

Ode To Sweet Sonia

by Alexander Baron - who has no connection with Larry O'Hara

From Mrs Sonia Gable

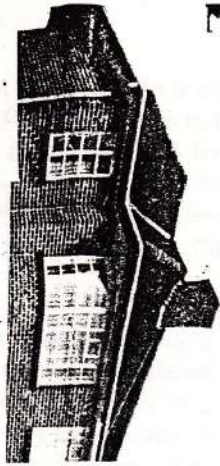
Sir, Philip Howard's history of the word "pound" (Old words for new, March 20) brings some light relief to an otherwise unpleasant Scottish process of law.

But he is wrong in saying that we shall in the course of poll tax collection meet with pointing in England, too. Tax collectors in

England and Wales do not have the remedy of pointing available to them; instead they have to distraint upon the goods and chattels of the debtor.

This procedure is also referred to as levying distress, which those faced with it will no doubt consider a far more appropriate description.

Yours faithfully,
SONIA GABLE (Tax Partner),
Phillip George (Accountants),
City Gate House,
309-426 Eastern Avenue,
Ilford, Essex.
March 20.

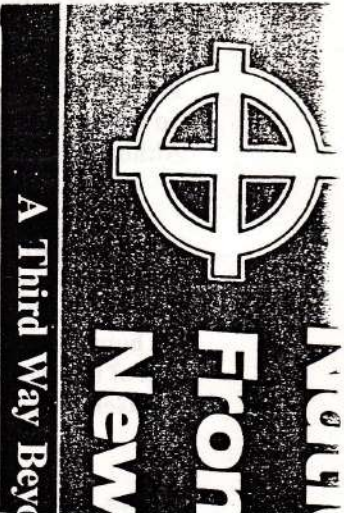


**gabble
racked
down**

GOTCHA!



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Manipulative moggies

From Mrs Sonia Gable

Sir, About a quarter of households own cats? (report, April 27). Surely not. Nobody ever owns a cat. It is always the other way round.

Yours faithfully,
SONIA GABLE,
49 Herent Drive,
Clayhall, Ilford, Essex.
April 29.

From Mrs Sonia Gable

Sir, The logic of the alignment of the maps in District Line trains is the same logic that any good navigator uses in, for example, orienteering or

flying a light aircraft, which is always to hold the map in the direction of travel. Rigidly to insist on north being at the top leads to the performance of mental gymnastics to determine which features on the map are to the left or right of the line of movement over (or under) the ground.

Yours faithfully,
SONIA GABLE,
49 Herent Drive,
Clayhall, Ilford, Essex.
November 27.

Ode To Sweet Sonia

There is a strange, alluring lass of letters,
A resident - they say - of Herent Drive,
Alas, she fled the National Front's go-getters,
For she feared if she stayed she'd not *survive*.
So where she really lives we can but guess,
Although to tell the truth, we can't care less.

Nor do we care about her hubby, Gerry,
We don't want to *exterminate* the twat,
We'd rather he jumped on the Channel Ferry,
Or hopped aboard the next plane to Eilat
Out of the way of all folk here for good,
For Gerry's evil, not misunderstood.

Oh yes, Sweet Sonia, who's this wondrous lady?
She's Gerry's spouse, the woman of his life;
I've heard it said she used to bed Steve Brady,
But that's before he took her for his wife.
At that time she was in the National Front,
Now she's a red, that was a cunning stunt,

Like her! But please excuse the Spoonerism,
I guess like Ray Hill Sonia was a "mole",
A strange brew is this Jewish *humanism*
With leading "Nazis" crawling up her hole.
But that's in the past, now the Searchlight Trust
And Gerry fill her psyche and her lust.

Yes, Brady and the Front are long behind her,
No longer is she Sonia felder-Hoch,
Although that wicked Harold doth remind her,
Today she only yearns for Gerry's cock,
No more Zieg Heils and romping in the hay,
Now it's *Hatkvah* with a loud: "Oy vay!"

"The *treifah* strumpet!" *Torah* Jews revile her,
The men in black hats hate these commie bums,
No Jewish girl would let a *goy* defile her,
And when at last the Day of Judgment comes
The Jews who live un-Jewish lives will go,
Like all infidels, to that place below.

But, I digress, she is a lass of letters,
On three occasions to the *Times* she's written,
She pens a fair line, free of Gerry's fetters,
And with her style I must confess I'm smitten:
Manipulative moggies are just fine,
And in this District, follow the Green Line.

And, talking of *Greens*, will you, Mrs Gable,
Instruct your husband to lay off our Larry?
He's sick to death of Gerry's myth and fable,
It really is a tiresome load to carry:
A Nazi *and* a mole for M.I.5?
Sounds like you and your fella. Snakes alive!

And while you're at it, ask why he's ignored me,
It may be that he thinks my real name's Aaron,
I'm sure he would have openly deplored me
If he'd known there are *goyim* too called Baron.
He probably gets his info' from Tony;
He shouldn't, Hancock talks a load of pony.

So, fare-thee-well, Sonia, *Times* correspondent
And tax partner, to levy your distress,
Though you're already wed I'm not despondent,
You may be Jewish, but you're no Princess.
Let's face it, Sonia, Gerry *and* Steve Brady?
You must be one neurotic, screwed-up lady.

Written en route to the British Library Newspaper Library at Colindale on the morning of 21st August 1993, where I read all about Gerry's old pal, Harry Bidney. Gerry's obituary in *Searchlight* gives one the impression they were very close, Sonia. I hope you made him take an AIDS test.

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