

Up!

JULY 2022

SUMMER



where
will we
bee
without
them

Making the world
a better place -
one page at a time

Contents

Up Front! <i>The Team</i>	1
We're all going on a ...	
Building Up! <i>Sand In Your Eye</i>	2
Definitely not your average sandcastle!	
Word Up! <i>Poetry Corner</i>	6, 13,
Your poems on the theme of Summer	18 & 22
Grow Up! <i>Steve Lowe</i>	7
Summer is a-coming in!	
Post Up! <i>The Postal Museum, London</i>	10
Wish you were here?	
Up Beat! <i>Harry Gallagher</i>	14
Summer's here and the time is right ...	
Scoop Up! <i>Di Meo's</i>	19
The journey of an ice cream dynasty	
Read Up! <i>Jenna Warren</i>	23
Love in the sun	
Where Is HoneyB?	25
Spot the location	
Coming Up! <i>'Til Next Month</i>	26
Listen up	





The Postal Museum, 'Language of Stamps' Postcard, 1915, 2005-0082/7

Up Front!

It's all our fault, isn't it? You see, we've just checked back to last month's Up Front! page where we began with the legend, 'Aloha from Cullercoats'. How were we to know that what followed would be the most testing time, temperature-wise, in the UK's history?! Seriously, how are we all bearing up? As we type this there is, thankfully, a break in the weather. The blistering heat seems to have abated. We sincerely hope you all got through it without incident.

So, now that we have firmly established that summer is most definitely here, what have we got for you this month? Well, there's everything you could possibly need for a summer holiday - magnificent sandcastles, some fascinating postcards, all the best summer sounds, a holiday read or three, award winning ice cream, tips for the garden plus a bumper selection of summer poems.

So, what are you waiting for? Put on your sunhat, apply the sun cream and dive in ...

Bridget & Harry x

PS Don't forget, as well as our facebook page, you can access every issue of Up! on our website - www.positivelyup.co.uk

Building Up!

SAND IN YOUR EYE

Need help with your sandcastles? Sand In Your Eye creative, Jocasta Jones, is here to share a few tips

The Sand In Your Eye team is a major operation, working with charities, local authorities and festivals amongst others. How on earth did you get started?

It all started when Jamie met a sand sculptor in Norway who asked him “Would you like to have a go?”. Sculpting quickly became a passion of his. He attended sand festivals where he also met ice sculptors and decided to have a go with that too. He went on from this to make his own sculpting company called ‘Sand in Your Eye’.



A young Jamie Wardley

Now our company has a fantastic team of regular staff and freelance artists, and we provide many new, bigger, exciting creative services.

We even offer

workshops in each area to let people ‘have a go’, too.

Can you tell us a little about the technical side of the sand sculptures and drawings you produce? Our feeble attempts always fall to bits at the slightest hint of a breeze!

Here’s a bit of insider knowledge, beach sand is not the best sand to build sand sculptures with - it is round and smooth in its shape, making it hard to build anything over one metre high. Using a jagged shaped sand such as builders sand



provides better grip and support to build our larger more impactful sculptures. However, you CAN build fantastic sculptures on the beach, you just need to make sure your sand is moist enough to provide the strength. Here is a link with Jamie showing to how to carve a stunning dolphin on the beach.

For some of your beach work, you must have to work around tide times. We imagine planning for this must be a bit of a nightmare!

You’re right, for our beach work we must work around tide times, we use a special tidal software to check these. Also, some beaches do not work for sand drawing, they may not be sandy, or have enough space when the tide is out. Luckily, as we’ve been doing this a long time we know many beaches all around the UK that do work, we also do a recce of the beach prior to the event to be extra sure as beaches can change all the time.



Building Up!

SAND IN YOUR EYE

Your website is full of photos of amazing sculptures and drawings. Can you tell us about some of your more interesting projects ...

We have worked on many projects that we are proud of and are worth a mention, but I will try to whittle it down to a few.

We really care about the environment and other important world issues and many of our projects hope to provoke thoughts and actions to help towards positive change.

The Forest Eye project with Forestry England was a remarkable, environment-changing project. 100 days after COP26, children came to plant trees in Dalby Forest, North Yorkshire in the shape of a child's eye (300 metres in size) that we marked out in an existing forest clearing. This forest eye will grow over the years alongside permanent and temporary artworks that promote and tackle climate change.



On the topic of COP26 we also did a 120 metre sand drawing, mixed with an installation piece of 26 ice sculptures appealing to the world leaders attending the climate conference. The ice



sculptures were of a child. 26 families with a child stood next to the ice as it melted, depicting the fragility of young people's future in the face of the climate emergency.

We recently worked with WaterAid on two fantastic projects, one at Glastonbury Festival where we used sand, mud, and past festival composted poo to create a 12 T Person on a toilet. This was to illustrate how 1 in 5 people don't have access to a clean toilet and how climate change is causing this number to rise.



For the other project we used 10,000 tennis balls for Wimbledon and made a portrait of 10 year old Tefy with a glass of clean water. His school in Madagascar was recently plumbed with clean water and toilets but 1 in 10 people still live without water.

Building Up!

SAND IN YOUR EYE



We've been developing our land art, and recently completed a full colour image of a bumblebee to mark World Bee Day at a local school. The "where will we bee without them" artwork was a huge 60 metres wide, covering most of the school playing field. The students then participated in fun activities and games which raised awareness of the importance of bees. Dave, our paper engineer, helped the children to make 3D bee sculptures in a fun workshop!



We were intrigued to learn about your work creating bird habitats and would love to know more ...

In 2012 we worked with the RSPB and in 2021 with Surrey Wildlife Trust to build artificial sand banks for the Sand Martins to nest in. We used waste sand from nearby quarries to build the sand banks - this was a hard feat but when the residents moved in, it made it all worthwhile.



Last question - what tips can you offer 'Joe Public' looking to win their local sandcastle competition?!

Remember to add water, you need to be sculpting with damp sand.

Push the sand together into the rough shape of your sculpture, and then pat it down, this makes a stronger sculpture.

Always carve from the top down, you can carve with tools or household objects like wooden spatulas, plastic rulers and even lolly sticks!

Undercutting is a great tip for details at the base of your sculptures, to create a shadow and really make the important details pop! You could even keep an eye out for us popping up at events across the country with our workshops where you can come and have a go!

Building Up!

SAND IN YOUR EYE



Check out any of the following links to discover more incredible projects from Sand In Your Eye:

<https://www.instagram.com/sandinyoureye/>

<https://www.facebook.com/sandinyoureye/>

<https://twitter.com/sandinyoureye>

<https://www.youtube.com/user/sandsculptureice>

www.sandinyoureye.co.uk



Word Up!

YOUR POEMS ON THE THEME OF SUMMER

Seaside Sandwiches

Sand-dusted banana sandwiches take me back to a childhood beach in the 1970s.

I can hear the waves under monochrome sky safe behind bright stripes of wind-break.

Biting into cloud-white bread and thick yellow spread I'm transported by Tupperware, squashed and warm.

A perfect picnic, past still present, as I close my eyes and taste the grit

as it crunches between my teeth.

Janette Ostle

Shore

I come here in the evening, when the sun is soft and gold and there are no cries of children, only footprints in wet sand the air is clear and crisp, with just the faintest taste of salt the mountains in the distance fade from green, to brown, to grey. I love the wavetop jewels in the last rays of sunlight and that strange unearthly colour at the dying of the day. More than that, I come to listen to the sea's unceasing song, the distant calls of seagulls and the purring of the wind. There are no thoughts so dark that just an hour in this place cannot make them seem mere ripples on the ocean of my life.

Tim E Taylor

Summer At Plessey

These woods herald all the shaded places; child army with sticks scramble to safety whilst the river invites play and chases - rippling shallows beneath the fallen trees.

White is the skirt of the dandelion sounding loud her straw horn of hollowed green. Grass bugles urge all to attention presenting forth their splendid elven queen -

bedecked in petals with midsummer crown, this sunshine glade her court, this stump her throne; showered with elderflower and thistledown. Mud painted warriors now are here and gone,

as wolveren cries echo through shadowed camp, murky figures smudged in tired homeward dance.

Jenny Thompson

Ode To Water

The same substance that flows through my bones and my blood pulls me to the shore like a tide tugged by a shining moon. Water salts the breeze, glitters in the sun, halts my steps to drink with my eyes. It filters the light, absorbing the angry anxious colors, to leave the serenity of blue shimmering back.

Jacqueline Jules

Grow Up!

STEVE LOWE

Up's outdoors man on why he loves Summer

I really feel like my summer has arrived when I see the swifts zooming on high, screaming their way across the heavens. These long summer days are full of life with lots of bees, butterflies and other amazing insects flirting with flowers, the sound of baby birds screeching for their grub, whilst mum and dad look bedraggled from the effort.



Indeed, nesting is timed for when food is most plentiful (isn't that amazing?) and many plants and animals have adapted to provide a perpetual summer larder. No sooner has one plant bloomed than it starts to wither, only for another to take its place – the insect picks from a menu of species, often picking a favourite one to return to. Of course, these unknowing customers are meeting the need of the plant, taking away a little gift to be shared with another at the nectar bar in the garden, or hedgerow.

Amidst all this, gardeners work to deadhead flowers, trim the grass and keep everything prim and proper. Well, lots of them do!

As usual, readers will know that I am an exception. "No Mow May" has been stretched well into July due to scattering seeds of Yellow (Hay) Rattle, a



beautiful meadow flower that has a built-in grass suppressant (it is semi-parasitic on grass), reducing the height of the vigorous grasses usually found in lawns. At the same time, white and red clover (the nitrogen creators) mean it doesn't need feeding and the selfheal, buttercups, daisy and speedwells have added a variety of hues to the floral horde. Before the grass started, the remains of crocus, snake-head fritillaries, cowslips and, of course, dandelions provided the nectar for the pollinators early in the year.

Amongst the sward, small frogs have been seen wandering (where is their pond I wonder?), beetles have been roving and moths and butterflies have flitted. As dusk falls, sadly earlier now we have passed the solstice, a small group of bats motor their way through the dimming air, feasting on small insects which take their chance to breed when no one is looking.

I like to think of this as designed neglect, but it has other benefits too, over and above the pleasure that I gain from seeing so much wildlife on my own nature reserve, whenever I want to.

I only use the mower twice a year, quick cut in spring and then in late summer to cut the grass. I rake it later so the seed stays on the ground. I can use manual shears to trim if I need to.

The shade in the sward reduces water loss from the soil so the garden is less thirsty, requiring little

Grow Up!

STEVE LOWE

topping up and even then, it's usually any pots, recharged from my water butt (I have a big butt).

The range of insects seem to keep a healthy balance and I get no "pests" to speak of. Plenty of space for spider webs mean they are also happy, as are the birds who can find sufficient for their hungry brood.



I don't need to spend anything on fertiliser, I use comfrey for that – it makes a great liquid feed (it niffs a bit at first) plus its flowers are beloved by bumblebees.

Probably the biggest bonus is having that extra time to allow me to actually enjoy the garden and to receive one of its many benefits, which is good mental health.

Because gardens and gardening make us feel better – that's a fact! The real magic is that anyone, anywhere, can enjoy their healing power. Your garden, or one where you can visit, is a space where you can clear your mind and reduce stress, providing positive mental stimulation. I also find my garden is somewhere to escape the constant bombardment of technology. In fact, I feel that tech can sometimes be the stress we need to escape from, if only for a while.

It's also a great way to exercise and a lack of exercise can lead to a range of health issues. Exercise releases endorphins into your brain and these naturally produced chemicals act to relieve stress and pain and are also known to help produce positive feelings.



Gardening also encourages healthy eating. Anyone growing their own fruit and vegetables enjoys a particular satisfaction from eating food which is home-grown. You have grown it, and you are 100% sure of the effort it takes to produce it!

Taking all of the above into consideration, I feel extremely lucky to be working on the development of a community garden at Cresswell in Northumberland. A neglected piece of land, formerly part of a walled garden supplying foodstuffs to the demolished Cresswell Hall, has been adopted by volunteers with the aim of providing a green oasis which anyone can enjoy, in whatever capacity they prefer.

It's wonderful to see the change that has been magicked into existence from years of neglect and to be part of the transformation is beautiful. The care and devotion shown by every single volunteer gardener is tangible in the host of colours, shapes and forms and, although still to be finished (there is really no such thing anyway), it is already a haven enjoyed by anyone who stumbles upon it. All plants have come from local gardens or as rejects from supermarket shelves,

Grow Up!

STEVE LOWE

those yellow stickered items having the kiss of life and a new home. Together this creates a living portrait of nature that is constantly changing.

I know, from observation, the joy this has given the ever-growing band of volunteers. Workdays (Tuesday and Thursday mornings) are always full of banter and laughter, new friends and memories. I personally get immense joy from the kind words from visitors, some of whom take a little bit of the surplus garden away for home.

To add to this mix, we were recently supported by the Mayor of the North of Tyne Combined Authority, whose generous contribution took a Crowdfunder over its target. This will allow new volunteers to learn about beekeeping and others to help plant and develop a community orchard. This orchard will include edible species from medieval history, to complement the nearby 13th century pele tower.



Medlar, mulberry, quince, greengage, fig, walnut, cobnuts and almonds will complement traditional types of apples, pear and plum and help to address local food poverty by teaching growing or cooking skills. With tree planting targets being so high to meet climate change measures, wouldn't it be great to see more of this type of initiative?

Surely every street could support a tree or two, every forest or woodland scheme could have a local community orchard, as could schools and urban areas. It could, if we made it happen.

And to prove this, just look around Manchester, where they have taken this idea and have embraced it. There are projects everywhere and some are so successful they are even making their own cider! Even better, some projects have taken on abandoned orchards and brought them back to life as well. I am especially interested to see [this one](#).

The pandemic opened our eyes to how important green space is. Those included gardens, pots and balconies, as well as all that lovely countryside which we have taken for granted.

Summer is a great time to get stuck in, plan the future or simply relax with a cool drink (and a bit of shade), whether it be on your own or with others. Just make sure you avoid the AstroTurf.

Oh! I almost forgot to say - hats, sun cream and fluids!



An experienced wildlife professional, Steve currently works freelance with Northumberland Rivers Trust as well as undertaking work with volunteers on local heritage and archaeology projects.

His hope is to leave the world a better place.

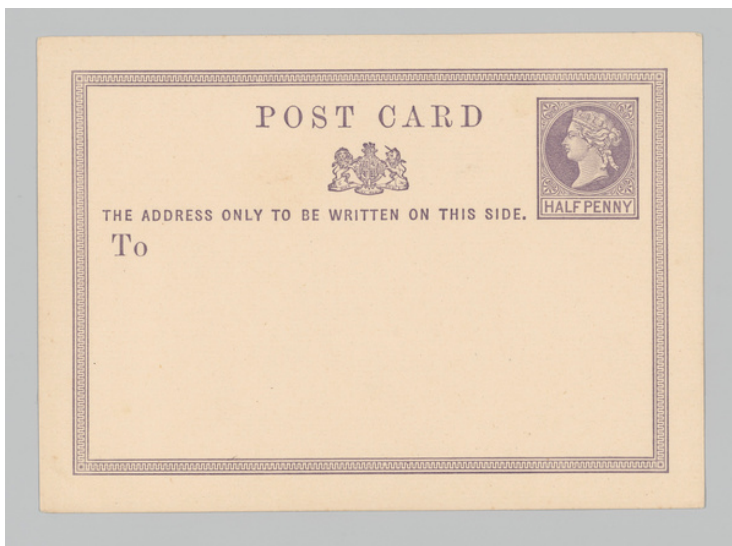
Post Up!

THE POSTAL MUSEUM, LONDON

Up! talks to Deputy Curator of Philately, Georgina Tomlinson, about the museum's fascinating postcard collection

Thanks for talking to us. We have fond memories from childhood of sending (and receiving) holiday postcards, but the postcard goes back much further doesn't it?

The postcard has a long history and was first produced in Austria-Hungary back in 1869. The British Post Office started printing their own cards the following year. This inaugural card didn't consist of an image, but instead had a pre-printed stamp on one side where you would place the address and a blank reverse for your message. The postcards were used as a quick, cheap means of communication and were initially half the price of a letter.



First British Postcard, 1870 © Royal Mail Group 2022, courtesy of The Postal Museum.

Picture postcards were produced by commercial publishers and were not accepted by the Post Office until 1894. These cards still had to adhere to strict rules, which meant leaving a blank side for the address, so it was legible and didn't slow



Postcard of the Houses of Parliament, 1903
© S. Hildesheimer & Co Ltd.

down sorters. This led to people squeezing messages around the image on the opposite side. These rules were relaxed in 1902 and you begin to see the design we are familiar with today featuring one side for the image and the reverse divided between the message and the address. From then, the craze for postcard sending and collecting really rocketed in Britain.

When people think of postcards they tend to think of British seaside holidays from the 50s to the 70s. The sheer amount of postcards sent during that period must have had a serious positive effect on the seaside economy. Are there any records, or estimates, of just how many postcards were sent every year?

The height of postcard sending actually took place from the early 20th century through to the First World War. It was at that time that people were not only sending them frequently but also collecting these cards. At its peak, over 900 million postcards were delivered within the UK in one year alone. We do have statistics for later dates with numbers around 200 and 300 million a year in the 1960s, but this becomes harder after 1968 when the cheaper postcard rate was removed. From then, the cost of sending a postcard was the same as sending a letter.

With the ever-increasing forms of digital communication, traditional means of correspondence like the postcard are being used

Post Up!

THE POSTAL MUSEUM, LONDON



Minehead Postcard, 1907,
Image The Postal Museum

A postcard isn't the most private means of communication – especially for those romantically inclined! We heard about an inventive use of stamps though ...

Postcards, unlike letters, are an open form of communication and could be read by anyone in your household or even the postal worker delivering you mail. This led senders to code their messages to keep them private. We have examples in the collection where morse code has even been used.

Another way the sender could communicate more privately was to use a Victorian invention, the Language of Stamps. Pictorial postcards, unlike those produced by the Post Office, required you to affix a postage stamp and could be used to send secret messages. By angling the stamp in different directions, you could tell the reader 'I love you' or 'Have you forgotten me'.

This code allowed people to send romantic and heartfelt messages without the need to expose

less frequently. There are however people trying to revive the hobby. **Postcrossing** is a free organisation where people send and receive postcards from around the world, producing tangible human connections, and keeping the tradition alive.



Angled Stamp on a Postcard, 1909, Image The Postal Museum

them in the message. Language of Stamps postcards were produced showing the positions and meanings, which suggests people would have probably known what was being said.

Talking of young lovers, would you tell us the story of Harry and Olive?

Within the collection we have a beautiful set of hand designed postcards by Harry to his sweetheart Olive. The postcards date from 1907-1911 and give us a small window into the life of the couple. Each postcard has an illustrated scene on the front often depicting a couple we believe to be Harry and Olive. The messages detail what's happening in their lives, illustrating their plans together and often discussing their shared love of cycling.



"Drifting" Harry & Olive Postcard,
1907, Image The Postal Museum

We only have the postcards written by Harry which is just half the story. Many of the messages follow on from correspondence or events in their life that we are unaware of. They also have 'in jokes' that again we don't completely understand. I find this fascinating; it leaves a bit of mystery and privacy to the correspondence.

Post Up!

THE POSTAL MUSEUM, LONDON

With the prevalence of electronic communication, it would be natural to assume there was no longer a place for the postcard. However, your former Box Office Manager recently found a new use for postcards, didn't she?

Postcards have historically been used as a means of propaganda and protest. During the women's suffrage movement picture postcards were produced for and against giving women the vote. In



Suffragette Postcard, 1913,
© Inter-Art Co.

Using the postcards as an open form of communication meant that the message of the cards could be spread further and seen by a wider audience. The cards were designed to look like placards with the bold text 'BLACK LIVES MATTER' printed on the front and could double as a sign. On the reverse she wrote anti-

2020 our then colleague Rehana designed and sent postcards after attending Black Lives Matter protests in the aftermath of George Floyd's murder. At the time we were still living through a global pandemic, and she used the postcards and the postal service as a way of connecting with friends and family who were unable to attend the protest in person.



Black Lives Matter Postcard
@ Rehana Gittens

racist messages by individuals such as Michelle Obama and Desmond Tutu. The cards are now part of the collection and for future generations they will represent a distressing period in history and an individual's act of protest.

There's usually a stall at our local market selling old postcards, and we love looking through them, wondering about the people who sent and received them. For anyone interested in collecting postcards, should they be looking out for anything in particular? What makes a postcard particularly interesting to a collector?

The great thing about picture postcards is that they explore so many different themes and it's likely that you will find an area that interests you. Many people enjoy collecting postcards of their local area, discovering how it used to look, and then there are those that simply focus on something they love, like dogs. The postcards you find may not have travelled through the post, but those that have offer different stamps and postage marking which can also be of interest.

Postcards really are a window into the past. Not only through the images they depict but also the messages of the senders. The images explore different countries, cultures, and even significant events in history, whereas the messages document the significant and the mundane.

The beauty of the postcard comes from both sides of the card and can be a fascinating item to collect.

*You can find out more about
The Postal Museum here:*

<https://www.postalmuseum.org/>
<https://www.facebook.com/thepostalmuseum/>
<https://twitter.com/thepostalmuseum/>

Word Up!

YOUR POEMS ON THE THEME OF SUMMER

Midsummer

Now that the daisies are peeking through,
they are the backdrop to each stolen moment.
One nestles in his curls, its petals unfurl.
His smile slowly blossoms across his face,
not knowing what he has,
this prettiness that grows unseen.
The sunshine emanates between us,
pollen dusting our tentative fingers.
Suddenly he sits up, crushing the lawn.
The moment dies, and the daisies with it.

Kirsty Niven

Summer's Scrutiny

Spring pushes a golden wheelbarrow
of daisies and mums into Summer,
spills its contents at the edge of June,
rolls itself back to the past tense.

Summer nods, welcomes the flora
with an eclectic embrace of eagerness,
stirs up scents in scenic settings
where breezes blow them briskly.

This handoff happens every year,
wordlessly, warmly, with charm.
These 'S' seasons spoon so fittingly,
seamless in their transition, on cue.

Summer knows these buds are on loan;
they are not hers to keep, and so she
tends to them with mild manners, grows
them to withstand next season's wrath.

Evie Groch

Vegetables

I shuck sweet corn on the front steps,
hunching over my work, ripping back husks,
revealing sticky silks the color of dew.
The kernels are taut-skinned, explosive.

It is midsummer, July,
and I know this by the vegetables
that appear at farmer's markets,
street side truck beds, fruit stands,
my mother's garden.

The calendar shows strawberries,
wrinkled spinach,
peas, then tomatoes,
and cucumbers.
Now it is this corn,
squealing as I clean it for lunch.

Smatterings of red, yellow, and green
where time is an edible mosaic.

Lesley Sieger-Walls



High Summer

Plump and freckled like a milkweed pod
Setting sun on her ruffled skin
Full-bellied seal rests beside the orange kayak
On the warm wooden deck astride the sea
Awaiting the dawn of her pup
In these hours before the Salmon Moon

Marianne Tefft

Up Beat!

HARRY GALLAGHER

The stories behind some of your favourite Summer records ...



Here Comes The Sun (The Beatles)

There's an old adage that the best works of art – including songs, it seems – come from suffering. It certainly seems true in this case. Written in April 1969, during the last, difficult days of the fab four – well let's allow George Harrison, who wrote this classic, to tell the story ...

“Here Comes the Sun was written at the time when Apple (the band's own record label) was getting like school, where we had to go and be businessmen: 'Sign this' and 'sign that.' Anyway, it seems as if winter in England goes on forever, by the time spring comes you really deserve it. So one day I decided I was going to sag off Apple and I went over to Eric Clapton's house. The relief of not having to go see all those dopey accountants was wonderful, and I walked around the garden with one of Eric's acoustic guitars and wrote it.”

He also stated that because of the endless business meetings which plagued the band during their later days, he hadn't picked up his guitar for a couple of weeks, adding “the first thing that came out was that song.” So that's how you do it!

Summertime (George Gershwin & DuBose Heyward)

How long can it take to write a song? Well in the case of this classic, a full 3 months! That's how long it took George Gershwin to set Heyward's short poem to music - and then a further 20 months to finish the rest of the music of Porgy & Bess, the opera from which it's taken.

Musically based on the African-American spiritual, Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child, according to the famed songwriter Stephen Sondheim, one little word is key. Sondheim elaborates:

“That ‘and’ is worth a great deal of attention. I would write ‘Summertime when...’ but that ‘and’ sets up a tone, a whole poetic tone, not to mention a whole kind of informal, uneducated diction and a stream of consciousness. It's the exact right word, and that word is worth its weight in gold. ‘Summertime when the livin' is easy’ is a boring line compared to ‘Summertime and’.

Important stuff, clearly. Just ask Billie Holliday, Ella Fitzgerald, Sam Cooke, Janis Joplin or the hundreds of other singers who went on to record it.



Up Beat!

HARRY GALLAGHER



Sunny Afternoon (The Kinks)

Written by the band's main songwriter, Ray Davies, this is another one borne from suffering. Ray, who has struggled with mental health issues for much of his life, explains:

"I hadn't written for a time. I'd been ill. I was living in a very 1960s-decorated house. It had orange walls and green furniture. My one-year-old daughter was crawling on the floor and I wrote the opening riff. I remember it vividly." He goes on:

"The only way I could interpret how I felt was through a dusty, fallen aristocrat who had come from old money."

And just in case the listener was in danger of sympathizing with the song's protagonist, he continued:

"I turned him into a scoundrel who fought with his girlfriend after a night of drunkenness and cruelty."

Summer Nights (John Travolta & Olivia Newton John)

Written as a deliberate pastiche by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey for the smash hit musical Grease, and one of the central set-pieces of the film, you'd be forgiven for missing a couple of small mistakes in the background of this song.

In order for the song to sound convincingly of the period, the backing vocals reference Neil Sedaka's *Breaking Up Is Hard To Do* and The Crystals' *Da Doo Ron Ron*, released in 1960 and 1962 respectively. Which is something of a pity, seeing as the film and the song are both set in the Autumn of 1958!



Under The Boardwalk (The Drifters)

A lovely, light song about a couple planning to escape the sun and the crowds of high Summer, this song has been covered by among others The Beach Boys, The Rolling Stones, Bette Midler and Bruce Willis.

Tragically on May 21, 1964, the night before The Drifters were scheduled to record the song, the band's lead singer, Rudy Lewis died and rather than reschedule expensive studio time, lead vocals were taken by another band member, Johnny Moore, who stayed with the group, recording and touring the world until his own death in 1998.

Up Beat!

HARRY GALLAGHER

Walking On Sunshine (Katrina & The Waves)

Has there ever been a more Up! sounding song than this? From those first danceable drumbeats, it just never lets up. Which seems appropriate from the band's point of view.

Written by their guitarist Kimberley Rew, the song became one of EMI's best selling singles of the era. However, rather selflessly from Rew's perspective, he decided to reverse the normal practice of songwriters keeping their own royalties and instead shared them equally among the other band members, earning each of them an absolute fortune.



As well as massive record sales, the song was very popular among advertisers, who would each pay around £150,000 for its use. Finally in 2005, after 20 years of hefty royalty payments, the song was acquired by BMG for £10 million. Nice work if you can get it!



Summer In The City (The Lovin' Spoonful)

Ground-breaking in its time (1966), what makes this song stand out is the very sound of it. A multi-layered sonic powerhouse, its creation is an object lesson in the value of not settling for less than you want for your creation!

When it came to recording the song, its chief writer John Sebastian insisted it featured the sounds of a busy city – cue hassled sound engineers going out and capturing the sounds of car horns and pneumatic drills. But that was just the beginning.

On completion of the main recording, guitarist Zal Yanovsky announced himself dissatisfied with the drum sound. A metal dustbin was swiftly acquired and a microphone placed inside it as he struck the bin with a drumstick. Still dissatisfied with the sound, he turned to the hapless producer and delivered one of the greatest unreasonable requests in history: "I want the drums to sound like garbage cans being thrown down a steel staircase." The audio equivalent to Shakespeare's infamously impossible stage direction "Exeunt, pursued by a bear".

Undeterred, Roy Halee, the producer duly miked up a steel staircase and the rest is history! His efforts weren't in vain, as he went on to use exactly the same technique to get that massive cannon/explosion sound on Simon & Garfunkel's *The Boxer*.

Up Beat!

HARRY GALLAGHER

Dancing In The Street (Martha & The Vandellas)

This one is all about the power of music to really capture the zeitgeist and inspire change. The song itself is really nothing more than a feelgood Summer pop/dance song (co-written by one Marvin Gaye, who incidentally also played several instruments on the recording). However, timing is all.

This was America in 1964. The record was a huge hit worldwide but in Martha's native country the "invitation across the nation, a chance for folks to meet" struck a chord. The summers of '64 and '65 were long and hot. Young black people heard the song as a clarion call and duly took to the streets.



Martha Reeves herself recalls "Riots broke out, in every city in the nation. Just like now, the police brutality and the government trying to control black people prompted the uprising that was a revolution. The words do not have violence in them. It's simply calling out around the world, asking, 'are you ready for a brand-new beat?' Well, we had been beat down a lot and I guess it was time for a brand-new beat."



*Bees do have a smell, you know, and if they don't they should,
for their feet are dusted with spices from a million flowers*

Ray Bradbury

Deep summer is when laziness finds respectability

Sam Keen

*Sweet, sweet burn of sun and summer wind, and you my friend,
my new fun thing, my summer fling*

k.d. lang

If you're not barefoot, then you're overdressed

Anon

Word Up!

YOUR POEMS ON THE THEME OF SUMMER

Jenny's Eyes

Maybe I noticed when we met that summer
of 1965. How one eye was bright blue,
the other dark brown. But after a few days
at the neighborhood pool I forgot.

Jenny was my ping pong partner,
the bikinied body right behind me
on the metal steps of the high dive.

She loved Monopoly, jigsaw puzzles,
grilled cheese and tomato soup.

I can picture her swirly brown hair, hanging
in her face, never in a ponytail or braided like mine.

And her mouth forming a perfect "O"
when I declared I didn't see what she saw
every morning in the bathroom, brushing her teeth.

Today, applying mascara in a make-up mirror
with a magnified side, I think of Jenny's eyes
and hope no one sees the cancer scar on my cheek.

They see a ping pong partner, good company
on the high dive, and someone always ready
for grilled cheese and tomato soup.

Jacqueline Jules

Next month's theme is -
SOUND

Feel free to interpret the theme as you see fit
and send up to 3 poems
(no more than 20 lines each please) to:
admin@positivelyup.co.uk

Greek to Me

Rain comes down, soft at first
but my brothers and our friends
play through it in our pickup
game of unholy football
on the holy ground of
the Greek Orthodox church
in nineteen seventy three.
Then, the rain comes harder
stupid hard
monsoon hard
Woodstock in '69 hard!
but we play on
too wet to care
drunk on irresponsibility
none of us can stop grinning
fully aware that all we are doing
goes against every rule of common sense
with none of us quite smart enough
to come in out of the rain.

Jim Landwehr

Summer Holidays

Every sunny day feels the same.
Scarlet eyelids as beams hit,
radiating warmth. The smell
of cut grass, gran's fabric conditioner
as the washing dries on the line.
Reclining out on the lawn,
greasy and slick with Factor 15.
Ice creams breaking up the days
that extend on and on and on.

Kirsty Niven

Scoop Up!

DI MEO'S

Up! talks to ice-cream legend Luciano Di Meo

Anyone from Tyneside will have at least heard of Di Meo's Ices, but for those who haven't, tell us the story of how your family came to be here in the north east in the first place ... (are you ready for this, readers?!)

The Di Meo ice cream saga began in 1918, when a young, poor olive farmer by the name of Isidoro Di Meo set off on foot from Valvori - a small Italian farming village - to find work in England, to support his young family. This was no easy task. Leaving his loved ones behind, he embarked on an epic journey that would see him cover almost 1500 miles, all under his own steam. Valvori you see is located in the Lazio region of Italy, about half way between Rome and Naples, among the stunning Abruzzi mountains.

It is not clear exactly how long it took Isidoro to reach England - he made several stops along the way working as a farm hand in order to help fund his travel. Eventually, he settled in a small mining town - Ashington in Northumberland, where he used what funds he had to start a small ice cream business. In those days, ice cream production was very basic.

Isidoro would produce ice cream in the room he rented and slept in. Ice would be collected from fishermen's ice stores at the local port and every aspect of making it was achieved by hand. Once the ice cream was made, he would load up his ice cream barrow and push it around the streets of Ashington, selling his produce to the many miners and their families who lived there.

Isidoro remained in Ashington for several years before deciding to relocate to pastures greener in



Isidoro Di Meo, Paisley, 1926

Paisley, Scotland. Once again he made and sold ice cream from his barrow, becoming affectionately known as one of Glasgow's original 'hokey pokey' men.

After his death, the Di Meo legacy returned to the north east of England, thanks to Isidoro's grandson Armando. After successfully re-establishing Di Meo's ice cream back in England, Armando joined the Ice Cream Alliance, becoming a member in 1968, a decision which was to prove a major keystone in his future. This was due to the fact that Armando met his future wife Marianna Bonadies at an annual Ice Cream Alliance dinner dance some 43 years ago. Fate had them seated next to each other at the former Locarno suite in Sunderland and they married a few years later in 1973. The couple went on to have four sons and a daughter - Alfredo, Franco, myself, Romano and Rosa.



Scoop Up!

DI MEO'S

Marianna herself was no stranger to ice cream since she worked in her parents' ice cream shop, F&R Bonadies in Seaton Delaval, another mining community close to Ashington. Marianna worked there for 38 years before deciding to open her own shop in the nearby seaside resort of Whitley Bay in 2000.

Although I always had a keen interest in ice cream and had helped make it and sell it from the age of 8, the family were only ever well known for producing Vanilla. I therefore, made it my goal to make the most of this new business venture and develop the family's ice cream further in order to incorporate a new range of flavoured ice creams and sorbets. The first couple of years were really tough and many mistakes were made as it took time to perfect both the new flavour ranges and the business itself. Now, after two major alterations and refurbishments, the business has become more established both in Whitley Bay and the surrounding area.



My younger brother Romano has also chosen to enter the family business. He had trained and worked as a chef and was able to bring this experience with him. As a result, my

family are just as famous now for our authentic stone baked Italian pizzas (entering the top 10 places for pizza in Newcastle) as we are for our award-winning ice cream.

My sister Rosa and my eldest brother Alfredo have also developed a taste for ice cream in recent years. Rosa recently commissioned a handcrafted ice cream cart from Italy which re-creates Isidoro's original ice cream barrow and uses it to provide a luxury bespoke ice cream wedding service. Meanwhile, Alfredo can be found at our Ouseburn store!

You mentioned how Isidoro produced ice cream from his room. Making ice cream must have changed a bit over the years ...?

Yes, very much so in terms of machinery and technology but the basic principles have not. We still make everything by hand from raw ingredients which is labour-intensive and takes a lot of time and skill. It's the churning and freezing of the ice cream that has been made easier and faster due to advancements made by the new machinery.



As already mentioned, you're the one behind the diversification away from just traditional vanilla. How do you decide what makes it onto Di Meo's flavour list?

I have always had a passion for developing new flavours - as a kid I was always experimenting.

Scoop Up!

DI MEO'S

One of my favourite ice cream treats as a child was to collect all the crumbs of the Cadburys '99' flakes that were left at the bottom of the boxes and add them to my vanilla ice cream and mix it with my spoon in order to create a basic Stracciatella gelato.

People's tastes have developed a lot over the last 20 years, they want to try new and exciting things. I think the advent of the budget flight and city breaks has contributed a lot to this, as European destinations have become more accessible. People travel and experience new flavours, then look for those when they come home. For example, 20 years ago I could not sell pistachio ice cream, as many of my customers had never heard of it or tried it, but now it's one of our best sellers and I have won a 3-star great taste award and the national ice cream competition with it.

Nothing says Summer better than ice cream and sunshine. How's it going right now?

And what a scorcher it is so far!! Demand for ice cream always peaks when the weather is at its best and so far we have been blessed with more than a few periods of hot sunny weather. It has put a bit of a strain on us as we recently opened a new shop in Tynemouth and it's proving very difficult to keep up with demand - we ran out of most flavours a couple of weeks ago!

Alongside our Whitley Bay shop and beach kiosk on the northern promenade, we also have the store in Ouseburn that we opened 3 years ago. That too has proved very popular, as the area has been developed a lot and become a very scenic and trendy spot to visit.



We love that your story is a family one. What does the future hold for Di Meo's? Are you hoping that in a hundred years' time a new generation of your family will still be here selling ice creams to a grateful public?

We are already into our 5th generation, as my daughter Isabella has started working at the age of 14 in our Tynemouth store. It would be fantastic to hand the reins over to the kids and hope they continue the legacy, but I suppose it boils down to what they want in life.

We have recently purchased a small factory unit in North Shields where we hope to transfer the manufacturing side of the business in order to help keep up with demand and supplying our stores. The additional space will allow us to purchase bigger machines and offer greater storage capacity for when our ingredients arrive - and hopefully we will never run out again!

Transferring the factory to North Shields is somewhat sentimental since my great grandfather would travel to the fish quay with his horse and cart to collect the ice from the ice stores there in order to make the ice cream.

<https://www.dimeos.co.uk/>

<https://www.facebook.com/dimeos.ices>

Word Up!

YOUR POEMS ON THE THEME OF SUMMER

Mermen Are Sirens Also

Mermen know not the limits of
landlocked masculinity— their scales

as sleek and gleaming as their sisters',
fins riffing through water, feathering

their murky, ravenous hair. They are just
as likely as a maiden to wrap their heads in

lace-thin nets of shipwrecks and to spin
a song that sinks a pirate in their sleep.

If they poke their heads above waves,
it is only for a moment—only to see

whether the summer sun is an onion or
moon a radish—only to decipher the

cursive underbelly of clouds, a cosmic
message we long forgot to read aloud

and to snap their fins atop the blue like
so many fingers in affirmation.

Jess Parker

Promenade

Lazy summer promenade
Blonde girl - shallow skin
Naked by a lake we swam beneath the sweating moon

David Lacey

Summer Days

When the smell of the heat
crinkles nose hair ends
and the salt in your mouth
is the sweat and the ocean tide
when your eyelashes flutter
at the sight of fresh ice cream
the dog days of heat
are in their full, passing by

Sarah Abbett

And You

I want a night
Champagne sunset
Lifts the Moon
A million stars
And you

I want a day
Astride the sea
Watercolor kisses
Tattoo my lips
And you

I want a dawn
Warm breeze
Frees the curtains
Well-loved sheets
And you

I want a night
Jasmine in a jar
Slow dancing
Heart to heart
And you

Marianne Tefft

Read Up!

JENNA WARREN

Up!'s literary reviewer on the best summer reads



With summer (very much) upon us, I'm going to recommend some books that I think will make ideal holiday reads. I've decided to focus on love stories for both adults and young people.



Firstly, I would like to recommend *Sweet Sorrow*, the most recent novel from one of my favourite authors, David Nicholls. *Sweet Sorrow* is a story of a first love, unfolding over a single summer in the 1990s. It's about an adult character recalling past events, so it's really aimed at an adult readership, although I think some teenagers may enjoy it, too.

The novel follows sixteen-year-old Charlie, who has just left school. Charlie has no idea what he's going to do with the rest of his life. His home life is also difficult, and his father is suffering from depression.

Then Charlie meets Fran, and he knows immediately that he's met the girl of his dreams. There's just one problem: Fran is a member of the Full Fathom Five Theatre Co-operative, who are spending the summer rehearsing and performing an amateur youth production of *Romeo and Juliet* in the grounds of a local stately home. This isn't Charlie's idea of fun at all. He hates drawing attention to himself. But in order to get close to Fran, he knows he will have to join the drama group.

What follows is the story of Fran and Charlie's teenage romance, set against a backdrop of amateur dramatics. Like all of David Nicholl's work, it's tender, funny and bittersweet, and the characters are beautifully drawn. I loved the rivalry and one-upmanship amongst the kids in the drama group, and how Charlie's brush with theatre brings him clarity about what he would like from life.

If you're a lover of historical romance, I would recommend the adult novels of Eva Ibbotson, best known as the children's author of *Journey to the River Sea*. Her romances deal with love, but they're also about art, music and nature, with a fantastic sense of place.

My favourite of her novels is *A Song for Summer*. It's set in the years leading up to the Second World War, and follows Ellen Carr, who leaves London to take up a position at a progressive, artistic school in Austria.

Ellen must cope with eccentric teachers and her growing love for Marek, the school's head gardener. However, as befits this sort of story, Marek is not

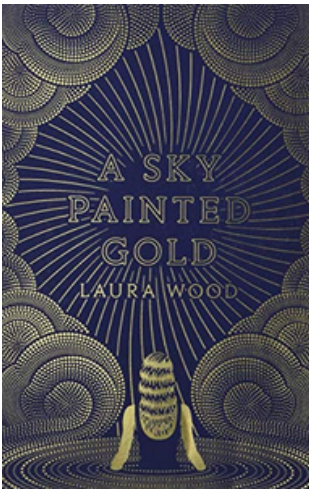


Read Up!

JENNA WARREN

actually a gardener at all, but Austria's Greatest Living Composer and member of the Resistance. As well as hiding from the enemy, he's also hiding from a famous operatic soprano who is determined to marry him.

Eva Ibbotson is a wonderful writer. All her characters are beautifully observed, and her books are full of sharp wit. There's also darkness: in this case, the shadow of gathering war.



A contemporary author who writes in a similar style to Ibbotson is Young Adult author Laura Wood. I particularly love her first YA novel, *A Sky Painted Gold*. With a vivid 1920s setting, this book follows sixteen-year-old Lou, who lives with her family in a small Cornish village. Nearby, there's the grand, abandoned house of the Cardew family. Lou is in the habit of sneaking into the gardens when she wants to be alone, but one day she discovers that the Cardew family have returned.

Lou befriends the glamorous brother and sister, Robert and Caitlin Cardew. Over the course of the summer, she finds herself drawn into their world of grand parties and London night clubs. And she falls in love with Robert.

I would highly recommend this book to fans of *I Capture the Castle* by Dodie Smith. It has the same immersive feel, bringing both its rural and urban settings to vibrant life. It's tremendous fun.

For a love story set in a different period, there's *Songs in Ursa Major* by Emma Brodie. This novel opens at an American music festival in 1969. The fans are expecting rising star Jesse Reid, but he's unable to appear following an accident, so Jane Quinn and her band take to the stage instead. It soon becomes clear that Jane is a performer of extraordinary talent and charisma. She is signed by Jesse's manager, and the two musicians start working and touring together. They begin a passionate love affair.

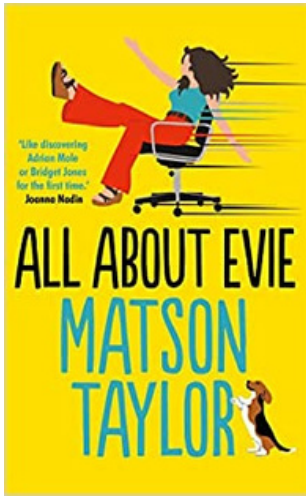
But the affair can't last. Heartbroken, Jane begins to record a solo album, 'Songs in Ursa Major', which represents her emergence as an artist in her own right.



The relationship between Jesse and Jane is built on music, and it's bittersweet, ending on a poignant but uplifting note. Ultimately, it's a story about two artists inspiring and supporting each other.

Read Up!

JENNA WARREN



Finally, I would like to recommend *All About Evie* by Matson Taylor. This is the 1970s-set follow-up to the wonderful *The Miseducation of Evie Epworth*. In this sequel (which could be read as a standalone), Evie is twenty-six and living in London, where she works for the BBC. Following an unfortunate incident involving a pregnancy test, Princess Anne, and a mug, Evie finds herself fired from her job. She's also unlucky in love.

But Evie is ever positive, and she sees this is an opportunity to try something new. Following an ill-fated stint in an art gallery, she exaggerates her experience at the BBC and manages to secure a trial position at Right On! Magazine, where she is put in charge of the arts listings. She also meets classical music expert Lolo, and his basset hound Oscar.

While not exclusively a love story, this novel has a definite romantic comedy feel about it (think 1970s Bridget Jones). I loved Evie's hilarious work-based disasters, and her friendship and burgeoning romance with Lolo is beautifully written, filled with awkwardness and misunderstandings. It's funny and warm-hearted, the perfect holiday read.

Jenna Warren is a bookseller and writer from Teesside. She studied Theatre and later Creative Writing at university. She runs Book Corner, an independent bookshop in Saltburn-by-the-Sea. Her debut novel will be published by Fairlight Books in autumn 2022.



Where Is HoneyB?



Where on earth has HoneyB been this month?

Do you recognise the mystery location?

If you think you know, or would like to hazard a guess, simply post your suggestion on the Up! facebook group page and tag it #HoneyB.

Good luck!

Coming Up!

Suntans topped up, everyone? Don't forget the after sun.

So, what's coming up next month? Well, we've secretly primed you with one of the features in this issue. Did you read the 'stories behind the songs' feature? Well, that's where we're going next month, or more precisely we're dipping into the arena of 'Sound'. There will be all sorts of sound-related articles for your aural delectation, so keep your ears open!

In the meantime, keep checking out Up!'s new [website](#) where you'll find all our back issues. Don't forget, we have a new email address now, too - admin@positivelyup.co.uk.

As always, every issue of Up! magazine remains completely free to read and download, but if you'd like to support the work we're doing, you can 'buy us a coffee' via the link below.

Until then stay healthy, stay happy, and as they say in this locale, 'gan canny'!

Much love
Bridget & Harry xx



[Buy us a coffee](#)

Don't forget, if you have any suggestions for future articles or features, we'd love to hear from you.

Just email us at admin@positivelyup.co.uk