

THE THUNDERER

A.K.A. THE INMATES' GAZETTE

July 2008

Number 21 St Pancras Almshouses

**THE EDNA BROWN CINEMA CLUB
PRESENTS (at 7pm in Regnart Hall).**

July 5th: THE MISSION (1986)

The true story of two men-a man of the sword (Robert de Niro) and a man of the cloth (Jeremy Irons)-both Jesuit missionaries..

July 12th: NICHOLAS NICKELBY (1947)

The classic Charles Dickens tale of a man deprived of his inheritance and his travels to seek his fortune with a group of gypsies..

July 19th: A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS 1965

King Henry VIII wants a divorce but the Church won't permit it. As he applies pressure and Church officials gradually give in, Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield) finds himself increasingly alone in his unwillingness to sacrifice his principles to keep from sacrificing everything else.

July 26th: GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER (1967)

Spencer Tracy, Katherine Hepburn and Sydney Poitier. A liberal white couple put their platitudes to the test.

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THAT VERY SPECIAL LETTER

There is nothing I like better than an unexpected letter,

And I rather think that you will quite agree.

It doesn't have to say, that you won the "Pools" today,

Or mention that a duchess came to tea.

What I really like to know, is how fast the children grow

,And how you made a hat for Auntie Kate.

You know I love to hear, how all gave Dad a

cheer,When he won a cup for roses at the fete

I couldn't care a jot if you made an awful blot,

Or spoil a page with little drops of tea

So please tell me what you will, for there's nothing like
the thrill of a letter on the mat addressed to me.

K. Gardner

Submitted by Barbara 12B

POLITICAL COMMENT

During the selection process prior to a bye-election,
the prospective candidate was asked about his attitude
toward whiskey.

“If you mean the demon drink that poisons the mind,
pollutes the body, desecrates family life, and inflames
sinners, then I'm against it.”

“But if you mean the elixir of Christmas cheer, the
shield against winter chill, the taxable potion that puts
needed funds into public coffers to comfort needy
children, then I'm for it.”

“This is my position and I will not compromise.”

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A TRADITIONAL CHRISTIAN RULE

(FOR “ANGLICANS” OR “ROMANS”)

That we worship YAHWEH the one true god:In the
Lord's own house

(our parish church)

On the Lord's own day

(Sunday, day of the resurrection)

At the Lord's own service

(the Breaking of the Bread or Eucharist, commonly
called the Mass)

In the Lord's own way

(together as the local Christian family)

AMEN

Chris 12A

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SPECIAL POEM FOR OLDER FOLKS

A row of bottles on my shelf

Caused me to analyse myself.

One yellow pill I have to pop

Goes to my heart so it won't stop

A little white one that I take

Goes to my hands so they won't shake.

The blue ones that I used a lot

Tells me I'm happy when I'm not.

The purple pill goes to my brain
And tells me that I have no pain.

The capsules tell me not to wheeze Or cough or choke
or even sneeze.

The red ones, smallest of them all,
Go to my blood so I won't fall.

The orange ones, very big and bright
Prevent my leg cramps in the night.

Such an array of brilliant pills
Helping to cure all kinds of ills.

But what I'd really like to know.....

There's always a lot to be thankful for if
you take the time to look for it. For example
wrinkles I am sitting here thinking how nice it is
that wrinkles that don't hurt.....

Submitted by Julia 8C

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THE ORIGIN OF THE TEABAG

Teabags have been mentioned in the press recently but I am not sure if was made clear that, like many inventions, the teabag came about by accident. Struggling to cut costs one hundred years ago Thomas Sullivan, a New York coffee merchant who turned to tea, sent out samples in small silk sachets rather than loose tea. His penny-pinching was misunderstood by his customers who failed to realize that they were supposed to cut open the sachet and empty it's contents into a pot before brewing their tea.

The result was an instant success with American tea drinkers and, after only 50 years the teabag crossed the Atlantic.

Joseph Tetley introduced teabags in 1953 and now it is all pervasive, however, if you pine for the old ways, the Ritz Hotel serves 17 blends of loose leaf tea with traditional English Afternoon tea service.

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PET'S CORNER

Recently one of our residents was sitting outside the Lord Southampton pub enjoying a beer when a man with a dog on a leash walked up to him and said "This is a talking dog and he's yours for a fiver".

"I don't believe you" said our resident, "there's no such thing as a talking dog."

Just then the dog looked up dolefully and said, "Please buy me Sir. This man has been cruel to me. He never takes me for a walk, he buys the cheapest dog food and he makes me sleep in the garage. He doesn't realize what a special dog I am. I swam the Atlantic two years ago, and went to the North Pole the year before that."

"Your right" said our neighbour "This dog CAN talk.

So why are you selling him so cheap?."

The owner replied "Because I'm sick of his lies."

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SIGN ON A PODIATRIST'S OFFICE:

"Time wounds all heels."

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I should have explained, before my first 'letter from Korea' was written that I was not a regular soldier.

I had completed my National Service in the summer of 1949 and had gone up to Barts Hospital to study medicine in September of that year.

In June, at the start of the Korean war, the regiment with whom I had done my National Service was being brought up to strength to go to Korea. I was recalled as a reservist. I could not use a 'reserved occupation' status as I was registered on the Regular Army Reserve

1st. November 1950. On a tank train going north.

It seems years away, a different world, since I last wrote. we were about to move from the docks to our base camp. This has been established in a requisitioned school. An attached officer from 'The Blues' has been supervising the preparation of the camp and has made an absolute bugger's muddle. In addition to being useless he was rude, obnoxious and arrogant. Our ability to adapt came to the rescue and once we had done what we could to make the soldiers comfortable we made the mess reasonably weather proof. The temperature was dropping every day and we were no longer making jokes about our string vests. Each day was spent making certain that all the tanks and the soft skin vehicles were fully equipped and in running order. Personal kit was checked especially hand weapons, clothing and equipment. Once or twice we got away down to the marshes for some excellent wildfowling. These are their last flights as the birds migrate south as winter sets in.

The four squadrons have now separated and are travelling north on individual trains. It took two days to load tanks, lorries and equipment. The tank crews, including the troop leaders are sleeping under their tanks. Our squadron leader and the rest of us in squadron HQ are living in an empty goods wagon.

The train is impressively long and is headed by two antiquated engines. We're continually trying to stop refugees, sometimes whole families, climbing on to the open flat cars. It is not clear why they want to leave the relative safety of the South to go North toward the fighting: Maybe to join families in remote areas of the countryside. Many of the children have bandages and dressings and it took us some time to realize that parents and older siblings were ripping off the dressings just to make the wound worse and improve their begging capability. It makes us wonder if the wounds were genuine in the first place. Adults must have inflicted the sores and even amputations: Families are, I'm afraid, chief suspects. What would I be prepared to do if I and my family were starving?

Later:

I was going to say that we had been on the move for three days: It's more accurate to say three days of 'stopping and starting.

It may seem surprising to you, reading this back home, when I tell you that none of us including Pat, our gallant leader, has the faintest idea where we are going or when

we might possibly get there. I am told by my old soldiers that this is a perfectly normal situation and to be expected '*in this regiment*'. This, attributing misfortune and confusion to the regiment, is almost a sign of affection. Yesterday evening there was sudden burst of rain.... greeted with " raining again, what a f*****g regiment."

Two days later: Still on the train and going north.

'Going north' is about our only certainty: Because we are isolated from current accurate news as opposed to s**t house gossip. Yesterday we were given our destination as 'somewhere North of Pyongyang,' capital of North Korea. Since China entered the war anything could happen. In the last few hours air activity has increased as has the frequency of American trucks going South They are travelling South very fast and with great determination: This is rather worrying.

Later the same day:

Finally a message from Brigade HQ, the first since leaving Pusan. This informs us (reliably?) that we are to 'de-train' just south of the Han River in the outskirts of Seoul. We are sitting motionless, naturally, next to the main

North South road linking Pusan with Seoul. There is now an almost

unbroken flow of trucks of the American 8th Cavalry division belting South.

Not a very reassuring sight especially as this is the division we are supposed to be joining! One of the six wheeler trucks has just been abandoned on the side of the road. We had detoured and near enough to the road to ask the crew why were they leaving their vehicle. "It's run out of gas" was the answer. "Why don't you fill up?" we asked. "Do what?" "fill up, you know put petrol in." Total incomprehension. We finally bridged the language barrier and their response was "No Goddam time, the gooks are right behind us." Not the most reassuring comment. More out of boredom than for any other reason? some of my troopers were showing an interest in the abandoned truck. It was not until this morning, when we were several hours further on our way, that I was asked to inspect the 'presents from our allies' The guards van at the rear of the train, where some of our kit was stored, was now full of automatic carbines, rations and clothing. As these items would have been looted by the locals or, worse still, gratefully received by the opposition, our 'liberation' of our allies' surplus seemed a sensible solution.

The further north, the more the devastation: Villages bombed and blackened All the phone and power lines are down and there don't seem to be any building left standing. Refugees everywhere, all going south. Their belongings stacked on carts and bicycles and the elderly carried on the backs of the fittest: Those unable to walk, to limp or, with no one to carry them, just lie down by the roadside. As the day time temperature is registering 30 degrees of frost they will not survive for more than a few hours.

We can now see the mountains behind Seoul so we must be getting near to our destination. What are we going to find?

After ten days on the train almost anything is going to be a relief.

We unloaded the tanks and soft skinned vehicles on a flat plane two or three miles south of the river. The exodus South is now more of a rout. The line of trucks is continuous and they now are filled with American soldiers not just with their equipment. The squadron crossed the Han on a temporary pontoon bridge which had a one-way traffic flow-----North. The engineers had put a weight limit sign of 30 tons. A centurion tank fully loaded is just over 50 tons. Could be an eventful crossing. Although the river is frozen over it's hardly thick enough to hold us.

The northern end was guarded by some of our own brigade MPs to prevent it being used in a southerly direction by our allies. What a shambles. Tonight we have taken up a position in a disused brewery. A brew (of tea) had just been started when with out any warning we were at the receiving end of a barrage of shells and rockets. Suddenly we had entered the war. I was too surprised to be frightened: That came later: Not a lot later: About thirty seconds.

Please give my love to all.

Michael 12C

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I heard this story from an American friend and I cannot vouch for its authenticity.

A senior citizen drove his brand new Corvette sports car out of the car dealer’s yard.

He took off down the road enjoying the ride with the wind blowing through what little hair he had left until he came to the entrance ramp of an interstate highway.

“Amazing” he thought as he flew down the I-75, pushing down the pedal even more.

Looking in his rear view mirror he saw the Highway Patrol behind him, blue light flashing and siren blaring.

He floored it to 100 mph, then 110, then 120. Suddenly he thought, “What am I doing? I’m too old for this” and pulled over to await the Trooper’s arrival.

Pulling up behind him, the Trooper walked up to the Corvette, looked at his watch and said, “Sir, my shift ends in 30 minutes. Today is Friday. If you can give me a reason for speeding that I’ve never heard before, I’ll let you go.”

The old gentleman paused. Then said, “Years ago, my wife ran off with a State Trooper. I thought you were bringing her back.”

“Have a good day Sir,” replied the Trooper.

Submitted by David 4A

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DID YOU KNOW.....?

That the original name for the King’s Cross area was Battle Bridge--a Battle Bridge Road still exists.

King’s Cross is derived from a monument erected in 1830 to George 4th and although it was demolished by 1845 the name stuck.

A similar story applies to ‘Eros’ in Piccadilly Circus—this is a fountain memorial to Lord Shaftesbury.

The sculptor, Arthur Gilbert, intended it to be the Angel of Christian Charity, not the God of erotic love, but that is how it was perceived and the name stuck.

Gilbert was shattered by this error.

Chris 12A

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EYESIGHT IS NOT EVERYTHING

Arthur is 90 years old. He's played golf every day since his retirement 25 years ago.

One day he arrives home looking downcast.

"That's it," he tells his wife. "I'm giving up golf. My eyesight has gotten so bad that once I've hit the ball I couldn't see where it went."

His wife sympathizes and makes him a cup of tea. As they sit down she says, "Why don't you take my brother with you and give it one more try."

"That's no good" sighs Arthur, "your brother is one hundred and three. He can't help."

"he may be one hundred and three" says the wife, "but his eyesight is perfect."

So the next day Arthur heads off to the golf course with his brother-in-law.

He takes a mighty swing and squints down the fairway.

He turns to his brother-in-law, "Did you see the ball?"

"Of course I did!" replied the brother-in-law, "I have perfect eyesight!"

"Where did it go?" says Arthur.

"I don't remember."

Submitted by Maritzka, Budapest

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THE BOTTLE OF WINE

For all of us who are married, were married, wish you were married, or wish you weren't married, this

is something to smile about the next time you see a
bottle of wine.

Sally was driving home from one of her business
trips in Northern Arizona when she saw an elderly
Navajo woman walking on the side of the road.

As the trip was a long and quiet one, she stopped
the car and asked the Navajo woman if she would
like a ride.

With a silent nod of thanks, the woman got into the
car.

Resuming the journey, Sally tried in vain to make a
bit of small talk with the Navajo woman. The old
woman just sat silently, looking intently at everything
she saw, studying every little detail, until she noticed
a brown bag on the seat next to Sally.

“What in bag?” asked the old woman.

Sally looked down at the brown bag and said, “It’s a
bottle of wine. I got it for my husband”>

The Navajo woman was silent for another moment or
two.

Then speaking with the quiet wisdom of an elder,
she said

“Good trade.”

Margaret, Toronto

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RUDYARD KIPLING 1865 – 1936

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,

Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and
avenues,

With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting
by:

But the glory of the gardens lies in more than meets
the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the thin
red wall,

You find the tool- and potting sheds, which are the
heart of all:

The cold – frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits
and the tanks,

The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows
and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the man and
'prentice boys

Told off to do as they are bid and do it without noise:

For except when seeds are planted and we shout to
scare the birds,

The glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a
rose,

And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that
grows;

But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand
and loam,

For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a Garden, and such gardens are not
made

By singing:-'Oh, how beautiful!' and sitting in the
shade,

While better men than we go out and start their
working lives

At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken
dinner knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head
so thick,

There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a
heart so sick,

But it can find some needful job that's crying to be
done,

For the –Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job your job with thankfulness and
work till further orders,

If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on
borders;

and when your back stops aching and your hands
begin to harden,

You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the
Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him
sees

That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his
knees,

So when your work is finished, you can wash your
hands and pray

For the Glory of the Garden, and that it may not pass
away!

*And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass
away!*

Submitted by Julia 8C

**AND A REMINDER THAT THE 150TH
BIRTHDAY OF OUR GARDEN IS COMING IN
2009 AND THERE ARE OPPORTUNITIES FOR
PART TIME OR CASUAL EMPLOYMENT OF
ALL KINDS TO HELP PREPARE THE GARDEN
FOR A POSSIBLE ROYAL VISIT.**

**PLEASE HELP FOR A FEW MINUTES OR A
FEW HOURS OR ANY TIME THAT YOU CAN
SPARE.**

VOLUNTEERS ARE WELCOME!

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