

than the £2 a week I'd earn with my Registered General Nurse Certificate. I resigned from the hospital and bade farewell to my nursing girlfriend Katie Girvan. Katie, wherever you are, I'm sorry about that scribbled note I put under your door...

## A girl just like me

If it's good enough for Lulu...

*We-eeeeee-eeee-eee-eeee-eeee-eeee-eeee-eee-ll.... you make me wanna...* Lulu and the Luvvers made number seven in mid-64 with their cover of the Isley Brothers' track *Shout!* starring fifteen-year-old Marie Lawrie's middle-aged vocal. Inspired when she'd heard Alex Harvey singing the number, she'd teamed up with a band called Gleneagles and they'd become the near-enough overnight sensation breakthrough act Scotland so badly needed.

They appeared on *Top of the Pops* on 3 and 10 June, surrounded by Brian Poole and the Tremeloes, the Dave Clark Five and the Swinging Blue Jeans – and did it all without the aid of tartan.

**ANNE BROWN:** A girl my age on *Top of the Pops*? From my home town? Now you're talking! Watching the show was about the only time me and my big brother agreed on anything. I told him right there, 'I'm joining your group!' And since they didn't have a singer he let me

All I could do at first was Lulu's 'Weeell...' bit. Still, it was a start. Soon I was getting into the Stones and a whole world of music. But then my parents cut in – they wanted me to be a good little girl and not a rocker, and there was certainly no way I was going on stage. My brother stood up for me, but no one could talk them round, and that was that. I still do *Shout!* at the karaokes and family parties, but my brother gave up the guitar in the 60s. Parents! And I should know – I'm one now...

## Beat riot

An unexpected turnout

WITH THE GAYLORDS having headed to London to seek their fortune and become Marmalade on the way, the jury was split between the Pathfinders and the Beatstalkers as

to who was the biggest band in Scotland. Let there be no doubt: big meant big. Witness the proceedings in Glasgow's George Square, when the Beatstalkers decided to put on a free show for a couple of hundred fans.

**ALAN MAIR,** The Beatstalkers: That was the wildest and most bizarre thing ever. My mum said I should put an advert in the *Sunday Mail*, but I said it wouldn't be right, and there'd be a few hundred people there anyway. The day came and we were sitting in the manager's office, a few hundred yards from the square, and one of the roadies phoned: 'There's hundreds... there's *thousands* of people here!' We knew the Tongs, one of the hardest gangs in Glasgow, and we asked them to get a few people there because there were only two policemen. But when we arrived we still had to fight our way to the stage!

We got to play one number – but people were rushing the stage, pushing in every direction, and the Tongs were shouting, 'We can't hold them back!' The two police had gone to their TARDIS and phoned for more police, and there was a press helicopter above us, and the mounted police galloped in, and I'm thinking, 'This is out of control!'

The police told us we'd need to stop playing, and that's when everyone went nuts. They must have been thinking, 'I want a piece of them before they go!' The stage started coming forward and the police told us to get out over the back and get into the City Chambers. Tudge and Ronnie ended up on the back of police horses – tally ho! We were very bedraggled by the time we made the 80 yards in to the Chambers. It was national news... all the papers covered it, front page and everything!

I got home before my mum finished work, and she said, 'How did it go?' I said, 'Aye, okay...' She said, 'You should have put it in the *Sunday Mail* – it would probably have gone better.' I said, 'Maybe. Have you seen the paper?'

We were doing very well by then – we'd gone pro the year before, despite what our bosses had said. We'd bought a Z Cars car, the Zephyr 4. I used to never understand why people were staring at me, but I was seventeen, looked twelve, and I'm driving this really flashy car! We knew all the bosses at the factory sat with the guys at lunchtime, so Davie and I drove up in the Zephyr 4 at just the right time. We didn't have to say anything; our faces told the story: 'See, we knew!'

We could go into McCormack's to buy expensive music gear with cash, and we'd take even more cash in so we could wave it about and show off. There were girls sleeping outside all our flats... I remember crawling across the floor from the bedroom to the kitchen, so they wouldn't see me through the front door window, just so I could have an hour to myself before the doorbell started ringing. One night there were twenty-five girls in the close. We were recognised by grannies, young kids – it was mind-blowing!

And the great thing is, it saw us through those problematic puberty years, when you don't really know what to do with yourself.

# Rock them off the beaches

## Pirate radio weighs anchor

THE MID-ATLANTIC accent came about when pirate DJs wanted to distance themselves from the stuffy kind of delivery you'd normally expect on UK radio. The style was a statement: we're a bit exotic; we want to be part of the rock'n'roll dream; we share your aspirations; we're like you. And we're most certainly not like *them*.

It began with Radio Caroline and there were others, but north of the border, and across much of England and Ireland, the happening sounds were broadcast from the mast of the *Comet*, a converted Clyde-built lightship from 1904. The plan was for a big party launch in the tradition of a Scottish Hogmanay, but after a trial of technical trickery the station managed to get up and running on 242 metres just minutes before 1966.

*Radio Scotland is playing just for you  
So beat the ban and join the clan  
On station 242!*

By broadcasting from international waters pirate stations were able to loop a loophole in the law, and thus play songs about people dying in car crashes if they bloody well wanted to. With its magazine, its Clan Fan Club and regular Clan Balls all over the country, Radio Scotland was the big noise on the music scene.

**JOHN KERR, DJ:** I remember many pop stars coming out to visit when they were playing Scotland – Cat Stevens and Gene Pitney were regulars. Once I got fairly excited about an upcoming visit from an Australian star, Normie Rowe. I'd compered a lot of his shows so I'd been bragging to all the DJs about this tall, good-looking guy – I knew what a star he was, especially with the girls. Normie arrived out on the *Comet's* tender on a pretty rough-sea day, stepped onboard and promptly threw up on the deck. So much for the macho star I'd been portraying...

**MEL HOWARD, DJ:** I'll never forget one of those pirate picture-perfect early evenings. It was a warm summer day with no wind to speak of, and the *Comet* was sitting quietly on a glass sheet. It was bliss. The crew had finished dinner and had gone below to rest, read or tend to chores. I'd just started a taped programme that featured Garner Ted Armstrong bringing us *The World Tomorrow* – thirty minutes of modern religion, delivered like only GTA could.

I was sitting out over the bow, daydreaming, when I became aware of a low rumbling sound that seemed to be coming from the depths just a few yards away from me. I noticed a series of bubbles and ripples forming on the surface... then the bubbling became boiling. I'd never witnessed anything like it – it was like an under-sea volcano was about to erupt right in front of me!

Then, up from this cauldron of seething water emerged a submarine! I'd only ever seen one in books, and now there it was dwarfing our little vessel. I was silently rooted to the spot. I hadn't taken my eyes off the scene, nor had I called any of the crew to join me. Then a figure appeared in a rubber suit, climbed out of the sub's tower, launched a dinghy, and began heading towards the *Comet*.

Back at the office, there was one absolute rule that had to be obeyed. Given the controversy that swirled around the presence of the pirates and the political beach ball it had become, our boss, Tommy Shields, demanded that, if we were challenged by any representative of Her Majesty's Government at sea, we were immediately to cease transmission. So I ran aft, calling our captain, Willie Fisher, and shouting, 'All hands on deck!' It was showdown time.

The naval officer asked for permission to come aboard and the skipper granted it. At that precise moment, Garner Ted Armstrong was silenced. We were off the air. The officer was up on our deck in an instant... I fought the urge to raise my hands. Surely I wasn't going to be arrested? That would be silly, wouldn't it?

Finally he said, 'Thanks for allowing me onboard. We've been doing manoeuvres in this area, and one of our exercises was to set foot on a place that wasn't a part of our vessel. So we chose you!'

All thoughts of arrest vanished, a bottle of the ship's best rum soon materialised and Willie the skipper poured tots. Everyone had a laugh when our side of the story was told – and we were delighted to learn that Radio Scotland was often heard in the crew's quarters when the sub was in the area. What could be sweeter? The bottle was emptied and our new shipmate waved his goodbyes. Garner Ted Armstrong returned to the air and Radio Scotland was back in business, doing what it did best: bringing the beat of the 60s to those above and below the waves.

I often dream of all those days and nights – they meant so much to me then, and even more so now. In a small way it's a little like D Day: we rocked them off the beaches. With no loss of life.

## Just like not being there

Absent band keeps 2000 fans mesmerised

**EDDIE TOBIN**, manager and agent: The Bo-Weavles, the band I looked after, were huge. But they weren't as big as the Beatstalkers. The difference was we had to actually be at a show and perform before the audience were satisfied.

The Beatstalkers didn't. We opened for them at the Dennistoun Palais – and they weren't even there. After the Weavles had played the big rotating stage turned round to reveal cardboard cutouts of the Beatstalkers, and a phone on a table.

The phone rang and the sold-out room went quiet. There were 2000 people there, even though it had been billed as 'Not the Beatstalkers,' as a guy picked up the phone, said, 'Hello?' then told them: 'It's Davie Lennox, singer from the Beatstalkers!' They went crazy!

But they weren't there. They weren't there as much as a big velvet curtain wasn't there after the Weavles played the Queens Halls in Dunoon. The curtain was never seen again – but the band had lovely new velvet suits to wear on stage.

## Street fighting men

All part of the night's entertainment for some people

A VERY WISE old editor once told me the best journalists were people who would be in jail if they hadn't found newspapers. Perhaps that same is true of musicians, certainly from the first quarter century of Scottish rock'n'roll. Everyone viewed nights out at concerts as an escape from working-class drudgery – and for the guys on stage, at least, it stood a spitting chance of being permanent.

But in early 1968, for many of the lads and lassies who went home to the schemes of Scotland once the house lights came up, it was a different story. Some spoke with six strings wired into an amp... others spoke with five fingers wrapped into a fist.

**MARTIN GRIFFITHS**, Beggars Opera: First time we experienced any of that was while we were taking group photos in Rouken Glen Park, and we came across a guy who'd been attacked with an open razor. When we started to play at youth clubs and school halls there would always be a gang presence. Their girls would take sharpened steel combs into the dance and we'd end up hanging on to our equipment while chairs and kids flew through the air.

I remember at one dance at Stamperland, south of Glasgow, being approached by three members of a well-known gang and 'asked' to play *Satisfaction* by the Stones. It was lucky we knew it because, later on, the same guys threw acid at a couple walking near Clarkston Toll.