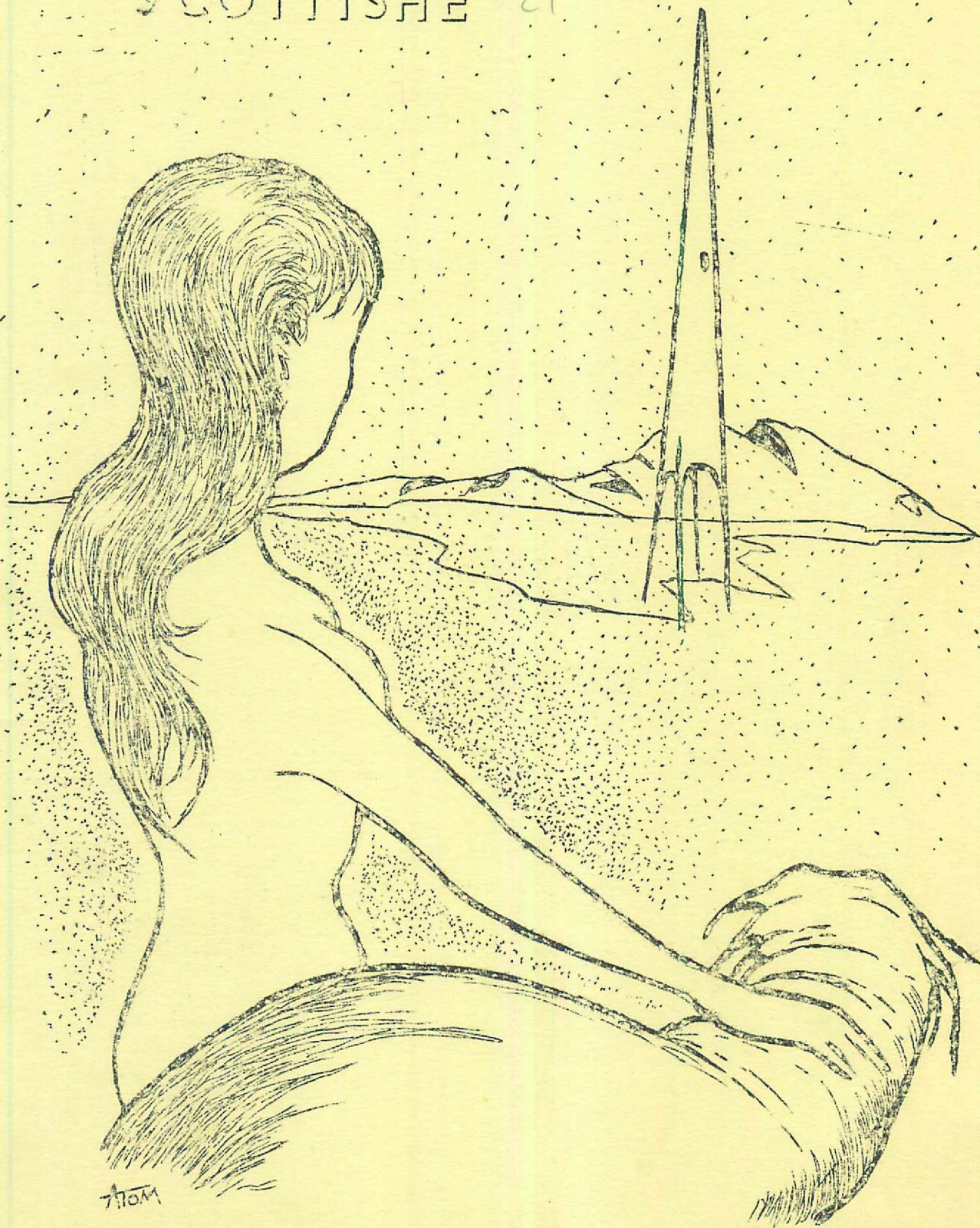


SCOTTISHE #21



atom

scottish

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by

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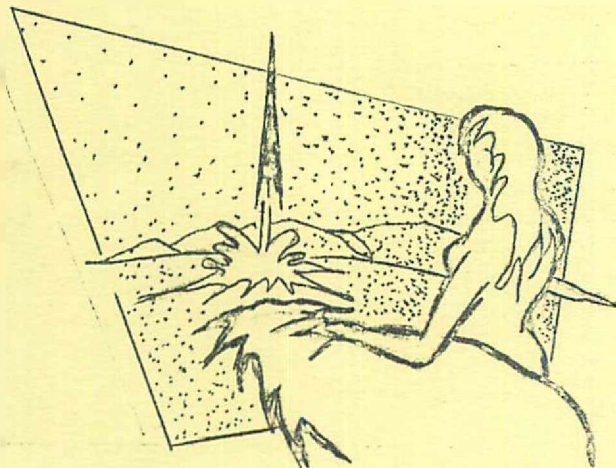
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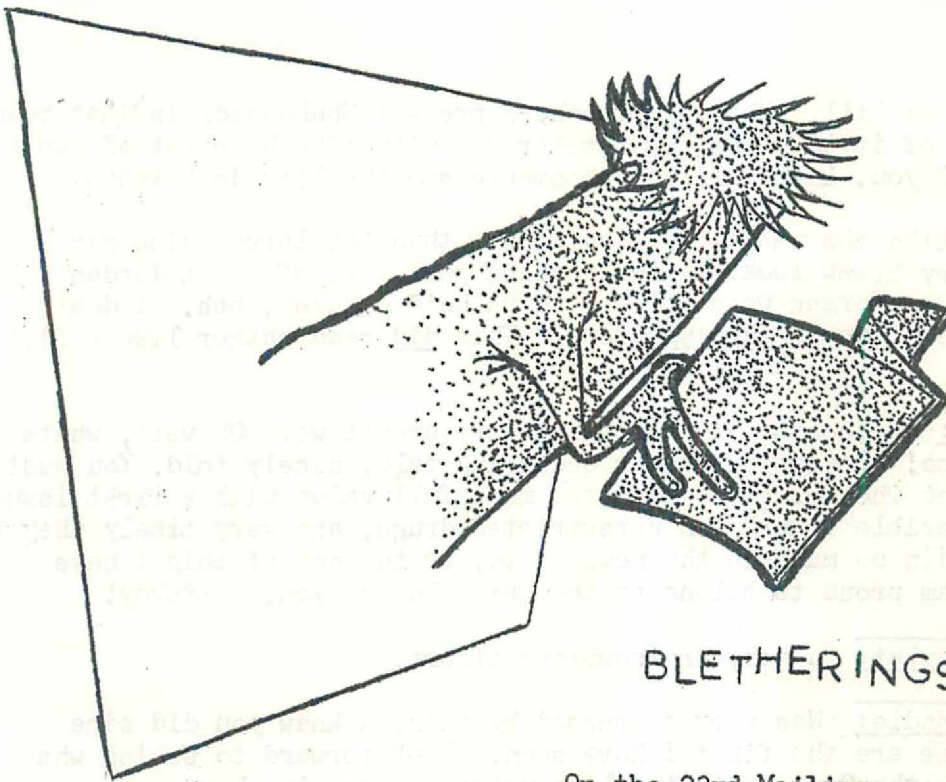
ARTWORK BY ATOM

Bletherings.....comments on the Twenty-Third Mailing
An Entrancement of Gatekeepers.....by Archie Mercer
They Pass-And Are Forgotten.....by Brian Varley
Natterings.....in which the editress natters.

Brian Varley also drew the illo for his article.
Kibitzing by Frances.
Typos by Laziness out of Sheer Bad Luck.

Extra copies are sent to friends
from whom I would like to hear,
even if it is only..duh!
Copies are also sent to editors
who have sent me their fanzine
as a thank you.





BLEATHERINGS

On the 23rd Mailing.....

Off Tails: Congratulations to the Editor, this looks new and tidy, and I do like the new cover.

A L'Abandon:Caughron: An extremely good Atom cover, such sure clear lines, as good as Cry's latest. I hope you will tell us some more of your college life, I want to compare it with the Hollywood films. You have turned out a good issue and have some grand contributors. Found Bill Donahoe's article very interesting, would love to hear some more about the Indian's way of fitting into the American culture.

Amble:Mercer: I practically strangled at your comment to Ken Bulmer, and oh congrats on your new baptism, and it was very interesting about your trousers, and I think you deserve to have become a fan novelist, and you leave my age alone dash it, don't you know that while it is alright for me to ask yours it is ungalant, to say the least, for you to ask mine?

nNimus:Curiae:Raybin: Some title! When some of the other Ompan's have got it figured out, I'd be obliged if they let me know. This was like a taster before the main meal. More next time huh?

Atom:Thonson: Welcome, goody, goody, write lots, and tell some more about George, sounds fascinating. On mulling it over carefully, I believe Don Ford should be able to understand your meaning, yes I think he'll gather it alright, thought you might be worried about that. As to the zine..bigod I like.

Cyrlie:Evans: Hi Bill. Why will teachers present Shakespear in that ruinous way- I had some of it too. What my teacher did with 'The Merchant of Venice I'd hate to tell you. Liked all your comments and the bits in between.

Erg:Jeeves: I like the small typeface rather than the large which gives your pages a very blank look. After reading your tale of Brian Jordan's pley I thought, if Norman were still with us he'd go..heh, heh. I don't know what Ken McIntyre is talking about! This did read rather like a fill in I'm afraid.

Eyetracks:Locke: Welcoming all sorts now here aren't we? Oh well, whats one more..welcome! Loved your duper acquiring tale, nicely told. You must easily be the one who has given Ompa the most full value with a first issue. I liked your sensible remarks on unrestricted drugs, and very timely they were with Preludin so much in the news. Hm, by the end of this I have decided that I am proud to belong to the same club as you. Attaboy!

Fanzine Index:Pavlat: A very praiseworthy effort.

Fanzine Review:Madie: Was very impressed by this, I knew you did zine reviews but these are the first I have seen. Look forward to seeing what you will do with the Ompa contents. Like welcome! Show 'em how..

Grist:Mills: Nive reviews if a bit on the short side, but I take a dim view of Norm Metcalfe's review of Scot. I have half a mind to come over there and 'do' him. When will fans realise that it is kinder to say nothing at all, than to put down casual words so that at the end they can think they have 'reviewed' the mailing?

Hungry:Rispin: You also posted one to me, man, save your postage! Goodness I can't say welcome again, must think up something new and original, like hello! Do explain what you mean when you say Jhim Linwood personifies to you the Beat Generation - and also what you mean by that expression itself. That is both Ella and I that Ken Cheslin has called an evil barbaric lot, he is a brave man alright..I can see you are a promising bunch.

Morph:Roles: Whew - some changes you said, and some changes there surely are - man: my weak heart.. Can't say I will regret the lack of justified margins, I don't think it is very important and I know that it is time consuming, but oh, no lovely covers, ochone the day. I prefer Scots or Scottish to Scotch, the last makes me think of Whisky or Maybe butter. I won't get heated about it, but I prefer Scots. I had vaguely felt that you must be near the end of your Rollings, but here we are off to China, and with elephants yet, goody. Bennett will be green with envy.

Pipress:Wells: Am tickled pink to find you in Ompa, a nice surprise. I loved your squirrel cover. I'd like one of those Peanuts books, will swop though. Wot U like? Another favourite of mine is Dennis the Menace. I do think Americans are the weirdest people..canned soup for breakfast, words fail me.Do admire your drawing ability. Tell us lots more about your job. I wonder if Burbee would be interested in knowing that we have a

mechanical piano here in Courage House. First time Ving visited here I thought we had lost him inside it. There is also a large stack of pianola rolls--

Pooka:Ford: That is a very pretty daughter you have. You are covering such a lot of ground, and at such a rate, that I am forgetting to write comments. Enjoying it..couple of questions, what are the Ellingtons like, and Art Hayes?

Pooka ll:Ford: You mention the storage space taken up by your 78 collection and I wonder why you don't put them on tape and then sell the records? But perhaps you don't like tapes?

Sand In The Beer:Eney: What does the H stand for in your name? Herbert? Good poems, the kind I like and go for. Ta.

Waldo:Bentcliffe: Cover not bad at all Eric, at least you try, which is something. Ah yes, you said a mouthful - "Intelligence and Education are much vaunted..neither of them much use without Experience" We had a university student last summer for a week to do domestic work in her vac. I told her to wash down some woodwork, and found her with a bucket of water solemnly washing it down, without a scrap of cleaning material. When I suggested the use of some soap at least, she looked at me as if I ought to have brains trickling out of my ears to be so clever! A point against using Houdini for that story - he was anti-mystic in every way. Coo---- almost forgot to say, welcome back.

Zounds:Lictman: Greetings! That's it, fella, you tell 'em - a lazy shower we get here y'know. I like the colour work s'lovely. Frankly, the thought of you doing the Schottische has me doubled in two. One of the folks who stores their mailing in the envelopes is Atom, you just try squelching him. Can't be done. No, he doesn't get activity marks for his extra work in Ompa, but of course he could claim it if he ever needed it, and it would be gladly given.

The Lesser Flea: Clarke: I'd describe this as a brisk run through the lot so that they are thoroughly 'done', and I can't possible comment on all the points of interest, they are too many! The new typer is very snazzy, but now you have shown it off, how about showing off you drawing abilities improvement?

Blunt:Sanderson: I havn't worked on the BSFA, so I don't feel qualified to say too much about it. Even if it were slimmed down to a Contact Bureau there would still be a lot of work. Feel envious of that typer.

Transatlantic Fringe Fan:Brown: For the life of me I cannot remember if you were in the previous mailing or not. If not - how do, and introduce yourself for goshsakes, and if so - pardon my blushes, and meet a dizzy dame..

AN ENTRANCEMENT OF GATEKEEPERS

Harry was gatekeeper when I first went to work at the Malleable. As a matter of fact he was the first person I saw there when I went for my interview. The next person I saw was the night-watchman's daughter, but that's not strictly relevant. Harry sported a short leg, a hefty surgical boot, and a good stout walking-stick that he used to flourish in mock-anger at people who chaffed him as they passed. He had been known to bring somebody off his bicycle by thrusting it between the spokes - riding bicycles in the works is forbidden in any case, so he was probably within his rights if not actually in the line of duty. He was eventually transferred to the stores where his primary function was to operate the weighbridge in the drive. His disability was not as much of a handicap as it looked, and hop-stepping down the ramp or along the road home he could move not much slower than most of us.

Harry was replaced on the gate by Scruffy, a rather unsavoury character with an amusing botanical surname and not much else. He has the reputation of being a local "poor man's lawyer" with grandiose ideas of what the Council were entitled, obliged or forbidden to do for him and his neighbours. On one occasion he is supposed to have written a letter to the Queen protesting either at being evicted from the ex-services hut where he was squatting or at being compelled to live there - I'm not sure which.

For a few days Scruffy was to be seen standing dopyly about the works entrance with shockhead pushed forward, hands in pockets, a threadbare outfit and a vacant expression. After that somebody in authority presumably came to the conclusion that he wasn't exactly a credit to the place and he too was transferred to the stores. They were in their usual chronic state of being undermanned, but the head storekeeper went straight to the works manager and handed in his resignation. This was not accepted, but after a day or two of uninspired sweeping-up, Scruffy got his cards. I doubt if he particularly cared.

After a short interregnum, Mr Jock arrived to take over. He was an elderly Scotsman, a tailor to trade, who was no longer able to obtain employment as such owing to a semi-paralytic condition which gave him the permanent trembles. He was still capable of turning out good workmanship at his own speed though, and also was no mean hand at pen and ink as a good many of the telephone directories long testified. He was the only

gatekeeper who has voluntarily sought extra jobs to while away the time. He was not infrequently to be found in some office entering up clock cards or time sheets, while the real timekeeper (presumably) kept watch and ward over the entrance.

Mr Jock took great pride in keeping himself informed, he used to devour the Guardian from cover to cover, and was always eager to indulge in arguments over the news. He had the habit noticed in a number of local Scots in prefacing all their remarks with a long "Eeeeh" - rather like a bagpipe loading up to start, while he assembled his thoughts into coherent order. The works accountant, another Scot, used to conduct sort of baa-ing matches with him over the phone - somehow they were not spiritually in sympathy, and the accountant used to complain that Mr Jock seemed incapable of understanding the simplest instruction.

Eventually being retired for over age, Mr Jock announced to all his intention of cycling to Scotland, he used to cycle to work, trembles or no. He started, but was seen back the following weekend, with the excuse of a puncture in Yorkshire.

Next came Harry the second, he was a funny little man with several missing fingers. I came into close contact with him. He was an amiable type and as obliging as they come. During the holidays when I was trying to hold down jobs at both ends of the corridor simultaneously, I got a lot of help from Harry who sprang cheerfully to any errand, and proving himself one of those people like Bill Green of Kettering with whom it's a positive pleasure to be in the same world.

Then word came that his body had been found floating in a nearby gravel pit, his clothes being neatly folded on the bank. Family troubles were behind it. It was a shock. He was one of the nicest people I ever knew.

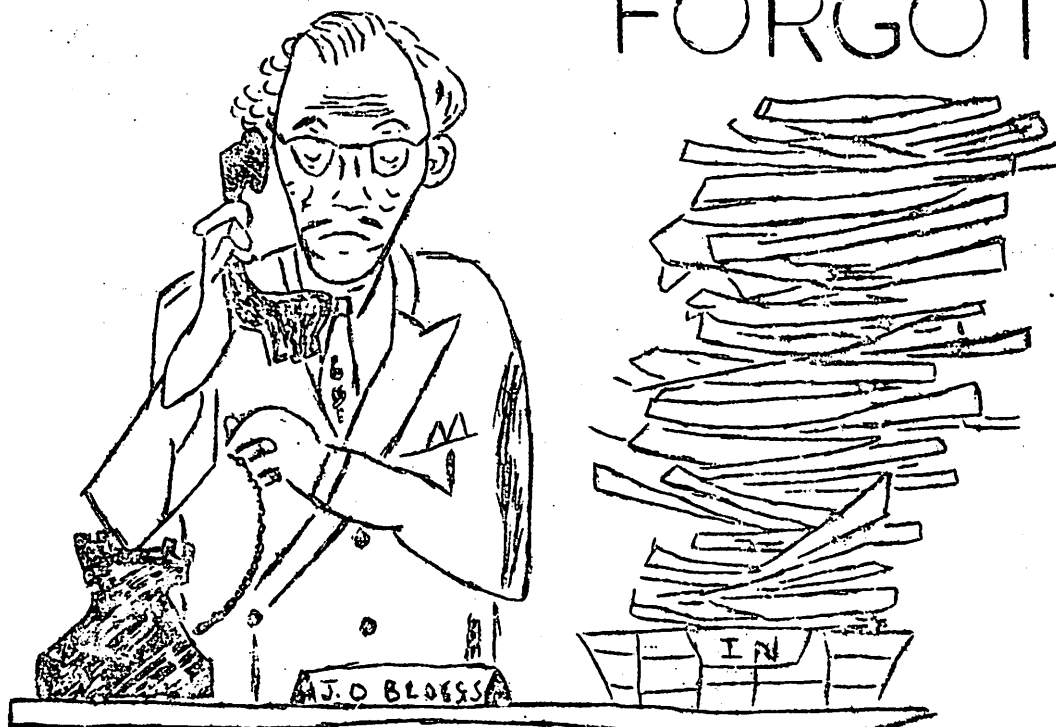
Nowadays we have George, an old employee of the firm, whose diabetes is complicated by a sore leg that will not heal. This makes him crippled, and if he happens to fall over he is unable to get up without assistance. This has actually happened when he was once on the nightwatchman's turn, and he had just to lie until the day men came in the morning.

Incurably crippled as he is, he nevertheless remains just as incurably cheerful. The timekeeper has developed a sort of standing gag by poking his head into the gate office when he passes just long enough to say "It's all right for you, George". Then George's bass rumble follows him down the corridor and round the corner - "Warra meanus awri fa me ----" Following this, others take it up sporadically. George takes it all with perfect good humour - in fact it probably helps to keep him cheerful.

But then, it's all right for George.

by ARCHIE MERCER

THEY PASS - AND ARE FORGOTTEN



It has been my fate over the past years to contribute many times to collections made at the office for retiring members of staff. On some occasions I gave gladly, on others with varying degrees of reluctance. Having paid this fee I was entitled to attend the ceremony whereby another Civil Servant was dispatched into limbo. I have often felt regret that the speech made by a senior officer at the wake was not more truthful and that politeness, for just this one occasion, could go hang. I visualise the following speech as being more suitable for some farewells.

"Friends, we are met this afternoon on another of those happy, and yet at the same time sad, occasions when we wish God Speed to yet another colleague; happy because we are seeing the last of another all-too-familiar face, and sad because every one of these partings leaves us the poorer - even the meanest of us - by a shilling or two.

This time it is Blogg's turn, and many of you will be saying, 'Not before time either' For my part I intend to say as little as I can get away with, but it is unfortunately incumbent upon me, glad though I should have been to have got out of the whole absurd business, to say a few words before we can all, for the first time in our lives, snatch a drink at Blogg's expense.

When I first heard that Blogg was due to retire, my first and natural feeling of relief gave way to one of

shock as soon as I realised that this must mean he was sixty. He would pass for seventy-five anywhere. It still seems to me incredible that this decrepit and wizened bag of bones standing beside me was not superannuated years ago. I think the number of people who are here is sufficient testimony of the esteem in which Blogg is held. I cannot remember ever seeing, at a gathering of this kind, so few. It would be a mistake, of course, to suppose that this represents the sum total of Blogg's acquaintances in the Ministry, there must be many who know him, and know him better, who have understandably stayed away.

During his service in the Ministry he has served - if I may use such a euphemism - in just about every section there is. He has been one of our most mobile officers, largely - it is only fair to add - at the request of his colleagues. Who is there who has not felt his blood boil on deciphering a memo in that fearful handwriting of his, couched inevitably in those same infuriating terms--'Yours to deal with'?

Blogg's career in the service has been long, varied and entirely unremarkable. I do not propose to bore you with all the dreary details of it, indeed, to be frank, I could not summon up the energy to wade through it all let alone learn the wretched stuff up. Suffice to say that the Ministry has been saddled with him since 1923 and have not been able to find another Department, unaware of his reputation, upon whom he could be foisted.

Bloggs will certainly be no loss to the Branch I doubt if his presence will be missed - except in a vaguely pleasant way. In fact I may go as far as to say that, for a while, we might feel as though a great weight has been lifted from our shoulders.

And now we come to the moment we have all been waiting for. There is a cheap sherry and, as far as I can see, only one crate of beer, but in the circumstances we should perhaps think ourselves fortunate to get even this. First, however, I have to ask you, Bloggs, to accept this - to my mind - rather repulsive-looking clock, it being the most showy that could be purchased with what, you will not be surprised to learn, were the very limited funds at our disposal. I only hope it's time-keeping is better than your own, and to follow the theme, may the 'time never come when you feel impelled to pay us what, I can heartily assure you, would be a most unlooked for visit.

I believe we have little to fear on this score, since I understand that you are moving to the country, that is something that we are all immensely glad to learn. I am sure I speak for everyone, both those who are not here and those who, presumably because they could not resist a drink for their money, are - when I say we sincerely trust that your retirement will be as complete and as unregretted by you as it assuredly will be by us.

And now perhaps someone will put by for me a glass of the most drinkable sherry that there is to be had"

by MACHIAVARLEY



hatterings

HOW I MISSED THE LAST MAILING.LIKE...

Did I ever tell you all I was birdbrained? You didn't need to be told? Tch..don't be rude.

I was ready in bags of time, stencils cut and all, just waiting for - I hoped - the Willis column. A letter then arrived from Walt apologising for missing the deadline and promising something for the next mailing.

Thought I, what's the man going on about, this is only June, the mailing isn't due till July....

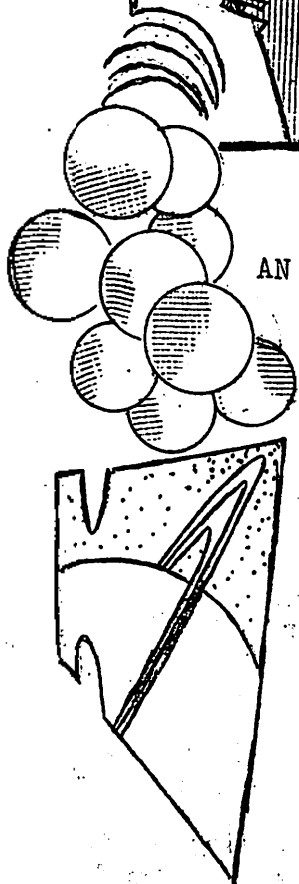
Well, after all, I have only been a member since the second mailing, it takes time to get the dates off by heart!

I could have post-mailed, but I had just taken on the payment of an electric Gestetner, so..no spare cash.

AN ELECTRIC GESTETNER OR SHOULD I HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED..

When I first entered fandom, I never thought the day would come when I would have a whopping great machine in my bedsitter. Goodness knows, I got some warnings about what would happen if I became an actifan, but no one ever told me I would go mad. I know that there are other hobbies whose devotees spend money like water, but looking at this machine with a cold sober eye, I feel that ours must beat the lot.

I must take back every harsh word I ever said about Gestetner though, because I got this machine for £50, and on hire purchase terms too!



THINGS CAN STILL GO WRONG THOUGH, YOU BETCHA

The machine came to me through Ella Parker, who put such a bargain my way. She also arranged to have it transported here, and gave me a lesson in it's use. As my old dupe was completely manual, I felt highly nervous at first. Still, it looked simple. I was promised a visit by one of their demonstrators, who helped me with the bits I had forgotten as soon as Ella had gone out the door. Like, which handle to push to make the inking process work... I had put a stencil on in readiness for him, it was the back cover of this issue, an Atomillo that I had traced onto stencil myself. The first thing that happened was that we discovered I had cut the sporrán of the kilt too hard and deep, and off it came completely. We carried on regardless, with the demonstrator saying blithely, "You can tell them you started with a sporrán" Later I filled in the sporráns with a marking ink pen, a brainwave which you are all welcome to use.

Next, I had trouble with the page feed, they just would not land in the tray properly no matter how I fiddled with the guides. Sometimes they flew out like a snowstorm, and I would be desperately clutching them as they whizzed by my left ear. Manfully, err, womanfully, I persevered, till after putting on a new stencil I found there was no impression coming through. Puzzled, I put on more ink, and more ink, and more ink, and more... till I suddenly spotted a gooey inky mass between the rollers. A sheet from the last run-though, had been caught between them. I picked at it cautiously for a long time, and then retired to bed with a near nervous breakdown. Fortunately a friend visited me the next night who had at one time used a Gestetner, and he was able to show me how to dismantle the rollers to clean them, and how to prevent the snowstorm of paper. Last time I used it, the machine purred like a cat, and acted like an angel.
TOUCH WOOD.

FASHIONS COME AND FASHIONS GO..BUT-

This spreading fashion of uncleanness saddens me sorely. It also puzzled me till I asked Bill Donahoe what possible explanation there could be. His explanation made sense I'm afraid. He said that "None of the genuine non-conformists I know are dirty, but then they are out-numbered by the "phonies following the flag". I think that possibly people over here make such noises about it because cleanliness has long been such an American fetish. the point I was trying to make is that aseptic, shining scrubbed cleanliness is such a huge thing over here that it is one of the first things that one revolts against. However it generally results in untidyness rather than dirtiness. And when it comes to that, the most untidy American homes I've been in are rather spotless by Latin-American standards for instance"

Yes, I can see the reason why it might start in America from this letter of Bill's, yet this country has nowhere near the same standard of hygiene, and yet this fashion is amongst us too.

I had been told that to stand beside one was an offence to the nostril, and the day I went to visit the Picasso Exhibition I found out for myself that this was true. There was one girl there, I had to take some

hasty steps backwards! I had not smelt a 'pong' like that since the slum-dwellers had stopped appearing in hospital out-patients

What particularly saddens me is that we are only just beginning to get the ordinary hygienic standards spread throughout the country. When I first started training to be a nurse, this smell was a commonplace among the poorer classes, and head lice was rife among school children. We nurses toothcombed our hair regularly, and kept a close watch that we did not 'pick something up'. In fact I did once get a head infestation from a patient, and spent a frenzied week getting rid of it. My methods were rough and ready, I washed my hair nightly and then soaked it in methylated spirits and washed again! The School Health Service has been making steady inroads on this problem. Children regularly inspected and cleaned, and visits from the Public Health Inspectors to the home were really effective. Yet here comes this fantastic fashion of being dirty, and make no mistake, it is a definite fashion. It is saddening, and sickening, and enough to make any worker in the Health field despair.

How ironical too it would be if, because of our lower hygienic standard to start with, the fashion here were much dirtier than where it came from!

I BECOME UNPOPULAR

When I recounted in the Sister's Sittingroom the fact that Americans thought we were 'dirty' in having only daily baths instead of showers, and the theory why it produced a pregnant silence. Their training made them realise at once that the theory was correct, and it was quite a blow, thinking as they had of themselves as cleaner than the general run of folks. The subject was hastily changed, but not without a look of exasperation at me for raising it in the first place.

MAKE MINE MINK

Was the title of a film I went to see last night, a British comedy. I luffed and luffed. It was pure fantasy, as zany and beguiling as "Passport to Pimlico". Lately I have seen a few films concerned with robbery, some of them very ingenious.. "The Day We Robbed The Bank Of England" and "Band Of Gentlemen" are the first two that come to mind. Always in this type of picture comes a real letdown at the end, as the robbers are always caught. As you have been made to identify with the robbers by the film makers, and the means of their being caught if often very contrived, I have always felt very cheated!

Well, "Make Mine Mink" is one film where the robbers do not get caught, and I revelled in it. They are quite a bunch.. Dame Beatrice (Athene Seyler) who owns the flat, and is fed up with her life work of helping charity "and watching most of the proceeds pour down the throats of the organisers", has three lodgers.. beg pardon.. guests. They are, the Major, played by Terry Thomas, a lady who coaches would-be debutantes (Hattie Jaques) and a spinster with a capital S, Miss Pinkerton (Billie Whitelaw) who mends broken china for her living.

They are all disgruntled with their boring life, the only live spark in the place being the cockney maid, who has been 'inside' and who is devoted to Dame Beatrice for giving her a fresh start. Oneday the maid hears a

quarrel between the next-door flat couple which culminates in the husband flinging a mink cape out onto the balcony. The maid fishes this up and presents it to Dame Beatrice, then repents in a flood of tears. So the four old dears concoct a method of getting the cape back, and are so thrilled and pleased with their success in this, that they decide to steal furs and give the money to Dame Beatrice's charities.

Oh, the fun that transpires, but I will not give you all the details of their various schemes, for I hope you will all manage to see the film for yourselves. But, picture Terry-Thomas as the organising Major, with his charts, his codes, his deadly serious childlike absorption. Athene Seyler is her usual charming self, but this part has more scope than she is usually given, and she seizes it adroitly. I have never seen Hattie Jacques in a more rewarding part. Her winks, her sniffs, her outraged expressions have never been put to better use. To see her disguised in a blond wig, endeavouring to light a smoke bomb that won't light, made me laugh till I was almost ill.

The name of Billie Whitelaw is a new one to me, yet I must have seen this actress before, among that nameless crowd of character actors who so enrich British films. As Miss Pinkerton, she never overacts in a role that almost begs for it, quite a feat, I think. 'Pinky' is the weak member of the team. She longs so to be as good as the others, but she always forgets at the vital moment. After much palpitations she steals her first fur, and proudly she comes home to announce the fact. She describes her cunning in getting away in a taxi, and her presence of mind in slipping out of the taxi at the traffic lights, leaving the fare on the seat. Alas, poor Pinky, when they ask her where the fur is then - she has left that on the taxi seat too!

Our last sight of them is as they file into the chamber where the Crown Jewels are kept, disguised as Beefeaters. As each one marches in, you receive a close-up of their delight at the sight. Last comes the Major, he purses his lips in a soundless 'whew' and whispers softly... "Good show!"
INDEED AND INDEED IT WAS.

Another Film review..

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED

Which you know, of course, was from John Wyndham's book "The Midwich Cuckoos". I had thought this film, on the whole, very faithful to the book, till I re-read the book!

The opening scene of the Village falling asleep is really well done, and the story moves forward from there with absorbing interest. The Children have a spine-chilling effect, even when they are very small. A very clever director this, the man who caught their expressions. They do have an uncanny likeness. The blonde hair of course, lends itself to this, and no doubt some make up, but all their eyes look alike. So how was that done? Does anyone know?

I confess that, not till I had re-read the book did I realise that the film-makers had given the Children telepathy as well as group-mind. It does make their defeat a bit more difficult, and the books ending now seems rather too easy.

The horror element is much more noticeable than in the book, naturally because you see it happen. Also, the books incidents have been altered here and made more horrific. You are shown a mother being made to scald her arm by a child given too hot a bottle. The most horrific part is when the villagers decide to attack the Children. In the book they are made to fight each other, but in the film the ringleader is made to set himself on fire, and then stand still while he burns. This, the film shows in rather sickening detail, leaving too clear a picture of it in my mind for comfort. This scene alone fully justifies the X certificate.

You will remember that in the end they were destroyed by a man that they trusted. In the film this man has to destroy them whilst they are able to read his mind. He decides to overcome this by thinking continually of a brick wall, and this device produces a most convincing display of the mind-power effect.

You see him standing in front of the Children and superimposed over his face is the picture of a brick wall. The Children are using all their mind-power to tear this wall down. Gradually the bricks begin to tumble, and slowly behind it appears the picture of an alarm clock ticking inexorably away. Just as the Children's eyes switch from him to the briefcase that contains the time-bomb, the alarm goes off - and Mankind is saved. Whew! I came out with the words.. "I must think of a brick wall" ringing in my ears.

NOW WE COME TO THE END OF THIS 'ERE...

It is now the 19th of August, I still do not know if there will be a column from Walt, I keep hoping.

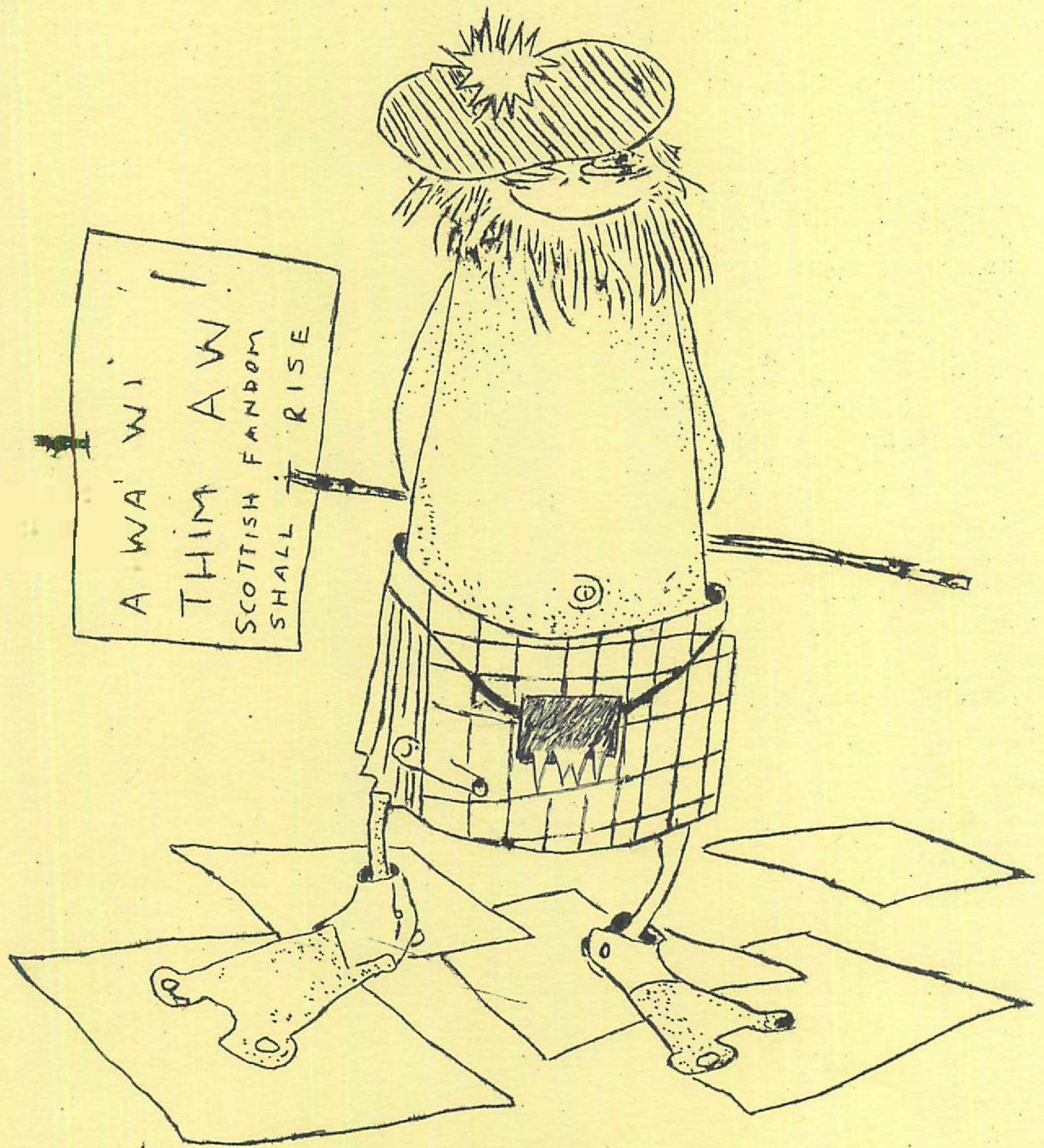
After the next issue, I will be giving up my editorship of the zine Femizine. I will then be able to concentrate upon Scottishe. I would like to extend the mailing list beyond Ompa, leaving out Bletherings from the non-Ompa copies. Thus, I could use Scot as a trade for other zines. Then I thought, but what about the Ompa members who also put out zines apart from their Ompa one? I think I can overcome this difficulty by putting out between Scots, a fanzine review supplement. I receive a great many fanzines, all of which I appreciate, and all of which I have developed a compulsion to comment upon. Yet this becomes increasingly difficult due to lack of time. So I shall hope to kill two birds with one stone here, give the non-Ompans something extra, and review all these zines in the way I would like to.

I hope to start this new routine at the beginning of next year.

I have not reviewed or commented upon the Twenty-fourth mailing. The last time I commented upon two mailings in one issue, a LARGE job this, the only one that noticed was John Roles.

I had a fellow Ompa member to visit me last night, one Ron Bennett. Due to a misunderstanding I was not expecting him, and so was on duty at the time. Still, the man had to be fed, so I took him into the staff dining-room with me. There are always very few nursing staff on duty in the evening and they come in two lots, still, even if the dining-room had been full I don't think it would have fazed Ron. "Ye'll no fickle Tammas Yownie"..... He was full of all sorts of 'ploys' concerned with the arrival of Bruce Burns in this country...I don't think Bruce is going to find life here dull!

END OF NATTERINGS.



Atom