

# Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 50

## 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, sit back, grab a cup of coffee (or beer or wine or whatever), and enjoy the read.

## Football Update

As blog posts have alluded to, I'm no longer a Spurs supporter. I have now taken the plunge and started supporting my local team – Crawley Town. At the time of writing, it would appear that my Jonah qualities are holding up. They lost their first league game of the season away to Hartlepool; got knocked out of the Carabao cup in the first round on penalties to Gillingham, and have had their first home game of the season, originally due to have been played on Saturday, postponed due to a Covid outbreak in their opponents' Harrogate Town's camp. We'll see how it goes when I go live to see them Tuesday night against Salford.

In other news, I've entered a fantasy football team this year after a few years of not. Expect a raft of injuries to star players from all clubs coming soon.

## On This Day – 12<sup>th</sup> August

1851 – Isaac Singer is granted a patent for his sewing machine.

1865 – Joseph Lister, British surgeon, and scientist, performs 1st antiseptic surgery.

1964 – South Africa is banned from the Olympic Games due to the country's racist policies.

1981 – The IBM Personal Computer is released.

International Youth Day

Russian Railway Troops Day (Russia)

Sea Org Day (Scientology)

World Elephant Day

## Thinker, Failure, Solider, Jailer. An Anthology of Great Lives in 365 Days

**Konrad Kujau**, b. 1938 d. 2000

Konrad Kujau, who died aged sixty-two, admitted in 1983 to forging the 'Hitler Diaries' in one of the most audacious journalistic hoaxes ever attempted; the sixty-two volumes of diaries, purporting to chronicle Hitler's years of power between 1933 and 1945, were bought by the German magazine Stern for £2.5 million.

Stern announced the acquisition in April 1983 under the headline 'Scoop of the Century'. Publishing rights were sold to The Times newspapers after the historian Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper authorised them as an archive of 'great historical significance'.

But the scoop aroused as much controversy as astonishment. Within days Trevor-Roper was having second thoughts, and two weeks later the West German Federal Archives announced that tests had proved that the paper and ink used were of post-war manufacture and that the diaries were 'blatant forgeries'.

For the Sunday Times, which had broken the news in Britain, it was a severe embarrassment; for Stern it was a disaster. Not only had the magazine lost a lot of money, it had also apparently been deceived by one of its own journalists.

The diaries had been bought by an investigative reporter named Gerd Heidermann from a dealer in Nazi memorabilia known as Konrad Fischer. Fischer, Heidermann claimed, had obtained the diaries from a general in the East German Army who had pulled them from a burning Nazi aeroplane that crashed at Bornersdorf on 21 April 1945 and had kept them hidden in a hay loft ever since.

The story soon unravelled. 'Fischer', it turned out, was Konrad Kujau, the manager of a rather unsuccessful cleaning company in Stuttgart who carried on a discreet business buying and selling Nazi memorabilia. He was also known to the police as a small-time forger of luncheon vouchers.

An emigrant from East Germany, Kujau had established himself as a dealer in Nazi mementoes during the 1970s and had begun to supplement genuine artefacts with fakes, often supplying his own authentications. Kujau had all the qualities of the successful conman – a complete disregard for the truth, a remarkable ability to make up stories as he went along and undoubted skills as an imitator of other people's handwriting.

He soon established a group of collectors who met at his offices in Stuttgart. One of his best customers was Fritz Steiffel, the owner of an engineering works who possessed a large collection of Kujau's fakes. In the late 1970s Kujau had offered to supply Steiffel with a diary by Hitler, rumours of which reached the ears of Gerd Heidermann.

Heidermann was deep in financial trouble at the time and felt that here at last was the scoop that would make his name. Having confirmed through his own researches that an aircraft reportedly carrying trunks of Nazi documents had indeed crashed in 1945, he had no difficulty in believing Kujau's story that more volumes existed.

Kujau set to work forging volume after volume of the diaries using an old steel pen and staining the pages with tea to give them a faded appearance.

It was by any standards an extraordinary achievement. Week after week, year after year of bureaucratic and personal minutiae were recorded in a spidery antique script which fooled three handwriting experts. 'Originally I copied Hitler's life out of books', Kujau confessed afterwards, 'but later I began to feel I was Hitler. As I wrote about Stalingrad, my hand began to shake.'

Over a period of two years, Heidermann would at intervals collect suitcases of cash from Stern's offices, returning with volumes of the 'diaries'.

After the hoax was discovered, Heidermann claimed he had been the victim of a swindle, though it later emerged that he had kept much of the money for himself. Kujau owned up after police searching his home had found forgeries of works by Durer, Rembrandt, and Goya. In 1985 both Heidermann and Kujau were convicted of fraud and given four-and-a-half-year jail sentences.

Konrad Kujau was born in 1938, the youngest of five children, in the small town of Lobau, about forty miles from Dresden in what was to become East Germany. In 1957 he was 'allotted' a job as a manager in the clubhouse of the Free German Youth at Lobau. After three weeks, however, he made up his mind to escape to the West to avoid conscription.

Kujau returned to Lobau in 1970, laden with gifts and stories of his success in the West. With the help of friends, he began a trade in military relics which he smuggled out of East Germany on annual visits.

In 1980 friends noticed that he was spending a great deal of his time on a project which required him to work alone, day and night. Then towards the end of 1980, he began to acquire a reputation as a big spender; in the nightclubs of Stuttgart, he would appear with a bodyguard and spread tips of £250 around the hostesses.

After his release from prison, he opened a gallery in Stuttgart specialising in fakes of works by famous artists. He became popular with the German media and made dozens of appearances on the country's most popular TV chat shows.

## **Births**

1880 – Radclyffe Hall  
1925 – Norris McWhirter  
1925 – Ross McWhirter  
1971 – Pete Sampras

## **Deaths**

30 BC – Cleopatra  
1827 – William Blake  
1982 – Henry Fonda  
2014 – Lauren Bacall

## **#vss365**

A short story in 280 characters or less, based on a prompt word on Twitter

"There's nothing on any system about the torus Brodie."  
I shook my head, it wasn't possible.  
"Is there any way of working out what its #vector is?"  
"Only one Brodie, though it's not advised."  
I knew what it'd be, but asked the question anyway,

"And?"

"Travel through it."

#vss365

## Joke

A man comes to a doctor and, twitching his fingers, and stuttering, finally manages to say, "Doctor, I have a sexual performance problem. Can you help me?" "Oh, that's not a problem for us men anymore!" announces a proud physician, "they just came out with the new wonder drug Viagra plus, that does the trick. Take a pill and your problems are history." So, the doctor gives the man a prescription and sends him on his merry way. A couple of months later, the doctor runs into his patient on the street. "Doctor, doctor!" exclaims the man excitedly, "I've got to thank you! This drug is a miracle! It's wonderful!" "Well, I'm glad to hear that" says the pleased physician, "What does your wife think about it?" "Wife?" asks the man, "I haven't been home yet."

## Drabble

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

### Pigeon of Doom

The warlock fed the seed to his pigeon. He was the only warlock to have a pigeon as his familiar. The other warlocks of his guild ridiculed him over the fact he hadn't gotten himself a crow or a raven.

He didn't care what they thought at all.

A pigeon was much more in touch with his needs and his mind-set; it was much more subtle. When it came to the time for his reckoning, the human fodder in the kingdom would never see their end coming.

After all who would expect a pigeon to be the harbinger of doom?

## Random Items

### Facts

Babies are born without kneecaps. They don't appear until the child reaches 2-6 years of age.

An adult dragonfly has a lifespan of 24 hours

A goldfish has a memory span of three seconds

### Thoughts

If ignorance is bliss, why aren't there more happy people around?

Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?

Why do they sterilize the needle for lethal injections?

### Never Eat Shredded Wheat

Weird Ways to Remember Things.

For the Great Lakes of North America, which are from west to east, Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, Lake Erie, and Lake Ontario. You could use HOMES if you just want to remember the five names. For the correct order, you can use:

Sally Made Henry Eat Onions.

Or starting from the east:

Old Elephants Have Much Skin

### Savoir Faire

1,000+ Foreign Words and Phrases You Should Know to Sound Smart

**Ichiban** \ i-chee-bahn \ (Japanese)

Number one. The best. A common name for Japanese restaurants.

## **Strumpshaw, Tincton & Giggleswick's Marvellous Map of Great British Place Names**

Entries from the map of rude and odd place names of Great Britain.

### **Firkin Point**

"What's the Firkin Point?" is a frequently asked question, and one to which – at last – there's an answer. It's a delightful viewpoint on the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond, easily accessible from the main north-south road that hugs the western shoreline. The perfect pitstop.

### **Brewers Britain & Ireland**

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

### **Betws-y-Coed**

'Prayer house in the wood' – Old English "bed-hus" 'prayer house' + Welsh y 'the' + 'Coed' Wood.

A small town and tourist centre (pronounced 'betoos-ah-coyd') in Conwy (formerly in Caernarvonshire, then in Gwynedd), some 8.5 miles northeast of Blaenau Ffestiniog. Nearby are many attractive gorges and waterfalls, including Swallow Falls, Coney Falls and Fairy Glen.

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.

### **Rainforest**

As the water dripped from the thick foliage of the trees that covered him repeatedly onto his head, he wondered how on earth he had managed to find himself stuck in the middle of what seemed to be a never-ending rainforest. The dim green light was playing tricks on his eyesight, he was losing the plot, seeing creatures that he was sure didn't, or couldn't exist, strange, twisted shapes looming towards him out of the darkness.

He had lost track of how many days he had been wandering through the mass of vegetation, when he should have been making his first appearance in the British Touring Car Championship's season opening race at Thruxton. He had risen through the ranks, and at only nineteen years of age, he was due to be one of the youngest ever drivers to be given a works team drive in the championship's history. He had the ambition of being the youngest driver to win the championship as well, but he wasn't going to win it by walking, and especially not in this forest, surrounded by a cacophony of strange noises made by god only knows what.

Before waking up and finding himself alone in this tropical rainforest, the last thing he could remember was suddenly feeling a burning sensation on his hand, forcing him to take it off the steering wheel of his normal road car. There was a swerve and ironically another tree coming towards him; and then nothing.

The little girl was bored, she had bribed her big brother into taking her into town with him. What he didn't know was that what she was bribing him over had all been set up by her in the first place. She had set him up to make it look like he had drunk all of their parent's drinks cabinet. When he had got back from the pub with his obnoxious friends and woken her up, she had waited until they had all fallen asleep, and then crept downstairs, tipped most of the alcohol down the sink, and then left the nearly empty bottles leaning against the four of them asleep in the living room.

When they had woken up, they thought that they had drunk it all when they had got in, and they rushed out to the shops to get replacements for what had gone missing. If their parents had found out they would have gone ballistic, regardless of the fact that their special little boy racer was about to hit the big time. It would serve him right; he got all the attention, and they ignored her no matter what she did. She had told her brother that she would tell them about the drinks cabinet if he didn't take her to town to do some shopping.

As it was there was nothing to do in the car and she was bored, so she had started to play with her magnifying glass, angling it around trying to get a pinpoint of hot light, just like the one she used to torture the ants in the garden. She had managed to get a beam going and aimed it at her brother's hand, but she wasn't prepared for the crash that followed. When she woke up after the crash, still sat in the car, her brother was gone. It was now days later, and no one had seen or heard from him since, her parents had checked all the hospitals, all his friends and all the other drivers but there was

no trace, a missing persons alert was out for him. Even she wondered where he had disappeared to, frustrated that even though he was gone, he was still the centre of attention.

He looked at the tree in front of him, wondering if he had passed this particular one before, questioning if he was walking around in circles, doing laps of the forest floor that no one would ever see, instead of speeding along in his car doing laps around Thrupton. He was missing the sounds of roaring engines, they were much more soothing than the random animal noises here, just what was that that seemed to be crashing through the undergrowth towards him.

## Leicestershire

### Brucciani's

In the mountains of Tuscany, north of Barga, is a tiny hamlet by the name of Brucciano from which the family takes its name. Almost 200 years ago some of my forefathers chose to leave the hard rural life and seek their fortunes abroad. They walked across Europe, initially settling in Scotland selling ice cream, coffee, and treats, before making their way down the country to capitalise on the wealthy shipyards of Lancashire.

In 1937 Luigi Brucciani left his father and brothers and came to Leicester, where the booming hosiery and shoe trades provided an excellent place to establish a new Italian coffee shop.

Setting up in Horsefair Street, Brucciani's was a friendly place to meet and enjoy fabulous coffee. Over the years the business grew to offer a whole selection of beautifully prepared drinks and foods.

The 1960s heralded a time of expansion, which began with the opening of its Fox Lane cafe in 1960. By now, Luigi's son Michael had joined the business, and, in 1962, they bought JS Winn and Co. This deal gave them their own bakery in Bath Lane from which staff could prepare cakes, pastries, and the like. The deal also brought four more cafes, three of which were closed quite quickly—the Royal, by the railway station; one by the Clock Tower and the old Oriental, in Market Place. Brucciani's also took over the Turkey Cafe, which it ran until the 1980s.

It was at the Turkey Cafe you could find Brucciani's Ladies Lounge, a man-free zone for women to enjoy tea and a natter – at least, up until the law changed in the 1970s. In 1962, Luigi's son, Michael entered the business and over the years modernised and streamlined operations. Making full use of their new bakery for the production of their ice cream, we soon added breads, sandwiches, and cakes to the list of products made and sold in house.

It was at this time that we introduced and established our now famous lemon splits which remain their best seller (and for good reason - you have to try one!) With the increasing demand for sandwiches and snacks their bakers were kept busy, and their skilled workforce grew.

Realising their original and main café on Horsefair Street was at risk as the end of the original 50-year lease approached; Michael took a big gamble and built a new, larger Brucciani on Churchgate, opening in 1979.

During the 1980's the business flourished, but times were a changing.

In the early 1990's Horsefair Street had to close, a recession hit, and they were forced to slim down to two cafés and our bakery. Michael's son Robert joined the business and hauled it into the modern era with investment in modern bakery kit.

Their bakery wholesale business was expanded, sandwich rounds set up and in 1998, as Robert left for the priesthood, his brother Tom joined in his stead. Recognising the unique value of their craft bakery as a means of continuing their passion for great, tasty, and unique products, he grew the wholesale and sandwich operations to reach out beyond the centre of Leicester.

Brucciani now boasts several, high profile awards for its artisan bakery. Producing breads, cakes, and goodies to rival the finest patisseries and boulangeries in Paris or Milan, their core focus is keeping their cafés stocked with wonderful craft baked goods, satisfying hungry workers at their place of work and servicing restaurants, delicatessens with some of the finest breads in the world.

Brucciani has been in the city since 1937 but is closing due a fall in custom. Luigi Brucciani set up the first shop in Horsefair Street before moving to Fox Lane and Churchgate. The business said it was an "incredibly difficult" decision, but they were "overwhelmed" by the affection shown. The business ran two cafes and a bakery in the city, employing around 50 people. Luigi's grandson Tom Brucciani said the decision had been made because of a decline in cafe sales meant a necessary refurbishment of the bakery was not viable.

## Leicester Cathedral - St Martin's



What stands today as Leicester Cathedral, started out, in Norman times as the parish church of St. Martin's. The name St. Martin's is first mentioned at the time of the Domesday Book in 1086. It is said to have been built on the site of a Saxon church, but there is little evidence of this, however remains of what is thought to have been the Roman temple have been found on the site. It is now a large church with many parts to it, which have been built, and added over the years.

The original church would have consisted of the nave, which has a wooden roof to it with a number of coloured angels around it. In the 13th century the aisles were added to the church, however the south aisle was completely rebuilt in 1343 by the recently formed Guild of Corpus Christi (a small powerful group of local businessmen), and was used by the guild for worship, and until they built the Guildhall next to the church, for meetings.

The chancel dates from 1409, and each of the seats around it carries the name of a famous person connected with the church or with Leicester. Some of the names include St. Augustine, Simon De Montfort, Handel, and Gabriel Newton. Later on, in the 15th century the chancel and the nave were extended to the size they are today. On the floor in the chancel is a memorial to Richard III.

With the reformation in 1548 came the wholesale stripping of the church of anything in value. All the statues, vestments, screens, and stained glass were removed from the church, leaving it somewhat bare. Just after this time, the belfry of the church started to be used as the town library, and was used as such until 1632, when it was moved to the Guildhall. The library is the third oldest surviving library in the country.

Within the church are three chapels, St. Katherine's, on the North side of the Chancel, which is dedicated to the Herrick family (former lords of Beaumanor Hall). St. Dunstan's, on the south side of the Chancel, which is named after the 10th century Archbishop of Canterbury, and is dedicated for the local people to offer prayers in. St. George's, named after the patron saint of England, which is at the west end of the south aisle, and which was rebuilt in 1921, and stands memorial to the Royal Leicestershire Regiment (The Tigers).

In 1757 a spire was added to the old Norman tower, and the spire was changed into the 220ft high spire that exists today during the restoration of the church in the 1850's and 1860's by Raphael Brandon. In fact, the nineteenth century saw much restoration and some additions. From 1846-48 the south aisles were re-roofed, and the clerestory and the east part of the chancel were rebuilt, a new font was added in 1849.

In 1851 new corbels and reredos were added along with a new west window, and stained glass was put into the east window. 1861-62 saw the tower being rebuilt and the north porch renovated. In 1865 both the north and south chapels were completely rebuilt, and two years later the spire was rebuilt. 1880 saw GE Street restore the north aisle and porch (again), and the south porch was added in 1896.

The Vaughan porch, which acts as the south entrance was built by JL Pearson in memorial to the four Vaughan's who were parish priests during the 19th century, especially David Vaughan (parish priest from 1860-1893) who was famed for his charitable works, and after whom the Vaughan college is named.

During the 1920's many additions and improvements were made in line with St. Martin's becoming the new Leicester Cathedral, with Leicester being given a Bishopric again after a 1050-year gap in 1927. The sanctuary at the east end of the chancel was added, and the high altar and the bishop's chair sit in this part of the church, the great east window at the end of the sanctuary was built to commemorate those who had died and suffered during World War I. The Gallery above the west end of the nave was also added at this time, and the organ was rebuilt by Harrison's of Durham, and incorporated the original Snetzler organ from 1774.

The bells in the tower were all recast to mark the coronation of King George VI, and two new ones were added, and just after a 13th flat bell was added. In 1939 the song school and vestry were added, leaving the church as it stands today. In 1946 George VI and his daughter, the future Elizabeth II visited the church, however they were not its first royal visitors, as Charles I had worshipped here twice in 1634 and 1642.

When the remains of King Richard III were found under the car park of what had been Greyfriars next to the site in 2013, it was eventually decided that he would be reinterred at Leicester Cathedral, as opposed to York Minster, and a grand ceremony took place to do so in 2015. The graveyard to the south of the church was cleared and those graves were moved to a section of Welford Road cemetery.

A modern tomb was created within the Cathedral between the nave and the high altar. Many other items have been updated within the Cathedral to take account of now having a king buried there. New stained-glass windows were added to the north aisle, and a felt lined coffin stands under the organ balcony at the west door, with a replica crown and images of the modern city.



A new St Martin's church and community centre now sits to the west of the Cathedral in new buildings attached to the former Wyggeston Boy's School building, and next to the new entrance to the Guildhall.

The Cathedral is a Grade II\* listed building and has the tallest spire of any church in the county and remains one of the five tallest buildings anywhere in the county.

### **St. Martin**

The church is named after St. Martin. Martin was a Roman soldier in the 4th century, whilst out riding one day he saw a very cold beggar, to help he cut his own cloak in half and gave half of it to the beggar. Then one night he had a dream during which Jesus visited him and said that he was pleased. After this Martin left the Roman army and became a monk. He later became the bishop of Tours.

### **Gumley**

Gumley is a village and civil parish in the Harborough district, in the county of Leicestershire, England, United Kingdom. The closest town is Market Harborough. The population of the civil parish (including Laughton, Leics) at the 2011 census was 209.

The name Gumley is a contraction of the Anglo-Saxon "Gutmundesleah" – meaning Godmund's clearing.

The village is first mentioned in 749. King Æthelbald of Mercia (r.716-757) held a synod at Gumley in that year, at the instigation of Saint Boniface, to answer accusations that he had been oppressing churches and monasteries. The outcome was that Æthelbald released the Church from all public burdens except the three common burdens of providing military service and building and repairing bridges and fortresses. These obligations arguably initiated changes in the land tenurial system of England and eventually led to serfdom.

King Offa visited Gumley in 772 and 779 for the witanagemot of the kings of Mercia. On the south side of Gumley Covert there is a pond called "the Mot" which may be a Saxon site. The pond stands in a small natural amphitheatre near a mound surmounted with trees.

After the Norman Conquest Gumley was given to Countess Judith, the Conqueror's niece. At that time there were twenty inhabitants. In the medieval period there were dwellings below the village towards Thornhill Farm, of which little remains apart from some surface irregularities and cobbles on the footpath passing by Too Cottage. There were also houses by the 'holloways' in Crow Spinney beside the parish church.

Gumley Hall was built in 1764 for Joseph Cradock (d. 1826). It consists of a large three storey red brick central block, flanked by two-story pavilions connected to the main block by quadrant walls. Internally many of the features, including the main staircase with its cast-iron balustrade, appear to date from the earlier 19th century. These were probably inserted between 1823 and 1833 by Sir Edmund Cradock-Hartopp who apparently took over the house in an unfinished condition. South of the hall and opening upon the village street the red-brick stables built round a courtyard were erected by Capt. Whitmore; the clock tower in the style of an Italian campanile bears the inscription *Incorrupta Fides* and a weathercock dated 1870.

Cradock laid out the gardens and plantations of Gumley Hall in imitation of the Parc de Saint-Cloud, and in the summer months they became a fashionable resort for the gentry of Leicester, particularly those who came to take the mineral waters of its 'spa', a chalybeate spring found in 1789.

After many structural alterations in 1869-70, the new owner, Capt. Whitmore, came into residence. From c. 1890, when he moved to Essex, he let the hall to a succession of tenants: Thomas Keay Tapling (1855–91), M.P. for South Leicestershire; James Coats (1834–1913), of J. & P. Coats, Ltd.; and from 1893 Mrs. Emma Bellville, who afterwards moved to Stoughton Grange. In 1897 the hall was bought by the Murray Smiths, who lived there until 1940. One of their governesses was Evelyn Cheesman, later a celebrated entomologist and traveller. G. A. Murray Smith then moved into the Rectory, which was no longer required by the incumbent.

During the Second World War the Hall was used to train resistance fighters and Special Operations Executive and afterwards Leonard Cheshire was given the use of the Hall for those servicemen returning homeless after demobilisation. The Hall became increasingly dilapidated and was demolished in 1964.

St Helens Church mostly dates from the 14th century with later additions. The tenor bell was cast around 1520. The interior of the church was restored in the Victorian era in 1874 and is a good example of the Decorative style. There is a service every Sunday with a family service once a month.

At the Engine House gas was manufactured for the Hall. There was a Post Office and part of the bakery remains as outbuildings of Westfield. The Butchers shop was at the 'Js' where it was preserved as a museum until recently. There were two public houses in the 1840s, the Hartopp Arms and the Bluebell, which later became The Bell. Only two of seven farms in Gumley are left.

Grade 2 listed structures in the village include Hall Farm, Rose Cottage and Fenleigh Cottage, Stone House, Leys Farm, and the village pump. The Motte Castle, a tree ringed mound to the west of Gumley is a Scheduled Monument.

## Top Ten

The first ten Stevie Wonder UK single releases.

|    | Single  | Year Released | Label        | Cat No. | Chart Pos |
|----|---|---------------|--------------|---------|-----------|
| 1  | Fingertips (Part 2) / Fingertips (Part 1)                   | 1963          | Oriole       | CBA1853 | -         |
| 2  | Workout Stevie Workout / Monkey Talk                        | 1963          | Stateside    | SS238   | -         |
| 3  | Castles In The Sand / Thank You (For Loving Me All The Way) | 1964          | Stateside    | SS285   | -         |
| 4  | Hey Harmonica Man / This Little Girl                        | 1964          | Stateside    | SS323   | -         |
| 5  | Kiss Me Baby / Tears In Vain                                | 1965          | Tamla Motown | TMG505  | -         |
| 6  | High Heeled Sneakers / Music Talk                           | 1965          | Tamla Motown | TMG532  | -         |
| 7  | Uptight (Everything Is Alright) / Purple Raindrops          | 1965          | Tamla Motown | TMG545  | 14        |
| 8  | Nothings To Good For My Baby / With A Child's Heart         | 1966          | Tamla Motown | TMG558  | -         |
| 9  | Blowing In The Wind / Ain't That Asking For Trouble         | 1966          | Tamla Motown | TMG570  | 36        |
| 10 | A Place In The Sun / Sylvia                                 | 1966          | Tamla Motown | TMG588  | 20        |



## Poetry Corner

### In The Woods

The late spring evening feels more like summer  
Sunshine rays beat down between wispy clouds  
Entering the woods they no longer hit the ground  
Prevented from doing so by the green leafy shroud

The excited dog is now off the lead and gone  
Happily wagging he explores places I can not  
He sniffs, he wags, he runs and then he stops  
Looking at me for permission and panting like he's hot

The woods are deserted and silent, we are alone  
It feels as if I am intruding as I walk between the trees  
A verdant wonderland surrounds me both old and new  
But behind the green façade could there be a killer disease

So many trees uprooted at all kinds of angles  
Some are on the ground; others seem to hover in the air  
Held up by others like friends supporting a drunk  
And they're hollowed out waiting to become a beast's lair

When the trees fell did they make a mournful sound?  
With no one around to hear did they let out a scream  
Or silently collapse all too aware of their fate  
As they lay down for eternity their life an old dream

The paths shine bright, almost white, between the foliage  
Twisting, winding, over roots, under branches, up and down  
I'm being careful as I edge around the iron ore pits  
One misstep will see me tumble a long way to the ground

The pits vary in size both in their width and their depth  
Some pits are protected by the trees, a way into them there's none  
They look almost completely filled in by nature's detritus  
Others are open and barren and cyclists use them for fun

Some of the paths come to a sudden abrupt halt  
A fallen tree blocks the way man has travelled before  
Go a different way, Mother Nature say no entry now  
I'm not the king of this jungle it has its own law

Life and death surround me in this shady place  
It is both cool and warm, there is an energy here  
As I photograph what look to be jungles vines  
Wondering how the pictures would change in a year

Then I hear voices and the spell is broken down  
The dog still wags but he can see the open field  
Through the trees at the edge of the woods he runs  
I step out from the shade and my eyes I must shield

## Musical Madness

### This Day In Music

Born  
1963 – Sir Mix-a-lot  
Died  
1985 – Kyu Sakamoto  
Event

1994 – Woodstock '94 was held in Saugerton, New York, attended by over 350,000 fans. The festival featured Green Day, Nine Inch Nails, Aerosmith, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Tickets cost \$135.00

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

**1987 – MC Shy D releases “Got To Be Tough” on Luke Skywalker Records.**

The rapper's hard-edged debut album was a landmark for Atlanta rap and became a hit on the independent record charts. Afrika Bambaataa's cousin, MC Shy D was born Peter Jones in the Bronx and is considered to have helped bring the early New York rap tradition to Atlanta.

### **Number 1's**

Number 1 single in 1988 - Yazz & The Plastic Population - The Only Way Is Up

Number 1 album in 1997 - The Prodigy - The Fat Of The Land

Number 1 compilation album in 2008 - Now 70

### **Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute**

#### **Deacon Blue - When the World Knows Your Name**

This wouldn't be an album anyone would expect me to like. It came out in a period where pretty much everything I bought was Hip-Hop or Dance related and an aversion to folk rock, yet as more singles came out from the album, and I liked each of the singles, I relented and bought the album on cassette, and it did get a long rotation in my Walkman.

When the World Knows Your Name was the second album by the Scottish rock band Deacon Blue. It was released in 1989 and attained the number 1 chart position (for two weeks) in the UK Albums Chart and spent 54 weeks on the chart. It sold over 600,000 copies and is certified as double platinum. "Real Gone Kid" was the band's first Top 10 hit single in the UK Singles Chart, reaching No. 8 in October 1988. "Wages Day", "Fergus Sings the Blues", "Love and Regret" and "Queen of the New Year" also reached the top 30 and all five of the album's singles made the top 10 of the Irish Singles Chart.

#### **Track listing**

All songs written by Ricky Ross, except where noted:

##### **Side 1**

1 - "Queen of the New Year" (Ricky Ross, James Prime) – 3:36 - The fifth and final single from the album. It reached No. 21 in the UK Singles Chart (and spent 5 weeks on the chart) but went as high as No. 4 in the Irish Singles Chart, the group's fifth Irish top 10 hit in a row. The main B-side was "My America". Some versions of the single contain the additional B-side, "Las Vegas", along with a longer version of the album track "Sad Loved Girl" and an acoustic demo version of the album track "Circus Lights". Was part of a mix released as a promo, single sided single in Spain, along with "Real Gone Kid", "Fergus Sings The Blues", and "Wages Day".

2 - "Wages Day" – 3:09 - The second single from the album it got to number 18 on the UK charts (and spent 6 weeks on the chart) and number 10 in Ireland. The main B-side is "Take Me to the Place", which is musically based on the hymn "Abide with Me" and the traditional melody "Eventide". Some versions of the single contain two songs, "Take the Saints Away" and a cover of Julian Cope's "Trampoline". A jukebox version of the single had it as the other side to Michael Jackson's "Leave Me Alone". Was part of a mix released as a promo, single sided single in Spain, along with "Real Gone Kid", "Fergus Sings The Blues", and "Queen of the New Year". Appeared as a B-side on the 1994 single "I Was Right And You Were Wrong".

3 - "Real Gone Kid" – 4:03 - The first single to come from the album was the band's first top-10 hit, reaching number 8 on the UK Singles Chart (and spent 13 weeks on the chart), number 10 in Ireland, and number five in New Zealand. In Spain, the song peaked at number one for three weeks. Vocalist Ricky Ross wrote the song about a performance he saw of ex-Lone Justice singer Maria McKee on stage. The B-sides consist of the song "Little Lincoln" and covers of Sam & Dave's "Born Again" and Hüsker Dü's "It's Not Funny Anymore". Was part of a mix released as a promo, single sided single in Spain, along with "Queen of the New Year", "Fergus Sings The Blues", and "Wages Day".

4 - "Love and Regret" – 4:48 - The fourth single from the album, it reached number 28 on the UK chart (and spent 5 weeks on the chart) and number 10 in Ireland. The main B-side is "Down in the Flood". Some versions of the single contain the additional B-side, "Undeveloped Heart", which Ricky Ross later re-recorded as a solo artist.

5 - "Circus Lights" – 4:59. An acoustic version of the song appeared as the B-side on some releases of "Queen of the New Year".

6 - "This Changing Light" (Ricky Ross, James Prime) – 5:02

##### **Side 2**

1 - "Sad Loved Girl" – 1:11. An extended version of the song appeared as the B-side on some releases of "Queen of the New Year".

2 - "Fergus Sings the Blues" (Ricky Ross, James Prime) – 3:54 - The third single from the album, it reached number 14 in the UK charts (and spent 7 weeks on the chart) and number 7 in Ireland. Writer Ricky Ross has stated in an interview with Johnnie Walker that the song was inspired by "Gael's Blue" by Scottish singer-songwriter Michael Marra. Homesick

James was mentioned by name in "Fergus Sings the Blues", by the lyric "Homesick James, my biggest influence". James & Bobby Purify were also name-checked in the following line, "Tell me why, James & Bobby Purify". The main B-side is "Long Window to Love". Some versions of the single contain one or more of the following additional B-sides: "London A to Z", and "Back Here in Beanoland". A jukebox version of the single had it as the other side to Michael Jackson's "Liberian Girl". Was part of a mix released as a promo, single sided single in Spain, along with "Real Gone Kid", "Queen of the New Year", and "Wages Day".

3 - "The World Is Lit By Lightning" (Ricky Ross, James Prime) – 4:57

4 - "Silhouette" – 3:18

5 - "One Hundred Things" – 3:53

6 - "Your Constant Heart" – 4:10

7 - "Orphans" (Ricky Ross, Ewen Vernal) – 3:33

### Personnel

Ricky Ross – vocals, guitar, piano, keyboard

Lorraine McIntosh – vocal

James Prime – keyboard

Ewen Vernal – bass

Graeme Kelling – guitar

Dougie Vipond – drums

### Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1977

| Position | Last Week's Position | Title                      | Artist                | Label      | Peak Position | Weeks on Chart |
|----------|----------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1        | 1                    | I FEEL LOVE                | DONNA SUMMER          | GTO        | 1             | 6              |
| 2        | 2                    | ANGELO                     | BROTHERHOOD OF MAN    | PYE        | 2             | 6              |
| 3        | 9                    | YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES      | SHOWADDYWADDY         | ARISTA     | 3             | 4              |
| 4        | 14                   | FLOAT ON                   | THE FLOATERS          | ABC        | 4             | 4              |
| 5        | 3                    | MA BAKER                   | BONEY M               | ATLANTIC   | 2             | 8              |
| 6        | 6                    | WE'RE ALL ALONE            | RITA COOLIDGE         | A&M        | 6             | 8              |
| 7        | 13                   | THE CRUNCH                 | RAH BAND              | GOOD EARTH | 7             | 6              |
| 8        | 5                    | FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN | EMERSON LAKE & PALMER | ATLANTIC   | 2             | 11             |
| 9        | 11                   | EASY                       | THE COMMODORES        | MOTOWN     | 9             | 7              |
| 10       | 7                    | IT'S YOUR LIFE             | SMOKIE                | RAK        | 7             | 5              |

### A Single Life

#### The Killers – Mr Brightside

As I'm sure anyone who knows me will attest to, this is one of my favourite songs. Whether for getting me up on the dancefloor at Christmas parties; or for me to clear any pub when I sing it loudly and tonelessly at many a karaoke.

"Mr. Brightside" was the first single released by the Killers. It was released as the band's debut single and is featured on their debut studio album, *Hot Fuss* (2004). Written by band members Brandon Flowers and Dave Keuning, it was one of the first songs the Killers ever wrote. Two music videos were made for the song: the first one was shot in black and white and features the band performing in an empty room. The second one, based on the 2001 film *Moulin Rouge!* was filmed for the song's re-release.

The song was first released on September 29, 2003. It became more popular upon its re-release in 2004, peaking at number 10 in both the United States and the United Kingdom. It is the Killers' best-selling song in the US, where it has sold over 3.5 million copies. In the United Kingdom it has also sold over 3.5 million copies and is the longest charting single on the UK Singles Chart Top 100 with 260 weeks (5 years) on the chart and is the most-streamed track released prior to 2010.] It is also one of the top fifteen most downloaded rock tracks ever in the United Kingdom.

"Mr. Brightside" was named "Song of the Decade" by UK radio stations Absolute Radio and XFM, and in April 2010 Last.fm revealed that it was the most listened to track since the launch of the online music service, with the track being

played over 7.66 million times. In October 2010, it was voted ninth in the Greatest Guitar Riffs of the 21st Century so far by Total Guitar magazine.

Lyrically, "Mr. Brightside" depicts a true story of Flowers' jealousy and paranoia when he walked into a bar in Las Vegas and found his girlfriend cheating on him. "I was asleep, and I knew something was wrong," he said. "I have these instincts. I went to the Crown and Anchor, a bar in Vegas, and my girlfriend was there with another guy." Guitarist Dave Keuning composed the music before meeting Flowers. Flowers then wrote lyrics and composed the chorus after hearing Keuning's ideas. Flowers credits the speed of the song's creation due to it having only one verse. He says, "We went in and made demos pretty quickly after that, and it took a ton of time. That's also why there's not a second verse... I just didn't have any other lines, and it ended up sticking." Drummer Ronnie Vannucci Jr. is credited with creating the fast-paced drum beat in the first twenty-two seconds. The "calling a cab" section of the song has both a musical and textual similarity to the middle section of the song "Queen Bitch" from David Bowie's album *Hunky Dory* (1971).

#### Charts

Chart - Peak position

Australia - 29

Austria - 61

Canada - 5

Germany - 60

Ireland - 48

Italy - 40

Netherlands - 66

New Zealand - 15

UK Singles - 10

US Billboard Hot 100 - 10

#### Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales

Australia - 11× Platinum - 770,000

Brazil - Gold - 30,000

Germany - Platinum - 300,000

Italy - Platinum - 50,000

New Zealand - Gold - 5,000

United Kingdom - 6× Platinum - 3,520,000

United States - 2× Platinum - 2,000,000

## Story Time

### Colleagues

They weren't like me. Despite my best efforts to fit in I was sure that they didn't like me either. I wasn't bothered by them not liking me; I'm not the most likeable person I know. I can be uncommunicative and what little does come out of my mouth tends to be a grumpy set of monosyllabic answers. The perma-scowl on my faces speaks volumes about my usual demeanour.

I could have made more of an effort to fit in, but I did try. I made an effort for the first few weeks, but after making no headway I resorted to type, and ended up being part of the problem. It was just too much effort. I was too far gone, too old and set in my ways to be able to try and bring about even a modicum of sunny to my disposition after the initial burst of effort.

It was a struggle from day one. Being the newcomer to this environment, I wasn't prepared. They had been a team for a long time. I found out a few months later that the previous new entrant had been Joe, and that had been eight years before. Even with the length of time they had been together in the team, I was still old enough to have been the parent of all of the rest of the team.

I had been told it was a casual dress environment, yet my work boots, jean and button-down collared check shirt made me feel overdressed compared to my colleagues. The raised eyebrows and exchanged looks between them suggested that they thought I looked like the odd uncle at a family reunion, trying to be cool and failing miserably. I wasn't really able to master the art of blending in where the dress code was concerned.

Then there was the language. It wasn't that they didn't speak English, but they had formed an additional subset of it. They spoke to each other in sentences that made very little or no sense to me. And that was before they started with the acronyms and abbreviations they used. They made no effort to try and include me in their conversations. I lost count of the number of times I asked what one of the acronyms stood for, only to be told the answer with as much disdain as they could muster in doing so.

The boss was located in another country. As long as the team got results, he didn't care what they did on a day-to-day basis. It was six weeks before he deigned to make the journey over to meet his new employee. I got seven minutes with him. Granted it was a couple more than he spent with any of the rest of the team, but it wasn't long enough to form an impression of the man other than he seemed bored by the job, and annoyed that he had to make the journey over to England to see his team. I asked my colleagues if the visit was what usually happened, only to be told it was the first time in three years they had seen him, and he spent more time with them than he had done previously.

I didn't get an invite to the Christmas party the first year I was there. They claimed it wasn't intentional; the invite from the previous year had been updated and sent out, as it had been for the previous seven years. But no one had thought to update the mailing list. After getting the invite and attending the party the following year I hoped that my name would magically remove itself from the mailing list for future years.

If they spoke a different subset of English at work, alcohol and "party spirit" multiplied that tenfold. I didn't understand what was going on at any point during the meal. There seemed to be a game ongoing through the evening, one I didn't know the rules to. If there were any rules that was. It looked to me as if someone shouted out something incomprehensible and someone else would knock back their drink, and if they didn't finish it all, the remnants were tipped over their head. I ended up wearing more drinks than I drank. I was just glad I hadn't bothered dressing up for the occasion.

There may have been team drinks or social events during the rest of the year, but I didn't know about them. Not a bad thing in hindsight, but I did try at first, against my nature. I tried to set up a couple of nights out, but no one was interested, and they actually appeared shocked that I would suggest such a thing. It didn't take long for me to give up trying and so I sat at my desk doing my job, nominally part of the team in the office, but in reality, I was in a little island of isolation.

Whilst the others shunned and ignored me, I found myself slowly becoming obsessed with them. I began to rush through my assigned work each day and then spend the rest of my time watching them. My detached corner desk gave me a great view of the rest of the office. I started to make notes on all of my co-workers.

I built up a dossier on all of them. I logged the time they spent at their desk, how many times they went to the toilet, what they ate and drank, who they talked to, how many phone calls they made, what web sites they used, how their appearance changed, hairstyles etc., what clothes they wore and how many times they wore the same outfit to work.

The longer it went on the more I found I needed to know. I put keystroke loggers on their machines one weekend. I found out which words they typed more than any other, and of course all their passwords. I found out all their personal details, what they were spending their money on, where they lived, who they lived with, and all their social media activity. And when this was no longer enough, I started to follow them outside of work. Weeks of watching them in their own environments followed. Peering through windows, I even knew what they watched on television.

By the time I had collected all that data I knew them so well that I probably knew their habits and foibles better than they did themselves.

But what to do next? What could I do with all this information? It was a question that had me stumped for a number of weeks. The answer came during the party debacle, and I could have kicked myself for not seeing it earlier. I could become them and change them. And so, I gradually and insidiously started to take over their lives. Social media posts were subtly altered. Pictures were added or photo shopped, they checked into places that were slightly different to their usual haunts. Their online shopping was tweaked. An odd item at first, the flavour of a yoghurt changed, and the number of bananas went up by one, skimmed milk to semi-skimmed milk. When they looked back at their orders it turned out they had ordered what had turned up, it wasn't a replacement item sent by the supermarket. Their pre-set radio stations changed; their favourite television channels updated. The thermostat temperature in their homes changed.

Little things changed in work as well, a desk and chair would have their height changed by a centimetre up or down. Screen brightness and contrast altered a degree a day, pen colours changed. Nothing obvious or major, just a constant drip of tiny changes.

They started wearing confused looks. Their special language subset started breaking down. In their minds they knew something wasn't right. Something was out of kilter, but they couldn't put their fingers on it. They started pointing those fingers at each other. Their relationships became fractious. And the more they did, the better my mood became, until I almost had a sunny disposition never associated with me before.

Their work deteriorated, so much so our previously absent boss's trips became more frequent, and as they did, so his mood got worse. Then there was the day he didn't take them all individually into the office. He stood in the middle of the office and screamed at them all.

"What the hell is wrong with you people? How could you all have become so bad at your jobs?"

He then pointed in my direction before continuing.

“You need to buck your ideas up. Why can’t you all be more like Kurt over there, he’s the only one of you doing anything resembling a decent job nowadays.”

They all slowly turned their heads towards me. There was the same look on all their faces; they looked at me as if they were noticing I was there for the first time in their lives.

I just smiled. They weren’t like me, and they would never be like me, but they were exactly how I wanted them to be now.

## World’s Greatest Cathedrals Top Trumps

| <u>Cologne Cathedral</u> |   |
|--------------------------|---|
| City / Country           | Cologne, Germany  |
| Height                   | 157.4 metres  |
| Commenced Building       | 1248  |
| Character                | 13  |
| Global Fame              | 80  |
| Top Trumps Rating        | 84  |
| Details                  | The first stone of Cologne Cathedral was laid in 1248, but from 1473 construction was stopped. The cathedral had to wait almost 400 years for work to start again and was finally completed in 1880. Originally built to house the reliquary of the Three Kings, it is the tallest twin-spired church in the world. |

## 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 eight colours available: red, black, dark green, blue, maroon, orange, purple and grey. In addition, speak to me about Flanagan's Running Club torches, limited stock, bright little so and sos available in red or blue. And new small green leather style notepads, with mini pens and various size sticky notes. And recent additions, branded hand sanitiser bottles.

E-mail any ideas or suggestions to [kev@onetruekev.co.uk](mailto:kev@onetruekev.co.uk)

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