



## Newsletter – July 2020

### Virtual AGM

You should by now have received your papers for the Virtual AGM which is to be held in August. If you have any queries, please use our AGM email which is [wallaseyu3aagm2020@hmail.com](mailto:wallaseyu3aagm2020@hmail.com).

### Scout Post

For those of you who like to use the Christmas Scout Post each year we have recently been informed that it has been cancelled in its usual format this year. There is apparently going to be an electronic alternative which we will give you more details of later in the year.

### Etta`s Story

I was brought up in Egremont, Wallasey and came from a seafaring family. My Uncle Shonnie, who was a ‘Chippy’ with the Blue Funnel Line, used to visit us on his way home to Scotland, usually armed with some sort of goodies for my brother and I.

One memorable visit was when he arrived home with a monkey!! You can imagine our delight but my horrified mother didn’t share our joy and wouldn’t have him in the house. Poor Coco was banished to the bike shed, in spite of being immaculately dressed in jacket, shorts and a bright red hat and even having his own sack of green bananas.

Our pleas to keep him, fell on deaf ears and my disappointed Uncle decided to take him on the train up to Glasgow and try his luck with his big sister, who was equally horrified and wouldn’t allow him to stay either! Arrangements however, were made for Coco to go to a zoo. I used to wonder as a child if he settled happily into his new life and whether he had a plaque on his cage explaining where he had come from.

*Etta Newall*

### Mike`s Story Part 3

Billy, Tony, Ron and I kept on rehearsing in the front room of the bungalow in Leasowe Road. We upgraded our gear along the way, Tony had acquired a Framus bass guitar and I had bought a Burns 30 watt amp and traded in my Futurama guitar for a Rosetti 3 pick-up guitar and a better sound than the Futurama. Billy acquired a Burns Trisonic guitar and a Vox AC30. Ron still kept the same set of drums. We thought we were the ‘bees knees’. We still had no gigs at this time and we just kept on rehearsing and building up our song book.

As we were rehearsing (about twice a week) we noticed that girls would come along to watch and listen to us playing and we loved this, we thought this great. Over the weeks more and more girls started to come along and we noticed that the girls started dancing in the front garden and in the alleyway leading to the garage. Also the Speed Policeman who, patrolling Leasowe Road on his motor bike, would catch the people speeding in there cars at the traffic lights at the junction of

Saltburn Road opposite the Bungalow. When he took a break from racing up and down Leasowe Road he used to come over to hear us play and a couple of times we saw him have a dance with the

girls (he was only a young guy himself) but I never got to know him. I suspect that the girls came from St George's School which was just down the road from the bungalow. It's still there to this day but isn't a school anymore, I think it's council offices today.

One evening when we were rehearsing, one of the girls knocked on the window of the front room and we went out to talk to them. The girl who knocked on the window asked if we would like to play at her birthday party so we were made up to do that for her. She said her dad would sort out payment for us. The day arrived and off we went to the young lady's house which was in Dale Hay, just off Poulton Road and we set up in the front room. We had no P.A. at the time just an old tape recorder mic hanging off an old birdcage stand that we had made up in the garage. The mic was plugged into my amp and so was Tony's bass guitar as well as my guitar. So here we were at our first gig, we were excited. We went down very well, the girl and her friends liked what we played and we got paid, so we had arrived, as we thought.

The next gig we played at was a wedding at the Co-op Hall in Laird Street in Birkenhead almost next to the bus depot (we were really Travelling now!!). Tony had got the gig and it was our first experience of carting gear into a gig, up and down fire escapes and setting all the gear up. We did the gig but we weren't happy because I don't think we sounded very good and the P.A. system, such as it was (one mic going through an amp with two guitars going through it as well) was awful to say the least. No wonder we didn't get paid. (so we hadn't arrived after all) so we were all down in the dumps but determined to carry on and do better. One day Mrs Parry who had the General Store next door to the garage and on the corner of Cross Lane on the other side, asked me would the band be interested in a gig in Liverpool? I said we would be and she told me about a guy who comes into the shop selling pies, pasties and sausage rolls which she bought off him. It turns out that this guy owned a bar and café in Clayton Square Liverpool and was looking for a group to play there. If we were interested she would send him round to see us and sort things out the following week. (The guy's name was Mr Quinn), I never got to know his Christian name but his bar in Clayton Square was called Quinny's. Next time I will tell you about our escapades playing at Quinny's. Stay Safe Everyone.

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