

# Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 53

## 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 – 12<sup>th</sup> November

1439 – Plymouth becomes the first town incorporated by the English Parliament.

1912 – The frozen bodies of Robert Scott and his men are found on the Ross Ice Shelf in Antarctica.

1927 – Leon Trotsky is expelled from the Soviet Communist Party, leaving Joseph Stalin in undisputed control of the Soviet Union.

Constitution Day (Azerbaijan)

National Health Day (Indonesia)

National Youth Day (East Timor)

World Pneumonia Day

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

### **Dolores Ibarruri, b.1895, d. 1989**

Dolores Ibarruri, better known as La Pasionaria, who died aged ninety-three, was one of the moving spirits behind the Republican forces in the Spanish Civil War and the most famous Spanish woman of her generation.

Although a committed communist from an early age, La Pasionaria ('the Passion Flower') inspired people as much by her undoubted courage, the power of her oratory and her presence – she was very tall and always dressed in black – as by her belief in revolution.

In the first months of the war no face or voice on the Republican side was better known than hers. The posters in Madrid portrayed Lenin, Stalin, and La Pasionaria, rather than the president or any other politician; it was she who led the recruiting campaign for the Republican army in rousing, often fanatical, speeches on the wireless and at mass rallies. A battalion was named after her.

The name of La Pasionaria is most often associated with her rallying cry at the beginning of the war, 'No pasaran!' ('they shall not pass') – echoing Petain at Verdun. No less memorable were her exhortations to Republican troops to 'die on your feet rather than live on your knees.'

Dolores Ibarruri was born on 9th December 1895, the eighth of eleven children, to a mining family in the Basque country. Her upbringing was harsh, and at fifteen she went to work for a seamstress, then as a domestic servant, resentful that women could not work in the mines.

Dolores's marriage, at twenty, to a miner, and the birth of a daughter, did nothing to alleviate her poverty; she began to lose her previously strong religious convictions and to read Marx and Engels. Her husband was often in prison, and three of her five children were to die in infancy.

Shortly after the Russian Revolution, writing in a journal called 'The Class Struggle,' Dolores signed her article Pasionaria, and the name stuck. She joined the Basque Communist party in 1920 and was elected to the Central Committee of the Spanish Communist party (PCE) ten years later.

In 1939, at the end of the Spanish Civil War, La Pasionaria left 'the rats of capitulation' for exile in Russia. When she returned to Spain after Franco's death – having slavishly followed Moscow for sixty years, with only one public protest at the time of the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 – La Pasionaria found herself out of touch with the new generation of young 'Eurocommunists'. For their part they found her an embarrassment and restrained her from speaking too often in public.

But she was acclaimed by artists and writers. Picasso dedicated more than one work to her and used to visit her; she is also widely believed to have inspired the character Pilar in Ernest Hemingway's 'For Whom The Bell Tolls' - Ingrid Bergman played the part in the film.

## **Births**

1929 – Grace Kelly  
1961 – Nadia Comaneci  
1968 – Sammy Sosa  
1970 – Tonya Harding  
1980 – Ryan Gosling

## **Deaths**

1035 – Cnut  
1865 – Elizabeth Gaskell  
2018 – Stan Lee

## **#vss365**

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

It'd started with one, a single #minature bottle, what harm could it do?

Lots by the look of the hotel bedroom as he eventually came round. It had been a well-stocked mini bar; it was now completely empty, and the room looked like it had been trashed by a troop of monkeys.

#vss365

## **Joke**

A married couple were in a terrible accident in which the woman's face was severely burned. The doctor told the husband that they couldn't graft any skin from her body because she was too thin. So, the husband offered to donate some of his own skin. However, the only skin on his body that the doctor felt was suitable would have to come from his buttocks. The husband and wife agreed that they would tell no one about where the skin came from and requested that the doctor also honour their secret. After the surgery was completed, everyone was astounded at the woman's new beauty. She looked more beautiful than she ever had before. All her friends and relatives just went on and on about her youthful beauty. One day, she was alone with her husband, and she was overcome with emotion at his sacrifice. She said, "Dear, I just want to thank you for everything you did for me. There is no way I could ever repay you." "My darling," he replied, "think nothing of it. I get all the thanks I need every time I see your mother kiss you on the cheek."

## **Drabble**

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

### **A Business Opportunity**

Brighton Pavilion was built, and Queen Victoria went to visit. She stopped overnight at The George Hotel. The owner rubbed his hands with glee. Frequent visits to Brighton meant regular overnight stays at his hotel.

He immediately went out and bought all the flowers on the market. He painted and decorated the rooms within an inch of their lives, spending every penny he had on it. If the Queen were going to stay here on a regular basis, the royal set would flock here too.

Only for the Queen to hate the Pavilion and vow never to go back again.

## **Random Items**

### **Facts**

Certain frogs can be frozen solid then thawed, and continue living

Alexander the Great was an epileptic

The name for Oz in the "Wizard of Oz" was thought up when the creator, Frank Baum, looked at his filing cabinet and saw A-N, and O-Z, hence "Oz."

## **Thoughts**

You can lead a horse to water, but a pencil has to be lead.

How come a pizza delivery will get to your house quicker than an ambulance?

Why are bogies green?

## **Never Eat Shredded Wheat**

Weird Ways to Remember Things.

The Earth's Atmosphere

The atmosphere of the Earth is made up of a series of layers: troposphere, stratosphere, mesosphere, thermosphere, and exosphere. You can use one of these mnemonics to remember these:

The Strong Man's Triceps Explode.

Troublesome Student's Messy Thermal Explosions.

## **Savoir Faire**

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

**Laika** \ lay-kah \ (Russian)

A Siberian breed of hunting dog. The name is derived from the Russian word 'to bark,' therefore 'a barking dog.' Laika is also a common Russian personal name for a dog, similar to the American 'Spot' or 'Rover.' One of the first animals launched into space was a dog named Laika, sent into the cosmos (and her death) on Sputnik 2.

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

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

### **Pants**

There are so many Pants in Wales that they almost deserve their own map. Pant simply means 'hollow' or 'valley,' an equivalent of 'Bottom' across the border. Alongside several dozen plain Pants, there are also several more fancy Pants on offer such as Pant-Y-Felin, Pantyfallen, Pant-y-pistyll, Pant-y-Phillip, Pantycoch and Pant-y-Wacco. When it comes to Pants, Wales is top drawer. See also Undy, in Monmouthshire, and several Thongs in England.

## **Brewers Britain & Ireland**

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

### **Peterborough**

'St Peter's town,' Peter from the dedication of the local abbey (later of the cathedral) + Old English Burh.

A cathedral city and unitary authority in eastern central England, on the River Nene, about 38 miles northwest of Cambridge and the same distance east of Leicester. Historically it was at the centre of an administrative area called the Soke of Peterborough (soke 'right of local jurisdiction,' from the medieval Latin 'soca'), which included the city and an area to the west between the River Nene and the River Welland and was under the jurisdiction of the abbot of the monastery. It was within the boundaries of Northamptonshire, but in 1888 the Soke was given its own separate county council. In 1965 it was transferred to Huntingdonshire, which became known as Huntingdon and Peterborough. In 1972 this county, including the city of Peterborough, was swallowed up by Cambridgeshire, and the Soke disappeared. In 1996, Peterborough was designated a unitary authority, this includes sizeable areas to the east and west of the city.

Peterborough can trace its origins to a monastery that occupied the site from AD 650. At that time, the site's name was Medeshamstede 'Mede's homestead.' (Old English personal name Mede + ham-stede). The old monastery, dedicated to St Peter was destroyed and all the monks slaughtered by the Vikings in 869. In 963 King Edgar granted the deserted land to Bishop Aethelwold, and the building of a new abbey, similarly dedicated to St Peter, left in due course to a change of the site's name to Peterborough. In 1118 the building of a cathedral began here, and it inherited the abbey's saint. Peterborough Cathedral contains the tomb of Catherine of Aragon. Mary Queen of Scots was also buried there, having been beheaded at nearby Fotheringhay – Richard Fletcher, dean of Peterborough and father of dramatist John, officiated at her execution – but she was later removed to Westminster Abbey. The Bishop of Peterborough signs himself 'Petriburg.'

Peterborough is on the edge of the Fens and is an important centre for the processing of the agricultural produce of the surrounding area. Since the 19<sup>th</sup> century brickmaking has also been a significant income earner. It is also on the main East Coast line from London to Edinburgh and forms an important junction with east-west lines. In 1967 it was declared a New Town.

The city's football club, Peterborough United FC, was founded in 1934 from the remnants of Peterborough and Fletton United. Its nickname is Posh. There are various accounts purportedly explaining the origin of this. The most widely accepted claims that supporters referred to the team as looking 'posh' when they kicked off in the Southern League against Gainsborough on 1 September 1934 wearing a new strip. According to another account, in 1921 the manager of Fletton United said he wanted 'posh players for a posh new team', and the name stuck when Peterborough and Fletton United was established in 1923. But on its formal founding in 1934 Peterborough United gained professional status, and posh may thus actually derive from professional. In 2003, the club was presumptuously and successfully challenged by the singer 'Posh Spice' (Victoria Beckham) over its legal right to register the name as a trademark.

The churchman and theologian William Paley (1743-1805), author of the standard exposition in English theology of the teleological argument for the existence of God, was born in Peterborough. The poet John Clare (1793-1864) and writer of "The Go-betweens", L.P. Hartley (1895-1972), were born nearby.

There is a large city called Peterborough in Ontario, Canada (its name used to designate a type of wooded canoe), a county called Peterborough in New Hampshire, USA, and a town called Peterborough in South Australia.

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

## Flash Fiction

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

### Charlie In The Chocolate Factory

That damn dog has delusions of adequacy. Barking at anything passing as if he owns the street. For crying out loud you daft dog, stop barking at the neighbours.

*Charlie looked up at his servants. He couldn't believe they were speaking to him as if he was a mere mongrel. It was almost as if they didn't know he was Sir Charles Von Woofalott, the latest in a long line of aristocratic springer spaniels. Of course, I'm going to bark you crazy humans. It's in my birth-right, it's in my name. How can I be a Von Woofalott if I don't bark?*

"We should take Charlie out for a walk; let him burn some energy off chasing balls for a while."

"Or just buy some earplugs!"

"What? For the whole street? I'll get his lead and the ball thrower, and you get some poo bags."

"All the classy jobs."

"We only need the poo bags to stop the dumbass eating it afterwards."

She winced at this, "God, he is disgusting at times."

He smiled, "Yes, when he's awake, and when he's asleep." He struggled to get the lead on Charlie. He wouldn't stay still.

*Why can't I go out without the grotty red collar on? I know where I'm going. I've got more bloody road sense than you fatty. I swear to dog that I'm not fetching that ball unless there is mud to roll in.*

"Stay still you daft dog. Let me get the lead on you, or you're not going anywhere." "Finally."

*Sir Charles kept looking over his shoulder at them. Lagging behind as usual. Didn't they realise the urgent business he had to conduct out on the grass. Where the hell are you going fat boy? That's not our usual route. I've got important trees to sniff in that direction!*

They walked down the back of the industrial estate, finally letting Charlie off the lead, and throwing the ball as far as possible. Charlie rushed off in pursuit of it.

How bloody far? He must have put all of his weight behind that one. He's not having this ball back if he's going to do that again. Ooh, is that an open door, let's have a look around in there.

"Noooo! Charlie, come out of there." They rushed after him. The back of these units weren't normally open on a Sunday evening. The sign over the open door said, 'Dreamy Confectionary.' They had heard of the brand. This was going to be a nightmare.

"Doomed, god damn Charlie in a chocolate factory."

*What are these smells; it's that stuff my servants won't let me have. Well, I'm having it now. Out of my way you fool, I have to rush around and inspect everything before the servants arrive. There is forbidden food here.*

"Charlie! What are you doing?"

A worried looking woman in the full food safety outfit was screeching to get the dog out. Charlie was rushing around following his nose. His never-ending appetite was driving him on.

*I'm getting close. I know I am. Ooh, what's that, it looks like a lake of mud, and no nasty clean water to have to wash it off with either. I can make the leap to that; I just need a run up. Here I go....*

"NOOOO!!! Don't Charlie."

SPLASH

This doesn't taste like normal mud, it's a lovely taste. I'll just lap some more up. Divine. What are the damn servants screaming about now?

"Charlie, get out of there. Don't eat it, you'll kill yourself, it's poisonous to you."

They're totally overreacting again, how can anything this tasty be poisonous? Let me lap a bit more up and do a few rolls, I'm enjoying this so muc.....

"Out of there you stupid dog. Stop licking yourself, you'll make it worse. I'm really sorry, have you got a sink or a shower?"

"Who's going to pay for all the ruined chocolate? We'll have to scrap the lot; no one can eat any of that now a dog's been in it."

*I would*

"Who left the door open? Not us! Now, where is there a sink before you have a dead dog on your hands?"

The woman pointed vaguely to a corner of the factory. Charlie happily licked himself despite their best efforts. When the cold water hit him, he tried to wriggle free again.

*Damn that's cold you terrors, stop washing this off me, it tastes amazing*

"Call the emergency vets; tell them we have the first ever chocolate springer spaniel."

## Leicestershire

### Gabriel Newton



Gabriel Newton was born in 1683; he was originally a wool comber from Leicester. He came from a respectable family, the son of Joseph Newton, who died when Gabriel was five in Lincoln where he had become the head of the corporation jersey school there. Gabriel paid for a commemorative palisade outside Lincoln Cathedral to his father in 1750. His great-uncle had previously been the master of Wygston's Hospital.

Gabriel took over as the keeper of the Horse and Trumpet Inn, which was next to the High Cross. He later retired and lived the life of a gentleman.

He had become a Freeman of the town in 1702, and in 1710 he became a councillor. He was made the churchwarden of St Mary de Castro before he became the Chamberlain of the town corporation in 1720. He was then made an Alderman in 1726 and made his way to be Mayor of Leicester in 1732 and then a Justice of the Peace. He went on to be the churchwarden of both St Martin's (later the Cathedral) and All Saints (where he was buried).

During this time, he married three times, and from these marriages amassed a great deal of money. The first marriage was in 1715 to Elizabeth, the daughter of alderman Wells; the second in 1728 was to Mary Bent, the daughter of a corporator; and finally, the third was to Eleanor Bakewell, daughter of the lord of Normanton on the Heath. He only had one son that survived past infancy - George, but he also died before Gabriel at the age of 18.

In 1760 he conveyed to the Corporation of Leicester lands at Earl Shilton, Barwell, Bushby and Great Stretton for charitable uses. Over the next two years he set up additional trusts for land in the Corporations of Bedford, Buckingham, Hertford and Huntingdon, and the parishes of Ashby-de-la-Zouch and St Neots.'

Upon his death he settled property valued at £3250, by deed, and his will to the schooling of 35 boys of families based in the Anglican faith. The charity school was established in Leicester at the Church of St Mary de Castro. It took a number of years before it was opened in 1785 after legal problems with his will and debtors to him to free up the money. It took another twenty years before all the land was finalised.

The school became known as the Greencoat School from the uniform worn by the pupils. His school later became Alderman Newton's School and survived until 1999 when it was merged by the local authority with two other local schools to form a single educational institution.

The trust for the school was so large that it meant the school expanded to such a level that other founding schools were set up from the trust. Harborough, Hinkley, Lutterworth, Loughborough and Melton were approached in 1809, then Great Wigston and Shepshed in 1810 and Mountsorrel, Syston, Northampton, Cadeby, Claybrook and Lubenham by 1835.

He died in 1762 and was given a civic funeral and is buried in the church yard of All Saints.



He stands as one of the four Leicester benefactors on the base of the Clock Tower.

### **St Michael & All Angels, Thurmaston**

TURMODESTONE was the name when the Domesday record was drawn up in 1085 by order of William the Conqueror. The place probably derived from an Anglo-Saxon chief called Turmod. Originally there were two small communities. The Domesday Book does not record a church building at Thurmaston, but that is not conclusive.

TWO CHURCHES By about the year 1220 there were two stone buildings. St John the Evangelist at North Thurmaston lay just above what is now Canal Street. All that remains is part of the west wall which you can see behind the flats called Estelle House. The Church was served by the Augustinian Canons at Barkby. St Michael & All Angels, South Thurmaston was a chapelry of St Peter's Belgrave of which Leicester Abbey held the advowson. When the site for the local authority sheltered flats St Michael's Court was cleared, the foundations of a large stone building were discovered.

It seems that St John's ceased to be used as a church towards the end of the sixteenth century. North and South Thurmaston became a combined chapelry in 1796, and a separate ecclesiastical parish in 1841.

**ST MICHAEL'S CHURCHYARD AND BURIALS** The Churchyard has been full for many years and there have not been any new burials (apart from cremated remains) since the early part of the twentieth century. There are a number of interesting gravestones and others inside the church. You can see inscriptions to old local families and worthies; Wilcox, Day, Gamble, Allen, Winterton, Herrick, Simons, Foister, Checkland, Dudley, Simpson, and many others.

The first headstone on the left as you come up the church path has an interesting story behind it. William Lane described as a 'Drummer Boy' in the local militia was shot by an irate local, Squire Allen. The inquest was held in the White Hart Public House across the road. The inscription on the headstone is well worth reading. The grave is still classified as a military memorial, and from time to time a wreath is laid by a local society.

**THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST MICHAEL & ALL ANGELS** The first thing to notice is that the church is situated on slightly higher ground above the river.

Any Saxon church building at Thurmaston is likely to have been of wood. It is possible that the first stone St Michael's was a simple rectangular shape like that at North Thurmaston, and later rebuilt with aisles. What we can say is that some pillars and arches in the Nave have been dated around 1220. The tower was added in the fifteenth century.

At the end of the eighteenth century the old church was in a poor state of repair. It was smaller in those days, the Nave shorter and the Chancel longer. Contemporary records note that there were clerestory windows in the Nave (windows above the pillars and centre walls). A wooden west gallery is also spoken of. In 1848-9 under the architect Henry Stevens of Derby, all but the tower was rebuilt to a new design. The pillars and arches were reused but the Nave lengthened by an entire bay. At the same time the aisles were widened by about six feet for the length of the Nave.

Excavations behind the font to provide a heating duct in 1988 proved conclusively that the floor level was raised by several feet in 1848. Since the early Victorian reconstruction there have been relatively few alterations. Apart from new windows and decorations, the organ chamber was built, and the Chancel floor was raised in 1890. The church is now listed as Grade 2\*.

**UNIQUE ROOF** At the rebuild, Stevens designed the unusual roof covering the centre Nave and Aisles in a single span. It is a heavily timbered hammer-beam design and believed to be unique.

**THE TOWER** The tower is probably late fourteenth or early fifteenth century and more or less original, with the addition of the perpendicular tower possibly relating to renewed economic activity after the Black Death. At the top outside at each corner you will see the gargoyles. These are waterspouts with a grotesque figure to take water from the roof. On the top of the roof is a 'trig point,' last used by surveyors to check levels for the Hamilton development. At the base of the tower there is a 'benchmark' to indicate the trigonometric reference.

**THE CLOCK** was made about 1844 by Paine of London. It is wound by hand; the weights descend the shaft in the corner of the tower just inside the door. It is recorded that the impetus to provide a church clock was to save taking the children to Syston to teach them to read the time from the church clock there!

**THE BELLS** The tower originally had only one bell. In 1625-7 three more were added, with a fifth in 1848-9. In 1908 these were all recast, and a tenor bell added by Barwell's of Birmingham and weighs over half a tonne. When the bells are rung (as opposed to chiming when the bell is swung just enough for the clapper to hit the side), they swing over 360 degrees making a note on each side of the swing. They are rung in 'changes' according to complicated patterns. This method is unique to England, except where it has been copied in other parts of the world. A full 'peal' consists of 5,040 changes.

**MONUMENTS IN THE TOWER** In the base of the tower there are two fine monuments to members of the Simons family. They were originally on the north wall of the Chancel and were presumably taken out in the 1848 rebuilding or when the organ chamber was built.

**THE FONT** at St Michael's is probably several hundred years old. The lead lining is missing and the soak away is blocked. The cover is old, and the two pieces of stone let into the top shown that there used to be iron hasps so that the cover could be locked.

**THE ALTAR** The Main Altar Table at St Michael's is probably seventeenth century in origin. It had been somewhat crudely repaired in the past. In the year 2000 Mr Colin Watson restored it using some very old oak planks.

**THE LECTERN** The old St Michael's lectern dates from 1903. The top is used as a stand for the Memorial Book, and the base is now the splendid Easter candle stand.

REREDOS The main one at St Michael's is made of stone and contains panels with the Creed, Ten Commandments, and The Lord's Prayer. It is probably Victorian, though the tablets may be older. In the centre is the sacred monogram 'IHS' for the Latin form of Jesus; and also, a delicately carved head possibly intended as 'An Angel of the Presence.' 'A freewill offering from Mr and Miss Simpson of Thurmaston 1848'

CHANCEL ARCH St Michael's is Victorian and a whole bay further east than the original. Note the two animal heads probably intended to be lions.

THE LADY CHAPEL was constructed in 1951 by Mr Arthur Talbot a local craftsman. It was dedicated with other furnishings 'in memory of Charles and Sarah Foister, 1951'

## **Wanlip**

Wanlip is a small village and civil parish in the Charnwood district of Leicestershire, with a population measured at 305 at the 2011 census. It is a countryside village, north of Birstall, and west of Watermead Country Park and the River Soar. The A46 road runs directly past the village. Wanlip won the 2008 Leicester and Rutland Best Village Competition for villages with a population under 500.

To the south of Wanlip is Wanlip Meadows, a Leicestershire and Rutland Wildlife Trust nature reserve. To the north is a Severn Trent sewage treatment plant, serving a population of more than half a million. The Cedars Academy lies to the south at the edge of Birstall. To the east lies the 14-hectare Reedbed Local Nature Reserve, part of the Watermead Country Park.

Wanlip is the site of a 132-metre-high wind turbine which went into operation at the end of 2013.

"Mountsorrel he mounted at,  
Rodely he rode by,  
Onelep he leaped o'er,  
At Birstall he burst his gall,  
At Belgrave he was buried at."

Folk rhyme about a giant called Bell who boasted that he could reach Leicester in three leaps, mentioning Wanlip as Onelep, a pun on "One Leap".

An Iron Age settlement was unearthed just to the north of Wanlip, and an Anglo-Saxon cemetery was discovered during the building of Longslade School in 1958,

One of the earliest mentions of Wanlip is in Domesday Book, where it is listed as Anelepe, among the lands given to Earl Aubrey by the King. The land described includes a mill. The Earl's son Aubrey de Vere II went on to become Lord Chancellor.

William Wilberforce, the 19th century MP, and leading abolitionist, lived for some years at Wanlip Hall.

There are four listed buildings in Wanlip: a brick ice house, the church of Our Lady and St. Nicholas, Manor Farm and Hall Farm.

### **Our Lady & St. Nicholas Church**

Much of the structure of this parish church was erected in the 13th and 14th centuries but there have been a variety of later alterations, including changes made in the 19th century and the south aisle which was built in 1904. The walls are constructed mainly of granite rubble with ashlar dressing. It is a Grade II listed building.

The chancel floor is notable for housing the brass that commemorates Sir Thomas Walsh and his wife Katherine. This comprises the figures of the couple with a border that is the earliest surviving example of an English inscription for a high-status tomb monument. The inscription reads:

"Here lyes Thomas Walssh knyght lorde of Anlep and dame Katine his wife whiche in her tyme made the kirke of Anlep and halud the kirkyerd first in Wurchip of god and of oure lady and seynt Nicholas that god have her soules and mercy anno domini millesimo CCC nonagesimo tercio [i.e., 1393]."

The memorial is the subject of a detailed article by Nigel Saul, who commented that the church is a distinguished building incorporating motifs from the state apartments at Kenilworth Castle that had been commissioned by John of Gaunt, with whom Sir Thomas Walsh was closely connected.

In the churchyard is a substantial headstone with the following epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of Rasselas Morjan, who was born at Macadi on the confines of Abyssinia and died at Wanlip Hall August 25th, 1839, in the 19th year of his age. Rescued from a state of slavery in this life and enabled by God's grace to become a member of his Church he rests



here in the hope of a greater deliverance hereafter. This stone is raised in remembrance of his blameless life by one whom he loved."

Wanlip is said to be unusual because in 1906 the land there was all owned by just one family - the Palmers.

The Baronetcy at Wanlip has been held by the (later named Palmer) family since 1791 when it was awarded to Charles Grave Hudson. Notable members of the family include the artist Caroline Harriet Abraham and her father Charles Thomas Hudson Palmer, 2nd Baronet. Charles Palmer-Tomkinson, father of socialite Tara Palmer-Tomkinson, is a landowner in Wanlip and Birstall, responsible for the Hallam Fields development in next-door Birstall. The current holder of the baronetcy is Sir John Edward Somerset Palmer, 8th baronet.

## Top Ten

The first ten winners of the Formula 1 constructors title – which wasn't started until 1958, well after the driver's championship started in 1950.

	Constructor	1st Title	Total Titles
1	Vanwall	1958	1
2	Cooper	1959	2
3	Ferrari	1961	16
4	BRM	1962	1
5	Lotus	1963	7
6	Brabham	1966	2
7	Matra	1969	1
8	Tyrrell	1971	1
9	McLaren	1974	8
10	Williams	1980	9

## Poetry Corner

### Winter

The days grow ever shorter  
The nights grow excessively long  
The wind blows down from the north  
Screaming a terrible bitter song

The rain falls without a pause  
The trees shake of their remaining leaves  
The ground is both soft and slippery  
For the summer sun the people grieve

The rivers rise and run much faster  
The clouds go on for ever and more  
The gentle autumn is swept away  
As the harsh winter bangs at your door

The wood is too wet to set fire to  
The fog envelops the surrounding land  
The lights cannot penetrate the cloying gloom  
Yet the thought of spring makes us withstand

## Musical Madness

### This Day In Music

Born  
1945 – Neil Young  
1948 – Errol Brown  
Funeral

2004 – of DJ John Peel took place at St Edmundsbury Cathedral, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. Pulp's Jarvis Cocker, Undertones singer Feargal Sharkey, and The White Stripes were among the mourners, while Sir Elton John left a wreath of yellow roses.

Event

1968 – UK book and record chain WHSmith refused to display the Jimi Hendrix Experience album "Electric Ladyland" due to the naked girls featured on the sleeve.

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

**1973 – Ex-gang member Afrika Bambaataa forms the Universal Zulu Nation in the Bronx, New York.**

Inspired by DJ Kool Herc and Kool DJ Dee, Bambaataa wanted to form an organisation that would inspire gang members and disenfranchised youth all over the world to utilise creative forces as a means to turn their lives around. Bambaataa used hip-hop culture as the vehicle to realise that goal.

By the 1980s, the Universal Zulu Nation had branches in the UK, Japan, France, Australia, and South Korea.

### **Number 1's**

Number 1 single in 1966 - The Four Tops - Reach Out (I'll Be There)

Number 1 album in 1977 - Sex Pistols - Never Mind The Bollocks, Here's The Sex Pistols

Number 1 compilation album in 2006 - Radio 1's Live Lounge

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

#### **New Order - Technique**

Technique is the fifth studio album by English electronic band New Order. Released on 30 January 1989 by Factory Records, the album was partly recorded on the island of Ibiza, and incorporates Balearic beat and acid house influences into the group's dance-rock sound. The album was influenced by the then growing acid scene, and Sumner's experiences at Shoom in London. It was also New Order's final studio album to be released under Factory Records (though not their final Factory release, that being the following year's "World in Motion"); the label would declare bankruptcy in 1992 following a severe financial downturn caused primarily by the significant commercial failure of Happy Mondays' Yes Please!

Technique was the first New Order album to reach number one on the UK charts spending one week at the top in a fourteen-week chart stay; and "Fine Time", the first single from the album, reached number 11. Remixed versions of "Round & Round" and "Run" were also released as singles.

In the late 1980s, the band felt that they had to keep on playing with dance-electronic rhythms. Bernard Sumner reflected; "We were in this position of being known for this dance-electronic sound and it would have been daft to have just stopped doing it. That was the nature of the time. The way I saw it was we were still writing band music as well, so we'd reached a compromise." Peter Hook joked that the album was "an epic power struggle between the sequencers and me. I was resisting it valiantly because I still wanted us to be a rock band."

Sumner also wrote all of the lyrics. When recording on the island of Ibiza, the band was heavily influenced by the environment around them and became fascinated by Balearic club music. Gillian Gilbert recalled, "We had Mike (Johnson, engineer) with us, so there was always somebody doing something, but it was the beginning of us not being together in the studio when we were doing things. It was like, 'oh you do your drums today, and I'll do the vocals tonight...'. The songs were sort of there but there were huge chunks missing. You'd leave blocks and say, 'will you fill that in? I'm off now.'" It was a really odd mix, but it all seemed to make sense when you were there. I don't know why that was. Maybe because we were all a bit out of our brains."

John Denver's publishing company later filed a lawsuit, alleging that the guitar break in "Run" too closely resembled Denver's "Leaving on a Jet Plane". The case was settled out of court.

Technique received generally positive reviews from music critics upon its release. Melody Maker's Chris Roberts hailed the album as "a rare and ravishing triumph", while NME wrote that the band had "fashioned an LP of unflinching honesty, free from the masks of false identities of their past." Robert Christgau of The Village Voice called New Order a "lot franker and happier (hence smarter) than Depeche Mode" and felt that the band had "lightened up". Craig Lee of the Los Angeles Times wrote that "with the exception of 'Fine Time,' there may be little new ground broken here, but when it comes to the sound of a broken psyche, New Order never misses a beat." Ira Robbins, writing in Rolling Stone, stated that Technique "delivers a solid blast of sonic presence with immaculate playing" and called it a "surprisingly inviting album from this generally reserved outfit".

Technique has been listed by several publications as one of the best albums of the 1980s and of all time. In 2006, Q magazine placed the album at number 21 on its list of the "40 Best Albums of the '80s". NME ranked the album at number 122 on its list of the 500 greatest albums of all time in 2013. The album is also included in Robert Dimery's book 1001 Albums You Must Hear Before You Die.

### Track listing

All tracks are written by New Order, except where indicated.

#### Side one

No. - Title - Length

1. - "Fine Time" - 4:42. First single from the album, it reached number 11 on the UK charts, spending 8 weeks on the chart. Had non album tracks "Don't Do It" and "Fine Line" on the B-side. Featured on one of the 2006 greatest hits 12" single releases on the New Statesman label, along with "Bizarre Love Triangle", "Round & Round", and "True Faith". Sampled by Keiki Takeuchi, Einosuke Nagao, and Katsumi Tanaka in their track "Stage 3 (Super Aleste)", and by Barry leitch in "Impossamole".

2. - "All the Way" - 3:22.

3. - "Love Less" - 2:58.

4. - "Round & Round" - 4:29. Second single from the album, it reached number 21 on the UK charts, spending 7 weeks on the chart. Had non album track "Best & Marsh" on the B-side. Featured on one of the 2006 greatest hits 12" single releases on the New Statesman label, along with "Bizarre Love Triangle", "Fine Time", and "True Faith". Covered by DJ Matthew Grimm in 2001.

5. - "Guilty Partner" - 4:44.

#### Side two

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

1. - "Run" - John Denver, Sumner, Gilbert, Hook, Morris - 4:29. Third single from the album (remixed as Run 2), it reached number 49 on the UK charts, spending 2 weeks on the chart. Had non album track "MTO" on the B-side. Sampled John Denver's "Leaving On A Jet Plane".

2. - "Mr. Disco" - 4:20.

3. - "Vanishing Point" - 5:15. The instrumental version of this track was used by the BBC drama "Making Out". Was sampled by Royksopp in their track "Wooden Leg".

4. - "Dream Attack" - 5:13.

### Personnel

New Order

Bernard Sumner – vocals, guitars, melodica, synthesizers, and programming

Peter Hook – 4- and 6-stringed bass, electronic percussion, synthesizers, and programming

Stephen Morris – drums, synthesizers, and programming

Gillian Gilbert – synthesizers, guitars, and programming

### Technical

New Order – production

Michael Johnson – engineer

Richard Chappell – assistant engineer

Aaron Denson – assistant engineer

Richard Evans – assistant engineer

Trevor Key – cover design

Alan Meyerson – mixing

Peter Saville – cover design

### Charts

Chart - Peak position

Australian Albums - 25

Canada Top Albums/CDs - 21

Dutch Albums - 57

European Albums - 7

Finnish Albums - 29

German Albums - 25

New Zealand Albums - 11

Swedish Albums - 23

Swiss Albums - 15

UK Albums - 1

US Billboard 200 - 32

### Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales

Brazil - Gold - 100,000

Canada - Gold 50,000

United Kingdom - Gold 100,000  
United States - Gold 500,000

## Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1953

Position	Last Position	Week's	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	4		ANSWER ME	DAVID WHITFIELD	DECCA	1	4
2	3		ANSWER ME	FRANKIE LAINE	PHILIPS	2	2
3	1		HEY JOE	FRANKIE LAINE	PHILIPS	1	4
4	2		LOOK AT THAT GIRL	GUY MITCHELL	PHILIPS	1	11
5	6		I BELIEVE	FRANKIE LAINE	PHILIPS	1	32
6	New		CHICKA BOOM	GUY MITCHELL	PHILIPS	6	1
7	5		WHERE THE WINDS BLOW	FRANKIE LAINE	PHILIPS	2	10
8	8		POPPA PICCOLINO	DIANA DECKER	COLUMBIA	8	3
9	9		SWEDISH RHAPSODY	MANTOVANI	DECCA	6	3
10	7		KISS	DEAN MARTIN	CAPITOL	5	7

## A Single Life

### **Deep Dish - Flashdance**

Another long-term alarm clock song I used. It took over from Queens Of The Stone Age's "No One Knows" and survived even longer than that did at well over two years. It is another video that I would watch over and over as well.

"Flashdance" is a song by American electronic music duo Deep Dish, with the vocals of Anousheh Khalili. It is a cover of "He's a Dream" by Shandi Sinnamon, from the Flashdance soundtrack. It received positive critical reviews and became a hit in several countries, including the United Kingdom, where it debuted and peaked at number three on the UK Singles Chart.

Ben Hogwood of musicOMH was favourable of the song, saying that "Flashdance" has given Deep Dish "a huge worldwide club hit, its full-bodied hook picked up by many a DJ". Hogwood named it the most commercial track on the album, which according to him "loosely follows the lead of its predecessor, teaming moody instrumentals with club based vocal tracks".

The remix "Flashdance (Guetta & Garraud F\*\*\* Me I'm Famous Remix)" was nominated to the Grammy Award for Best Remixed Recording, Non-Classical.

For the chart issue dated October 9, 2004, "Flashdance" debuted at number three on the UK Singles Chart, becoming Deep Dish's first and only single to reach the top ten to date. It spent 21 weeks on the chart. It was the second-highest entry for that week, behind "I Hope You Dance" by Ronan Keating. "Flashdance" peaked at number 14 on the Australian Singles Chart and was certified Gold by the Australian Recording Industry Association, denoting shipments of 35,000 copies.

In 2005 a mashup of "Flashdance" with the Dire Straits song "Money for Nothing" was included on the George Is On album. The remix, titled "Flashing For Money" and arranged by DJ Sultan, appeared as a B-side on Deep Dish Records single releases of "Say Hello", and was released as an a-side single on the Absolute Sound label in France.

### Charts

Chart - Peak position  
Australia - 14  
Austria - 55  
Belgium - 3  
Europe - 10

France - 33  
Germany - 63  
Greece - 7  
Hungary (Single Top 40) - 9  
Ireland - 14  
Ireland Dance - 1  
Italy - 49  
Netherlands - 5  
Romania - 20  
Spain - 6  
Switzerland - 89  
UK Singles - 3  
US Dance Club Songs - 36

#### Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales  
Australia - Gold - 35,000

## Story Time

### A View From The Beach

Emily sat on the beach trying to take in the ambience of the scene around her through her watering eyes. It was getting late in the evening now, and the low sun was setting behind her. A few late rays were on the small patch of sand just in front of her, turning the wet, normally golden sand, to a deep blood red shade, which ebbed away as the sun set further.

The rocks behind her now cast a darkening shadow over her as the time slipped away and as the shadow over her became deeper and darker, she felt herself shiver involuntarily as a deserved chill crept into her bones.

The tide was coming in and a little less than twenty yards away they were beginning to crash against the rock formation of the natural pier to her left. The crashing waves were penetrating deep into her brain, on ominous beating sound, chastising her, drilling deep inside of her, making her flinch.

The red and black surroundings along with the pounding noise, and icy chill in her heart made her flee the beach and she ran as if the devil himself was chasing her. As she ran up the beach, and over the rocks to the car park, she tried to clear her mind and body of what had happened, so that she could try and find a way to go back to how she had felt before all this.

Daniel stood with his back to the sea, a blissfully happy look all across his face, feeling exhilarated. He could feel the sea foaming around, and caressing, his heels, and ankles as he watched the glorious deep orange sun slowly setting behind the rocky outcrop that sheltered this particular beach from the car park and road beyond.

He basked in the comforting warmth of that orange glow and marvelled at how the wet sand in front of him changed colour as the sun moved to hide behind the horizon. From almost black near the rocks, through brown, a vivid, almost blood red, to the golden shade that was almost at his feet, the light coming from the dark was particularly poignant to him at this moment in time.

The tide was coming in, and as it hit the rocks away to his right, it sounded just like the joyous cheer of the innocent young. As the water gradually moved up the beach in time with the sun setting behind the rocks, it came up to his calves, and he slowly started to move forward, trying to emerge from the water to get up to the rocks, and back into the last vestiges of sunlight, to where he needed to be, and where he belonged.

Daniel walked over the crest of the rocks and down the couple of steps into the car park where he had left his car, happier than he had ever been. As he looked over to his car, he was surprised to see that Emily's car was also in the car park, and it would appear that she was sat on the bonnet of it.

He was surprised and worried by this, it had been less than three hours since he had last seen her, laying in the hospital bed, their new-born daughter in the cot beside her, and yet here she was, a skirt covered in sand, and tears in her eyes. What had happened that meant that she was here, and how did she know this would have been where he would have come?

Emily saw Daniel approaching from the beach, she berated herself some more, remembering that this was where they had met, if there was anywhere Daniel would have gone to reflect on the birth of their daughter it would have been here, to be alone with his thoughts, away from any thought of a bar that many other new fathers found themselves in to wet the baby's head. This was her own reflection spot, and she was surprised that she hadn't seen him on the small,

secluded beach, but she was far too overwhelmed with her own feelings to have noticed anything around her, she had only saw his car on the way back to hers.

Seeing Daniel now was a lot sooner than she had intended, but while they were here alone, it would be the best time to tell him what had happened. He would know that something was wrong, there was no way she should be out of the hospital this soon, yet alone be here by the ocean, without their child.

She watched him walk across the car park towards her, he had started towards his own car, but had changed direction when he had seen her. As he got near, she felt the desire to run, to run away from Daniel as fast as she could, and never to return, he was going to be heartbroken, but it was too late to rewind the clock now, what had happened had happened and they had to live with the consequences.

“Emily?” Daniel asked, unsure that he was really seeing her here, “Is that you? What’s wrong? What are you doing here? Where’s Alice?”

She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself in the face of this rapid fire burst of questions. She didn’t blame him for the questions, it must have been a shock to see her here, but she wondered if she could tell him the truth.

“I’m so sorry Daniel, Alice didn’t make it, you hadn’t been gone for more than five minutes and she suddenly stopped breathing, I didn’t notice at first, revelling in the silence, but I glanced over, and Alice was a funny colour.”

Daniel’s face contorted from his earlier blissful expression to one of pain and anguish as Emily continued,

“I screamed for the nurses, and they came running, doctors too, and they tried to make Alice breathe again, they tried for so long, but they couldn’t bring her back, she’s dead Daniel, Alice has gone, and I’m so sorry.”

Daniel had started crying and had stepped forward to pull her from the bonnet of her car into his arms. He held her tight as he sobbed silently.

Emily returned the embrace, and buried her head into his torso, on the surface to look supportive, but mainly so he couldn’t see what she really was.

It was true that Alice had stopped breathing, but it wasn’t a natural process, as Emily had laid in that hospital bed, the dawning realisation of what she would now be required to do, and to be washed over her. Alice started crying softly, and Emily leant over to stop the crying, but feeling nothing towards her new-born daughter sought to stop the crying with the pillow. She put the small pillow over the baby’s face and pushed down and held it in place. She held it for as long as she dared, hoping that one of the nurses wouldn’t pick this moment to pop into the room and see how she was doing.

When she took the pillow away, Alice was indeed a funny colour. Emily moved back into her bed and put the covers back in place. She waited a couple of minutes more before leaning back towards what had been her daughter and then screamed for the nurses. They had indeed come running and had tried to get Alice breathing again, but Emily had done too good a job for them to save the poor unfortunate baby

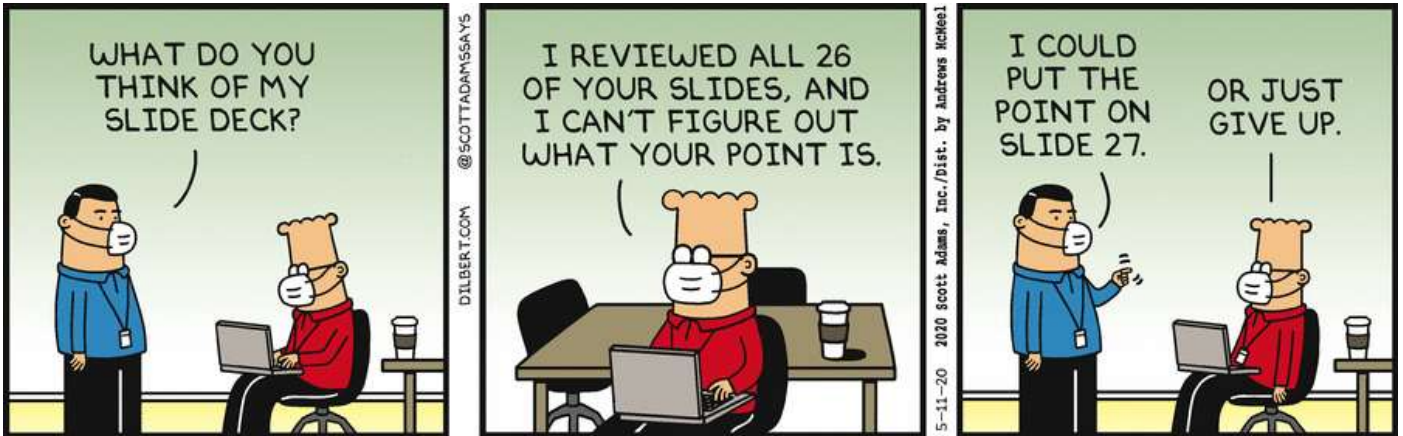
She had slipped out of the hospital without discharging herself, creeping out whilst the nurses weren’t watching her, and she had headed to her favourite secluded beach, where she always came to think. Doing so meant that she had bumped into Daniel sooner than she had wanted to or planned. Before she could entirely compose herself. She hoped that Daniel hadn’t seen how guilty she looked. She had almost told him the entire truth but had stopped short.

With Daniel holding her she felt safe again, she needed that, especially now that she was a murderer.

## **World’s Greatest Cathedrals Top Trumps**

<b><u>Borgund Stave Church</u></b>	
City / Country	Borgund, Norway
Height	43 metres
Commenced Building	1180
Character	16
Global Fame	72
Top Trumps Rating	55
Details	Borgund Stave Church is a stave church located in the village of Borgund, in the municipality of Laerdal in Sogn og Fjordane county, Norway. The church is lavishly ornamented with woodcarvings. It is best known for the four dragon heads on the gables of the roof, which are similar to the carved dragon heads of Norse ships.

## 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>. 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.

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 now twelve colours available with some new arrivals: red, black, dark green, light blue, maroon, orange, purple, grey, bright pink, dark blue, coral, and white. In addition, speak to me about Flanagan's Running Club torches, limited stock, bright little so and sos available in red or blue. And now three colours

of small leather style notepads in green, red, and black, with mini pens and various size sticky notes. Then there are the hand sanitiser bottles, 100 ml of near pure alcohol.

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

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