

# SAM –YOU KNOW WHERE I AM

By Alan Miles ([email](#)) September 2013

Last week our cab called at Langthorne Park, Park-Keepers Hut, where Andrea ( my wife and carer) and I had just finished completing our 'Seated Aerobics' class. Due to my disability I am able to access the 'Com-Cab' service. The cab arrived and the driver pulled out the ramp for me which is used to mount the wheelchair into the cab.

The old driver seemed familiar and I thought to myself "Is that Mickey Box who I went to school with". But somehow I recognised the driver's voice, through the grunting, the groaning, and the puffing. He sounded rather like the singer Sam, of the group Sam Apple Pie. As the driver strapped me into the cab, and I think accidentally one of the straps wrapped tightly round my throat! I realised that it was Sam. Sam from the band Sam Apple Pie, it looked as though the years had taken its toll with all that Rocking n Rolling.

The band made an album and played at the first ever Glastonbury Concert, long before Tom Jones and Shirley Bassey played there. They were a **brilliant** band as all who can remember them will know. They made an album and a good single called "Tiger Man". They were musical craftsmen and Sam's voice then was very strong and distinctive, a great guy who didn't take himself too seriously. The group had a very large following, but there remains one little thing that nags me.

I said to Sam, "Do you remember Rowena?", Sam replied " she was a nice girl" . The years rolled back to the early 70s and in my memory, I was at a party in Walthamstow in Hurst Road, where I once lived. You know the type of party where the beer runs out very quickly, yet there always remained a few half empty bottles of cheap plonk, and used filthy plastic cups, sometimes used as ashtrays with fag-buts and stale twiglets on the side that, had been left out too long.

Somebody handed me a joint as I walked in at the party, I forgot to return it. There sitting on the floor before my very eyes, sat Sam of Sam Apple Pie. I said "Hi Sam" and Sam said "I sure am"!

What followed next was the undergoing inside me of a panic attack. I was breathless for there sitting on the floor cuddling Sam was Rowena. Rowena and I, once went to a Sabbat in Epping Forest, and I had hopes that she would join the rest of the coven and remove her clothes, but she

didn't. Rowena wore a very short skirt which she kept pulling down over her bottom which was facing me, but all in vein. She had a lovely little voice and she said "Hello Alan", I could just about get my words out and said "Hi Rowena". I thought to myself "I bet she'd take her clothes off for him".

I felt in my coat pocket for a couple of Vallium, thank god I found two and I downed them. Playing in the background I can remember hearing the song "Here Comes the Night". These two lovebirds got up together and both said goodnight to me and walked out of the door together. I can still remember the terrible pain.

Returning to 2013, Sam stopped the cab outside where we live and I said to Andrea, "don't give that walley a tip".