

RECEIVED DEC 27 1963

Private

MAY YOU ENJOY 1964 FOR THE
NEXT YEAR OR SO.

DICK SCHULTZ

to the undermentioned:

GHEELINGS

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LONDON IN 1965 :

A thought for the year 1964:

This is A MERCATORIAL
PUBLICATION emanating
from 70 Worrall Road,
Bristol 8, England,
and although it is as
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it is of course not an
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November 1963

EIGHTH YEAR OF CONTINUOUS
PUBLICATION

T H E

M E R C A T O R I A L

A N N U A L

for

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YOU CAN'T READ A MAP WHILE YOU'RE RIDING A SCOOTER - a filk song

(NOTE. Though the treatment is obviously to a certain extent hyperbolic, this is, I assure you, founded very firmly indeed on solid fact. Apart from which, as it's a filk song it doesn't have to scan.)

In days of yore by railway, I would travel hopefully,
Wherever my resources would contrive;
And now that I'm mechanised I still travel hopefully,
But seldom if ever do arrive:

CHORUS: For you can't read a map while you're riding a scooter
And you haven't got a hand or eye to spare;
If you don't know the road, you're bound to miss your
turning
And you'll never find your own way there.

I set off one day from Bristol to London,
But found I was heading for South Wales;
So I turned back again, but I ran out of petrol
In the middle of the Yorkshire dales. (CHORUS)

I once took a trip along the Mersey tunnel
While visiting the Liverpool clan;
Just what went wrong I never did discover,
But I came out on the Isle of Man. (CHORUS)

I had an Easter date at the Con in Peterborough,
But I found I was grievously misled;
All the roads seemed to lead away from Peterborough
And I turned up next day in Peterhead. (CHORUS)

I dreamed that I died, and tried to get to Heaven,
But the roads all led the other way,
So I stopped my machine, got off and said to Hell with it -
At this rate I'll never reach L.A. (CHORUS)

(Change of key or tune or underwear or something at this point):

When I really die, I'll take my scooter with me,
And that Kingsley Amis book as well;
If I try to follow it I don't know where I'll get to,
But I'm damned sure it won't be Hell.

CHORUS: For you can't read a map while you're riding a scooter
And you haven't got a hand or eye to spare;
If you don't know the road, you're bound to miss your
turning
And you'll never find your own way there...
you'll never find your own way there...
never find your own way there...

FOOTNOTE

Just in case you're not exactly with it,
Peterhead's up Aberdeenshire way,
Los Angeles is the nearest place to Heaven,
And "New Maps of Hell"'s by Kingsley A. (CHORUS)