



JAILOR BRING ME WATER

*jailor bring me water - jailor bring me water
jailor bring me water - my throat is kinda dry
Bobby Darin wrote this song back in sixty-one
that was the year I fell from grace - my sentence barely begun
the record was released in sixty-two on a jukebox I heard play
when me and a good old friend of mine tried to break away ⁽¹⁾*

I dropped into an armchair with a mug of tea when I got home, offering scant information to my wife about the evening's activities. It was unusual if not unknown for me to frequent city pubs alone at night, especially to play in one, but I didn't feel like trying to explain the why's and wherefore's just then. In any case, I was tired and confused enough. Flicking on the box I was delighted to see old Slow Hand boogying away on some arts channel. Like most people, I'd always rated Clapton as an exceptional guitarist and song writer, but seeing him now also brought back memories of live music shows in and around South London as a teenager. Eric Clapton left school in 1961, the same year as me, then went to Kingston College of Art but was thrown out soon after having spent most of his time gigging. In 1963 he joined the Yardbirds, replacing Top Topham who, coincidentally, I later got to know quite well.

Mulling over these memories, of the many faces and places, pubs, clubs, coffee bars and other dens of iniquity we once inhabited, I absently pulled out Arthur's note, scribbled on Malmaison Hotel paper. Scanning the list I was surprised to see among the dozen or so half remembered names, my old blues guitarist mate Topham. Though I'd seen him as recently as last year, playing with his band in an obscure Northern town, unfortunately I had no contact number. What the connection might be between him, Arthur and his old flame I couldn't guess. Then another blast from the past jumped off the page even harder than before but, unlike the others, it was the one and only member of the Kingston gang I was still in regular contact with – mostly just annual greetings cards, but better than nothing. The only problem was he'd migrated to New Zealand in 1971.

Like many of the layabouts of my acquaintance during the Sixties, Jack Minerson had left school at the earliest opportunity to seek fun and adventure, taking up any casual employment, or none, as the fancy took him. As with Top, I had no idea why his name was on the list, except that their paths must have crossed at some point - but so what? Why did Arthur want to contact them now? And why me? Presumably they all had some connection with Susan McGargle, or at least he thought they might. But what could I do? Send Jack an email, was all I could think of.



I tried to cast my mind back to how we'd met. What had led us from the leafy lanes of Surrey to the dingy dives of the County's capital city like maggots to a dead dog? Not a bad analogy as it happens.

My mother had wanted me to leave school at fifteen, which was still the norm for most kids then, and in my case with good reason as I was a very average student showing little promise. Though my father went to Cambridge, and many relatives were teachers or in similar professions, I had no ambitions in that direction. In fact, this apparent family trait for book learning was precisely what put me off wanting the same. I was keen to discard those dry academic tomes (though I read avidly - novels, poetry and stuff that interested me) and wanted only to get out into the 'real' world, to discover life in the raw. To get as far away from the safe but boring suburbs as possible before the planet was concreted over or, even more likely, wasted by nuclear war, pollution, or some other man-made catastrophe. But I wasn't quite ready yet, not till I was sixteen. By then I hoped to have saved enough money from paper rounds and Saturday jobs to get me at least as far as Italy or Spain where, if necessary, I could find work picking fruit, waiting table, crewing a yacht around the Med - or something like that.

You may notice I didn't include busking. That's because, despite all my initial enthusiasm and efforts to beat out something vaguely tuneful, I was finding the lack of real progress, together with sore fingers and broken nails, just too disheartening. It didn't help that Arthur had vanished again, leaving me to my own musical devices. After a couple of months struggling with Bert Weedon's 'Play In A Day' I gave up the effort and sold Black Beauty for somewhat less than I'd paid for her. But realistically, I thought, it would only be a burden to haul from Portsmouth to Peshawar and all the other exotic places I was going to explore along the legendary hippy trail (not then known as such of course, but rumours were beginning to circulate). Better to use the cash for the trip and travel light, leave the guitar hero image behind with other childish things.

I should perhaps confess an abiding daydream at the time - a vision of my triumphant return to civilisation, after ten years or so travelling the world like Odysseus or Sinbad, now a very wealthy man (by what means was unclear, except that it would be something glamorous like racing driver, astronaut or sports star). I'd arrive with a roar, tearing up in a flash Italian convertible wearing a buckskin jacket and cowboy boots, march into the old Gorilla's office and, after smashing all the canes and ripping up the punishment book, would toss several thousand pounds onto the table as a 'little gift' to the school organ fund (a vain but pet project of his). I would not be one of those vindictive ex-pupils that returned in the dead of night with matches and a can of petrol, but would instead take the moral high ground and shame the bastard into admitting his many errors and injustices. As events panned out I'd be returning sooner than expected.

However, as the day of reckoning approached when I'd have to make my own way in the world, I had a crisis of confidence. Since my knowledge of foreign languages was limited to a handful of disconnected French nouns and even fewer verbs, learnt parrot fashion with little understanding, if I was to make money abroad I needed a transferrable skill, something that could be used anywhere with a minimum of verbal effort. But what could that be? Music was now out, sporting prowess had never been my forte and I was heading for zero qualifications, given recent mock exam results. The only talent I had was for doing Meccano - but so what? Then I had a brain wave. Maybe I could be a motor mechanic? That's kind of similar, I thought, fiddling with nuts and bolts and bits of metal, and cars are universal.

Pleased I'd elected a 'sensible' course of action for a change my Mum rang up some local garages and arranged interviews for me. Within a couple of weeks of leaving school I was up bright and early, cycling across town to start work as an apprentice at Kingston Hill Motors. Though I was willing to learn, it soon became apparent this was not the job for me. I hated getting covered in dirt and oil every day, abhorred the sack-like overalls, couldn't for the life of me remember what any of the parts were called never mind where they went or why and, unlike all the other lads, could never get excited discussing useless car-related stats.

The only thing I excelled at was playing darts in the canteen, but even that was put down to beginner's luck since they had me taped as a weirdo from day one (on account of my long hair, amongst other things) and refused to give credit for even this minor accomplishment – especially when I began taking their money.

Quite frankly, I was a crap mechanic, even a crap apprentice and, to prevent me wrecking any customer's vehicles, soon got sidelined into the stores. I was crap at that too because the main task was remembering long parts numbers, something I found impossible and pointless. So then I was sent foraging every day on a big trade bike to other spares departments around Kingston – at last something I could do and quite enjoyed, until winter descended upon the hill.

After three months I was supposed to sign a binding agreement with dire penalties for defaulting and so, not at all reluctantly, I quit. Despite the fact that this failure scuppered my international travel plans, I was only too glad to be gone. Something life-changing did occur however when, on my last chilly evening's way home from work through Kingston, I propped my bike up against the steamy windows of the Dog and Duck, slipped off my cycle clips and went inside for a swift half. Intent only on drowning my sorrows, since I was not only now unemployed but also without a Plan B (C, D or E, come to that) and likewise lost all hope of seeking my fortune in far flung places. I was about to leave the dim and lifeless bar after twenty minutes when a familiar chubby face entered, beaming like a Cheshire cat through the gloom.

I hadn't seen Easy for some years as he'd transferred to another school, a technical college in town, at the age of thirteen. The move had baffled and disappointed me at the time because, though I wished my old mate all the best, he had no aptitude for practical matters whereas I plainly did (barring car mechanics). Now however, I was just really pleased to see him and glad he was still smiling. Not that he'd been any more successful in his studies than me. In fact, he'd spent several miserable years wrecking lathes, drills and other equipment and even, impossibly, managed to burn down most of the drawing office after failing to extinguish a not so crafty fag. Having seen the light, and with a good push, he'd left at fifteen, landing on his winkle-picking toes at a big London advertising agency. Starting off as a lowly messenger he'd risen quickly to post room manager when the venerable ex-Sergeant Major in charge had suffered a heart attack (not helped by my friends practical jokes) and Eddie now had his sights set on a desk job in marketing. It seemed pretty dull to me but, being a born salesman, he made it sound as wacky and exciting as an 'Oh Boy!' TV show ⁽²⁾.

'You should go into advertising too,' he advised me. 'I mean, you're an arty type aren't you.' He studied my newly grown hair style or should I say, lack of one, indeed of any attention from the dreaded barbers - as if the length of ones locks was a measure of creative talent. For many years everyone, young and old alike, were shorn regularly like sheep until the Sixties but then, as in so many other areas, we threw off our shackles and cried, 'Let it be!' And not only hair was allowed to flourish unhampered, off too came the grey flannel trousers, sports jackets and caps, along with 'out-dated' morality, and on came the most colourful, outlandish and provocative gear (and behaviour) we could afford or get away with.

Though at the time I speak of, these new trends were only just making a tentative appearance and my collar length locks were viewed with suspicion by most – indeed, they nearly got me kicked out of the garage. Easy, with his usual cheerful tolerance, only saw my potential, admitting that I'd have to start on the bottom rung fetching and carrying for meagre wages. But, he explained, there were numerous opportunities for fiddling expenses and skiving off. It was a laugh, he said. The bosses expected you to be on the make, that's why the pay was so shit. In fact, he suggested, it was a kind of training for the advertising game itself which, if you had any bottle at all, was a kind of robbery without violence. As Will

Rogers ⁽³⁾ once said, 'Advertising is the art of persuading people to spend money they don't have for things they don't need,' and Easy thoroughly embraced that view.

I was dubious but took his Evening Standard to check the job vacancies anyway. 'There you are,' he said, pointing to one ad for a school leaver in the Production Department of an agency just off London's Bond Street. 'Ideal. Actually that's a damn sight better than what I started off with,' he admitted.

We stayed a while longer, chatting about old times and promising to meet up again soon. The next day, and without parental assistance this time, I rang about the post and duly went up for an interview. Not long after this I began commuting into town every day; a rushed journey involving a bus and two train rides, then a lengthy walk along Oxford Street. The job was not quite as exhilarating as promised, but actually better than expected as not only were the staff in our little department friendly and supportive, but the job was mostly interesting and even marginally creative. The really imaginative folk were next door in the Art Department and, happily, some of them took me under their wing and not only showed me around the business but many other places of interest too. I also went off exploring Soho and the West End, going to many coffee bars, galleries, museums, department stores, cinemas and, with Molly, my new girlfriend from Accounts, experienced the delights of Lyons Corner House. There was little in the way of night life for young people then (discos hadn't emerged so most music was live or on juke boxes) though later I frequented many venues such as the Marquee, Flamingo, Round House, Speakeasy, UFO and Middle Earth, to name but a few. Also, when I got back into twanging guitar, I often visited Les Cousins, Bunjies, The Troubadour and many other London clubs and pubs as a performer.

Despite getting on well at Kenton and Wood, as the following Spring turned into Summer I began getting itchy feet and yearned to head off. I had not given up my globe-trotting dreams, especially as the ad game was beginning to whiff a little. Our main client at the time was an entrepreneur named John Bloom who, revolutionary for then, had developed an apparently thriving business flogging washing machines direct to the customer at knock down prices. Full page ads were placed in the tabloid press, his photo featuring prominently, appealing in person to the public with unbeatable deals. Though he was making millions, and benefitting housewives, the whole enterprise was stacked up like a house of cards. Under-financed from the outset and over reliant on credit, he also pitted several advertising agencies against one another who, afraid of losing out on the biggest marketing campaign of the age, allowed him to mount up huge debts.

Unlike all other clients, where ads would be carefully planned for months, Bloom was in the habit of calling an agency and expecting his ad to be placed within a day or so. Such a feat would be considered unrealistic now, with current technology; but then, just the logistics of setting metal type, especially the preparation of photographic plates, never mind the many other considerations, was a nightmare involving frenzied all night sessions. On several occasions I was pulled from my desk with orders to hurtle over to the washing machine factory in Cricklewood by taxi with packages of artwork or proofs for approval. I usually went by Tube however, which was generally quicker, making a bob or two on the side which would have delighted Easy.

Although John Bloom eventually went bankrupt after the failure of this and other ventures (one he later became involved in was a bizarre medieval restaurant in Los Angeles called '1520 AD' ⁽⁴⁾ where male customers were encouraged to carry on chauvinistic role play towards any females present) despite many recriminations he was also defended by some commentators. The Economist, 1964, for example, said: 'As the wreckage is exposed it is easy to forget what a lasting impression Mr Bloom made on the retailing of household durables in this country. Before his arrival manufacturers tried to sell at the highest possible prices the appliances they found it most convenient to make.' They summarised: 'Now five

years on the customer is king of price as well as design.’ Harold Wincott in the Financial Times wrote: ‘If the British economy is not sufficiently competitive, if established industry is too solidly wedded to price maintenance, we need more John Blooms not fewer of them.’ Lastly, in a letter to the Times, Ralph Harris, Director of the Institute of Economic Affairs wrote: ‘Mr Bloom has already done more for economic growth in Britain than many of its verbal champions in NEDC ⁽⁵⁾ and elsewhere.’

Maybe these commentators were right, given the subsequent collapse of British manufacturing over the past forty odd years, but at the time I’m afraid I sided with the conservatives and found the tycoon little better than an opportunistic spiv. I was also torn between feelings of abhorrence at the bullying tactics he used on our little firm and others, and an almost overwhelming temptation to laugh out loud at the whole tacky charade. I knew many of the Art Department were similarly bemused, given the sarcastic comments I’d overheard, so one day I drew a spoof ad featuring Bloom proudly pitching his own turds at a knock down price to housewives and pinned it on their notice board. Alan, the director next door, quickly removed it and gave me a bollocking, though all the guys later winked their approval.

I met up with Easy that evening in Soho where we dropped in at the ‘2i’s’ Coffee Bar ⁽⁶⁾ in Old Compton Street. Though it was a legendary venue, the place where many early British rock performers were discovered, times had moved on. I’d only suggested visiting out of idle curiosity and was pleased to see the lovely big Italian frothy coffee machines, high chrome bar stools and continental décor still in evidence, but it was obvious the old buzz had gone.

Nevertheless we trooped down the narrow stairs to a dim basement where a mixed bunch sat or danced listlessly to chart hits over the tinny speakers. We hung around for a while as more people turned up and, when a youthful three piece got going, the atmosphere at last livened up. After an hour or so we were ready to move on and headed for the exit when I was stopped in my tracks, mesmerised by a familiar acoustic guitar intro. Then the evocative lyrics:

*I’m a-gonna raise a fuss and I’m a-gonna raise a holler
about a-working all summer just to try and earn a dollar
every time I call my baby and try to get a date
my boss says no dice son you gotta work late
sometimes I wonder what I’m a gonna do
but there ain’t no cure for the summertime blues*

Eddie Cochran’s catchy corn-filled song, as American as Coke and hotdogs, yet which seemed to speak to frustrated teenagers everywhere and more thrilling than I’d ever heard it before - even played imperfectly as it was now by this little combo - lit a flame inside me. It was as if I suddenly got what it was really about, and that wasn’t anything to do with the pop world of packaging, fashion or high fidelity. I’d been to quite a few gigs by this time, mostly big touring shows featuring neatly dressed chart toppers, plus a few well-meaning beat groups and Trad bands in community halls, but they’d always lacked authenticity – or, I guess, soul. And this wasn’t anything to do with volume. The old jazz and blues artists playing for spare change on street corners or in bordellos often didn’t have amplification, but their sounds could still hit you like a train.

Some years later I heard an old guy in a Moroccan café pick out a tune on a primitive lute and wail incomprehensibly - that man had it, whatever ‘it’ is. Once I caught the sounds of a clarinet around three in the morning after a beach party and its ethereal melancholic notes lingered for days. Just the other morning I was awakened by a song thrush proclaiming

our garden as its territory and was reminded of Dylan's lyrics: 'I try to harmonise with songs the lonesome sparrow sings', from his composition 'Gates of Eden'. It's hard, if not impossible, to explain feelings like this - all I can say is that occasionally, and perhaps just for a moment, you catch something special, something that makes all the other stuff seem hollow, no matter how perfectly conceived and cleverly executed it might be. That rendition of 'Summertime Blues', on that particular June evening in 1962, for me, was 'it' - for a while anyway.

We left soon after the band took a break and discs began spinning again, but words from the last verse of Eddie's number reverberated around my caffeine loaded skull.

gonna take two weeks – gonna have a fine vacation

The next line, something about Congressmen and the United Nations, meant nothing to me, but the rest was clear. And maybe, despite what he sang, there was a cure for the summertime blues - I didn't know what exactly, but guessed that Kenton & Wood, along with all washing machine salesmen, were part of the problem rather than the treatment. Next day I went to see Andy and asked if he was game for another trip; no travel plans, holiday bookings or other bourgeois arrangements - we just headed south. I didn't say anything to Easy, he was a good bloke but too fond of home comforts to consider roughing it. Andy, on the other hand was almost an Anarchist, a Communist, or maybe it was Trappist, some kind of 'ist' anyway - he was certainly p...ist a lot and should be up for any daft ramble on principle.

Not long after this, and with hair grown as long as possible to the point of further dismissal threats, we packed our bags again. This time, along with bed rolls and bog rolls, we were armed with copies of Jack Kerouac, Alan Ginsberg and Rimbaud, etc, to inspire us and fend off unbelievers. For now, having attended a mass CND rally and discovered we were not lone freaks but commandos in a new counter cultural army, ready to waft our thumbs with pride. I also saw this South Coast foray as a kind of trial run for international adventures to come.

It took ages to get lifts, two scruffy teenagers breaking all the basic laws of hitching, but we didn't care. The clouds were grey, the roads and buildings even greyer, but we saw only blue skies as we larked about along the kerbside - thumbs up as vehicles approached and two fingers wafted as they passed on by. We walked most of the way around the Kingston bypass, hitting the Tolworth roundabout, and then turned right towards Epsom. After a further hour or so we sat down on a grass verge sucking bottles of Tizer, the poor man's Lucozade, only half-heartedly still waving at passing traffic, when a two-tone Hillman Minx crept into view. It was moving so slowly we assumed it must have engine trouble and, as it pulled up alongside, thought the driver might ask for a push. Instead he got out and welcomed us like long lost brothers, ushering us into his grungy vehicle which was strewn with gum wrappers, cigarette packets and other detritus. Andy got in the front seat and I piled in the back with our bags, both a little disconcerted by the dustbin-like transport but glad to be finally on our way.

Almost immediately Reg, as he insisted we call him, started asking lots of questions about our travel plans, especially sleeping arrangements. Despite giving him little encouragement, he volunteered all sorts of information about his life as an inspector of municipal drainage for the Council which, we presumed, accounted for the car's sickly reek. Though we learned much we'd rather not have known about the disgusting things found beneath the streets, it was only when he started on his own rather pathetic personal life that we began to smell a rat. Before long I began to wonder if Reg was one of those 'funny men' my mother had warned me about. Though words like pervert or paedophile were virtually

unknown then, everyone knew some blokes were like that but, as with most sexual matters, little was said openly. There was, for example, a flasher rumoured to roam the Common where we played as kids, but he was seldom mentioned and, given the innocent attitudes we had to such matters, would probably have been greeted with laughter had we encountered him unzipping his flies. The Hillman driver however, was rather too close for comfort and, as he began asking ever more direct questions, I could feel the tension rising in his horrible little crate. Eventually, as his hand ‘accidentally’ slipped onto Andy’s knee, the bad spell was broken. ‘Fuck off! You shit face!’ yelled my mate, and grabbed the door handle.

Though Reg protested his innocence he had enough sense to pull over as Andy was clearly not about to continue further - indeed would’ve jumped ship even as we trundled along.

We were just on the outskirts of Reigate, still a long way from Brighton where we hoped to spend our first night, but after this incident were in no mood to leap back into another vehicle and so gave thumbing a break for a while. As we tramped along, laughing at how close Andy had got to clocking the sad bugger, we came to a greasy spoon and went inside for a well earned snack. After we’d settled by the window with mugs of coffee and bacon rolls, we noticed a juke box and went over to view the titles. Our selection included two Ray Charles songs for Andy, and Bruce Channel’s ‘Hey Baby’⁽⁷⁾ for me. I liked this American artist’s blend of country, rock and Cajun for the catchy tune but especially its haunting harmonica break. Then Andy did something that would change my life forever – he pressed the button to play Bobby Darin’s latest release, ‘Jailor Bring Me Water’. It wasn’t the A side, which was a rather drippy country-style love song called ‘Things’, and not from an artist I’d previously have rated, but almost as soon as the first chorus was through we were both singing along like infants.

Before the track was done I jumped up to press replay, and then three times more before leaving the café. From that pit stop on, every where we came to we’d seek out ‘Jailor’ and play it till our change ran out. When we finally ended up in North Devon, dossing in an abandoned beach hut among the dunes, I blew my last twenty quid on a second hand flat top guitar and began to learn the song. I also got a book of pop and folk standards with accompanying chord chart to study and surprised myself at how easy and natural playing now seemed. The guitar itself was probably one of the main reasons, being wider necked and kinder to the touch than Black Beauty, but Bobby was the inspiration. The number, which I assumed was his version of an old Negro spiritual or work song, seemed to sum up my feelings about the job back in London. I identified with the victim who may or may not have committed some crime or other (aren’t we all guilty of something?). Somehow or other I had to break out of that London jail cell and get back on the road.

FOOTNOTES - Chapter 8

(1) Bobby Darin, 1936 – 1973, came from a poor Italian family in Bronx, N.York. He had pneumonic fever as a child which weakened his heart. Doctors predicted a short life which made him determined to succeed. He had a very high IQ – a member of Mensa. He learned to play several instruments including piano, guitar and drums. He was a member of the Brill Building group of songwriters. His career took off in 1958 with ‘Splish Splash’, penned with DJ Murray. He recorded ‘Dream Lover’ in 1959, selling millions - and then Kurt Weill’s ‘Mack the Knife’. He had many other hits in different styles. He started his own successful music publishers and production company. In the late Sixties he became more politically active, got into folk music and had a hit with Tim Hardin’s ‘If I Were A Carpenter’. ‘Jailor Bring Me Water’ was written and recorded by Darin in 1961 and released in 1962 as the ‘B’

side of the hit single 'Things'. It is also on the LP, 'Things & Other Things'. He died due to complications following dental treatment when he failed to take medication for his heart problems.

Variety obituary – Dec. 26 1973

(2) 'Oh Boy!' Was the first teenage all-music show on British TV, broadcast in 1958 and 1959 and produced by Jack Good. Good had previously been responsible for the '6.5 Special' for the BBC but wanted to drop the sport and public-service content from this show and concentrate on the music. The BBC would not accept this so Good resigned. ABC Television allowed Good to make two pilot shows, broadcast only in the Midlands, but which were successful and given a national ITV slot on Saturday evenings from 6.00 to 6.30pm in direct competition with '6.5 Special'. The artists featured covered a broad spectrum of music including ballads, jazz, skiffle, and rock and roll. The show was broadcast from the Hackney Empire in North London. Artists who appeared included Cuddly Duddly, Cliff Richard and The Shadows, Marty Wilde, Billy Fury, Tony Sheridan, Shirley Bassey, Lonnie Donegan, plus US stars such as, The Inkspots, Conway Twitty, Brenda Lee, and others. The house band was Lord Rockingham's XI, specially formed for the shows but who also went on to have a number of hits. At the time 'Oh Boy!' was the most exciting thing on TV by far and though other pale imitations followed nothing came close until 'Ready Steady Go', 1963 – 1966 and then the, 'The Tube', 1982 – 1987.

Anthony Clark – www.screenonline.org.uk/tv

(3) William Penn Adair Rogers (better known as "Will" Rogers) (November 4, 1879 – August 15, 1935) was an American cowboy, comedian, humorist, social commentator, vaudeville performer and actor and one of the best-known celebrities in the 1920s and 1930s.

(4) In 1972 John Bloom opened a restaurant in Los Angeles called '1520 AD' where women were treated as second class citizens. 'Women are ordered to walk six paces behind their escorts into the panelled banquet hall, where spoons are used for banging on tables, and the diners themselves play leading roles in an outlandish floor show. Others in the cast of characters include a juggler, a man dressed in a bear costume who periodically chases a fleeing damsel around the room, and a bevy of "pinchable" wenches who wait on tables and dance on them too.' The report includes much more in a similar vein, including a 'boisterous 29 year old Henry VIII who expects guests to exclaim "All hail" when bidden, or be pelted with bread rolls in the stocks. Bloom himself is quoted as saying proudly, 'It's like mass group therapy. This is the place where people can release their inhibitions. It's all in fun and we don't let it get out of hand.' He added, 'You could not come here every night. You could not stand the strain.'

Time magazine – 1972

(5) The National Economic Development Council (NEDC) was a corporatist economic planning forum set up in 1962 in the UK to bring together management, trades unions and government in an attempt to address Britain's relative economic decline. It was supported by the National Economic Development Office (NEDO). Both were known as 'Neddy'.

Margaret Thatcher distrusted both planning and corporatism and mainly ignored the body throughout the 1980s. It was finally abolished by John Major in June 1992. However within the European Union the United Kingdom is a member of a similar international body, namely the European Union's Economic and Social Committee.

Andrew Marr (2007) 'A History of Modern Britain', London: Macmillan. ISBN 978-1-4050-0538-8.

(6) The '2i's' Coffee Bar was at 59 Old Compton Street, Soho, London, between 1956 and 1967. It was owned by Australian wrestler and promoter, Paul Lincoln. Legend has it the name derived from earlier owners, two brothers named Irani. The coffee bar had live music and many stars were discovered or performed there including: Rory Blackwell, Tommy Steele, The Vipers Skiffle Group, Cliff Richard, Hank Marvin, Terry Dene, Wee Willy Harris, Carlo Little, Joe Brown, Eden Kane, Screaming Lord Sutch, Jay Chance, Tony Sheridan, Johnny Kidd, Jet Harris, Gary Glitter, Ritchie Blackmore, Alex Wharton, Mickie Most and Big Jim Sullivan. Peter Grant, later the manager of Led Zeppelin, was also a bouncer there. In September 2006 a Green Plaque was unveiled at the site of the 2i's to commemorate its former importance to the music industry. Today it is known as Boulevard Bar and Dining Room – the basement is now just a lobby area.

<http://2iscoffeebar5670.blogspot.com/>

(7) When Bruce Channel toured Europe he was supported at one gig by The Beatles, when they were still unknown. John Lennon was apparently fascinated by Delbert McClinton's harmonica playing. A popular urban legend has it that Lennon was taught to play harmonica by McClinton, but by that time Lennon had already been playing the instrument live for some time. However, the harmonica on 'Hey Baby' inspired Lennon's playing on The Beatles' first single, 1962's 'Love Me Do'. The harmonica breaks on Frank Ifield's 'I Remember You' were also an influence on this and later recordings.

Biography by Richie Unterberger; <http://www.allmusic.com> -Retrieved 21 January 2009.