

# **Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 38**

## **Introduction**

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

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

So, enjoy the read.

## **On This Day – 25<sup>th</sup> August**

1875 - Captain Matthew Webb becomes the first person to swim across the English Channel, traveling from Dover, England, to Calais, France, in 21 hours and 45 minutes.

1980 - Zimbabwe joins the United Nations.

It's Liberation Day (France)

Soldier's Day (Brazil)

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

The Honourable Artillery Company is the world's oldest military organisation that doesn't wear Renaissance pyjamas for its uniform. (Only the Vatican's Pontifical Swiss Guard is older.) It was incorporated by Royal Charter today in 1537 by King Henry VIII and given a bit of Spitalfields to practice archery on. Today it lives on as a Territorial Army unit. The HAC's longevity may be explained by its flexible approach to loyalty: it fought on both sides during the English Civil War.

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

**Eric B. & Rakim release "Paid In Full" on Island.**

Written hastily and recorded in just a week at Marley Marl's home studio and at Power Play Studios in Manhattan, the Long Island rap duo's debut album went on to sell more than a million records and would become one of the most revered hip-hop albums of the 80s.

Due in large part to Rakim's laid-back lyricism and free-rhyme style and Eric B.'s flawless production and fondness for soul samples, the album spawned five singles, including the now classic "I Ain't No Joke", which gave Eric B. & Rakim their highest charting single to date after it reached the top forty on the R&B chart. The platinum selling disc reached #58 on the Billboard 200 chart.

### **Births**

1530 - Ivan the Terrible  
1938 - Frederick Forsyth  
1966 - Terminator X  
1970 - Claudia Schiffer  
1987 - Blake Lively

### **Deaths**

1819 - James Watt  
1822 - William Herschel  
1867 - Michael Faraday  
2001 - Aaliyah  
2012 - Neil Armstrong

### **Number 1's**

Number 1 single in 1997 - Will Smith - Men In Black  
Number 1 album in 1995 - Black Grape - It's Great When You're Straight-Yeah  
Number 1 compilation album in 2016 - Now 94

### **Top 10**

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1976

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	1	DON'T GO BREAKING MY HEART	ELTON JOHN AND KIKI DEE	ROCKET	1	9
2	5	LET 'EM IN	WINGS	PARLOPHONE	2	4
3	2	A LITTLE BIT MORE	DR. HOOK	CAPITOL	2	10
4	3	JEANS ON	DAVID DUNDAS	AIR	3	6
5	4	IN ZAIRE	JOHNNY WAKELIN	PYE	4	6
6	9	YOU SHOULD BE DANCING	THE BEE GEES	RSO	6	5
7	6	HEAVEN MUST BE MISSING AN ANGEL	TAVARES	CAPITOL	4	8
8	8	DR. KISS KISS	5000 VOLTS	PHILIPS	8	6
9	17	YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO	THE CHI-LITES	BRUNSWICK	9	5
10	7	NOW IS THE TIME	JIMMY JAMES AND THE VAGABONDS	PYE	5	7

## Drabble

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

### The Charlie Diet

The cats were on a diet. They didn't know they were on a diet; they certainly weren't being given any less food than normal, but nevertheless their intake was down. What they hadn't realised was that they were on the Charlie diet. Charlie was the over excitable Springer, and recently had been on a mission to interrupt the cat's feeding time the best way he knew how, by pushing them out of the way, and getting up on his hind legs to lean over the counter and snaffle their food.

The cats had the last laugh. Charlie got the runs.

## Joke

What do you all a nun with a washing machine on her head?  
Sistermatic.

## Random Items

### Facts

The only 15-letter word that can be spelled without repeating a letter is uncopyrightable.

Emus and kangaroos cannot walk backwards and are on the Australian coat of arms for that reason.

The word "Checkmate" in chess comes from the Persian phrase "Shah Mat," which means, "The king is dead".

### Thoughts

Can you set your laser printer on stun?

Is it truly possible to have a civil war?

And if a mute swears, does his mother wash his hands with soap?

## **Words You Should Know**

### **Nugatory**

Of little value or importance: 'He was there for three hours but made only a nugatory contribution to the work'. From a Latin word meaning to trifle, nothing to do with nuggets.

## **Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them**

### **To Bite The Bullet**

To undertake the most challenging part of a feat of endurance, to face danger with courage and fortitude, to behave stoically or to knuckle down to some difficult or unpleasant task.

The expression originated in field surgery before the use of anaesthetics. A surgeon about to operate on a wounded soldier would give him a bullet to bite on, both to distract him from the pain and to make him less likely to cry out.

### **Darwin Award**

#### **Scrap metal thieves**

Two teens were disassembling an electric tower with wrenches when it toppled to the ground. They apparently wanted to sell its aluminium supports for scrap, but they failed to realise the essential role the aptly named 'support' plays in a 160 feet high tower. One of the men was crushed by the collapse of the ten-thousand-pound tower, while the other dug himself out from under, a sadder but wiser man from his brush with a Darwin Award.

### **What The Hygge!**

#### **Zeebrygge (n.)**

Belgian port; totally un-hygge.

### **The Secrets Lives of Colours**

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

### **Cerulean**

On 17 February 1901 Carlos Casagemas, a Spanish poet and artist, was having drinks with friends in the smart new Parisian cafe l'Hippodrome, near Montmartre, when he pulled out a gun and shot himself in the right temple. His friends were distraught, none more so than Pablo Picasso, who had never quite recovered from watching his sister die of diphtheria, six years previously. His grief cast a pall over his works for several years. He abandoned almost the entire palette, except for the one colour that could adequately express his grief and loss: blue.

Blues have form in helping people to express matters of the spirit. When, at the end of the Second World War, the UN was formed to maintain global peace, they chose for their symbol a map of the world cupped by a pair of olive branches on a slightly greyish cerulean ground. Oliver Lundquist, the architect, and designer who created the insignia, chose this shade because it is 'the opposite of red, the war colour'.

It is spiritual as well as peaceful. Many Hindu gods, including Krishna, Shiva, and Rama, are depicted with skin the colour of the sky, symbolising their affinity with the infinite. The French call it bleu céleste, heavenly blue. It is also, confusingly, the colour many of the buildings at the Church of Scientology's Gold Base in California – including the mansion awaiting the reincarnation of the religion's founder, L. Ron Hubbard. (The man himself, when founding Scientology, is reported to have told a colleague, 'Let's sell these people a piece of sky blue.') Pantone named its paler, forget-me-not shade as the colour of the millennium, guessing that consumers would 'be seeking inner peace and spiritual fulfilment in the new millennium'.

A true cerulean pigment – one of the cobalt family – was not available to artists until the 1860s, and then only as a watercolour. Made from a mixture of cobalt and tin oxides known as cobalt stannate, it did not make much headway until the 1870s, when it was finally released as an oil paint; in this medium it lost the slight chalkiness it had in watercolours and seduced a generation of painters. While Van Gogh preferred to create his own approximation of the tint using a subtle mixture of cobalt blue, a little cadmium yellow and white, others were less cautious. Paul Signac, known for his airy pointillism, squeezed countless tubes dry, as did many of his fellows, including Monet. When the photographer and writer Brassai ran into Picasso's Parisian paint supplier in November 1943, the man handed him a piece of white paper filled with Picasso's handwriting. 'At first glance it looks like a poem,' wrote Brassai, but, he

realised, it was actually Picasso's last paint order. Third on the list, just below 'White, permanent —' and 'White, silver —', is 'Blue, cerulean'.

## **Brewers Britain & Ireland**

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

East Grinstead

Grinstead '*green place*' (that is, pasture used for grazing), Old English *grene* 'green' + *stede* 'place'

A market town in West Sussex, about 7 miles north east of Crawley. There are still a number of impressive half-timbered Tudor buildings in its main street. The late 18th century church of St Swithun has eight bells, the largest peal in Sussex (they were recast in 1982). During the Second World War the town's name became synonymous with the plastic surgery carried out in its Queen Victoria Hospital, where Sir Archibald MacIndoe and his team reconstructed the faces and limbs of burnt and wounded service personnel. Today, though, its main reputation is as the cult capital of Britain.

*"Funny place, East Grinstead. Nothing remarkable on the face of it – just masses of stockbroker Tudor mansions on the outskirts, a messily indeterminate centre, if you can call it that, and then a sprawl of smaller houses fading into industrial estates. Neither charming nor particularly ugly, just a sort of nothing town. And yet...And yet the whole area has seen some of manna-accumulator as far back as one can trace. The Druids were just the earliest one could be certain of, but we know there were other practitioners long before they were put down by the Romans. Down, but not out, the place was, and remains, pagan, in any true sense: friendly, in fact, to just about any belief short of orthodox Christianity. Today, you have the great Mormon Church, the Rudolf Steiner School, the Church of Scientology, and more witches than one could shake a broom at."* – George Hay 'Sleeper'

## **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.

### **The Bog Monster**

The children are told 'don't go into Cuckoo Woods'. I can remember my father telling me it was dangerous to go into the woods.

"They are fenced off for a reason. It's to prevent anyone being taken by the Bog Monster."

I didn't care; the woods were there, just behind the fence. An easy fence to climb, along with my brother and various friends, we had been in there several times. We can't have been the only ones to have gone in there. There were well worn trails all over the wood. The adults had started the rumours of children disappearing in the woods, but there were never any names given, just mystery nameless children. With no names we paid the rumours less attention, they were just another story. One made up by the adults to keep the children from doing something they shouldn't. You would have thought that adults would know that 'don't' sounded like 'you have to' to children.

We were all going to the woods today. I was with my brother Larry, our friends, John, Gef, Dave, Wayne, Lee, Eugene, and Tommy were with us. None of us had mentioned Cuckoo Woods at home for ages. Yet it was as if the adults knew. For most of us the last words we heard as we ran out to play were, 'stay away from Cuckoo Woods.'

Get up onto the boundary wall, shuffle along and then drop to the ground on the other side of the fence. With steps up to the wall it was almost as if they wanted us to get in.

We weren't quiet, shouting to each other as we ran through the woods. Happy to be alive and on the wrong side of the fence. Right up until the moment it happened. The shout wasn't joyful now. We all ran to the shout. There was Dave, just off the track in a pool of black sludge. He was shouting,

"It's pulling me in, help me, and get me out of here."

John and I grabbed one of Dave's arms each and started to pull with everything we had.

It was at that moment the bog monster appeared. He was a dark hairy monster with leaves and twigs all over him and was shouting in an incomprehensible language. We turned to see the others had gone, John and I looked at each other and then down at Dave. Without even a 'sorry' we had let go and we were off too.

We got to the fence and over it in record time. Once on the path we ran down by the stream and didn't stop running until we had burst into the police station. Eight frightened children bombarded the policeman with tales of how the Bog Monster had got their friend, pulled him into the bog and then chased us all away. Our parents were called, and with stern faces they came and took us home. The lectures would come later.

We now know there is no such thing as the Bog Monster of course. The figure in the woods was a local tramp. He saved Dave, pulled him out of the dark pond. That pond and others like it in the woods were the real reason the woods were fenced off. The Victorian sewerage works on the other side of the woods had started to leak out into the woods. The water board had closed the woods off to prevent accidents like the one that befell Dave.

Now we are all adults and have children of our own. Cuckoo Woods are still there and still fenced off. We now tell our own children not to go there because the Bog Monster will get them. Only we can give them a name of someone the Bog Monster got. We can tell them about the day the Bog Monster got our friend Dave.

## Leicestershire

### Thomas Cook



Thomas Cook was born to John and Elizabeth Cook, who lived at 9 Quick Close in the village of Melbourne, Derbyshire on the 22nd November 1808.

At the age of 10, he left school and started working as an assistant to a local market gardener for a wage of six pence a week. At the age of 14, he secured an apprenticeship with his uncle John Pegg, and spent five years as a cabinet maker. He was brought up as a strict Baptist. In February 1826, Cook became a Baptist missionary, and toured the region as a village evangelist, distributing pamphlets and occasionally working as a cabinet maker to earn money. After his apprenticeship he went to Loughborough in Leicestershire, where he was employed by Joseph Winks, a printer, and publisher of books for the General Baptist Association. Cook's religious training led him to become an active member of the Association of Baptists, and in 1828 he was appointed bible reader and missionary in Rutland. In 1829 he traversed 2,692 miles on missionary duty, 2,106 of them on foot. In 1832, Cook moved to Adam and Eve Street in Market Harborough.

Influenced by the local Baptist minister Francis Beardsall, he took the temperance pledge on New Year's Day in 1833. As a part of the temperance movement, he organised meetings and held anti-liquor processions. His zeal in the cause led to his appointment as secretary to the Market Harborough branch of the South Midland Temperance Association. In 1840 he founded the 'Children's Temperance Magazine,' the first English publication of the kind.

He had the idea to offer excursions whilst he was out "walking from Market Harborough to Leicester to attend a meeting of the Temperance Society". With the opening of the extended Midland Counties Railway, he arranged with Mr. J. F. Bell, the secretary, for running a special train to take a group of temperance campaigners from Leicester Campbell Street railway station to a teetotal rally in Loughborough, eleven miles away. On 5 July 1841, Thomas Cook escorted around 570 people, who paid one shilling each for the return train journey, on his first excursion. During the following three summers he planned and conducted outings for local temperance societies and Sunday school children.

Cook's business of woodturning had to be given up. Removing to Leicester, he continued to print and publish books there. In 1845 he made the organising of excursions a regular occupation, arranging with the Midland railway for a percentage upon the tickets sold. One of the first pleasure trips under this condition was made from Leicester to Liverpool on 4 Aug. 1845, a 'handbook of the trip' being compiled by Cook, who visited beforehand the places at which stoppages were to be made, and he arranged with hotel-keepers for housing the pleasure seekers. Afterwards Cook

issued the coupons for hotel expenses which are now familiar to travellers. An excursion to Scotland was next undertaken, 350 persons journeying from Leicester to Glasgow and back for a guinea each. They went by rail to Manchester and Fleetwood, and by steamer from Fleetwood to Ardrossan. At Glasgow they were welcomed with salutes from cannon and music from bands, while both there and in Edinburgh they were publicly entertained.

Soon afterwards Cook issued a monthly magazine called 'The Excursionist.' He wrote in 1850: 'I had become so thoroughly imbued with the tourist spirit that I began to contemplate foreign trips, including the continent of Europe, the United States, and the eastern lands of the Bible.'

The next great impetus to popular travel was given by the Great Exhibition of 1851, which Cook helped 165,000 visitors to attend. On the occasion of the Paris exhibition of 1855 there was a Cook's excursion from Leicester to Calais and back for £1:10s. The following year saw the first grand circular tour in Europe. This part of Cook's activity largely increased after 1863, when the Scottish railway managers broke off their engagements with him and left him free for more distant enterprise. Switzerland was opened up in 1863, and Italy in 1864. Up to this time "Cook's tourists" had been personally conducted, but now he began to be an agent for the sale of English and foreign tickets, the holders of which travelled independently. Switzerland was the first foreign country accessible under these conditions, and in 1865 nearly the whole of Europe was included in the scheme.

In 1865 he crossed the Atlantic, issuing beforehand a circular letter to the editors of the press in the United States, and Canada, wherein he said, 'Editors of, and contributors to, many of the principal journals of England and Scotland have generally regarded my work as appertaining to the great class of agencies for the advancement of Human Progress, and to their generous aid I have been indebted for much of the success which has crowned my exertions.'

In 1872, he formed a partnership with his son, John Mason Andrew Cook, and renamed the travel agency as Thomas Cook & Son. They acquired business premises on Fleet Street, London. The office also contained a shop which sold essential travel accessories, including guidebooks, luggage, telescopes, and footwear. Thomas saw his venture as both religious and social service; his son provided the commercial expertise that allowed the company to expand. In accordance with his beliefs, he and his wife also ran a small temperance hotel above the office. Their business model was refined by the introduction of the 'hotel coupon' in 1868. Detachable coupons in a counterfoil book were issued to the traveller. These were valid for either a restaurant meal or an overnight hotel stay provided they were on Cook's list. Also, in 1872 Cook started on a tour round the world, recording his impressions in letters to the 'Times.' His purpose was to prepare the way for tourists. He was absent 222 days. After conflicts between father and son were resolved when the son persuaded Thomas Cook, to retire at the end of 1878. Cook's son became the sole manager and acting head, Cook himself receiving a fixed annual payment. He moved back to Leicester and lived quietly until his death.

Thomas Cook was a frontrunner of establishing tourism systems and thus made mass tourism possible in Italy. First, the circular tickets could be used on almost all Italian railways. These tickets allowed travel by train for a pre-set number of days along predetermined routes. Second, Thomas Uncle designed a series of hotel coupons to complement circular tickets, which could be exchanged for lodging and meals at designated accommodations. Last, he introduced the circular notes which could be changed at designated hotels, banks, and tickets agents for Italian lire at a predetermined exchange rate. Cook's introduction of tourism-specific currency facilitated easier and effective trips within Italy. Also, by introducing a widely dispersed coupon system, Cook "helped to stabilize the burgeoning Italian economy not only by increasing the revenues from tourism but also by expanding the circulation of Italy's new currency, the lira." The coupon system spread rapidly and was well accepted throughout Italian cities. Furthermore, thanks to this system, middle class Italians could afford to travel more frequently and more easily.

Cook had an ultimate goal to put tourism in the service of unifying the Italian state before Italian unification. He became more aware of Italian politics and became particularly concerned with the fate of the newly unified Italian state. He pondered how tourism could ameliorate the economic and political difficulties. He believed that tourism could reinforce the unification of Italy by physical travel from one place to another, connecting different regions of Italy. In 1880, the Italian government joined Cook's tour company. The Italian economy benefited from additional tourism profits in which Cook programmed and executed as a system. Cook certainly played a key role in not only boosting the Italian economy but also bringing atmosphere and morale of Italian unification. Italians physically felt their country from place to place by traveling.

He married Marianne Mason (1807–1884), the daughter of a Rutland farmer, at Barrowden in Rutland on the 2nd March 1833. A son, John Mason Cook, was born on 13 January 1834. Thomas Cook died at Thorncroft, Knighton, Leicester, on 18 July 1892, having been afflicted with blindness in his declining years. He was buried with his wife and daughter at Welford Road Cemetery, Leicester.

The Thomas Cook statue outside Leicester Railway Station, London Road, Leicester was unveiled on 14 January 1994 by his great-great-grandson Thomas Cook. It was sculpted by James Walter Butler RA.

### **St. Dionysius, Market Harborough**



Standing in the centre of the town of Market Harborough, the church dates from around 1300, and the base of the tower, and parts of the internal work dates from this time. It can be seen immediately that there is the unusual fact that it has no churchyard, which is extremely unusual for a church from this date. The reason behind this is that Market Harborough was a medieval new town, built at a crossing point on the River Welland, and as a more direct route between Leicester and Northampton. As such the village fell in the Parish of Great Bowden, and the Church of St Mary in Arden, who as was its right, kept the right to hold burials there, and therefore get the fees for doing so. Therefore St. Dionysius had no need for a churchyard.

The tower was added to and built up during the 14th and 15th centuries to the impressive 47-meter-high tower and spire that can be seen today. During the 15th century there was a big redevelopment of the existing fabric of the church, and the clerestory and battlements date from this time, the windows in the aisles date from the 14th century, and the east windows retain their original elaborate design though they were renewed in 1849. Two sedilla seats survive from this period in the south wall of the chancel, however these were only found again in 1887, having previously been plastered over. The roof of the nave (and clerestory) date from 1470-1480, although they had to be re-timbered in 1953 as they had been severely damaged by death watch beetles.

The Royal arms were erected over the chancel arch in 1660, and were moved to its present location over the tower arch in 1860. The Galleries were installed in 1683, and were, unusually for Victorian times extended in 1836, and again in 1844, in order to house all those who wished to attend the church.

On the south side on the outside of the church is the unusual feature of a sundial added in 1762, the tower clock was first installed in 1726, and had a stone dial from 1791, this was replaced by a gas illuminated dial in 1836, and the present clock was presented by Sydney Loder in 1921.

Part of the tower was destroyed in a storm in 1735 and the replacement was several feet shorter. Restoration work was carried out in 1857 when the pews of 1751 were cut down in height to about 3 ft. and the organ moved from the west gallery to a specially constructed recess.

From its inception until 1844 the town fire engine lived inside the west entrance of the church, and when it was moved the west entrance was again accessible to the public. The organ chamber to the north of the chancel was added in 1857 from the tower arch, and the west wing part of the gallery was removed at this time, the pulpit was moved to the south side, and the sanctuary floor was redone. The next year gas lighting was installed, and two years after that a stone pulpit was acquired. In 1887 the plaster work in the chancel was removed, and a new roof was put in, both in the chancel and the south aisle, and the next year the current font arrived.

The chancel has some fine windows and the grand east window was installed in 1860 by Hardman. There is also a Royal Arms dated 1660 above the west wall of rich plasterwork completed by Allen of Northampton. The font is Victorian and dates from 1888.

In 1927 the gas lighting was replaced by electric lighting. In 1951 the nave roof was replaced and in 1961 the chancel roof was restored again. The stone pulpit was removed to St. Mary in Arden and replaced by a wooden one in 1975 and the exterior stonework was restored in 1987. The church has ten bells eight of which were there prior to being recast in 1901, with one being there originally from 1609, the remaining two were added in 1990.

It is a Grade I listed building.

### **St. Dionysius**

There are three possible identities to who St. Dionysius could be. The first is Dionysius the Aceopagite, who was converted to Christianity, by St. Paul on the Areopagus, by his speech on the assembly hill of Athens.

The second one is St. Denis, the first bishop of Paris, as described in the description of the church of St. Denys.

The third one was an author of a body of writings from around 500ad, which were of great importance to medieval theology. From Syria, was known as pseudo Areopagite, as they were wrongly attributed to the first Dionysius. The Bishop of Lincoln from 1235-1254 was a keen student of these works and it is thought that this may have been the reason for the dedication.

The three identities were mixed during medieval times, and it is confusing to find which one is which. It is interesting to notice that the Harborough fair is celebrated on the feast day of St. Denis.

### Shawell

Shawell is a small village in the Harborough district of Leicestershire, England. Its population at the 2001 UK census was 126, increasing to 162 at the 2011 census.

It lies less than a mile from the M1 and M6 motorways. The site of the Roman town of Tripontium is on the A5 (Watling Street), west of the village.

Near to the church are the earthwork remains of a motte and bailey castle.

The Great Central main railway line, the last main line to be built from the north of England to London, was opened on 15 March 1899 and ran just to the west of Shawell, mainly in a deep cutting where an important signal box was also sited. Although there was never a station at Shawell, one was proposed a little way to the south-west where the line crossed over the A5 and would have been named "Watling Street". The station, which would have lain roughly at the midpoint between Rugby and Lutterworth, was never built however, and the line closed on 5 May 1969, the cutting now being partly filled in.

### Quotes

I was talking about Charlie's new habit of taking his bowl and trying to hide it in the garden, and I mentioned that when I retrieved it there was a colony of ants and earwigs in the bowl.

Kara piped up

"Perhaps he's going for a more natural diet, with the insects perhaps he's going vegan!"

There were a couple of women at a party and they were flying to Greece at three in the morning, and they were still necking drinks like they were going out of fashion at about midnight. One of them hadn't even packed by that time, and was saying she would be fine, as she was going to

"drink some chilli con carne and eat some coffee before starting to pack".

### Top Ten

The first ten The Jam singles.

Pos	Single	Released	Chart Position
1	In The City	29/04/1977	40
2	All Around The World	15/07/1977	13
3	The Modern World	28/10/1977	36
4	News Of The World	03/03/1978	27
5	David Watts / 'A' Bomb In Wardour Street	18/08/1978	25
6	Down In The Tube Station At Midnight	13/10/1978	15
7	Strange Town	09/03/1979	15
8	When You're Young	17/08/1979	17
9	The Eton Rifles	26/10/1979	3
10	Going Underground / Dreams Of Children	14/03/1980	1

### Poetry Corner

#### The Weight of the Day

It was very heavy this morning  
I suppose that could apply to many things  
Not just all the excess soft tissue on my frame  
Not just the dense bones of my frame



The atmosphere could be described as heavy  
 No sun, but it was warm, muggy, oppressive  
 Recent rain had washed the pollen off the trees  
 I could feel it invading every orifice  
 All of those could be considered as heavy  
 But it wasn't any of them that was weighing me down  
 No, it was my feelings doing that  
 A dread pushing down on my shoulders  
 Fear crushing against my internal organs  
 Apathy shattering the bones holding me together  
 Like I am now a primordial sludge  
 Wanting to seep away from this life  
 To be able to hibernate  
 Not for the winter like a hairy bear  
 But from the pressure enveloping me  
 Confidence, usually low, is now in negative  
 Block the world out with headphones and sunglasses  
 I can't hear them talking about me  
 I can't see them looking at me  
 Not that they are doing either  
 It's just my fractured self, imagining it  
 I don't want to deal with the world  
 No people, no nature, no concrete cells  
 No forced conversations, no phone, no e-mail, no skype  
 Just me curled up in a foetal position in bed  
 Just me and what's inside my head  
 But is that wise?  
 Isn't what is in there the thing that is making me this way?  
 Is it a self-fulfilling cycle I'm in?  
 Revolving around like in a wall of death  
 If I slow down, I crash in a heap at the bottom  
 Yet if I could pick up my pace somehow  
 Speed up to the top and take off  
 And it's a cycle no more  
 As I fly through the air  
 I've broken away in a straight line  
 I may fall to earth soon enough  
 But my spirit will have soared  
 Physical injuries can be healed in time  
 So why not the ones of the mind  
 The people may still look  
 They may still talk about me  
 But why should I let them worry me  
 If I am fine with myself and Helen is too  
 Then nothing else matters, that is all I need

## Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Wakefield Cathedral		
Dedicated To	All Saints		
Type	Parish Church	Architecture	Perpendicular
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Spire
Site Founded	660	Height (External)	247ft
Church Founded	1329	Height (Internal)	48ft
Bishopric Founded	1888	Length	251ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1888	Width	108ft

## Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

### Small Faces – Ogden's Nut Gone Flake

Ogden's' Nut Gone Flake is the third studio album, and first concept album by the English rock band Small Faces. Released on 24 May 1968, the LP peaked at number one on the UK Album Charts on 29 June, where it remained for a total of six weeks. It ultimately became the group's final studio album during their original incarnation, and their last

album containing solely new material until Playmates was released in 1977. The title and the design of the distinctive packaging was a parody of Ogden's Nut-brown Flake, a brand of tobacco that was produced in Liverpool from 1899 onwards by Thomas Ogden.

Side one of the album is a mix of early heavy rock, with "Song of a Baker"; psychedelic cockney knees-up songs "Lazy Sunday" and "Rene", the opening instrumental title track (which resembles their second single "I've Got Mine", which was a flop in 1965), and the soul-influenced ballad "Afterglow", as it is called on the LP, but is titled "Afterglow of Your Love" on the subsequent single and some compilations.

Side two is based on an original fairy tale about a boy called Happiness Stan, narrated by Stanley Unwin in his unique "Unwinese" gobbledegook, who picked up modern slang from the band and incorporated it into the surreal narrative.

The fairy tale follows Stan in his quest to find the missing half of the moon, after seeing a half-moon in the sky one night. Along the way, he saves a fly from starvation, and in gratitude the insect tells him of someone who can answer his question and also tell him the philosophy of life itself. With magic power, Stan intones, "If all the flies were one fly, what a great enormous fly-folloloper that would bold," and the fly grows to gigantic proportions. Seated on the giant fly's back, Stan takes a psychedelic journey to the cave of Mad John the Hermit, who explains that the moon's disappearance is only temporary, and demonstrates by pointing out that Stan has spent so long on his quest that the moon is now full again. He then sings Stan a cheerful song about the meaning of life.

The recording of Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake spanned over approximately five months, with most of its work done in the spring of 1968 at Olympic Studios in Barnes, London. The earliest recording aimed at an album release was the track "Call It Something Nice", which was recorded on 21 October 1967 at Olympic, making this the earliest session for this particular album. This track, however, did not end up on its release, later being issued for the first time on the compilation The Autumn Stone in 1969. Recording panned over through the remainder of 1967, with two known tracks started either in November or December and intended for a single but ultimately not released in this format: an original, "Rollin' Over" (initially titled "Bun in the Oven") as the A-side, and a cover, "Every Little Bit Hurts", as the B-side, written by Ed Cobb and made famous by Brenda Holloway. The latter track features Steve Marriott on piano instead of his usual guitar, and Ian McLagan on Hammond organ; it was, again, not released on the final album and did not appear until the early 1990s. The former track was worked on further into the spring of 1968, with Marriott tracking two attempts at a new lead vocal, one ending up on the mono release and one on the stereo (he duets with himself on the verses, singing both harmonies). After the group returned from their ill-fated tour of Oceania with The Who in January 1968, they started heavy recording sessions on the album, most being done through February and March. One of the only songs not recorded at Olympic Studios was the track "The Journey", recorded at Trident Studios, London in February, which reversed the roles of Ronnie Lane and Steve Marriott who played guitar and bass, respectively. Sessions wrapped on 3 April (two days before the release of the "Lazy Sunday" / "Rollin' Over" single) at Olympic with the recording of "Mad John" and the out-take "A Collibosher" (which was released again on the posthumous compilation The Autumn Stone). Mixing was completed by Marriott and Lane through April and May.

The album was originally released on vinyl in a circular novelty package of a metal replica of a giant tobacco tin, inside which was a poster created with five connected paper circles with pictures of the band members. This proved too expensive and not successful as the tins tended to roll off of shelves and it was quickly followed by a paper/card replica with a gatefold cover. Two limited-edition CD releases (including a three-disc deluxe edition in 2006 that included the original mono mix of the album on CD for the first time) went even further by packaging the disc(s) in a circular tin (as the original vinyl release had). Most CD releases use conventional packaging, superimposing the circular artwork on a square booklet.

The award-winning artwork for the album cover was done by Nick Tweddell and Pete Brown, who were art school friends of Ian McLagan and who had also played in a band with McLagan called The Muleskinners. Early pressings of XTC's The Big Express (1984) were similarly packaged in a round sleeve in tribute to the Small Faces album. It was ranked number 21 on Rolling Stone's 100 Greatest Album Covers in 1991.

To promote the album, Immediate Records issued an advertisement that parodied the Lord's Prayer. This caused an uproar in the British press, and outraged readers wrote in to voice their anger. It read:

*Small Faces  
Which were in the studios  
Hallowed by thy name  
Thy music come  
Thy songs be sung  
On this album as they came from your heads  
We give you this day our daily bread  
Give us thy album in a round cover as we give thee 37/9d  
Lead us into the record stores  
And deliver us Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake  
For nice is the music*

*The sleeve and the story  
For ever and ever, Immediate*

Regarding the advert, Steve Marriott said, "We didn't know a thing about the ad until we saw it in the music papers. And frankly we got the horrors at first. We realize that it could be taken as a serious knock against religion. But on thinking it over, we don't feel it is particularly good or bad. It's just another form of advertising. We're not all that concerned about it. We're more concerned in writing our music and producing our records."

The US Immediate vinyl LP looked the same as the British original but was printed on flimsy paper stock. The CBS/Immediate issue was always sold in a plastic bag with a foldover snap. The sound on the US release was not as bright as the UK release or most subsequent CD issues.

### **Track listing**

All songs written by Marriott and Lane, except where noted.

#### **Side one**

No. - Title            Writer(s)            Length

1. - "Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake" - Marriott, Lane, McLagan, Jones - 2:26. Sampled once.
2. - "Afterglow" - 3:31. Sampled once and covered three times.
3. - "Long Agos and Worlds Apart" - McLagan - 2:35
4. - "Rene" - 4:29
5. - "Song of a Baker" - 3:15. Covered by Ocean Colour Scene.
6. - "Lazy Sunday" - 3:05. Only single release from the album, reached number 2 in the UK singles chart, and also reached number 39 in the charts when re-released in 1976. Samples The Rolling Stones' "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction", and Kenneth Alford's "Colonel Bogey March." Has been sampled twice and covered twice.

#### **Side two (titled "Happiness Stan")**

1. - "Happiness Stan" - 2:35
2. - "Rollin' Over" - 2:50
3. - "The Hungry Intruder" - Marriott, Lane, McLagan - 2:15
4. - "The Journey" - Marriott, Lane, McLagan, Jones - 4:12. Sampled four times.
5. - "Mad John" - 2:48
6. - "HappyDaysToyTown" - Marriott, Lane, McLagan, Jones - 4:17

#### **Personnel**

Small Faces

Steve Marriott - lead, harmony, and backing vocals, electric and acoustic guitars, harmonica, piano on "Happiness Stan" and "Every Little Bit Hurts", Hammond organ on "Ogdens' Nut Gone Flake", bass guitar on "The Journey", shared lead vocals on "The Hungry Intruder" and "HappyDaysToyTown"

Ronnie Lane - harmony and backing vocals, bass guitar, electric guitar on "The Journey", upright bass on "Mad John", lead vocals on "Song of a Baker" and "The Journey", shared lead vocals on "The Hungry Intruder" and "HappyDaysToyTown"

Kenney Jones - drums, percussion

Ian McLagan - backing vocals, keyboards, Mellotron, electric guitar and bass guitar on "Long Agos and Worlds Apart", lead vocals on "Long Agos and Worlds Apart"

With:

Stanley Unwin? "looney links" (narration)

Glyn Johns? recording engineer

#### **Chart positions**

Chart - Peak position

UK Albums Chart - 1

Billboard 200 - 159

Offizielle Deutsche Charts - 6

VG-Lista - 13

France – 132

## **Story Time**

### **Flashback**

Slap.

I woke suddenly from a dark sleep. Someone had slapped my face. I blinked several times as I tried to work out where I was. I didn't recognise my surroundings at all. I looked down at the clothes I had on and didn't recognise them either. I had no idea who the weasel like looking man who had slapped me awake was either.

He was a short thin man with a narrow face. The lower half was covered by a wispy attempt at a beard. The top was dominated by a greasy brown mullet that failed to over ears that were pointed and stuck out at right angles to the rest of his head. As if to compensate he had small dark coloured eyes set closer together than on anyone I'd ever seen before, either side of a minute pointed nose. He opened his mouth to speak and displayed an uneven set of black and yellow stained teeth. As soon as his lips parted a rancid odour of rotting garbage invaded my nostrils. I could barely hear the voice that emerged and didn't understand any of what was said and so asked.

"What?"

"Do you have it?"

It was a high-pitched whining voice, which just confirmed the weasel impression I had got when I'd seen him. However, I had no idea what the it he was asking about was.

"Do I have what?"

"You know man, the packet."

I was still none the wiser. In fact, the more I thought about things the less wise I found myself to be. I was struggling to remember anything. Looking around the room I was in wasn't helping. I had no idea of where it was or how I got to be here. I couldn't remember where I had been the day before. I was even struggling to remember my own name. I was still trying to drag something relevant out of my memories when the weasel slapped me again. I may not have known who I was, but I wasn't having any of that.

"If you try and slap me again, I'll rip your effing arm off and beat you to death with it."

He took a step back and now had the look of a frightened animal about him. Yet his words sounded braver than he looked.

"You wouldn't dare. Robbo wouldn't like that."

I had no idea who Robbo was or why he would care about the weasel, so I continued in my previous vein.

"If I beat you to death, who's going to tell this Robbo bloke anything about it?"

"He sent you here with the packet. I was just late getting here; you must have nodded off."

"Look, I don't know where here is, I don't know who Robbo is, or anything about a packet. I don't know who you are, and if I'm honest, I'm not really sure who I am at the moment."

"What have you been taking Clarky? It's me, Liam; you've known me for years."

And as if to prove it he gave me what must have been his attempt at a winning smile. All I got was another face full of rancid breath.

"If you say so. In all this time I'm supposed to have known you, have you always used dogsh1te for toothpaste?"

"Oh, come on Clarky, no need to be like that. Stop messing around and tell me where the packet from Robbo is."

"What packet? I've told you I don't know anything about any packet and that I've never heard of this Robbo bloke you seem so in love with."

"Seriously Clarky, stop messing about. If I don't get the packet out of here and on to my contact by 10 it's my neck on the line."

I looked for the time. I didn't have a watch on. There was a faint tan line that suggested I usually wore one. I checked the pockets of the trousers I was wearing for a phone. Surely, I had one, but I didn't know what it would be. The only item in my pockets was a wallet. I pulled that out of my pocket and looked through it. There were various bank and credit cards all printed with the name Mr D Clark. There was a driver's license as well; Mr David Clark. I didn't recognise the picture staring back at me. If it was me then I was an ugly bastard. Not as bad as Liam the weasel, but bad enough to be used as a picture to hang above open fires to scare small children away.

"Have you got a mirror here?"

Liam look confused, I got the impression it was standard look for him.

"I don't know I don't live here do I? You're being proper weird Clarky."

I pushed myself up out of the chair I had slept in, and nearly fell over again. I wobbled a bit on unsteady legs and pushed past Liam in search of both a clock and a mirror. As I stumbled around looking for them, I realised I was in a flat as I opened a door and found a bedroom. The built-in wardrobes had ceiling to floor mirrored doors, and I stared at my reflection. I looked even worse than on the driver's license photo. My features looked flattened as if I'd been successfully chasing parked cars. My clothes were crumpled as they can only be when someone had slept in them. My hair would put Worzel Gummidge to shame. Yet I didn't recognise the person staring back at me from the mirror. There was an alarm clock on the bedside cabinet and the green digital display said it was 09:34. Liam was standing in the doorway looking at me with his confused look on his face. I wondered if weasels got confused.

"Where's the packet Clarky?"

"Whose flat is this?"

"What? Have you lost your marbles; you know Robbo owns this flat."

I didn't, I might have done, but not this morning.

"So, Robbo lives here then."

"Don't be daft. He may own this gaff, but he wouldn't be caught dead anywhere near here."

"So, who lives here then?"

"What is it with you today? No one lives here, it's a safe house."

I was getting confused now.

"What, as in a police safe house, that kind of thing?"

"Are you tripping Clarky, you've got to let me have whatever drugs you're on. It's a safe house to avoid the police. As if we'd be in a safe house if the police were involved, we'd all be in cells."

"So were criminals then?"

"Whoa, you know Robbo hates that word. We're entrepreneurs, businessmen if you will."

"But illegal ones, right?"

"Don't sound so cut up about it Clarky. Just give me the packet and then crash out here, let whatever you're on work its way out of your system."

"For crying out loud, how many times do I need to say it, I don't know anything about a packet. I don't know why I'm here or how I got here, but I have no packet."

"So, what did you do with it?"

"How the hell would I know?"

"Robbo said you had it, he sent me a message."

"Nope, not ringing any bells."

"It said 'Clarky crackers nine fedex'."

I just stared at Liam, wide eyed and open mouthed.

"Come on Clarky, you know what that means."

I didn't, I just stood silent, waiting for Liam to continue.

“Seriously Clarky, I don’t have the time for this. If you want to take the p155, do it some other time, I’ve got a delivery to make.”

“I’m not taking the p155; I have no idea what you are on about.”

“It said you’d be at the safe house at 9am with the packet.”

I couldn’t think straight and failed to see how the message had said that. If there was a standard code, they, well we, used then I didn’t know what it was today. I tried to come at the situation from a different angle.

“What does this packet look like?”

Liam looked at me as if I’d grown a second head.

“How would I know? I’ve not seen it; I’d only know when you give it to me.”

“Well, in which case, that makes two of us who don’t know what it looks like.”

“Don’t mess about Clarky.”

“I’m not. I feel like someone has taken half my brain away and I don’t know what’s going on.”

“So, what do I do?”

“Search the flat. Look for anything that might be the packet.”

Liam nodded and scurried away; within seconds I could hear him moving furniture in the living room I’d woken up in. I started to look around the bedroom. I bent over to look in the bedside cabinet and the rush of blood to my head made me dizzy and I fell over onto the floor. As I closed my eyes, I got a vision of a stunning looking woman. Tall, brunette, and scantily clad, standing over me as I sat in a chair. It was dark and I felt music pounding in my head, as if I were in a club. Then I opened my eyes and it was gone again.

Was that a flashback? I hoped I knew that woman. Liam came back into the bedroom and looked down at me on the floor.

“Are you alright?”

“I think so, just got a bit dizzy when I bent down and fell over.”

He shook his head and went back to searching. From my spot on the floor I opened the draw of the bedside cabinet. It was empty apart from three condoms in their silver foil packets. I called out to Liam,

“Are these the packets you’re looking for?”

He came back to the bedroom, took one look at the condoms in my hand and turned back again muttering,

“Eff off you twat.”

I laughed to myself and closed my eyes and got another flashback.

The woman wasn’t stood over me now; she was sat next to me. We were both drinking. I could feel the heat coming off her body as it sat touching mine. I could smell almonds. As I blinked and found myself in the bedroom, I burped, and the smell of almonds surrounded me again. How much Amaretto had I drank last night?

Whilst on the floor I looked under the bed before getting up and searching the rest of the room. There was nothing in the room besides the furniture and the condoms.

I walked back out to the living room and could hear Liam opening and closing cupboards in what I assumed was the kitchen. I walked the other way and heard a noise like a knock on a door. I found myself in the entrance hall and there on the floor in front of the front door was a small jiffy envelope.

“Liam,” I called out.

He made his way to me. I pointed to the envelope and asked him.

“Would that be what you’re looking for?”

“Could be.”

“You didn’t think about that when you nearly stepped on it coming in?”

“No, I didn’t see it, and anyway why would you leave it there.”

I shrugged; I wasn’t sure I had. He picked the envelope up and felt it.

“A data stick, that’s different. See you later Clarky.”

And with that he was gone, slamming the door behind him. I didn’t have a clue what had happened, and my head was pounding. I went back to the bedroom and collapsed on the bed and closed my eyes.

Seconds later there was another pounding. This time on the front door. I dragged myself up and shuffled to the door. I opened it berating Liam.

“What now you weasel faced fuckwit?”

“That’s no way to talk to a lady Dave.”

It was the woman from the flashback. Still looking as stunning, only dressed in a smart business suit.

“Sorry, I thought you were someone else.”

“How’s your head?”

“Scrambled. I’ve had better mornings.”

“I’m sure you have Dave, how’s the memory?”

“How do you know about that? Did you give me something? Was my memory of you in the club from last night then?”

“So, you can remember me then?”

“How could I forget a face like yours? No idea about a name though.”

“It will come back in time Dave. I did slip you something last night, something to mess with your memory a bit. We couldn’t risk you changing your mind when you’d sobered up.”

“Changing my mind? About what?”

“Turning the rest of Mike Robinson’s gang in.”

“Who is that? That weasel look-a-like bloke Liam was banging on about a Robbo.”

“Yes, Mr Cole will be delivering that packet of yours about now. One the contact puts the USB stick into their device we will be able to take over any system that comes into contact with it and get all the information we need to bring Mr Robinson’s activities to a halt.”

“And I agreed to do that.”

“You did, you wanted to get out, but didn’t know how. We’ve been watching and waiting for the right opportunity to help you along in that, and at the same time help ourselves.”

I looked at this woman and shook my head. Of course, it had to be a set up. How could I have thought a woman like this would be with me for me? There would have to be something else. So, I had turned in those I had known for a pretty face.

“So, what happens now?”

“We take you to a safe house whilst all the arrests are made, and then you get a new identity.”

“And what about my old life and memories?”

“Your old life won’t exist. Your memories should be back by the morning. What you do with them is up to you.”

And so, I let her take me away. I basked in the looks I got as we went to her car. It was probably the best I ever felt. When my memories did return, I didn't feel good about anything. A new identity didn't help. I was a stranger in another city left alone with my memories. I couldn't stop thinking about packets. So, I bought lots of packets of paracetamol over time from different shops. Then washed as many of them down with whiskey as I could before I slumped into unconsciousness and then death.

## Dilbert



## Epilogue – Where To Find More Of My Writing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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