

-2-

Then we found a rhythm player, and with Val's help and lots and lots of practise "The Liverbirds" were born (that was still 1962, a long time before Carla Laine stole out name). After about six months of nightly practise, (taken weekly turns in our mothers' front rooms) we found ourselves a manager, and off we went touring around England, Scotland and Wales.

We played with them all, had a great time and our motto was: just don't take it too serious. The first time we played with the "Rolling Stones", we had equal billing and they thought, we were just great. Whilst on stage one of my bass strings broke for the first time, I just didn't know, what to do - I just stood there and started crying. Bill Wyman (the perfect gentleman) came to my rescue, he hung his bass around my neck and then took my bass and changed the string for me. "The Kinks" took us to London to meet their manager (they said, they thought, our manager wasn't doing enough for us). They were in the studio the next day and said, we should come along with our guitars and maybe make a few demos. Luckily enough for them, we did just that, because over night their van had been broken into, and their guitars had been robbed - this meant, that "You Really Got Me" was recorded on our guitars.

After about a year of playing a lot and not earning much money, we found out, that our manager had of course been fiddling us. Our parents wanted us to stop playing (that is no business for young girls to be in), so we decided we would put our last money together and go to London and ask Brain Epstein to become our manager (just like that). We only had enough money for one-way train tickets, and definitely not enough money for a hotel. Sitting in a cafe on Piccadilly Circus around midnight, drinking our last coffee and trying to decide which park bench to sleep on, we looked out of the window, and believe it or not, saw Brain Epstein passing - The four of us run up to him, of course he started running away, thinking he was going to get mobbed. Finally we caught him in the Underground, telling him our story as quickly as we could. He said: Let's all have a few hours sleep, and you come to my office at ten in the morning. So off we went to our park bench and then to the office. Kindly enough he arranged for us to play in a small hall close to London two weeks later and said he would send one of his representatives to see and hear us. He even gave us our train fare home. The gig went very well, and his representative said, Mr. Epstein would get in touch with us.

Back in Liverpool we heard, there was a man doing auditions for the "Star-Club" in Hamburg. We auditioned, and they wanted us. Epstein mustn't want us after all, we thought. Two weeks had passed and we hadn't heard anything. Our drummer was still only seventeen, the rest of us eighteen by now. That meant, she had to get court permission to play in Hamburg. The owner of the Star-Club booked us into a small hotel in London, where lots of groups stayed, and where Jimmy Saville had a room, where he stayed now and then to be able to keep in touch with the groups. Our hotel was getting paid for, but we had no money, our parents were getting fed up sending us money and started begging us to forget it all. Jimmy Saville said, he could get us some money from a news paper if they could do a small write up on us. So a photographer was sent around to take photos of us sitting on the steps of the hotel. We got forty pounds. On the front page of the "Sunday People": A big photo of us looking really down hearted, and the headline "Mothers don't let this happen to your daughters". -