

WHATEVER NEXT?

Friday 12th DECEMBER

John Kirkpatrick

with his Carols & Crumpets Christmas Show

Mummer's Play & more

From the Golden Lion Light Orchestra

Chris Chedgy

Comedy songs

Callum Redding

Grandson of our Ken plays trombone

JANUARY

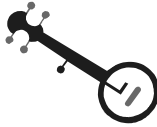
Phil Bates

Vital Spark

Hannah Brady

FEBRUARY

Queensbury Rules



the ^{birthday} floor

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14th November 2008

www.thefloor.org.uk

Films at the Regal Cinema, Tenbury

November 17th & 18th TROPIC THUNDER (cert 15)

Nov 22nd, 24th & 25th HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND ALIENATE PEOPLE(15)

Nov.29th, Dec.1st & 2nd BURN AFTER READING (15)

December 6th,8th & 9th BRIDESHEAD REVISITED (12A)

Cinema closed 10th December until 3rd January 2009 when we will be showing

QUANTUM OF SOLACE

All films start at 7.30pm & may be subject to late change or cancellation.



WHAT'S ON TONIGHT?



Floored

For openers Andy and Jim

Ann Gray & Roger Champkin

The lovely voice and guitar of Anne with Roger's expertise on variety of instruments, giving us some delightful folk music. Anne & Roger run the new traditional music sessions at The Salwey and The Talbot (see ad further on)



Bel Canto

Those popular flirtaceous ladies from Bridgnorth bringing us a capella song extraordinaire

Arthur Hyde

Well known on the scene, Arthur brings his own brand of comic song & verse



The IzzyJack Band

Some of our favourites and some new classics in the repertoire tonight. Showing music crosses the generations, Paul and son Jack, Andy with his Alex and his Issy (back from Geordie land especially for tonight) and backed by Mick showing his talent on the drums.



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"Not according to this," said the boss, "so far as I can see there's nothing wrong with you."

"Read that then," said the docker, pointing to the *Nature of Illness* section.

"What does that mean?" asked the boss.

"I've had a stroke," came the reply.

Of course, not all docker stories imply that they have a superior mental capacity. In the days when the big transatlantic liners were still a very common sight in the Liverpool docks, a passenger had been kept waiting longer than usual to disembark; and, when he finally set foot on the quayside, he had a desperate need to relieve himself; but didn't know where to go.

So he asked a passing dock worker, "Excuse me, sir, can you tell me where the urinal is?"

"Dunno, mate," replied the docker, "how many funnels has she got?"

TRADITIONAL MUSIC SESSIONS From 8.30pm

Musicians, singers and their friends welcome

Every 1st Friday at The Salwey Arms, Woofferton

Every 3rd Friday at the Talbot Hotel, Newnham Bridge

Further info from Ann on 01584 879348

TEME VETERINARY PRACTICE

The Casemill, Temeside, Ludlow tel: 01584 872147

2 Cross St, Tenbury tel: 01584 810227

The Village, Clifton-on-Teme

1 Rugg House, New St

Leominster Tel: 01568 611400



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In 1876 the first live gorilla ever imported into Britain was unloaded at Liverpool docks. The animal was not in the best of humour because it had been upset by the unloading process. Two dockers were instructed to keep watch over it and to attempt to placate it. Eventually it seemed to become calmer and the dockers approached the cage and offered the animal some fruit. It ignored them. So they opened the cage door, whereupon the gorilla made good its escape. The dockers ran for their lives. They were sprinting across the Pier Head, when a passer-by asked them what was the matter. "There's a giant ape on the rampage," one of them replied.

"Which way was it going?"

"You don't think we're chasing it do you?"

Dockers' wit is all the sharper for being spontaneous. In the 1970's, when refugees were pouring out of Vietnam, a ship tied up in Liverpool.

"What have you got aboard?" a docker called up to the deck.

"Vietnamese refugees" shouted back the bosun.

"Loose or on pallets?" enquired the docker.

It's not just the dock labourers who are blessed with the ability to deliver a devastating put-down of course. One hot day thirty-odd years ago, during the media "silly" season, an opportunistic television producer, who happened to be in the dock area on a routine news story, approached a foreman and asked whether he thought there was any possibility of persuading one of the dockers to undress and do a streak through the shed. This, he claimed, would make a good light item on an otherwise slow day. "Listen, mate," said the foreman, "these blokes are on two-hundred quid a week, and I can't even get them to take their overcoats off."

Not surprisingly backache was a common ailment among dock workers; and was a favourite route by which many dockers managed to manoeuvre themselves "a week on the club". Being in receipt of sickness benefit, they were often tempted to try to prolong the holiday for as long as possible. As the weeks wore on, a battle of wits developed wherein the docker tried to convince the doctor that he was continuing to suffer from something that was serious enough to keep him off work.

"I'm afraid you'll have to go back to work, Mr Smith" the GP told one old docker. "Since the war you've run the full gamut of illnesses from shell-shock to chronic stress brought on by the failure of Liverpool or Everton to win any silverware." The doctor took his pen and drew a line across the space on the medical certificate which read *Nature of Illness*.

The docker was no quitter. He took the certificate into the dock office, "I'm in a bad way," he told his boss, "it looks as though I'm going to be off for a long time yet."

Welcome

... to our 7th birthday Floor. We're clocking up the years now? How many of you have been coming since the beginning? Do you think things have improved over the years or just mellowed. Any early Floor years stories out there??

Another great line-up to help celebrate our birthday tonight. Lots of old favourites and a bit of audience participation should you feel inclined.

Next month we have John Kirkpatrick with his 'Carolling & Crumpets' show - but more of that on the next page! Make sure you come early for this one

Tonight the raffle proceeds will once again be donated to Folkheart - folk clubs across Britain joining forces in a national effort to raise money for good causes; this year the British Heart Foundation (check them out on www.folkheart.co.uk). So dig deep in those pockets tonight - last month we raised £50 so let's see if we can do even better this time.

....& NOW ON WITH THE SHOW!!

Words for The IzzyJack Band's version of Norwegian Wood

I once had a girl, or should I say, she once had me ..
She showed me her room, isn't it good, Norwegian wood?

She asked me to stay and she told me to sit anywhere,
So I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair.

I sat on a rug, biding my time, drinking her wine
We talked until tow and then she said, "It's time for bed".

She told me she worked in the morning and started to laugh.
I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep in the bath.

And when I awoke, I was alone, this bird had flown
So I lit a fire, isn't it good, Norwegian wood.

How to get onto The Floor

ANDY COOK

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Tenbury Wells, WR15 8TQ
01584 810291
anjusal@tiscali.co.uk

JIM ALLEN

The Sycamores,
Bockleton,
Tenbury Wells
01568 750546

The December Floor - Friday 12th December

We have obtained with much wheedling JOHN KIRKPATRICK with his Solo Christmas Show 'CAROLLING & CRUMPETS'. To quote the flyer in its entirety

John Kirkpatrick continues his quest into the bizarre traditional rituals found in the folklore and folk music of England at Midwinter. Building on his previous work with the 'Wassail' project of the 1990s, the ensuing radio series 'Deep and Crisp and Even', and last year's concert tour, 'From an English Midwinter', John presents a revised programme of songs and tunes that reflects his new CD release of seasonal material, *Carolling & Crumpets*.

Taking a profound look at the powerful pagan urges that race through us all at this time of year, John peels away the commercial gloss of modern Christmas to reveal the life and death struggle that is symbolised in so many traditional songs and customs. And if that sounds just a little too intense, then rest assured that the mysterious and murky goings-on in these magical songs of wassailing, wren-hunting, stirring the fire, and incessant feasting, all come dressed up in a glittering finery of toe-tapping tunes and cracking choruses. Add to the mixture a light-hearted smattering of hilarious original songs, a sprinkling of carols both familiar and unfamiliar, all stirred up with John's usual panache and energy, and supported by his scintillating skill on a variety of squeeze-boxes, and you have an unbeatable recipe for having a rattling good sing, guaranteed to keep the spirits cheery and the cold at bay.

If that doesn't entice you to come, I don't what will!!! See you there

Continuing the 'humorous stories of country life' feature - by Alan Thomas

Teme Valley Country Life

It's a bit damp out so to be honest I have not been able to do a lot outside so I've been fixing a few bikes at Anne and Mark's, catching up with a bit of reading of some of my strange magazines and listening to a few current affairs programmes on the radio. It seems that folk all around the world are having a bit of trouble with their finances. Well for once I'm well ahead of everyone - my wallet's been empty for years.

About two years ago I phoned the bank. I spoke to someone in India who put me through to a lovely sounding young girl back in the UK. What I wanted was a bit of money to pay a few bills. I had some cattle to sell but thought they would appreciate if I kept them on for a couple more months. Let me see, she said. Mr Thomas, your money goes out as soon as it goes in. "Yes I know that", I take it you're saying no. "That's right". About two months ago Mary went to

the bank and they said if you need anything just ask!! Last week I had a letter saying if you need a loan just ask. I know I should not laugh but I have just read that the builders Barratt Developments have £1.65 billion of debt and Taylor Wimpy £1.7 billion. I bet they never spoke to the same girl I did.

It's Boots time again, no I mean Christmas. Apparently this year we're all going to be miserable as we cannot afford useless pieces of plastic that need batteries. Poor kids, they are going to have to use their imaginations and go outside to play. No-one is going to starve, we farmers have made sure of that. Believe it or not, this year's harvest has broken yield records.

Well I must get on as I am going to cut a bit of mistletoe; I have not cleared any for some time. A few of our old trees are in danger of being brought down by the weight of it, so if the kids are going out to play perhaps you could use less tinsel and put up a bit of holly and mistletoe.

I know Mark's mum Eileen has asked for a big bunch of mistletoe as she thinks its romantic properties will bring her luck.

Mary says shut up, I'm going to work to keep you in your hobby.

Happy Christmas from all at Bank Farm.

The Apocrypha (Stories that didn't make it into the Liverpool Echo)

At one time, the entire city of Liverpool suffered from paranoia because its citizens felt that whatever they did, they would suffer a bad press. Out of this paranoia arose the following urban legend:-

A coach load of Liverpoolians were visiting London Zoo, and one of their number, whilst he was looking into the lion enclosure, noticed that a small child had encroached onto what was clearly lion territory and was in danger of being mauled. With no thought for personal danger the Scouser leaped over the barrier and grabbed the child. Then, when a marauding lion threatened to attack both of them, he struck the aggressive lion a mighty blow and leapt to safety, carrying the small child with him. This act of heroism was witnessed by one particular Londoner who was keen to introduce himself to our hero. "I'm a reporter for *The Evening Standard*", he said, "and I've never seen an act of bravery like that in my life. May I ask what part of London you come from?" "I'm not from London, I'm from Liverpool." came the reply.

That night the headline in *The Evening Standard* read **Liverpool hooligan tortures child's pet.**

Not true, of course, and neither are any of the stories that follow (at least, so far as I know).