

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 66

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.

On This Day – 23rd December

1815 – The novel Emma by Jane Austen is first published.

1919 – Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act 1919 becomes law in the United Kingdom.

1947 – The transistor is first demonstrated at Bell Laboratories.

1954 – First successful kidney transplant is performed by J. Hartwell Harrison and Joseph Murray.

Festivus, a parody holiday made popular by the sitcom Seinfeld

Night of the Radishes (Oaxaca City, Mexico)

Tibb's Eve (Newfoundland and Labrador)

Tom Bawcock's Eve (Mousehole, Cornwall)

A Grim Almanac of Sussex

1899 – The crash just outside Wivelsfield station was the greatest rail disaster since the Clayton tunnel catastrophe thirty-eight years earlier. What had begun as a bright winter's day had suddenly changed and almost the whole county had become enshrouded in a dense, impenetrable fog.

The boat train en route to Victoria from Newhaven had responded to fog signals and had slowed to a speed of no more than 5 miles an hour. It had just pulled clear of Wivelsfield station when at 6.30 p.m. it was hit in the rear by the Pullman train from Brighton. The engine of the Brighton train overturned and several carriages of the boat train, telescoping, were derailed, tumbling down the embankment. Two of them caught fire and were almost totally destroyed. Six people were killed and seventeen injured.

Births

1955 – Carol Ann Duffy

1967 – Carla Bruni

Deaths

1973 – Charles Atlas

2006 – Charlie Drake

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1990 - Vanilla Ice - Ice Ice Baby

Number 1 album in 1971 - T. Rex - Electric Warrior

Number 1 compilation album in 2009 - Various - Now 74

#vss365

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

She loved the bright, vibrant #vermilion lipstick that her husband bought her. She didn't know it contained cinnabar until she started to fall ill. It was too late to stop mercury poisoning from killing her.

He wasn't getting away with it, she'd crushed it into his food.

#vss365

Joke

When her husband passed away, the wife put the usual death notice in the newspaper, but added that he had died of gonorrhoea. Once the daily newspapers had been delivered, a good friend of the family phoned and complained bitterly, "You know very well that he died of diarrhoea, not gonorrhoea." Replied the widow, "Yes, I know that he died of diarrhoea, but I thought it would be better for posterity to remember him as a great lover rather than the big shit that he really was."

Drabble

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

The Gift Of Revenge

The strange old man in the higgledy-piggledy house on the riverbank started giving everything away. The other villagers were suspicious at first, he hadn't spoken to anyone in years, and they had mocked him. Yet word got around and strangers arrived to get gifts for themselves. He gave to them too and they called him the most generous man alive.

Finally, there was only the odd house, which he gave to the Mayor of a local town before leaving the village.

Then the incidents started. It had all been cursed, his revenge for the years of abuse was a success.

Random Items

Facts

101 Dalmatians and Peter Pan (Wendy) are the only two Disney cartoon features with both parents that are present and don't die throughout the movie.

A whale's penis is called a dork.

Twelve or more cows are known as a "flink."

Thoughts

Why is the piece of wrapping paper you have never quite big enough for the present you have to wrap?

And why can you never find the fucking sellotape?

It's frustrating when you know all the answers, but nobody ever asks you the questions.

A Word A Day

Declension

Noun

In linguistics, declension is the inflection (changing the form of a word) of nouns, pronouns, adjectives and articles to indicate certain aspects such as number, gender or case. Shakespeare, however, coined a new meaning to the word in his play Richard III by using it to mean something suddenly deteriorating, in this case the reputation of a courtier after committing adultery. There is a rare subsidiary meaning of declension and that is 'a polite formal refusal'.

A beauty-waning and distressed widow, even in the afternoon of her best days, made prize and purchase of his wanton eye, seduced the pitch and height of his degree to base declension and loathed bigamy.
(William Shakespeare, Richard III, Act 3, Scene 1 (c. 1592))

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.

Fruit And Veg

He needed to run, but that wasn't going to happen anytime soon, seeing as his feet had turned into giant mushrooms. He knew that athlete's foot was a kind of fungus, but this was absolutely, positively ridiculous. He had tried putting his weight on his mushrooms; a ludicrous concept to his poor tortured mind, but his mushrooms didn't like it, they bruised and became damaged with even the slightest pressure on them.

No matter what, he needed to get out of this tropical greenhouse he'd been in for the last two weeks, he was sure that being stuck here is what had caused his feet to turn into mushrooms in the first place.

At first, he'd been too weak to try and move anywhere, the combination of months of only eating lentil soup, being hit over the head repeatedly by the over-zealous horticulturist, and the copious amounts of magic markers he had been sniffing, had caused his body to shut down tighter than a Jew's wallet at tipping time.

Only by catching falling condensation in his mouth and reaching out to the nearby mango tree had he got anything into his body at all. As his strength grew, he was able to move more and so had increased his diet to tomatoes, lychee, kiwi fruit, and cucumber, and was able to lick the condensation off the windows of the greenhouse. His problem now was having mushrooms as feet.

That and the fact that the horticulturist with a sadistic streak the width of an ugly Squirrel's barmaid's backside, kept coming back and hitting him with various gardening implements. He'd been hit over the head so many times that the top of it was as flat as a perfectly balanced snooker table, and he had various holes in him from the gardening fork.

He looked down at his hands and couldn't believe what he was seeing, his hands looked just like two bunches of bananas. He tried rubbing his eyes to clear his vision, but nearly poked them out, his hands were bunches of bananas. Whatever the mad horticulturist had sprayed him with was turning him into living fruit and vegetables. He had to get out of this greenhouse and warn the world, but he couldn't move.

Then the doors opened and in came the Norman Bates of the gardening world, straight over to him, and the beating started again, this time with a hoe. He felt himself passing out, and the spraying started again. His last vision as he slipped back into unconsciousness; was the utter madman opening up a big bag and letting out thousands of insects.

He woke screaming, or would have done if he could have made a noise. There was virtually nothing left, he had turned into the fruit and veg man, and the insects had taken their toll. All that remained was for them to finish eating the remains of the avocado that was his head.

Leicestershire

Ladybird Books

Ladybird Books is a London-based publishing company, trading as a stand-alone imprint within the Penguin Group of companies. The Ladybird imprint publishes mass-market children's books.

It is an imprint of Penguin Random House, a subsidiary of German media conglomerate Bertelsmann and British publishing company Pearson plc.

The company traces its origins to 1867, when Henry Wills opened a bookshop in Loughborough, Leicestershire. Within a decade he progressed to printing and publishing guidebooks and street directories. He was joined by William Hepworth in 1904, and the company traded as Wills & Hepworth.

By August 1914, Wills & Hepworth had published their first children's books, under the Ladybird imprint. From the start, the company was identified by a ladybird logo, at first with open wings, but eventually changed to the more familiar closed-wing ladybird in the late 1950s. The ladybird logo has since undergone several redesigns, the latest of which was launched in 2006.

Wills & Hepworth began trading as Ladybird Books in 1971 as a direct result of the brand recognition that their imprint had achieved in Britain. In the 1960s and 1970s the company's Key Words Reading Scheme (launched in 1964) was heavily used by British primary schools, using a reduced vocabulary to help children learn to read. This series of 36 small-format hardback books presented stereotyped models of British family life – the innocence of Peter and Jane at play, Mum the housewife, and Dad the breadwinner.] Many of the illustrations in this series were by Harry Wingfield and Martin Aitchison.

In the 1960s, Ladybird produced the Learnabout series of non-fiction (informational) books, some of which were used by adults as well as children.

An independent company for much of its life, Ladybird Books became part of the Pearson Group in 1972. However, falling demand in the late 1990s led Pearson to fully merge Ladybird into its Penguin Books subsidiary in 1998, joining other household names in British children's books such as Puffin Books, Dorling Kindersley, and Frederick Warne. The Ladybird offices and printing factory in Loughborough closed the same year, and much of the company's archive of historic artwork was transferred to public collections.

In November 2014, Ladybird signed up to the Let Books Be Books campaign and announced that it was "committed" to avoiding labelling books as 'for girls' or 'for boys' and would be removing such gender labelling in reprinted copies. The publisher added: "Out of literally hundreds of titles currently in print, we actually only have six titles with this kind of titling". Its parent company, Penguin Random House Children's division would also be following suit.

In October 2015, it was announced that Ladybird books would be publishing its first series of books for adults. The eight books, which parody the style and artwork of the company's books for children, include the titles *The Hangover*, *Mindfulness*, *Dating* and *The Hipster*, and were written by television comedy writers Jason Hazeley and Joel Morris. They were published on 18 November 2015.

The series follows a trend of other spoof Ladybird books including *We Go to the Gallery* by Miriam Elia who had previously been threatened with legal action by Penguin. On 5 July 2016, Touchstone Books, an imprint of Simon & Schuster, announced that they would publish American adaptations of the Ladybird Books for Grown-ups, called *The Fireside Grown-Up Guides*.

Ladybird Expert (Series 117) was launched in January 2017 following the success of Ladybird for Grown-Ups. The books in this series are not parodies but instead use the classic format to serve as clear introductions to a wide variety of subjects, generally in the fields of science and history.

The first book published and the inspiration for the series is *Climate Change* by the Prince of Wales, Tony Juniper and Emily Shuckburgh. Four more titles were released in 2017 by Jim Al-Khalili (*Quantum Mechanics*), Steve Jones (*Evolution*), James Holland (*The Battle of Britain*) and Ben Saunders (*Shackleton*). The line was expanded with fifteen new books in 2018 and more titles are planned for 2019.

The classic pocket-sized mini-hardback Ladybird book measured roughly four-and-a-half by seven inches (11.5 cm by 18 cm). Early books used a standard 56-page format, chosen because a complete book could be printed on one large standard sheet of paper, a quad crown, 40 inches by 30 inches, which was then folded and cut to size without any waste. It was an economical way of producing books, enabling the books to be retailed at a low price which, for almost thirty years, remained at two shillings and sixpence (12.5p).

The first book in the line, *Bunnikin's Picnic Party: a story in verse for children with illustrations in colour*, was produced in 1940. The book featured stories in verse written by W. Perring, accompanied by full-colour illustrations by A. J. (Angusine Jeanne) MacGregor. The appeal of Bunnikin, Downy Duckling and other animal characters made the book an instant success. Later series included nature books (series 536, some illustrated by, for example, Charles Tunnicliffe and Allen W. Seaby) and a host of non-fiction books, including hobbies and interests, history (L du Garde Peach wrote very many of these) and travel.

Ladybird began publishing books in other formats in 1980. Most of the remaining titles in the classic format were withdrawn from print in 1999, when the factory in Loughborough which specialised in this format closed.

With the demise of the traditional Ladybird publishing format has come an increased interest in collecting, often by adults who were children when Ladybird was in its heyday in the 1960s and early 1970s. A great many second-hand Ladybird books are available, and it can be an inexpensive hobby.

In 2014 the artist Miriam Elia, along with her brother, Ezra Elia, produced *We go to the gallery*, a satire on modern art in the form of a Ladybird Book. The book drew threat of legal action from Penguin Group for breach of copyright, and some changes were made to the names of characters and logos so it could be published as a parody. Penguin later released their own series of satirical adult-oriented Ladybirds books.

Mount Saint Bernard Abbey



Situated to the north east of the town of Coalville, just off the B588 road to Shepshed, is the Cistercian Abbey of Mount Saint Bernard. It is a Roman Catholic, Trappist monastery near Coalville, Leicestershire, England, founded in 1835 in the parish of Whitwick, and now in that of Charley. The abbey was the first permanent monastery to be founded in England since the Reformation and is the only Trappist house in England. The monks brew the only Trappist beer in Britain.

Hidden from view on the approach to the buildings, by the landscaped drive and trees, you have no idea of the scale of the buildings until you pull into the car park, virtually next to the buildings.

Mount St Bernard Abbey was founded in 1835 on 222 acres (0.90 km²) of land purchased from Thomas Gisborne MP, by Ambrose Lisle March Phillipps De Lisle, a local landowner and Catholic convert who wanted to re-introduce monastic life to the country. De Lisle was especially attracted to the Trappists because his family mansion at Garendon had replaced a former Cistercian monastery.

The land that the monks took possession of in September 1835 was wild and largely uncultivated, but it contained an ancient enclosure known as Tin Meadow, and it was into the near-derelict Tin Meadow House, a small four-roomed cottage, which the first monks came to make their home. The first monks were Augustine, Luke, Xavier, Cyprian, Placid, Simeon and Fr Odilo Woolfrey.

There are extensive grounds, housing a large church, plus all the buildings and farm lands required for the day to day life of the monks housed here.

The large striking church is laid out in the traditional ancient style, with long north and south aisles, and short east and west arms, so that it forms the shape of a cross. The plans were drawn up by Augustus Welby Pugin, and work was started in 1844, at which time the west nave was built under his supervision. It was only partially completed due to a lack of funds. The granite used to build the monastery was quarried by the monks in the monastery grounds.

The East nave, tower and transepts were added from 1935-1939 under the supervision of MR. F.J. Bradford. In the last of these years the original west nave was renovated. The church itself has a number of monuments both inside and out to those people and families, who over the years have contributed, and dedicated themselves to the Cistercian order.

To the east of the church is Calvary walk, which along it houses the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, which was moved to its current location, brick by brick by the monks in 1955, from its previous location in the woods, near to the rocks of High Caderman, where it had stood derelict for a number of years.

A wooden Calvary was first erected on the granite outcrop to the north of the abbey church on 20 August 1847. "A numerous congregation assembled on the occasion from the neighbourhood. They sat down in groups beneath the rock, whilst the Rev. Moses Furlong preached, from a set-off in the rock, about half way from its summit, and which accommodated him with a green sward, and a commanding position" The original Calvary cross existed until well into the twentieth century and an account of 1904 reads, "From almost every part of the forest the huge cross may be seen. It rises abruptly, awe inspiring and beautiful. The cross is of massive oak, 14 ft. in height, and is mortised into a stone pedestal, resting on a greece of three stone steps cut into the solid rock".



The present "Gill-style" sculptures surmounting the Calvary rock are the work of Father Vincent Eley, 1965, and represent the crucified Jesus, mounted on a cross of concrete, with images of Our Lady and Saint John on either side. The Calvary at Mount Saint Bernard has the distinction of being only the second in England since the Reformation. The first had been established on a rocky outcrop on De Lisle's Grace Dieu estate off Thurlough Road, near Thringstone, about a mile away. This had been surmounted with a seventeen-foot-high crucifix, erected by Luigi Gentili and blessed by Bishop W B Ullathorne on 1 January 1843 and which remained there for around 120 years, until being transferred to the monastery in 1963.

During the early cultivation of the monastery estate, on 2 June 1840, that Lay Brother John Patrick McDanell, together with labourers William Hickin and Charles Lott, unearthed an urn with their plough, which contained approximately 2000 Roman coins, "conglomerated together, and covered with the green oxide of copper". The coins were subsequently identified as being from the time of Gallienus and Tetricus I, who lived in the third century AD, and the find inevitably led to speculation that the land may have been inhabited during Roman times. Writing in 1852, Father Robert Smith noted that, "Besides the coins, there was discovered a small arrow or spear-head, three inches long. Also, a small round article, having the appearance of a Roman lamp, and composed of terra-cotta. Pieces of Roman vases, and pottery, were [also] found in great abundance".

Father Robert believed that these finds and the presence of "several ancient mounds" in the immediate vicinity clearly indicated that there had been a Roman military post here. The fact that the site of the hoard's discovery occupied "one of the highest spots in the forest, [commanding] a very extensive view of the surrounding country" was also felt to lend credence to this theory. However, more recent historians have tended to the idea that the hoard may have been placed here 'in hiding' and eventually forgotten about. The remaining coins are now housed at the Newarke Houses Museum in Leicester.

The monastery was given Abbey status in 1848 by Pope Pius IX and an abbot appointed. In 1856 a reformatory school for young Catholic delinquents was founded at Mount Saint Bernard, and which was housed in the original monastery built by Railton; it is now demolished.

The Abbey has long been a site for famous visitors, especially writers and architects, and has been a place of refuge for the poor and hungry. It has fed thousands of people at regular intervals during its history; including those escaping the Irish potato famine, the coal miners during the downturn in the late 19th century, and those in need during the 1926 general strike.

In 2009, the skeletons of more than six hundred medieval Trappist monks were re-buried in the grounds of Mount Saint Bernard. The remains had originally been found by workmen excavating an extension to London Underground's Jubilee line in 1998, on a site which had once been occupied by Stratford Langthorne Abbey.

It was one of the sites suggested for the re interment of Richard III in 2012. A Catholic site was felt to be particularly appropriate since Richard had been a pre-Reformation (and thereby Catholic) monarch, and had originally been laid to rest in the monastic church of Greyfriars, Leicester.

Tur Langton

Tur Langton (derived from the Anglo-Saxon word for an enclosure, meaning "long town") is a small village and civil parish in the Harborough district, in the heart of Leicestershire in England. Tur Langton is home to St Andrews Church and The Crown Inn, situated in the centre of the village. The next nearest settlement of significant size is the civil parish Kibworth Harcourt, found approximately 2 km west of Tur Langton. According to the 2011 census, Tur Langton had a population (including Shangton) of 316.

One of the earliest recorded mentions of the existence of Tur Langton is found in the Domesday Book of 1086. However, in the Domesday Book, Tur Langton is listed as 'Terlinton'. Tur Langton's present-day name does not appear to have been established until at least the late 16th century, despite its inclusion in the small hundred of Langton in the 1130 Leicestershire Survey and the parish itself being recognised as part of the ecclesiastical parish of Church Langton since 1220.

In July 1645, King Charles briefly visited Tur Langton to rest and water his horse in his departure from the Battle of Naseby. The battle, which took place in June of the same year in the village of Naseby, Northamptonshire, was a decisive battle in the Civil War in which parliament's New Model Army defeated King Charles' main field army. The well, a chalybeate spring in the eastern half of the parish, at which King Charles watered his horse, still stands in Tur Langton today, now named 'King Charles Well'.

In the 1870s, the Imperial Gazetteer of England and Wales described Tur Langton as: "...a township, with a village, in Church-Langton parish, Leicester; 2 miles E by N of Kibworth r. station, and 5¼ N of Market-Harborough. Real property, £3,278. Pop., 337. Houses, 90. A church is here, as a chapel to Church-Langton; is a small old building with a turret; and was about to be restored in 1864, at a cost of about £1,000. There is also an Independent chapel. Charles I., in his flight from the battle of Naseby, watered his horse here, at a place still called King Charles' Well."

Now part of a farm, the former Manor House stands at the end of a short avenue at the west end of the village. Made of stone, it was constructed on an H-shaped plan dating from the 17th century, standing two stories tall. All that remains today is the central block, which originally contained a great hall. Although there is no record of its structural history before its 17th century plans, there are records of the manor's ownership. Up until the 17th century, the reigning Archbishop of York was regarded as the overlord of the manor, which was attached to the manor of Southwell, Nottinghamshire. One of the longest family ownerships of the manor was by the Maunsell family. Prior to 1166, the Archbishop of York at the time had granted residency of the manor to Robert Maunsell, a residency which remained in the hands of his male descendants until 1352. Robert Maunsell did lose the manor for four years during this period (1216-1220) as a result of rebellion; the manor was forfeited to the crown and King John granted the manor to Hugh de Luterinton. Following the Maunsell's residency, the manor changed hands several times in the succeeding centuries, switching families through marriage and changes of the Archbishop of York.

Before the construction of St Andrews Church in 1866, Tur Langton's sole place of worship was a small chapel, which was reported to be a 'wretched structure' as early as 1832. The majority of the old chapel was disassembled whilst the new church was being built. St Andrews church, designed by Joseph Goddard, was funded by Hanbury's Charity; this was a fund of approximately £2000 left by the Reverend William Hanbury upon his death for the purpose of the construction of features, such as churches, in the local area. Built on Main Street and still standing today, the church was fashioned in a Victorian Style and dedicated to St Andrew.

The majority of the residencies on Main Street are built of red brick or ironstone, with most houses containing ceiling beams inscribed with the house's date of construction. Despite significant rebuilding of Tur Langton from 1700 onwards, many houses contain ceiling beams which display a 17th-century origin. There is some social housing in Tur Langton, built in the 1930s and 1940s. Towards the west end of Main Street is Tur Langton's village hall. A wooden army hut bought from Cannock Chase, Staffordshire, it was constructed by public subscription after World War I.

Population at the 2011 census was 316.

Life's What You Make It

Excerpts from life writing.

Make It Snappy

The most unusual food I've seen on a menu, and eaten was when I lived in Leicester. It was at Rum Runner, one of the plethora of Mexican restaurants along Braunstone Gate. For some reason in the early nineties there were four Mexican restaurants on the one hundred and fifty yards of Braunstone Gate as it swung around from the river at the Bowstring Bridge up to the start of the Narborough Road. A little oasis of Mexico in the middle of the never-ending mass of curry houses and kebab shops in that part of Leicester.

Rum Runner was the only one of the four though that was open post nightclub kicking out time. Therefore, it was often frequented by groups of us as we made the walk back from The Fan Club or Alcatraz to my house for post drinks drinks.

It is the only time I've seen alligator on the menu. I had ummed and ahed about ordering it for months, and eventually, one early Saturday morning I took the plunge and went for it.

I almost shouted out the words, "I'll have the alligator steak please, and make it snappy."

To the less than impressed waiter, who just rolled his eyes and wrote the order on his little notepad. God alone knows just how many times he had heard the same joke from drunken wags over the years.

When the steak arrived and I started to eat it, I wondered whether it had come directly from a live alligator, or if they had just cooked up an old handbag. If the damn thing had been any tougher it could have had a job as a bouncer at one of Leicester's nightclubs.

My jaw ached for days after trying to munch my way through it. It was unusual, and I ate it, it was quite tasty in the spicy sauce that came with it, but I wouldn't be ordering it again, no matter how snappy they were at serving it.

Top Tens

Random Top Ten

The ten borders that Brazil has with other countries in order from longest to shortest.

Rank	Country	Border length (in Miles)
1	Bolivia	2100
2	Venezuela	1400
3	Colombia	1021
4	Peru	970
5	Paraguay	800
6	Argentina	761
7	Guyana	695
8	Uruguay	612
9	France (French Guiana)	418
10	Suriname	371

Chart

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1984

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	1	DO THEY KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS?	BAND AID	MERCURY	1	3
2	2	LAST CHRISTMAS/EVERYTHING SHE WANTS	WHAM!	EPIC	2	3
3	3	WE ALL STAND TOGETHER	PAUL MCCARTNEY AND THE FROG CHORUS	PARLOPHONE	3	6
4	6	NELLIE THE ELEPHANT	TOY DOLLS	VOLUME	4	6
5	4	LIKE A VIRGIN	MADONNA	SIRE	4	7
6	5	THE POWER OF LOVE	FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD	ZTT	1	5
7	15	GHOSTBUSTERS	RAY PARKER JR.	ARISTA	2	19
8	7	ANOTHER ROCK AND ROLL CHRISTMAS	GARY GLITTER	ARISTA	7	5
9	9	EVERYTHING MUST CHANGE	PAUL YOUNG	CBS	9	4
10	13	SHOUT	TEARS FOR FEARS	MERCURY	10	5

Poetry Corner

Rainbow

In the jungle with George and Bungle,
Zippy had run away.
Rod, Jane and Freddie, were ever ready,
Much to Geoffrey's dismay.
From between the trees, with giant knees,
The creature startled them all.
Bungle cowered, amongst the flowers,
George covered his head with a shawl.
Zippy came back, and gave the creature a smack,
"Let that be a lesson to you."
Freddie, Jane and Rod, all became unshod,
Attacking the creature with shoes.
Geoffrey just gaped, like a big old dumb ape,
At what he could see.
George said to Bungle, let's leave the jungle,
And get back to TV.
Then there was a shout, you lot watch out,
The volume began to grow.
Back in the studio, it was time to go,
To look out of the arch window.

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

The Jam – Dig The New Breed

Dig the New Breed was the final album released by The Jam, excluding compilations released just after the group's split in December 1982. It is a collection of live performances recorded between 1977 and 1982.

The album got to number two in the UK charts in this week in December 1982 on the first week of release. It was said to have missed out on the number one spot to John Lennon's "The John Lennon Collection" by thirty copies. Paul Weller is quoted as saying, "If I had known that at the time I would have gone out and bought thirty-one copies of it." It spent sixteen weeks in the UK album charts. It got a Gold sales certification for over 100,000 sales.

It is felt that the album's release was hurriedly put together by Polydor to cash in after the shock announcement that the band were splitting up. It is a bit uneven, and doesn't necessarily do justice to the quality or energy of their live shows. The 1993 album "Live Jam" did a much better job, and the CD box set Fire And Skill from 2015 featured six of their live shows, one from each year of their chart career (1977 at the 100 Club, London, 1978 at The Music Machine, London, 1979 at Reading University, 1980 at Newcastle City Hall, 1981 at the Hammersmith Palais, London, and 1982 at Wembley Arena). These six shows were then all released separately as double vinyl albums between 2015 and 2017, and a further live show from 1979 at the Brighton Centre was also released, and showcase their live shows much more completely.

Track listing

All songs written by Paul Weller except as indicated.

Track Number – Title – (writer) – Where and when recorded

Side one

1. – "In the City" – (100 Club, London, 11 September 1977). Originally on the band's first studio album of which it is the title track of, "In The City", track one on side two, and was the band's first single and charted at number 36 in the UK singles chart.
2. – "All Mod Cons" – (the Rainbow, London, 13 December 1979). Originally on the band's third studio album of which it is the title track of, "All Mod Cons", track one on side one. It was their shortest recorded song.
3. – "To Be Someone (Didn't We Have a Nice Time)" – (the Rainbow, London, 13 December 1979). Originally on the band's third studio album "All Mod Cons", track two on side one.
4. – "It's Too Bad" – (the Rainbow, London, 13 December 1979). Originally on the band's third studio album "All Mod Cons", track two on side two.
5. – "Start!" – (the Hammersmith Palais, London, 14 December 1981). Was on the band's fifth studio album "Sound Affects", track four on side one. It was their second UK number one single.
6. – "Big Bird" (Eddie Floyd) – (the Hammersmith Palais, London, 14 December 1981). Was not on any recorded single or album prior to this live release. It was a cover of Eddie Floyd's 1968 single release on the Stax label, and was one of numerous soul cover releases featured in live sets and as album tracks or single B-sides.

7. – “Set the House Ablaze” – (the Hammersmith Palais, London, 14 December 1981). Originally on the band’s fifth studio album “Sound Affects”, track four on side one.

Side two

1. - "Ghosts" - (Bingley Hall, Birmingham, England, 21 March 1982). Originally on the band's sixth studio album "The Gift", track two on side one.

2. - "Standards" - (Reading University, 16 February 1979). Originally on the band's second studio album "This Is The Modern World", track three on side one.

3. - "In the Crowd" - (the Edinburgh Playhouse, 6 April 1982). Originally on the band's third studio album "All Mod Cons", track six on side one. It was their longest recorded song.

4. - "Going Underground" - (Glasgow Apollo, 8 April 1982). Originally released as a double A-side single with "Dreams of Children", and was the band's first UK number one single.

5. - "Dreams of Children" - (Glasgow Apollo, 8 April 1982) Originally released as a double A-side single with "Going Underground", and was the band's first UK number one single.

6. - "That's Entertainment" - (Glasgow Apollo, 8 April 1982). Originally on the band's fifth studio album "Sound Affects", track six on side one. It hit the UK singles chart as an import only release, getting to number 21 on the UK singles chart.

7. - "Private Hell" - (Glasgow Apollo, 8 April 1982). Originally on the band's fourth studio album "Setting Sons", track three on side one.

Chart performance

Chart - Peak position

Australian - 54

UK - 2

US Billboard - 131

Story Time

A Cup Of Cheer

“Make us a cup of tea love.”

It’s always the same, my lazy tosser of a husband shouting through to me in the kitchen to make him a cup of tea. As if I’m not busy enough doing everything else in this house whilst he sits in front of the television watching sports or some other inane rubbish that anyone with half a brain wouldn’t touch with a barge pole.

I switch the kettle on. At least when it boils it will mean I won’t be the only object in the kitchen with steam coming out of every orifice. I open the tea caddy and gingerly pick up one of the stinking tea bags by the corner and drop it into the cup, touching as little of it as I possibly can.

Have I mentioned I hate tea? I hate the smell; it makes me want to gag. I tasted some by accident as a kid. I thought it was going to be coffee. Only to get a mouthful of foul-tasting tea. I did the only sane thing at the time and spat the mouthful back out, covering my Aunt Jemima’s floral covered rocking chair and her spiteful little black cat who was sat in it. Blackie (I never said my family were imaginative) shot out of the chair, across the room, through the cat flap and out onto the rain-soaked lawn behind the house to roll in the wet grass in his desperation to get the foul-smelling liquid off its fur. Perhaps he wasn’t as stupid as he looked. To me, the Boston Tea Party was a great idea, chuck as much of the foulness into the sea as possible would be the best way forward for us all.

Anyway, back to making this tea. There is a certain irony in the fact that I’m the only person in our house who doesn’t drink tea, yet I’m the only person who ever seems to make it. Old lazy bones drinks it, the kids drink it, our parent do when they visit, in fact, everyone who has ever stepped foot inside our little house wants a cup of tea. I’m sure that somewhere out there on the outside of the house, hidden from my sight, is a little sign that says, “Welcome to Lisa’s Tea Rooms.” I can’t stand the stuff and I’m the only bloody idiot here that makes it.

The kettle finishes boiling, and I get ready to tip the scalding water onto the horrible little bag and its nasty little leaves within. I stop and trudge to the fridge to get the milk. Now, it may seem that adding water is the easy bit. You add hot water to the tea bag and leave it for an indeterminate length of time and then take the bag out. It is easy but it isn’t always simple. Some people want it so it ends up as a pale colour, so much so I think it looks like urine. Whereas others want the tea bag leaving in for what seems like a month until it resembles a pool of water at midnight on a moonless night.

But those people are a walk in the park compared to the fussiness that abounds when milk is added.

“Just a splash of milk please love” the lazy git says.

Seriously, how much is just a splash? I’ve tried everything from nearly half a pint down to little more than a teaspoonful, but I don’t think I’ve ever got it right. It’s always too much or too little. Perhaps the effing perfectionist might like to get

his lazy backside out of the chair and do it himself. But no, that might involve him having to do something. The kids are just as bad. No one ever says thank you. It's all criticism. It's like living with the complete collection of The Times' food critics.

And then there's the sugar.

"One- and three-quarter spoons please love."

Seriously, what the hell is three quarters of a spoon. How is that different from a full spoon or half a spoon. Does a quarter of a spoon really make it taste any different? I've tried. Lord knows I've tried, but there is always a complaint. It's too sweet, or there isn't enough sugar in here.

Well, I've had enough. I think it is time I put a stop to this ridiculousness for once and for all. I've realised that it doesn't matter how I make the damn tea. How long I leave the teabag in for. How much milk I add. Or how much sugar is spooned into it. I've tried every combination there is over the last twenty years or so, and it's never good enough.

So, this is the last tea I'm going to make. The lazy git can moan as much as he likes about this, it's going to be the last one the moaning idle sod is ever going to drink. A dash of strychnine in with the tea bag, a touch of arsenic in with the milk, and some botulinum sprinkled in with the sugar.

I don't want to know what it tastes like. It doesn't matter. Because the other thing I have learnt about tea over the years is this. No matter how much anyone moans about the taste, the strength, the colour, or the sweetness of their tea, they will drink it regardless. Despite the complaining, deep down they are all still too polite to not actually drink it.

And so, it is done now. The tea of many poisons is made. I've stirred it and thrown the spoon away. I don't want to be accidentally picking up any traces of what is on that. And when the lazy git has drunk the tea, the mug is going in the bin as well. No one should be drinking out of it again. No matter how well it gets washed out. Just the one death from the mug will do me. That will already be enough to get me a long prison sentence as it is.

I take the tea in to the lounge and place it next to his chair. I plonk myself down on the sofa to watch him drink it.

And I wait.

He doesn't drink it immediately. It sits there for longer than I would expect it to. Does he usually leave it this long before drinking it? I'm beginning to feel nervous now. Should I rush over and take the mug and throw it away? Stop being stupid. But as I twitch to get up and do so he picks the mug up and takes a big gulp. He looks down at the mug and smiles and takes another big swig.

I take a deep breath and ask him.

"How's your tea?"

"Perfect thanks love. However, you've made this you should be doing the same whenever you make a cup of tea. It's the best cup of tea I've ever tasted."

I start to cry. I could have saved myself years of slights and barbs if I had poisoned that first cup of tea I made for him. I would have served my sentence and been a free woman now instead of facing twenty years in prison.

Instead, I watch the lazy git's expression change and his face contort as the poisons take effect, and take his life, after drinking the only cup of tea I made him he never complained about.

World's Greatest Cathedrals Top Trumps

<u>Liverpool Cathedral</u>	
City / Country	Liverpool, UK
Height	100.8 metres
Commenced Building	1904
Character	14
Global Fame	75
Top Trumps Rating	83
Details	Awe-inspiring Liverpool Cathedral is the largest cathedral in the UK. Built in sandstone and designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, it boasts the world's largest bell tower, heaviest peel of bells (weighing the same as four elephants), and highest Gothic arches. It also houses the largest pipe organ in the country.

Chapter and Verse

A chapter from one of my completed books, works in progress, or novella length short stories.

The Talisman – Chapter 3

Hodson had spent the last eight days since the encounter with the priests, wandering from village to village around the border. He had headed to Nessianville with the intention of carrying on from there and across the border, out of Malimiland and into the neighbouring Chardom to the South-West, but his conversation with the cowled priest in Nessianville had somewhat cooled that ambition. He was now trying to make his mind up where to head with his life and the talisman.

He had wanted out of the Malimiland Empire for some time, and had spent the last six months slowly ambling towards the border, done with his old life and the petty ruthlessness that he had encountered along the way. Now he was here he found that his future may well be back in the capital, a city he literally couldn't be farther away from in the Empire if he had tried.

The last eight days spent in various villages near the border hadn't been straightforward either, his first stop had been at an inn in a small village called Waspick, the day after leaving Nessianville, and had managed to pick up a couple of days work labouring, helping to build a stable on a village homestead. He was always happy to take on manual work like this, as it gave him a place to stay for a couple of days, some good meals inside of him, and a bit of money to keep him going on his travels.

On his second night in the inn, he had taken on more than his fair share of the local ale, and as his body temperature warmed up, he had unravelled his scarf to try and get a bit more cool air to his skin. One of the barmaids from the inn had noticed the talisman and commented on how lovely it was, he had been polite and said thank you to the barmaid, but had noticed the hard stare of a couple of locals as he had a conversation with the barmaid, and when he went to bed soon afterwards hadn't thought anymore about it.

The two men had come for him in the night, and none too quietly at that, breaking down the door to his room, and stumbling through the opening into the room, one of them landing on top of him on the bed in a heap. The man who had fell upon him on the bed tried to snatch the talisman from around his neck, only to encounter the same kind of problems that Hodson himself had come across a couple of weeks before, the talisman didn't want to leave his neck, and so instead of snatching it from him, the man had just hauled Hodson's neck and head up off the bed, and in doing so had brought him fully to life.

The other man still stood in the doorway to the room, unsteadily pointing a sword in the general direction of the bed whilst watching the scramble going on upon it. He was still stood there pointing the sword as his accomplice came flying backwards off the bed and found himself skewered on the sword that he held. The force of the skewering made him drop the sword and the pair of them collapsed back through the opening where the door used to be.

As Hodson sat up in the bed and looked at the doorway and the tangle of bodies just outside he was amazed by the strength he had felt when pushing his attacker off him. He had been taught to fight from a young age, and the training had never really left him, but he hadn't known himself to have this kind of strength before, even with the kind of adrenaline rush that had hit him once he knew he was being attacked. There was something unnatural about it and he unconsciously reached to his neck to touch the talisman.

There were voices and footsteps from elsewhere in the inn, he quickly rolled off the bed and hurriedly dressed, collecting his meagre belongings from around the room as he did so. He walked through the destroyed doorway, stepping over the men who had attacked him, noticing the bloody sword sticking through the stomach of the man on top of the pile. The man underneath was breathing heavily and was trying to get out from the under the other man, his eyes widened as he saw Hodson, and then closed again as Hodson slammed his sandal clad foot into the man's face with all the power he could, hearing a satisfying crunch as the man's nose exploded over the rest of his face.

The innkeeper was just arriving as Hodson turned around, and his mouth gaped open. Hodson shoved past the innkeeper, leaving the unfortunate man with a hell of a mess to clean up and explain. Hodson felt the need to leave a warning for the innkeeper as he left, and shouted back over his shoulder, "If anyone tries to follow me, or to report this, then they can expect the same outcome."

Dilbert

DILBERT

BY SCOTT ADAMS



Medium

Some of my blog posts were 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>. A lot has gone onto this site recently, and it would be good if you are on there looking at my work if you could register and become a standard member – it's free for the basic member level, but it allows you to follow me on that site and allows for claps and comments to be made on pieces. Anything to help with profile raising is much appreciated.

UPDATE, I've now become eligible to earn on Medium as I have over 100 followers, and so recent posts are on what they call the metered site, so full members of Medium who read or like my posts generate me money, which is good. It also means I become part of their referral scheme. So, if you are not a member, and are considering [subscribing to Medium](#) if you do so through that link then you will be supporting my writing and you may also discover lots of other great writers, posts, and articles, including those I have already published [here](#).

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.

There are various short story competition entries on my Reedsy prompts page at <https://blog.reedsy.com/creative-writing-prompts/author/kev-neylon/>

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>

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>

I've recently been submitting to Paragraph Planet and have had some pieces published there, they will be in the archive somewhere, one piece a month from me since June. <https://www.paragraphplanet.com/index.php>

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/>

And also, now on LinkedIn at <https://www.linkedin.com/in/onetruekev/>

Speak to me about getting a pen, there are a few pens left in one colour if you are quick.

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

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