

THE THUNDERER

A.K.A. THE INMATES' GAZETTE

October 2008

Number 24 St Pancras Almshouses

BEST WISHES TO FRED !!!

\Dr Fred Grubb M.A. Cambridge, PhD London

As many residents will know, Dr Fred Grubb, known to us all simply as Fred, has moved to Henderson Court, Heath Street, after living in House 9 for the past 9+years.

As someone who has known Fred, for some 20 years or more myself, and, like most people, have been aware that his disabilities have forced him to abandon much of the pleasure he had in walking around the Belsize/Hampstead area and visiting book shops and libraries.

Indeed for a number of years he was a constant source of support to Belsize Library, which led to the fight against closure of a number of local libraries in the 1980's and his knowledge of all things involving literature and history is phenomenal. One of the good things he will be able to enjoy in his new home is an extra room in which his many volumes can be housed.

By living "up the Hill" in old Hampstead, indeed Fred will be back in his own area of bookshops, the popular "Three Horseshoes" pub, where many poets gather and the lovely little paths and passages, which still exist and

which give Old Hampstead its flavour. It is hoped, that with assistance he will be able to visit these venues and renew friendships. He will of course make new friends at Henderson Court, but I am sure a 46 Bus will take many of us up the hill to see him when he is settled.

We shall all miss him and we hope that his health will improve with the care he will receive.

In closing, on behalf of all our residents, we admire your knowledge and courage Fred in facing extreme pain, but in the words of my favourite author- “ think only of the past, as its remembrance gives you pleasure” – he will probably correct me!

God Bless and enjoy your new life,

Julia 8c

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**IN THE REGNART HALL
EVERY SATURDAY EVENING
TEA OR COFFEE AT 6.45PM
FILM STARTS AT 7PM,**

YOU ARE WELCOME TO BRING GUESTS

October 4th THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI 1957

After settling his differences with a Japanese POW camp commander, a British colonel (Alec Guinness) co-operates to oversee his men’s construction of a railway bridge for their captors – while oblivious to a plan by the Allies to destroy it.

October 11th SINGING IN THE RAIN 1952

Gene Kelly is a popular film star and dancer who barely tolerates his vapid, shallow leading lady. Lots of wonderful singing and dancing.

October 18TH RAIN MAN 1986

Charlie Babbitt has discovered that he has an unknown autistic –savant brother, named Raymond, which comes out as Rain Man and they go on a journey of discovery together.

October 25th THE LADYKILLERS 1955

A ‘Golden Oldie’. A rare colour film from the 50’s starring Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom., Peter Sellers – shown by popular request.

THE EDNA BROWN CINEMA CLUB

GLENDALE PEOPLE;THE ITALIAN

(Two friends, Monika and Ruth, ran an Antiquarian Book Shop in central London for many years. Their Memoirs are known as The Glendale Diaries)

It's through circumstances rather than any great academic prowess that Ruth and I have a good grasp of some half a dozen languages between us. It has proved useful.

Whether in the shop or at a book fair, we admitted to nothing beyond English unless we were asked. If asked, however, we would willingly translate, interpret and help in any way we could. We helped customers book hotels. We helped colleagues through foreign bureaucracies. Two or three people walking onto our stand or into our shop talking merrily in their own language about us or about our stock on the assumption that the lump behind the desk could not possibly have the wit to understand a word, were met with the presumed witless incomprehension. I admit freely that there was an element of wounded pride in this stance. I admit even more freely that there was a lot of fun to be had.

Thus I learnt that I had a perfectly dreadful haircut and should never, ever wear yellow. Ruth kept an impassive face when she overheard one customer inform another that Jack the Ripper's crimes were copycat murders taken from a story written by Sherlock Holmes. She learnt that

you could not get a good meal anywhere in London and that the streets behind the Grosvenor House Hotel were of a grinding poverty beyond belief. The slums of Mayfair? She put her head down and concentrated hard on the rubber at the end of her pencil.

The man was beautifully dressed, his flowing locks flawlessly shaped, no simple haircut at the hands of the local barber. The suit had a label discretely sewn on the outside of the cuff; such discretion is never bought cheaply. Signor Bussoni did not look at me. Signor Bussoni did not speak to me. He had a wisp of flustered woman next to him and she communicated Signor Bussoni's desires and wishes in hysterical undertones. My replies were translated back into brave Italian. I could have done better but then, I had not been asked.... An Italian completely devoid of charm is a rare creature. Perhaps Signor Bussoni reserved his for social occasions because his little interpreter was not granted a sliver for her pains. I was shown nothing at all. "Ask her.....tell her....I want...bring me....put it there....I want the one on the top shelf....I want invoices with two copies....tell her 90 days and I'll pay her when I'm ready...." There is an excellent array of words for 'please' and 'thank you' in Italian. Per favore, per piacere, per cortesia but Signor Bussoni seemed unaware of them.

The pile of books on my desk grew. Signor Bussoni looked at them with great satisfaction whilst I suspected that it would not be long before I would be putting them back on

the shelves. The Personal Assistant fluttered and hovered. I added up the column of figures and handed her the total.

"Li prendero ad ogni modo ma vedi un po'fin dove scende con il prezzo." he said.

"What discount do you offer?" she asked meekly.

"We offer a 5% discount to the trade but I don't think that Mr. Bussoni is a colleague."

"Oh, no!" she looked quite shocked. "Signor Bussoni is not in trade. He is a lawyer. In Milan."

"I am afraid that in that case I am not permitted to offer any discount."

She translated.

"Stupid woman. She hasn't a clue how to run a business.

Everybody gives a discount."

She did not translate the whole comment, just the last sentence. I pleaded the helplessness of the employee; a discount was outside my competence. She shrugged.

"Signor Bussoni wishes to have the books invoiced and sent to his office. In Milan. The usual 90 days credit from the receipt of the books, he says."

"Usual?" I asked, looking as bewildered as a seriously bad actress who is not in the least bewildered, can manage.

"Oh, for heaven's sake." he snapped, "explain to her what 30, 90 and 120 days against invoice means."

The assistant began to explain. I interrupted, smiling kindly.

"Please tell Mr. Bussoni that I am familiar with the procedure. Please convey to him that this credit is offered

by pre-arrangement to known customers against previous references."

She struggled with that little lot into Italian I put my hand with dignity on the pile of books and hoped that I could restrain the giggle a little longer. He glared at me.

"Oh, pay the stupid cow, give her my address and tell her to send them. Let's go. I've wasted enough time."

He produced a plump wallet and counted out the 50 pound notes with a practiced thumb. He pushed them across the desk with disdain whilst the little woman ransacked her bag for his visiting card. I held it between two fingers and smiled at him.

*"La deficiente La ringrazia e rimane a disposizione per futuri acquisti."

I thought he was going to kill me. Nasty.

*Translation: **"The mentally retarded one thanks you and is at your disposal for any future transactions."**

Monika, Pirque, Chile

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WISE WORDS

"Travel is fatal to prejudice, bigotry and narrow-mindedness."

Mark Twain

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WHEN INSULTS HAD CLASS
(USING NO FOUR LETTER WORDS)

These glorious insults are from an era when cleverness with words was still valued, before a great portion of the English language got boiled down to four letter words, uttered by monosyllabic idiots, not to mention the same jerks, waving middle fingers.

For example, this exchange between Churchill & Lady Astor; She said, "If you were my husband I'd give you poison," and he said, "If you were my wife, I'd drink it."

A Member of Parliament to Disraeli; "Sir, you will either die on the gallows or of some unspeakable disease." "That depends Sir," said Disraeli, "on whether I embrace your policies or your mistress."

"He had delusions of adequacy," Walter Kerr.

"He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire." William Churchill

"I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with great pleasure." Clarence Darrow

"A modest little person, with much to be modest about."
Winston Churchill

"He has never been known to use a word that might send a reader to the dictionary."-William Faulkner about Ernest Hemingway

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PICTURE ON THE SICK ROOM WALL.

That I may see people
People as me,
With browns, greens and grey.
Good becomes evil
Then back again.
It's black or white the clerics preach
While we live grey.
Nursing our guilt.
Have they spewed theirs on us?

I see faces, hear names
That grown us label bad or good
If not like them, then bad.
Faces show other people's fears
Their prejudice breeding my intolerance
Judgements passed down
As malignant genes.

When my eyes close,
Reliving vividly the terror
Dark quaking echoes

Down deep, so terrifying
Dormant not stilled.
Heartbeats turmoiled by fear.
Guilt, horrors of the awful judgment.

The picture on the sick room wall;
The good are on my father's right
The bad, my fellow travellers
Condemned to hell, on his other side;
Irredeemable, unreachable, unforgiven.
The black frocks and purple shirts
Where are they?

Michael 12c

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DEAR ABBY

Dear Abby, Our son writes that he is taking Judo. Why
would a boy who was in a good Christian home turn
against his own?

Dear Abby, I joined the Navy to see the world. I've seen it.
Now how do I get out?

Dear Abby, My forty year old son has been paying a
psychiatrist \$50 for an hour every week for two and a half
years. He must be crazy.

Dear Abby I was married to Bill for three months and I
didn't know he drank until one night he came home sober.

Dear Abby, My Mother is mean and short tempered. I
think she is going through mental pause.

Dear Abby, You told some woman whose has lost interest
in sex to send him to a doctor. Well, my husband lost all
interest in sex and he is a doctor. Now what do I do?

Anon USA

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Asked by the court barber how he wanted his hair cut, the
King replied "In silence."

Philogelos 4th century AD

Augustus was touring his empire and noticed a man in the
crowd who bore a striking resemblance to himself. He
asked; "Was your mother at one time in service at the
palace?"

"No your Highness," he replied, "but my father was."

Ambrosius Theodosius Macrobius 63 BC

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A man was telling his neighbour, "I just bought a new
hearing aid. It cost me £2,000 but it's 'state of the art'.
"Really" answered the neighbour, "What kind is it?"
"Twelve thirty".

Submitted by Colin, Grafton Road

