversion?

@

@

WILLIAM M. DANNER - KENNERDELL, U.S.A.

ARCHIE MERCER - LINCOLN

G. COOK - HARROGATE

DOING IT MYSELF By Ken Beedle

So I decided to make some wine. I washed my hands, cut my toe nails and sat down to study the book of words. The fascinating thing is that wine can be made out of anything it's just a simple chemical reaction. One has only to follow the instructions. Nothing to it.

I go shopping with my list of requirements. First of all a gallon glass jar and an air-lock, obtainable at any chemist's, or so the book says. The glass jar is easy; the air-lock proves rather more difficult. The shop assistants look at me as though I'd asked for a pint of bat's blood and a jar of leeches. I end up with a dozen assorted corks.

Next the fruit. It must be cheap because of the quantity needed. As I trek from shop to shop I realise that it's a bad year for fruit. I also realise how uncertain the life of a fruit is - at the mercy of weather and all manner of insects and diseases. By the time I emerge from the fifth shop I am convinced that fruit is definitely out. It would be cheaper to buy a bottle of sherry.

So what! Wine can be made from anything. All that natural harbage by the roadside. So I decide to collect dandelions. It shouldn't be too difficult; there must be thousands around somewhere. After half a mile of trudging along a country lane I become a little suspicious. Has somebody heard of my wine-making plans and beaten me to it? Not a solitary speck of yellow can I see anywhere. I begin to understand that it is a bad year for dandelions also - at the mercy of weather and all manner of insects and diseases.

Finally, there on a grass verge under a great oak, lies treasure. A large yellow head. As I approach, almost overcome with emotion, a small dog dashes up to the tree, pauses, and nature takes its course. The once beautiful dandelion is directly in the line of fire. It takes a good second for the full significance of this catastrophic event to sink into my numbed consciousness and my appetite for home made wine to disappear completely. I walk dejectedly on to the nearest pub for a sherry before dinner.

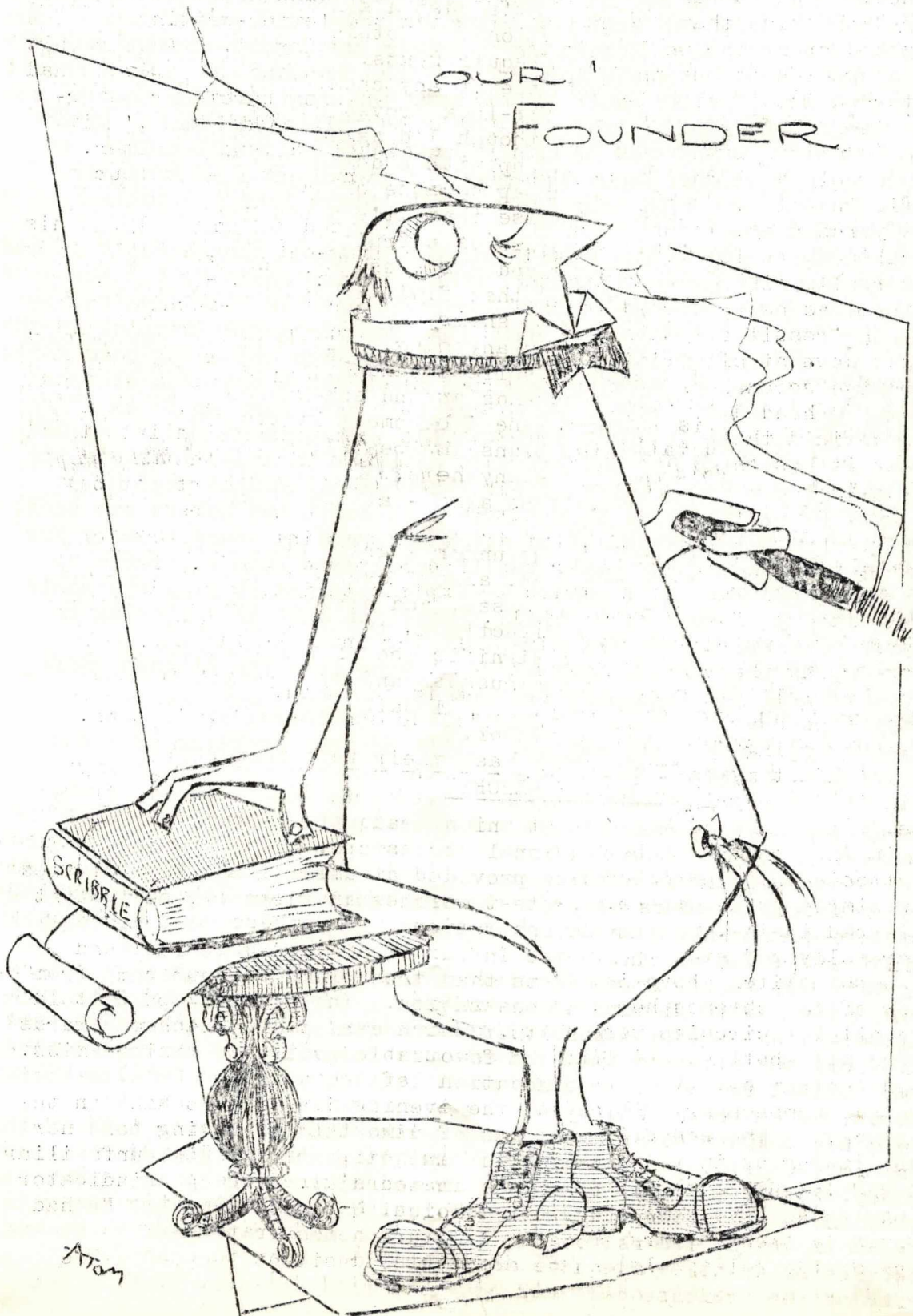
I wonder if those French chaps wash their feet properly? - - - - -
KEN BEEDLE REPORTS

An emergency meeting was held at union headquarters recently of GEUPP, General Empiric Union of Professional Protestors. Preliminary business dealt with the lack of facilities provided at union activities. A demand was made for food vouchers at protest marches and more adequate seating arrangements during sit-down demonstrations. Members soon moved on to the main item on the agenda. The influx of amateur protestors.

Complaints had arisen from events that took place in Trafalgar Square, the scene of the ban-the-bomb demonstration. The campaign had received much advance publicity as a result of which many amateur protestors had arrived first and occupied the most favourable positions in the Square. There was little choice of accommodation left when the professionals had arrived and many members had spent the evening sitting in puddles.

Campaigning against re-armament was of utmost importance and these amateurs must be made to recognise the authority of the professional protestors. The majority of the amateurs were mere pony-tailed teenagers and mothers carrying their babies. The meeting terminated after a decision by members to attend future demonstrations with coshes, knuckledusters (or other adequate armaments) in order to enforce the authority of the professional body.

OUR FOUNDER



EXPERIMENT ONE

By Colin Freeman

"Come and look Susan. I've finished it."

"Yes darling. I'll see it later. I'm just washing up the breakfast dishes now." Susan ran some hot water into the sink and sighed. She remembered the time that Robert had invented the letter-writing machine and they had spent the whole morning together testing it. As a result she had forgotten to put their dinner into the oven and the episode had almost turned into their first row until the talking barometer interrupted. 'A DEEP DEPRESSION IS APPROACHING FROM THE NORTH-EAST,' it informed them in solemn tones and they had dissolved into laughter. Life was rarely dull when your husband was Robert Fenton - amateur scientific inventor.

A few yards away, in the back room, Robert gazed thoughtfully at his filing-cabinet. At least, it looked like a filing-cabinet, but the back room was really his workshop and the cabinet was his time-machine, or chronosphere as he preferred to call it. The first time-machine in the world. The result of years and years of research and sheer hard work. Robert sat down at his writing desk and extracted a tattered exercise book from the scramble of papers in front of him. Turning to the first empty page he headed it TIME TRANSMISSION - Experiment One. He had long ago decided that his initial test would be an excursion into the future and it was the details of his intended experiment that he now wrote down in the exercise book. This task completed Robert sat back. He was worried about Susan. If no hitch occurred he would be away for two or three hours at the most, but if Susan came into the workshop during that time she would wonder what had happened to him. She would probably kick up a fuss if he tried to explain that he was going to disappear into the future for a while.

A ripple of inspiration sent him scurrying into the kitchen where Susan was drying the remaining few dishes.

"Forgot to tell you Sue. I won't be in to lunch."

"That's fine dear," she smiled. "I'll do some shopping in town. Where are you going?"

"Oh, it's just my latest gadget. I want to see if there is any future in it." He grinned at the unintended pun. "Don't worry if I'm late."

Back in the workshop Robert made a final check of the machine. It was electronically controlled and the intricate mechanism was motivated by a few simple push-buttons. Just like a hotel elevator, he thought as he stepped inside.

He carefully adjusted the setting of the period dial to 1981 and depressed the switch above it. An almost imperceptible hum came from the floor of the chronosphere. An examination of the check panel told him that all the circuits were functioning normally. He reached towards the red contact button. A final glance at the panel. Nothing amiss. He pushed the button.

There was a momentary vibration. Robert hesitated, his hand on the release lock. The sensation was rather like that of moving to a new house and waking up in the middle of the night puzzled by the unfamiliar surroundings. His gaze lifted to the period dial. The date indicator had moved to the 1981 mark. The experiment had succeeded. He had jumped exactly twenty years into the future.

A turn of the release lock and the door slid silently open. The

workshop had altered considerably since he had left it twenty seconds ago, or was it twenty years ago? Some form of indirect lighting radiated from the walls and ceiling and Robert was staring at this in fascination when the young man stood up from the writing desk and walked towards the door.

"Hey you," Robert shouted after him, but the man completely ignored him and the next instant had left the workshop. Robert stared at the closed door in bewilderment. Perhaps the poor fellow was deaf, but was he also blind? He had walked too surely for a blind man.

Robert walked over to the desk and once again his face registered amazement as he tried to pick up the sheet of paper lying there. His hand had passed straight through the paper and the desk as though they weren't there.

"Of course," he muttered to himself. "That's why that young fellow didn't see or hear me. I'm only an observer of the future. Not a part of it."

The sheet of paper, which Robert now saw to be a short letter, was at an awkward angle and he had to twist his head round to read it.

Dear Mrs. Harvey,

I think your husband would be very interested in a photograph taken of you and your (escort) at the Blue Star Hotel last Monday evening. If you wish to buy it stand outside the main entrance to the bus station at 10.30a.m. on Thursday 25th, and wait for me to approach you. Fifty £1 notes in a paper bag will cover my expenses. You would be extremely unwise to show this letter to anybody.

Robert finished reading and straightened himself up in disbelief. A blackmail letter! The young man was a crook, and just about the worst possible type of crook at that. A blackmailer.

The ringing of the telephone shattered the silence and Robert jumped at the unexpected noise. The door burst inwards followed by the young man who hurried over to the phone. His features were vaguely familiar to Robert who now managed to get his first good look at him. He felt an intense contempt for this stranger from another age as he remembered the blackmail letter.

The man waited for a pause in the ringing before picking up the receiver. "Hello. John Fenton speaking."

Robert didn't hear any more. He stared at the young man in horror as the full realization swept over him. This---this blackmailer was his own son. He couldn't bear to look at him any longer. He had to escape.

It was a much older Robert Fenton who staggered out of the chronosphere and back to the year 1961 scarcely half an hour after leaving it. He stumbled across the workshop barely able to carry his stooped shoulders, and he mumbled continually as though depraved. "My son; a blackmailer. Mustn't let it happen. Mustn't have a child."

He pulled his old service revolver out of the drawer. It was already loaded. His hand shook as he pushed the barrel into his mouth.

Susan didn't hear the shot. She watched Dr. Baker intently from the surgery couch as he concluded his examination. "There's no doubt about it," the doctor smiled. "You are going to have a baby."

"That's wonderful," Susan couldn't keep the excitement from her voice. "I hope it's a boy. We'll call him John - after you."

+ 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 + 0 +

The standard of English grammar in readers' letters is now much more better than what it used to be, so I think that perhaps we are ready to delve a little deeper into the intricate mechanism of our mother tongue.

Now supposing that a convict in Dartmoor Prison went to the governor and said, "This is an easy place to get out of" -the governor would be considerably annoyed. Do you know why he would be upset? Because that sentence finalizes itself with a preposition. (Governors are usually loathe to finalize any sentence.) There is nothing more infumigating than to see a perfectly good sentence ruined because a preposition finishes it off. If the prisoner wishes to remain in the governor's good books he should say, "This is an easy place of which to get out," although even this could be improved upon. This is really a new version of the old grammatical problem - should there be a capital "P" in capital punishment? But never mind about that now.

SYNONYMS AND ANTONYMS

Synonyms are words that are almost identical in meaning. Wood, forest and copse are synonymous. Normally one can be substituted for another without it making much difference, but care should be taken. Suppose that while Robin Hood was seeking refuge from the law he bumped into Maid Marion and asked her to take him to the forest. He would most likely have ended up watching a Nottingham Forest football match. Or if he had asked for the copse he'd have soon found himself in the local police station. However, if she had taken him to the wood ---- everything would have turned out o.k.

Also, a girl might be pleased if her boy-friend offered to introduce her to 'close relatives', but she would probably be more than a little apprehensive if the introduction were to 'intimate relations'.

Antonyms are opposite in meaning. Hot and cold are antonyms. 'She gave him the cold shoulder' means that she gave him the brush-off (poor fellow). 'She gave him the hot shoulder.' It's quite obvious that she is not ignoring him now.

Which just about brings us to the end of our lecture or, to use our new knowledge of synonyms, this is just about the limit.

+++++X- amenities

The adjacent sketch is a map of Knaresborough. This is for the benefit of those readers who have written to ask me for a description of the district. As can be seen, the town has several amenities.

X- amenities
X- amenities
+KNARESBOROUGH
X- amenities
X- amenities

+++++

It will be noticed from Fig.127 that Ken Beedle is slightly indisposed. He is suffering from a severe attack of retrogressive peristalsis, but we understand that the trouble is now beginning to move in the right direction.

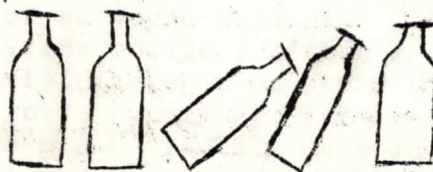
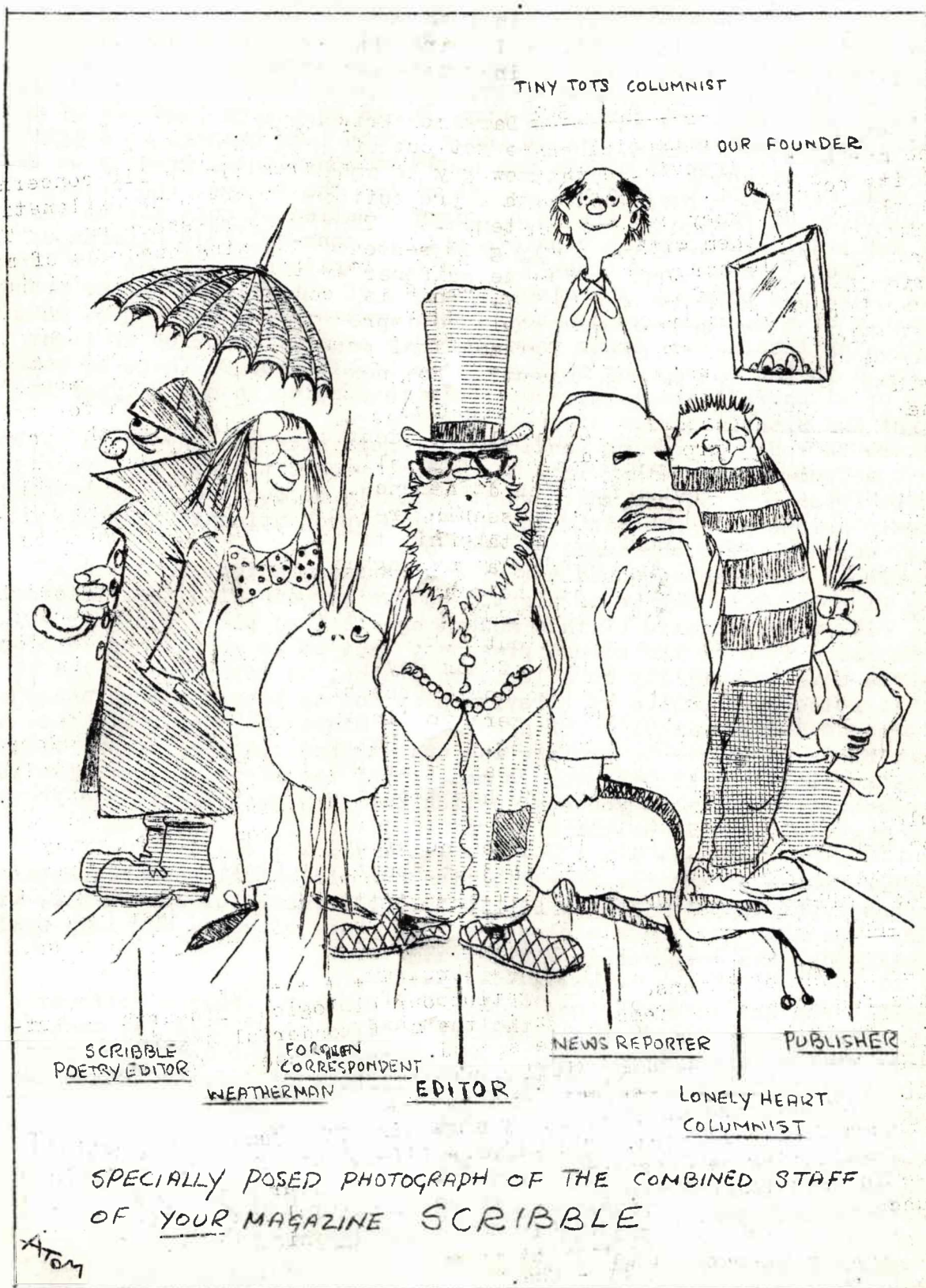


Fig.127 - KEN BEEDLE

I wish you'd use a knife and fork or clean your nails or something



THE MAGIC BOX

By Roger Morris.

So much inconsequential chatter is bandied from lip to lip concerning the marvels of television that I feel bound to advance some explanation of its popularity. Most people are, of course, born snoopers. The knowledge that they can eavesdrop upon events happening hundreds of miles distant fills them with a sort of inner warmth like brandy, or Brigitte Bardot. The lethargy of modern man no doubt contributes greatly to the very wide appeal of the medium. Where are the Drakes, the Raleighs, the builders of Empire? Are we becoming a nation of mute morons whose most colourful conversation consists only of mono-syllabic utterances such as 'ooh,' 'hush' and 'look'? Is the zenith of ambition for the timid souls who populate the sleeping boxes of suburbia to be the proud ownership of a wretched goggle-box? Poor creatures! What magic, what frightening fascination binds them in their nightly shackles of light and sound in the flickering twilight of a firelit room? There is something of witchcraft about it, some spell that holds them paralysed in thought and speech, slaves of the magic box.

There is today a growing tendency to regard with awe any sound which emanates from a box whether it's the radio, record player, tape recorder or television. Sounds which would normally be decried or denigrated suddenly assume an aesthetic value wholly disproportionate to their actual worth. It's the magic of the box.

Buffoons for whom we would not willingly budge a foot or spend a penny piece to see, regale us nightly on our screens with their mediocre wit. Is it symptomatic of this modern age that we place a higher value on the image than on the actual presence? But it is we who must choose. We alone have the ability to select, to praise, to disparage. And we must exercise this choice if television is not to become a mere anadyne for ulcerated executives. Or are we such slaves to conformity that we cannot bring ourselves to profane the undisturbed symmetry of our viewing? Is the magic of the box to achieve mastery of the mind? Just give it a thought will you, when you next switch on. You just might, and I say again might, decide to switch off again.

+ + + + +

After months of intense investigation our biological research department has found that the female sex is the most wonderful sex in the, er world. The male sex comes a close second. Very close. Our team will be continuing its research in Middlesex.

+++++

FRIENDS! Why not take up a new hobby this Winter? Make a collection of denounced Soviet leaders. "Lifelike - Lifesize." Send for details of this fascinating new pastime. Add culture to your home with a set of these interesting people. Sets of 3 in beautiful X-mas gift boxes. A denounced Soviet leader is a must for your home this Winter.

+++++

The tap keeps going "Cha - Cha - Cha."

You mean it's doing a dance?

Don't be ridiculous. Who's ever heard of a tap dance?

+++++

Who said Scribble is going to the dogs? It's just a vicious rumour.
Woof, woof, woof.

+++++

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH:- To really enjoy chamber music one must be a little potty.

EXTRACTS FROM INSURANCE CLAIMS IN THE NEWSLETTER OF THE YORKSHIRE
CENTRE OF THE BRITISH AUTOMOBILE RACING CLUB

I consider that neither was to blame, but if either one were to blame, it was the other one.

I knocked over a man. He admitted it was his fault as he had been run over before.

The accident was due to the other man narrowly missing me.

I collided with a stationary tramcar coming the other way.

I left my Austin Seven outside, and when I came out later to my amazement there was an Austin Twelve.

Dog on the road applied the brakes causing a skid.

I told the other idiot what he was and went on.

I blew my horn but it would not work as it had been stolen.

I thought the side window was down but it was up as I found out when I put my head through it.

If the other driver had stopped a few yards behind himself, the accident would never have happened.

She suddenly saw me, lost her head and we met.

A lorry backed through my windscreen into my wife's face.

I misjudged a lady crossing the street.

I heard a horn blow and was struck in the back - a lady was evidently trying to pass me.

.....
ROLL UP, ROLL UP - A Review by Colin Freeman

The other night I took Ken Beedle with me to see all the fun of the big top when the Piccadilly circus came to town. The evening was spoilt to some extent by Ken continually scratching his head, and the sawdust kept getting inside my shoe. The clowns weren't half as funny as I had expected, but then, we were sitting in the half a clown seats anyway.

After the circus we spent some time in the fairground. The boxing booth attracted our attention. "Roll up, roll up. Go three rounds with one of our fighters and win £10." "I'll have a go," said Ken, but they didn't have any paperweights so he had to forget it. "All-in wrestling is more in my line," Ken shrugged, and I had to agree with him there - he certainly looked all-in. We moved on to the rifle range. Ken of course is a crack shot (or is it crackpot?). "See if you can get a prize first go," I encouraged him. He did too. Put a bullet straight through a glass vase. When we stopped running we found ourselves at the slot machines. Well, Ken put his halfpenny in the slot, pulled the trigger and whoosh - he lost the ball (and his halfpenny). I've never seen anyone cry so much since my Auntie Katie had all that trouble when her stuffed parrot started breeding. Sobbed his heart out poor lad. He's like that. Underneath that hard exterior he's just a heap of soft sentimental slush, or something. Well, I put my arms round him (don't misunderstand me) and comforted him as best I could as we walked home. "And stop scratching your head Ken," I yelled at him.

I COULD WITH A CIGARETTE

Seen on a public building in Russia Epigram to a capitalist - Man
exploits man. To a communist it is, of course, the other way round.

X X X X X

Of course you won't need your umbrella with you in Spain darling.
You're beautiful, and the rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain.

=====

PERSONAL I am no longer resident at my previous address and until
AD further notice all correspondence should be sent to:-
 Joseph Stalin, c/o Kitchen Garden, Kremlin, Moscow.

=====

Women have finally vanquished the last bastion of inequality in
Sheffield. Coin-in-the-slot toilets are to be abolished. The
House of Commons discussed the issue, but came to no decision.
They decided to sit on it for a while.

X X X X X

Aren't these flowers beautiful dear? I said aren't these flowers
beautiful? They are beautiful, aren't they?

Yes angel, but don't keep harping on it.

X X X X X

There has been a severe outbreak of diarrhoea in the North. Doctors
attribute it to some sort of chain reaction.

=====

The cover, and artwork on pages 5 and 9 are by Arthur (ATOM) Thomson,
the man who said, "I like to draw. It's something to do while it's
raining." - Thank goodness for English weather.

Scribble is printed by the Trousers Press under the ownership of
Ron Bennett. Thank you Ron, and the Trousers Press, for the many
hours of hard work. There are no flies on Ron (which is probably
why his Trousers is so unique).

SCRIBBLE - Price 6d. - is edited and published by:-

10/- in U.S.A. to:-
Bob Pavlat,
6001, 43rd Avenue,
Hyatsville, Md.

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Scotton Banks Hospital,
Ripley Road,
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Yorkshire, England.

=====

CLOCKING OFF

At Deal's chiming clock factory all hands are on strike for shorter
hours and double time at week ends. On the face of it the outcome is
in the balance, but it is expected that an agreement will be reached in
the Spring. Tension was evident when one of the hands was severely
ticked off for working round the clock, but the management got wind of
the situation and just told him to watch his step and see that it did
not happen a second time. Then interviewed a spokesman said, "This
factory makes the finest chiming clocks in the world. We will do our
utmost to ensure that the hands never strike again."

=====