

ALLEN IAN's

REMEMBERING
WHEN

BRITAIN WAS
GREAT



with
IRIS COCKSEGE

CONTAINS
VOLUMES
I & II





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Remembering When Britain Was Great

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Original Publication © 1958 ALLEN IAN EDITIONS LTD

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FOREWORD

From the perspective of 2018, those innocent and heady days of 1958 seem remote - even perhaps innocent and heady. Few can identify with - and even fewer can remember - what it felt like to be a young girl on the brink of womanhood, spreading her limbs and learning how to "*make it*" in the land of opportunity that was post-war Britain. Think of a time when *Britain was Great* and many of us will think of a time when an immigrant was someone from another village, when needing a social service meant wanting to know the time and asking a policeman, when community service meant taking your turn to arrange the church flowers and when a benefit cheat was someone who declined a tip on the grounds that they were "*only doing their job*".

For this reason it is also difficult for the youngsters of today to imagine the sheer excitement of those idyllic times when a girl could shout a cheery goodbye to her darling mother, hitch up her skirt and set off on an adventure with only the injunction to be "*back in time for tea*" ringing in her still unmolested ear. [The assault of "pop" music had yet to occur - personally, I blame Clifford Richards and his ilk.]

It is doubly fortunate then that forward-thinking publisher Allen Ian should have chosen this moment to commission from the famous illustrator Lancelot Thrupiece a series of paintings

capturing life at this wonderful moment in time - a time when *Britain was Great* and the old certainties had yet to be challenged by the egregious crudities and unnecessary brutality of modern "culture"; a time when "going all the way" meant taking the bus to the terminus and when "asking for a bunk up" meant asking a friend to help you over a high wall. [I am led to believe - by a somewhat wayward great nephew - that it has quite other - possibly even sexual - connotations at the present time.]

So it is a source of joy to me to be reminded of less tawdry times and to revel in images which take us all back to a kinder and more caring society when we were all the same and a racial difference meant the gap between first and second in the school egg-and-spoon race. Is it wrong to long for such moments or to see them - in retrospect - as the calm before the storm which now besets us on all fronts? I think not. Speaking as a former Dorset Businesswoman of the Year, West Country celebrity and quite possibly the original "dragon" (were he alive today, Mr Threadbone could certainly testify to that!), I believe I can say that the shadow of Drexit, the prospect of Mr Jermyn Street in charge of the DHRA and the threat of additional traffic on the A37 between Bradford Peverell and Charminster on the horizon all suggest that we live in troubled times. Has the need for a publication like *Remembering when Britain was Great* ever been greater?

¹ If you know anyone who is lonely, afraid or terrified by the prospect of a Jermyn Street led DHRA, why not consider buying them a copy of *Remembering when Britain was Great*. That done, you can simply forget all about them once again.

Purchasers will know that some of the (undisclosed) profits from the sale of this marvellous reprint will go the Royal Dorset Constabulary's *Pension Shortfall Crisis Appeal* whose Patron Sir Rising Crimewave has done so much for our County - especially in the preservation of its traditional festivities and occupations and even more especially (*pace* the protestations of a small group of naysayers) its traditional values of well-considered prejudice, patriarchy and casual homophobia.

Finally, it gives me great pleasure to commend to you once again the work of the artist responsible for the illustrations contained in this marvellous full colour edition of *Remembering when Britain was Great* - Launcelot Thrupiece. Described by Wendy Craig as "*a better painter than Peggy Mount and a better actor than Rolf Harris*", he is generally credited with having produced more than 300 images of Dorset festivities and occupations. Sadly only a few have made it into the present volume, though enough we hope to allow his evident interest in young children and women with time on their hands to shine through. The notes are by Iris Cocksedge.

It remains only for me to wish you many happy hours of contemplation as you meet either for the first time or the last these marvellous "*windows*" into life in the 1950s. Anyone for a Dorset Buttery Nipple?

Mrs Amanda J Threadbone
Great Heaving
September 2019

I | TRADITIONAL FESTIVITIES

"It takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition."

HENRY JAMES

1 | STRETCHING THE CREDIT CARD

[*aka* Christmas, Birthdays, Anniversaries and Mother's Day]

In this charming scene a Dorset nuclear family [father, mother and 2.4 children] can be seen preparing for Christmas. Mother is relieved to have found soap-on-a-rope for all of her relatives, whilst father bears the rictus grin of one who has "*maxed out*" the plastic. The young girl on the sled will later have piles which serves her right - she had been warned about the dangers of sitting on cold surfaces.

On the other side of the road a red setter watches its owner relieve herself behind her neighbour's Morris Minor, whilst the man from the Pru checks his green Austin to ensure that the local teenage lags¹ do not steal his claim forms whilst he nips to the pub. Note both the telephone box and the post box - icons of an era in which communication was analogue and a smart phone was a GPO 200 bakelite set-top polished to perfection.

In an attempt to show this was a diverse and balanced community the artist has depicted a gypsy (front right) trying to tempt a dog to trust her. It will. Later it will make a splendid addition to her traditional Christmas stock-pot. *Poacher's Rex Pie*. Yummy!

¹ In 1958 a lag was a colourfully wayward young man and is not to be confused with a WAG - the wife or girlfriend of an overpaid footballer.



Launcelot Thrupiece

2 | OGGLING MISS JONES

[*aka* You'll Get The Sack Race]

In this charming scene a group of young girls are practicing to be coalmen. Slow to get the hang of it, they have yet to realise they must stand outside the sacks. Miss Jones (no *not* Ms Jones) is an old hand as can be seen from the state of her dress. She's obviously handled a sack or two in her time. Mr Handcock the headteacher (suited and above the trainee girl in the red shirt) thinks he may be partly responsible for the state of Miss Jones's dress after an incident with his sack in the stationary cupboard earlier in the day. Mrs Handcock (beside her husband) is wearing a pristine dress. Few in this tightly-knit community are surprised at the contrast.

The refreshment table carries comestibles redolent of the times ... jammy dodgers and barley water for the children, Harvey's Bristol Cream, Cherry-Bs and Babysham (hidden) for the adults. Ms Jones will soon consume several Babyshams. Her dress will suffer further as a consequence. At some point it may become discarded. She isn't quite sure. Later Mr Handcock will return home tired and a little dishevelled but will still tell Mrs Handcock he's had a "*champion day!*"



Launcelot Threepiece

3 | KNOCK THE CHILD OFF THE STEPPING STONE [aka The Car Boot Sale]

In this charming scene a group of young girls are pretending to be skittles. They will stand in well-drilled fashion until somebody decides to "*knock them off*". The authorities will be informed but it will all but put down to high jinks and the girls will not tell their parents. 50 years later a well known celebrity will be arrested, though by this time he will be dead.

In the background, a car boot sale is in progress and people are using public transport (remember that?) to attend. Various items which people no longer want will be sold for not quite reasonable prices. A woman is enquiring as to whether her daughter is eligible for the sale. She has had her for about five years and is eager to replace her with a new one - one that comes with a faster processor and more apps. She is confused about the differences between a child and a pay-as-you go SIM-only mobile phone. This is not surprising as the latter has yet to be invented.

In the meantime another nuclear family is having a picnic. "*Bags me the last bit of Battenburg*" says Gerald. "*Fuck off*", says his surprisingly expressive sister.

Mr Balls, a part time traffic warden with an ice-cream concession is offering a young boy a Pendleton's Twicer. His legs obscure his name on the carrier box. It is just as well.



Launcelot Thorne

4 | BREAKING IN THE KIDS

[*aka* The Norfolk Initiation Ceremony *aka* Arkela's Surprise]

In this charming scene an extended Dorset family are resting temporarily from their labours in the field. Despite their apparent good humour, we see here evidence of the extent to which "*poverty breeds*". With limited access to contraception and no understanding of the word "*restraint*", they have "*made their own bed*" and are all lying in it (together and simultaneously). They are not nuclear. The adult female leaning on the rick is drinking alcohol straight from the bottle. It is clearly mid-day and the sun is yet to descend below the yardarm. This, the painting is telling us, is depravity red in tooth and claw. No wonder that, unlike the decent families depicted elsewhere in the series, this feckless and importunate troupe have no money for soap-on-a-rope, though being both sweaty and louche, they probably need it more than most. Child inspectors will visit but will go away empty handed. Low as this "*commune*" has sunk, they are not yet ready to sell their children into white slavery - a commendable if foolish stance.

On a lighter note the artist has depicted one of the boys wearing a school cap, thus promoting the pleasant fiction that such children are educable and perhaps even redeemable. The expression on the faces of all of the men tell us exactly how ludicrous this idea seems to them. Either that or they are looking forward to a bit of fun and games come nightfall. The women will be comatose and will remember nothing. There will be more children. They will not vote in the Conservative interest.



Launcelot Thrupiece

5 | BENIGNLY NEGLECTFUL PARENTING

[*aka All the Fun of the Fair*]

In this charming scene several wives are visiting the funfair with their delightful children. Their husbands are all pursuing distinguished and lucrative careers in the nearby town thus leaving their well-supported spouses to get on with improving domestic chores and the sheer drudgery of child-rearing. A school inspector (centre) is checking that all the children go to private rather than state school. She will round up any from the state sector and return them for a beating.

Meanwhile Mr Balls has had second thoughts about his name on his ice-cream concession and has artfully changed one of the letters. It makes no sense, but has considerably reduced the number of ribald comments he receives. The small boy whose reading skills are as yet imperfect thinks the sign says "*Stop me and try one*". He has no money. Mr Balls' patience will be tested. It will fail.

In the other concession, a woman has dyed cotton wool a fashionable shade of pink and is selling it for pillow stuffing. The young girl is curious and not a little confused. She had heard what her mother had later told her had been "*pillow stuffing*" noises several nights ago when daddy came home from a trip overseas, but this stuff makes no noise and she can't quite make the connection.



Launcelot Thrupiece

6 | THE SHOTGUN WEDDING

[*aka* Learning the Consequences the Hard Way]

In this charming scene villagers are seen gathering for a christening only five months after the couple had married in the same church. The vicar is not surprised - he's a man of the world who has studied at Cambridge. He also did a stint as a college chaplain and has seen life in all its aspects. Now nothing phases him, even daytime television.

Mrs Dirndle on the otherhand doesn't think "*the maths add up*" and is explaining to her daughter what a bastard is. "*Does that mean Daddy got married in a rush too?*", she asks with the naivety of a home-educated young girl. Mrs Dirndle's friend Mrs Throttle is approaching with a baby carriage (a Silver Cross coachbuilt *Balmoral Regal II*) she no longer requires. The family have recently acquired an "*au pair*" and all is very quiet on the "*western front*", though the house is surprisingly untidy. Mrs Throttle isn't sure what the *au pair* does with her time. Mr Throttle, who shares several of the *au pair*'s interests, has a pretty good idea.

In the meantime two children from the local estate are trying to poach a duck, whilst RAF Spitfires circle overhead in a tight formation. The War is over ... They have f**k all to do.



ST MARK
THE RECTOR
HIS PARISH

THE
ROYAL
OAK

Launcelot Thrupiece

7 | BLACKMAILING THE NEIGHBOURS

[*aka* Village Gossip]

In this charming scene the snow has fallen on Chilfrome. Two ladies exchange gossip - the Post Master's wife has just got a new *Moulinex Magimix* and an *Kelvinator Homemaker* fridge is reportedly on its way, though how they can afford it on her husband's wages is a mystery ... perhaps she has a fancy man - whilst their neglected children fashion a traditional stereotype from snow. The little fat one does all the graft. His older brother acts as "*artistic advisor*". Later the Scots terrier will take an interest and the snowman will turn yellow at the base.

In the background several children are "*snowballing*" (not to be confused with Mayballing - a traditional Cambridge activity in which Jaegerbombs are substituted for snow). They will continue to do so either until they are told to stop or their hands drop off. Several will become para-Olympians in Montreal in 1972, one will achieve notoriety as a one-armed bandit.

To the right a woman is pleading with the postman to take her urgent letter despite the fact that she has missed the post. "*Absolutely not madam, I am afraid*", says the well-drilled postal executive, "*it's more than my job's worth*". "*Even if I let you see my spaniel's ears?*", she implores. "*Not even if you let me see your puppies*", the resolute public servant replies.



Launcelot Thrupiece

8 | CLEARING THE ATTIC

[*aka* Doing Your Bit for Charity]

In this charming scene, the village Bring-and-Buy sale is in full sail (sale? [ed]). For weeks the villagers have been emptying their lofts in the hope of foisting off unwanted tat on others less fortunate than themselves. The vicar (sans dog-collar) is leaning on a pile of chipatties to see how easily they break, whilst his friend the verger is clutching a large flaggon of moonshine he has just purchased from the local GP. Morris and his men are limbering up before performing the *Oakchilde Mummers*.

In the foreground Mrs Overfill is sampling the WI's wine collection, insisting that quality control means she must open and taste every one. She will later declare the empties "*fit for consumption*".

Note in the middle foreground the sensitive depiction of Stanley - the local "*special case*" . Stanley is 34 and still going to school after failing each year to progress to the next level. He is generally regarded as harmless but no-one will forget the incident last year when he was beaten to the purchase of a ballerina-shaped toilet roll cover at the White-Elephant Stall. Suffice it to say that the Vicar's sermon the following Sunday took on a more than unusually didactic tone with coveting, stealing, assault, battery and taking the Lord's name in vain prominent in the mix. The balance of Stanley's tablets is much better these days. He is allowed out on a bicycle semi-supervised.



9 | DE-CONSTIPATING GRANDMA [aka Steam Cleaning]

In this charming scene the fair has come to Chetnole. Whilst all of the rides are predictably popular, *Dr Clogg's Adult Evacuator Chair* is particularly busy. Using a combination of steam, centrifugal force and surprise, the patent remedy has been touring since 1956 and Dr Clogg claims more than 3,000 satisfied customers.

Ethyl Crampton (blue dress aloft in the perforated chair) is the latest to try the "*ride*". Having been "*a bit bunged up since June*" she is glad the fair takes place in September and before the Christmas onslaught. Hoping for a "*clear road through*", she has "*dropped her slacks*" and is riding "*commando*" (as per the clear instructions at the ticket booth). Several members of the public stare apprehensively wondering whether to stick or twist whilst, oblivious, a young child tries to free his tongue from a particularly large and sticky lollipop. He will not succeed and a night in A&E beckons. His parents are not surprised. It's the same every year though last year a different orifice was involved. They thank heavens for small mercies.

Meanwhile Don Boiler-Suit has been asked to move his steam tractor and is trying to push it along in a desultory fashion. He has foolishly failed to realise that the reason it isn't moving, even when he pushes quite hard, is that he has left a sign in front of it. Once the obstacle is removed it will be as easy as pie to shift it, provided, of course, that Ethyl hasn't "*muddied the waters*".



Launcelot Thrupiece

II | TRADITIONAL OCCUPATIONS

"Where's the boy scout? I need my nuts tightening."

MR THREADBONE

1 | THE LEVEL-CROSSING GUY

[aka Traffic Mis-management]

In this charming scene the railway has come to Batcombe. A symbol of progress, its presence threatens the local traditions represented by Mr Haywain's haywain which stands symbolically empty, deprived of both power and purpose. The level crossing guy is pleased he has stopped the traffic and won't open the gate for some time. Later he will tell his wife all about it.

At the garage, Detective Inspector Andy Crawford is saying goodbye to pump attendant Lucy Bickerstaffe, having just "*filled her up*". He has paid £1 in return for which he has received 8 gallons of petroleum, one shot of Red-X, a plastic daffodil and 200 Green Shield Stamps. Later, he will surrender the last of these to Mrs Crawford who is saving up for a teasmade (it will take her 15 years). The plastic daffodil he will give to WPC Standready who has a spray of five plastic daffodils already. They are rapidly filling the neck of the empty *Mateus Rose* wine bottle she hopes one day to convert into a reading lamp. She is a sucker for romance and the latest trends. Lucy Bickerstaffe wishes DI Crawford would treat her to a spray.

Meanwhile Colonel Mustard has escaped from a board game and is considering purchasing a bicycle. He can't remember where he left the last one but suspects one of his lady friends might still have something of his in her back passage.



Launcelot Thrypiece

2 | THE LOVE-RAT

[*aka* Meet You by the Monument]

In this charming scene the mobile shop has come to Loders. Mistaking it for a Number 3 to Piddletrenthide, Pamela Uprichard-Thomas has panicked and is now wondering how to clean herself up. A small child is trying to buy drugs, but the shop owner doesn't have any. It's Thursday and it's been a busy week.

Meanwhile, fresh from a few stiffeners at *Ye Olde Red Horse*, Cyril Sneake is meeting longtime lover Pamela Bagge-Lady at their secret rendezvous (codename *The Phallus*) at the heart of the village. The trysting-point is not as discreet as Cyril imagines and Pamela is showing signs of strain, whilst Cyril is hoping that the "*little white powder*" cheery landlord Bert Ullage has assured him "*works every time*" works just the once at least. He needn't worry - it will not be tested. Having sniffed the postman's trousers, Boris, the sharpened-toothed setter has decided to try his luck elsewhere and is, even now, assessing Cyril's crotch on an opportunistic basis.

Later in A&E, Cyril will meet a small child glued to a large lollipop. Pamela will return to her husband of 25 years and present him with a Savoury Duck. It is an act of defiance. Thursday is fish-finger day. He will be suspicious, though taking a good look at her, will quickly rule out any possibility of an affair.



3 | THE WHEELBARROW DECORATOR

[*aka* Two Winos and a Cart]

In this charming scene a horse and cart has run out of fuel at a dangerous crossroads. Rag and bone men Pierre and Maurice Beausejour have forgotten to feed their horse and now Dancer is refusing to move. A young boy collecting "*pennies for the Guy*" and objects for the bonfire without the permission either of his parents or those from whom he is collecting, offers to interrupt his petty larceny to fetch a carrot or maybe a stick. The Beausejourns can't decide. Punish or incentivise? It's an age old question. They *demure*.

In the meantime, wheelbarrow decorator Marjory Gillingham-Beane is dashing to inspect her latest creation. She has already filled the barrow three times this week but Wellington the ginger tom has "*piss that would etch glass*" and has succeeded in destroying her every attempt. Majory is keen to win "*Best decorated Wheelbarrow in Show*" and is beginning to think dark thoughts. Wellington's days are numbered. If asked she will say she saw a neighbour exchanging him for donkeystones. The Beausejourns will decline all knowledge of any such transaction, but they have French names and no-one will believe them.

In the meantime RAF Spitfires circle overhead in a tight formation. The War is over ... They have f**k all to do.



4 | THE WALK OF SHAME INITIATOR

[*aka* The Rattler]

In this charming scene a milk-float operative surprises a young secretary and her boss by arriving several minutes early. They had partied late in the night, returning to her flat only for a cup of coffee. But one thing had led to another and now her boss is wondering when he last noticed his trousers were missing. Glancing through the curtains to see if they were perhaps caught on her bush, he notices that the milk-float operative works for the *Town and Country Dairy Ltd*; his Secretary always gets her milk from the *Co-Op*. The man has milk, butter, cream and eggs; she only ordered probiotic yoghurt. The milk-float operative's presence is deeply troubling.

Meanwhile Robert Maunder-Vaughan is sneaking a crafty fag on the balcony of partner Robert de Lacey-Racey's flat. Both work for MI5 and have a secret of their own. The parked and seemingly driverless Morris Minor outside only adds to Robert's anxiety. Driverless cars will not become a practicality for more than 50 years. He wonders if it might be connected to the arrival of a Mr Likhtarovich next door. He had appeared with only a small suitcase and a train ticket to Salisbury. Robert must remember to mention it when he gets to the office later. He will not.

In the meantime, Brunhilde the neighbourhood cat has pointed her bum-hole at the milkman. Now he is a tad troubled too. White is so unforgiving when it comes to stains.



Launcelot Thrupe

5 | THE CHURCH LEAD BURGLER

[*aka* The Guy with the Long Ladder]

In this charming scene a local larcenist is stripping a cottage of its thatch before attempting to remove a 55" Samsung UHD television and matching cabinet. He has already "*acquired*" the Virgin Media box, the Sky Satellite Dish and the BT phone line. They are safely stowed in his van pending a visit to the local recycling yard. Oblivious, grandmother of 12, Mavis Ladygarden looks on, admiring the rippling muscles and remembering a night in 1946 when her then serviceman fiancée Arnold had "*slipped her a big one*" (two scoops) under the protective darkness of the Roxy Cinema, Charminster. Mistaking the flake for his excitement she had accepted a proposal of marriage there and then. Arnold had no recollection of having asked. In the stark light of day he had proved a disappointment.

In the meantime, granddaughter Alice has discovered a bogey and is busy transferring it to her mouth. Assistant Larcenist "Daft" Paul has spotted the maoeuvre and is stunned into statuesque inaction. Mavis notes that he looks little different than when in full flow.

In the meantime RAF Spitfires circle overhead in a loose formation. The War is over ... They have f**k all to do and now they are doing even that badly.



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6 | THE HORSE'S ARSE SNIFFER

[*aka* The Man No-one Wants on the Darts Team]

In this charming scene, Vernon, a local horse sniffer (think horse whisperer but at the other end), is assessing a mare's health using the traditional practice of *intrusive anal stercoreculture*. Centuries old, the closely-guarded secrets of this practice run only through families, being passed from one generation to the next. Few have broken into the profession. Even fewer have wished to do so. Once satisfied that the mare is in good fettle and relieved at the absence of any backdraught, Billy will remove and clean his suckable mouthpiece before repairing for a Ploughman's at the local public house. He will sigh deeply and get a mixed reception.

In the meantime, local squire Lord Rasberry is taking his sheep for a walk and, simultaneously, exercising his mediaeval right to disrupt the lives of all those living in the village. Romulus his trusty sheepdog has picked up the trail of the intrusive anal stercoreculturist and will shortly be heading in his direction. Vernon will need to change his trousers which is not - in and of itself - a bad thing, thinks local teashop owner Theresa Sensible-Footwear as she takes delivery of a batch of freshly baked egg-custards and a quarter of beef dripping for the fairy cake mix.

A young boy marvels at the excitement of village life. He's heard of a place called London but wonders what it could possibly offer to rival all this.



Launcelot Thrupeice

7 | THE AVON LADY

[*aka* The Village Bike]

In this charming scene, a herd of cow's adopted from birth by Thomasina Indoor-Bowls follows their "mother" as she journies to market. Thomasina has loved them from the day they were orphaned as a result of a misunderstanding between their real mother and an *Allis-Chalmers Type 56* combine harvester. They have imprinted and it grieves her to think of them under the butcher's knife. Still, she reflects she will be able to get out more as well as Hoover the floor with her recently purchased light-and-easy-to-handle *Bissell Sweepmaster Pro*. Always given to looking on the bright side, Thomasina considers it a fair trade.

Meanwhile friend and Avon lady Aude de Twallett is wondering whether Thomasina might now be open to hosting a sales evening in her newly evacuated abode. "*It will be so much roomier now the feeding troughs have gone and a few tester sprays will do wonders for the ambience*", she opines. Thomasina is unsure. She once hosted a Tupperware party and, a few faintly humorous burps apart, it had yielded little more than a sandwich box set. Her sister-in-law had *not* considered it an ideal wedding gift.

Sheepdog Nero is also on edge. With the cows gone there will be little for him to do and he wonders whether the new utilitarianism which is sweeping the county might not do for him too. Still, a stoicist at heart, he knows that a good lick of his testicles will soon cheer him up. He hopes Thomasina's still good for that at least.



Launcelot Thrupiece

8 | THE PERAMBULATOR SALES LADY [aka Marjorie Morris-Minor]

In this charming scene, Samantha Silver-Cross, a coachbuilt perambulator saleswoman from Broadmayne is trying to persuade middle-aged mother Patricia Leftitlate that the *Balmoral Regal II* is just the perambulator for her. "*The beauty of having a perambulator of this type*", she explains, "*is that you don't have to carry your baby in your arms all day thus avoiding the risk of RSI and inadvertant high frequency vibratory brain damage either to you or the little one*". Patricia who has recently splashed out £25 on a fancy cottage sign is not convinced. If she purchases the perambulator, what on earth will she do with the wooden dog-cart her husband has recently knocked-together for the same purpose?

Samantha meanwhile is worried about the red stain which is spoiling the hi-gloss paint effect on her new Morris Minor. Yes there had been a bump when she knocked over the postman and yes she had heard some sort of scream, but was the impact enough to leave such a large smear across the whole length of the car? Happily she hadn't stuck around long enough to find out and it was nothing a bit of borax and wire wool wouldn't put right.

"*Well, if not the perambulator, would you like a little something for the weekend*", she asks, fingering her leather briefcase suggestively. "*No thanks*", replies a resolute Patricia, "*Dale's going to Bettersave after work and, generally speaking, that's his department*". "*Well I bet he said that last time*", thinks Samantha, "*and look where it got you*". Fortunately the *Balmoral Regal II* has a two child option. Samantha is pleased.



Launcelot Thrupiece

9 | THE NEEDLE-FINDER [aka The Man with the Massive Furguson]

In this charming scene, a needle finder is searching a haystack in the hope of finding an old proverb. Needle finders were popular in the 1950s since a lost needle could cost up to 2d to replace and a proverb more than twice as much. Offering his young apprentice the incentive of avoiding a vicious beating, the 24 year old wizened pro is gesturing towards the general area in which the proverb is believed to have been lost. Three thoughtless agricultural workers are, meanwhile, complicating matters by throwing straw everywhere. "W*****!", thinks Giles Nidel-Fyndar.

Meanwhile, a young girl occupies herself by petting a dog, unaware that rabies is on the rise and that she will soon be seized by a high temperature (fever) of 38C (100.4F), a headache, feelings of discomfort, confusion, hallucinations, excess saliva production, frothing at the mouth, muscle spasms, difficulty in swallowing and breathing and, later still, a complete inability to move (paralysis)¹. None of this is, of course, captured by the artist who, having successfully found the proverb himself, is now holed up at the *Pig and Porcupine*, eating a thick slice off the buttock of one of Thomasina's cows and waiting for a taxi to Bournemouth.

High above three birds circle in tight formation. They put the RAF to shame. The airmen have called it a day.

¹ The publishers would like to express their gratitude to Dorset Health Online for details of the several symptoms of rabies. Not all symptoms will show in all cases. No refunds are available for those suffering only a portion of the symptoms set out above. Terms and conditions apply



Launcelot Thrupiece

10 | THE CURB CRAWLER

[*aka* The Trick Cyclist]

In this charming scene, a gentleman of a certain age is driving slowly down the road trying to attract the attention of an impressionable young child whose negligent mother is lavishing all her attention on the girl's new (and ever-so-cute) young sibling. Inordinately proud of her white *Balmoral Regal II* coachbuilt perambulator which kindly representative Samantha Silver-Cross has persuaded her will "*avoid the risk of both RSI and inadvertant high frequency vibratory brain damage to either her or the little one*", she is wholly unaware of the dangers posed by the vehicularly well-equipped mobile predator.

In the meantime, postman Morris Cowley explains to excited Shirley Temple impressionist Trixie that her Orinoco parcel has arrived at last. It contains a pair of dancing pumps which Mrs Pushy-Muther is convinced will carry her daughter to stardom. Mrs Pushy-Mother's mother is not convinced. She has heard her grand-daughter sing *That's What I Want For Christmas* and, in her view, instead of asking Father Christmas for a Raggedy Annie, she should be pitching for a voice that can carry a tune instead.

Meanwhile at the telephone box, a local man is wondering what has happened to the advertisement that was in there last week suggesting that those in need of company should contact Victoria after 9pm. He will leave disappointed. Victoria is currently in the boot of a twotone green Morris Oxford Series III and will soon be speeding unawares towards the Bincombe bypass.



Launcelot Thrupiece

This Edition of *Remembering When Britain Was Great*
is dedicated in loving memory to

Launcelot Thrupiece

1898-1964



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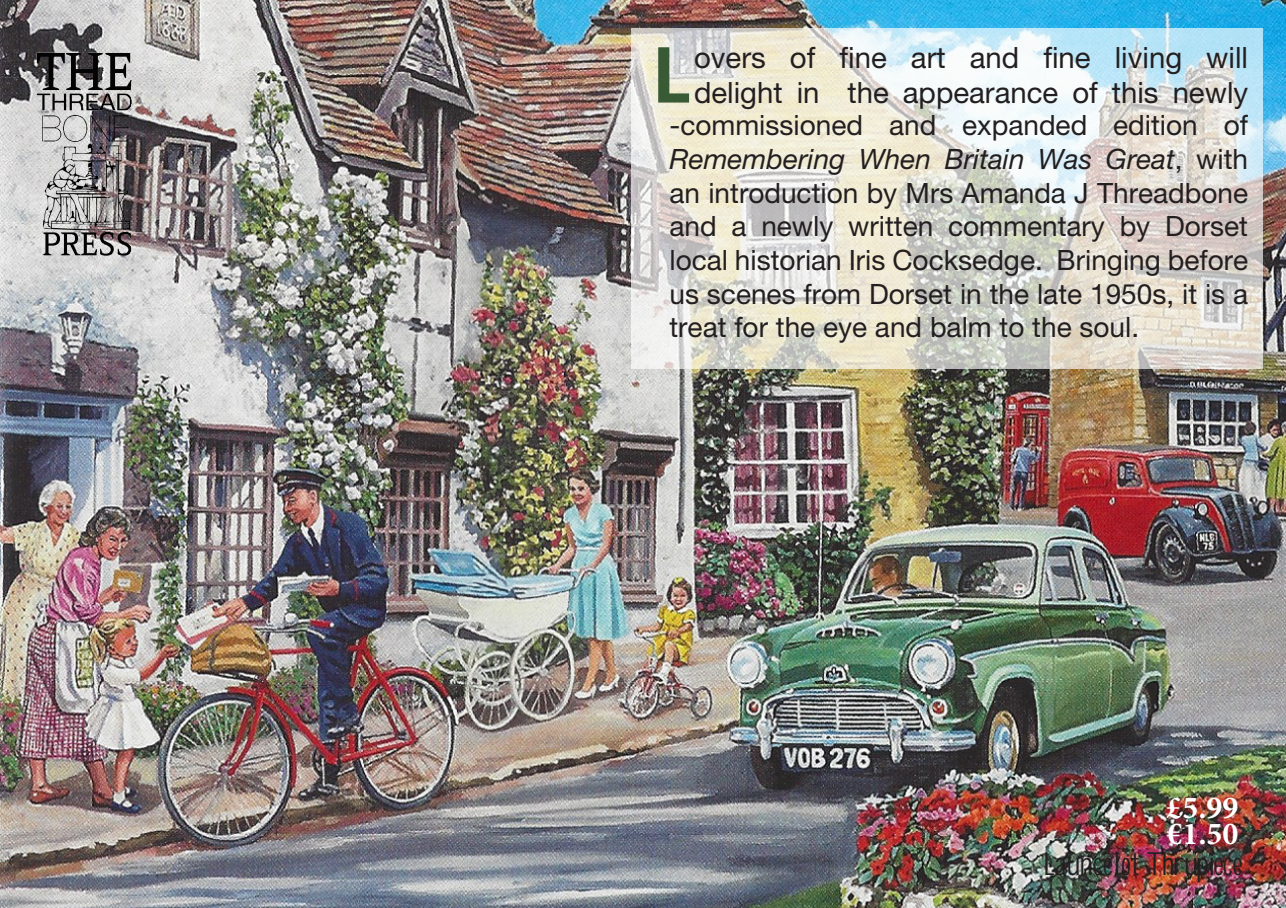


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