

Cock & Bull

Volume 1, Emission 2

Edited by: Clayton Moore

June 2008

SPECIAL "STONYLIVE!" EDITION



Hello All,

My nephew, Clayton, thought that I, as an opera singer, would be best-placed to introduce this special edition. Did you know it is StonyLive!'s TENTH anniversary? They've got culture up to their rumps, that lot, and you can find details of all the goodies on www.stonylive.org. No opera, though, so I, as an opera singer, won't be performing. As for this newsletter, if you're not already on the mailing list you'll be getting it in black and white; for the full colour pdf, email Clayton. Go on, he's a lonely boy, and needs human contact. Shame about missing me out – I was known as Lancashire's heaviest light opera singer. It was me or Gracie Fields but her aspidistra was bigger. *Clayton's Auntie Beryl*

PS: did I mention I was an opera singer?

WHAT'S ALL THIS COCK & BULL?

Thanks, Auntie Beryl.

In the first issue I explained the thinking behind a Cock & Bull Society, which builds on the Stony Stratford legend for being home to the origins of the phrase. The accent will be on humour and, of course, possible cock and bull stories.

BUT WILL THERE BE A SERIOUS SIDE?

Yes, in that we plan to organise events – social and kultchrell – celebrating the five Hs: Humour, Heritage, History, Happiness and Hlife.

SO, WHO IS "WE"?

Well, YOU actually, with a little help from the founder members. Your contributions to the newsletter will be very welcome, and any events you organise or perform in will be equally so. The C&Bsoc "committee" will help drive things

along with coordination, publicity, fund-raising where necessary, and news. You can be an active member, or, as the poet Milton wrote "they also serve who only stand and wait". {The poet Milton does not elaborate on the Stony pub in which EVERYBODY seems to stand and wait and nobody serves, but perhaps things were a little snappier in the 17th century.}

WHAT ABOUT A WEBSITE?

By the time you read this I should have got my feeble brain around the software to create www.cockandbull.org.uk. You enter variations on that address at your peril since there are so many photos of bulls on the Internet. The newsletter will appear in pdf format on the site, and there'll be all sorts of other goodies like a forum, links, calendar, and, of course, stuff.

MEANWHILE?

You can contact Clayton by email on clayton@cockanbull.org.uk.

THE PUDDLE BULLETIN

In the last Cock & Bull News the Nasreddin Hoca featured fairly strongly. We now turn our attention from exotic Turkey to the exotic Black Country where the characters of "Aynuck and Ayli" or "Anuk and Ali" have featured in local folklore. Before ANY hypersensitive creatures get upset, let's make it clear that Anuk and Ali are fictional characters and are undoubtedly Caucasians. They are certainly NOT to be confused with Abu Ali Lawik (aka Anuk) who was a hero in 10th century Afghanistan, invited by the people of Ghazni to free them from the cruel tyranny of a former slave called Pirai, so raspberries to the paranoid. Anuk and Ali appeared in local newspapers, sometimes in cartoon form, and, like the Hoca, were homespun philosophers. The following extract dates from a cutting in 1952, entitled "*The letters of Anuk by Tom. H. Townson – Birthdays*". *

"Dear Ali,

As it ever occaerred to yer that if yo'd never 'ad no baerthday you udn't be 'ere? Well, it's right. Ar, you con tek it from me thot baerthdays am very importont things.

Unless yo've got a baerthday yo cor get yer life insured cos they always wanten to know when yo was born. Ar, an' in yower case they'd also probably wanten to know **why** yo was born.

Yo've 'aead o' Mrs. Crumble as lives nayer we? Well, it was 'er baerthday yesterday. Although 'er never smokes, er's very fond of the smell o' bacca. In the caercumstonces thot Scotch bloke as lodges wie 'er bought 'er a pipe for a baerthday present. 'E tode 'er thot if 'er ud paerchase some bacca an find some motches 'e'd smoke it for 'er while 'er sat an' sniffed.

Don't mention this to our Baertha in case it puts ideas into 'er yed. Ar, I con see 'er buyin' me a pair o' them nylons an' then offerin' to wear 'em for me."

See?

**Apologies for any possible copyright difficulties here. I hope that Mr Townson will accept the above as done in admiration for his work, and, who knows, that it will lead to a reissue of the works. CM, ed.*

But, returning to Turkey for a moment, I recently chanced to discover the Museum of Caricature & Cartoons in Istanbul. This is an excellent little museum celebrating the work of Turkish cartoonists for nearly 100 years – much of it remarkably politically satirical. The only downside is that the script for each cartoon is only in Turkish, although it is not hard to guess the meaning of some of the more pointed ones! There is also a wall-full of “takes” on the Nasreddin Hoca.

The museum itself is a museum, housed in a 16th century former medrese, and the rather splendid edifice you can see in the background is a Byzantine Aqueduct of Valens, which may or may not have been built during the reign of Justinian.



Dead easy to find, once you know, the museum is on Ataturk Boulevard which leads to the Ataturk Bridge across the Golden Horn. On that same stretch you can see the excavations of yet another mammoth Byzantine cistern, and just beyond them is the Zeyrek Camii, which is the magnificent remains of a 12th century complex, formerly the Church of Christ the Pantocrator. Explore the back streets of this area with its tumbledown wooden houses. You can also follow that street along the front of the Cartoon Museum and you come to the Fatih meat market, home to traditional tea-houses and some Kurdish restaurants, including that of Mr Ismail Usta – watch out for the sign of the baby emerging from a watermelon. Try the Sac Tava, but you MIGHT not want to go for the lung soup, roast sheep's head, tripe, barbecued spinal column



"Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life"

HERITAGE OPEN DAYS FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER 11TH – 14TH 2008

XX

The aim is for towns, organizations, individuals, to open their doors to events based on heritage and history.

Stony Stratford will, all being well, be hosting its own events such as the town walk, a York House Centre open day, and various performances by the likes of the Stony Stratford Mummers.

The Festival will also mark the official (re)launch date of The Cock & Bull Society. Watch out for publicity, or email Dangerously Retired Promotions on (ken@jookofstony.freemove.co.uk), or look on www.stonystratford.co.uk. You can find out more about the national festival on www.heritageopendays.org.

XX

DO YOU REMEMBER



If anyone has a copy or knows how to get

one or just wants to write about it, contact clayton@cockandbull.org.uk. The only one I can remember had a news spot which read something like “Sam Spit was looking up the lift shaft to see if it was coming. Sam, 47, leaves a wife and ten children”.

Real Cock & Bull type stuff, as you can see from the picture. “Billy’s Weekly Liar” was sold around Blackpool promenade and the like.

Note the spectator – dressed like every dad in 1950s Blackpool dressed when out on the promenade. The slightly bulging right jacket pocket no doubt contains the handkerchief ready for knotting on descending to the beach (as people from St Annes called it) or “sands” as real people did. Mind you, St Annes’ people thought their town name rhymed with ‘barns’ where-as we knew it rhymed with ‘pans’.

SERVES ME RIGHT

Looking for a recipe on the Internet (serves me right) I found this, all in Japanese script. The site offered a translation of a message from a Japanese housewife in Los Angeles:

“All of pork dumpling, □□ frit, cooked.

Weather as rain, it is also unusually heavy rains in Los Angeles. Was misguided, in the room safe and a piece of T-shirt sleeve. If Japan, spring comes every time it rains, and in seasonal HOKAHOKA delicious pot still further. Cassette casserole also no stove because for the first time in Le Kruse from the stove on the table has been moved to treat.”

It does not record the response, nor what happened to the rest of the t-shirt.

Shades of Hancock’s “Radio Ham”, eh?

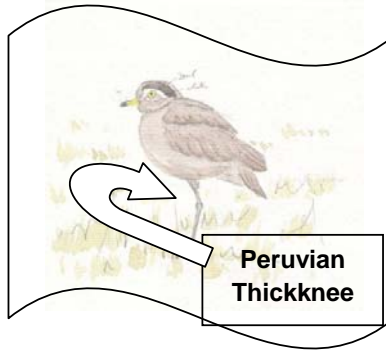
*OLD JOKE:
A Buddhist monk goes into a pizza take-away.
Bewildered by the amazing choice of toppings,
he simply says:
“Make me one with everything.”*

NOSE YOURSELF

“I say, Bifferson, what’s that remarkable looking bird over there?”

“Haven’t really got a proper name for it yet, Carruthers, old chap. Some sort of curlew. We just call it the thickknee, for obvious reasons. Quite astounding beast – seems to have the rudiments of understanding and language.’

“Thickknee, eh? Ha ha ha!”



“Shh! Keep your voice down. They’re highly sensitive chappies.... see: you’ve set him off now!”

“Gosh, yes! He does actually seem to be speaking? Goodness! Any clues as to what he’s saying?”

“Well, as best as I can translate, he seems to be calling out ‘Thickknee yourself, Big Nose!’”

here are the

LAST ISSUE’S QUIZ

ANSWERS

- Q1. The Ying Tong Song by The Goons
- Q2. Toes
- Q3. Terry Pratchett
- Q4. Tristram Shandy by Laurence Sterne
- Q5. Stony Stratford!

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KIDDIES’ KORNER

Do you like A A Milne? Yes? Then you’ll HATE this:

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN GOES TO SLEEP

When I cannot fall to sleeps

I count my toes instead of sheeps;

And if my wakiness still lingers

Then I starts to count my fingers

But, if I merely wants to doze,

Then I only counts my nose.

Old Stony Stratford proverbs, Number 43:

It is at your peril that you point a Belisha beacon at an untrained zebra.



Just get those contributions coming in, preferably by email or on disc (pictures in jpeg format, please). Whether it's your own Cock & Bull story (what did YOU do when attacked by a man eating onion?), or something by Rudolph Raspe (WHO??), Professor Bruce Lacey (another WHO??). Broad-based, eh – just like Donald McGill's Blackpool landladies.

TO SIGN UP FOR COCK & BULL, OR FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT EVENTS AND IDEAS

EMAIL

clayton@cockandbull.org.uk

MEANWHILE, bate your breath (not somebody else's) for the Cock & Bull Society re-launch party in September.

Why "RE- launch", you may well be asking? That's because you don't know/remember that the original Cock & Bull Society was started in 1997 by local character, Martyn Evans (aka "Ostler") and journalist, David Ash (aka). We are currently firkling amongst the archives for some of their goodies, and will be paying tribute to them and their efforts, including 'discovery' of the "world-famous" (?????) House of Humour and Satire in Gabrovo, Bulgaria where works of authors from 153 countries are exhibited in 10 halls with an area of 8000 square metres, so there.