

TAM CRAVEN



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It's been 25 years since since I started writing. My first wee book 'Campsie Characters' seems like yesterday...

LUCKY NUMBER SEVEN

The number 7 has been very significant in my life. There were 7 sisters and 4 brothers in my father George's family and the exact same in my mother Annie's family.

Most of my mother's family and a couple from my dad's emigrated to Niagara Falls, and Toronto, Canada, way back in 1954 when I was five years old, I can actually remember the day they left. Well bits of it anyway.

But one of the most unbelievable coincidences with the number 7, was the time I went over to Donegal, and other places to promote my writing...

FIRST TRIP TO DONEGAL

Away back in the late 1950s when I was about 9 years old my Ma and Da used to take my brothers John and George and me over to a lovely wee town called Moville in Donegal.

It was right next to the sea, and the landlady of our guest house, a Mrs Hughes, would take us for walks down to the beach where we collected seaweed that was used in the lovely soup she made. I can still taste that soup when I close my eyes. Great memories!

The poem 'Lights over Donegal' came to me one day as I was walking in the Salt Hills near a small village called Termon, just west of Letterkenny.

Astronomy is one of my favourite subjects, I am absolutely fascinated with it. The Plaidies star system is also known as the SEVEN SISTERS, and I would find out later on that there was a connection in Donegal.

I had just had my 100 verse poem called 'Through and Through' printed and I just had to go to Eire to sell it. The poem was inspired by a wee boy called Cameron Lamb

from the Clydebank area who kept telling his mother that he used to live in Barra in a previous life. He kept on and on about it, and so his mother got in touch with Channel 5 and they made a documentary about it. Just Google his name to watch it.

It was a Saturday night and I landed in the Shandon Hotel in the north of Donegal. I checked in to my room and then headed for the bar. I took 7 of my new book with me and sat them on the bar. The front cover has a picture of my brother Michael's son Tommy. He was wearing his first Glasgow Celtic strip and kissing himself in the mirror, he was only 2 years old

I ordered a pint of lager and right away the barman Kevin asked me about the book, I told him and signed a copy for him, he was delighted... So was I, no charge for the lager!!

Word spread all over the hotel. I must have signed about 14 or 15 books. Never bought one drink! And that's how I landed at the Burtonport Fair the next morning.

About two years later I went back to Donegal. I had no idea where I was going, just went. I landed in a lovely wee town called Glenties, and booked into The Highlands Hotel. I gave the receptionist a couple of posters of my poem "Lights Over Donegal". (The poem is about the Seven Sisters.)

About half an hour later I was sitting at the lounge bar with a beer when I saw a picture on the wall of 7 lovely young ladies.

Ten minutes later a lady walked in to the lounge and asked, "Hi, are you Tam?"

"Yes"

"Just read your poem, it's brilliant"

"Thank you"

She was Christine Boyle, the boss of the hotel.

A few minutes later I asked Christine who the 7 young ladies in the picture were.

"Well Tam, they are my 7 DAUGHTERS".

I WAS STUNNED.

SEVENTH HEAVEN

By
Thomas PC Craven

With seven letters in the name, Frankie,
And also seven in the name, Dettori,
We were all about to be stunned at Ascot,
By a jockey in all his glory.

His first winner was called WALL STREET,
And how appropriate that name would be,
Soon the Bookies would be looking,
For an invisible magical money tree.

His second winner was named DIFFIDENT,
Who won at twelve to one,
Most punters thought he had no chance,
But soon Frankie would be lying in the sun.

Then along came Frankie's third mount,
A horse who had what it takes,
The one and only MARK OF ESTEEM,
To land his third Queen Elizabeth 11 Stakes.

Next up, the well named, DECORATED HERO,
The top weight with nine stone thirteen,
But they won by three and a half lengths,
Now !!!!!!! just what were we seeing.

And as the jockeys pulled up in the fifth race,
Ray Cochrane looked at Frankie and says,
"Is anyone else getting a chance today"
"Sorry Ray, no, but that's life, FATEFULLY".

Frankie was thinking he was in Heaven,
As LOCHANGEL made it six on the trot,
Now the whole world was watching,
As Frankie had only one thought.

And so FUJIYAMA CREST went to the post,
He was bet from twelve's to two's,
With an amazing ten stone on his back,
And a jockey who just could not lose.

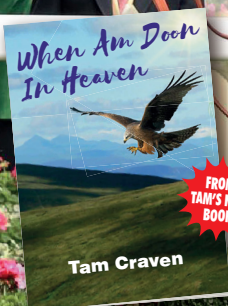
Some things in life are meant to happen,
Whether it's a good or bad story,
But that day at Ascot racecourse,

**SEVENTH HEAVEN
SHONE ON
FRANKIE DETTORI**

TAM CRAVEN

Written on the 14th/15th of July, 2019, in about seven hours

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THINGS PEOPLE SAY

It was a Sunday morning in the Candleriggs Market in Market Square, Glasgow. The stallholders were setting there tables and stalls with all their wares. I was one of them with my books. I had been there for almost ten years, and met many lovely people, and had many a laugh as well.

Suddenly I could hear the sound of high heels coming along the cobblestones into the Market. And she was gorgeous. Everybody stared at her. She was at least six feet tall, long blonde hair, beautiful red dress. Even the female stallholders were staring.

She walked over to the cash line machines and took out some money. She turned round and walked straight to my stall. I pretended I was busy, like everybody else.

"Good morning, I wonder if you could help me please?"
"Nae problem" I replied. Suddenly I was overcome with emulsion!
"What can I do for you?"
"Its my fathers birthday today, and I am looking for something to make him laugh".
"Well you have come to the right guy!"
She laughed.

I showed her the funny books and poems that I had written and she laughed at the titles. "These are great," she said.

I signed them to her Dad, and as I signed them I noticed the stallholders were watching and wondering who this beautiful lady was.

Was it Tam's new girlfriend?
Was it his cousin?
Who was she?

And I had to be ready with an answer. She put the four books into her handbag and said, "It was a great pleasure meeting you Tam."
"Thanks, the feeling's mutual."
Suddenly she put her two arms round my neck, pulled me towards her, and kissed me right on the lips.
I was stunned.

Then she said au revoir. I walked behind my stall, head down with a sad look on my face.

Within seconds I was surrounded with stallholders.

"Who was she?" said wee Jimmy.
"Who was that Tam?"
"Well you will not believe what she said to me."
"Whit, whit tell us!"
"Whit did she say Tam?"
"She said, hold on, och yous will not believe it."
"Aye we will Tam, we will".

"Well she says that that actor GEORGE CLOONEY was the spittin' image of me! HONEST!"

THEY ALL BURST OUT LAFFIN'.



Eat yir heart out George!

MARCUS RED

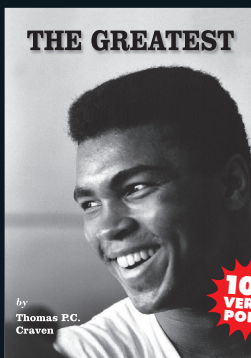
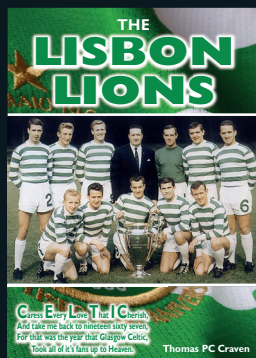
by TAM CRAVEN

Mark as read, your votes in the HOUSE,
The People will not forget,
How can you deprive hungry children
Your selfishness will be a horrific regret.

You right honorable FIENDS,
Don't know what starvation is like
It's high time you all dismounted,
And went for a hike.

AND MARCUS RED HAS GOT YOU ALL BEAT,
GREED CAN NEVER EVER EVER WIN,
THANK GOD FOR MARCUS RASHFORD
THE WORLD CANNOT LIVE WITH THIS TERRIBLE SIN.

Written on Saturday October 24th 11am



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EMPTY BEER BOTTLES

Years ago my pals and I used to collect empty ginger bottles and beer bottles for the money. We got coppers back, but it was better than nothing.

So this young boy was desperate for cash. He went to Newton Mearns on the southside of Glasgow where all the rich folk stay in big fancy houses.

He knocked on the big door. No answer. He knocked again. Suddenly he heard a voice from above, a posh voice.

"Yes, can I help you?"

He stepped back and looked up to see a woman leaning out of a bedroom window.

"Hi Mrs, huv ye any empty beer bottles?"

"DOES THIS LOOK LIKE A FACE THAT DRINKS BEER?!"

"OH, VERY SORRY MISSUS!!
WELL THEN, HAVE YOU ANY EMPTY VINEGAR BOTTLES?"



ALOHA UHANA

We are all in the same family,
It's called the Human Race,
And every single One of us,
Must stand up and take our place.



TELL THE TRUTH

The big giraffe says to the lion,
"Hey Leo, have you ever ever told the truth?"

"Och aye" (the lion was Scottish)
"I have always told the truth".

"IMPOSSIBLE", said the giraffe.
"How's that?"

"FOR YOU HAVE BEEN LION ALL YOUR LIFE!"

Then two monkeys up a tree nearby
heard the conversation. One said,
"They giraffes huv got some neck on
them, so they huv".
"AYE, YIR RIGHT THERE SHUGGY."
The monkeys were Scottish as well.

WEE ANGUS DARROCH

Wee Angus Darroch was sittin' on the SATE (public seat) on Main Street, Lennoxtown, and wis chokin' for a pint.

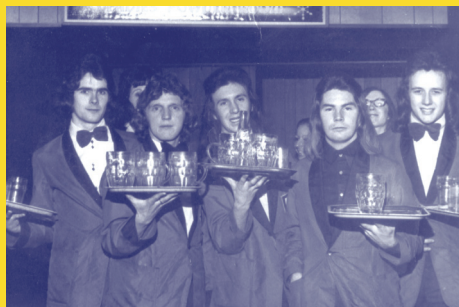
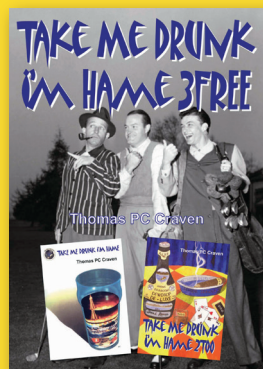
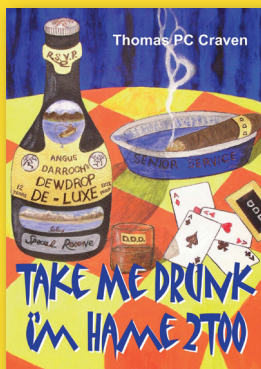
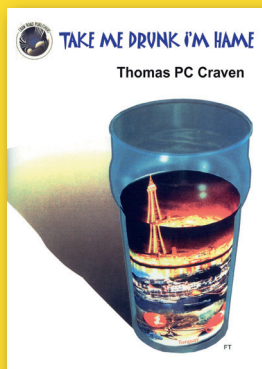
Suddenly a big yankee Cadillac stops right in front of him. The driver leans out the window and shouts to Angus.
"HEY BUDDY, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE THE NEAREST BOOZER IS?"

"AYE, A SURE CAN BUDDY, YIR LOOKIN' AT HIM!"

Angus Darroch is the main character in Tam Cravens 3 hilarious comedy books 'Take Me Drunk I'm Hame 1, 2, and 3'.



Christine Boyle's seven daughters as pictured in The Highlands Hotel, Glenties.



Way back in 1972 there were 7 Scottish waiters working in a nightclub called the POCO A POCO in Stockport near Manchester. What a laugh we had there!

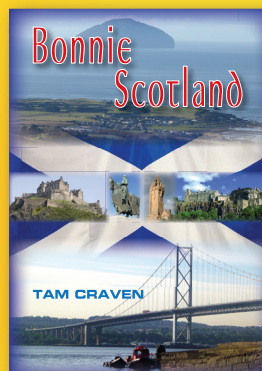
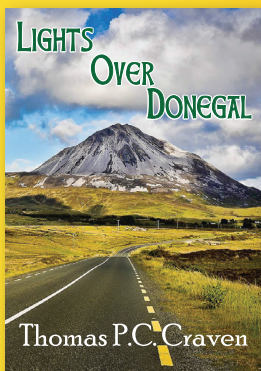
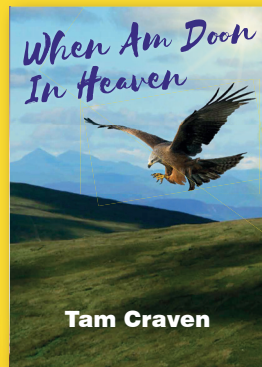
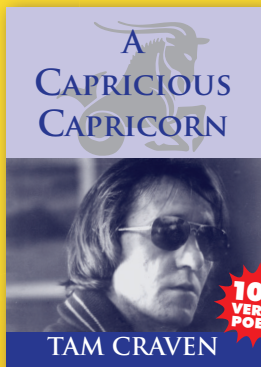
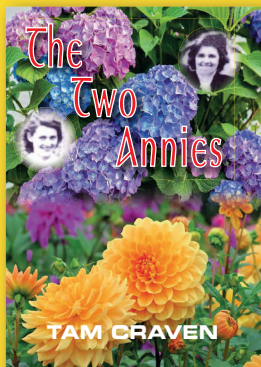
THE BBC ARE CHANGING THE TITLE OF PRIME MINISTERS QUESTION TIME TO

"WOULD WE LIE TO YOU"

A SPOKESMAN FOR THE TORY PARTY SAID

"WE ARE TOTALLY HONEST
AND TRUTHFUL
AND IN GOLD WE TRUST."

*A slow answer tells a story,
And a fast one leaves no doubt.*



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Through his work Tam supports charities including Mary's Meals, Chas, Little Sisters of the Poor, Schoenstatt Sisters Campsie Glen and The Beatson

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