

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 35

Introduction

The first rule of Flanagan's Running Club is everyone should be telling everyone they know about Flanagan's Running Club! After all, sharing is caring. Details of how to sign up is in the epilogue.

There is no need to panic, there is no actual running involved, it is not a running club in that sense. The title is made up from extending the title of my favourite book – Flanagan's Run by Tom McNab.

So enjoy the read.

On This Day – 28th June

1926 - Mercedes-Benz is formed by Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz merging their two companies.

1964 - Malcolm X forms the Organization of Afro-American Unity.

1969 - Stonewall riots begin in New York City, marking the start of the Gay Rights Movement.

It's Poznan Remembrance Day (Poland)

Vidovdan, celebrating St. Vitus and an important day in Serbian history. (Eastern Orthodox Church)

Tau Day, a day similar to Pi Day celebrating the number Tau, which is equivalent to 2*Pi.

365 Reasons To Be Proud To Be A Londoner - Magical Moments in London's History

Some people are so far ahead of their time it's scary. Charles Babbage was born in London back in 1791, but he had the foresight to invent the first practical computer – the Difference Engine. This mechanical number cruncher would have been 11 feet long, had 8,000 moving parts and weighed five tons – if only Victorian engineers had been able to follow his advanced designs. It wasn't until the Science Museum built a replica and turned it on in 1991 that they discovered it worked perfectly. It could even print its results!

Chuck D Presents This Day In Rap And Hip-Hop History

Big Daddy Kane releases his debut album "Long Live The Kane" on Cold Chillin'

Cold Chillin' Records was launched by the album's producer Marley Marl, who also headed up the Juice Crew collective, which Kane was a part of, along with Roxanne Shante, Biz Markie, Mr. Magic, Kool G Rap & DJ Polo, Glamorous, MC Shan, Grand Daddy I.U., Masta Ace, Craig G, and Intelligent Hoodlum.

The classic gold selling "Long Live The Kane" established Marley Marl as one of hip-hop's premier producers and the charismatic Kane, with his often breakneck pace delivery fuelled by witty rhymes and Five-Percent references, as one of the finest MCs of the day.

"Long Live The Kane" contained the singles "I'll Take You There", "Set It Off", "Ain't No Half Steppin'", and "Raw", as well as album classics like "Word To The Mother(Land)", "Mister Cee's Master Plan", featuring Mister Cee, and "Just Rhymin' With Biz", featuring Biz Markie. The album spent thirty-eight weeks on the R&B chart, peaking at #5.

Births

1703 - John Wesley

1926 - Mel Brooks

1948 - Kathy Bates

Deaths

1914 - Franz Ferdinand

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1987 - The Firm - Star Trekkin'

Number 1 album in 1968 - Otis Redding - The Dock of The Bay

Number 1 compilation album in 1993 - Now Dance 93

Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1970 (this was also the chart on the day I was born)

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	1	IN THE SUMMERTIME	MUNGO JERRY	DAWN	1	5
2	3	ALL RIGHT NOW	FREE	ISLAND	2	5
3	2	GROOVIN' WITH MR. BLOE	MR. BLOE	DJM	2	9
4	5	SALLY	GERRY MONROE	CHAPTER ONE	4	7
5	6	COTTONFIELDS	THE BEACH BOYS	CAPITOL	5	8
6	7	GOODBYE SAM HELLO SAMANTHA	CLIFF RICHARD	COLUMBIA	6	5
7	4	YELLOW RIVER	CHRISTIE	CBS	1	10
8	13	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	THE FOUR TOPS	TAMLA MOTOWN	8	6
9	18	UP AROUND THE BEND	CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL	LIBERTY	9	3
10	10	THE GREEN MANALISHI (WITH THE TWO-PRONG CROWN)	FLEETWOOD MAC	REPRISE	10	7

Drabble

A drabble is a complete story that is exactly one hundred words long.

Trying For Le Tour

He remembered the first time he had seen highlights of the Tour De France, over thirty years ago, not long after Channel 4 had started up. He loved the different coloured jerseys, the different kinds of racing in the same longer race. Weaving up mountains, stood up on the pedals, the sprints with the riders legs a blur of action, and the solo time trials, always fascinating when a quicker rider overtook someone who had started before them.

He could do this; he got his bike out and went for it. It was great until the first hill. Sod this!

Joke

A hardened inmate at a tough, maximum security jail said to a new young prisoner: "I've got two tickets for the warden's ball. Do you want to buy one?"

"No thanks," replied the newcomer, "I can't dance."

"It's not a dance, it's a raffle."

Random Items

Facts

Hershey's Kisses are called that because the machine that makes them looks like it's kissing the conveyor belt.

Every time you lick a stamp, you're consuming 1/10 of a calorie.

The phrase "rule of thumb" is derived from an old English law which stated that you couldn't beat your wife with anything wider than your thumb.

Thoughts

Why doesn't glue stick to the inside of the bottle?

Why is a boxing ring square?

Forgotten English

Manducation

The act of chewing or eating.

Words You Should Know

Ineffable

A word often applied to God and meaning 'too great to be explained in words'. More broadly, it can mean 'too vast to be understood, indefinable': you can experience ineffable joy, ineffable peace or, according to the Belgian novelist Georges Simenon with reference to his character Inspector Maigret, the ineffable pleasures of pipe smoking.

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

Alive And Kicking

Active and in good health. The expression was coined in the late eighteenth century and referred to a healthy baby, either while still in the womb, or just after birth.

Darwin Award

Count your chickens

Six people drowned while trying to rescue a chicken that had fallen into a well in southern Egypt. An eighteen-year-old farmer was the first to descend into the sixty-foot deep well. He drowned, apparently after an undercurrent in the water pulled him down. Police said his sister and two brothers, none of whom could swim well, went down the well one by one to help him, but also drowned. Two elderly farmers then came by to help. But they were apparently pulled under by the same undercurrent. The bodies of the six were eventually extricated from the well in the village of Nazlat Imara, 240 miles south of Cairo.

The chicken was also pulled out. A better swimmer, it survived.

What The Hygge!

Schrodygge, E. (n.)

Nobel prize winning Danish physicist who arguably took hygge too far and shut his cat in a box so cosy it suffocated.

The Secrets Lives of Colours

A great book that goes into details about how colours got their names and their history of use. By Kassia St. Clair, it is well worth buying.

Rosso Corsa

In September 1907 a neatly built man with a deep widow's peak and a large nose sat at his desk in his neo-Gothic palace on the Isola del Garda. Although a month had elapsed since his return to the island, he was still sunburnt and travel sore and, although he knew it was unbecoming to show it, rather pleased with himself. 'There are people who say that our journey has proved one thing above all others,' wrote the man the society pages knew as Prince Scipione Luigi Marcantonio Francesco Rodolfo Borghese. 'Namely, that it is impossible to go by motorcar from Peking to Paris.' He was being facetious, of course, because that is precisely what he had just done.

It had all begun some months earlier, when the French newspaper *le Matin* had printed a challenge on the front page of the 31 January 1907 edition: 'Will anyone agree to go, this summer, from Peking to Paris by motorcar?' Prince Borghese, who had already travelled through Persia and had acquired a taste for adventure, promptly accepted, along with four other teams, three of them French and one Dutch. The only prize was a case of Mumm champagne – and national honour. Naturally Borghese, as a proud Italian aristocrat, insisted that his vehicle be a product of his native country. The technology was still in its infancy – the first car ever built was only then celebrating its twenty-first year – and choices were few. Borghese chose a 'powerful but heavy' 40-HP Itala model from Turin, which was painted a strident poppy red.

The race took the contestants some 12,000 miles, past the Great Wall of China and through the Gobi Desert and Ural Mountains. So confident was Borghese of winning that he strayed several hundred miles from the route so that he and his passengers could attend a banquet held in their honour in St Petersburg. As they suffered on the long journey, so the car suffered too. Before its departure Luigi Barzini, a journalist and one of Borghese's companions, wrote of the Itala: 'it conveyed an immediate impression of purpose and go.' At Irkutsk, a city in south-east Russia, it was looking

rather more forlorn. Even after a 'careful external toilette' by Ettore, Borghese's mechanic, 'It was weather-beaten and, like ourselves, had taken on a darker shade.' By the time they reached Moscow it was 'the colour of the earth'. None of this mattered, however – either to the contestants or their adoring Italian fans – when the team roared victorious through the Parisian boulevards. In honour of their victory their car's original hue became Italy's national racing colour and later the one adopted by Enzo Ferrari for his cars: rosso corsa, racing red.

Brewers Britain & Ireland

The history, culture, folklore and etymology of 7,500 places in these islands.

Crawley

'glade frequented by crows', Old English *crawe* 'crow' + -LEY (Old English, *leah* – 'cleared land in a wood'.)

A town in West Sussex about 3 miles southeast of GATWICK. In the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries it was an important staging point on the coaching route between London and Brighton, and in the twentieth century it continued to provide a refreshment stop for motorists on the A23. For rail commuters to London there is Crawley station on the Horsham line and THREE BRIDGES on the Brighton Line.

In 1946 Crawley was designated a new town (the only one to the south of London), and since then it has grown enormously in size, with much light industry providing local employment.

The factory storehouse in which John George Haigh (1910-1949), the 'Acid-Bath Murderer@, dissolved his victims was in Crawley.

If anyone has any place names they'd like to see then let me know and if they're in the book I'll put them in.

Flash Fiction

Something between the 100 word shortness of a Drabble, and the short story, these are works of fiction somewhere between five hundred and seven hundred words.

Extinction

He woke up with the sound of something tapping on his window. He slowly drew himself up to a sitting position, threw the quilt back and swung his legs out of bed. He pulled at one of the curtains and let the bright light of the cold crisp day into the room.

There at the window hovered a dodo, tapping its beak against the pane. This surprised him a lot. First, because dodos were extinct, so there shouldn't be one tapping on his window in this day and age. Secondly, dodos couldn't fly, so how the hell was this one hovering outside his window, tapping on it and waking him up.

He opened the window to try and make sense of what he was seeing, but as he did the dodo floated into the room through the open window and settled on the bed, sitting in the warm indentation that he had vacated. The dodo then compounded the strangeness by thanking him for the roost.

He was about to make his way out of the bedroom to find his phone and film the dodo when he heard the most ear-splitting trumpeting / roaring noise coming from the garden. He went back to the window to see most of his garden covered by an enormous woolly mammoth. Most of the fences around the garden were in pieces. There was a panel of fencing stuck on one of the large curved tusks of the mammoth that flapped around as the mammoth moved its head.

He muttered to himself, "What in god's name is going on here?" and was surprised when the dodo spoke up again,

"This has nothing to do with god dear chap, there is no such thing as god, that kind of stuff was all a mistranslation, they got the word backwards. Everything should have been based on the word of dog."

The man's mouth hung open as the dodo spoke, he tried to form some kind of response only to find no words willing to come out. The dodo continued undeterred by the look on the man's face.

"Since this universe was created by the great dog artist, Roverus, as an aside to his crowning glory of "The Last Supper of The Pool Playing Dogs"; it has been the misapprehension of some of the less intelligent species on this planet that they are in control here. Most species recognise the fact that the cats and dogs are the rulers around here,

yet for some reason, the one hundred and fifty seventh most intelligent species, humans, not only fail to recognise this, but actually rank themselves as number one.”

The man was indignant, “but we are, we can build, and we have technology and can speak.”

“As can all species, yet you’re the only ones dumb enough to go around and actually do it. The cats suggested it as a joke twenty thousand years ago and off you went. So many of the other species got so fed up with you humans that they decided they needed to get away from you. Whenever the dogs suggest that we all play a game of hide and seek, you fall for it every time and another species can slip off and live in peace and quiet. You always forget you are playing hide and seek by the time night comes and your pea brains reset themselves. Then you declare another species is extinct and spend the next few hours wringing your hands about it.”

The man still couldn’t speak, his incredulity was off the scale, and still the dodo continued.

“Well, we’ve finally decided that we’ve all had enough of hiding, and that it’s time you all buggered off instead. We’ve found another little universe on a different work by Roverus, and we’re moving you over there by yourselves. You leave in five minutes.”

The man could only splutter, “wha...what? Eh, who, erm. Why, where? S’happening?”

“I’d suggest getting dressed if I were you, possibly put a few bits together in a bag, you never know what you might find when you get there.”

“You can’t do this, we won’t forget, we’ll come back and reclaim our homes.”

“I doubt it old chap.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because you won’t remember once the game of hide and seek starts.”

Leicestershire

Dunelm

Dunelm (Soft Furnishings) Limited (formerly Dunelm Mill (Soft Furnishings) Limited) is a British home furnishings retailer with one hundred and sixty-nine superstores, three high street stores and over one hundred in-store Pausa coffee shops, throughout the United Kingdom. One of the largest homewares retailers in the United Kingdom, Dunelm’s headquarters are in Watermead Business Park, Syston in Leicestershire, England. It also has its own factory for curtains, blinds and accessories, based in Leicester.

It is listed on the London Stock Exchange and is a constituent of the FTSE 250 Index.

Dunelm was founded in 1979 by Bill Adderley and Jeany Adderley, trading in home textiles from a market stall in Leicester. The first Dunelm store opened in Churchgate Leicester in 1984 with the first superstore opening in Rotherham in 1991. In 1996 Will Adderley took over responsibility for the day-to-day running of the company from his father, Bill Adderley. The expansion of Dunelm continued with a new head office and warehouse being established in 1999 in Syston, Leicestershire.

In 2001 the company ventured into manufacturing, acquiring Bellbird producing custom-made curtains, blinds and accessories, with the facility now being known as Dunelm’s Manufacturing Centre. On reaching their 50th store (Walsall) Dunelm opened a new warehouse in Burton.

Key appointments were made in 2003 with David Stead being brought in as Finance Director; this also coinciding with Dunelm’s 60th store (Ilkeston) and the roll out of EPOS. 2004 saw the company appointing Geoff Cooper as Non-Executive chairman and Marion Sears as a non-executive director.

It also saw the opening of their 70th store (Trafford). Two years later Dunelm opened its 80th store (Bradford), a new distribution centre in Stoke, and launched their online shopping facility, offering 13,000 homewares products and floated on the London Stock Exchange with it now being a constituent of the FTSE 250 Index.

2007 saw the appointment of Simon Emney as non-executive director followed in 2008 with their 90th store (Plymouth) and the acquisition of the worldwide rights to the 'Dorma' bed linen brand, for £5 million in July. In 2009 Dunelm appointed Nick Wharton as non-executive director and re-launched their online shopping website. In September 2009, the company announced that Nick Wharton would be taking over from Will Adderley as Chief Executive in March 2011 with Adderley remaining at Dunelm as Executive Deputy Chairman.

In September 2014 Dunelm Group plc announced that Nick Wharton had resigned his position as Chief Executive and was stepping down from the Board. Will Adderley, previously Executive Deputy Chairman, resumed the role of Chief Executive with immediate effect. On 28 November 2016, the company purchased WorldStores and its subsidiary Kiddicare for £8.5 million. On 30 August 2017 Dunelm Group plc announced that John Browett was stepping down with immediate effect as Chief Executive after two years in the role.

As of 30 June 2018 Dunelm operated 169 stores, spread across the UK, and a webstore.

St. Mary Magdalene

Knighton was a Saxon village to the south east of Leicester that is now part of the city since the expansion in the 20th century.



St Mary's is a Grade II listed church situated in the conservation area of Knighton Village. The church comprises chancel, nave, Lady Chapel, Chapel of Remembrance, north aisle, south aisle, tower with spire, sacristy, choir vestry, tower vestry, west and north porches. The tower is in three stages, the two lower of sandstone ashlar and the topmost, a fourteenth-century addition with the spire in white limestone.

The church itself dates from Saxon times, although it was largely rebuilt in the 13th century. It had only a small nave and chancel, which was enlarged in 1350 by a new nave with four bays and a chancel. The tower was started in the early 13th century and was added to both later in the century and in the early part of the 14th century. The spire was added to the tower in the 15th century.

The sanctuary contains a 14th century sedilla with seats for three priests, and the timber roof of the current North aisle dates from the late 14th / early 15th Century. A trefoil niche in the east wall contains a medieval statue of Mary Magdalene, the patron saint.

The plain circular old 13th century medieval font of St Mary's Church is the oldest object in the church.

The tower contains nine bells, one dating from 1627 (The Nazarene bell), when there were five bells, four were removed and replaced by six more from the unused church of St. Michael's in Stamford, in 1978, and a further two were added in memorial of parishioners during the 1980's.

Ecclesiastically, it was a chapelry of St Margaret's Church, Leicester and appears to have been so since before the Norman Conquest. Both St Margaret's, Leicester and St Mary Magdalene, Knighton, were held by the Bishop of Lincoln, and from the 13th century St Margaret's was a prebendary church of Lincoln Cathedral, and thus had considerable autonomy compared to Leicester's other ecclesiastical parishes, which were all held by Leicester Abbey.

The tithes and glebe lands at Knighton were thus in the hands of the vicar of St Margaret's. Although Knighton Church dates back to at least the 13th century, it was served by a curate, and did not have its own vicar until it was made a separate ecclesiastical parish in 1878.

There were alterations made to the interior of the church in 1860 by Henry Woodyer. The North porch was added in 1876, and the church was restored by Ewan Christian in 1894. The old part of the church now serves as the south aisle and was rebuilt during the restoration.

The church was substantially enlarged from 1958-1962 by George Cope, and the north aisle which was the nave and chancel is now dedicated as the lady chapel, and the south aisle is dedicated as All Souls chapel. The old medieval south windows were removed to the new aisle. The extension was completed in 1962 and was dedicated by the Bishop of Leicester in the same year. The organ pipes were installed either side of the west window in 1968.

The churches of St John the Baptist, St Guthlac's, and St Michael and All Angels were all built between 1884 and 1912 to act as chapels at ease for the parish. St Guthlac's still is, whereas the other two were made parishes in their own right in 1917 and 1930 respectively, although they merged in the 1970's and St Michael and All Angels was demolished in 1997.

In 2007 a number of pews were removed from the west end of the nave in order to create a narthex which provides catering and other facilities.

Hoby

Hoby is a village in the Hoby with Rotherby is a civil parish in Leicestershire, England. In the 2001 census it had a population of 594, reducing to 556 at the time of the 2011 census. It includes the villages of Hoby, Rotherby, Ragdale and Brooksby. The parish is part of Melton local government district, and within the Rutland and Melton constituency.

The parish is home to a number of small local businesses, ranging from plant centres to business entrepreneurs including:

Miles Nurseries Ltd - established in 1988 by Tom Miles as a wholesale nursery supplying the horticultural trade with plugs and liners. More recently the nursery has been growing top quality 1.5–10 litre shrubs, perennials, conifers etc. supplying local independent garden centres/nurseries, Landscapers and Designers

Oasis Plant Centre offers a great range of hardy garden plants direct to the public from Miles Nurseries Ltd. They have been growing on the site since 1988, producing top quality plants. They also grow for local garden centres, nurseries, landscapers and designers offering a huge range of hardy plants.

Top Ten

The first ten Tour de France Winners.

No	Name	Year
1	Maurice Garin	1903
2	Henri Cornet	1904
3	Louis Trousselier	1905
4	Rene Pottier	1906
5	Lucien Petit-Baron	1907
6	Lucien Petit-Baron	1908
7	Francois Faber	1909
8	Octave Lapize	1910
9	Gustave Garrigou	1911
10	Odile Defraye	1912

Poetry Corner

Stacked Dreams

How many layers down did the dream go
I fell into a deep sleep, so deep and low
And then as if a TV had been switched on
A vision inside the darkness behind closed eyes begun
It was almost a repeat of the events of the day
But into it new characters started to stray
A teacher from thirty years ago shouting at me
Another random with whom I couldn't seem to agree
And a goat in the garden eating all the grass
Well until I blinked, and it turned into an ass
And then I woke up or so I believed
Still dark in the bedroom and I felt relieved
Until the room shook and the bed began to spin
I could see in a mirror and was shocked to be thin
But it wasn't me I could see, just a stranger

With guns pointed at him, he was in danger
 Three bullets sped towards him, nothing I could do
 He just sat down, picked up, and drank his brew
 The bullets disappeared like flies through a window
 And I woke up again to end another show
 Only to be in a desert, nothing to see but sand
 Fine sand that just slipped out of my hand
 My shadow was tall reaching over the dunes
 Through the heat shimmer I saw three rising moons
 White, orange and black balls in the clear blue sky
 The night slowly entering the desert as if it was shy
 The heat from the sun had suddenly gone away
 The blue sky changed to a foreboding shade of grey
 The piercing scream broke the silence, so loud it cried
 I couldn't tell where it came from no matter how I tried
 I closed my eyes as tight as could be and woke again
 And heard water running, gurgling away down a drain
 But it was coming from above my head not under my feet
 I tried to move only to find I was tied to my seat
 Ropes and chains bound my arms, my legs and chest
 I struggled to escape; I did my very best
 Only for the door to open and a large man appeared
 A large red angry looking star upon his chest was seared
 It's all your fault he said pointing at me sat there
 Everything has gone wrong since you kidnapped the bear
 My eyebrows rose I had no clue what he was on about
 He had the wrong man tied in this chair without a doubt
 A massive scimitar was suddenly being pointed at me
 And he rushed towards the chair with a yell of glee
 I woke with a start sitting up in bed sweating
 Only for a calming voice to tell me to stop fretting
 No need to worry it was only a dream go back to sleep
 I collapsed back down on to the sheets in a heap
 Closed my eyes and soon I had managed to snooze
 Bad choice son, this time your soul we won't lose.

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	St. Edmundsbury Cathedral		
Dedicated To	St. James (formerly St. Denys)		
Type	Parish Church	Architecture	Gothic
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Tower
Site Founded	1065	Height (External)	150ft
Church Founded	1503	Height (Internal)	98ft
Bishopric Founded	1914	Length	238ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1914	Width	105ft

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

The Jam – Sound Affects

Sound Affects is the fifth studio album by British rock band the Jam. The cover art is a pastiche of the artwork used on various Sound Effects records produced by the BBC during the 1970s. It is their only album co-produced by the band, and contains the only album track co-written by the entire band, "Music for the Last Couple". The album was released on 28 November 1980.

Paul Weller is known to have opined Sound Affects as the best album the Jam released throughout their career; freely admitting the Beatles' Revolver had been a major influence upon much of the material from the album. Musical influences noted include post-punk groups such as Wire, Gang of Four, and Joy Division and, particularly evident in Rick Buckler's drumming, Michael Jackson's Off the Wall album. Frontman Paul Weller said at the time that he considered the album a cross between Off the Wall and Revolver. In BBC Radio 6 Music's documentary The Jam: Made in Britain, Weller cited it as his favourite Jam album.

The album features the group's second UK number one single, "Start!", built around an almost exact copy of the bassline and a homage to the guitar solo from the Beatles' "Taxman", the first track on Revolver. Polydor pushed for

"Pretty Green" to be the first single released, but Weller insisted on "Start!". This involved consulting a few of the band's friends as to what they thought the best release would be. Weller had Polydor A&R man Dennis Munday ask a small peer group of his friends who had been present throughout the recording sessions at the Town House and prior demo recordings at Polydor studios. Given the choice, they chose "Start!" as the best single release and the decision was made to release it. The decision was vindicated when "Start!" topped the British singles charts in its third week after entering at number 3. "Pretty Green" includes a funk bassline and rhythm with melodic guitar breaks and psychedelic sound effects. "That's Entertainment" is an acoustic ballad. "Boy About Town" and "Dream Time" include horns.

In 2006, Q magazine placed the album at No. 15 in its list of "40 Best Albums of the '80s". NME ranked Sound Affects as No. 487 on their list of 500 Greatest Albums of All Time.

Sound Affects spent 19 weeks on the UK album charts, rising to No. 2 in late 1980. In the U.S., the album spent 11 weeks on the Billboard 200 album charts and reached its peak position of No. 72 in February 1981.

The 2010 rerelease also charted in the UK, reaching No. 63 in November of that year.

All tracks are written by Paul Weller except where noted.

Side one

No. - Title - Length

1. - "Pretty Green" - 2:37 - Mooted as the first single, it never had a single release. Featured as one of the tracks on the Snap! compilation released in 1983.
2. - "Monday" - 3:02
3. - "But I'm Different Now" - 1:52 - Included as one of the tracks on the bootleg release "The Townhouse Tapes".
4. - "Set the House Ablaze" - 5:03
5. - "Start!" - 2:33 - The first single release from the album, it reached Number 1 on the UK singles chart. The single's B-side is "Liza Radley". "Start!" is based on both the main guitar riff and bass riff of the Beatles' 1966 song "Taxman" from the album Revolver, written by George Harrison. "Liza Radley" also utilises the "Taxman" bassline as does "Dreams of Children", B-side to "Going Underground", played then as a lead guitar riff. The Beastie Boys covered the song on their 1999 single, "Alive". 808 State sampled the song on their 1993 single, "10 X 10". Manfred Mann's Earth Band covered the song on their 1987 album, "Masque" under the name "What You Give Is What You Get (Start)".
6. - "That's Entertainment" - 3:38 - Although never released as a domestic single in the UK during the band's lifetime, "That's Entertainment" nonetheless charted as an import single (backed by a live version of "Down in the Tube Station at Midnight"), peaking at No. 21. It was given its first full UK release in 1983 and peaked at No. 60. A second reissue in 1991 also made the top 50. The song remains one of the two all-time biggest selling import singles in the UK, alongside the Jam's "Just Who Is the 5 O'clock Hero?", which hit the charts at number eight as an import in 1982. "I was in London by the time I wrote 'That's Entertainment'," said Weller, "writing it was easy in a sense because all those images were at hand, around me." In an interview with Absolute Radio he said: "I wrote it in 10 mins flat, whilst under the influence, I'd had a few but some songs just write themselves. It was easy to write; I drew on everything around me."

Side two

1. - "Dream Time" - 3:54
2. - "Man in the Corner Shop" - 3:12 - Featured as one of the tracks on the Snap! compilation released in 1983.
3. - "Music for the Last Couple" (Rick Buckler, Bruce Foxton, Paul Weller) - 3:45
4. - "Boy About Town" - 2:00. Featured on The Jam's flexidisc release of "Pop Art Poem"
5. - "Scrape Away" - 3:59

Personnel

The Jam

Paul Weller - Guitar, vocals, keyboards

Bruce Foxton - Bass guitar, vocals

Rick Buckler - Drums, percussion

Laurent Locher - French vocals on 'Scrape Away'

Technical

Alan Douglas - Engineer

George Chambers - Assistant Engineer

Bill Smith, The Jam - sleeve design

Andrew Rosen, Martyn Goddard - front cover photography

Released - 28 November 1980

Recorded - 15 June–22 October 1980 at The Town House, London

Length - 35:18

Label - Polydor

Producer

The Jam, Vic Coppersmith-Heaven

Story Time

The Valadiers

Two minutes. That was as long as it took. One trip to the facilities. When she went in, he was there, when she came out, he wasn't. What if she hadn't have gone at that moment? Would her husband still be around today? Or would there have been some other time when it would have happened. There was no answering that question. Well not unless he turned up and could tell her what happened.

They had travelled up to London from their country pile on the Sussex – Hampshire border for the weekend. Much to Archibald's disgust, Penelope had insisted on driving herself and had given their chauffeur the weekend off. She missed driving, but her husband was very much of the opinion of 'why pay someone to drive and then drive yourself?' it hadn't taken many years of being married into money for him to become entitled. He acted like he was a lifelong lord, and not a man who had assumed the title when he had married her. She was the lady, the hereditary title. By rights he wasn't even a lord. But he had taken her surname and used the title as if he had been born to it.

Lady Penelope had come mainly for the huge antique fair at Battersea Park. It was one of the largest in the country. She rarely bought anything herself. She liked to use these events as a way to meet up with some of her contacts, friends and associates, on neutral ground. Visiting always felt a bit tense. Meeting at fairs was so much more relaxed.

Her first thought when she had come out to find Archibald missing was, he had gone to buy another Chesterfield. The damn man was obsessed by them. There was at least one in every single one of the thirty-seven rooms in the house, including the lavatories. Somehow, he had managed to cram fourteen of the bloody things into his study. If he was buying another one, she was likely to brain him with it and then burn him on a pyre of them.

But he hadn't been buying a chair. Not had he bought any of the ancient maps from Andrew Jackson. She didn't mind the map room so much. She had left him talking to Andrew when she had left; they were talking about an original Speed map of Hampshire. Penelope had asked Andrew if he knew where Archibald had gone. Andrew had shaken his head, explaining he had turned around to get another Speed out of the drawer and Archibald had just gone when he turned back.

She had spoken to numerous other stall holders and people she knew as the afternoon went on, and none could remember seeing him alone, only with her, or not at all. His mobile had been ringing out whenever she tried contacting him. There wasn't anything unusual in that as he always had the thing on silent, but he would usually check every hour or so. Penelope had become a bit more frantic as the afternoon had gone on. On about the thirtieth call his phone went straight to voicemail, it hadn't rung at all. She left yet another message. Adding to the dozen or so she'd left previously.

Messages that Archibald would never hear.

Penelope had rung the hotel to see if he had slunk off back there, but they hadn't seen him. Reluctantly they sent up a maid to the room to check, but the room had been empty. She thought about checking the local pubs but thought if he had gone for a drink it was more likely he would have gone back to Sloane Square. She got on the last shuttle bus back and did a sweep of the pubs, bars and restaurants around the hotel. To no avail.

Only then did she call the police. Who took perfunctory details but did nothing at first. They told her Archibald couldn't be listed as missing until he had been gone for twenty-four hours.

Even when the twenty-four hours had passed, there didn't seem to be a lot they could help her with. They did what they could, and yet there was no sign of Archibald to be found. With his phone turned off they couldn't get its location, but from the calls Penelope had made to it on the day he had disappeared, triangulation had suggested that the phone had never left the antiques fair.

The phone had turned up two weeks later. It had been found in one of the drawers of an antique sideboard in a dealer's shop in Pethurst. It was a shop Archibald visited on a regular basis, and the owner had recognised Archibald's monogram on the phone's cover and contacted her.

By then everyone knew about his disappearance. It had made the papers, plus the local television and radio news, but the story had faded rapidly. There were no salacious murders attached to Lord Montague's disappearance, and so there wasn't a Lord Lucan style media frenzy over it.

None of Archibald's bank accounts had been accessed since he had disappeared. Penelope had frozen his access to their joint accounts, just in case he was planning on looking to drain those accounts for him to start a new life somewhere else.

The police's check of CCTV had brought nothing up either. There were images of the pair of them entering the fair, and of Penelope leaving by herself, but Archibald wasn't showing as having left through any official entrance. When

he had vanished from the fair's massive temporary structure it must have been from a fire escape or an exhibitor loading bay. Despite being one of the most filmed cities on the planet, Archibald had not shown up on any feed within a mile of Battersea Park or Sloane Square.

The Montagues were members of the Order of the Valadiers. And so, Lady Penelope had access to resources that the police could only dream of. The Order was more than happy to provide the best people available to search for Archibald. After all, since their marriage twelve years ago, he had become one of them. There were things, that as an inner council member, he knew that the Order wouldn't want getting out into the open.

They were so well hidden away, rooted into the corridors of power in numerous countries, that no-one outside of their Order knew they existed for certain. They liked to keep it that way. One of their number disappearing brought the possibility that they might suddenly reappear shouting about the Order's activities.

Over the next month there were a couple of reported sightings of Archibald. They were investigated thoroughly by the police and the Order, but the reports came to naught.

Then one morning in June, Lady Penelope had woken to find Archibald's wallet sitting on the pillow next to her. The police had come to investigate, as had the Order. The wallet only had Archibald's fingerprints on it. All the bank cards, the money, tickets for the Battersea antiques fair and all the other detritus that accumulates in a wallet over the years was still in there. Nothing was missing.

No other items turned up in the house. By the same token nothing had been taken from the house either. Nothing had been moved. There was nothing to suggest anyone had been there at all. The alarms had all been set and hadn't been triggered on the night in question. All the staff were questioned, but none of them had seen a thing. There was nothing on the house's CCTV, and forensic testing carried out by the Order had shown it hadn't been tampered with. CCTV in the local area had shown no unusual comings or goings. Everyone was at a loss to be able to explain the wallet's appearance.

And then the whispers had started.

The ones that said that Penelope had been responsible for the disappearance of her husband. That she had somehow managed to kill him at the antiques fair. That he hadn't been seen leaving on CCTV because, just like his phone, he'd been stuffed into an antique sideboard or an ottoman perhaps, and shipped out by an accomplice, for him never to be seen again. That she had planted the wallet on her pillow as a ruse.

She didn't know where the whispers had come from, but they had started to take root. The police had interrogated her several times. They had crawled through her telephone and financial records. They had questioned anyone she had been in contact with since the disappearance, and for the months leading up to it. What had been a nightmare for Penelope had taken a turn for the worse.

At a regular branch meeting of the Order of the Valadiers, she had been made to feel like an outcast. There was no longer any support or sympathy about her situation. She was viewed with suspicion, had she killed one of their Order? They treated her as if she shouldn't be there now that her husband wasn't. The damned cheek of it all. Archibald would never have heard of the Order if he hadn't married her. It was her family's money and contacts that had helped set up the order more than two hundred years before. Her family had been on the founding council of the Order, she was still an inner council member along with Archibald, and yet they were treating her as if she was a threat.

Penelope boiled at the injustice of it but didn't let it show. She had nothing to hide. The police and the Order could investigate all they liked. In fact, the more the better, as it would be more likely for them to find Archibald if they carried on investigating thoroughly.

Visits from the police and the Order's investigators became weekly occurrences, but never with any new questions. Visits to or from friends tailed off. Even her staff did their best to ignore her. Penelope was being ostracised from her own life. There may have been times when Archibald was an utter idiot, but she supposed she had been as well. She loved him, and without him here she missed him, and felt as lonely as hell.

The first letter had turned up on a Tuesday in July. There was a stamp on it, but no postmark. The handwritten note looked as if it could have been written by Archibald, but she couldn't be sure. The message was simple.

"I know your secret Lady Montague. It would be in your best interests not to go to Bilbao."

She was taken aback at the message. Bilbao was the venue for the Order of the Valadiers global get together. Only members of the Order knew about it. All the travel and accommodation was arranged through the Order. Not even her staff knew she was going to Bilbao, or when. If someone was trying to intimidate her, they were messing with the wrong woman. Rather than cancel her arrangements to go to Bilbao, she rang and confirmed them.

Yet the letters continued. Every three days without fail a new letter would arrive. Always without a postmark. Always written in the same handwriting. The first couple just repeated the message of the first one. Then the message changed.

“If you value the life of your husband, then Bilbao is not the place for you.”

She had taken the letters, along with one of Archibald’s journals to a handwriting expert. Whoever had written the letters had done a reasonable job of imitating the style, but there were too many slight differences for them to have been written by the same person.

Penelope never showed the letters to the police or the Order. All she thought about was going to Bilbao and forcing the hand of whoever was behind this.

In the hotel in Bilbao she hadn’t seen another member of the Order. They normally stayed in the same hotel, or sometimes two, but not one other Order member seemed to be in her hotel. A car collected her and took her to the Guggenheim where the Order was meeting. The whole museum was closed to the public, even the usual museum staff weren’t on hand. The Order had it to themselves.

She had put her sunglasses on as she got out of the car. No one stopped to speak to her. Most people were admiring the art whilst they waited for the main auditorium to open. Some order members glanced in her direction, but quickly looked away again unable to make eye contact. Penelope had worn the sunglasses to prevent such eye contact and to allow her to view people’s reactions to her.

At exactly 10:00 the doors to the auditorium swung open and the member of the Order started to make their way inside.

Then the screaming started.

Hanging above the centre of the auditorium was a large inverted crucifix. The screaming was due to the fact that Archibald’s bruised and bloodied, and obviously dead body was nailed to it.

Penelope couldn’t take her eyes off the scene before her. She was bumped a few times as members of the order started rushing out of the auditorium they had only just entered. A hefty hit caused her to break eye contact with the crucifix. As she did, she saw the mass of bodies rushing past her. Only two others weren’t moving. Archbishop Regliani, and Marcus Coke, Earl of Leicester. They stood directly under the crucifix and only had eyes for her.

They wanted to see what her reaction would be; they wanted to see her breakdown. But she was stronger than they gave her credit for. She lifted her arms and pointed at them both and screamed,

“Murderers.”

With the scream bouncing around the auditorium a few of the Order stopped to look. The smirking faces of the Earl and the Archbishop changed as the exodus from the auditorium ceased and some of the inner council members turned to approach the men.

It was as if everyone could see clearly now. The two men standing there would be the first choices for admission to the inner council if any of the current members died without legitimate family replacements. Penelope and Archibald hadn’t been able to have children and had not considered adoption or bringing any other family member into the order.

If one of them was dead and the other blamed for the death, then their two seats would become available. Penelope knew where the whispers had started now. Marcus Coke had been at the antiques fair. He always was. She would get the truth out of him about this.

Or so she thought.

Archibald had other ideas.

The chains holding the crucifix inexplicably broke sending it crashing down on the two men responsible, snapping their necks and killing them instantly.

Robbed of justice and overwhelmed by her loss. Penelope wept for the first time since the disappearance.

Dilbert



Epilogue – Where To Find More Of My Writing

To get people to sign up, point them in the direction of my website's homepage of <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/> scroll down past the menu and then enter their e-mail address and select whether they want Flanagan's Running Club or blog post updates or both and then hit submit.

If you want to catch up on old issues, go to the website at <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/frc.php> where all the issues are available.

For blog posts go to <https://onetruekev.co.uk/Mutterings/> which will have the most current post and the ability to scroll back in time.

Some of the blog posts also get published on my Medium account, especially ones that are picture heavy, as there are no hosting costs to store all the photos there, the link is <https://medium.com/@onetruekev>

For all previous works including the old Surerandomality pieces go to <https://onetruekev.co.uk/Mutterings/else/> where pretty much everything I've written before is linked through to.

Then there are my books. Nothing published yet, but I have one full book available online, it's called "Where The Lights Shine Brightest". Can I ask you all a favour, please can you review my book on Inkitt, and the link is below. Even if you don't take time to read it properly, please flick through a few chapters, give it ratings and a review and vote for it please. It may help me get it published.
<https://www.inkitt.com/stories/thriller/201530>

In addition, the first chapter of "Where The Lights Shine Brightest", and my other completed book, "The Talisman", are available on my Goodreads page <https://www.goodreads.com/story/list/77442053-kev-neylon> and the first chapters of two of the four books I have in progress at the moment are on there now and the others will go on there in time. The follow up to "The Talisman" – "The Magicusians" is at <https://www.goodreads.com/story/show/1253978-the-magicusians> and "The Repsuli Deception" is at <https://www.goodreads.com/story/show/1253979-the-repsuli-deception>

I have had a number (seventy three) of Drabbles published on the BookHippo web site, and they can all be found at <https://bookhippo.uk/profiles/kevin.neylon/drabbles>

You can also follow me on Twitter, where I will occasionally put up some micro fiction or micro poems, my Twitter handle is @Onetruekev – <https://twitter.com/onetruekev>

You can also follow all my writing on the Facebook page Onetruekev which is at <https://www.facebook.com/Onetruekev-102649357993650/>

Speak to me about getting a pen, there are currently six colours available; red, black, dark green, blue, purple and orange, the apple green ones are completely out and there is one yellow one left, but is showing signs of having being carried around for a long time. In addition, speak to me about Flanagan's Running Club torches, limited stock, bright little bastards available in red or blue.

E-mail any ideas or suggestions to kev@onetruekev.co.uk

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