Issue No 7 | 60p | 20 May 1995

The Georgian Times

A Sixties Shrewton School Team

Inside This Issue:

Village and Pub News, The Tommy Lang Page, Birthdays. More Phil O'Shoffickle, Recipes, Sports News and lots more!

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The Georgian Times Shrewton

Issue No 7 | 60p | 20th May'95

The Georgian Times

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This issue's winner of the meal for two is Ian Crawford for his article on Fax

NOTICE
Views expressed in The Georgian Times are not necessarily those of the Editor or the Editorial Team.

Cover: A photo from the George Inn collection depicting a sixties Shrewton school soccer team - printed with kind permission of Landlord Tony Clift.

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EDITORIAL

I must apologise for the late appearance of this issue of The Georgian Times. This can, however, be put down to illness, bank holidays, leave and 101 other reasons. As time sped by, I finally decided to have it available for 20 May, the date the very first issue came out last year. Over the past year, many people have asked me for a copy of the first Georgian Times. As a one year old birthday celebration, I have reproduced Issue No One and have included it in this issue.

There are more new contributors this time, starting with one of our younger readers, Mandie English (15), who submitted a recipe for a rather splendid looking banana and walnut loaf. Alfred Dobbs writes about his time at sea on the big liners as a ship's pianist. Harold Cruse shares some if his wartime memories with us and Alison Sharpe of Durrington takes us on a tour of Lanzarote. Tommy Lang has excelled himself and now has a whole page in his name. Well done Tommy! There is also an extra dose of the ever popular Phil O'Soffickle, to keep you chuckling.

Is there anybody out there who would like to contribute on a regular basis to our Pets Parade and Garden Corner? If so - we would love to hear from you - these are two areas in which we are sadly lacking this month.

Distribution continues to expand, with copies now being sold in Larkhill, Durrington and Tilshead. It is always a pleasure to welcome new readers. The next issue, which is already being prepared, should be out, all going well, around 20 July and it is hoped to cover the VE Day celebrations in our area. By the way, did everybody see Tony Clift in that plastic tin hat over the bank holiday? Didn't he look a Wally? *Shame, bless him!*

Unfortunately due to the rise in production cost, the price of The Georgian Times has gone up to 60p.

That's enough from me for the time being. Take care and happy reading.

Pat Dempsey

The Georgian Times Celebrates One Year

Starting off as a joke last May, The Georgian Times goes from strength to strength

It was never really intended to become a pub or village magazine. However, it became so popular there was no stopping it and now it is almost a full-time job.

Had the word 'Vitriol' not been used with such frequency in The George one spring afternoon last year, The Georgian Times would not exist. The inspiration was enhanced by a couple of pints and the fact I had recently taken delivery of a new computer, plus, of course, the extraordinary over-use of the word 'Vitriol'.

Jackie Gets To Grips With Issue Two

The following day I called into The George with the first issue ever. One, single A4 page printed on both sides. It was received with such enthusiasm, by those who read it, that Tony asked me if I could produce a magazine on a regular basis.

Faced with a new challenge, I settled down behind the computer. It would not have been possible without the support of many regulars, people like Les Rushton who delighted us with his stories on wild birds, Val Pollard and her Pets Corner, and Lloyd Nosey with his brilliant character assassinations. Dave Logan, Sports Editor *extraodinaire*, and his witty sports reviews. The Assistant Editor, Emsie Dempsey who spent long and late hours helping with the compilation. Then there was Derek Miles who did a magnificent job of mass production, working overtime, photocopying and binding the earlier issues in his Warminster Office. Had it not been for Derek, we

might not have made it. Nicky Edwards helped out with production as well. Our Special Correspondent Richard (Sambo) Samborne was often seen, dashing around with notepad and pen in search of the latest news. Proof-readers, Dave and Judy Bodfish, are invaluable to the end product. Despite the fact that after they had proof-read each issue I still made errors and spelling mistakes as I put in the final touches. One local octogenarian, who wishes to remain anonymous, supplied the garden hints. The Agony Aunt Column, starring Aunty Georgina, had a brief appearance for a while. It seems that the emotional problems of both the village and pub are well under control and don't need her advice. Over the last year, seven issues of The Georgian Times have gone out.

News and Views. During this time, we have reported on Russ Foster and his concrete Hedgehogs, Ray Bailey's (the Hon Sec of the Thrift Club) night of 'drunken' behaviour. Then of course, there was Alan Dunford's nocturnal wanderings. Tommy Smith's arrival and a host of other stories about your friends and neighbours down at The George.

Opening Out. It was Billy Baxter, our friendly Local Butcher, who was ultimately responsible for The Georgian Times, spreading into the village. He had popped in for a drink one evening and bought a copy. So enthusiastic was he, that he demanded to sell copies from his Butcher's Shop. "I felt the village could benefit from a magazine like this," he said later. From then on there was no stopping. Now The Georgian Times can be found for sale at The George, Baxters Butchery, Londis Supermarket, Shrewton Post Office, MR News Agency in Larkhill, and Peter Brown Studios, Durrington. Now people like Caroline Lowther, Tommy Lang, Phil O'Soffickle and Christine Goodhugh contribute on a regular basis as well. Daphne Affleck from the Till Valley Support group, Barbara Bevan of Till Valley Link, Sister Lacy of the Till Valley Surgery and Stephanie Lock of the Child Support group, not to forget Shirely Ryan, have all found their way into the pages of The Georgian Times.

New Contibutions.

We are always on the lookout for new contributions no matter what they may be. If you have a favourite recipe, or a gardening hint you would like to share with us, or any other topic, drop us a line.

VE Day Celebrations

The VE Day celebrations on Monday, 8 May at The George were a huge success, thanks to Tony and Jackie. Full report in the next issue.

Issue One. Many People have asked for a copy of the very first issue. As this is the magazine's first birthday, issue No 1 has been reproduced and is included in this copy.

Shrewton Roval Visit

Prince Edward and his young lady, Sophie Rhys-Jones, paid a visit to our village recently. A low-key visit where they enjoyed a quiet and private weekend as the guests of Major and Mrs Robert Barton at Church House. Whilst they didn't make it to The George for a drink, they had, so this reporter can reveal, a pleasant weekend free from the prying eyes and cameras of the press.

The Till Valley Link

How much do you know about Link?

This is a voluntary organization formed last year in Shrewton, to help, in any way possible, people with needs who live in Tilshead, Orcheston, Shrewton and Winterbourne Stoke. Eventually we hope to extend our services to Berwick St James and Stapleford.

Our theme is **"Caring"**, whether it be by offering transport to the hospital, surgeries, shopping etc., or in your own home, just by listening, advising, comforting, or sitting-in - we may even undertake small DIY jobs or very light gardening, but nothing too difficult, please. Your requests are completely confidential.

All we ask is that you, in turn, give us a voluntary donation for which an envelope will be provided. We do not wish to make a profit, but we must be able to fund the expenses, such as petrol, for our volunteers.

We have a very hard working, fund-raising Committee. Please support our various events during the year.

If you ***need*** help, please ring 620525 and if you can ***offer*** help, ring 620842. We will do our best to serve you.

Barbara Bevan

Secretary for Volunteers. Shrewton 620842

The Lottery Comes to Town

At long last we are now able to buy our lottery tickets locally. The lottery equipment is now installed and up and running in Londis. It has been a most frustrating time for people in Shrewton who have had difficulty in travelling to Durrington and Amesbury. It has taken a long time in getting to us. However, now whilst shopping for that bargain, at you local supermarket, it is possible to buy your lucky lottery ticket. Don't forget to buy a copy of The Georgian Times whilst you're there!

The Changing Face of Shrewton

Sadly we said farewell to Fosters Newsagents earlier this year. Ably run by Josie Foster, the News agency and store finally closed its doors in March. At the time of going to print, it is still not known who will be taking the premises over. Across the road the Garage which closed down earlier has been taking over by Mike and Grace Miller. According to Grace they should be open for business on the 1st of June. It is to be renamed The Shrewton Car and Commercial Garage Ltd.

Kevin's Karaoke Knee Job

It had been a very good evening. Good company, beer and music. Yet, just as everybody thought it was over, Kevin Richardson, *The Karaoke Kid*, stole the show. "We had no idea what was going to happen next" Tony told me later. "It was quite a surprise!" It appears that Kevin went down on one knee and asked Debbie Cull for her hand in marriage. After such a public display of his love, we are pleased to say that she accepted. The Wedding date has been set for 16 Sept '95. Well done you two, may all your troubles be little ones.

Local Chapter Fades Away

Denzil McKenzie, Shrewton's last remaining Hell's Angel, is gradually fading away. Yes, it's true! Big Denz is not as big as he used to be. The once familiar sight of the big man with a large pint of lager in his hand, is no more. Well to be exact, the last time he was in The George, he was three stone less than he used to be. "It's all for charity" he told me, sipping gently on a calorie-free cool drink. "The NSPCC to be exact. I was challenged to a sponsored weight loss campaign and I am well on target. I've got just two stone to go." Well done Denz, keep it up - it's for a good cause!.

Gordon's Flight

It was a bad night for Gordon Perrior at The George one night last month. No

matter what he does, he takes it seriously, be it drinking cider, playing darts (he's known as Doctor Dart) or participating in the quiz. It was the latter which brought him to the pub's attention one evening. The question was - "What did Solomon Grundy do on Wednesday?"- "Win the Derby" Gordon shouted out enthusiastcally. Once the laughter and hoots of derision had abated, he tried to exonerate himself by saying he had not heard the question properly! He disappeared shortly after this. The following day, when asked why he had left so early, he said that it was because he

had to use the loo! "But why didn't you use ours?" asked Tony in surprise. "I don't like using strange loos", Gordon replied.

No Luck For Eddie

Eddie Jones has had some bad luck recently. One Sunday night back in January his Thrift Club number was pulled out of the bag and he won £100. Well, he would have won it if he had been there to collect. The trouble is, they have this hard and fast rule, if your name comes up, you must be in The George to collect. Eddie could be heard for weeks complaining about the unfairness of it all! Just as we thought he was getting over it, guess what happened? Yeah! come the Easter weekend and Eddie's name comes up again, this time £70. Was he there to collect? Nope. Never mind Eddie - third time lucky (we hope!). Just make sure you're there!

Keeping It In The Family

Graham Jackson, a builder from Shrewton, believes in keeping it in the family. It appears that, one evening not so long ago, he was following his wife, who was driving her company van, home from Salisbury. It is alleged, that they were on the outskirts of Amesbury when she had to brake suddenly to avoid another vehicle. Unfortunately for Graham he was unable to stop in time, and ploughed straight into the rear end of her vehicle causing considerable damage to both vehicles.

Auf Wiedersehen Shrewton!

Shrewton said goodbye to Mr Richard Bellamey-Brown and his wife Christine, earlier this month when they left, with their children, Clare 18 and Alastair 16, for a three year tour of duty in Germany. Richard, who is a senior Civil Servant in Bulford, told me that although they were looking forward to the tour there was just a twinge of sadness in leaving the village, where they had spent the last fourteen years. All four of the Bellamy-Brown family are members of the Drama Club and have keen interest in village affairs. *Viel Gefück!*

VE Day Remembered

It had been a long haul from Tilbury Docks, on the 6th of June 1944, to the capital of Nazi Germany. Nowadays, as I enjoy a quiet pint in The George Inn, I often wonder what life would have been like had we lost the war.

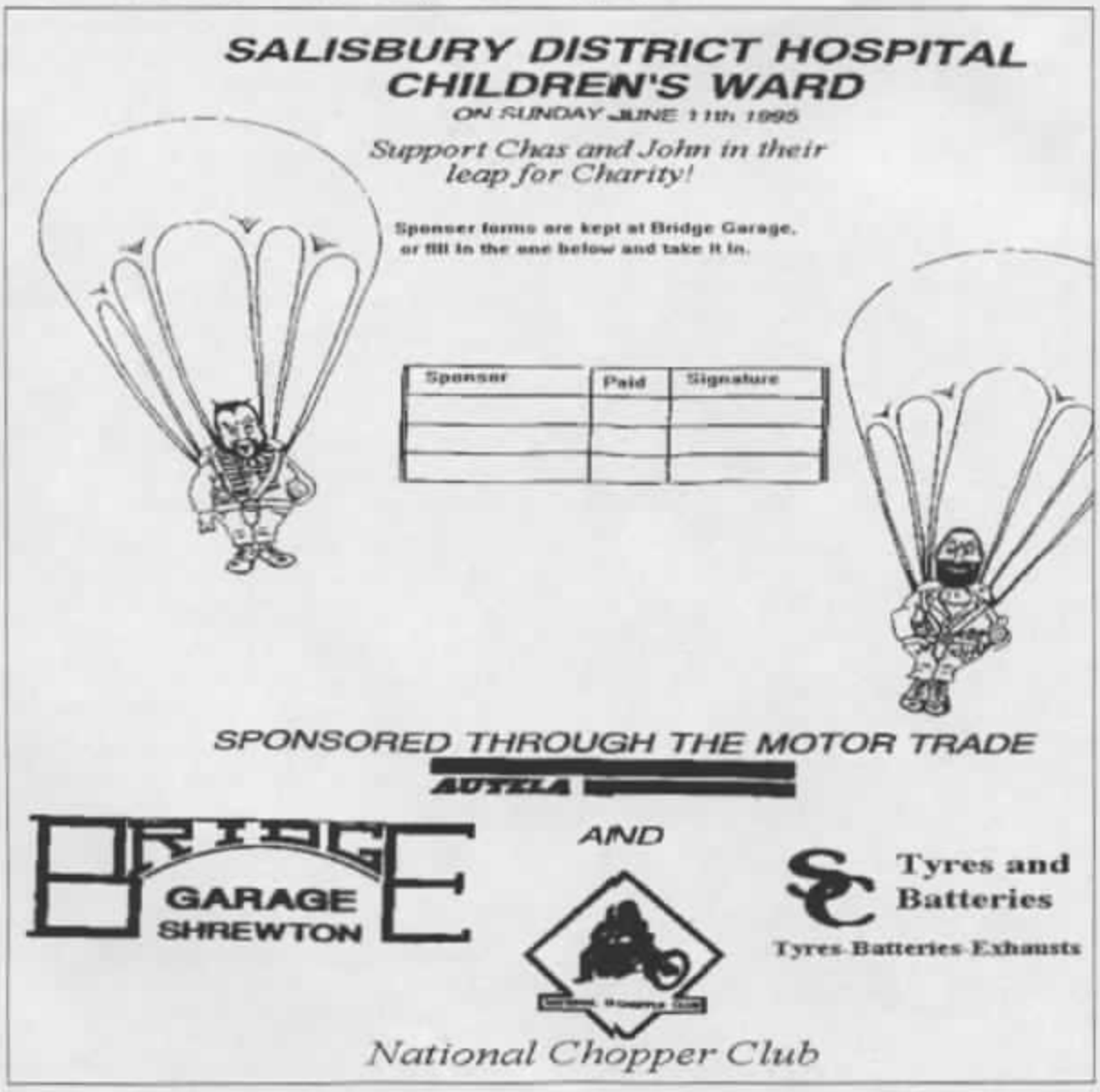
As we pushed forward through Holland, we heard many frightening stories of Hitler's intentions for Britain once he had won the war. A story that sticks in my mind was the one the Dutch told us. It was said that once Hitler had safely invaded England, he was going to send the 'pick of German manhood' over to mix with English girls, in order to create a master race. This unlikely plan, like so many others of his plans, was of course foiled as we pushed our way to Victory.

It was not easy, and as a member of the 29th Field Ambulance, 7th Div, I saw many seriously wounded soldiers who sacrificed body and limb so that we could live in peace and independence. Soon after Victory was ours, and I remember with pride marching through the British Sector of Berlin in the Victory Parade in 1945.

Ex L/Cpl H Cruse 738095
29th Field Ambulance. 7th Div

CHAS AND JOHN JUMP FOR CHARITY

Chas Williams (38) and John Blackburn (35), of Bridge Garage, Shrewton, will be doing a sponsored parachute jump on Sunday, 11 June 1995, in aid of the Salisbury District Hospital, Children's Ward. It all came about when John Blackburn's son, Martin (5), was diagnosed as having leukaemia in December last year. When visiting his son in the Children's Ward, John learnt that leukaemia patients need to have their temperature taken at frequent intervals. This is done, using a special electronic thermometer. There is only one at the Salisbury Hospital, and as can be imagined another would be most advantageous. However, at £500 each they are quite expensive. In order to raise the necessary funds, Chas and John decided on a sponsored parachute jump. We are sure that the residents of Till Valley will generously support these two brave men, in their leap for charity. We wish them well and *Happy Landings!* Below is a scanned in version of Chas's sponsor form.
So why not pop into Bridge Garage and sign now!



The Big Nine-O For Mabel

Mrs Mabel Snook celebrated her 90th Birthday on 19th April. Born in Bradford-on-Avon in 1905 to a family of 15 children (of which she is only survivor), she came to Shrewton in 1934 to work as a cook/housekeeper for Mr Bonham-Carter at Shrewton House. In 1940 she married Ernest Snook and subsequently had 2 children - Primrose and Michael.

Over the years she has made many friends in Shrewton.

Approximately 65 people attended a special birthday party in her honour at the Methodist Church Hall on Saturday 22nd April. Friends and relatives from as far away as Macclesfield in Cheshire, Birmingham and the Forest of Dean attended the party.

Mabel is still counting the birthday cards that she received - it is thought that there are over 100. We take this opportunity to congratulate her and wish her the very best on becoming a nonagenarian. Well Done Mabel!

Surprise Party for Peggy

It was party time down at *The George* on 22 Feb. Jackie had arranged a surprise party for her mum, Mrs Peggy Perrett, who was celebrating her 80th on that very day. Unaware of what was lying in store for her, Peggy was collected by her Grandson, Nicky, and taken down to *The George*. It was indeed a big surprise when she saw the 40 guests who were waiting to celebrate this big event with her.

Peggy came to live in Shrewton in 1913, aged two.

It was here that she grew up, married and had her family. She has three children, Gwynne, Jackie and Angela. Seven grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. Life was not always good to her, recalls Jackie. At 19 she was struck down with polio and has worn a leg calliper ever since. "She never let it get her down" said her daughter with a proud smile Peggy is seen more often at The Royal British Legion where she is a keen Bingo player.

Congratulations Peggy and may you see many more birthdays!

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SHREWTON RECREATION GROUND MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE A.G.M. 7.30pm 31st MAY 1995 AT THE HALL.

IT'S A BOY FOR NICK AND SANDY!

Sarah shows her delight at having a new baby brother.

On Sunday, 12 Feb 1995 at 5.30pm, a son, Samuel Nicholas Clift, was born to Sandy and Nicholas. He weighed 7 lbs 8½ oz. Mother, father and son are doing well. Jackie, off course, was unapproachable as she wandered around the pub that evening, her head held high in pride. Tony was so delighted, he forgot to buy a round of drinks for everyone! Little Sarah is over the moon at having a baby brother, and, according to Jackie, is being most helpful.

The Till Valley Day Centre

Daphne Affleck reports that all goes well at the Till Valley Day Care Centre in Shrewton. In the Methodist Church Hall on Thursday 24 April, they held an Easter party in Easter bonnets and hats. Mrs Chapman won first prize with consolation prizes going to runners up, Mr Jack Parks and Mrs Goddard.

On 18 May, a day trip is planned with lunch at the Old Well, Romsey, and a picnic tea, somewhere along the coast on the way back.

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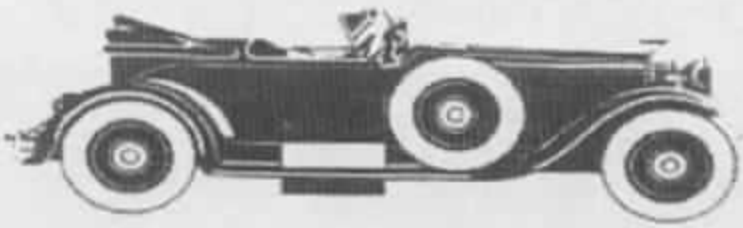

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TILL VALLEY SURGERY NEWS

Sister Lacy re-examines The Chemist Question

The subject of a chemist shop is causing a lot of discussion re the 'fors and againsts'. The village was very supportive of having a dispensary at their doctor's surgery.

DO YOU HAVE THE CHOICE TO HAVE YOUR MEDICINES FROM YOUR DOCTOR?

Many people in rural areas have the free choice as to whether they obtain their medicines from their doctor or chemist's shop.

The advantages to the patient include:

SAFETY Your doctor holds your medical and prescribing records. Modern computers used in dispensing, can show drug interactions, patient's allergies and print labels alerting potential side effects. Obviously, these computers can only work well if the full medical information is available to them. Only your G.P. holds these comprehensive records. The G.P. and Practice Nurse will have access during consultations etc., to assist and advise as is appropriate. Regular check-ups are important. The clinics have been set up obviously for improved patient care and monitoring, which has proved to be an advantage, particularly for the elderly, to have ease of access to the Nurse, as is appropriate. The prescribing doctor knows exactly what medicine the patient is receiving. Products can vary by the manufacturer and this can affect the control of a patient's illness. This is most important in problems such as blood pressure etc. The doctor will also be aware where the medicines have been manufactured and can be sure the patient receives the exact product, he or she needs.

FULL SERVICE: Your Doctor has access to a wide variety of medicines 24 hours a day, at weekends, 365 days a year. This does not stop because of outside shopping hours.

The dispenser has easy contact with the Doctor and can raise any queries easily. The dispensers know their doctors well and this is also helpful in stopping fraudulent prescriptions being processed.

Having Nurses and Health Visitors, who are trained to answer questions on health, as well as Doctors and Dispensers and other members of the Primary Health Care Team in the same building allowing for better communication and provision of service.

CONVENIENCE: No travelling to a shop, which may be some distance away. This is particularly important to parents with young children and the elderly, and especially those who are feeling ill. Repeat prescribing is easier in a one step approach.

OTHER ADVANTAGES TO PATIENT CARE INCLUDED. Rural Doctors often provide extra services such as branch surgery and extra surgical procedures. Dispensing income is often essential to fund and maintain these valued extra services.

THE ADVANTAGES TO THE NHS. INCLUDE:

Saving Money: Figures supplied by the Government in Parliament and also published in the ***Chemist and Druggists*** journal confirm that on average a prescription dispensed by a Doctor costs the NHS less than a prescription dispensed in a Chemist Shop.

What do people want? Under certain circumstances the right to the choice of having medicines from the Doctor can be lost. It has been found that this causes distress and patients feel aggrieved at losing the service.

We would predict that people who understood about Doctor dispensing would vote for the service. One survey conducted by a NHS General Manager confirmed that over 95% of patients wanted their prescriptions dispensed at the Surgery.

What of the population including those who did not know of the existence of Doctor Dispensing? A survey by NOP in June 1994 concluded that: *The majority of the UK population would choose to get their medicines from their GP if they were allowed to do so.*

DO YOU HAVE THE CHOICE? The choice is at present restricted, by Government regulations, to people who live in a designated rural area, who live more than a mile from the nearest Chemist shop as the crow flies and have signed a form to request the choice.

OTHER PEOPLE HAVE NO CHOICE. I hope this helps with any queries you may have had. Do support us and keep the good service we already have.

Sister Lacy
Till Valley Surgery

The George Inn

(Free House)

Shrewton - Wiltshire
Tel: 01980-620341

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Summer Tips

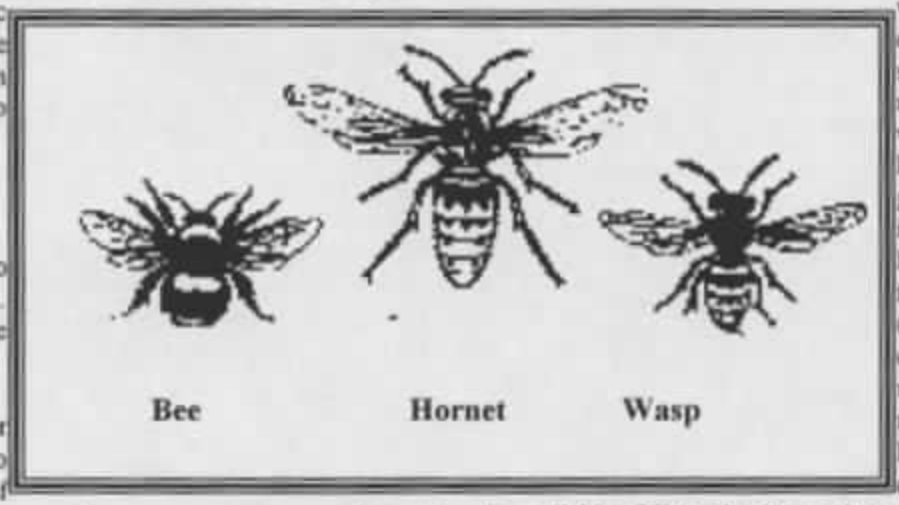
With Summer just around the corner we thought some tips on summer hazards might come in useful

INSECT STINGS

Stings from hymenoptera, the order of insects that includes bees, wasps, and hornets , can be dangerous as well as troublesome. There are two things about being stung that are harmful, the sting itself which is painful and frightening and the injected venom. Reactions to insect venoms may be both toxic and allergic in nature. While most sting victims experience only minor reactions, a minority will suffer severe reactions such as shortness of breath, allergic shock (anaphylaxis) or sudden death.

Toxic reactions refer to those which are due to the direct chemical effects of the injected venom; they involve mainly pain, redness and swelling in the area of the sting. They can be dangerous depending upon the species of insect, the victim's size and state of health and the number and location of the stings.

Allergic reactions are those which are due to an individual's immune (antibody) response to the venom. They may be generalised throughout the body or localised to the site of the sting. Among the common reactions attributed to allergy are redness, swelling, itching, hives, trouble with breathing, wheezing, throat swelling, anaphylaxis and sudden death.



Bee **Hornet** **Wasp**

When stung, it is important to know what to do and when to be afraid.

Be Prepared:

(1) Learn where the hives are in your neighbourhood and avoid activities in those areas. Don't go barefoot.

(2) Teach your children which are the dangerous insects and instruct them not to antagonise them.

(3) If you have a history of severe allergic reactions, wear a warning tag or bracelet (Medic-Alert) and carry a card in your wallet. Ask your doctor about the advisability of carrying with you an emergency kit that contains a tourniquet, an injectable dose of epinephrine (adrenaline) and antihistamine pills. If you have one already, be sure that all your family members know how to use it. Learn cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) techniques.

What To Do When Stung:

(1) Remain calm. Get to a safe place away from the hive.

(2) If a stinger is visible, remove it by scraping with your nail or a sharp knife. Try not to squeeze the venom sac.

(3) Wash the area in soap and water.

(4) Ice packs can decrease swelling and pain.

(5) Apply baking soda and water or just cool water to relieve itching.

(6) Watch for severe swelling, swelling around the face, throat or mouth, trouble with breathing, wheezing, difficulty swallowing, nausea and vomiting, hives, generalised itching and a light headed feeling.

(7) In the event of an allergic reaction, get right to a hospital. If an emergency kit is available, follow the instructions. CPR may be required. Remember: most life- threatening reactions occur in the first half hour.

INSECT AND BUG BITES

While flies, mosquitoes, fleas, gnats and ticks are annoying and may carry some serious diseases, their bites or stings are rarely dangerous. Minor swelling, redness and itching may occur, but allergic reactions are unusual.

What to Do:

(1) Wash the bite in soap and water.

(2) Apply ice to decrease the swelling and diminish itching.

(3) Try not to scratch, the bite could get infected.

(4) Calamine lotion and baking soda and water may be soothing.

Recipes of the Month

Rina's Tipsy Tart

This recipe was given to me by my very good South African friend, Rina Pohlmann, about 30 years ago and is still one of my favourite puddings.

Preheat oven to 190 degrees C. Grease 20 x 20 x5 cm (8 x 8 x 2 inch) oven proof dish.

250 ml boiling water
2 ml bicarbonate of soda
250 g seedless dates, finely chopped
100 g butter
170 g castor sugar
2 eggs
180 g flour
2 ml baking powder
2 ml ground ginger
1 ml salt
2 ml vanilla essence
50 ml chopped walnuts
25 ml chopped glace cherries
5 digestive biscuits, crushed

Syrup

400 g granulated sugar
250 ml boiling water
15 ml butter
2 ml cinnamon
75 ml brandy

Add 200 ml of the boiling water and the baking soda to the dates, stir and let it cool while you make the batter.

Cream the butter and the rest of the boiling water (50 ml). Add the sugar and beat till light and creamy. Add eggs - one at a time - beat mixture thoroughly.
Sift flour, baking powder, ginger and salt together. Stir into the egg mixture. Add the date mixture, vanilla essence, nuts and cherries and mix very well.
Spoon mixture into the greased dish and level with back of spoon. Sprinkle crushed biscuits on top. Bake tart for 30 mins until brown.
Heat sugar, water, butter and cinnamon in a small pan, stirring until sugar has melted. Boil for 5 mins and let syrup cool.
Add brandy to the cold syrup and pour a little bit at a time over the warm tart the moment you take it out of the oven. Serve luke warm or cold with slightly whipped cream.
Recipe supplied by Emsie Dempsey

Banana and Walnut Loaf.

Preparation time: 10 minutes
Oven Temperature: moderate (350o C Gas mark 4)
Cooking time: about 1 1/4 hours

Ingredients
7oz / 200g. self-raising flour
1/4 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
3oz / 75g. butter
3oz / 75g. castor sugar
2 eggs
1 lb / 450g. bananas, mashed
4oz / 100g. walnuts

Method
Sieve the flour, bicarbonate of soda and salt together. Cream the butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs, one at a time, adding a litttle of the sieved flour mixture with the second, and the bananas. Chop the walnuts roughly (using a liquidiser, if available) and fold into the creamed mixture together with the remaining flour. Spoon the mixture into the tin and smooth the top. Bake in the centre of the preheated moderate oven for about 1 1/4 hours, until well risen and firm. Turn out and cool on a wire tray.
Delicious sliced, and spread with butter.

Mandie English.(age 15)

R Clifford & Son

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed

I would like to thank "Redeye" for raising a very valid point in the 18 February issue.

While most drivers are now well aware of the dangers of drink-driving, many do not realise that after a 'good night out' it is still possible to be over the limit, the next day.

The figure quoted of 5.7% failure rate may seem low, but to put it in perspective, over five people out of every hundred driving through our village, could be over the limit.

I must also point out that the figures quoted, were for just one campaign and when you see the total figures for Salisbury Division (which covers Shrewton) for the year:

Number of drivers stopped- 2182

Number of failed tests - 349 = 16%

16 people out of every 100 over the limit, this is clearly not acceptable.

Furthermore, these figures do not include people who refuse the test, bodies tested at the motorway and obviously those who fail to stop after an accident, of which there were 27, with 34 deaths last year in the Salisbury division, cost taxpayers £800,000 each accident.

So, if by enforcing drink-drive laws and generally educating road users in the safe use of motorvehicles, I can prevent just one fatality, that exceeds my lifetime's salary so, I suggest it is not a waste of Police power or taxes and I think if "Redeye" was to see the devastation and grief caused by such accidents, he would be more tolerant and understanding when stop checked.

As far as targeting serious crime is concerned, that is also part of my job because the motor vehicle plays a big part in the life of any criminal, whether the vehicle itself is stolen, or used to transport the criminal to burglary or carry away the spoils after the 'dirty deed' has been done. In this role it is much easier to measure success and in fact, Salisbury Traffic Officers had more crime arrests than Salisbury CID.!!

I hope this clarifies matters and gives more insight to our varied role. If anyone has any questions or worries, please speak to me, either in ***The George*** or at Salisbury Police Station on 01722 411444 ext 852.

(Signed)

Mark Randle PC 962

A most welcome letter. The facts speak for themselves and we should all take heed. As irksome as the drink/drive law may seem to some, it is necessary and here to stay. So let's be careful out there. Ed

Dear Ed

Whilst on leave in the UK from South Africa, my wife and I stayed for a week in Shrewton. It turned out to be one of the highlights of our UK trip. Apart from having a beautiful and friendly village, you also have one of the best pubs we visited, and believe me there were many! The atmosphere was warm and friendly (the beer wasn't bad either) and we were made to feel at home. I especially enjoyed the company of the *Two Squaddies*, Steve and Eddie, and their seemingly inexhaustable supply of jokes. We look forward to our next trip with eager anticipation.

John and Lindy Davies
Cape Town. South Africa

Tony mentioned that his profits went down considerably when the 'Van der Merwes' left. Ed

What do Ipswich and John Major's underpants have in common?

They're both on the bottom of the Premier.

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LANZAROTE

Alison Sharpe takes us on a tour of this exotic isle

Lanzarote, an island of stark volcanic beauty, created in some cataclysmic upheaval at the beginning of time, captures the imagination of all visitors. Flying over the coastline, green splashes of colour catch the eye, as the vegetation gamely attempts to grasp a foothold in the hostile rock environment.

On exiting the aeroplane, the heat of this island wraps itself around one, like a hot towel after a cool shower. Warm breezes blown in from the African coast fan the humid air, making the atmosphere bearable.

Air-conditioned coaches whisk passengers through villages with small, whitewashed houses. Exotic flowers of every hue imaginable, weave their way up and around the walls of many of these; their splotches of colour against the white, resembling an artist's palette. Cacti of all shapes and sizes, growing like a great, green uneven carpet, point their prickly heads skywards.

Puerto Del Carmen, a resort on the East coast, boasts a long, sandy beach. The sand is a speckled mixture of black and golden grains which gives the bay a pebble-dash effect. Sun beds and multi-coloured parasols stretch along the beach and the cool, aqua blue sea, laps gently against the shore. In the distance can be seen the grey silhoutte of hills reaching away to the South.

Behind the sea front lies a row of shops, bars and restaurants. Goods, tables and chairs spill out onto the pavement as each establishment competes for the trade of the tourist.

At night the old wrought iron lanterns which stand like sentinels along the boulevard, light up and the place becomes almost magical. A huge moon hangs in a star spangled sky and it's reflection causes the surf to ripple with silver tips as it caresses the sand. People stroll casually along the street, relaxing after a long, hot day on the beach. The sound of horses hooves can be heard, clip-clopping their way from one end of the resort to the other, carrying the less active, in large, ornate carriages.

At the southern end of the resort is the old town. A tiny, safe harbour keeps the small fishing boats from harm. Nets and lobster pots are slung haphazardly from the harbour walls and there is the smell of fresh fish in the air. Old wizened men and small boys alike, sit and test their fishing skills and many a happy hour is spent telling tales of "The one that got away".

A visit to the North of the island takes the visitor along small, windy, narrow roads which meander over hills and through valleys. Large palm tree groves can be seen here and the area has much more vegetation. Volcanic caves are a popular tourist attraction; long, cool caverns stretch for miles underground, a legacy from the days when the island was a molten mass of activity. One of these underground chambers has been commercialized and now incorporates a bar and restaurant. Steps lead down into the heart of the cave where small, white crabs, unique to Lanzarote, can be viewed in a large, natural, clear water pool. Up and out the other side is a beautiful garden, where rare tropical specimens of plants can be seen, their colours combining to make a colourful patchwork quilt.

Built into the hills, the look-out point of Mirador Del Rio, gives a spectacular view of the tiny island of Graciosa. A narrow strip of Atlantic Ocean separates the two islands and from this vantage point Graciosa appears to be floating on the surface of the water. The island is quite flat except for a small Volcano which stands on the southern-most tip.

In the centre of Lanzarote is a small, sleepy village

called Tequise. Very quaint and peaceful until market day when the place becomes alive. Stalls fill the streets and square, selling every conceivable item including imported African goods, such as mahogany face masks, drums and statues. Spanish lace, pottery and leather goods can be purchased at very reasonable prices and locally-grown fruit and vegetables are in abundance. Much good humoured bartering is entered into here.

A must for all tourists is the Timanfaya National Park which lies to the West. This is a volcanic area and remains active. A coach tour takes the visitor around the park, the silent wonder of the lunar-like landscape is breathtaking. Mounds of lava, frozen in undulated layers stretch far into the distance and the colours range from coal black to bright auburn. The spectacle of this tumultuous phenomenon makes one imagine a fiery demon playing havoc with the landscape as he gives vent to his anger.

If the tourist is seeking peace, tranquillity and seclusion, the place to visit is Papaguay. Located in the South of the island are a band of tiny, out of the way coves. Each bay has a beauty of its own, with pure white, soft sand that has been air-lifted from the Sahara Desert and a back-drop of tall hills which seem to shimmer in the heat. Dusty, rutted tracks lead to this area and a car is essential. Fuerteventura, the next island in the Canaries chain, can be viewed from here.

The sun-kissed, paradise island of Lanzarote appeals to visitors of all ages. Whether it is a fun-filled, hectic holiday or a relaxing break, there is something for everyone. Sports facilities of all kinds are available. Windsurfing is very popular and there are areas specifically for fishing and golf. A water fun park also exists, where water shutes, slides, and fountains of all shapes and sizes can be found and if swimming is not your forte, a good time can still be had.

A sightseeing tour of the island is a must. Cars and mopeds can be hired at very reasonable rates and taxis are readily available. The bus service, although unpredictable, is fun to try and if in doubt, the locals are friendly and helpful.

Hey! Where's the money?

Phil O'Soffickle

Another pearl of wisdom from Big John and his days as a farm manager. He was busy out in the fields one day when a truck appeared lumbering down the track towards him. A bloke got out and asked him if he could take a load of hay. The family name of the chap asking was well known in the area so when he professed not to know what weight load the truck took, John suggested that he get a weighbill and pay the next day and told him to load it himself as he wanted to finish what he was doing. Off he went and sure enough he came back the next day with a weighbill and paid cash. Did John mind if he had some more? Well as John couldn't actually grow money, this seemed like the next best thing. Off he went again, and again, and again until he asked if he could make a consolidated payment at the end of the quarter as they were doing such good business and it made book-keeping a bit easier and maybe John might see his way clear to offering a bit more of a discount on a one off payment. It seemed to make good sense so a deal was struck and the daily visits continued until virtually the end of the quarter when a new face appeared explaining that the normal chap had gone sick. A further three days (and loads) later there was still no sign of the original buyer and no sign of the money. Enquiries were made and it transpired that the original buyer had no assets, everything was in his wife's name who obviously denied any knowledge of the 'deal'. The deal was not legally binding, the buyer had no assets, there was no case to answer. As if that was bad enough, John subsequently sold a load to a friend with an identical truck who presented him with a weighbill of twice the weight he had been presented by the bandit. The bandit had been offloading half of the hay before going to the weighbridge.

Pie Eye the Sailor Man

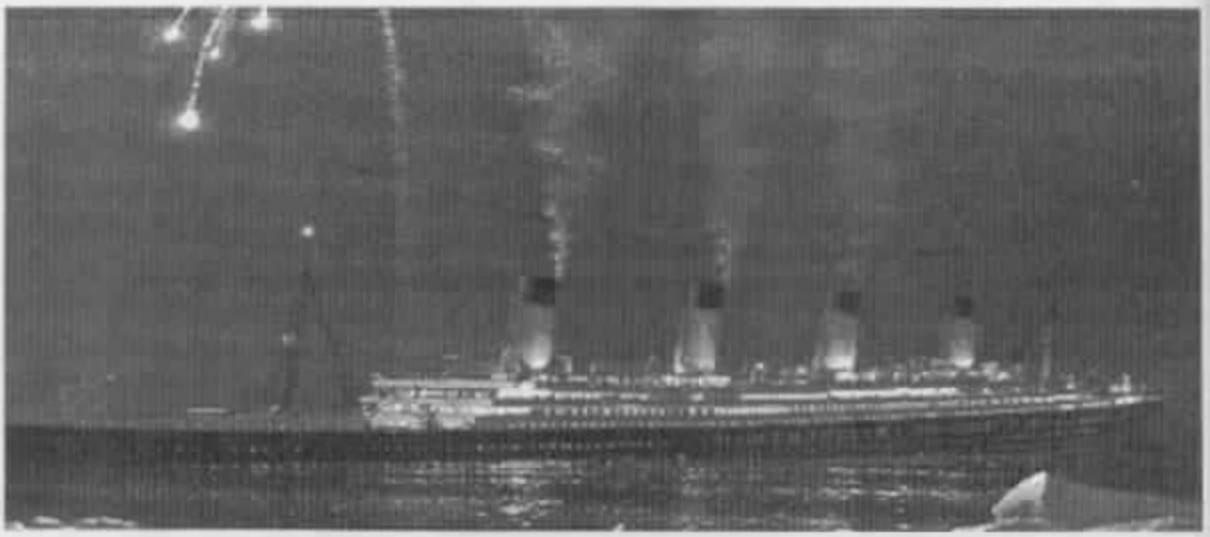
Apparently the only way that some sailors can keep their sea legs on shore is to stay as smashed as rats, otherwise there is this constant problem of learning to walk again without holding on to something, until the next time they go to sea. One bloke was known as the Booze Brothers because he drinks twice as much as anyone else and suffers double vision. When he talks to anyone he says "Hey yous" thinking obviously that everyone has an identical twin with them. This bloke has drunk himself around the world and back and met himself (I think that's what he said) on many occasions. Conversations with him are a bit of a toss up, in between tales of the Orient, he keeps dashing to the heads and you have to remind him where he left off before he starts veering off on another tack. Some people drink to forget but he always forgot everything anyway therefore he is undergoing reverse therapy. He has now achieved a reason for his problem and is a complete, although possibly not normal, person. Like all good sailors, he rests his liver in between ports and any other kind of liquor and doesn't drink on board, except his own ration and anybody else's, just to keep the deck tidy but when he goes ashore— On one particular "Run ashore" at some unpronounceable place along the West African coast he woke up to find himself sandwiched between two very large local ladies. Thinking it would cost him a fortune to buy them both breakfast he decided to creep out quietly. Doubling up to crawl off the bottom of the bed he fell flat onto a very wholesome nubile lady who fearing the worst gasped reproachfully that she was only the bridesmaid. The shock effect apparently turned his sea legs into be seeing you legs as he made a record sprint for the ship. Every man should have a hobby but to prevent a hobby becoming an addictive habit is control indeed. I must stop writing this rubbish!

The Georgian Times Shrewton

If you would like to have a story, recipe or article published, or place an advertisement, please send it to: The Editor, The Georgian Times, Shrewton House, Shrewton, Wilts SP34HJ or Tel:01980-621265 after 6.00pm

The Queen, God Bless Her!

Albert Dobbs, of Shrewton, recalls his time at sea on the big Liners



Slowly the Titanic begins to sink

Of all the ships I ever sailed in, the *Queen Mary* really beat the band. *The Titanic* tragedy had been learnt, and, *The Mary*, as she was affectionately known, probably became the greatest ship ever to grace the seas. Everything was gold and diamond plated, even my piano!

I was engaged by the Society bandleader, Geraldo, to sail on her as pianist for the ship's first-class orchestra. Playing in the first-class restaurant during the day and at night in the famous night-club, where the rich and famous - also the Hollywood stars - gathered and danced all night. It was the done thing to be seen on *The Mary*.

We had a slight problem with accommodation as we (the orchestra), slept in a very small cabin - together with all our instruments and luggage! We had to get out of our bunks, one at a time, and line up to get back in. I sometimes played the trumpet in the band. That was sea-life! I enjoyed it and am happy in my later days to have had a letter of congratulations, from no less a person than The Queen herself, on my long travels at sea playing the piano.

The America, belonging to The United States, was my next ship. It was based at Baltimore and was the finest motor-turbine vessel of the time and winner, together with *The United States*, of the Blue Riband, which was eventually won back by *The Queen Elizabeth*. This ship was later sold to Onassis, who put her in the Chandris Line which, of course, he owned. She was re-named *The Ellinis* ('*Young Greek Girl*'). *The Ellinis* then sailed for many years, continuously on the Australia/New Zealand round trips.

All this started from sailing in the Woolwich Ferry in my school days!.

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Village Hall

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WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE HALL?

Mums did you know about

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CONTACT: Steph Lock on Shrewton **620934**

Chatterbox

Wednesdays 1.00 pm to 3.30 pm for mothers and toddlers

CONTACT Linda Mitchell on Shrewton **620439**

Ladies - Summer is coming, so what about -

Keep fit Class

Tuesdays 8.00 pm to 9.00 pm for ladies of all ages

CONTACT: Anne Woodman on Shrewton **620602**

Are there any thespian's that don't know

Shrewton Drama Club

Lots of fun throughout the year with Plays, Events, and the Panto. If you're interested, the club always welcomes people keen to help both on and off stage.

CONTACT Christine Hampson on Shrewton **620735**

Nothing for you? Well if you and your friends would like to start an activity in the Hall, please tell us on Shrewton ***620571***

THINGS THAT ARRIVE ON MY DESK

By

Ian Crawford

I suppose it was inevitable that with the onslaught of the fax machine somebody would dream up a little misinterpretation about the word itself ..... I mean it does sound like the word *'love'* doesn't it? So song titles like "Fax me do" ..... and "I am in the mood for fax" come readily to mind don't they? However somebody sent me the following rubbish... read it at your peril!

The Guide to Safe Fax

Q1 Do I have to be married to enjoy safe fax ??

A1 Although married people fax quite often; there are many people who fax complete strangers every day.

Q2 My parents say they never had fax when they were young and they were only allowed to write memos until they were 21. How old do you think someone should be before they fax ?

A2 Faxing can be performed at any age, once you have learnt the right procedures.

Q3 If I fax something to myself will I go blind ?

A3 Certainly not; as far as we can see!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Q4 There are places where you can go and pay for fax. Is this legal ?

A4 Yes, many people have no other outlet for their fax drives and must pay a 'professional' when their needs to fax becomes too great.

Q5 Should I always use a cover when faxing ?

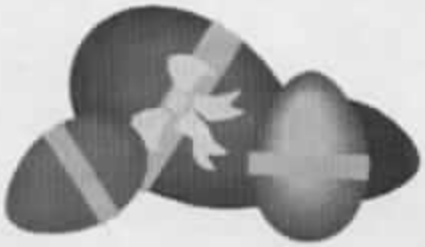
A5 Unless you are sure of the one you are faxing, a cover should always be used to ensure safe faxing.

Q6 What happens if I do not use the correct procedures, and fax prematurely ?

A6 Don't panic! Many people prematurely fax when they are inexperienced. Just try again.

Q7 I have a personal fax and a business fax. Can transmissions become mixed up?

A7 Being bi-faxual can be confusing, but as long as you use a cover with each one you won't transmit anything you are not supposed to !



Easter Bunny

In which Lucy gets a surprise

by
Caroline Lowther

The sun was streaming through the windows as Lucy dressed carefully. It was a truly wonderful day - one of those days when nothing could go wrong. The promise of Spring manifested itself in every facet of the garden. She was feeling very pleased with herself. The garden was radiant, filled with pretty flowers of every colour, their little heads opening out and reaching out to the sky to glean every ounce of sunshine possible.

Tulips and crocuses vied for attention, stalks standing straight and rigid defying the unlikely eventuality of late frosts to batter or sway them. The garden was beautifully tended as you would expect from such a conscientious person, a true homemaker. Windows gleamed from persistent cleaning. As she finished dressing, she gently brushed her shining hair and moved from room to room, plumping the odd cushion, moving a magazine from settee to rack, always inspecting, always looking for fault.

The garden was beautifully tended as you would expect from such a conscientious person, a true homemaker.

Satisfied all was to her liking, she returned to the bedroom to apply make-up, not much, just a little to enhance those golden features, nothing brazen. As she absent mindedly brushed a crumb from her dressing table, her thoughts turned to her family. She held the Cindy doll to her bosom for a moment and reminded herself to pack the doll for her daughter's weekend with Nanny - did she remember to pack Tom's panda bear? Yes, she never forgot. The two year old car, regularly dealer serviced, was full of petrol but she was not going to use it immediately. It was very kind of her husband to take her jalopy with him on his temporary job.

Again she paused, her husband, dear safe Jack, he was desolate that he had been out of work for six months but all that was soon going to change. He was delighted to hear of his success in gaining, as he called it, a proper job. On Monday he was due to start a new job, a job that would set him on his chosen career again. He was going back to the workforce in glory as a thirty-five year old accounts executive. The last few months had been stressful for them both but now it was a new beginning. He had taken some strange temporary positions up to now, even kept them to himself for fear of being ridiculed. Lucy did not ask too many questions, she sensed his shame on occasions. He was too proud to let her work and even if she did, what would she do, she wasn't trained for anything.

Lucy chased her perfectly marked tabby cat out of the way and checked her appearance from the back. Her home was like a picture out of a glossy magazine and the view of her rear end was equally pleasing. She was smiling now, a soft lingering smile that reached her cornflower blue eyes. Yes, a perfect life, except for one small detail.....

the endless boredom..... day after day, drinking tea at the same time, eating at the same time, even making love at the same time. Married life was safe but boring. Lucy would never leave her cosy nest but Lucy had a secret. She had kept her secret for months on end, she could have the best of both worlds and no-one would ever know.

She changed the water in the vase of freshly cut daffodils, closed the door tightly on number 16 River Close and pushed her bicycle onto the path beyond the porch. She had a message to deliver and now no time to spare. Birds were singing merrily as she cycled speedily along the tow path. The next hamlet was not far away and the exercise made Lucy feel good, adrenaline coursing through her slight body and giving her cheeks a healthy glow. Twenty minutes later she turned into the car park, locked her bicycle securely and hurried into the department store. She quickly glanced automatically around but felt quite safe in the knowledge that she was unknown here.

The store looked inviting, Easter flowers were in abundance. Enticements to buy were to be found everywhere. Chocolate eggs, decorations, simnel cakes and cards galore! Hesitating for a moment, she caught sight of the stand she was looking for and held her breath. A very unlikely occupation for an aspiring actor but he had assured her he would be famous one day and they would travel the world together. They would live off love and cheese and fresh baguettes, and read French newspapers in bed. It was an impossible dream but his twenty-four year old head was full and impressionable.

The first thing she noticed was how good the costume looked on him. A six foot furry bunny with armfuls of wicker baskets of flowers and eggs. He had not seen her, she would catch him unawares. Lucy crept up behind him and breathed into his big floppy ears "the coast is clear, we have the whole weekend alone." As he turned she stared into the deep brown eyes that she recognised immediately as the very same brown eyes she woke up to every morning.

The Easter Bunny will not be coming to number 16 this year.....

<u>It's Snow Joke</u>
Phil O`Soffickle

Sometimes Mother Nature is not very considerate, after the customary yearning and dreaming, not to forget the singing, of a white Christmas - we have to wait until Spring before getting a decent snow fall. The flowers are out in bloom and the blossom on the trees with the little leaves popping out and wallop - down comes the white blanket. This is what we have all been waiting for - how could we moan about the rotten weather when it hasn't been bad. You can't carp about the slush until it has snowed and then warmed towards its departure and we've had to wait until Spring before we can moan about the Winter. I call it totally inconsiderate and most annoying, let alone confusing. Why can't we have Winter when it is supposed to be here, somewhere between 1 Nov and 28/29 Feb would do very nicely if we have to have it at all (like the `good old days' when there was no central heating and a coal strike) and have something to contend with. Just to make it through a winter used to give us a sense of achievement but it's not the same when you never know when it's going to start and it's not British to chuck it in anywhere just to test the system. Some people reckon it's the `greenhouse effect', well there are certainly more greenhouses around than there used to be so perhaps we ought to start taking them down. A garden covered in snow is a beautiful sight as it covers up all of the rubbish but if it lasts a long time, it can become a bit monotonous. Just think about a village of Eskimos playing `I Spy' although peculiarly they have 30 different words meaning snow. I suppose that we are almost as bad with expressions like `Parky Out', `Brass Monkeys', `Taters', `Fresh', `Nippy' and a few others I am sure you can think of to indicate any unwelcome drop in temperature. I wonder if the residents of the Tropics have numerous words and sayings to describe `Fried Egg' days. We always know when Spring has officially arrived. No, not when you hear the first cuckoo, when you hear the jingy jang of the ice cream man!

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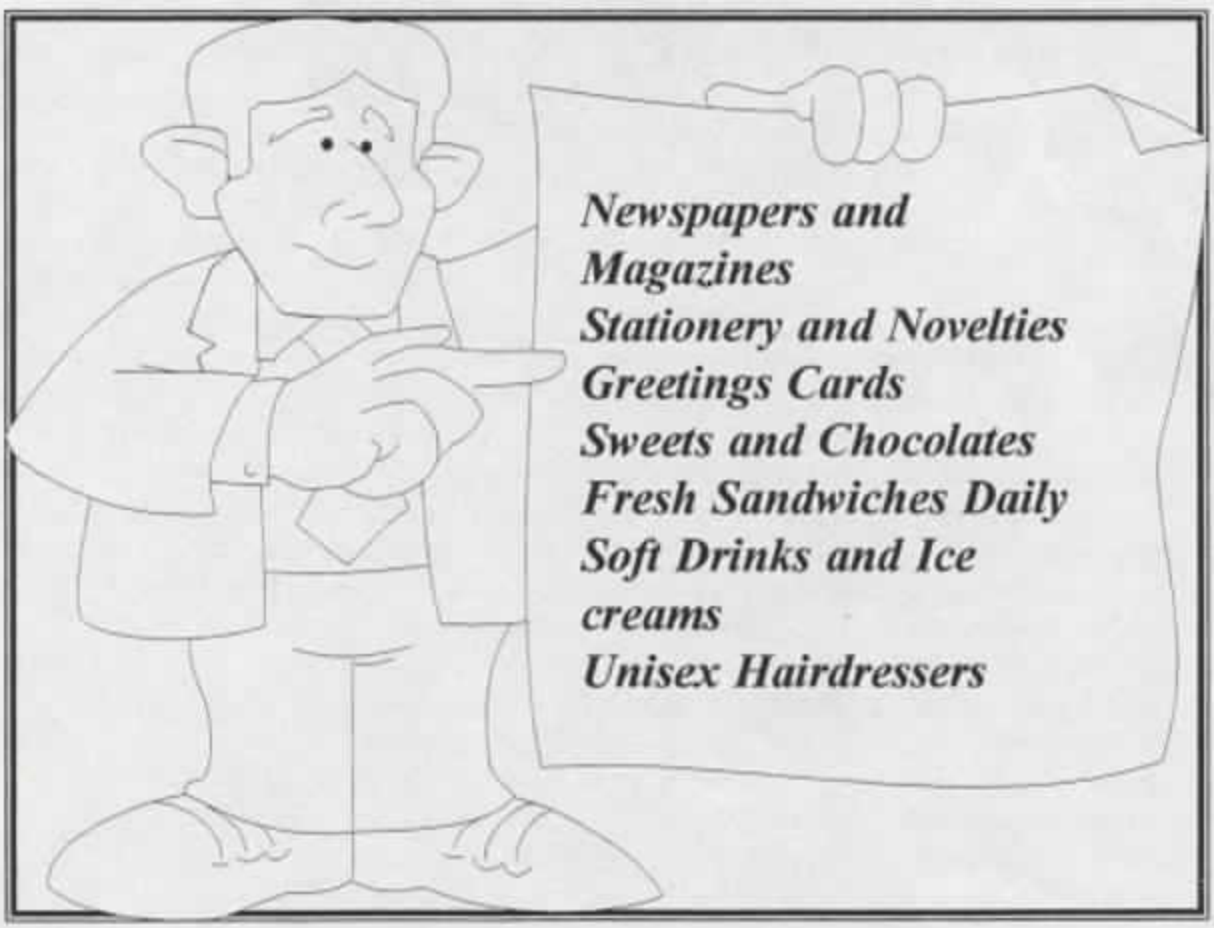

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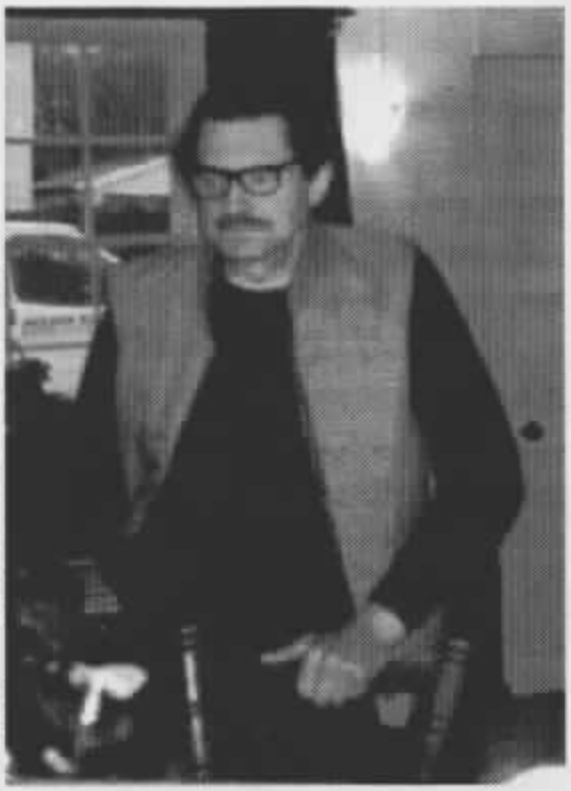
The Tommy Lang Page



Tommy Lang

Love in the Afternoon

They had been meeting occasionally for several weeks, but now the big moment had arrived. Jason had invited her to his flat on a Saturday afternoon where they now sat - not saying much, but looking intently at each other. Sarah knew that this was probably a big moment in her life and that very soon he would be asking her a question - The question - one about which she had often thought but which now caused her to feel slightly dizzy and she could feel her whole body responding.

She began to feel warm and as her breathing deepened, her firm young breasts moved against the thin stuff of her blouse. She could feel herself shaking inside and Jason looked hard at her with his piercing grey eyes and she shivered in anticipation.

After what seemed an eternity, he finally spoke - his voice deep and husky with emotion.... "Can you lend us 50p for the 'lectric and I'll make a cup of tea"

(With apologies to Mills and Boon)

Progress

Production of aluminium starts with the mining of bauxite in places as far as the West coast of Africa, North Canada and middle Europe. This is an expensive process, using heavy machinery. Much of the ore is transported long distances to melting works which again use heavy expensive machinery and a lot of power - derived from fossil fuels or hydro-electric generators.

The raw aluminium is further refined and converted into fine sheets which are used by canning factories who coat the interior of cans with lacquer to prevent contact with the contents. The outsides are painted with pretty pictures and logos and a list of the contents - eg. "Carbonated water - colour - artficial sweetener - acids - flavouring - preservatives and caffeine". Nutritional value-nil. The can is required to be chilled, otherwise the contents taste dull.

Now add some potato crisps at 25p per packet, which work out at £10,000 per ton.....for spuds!

What do you get for all this effort? A mild burp and a small pee which is washed away with about 4 gallons of pure water and the can is tossed aside.

Meanwhile, some poor half-starved people have to slake their thirst from a polluted river or ditch.....Oh yes.....that's progress!

Don't Frighten The Horses

by

Christine Goodhugh

Early February is usually a dank, dreary and depressing period for most people, but for those who are Point-to-Point addicts, it is the high spot of the year - ranking equally with Christmas and Summer holidays - the first meeting of the season !

My local course at Larkhill is said to be one of the best sites in the country for all-round visibility and top-quality horse-flesh.

Thousands of devotees dust down their green wellies, Barbours and Huskies and at 1pm on the first Saturday in the month - they're off !

I enjoy the occasion from a spectator's viewpoint, having no real ability at riding (apart from the odd fair-weather hack) and certainly no interest in gambling or expertise in equine affairs. I like to go alone, as I can indulge in a certain amount of voyeurism and have a quiet chuckle at the behaviour of my fellow men

The crowd falls within three distinct groups. Firstly, there are the colourless nonentities like myself, who blend unnoticed into the masses. *(Surely some mistake? - Ed.)*

Secondly, there are the weather-beaten stable-lad characters who make sage pronouncements on the horses' abilities and have sufficient confidence to wage large bets.

Thirdly, (and best), there are the Sloane Ranger or Military types who, for me, are the essence of a Point-to-Point gathering. These peculiarly British species of Homo Sapiens discard their urban chic for the day and go "country" (or should it be county?).

There are Carolines and Hooray-Henries in abundance, young and old, fat, thin, tall, short - but mainly lean and leggy with a certain racehorse quality of their own. The women usually wear the above-mentioned Huskies and green wellies, Hermes headscarves and pearls, and bray loudly to each other while leaning on their shooting-sticks which are entwined with Labradors (more points awarded for black rather than golden). The men are sporting check caps, or Mark Phillips-type trilbies. Cords and moleskins are derigueur - jeans are definitely <u>not</u> worn. Sludge shades are acceptable, bright colours are left for football spectators or motor-racing crowds, the latter being lower-rated on the socio-economic scale. Having said that, at one recent meeting I saw a lady in M&S jeans and a shocking-pink suede hat!!!

Conversations are shouted, never spoken, and liberally sprinkled with upper-class swear words. Everyone, but <u>everyone</u> goes hunting, and the riders (not jockies) are referred to by their first names. The beer tent is filled to capacity and the tailgates of Volvos are opened to display Fortnum's hampers, bursting with goodies.

Last year I stood by the unsaddling enclosure as the horses were being led in after a particularly gruelling race, and I heard these immortal words -

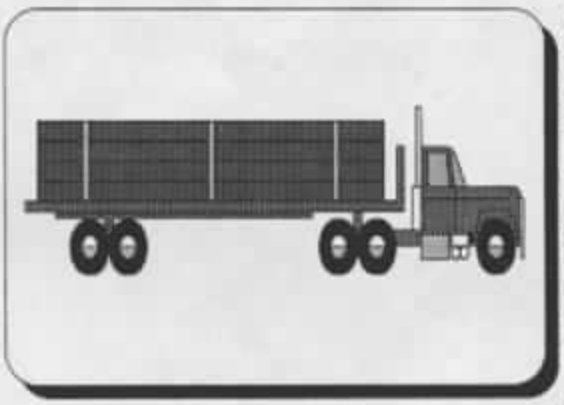
He "Gosh, darling - that was an absolute corker. Pity about old Jeremy coming off, damn bad show. Dying to have a pee, see ya'!"

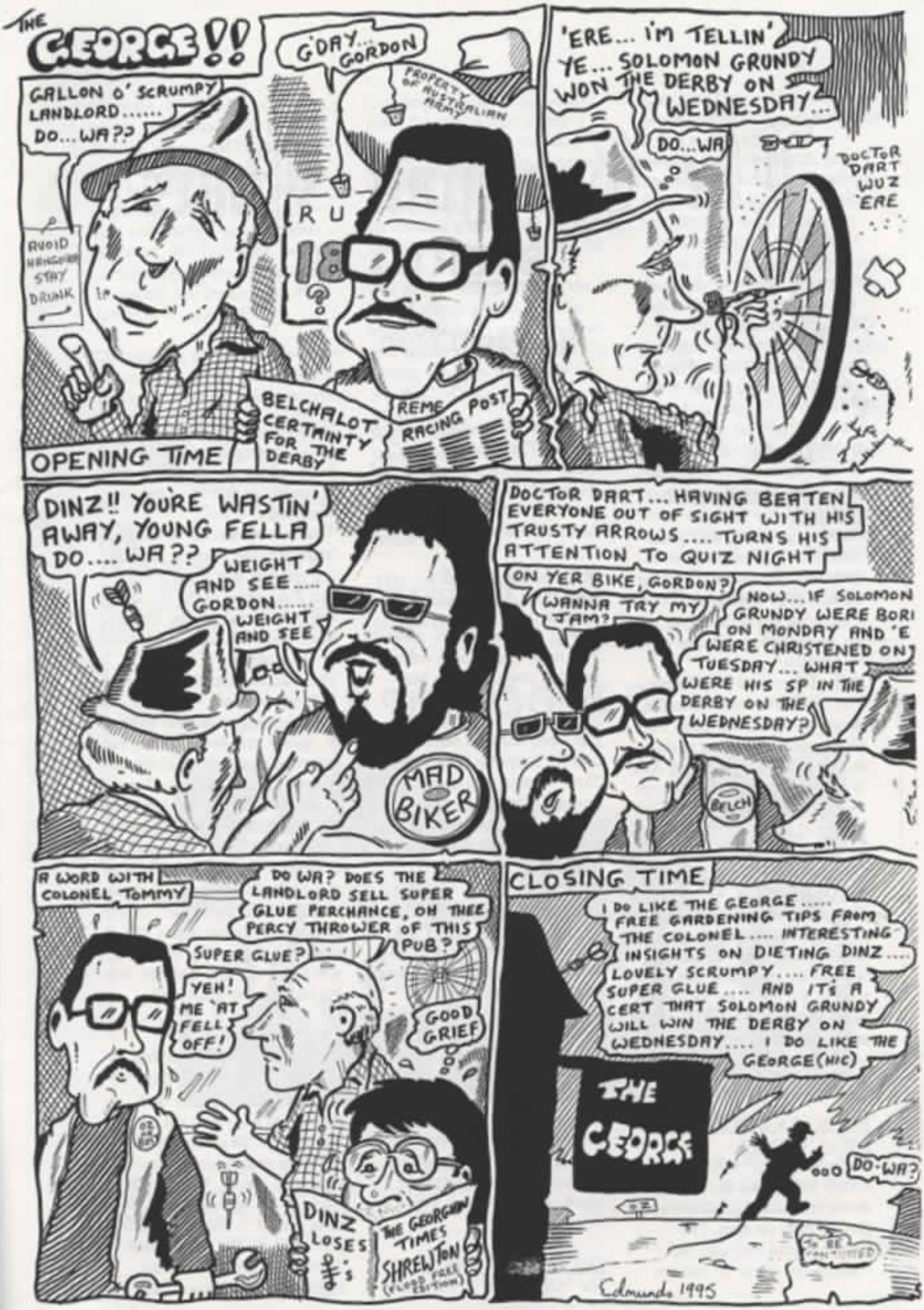
She "Okay, sweetie, I'll toddle over to the Ladies and have a wee-wee too. See you at Charles' later - 'spect he'll be opening the champers, lucky pig!"(The above conversation is ABSOLUTELY TRUE.....)

A Rose by any other name

Phil O'Soffickle

I normally write in the third person, impersonal imperfect, the first can't write and the second can't read so even if the first could write, the second couldn't read it. There is this super bloke in the village who regales me with a yarn or three whenever I see him and he is quite happy to get his name in print. Anyway, Big John (there is a few of them) was talking about his days as a farm manager in Dorset (wherever that is) and told of the rising meat prices some time ago. His was an agricultural concern but to please a few friends he started keeping a few pigs that eventually divided into packages and ended up in frying pans. The pigs were so good at this that he started to make a lot more friends who, sooner or later, started bleating about the price of lamb. Now this bloke was an entrepreneur before the word was invented and he promptly started raising lambs. The round got so big that he bought himself a brand new van to carry his meat about and just after taking delivery he was warned off of hawking his meat by the local disgruntled tradesmen who had seen a significant drop in revenue. The big problem was what to do with the van. Being a bit of an engineer, he contemplated converting it into a tractor and using the carrying space for his sandwiches, but he used the trailer for them anyway and they were never left long enough to get wet. He decided to sell it and realising that he wouldn't get a good price locally contacted a friend in London who agreed to put it on his garage forecourt. No money changed hands, the van stood there for ages, it was almost ten minutes before a prospective buyer appeared and asked to see it. The buyer made arrangements to call back in the evening as he had a few calls to make and would get the cash. He duly arrived, inspected the log book and fumbled in his pockets for the cash which he explained he must have left in his shop. He gave a name and address and asked to take the log book at the same time as noisily replacing the keys on the counter, saying that he would return in the morning to pick up and pay for the van. The vendor was convinced of genuine intent, after all he still had the keys didn't he. He had just gone through to the back of the garage to lock up when he heard the van start up and roar off down the road. He leapt into a 'special offer' and kangarooed after him before finally dying of petrol starvation 100 yds down the road. Whether the 'buyer' retook the keys or was just fly enough to get a copy set during the day is not known but the police found the van some days later at a garage not far from the scene of the crime whereupon the garage owner admitted buying the vehicle from a Mr Rose who said that he had just driven up from Dorset. "Look", he said "His name is in the Log Book".




THE GEORGE!!
GALLON O' SCRUMPY LANDLORD..... DO...WA??
AVOID HANGOVERS STAY DRUNK
G'DAY... GORDON
PROPERTY OF AUSTRALIAN ARMY
R U 18?
BELCHALOT CERTAINTY FOR THE DERBY
REME
RACING POST
OPENING TIME
'ERE... I'M TELLIN' YE... SOLOMON GRUNDY WON THE DERBY ON WEDNESDAY...
DO...WA
DOCTOR DART WUZ 'ERE
DINZ!! YOU'RE WASTIN' AWAY, YOUNG FELLA DO.... WA??
WEIGHT AND SEE..... GORDON..... WEIGHT AND SEE
MAD BIKER
DOCTOR DART... HAVING BEATEN EVERYONE OUT OF SIGHT WITH HIS TRUSTY ARROWS.... TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO QUIZ NIGHT
ON YER BIKE, GORDON?
WANNA TRY MY JAM?
NOW... IF SOLOMON GRUNDY WERE BORI ON MONDAY AND 'E WERE CHRISTENED ON TUESDAY... WHAT WERE HIS SP IN THE DERBY ON THE WEDNESDAY?
BELCH
A WORD WITH COLONEL TOMMY
DO WA? DOES THE LANDLORD SELL SUPER GLUE PERCHANCE, OH THEE PERCY THROWER OF THIS PUB?
SUPER GLUE?
YEH! ME 'AT FELL OFF!
GOOD GRIEF
DINZ LOSES £'s
THE GEORGIAN TIMES SHREWTON (FLOOD FREE EDITION)
CLOSING TIME
I DO LIKE THE GEORGE..... FREE GARDENING TIPS FROM THE COLONEL.... INTERESTING INSIGHTS ON DIETING DINZ.... LOVELY SCRUMPY.... FREE SUPER GLUE.... AND IT'S A CERT THAT SOLOMON GRUNDY WILL WIN THE DERBY ON WEDNESDAY.... I DO LIKE THE GEORGE (HIC)
THE GEORGE
DO-WA?
TO BE CONTINUED
Edmunds 1995

The Georgian Times

SPORT

By Dave Logan

FOOTBALL

26th FEB v BULFORD H LOST 1-4

The George started slowly and then slowed down even more when the keeper was chipped at the near post. Bulford then went 2 up, while the defence watched (he was offside but the ref was his uncle!!)

Bulford then went 3 up before Tim Blackman scored from 20 yards just before half-time. The George defended better in the second half, but with losing Alan Woods and James Cruse through injury, couldn't get back into the game and lost 4-1.

12th MAR v VILLA SPORTS A LOST 3-1

The George made a good start and went ahead early on, through Stu Blundell. They defended well for the rest of the half and went in 1-0 up. In the second half Villa pushed forward more and equalised after 20 minutes. Villa then scored two late goals to clinch a 3-1 victory

19th MAR v HUNTSMAN AWAY WON 3-0

The referee didn't turn up so Kenny Mundy had the lead role. Aaron Bullen and Mark Steven playing from the start. The George started well and had chances, but it was 10 minutes before half-time when Stu Blundell put The George in front. Goals in the second half by Phil Rose and Graham Jackson gave us a clear 3-0 victory and the first clean sheet of the season.

26th MAR v THREE CROWNS AWAY LOST 4-2

Another poor start saw The George 2 down after 20 minutes. This made The George wake up and they made it 2-2 by half-time, through Stu Blundell and Phil Rose. In the second half Phil Rose missed a sitter with only the keeper to beat. The Three Crowns then scored through some sloppy George defending and added a fourth, near the end for a very disappointing result.

2nd APR v FORDINGBRIDGE AWAY LOST 3-1

After a good start The George went one down from a bad mistake by the keeper. Richard Barnel Graham Jackson was then unlucky with a free kick before Phil Rose equalised before half-time. Fordingbridge went ahead again when The George fouled to clear a corner and near the end, a slip by Mike Barnes let Fordingbridge in for their third. *A second report after the lost match on May 7th will follow in the next issue.*

THE LONDON MARATHON

The "Alf Tupper" of Shrewton, "Marathon Man" Derek Miles has done it again, completing the London Marathon in 4hrs 9 mins in conditions that could only be described as *cruel*!!

This reporter had the privilege of accompanying Derek to the start and meeting him at the finish. The atmosphere of the whole day was electric and anyone who was there, could not fail to be moved by the occasion.

The race for Derek did not go without incident, however, as while jogging round and chatting to anyone and everyone, he was too engrossed in the talking and promptly impaled himself on a local landmark, but as ever, once the blood had been cleared up and the shock gone, our diehard competitor continued and finished the race. A substantial amount was raised for the Royal British Legion, and Derek would like to thank all Georgians who sponsored him. He says that this was his last one. We shall see!!!

CRICKET

The indoor cricket league has come to its conclusion. The Georgians, again after a slow start got to grips with the game and towards the end of the season were unlucky not to have won more games. Although finishing in the bottom half of the table overall, it was a creditable performance. The game against Shrewton C proved to be the highlight of the season. The

game the 'C' would have expected to win easily was by far their hardest. Some good bowling and excellent fielding by the Georgians, restricted the 'C' to only 87 and to say some of the 'C' batsmen were rattled, was an understatement. The Georgians then put on their best opening stand of the season but just couldn't get them, failing by a couple of runs.

The other big plus of the season was the maturity of the youngsters, resulting in Matthew Mills winning the best batsman of the season and John Carachi the bowling award. Well done to all! A thank-you to Tony for looking after us and an optimistic look forward to next season.

CRIB

The success story of the year in George Inn Sport. A group gathered together for a Monday night game of cards entered the Salisbury league to see if they rated. After 5 games it was: played 5 - lost 5 and "What are we doing here?" However, ably captained by "Slick" Vic Birch, the team rallied round to win 11 of its last 16 matches and finished a creditable 5th in the league in their 1st season.

The team is now playing in the end of season singles, doubles, knock-outs and a report on these will appear in the next issue. The George Inn team players are:

Vic Birch (Capt)
Tony Clift
Roger Hughes
Dave Logan
Sid Hartle
Bill Theaker
Nick Searle
Bryan Bolton

THE QUIZ STORY

Back in September, Tony entered his pub in the Teachers National Knockout Quiz. He managed to persuade four or five regulars that it was a good idea. They thought, only one match, get knocked out, keep the Landlord happy. No Problem! Oh what a mistake they made! The team were beaten (just) in their first match, but that only led them into the plate, in which they revelled, storming through to the finals with ease. The team eventually reaching Western/Southern region finals held at Gloucester Rugby Club, where the final 20 teams out of an entry of 3,500 - all met for one last go. The winners going on to the National finals live on Sky TV. The team came a creditable 14th with only 4 points separating 4th and 14th. Buoyed up by this success, they have now entered the Salisbury District Quiz league and their progress will be reported in this column.

AS TIME GOES BY

This picture comes from a collection of photos that Tony has saved over the years at The George. It depicts a Shrewton School Football Team circa 1966. I am led to believe that many of the players shown here, now plays for the local Shrewton Team. Woody Allan (fourth from the left in the front row) now plays for the George Inn Team.

The Georgian Times

Issue One *Shrewton* *20 May 1994*

Vitriolic Attack At The George

Last Friday the quiet peace of afternoon drinkers in the George was shattered by an unexpected Vitriolic Attack, which has left most of them tongue tied and lost for words.

On investigation this reporter discovered that the attack came quite unannounced and lasted for about ten minutes.

It appears that a rather intense, yet pleasant and well spoken young man, entered the George. Shortly after ordering a pint he became engaged in conversation with one of the bar tenders. The topic of their tete-a-tete is of no real interest. However, it was during this dialogue that he was first heard to utter the word *Vitriolic*.

It is fair to say, that on it's first verbal exposure, the young man received some very admiring glances. Locals, up until then had not been exposed to words of this calibre all day, in reality, probably all year

As the young man warmed to the topic, the more interest he was creating. It was then that the attack began in earnest.

Like bullets speeding from a machine-gun the word *Vitriolic* flew around the room, until, it seemed, every other word was *Vitriolic*. It bounced, without mercy off their unprotected eardrums.

Figure 1 ***Under Vitriolic Attack, this punter makes good his escape.***

The word came so fast and with such frequency that the whole conversation was lost, as the bleary eyed afternoon drinkers, reeled under the onslaught of this strange new word.

Landlord Tony, stunned and confused, stumbled out of the bar

clutching a batch of receipt books as he headed for the safety of his office.

Sambo, who, up until then, had been happily digging his way through a large helping of steak and kidney pudding, pushed his plate aside, bent down, and gathering his, by now, mournfully whining dog, protectively in his arms, hurriedly left the Tavern.

Then as sudden as it happened so it ended. The garrulous young man quickly finished his beer and left, leaving behind him a stunned and silent group.

It was some time before they could gather their thoughts and when eventually they did, they found their vocabulary had been enriched.

Happily they placed orders for their favourite tipple: "another of them vitriolic pints please luv," one was heard to say, whilst another complained that his wife had been "feeling right vitriolic" that morning".

Situations Vacant

T/Waitress Due to the popularity of our Steak dinners we now have an opening for two more topless waitresses. Must be well endowed. Apply in person to the landlord Tony. (Preferably when his wife is not there.) **TOP** wages.

Beer Taster required for Saturday mornings. No experience necessary. Good rate paid.

Sporting Events

New Event The Management would like to enter a team in the Hedgehog Heading Competition to be held soon. Would be contestants must have their own Hedgehogs.

Misc

Antique Desk Suitable for student with thick legs and large drawers.

Mixing Bowl set, designed to please a cook with a round bottom for efficient beating.

Four-poster bed, 101 years old. Perfect for antique lover.

Wanted: Man to take care of cow who does not smoke or drink.

Letters to the Editor

Obviously as this is the first edition we do not have any letters to print. However we do have a letter from a foreign visitor who was in Shrewton last summer. Tony has given us permission to print it.

12.10.93

Гебу Фрпъ
Фибпм ърц жру рцу снебфбпх фхбъ дцукпз хие фцооеу. Фие жррд бпд вееу шбф зррд. И нкмед хие кдебн рж хие хрснефф шбкхуеффеф. Дфсегкбнпъ хие рпе шкхи хие нбузе хкхф Ани хие вефх.

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