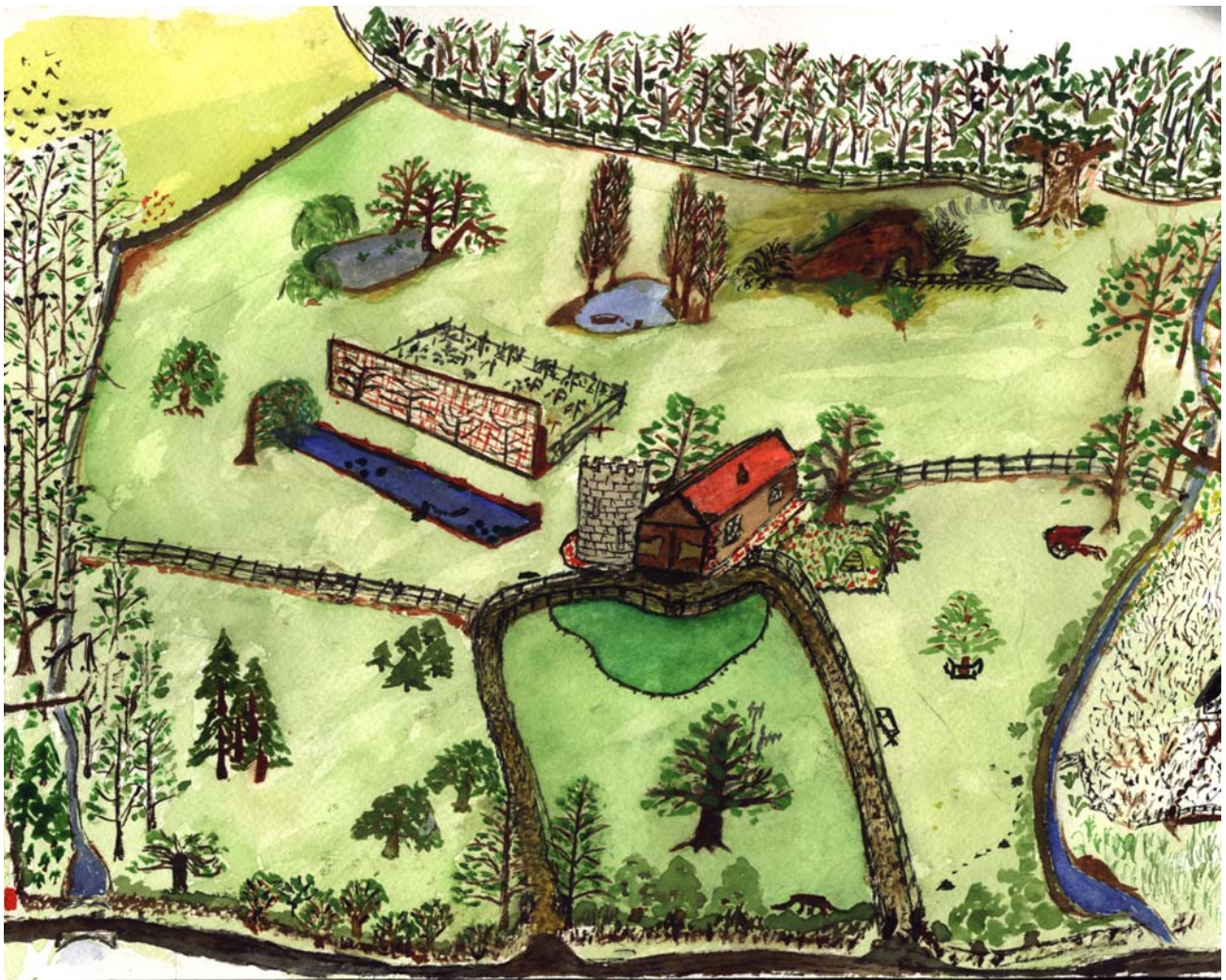




Sir Winston Grit, the Baron Grit A'Bone KGC presents his 'Family' and 'Lantern County'



'Lantern County'



The Author, FREDERICK C. WEBB [in bulldog pose]
"My face may look like a gnarled old oak; but my acorns are fresh. The purpose of these oak seeds is to show a love for life; through my interpretation of human foibles; which are implanted in every character. If the acorns are moral and ethical values; then the fun and foibles are the fertiliser that grows the stories".



SIR WINSTON GRIT, THE BARON GRIT A' BONE Family motto **'Canis de Huminis Amicus Super Estis'**; which he and his family live to the letter. He was granted a hereditary knighthood for services to the great nation. His family **'single pawedly'** saved them from an incurable facial disease. As a further reward for these acts of heroism, his family are made owners and guardians of the nations **'Grit Mines'**. [The Royal College of Arms was pleased to assist in the design of the family coat of arms.]
The Baron is the founder and patron of **Lantern County**, a nature reserve and wildlife sanctuary that surrounds his family **'Sit'**. His hobbies are his lawns; his roses; and classical music. The wild orchids in his wood are another passion."

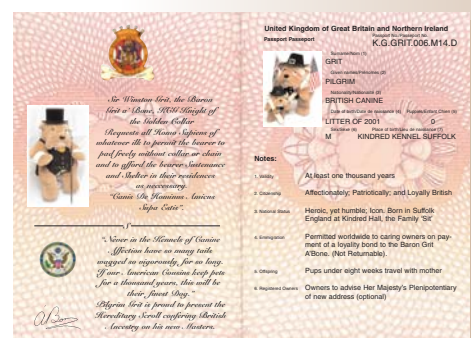
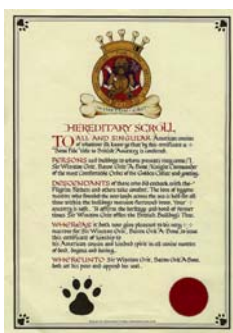


KINDRED HALL. Designed by **'Capability Bone'** and situated in fine Suffolk parkland, this country house is the family **'Sit'**. It is clearly the home of a canine of substance. The **'Norman Keep'** is the operations centre of **'MI4D'**, headed by the Baron.

DUTCH OAK DISEASE. Is a story which relates how **'Agent 006 Grit'** saved the English Oak from **'Genetically Modified Dutch Elm Disease'**.



PILGRIM GRIT. These **'Foundling Pilgrims'** have waited patiently to rejoin their **'Ancestral Kinfolk'** in America. They have been issued with their own **'Passpaws'**, and given the right to issue the **'Hereditary Scroll'**, a formal **'Certificate of British Ancestry'**. [Both documents are pictured below.]



CHIPPER GRIT. Is the family's first sporting hero with a passion for golf. His game may be erratic; but his manners are impeccable and his clothes immaculate. **General Niblick's 'Dispatches from the Bunker'** teach **Chipper** to be the best behaved golfer in the world.



GENERAL SIR NIBLICK GRIT: MBM; KGC. 'Military Bone and Marrow; Knight of the Golden Collar' His definitive book on golf etiquette has the title; '**Dispatches from the Bunker**'.



SHASTABAGALISTRAP. A much loved family retainer, is the generals' batman; caddie; and factotum. He was first engaged by **Brigadier Grit C.O.** of the **Prince's Fleet of Paw Regiment**, and uncle to **General Sir Niblick Grit**. The '**Brig**' is no longer with us, but the noble Grit family will never cast aside a loyal servant and **Shastabagalistrap** is one of the family, indispensable to the General.




BADEN GRIT. The dedicated Boy Scout. When he joined the **Bulldog Troop** of the **Ridgewell Boy Scouts** he was so ham-pawed he was nearly rejected by the Scoutmaster. But the troupe loved him, took him as their mascot and helped him to pass all his badges. His grit and determination are an example to all Scouts.



CHEF-GRIT. The **Barons' Chef at Kindred Hall**; and MI4 novelty weapons expert. He is renowned for his sense of fun. One of his menu's for the Baron is '**Postmans Buttock Pie**' when it is in fact beef pudding. The Baron is amused by these titles, but in common with all dogs he knows what his food is by using his **nose**.



THE GRITLETS. Boisterous puppies are a feature of the '**Grit**' families life; and are always full of mischief. Yet such is their inbred loyalty and affection for their human masters; that four brave puppies are airlifted to the enemy castle. An account of this heroism is in the book '**Wrinkles**'. 



LANTERN COUNTY



PRESIDENT FOX. Is the poacher, made gamekeeper. As both patron and founder of **Lantern County**; the Baron appointed an animal that knows the countryside like the back of his paw; and who understands the nature of all creatures. This President carries out all his good works by stealth, without thought of praise or reward. He was oppressed and hunted in his youth and gets enormous pleasure by simply looking after other little creatures.



BANKER BEE. Is a romantic who fell in love with his **Queen**; but was sent away because he snored and kept the other bees awake. Exile broke his heart and he flew and flew until he fell exhausted into Lantern County. His health and heart were restored by President Fox, and now there is always **honey for tea**.



VOWELS OWLS. The '**Vowels**' family once lived in '**Green Barn**' that was painted black! When the barn was converted into a house, they were made homeless. In their new home the five children; A; E; I; O and U sleep in a '**perchitory**' all ensue! The father owl, **Why Why** guards the wild orchids deep in the wood.



NUTLOST SQUIRREL. This fat squirrel is **very forgetful**. All Summer he scampers about collecting nuts and acorns. He stores them safely; then goes to sleep for the winter; but when he wakes up he cannot remember where his nuts are! President Fox has turned this into a **'nut hunting game'** for all to play, singing, **'Here we go gathering nuts in May'**.



TODAL RECALL. This large toad never forgets anything and was brought into our country from the **Sudan** by a sailor. When he got too big the sailor put him in a pond by the roadside and left him to fend for himself. He always sits on his **'Toadstone'**, because it keeps him warm?

OTHER CHARACTERS. Lantern County has other characters; a Hedgehog **'Cindy'**; Rook; Mole; Cow **'Placidia'**.

Script

FREDERICK WEBB

'FOX GOES HUNTING'



Part One

The opening shot is of **President Fox** having an early morning bath in an antique brass coal scuttle. He is singing a song.

"A hunting we will go; tra-la, a hunting we will go; tra-la-dah-de-dah, a hunting we will go".

His song comes to an end and the camera pans back to reveal that he is in fact living up a huge oak tree! As we watch **President Fox** wash himself in his bath, we notice that he does not use soap; because it tampers with his natural scent. Next, he clammers out of his coal scuttle and stands in a bowl, before carefully shaking himself dry. He whistles as he eases into his special hunting coat and breeches.

*"Now I must prepare my scent for the hounds", he says with a sly grin, before pouring his bath water into a bottle clearly marked **FRESH SCENT**. "That is just what the hounds want- they love a fresh scent; and that is precisesly what we will give them! My hunt team will be here in a moment".*

The fox's gaze [and ours] now moves from the tree down to the village green where the hounds, horses and huntspeople begin to arrive. Our view lingers on the chortling camaraderie of the humans as they unload the horses from their boxes, as well as the furious sniffing and general agitation of the hounds.

Meanwhile, **Fox** is ready to assemble his team who will take his fresh scent to various places to confuse the hunt. He walks out of his bedroom and strides out onto what we can see is a counterweighted ladder. It gently deposits him on the ground.

Gathered at the bottom of the tree are **President Fox's** loyal minions. First on the scene is **Loopy Lollop**, a sprinting hare whose job is to lead the hounds astray. Then, burrowing out from



Loopy Lollop

the roots of **President Fox's** tree, appears the squinting but friendly face of **Mole**. Dialogue between the characters informs the audience that **Mole** is too short sighted to run, and that his job is to trick the hounds by placing scent in his complex tunnels. Next to arrive is the aristocratic **Dowager Lady Rook**; whose tones of '*caugh, caugh, caugh*', show that she was born to hunt but has been 'black feathered' by the hunting fraternity. She has quite literally crossed the fence to **President Fox's** team of hunt-baiters. Lady rook is an aristocrat and carries bottles of scent in her beak to further confuse the hounds.

Fox addresses his troops.

"Now Loopy, you have to begin your run from the top of the plantation and head across the open fields to the wood.

"Do I run like the wind?" he asks.

"No" replied **Fox**, *"You run 'with' the wind, because that will keep the scent fresh in the noses of the hounds"*.

President Fox then proceeded to explain his role in the plan. We learn that he is a great leader because it is his dangerous job to lure the hunt inside the plantation, in order to cause them maximum confusion.

Keen to show everyone that he has mastered the plan, **Loopy Lollop** bounds over and announces. *"I will take over from you and sprinkle a trail of more fresh scent down to the bottom meadow"*. This triggers the others off. *"That is where I will be"* cries **Mole** he also knows the plan. *"Yes Mole; and it is there that you tunnel into the ditch and run off with Vole."* Says **Fox**, just to check everyone is clear. *"Tell him to make sure he holds my tail tight"* said **Vole**; *"otherwise he will get left behind- -my behind"*, he giggles. *"I will perch on a branch. [caugh caugh] and fly with my bottle to the- - - wood!"* with many jerks of her head, the **Dowager Rook** confirms her part. *"Exactly, and sprinkle fresh scent on the windward side"* replies **Fox**, *"which will give me the chance to show myself in the wood and stand on my 'magic mound."*

We are now following the hunt. **Fox** appears in shot and amidst great and hilarious confusion they all set off at tremendous pace in pursuit. Fox is canny though; and he only ever appears in a meadow or field that has large deep ditch. It has muddy water at the bottom, and a bramble and thorn hedge on the side. Many hounds bump into each other and fall into the water. Horses pull up and dump their riders into the ditch. This causes great merriment to young observers such as the **Gritlet Pups**, and **The Three Ginger Mice**. All day the hunt is lead astray, but the '**Hunt**' go home tired and happy after a good day's sport.

President Fox and his team are also satisfied with their days of pranks. **Fox** gives them tea, and then stands up in an old hay cart and sings to his team and other bystanders.

"I want you all to know my dears; that of the hunt I have no fears; they only follow my scent. I tell you true, I tell you sadly; hounds and huntsmen smell so badly; I always know where they are. So when they come to hunt old President; they go to where I sent my scent.

The hounds will never catch me

No, no the hounds will never catch me."

President Fox jigs about on the cart as everyone dances in the meadow.

Script

FREDERICK WEBB

'WRINKLES'



A 'Wrinkly'

Part One

The camera roams across a green and prosperous landscape; showing plump cattle; orderly hedges; burgeoning crops; and we follow it through immaculate formal gardens up to the palace. With guards; carriages and courtiers; everything reeks of prosperity. We follow the camera into the palace; art adorns the walls; there are red carpets and ornate rugs; and up a sweeping stairway to where the **King** paces outside the **Queens'** bedroom. The camera enters the bedroom where the **Queen** is giving birth.

Scene 1. The court physician and nurses are at the **Queens'** bedside to deliver her babies. When the first twin is born there is a smack and the usual cry; but as the second is born there is a smack followed by a crack of thunder; then a cry. This thunder comes so suddenly as to frighten the audience. It passes in an instant.

The camera now goes to the office of the first minister. An aide enters.

"Minister, the Queen has given birth to identical boy twins. Is that not fantastic news?" But the first minister frowns; and hurries off to the **King**.

He [and the camera], arrive at the bedchamber.

"Sire, first I give you my most sincere congratulations; but then I must speak with you as a matter of urgency." Somewhat perplexed the **King** leaves his wife's bedside.

"Yes minister; what is it?"

"My Liege, there can only ever be one King. You must right now place a tattoo or mark on one boy and make him your sole heir."

"Nonsense minister! They are but a few moments in this world. How can you think of such a serious thing when all about you is unbridled joy?" The **King** is angry.

"I am an old man, your grace. I only give good advice; it is up to you to consider it." The **King** mellows.

"Ah! My good and loyal councillor; there is plenty of time. Have a glass of wine with me to celebrate." The camera shows the **Councillor**, glass in hand; but with a worried expression on his face.

Over the years the **King** continues to refuse to mark out his heir. They take great advantage of their identity; and become two absolute little monsters. One day the **King** is killed in a hunting accident and the twins take charge. They straightaway exile the **First Minister** as they earlier did their first **Governess**.

Yet again the camera shows a smirk on the face of one twin.

The way is now clear to make mischief with the whole country; and they 'play' with every aspect of life. Crops and businesses are ruined; orders are regularly coutermanded; it is chaos. [This is the author's play on responsibility and accountability in our own lives; which cause the bulk of the World's problems. Too deep a message for 'kids'; don't you believe it.]

The camera shows the victims of their pranks; who instantly get wrinkles in the faces. They decree that all sweets have to be dipped in cod liver oil! To save time peeling and slicing, seed potatoes must be planted as chips! With these and other mad acts, the ruin is visually presented. We watch the council of ministers; a motely collection of shapes and sizes, as they get the 'wrinkles' one after the other; like falling dominoes. They riddicule and laugh at each other in turn. Within a few years the entire nation is ruined; and now the camera follows the route of the opening shot to show fields of weeds; skinny cows; overgrown lawns; and a palace falling into disrepair. **'Wrinkles'** are a uniform facial feature; as all are in the grip of **'Wrinkles'** disease.

Part Two

The bulldogs now come to the rescue and save the great nation.

The exiled **Governess** is visiting her sick granddaughter. The camera follows a grey haired sprightly lady, who is carrying a wicker hamper. She arrives at an isolated hill cottage; and is greeted by her neice.

"I have brought a surprise present for my grandchild"

"How very kind; but she is so poorly, she may not be well enough to respond."

"I hope she will; but whether she will like it or not I cannot tell." They look inside the hamper.

"Oh Gracie dearest! Its' a little puppy. Where did you get it?"

*"My dear old faithfull dog **Winston**, padded off to the **Grit Mines** and fetched him for me. I know all dogs are banned; but so am I! He keeps in touch with his family'.*

"Well let us ignore the silly ban on dogs; and show him to her." The camera follows them upstairs to the cot of the little girl and we see her pale terribly wrinkled face. The little puppy senses her illness and is subdued. He is held up to her; but she barely opens her eyes.

"Oh Dear; she is very poorly, let us just put the puppy at the bottom of her cot; and then perhaps she will stroke him when she wakes up." The camera follows as they tiptoe downstairs, where they embrace tearfully and then make tea. [Even these **Kings** dare not ban **tea!**]

The camera returns upstairs, where the little puppy lies awake and vigilant. In her sleep the little girl moves her arm outside the covers and her hand falls in front of the puppies face. His ears go back; his tail gives a twitch. 'Sniff sniff', he likes the smell. Once more; 'sniff sniff' and then a little lick. He likes the taste; now the tail wags faster. The hand withdraws up the cot. His tail stops wagging and he looks sad. Then the hand comes down again and lands on his head; it weakly fondles his ears; and then goes up again. Now the puppy wags his tail and inches up the bed. Though still asleep her hand once more touches his head; and the puppy manages to lick her fingers; which wakes her up.

"What is this?" She raises her head; and his tail wags again. *"Come closer, let me look at you."* He snuggles up the bedclothes with ears cocked, his tail now wagging furiously. He is overcome with affection; and kisses her; a great big wet tongued puppy slurp!

"Uuurrggghhh; you've made my face all wet you silly sloppy dog." She wipes her face with her sleeve; but is not angry, she is amused. She sees that the puppy looks sad and ashamed. But the magic of a little pet is working. Soon she is feeling quite a bit better; and puts out both arms to comfort the little puppy.

"Oh! I did not mean to upset you; if it will make you happy, give me another kiss." With tail once more at maximum wag the puppy licks his little mistress all over her face; and sits back to look at her as she splutters and screws up her face, wiping her sleeve across her face in pretend irritation. **The camera now comes into close up; and we watch as the wrinkles fall from her face and transfer to the face of the puppy!**

The noise of the teacups downstairs is heard. After more exuberant 'kisses' and displays of affection on both sides, she is feeling so much better that she swings her legs out of the bed; and stands up! She picks up the puppy. *"You come with me my little friend"*.

The camera moves downstairs to the two ladies. Their gossip is interrupted when they hear. *"Please mummy, can we have a cup of tea?"* They look up in amazement to see her standing at the foot of the stairs. Cut.

Scene 2

Gracie is talking to the ex-minister in her cottage. [There is a suggestion of romantic interest] *"I think nanny; that we have found the cure for 'Wrinkles' and also the way to stop it ever returning to our great nation."* He sits thoughtfully and then looks up. *"You said that you think one twin is a good boy?"*

"Yes, I am convinced of it."

"Then we must get a puppy to lick this good boy; and cure him; but not the bad boy. They will not then be identical?" There is a 'moment of truth' between them.

*"My dear **Benjamin**;"* [This is the first time she has used his Christian name]; *I think you have solved the problem."*

At the palace the bad twin hears the news of the cure; sends out spies and doubles the guard.

Back at the old Governess' cottage.

The **Minister** thinks for some time; and then takes a long and meaningful look at **Gracie**.

"This wicked boy king is very astute. He caused both you and I to be exiled; but his greatest fear was from the palace dogs. I hope you realise that it was he who caused dogs to be banned?"

Her dog, **Winston Grit** stands up and says.

*'It is clear one of our puppies must lick the good king. I have a plan and this is clearly a job for the family '**Grit**'. There is silence as they look on in amazement. Winston Grit then looks into camera and says;*

'I may be gone some time'; but 'I'll be back.' And he heads for the Grit Mines under the hills.

Scene 3

The meadow next to the **Grit Mines**.

Standing on an old mine trolley; **Winston Grit** is speaking to a gathering of dogs; puppies; rooks; and others.

"The palace is heavily guarded and all dogs are shot on sight".

The rooks stare at the pups.

"Our plan is to fly in four puppies so that one of them can lick the good kings' face. Chef Grit has designed an air cradle with four holes for legs; and a strong cord at each corner."

He looks directly at the rooks.

"You will each hold a cord in your beaks. When the pup has reached take off speed, you lift him into the air; understood?"

"Yes sir. Caw! Caw! Caw!" Cry the **Rooks** enthusiastically.

[**Rooks** are by nature contentious; and to select sixteen from well over one hundred has produced many scenes of hilarity!]

Chef Grit takes over and beckons a puppy. The camera shows this in close up.

"Put your legs into the holes in the cradle."

"Like this uncle Cheffy?"

*"Yes; **just like that**. Now let me pull it up to make sure its fits."* He lifts the puppy and cradle up with his mouth and sets it down again.

"Was that comfy?"

"Yes" He [and camera] goes over to the 'parade' of rooks. There are sixteen female rooks; four to a cradle. **The Lady Dowager Rook** has appointed herself as '**Squadron Leader**'; and the four 'flights' are given distinctive coloured hats; Gold; Red; Blue; and Green.



"Now **Lady Dowager**, if you please let me have four of your ladies." **The Lady Dowager Rook** addresses her '**Squadron**'.

"**Gold Flight**; *caugh; caugh; you are the first four to report for- - -training!*" And she tosses her head with pearls swinging in her usual manner. **Gold** flight consists of four rooks; all with gold flying hats. Each rook takes a corner cord in her beak; and lifts up her head to lift the cradle clear of the legs of the pup. The camera follows the take off. The puppy with his fat little legs protruding; scampers down the meadow with the rooks keeping pace until they begin to flap their wings, at which point they lift the little dog into the air. As they lift off, the other three flights and the other three puppies cheer and jump about in glee. Cut

Scene 4

After some hilarious days of training, the '**Squadron**' is ready and assembled at the '**Grit Mine**' airstrip. The '**Dam Busters**' march is playing softly. The camera follows each group down the runway until they take off. It lingers on them momentarily before switching to the next 'flight'. There are snap shots of the **Lady Dowager Rook** who is airborne and '**caugh caughing**' in support. The camera pans skyward to show the entire squadron, as they climb into the pale moonlight of the early evening. The music is more distinct as the '**Squadron**' climbs past the moon and is swallowed by the night. Cut.

Scene 5

At the base, senior dogs and a few curious rooks wait for the return of the mission. Three flights return and the cry goes out;
'One of our puppies is missing!'

But after an anxious ten minutes, a lone **Rook** is silhouetted against the sky. Losing feathers and altitude she stutters into the airstrip; and crash lands! As they rush to her she cries.
"The puppy barked; mission a success"; and then faints!

There are numerous dangerous and funny events during the mission. At one stage the **Lady Dowager Rook** sings grand opera from a parapet! But all ends well; and at a moving ceremony the **good King** confers a hereditary knighthood upon **Winston Grit**; together with the gift of all lands surrounding the **Grit Mines**. Trumpets sound; tears flow; and the audience takes away some memories and ideas that will never fade.

Script

FREDERICK WEBB

'VOWELS OWLS'



Part One

The camera picks up **President Fox**, taking a morning tea '**picnic**' on a high bank overlooking '**Green Barn**'. Hidden amongst the grass and brambles we follow his eyes to the apron in front of the barn. An 'off road' vehicle arrives 'on' the road, and a fat little man with a hat gets out. He opens up the boot and takes out a '**For Sale**' sign; plus a hammer and nails. He begins to nail the sign to the barn door.

The camera pans inside to where '**WhyWhy**' the father owl is asleep high up in the rafters. Bang! Bang! Bang! WhyWhy is instantly and somewhat irritably awake. He swoops out from his perch to investigate. The moment he sees the culprit; he attacks. His sudden appearance causes the little man to hit his finger.

"Yeeoouuw! What the - - -". **WhyWhy** flies in again and knocks his hat off into a puddle.

"Geroff; Geroff. You stupid bird." He bends to pick his hat up and whywhy sinks his talons into the man's fat bum. He jerks up in pain.

The camera quickly pans to **President Fox** who is in fits of laughter; which he surpresses by putting his paw against his mouth.

The camera returns to **WhyWhy**. The fat little man has his car door open and turns to yell at the owl; but it swoops at him again and he bangs his head on the doorframe. He leaps in and begins to shout at **WhyWhy**.

"I'll get even with you. I'll get the farmer. He has a gun and he will shoot you."

But whywhy is beside himself with rage and dances on the windscreen, pulling off one of the windscreen wipers.

"Stoppit stoppit; how dare you damage my car? You will pay for this; just you see."

But he drives off nonetheless. The camera follows the car and **WhyWhy**; who is seeing it off his territory. The camera then follows **WhyWhy** as he flies back and perches on a telegraph pole opposite the barn. Now the camera returns to **President Fox** who is holding his sides in merriment. He manages to control himself and we, [and camera] follow him down the bank to the road where he looks up at Whywhy; who continues to look very fierce.

"Good morning Whywhy. I think you won the first round." **WhyWhy** is too angry to be polite.

"Round; first round! what do you mean; round?"

"Well; when farmers have no more use for a barn and want to sell it; they will not let anyone interfere with the sale. They will be back for sure; and so you have only won the first round of this fight." **WhyWhy** cocks his head indignantly.

"Then the next time they come I will fight harder. I am not afraid."

"I am quite sure you are not afraid; in fact I know that you are very brave. But I know human beings better than you; and they will be back; you can count on it. You will have to move." Now the little owl explodes in anger.

"Moovvee! Me Moovvee! There are five little children in my home. I cannot move; and I will not move; so there."

"You do not have to move today. They will take some time to sell; but once the workmen arrive, you will have to move; and I will help you." Still angry he replies

*"I will not move; and I will not be helped by a **Fox!**"*

But he has to move; and after much dialogue and many scenes we come to the day before departure. The focus is on the long grass beside the barn where **President Fox** is hidden. A number of workmen have arrived. He has with him one of his housekeepers sons; a little **ginger mouse**; who is his 'messenger boy' for the day.

*"Now my boy I want you to go to **WhyWhy**; and tell him you have a message from Fox."* The little mouse looks up in fear.

*"But **WhyWhy** is an owl, he will eat me."* **Fox** hands the little mouse a matchstick with a piece of white cloth tied to it.

"No he will not eat you. Take this flag with you and be brave."

"Why do I have to be brave if he will not eat me?" **Fox** smiles and sighs.

*"Well you have to be brave because **WhyWhy** is brave; and he respects bravery. Now off you go; and don't let the workmen see you."* With whiskers all aquiver the little mouse sets off mumbling to himself. *'My mum told me **Fox** would keep me out of mischief. I'd rather be in mischief than visiting an owl'*. He treks through the long grass; dives through a knothole in the barns wooden wall; and scampers up the beams to **WhyWhy**. **Mrs Owl** and the children see first his white flag; and then him. He blurts out.

*"I have a message from **President Fox** for **WhyWhy**."*

"Then what is it?" snapped **WhyWhy** suddenly awake and thinking more of a mouse meal than a mouse message. [Old habits die hard!]

*"**Fox** says you have to stay hidden until after dusk. On no account must the workmen find you. He has a plan for your escape."*

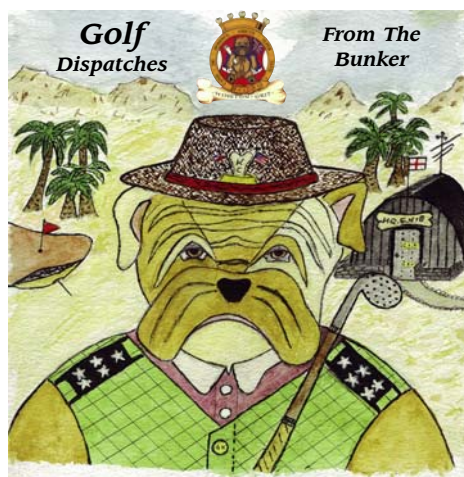
"Anything else?" snaps **WhyWhy**.

"Yes; don't eat me."

The story of the move continues. There are five little owls that cannot yet fly; two parents who love them; a **gang of weasels** who want to eat them; and a **Fox** who insists on helping. There is danger; fun and friendship; but in the end they are safely housed in the huge hollow ash tree trunk that has had a 'makeover to end all makeovers. The fiercely independent **WhyWhy** sticks out his wing to shake the paw of **Fox**; *"Thank you very much **Mr President**."*



Dispatches from the Bunker



General Sir Niblick Grit

General Sir Niblick Frit; M.B.M; K.G.K. [Military bone and Marrow; Knight of the Golden Collar.] This '**Knight**' lives up to his family motto; '**Canis de Hominus Amicus Super Estis**' and unashamedly loves the human race. He is particularly fond of golfers, '**of whatever handicap**'; and of golf. He presents his impeccable credentials to anyone engaged in golf club management.

The **General** contends that all management is in reality 'man management'; and with rare criticism of his human masters, wonders whether we create most of our own problems? He is acutely aware of the special skills needed in golf club management; because when members provide most of the revenue; it fosters the erroneous belief that they can do as they please. **General Niblicks 'Campaign'** is to show all golfers that the reason for rules and regulations is to make golf more enjoyable for us all.

On hearing that his great nephew '**Chipper Grit**' is mustard keen to take up golf, he siezes his chance to inculcate his mantra; "*Learn the rules and etiquette of the game; and only take lessons from the **Professional**.*"

From his command bunker in '**The East**', he sends a series of signals to '**Chipper Grit**', c/o MI4D, with the intention to make his nephew '**The best behaved golfer in the World**'.

These homilies have been bound into a book, entitled '**Dispatches from the Bunker**'. They include many wild tales of doubtful veracity. A case in point is the story of his uncle '**The Brigadier**' who in one round of golf 'shot'-; **a man eating Leopard; a Stag; and four under par!**

Humility does not come easily to his military demeanour; but he modestly submits that that '**Dispatches from the Bunker**' will be an essential tool in golf club management. In spite of persistent and painful '**Trench Paw**', contacted during a previous campaign, he insists on signing the first thousand copies

Moody Rooby



A Moody Rooby Rough

Moody Rooby is a creature of 'vindictive triumphalism'. "*A visit from **Moody Rooby**,*" is how all pilots will describe air turbulence. This cartoon has been drawn to encapsulate the core of her existence; and shows her face in the ecstasy of visiting evil upon her sister witches. They matter as little to her as all others; there is no camaraderie in **Moody Rooby**. She lives her life in a bad mood; but when given her come-uppance she gets in a 'big bad mood'.

The elation that follows her battle cries of **turbulence; TURBULENCE**; can be described as 'a little good mood'; which is both fragile and fleeting. We can all see that she is uneasy with it. She cannot wait to find a reason; no matter how small; that will send her back into a bad mood; which is her natural state.

These are the titles of six TV shorts...

1. '**Moody Rooby meets President Fox**'
2. '**The Va Voom Vac**'
3. '**First Flight**'
4. '**The Rookery Crash**'
5. '**Whooshing Witches**'
6. '**Hedgehopping**'

Group Photograph of the Family Grit



Sir Winston Grit the Baron Grit A'Bone. KGC; General Sir Niblick Grit. MBM, KGC; Pilgrim Grit; Chef Grit; Chipper Grit; and a Junior and a Puppy.

Apologies for absence. **Lord Philpot Grit**; President of the **Canine Horticultural Society**, and keeper of the **Queen's Trowel**, is in the Amazon. The **Pilgrim Puppy** has escaped from the fitting rooms, where he was being dressed as a pageboy in the finest velvet. [His sister said he had gone fishing with a jam jar. Sneak!] **Scout Baden Grit** is at 'camp'! Various other elements of this lively family are unfortunately away; but the core; or perhaps it should be 'marrow' of them is pictured here.

