

ALLEN IAN'S

# ICONIC DORSET

*with*  
IRIS COCKSEGE



CONTAINS  
VOLUMES  
I & II



THE PATRIOTIC TEA COMPANY LTD

Iwerne Minster

proudly sponsors

ICONIC DORSET

Text © Iris Cocksedge 2019

Original Publication © 2017 ALLEN IAN EDITIONS LTD

REPRINT in THREADBONE TRU-DIGITAL © 2019 THE THREADBONE PRESS LTD





ALLEN IAN'S

# ICONIC DORSET

*with*  
IRIS COCKSEGE



## FOREWORD

Readers will know by now from my many previous forewords to prestige volumes on diverse (though generally Dorset-related) topics, that it always gives me pleasure. Whether taking a short break from the rigours of life as a serial winner of the *Dorset Businesswoman of the Year Award*, relaxing in my spread-eagle chair by my luxury heated indoor-pool, coping with a particularly fine packet of grape-nuts or simply enjoying the invigorating company of ex-Spanish boy scout Enriqu  de los Chicos Perdidos, I always like to have something in hand and a large hard-spined one generally does it for me. Mr Threadbone, whilst alive, was far from immune from the simple pleasures of life: a quick stiffener when I came home, a stroll in the garden to admire my magnificent bush *au naturelle* (or a trip up the back passage in humber days); these alone were enough to bring a deep glow of satisfaction to us both (independently) and to send us wearily but happily to our (separate) beds\*.

But I digress. *Iconic Dorset* is simply magnificent: a well-researched and wonderfully-illustrated guide to all those places you have always wanted to visit but can't; a window on a world you can never access and an insight into the places that made the people that made the places that made our county what it is today - a pre-inter-post Drexit paradise for the tax-averse.

\* for more marital tips why not purchase a copy of Mrs Amanda J Threadbone (2006) *Marital Tips and Other Ways to Tame Your Husband's Untoward Habits* [Threadbone Advisory Guides, The Threadbone Press]?

So, readers, not for the first time do we find ourselves in debt to the redoubtable Iris Cocksedge whose curation of an earlier volume in this series - *When Britain Was Great* - was such a notable success that copies of that volume can be found in significant quantities in every church hall, bring-and-buy stall, white-elephant collection, village fete and charity shop county-wide. Indeed as I remarked to my DHRA colleagues only the other day, if only it could be found in bookshops its dominance of the book world would be complete!\*

But I digress. *Iconic Dorset* is a book like no other - and believe me I have checked. It bears, for example, no relationship and exhibits no similarity to: novels by Dickens, Steinbeck, Tolstoy or Katie Price; plays by Chekov, Ibsen, Stoppard or Felicity Kendall, paintings by Raphael, Constable, Haywain or Rolf Harris; sculpture by Rodin, Moore, Hepworth, Heyworth or Playdough; poems by Wordsworth, Pound, Schiller, Faust or Dame Wendy Richards. Indeed, so unlike any of these things is it, that the present volume can properly be described as quite unlike any "*any other*"; such is a mark of its otherness, or as I believe we are now encouraged to say "*queer*" nature.

Speaking of "*queer natures*" I was moved the other day, whilst watching the excellent Dickie Battenburgh's "*The Blue Lagoon*" (or was it "*The Blue Lamp*" - anyway the one in which George

\* *Remembering when Britain was Great* is the perfect companion to personal-hygiene related activity. I have placed a copy in every rest room in all of my houses as an incentive to get my guests "*moving*". It can also help save on expensive luxury aloe-vera infused quilted tissue, the consumption of which is increased when guests are sluggish.

Dixon doesn't die and come back as an old Police Sargeant on wheels ("*Evenin' both of you!*" Marvellous! Dear old George] - I digress - anyway I was moved to remark to my companion Enrique that Galapagos Giant Tortoises seem to make a complete hash of the whole "*doing the needful*" business and frequently fall over in the attempt to "*mount everest*" as it were. Enrique was of the view that this was nature's way of ensuring they live a long and happy life which, if true, is a lesson to us all. Alas too late for the late Mr Threadbone - an impulsive man given to animal passions in his youth and beastly ideas in his maturity. So much for beta-blockers and double-gusset sweat pants. But, I digress

*Iconic Dorset* is a marvellous read and a *must-have-in-hand* guide to those touring our iconic spots. A final tip: if you are planning to peer into the windows of any of the properties featured here please ensure you have a wet one somewhere about your personage and remember to wipe away any marks left on the window. Georgian panes, Victorian sashes and even 20th century oriels don't clean themselves and when did you last see a man on a bike with a ladder who wasn't running *away* from your home?

So, until next time, "*Mind how your go*" and "*Evenin' both of you!*" Marvellous!

Mrs Amanda J Threadbone  
Great Heaving





# I | SIGNIFICANT PROPERTIES

*"Only by seeing how the other half lives, can the other other half aspire to something better."*

MRS AMANDA J THREADBONE

# 1 | THREADBONE TOWERS

*[The elegant home of Mrs Amanda J Threadbone]*

Located in 55 acres of the finest Dorset countryside and separated from it only by three imposing guard towers and a 20-foot high brick and razor wire perimeter wall, Threadbone Towers is the stately home of Dorset entrepreneur and DHRA President FOR LIFE, Mrs Amanda J Threadbone. It is built of Portland stone and dates from 1744. Originally the property of the 3rd Duke of Portesham is fell into systematic decline in the later 19th century as the family fortune failed (unwise investment in online gambling before the invention of the internet was the final nail). During the Great War it served as a field hospital before falling into the hands of the local district council in recompense for unpaid window taxes dating back to 1696.

Purchased by Mrs Threadbone following the death of her husband in a mini-tractor related incident, its spacious and beautifully appointed rooms are shared with amanuensis, helpmeet and sometime flamenco enthusiast ex Spanish boy scout Enriqu  de los Chicos Perdidos.

The best views may be obtained either from the main road (binoculars are advised) or by the hire of an inflatable dirigible from one of several local suppliers.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Exterior only from a distance.*

CHARGES: *Loitering with or without intent, trespass, poaching and illegal entry (weekends)*



## 2 | CASTLE RISING

*[The ancestral home of the Crimewaves]*

In a world too much in thrall to meritocracy, it is comforting to know that dynasticism, patronage and entitlement still reign supreme at the Royal Dorset Constabulary where the Crimewaves have been Chief Constables since mediaeval times. Sir Rising, the latest incumbent, is the 26th Crimewave to head up the brave force and to share trusteeship of the Crimewaves' ancestral home Castle Rising with wife Sèriuse and red setters Mavis and Barney.

Built in the Scottish Baronial style [*"a more inappropriate building it is hard to imagine"*, Sir Nikolaus Preserver] it boasts two turrets, ornamental castellations, a spiral staircase, 12 bedrooms, a dungeon, larder, meatsafe and cold running water throughout but no wc and no bath capable of holding more than 2" of water. Its narrow windows afford ample privacy but allow little access to daylight or any prospect on the world outside - a metaphor some feel for Sir Rising himself who when asked his opinions of the monarch in 2003 replied that he thought "*Old Georgie*" was "*doing a great job keeping up morale in the face of that swine Hitler's relentless bombing of London*".

The facade is of faced concrete, not unlike that of Lady Crimewave.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Exterior only; interior by invitation and/or arrest*

CHARGES: *Guests of the Crimewaves are charged only for facilities and the food they consume*



### 3 | THE OLD DISTILLERY, CRIPPLESTYLE

[*The home of Mrs Edna Whisky-McNightly*]

Built to a similar but more generous plan to that of Castle Rising, the beautiful home of collector, philanthropist and security entrepreneur Mrs Edna Whisky McNightly has been described as a building not unlike its owner: "*granitic on the outside but soft as marble within*" [Sir Nicolos Perve].

Built in the 1780s after the demolition of what remained of Cripplestyle Priory, it is in the once fashionable "*Arthurian Style*": complete with moat, lake and round (occasional) table. Boasting an ample 20 bedrooms it is an ideal home for a woman used to entertaining on the grand scale and therefore "*a tad large*" for the famously asocial Mrs Whisky-McNightly.

Privileged visitors are often surprised to see the house's many *ad hoc* water-features - largely the result of ancient and unmaintained plumbing. Famous visitors have included Princess Charlotte of Heckelphone (1802) and Princess Margaret (1958-1965, 1968-1997, 2000-2012). There is an extensive and once well-stocked wine cellar. [Thanks a bunch Maggie].

The house contains artworks from all eras including an extensive collection of Thrupiece life drawings.

ACCESSIBILITY: *The house is protected by state-of-the-art Whisky McNightly Security Systems*

CHARGES: *Plumbers are so expensive!*



## 4 | SANDYBANKS, CANFORD CLIFFS

*[The holiday home of Audrey Badminton Court & Celia Notso-Pointy]*

This stunningly converted eighteenth century vinegar factory now provides a spacious and surprisingly comfortable home for Ms Badminton Court and long-term live-in companion Ms Celia Notso-Pointy. Encased entirely by externally-facing brick walls, it is a haven of privacy for a couple once too much in the spotlight and now enjoying well-deserved retirement.

The couple purchased the property from J D Wetherornot the well-known Dorset vinegar, beer and *cockles reform* manufacturers in 1989 and soon began to make extensive alterations which were not completed until 2011. Happily the designers have retained many of the original features including all the distillery equipment, cockle baskets and squidging mills. Each is tastefully integrated into the renovations - often surprising guests who may awaken in the night to hear bumping and grinding of all sorts - and not a ghost in sight!

Made of Dorset brick with plaster rendering, this magnificent seaside property is visible (on a good day) from distances of up to 0.25 miles.

ACCESSIBILITY: *You must be joking*

CHARGES: *Not since the Sexual Offences Act 1967*





## 5 | BALNOMORALS, BRADFORD ABBAS

*[The once well-preserved home of popstar Ziggy Osmington]*

Purchased in 1987 by popstar Ziggy Osmington, Balnomorals has become synonymous with partying, licentious behaviour and the occasional arrest.

Once the private residence of Jacob Jacobson-Cream "*The Dorset Cracker King*" it was one of *the* places to be seen in the 1920s and 30s when it came to epitomise all that was great about the "*Dorset Jazz Age*". F Scott-Tracy once stayed overnight. Prior to Mr Osmington's occupancy, the house was said to be "*one of the finest examples of Dorset Neo-Classical Baroque, where the insouciance of the perpendicular is marvellously integrated with the more relaxed functionality of the horizontal*". [It was possibly this, or a misunderstanding of it, that first sparked Mr Osmington's interest in the property.]

Now to all intents and purposes changed beyond recognition [*"Destroyed"* Sir Nikolaus the Preserver], its once magnificent state rooms are no more. Perhaps recognising this, in his recent biography the one time Boner is quoted as saying: "*The only ballroom around here is in my pants*". *O tempora, o moron.*

ACCESSIBILITY: *Attractive women under the age of 30 welcome anytime*

CHARGES: *Illegal possession, sex with a minor, drunk and disorderly, behaviour likely to ...*



## 6 | BUSH HOUSE, WITCHURCH CANONICORUM *[The Home of Lord and Lady Garden]*

Home to Lord & Lady Garden [the former Thrupiece Radio and Television presented Hester Nicely-Pointy], Bush House is a classically proportioned villa in the Regency style favoured by architects from about 1795 until about 1837. Set out to a plan by Robert Adams-App'l, but completed by Barrett Holmes in 1803, it features a series of symmetrical rooms set about an axis exactly 90° to the main Whitcombe Road. The house is unusual in boasting two porticos - one for each of its occupants. An annex by Eve Rest [1828] once housed the Dowager Durchess of Shillingstone whom the previous occupants omitted to take with them when they moved in 1938.

Those lucky enough to be admitted to the property will admire its stately interior - the saloon is particularly fine and the drawing room enchanting, but their attention will almost certainly soon be drawn to the fabulous gardens which lie beyond the haha on the farthest side of the main lawn. Here Lady Garden - an innovative horticulturalist with an eye for botanical grooming and a keen interest in personal topiary - has fashioned all manner of shapes and sculptural features much to the delight of Lord Garden whose passion for a well-trimmed thicket is common knowledge to all who frequent the Gentleman's Clubs of London and somewhat betrayed by the name given to his home.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Turn off the Whitcombe Road at Holt's Cross and walk (approx 3 miles)*

CHARGES: *15 volts (battery operated bush trimmer); wet razor £15 per blade*



## 7 | CORNARVIN CASTLE

*[The private home of Ms Shelley-Lulette Sizemore]*

Purchased with the monies paid in advancements for her sensational semi-fictionalised account of her night with Professor Thrupiece in Geneva [*"Scene of the Crime"*, Threadbone Press [2017]], Cornarvin Castle is now the rural retreat of celebrity author Ms Shelley-Lulette Sizemore; its design and seclusion perfectly suited to a woman who sometimes just *"wants to get away from it all"*.

Comfortably defensive in aspect, its turrets and castellations offer no obvious welcome to would-be callers, whilst the four rotweilers which patrol the grounds unimpeded add an extra layer of security for a woman who has been too often the subject of unwanted penetration.

The 27 bedroom mock-Crusader castle is built of local Sturminster micro-brick (2.6 million were used in the construction) and stands three storeys tall [not including the watch tower and solarium]. It is home not only to the authoress and her pets but also to a stunning collection of glass mushrooms collected by Ms Sizemore on her travels over the years. Alas the collection is private and, unlike so many of the things closely associated with Ms Sizemore, not available for viewing by the general public.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Not so much these days*

CHARGES: *Juvenile: mainly arising from "being young and needing the money at the time"*.







# II | MODEST DOMICILES

*"We all start somewhere, even if we choose to forget precisely where."*

MRS AMANDA J THREADBONE

## 1 | 24, THE LANES, BATCOME

[*The birthplace of Professor Brian Thrupiece*]

Possibly the most iconic property in the whole of Dorset, this modest and unassuming cottage was the place in which famous Professor, author, artist, diplomat, photographer, inventor and horizontal-jogging champion Professor Brian Thrupiece was born and raised.

Once thatched [the thatch was "*commandeered*" by the 7 year-old Professor and fed to local cattle during one of his methane gas experiments] it now sports a Roman style terracotta tiled roof above a rectangular plastered wattle-and daub structure perforated by four bold first storey windows and a small porch entrance.

Visitors to the property are frequently struck by how much smaller it is in reality than in their imagination, causing many to ponder how so much could have emerged from so little. The house is now preserved in its contemporary Thrupiecean state [the kitchen contains many objects the original purposes of which were subverted by the Professor in his endless quest for innovation]. Bio-security mats are provided on exit. A frighteningly life-sized figure of Professor Thrupiece welcomes visitors.

ACCESSIBILITY: *No more than three visitors at a time [expect queueing at all times]*

CHARGES: *£15 per head, concessions £12, family passes (no more than 3) £40*



## 2 | 12, THE DIET, CHETNOLE

[*The family home of Ray and Brenda Oats*]

The Oats took possession of No 12, The Diet shortly after Brenda's 13th growth spurt in 2004 when space in their old home became tight and manoueuvering through doors became an issue for the once *"somewhat overweight bordering on grossly obese"* Brenda. *"Not upsizing wasn't an option"* Ray somewhat ungrammatically opined in 2005, *"so I bit the bullet (she bit the fruit cake) and we moved"*.

A detached Victorian townhouse in a row of similar properties, the house dates from c1860 and is constructed from Compstone stone and Studland slate. Its name *"The Diet"* arises not from Ms Oats association with the *fitnesshethreadboneway* exercise regime, but rather from an ancient form of deliberative imperial assembly of that name. This connection is itself explained by the fact that it was first occupied by Protestant emigre and onetime house burglar Martin Looter whose great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather had once served as a member of the Diet of Worms in 1521. *"Its ironic really"*, Mr Oats adds, *"worms are about the only thing she doesn't eat"*.

Happily settled in this comfortable and unassuming property, the Oats have no plans to downsize to match Brenda's changed stature. *"We're happy here and you just never know do you. I mean, a return to the past is only a tin of biscuits away"*.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Easier now than it was*

CHARGES: *£25 per session for slimming advice. Full decorating services [Ray] prices on application.*



### 3 | HARDEND HOUSE, SYDLING ST NICHOLAS

*[The early matrimonial home of Mr and Mrs Amanda J Threadbone]*

Possibly the second most iconic property in the whole of Dorset, this modest and unassuming 6 bedroomed home was the place into which Mr and Mrs Threadbone first moved their marriage bed.

Situated at the fashionable end of Sydling St Nicholas [the premises of the *Sun* newspaper and the home of editor Ron Nasty are situated at "*the other end*"], it is typical of its kind though perhaps better maintained than some. Constructed from warm Herston brick with a biscuit stucco facade, the bay windows lend an air of relaxed substantiality making this an ideal home for the first time buyer. The Threadbones continued to occupy the house until 1998, moving only when Mr Threadbone's growing ambitions threatened to invade Mrs Threadbone's private spaces and a home was required for his mini-tractor collection. The arrival of nut-tightener and ex Spanish boy scout Enriqu  de los Chicos Perdidos expedited the matter and the three moved into The Crowne Magna Hotel and Spa, Owermoigne pending an operational understanding.

A memorial plaque commemorates the couple's residency.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Weekdays 9-5, Weekends 10-3. Closed Bank holidays.*

CHARGES: *£45 per head, concessions £44.99, no children, animals or Wellington boots.*



## 4 | THE OLD RECTORY, GUY'S MARSH

[ *The home of "Prince" Humphrey Whisky-McNightly* ]

Once the bachelor home of Dorset's most famous playboy and former Stringbonefellows co-owner "Prince" Humphrey Whisky-McNightly, this beautiful late Georgian townhouse is now the residence of both the Prince and longterm girlfriend turned concubine Ms Renault Megan.

As befits the home of a former "*actress*" the interior is theatrical, its sultry atmosphere enhanced by the clever use of mood lighting - a startling contrast to the formal exterior whose large windows remain curtained for much of the day and night. "*Darkness is important to us as a couple*", Ms Megan has said, "*it creates an atmosphere of sustained intimacy and hides Humphrey's unsightly liver spots*".

Believed to be the work of renowned architects Robert Adam-Adament and John Ivgot-Wood the Elder, the Old Rectory was once an old rectory attached to Our Lady of the Broken Promises, serving in 1804-7 as the home of Jane Austen-Severn, whose novel *Culp and Culpability* was written here. It boasts a delightful rear garden capable of sustaining a variety of outdoor sports.

ACCESSIBILITY: *When I'm in the mood and he can manage it.*

CHARGES: *Not now they are married*





## 5 | "DUN CURIN", LYTCHETT MATRAVERS [*The Home and Surgery of A. Doctor Wrights*]

This imposing edifice situated halfway down the Chettle Road in Lychett Matravers is made of Bradford Peverell sandstone, topped by imported Devonian slate. It is perhaps this controversial choice of cladding which has led architectural historians to downplay both its importance and its historic significance. Built in 1894 as the local leper hospital it was converted in 1950 into a family home and surgery and has been the residence, since 2001, of A Doctor Wrights, the famous internet medical advisor.

Visitors may be fooled by the insubstantial wrought iron fence into supposing that the house and surgery are easily accessible, but the premises are heavily guarded by the Surgery receptionist whose mission it is to keep all comers at bay.

A small fire in the pharmaceuticals cupboard damaged the East Wing in 2009 but the surgery's new-found willingness to dispense narcotics "*off the shelf and with few questions asked*" has since lessened considerably the risk of re-occurrence. Dr Wrights is often away attending to the needy of Beverley Hills. His *locum* Dr Chaudury is over-worked, under-paid, but (fortunately) under-sexed.

ACCESSIBILITY: *By appointment only*

CHARGES: *NHS rates generally but private consultations with a qualified doctor attract a premium*



## 6 | LEGACY LODGE [*formerly* THE ALMS HOUSES] [*The home of University Lecturer Trebor Murray-Minto*]

Purchased with monies given to \*CC's "*Feeding Frenzy; Just Keep Giving*" Campaign by an anonymous donor, Legacy Lodge is one of a series of homes rented out by the College to University of Afpuddle academics in a tax avoidance scheme known as "*fraud*".

Legacy Lodge is currently the home of Dr Trebor Murray-Minto, University Lecturer and architect of the "*All Shall Have Prizes*" Universal one-size-fits-all First Class degree scheme, devised to "*reward the indigent and wealthy*" whilst "*ensuring continuity of revenue streams campus wide*". He shares it with longtime partner Dr Barclay Cash-Point. Legacy Lodge [left] is mirrored by Donation House [right]; both share the same underground safe and "*night deposit*" facility via an underground cash chute.

Built in the 1990s in a retro style beloved of the Dutchy of Cornwallis-Simpson, these investment vehicles are typical of the properties springing up in many Dorset villages in what architectural historian Sir Nikolas Pevensey describes as "*finance masquerading as construction and stuworck masquerading as architecture*". Like the institutions which fund them, they won't last.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Needs-, gender-, age- and ability- blind. Ability to donate later essential*

CHARGES: *Tuition Fees and maintenance*



## 7 | 24a & 24b TICKLE STREET, TINCLETON [*The homes of Barrington and Paulston Cheekie*]

Given the evergreen popularity and effervescent energy of veteran comedy duo Barrington and Paulston Cheekie *aka* The Cheekie Brothers, the public are often surprised by the unassuming nature of their adjoining homes in the centre of the quiet village of Tinkleton. Born not 200 yards from their present domiciles in rooms above the *Happy Haddock Fish and Chip Emporium*, they, together with estranged brother Jameston, have always remained loyal to their local roots and after a peripatetic life "*on the road*", took the opportunity of vacant possession to purchase outright Nos 24a and 24b Tickle Street.

Being the older brother, Barrington had first pick and chose the house with the dormer roof from whence can be glimpsed excellent views of the *Slop and Bucket* Public House Car Park together with its associated nocturnal activities [*"To me; to you; to me to you; to me to you, oo that's a relief"*]. [Barrington, once a keen ornithologist has found a new use for his x20 Zeiss Conquests].

The paired cottages date from 1720 but have been extensively remodelled to incorporate a studio, darkroom and internet-connected anonymous-proxy-server-protected home cinema complex.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Fair Warning*

CHARGES: *Variable depending on currently scheduled activity*



## 8 | 13e THE CONDOS, GREAT HEAVING

[*The bijou "gentrified" condominium of Maestra Irina Legova*]

Every busy Maestra needs a home from home, and Russian beauty Ms Irina Legova is no exception. 13e The Condos may be no dacha, but it is just what the busy conductor requires when winding down from her podium antics and looking for bit of TLC\*.

Purchased in 2017, the property was adapted for her use by architect Lord Roger Erm. It makes intelligent use of the limited space, providing areas of outstanding ergonomic innovation [OEI] including a high security cabinet in which Ms Legova keeps her prized collection of Kalashnikovs, Makarovs and KBP 9A-91s].

"*Relaxing is important thing for me*", Ms Legova said in a recent interview with the magazine *Guns and Gunkeeping*, "*especially when I am on job all of the time*". "*Many men come here with loaded gun and need to discharge. I am facilitator - I learn Russian way how to help give relief*". Visitors are greeted by a signed photograph of President Putin: "*Such sweetie ... he give me big break in return for full score*".

\* not to be confused with TCL: the Toller Pecorum Council Lottery

ACCESSIBILITY: Scaleable wooden fence but high tech electronic security within

CHARGES: *Illegally importing firearms [charges dropped after Embassy intervention]*





## 9 | WRITERS BLOCK HOUSE, MELBURY ABBAS [*The home of Rowena Westlake*]

Widely regarded as the Queen of Romance, the name of authoress Rowena Westlake is a byword for passion and the best-selling creator of "*He Came Upon The Midnight Clear*" has, not surprisingly, created a romantic haven of her own in Melbury Abbass.

Writers Block House [*"an ironic name since stuff just flows out of me in torrents"* the 84 year old incontinent has recently admitted] is a modest yet well proportioned property situated just 20 yards north east of the village green. Built in 1792 for a local solicitor later jailed for "*aiding and abetting*" Aiden Abbetin, a local crook, it conjours a serene sense of damaged probity - the perfect environment in which to birth a bodice-ripper or churn out a bit of chic-lit.

Ms Westlake moved into the property with cats Ginger and Rogers in 1977 following record sales of DHRA Book of the Month "*He Gave Me His All*". A small extension was added in 2001, providing a studio in which Ms Westlake attempts to paint. "*I'm not very good*", she confesses, "*I've been practising life drawing since 1987, but the models are so nubile there's not really much incentive to keep them still. And it's surprising what a naked man will do when faced with a sharp palette knife and the offer of an extra fiver*". Ms Westlake's latest novel "*Mobile Dick*" will be in shops in September.

ACCESSIBILITY: *20 million readers can't be wrong*

CHARGES: *Expect to pay to watch*



## 10 | HARDBALL HOUSE, CORFE MULLEN

[*The home of Royston Binstock*]

As befits his status as Deputy Chair of the Threadbone Corporation, Royston Binstock's Corfe Mullen home is a substantial pile right in the centre of its throbbing commercial heart. As also befits the precarious position of a Deputy Chair of the Threadbone Corporation, Mr Binstock rents.

Hardball House is owned by the Threadbone Corporation's properties wing and is administered by a group of trustees, the most important of whom is Mrs Amanda J Threadbone, a relative of Mr Binstock but, as everyone knows, no softie when it comes to driving a hard bargain. Mr Binstock pays a lot of rent.

Part of an extensive Edwardian terrace, Hardball House boasts all of the facilities a modern thrusting executive might require including hi-speed internet and a computer room the size of Cape Canaveral. "*Even when I'm at home I'm at work*", Mr Binstock told *Dorset Businessman Monthly*, "*so I've converted the bedrooms into business centres and saved a fortune on Ergoflex 5G Memory Foam*". Recently fitted with the latest Pilkinbone Triple glazed self-cleaning light-adjusting solar-power-generating wi-fi enabled windows, Hardball House is so ergonomically efficient that Dorset Electricity pays Mr Binstock to remain there. He still pays a lot of rent.

ACCESSIBILITY: *The world via the internet and other electronic devices*

CHARGES: *Monthly rebate from Dorset Electricity*



## 11 | "THE LOVE-NEST", HIGH STREET, LODERS [*The home of Edwina (but no longer Melvyn) Scoops*]

Once the marital home of Melvyn and Edwina Scoops and their five children (Vanilla, Cherry, Pistaccio, Toffee and Dylan (adopted)), 15 Bothenhampton Road *aka The Love Nest* became the subject of protracted legal arguments following the uncovering of an affair between Melvyn Scoops and longterm mistress Noodles Goodbody. Arriving late one afternoon from a neighbourhood beetledrive, Mrs Scoops caught the Colonel *in flagrante gaudere* and Ms Goodbody in nothing but a micro-wave jiffy bag and strap-on shoe-tree. The house has been extensively redecorated since.

Known throughout the 19th century as Rackem House, this elegant Georgian villa was home to Dorset Crown Court Judge Mr Justice Rough-Justice who used a vice and a set of large calipers kept in the back garden to practice sentencing. The house is particularly well regarded by those keen on cornicing, fine examples of which can be seen on the north and west elevations. It features a famous side entrance known as "*The Back Passage*" up which Mr Scoops often sought solace when in residence. It has since reverted to normal use. Only a small window in the roof betrays the presence of an observation room from which Mr Scoops' more suspicious movements were monitored [2015-18]. As such it proved a wise investment.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Over my dead body*

CHARGES: *His pension, disposable assets, maintenance and everything else I can get*



## 12 | THE COCKPIT, APRON WAY, FISHPOND BOTTOM *[The Home of Squadron Leader Kyte]*

Located close to the perimeter of Fishpond Bottom aerodrome [formerly RDAF Fishpond Bottom], the home of former pilot Squadron Leader "Roger" Kyte is also home to a collection of flight-related memorabilia unrivalled anywhere in the county [except, of course, for the RDAF Museum Sutton Poyntz]. These include the propeller from *Betty Skelton's Little Stinker* together with a pair of bloomers caught on the rudder of a Lockheed Electra during a 1936 publicity wing walk. The RAF Flight Simulator, once kept at the Royal Navy deep-water command facility at Catterick and famously flown by the Squadron Leader can be found in the garage and activated with a half-crown coin.

The house itself stands on the corner of Castle Bank and the High Street and is constructed from stone with painted cornices [not unlike those to be found on The Love Nest, Lodders and testament to the popularity of these once-admired features]. Observant visitors will notice a small hole [12 feet in diameter] in the roof to the rear of the property. The result of one of Roger's low passes in 1958, it has been preserved, first through neglect and more recently in tribute to the pilot's somewhat haphazard approach to the nearby runways.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Rain snow and sleet in the winter months*

CHARGES: *£5 for a signature, £10 for a Commemorative Novelty Mug*





## 13 | BROADCASTING HOUSE, BROADWINDSOR

[*The Home of Radio Announcer Betty Bismuth*]

Broadcasting House stands atop a broad hill at the end of a broad path which leads from a broad road in Broadwindsor and is considered to be a "*small but perfect jewel; an example of English domestic vernacular at its elegant yet purposeful best*" [Sir Nicolas Pevensybay].

Constructed from a mixture of brick, dressed stone, stucco and terracotta tiling, with eaves in tudor style wood and plaster, it seems to stand and survey all around it with an air of confident authority that comes only from a building that knows its worth. It is fitting then that this should have been the home of much-loved radio announcer and children's broadcaster Betty Bismuth, whose voice was a radio ever-present during and just after the Second World War. She too was a towering presence, communicating with the public with a neighbour-next-door friendliness that terrified us all.

It was to Broadcasting House that Ms Bismuth and husband Raymond Baxter-Soupe retired in 1960, to play golf on the nearby links and to help look after their 8 grandchildren [Andy, Pandy, Looby, Lou, Noddy, Torchy, Twizzle and Brian). Betty died in 1996, but Broadcasting House remains the family home to third youngest grandchild Torchy, husband Jeff and their children, Scott, Virgil, John, Gordon, Alan, Tin-Tin and Brains. Attempts to rename the house in 2008 were refused by the local council.

ACCESSIBILITY: *atop a broad hill at the end of a broad path which leads from a broad road*

CHARGES: *crimes against broadcasting; child cruelty involving use of a silly name*





# III

## COMMERCIAL PREMISES

*"If one has to mix with trade, mix locally - at least you know where they've been."*

MRS AMANDA J THREADBONE

# 1 | THE THAI CURRY CENTRE, HIGHER WRAXALL

[*Take-away once frequented by spiritual leader Billy Grantham*]

The passing of spiritual leader Billy Grantham has seen the popularity of this once ordinary Thai Curry Restaurant rise dramatically as former cult members gather to remember Billy and try to get their money back. The "*touchy-feely*" room to the rear of the premises is maintained much as Billy would have known it.

Originally a small Lyons Cafe, the Thai Curry Centre was established in 1991 as a result of the rising popularity of Kung Fu. Though the two had little to do with each other, a burgeoning interest in the Orient was too good an opportunity to pass over and former tripe salesman Fred Thickseam invested £150 in converting the premises which by 2002 had an annual turnover of more than £75. Only when Billy Grantham brought a party of spirit seekers to the restaurant in 2011 did business pick up.

*Cult-inspired Naked Curryoke Night* (every second Friday of the month) proved a hit and set a trend. It was quickly followed by *Naked Gaeng Daeng Night* and *Naked Pad Krapow Moo Saap Night*. Grantham's flock, flocked and profits soared. Having achieved negative scores in several recent Food Hygiene Inspections, the kitchens are due a refurb. Take-aways are generally considered safer.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Higher powers contactable through pre-arranged interventions*

CHARGES: *Standard £15 per head; Naked Nights £35 per head*



## 2 | MODISTE FASHIONS, IWERNE MINSTER

*[Supplier of costumes to The Threadbone Players]*

Only those wholly unaware of the overwhelming popularity of both the soirée and the theatre in the county of Dorset would be surprised to find a specialist costumier on the High Street of Iwene Minster. Indeed, such is the demand for "*fashions for all occasions*" that Modiste Fashions is the must go-to place for anyone over 60 with a lifelong track record of coping with "*an odd shape*". "*Prête-à-porter and ladies of a certain age just do not go*", says proprietress Evadne Bracegirdle, "*internet shopping and ourselves do not walk a common path*".

Founded as *The Dorset County Casuals Clothing, Haberdashery and Macrame Company*, Modiste Fashions came into being in the 1950s when, having finally depleted its stock of whalebone corsets, it restocked with the latest Parisian attire, since when it has hardly looked forward. "*What worked in the 50s remains a model for us*", Ms Bracegirdle affirms, "*fashions may change but our customers don't*". Recently profitability has been boosted by an on-going contract with *The Threadbone Players* to provide costumes for their period dramas. Playing to the supplier's strengths the company regularly chooses Agatha Rice-Crispie plays set in the 50s, though the recent production of *The Lady Varnishes* was more challenging. "*There was a scene set in a furniture factory and we don't do overalls in a size 20*".

ACCESSIBILITY: *Afternoons by appointment*

CHARGES: *Surprisingly expensive and non negotiable*





### 3 | MEATY-MEATS, STANTON ST GABRIEL *[Home of the Dorset Whopper Whanger]*

Once a struggling Purveyor of High Quality Meats and Poultry to the people of Stanton St Gabriel, *Meaty Meats* [proprietor Ted Butcher] has recently achieved fame thanks largely to Ted's invention of the *Dorset Whopper Whanger* - an oversized recovered-meat and rusk sausage, he declares to be a "super food". "We think it's super as do our customers, so to us it's a super food", says Ted, who has seen demand for the product triple as more and more people look to find affordable offal disguised as a health food.

Unassuming as the premises may be, the steadily rising foot-fall of would-be munchers has led to queues at the door and fist fights in the streets. "It's amazing how passionate people can get about a huge whanger", shop assistant Åse Swøllen-Glände says. "I think the women are the worst, Ted's no sooner whopped out his big ones than they are fighting to get their hands on them. It's absolute chaos sometimes".

Tourists looking to take in this local curiosity should not be distracted by the nearby mediaeval church of St Mary the Afterbirth, which boasts a unique set of pre-Reformation wall paintings, the remains of King Alfred the Almost Ready, the block on which Mary Queen of Sorts was beheaded and a spire described by Sir Niklaus Pervert as "the finest in all Dorset"

ACCESSIBILITY: *Usual shop hours*

CHARGES: *£5 per lb*



## 4 | THE WITCHES ARSE, PURSE CAUNDLE [*"Birthplace of Harry Rowling"*]

Operating under a variety of names since medieval times, parts of the original fabric of *The Witches Arse* can still be seen in the Snug despite the extensive Georgianisation of both the interior and exterior in the mid eighteenth century. Once famous as the haunt of highwaymen and thieves, it maintains a tradition of informal commerce through its after-hours lock-ins during which a wide range of locally-sourced products can be obtained at reasonable prices. These days, *however*, *The Witches Arse* is probably better known as the place where out-of-work single-mother of three J K Potter conceived and wrote the Harry Rowling novels - works popular to this day with those blessed with a reading age of 8.

In 2012 the pub received a two star Phil Mitchellin Award for its bar snacks, whilst in 2013 it was voted the Dorset pub with the best kept pork scrotchings, fending off stiff competition from *The Rancid Hog* in Edmondsham. It no longer countenances *Nobby's Nuts*. A delightful beer garden operates in the summer months during which time children are welcome provided they are tethered.

NB During the lock-in a wide range of locally-sourced stolen electrical and white good goods are available. However larger items must be pre-ordered. The lock-in operates under the protection of members of the Royal Dorset Constabulary who are able to arbitrate in cases of dispute. Ask at the bar for details.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Anytime with additional after hours lock-in*

CHARGES: *£2 a pint, £3.50 spirits. Lock-in goods "reasonably priced"*



FINE ALES  
&  
STOUTS

ROOMS  
FOR THE  
NIGHT

THE  
WITCHES  
ARSE

FREE  
HOUSE

## 5 | NOTSO-POINTY FLOWERS, FIFEHEAD NEVILLE

*[Supplier of nursery-raised products to the rich and famous]*

An inter-generational family business *Notso-Pointy Flowers* was properly established in 1906 when the fragrant Celia Notso-Pointy's great aunt closed her market stall in Fifehead St Quentin's Thursday Market and purchased the freehold of No 20 Tulip Street, Fifehead Neville. The Nostso-Pointys have been supplying blooms to the discerning as well as the wealthy from the same address ever since.

Though local tradition has it that Celia was herself born on the premises, the authoress and companion of Ms Badminton-Ward has stated categorically that she was in fact delivered at 3am on 21st May 1939 in a greenhouse in Chaldon Herring where her mother was engaged in forcing rhubarb for the upcoming *Fifehead Magdalen Staple Fruits Festival*. The young Ms Nosto-Pointy did, however, serve her time in the shop as readers of her autobiography *Why Not Take All of Me* [Threadbone Press 2017] will know. By the age of six she was a dab hand at Christmas wreaths graduating to wedding bouquets and Valentine's Day spreads by the age of 10. It was during an encounter over an under-watered mixed-bunch that Ms Notso-Pointy and Ms Badminton-Court first became acquainted in the mid 1960s.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Tuesday to Friday 8am-4pm, Saturdays 9am-5pm. Closed Sundays and Mondays*

CHARGES: *Seasonally variable. Offcuts £5 a bucket.*



## 6 | THE RISTORANTE ITALIANO, LODERS

[*Home of the Dorset Pizza-Pastie*]

Co-owned by Dorset entrepreneurs Mrs Amanda J Threadbone and her debuty Mr Royston Binstock, the *Ristorante Italiano* is the fiefdom of celebrity chef Gino di Camp-Davide who rules his kitchen with *una verga di ferro*. It is, without question, *the* place to eat in Loders. Patrons have also been known to travel from as far afield as Maiden Newton, only to find the restaurant closed on Tuesdays. [If it's open, try the *Frito Misto di palude* - it tastes like nothing on God's earth.]

With seating for no more than 20, the atmosphere is intimate and the service exceptional. From a long list of wines we recommend the house red - it's close to undrinkable but, unlike the named wines on the list, won't break the bank. The seafood is normally excellent though several customers have reported problems with the calamari (squits). Happily there is a pharmacy next door.

The premises themselves are in the High Street functional style, being Georgian in origin, but firmly contemporary in both decoration and feel. The interior is dimly lit and the sound insulation poor, allowing strange ritualistic noises to permeate from the University of Afpuddle student flats above.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Evenings 7-11pm. Closed Sundays and Tuesdays*

CHARGES: *Outrageous especially the wines.*





## 7 | THE TELEPHONE BOX, FIDDLEFORD

*[Site of first publicity shots of Ms Shelley-Lulette Sizemore]*

The sight of a red telephone box often evokes a sense of nostalgia in the patriotic Englishman's breast and that on the corner of Strumpet Street and Putana Lane in Fiddleford is no exception. Though many surviving examples have now been converted into community libraries, terraria and dog urinals, Fiddleford's sole survivor remains very much what it was: a place to post notices and advertise services that might not find a welcome home in the "*seeking*" or "*wanted*" columns of the more reputable local newspapers. [*The Sydling St Nicholas Sun* can, as always, be counted an exception].

Just a stone's throw from "*Swaps*" [where all manner of unwanted tat can be acquired for ludicrous prices] the once derelict Giles Gilbert Scott masterpiece has been fully restored and populated with authentic calling cards from c1993. In an added note of authenticity the telephone is permanently out of order. Visitors are amazed to discover that it was from this otherwise unremarkable and unprepossessing spot that Ms Sizemore's international career was launched following a chance encounter with Professor Thrupiece. As the authoress recalls, persuading the Professor to join her in "*an adventure*" wasn't easy: "*It was a tight squeeze, but I got him in there in the end*".

ACCESSIBILITY: *No more than two at a time, no sloitering*

CHARGES: *By the minute. Strictly cash only. Select a slot.*



## 8 | THE NAG'S BOLLOCKS, CHILFROME

*[Public House once owned by the parents of Sid Sodd]*

Trading until recently as the *Dog's Head*, the *Nag's Bollocks* stands on the site of many previous pubs and ale houses including the *Muff and Mirkin*, the *Spreadeagled Milkmaid* and, most famously, the *Twobeards Inn* (1234-1350) from whence the pilgrims made their way to Canford Magna in the famous *Canford Magna Tales* by Geoffrey Saucer. ["*Whan that Aprile with his windies blowen, the kecks of maids hath to the publicke shoven*"].

More recently the premises were licensed to Rawton Sodd, father of comedian Sid Sodd who was, according to oral tradition, conceived amongst the kegs in the cellars during a grudge Chilfrome v Knowleton Regional Semi-Final Darts Match. Chilfrome gang leaders Reggie and Ronnie Crayfish were infamous habitués of the tap room in the 1950s during which time it was a no-go area to the Royal Dorset Constabulary who gave it a wide berth [2.5 miles]. Following the closure of the original *Nag's Bollocks* [Chilfrome Empire] in 1992 both the title and its 3 regular customers transferred to the current premises, since when it has been rejuvenated as a boutique gin and micro-tapas bar. Patrons are advised that anyone wearing shorts and/or sneakers and/or string vest will not be permitted entry to the saloon bar except on *Men Only Nights*.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Weekdays and nights according to local licensing rules.*

CHARGES: *Overpriced food and drink*



## 9 | THE DORSET PROVINCIAL BANK, HUM *[Financial Institution responsible for the Great Crash of 2008]*

Once a symbol of proberty and a place where any honest man could bank his life-savings, the Dorset Provincial Bank fell sharply from grace in 2008 when it was found to have invested heavily in sub-Prime Ministers who, by falsely manipulating both interest rates and the national debt, played havoc with the national economy and seriously undermined the price of fish. Briefly the subject of a taxpayer-funded bailout, the Bank tried to recapitalise by buying tickets in the National Lottery but its CLAs [Chief Lottery Advisors] managed to guess only 3 winning numbers, yielding a modest £10 return on the £3.4 invested. It finally closed its doors in 2009, 3 years short of its bicentenary.

The building itself was subsequently occupied by the betting outlet Dorset Casino, widely held at the time to be more responsible gamblers than the bank itself, though that enterprise was also doomed to failure as the company rationalised its arrangements and moved online. Briefly a Charity Shop and a pop-up Christmas Store, it laid empty for several years. It has recently re-opened as a Citizens Advice Bureau, Private Shop and Cut Price Vaping Supplier.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Rear entrance only [Private Shop]*

CHARGES: *The value of advice can go down as well as up*



## 10 | THE FISHMONGERS, PUNCKNOWLE

*[The "Plaice" where Brenda Oats received enlightenment]*

For more than 60 years, Ted Oats and Son has been synonymous with [a] wet fish [b] unpleasant smells and [c] unlucky children, the youngest of which [Ray] is famously married to Brenda former *Dorset Slimmer of the Year* and *fitness thread boneway* ambassador.

The site of the family business in Pucknowle might, at first, excite little interest in the average tourist's mind - the shop itself is unexceptional, though the retractable blue and white striped awning was winner of the *Puncknowle Best Retractable Blue and White Striped Awning Competition* in both 2008 and 2010. But glancing sideways towards a narrow doorway, the beady-eyed will spot a small commemorative plaque which notes that it was in this very doorway in which a visiting Brenda Cockle [aged 16] became so wedged that it took four men and a bucket of slippery fishguts to set restore her freedom. That the former Ms Cockle has revealed in her autobiography "*What's Not to Like: My Life with Food*" was the start of her romance with Ray and her battle of the bulge.

On the other side of the doorway stands Puncknowle's *Special Needs Shop* "*for all your special needs*". Intending customers should allow extra time - the shop assistants are not the sharpest.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Typical for a shop [SHOP]; under 4' wide [DOORWAY]*

CHARGES: *Bucket o' Fish £10, Catch of the Day Variable*





## 11 | THREADBONE, THREADBONE & THREADBONE [*East Lulworth Solicitors to the Rich and Famous*]

Only the names above the central window give a hint as to what goes on behind the façade of the imposing and substantial Georgian property that is 135 Litigation Street, East Lulworth. Its rich Ringstead stone walls, well-proportioned cornices, richly-decorated gothic-style dormers and gargoyles, together with its elegantly decorative Ibberton stone tracery are all pleasing in themselves. But how much more satisfactory is the impression of the building armed with the knowledge that this is a *locus iustitia* - a place of justice - where a dedicated team, under the direction of People's Champion Joshua Threadbone, bravely wields the sword of honour and brandishes the shield of truth as they defend the interests of unenlightened capitalism, institutional malpractice, quangoism and corporate malfesence 24/7. Lawyers for the *thrupieceorganisation* since its inception and legal advisors to Mrs Threadbone for more than three generations [4], the partners also represent The Hornimint Company, The Threadbone Corporation and *Shoe Fayre*, the High Street discount footwear retailers.

Accessible only from the rear, the uppermost floor contains the offices of a discrete family-run travel agency [*"GettawayQuick"*] - a convenient synergy when a judge turns out to be honest and the trial of a TT&T client doesn't go quite "*as intended*".

ACCESSIBILITY: *No legal aid or pro bono work [TT&T] Up the stairs to the rear [GettawayQuick]*  
CHARGES: *Outrageous but still cheap if they get you off [and/or away]*



## 12 | THE SHOPPING MALL, BETTISCOMBE

*[A Surprisingly Accessible Substantial Superstore Facility]*

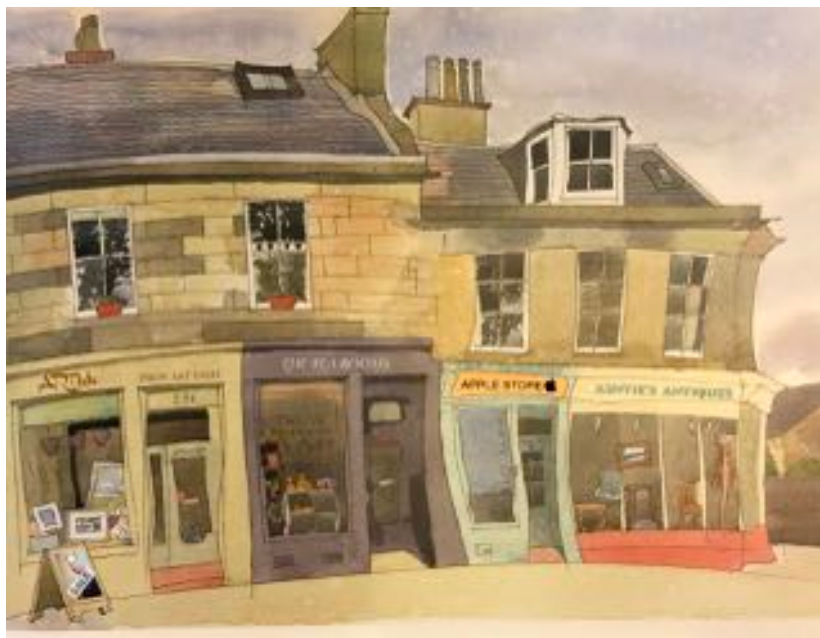
Dorset is generally regarded as a magnet for consumerists with its wide variety of emporia offering everything the heart could reasonably desire. [Readers of Ms Rowena Westlake's more over-wrought novels may beg to differ.] Few places, however, can boast the sheer concentration of retail facilities available at The Mall in Bettiscombe where major names vie with local enterprises for the customers' attention and hard earned post-Drexit Dorset Dollar.

How to choose? Exquisite art from *ARTiste* [including Thrupiece originals and some signed prints], delicious tea and cakes from The Tea Rooms [try a Dorset Nob with a tea or tisane from *The Patriotic Tea Company*], perhaps a computer peripheral from newly opened local start-up company The Apple Store, or something you absolutely didn't want and didn't intend to buy until the nice lady told you it was old and exceptional value for money at *Auntie's Antiques*. The variety is bewildering; the choice yours. [NB Most of the shops are cash only, though the Apple Store accepts Threadbonepay.]

Given the cornucopia spread out before us, it is easy to overlook the grandeur of the architecture of The Mall itself: varied yet strangely unified, the properties are mainly of stone [with some brick] and each has a wooden fascia of dazzling hue. All shops close at 4pm [1pm on Tuesdays].

ACCESSIBILITY: *Surprising*

CHARGES: *More than you would expect*





# IV | SACRED SPOTS

*"On the whole I blame God, though Tony Blair has a lot to answer for"*

MRS AMANDA J THREADBONE

# 1 | WINTERBORNE MONCKTON PRIORY

*[resting place of Mr Threadbone's ashes and proposed site of Memorial Pole]*

Few spots in the whole of Dorset are as pregnant with significance as the Abbey and grounds of Winterborne Monckton Priory. Rescued from the Dissolution in 1538 thanks to a quick thinking Mother Superior who barked out "*Climb Every Mountain*" so loudly that the nearby sheep stampeded the intending sackers, it stands as an outstanding example of a Benedictine-Cistercian-Franciscan-Dominican-Augustinian foundation. Unable to decide whether to teach, retreat, keep animals, embrace poverty or farm, the order instead devoted itself to St Wychways the Prevaricator and became the first provider of one-stop services to the local community and a model and inspiration for the corporate plans of Lord Waitaminute's great ancestor Lord Waitaninch of Candle.

However, the Priory will be better known to most as the place where Mr Threadbone's ashes were scattered post-immolation. The site was chosen since it was here on a mild summer's day in July 1967 - after attending a matinee showing of "*Grand Prix*" at the Odeon, Haxelbury and in a state of extended over-excitement - Mr Threadbone first suggested that the couple should "*do it*". Three months later they did [at The Registry Office, Burstock.] The ongoing saga of the Memorial Pole needs little elaboration. The pole is extant; its imminent erection is not.

ACCESSIBILITY: *No 12 Bus (change at Crossways) 2 mile walk*

CHARGES: *No usb ports (it's an ancient priory doh!) and electrics variable*





## 2 | OUR LADY OF THE HIDEOUS BOILS, PLUSH

*[Intended wedding venue of Jennifer Aniston Threadbone & Jason Stourpaine]*

The Holy Church of Our Saint and Martyr The Lady of the Hideous Boils and Rancid Breath (to give it its full and proper title) is a Dorset landmark like no other. Fashioned in dressed rose-pink Manston stone, it "*glows like an over-heated lava lamp in a second class brothel*" [Sir Nicolas Prankster] as though to banish all memory of the lady for whom it is named [save for its painful resemblance to the boils of course].

Now substantially ruined [the vicar had been unable to attend the 1536 Motcombe premiere of the "*Sound of Music*" and "*paid the price*" - see previous page] only the chapel [and possibly the lady verger] remain in tact. The outer walls of the larger buildings including the entrance and knave are fine if partial examples of their type, whilst the reflex cantilevered overmantels are unique.

The Chapel itself attracted significant interest in 2013 when it was announced that film stars Jennifer Aniston Threadbone and Jason Stourpaine intended to hold their nuptials within its walls. This, however, came to nothing as she was filming elsewhere and he was road-testing another model who turned out to have "*more grunt under the bonnet and a slimmer chassis*".

ACCESSIBILITY: *Pedestrian access only, no wheelchairs*

CHARGES: *Cures £3-5, Blessings £2, Miracles variable*



### 3 | ST BONY THE BENT, WYNSFORD EAGLE

*[Site of the 839AD All Dorset Paralympic Games]*

Imagine the scene. The battle-weary limbless, the amoebic offspring of generations of inter-marrying nobles, the damaged servants of cruel masters - all lined up and ready to egg-and-spoon until the sun goes down. It is 839AD: Aethelwulf is on the throne and Charles the Fat, Carolingian Emperor [King of West Francia and Aquitaine, 884-887] has just been born in East Francia [he has but 48 years to live [d. 888]] and the four-yearly Saxon Paralympics have come to Wynsford Eagle. Nothing quite like it would be seen until 20 May 1953 when the thirteen year old Professor Brian Thrupiece visited the town on his way to attend a concert given by his grandfather, washboard-ace Furguson Thrupiece [aka Fernando Mediantepieza].

Later the site of a Saxon round church [936AD] a Norman romanesque church [1133AD] and the present Plantagenet perpendicular church [1206AD], St Bony the Bent is distinguished by its tall upright walls and its bent [*I would say more bent than flaccid*" Sir Niklas Pentacle] spire.

Visitors should approach the church with caution: the two flights of eight steps - each representing a death in the Paralympic dwarf-hurling competition - are vertiginous and may catch the feeble unaware. The lady incumbent is welcoming but can't hold a tune.

ACCESSIBILITY: *See above [key held nearby]*

CHARGES: *Donations £40 recommended gift. Second hand book stall inside*



## 4 | THE METHODIST CHAPEL, BURSTOCK

*[Locus of the World Premiere of Arnold Fishwick's "My Sire"]*

Once the beating heart of the local Nonconformist community, the Methodist Chapel, Burstock has, in its time, echoed to all manner of sounds and activities: fire and brimstone sermons [the Rev. Nathaniel Burne-Inhell [1802-6]], spirited community singing, disputatious Men's Bible Groups and the not-so genteel murmur of vicious gossip [the Women's Sewing Circle]. On March 12 1997 it even witnessed the "*interesting cacophony*" that was the world premiere of Arnold Fishwick's medieval-inspired cantata *My Sire* [*"the orchestral contribution was variable and the chorus not of the best but Edith Poltroon was magnificent - every inch the fallen lady"*]. The composer attended.

In the 1790s the Presley Brothers (John and Elvis) preached here on their West Country tour, but sad to reflect, that occasion may have been the apex of the Chapel's fortunes; stately atrophy being its characteristic fate thereafter. Secularization, prosperity, the 20th century: each took their toll.

As the congregation has shrunk and revenue has diminished, the Chapel has found itself host to markedly less Godly activities, becoming a home for Pilates Classes (Wednesday afternoons), Brass Band Rehearsals (Thursday evenings), a Lib Dem Focus Group (Saturday mornings) and Alcoholics Anonymous Meetings (every second Tuesday of the month); the latter attracted, no doubt, by the presence of *Bonethreshers* the off-license next door.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Nyone with the wherewithal to hire*

CHARGES: *Reasonable given the parlous state of the finances*







# V | ICONIC LANDSCAPES

*"Wherever you look it's likely to be the spot where someone or other lost their virginity."*

MRS AMANDA J THREADBONE

# 1 | BELCHALWELL

*[Meeting place of the adolescent Boners]*

Ziggy Osmington, whose ransacked stately home we have previously encountered, began life as a small child - having previously been a baby - in the post-industrial environs of Belchalwell. Once famous for its production of soluble commodes [the fashion for which was brief once an inherent design flaw had been detected] by the 1940s the heavily polluted, river-poisoned town was on its knees - as were most of its womenfolk come the weekend. Ziggy's family had known better days but were unable to afford to send their son even to the local state school [an issue with "*dinner money*"], so from the age of eight, Ziggy was given to hanging out in the local snooker club [*Willie Thornebones*] with his friends and fellow louts.

It was in the late fifties that they formed as Ziggy and the Belle-Ends [later Ziggy and the Boners] launching their careers with the hit single *Surfin' the Dorset Way* which reached No 234 in the Dorset Charts [September 15 1958]. The rest - sex, drugs, rock and roll - is the stuff of 20th century tropes.

The hill just behind Nos 18 and 20 Cloacle Street [Ziggy was born in No 18, but his father lived with "Auntie Pat" in No 20] is now a site of pilgrimage to those keen on getting "*up close and personal*" with a Boner of choice. It's where the boys used to gather and the views of the kitchenette/diner of No 18 are unrivalled.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Hill open, Nos 18 and 20 key under the mat*

CHARGES: *Free*



## 2 | AFFPUDDLE

*[Home to the Waitaminate University of Fund Raising]*

Think Afpuddle - think University of. Think University of - think innovative results-guaranteed courses at surprisingly affordable prices.

Relaunched in 1994 as the University of Afpuddle [previously the Afpuddle Mechanics Institute [1826-1939] and The Afpuddle College of Further Education [1945-1994]], the institution has thrived as a pioneer in Social and Higher Degree Engineering, Online Student Betting and Donations Strategy Research. Now making giant strides under the careful stewardship of Vice-Chancellor Grantham Saggitarius and the inspired Chancellorship of supermarket magnate Lord Waitaminate, the University is ranked No 156 in the Afpuddle Academic Tables but is the clear No 1 in Donations Received. It has recently extended its franchise to struggling Cambridge colleges and can now boast Professor Thrupiece's *alma mater* amongst its prime fundrasing vehicles.

The best view of the Old Campus can be glimpsed above the rooftops of Encouraging Prospects Drive from Legacy Hill. From here the cuppola of the University Church [St Edward King and Tax-Collector] is clearly visible as is the small lecture theatre in which most classes are held. The new Campus on the Tyneham Road is some 4 miles distant and those wishing to view it will need to take the Metro. There is a £25 exit charge.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Tom, Dick and Harry, All and Sundry, Those with the readies*

CHARGES: *Distant viewing free, thereafter lifetime comittment*



### 3 | OSMINGTON MILLS

*[Site of the original thrupiecediet manufacturing facility]*

The charming semi-industrial town of Osmington Mills is, as its name suggests, a locus of manufacturing renowned throughout Dorset for the quality of its wares. Once specialising in the production of the *Jordan-Oats* brand *non-organic hydrogenated faux granola*, the town was tipping into decline in the early 1960s as the *organic-only* craze briefly reared its ugly head. Happily that decline coincided with Professor Thrupiece's decision to monetarize his researches into the nutritional value of fluff and his realisation that much of the equipment used to process *faux oats* could be converted to extract, refine and roll *fluff* - the no-good-without basic ingredient of the *thrupiecediet*®.

The Cambridge Diet Company [later The Threadbone Corporation] took a controlling interest in Osmington Mills in 1966 and has been an established local employer ever since. The worldwide success of the *thrupiecediet*® has meant that larger manufacturing facilities have been built elsewhere, but Osmington Mills remains the place in which premium quality products continue to be made.

The townscape of Osmington Mills is dominated by the single chimney of the Thrupiece Corporation's mill together with the tower block of flats in which the majority of workers live rent-free in return for a 90% cut in their take-home pay. "*It kind of works*", says executive Roy Binstock. "*It kind of doesn't*", says Union representative Glenn Closed-Shop.

ACCESSIBILITY: *Factory closed to the public [Health and Safety]*

CHARGES: *see thrupiecediet® website for details*







This Edition of *Iconic Dorset*  
is dedicated in loving memory to

*Professor Brian Thomsen*

1940-

ALLEN IAN'S

# ICONIC DORSET

*with*  
IRIS COCKSEGE



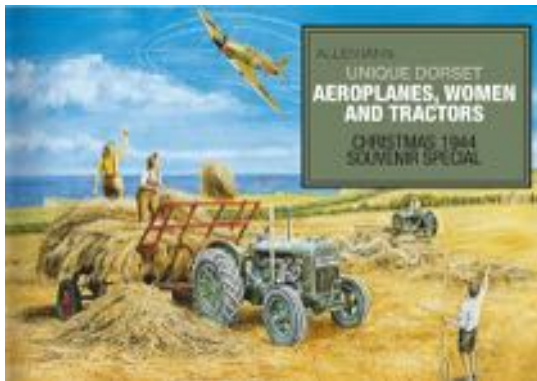
THE PATRIOTIC TEA COMPANY LTD

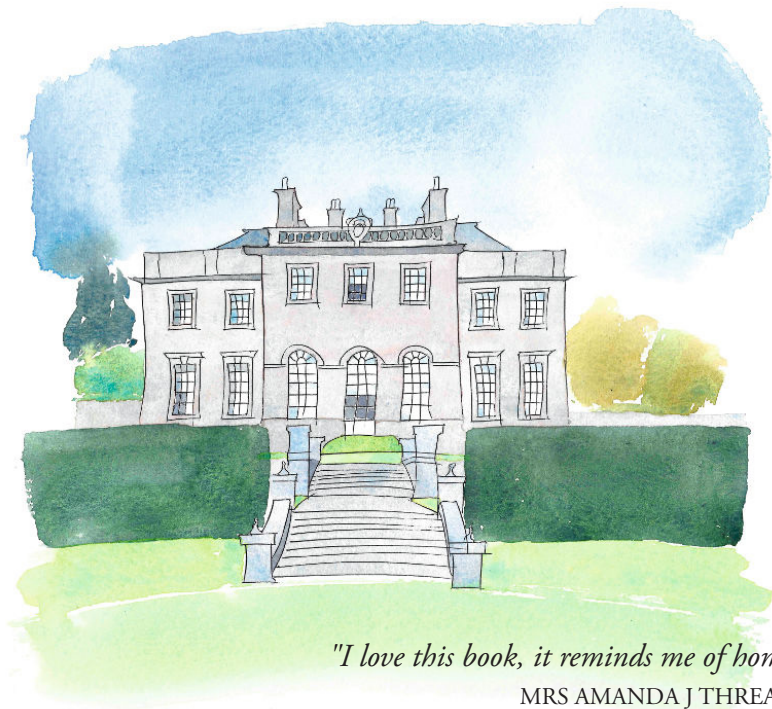
Iwerne Minster

proudly sponsors

Iconic Dorset

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM ALLEN IAN / THE THREADBONE PRESS





*"I love this book, it reminds me of home"*

MRS AMANDA J THREADBONE

UK £12.00  
EUROPE €2